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Photo-Play Journal
The Magazine with a Heart, Soul and Character

JULY 1919

20¢ A COPY

EVELYN MARTIN

AMERICA'S FINEST AND FOREMOST MIRROR OF THE GREAT CINEMA ART
What's the brightest spot in town?

The spot where hearts beat faster.

The spot where the audience becomes one living unit of happiness.

The spot where no man or woman can remain isolated.

The spot where the spirit of Paramount-Arcaft catches everyone happily up.

You know where the better theatre is in your locality, don't you?

Then you know where Paramount-Arcaft Pictures are.

You are happy there because you are in touch with the pulsing heart of all humanity.

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation is out to see that there is at least one spot in every tiny section of this country where every human being can get in quick touch with the best fun in the world.

That's Paramount-Arcaft Pictures.

—and they're yours!
The Editor's Views of the News

The photoplay art is exceedingly busy growing, and, oh, how it would help if some of the inartistic producers would get busy going!

"Film exporters in this country are making money hand over fist," declares a trade journal. We trust said exporters will not spoil it all by getting their foot into it.

A fellow who was imitating Charlie Chaplin was recently run over by an automobile in Philadelphia. This is one more proof of the fact that it does not pay to imitate.

Now that Champion Jess Willard has gone through the harrowing experience of being a movie actor, he should be able to withstand any terrorism Jack Dempsey may have to hand out.

Mme. Nazimova has signed a contract for another two years of cinema effort under the Metro banner. It's the sign of a continuation of a series of great pictures of which the screen always needs more.

Give every man, woman and child plenty of chances to see all the good motion pictures and humanity will take less chances on a surfeit of a lack of education. The cinema is one of the greatest educational institutions and it is to be hoped it will be kept properly "instituted."

It was not widely known that Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Film Corporation, claimed Oshkosh, Wisconsin, as his home until he paid the old burg a visit recently and was accorded a remarkable demonstration. Oshkosh has been "kidded" so much, we'll pass up the chance!

Having asked about as many questions as any member of the gentle sex possibly could and having gleaned all the news we could find, we'll call this paragraph FINIS with a fervent prayer that when fall returns, there'll be frost on the pumpkins only and none of said frost on the screen.

Max Marcin, one of America's most successful playwrights, is now at the head of the Goldwyn scenario department. Max wrote such well-known plays as "The House of Glass," "Cheating Cheaters," "Eyes of Youth" and "The Woman in Room 13." May his contributions to the silversheet become ever better known!

As a result of his truly wonderful artistry in "Broken Blossoms," Richard Barthelmess, who has not yet attained the age of twenty-five years, is being proclaimed as one of the greatest geniuses of the screen. And, he is a true genius. Now, don't let anyone ever hear you say again that anyone else is too young to make a start which would do credit to the much older!

Bil' o' Neoo Yawk is worrying because the picture magnates are doing most all of their producing in California. It seems eminently "up to Neoo Yawk" to overcome the situation by producing some weather and scenic conditions comparable to that which the Sunny Golden State sports so consistently. This miracle being barred, the bars are insurmountable and some bars are strictly non est now.

If Senator Borah is permitted to run the United States Senate to suit himself, it is certain it will not be run to suit anyone else.

Practically all the film producers are constantly looking for new stars, but all too generally their astronomy is astoundingly bad.

Since the starless picture is becoming a policy with certain producers, is it to be expected that the jig (or moon) is up so far as fabulous salaries are concerned?

The fellow who was going to organize that big film trust seems to have wound up in a big bust. Never was the field so filled with independent concerns as now.

If they ever do succeed in inventing a machine that will shoot moving pictures all the way to Mars, what we want to know is who is going up there and collect the admission fees?

There is a veritable influx of so-called eminent authors in the world of screen literature nowadays. And, may we not intimate that there is something of the infesting idea in vogue too?

"The Volcano" is the title of a new photoplay written by Augustus Thomas and in which Leah Baird is starred. Here's our best wishes that it may not erupt to the extent of a bankrupt for anyone.

There is not much of a lull anticipated for the warmer months of summer so far as the movies are involved. And, after all, why should a little perspiration be allowed to stand in the way of having a wholesome good time?

One of Sessue Hayakawa's latest starring vehicles is called "The Courageous Coward." It's pretty difficult to reconcile the adjective as a descriptive of the noun, but of course it is not much of a habit among film folks to do much reconciling with consistency.

It is announced that there is a very extensive market for stories in the film world. Anyone who has a good story to tell well is wanted. Anyone suffering from literary hallucinations is not welcome. The great point is, how's a fellow a-going to tell whether he's loony or talented?

Virginia Pearson now has her own company, too. Ere long the star who hasn't a private company will be declared out of the game if this present tendency continues. After all, what is to be lost by it? Very little, so long as the company-owners persist in doing big things for the screen.

Several of the American film magnates have been looking things over in Europe recently. It's a cinch many of the foreign producers are wishing these same magnates would devote all their time to looking things over in America exclusively. The competition we're offering offers little of consolation to the other side of the pond.
PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL July, 1919

KATHLEEN O'CONNER
Leading Lady For James J. Corbett In His Universal Serial, "The Midnight Man"
WHEN THE CIRCUS COMES TO TOWN!

Here We Have Douglas Fairbanks As the Strong Man, Charlie Chaplin As the Clown, and Mary Pickford As the Bareback Rider
Enid Bennett in "STEPPING OUT" proves that she can step in, as well...into the kitchen, at least. She cooks, irons, mends and plays the hospitable hostess, all in one short film afternoon.
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A DAY OF MIXING
WITH
TOM MIX
IN FRISCO

The picture above shows Tom Mix immediately after his arrival in San Francisco. He's looking the city over from the back of "Tony," his trusty pony. In the larger picture to the left we see Tom posing with Acting Chief of Police Daniel O'Brien of that city. Below stands Bill Lynch of the District Attorney's office; Tom Mix, "Coffee Dan" Davis, a popular San Franciscan, Police Chief O'Brien again and Arthur Rosson, Tom's director. They are watching a parade of Chinamen.
WHEN you first meet and talk with Elsie Ferguson, you are probably likely to be fancifully reminded of the old legends of princesses and castles—you feel that weird, mysterious sensation that arises from reading an old, romantic tale. Then after you know her a bit better, she seems to melt—not a great deal, but she is no longer the snow princess that she was when you met her. Each moment of your acquaintance with her, you long for the time to come when she will gradually let you in on a confidence or two, and you dare not hope for more. She is reticent, retiring, and there is a better word to describe her, but it seems unpardonable to use it—she is shy! Miss Ferguson, the great mistress of poise, grade and artistry is very shy. She does not dislike strangers, but she does not enjoy meeting persons who are strange to her. She suffers when she is obliged to speak before a large gathering of persons, and she would rather go through the floor than to have strange persons watch her while a scene is being made in the studio. This is not temperament, as some folks might call it. It is that little hagglow fear that possessed her when, as a small child, she ran away and hid under the bed whenever her mother had visitors.

Let no one believe that Elsie Ferguson is merely a Dresden doll because she has blue eyes and and fluffy blonde hair and a shy disposition. Beneath the smooth surface of her white skin, there is another Elsie Ferguson, a dominant, forceful woman, both in thought and action. Here is the supreme woman who can match her wits with those of any well informed person. Miss Ferguson has her moments of frivolity, when she romps with the little Angora kitten in her apartment and sings a foolish little song at the piano, and puts funny clothes on to see how she will look, but these are only rare occasions, when the mood of mischievous pursuit captures her.

"I have remarked on various occasions that I do object to interviews," Miss Ferguson replied after the question had been put to her, face to face, "and the reason I object is because I do not feel that anyone cares about what I think and what I do outside of my work on the screen. What does it matter if I prefer chocolate for breakfast instead of coffee, or blue house gowns instead of pink ones, and Angora cats to Chow dogs? What has all this to do with an actress's ability and charm from the stage or screen?"

When she was told that the motion picture fans all wish to know the secret things about a favorite star, she replied, "Ah, but that is the reason that they become disillusioned and cynical. If they never were to know anything about the favorite's private life, and it was all to be kept a myth, like Santa Claus is to children, then they would never cease to love their favorites, and the glamor of the stage would have a greater appeal. Familiarity with stage craft, and the private lives of the players, robs the theatre-goers of a great deal of the fun, don't you think so?"

I could not say that I agreed with her, because I felt that I would have been robbed of a great deal had I never met her, and all the illusions that I had of her were strengthened rather than weakened by personal contact. To know her is to love her, and to talk with her an hour and not be fascinated and completely lost, would mean that you were not human.

Miss Ferguson has been interested in social service work for a great many years. She is too modest to let the public know of her gifts to charitable organizations.

The working girl's problem has always been a source of interest to this great actress. But not until you have seen her eyes fill with tears and her effort to check them, can you begin to know the heart that beats in her body for all humanity.

Speaking of her work, Miss Ferguson said: "I love it for many reasons, first because I am told that it gives pleasure to many millions of persons who could not afford to go to a more expensive entertainment, and then again it gives me the opportunity to portray many characters a year, and to analyze human nature and to commercialize the frailties and strong

(Continued on Page 53)
THE SPARK DIVINE

Adapted From the Vitagraph Photoplay Starring Alice Joyce

By LILLIAN BEATRICE MILLER

CAST
Marcia Van Arsdales .......... Alice Joyce
Her Mother ................. Evalide Jensen
Her Father .................... Frank Norcross
Robert Gardine ............. William Carlton, Jr.
His Mother .................... Mary Carr

HERE is a charm about social functions that lures society to its portals. The Van Arsdales were noted for their hospitality and for springing surprises with "that little something different." Their friends anxiously awaited the coming of their reception, which was scheduled for the following week in honor of Marcia's debut. Grand festivities were anticipated. Noticeable about the atmosphere on these occasions were the warmth, fragrance and a pot-pourri of interesting side-attractions which kept the spirits of the party in a veritable whirl of merriment. The interest never lagged at any activities maneuvered by the Van Arsdales and this debutante affair was to exceed any previous attempt at entertainment.

The appointed evening arrived, and beneath a lattice archway laden with wisteria tastily blended with evergreens, the hostess received the guests who were ushered into the ballroom gorgeously decorated. From their concealment behind closely arranged palms, the orchestra sent forth sweet strains of enchanting music wholly ideal for the dancers.

When all guests had arrived and were chatting gaily, the moment for the grand entrance of Marcia arrived, and all eyes centered in the direction of the slow approaching form garbed in white satin and tulle. Marcia descended the stairs with head erect and with a haughty poignancy truly significant of her class. She had long since been elevated to the highest shrine in her circles and she was vainly wooed by a coterie of eligibles who possessed wealth. This night's reception meant a great deal to Marcia's mother, who cherished the hope that this would begin a series of romances culminating in the acquisition of a wealthy son-in-law.

For months past, the Van Arsdales had arrived at the startling realization that their largest holdings of stocks were rapidly diminishing in value and Marcia was the only avenue of retrieving their fortune. But Marcia was not very conciliatory to the proposition of bartering her soul for wealth; in fact, she even detested the thought of matrimony. She was thoroughly embittered against the world dating from the end of her school year when she became hardened as the result of an unpleasant ordeal, wherein her school companion and she were caught playing pranks and betrayed by a town sport. In vain, they both had pleaded with the young man to keep silent, but he boasted to his friends their coveted secret, which resulted in her friend taking her life. The incident had impressed her mind so deeply that she vowed to accept men as nonentities.

Mrs. Van Arsdales' "prospect" was Bob Jardine, a young self-made man who had become known as the "Copper King" in financial circles, and she was very particular about having him accept her invitation to the reception. He was the first person whom she presented to her daughter.

"Permit me to present my daughter, Mr. Jardine," she announced, politely.

Bob bowed and shook hands.

"I am delighted to meet you," he said impressively.

"The pleasure is mutual, I assure you," replied Marcia in a cool tone.

Bob noticed the rigid formality in her remarks, but paid little heed to the custom which usually accompanies initial introductions.

"I trust I won't infringe on your time by suggesting a short stroll on the porch, will I?" he asked suavely.

"No, indeed," she assured him. "The idea is very welcome and more preferable than to become overheated by dancing."

They casually promenaded from one end of the porch to the other, drinking in the cool breezes from the bay. Bob at various intervals mildly endeavored to enlist her attention on the subject of matrimony, for looking far back into those blank eyes, he saw the light of a true heart beating beneath her icy exterior and needed only awakening to the full realization that all mortals are not of the same caliber as the Judiths of her school days had been, and when she unfolded the story, he more than ever wanted to convince her of the true fidelity of real manhood. Bob seemed to possess the keynote to her disposition, and before she realized it, she was telling him about her good times at school, how she had become embittered against man because of one scoundrel's tactics, and blushing confided that Bob was the first man whom she could trust with the secrets of her heart.

"There is only one way which will prove that you can trust me—and that is—Be my wife!" He faltered on the words, but her intelligent face grasped the meaning.

"Before I give my answer, I want to tell you the conditions. . . . There is a consideration—and I want to go into this thing with a clear conscience. My heart does not yet acclimate my accepting, for there is a sore spot against man in general that must be healed. Your coming into our family brings with you your vast fortune which my parents hold as an essential factor to be considered before I get married. I want luxury, and lots of it!"

"I will agree to all that," he interrupted.

"As you are willing to pay the price, I'm prepared to take your name, run your house, etc. . . .

"—and be a wife and mother?" he cut in.

"It's not being done nowadays," Marcia replied with a shrug of her shoulders.

"But I insist!" he rejoined.

(Continued on page 56)
MONROE MONOLOGUES
Reported by Martha Groves McKelvie

MONROE Salisbury as a Strong Man of the North

When I asked Monroe Salisbury to show me how he made up for the wonderful Indian characters he has given us on the screen, I think he was secretly amused. Like his Indian friends, he frequently smiles with his eyes while he keeps the rest of his face quite straight. Just now, his eyes were undoubtedly laughing at the ignorance of some people.

Haven't you always supposed that he made up especially for these characters? Well, that's what I thought! Listen folks, he DOES NOT! Time-a-liling! Hel-lo! Are you there, Fans? All right, Monroe Salisbury speaking.

"Strange as it may seem, I merely use a straight make-up for an Indian character. A slightly darker color, that it all; but my Indian make-up (so far as grease paint is concerned) is identical with the one I use as "That Devil Batiste" and nearly all my characters.

"Many are kind enough to say I am different, not only in looks but in action, in all of my pictures. It's the greatest compliment they can pay me. I want to be different in all of them. The difference they notice is not, however, in my looks. It is not my face that has changed when I interpret different characters. It's my SOUL. And, for the time being, I AM the character I portray. Therefore, my features take on the moods and tones that are felt and I become the Indian, the French-Canadian or the Italian. I play entirely by FEELING the part I'm acting.

"My long experience on the stage with such artists as Mrs. Fiske, John Drew, Richard Mansfield, Nance O'Neil, Kathryn Kidder and many others, taught me technique, and now, in the play, work that comes naturally and I do not have to think of it.

"Before playing a new role, I study the character from every angle and thoroughly visualize it. Then it becomes real to me and soon I am that character, in feeling and in looks. I take on, as I have said the expressions of the character I FEEL.

"I'd hate to think that I had to use makeup to get my characters across with an audience. To me that is not art." Having settled the make-up question, the reporter dares to cut off the fans for a moment to ask Mr. Salisbury if he intends specializing in Indian and Western characters. Said reporter, unintentionally, stirs up the star on his pet subject.

"Certainly NOT!" says Monroe. (Don't cut us off central, this is going to be interesting.) "I believe that it is FATAL to play one line of parts! I am trying to show the public just how I feel about this, by appearing in a different character each time. I do not want the people, as they pass a theater where I am playing, to say, 'Oh, Monroe Salisbury! Let go in and see him.' (Knowing exactly WHAT they are going to see.) But, instead, 'Oh, Monroe Salisbury! Let's go and see WHAT he will be in this picture.

"I learned what I know of characterization from the most wonderful actor of recent times, also, the most successful, Richard Mansfield. Such a great artist! It was while I had the honor of acting under his direction that I made up my mind to follow in his foot-steps as nearly as possible.

"Some of our Picture Players are absolutely the same in all of their pictures. No matter what the story is, the part they play must conform to their personality instead of sinking their personality in the role they are playing. This I cannot understand. There are times when I think it may be what the motion picture public wants, for some of these stars are wonderfully successful; but I still think and believe that they would be doubly so if they characterized the roles they play.

"Take Mrs. Fiske (on the stage), her 'Tess of the D'Ubervilles' was one of the greatest performances I have ever seen. Also, her 'Becky Sharp.' Yet these two roles were in such marked contrast that it is hard to believe the same woman was capable of such varied emotions. Now in each of these plays, Mrs. Fiske LOOKED the same; BUT, she felt her characters and she SEEMED different.

"There are many other cases with which to illustrate my point, but this one is sufficient.

"In March, 'The Light of Victory' appeared. In this I play a man who is his own worst enemy. He sinks lower and lower until the very end—there is, so it seems, no hope for him; but, just before he is killed, he has a very beautiful soul reformation.

"In contrast, the story I have just finished is founded on 'Reincarnation.' It is a high-class satirical comedy, with odd twists and is unconventional in every way.

"Another belief of mine is that every story and character presented to the public should carry a message, and, above all, a CLEAN one. So that, when the performance is over, the story that has been unfolded upon the screen, has left a memory that will be a pleasant one and WORTH remembering.

"I do not believe, as many do, that some things are TOO good and go 'over the heads' of the audience. I think the trouble lies in the fact that they are not GOOD ENOUGH to reach the hearts of the public.

"If a play, a book, an opera, or a motion picture fails, it is certainly not the public's fault. I find the public always hopeful and inclined to be great romancers where their entertainment is concerned. They take all kinds of chances, always hoping for the best and are, to the stars they like—wonderfully constant.

"Outside of loving people and having a great faith in them—Monroe Salisbury has another great love. The West! He is not a native son, having been born on the Salisbury Homestead on Lake Erie, near Buffalo, N. Y. He
From the Paramount Photoplay, Starring Vivian Martin
BY W. EMORY CHEESMAN

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Lindy................VIVIAN MARTIN
Dick Ross................Lloyd Hughes
Aunt Heppy.............Edythe Chapman
Mrs. Cribbley...........Gertrude Norman
Mrs. Bates................Jane Wolff
"Chilowee Bill"............Tom D. Bates
"Doc" Brogan..............Hal Clements
Cribbley's Accomplice....James Farley
Meckton..................Spottiswood Aitken

Old Mrs. Cribbley owned half of the Village of Pinkerdale. She was an aggressive old lady, but her walking stick was an almost inseparable companion. Scorned by all who knew her, she was the most despised person in the whole town. She was feared more than ever by Jim Bates, who was a tenant in one of her properties. Jim had always worked hard to support his family, but not being skilled in any particular trade, his weekly earnings did not go far toward defraying expenses. He was suddenly surprised one day at his workroom to be laid off, and being offered no other job for weeks, his rent money was long overdue, and each day he expected to be turned out by the eccentric Mrs. Cribbley. Located directly opposite the Bates' house was the tidy little cottage of Lindy and her Aunt Heppy. Reared under the careful surveillance of Aunt Heppy, Lindy was wonderfully cultured and exceedingly prim and dutiful, and never told the tiniest bit of a wrong story.

One bright and sunny morning, Lindy called on Jim Bates' wife and listened to the sad tale of Jim being out of work and about having no funds with which to pay the rent. Her childish heart was touched with sympathy and she consoled the worried woman the best she could. A few moments before entering the house, the postman handed her the dreaded letter, which Mrs. Bates was expecting. Knowing that it would only add to her worry by showing her the letter, she concluded to withhold it a few days believing that Jim would be fortunate enough to secure work and meet the indebtedness. Concealing it in her waist, she offered to aid Mrs. Bates any way she could and departed. She didn't fully appreciate the enormity of her crime in confiscating the letter until the postman the next day related to her the story of a crook who had been caught robbing the mails and "been jailed for felony." What would her aunt Heppy say to see her behind the bars? Lindy could see it all in her mind's eye—ball, chains, prison bars and everything! The thought of it appalled her, yet she determined to protect her neighbor at almost any sacrifice.

When Dick Ross arrived in town to assume his new duties as private secretary for Mrs. Cribbley, his journey to her home necessitated his passing Lindy's house and he was attracted by her sweetness, truthfulness and beauty. His first impression of the town was at least gratifying and he thereupon concluded that he was going to like his new position. On his way to Mrs. Cribbley's house, Dick was met by a ruffian by the name of Brogan, whom he had formerly associated with in divers crimes back in the big city, and try as he might, he could not rid himself of him. Brogan saw that Dick was a good "find" for him and determined not to let him go the straight path as he had planned.

"I want to warn you now, Brogan," Dick said vehemently, as he moved on, displaying
a clinched fist, "I am through with the old life forever, and I don't want you to hound me any longer. If you do, I am going to show you that I can be just as insistent on being straight as you are on being crooked."

"So?" Brogan growled as Dick moved away, "You are going to be a goody-goody boy, eh? You'll find the temptation mighty hard to combat and you'll fall sooner or later."

But Dick merely shrugged his shoulders and moved on.

At Mrs. Cribbley's house there was a wild disorder when he arrived. Her safe had been robbed and the sheriff had been summoned to find the culprit. Dick was the least disturbed about the theft, because he believed he could place his hands on the thief, sensing that Brogan was up to some of his old tricks and his new employer was one of his victims.

Mrs. Cribbley was excited and was madly pacing up and down the room.

"It's that rough tramp, Chilowee Bill, who hung around here yesterday in quest of food," she moaned. "That's who it is—he looked like a burglar—every inch of him."

The door opened and Lindy meekly walked in to beseech Mrs. Cribbley to be lenient with Jim. Picking up her walking stick, Mrs. Cribbley continued to rave . . .

Addressing her remarks to the sheriff, she said,

"I want you to find the thief . . . State's prison will be none too bad for the thief."

Lindy stood aghast. These words rang through her ears. So Mrs. Cribbley knew she had stolen the letter! In despair, she ran from the room leaving the bewildered trio amazed at her flight.

Across the meadows, Lindy ran breathlessly, not stopping until she came upon a stack of loose hay. She sat down with a sigh of relief. Turning, she noticed a disheveled looking creature sitting nearby drinking out of a jug.

"Who are you?" she said excitedly and with a little tremble in her voice, "and what are you doing here?"

The tramp ceased drinking and laid the jug on the ground beside him.

"Me?" he said with a chuckle, "I am only one of the many unfortunate whom the world owes a living."

"And what are you drinking," she ventured to say.

"Buttermilk!" He sighed deeply, "Just drownin' me misfortunes, little Un!"

"Misfortunes, eh?" she returned, "I know what that means all right."

The tramp yawned and continued.

"You see before you, little Miss, a hunted and misfortunate man!"

Lindy responded with earnest sympathy.

"By whom are you hunted?"

The tramp, pleased at the attention he was receiving, stealthily glanced from left to right and leaned over to her and whispered:

"I'm being hunted by the law!"

(Continued on Page 53)
RUTHIE Stonehouse is just the nicest sort of person imaginable. She's the sort of girl you would choose for a pal at boarding-school or college—that's why she's remained a favorite of the fickle public for such a very long time. Remember, it was back in the Essanay days that she first appeared and she's been with us ever since, always pleasing.

An afternoon spent with her is a jolly afternoon always. There's innocent gossip, delicious chocolates, a bit of deep conversation which shows just how far into facts Ruth does delve, and last, but not least, an inspection of her spacious wardrobe, which always offers delights anew. "Ruthie" takes every bit as much pleasure in displaying her new treasures as one takes in seeing them.

On this particular afternoon, I called upon her in her dainty and very Frenchy pink suite of rooms, which are most beautiful.

Her tiny self was curled up on the lounge as she read the scenario of the serial, "The Masked Rider," on which she was then working. When I made my presence known, the manuscript was thrown aside and in another minute I was ensconced in the most comfortable chair, my wraps whisked away to goodness knows where, while Ruthie stood before me gazing scornfully down on her very beautiful pink and orchid silk negligee, and explaining that she had meant to dress before I came, but had lost track of the time.

"One minute to change," she pleaded and darted into another room with a dress, snatched from the closet, over her arm. In almost the minute she returned a bit more formal in appearance in a pretty afternoon frock of grey silk with fluted ruffles about the oval neck and wing sleeves of pink chiffon.

"Remember," she said, "you have come to visit, not to ask a thousand questions and then write everything I say in the magazine." I looked guilty, I'm sure, but Ruthie didn't seem to notice and we were soon exchanging bits of news and visiting to our hearts' content.

Finally I managed to ask casually: "Any new frocks?"

The plunge had been made—I knew I would get a fashion story after all, for she was on the way to the huge closet with nary a thought in her pretty head that I wanted to see the frocks in order to write about them.

"Here's a little walking dress I had made for shopping and such things," she exclaimed, bringing forth a dark blue suede cloth fashioned with wide, gathered tucks in the back, a girdle of the crushed material, and otherwise quite plain and equally smart.

"It looks great with my fur and I bought this queer little chapeau to go with it," exhibiting a small shaped hat, almost poke, which was of dark georgette crepe with a silver cloth cocky bow and faced in silver as well.

"Like it?" she questioned, holding it from her and examining it.

Of course I liked it! One couldn't have done otherwise and she replaced it upon the pink silk hanger and brought forth the most beautiful squirrel cape I've ever seen. It had a wide collar of silver fox and fell below her hips. "I love this," she explained, burying her face in the soft fur, and it looks so pretty with my black satin dress, the one with all the fringe, you know. It's soft, don't you think?"

Again I agreed with her—where Ruthie Stonehouse finds the things she finds, I'm sure I don't know. Her clothes are always beautiful, and so like her dainty self that one wonders if she hasn't a bunk like we used to have in our kiddie days for four-leaf clovers.

"Now comes a dinner dress," her face radiant, as she brought forth a creation in dull blue satin embroidered lavishly in old gold. The underskirt had a tiny band of gold face about the bottom and the bands holding a dull blue chiffon cape over the shoulders were of gold cloth, while a heavy gold tassel hung from either side of the overskirt. With this she explained that she wears dull blue stockings and gold cloth slippers, and carries a huge fan of pale blue feathers. One could picture the tiny lady, with her big brown eyes and fair hair, in this frock, and hoped for an opportunity to see her thus.

Placing that back on a hanger of orchid satin, she brought forth another gown, a guilty look upon her expressive face.

"This is my very grown-up dress, and it makes me look delightfully tall," she hastened to say, for she had a feeling I would scold her for getting a dress with such lines. She is such a child that it did seem a pity until she tried it on to prove her point. She won the day for she did look charming in the gown of silver cloth, with its empire waist fashioned of silver spangles, a band of them over one arm. The other shoulder had a band of crushed black net, which fell into a long tight sleeve and extended over the back in a full cape, bordered in silver spangles.

"With this," Ruthie explained, jubilantly now that she had proved her point, "I wear silver slippers."

While she was changing again into the little silk frock, her maid wheeled in a cream wicker tea wagon with the tea things of a delicate pink china, a pink vase in the center of the plates with their delicacies, holding orchids and lilies of the valley.

Presiding over the tea things, Ruth chattered brightly and I left, feeling very guilty when I thought of how I was going to write the whole thing—but I know Ruthie'll forgive me, she's such an adorable, forgiving little thing. And I just had to do it, for with all her sweetness, Ruthie has a strong will of her own and the interview just had to be written.
Up the Directorial Terrace With Tom Terriss
By MAURIE MEYERS

Terriss has exclusively directed Miss Joyce, and now they have come to the "turn in the road," the thirteenth picture.

Mr. Terriss's life reads like fiction. He hails from London, but is now an American citizen. That much I knew before seeing him, but a call on the 'phone brought forth an invitation to meet him at the Friars' Club and there he started to tell me a little about himself.

"First I wanted to explore—see what the world looked like—so I started out as a sailor, traveled around the world twice before I was twenty-one, and it was at that time that I had some of the most thrilling experiences of my life. Once I figured in a mutiny, and at another time we were swept overboard during a storm in mid-Atlantic. During one of the voyages we docked at Melbourne, Australia, and a sudden idea came over me that I would like to try sheep-raising, (but that proved as bad as a Sunday in Philadelphia), so I invaded America and thought I would startle the world with the fortunes I could make at silver mining. Destination—Silverton, Colorado. That lasted only a few months before I started on another tour of the world, in which I made every country of importance."

"That's enough for any man," I commented. "That isn't all, however. We got up a party of three and crossed the Sahara Desert on bicycles, and Lord Northcliffe's English Daily Mail requested a series of articles concerning our adventures, which were published under the title of 'Three Men On a Wheel Through Algeria.'"

"Then I came back to London, and since my father was in the theatrical profession, I became an actor-manager. I was particularly fond of Dickens and an offer to produce his works was accepted by me with great alacrity. I appeared at the head of my own company and played at the leading theatres all over the Kingdom, and we certainly established an enviable reputation. The news of my success must have come to America, for we received an offer to bring our company over, and we made a tour of the principal cities in United States and Canada.

"William Morris, the theatrical manager, offered me a three-year contract to produce these Dickens sketches in a condensed version (Continued on page 48)
Schenck Gets a Corner on the Talmadge Talent

Joseph M. Schenck, president of the Norma Talmadge Film Corporation, has signed a contract with Norma's sister, Constance Talmadge, whereby he becomes her producer for the next two years, and Mr. Schenck to have a further option on her services at the expiration of the two years. The new organization will be known as the Constance Talmadge Film Corporation, and will be located in the same building as the Norma Talmadge Film Corporation, at 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Coincident with the formation of the Constance Talmadge Film Corporation, comes the announcement from Mr. Schenck that The First National Exhibitors' Circuit, Inc., has signed a contract for the distribution of the Constance Talmadge features. While the details of the contract are not made known to the public, it is understood that First National will distribute a minimum of six Constance Talmadge productions per year, and that the amount that will be paid by First National for the negative rights to each picture totals in the aggregate one of the biggest sums ever involved in a contract of this nature. It means, according to both Mr. Schenck and First National officials, that the Constance Talmadge pictures, like the Norma Talmadge pictures, soon to be made under the First National banner, will, as a consequence of the increased latitude given Mr. Schenck in production, take on a proportionate increase in box-office value, apart from the exhibitors' advantage in booking them independently.

"As soon as it was rumored that Constance Talmadge might not continue with Select Pictures," says Mr. Schenck, "she received offers from practically all the large motion picture producers and distributors, and the great increase in her box-office value in the last year is well demonstrated by the fact that the lowest estimate placed on her services was exactly double the salary she has heretofore been receiving. But no possible contract would have pleased me more than the arrangement with the First National, as it has ever been my cherished ambition to have the two sisters' releases under the same banner."

In accordance with Mr. Schenck's policy of sparing no expense to make his pictures the best possible finished products, Constance, like Norma, will keep two directors constantly employed, and a minimum of eight weeks' time will be devoted to each feature. But quite the most important revolutionary measure announced in connection with the new plans for Constance is the signing up of John Emerson and Anita Loos to write all the stories, continuities and titles for the Constance Talmadge productions and to have the final say and general supervision of each picture before it is allowed to go out of the studio.

"This means," says John Emerson, "Mr. Schenck is the first producer to realize that the time has at last arrived when the writer for the movies is to come into his own. Here before, such large prices have been paid for the rights to a Broadway play or a popular book that when it came time to put the story into working shape for the screen, the really vital and important part of the picture was handed over to an inexpensive hack-writer, who, in nine cases out of ten, diffused his own negative personality into the very manuscript which had been purchased at an almost prohibitive figure because of the author's personality in his work. One reason for this state of affairs has been that authors have not been sufficiently well paid to find it worth their while to put their stories into proper shape for screening, and the other reason is that very few have the necessary technical knowledge of details of motion picture production to do so. It is one thing to write fiction and quite another thing to write a workable continuity. But if authors are sufficiently encouraged by financial appreciation, certainly, the man who has the brain to create the idea can learn the technique of the hack-writer, who so often ruins a good story by lack of understanding and appreciation of the intention of the original author."

"Now Mr. Schenck has recognized the value of engaging writers at a sufficiently large financial return to justify them in making their own continuities, and, as it were, living day by day with their stories, watching their production, and making sure that their stories are screened as they were written and passed upon by the producer. In this way the writer for the pictures will, as he should, take exactly the same place in relation to his work as the writer for the stage."

"As for myself, I am giving up directing entirely, and shall, in collaboration with Anita Loos, devote my energies altogether to writing."
Bryant Washburn on Clothes
Paramount Star Discusses Fashions—Past, Present and Future
By Roger Starbuck

In the West—and for the matter of that, almost everywhere—the discussion of masculine and feminine attire is engrossing much time and attention.

The war brought into the matter of clothing the ideas of economy to such an extent that had the conflict lasted a year or so longer the probability is that Adam and Eve would have had nothing on us. Happily the worst of the troubles are over, but even yet, if one consult the tailors or modistes, it will be found that the good old days of "before the war" are still a mere memory. We can now get pretty near any kind of clothing we want if we are willing to pay the price. So that, after all, the great middle-class is still more or less in a quandary.

I happened to meet Bryant Washburn, Paramount star, the other day. As he is always immaculately attired, it occurred to me that he might have some good ideas to impart on the subject of clothes.

Mr. Washburn smiled at me quizzically: "You know," he observed, "in most of my pictures I play roles that demand my wearing suits that are distinctly hand-me-down in appearance; so why pick on me as an arbiter of fashions?"

"Well, that's only on the screen," I explained, "On the street you are one of our best little dressers."

"I might be able to give you a few thoughts on men's clothes," he admitted, "but as to the feminine fashions—why not seek discourse with some of the fair maidens who decorate our screens so successfully?

"I wanted the masculine point of view, for one thing. As an example—up in Frisco they are having a great deal of controversy over the subject. 'Do modern girls dress indecently?' Why isn't that a good line of thought?"

"Now, you're trying to get me into trouble, I can see that. Do you suppose I want to have an encounter with those representatives of the fair sex with whom I must associate in my pictures? Or my wife? What mere man should attempt to decide on a question of such delicate import?"

"Well, look at it this way: Here is a man writing to a San Francisco paper. He says, 'I remember when the opposite sex were loaded down with as much clothing per capita as an army mule...now pronto, all is changed and to my mind for the better.' How do you feel about that?"

"Oh, if you put it that way," smiled the star, "I may say that I agree with the writer. What could be more hideous than the half dozen overskirts, the crinolines, the— the bustles—and similar contrivances of our grandparents' days. Yet, if they were the style I suppose it was all right—then. Surely one prefers that the ladies should dress in a common-sense way. One thing I do notice, however, is that it is often the least attractive woman who wears the most conspicuously scant attire. That I object to. Do you remember the days of the bicycle? I recall them, as a boy. The girls started wearing what they called 'rationals'—in other words, bifurcated skirts or bloomers. Some of them looked pretty well—others were monstrosities.

"I remember a story I read about a judge who was deciding on a case when a woman—one of the first to dare the new idea—was arrested for wearing the bloomers on the public streets. The judge looked her over and said: 'If the lady in question weighed two hundred pounds, if she were so homely as to frighten horses: if she had one foot in the grave—I should say she ought to be fined. As it is—he paused for an admiring glance at the fair and trembling culprit—as it is, she shall go free with my blessing.' That's my idea. If it looks well—all right."

"But suppose it looks too well?"

"You mean if it makes other people look too well, don't you? Well, of course there's a limit—or should be. Modestly is a becoming quality. Still, I think our views are broader nowadays and often it is a case of boni sunt qui mal y pense."

"Meaning?"

"Evil be to him who evil thinks. Don't you remember the story of King Edward III (Continued on Page 53)
WILL confess that when the editor assigned me to interview Lila Lee, I was not without misgivings. The lofty disdain of the average telegram for prepositions irritated me, and the more I thought, the more I’ve failed to figure out anything that would be suitable as the subject of an interview with this much-written-about little Paramount star.

It’s easy enough for an editor just to lean back in his Louis XV easy chair and dictate those succinct little telegrams, I thought, bitterly, but how would he like having to get out and corral these stars and NAIL THEM DOWN TO FACTS?

And how did he expect a fifteen-year-old girl would be able to talk to me anyway? I imagined the inane sort of conversation we would hold and took a queer mournful sort of pleasure in talking to myself as Lila Lee and then answering as my distraught self.

“Oh, so you’re the interviewer,” she would say.

“Yes,” modestly from me.

“I like interviews,” from her.

“So do I,” from me—with hangers carefully crossed.

“I like movie work,” from her.

“Ah,” from me—and so on, a weary twenty minutes drag of banalities.

“Why, I shall probably have to talk to her about dolls and playhouses,” I said to myself. “She’s under sixteen—and it makes me feel a hundred at least.

But this absurd idea of mortals that they must eat to live, drove me forth upon my quest. It wouldn’t do to keep the editor waiting—or he might return the compliment to me, I found that little Miss Lee lad just returned from New York and, luckily, though not yet working on her new picture, was at the Lasky studio when I called. I was taken to her dressing room, which is really quite a cozy little place, with a chaise longue, or whatever you call it, of wicker, and nice paper on the walls.

The creation was very artistic—not at all the nursery variety—I had expected the kind with figures of Mother Goose and Mary’s Little Lamb on it, you know. Instead, it was of the pastel colors carefully blended—not a jarring note. There were flowers on the dressing table and a canary hung by the window—a few good Japanese prints were the only pictures, except one on her table—which I was told afterwards was Miss Lee’s mother—one of her most cherished possessions. Minnie was with Lila when I went in. Minnie, be it known, is inseparable from her charge, being a pleasant, middle-aged lady with a watchful eye against any attempt of an outsider to become over-familiar with Miss Lee.

Lila is a slender slip of a girl, dark, with masses of black, glossy hair and an oval face that is all lovely curves and contours. She has that olive complexion through which the ruby shows upon her cheeks in delicate shades like old Burgundy wine. Her lips, too, are full and red and she has the most deliciously retroussé nose imaginable. Her eyes are big and have the unforgettable depth of which our best little writers love to speak.

Were she some ten years older she would be known as the girl with the Madonna face—as it is, she is just “pretty Lila Lee”—typical American girl of the best type. I didn’t see that picture of her mother—it was turned away from me and somehow I hadn’t quite the courage to ask to see it, but I knew intuitively that it was the face of a beautiful woman. Gus Edwards, the well-known song writer and vaudeville producer, must have realized the beauty she would become when he discovered her as a little tot playing in the streets of a small New Jersey town, some years ago, and placed her at once in one of his revues....

“I can see that,” I returned, reclining upon the wicker thing with its Gallic title, while Lila dropped into a pile of cushions.

“What shall we talk about? New York?” she asked.

“What about New York?” I asked, hopefully.

“Oh! I’ve just come from there. I was glad to go and glad to get back. So glad I just—cried. California gets into your system, you know.”

“So the Chamber of Commerce reports,” I muttered.

But Lila Lee was still in New York, in the spirit at least.

“I haven’t forgotten those days on the stage,” she reminisced, “and that means New York, of course. So many people I used to know before we went out on the road are there, and it was such fun seeing them all.

“It was because of the ‘flu’ that I was able to take the trip at all and I had expected to get to New York much before the epidemic. It got ahead of me, though, so when we arrived the city was fairly quiet. It seemed a whirlwind of excitement, though, after California. There was a lot of shopping to be done, and I was kept pretty busy running around to the shops.

“Oh, there’s no place like it—California is wonderful, but it’s New York that I like best. It’s so gay and big.”

Just then her big eyes grew serious and after a moment she said: “But it is sad, too. The wounded men from over there. Oh, it brings tears to your eyes all the time, but also it makes you so proud to be an American. We can’t do ever enough for those boys, can we?”

“No,” I agreed fervently, “we can’t.”

“Wonderful, wonderful boys,” she mused, her eyes just a little moist. “Such fine, clean fellows and some of them looked so lonely. It makes me happy when I think—well, some of them are going to like pictures and be amused by my acting—and I will be doing a little something for them—very little, maybe, but something. Don’t you think so?”

“Decisely,” I affirmed. “You’re doing a lot. All the people are and the theatrical people. They’ve been doing a lot—ever since war began. There’s a mighty big metal coming to the show folk for their generosity and loyalty and kind heartedness. I can tell you.

“It’s strange how New York had changed just in the few months while I was away. It wasn’t the same. And those wonderful days when we were declared—or the armistice was signed—I am so happy I was there then.

“See here, Miss Lee,” I said, suddenly, “You don’t talk like a child.”

“I’m not a child,” she retorted indignantly, “I’m a star and I’m all grown up. See?” She got up and twirled about. “Don’t I look grown up?”

“You do and you don’t,” I replied, ambiguously. Indeed Lila is a paradox. She’s a big girl and she’s a little one; a young lady and a very young girl. Withal she is charming, the charm of youth personified, as others have said before me.

“So you’re happy in pictures?”

“Who wouldn’t be?” she looked at me out of her big eyes, naively. “I’m happy because

(Continued on page 48)
Charlie Chaplin Stories

Chaplin Dog Jumps Through Movie-Screen

Most every morning at the Charlie Chaplin studio in Hollywood, Bill, the studio dog, stands on guard at the big gate waiting for his master. As the car pulls up, faithful Bill invariably makes a leap and never fails to land by the side of the little comedian.

One day last week Charlie and his staff were in the projection room, viewing the scenes of the previous day's work. A scene showed Charlie in the front seat of his car, racing toward the camera.

On this particular morning Bill had trespassed, having gone to the projection room for a little nap. The mechanism of the projection machine aroused Bill just in time to catch one glimpse of his master's approaching car. Before the dog's unruly presence was known, he leaped bodily through a hundred and fifty dollar silver-nitra screen and landed in a dark and unfriendly corner. Being thoroughly disgusted with himself for having failed in his usual easy trick, he pulled himself together and started off on a dead run in the direction the car was seemingly going. Before the lights could be turned on Bill had made the charming acquaintance of a perfectly solid wall, and we found him draped across the floor, down and out. Under the affectionate stroke of his master's hand, Bill opened his big eyes and wagged his tail:

"This is one on me, Charlie."

When a Barber "Cuts It Out"

There is a little barber shop on Catalina Island which is doing an unusually good business. (They say it is the only one in the town.)

...The other day a young man passed the shop who had a little more than the ordinary cheerful face. The inquisitive barber being naturally interested in faces, was sufficiently impressed to ask of a patron who the gentleman might be.

"Oh, he works around one of the picture studios in Los Angeles," was the answer of the dry-faced patron.

The following night the smiling young person dropped in for a shave, and as there was was one in the chair and one waiting, he leisurely removed his coat, hat and collar, glanced in the mirror at his week's growth, and took a seat. He waited until his patience was about exhausted, but as he turned to express himself, the barber beat him to it with: "You're next."

The young man who works around one of the studios hastened to the chair, but the barber evidently de-

Charlie Chaplin and Tom Davies, Manager
Western Import Co., London, Who Handle
Chaplin Films On British Isles

...decided he didn't really need the money, for just as the patron was about to seat himself, he remarked:

"Gettin' kinda late, young feller; guess I'll go home. Come back tomorrow."

And the world-famous Charlie Chaplin hustled into his collar and coat and took his whiskers back to his hotel.

Popularity Proves Destructive

Charlie Chaplin delivered the goods, but according to one E. J. Kramer, who runs the Rialto Theatre at Stanton, Nebraska, they were not altogether satisfactory.

It seems that Mr. Kramer's showing of "Shoulder Arms" brought about such a surprising conclusion, which he describes in the following manner:

"My town is a small town, and my theatre is not a great big house. When I ran

(Continued on Page 54)
Back to the Theatre for Motion Picture Ideas

By PAUL HUBERT CONLON

AIN or shine William S. Hart can now work 365 days a year. A solid roof stage makes this accomplishment possible.

Bill Hart, screen star, has gone back to the theatre, where he received his artistic schooling for ideas in stage construction to incorporate with the essentials of a motion picture studio. His studio in Hollywood has been entirely reconstructed. The happy combination of motion picture and theatre craftsmanship has resulted in working facilities far more practical and efficient than those of the usual picture studio.

Previous to this highly successful experiment, motion picture producers relied upon glass studios to a great extent. In fact, E. H. Allen, the manager of William S. Hart Productions, Inc., who is chiefly responsible for the innovation, was the man who built the huge glass studio for Thomas H. Ince at Culver City some three years ago. It was the first glass studio ever constructed, and today, with all its advantages, is still the largest of its kind although its builders are elsewhere. Always a practical dreamer in his work, Mr. Allen hit upon the idea of going back to the theatre for studio improvements. He carried his plans to a far greater extent than were ever deemed possible before from a motion-picture production viewpoint.

Primarily, William S. Hart and E. H. Allen are men of the theatre, each having gained considerable distinction and success in their respective professions before engaging in motion picture work. The art director of the studio, Thomas Brierley, is a graduate of the thorough school of stage management.

In this art there is no argument between the stage and the motion picture. Where the realists of the theatre whose artistic souls demand consistent realism succeed in creating two or three remarkable stage sets in the production of a play, the art director of a motion picture studio is free to create enough sets in one production to suffice ten large and successful Broadway plays.

Incidentally, the motion picture sets are real from the solid lumber construction to the flowers in the boudoir vase. And, it is the consistent realism of the leading screen productions that has contributed chiefly to the uplift of the stage in the art of set construction. Motion pictures have taught the amusement audiences to laugh at the imitation wall that quivers gently when an actor makes an entrance or exit through an imitation door.

Bill Hart is a hard working individual. He is under contract to furnish Artcraft with eight pictures a year and the demand for his work is a delay. The big Western screen star strives for consistent realism. Therefore, he requires the assurance of 365 working days a year.

"Motion pictures must not look like motion pictures," says Mr. Hart. Therefore, the studio was conceived and executed in such a successful manner that the completed work is a prediction in future studio construction.

The Hart studio in Hollywood is not a large studio. In fact, the stage space is only 60 by 110 by 26 feet—width, length and height. Ordinarily there would be room for only two large sets. But, with the reconstruction work completed there is room for ten such sets—and the studio space has not been enlarged one foot. Why?

The solid roof stage is the answer.

Going back to the theatre for ideas in stage construction has resulted in the introduction of the familiar rigging lofts and portable sheave blocks for the theatre to the motion picture studio. As in the rigging loft of some theatres there are runways above the set space, so arranged that sheave blocks can be used anywhere. From these runways, clear space is secured when the stage is honey-combed with sets. Thus it is possible to put an entire screen production on the stage on one use of the rigging loft. Any set can be taken up in the air to clear the needed act. This is also possible because Bill Hart doesn't use sunlight in shooting interiors.

Bill Hart Believes in Realism

Which fact brings about a very important point in favor of the solid roof stage.

Sunlight and electric light cannot be mixed successfully because grainy stock results. Why use a glass roof if tarpaulin must also be used in covering the sets to darken the scene enough to use lights? All the top light needed for a set under a solid roof stage can be supplied at a nominal cost.

And a canvas top is impractical. It is not durable. There is nothing above with which to work, as is available in the solid roof stage. However, the Hart studio is open on the sides, canvas being used for the purpose of proper ventilation.

If sunlight is used in filming interiors in a studio the sets are featured and not the person. If the sets are properly constructed they will take care of themselves. Under a solid roof stage the electrician can work without any inconvenience or danger. There are no obstructions.

The stills of the two huge sets used in "The Poppy Girl's Husband," reveal the realism of a William S. Hart picture. Both sets are exact replicas of the original scenes.

Take McGinn's Hotel, an exterior studio, which represents a well-known crook resort on Barbary Coast, San Francisco. The old Barbary Coast is a thing of the past. When Bill Hart and his company went to San Francisco to film the scenes of Jack Boyle's famous convict story, they discovered that it was impossible to film the original mecca of the underworld. So, the art director hurried back to Hollywood and built the real thing on the stage. REAL! No man who knows his San Francisco would ever suspect that the dingy brick hotel with entrances below the paved street, the iron railings, the cobblestone pavements, and hilly street, were other than the real scene.

In this illustration the great advantages of the solid roof stage and the rigging loft are admirably depicted.

Next, we have a replica of an interior scene in prison. It is the largest prison set ever used in a motion picture production.

This set is too feet in length and there are three tiers of cells with the use of a rigging loft. Both sides in The Poppy Girl's Husband are the last word in realism. They represent solid construction.

"Never fake anything," is the iron-clad rule at the Hart studio. Lumber, bricks, wallpaper, cement, etc., everything must be real. Which is the cheaper, realism or imitation?

Contrary to the general belief, results show that it is much less expensive in motion picture production to have the real thing.

Here is a rough comparison:

Pheony bricks cost 20 cents a foot, while real bricks only cost 9 cents a foot. Real lumber costs 10 cents a foot, while the painted canvas imitation so familiar to the amusement world, is priced 20 cents a foot.

The studio with a solid roof stage insures the producer 265 working days a year. Watch the effect of this innovation will have upon the future of motion picture studio construction.

THOSE LOVE-SCENES

I've a thought of great hilarity,
And, it seems to me, of rarity—
It occurs when'er I think
Of rhapsodies in printer's ink
All about the real love scene
That's enacted on the screen.

How attractive, do you think,
Lips well dusted in rouge so pink?
Honeyed glances in bright flashes
Underneath well-beaded lashes?
(If my terms inaccurate be,
All you actors, pardon me!)
Checks, tho' damask fine they seem,
May be redolent of cold cream!

Brows, that look so much like those
Yield, at last, beneath buttery bliss.
Curles that look so natural,
May come off as stroked too freely.

Altogether, by and large,
This, O fans, would be my charge—
Give yourselves a "mental shake-up,"
No gal's lonely in her make-up!

—Mary Newberry.
The Self-Possessed Camera Man
By ERNEST A. DENCH

"You have written up our players, our directors and our business executives," pointed out George Julian Houtain, President of Gray Seal Productions, to the writer, who was shy his regular weekly story, "so it's up to you to do out something new."

"I'll invent a story that will be a coker," the writer suggested enthusiastically.

"That method may do for some companies, but not Gray Seal," the Big Boss said disapprovingly. "There is plenty of honest-to-goodness material right in our own studio without having to manufacture it. There is the poor camera-man, for instance. You never give O. George Brautigan as much as a line. Just because the camera-man is in the background is no reason for keeping him there."

The writer saw the wisdom of the Big Boss's words and subverted it to the Estee Studio, which the Gray Seal is using, on West 125th Street, New York City.

It was near the end of a trying day for Camera-man Brautigan, and the writer found him sitting on a chair by his camera waiting for a set to be finished. He was a confiding mood and ready to tell his troubles, the poor abused fellow. He lit up a pipe—preparatory to speaking—but then remembered the "No Smoking" sign and pocketed the pipe.

"The camera-man is the under-dog sure enough," he opened. "He may be compared to the chalk line in a tug of war game. But why crush him under the Cooper Hewitts? He is human like the rest of us—perhaps somewhat sensitive—but then artistically inclined folks are temperamentally anyway. In the papers it is always the star's feelings, or the director's little whims, yet the operator has his feelings, too.

"The director may lose his temper and the star may almost ball up a scene, but if the camera-man's nerves fail to pieces at the critical moment, the blessed whole outfit is canned for the rest of the day. It means concentration, more concentration—and then some more, on the work in hand. I am all in when the scene has been taken and then tell the director and the players exactly what I think of them. That's the stuff, George, they say, for they are inclined to take my explosive remarks in a bantering manner. But I don't care so long as it relieves my feelings without laying up the whole darned company."

Mrs. Sydney Drew Collects Hatpins for Soldiers

Convalescent soldiers in the U. S. Army base hospital, at Camp Dix, New Jersey, have a real champion in Mrs. Sidney Drew, who is collecting hatpins for them. Yes, hatpins—those dangerous long ones that women discarded some time ago rather than risk piercing a neighbor's eyes. Buddies whose fingers need limbering, have found a new use and a good one for "woman's weapon."

Heroes with cramped or partially paralyzed fingers, or only part of their fingers, spend hours making beads out of wallpaper and gay colored magazine covers. They wind the paper on the pins; then roll it into beads, which they dip into shellac or varnish for gossling. Necklaces of these beads sell for good money, which the soldiers welcome while waiting for pay day.

Mrs. Drew just dotes on big hats, wonderful creations, and of course she has some long hatpins. Well, just as soon as Mrs. Drew found an item headed "Wounded Want Hatpins," every ready to assist the boys, she immediately located her hat boxes. She found a number of pins which she sent to Camp Dix, together with a letter saying that she would collect and send them many more of the needed pins. To secure a large number of pins for the boys, Mrs. Drew asks all her friends to hunt up their old hatpins, or buy some. Packages of hatpins will be forwarded, if readers will send them to Mrs. Sidney Drew, 220 West 42nd Street, New York City.

And it's the Art Such as the Above That He Gives Us

"Those players who have to be humored with music in scenes get my goat. They insist they cannot play emotional stuff without an orchestra. They don't consider the distressing effect it has on the crank turner. He has to turn the crank at an even speed and this art—for art it is—is acquired only by long experience. But that experience isn't worth a darn cent when a dreamy waltz begins to play. I feel like turning the crank at a snail's pace—and then the result is like a hurricane trick comedy—unless I pinch myself to keep my mind off the music. As for jazz music—oh, boy, I am tempted to manipulate the crank faster than any subway ticket changer and you can imagine what a calling-down I would get if every actor in the scene went through his actions like a funeral service!"

Mr. Brautigan knows of what he is speaking. He has filmed many of the famous players that have passed through the old Edison Studio, and he was the cinematographer selected to accompany the Mary Fuller Company to England in 1912, and is now "shooting" Wheeler Dryden, Gray Seal Comedy Star, more popularly known as the "Joy After Gloom."

LOVE OF LAUGHTER

Amuse the world if you would win its praises,
Make it laugh;
It soothes of too much moral preaching,
Lungs for chaff.

Something light as foam, and fine and fairy,
As the spray
Of lovely little flowers that awaken
With the May.

Who can blame the world for love of laughter?
As May-dees
That love the roses, it refreshes, as enchantment,
And renew.

Amuse the world, and win its hearty plaudits,
Help! they say,
Give it humor, wit and unstinted laughter,
It will pay!
—Stella V. Kellerman.
Margarita, Flying Fisher

When the famous Flying Circus was staged at Rockwell Field, San Diego, Margarita Fisher—"Flying A" star—proved as good as her name by accepting two invitations to fly higher. One came from Captain F. O. Wilson and the other from Lieut. E. F. Wiley.

When Captain Wilson, for extra inducement, offered her the job of mechanic pro tem., Miss Fisher scornfully, and, it must be admitted, not a little fearfully, turned down the honor.

"Why not?" queried the birdman.

"Well, what if we were a couple of miles up and—er—suddenly that engine of yours got balky, and—er—you ordered me to get out and crank 'er up! Would I have any guarantee that there'd be a nice, solid cloud around handy to stand on? With my contract I can't afford to take any chances, you know."

The captain must have convinced Miss Fisher that playing mechanic would be a job in name only, or else she decided that it wouldn't do to waste that perfectly appropriate outfit they had scouted up for her. For, as hereinafter stated, she ascended twice. And she was ready for more, only a high wind blew up and the cautious airmen refuse to risk any lives but their own. Which is all in the day's work for them.

Photoplay criticism? There is little or none.

If ever a form of amusement needed criticism, it is the photoplay. Not so much the pictures as a whole, but each feature.

Criticism of pictures as a unit gives but one or two men's views, and is, therefore, unhealthy. Criticism by a number of critics on a number of pictures forms the foundation of universal opinion, and is more sound.

Persons who criticise pictures are divided into three classes, those who write laudatory notices in accordance with a set policy of not offending the theatre men (i.e., the advertisers); those who use scissors and paste on the notices furnished them by the manufacturers; publicity writers; and those who indulge in occasional honest criticisms. The last named are few and far between, and even then some of them are often warped in their judgment by certain narrow views which they believe to be "moral."

Screen Criticism

BY MAURICE TOURNEUR

Candid criticism is severely handicapped. It is hardly possible to take a man's money and decry his wares at the same time; how can journals or papers carry the advertising for a certain film and then give it adverse criticism? The maker of a film, as a general rule, does not want criticism, he wants applause, and here, I think, is one of the crying evils of the industry, the fear of honest, capable criticism.

Then, again, most of the so-called critics are not entitled to criticise. Many of them have never been inside a studio, have no idea whatever of dramatic construction and no dramatic instinct; they do not appreciate the scope or the limitations of screen work; they are unable to distinguish the good from the mediocre. Many of them are biased by certain religious scruples and see evil where it does not exist.

What is the use of fooling ourselves? I have made pictures I like and ones I do not like at all, and when I make a mediocore picture and read a laudatory criticism of it, I do not flatter myself that the feature must be better than I thought it was.

I will probably be criticised for criticising the critics, but I am strongly in favor of capable newspaper criticism, and bear no resentment against those who have openly written they have not liked certain of my pictures; it does me good; honest opinions honestly expressed do us all good, and are far better for us than fulsome flattery and laudatory comment when it is not deserved.
A Cinema Bouquet

By ADAM HULL SHIRK

Gloria Swanson—Chinese Lotus
A startled oriental night,
where, by the river's stream.
Seductive poppies blow anon
A maiden barge
From alien feathered slumber—
Proclaiming the coming dawn—
I still my boat.
And, mid the alien blossoms
on the shore,
I find a star—one fairy Lotus
and no more.
It is like you: Its petals fair
Daintily wrought by its own hand.
No dammer than you—I leave it there,
A prayer for those who understand.

Lila Lee—Violet
Open your eyes, my sweet.
daytime is dawning—
Open your lips, my sweet.
jaw in the song.
Sung by a thousand throstles
up in the treetops.
Youth is your portion—
you sleep, oblivious.
Soft are your eyes, my sweet,
soft as the violet;
Sweet is your breath as the
blossom's perfume.
Would I might win you with
bouquets of violet?
Bury my heart in your soul's
joyous bloom.

Ethel Clayton—Rose
Somewhere in my book
of memories
I've read the story of
a moody wall
Beneath whose shade I sat
in silent reverie.
And heard the soft voiced
woodlands' sweet call.
Upon the aged stones
with moss embrowned
A single rose had blos-
somed—fragrant, fair.
I gazed into its heart as if
driving
The secret of its beauty
hidden there.

Vivian Martin—Marguerite
Do, you love me, lady mine?
This blossom tells me that
you do.
Would you leave me here to
Forsake
Just to go on loving you?
She loves me, ah, she loves
me not.
Must I then believe the
flower
Leave you in this garden spot
Though I love you over
hour?

Ann Little—California Poppy
Upon a softly sloping hillside
Whence I gazed upon the sea.
You sunned, arms filled with
golden beauty.
Will you give one flower to
me?
Poppies golden as the sun-
shine
Shining against your dusky
hair.
Fair buccanneer, that I might
call you mine.
There's nothing that I would
dare to lose.

Wanda Hawley—Pansy
Smiling lips and dimpled
cheeks.
Eyes where hidden laughter
lies.
To your heart my heart
speaks.
Seeks an answer in your
eyes.
Seeks an answer, finds it not,
Cruel one, your lips surprise.
For I am rooted to this spot.
Blossoming but a little while.

Elsie Ferguson—Jasmine
White as thy brow, unclouded
by a single care.
Fragrant as the perfume from
thy hair.
I pluck these jasmine flowers
at thy feet.
My heart, fair one, long since
have I laid there.

Marguerite Clark—Bluebell
You may not come from
Scotland.
That matters not to me.
There's something sweet in
thy eyes.
LIKE the heather of Donee.
You remind me of the blue-
bell.
Dainty flower in the dell,
And I ken there's no maid
sweeter.
An' indeed I ken it well.

Shirley Mason—Daisy
Sparkling in the field of
scented clover.
Brightly shining through the
day.
Kissed by spring's bee—each
serenade.
Halte his flight to homage
pay—
Have you smiles for every
sweetheart?
Would that I might fly to
you,
Kneel the sweetness of your
presence
Would your promise prove
untrue?

Dorothy Dalton—Sunflower
Radiant, joy-laden, symbol of
gladness.
Facing thy king enthroned
upon high;
Such beauty as those might
drive mortals to madness.
Thy charms like the sun's
rays quite dazzle the eye.

Enid Bennett—Lily of the Valley
Daintily, modestly, why do
you bend your head?
What is the secret you fear
would impair?
Have you a lover, some bold,
manly rover,
Whose words of delight have
sink deep in your heart?
Tell me your secrets, trust me
to keep it hid.
None from my lips shall learn
that thou tell.
What? You are smiling! ah,
and your cheeks are red—
No need to speak, for I know
the tale well.
MARY MacLAREN
Universal Star
UNLIKE a bending bough which is snapped from its tree of life, never to be replaced, Colonel Thomas H. Birch sailed from this country about Christmas in nineteen thirteen, as Minister Plenipotentiary for America to that far-off land of Portugal, and with him went the felicitations of his many thousands of friends who wished him godspeed in his journey and success in his mission. He realized that his departure meant the cessation of association with friendly faces of those with whom he had lived for years and that in the years to follow he would mingle with foreign diplomats, in whose affairs he was to take a prominent part. Departing from the land of the free for an indefinite period, to a country of which he knew little made him naturally feel that his location there would be monotonous and lacking in social activities, but when he arrived at his port of destiny, he was overwhelmed with the reception accorded him there. Amid loud cheering and exultation, his ship entered the port, which had been met with wondrous beauty, with flags floating and guns roaring. He caught a glimpse of the cheering inhabitants, their beaming faces and their unbounded happiness. They knew America had sent them a man of personality, refinement and education. He had come to them as a shining star in their midst and with a full knowledge of American customs and manners. The lauded President Wilson for his choice and their confidence in America strengthened from that moment.

They besieged him with questions of far-off America, and one of their foremost demands was to tell them of the motion picture industry. The silent drama had just begun to invade their country, and the scant supply was insufficient to satisfy their love of the film. They wanted more, and they beseeched him to make possible greater importations. When he assured these people that he would do all in his power to bring to that country more of this ever-increasing form of entertainment, he believed he would satisfy for the nonce, for he saw the keen eagerness on their faces, and their anxiety to use them as their mouthpiece in their appeal to America. Colonel Birch knew full well that he had a greater mission on his hands, but when entering a new field of duty, the natural proclivity is to show interest in your associates. Back in the States, he saw the rapid growth of the industry and how the films were received by the public, and had often himself stood in line to witness some special feature picture. When asked about the achievements of the silent drama in Lisbon, he replied:

"If I could but tell you how infinitely grateful I am that the producers foresaw the possibilities in Lisbon and exported them to this country, you would know how pleased I was to find them here. It is a great consolation after a strenuous day to know that there is some place where the worries can be dispelled and the lingering hours may be passed pleasantly. I never before realized how desirable a town could really be without a motion picture theatre. It fills the need of the rich and poor. Besides being interesting and entertaining, they are instructive with their weekly news reels and their exploitations of manufacturing developments. The people of Portugal do not have the facilities for education that they do in the States, and they depend on the great deal on broadening their views through the means of the screen. American manufacturers should grasp the opportunity to advertise their products in this manner and the scope is wide in the foreign markets. The Legation has the name of several reputable concerns on their files who are constantly on the alert for representation of American products, and the more information and insight they receive of American wares, the more eager they will be to contract for them. With the markets gradually opening as a result of the cessation of

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ASK THE PHOTOGRAPHER  

By J. STEWART WOODHOUSE

"Most women like to buy fine clothes. I really would enjoy it myself if I didn't have to continually think of what the camera-man might say. At best, it takes a great deal of time, and this photographic color question adds greatly to it. A picture actress must have so many clothes I think she spends a fourth of her time in a fit. Once they are decided upon, however, there is a great pleasure in wearing them.

"Every man should supply his wife and daughters liberally with money for clothes. It is the best investment he can make. A well-dressed woman will radiate sunshine and happiness and will, be a perpetual apostle of cheerfulness."

"He says," quoted the maid, as she entered the dressing room, "to wear that green one that looks like cheese cloth with rope on the bottom."

"Now isn't that just like a man?" rejoined the actress, and I bowed myself out.

A Matinee Idol Who Hates to Dress Up

The public, like Little Rollo, wants to know if the matinee idol "dresses up" at home or whether—and how the matinee girls hang on the answer!—he reserves these glories, like his romance, for the eager and enraptured audiences that greet him on the stage or screen?

Here is one hero who, as soon as he leaves the cinema studio, divests himself of boiled shirt and silk waistcoat and calls for the "ol' clo's man."

And dons—er—well, overalls!

Or maybe not—it's some kind of a cross between a nightshirt and an automobile duster that Thurston Hall wears in his domestic life—something he takes to like an indolent bit of femininity takes to lingerie.

It's not stylish, except in the garage or in his rabbit hutch—and that's why Universal's leading man likes it. He reads over his screen roles clad in this dishabille. And this is the man who was Oliver Morosco's sartorial piece de resistance on the stage and who is one of the best dressed men on the screen today!

When he plays the Broadwayite in support of Mary MacLaren or Priscilla Dean, Hall is a modern Brummel. But at home—Boy, call the ol' clo's man!
AGNES AYRES
V'itograph
A WEEK-END WITH THE HOLUBARS

By ALMA SIERKS

Even Though Allen J. Holubar Has Quit Kissing 'Em On the Stage, He Still Kisses Wife, Dorothy Phillips

T was with alacrity that I accepted the invitation of Dorothy Phillips, the dainty Universal star, and her director husband, Allen Holubar, to join them on a week-end trip to San Diego.

Leaving the Hotel Alexandria at ten o'clock Saturday morning, we reached San Juan Capistrano at about noon. It was one of those bright California spring days, with the air laden with fragrance of orange blossoms and spring buds which make a morning drive exhilarating. Soon we could feel the nearness of the ocean, but the chief object of our interest was the mission of San Juan Capistrano. Here Fathers Sullivan and John O'Connor greeted and welcomed us to the hospitality of the Mission. The Father Superior explained the history of the famous old landmark of the early days of California. Miss Phillips was especially interested in the remarkable state of preservation of the Mission walls.

This Mission, we were told, had been founded in 1776, and at one time had housed, fed and clothed as many as 400 Indians.

"Quite a hotel," remarked Mr. Holubar. "And I believe that it would take only about two hundred thousand dollars to restore it to its original magnitude and beauty."

Demonstrating that a man is always looking with an eye to business.

In the courtyard we took some pictures of the famous monument erected to the memory of Father Junipero Serra. After our inspection of the mission, we all felt the pangs of hunger, which we appeased in a quaint little Spanish restaurant across the way. Miss Phillips found no difficulty in daintily carving a tortilla, but hasty swallows of water betrayed the fact that eating one with composure was another matter. A merry twinkle in Mr. Holubar's eyes brought forth her dare: "You try it."

Refreshed, we again resumed our drive. The ocean was now at our right all along the way. As we mounted the pass we saw standing as line sentinels at the highest point the famed Torrey pines. Wind-swept and grim, the last of their kind they had alone withstood the elements of the post one hundred years.

Miss Phillips suggested that we stop and inspect the historic trees at closer range. It was quite a climb to the top of the knoll, but Miss Phillips outprinted us all, and showed her love of outdoor sports had made quite an athlete of her. From under the rugged pines we obtained a wonderful view of the ocean and the surrounding valleys.

Leaving the trees, we soon came to Vista Del Mar, where we decided to stop for the remainder of the day. From the cozy sun parlor of the Stratford Inn, Miss Phillips spied some youngsters playing in the garden. Instantly she was out among the flowers with them and had three kiddies gathered in her arms. They invited her to join the game of "Drop the Handkerchief." Soon a dozen of the kiddies encircled Miss Phillips and we were also graciously invited to join in the game.

When it came to dropping the handkerchief, Miss Phillips and her husband were the most frequently "honored." Miss Phillips rewarded the dimpled youngsters she caught with a kiss, and Mr. Holubar made himself popular by tossing them in the air.

Following the game, the youngsters were invited to an ice cream party and to have their pictures taken with Miss Phillips on the hotel veranda.

Sunday morning we arose early and took a brisk stroll along the beach. After breakfast, Mr. Holubar suggested we drive toward San Diego, stopping en route at the home of Ramona, the heroine of Helen Hunt Jackson's famous novel. Here we found many picturesque relics of the old days.

(Continued on page 55)
SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Guy Trevor, when motoring in the downtown section of New York City, meets Anne Grieve by rescuing her from a runaway, and they motor out to where she lives—a barren wasteland beyond the Bronx. There he learns that she is one of many such persons who, by some unaccountable chance, who lives in a so-called Black House in Italy. He is amazed at her faculty for being able to tell him about his family, since he has never met her before, and he is so infatuated with her that he proposes marriage. She at first resents but when he offers to take her to his father's home, she agrees, first telling him who she is and that she has selected this barren wasteland as her home to hide and to wander about uninterested in society, uninterested in her past. Night after night and day after day Trevor motors to her hut, and together they roam about the wastelands. An elf-like creature by the name of Sal, who picks up trash from the beach, is Anne's only real companion, and from a distance most skillfully watches Trevor's love-making, and at the first opportunity teases Anne. One day when Trevor makes his daily visit to Anne's hut, he tells her of a telegram he received, announcing his father's death, and he has gone ahead of her to learn her details. While he is absent, Paul Lester, who has treacherous designs, calls at the hut, and after a heated argument, Anne tells him with a blow on the head, for she had determined to kill him on account of his constant hounding her. When Lester rallies a short time afterwards, a spot of blood is left on the rocks near Anne's door, and when Sal taunts her about murdering him, she really feels grieved and is certain that the blood is from her foreign hurry. Her father is determined to learn the attempted murder through Sal, who points to the spot of blood, and when Anne shakes Sal, Sal determines to have vengeance, and asserts that she will follow her to the Black House across the sea. Trevor then tells Anne how he knows her father; he tells her the name of Sal, whom he has introduced as a friend of Trevor's, that his father was insane for years, and that the murderer of his father is not known. This does not concern Anne as much as her anxiety to cover up the spot of blood, which would reveal her other secrets. With increased determination, she finally sees the blood he senses that Anne was the murderer as intimated by Sal. That night they decide to leave this place, and they ride to the church, and in the morning the Black House is Trevor's. Their flight proves uneventful, and when they arrive at the Black House Anne is horrified at the gloomy, ebon-walled mansion on the barren hill. When eating their first meal a servant by the name of Simikin, who has been in the family for years, looks at Anne in such a strange way that Trevor remarks that she has made an impression on him, which mystifies Anne. While she composes herself from his searching glances, a letter arrives, addressed to her, and the contents frighten her. Trevor wants her to know all the facts of her beginnings, and she tells him it means a visit to the neighboring suburb. He wants to accompany her on account of the roads being very dark, but she refuses, and leaves one evening alone. After she has left, Anne and Trevor anxiously await her return to learn the nature of the strange request, Paul Lester, disguised as a physician and using the name of Oubadiah Rattray, M. D., sends a card in to Trevor by Simikin. Simikin hears Anne's name, it produces a heaving of her father's heart. It is suspected that Sampson, who does not act her brother, and Trevor anxiously wait to see what will be done. Then they feel that Trevor is temporarily out of the way and the time to carry his body from the house. In the doorway they find Anne, who senses that the note from Lester was only a lure to absent her from the house. At the point of a pistol she commands them to stop. Amazed at her unexpected appearance on the scene, they halt and stand stupefied. Anne compels them to carry Trevor to the adjoining room. They at first demur, noticing the seriousness of her conclusion. Despite his disguise, Anne recognizes Rattray as Paul Lester. Thwarted in his attempt to accomplish his purpose of putting Trevor out of the way, he pleads with Anne to aid him to get possession of the Tammany fortune. She refuses, and Lester assures her about being a murderer, but she stands firm in her loyalty to Trevor and tells him Trevor will never know what really happened. Trevor resents Anne's charge that he is not her brother, of which his head is tinged from the effects of the struggle the night previous, and in talking to Anne, she recognizes the design of Rattray, and determines to keep her brother safe. Anne adores the Tammany fortune, and after a struggle with the result that Trevor is taken in, returns to his house, and concludes to be on guard whenever Lester again appears on the scene. Anne walks to the village to find the Imp of the Wastelands, but in vain. While at dinner, Simikin craftily passes her a note requesting her to meet him in the library. She walks through the door, and it is only a trap. This act nettles Anne, and she tells Simikin that he is not her brother, but when he has no further reason to keep her, she leaves him. Ann is so firm in her resolve to take his part. After hearing the truth that Anne is not her brother, the doctor's mysterious personalty is an irritant in itself. But she could not deny his power, even if she could still defy his dect kindliness.

CHAPTER XVIII

Evening merged into night, and no events disturbed the seeming calm of the Black House. As the drug-habitude, after an enforced period of deviation from his Lady of the Poppies, shows none of those wild longings that later, on resumed indulgence, change into gratified complacency with never a hint of preceding soul-sick torturing the mind, as it were. After the terrible scene in the library when Trevor cast Anne from his heart, took on its wonted eerie quietude as though nothing had happened.

Petite Virginia LePage, who, despite her French name, talked unaccented English, was shown to her apartment by Simikin, at whose strong and patrician face she flashed more than one furtive glance. She excused herself from appearing at dinner, pleading headache and thus excluding herself from view for the night.

Trevor kept to his room also, returning untouched the dinner sent him by Simikin. Anne had no appetite; so the dining-room was deserted. Even the butler, whose poise was usually unaffected either by the mood of the moment or the character of the customers, fell a victim to the melancholy latitudine that prevailed. His duties done, he said good-night to his mistress, although there were many things he wished to say to her, confidences that were almost of a confessional character and that were festering his soul.

One, waiting—what?—then he knew he had heard, heard the hall clock strike midnight, the hour of a lover. She hurried to the door and glanced out. Down the hall in the leaden-colored semi-light of the shrouded night lamp were two dim figures. In an instant one of them disappeared in Madame LePage's room. The other came down towards Anne, unaware that she was onlooker.

It was Johanna Lane. Anne stepped out and barred her way to the stairs. The stolid housemaid came to an unhurried halt. Only her greenish eyes seemed to widen.

"What have you been doing, Johanna?"

"I took Madame LePage a cup of hot water. She rang."

"How did you happen to be in the kitchen at this hour?"

"I went there to get a cup of hot water for myself."

They looked at each other, the two women. Anne was baffled. She believed that Johanna was not telling the truth. But this was not disquieting. The disturbing question was this: Was the maid, like Madame LePage, an ally of Lester?"You may go, Johanna."

There was a faint smile on the maid's white face as she vanished into the dimness of the lower hall—at least so it seemed to her mistress. Johanna was a woman of close mouth, and that half-guess work. Of these words, real and fancied. Anne caught "wasteland"—"money"—"blood"—"Sal!"

Then came the phrase in Lester's voice: "murder of your father!"—after which Trevor gave a low horrified cry. Then the murmuring was resumed in softer tones; and Anne, being unable to distinguish anything, returned to her own room. And thus in the silent and underhand battle at the Black House ended Anne's midnight sortie.

Weary from long wakefulness, she slept through the rest of the night and far into the morning. When refreshed yet vaguely worked a hurried day at business. After a morning's toils, sprained that Madame LePage had breakfasted in the breakfast-room and that Trevor, taciturn and frowning, had gone for a spin in his roadster. "These are desperate days . . ." she said.

"Our part is to wait," he answered.

She noted his emphasis on the word "our." It gave her a slight start—and yet it imparted comfort. Simikin's help would be invaluable to her in this combat in the mists now beginning at the Black House. She had not sought it, she was indeed somewhat averse to acquaintances with the mysterious personalty; it was an irritant in itself. But she could not deny his power, even if she could still defy his dect kindliness.

She held out her hand. "My friend, I shall let you help me all I can," said Anne. His stoicism melted. He pressed her hand and half turned away.

"In war," he said, smiling faintly, "no soldier fighting shoulder-to-shoulder with a recruit asks him his antecedents. Let us fight and then—fight."
She felt strengthened—strangely and suddenly. She had added a new intrenchment for retreat, a battery for attack, and an aegis for hand-to-hand. Her index finger itched as it was, almost instantly gave way to the involuntary vibrant admiration that swept through her, thrilling her and holding her captive even after he had kissed her hand and left her.

There was the sound of Trevor's roaster on the driveway. She hurried to the window. By some trick of synchronism Trevor glanced at the window just as she twisted the glasses. Her eyes met his. Her hands were in the room of the man of machinations, no matter if force had to be used. She then summoned Johanna and warned her not to carry any notes from Lester or Madame LePage to Trevor, or vice versa, under penalty of immediate dismissal.

Then in the reaction from this sharp and speedy procedure she wondered if she had gone too far. What, on the face of things, had happened—to warrant such drastic measures? Maybe—and her heart bounded in the wild hope of it—Trevor had designs on Lester's house. Still, she could not believe in that! The master of the Black House had been outraged successively by the kidnapping plot and by the intrusion of "Fairbank" into his household, and in fury had threatened revenge. Was he as doleful now as Anne feared? Maybe with Lester he was matching strategy with strategy; or, at least, he might be the man to push and provoke this complicity? Some spectacular climax of wholesale betrayal of Lester, some master-move to crush him and extract his fangs... But as Anne's heart had bounded, so now it sank. She remembered the terror, the denunciation, the explosion in the library, a demand that she take herself out of his life forever. It was only too plain that Lester had begun his work well.

**Chapter XIX**

The luncheon hour found no one in the dining-room save Anne. Lester, who claimed that his ankle was still too weak for walking, had made his meal served in his room as usual—but not by Johanna. Anne had assigned another maid to second-floor duty and transferred Johanna downstairs.

Simkin had begun sentry work near Lester's door. His ostensible excuse for remaining there so long a time was the repairing of some Gobelin tapestries that hung on the balustrade. Trevor, who passed him on his rounds, commented that the job was going on almost as fast as it had been explained. Madame LePage had asked for the family car and had motored to Caermarthen on a shopping expedition, as she ironically explained to Anne—who wondered what her real reason could be. One thing seemed to be settled; the conspirators had decided not to appear at table or to take part in any social intercourse in the drawing-room. Of course, this odd behavior outraged etiquette; but Madame LePage seemed indifferent to appearances, while Lester had his eternal pledge to use them as justification for remaining in his room.

What did they fear? Anne's fighting spirit? Her wit? Her genius of ingenuity? Had Virginie learned of her mysterious journey to London and of any investigations she might have made there? Their secreting of persons irritated Anne. Technically they were guests. Courteously she considered it her duty to do all in her power to make them comfortable. This hoary household platitudine thrilled Anne with the possibilities created by its enforced observance. Madame LePage, for instance, in accepting Anne's hospitality, tacitly agreed not to break those unwritten, unspoken, yet binding rules governing modern domestic establishments, one of the main ones of which is attendance at table for meals. And thus it came to pass that the mistress of the Black House, desperately searching for subtlety to match subtlety, wile to trap wile, immendo to baffle immendo, hit upon the most effective and unobjectionable reform of all of etiquette! She laughed gaily as she drank her lonesome tea.

Until far into the afternoon affairs at the mansion of the ebon remained in _status quo_. Trevor went out with his dogs, his favorite airdale walking beside him and sharing his dispirited men. This gastric bottle hung to and the word went out from Anne's studio to keep the door shut at Lester's door; and he and his mistress had a conference in the library.

The post brought a letter from Trevor's lawyers addressed to Anne. It was a letter to hers written directly after the Rattray kidnaping burlesque. They counseled Trevor to remain at the Black House, to be on the watch, not to be too anxious, and not to worry. The letter, while serious enough in tone, was somewhat serio-comic in undertone. It was apparent—at least to Anne—that the writers regarded the alleged conspiracy as a more or less grim joke. A few days before, their half-bantering offer to send down two or three detectives as a body-guard deepened this impression.

But the letter had no deterrent effect on Anne's aggressiveness. If it had been written in the face of the present impossible state of affairs at the Black House it would have been more urgent in counseling precautionary measures and more exhortatory in specifying how certain perils and exigencies were to be met. As it was, it was valueless; and as Anne burned it she dismissed it from her mind.

The wintry sun, itself as pale as the moon, had sunk in wan, wraith-like beauty behind the Welsh hills when Anne, at the library window, saw Mamade LePage and Trevor arrive at the Black House at practically the same moment. Madame LePage agilely sprang from the motor; Trevor was usual with the door up and the dogs. The airdale still walked beside him, a picture of dignified integrity and reserve; but was guilty of a breach of canine manners when Virginie, swilling in lingerie, and lashed by rich furs, approached them smilingly. The dog growled and showed his teeth.

Trevor, absent-minded, did not reprimand him. But Virginie, half-tumbling against them breathlessly, took no offense. One hand
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She gave to the master of the Black House. The other she gave to her dog. Returning to the piazza with them, she petted the one and patted the other. Trevor was still absent-minded, and the arindle still growled. Virginie glanced down at the animal, and Anne, who was still a half-amused and wholly interested spectator at the window, was surprised at the sudden glare of hate in her black eyes.

She had suddenly heard a hoarse whispering off somewhere, the little witch-like woman a parting growl. Trevor, roused at last, rebuked him, then with a quick glance at Virginie as though just aware of her presence, tipped his cap stiffly and ran up the piazza-steps, leaving her standing in wrinkled bewilderment.

She was more than enough to enjoy the evening. She even laughed. But beneath her amusement was the satisfied conviction that Trevor had so far been abundantly able to resist whatever spells Madame LePage, after these many implacable years, might cast.

Anne, on the other hand, was restless. She sprang from the stairs, turning and giving Trevor a look. "I've turned, say the calendar's day—do you know?"

Trevor nodded, then silently left the house and vanished in the dusk.

Anne, vastly relieved, went upstairs to her room to dress for dinner. She was still bending over the tapestry, but who, as he walked down the hall, turned and watched her anxiously till she disappeared behind her closing door. Then with a nervous shiver—an emotional phenomenon for a man of his self-mastery—he leaned against the balustrade, sighing heavily.

Anna made a careful toilet; and when, at mid-dinner hour, she entered the large and sombrely artistic dining room her delicate loveliness, under the stimulus of the impending climax at the Black House, had taken on a deepening glow. Certainly not for Virginie LePage had the hidden springs of her being, fountain-like, sent up so much rich red beauty to her cheeks, so much radiance to her eyes—nor for Trevor, alas, who in his humbled pride and wounded love was doubtless still sulking in his own room. She herself did not quite know why she had dressed with such consummate effect.

She only knew that she thought, more than any one in the calendar's descript train—she wished to look her best.

The table, a glittering thing with its silver and cut glass, was set for four, as it had been ever since the arrival of Lester and Madame LePage. In the deep fireplace as unusuallly iqueous one could see the embers of the hearth and tender chatter. Anne, in the colour of spent happiness, sunk upon the oaken seat in front of the blaze, and straightway the fire, in whimsical response to her mood, took to making marvelous pictures.

Out from the shadows of the bay-windows, in which she had stood looking into a night blacker than her own hair, came Virginie LePage, suddenly Anne rose. She smiled and motioned her guest to a chair at the table. Virginie stood motionless, gazing at the tall woman in the shimmering silver gown, then she broke into the softest, the softest musical laugh of all.

"Mrs. Trevor," said, said, "we're both silly in this little melodrama of 'Woman against Woman.' I crave your forgiveness for not dining with you before—and you, surely, will not attribute my carelessness to any invidious motive?"

This little speech sounded rehearsed. Lester was behind it. But that made it all the more amusing to Anne, who answered with something as dissimulative and meaningless. Then these two women, each schmeling desperately against the other, sat down at the table to hear the final form of their own flimsy plot.

The dinner went well. Anne, whom the gods had dowered with a sense of humor, enjoyed the situation thoroughly. But, more than the situation, she enjoyed Virginie, whose gaiety, like Airy Fairy Lilian's, was without eclipse. Such amazing gamuts of vivacity, such touches of delightful irreverences, such diverting impish caprice, such grotesque anecdotes, such utter paradox were incredible—even in Anne's comprehensive humanistic experience. In a null, the onenull allowed by the little witch, Anne tried to express her gratitude for so unique an entertainment.

"Madame LePage, you really cannot blame me for asking you to dine with me. You are superb."

Virginie gave a start and gazed shrewdly, suspiciously into Anne's frank eyes. Too wise herself not to know sincerity when she saw it in others, she added up her dead soul that mindles and metallic laugh that had never failed her.

"Thank you," she said, raising. "May I go to my brother now?"

"Yes"—and Anne sighed. "I'm very unhappy, as you know—your wit has made me forget it—for a time. I am truly grateful."

The hard brilliance of the black eyes softened—but again that dry and barren soul yielded its disquieting laugh.

"You flatter me, Mrs. Trevor." She went to the door, then turned. "My brother thinks we keep too much to ourselves—so he suggests that we meet in the music room tomorrow night and that I give you and me and another colleague a concert of study long ago... A shadow crossed her face, but she smiled defiantly. "Shall we meet tomorrow night in the music room?"

"Yes..."

"Good-night."

She was gone—with her witchery, her mystery, her semi-oriental charm. Who was she? What was her real relationship to Lester?—But, of most all, what was the meaning of the little musical arrangement for tomorrow night?
Anne, wondering, stood motionless, gazing stupidly at the door. And even as she looked it was opened—and Trevor, pale yet composed, entered the room.

"May I speak with you?" he asked.

Unnerved, she sank limply upon the seat in front of the fireplace. Her lips moved, but no sound came. He repeated his question. She turned, gazsed up at him and answered in the affirmative.

It was now his turn to be unnerved. With the lifting of her magnificent gray eyes to his the full realization of her uncommon beauty swept over him. Her rather sharply defined check and chin, her mass of dark hair alive with dull little glints, her faultless brow, these supernal attractions almost overcame him. But he pulled himself together and set his lips for the saying of loveless words.

" Anne, I am going to leave the Black House. You have owned half of it all these years. I now give you my half. I have always disliked the place...and now..."

"Don't," she gasped, bending over the waning fire.

"I had no right to—to ask you to leave. I know you will forgive me for that... ." He went to the door—but turned.

"Anne..."

She rose and in the wild hope imparted by that intonation of despair started towards him. But he held up a deterrent hand.

"Listen," he said unsteadily, "I... I love you. Goodbye..."

"Guy..."

But he turned and went on towards the door. She hurried after him, reached him, clung to him, begged him to wait a moment.

"If you love me you'll listen to me. . . . You must be just. You listened to what Lester said about me, and then you asked me those awful questions. I answered them truthfully—since then I haven't troubled you, although my heart is breaking."

"Good-bye..."

And he went on towards the door.

But she threw herself in front of him. "You shall not go till you hear the one thing I have to say. It is but simple justice that you listen to me."

"That's true... Go on."

"Do you remember the night on the wasteland when you asked me to marry you?" she asked. "I can never forget it."

"You promised you would never ask me to tell you of my past..."

"No, I'm not asking you to tell me of it now—"

"No, you evidently preferred hearing it from Lester's lips."

"Not at all. It came about quite by accident. That day you went to London Lester had a terrible attack of pain. He had run and run, and no one answered. I happened to pass his door and heard him groaning. I went in, of course, to do what I could for him. Your name was mentioned and then..."

"You listened to what he had to say!"

"Certainly. It was so horrible, so undreamed-of. I was dazed. I... Well, as it was, I almost struck him, helpless there before me. I could not help him, but most of all I could have killed myself. I rushed from him, hating him, myself, you. Even now it seems too terrible to be true..."

"Oh, Guy, it is too terrible to be true!"

"But if it's not true you lied to me!" he cried bitterly. "There is no alternative."

"There is one," she whispered, "and that is—love."

He grew didactic. "Love can't thrive on falsehoods."

"Listen, Guy. I did not—disbelieve—but only for love of you. Who in this erring world has never sinned? Why, even you hinted of dark periods in your past when you asked me to marry you—"

"But that is different."

She smiled wanly. "Of course—you're a man!"

"You don't understand. I did promise not to pry into your past, but when, only the other day, you confessed you had tried to impose yourself on my father as his daughter, and that you had the Tremaine fortune in mind when you consented to marry me... God! that is unfortifying!"

"But... even if I did have that in mind I learned to love you afterward. Haven't I been a loving and faithful wife?"

"Don't, Anne... You torture me..."

She dared to put a timid arm around his neck and lay her head on his shoulder. "Guy, I—I don't want the Tremaine money. I—I want you..."

He gazed searchingly into her eyes, then removed her arm from around his neck.

"Anne," he said with repelling calmness, "you're incapable of the thing you accuse yourself of..."

She shrank from him. "You mean...?"

"You are neither an adventuress nor an impostor. You..."

"But, Guy, am I not—"

"You didn't lie when you betrayed yourself into declaring your—self a Tremaine... Would to God you had—!"

Her eyes lit. "Then you could love me even if I were an adventuress?"

"I could—perhaps—but I wouldn't. There is, you see, absolutely no alternative. We must part. I shall leave the Black House never to return."

Shaking as if with a chill, she clutched the back of a chair to support herself.

"What of the man who has brought this unspeakable sorrow upon us?" she asked.

"Lester?" He is simply Fate's instrument.

"—So do you not hate him any more?—the wretch who plotted to take you to the madhouse—and who is plotting still to rob you not only of your fortune but your name?"

He sighed wearily. "Who notices the bunking car at one's heels when one's heart is dead?—The lesser miseries have been swallowed in the one great unutterable sorrow crushing me."

Despite his somewhat extravagant way of putting it she knew he was suffering acutely but she could not forgive him. As the slight opportunity left her to deal Lester a telling blow.

"Grief or no grief," she said impressively, "are you not aware that a deadly snake has coiled itself about you? Why don't you order Paul Lester from the house?"

"Are you afraid he may tell me something more?"

She gave a low cry. It was the first downright cruel thing he had ever said to her. Like a rose, the first of the garden of love, with petals whipped by an unlimmitted wind, she swayed before him. He caught her in his arms, pressed her to his heart, kissed her, then rushed from the room... the Furies giving chase.

CHAPTER XX

At breakfast the next morning Virginia LePage, in a startling combination of sunrise pink and moonlight green, laughed throughout the meal. Anne was in a graver mood. She was not so responsive to her guest's raillery as on the preceding evening, but she managed to smile occasionally as an encouragement to the little creature.

"By the bye," remarked Virginia suddenly, "I miss your yellow-faced maid. Is she ill?"

"No—dismissed."

She gave a slight start, then laughed again. "I don't blame you for getting rid of her," she said. "She gave my poor sensitive brother the creeps. Now if you could only ship your owfaced butler..."

Anne was caught off her guard. The contemptuous reference to Simkin made her indignant. "Madame LePage!" she exclaimed.

"You—"

She recovered herself. But Virginia's bright eyes were fixed quizzically on her. "I see," she laughed. "He's one of the family. I don't blame you for that either—he's so tremendously handsome."

They rose from the table. Anne was smiling now, too.

"Madame," she said with no particular emphasis, "how is Mr. Lester this morning?"

At the name "Lester" the petite LePage changed color. "My brother's name is—Fairbank."

"Is he your brother—"

"Who said 'no'?—defiantly."

"Madame, why dissimulate? Let us take off our masks. The fight is on—and you're against me. I know your alleged brother's designs. Possibly he knows mine. He is conspiring to reduce my husband to a state of helplessness, to digrace me, and then to lay claim to the Tremaine fortune. I am fighting him. I know the rush he worked in coming here. I know you are here as his ally. I know that the musicale you are to give tonight will be used by him as a means to further his ends—doubtless he intends to spring some spectacular coup to annihilate me."

She gave a little laugh. "I'm asking no quarter. I'm simply telling you—and him—that now is the time to throw off the mask."

Virginia's fine eyes had run a gamut of expressions. But now they showed only a strange, musing curiosity. "How long have you known—Paul Lester?"

"All my life."

"I'm..." she pondered. "I've known him only a little while... That's odd."

She gazed at Anne fixedly, then shrugged her shoulders. "Well..."

Virginia wrote to Trevor that evening. "Now that you are here I shall look forward to your visit. Tell him I'll play Saint-Saens's 'Dance of Death'..."

And the little creature sailed on her billows of lingerie out of the room.

Anne's dramatic instinct was roused, her sense of humor tickled. She wrote a note to Trevor telling him that Madame Le Page was giving a musicale that night and that she especially desired his presence as guest of honor. He replied that he was in no mood to enjoy music and declined the invitation. Anne then begged him to be present. She said she feared he would not have an answer, but none came. She began writing a third note. On second thought she tore it, then tried to dismiss the whole farcical affair from her mind. In her heart she felt that Trevor would be in the music room at the hour appointed.
PHOTO-PLAY

The day wore on monotonously enough. In the early afternoon one of the maids reported seeing Johanna Lane in the pine wood beyond the lake. But this did not trouble Anne particularly; so far Johanna’s stupid misadventures had been without rhyme or reason. When, however, another maid declared she had seen Johanna in company with Madame LePage Anne gave the matter serious thought. It seemed, after all, that the Lane girl was to have a role in the tragi-comedy to be enacted that night in the music room. But even yet the mistress of the Black House was undismayed. The theme of the play interested her far more than the number of characters in the cast.

The afternoon was a trying one for Anne. She was restless and expectant. She felt that the night was to mark a crisis in the plots and counter-plots that surcharged the atmosphere within the ebon walls. This feeling, which was born of nothing tangible and hence was difficult to analyze, impelled her to aimless activity and subtle disquiet. Her room, with its over-dress of tapestries, conduced to foreboding; so she passed much of the time downstairs roaming dispiritedly from room to room, leaving unentered only one—the dead Tremaine’s study.

Mechanically, absently she had put her hand on the knob before she quite realized what she was doing. Then with a start she recognized the door—which was heavier, blacker, more forbidding than the others.

There was a sound at the far end of the hall. She turned and saw Simkin. At the same instant he turned away from her. He had evidently been approaching, but, suddenly seeing her at the fateful door, had turned abruptly to retrace his steps. At least this was the construction Anne put upon his otherwise inexplicable act.

“Simkin!” she called.

He hesitated, then turned and approached her. In the nigarded light his face looked troubled and haggard. She was startled at the change in him.

“Have you found the key to this room?” she asked.

“No.”

“Have you hunted for it?”

“No.”

“—Why haven’t you?”

“I haven’t had time. You’ll have time this afternoon—?”

“Yes.” He regarded her with an amused quizzicalness, then burst into a laugh. “You’re trying to do Fate’s work again, I see.”

“Simkin—a what is in this room!”

“Nothing I cannot easily remove before I’ve found the key!”

She gave a start. “You mean you may hide this—thing?”

“Possibly.”

Indignant words rose to her lips. But she could not utter them. She could only gaze at his face—and feel the silent rebuke of his strong and patient soul.

“Tell me this much,” she said, “has the secret of this room any connection with the secret of the lake?”

“No...”

“I remember the night you took me to the shivering waters. You were about to tell me of a great service you had done me, but your courage failed—”

“I was afraid your courage might fail—”

“And yet you did it for me—really?”

“For you—and your husband—and myself.”

Again he had linked his destiny with hers and Trevor’s! Once more the spell of the shivering waters held her—and once more she felt oppressed by that Secret he would not reveal.

“That night by the lake, Simkin, you declared you had done the deed for me—you didn’t mention Mr. Trevor or yourself.”

He smiled. “The whole truth is sometimes like an avalanche. Then we have to tell it—gradually.” He disregarded the feverishly eager look in her eyes and glanced at his watch. “Shall I go upstairs and resume my guarding of Lester’s door?”

She thought a moment. “No. Mr. Trevor will not try to see him, I know.”

“Yes?”

“Tonight the four of us—Lester, Madame LePage, Mr. Trevor and I—are to meet in the music room. It sounds stupidly conventional, even silly, doesn’t it? But it will mark a crisis.” She hesitated, glancing at him almost mysteriously. “I’m wondering what part you are to play.”

He smiled amusedly. “A rather important part. I shall take the center of the stage from all of you.”

She had a sudden reaction. “Sometimes I fear I’m dignifying the occasion to an absurd extent. After all, it’s just a whim of Lester’s. I can’t understand why he wants Madame LePage to play—”

“Has your husband ever discussed music with you?”

“No.”

“Well?”

“—He’s very sensitive to its influence—almost incredibly so—”

“Yes?”

“—When he was a child the minor arpeggios and Slav andHungarian music in particular had the power of putting him into a condition resembling trance. Harmony imparted to him a peace that was heavenly, while inharmony transformed him into a creature of the wildest passions. Once I was playing some imperfect chromatics of the ‘cello, pianissimo, when his father began to read aloud a tale of murder—direct from the Spanish. The boy suddenly seized a small Italian dagger that was used as a paper-cutter, and...”

“Go on,” gasped Anne.

“I took the knife from him, and in a minute he was himself.”

“How horrible!”

“—Not at all. It was simply his super-sensitivity to sound. I shall not allow Madame LePage to play!”

Simkin smiled at her earnestness. “But he has changed vastly since then. Such impressionability was but a phenomenon of his boyhood. Let Madame LePage play her best—or her worst. He will listen unmoved.”

This reassuring prophecy was mysterious, like everything else about Simkin.

“Did his father really hate him?” she queried suddenly.

The anomalous butler was somewhat taken by surprise. “Hardly that. He was disappointed in him. They didn’t understand each other.”

“—You mean they were not like father and son?”

“I can’t answer any more questions. I’ll simply say this much—your young husband is more of a man than the late master of the Black House dreamed. It is only the pall of funeral memories that puts him at a disadvantage now. He is outgrowing his besetting mysticism just as you have outgrown your fears. He is not the helpless prey to suggestion that Lester fancies. So don’t dread the night.”

With these words, spoken with the impressiveness of authority, Simkin turned and went down the hall. And Anne was left to marvel. Her mind, preternaturally alert, ran over the sinister series of events from her meeting with Trevor to the present preposterous moment. In this amazing period three mysteries stood out against a background of mist. Two were solved—the murder of the late master of the Black House, and the peculiar relations existing between him and Trevor. One—the greatest mystery of all—remained unsolved. That mystery was—Simkin.

CHAPTER XXI

The music room opened upon a small piazza overlooking the lake of the quivering waters. The ceiling was high and vaulted; the tapestries were eratic in workmanship and bizarre in subjects; the lighting facilities were designedly meager—for the purpose, evidently, of preserving an atmosphere of neutral tones deepening into shadows. Only over the keyboard of the exquisitely carved piano depended a lamp of any especial brilliance; and even that was shaded with phosphorescent blue—the color of spectral dreams. No other room in the Black House was so fitted for the weaving of spells. Lester had chosen cleverly.

But Anne was not to be placed at so subtle yet signal advantage through Simkin’s discretion. Madame LePage approached her with a pallid complexion, her eyelids drooping as she walked. The colors and lights she wore to a point of being almost too good to be true for Simkin; as if to allow the best in her to glisten in the face of the worst in others. Madame LePage appeared they were palpably disinconcerted by the glare of light. Lester, who handled his crutches discreetly, managed to keep on smiling, however; but Virginia, whose make-up had been intended only for her own eyes, shrieked out with a wild scream, turned and overlayed her handkerchief quite vigorously.

Anne, amused at the outset, chatted on divers small topics, even venturing an elusive jest concerning the pathetic crutches. She called Lester—alias Fairbank—“Paul” without hesitation, explanation or apology, an[d] she began to show him the sights in the vaulted room.

“Why have you never told me you loved her?” she cried, pointing at the smiling Anne.

“But she’s my sister—!” he answered, recklessly.

“Is your sister? You’re a liar—a—that—”

Suddenly he pointed warily towards the door. There stood Trevor. He had heard all. The angry expression of his face proved it. He strode towards Lester menacingly. His fists were clenched and his eyes ablaze. Lester, forgetting his crutches, let them drop noiselessly to the floor and backed away across the room.

“Knavel!” cried Trevor, clutching him by the throat. “I’ve been aware of the little game you’ve been trying to play, but my great sorrow has made me unmindful of everything else. This disgraceful scene tonight, though, has changed my dormant dislike of you into
active loathing—you dog!” Beside himself, he shook him as he might have shaken the animal he insulted by the comparison. “By God, I could kill you ! ...” he exclaimed, furiously, “but I’ll have to consent myself by kicking you out of the house.”

Lester broached away from him. In the meantime Madame LePage had hurried stealthily around behind them to the French window leading to the piazza. As Trevor finished his ferocious denunciation of Lester she opened it and in came Johanna Lane and—Sal.

The image of the wasteland burst into her strident little laugh. Better frocked, she seemed as knowing and mischievously menacing as ever, she looked at each one of them—longest at Anne, who stood motionless, speechless, clearly taken by surprise.

“Yuh!” cried the child contemptuously. “Bloody Anne Grieve!”

Trevor shuddered and glanced at his wife. The old unreasoning, self-created Fear was in his eyes. Lester, who stood near, could scarcely conceal his delight—Sal had made a good beginning—all he needed to tinge Trevor’s superactive imagination was the Fear to work upon. As Trevor turned away with his rising faculties, saw the new and perilous turn the attack was taking. But she remained silent, not heeding Sal’s challenge to hostilities.

The child, however, was not through with her.

“See, Anne Grieve, you’ve brought it on yourself. I told you I’d get even with you. Once upon a time I didn’t hate you like I do now—! But that night when you jumped on me on account of that blood you spit ...”

Anne looked appealingly at Trevor. He was already looking at her—but with lad fear in his eyes. Sal, laughing disdainfully, turned to Virginie LePage.

“Why didn’t you come for me instead of sendin’ that pale-face?” she queried with a scornful nod towards Johanna.

Virginie, evidently perturbed, signaled Sal to keep silent. This angered the imp. She went to the little black-eyed woman, who just then seemed an imp herself, and shook her bony little fist in her face.

“I don’t like you,” she cried, “even if you did give me this ugly dress! There’s somethin’ behind everything you do for me!”

Not attempting to hide her agitation, Virginie bent over the child and whispered in her ear. Sal gave a little laugh, then, glancing at Anne, muttered half to herself: “Yes, I hate her more!”

She then marched to Trevor, whose gaze had scarcely left her since her dramatic entry. “Say—do you remember the night on the wasteland when I showed you the blood?”

“No ...”

She glanced at Anne. “She didn’t want you to look at it, did she?”

“Nnoo...”

“I’ve got somethin’ else to show you now—somethin’ in the wood beyond the lake—and she won’t want you to look at this! Ask her.”

But he only gave a strained laugh. “That isn’t necessary. She doesn’t care.”

“Look at her and see!”

Anne did care—perhaps more because of the black mystery of it all. She took a step towards Trevor and held out her hand appealingly.

“Don’t go,” she begged, “for my sake—”

He hesitated. It was plain that he was becoming himself again. Lester saw his changing expression and frantically motioned Virginie to urge Sal to greater efforts. But at the little woman’s timid approach the imp wavered away. “He’ll go all right,” she said brusquely, “he’s that kind. He’s spooky and all that—you can see it in his eyes.”

The wise little observation amused Trevor. He gave a whole-

some laugh.

“We’ll all go,” he said. “It will be amusing.”

“Guy,” pleaded Anne, “can’t you see that this entire affair has been pre-arranged? This evil-minded child was brought here by Lester to appear at the psychological moment to hypnotize you!”—think of it, to hypnotize you, a grown man! They must regard you as a mere child—as a poor, hysterical, negative creature ready to be turned into trance—then stretched out, little Sal. Can you see the stage is set, with you to take the rôle of clown?”

Trevor thought a moment. It was apparent that he had at least given her appeal attention.

“Anne,” he replied at last, “you involuntarily exaggerate the thing. You have no idea that this impossible little Sal interested me on the wasteland. Why shouldn’t I allow her to amuse me now?”

Anne was obstinate. “This is not a coincidence, Guy. It is a part of Lester’s conspiracy. Ask him how he happened to bring Sal across the sea. Ask him how he stole her from her father.”

Trevor looked anxious—but Madame LePage seemed no more so. Trevor, however, was not convinced by Anne’s objection.

“Come,” he said, “we’ll all go and see what she has to show us. Sal, you lead the way.” He turned to Anne. “I admit it’s absurd in a way—but at that it’s amusing. The fact—and I know it to be one—that it is prearranged makes it all the funnier. As I said, I’m perfectly aware of Lester’s game. It’s been a bore till now, as well as this child’s appearance has added an element of amusement and interest. I’m eager to see what they’re going to make her do.”

Suddenly Virginie clapped her hands over the child’s mouth. Sal fought like a tiger cub. But Trevor stepped in between them, made a step forward, took Sal by the hand, then went out on the piazza and down the steps, Virginie and Lester following, the latter forgetting all about his crutches and escorting the little LePage quite friskily. Anne waited a moment to have a word with Simkin, who entered the music room as the others left. She then hurried after the rest. Simkin himself, with a furtive smile on his face, followed Anne—at a distance.

Anne caught up with the others at the lake, which was skirted in silence. In the misty moonlight the restless waters were a sickly green, and the pine wood, which the party soon entered, was only intermittently lit—and then but dimly. Of its self the night had a witchery.

But there were other spells—remoter possibly, but just as irresistible. For the company, defiling up the narrow path, remained stubbornly silent. Saucy and garrulous Sal was strangely speechless, forbearing to quarrel with Virginie or to sneer at Anne. Lester, although still disguised as the poet Fairbank, with rehearsed pleasantries crowding his lips, was moodily mute. Anne’s mouth, usually framing bizarre sentiments, had in a thin and inaudible line between two ugly wrinkles descending from her pert nose. The silence of Johanna Lane, which was always absolute, seemed tonight intensified; while Trevor’s loquacious amusement had mysteriously petrified into a stony grimness.

As for Anne, she was still talking to herself. She was, of course, trying to anticipate the nature of Sal’s promised revelation, this did not occupy her mind so much as the probable connection of that revelation with—Simkin’s secret! This amazingly bold concatenation, while purely the creation of Anne’s mental processes, was enough to curtail her talk. And she was no longer interested in it; her mind was already on what Anne had said at the outset of her talk. With increasing wonder, she recalled the night when she and Simkin had fenced with invisible swords on the shore of the lake. Their gruesome colloquy had reached a dramatic climax when Sal’s insipid laugh was heard proceeding from this very moor! Simkin’s secret, according to Anne, was hitherto to herself, but to her, to whom the whole affair so far appeared a mere sideshow, Anne’s and Sal’s disclosure had to do with something she had evidently found. And, as added weight in favor of Anne’s theory, Simkin had insisted on following the party into the wood tonight! She glanced back in silent surprise. Was she missing something?

The climb was a long one. Virginie was panting, and Lester was blowing hard. Suddenly Sal, who still acted as guide and leader, gave a little cry. They had reached a small clearing.

On one side was a decayed log surrounded with bushes. Sal, with considerable appreciation of the dramatic value of the occasion, led the party to the log with slow, rhythmical steps, then turning suddenly, called shrilly to Madame LePage.

“Say, little Snap-Eyes,” she cried, “you promised you’d find me my mother if I brought these people here tonight to show up Anne Grieve!”

“Thush,” begged Virginie.

“Ain’t you goin’ to keep your promise? I want you to say it out loud before everybody so I can hold you to it!”

Virginie exchanged glances with Lester. Anne’s eyes, like Sal’s, were fixed upon her burningly. And, curiously enough, they seemed even more tensely expectant than the child’s.

“Out with it!” cried Sal. “You’ll find me my mother?”

“Yes.”

The imp called shrilly to Johanna Lake to turn over the log and remove some of the brush. The pale lilac, with impassive face and steady hands, did so. And there in the moonlight lay a dead man, with body frozen stiff and neck black and blue with marks made by the fingers that had choked him.

Anne was only who gave a cry. It was Anne only who bent over him.

“Mack—!” she whispered, recoiling and turning instinctively towards Lester.

Trevor, who was singularly calm, made a closer inspection of the dead man’s face. He felt his pulse, he held his face.

“Said he was only who gave a cry. It was Anne only who bent over him.

“Mack—!” she whispered, recoiling and turning instinctively towards Lester.

Trevor, who was singularly calm, made a closer inspection of the dead man’s face. He felt his pulse, he held his face.
work well." He looked down at Sal, who had been listening to him eagerly, and took her hand. "Pool child! They fixed up this miserable business and then brought you away over here from your native wasteland to put the finishing touch to the hypothesis they fancied they had excreted over me!" He laughed amusingly. "Do you know, Sal, why they have such foolish tools of themselves by asking you to help them?"

"Just because I showed you the blood that night on the wasteland, I guess—and because you acted so queer about it—like it mesmerized you up the whole thing. But, crazy, after all, are you?"

He laughed again. "Hardly—although, come to think of it, I don't exactly blame them for thinking so. —As for you, Sal, now that you're here, my wife and I will interest ourselves in you and put you in some form of amusements.

"But I want my mother!" the child interrupted, turning to Virginia. "Where is she?"

"In a moment," answered Virginia, hurriedly. "First, I want you to tell the truth about that dead man. Mr. Trevor thinks we fixed up the whole thing. But, we didn't know anything about it till you told us. Isn't that true?"

"Yes," answered Sal, reluctantly. "I found that dead man—just like I found the blood on the wasteland—" My blood!" exclaimed Lester, triumphantly. "The night, Mr. Trevor, that your wife tried to murder me."

The half-tired, half-disgusted expression left Trevor's face. He glanced at Anne quickly, then turned away.

"Wait a minute," cried Sal. "We're getting off the track."

She turned to Virginia savagely. "Where's my mother?"

That was a portentous pause. The child's insistent demand for her—mother—the longed-for prize that had lured her across the sea—had impressed the entire party. In truth, it had crowded even the dead man from the stage. Trevor, in particular, was interested in Sal and her parents.

"Speak up, Madame LePage," he said, sharply. "It's the child's right to know."

Virginia was sullen. "I know nothing . . . ."

A cry of animal-like rage came from Sal's lips. She would have rushed at Virginia had not Trevor held her.

Anne stepped forward. "I can tell you who your mother is. Sal. There she stands."

She pointed at Virginia. Sal's cry of hate and revulsion was lost in Madame LePage's scream of surprised rage. She ran up to Anne and put her arms around her—her first care for many long, long days. In their cruelty, their brief instant of happiness they forgot everything around them, including the strange circumstance that had called up the sweet recollection. For one golden moment, pendant in time, they lived and loved in a world of their very own miraculously created instantaneously of ashes of roses—then Anne, shuddering, turned towards Madame LePage, who, crushed, sobbed and sagging, had uttered no sound since that innocent word "London" had scorched her ears. Gazing at that face of dull despair, the others were silent. Even Sal, still hanging to her mother's half hiding behind him, was, for the moment, struck dumb.

Virginia began tearing her gauzy linen handkerchief mechanically. She shivered slightly, sighed, then raised her eyes to Anne's. No woe, no augur filled them: only a new curiosity, half spent already and yet unfulfilled. For in the moment she had come into the world, she had to make way, and a child is a millstone around a woman's neck . . . At that, I always expected to have her with me some day." She turned to Sal and fixed her filmy gaze upon her, then held out a tentative hand. "Child . . . I'm your mother. Come . . ."

But Sal hid behind Trevor, sobbing convulsively. "Go away! I hate her!"

Moaning softly, Virginia turned away. With her anguish classically, epically expressed with hands folded across her bosom, and her head bowed low upon it, she went away silently and impressively, like some storied tragic figure foredoomed to doom, into the deep and protecting shades of a tree of semi-superlativeness.

The succeeding spellbound stillness of the group was rudely broken by Lester's discordant laugh.

"A mother and her lost child are the stock tear-wringers of every third stage manager," he remarked, satirically, "but, actually, they have no place in the present drama. This is a tragedy of murder. There lies a dead man. He has been dead for days—saved from decomposition only by the bitter cold weather, which has kept him frozen stiff. The law of capital punishment obtains in this country and Lester is responsible for the murder of my friend Mack. —Anne Griese, you killed him!"

Neither Anne nor Trevor scarcely had time to realize the import of his words, when a new, strange voice—a musical masculine voice in the wood behind them—answered Lester's accusation.

"Anne Grieve is innocent. I killed him."

And Simkin stepped out into the moonlight.

Lester, in the shock of it, almost covered. Trevor gazed at his brother in blank incredulity. And Anne, although still dazed, suddenly realized that Simkin had at last told her his secret.

"I killed him," he continued, "because he murdered my beloved master."

CHAPTER XXII

The motor car drew up at the piazza steps, and Virginia, Lester and Sal hurried into it for the desperate race to Caermarthen to catch the late train for London. Lester had to carry the child, whose courage for the journey was still echoed by semblance. The activity attending the departure roused her, however, and she fought him, bit him, clawed him, shrieking that she would not go. But the car made a heedless sweep down the drive, and the sound of her shrill lamenting died away.

Anne, who had looked out of the doorway, sighed wearily as she turned and re-entered the house. She gave a start at seeing a dim figure coming down the hall stairs.

It was Johanna Lane.

Anne waited. The maid approached, then turned and gazed fixedly up the stairs.

"He's gone . . . she murmured in monotone. "He came. Now he's gone. —And I loved him . . . !" A faint cry—surely soundless and yet a cry articulate and dreadful—came up deliciously, irresistibly from below the oppressing super-structures on the pale and dying house, and she screamed, and she shrieked. "I love him, she whispered, turning to Anne. "He doesn't know that I kissed his pillow . . . and he will not know that I'm going out into the night to kiss—Death."

Anne, who left the Black House, not seeing Anne's look of horror, not hearing Anne's word of pity. But she must have seen another face, a face whiter than her own: and she must have heard another voice, the siren voice of the sleep that is sweet and dreamless. For Anne could almost see these new and beautiful comprehensions in her thoughts. For Johanna in her lonely had learned that by some means, fair or otherwise, the desire could coax or compel her to help him."

"It's odd," commented Trevor, looking up at Anne, who stood on the other side of the table, "how he leaves out the very things that are really vital. For instance, how did he ever happen to conceive such an impossible conspiracy? Did he make up the central figure of it, and why were you necessary to its execution?"

Anne only smiled faintly in reply.

Trevor sighed and continued reading the confession, which grew more dull and purgatory as it neared the end. Lester admitted that he had played the gardener to Duggan, who had stolen the Tremaine family tree and Bible; and these articles, together with
certain personal possessions of Trevor and his father—likewise stolen—constituted the visible and tangible proof to back Lester's claim, although, in his own words, they were inconsequential in themselves and were designed to serve only as incidental aids to the main modus operandi of the conspiracy, which was to consist of the practical application of some ancient murder-on-demand device. At this point of his narrative, Lester averted himself to be a serious student of psychology. He also declared that he had believed the late master of the Black House to be insane, and Trevor ineptly so. By subtle and adroit suggestion he hoped to gain control of Trevor, body and soul—when the rest would have been easy. He solemnly vowed he had taken absolutely no part in the murder of Trevor's father, and that his ally, Mack, had committed the crime without his knowledge—which was a rather suspicious statement in view of the fact that the removing of Tremaine was the first necessary step towards the removal of Trevor. He disposed of Madame LePage briefly by saying that she was a good friend of his, whose wit and stealth he thought he could utilize at the Black House; in other words, he had employed her as a spy.

Trevor threw the confession on the table and rose to his feet. "It tells me nothing—because, it is silent about you and me." He gazed at her frowningly. "Why didn't you let him speak out ...?"

"Why—had nothing more to say."

"Have you anything more to say—?"

"Only ... that I love you."

He made an impatient gesture. "Always mystery—mystery within mystery! Tonight, somehow, the weight press on me more than usual—more heavily than I can bear. You are the mystery supreme. Then there are lesser things needing explanation. Why did I almost dislike my father? Why did he almost hate me? For several days the thought of him has possessed me—obsessed me—haunted me like a plague. Only sometimes I feel ... God! If I only knew what I do feel! ..." He paced up and down the room, then halted directly in front of her. "Anne!" he cried feverishly. "Come—

"We'll go—"

"Where?"

"To my father's study. I haven't been in there since his death. Maybe the surroundings—the pictures he looked at—the books he read—the atmosphere of the place—will help me to solve some of these awful riddles. Will you come with me—?"

"Don't go, Guy ... It must be a melancholy room. Let us be happy in what remains—enjoy what remains. Paul Lester has been driven from the Black House and out of your life forever—"

"That is nothing," he interrupted, passionately, "compared to what must remain in my life forever—the bitter and poisonous knowledge of your parentage."

"But, Guy—I love you. Don't you remember? There's not a drop of Tremaine blood in my body. I—"

"Don't, don't ... Will you go to my father's study with me? Why do you want me to go?"

His eyes grew mystic; he was the wisteland dreamer again. "There's something waiting in there for me—something that you do not know—telling—a mystery—"

"Mother—mother—I don't know—"

"I'm only wondering ..." He looked at her with a start, as though suddenly aware of her presence. "Come, Anne. Will you see me through it—?"

The portent of his query chilled her. The hand seemed beckoning them again. Helpless, she let him lead her across the hall to the dead man's study. Trevor tried the knob. It yielded. The heavy door swung open. On the threshold Anne hesitated, trembled, recollected. But Trevor—almost roughly—drew her inside. The door closed softly behind them.

The room was dim rather than dark. A pool of bluish-white moonlight lay on the floor, the rays shining through a high diamonded pane window. An easel near a great glowing fireplace could be discerned in the gloom. From the walls shadowy, wrathful faces gazed down in that place of the dead—those of the Tremaines. There were many books, souvenirs of travel in unfrequented corners of the earth, statuettes, trophies of the chase, Chinese vases, an exquisite silvered Japanese screen—all weirdly vague in the semi-darkness.

"Do you feel it ...?" whispered Trevor.

"What?"

"The brooding soul of my father ... His fingers on her arm stiffened suddenly. "Did you see that—?" He gave a sigh of relief. "It was only that tapestry—but where did the current of air come from?"

"Maybe one of the windows is open—"

"See, it moves again—as though someone were behind it—"

She laughed reassuringly. "Your imagination is at work—"

"Possibly. Come, toward her and gazed at hersearchingly, but the darkness veiled her eyes. "Come," he said abruptly, "come into the moonlight. I must look at you—"

She went with him to the slanting radiance. A moonbeam fell athwart her face, lighting her already brilliant eyes with a seductive glitter. With his two hands he held her cheeks while he gazed at her eagerly, feverishly. "Now," he said, "you must tell me all—the truth—all of it—nothing but it—about your past—that cursed chasm between us. You must, do you hear? I can wait no longer, not a day, an hour, a minute. Begin. Tell me—"

She did not even hesitate. She knew that the inevitable moment had arrived. So with the invasive moonlight flooding her, and with his eyes burning into her heart, she summoned her shrinking soul, and then, in desperate monotone, began telling him those ultimate falsehoods, those affectionate, magnanimous lies that were designed to save him—and in saving him to crush and dishonor herself.

"Guy," she said, "you remember Lester told you I was a foundling—and I admitted it was true? Well, it wasn't. I—"

"Wait!" was the electric interruption in a strange, strong voice coming from somewhere just out of the room.

A tall, vague figure emerged from behind the quivering fabric and approached. It was Simkin. In the moonlight his face looked singularly serene and noble. He had never seemed less the servant, so much the master. Anne, speechless, could only gaze at him—wondering, doubting, believing—groppingly solving at last the dominating mystery of his personality.

Her lips moved—mutely. The voice of her heart cried out to him not to speak the words that were ready to fall from his lips; and yet she yearned for him with a magical new tenderness. Trembling, shrinking, she glanced from one man to the other—lost in the miracle of it all. In the chance she knew, was it not love? At his command, Trevor stood motionless with set white face, his intuitive sense telling him that out of the chaos of his life a new world was about to be born. He waited—as men wait for death, for life. "It devolves upon me to tell you the truth," said Simkin quietly to Trevor. "Two lives were about to be wrecked. Your wife, in her love for you, was about to commit murder, but in sacrificing herself she would have sacrificed you more ..."

"Go on—"

He glanced swiftly at Anne, then began. "Your wife was a foundling. Her mother was drowned in a shipwreck. Her father was rescued only after a severe injury to his head, which made his memory a blank for years. The child, a mere babe, had a brother only a few years older than herself. They were taken from the wreckage by an eccentric fisherman, who reared them in his lonely little cottage by the sea. He had two children of his own—boys, I believe. One, it was the fisherman's son, the other his wife's son—Paul Lester. Trevor, wild-eyed, staggered back a step. Anne, still trembling, put her arm about him. His head fell upon her breast. Then suddenly he straightened, and with a muttered curse, raised his clenched fists over Simkin's head.

"You ... ! How do you know this? Is it the truth—?"

"Listen," answered Simkin, gently, "I have taken from you a father you never loved, a nation you do not even now bear, and have given you instead—your wife—"

"In the marvelous realization of it Trevor's arms fell. His eyes kindled. He cried out in his joy. Then he turned to the beautiful woman beside him.

"Anne!" he cried, folding her in his arms. "My darling! Mine forever more."

"Listen," continued Simkin. "One day, years after the shipwreck, the father of the two foundlings, Mr. Tremaine, visited the fisherman in search of his children, the boy and the girl. The fisherman was on his deathbed. Three children were with him—the two foundlings, and Anne. The man declared his love for the fisherman's son; and whose dying father loved with a devotion that was feverish and half-mad. The fisherman's other son, tiring of his father's neglect, had run away, young as he was."

He paused again. His listeners, hanging on his words, entreated him to go on. His tones were becoming a trifle husky. "The dying fisherman lied. He gave his own son—the boy who looked like his mother—to Mr. Tremaine, at the same time telling him that his daughter had perished in the shipwreck. His paternal love, grown wholly mad now, could not brook the thought of the boy sharing the Tremaine riches and social position with another, even though
that other was Mr. Tremaine's own child. His own son must reign alone, supernumerary—or with a rigid resignation engendered by a love so magnified as to be almost monstrous, he bade a stoic's farewell to his boy, a child even now only a few years old, and let Mr. Tremaine take him away.

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Trevor, turning to Anne. "And all this beautiful revelation, even though it does prove me to be a fisherman's son, don't you think so?"

Simkin smiled faintly. "The foundlings, brother and sister, were left behind. The sister, a fair-haired, beautiful child, was taken in charge by an old lady, a motherly soul, who gave her a home, but who unfortunately died a short time after. The brother, throwing the child upon the mercies of the world. The little one, luckily, was picked up by a wealthy old man who lived alone, his own children being married. He grew very fond of her and placed her in a private school. The years went by, and the child developed into a beautiful girl."

"But you made it quite unnecessary, &c."

"He was so given to the theatricals that I could not resist him."

"Then why didn't you bring him with you?"

"I was afraid to."

"But why didn't you go to your sister?"

"I couldn't."

"I see."

"Yes, and in dozens of others dozens of times. Good friends helped me."

"But why have you played the rôle of butler in the Black House all these years?"

"I couldn't convince my father—" he flushed—"I mean your father—that you were his son?"

"I didn't try."

"What! You mean he died in ignorance of the truth?"

"Yes."

"But—you're asking us to believe the impossible! Do you mean to say you were willing to let me pass as the son while you—"

"Certainly. Why not?"

"Did you do it for my sake?"

"I had a number of reasons. First of all, I loved my father deeply—as you know and I wanted him to love me without feeling forced to do through the mere fact that I happened to be his lost son."

"We are not at the point yet," objected Trevor. "Your father did love you, so why couldn't you tell him the truth?"

"I had no time to do that."

"I decided to wait until you grew older and had more strength and fortitude to bear the inevitable disclosure and a better equipment to get along in the world."

"Trevor grasped his hand silently. Simkin was visibly affected. "You and Mr. Mac—" he said, "you have not too much credit. I fully intended to tell my father the truth and to publish it to all the world; and I anticipated our new relationship with the greatest happiness. But in the meantime I was content to be here at the Black House with a few light duties to perform, with plenty of time for study; and with the opportunity of passing many pleasant hours with my father, who privilege he gracedly accorded me."

"When did you decide to tell him the truth?" insisted the intensely interested Trevor.

"A sombre shadow settled in his eyes. "Anne's hand stole into his. "I was going to tell him... the night... the very night of the murder..."

"There was a convulsive little pressure of the brother and sister's hands. Trevor looked on with moist eyes.

"Why but why have you been silent since his death?"

"When I learned that you, Miss, had not only discovered the fisherman's son, but knew that the revelation would ruin your life..."

"I see," answered Trevor, "I see everything—at last. I am very grateful—and very happy."

"It's Fate," said Anne, kissing him, "as you yourself would have said in the old days."

"It's the chain of Fate," elaborated Trevor.

She smiled. "And the links of the chain have unlinked only to link us together again... forever."

THE END
ANOTHER DOG-GONE STORY

BE it known that Olive Thomas has two dogs, named Upstairs and Down. That is, most of the time she has two dogs. A good deal of the time, however, Upstairs is lost. It is all because Upstairs has a most erratic walk which makes it impossible for him to maintain a steady line. He is a Skye-terrier—that's why they call him Upstairs—and zig-zags like a tin lizzie. Miss Thomas has spent a small fortune in rewards having him returned to her. The other canine is an obedient fellow. All you have to say to him is "Lay Down," and he does so. There is one thing which Upstairs can always walk—in fact, run—a piece of meat.

All of which makes it occur to us that in dog days, with its hot climate, but a few words will tell what Forrest Stanley does. Now he has built a set of garden furniture from half a dozen barrels. He cut them in the shape of chairs, nailed bottoms in, and upholstered the seats in burlap, painted them brown, with white stencils, and you never saw a more picturesque nor comfortable set!

Is this the way to get barrels of comfort?

WILL M. RITCHIE, Paramount staff writer, says that ninety per cent. of the writers of rejected scenarios might sell if they would only take their time in submitting, rewriting first several times. In other words, if embryonic writers would only quit trying to rush matters they would make faster headway. Splendid sense to this.

DAVID W. GRIFFITH'S remarkable photoplay, "Broken Blossoms," is being received with unprecedented acclaim everywhere.

Yep, "Broken Blossoms" has broken records.

MRS. SIDNEY DREW will continue to make two-reel Paramount-Drew comedies. She will perpetuate her character of Polly, but instead of the husband character so capably portrayed by the lamented Sidney Drew, there will be introduced a bachelor character drawn by Donald McBride.

It's a certainty the drawing power of Drew will live. Those who like to smile have long since learned to know that a Drew comedy is an unfailling incentive to be thoroughly amused. More power to Mrs. Drew. May she continue her successes!

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN. Selznick star, who has been spending much of his time during the past few weeks in trying to find material for good screen plays, has come to the conclusion that there is no such thing as a "Prohibition story" which the heroine does not fall in love with a hero who belongs on the side of the enemy clan in the end.

It always did seem to us that when a writer sat down to dash off a Southern story he required too much feudal for thought.

"THERE is no economy in economy," says Kathleen Kirkham, who is working with Katherine MacDonald, for recently she "dropped a five" with a certain police judge. Her reason is that she drove down town to have her hair dressed instead of having the coiffeur come to her home. Car stood over-time. Tag. Nine next day. Good morning. Judge. Fine please.

Yes, ma'am, we agree—you can certainly waste your money trying to save less than you can shake a stick at. Why, if we wanted to save a dollar until the next day, the next day wouldn't come nor would the dollar stay.

DIRECTOR William Desmond Taylor is in Los Angeles once more. He returned a Captain, although he started out as a "Tommy," which is typical of Taylor. He served overseas in the Royal Artillery Service Corps and was in England, France, Belgium and Germany. He was gone a year. Director Taylor is again with the Famous-Lasky-Artcraft combination.

So, in plain words, he returns from shooting Germans to "shooting" scenes.

Rex BEACH and Samuel Goldwyn have organized a million-dollar corporation to exploit on the motion picture screen all the works of the most famous writers, including Mary Roberts Rinehart, Basil King, Governor Morris, Rupert Hughes, Gertrude Atherton and Leroy Scott.

Now, how did it ever happen that they overlooked the name of Jack Winn?

HERE'S SENSE ON CENTS

"THE manager of our studios," said Hale Hamilton the other day, referring to the able Dave Thompson, who lingered near "gets a brilliant idea in his lucid moments.

"I repeat," said Thompson, "California is the land of cafeterias and groceterias, the basic principle of which is, help thyself.

"What more wouldn't desire?" asked Hamilton poetically.

"To woman," I replied, answered Dave, "that if only some enterprising financier would open a 'banketeria' my happiness would be complete.

This is about the best suggestion we've heard in a long time and we're strongly anti-Bolshevik, too. Just imagine, if you can stand it, what a business a banketeria would do the next day after pay-day week! Talk about runs on banks, this'd be nothing like a walkaway.

"THIS is a Goldwyn year," Goldwyn announces.

As, yes, gold will win this year the same as any year.

OWEN MOORE really "comes back" in a leading role in Rex Beach's "Crimson Garden," which has been filmed by Goldwyn.

But that's what Fate has been ownin' Moore for some time.

LOU TELLEGEN says motion pictures have conquered their medium and can now be classed as an art.

Some few magnates who are persisting in making the screen solely a cold-blooded commercial proposition, please copy.

LOUIS BENNION, the cowboy Betzwood-Goldwyn star, says "Prohibition may come and liquor may go, but my cellorette goes on forever."

Very good, but think of how many of us are financially incompetent to support a cellarette! So, we'll look up Louis when the country goes dry.

CARTER DE HAVEN, the new Capitol Comedy star, is building a home for himself and his wifely co-star. The home is to be called "The De Haven of Rest."

And Carter is De Haven!

PERCY MARMONT has returned to the screen in support of Alice Joyce.

Isn't there something of a paradox in this supporting business though? He supports her to support himself!

LEWIS J. SELZNICK announces he has Eugene O'Brien insured for one million dollars.

Just the same it's even money that this popular star wouldn't want to "cash in" for even this magnificent sum. Of course, that wasn't Selznick's idea anyway. He simply wanted to raise the "ante" and then let the whole world know he'd done it. Probably you can tell the complete story in one word, viz: Publicity.

"THE Belle of New York," the original stage production from which Marion Davies' Select Picture of the same name was adapted, is being revived in London with greater success than at any time during the last twenty years.

Well, it's a poor belle that won't keep ringing after twenty years.

PHOTO-PLAY
FOR YOU...and... FOR ME

A Department Conducted Personally by Madame Olga Petrova

My Dear Madame Petrova:

I like going to the movies better than anything else in the world, but you are--perhapsters than I am, and I like her--tries to stop me going to see some of the players I like best. She says they unsettle a girl of my age and they won't improve my mind. Now, in the first place, I am sixteen, and old enough to know what's good for me, and in the second place, my mind doesn't need any improving, I go to the movies, and not to be lectured. I don't want any arguments with my mother, so I just go anyway, but sometimes when I have to select--pictures that show a thesis like me, and I have to tell her an untruth. I notice you always play girls who go their own way, so that's why I am writing to you to ask you if you don't think I'm in the right. I am enclosing an envelope for your reply.

Mary Blossom, Indianapolis.

My Dear Miss Blossom:

What a very extraordinary young person you are, if your mind is really so perfect that improvement is unnecessary and impossible. I have never heard, or read, or known of anyone who had attained such a state of grace. I salute you.

And yet what a sad, sad outlook life must be for you. The only real joy in living is learning, and by learning, improving, and if you have already arrived at the stage when your mind needs no improving, your mission is fulfilled, and an early grave yawns before you. Nothing is so significant of ultimate and real greatness either in an individual or in a nation as its desire to improve its mind.

Show me the person who wants to learn and I will show you the person who will some time teach. Good brains and muscle are all very well, but they never have and never will reap the same reward, financially or spiritually, as good brains. It is the man with the brain who profites by the labor of the multitude.

Of course I quite sympathize with your not wanting to be "lectured" in the moving picture theatre, but can you strike a happy medium somewhere between the plays and actors you mention as being of the amusing type and others you designate as bores? I have eliminated their names, of course, from your letter.

For the life of me I can't see that you can't be amused and improved at the same time. You certainly are not going to accuse Miss Pickford of lecturing you, are you? And yet I have never seen anyone in the Pickford picture that would unsettle a girl of your age.

There are pictures though that might very easily have that effect--pictures like Miss Olga Petrova is playing in the trappings of a hero of romance. Here is a man who eats salt with his friend, partakes of his hospitality and accepts shelter under his roof, only to steal from him under cover of the night. This type of picture is not good for minds that either need or do not need improving.

The type of picture that shows you the apparently dazzling surroundings of heroines who are as shallow and soulless a life of sin as you could be settling because they are fundamentally misleading and are not true to life in any sense of the word. Pictures like these are apt to lead the unthinking to suppose that the "sinner" is very materially better off than the "decent" woman. This is not the case, for the girl is only tinsel and in real life the "dazzling" surroundings are so unstable a quality that like Aladdin's palace they have a habit of disappearing overnight, leaving their ex-mistresses to face the cold grey street, the hospital or the river, as inevitable alternatives. I am speaking plainly, but since you have been undergoing a course of such pictures, such plain speaking must appear dull in comparison with the thrills these picture plays have afforded you.

Now as to whether you are justified in telling your mother an untruth to avoid an argument is a matter for your "mind that needs no improving" to decide. For my own part, lying is such a confession of personal cowardice that I cannot see any justification for it at all. If you are self-supporting and do not live under your mother's roof then you are justified in going your own gait, provided of course that you are always willing to stand by the consequences of your own actions. But if on the other hand, you are not self-supporting then, even apart from any love and respect which might or might not be your mother's due, you have no right whatever to accept her care and support without obeying her wishes.

If any character which I have played during the last two years has led you to think that my sympathies are with the girl who demands all the privileges of self-expression without being willing to share the inevitable responsibilities, I should like to know the name of that character that I may make clear any points that may have misled you.

Dear Miss Petrova:

I have always wanted to be in the movies and after writing to every actor and actress I could get the addresses of I finally got an answer from Mr. "Blank" of Los Angeles. In his letter he said that if I happened to be around the studio some time he would see that I got a chance as an extra. Now, as you see, I live in Cleveland, what can I do?

Amy Briggs, Cleveland.

Dear Miss Bridges:

I sent you a story last year when you were in San Francisco, to the St. Francis Hotel, asking you to read it immediately and send it back if

you didn't want it. I have never heard from you from that day. I have heard that you always answer to a story personally, so I am giving you this chance to do so.

Mrs. Wellman, San Francisco.

Dear Mrs. Wellman:

I have no record of having received a story from you at any time so that you see no dis- consolate. This, however, is merely a plot to know that I was in San Francisco only a few hours and that every possible moment of my time was occupied. But for my bookwork I had come some thousands of miles to do.

To illustrate—I remember that I arrived in San Francisco after a dreadful journey through a terrible sand storm and with the thermometer at ninety-eight, after previously visiting fifteen cities in an equal number of days. I had not seen any bed for five days since last being in Denver, New York. On my arrival, travel stained, breakfastless, tired, with lack of sleep and the eternal rocking of the train, I met by a gentleman newspapermen all armed with cameras, who in spite of my humble request that I might be allowed a bath before the operation, insisted on my looking pleasant and then described me.

On the way to the hotel I asked my manager to find the freight entrance so that I might slip upstairs and wash off in the elavator. I had missed the fast gathering mob, pursue the tub. But no such luck was to be mine. Another committee of Savages official, I was called to the car, hailed us to the front entrance, and more youths armed with more cameras transcribed my disheveled self to various specimens of Mr. Eastman's work. I was consequently requested that I be interviewed and for some reason or another unknown to me seemed determined that I should commit myself to the most intimate statements regarding my unimportant life from the cradle to the grave.

My bath didn't seem to interest them at all, although I promised I would come back and be interviewed as soon as I had had an opportunity to investigate one of the tubs for which the St. Francis is famous. After my service was disposed of and the clock pointing to one-thirty, the War Savings Committee and I held a council until twenty-five after two. With this I was permitted in order to make the natives of San Francisco subscribe a maximum of stamps within a minimum time.

This over I again weakly remarked that I was even more dusty and travel stained, not to speak of breakfastless—I had dined on a sandwich and a cup of tea, one in each hand, at seven o'clock the previous evening, between trains—than I was on my arrival. No one heard me but one of the gentlemen pulled out his watch remarking that we only had fifteen minutes before my scheduled appearance at the theatre and that he would employ that fifteen minutes in refreshing himself and us.

Fifteen minutes before theatre time—I like longer time for my ablutions, but on a trip like mine one cannot afford to be luxurious in the matter of baths. I have often thought since that that poor man must have thought me quite mad. For I flew from the room to the one adjoining which boasted one of the aforementioned tubs and regardless of the inner man I scoured the outer man from head to foot until at the appointed time. Mr. North, my manager, protested that I must have something to eat before the second show and I reluctantly got my forty thirty, but bless my heart, I shook hands with at least a thousand people in the interim who would have thought me extremely temperamental and dissipative. But to continue the material pleasure of food and the spiritual pleasure of meeting and knowing them personally.

When I finally rushed to the dress circle as six, there were at least a hundred people gathered (Continued on page 52)
Interesting Facts About the Clan That Acts

Tom Mix had decided to become an author. Some people become authors so that they can give expression to the mighty thoughts that are keeping them awake at nights; others hope to make money by writing, but the Fox film star is actuated by neither of these two impulses. He is going to be an author so that interviewers won't keep pestering him with requests for facts about his life. Tom is going to write his autobiography. Then when any newspaper man wants to know anything about him, Tom will merely throw his autobiography at him.

Madge Kennedy, the piquant Goldwyn star, is the recipient of perhaps the strangest pet in the possession of a motion-picture favorite. "Oscar," as she calls him, is an Australian Koala bear sent to her by a friend in the Antipodes. He resembles a cross between a tarrot and a squirrel, cats lettuce and eucalyptus leaves, jumps after the fashion of a kangaroo, clings to a tree by all four paws somewhat like an opposum and is tame and affectionate. And to prove the foregoing, Miss Kennedy has won the popularity contest in Japan conducted by a Tokio newspaper.

Pauline Frederick has returned to the Goldwyn studios from her California home, where she spent the recent week-end. On this, her first visit to the West, the star is meeting with all sorts of experiences. Some of them are amusing, some touching and all are delightful. In Berkeley, for instance, a little boy brought a bag of cookies to the spot where Miss Frederick was acting. Lacking courage to present them to her, he asked Milton Sills to do the honor. When Miss Frederick was leaving, the same youngster met her at the train with a homemade cake. Pauline felt that it should be cherished like wedding cake, but being hungry, she couldn't resist—so she ate it.

Emory Johnson, who played opposite Margaret Fisher in "Put Up Your Hands" and "Charge It to Me," has two extra-precious possessions. One of them is a banjo. He took it to the studio recently and registered such a pronounced hit with his musical gifts that he's been forced to take it along daily and entertain the studio folks between scenes and at noon. The other joy of his life is a baby—a real, live baby, whose mother is Ella Hall, once one of the popular stars of the screen, but now perfectly content with the smaller audience of her own home. Recently Johnson and his wife were plaintiffs in a civil suit in Los Angeles. While the trial was at its height the actor whispered a plea in the Judge's ear. A constable was called and Johnson rushed to the nearest phone and called an anxious "How's baby?" to nurse at the other end of the wire.

Fans will again be able to welcome their old screen favorite, Stewart Holmes, who is known to them familiarly as "the lounge lizard." He plays the part of the "heavy" in the late Norma Talmadge production, "The New Moon." He has considerable talent as a sculptor, and only last year exhibited his "Bust of President Wilson" at the Independent Exhibition in New York. He has also the distinction of having made the models for the eagles over the door of the Chicago Post office, and has recently finished a portrait in oils of Miss Talmadge.

Here's a tip for all writers who aspire to have their stories published. Mr. Sherman, a Mr. Sherman, of another day, declared, "I guess that free-lance scenario writers have caught the spring fever, because of late the number of scripts in my mail has diminished considerably. I do want good material for two-reel comedies and I want it now. Good clean stories of human emotions, and not along the lines of our recent releases are my requirements. I want real plots, logically developed that start and end tangibly. Situations must be funny in themselves and not dependent upon any forced humor or exaggerated by-play to put them over. Nothing bordering on slap-stick goes. Stories will be judged on their merits, irrespective of whether their authors are amateurs or professionals. Ideas are what I want, no matter who writes them. Stories in synopsis form only are wanted and should be sent to V. R. K. Film Corporation, 200 West 42nd Street, New York City."

Mary Pickford's new home on the California beach is going to be both beautiful and comfortable, a real home Mary's "very own." Four baths, a huge sleeping porch, lots of fireplaces and a wonderful room for Mother, figure in the general scheme of things. Mary is as interested in the new house as she was in her first doll, which she remembers very well, and wishes she had it today.

Enid Bennett, the Ince favorite, was the recipient last week of a novel present from one of her admirers, who has been aboard ship in Uncle Sam's Service. It is a wild tigrette, brought by the sailor from South America when the ship had been in port. Miss Bennett, who is a great lover of animals, will undertake to domesticate and tame the little wild feline.

Pritzi Brunette was nearly fatally injured recently when she was working in a scene with Big Mitchell Lewis and a massive door fell on her. She sustained a scalp wound that had to be stitched. It held up the picture half a day, and caused the director to delay finishing scenes in that set because Pritzi could not comb her hair for ten days while the wound was healing. Lewis and the "heavy"

fought in an adjoining room. They did! So hard that the door was knocked from its support when they were supposed to burst into the room.

Albert Ray, the Fox player, and Rosanna MacGowan were married Sunday, April 6th. On that date his first release was issued by Fox, entitled "Married in Haste." Oh well, what's in a name anyhow?

Priscilla Dean, from the latest bed-side reports, is in a serious condition at a Los Angeles hospital, suffering with double pneumonia, but her recovery is assured.

Kathleen Kirkham owns up to liking the following: Fishing on top of a Fifth Avenue box; an occasional visit to the top gallery of a theatre, to study the galleristes; climbing mountain peaks; tall men; acrobating, riding in fast elevators—all of which shows that Kathleen ails high.

"The Gladys Brockwell Veil" is the latest bit of feminine fashion. Unlike most styles, it did not originate in either Paris or New York, but in Los Angeles, being the design of Gladys Brockwell, the Fox film star. It is understood that a big New York manufacturer of veils has bought the design and is soon to begin quantity production.

Picture fans who see Evelyn Nesbit's picture, "A Fallen Idol," also will have an opportunity to sing a song which has just been written and dedicated to Miss Nesbit. The title of the song is "Fallen Idols," and it is in course of publication by a well-known Broadway music house.

Madge Evans Has Callers

Four ardent admirers of Madge Evans called at the house the other day, each and everyone being almost sure that he was the favorite in her eyes. Madge entertained the entire crew in her parlor, and a wonderful time was had by all—until mother came home, and then things happened. Here is Madge with the four Romeos having the time of her life. They all brought flowers and candy and everything.
THERE are few celebrities of either the screen or stage to whom the producers could pay better than Madame Petrova, who, according to our version, has precisely the correct idea of the developing in the cinema art as a durable institution for the common welfare of mankind. We know it to be a fact, or at least it has considerable interest, that Madame Petrova has been fated the offer to be starred in pictures because of her conscientious objections to submitting to mere commercialism. Generally, when she receives an offer of a fatuous salary, she discovers something in the mind of the one making the offer. No wonder, for this is a woman whose determination is to "patch something together" on the part of the one who would invest the money. Verily, the money, to offer as a speech, I think, but there are producers to gamble on names and reputations. The "herself eminently big, have the July, character," it is realised, the field in which she has so many hundreds of thousands of loyal admirers. The money consideration is to her of the secondary importance, "What is the use of making a lot of money, it don't do any good?" she asks pointedly. Here's hoping that this great friend of art for art's sake will soon be given her opportunity to put into practice her exalted idealism! She can benefit the screen to an unlimited extent. She can show us the heart and the soul of the better womanhood as capably as any artist who ever essayed an important role and the public liest of her former positions and nuturities. Let us have Petrova and the Petrova idea with steady frequency.

WILLIAM DESMOND is one of the actors who can be placed in the category of the screen. He has been actively devoting some time to searching for material and he is certain to play or direct the production. Madame Petrova is manifestly right in refusing to be a party to any such arrangement. The stage stories must not all be terrestrial in which she believes and which she can live from now on. She knows that there is no future in the film in which she has so many hundreds of thousands of loyal admirers. The money consideration is to her of the secondary importance. We trust that Madame Petrova's "the July, character," will be a potent factor in the future of American films. Madame Petrova is certain to benefit the screen, the one who has been given the opportunity to show us the heart and the soul of the better womanhood as capably as any artist who ever essayed an important role. Madame Petrova has been given the opportunity to show us the heart and the soul of the better womanhood as capably as any artist who ever essayed an important role. Madame Petrova has been given the opportunity to show us the heart and the soul of the better womanhood as capably as any artist who ever essayed an important role.

David W. Griffith is quite generally regarded as the foremost exponent of modernism in artistic photoplay making as a result of his notable "Broken Blossoms." The strange part of Mr. Griffith's repeated triumphs is, no one seems prone to follow his example. This brings up the question: Are the directors learning as rapidly as they should? If one must candidly say we fear not. Forsooth, too many directors are absolutely stupid and there seems to be no sound reason for it either, because there are HIGH standards to profit by without much effort.

New film producing companies are being launched by the dozens nowadays. If the competition continues to grow at the present rate, there will be a real over-production of pictures. A particularly interesting launching of recent times is that of the Democracy Film Company, which is novel in that all of its members are women. So soon shall we at last film in natural colors!

All previous records are being broken in the exploitation of American-made photoplays. British newspapers and trade journals are alarmed over the great influx of Uncle Sam's product into their land. They are asking why it is the English producers cannot supply all the screen features needed over there. One journal answers the assertion that they have no story makers equal to the American talent. Declaring there are a hundred Mary Pickfords in England, they ask how the wonders when it comes to eluding the fame bug?

The past winter season was the biggest in the history of the motion picture industry. It is estimated the cinema season at least fifteen million new devotees during that time. It seems inevitable that the story of the personality to be played by the girl who has secured the property originally through rather unfair methods, really destroying the girl's father's interest. Desmond not desiring to own property secures the right to the girl's father. This type of character is real and there are actually men of this kind in the state.

"The Wife of a Woman," a new Select Feature and a new story, has been playing in the stage play entitled "Nancy Lee," gives Norma Tallard the chance to be Norma Tallard, and she seems to be the Norman. Not that this popular star is herself anything like the character she portrays, but somehow the consideration is that you always think of Norma and she seems to experience the greatest of difficulty in losing herself in the character

she essays. Indeed, we will be frank enough to further state that in the race between her and Madame Petrova, we have been assured that Madame Petrova will win by a big margin. At that we are not at all unprepared, the devotion to the art being the way to the top of the ladder by most persistent effort and she has contributed much towards the expanse of the art. We do think though that she could enhance her own unique gift by deriving some inspiration from her work by studying just a while longer—by not being too satisfied with herself. According to our way of looking at things, this same suggestion is eminently applicable to more than a score of other featured photoplayers.

SPEAKING of commercialism, it has long been the bane of every business which has to do with art or the classics. Certain prominent magnates of the theatre and the cinema, vendors of salacious and veritable eye-sores of the very word. The decision to stop playing the classics is a very great ideal of most of those upon whom the amusement- loaders depend for their stage fare. As a matter of course, one may have percolated through to the screen, and we have had ample demonstration of the unattractive effect. Not so very long ago producers were madly racing with each other to produce photoplays with a "punch" that would make the classics be classified as sensational just because it was a cheap trick there would be a riot among people to get into the theatres and get a peep at something salacious. This notion has been driven out of their heads under the duress of censorship, and this is about the only useful thing censorship has ever accomplished. We are, not as usual, so fanciful an idea among producers of film has been that the production of film which upon was lavished the most money. But was the public has been there we have had a great many gorgeous pictures is the notion that the public is taken with silly fancies so far as doing any one any good either as a diversion or a pointer. The current fallacy-in-chief is to parade authors who have achieved reputations in other lines of literary endeavor, and none of their products out of every ten prove to be most disappointing as screen material. Even all this would not be so reprehensible if it were not for the fact that shallow commercialism is at the bottom of it. We are not simply reproving ourselves falsely portraying sides of our national and international life upon a plausible basis? Why not in its tendencies, and it is certainly highly amusing. The story begins with the night before V.I.'s wedding. VI emerges saying that she is going out for one more "lark" before her marriage, but Tiny interferes in the arrangement by keeping the appointment in her stead. The result is a general mix-up in twins, which continues throughout the whole story. The story tells of the bride and the bridegroom is never certain which twin is actually his wife, but the inevitable unmasking finds that the bridgebrop in the stead of the other twin instead of one.

THERE is a great deal deserving of commendation in "The Man Who Turned White." Perhaps of first importance is the story's incident by H. B. Warner, the star, and who will long be remembered as the creator of the role of "Jiminy
TRUE HEART SUSIE," one of David W. Griffith's latest Ararat pictures, will not injure this master wizard's reputation any, for he has footed this novel "one set," and the story is of unusual dramatic tendencies, and the locale is the mysterious sands of Soudan. Mr. Warner is seen in a dual rôle, first as Ali Zaman, the renegade white man leader of an Arabian band, and then as Captain Band, an officer who was captured from the army for assuming the responsibility for a bitter charge which should have rested on another. The scene is a marauding band of Arabian plunderers and murderers, the star gives a strikingly colorful characterization. In fact, he so completely hides his own personality that it is really difficult to believe that he is the horrible portraits, One honor which should go to "The Man Who Turned White" is that it possesses more than its share of the proverbial "punches." In fact, it is just one "punch" after another, and it will, by the way, find a very vast majority of the devotees to the screen art extraordinary.

Dorothy Dalton In a Scene In "Other Men's Wives"
A Limb From the Birch Tree

(Continued from page 23)

world hostilities, the films as an advertising medium will be one of the best advance agents procurable. There is no need of my instilling the virtues of films in this country; it is here and constantly growing. The arrival of the new reels. In short, I have no greater desire than to see the silent drama shown on a large scale as that found in the country I represent."

Before we return to the high office of Minister of Lisbon, Colonel Birch was in partnership with his father, Mr. James H. Birch, a well-known carriage manufacturer.

World-wide fame. When motion pictures were in their earlier stages, Birch was interested in a picture house in his home town, and is thoroughly conversant with this important fifth industry, and his statement is pronouncedly meritorious for the film and its important mission.

Colonel Birch is a very close friend of President Wilson and served as his personal aide while Mr. Wilson was Governor of New Jersey; in fact, at the Baltimore National Democratic Convention when he was largely instrumental in uniting the forces around him when a candidate for President, and the high esteem and regard which the President had for him resulted in his appointing Colonel Birch as his personal aide at the inauguration ceremonies.

A short time ago, the Portuguese Government, as a proof of its high consideration towards Colonel Birch, conferred upon him the title of "Vasco da Gama," the official insignia of the Portuguese Red Cross.

Minister Birch is surrounded by about 35 associates at the Legion, and the diplomatic and social affairs have made this post a nucleus for many importations and increased international friendly relationships. When he has relinquished his post and returned to America, I understand, of the family, the official insignia of the foreign trade markets, which he had a large part in developing, particularly screen importations.

Up the Directorial Terrace With Tom Terriss

(Continued from page 12)

MHz, Wilson was Governor of New

the vaudeville stage, and it was this that decided my remaining in the U. S. A.

The year 1914 marked my first affiliation with the screen. World Film Corporation asked me to picture some of Dickens' work, and accordingly produced 'The Hijinks,' 'Scrooge,' Old Curiosity Shop' and 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.'

How many pictures did you make with your company?" I asked.

"Oh, about seven—but why talk about the past, the present is much too promising."

My connection with Vitagraph really m a t e d, the beginning of my picture knowledge. Miss Joyce's first production which I directed was 'The Fettered Woman,' by Robert W. Chambers, and since then we have picturized three more of his stories, the last of which was 'The Enchanted Mask.'

Tell me a little about 'The Lion and the Mouse.'" I suggested.

"Well, to be frank, believe this picture is the best picture the company has ever produced, and the critics guessing about the wonderful interiors, and one notable gentleman commented, 'remarkable for its costly furnishings,' several of the sets look like interiors of a Fifth Avenue mansion. When he came to the part of Fifth Avenue mansion, he guessed correctly, for we were very unfortunate in obtaining permission to use the home of one of our wealthiest citizens. We were fortunate in using all our lights and props there. If you noticed one point in the picture where Conrad Nagel is handing Miss Joyce some papers from the safe—well a flash of his head and a superimposed picture of the mansion across the street is shown, and this picture cost $800.00!"

In conclusion I might say that Mr. Terriss is a prince of good fellows. He himself says that he tries to be a good fellow, and often during the work he will joke with his actors, and in this he shows the sense of thought he has for beautiful and funny things, for some of our directors will produce a picture clean cut, but without the least semblance of feeling and tenderness.

Enter Lila Lee Laughingly

(Continued from page 16)

they like my pictures, because I like the company—so much—well, just because." I declared promptly.

"And I guess I'll always like picture work, because it's always different. New stories, new actors, new directors, cameramen, everything. There's the necessity of knowing 'in training'—of all terrible things for a movie star to do—the worst is getting fat! now if you'll promise not to tell—I'll let you in on a secret."

Looking about to see that there was no one going to overhear her—even the bird being busy with a bit of orange peel,—she whispered: "I've a tendency to get fat myself!"

With which horrible disclosure she sat back in one of her cushions and regarded me anxiously to see whether I gathered the full horror of her remark.

"But I've stopped it and last week I actually lost seven pounds. It's easy when you have something to feel for, like oranges and all those caramels, and she looked longingly to where an empty five-pound box bore silent testimony to past joys.

"She always knows how to get around it, though—she fixes my dresses so that they can't be made larger around the waist—the ones I like best, you know. I love the pretty clothes I have to wear in pictures, you see, so I am very careful. I guess any girl would like the pretty clothes part of it, and besides, it's so interesting, and everyone is so nice to me."

"Lila Lee, the lucky lass," someone called her that recently, and I really think it's so. How many girls of fifteen or thereabouts would give their eye teeth to stand in Lila's shoes!" She is a lucky girl. But it isn't all luck. She has ability.

She proved it in 'The Secret Garden,' one of her pictures written from Frances Burnet's story. As the fly-away little English girl, born and brought up in sunny India, with an Ayah to do her lightest boudoir and transfer the Indian mehndi or even melancholy English home, she created a role that was full of charm and paths.

Although 'The Secret Garden' was only her third Paramount Picture and she had never acted for a picture before in her life, her work was that of a veteran. She differs from other youngsters of the screen in the same undeniable way that her beauty differs from theirs. She's different. That's about all she has going for her, and she is entirely apart from the toss of golden curls or the appeal of big tear-filled eyes. Her hair, strangely enough, is not only coal-black—it is straight. True, she has worn it curled once or twice in her pictures, but that was merely a good-natured concession to Minnie, she said. Possibly the fact that she has been on the stage with child actors almost all of her life has something to do with it. Those who were lucky enough to see her as "Cuddles" will remember the real sustained emotion she put into the singing of "Look Out for Jimmy Valentine," for instance, when she was a mere five and a half years old. I saw a bit of her picture "Puppy Love" too, while at the studio—and it betrays genius in acting.
How I Improved My Memory in One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of course I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I do remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of the guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

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When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them."

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes it was—a really poor memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with hundreds of it. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned—in about one in one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson stuck. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years is president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

"Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure pleasure all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instructions and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met; the telephone numbers I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know that which) has vanished. I used to be 'scared stiff' on my feet—because I wasn't sure. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationist—and I used to be as silent as a sphyinx when got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a 'hair trigger' memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—don't let the term 'anyone' discourage you—can improve his memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in increased earning power will be enormous.

Victor Jones

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as Mrs. Graham is of the thousands of other men and women who have used the course send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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Division of Business Education, 119 West 40th St., New York

Publishers of The Independent (and Harper's Weekly)

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Name..........................................................

Address..........................................................

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Photograph 618
A Loyal Reader: I am inclined to believe that the solution you offered to my previous problem had great bearing upon influencing my decision in the matter, and I feel it is within my privilege to call upon you again. I would like to have your opinion as to whether you believe war films have come to stay or by the returning to a peace basis, these pictures will lack interest.

It is problematical what the outcome of war pictures will be, since even prophets in the industry are at odds with each other concerning it, but it would not be amiss to assert that indications point to their permanent retention. Many years will pass ere the spirit of patriotism will be deadened, and it is only natural that pictures with war as a background will continue to hold attention. War is the basis of most every editorial, every cartoon, and there will be a vein running through the columns of newspapers for a long period yet. Are the movies any different? The motion picture is the mouth-piece of the nation and the people, and with the memory of the Hun atrocities ever in the minds of them, the movies will keep pace with the wants of its supporters. Good war pictures will, therefore, always interest and amuse. Has not the Civil War furnished background for modern plays and pictures?

Sanitarium Interno— I have not seen Susse Hayakawa featured very much lately, and as he is a great favorite of mine, would you kindly give me a few facts concerning him, if space will permit? Is his popularity decreasing or is it because of his nationality that he is held back?

While Susse Hayakawa is not shown as much as herebefore, it does not reflect upon his talent or ability, and being a Japanese does not handicap him in his work. For he has shown that he is equally as capable in the histrionic art as some of the more widely exploited artists. Personally, he is a man of many and varied accomplishments, and being an expert linguist, he is thoroughly conversant with America and Japan. On June 16, 1885, he was started out in early life to receive a military education, and attended a famous Japanese Naval School. He was attracted to the stage perhaps on account of his ancestors' stage career. Hayakawa's uncle was a famous actor and stage manager, and he became connected with his uncle's company, in which the celebrated actress Madama Yacco was then appearing. He remained with the company about six years, at that time becoming acquainted with his wife, Tsuru Okak. Later, he came to America with the theatrical company and he determined to take up the study of the English language and drama for the purpose of translating our classics into Japanese. He attended the University of Chicago, and was regarded as a proficient student. His histrionic ability attracted Jesse L. Lasky, who engaged him to play stellar parts in "The Cheat," "The Bottle Imp," and "Hashimu Tojo," in which he displayed his talents to advantage. He is living in Hollywood, Calif., and is at present planning to gain added popularity as an exponent of the art by a careful study of technicalities.

Discharged Soldier, 315th Infantry— Was "Over the Top," the only picture that Sergeant Guy C. Empey ever played, and what is he doing now?

Sergeant Empey has just finished a new picture called "Hell on Earth," which is a Select Pictures special attraction. We know nothing of his future plans, but if this production meets with the same success as "Over the Top," it is probable that he will write and star in many future super-productions.

A. E. T., Seattle, Wash.— Was the law permitting Sunday movies passed in Pennsylvania a few months ago?

There was a great deal of agitation over the subject when the bill was introduced into Legislature, but notwithstanding the fact that every effort possible was made by legislators, film magnates, and exhibitors, to have this law passed, their agreeable efforts proved futile, and those behind the movement contend that their fight is merely beginning and that Sunday entertainments will have their innings yet.

C. A. G., New York—Please send in your name and address and your question will be answered by a personal letter.

Priscilla Dean's Hobby of a Thousand Points

A hobby of a thousand points.

That is the way motion picture people of Hollywood, California, refer to Priscilla Dean's peculiar fad.

The Universal star's pet idiosyncrasy is California cactus and on her country estate near Pasadena she has more than a hundred varieties growing there.

She has a few of the spineless cactus made famous by Luther Burbank, but the most of them have prickly points that stand ready to spear the too-familiar hand.

"I like raising cacti because it's different," says Miss Dean. "They show that my home is truly Californian."

And often between scenes at Universal City the chance visitor may find the star deeply engrossed on some naturalist's work describing some new variety of cactus that Miss Dean has not as yet transplanted to her country home.
FOOLS AND THEIR MONEY

Screen Version
Taken from the
Metro Photoplay,
Starring Emmy Wehlen

By
William
Emory
Cheesman

CAST
Louise Allenby.........EMMY WELEN
Richard Tomkins..........Jack Mulhall
William A. Allenby.........Emmet King
Gwyndolwyn Allenby.......Mollie McConnel
Jane Tomkins.............Betty Paterson
Martin Tomkins.............William F. Long
Mrs. Nora Tomkins.........Gerard Grassby
Chef....................John Steffling
Cholly Van Dusen...........Bertram Grassby
Percy Winslow...........Gordon Marr

ARTIN TOMKINS sat leisurely
in the arm chair near the window
reading an interesting baseball
story about his favorite. The
sun was drooping over the tall
trees outside preparing for its
last plunge beyond the ragged line of trees,
but Tomkins only moved his chair closer to
the window to finish the engrossing story
before dusk arrived. In his earlier days he
had studied economy as the secret of success
and employed those methods in accumulating
his first dollars. His careful investments in
war enterprises had netted him many millions,
and he often thought of the days when he was
a struggling laborer. He would have been
contented with his modest station in life
before attaining sudden wealth, but his wife had
big ideas and was continually planning how to
occupy a prominent place in society.

"Look here, Martin," she declared, as she
rose from her chair and walked to the window
where he was sitting, "what's the use of us
remaining here back in the woods away from
civilization when you have the means of some-
thing better? There's a house vacant next to
Allenlys, which would just suit us, and living
in that neighborhood would class us with the
other wealthy folks. Don't you suppose that
Dick and Jane will be getting married before
long and they will want to occupy a prominent
place in social circles? They can never do it
by living here."

Tomkins had heard perfectly this avalanche
flung at him, but before deigning to acknowled-
edge it, he admitted to himself that she had
struck the proper chord. That was just as he
wanted to do, but he never dared to express
any thought without being admonished by his
wife for not consulting her in every move he
made.

"Well, if it will satisfy you, go ahead and
buy it, and we'll move there any time you
say," he returned slowly.

With a little flush of excitement on her
cheeks and the happy light dancing in her
eyes, Mrs. Tomkins hurried to the phone and
made arrangements for immediate possession.
Quickly, she ran upstairs and told Jane the
glad news. Jane was just finishing dressing
for dinner and was taking a final glance into
a hand mirror. Mrs. Tomkins ran to her and
reeled her around so that she almost lost her
balance.

"I just think, Jane, we are going to move up
on the hill next to the Allenlys—won't it be
glorious?"

Jane laughed merrily. "So, you have
influenced dad to part with a few more of his
hoarded dollars, eh? I don't know what we
would do around here without you, mother.
... Your high ideals will net you something
some day, won't they?

Her mother crossed to the table and picked
up a framed photograph. It was the picture
of Cholly Van Dusen, the social parasite, who
was designing on sharing the fortunes of the
Tomkins through his attentions to Jane.

"I don't want you to have anything to do
with that fellow any more. We must connive
some way to rid ourselves of him, even though
we have to insult him." And the mother was
very serious.

A tap on the door interrupted her further
remarks. The maid announced that her son
Dick was calling on the phone. Eagerly did
she pick up the receiver, for she had glad
tidings to tell him about the new estate.

"Dick, my boy," she said, "can't you arrange
to leave college for a few days until we get
the house straightened out a little? It will
be an excellent opportunity for you to meet
Louise Allenby. I have heard a great deal
about her socially and I would like to make
her acquaintance. ... That's fine, Dick; then
I can expect you!" Exultantly, she hung up
the receiver.

A few days later found the Tomkins care-
fully inspecting the massive rooms of their
new mansion. Mrs. Tomkins was superintend-
ing the final touches in decorating, while
Martin Tomkins was rubbing hischin in mild
delight at having a den in which to quietly
repose and avoid the constant nagging of his
wife. Jane was busily engaged in scanning
through her social directory preparatory to

Richard
Tomkins
was most
seriously
happy as
Louise's
groom
PHOTO-PLAY

I just saw you from the porch and thought perhaps you would like to come over and make a neighborly visit. Do come up to the house for a few moments and meet our family.

"I shall be delighted," returned Louise, and together they walked to the house.

Louise's reception in the Tomkins house was, indeed, gratifying. Each member of the family appeared delighted to have her there. She found out that with all their wealth, happiness was lacking, and when Father Tomkins intimated to her that he would like to have a good old-fashioned corned beef and cabbage, dinner and that Mother Tomkins wanted an exchange of addresses, she was delighted to rid herself of the attentions of Cholly, she realized that she would be a welcome guest there, for nothing pleased her more than to satisfy the whims of her friends, and in her clever inimitable way, she won the friendship of all who met her. Mrs. Tomkins was so thoroughly impressed with her that she insisted that she spend most of her time at the Tomkins mansion, and she accepted the invitation with delight.

Each day she visited them, she kept a searching eye out for Dick, but he always managed to keep out of her sight. One afternoon, leaving Jane, just after a plan was devised to get rid of Cholly, Louise ran into Dick as he turned around the corner of a door leading into the living room.

"I beg your pardon, Dick," she apologized, "What's the great hurry?"

"I was just going into the library to get a book, and find a quiet spot on the lawn, but why not join me?" the day is superb, and I guess the family can spare you a little while—they all rave about you, so that they don't give me a chance to say anything to you."

They agreed to go, and hours afterward Mrs. Tomkins and Jane searched all around the grounds to learn what had become of the pair. As they passed along a row of lilac bushes they heard low voices, and walking around to the other side, found the two lovers engrossed in an interesting conversation. They were so absorbed, that not even the sound of a loud footfall, or without disturbing the happy pair, wandered back to the house, happy to know that their hearts' desire would be fulfilled, and the moneylavished had made possible an addition to their household which amply repaid them.

Together, some to ask my opinion as to the best director to whom to offer their services. I could find no immediate vacancy on my own staff, but Mr. North, after we met at the screening of the film which was to "make me famous" not to mention themselves—and so on ad infinitum.

At 2:30 sharp, Mr. North endeavored to give as many as possible a courteous hearing. The evening passed in practically the same way and at ten thirty I was on another train bound for Los Angeles.

Now, my dear lady, this is only a very small idea of how my time was occupied during the whole of my stamp tour and I am telling you this simply in order to have read a manuscript would have been entirely out of the question.

People of the stage and screen are very busy people indeed, and if sometimes you feel that you do not receive as much time as you think you are entitled to remember you are only one of hundreds who are endeavouring to gain the personal attention of the very person whose attention you wish to attract.

To make things more easy for yourself you should always write "Scenario" on the outside of your envelope with the inscription "If not received kindly return" giving your name and address very clearly.

See that your manuscript is spotlessly clean and tidy—I have received some which were so filthy that my reader would have nothing whatever to do with them.

Be sure that you enclose a stamped, addressed and registered envelope, for there is no one to blame but yourself, when this is omitted, if your unsolicited manuscript finds its way into the waste paper basket.

You can scarcely expect a firm to keep a reader at a big salary, to read stories which are unengaged, uncollected, and unsolicited. There will be no time to tag and file those which have no names or addresses—to keep another person to pack up and mail these manuscripts unless you are courteous enough to make this possible.

It is true that I try to reply to a great deal of correspondence personally, that is, I dictate and sign the greater number of my letters, but my mail has grown to such proportions now that only those of genuine import find their way to my private office.

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There's an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is a salam that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

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Send for Trial Jar

Hair-Dress Co., Dept. P., 4602 N. Campbell Ave., Chicago

For You and For Me

(Continued from page 44)
points, without giving offense, and with a purpose or a moral in the background.

"I enjoyed doing "the world," because in that picture I forgot myself completely and lived another person's life, and so it was in "The Doll's House," "The Danger Mark," "Barbary Sheep," and "Jennie Cushng," and all my other Artcreek pictures.

The star remarked after a long pause, "I am not essentially an emotional character, you see, I never do things that get me into the papers. I never go in for public life or restaurants, race tracks or scandals—I'm quite conservative, and for that reason I shrink from publicity and public appearances, except on rare occasions. I have never refused to do all that was in my power for the Liberty Loan drives, Red Cross, and United War Work, and I would not dream of denying my services for any other worthy work, but I do not attend box parties for the sake of being seen by the multitude, and I absolutely refuse to appear at all the public functions and bridge parties, and other frothy occasions formed under the guise of charity."

Miss Ferguson is an ardent suffragist and is more enthusiastic than ever over the ability and sincerity displayed by the women war workers. She has shown the respect and approval of all mankind, as equal, both in politics and mentality.

"Women will never neglect the home as has been predicted," Miss Ferguson asserted. "They naturally cling to their homes no matter what kind of house they have always loved and taken pride in, whether in individual dwelling places, and all the work in the world will never take this interest away from them. As she spoke, she unconsciously glanced around the reception room, which is a very cozy room, together with personality and feminine touches. A large piano by the window stands open, a portrait of Miss Ferguson's mother upon it. Other pictures in the room display the love for dear friends, which is one of the strongest characteristics of the star. Her own portrait in oil by Malcolm Strauss hangs over her desk. A fireplace that is comfortable to dream on before in company, and a great many books that are the kind you would expect her to choose, list two of the walls with their cheerful colors. On the sofa by the window, overlapping the housedrops from Park Avenue, Miss Ferguson chose to sit, while I lounged on a cretonne covered sofa. I was sorry that everyone who admires her could not have seen her in her home. No, she does not wish to be described in detail, or find her house described in the magazine pages. She feels that her home is a sacred place to her, and she has a right to private life away from the public's curious eye."

"I give them the best of me in my work," she said, "and I want a few hours to myself that they shall not share. Surely, this is not too much to ask," she smiled sadly when she said it. "I can't help it, it isn't in me to be indifferent."

One day I met her in a fashionable shop in Fifth Avenue, a few weeks after my talk with her. She was wearing a quiet little frock and small hat draped with a blue veil. I should not have known her had she not extended her hand. "You see for yourself how it is," she laughed, when she noticed my confusion at not having seen her. She said that great genius chooses its own mediums for interpretation. Genius did not go wrong when it chose a modest woman in the form of Elsie Ferguson.

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PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL
July, 1919

Charlie Chaplin Stories

(Continued from Page 17)

"Shoulder Arms!" the other day the crowd was so big and the crush so crushing they pushed in the front windows of my theatre. No, sir. No more Chaplins for me.

Poor Charlie; one of the millions has deserted him. Well—such is the penalty of greatness.

Charlie and a Boy War Hero

Charlie Chaplin brought about a beautiful contrast of human emotion at his studio one day recently when his contagious smile of good cheer caused the reluctant return of joy to the heart of a little boy.

Marcel is the fourteen-year-old French lad who went into action at Chateau Thierry and Pont-a-Mousson. His mother passed on in 1911 and his father fell in the battle of Verdun.

As for earthly ties, grim fate made of the one-time care-free chap a bit of dodging driftwood, caught in the current of hungry hearts. The authorities placed him in an orphan asylum, where roistering schoolboys scorned and mastered him. One day he ran away and finally reached the front line trenches, where he attached himself to the 79th French Infantry. Many stories there are of "the handy boy around the front line dressing stations," whose particular job was crawling around amongst the wounded, giving them relief. While giving cheer and stimulant to his stricken comrades he was wickedly wounded.

As the ranks of his countrymen grew thin and scattered, the little man was separated from them, and later attached himself to an American unit, the 143rd Field Artillery. The 143rd came home on the transport "Matsugon," with the 14th Field Artillery, in which Capt. Peter B. Kyne commanded Battery C. The soldiers of the 143rd smuggled Marcel aboard the transport and he turned up two days later at sea, which was Christmas. Quoting Mr. Kyne:

"Knowing the boy would become a vagabond if returned to France, I just naturally grabbed him and brought him to California on our troop train, and his name is now, Marcel Dupuis-Kyne.

It was a mighty good sight to see Mr. Chaplin and Marcel romping over the studio grounds. The thoughtful fellow knew, sad memories was once again the happy boy.

"Father," said Marcel, whose English is quite good, "you have been so nice to me all the time, but when you bring me to play with Charlie Chaplin... Oh!!! I think you are wonderful.

Bryant Washburn On Clothes

(Continued from Page 35)

It is of England, and the creation of the order of the Carter?

"I don't believe I do."

"Well, in effect it was this way: There was a great function, and during the affair one of the beautiful ladies of the court dropped a jeweled garter. The assembled knights began to titter, but the King stopped and picked up the jeweled bauble with the words I have quenched the application. The order of the Carter resulted from this. Lots of times the only evil in dress is in the mind of the observer."

"But why afford food for such evil thought?"

"There's something in what you say. Still, why should a person be obliged to dress unattractively just to keep some evil-minded individual from thinking wrongly? That was the idea in the olden times you mentioned—when people—women, particularly—covered themselves with great masses of clothing. The Turks insist that their women wear 'yashmaksh or veils. It is a sacrifice to be made in public amongst the heathen. Everybody knows the moral status of the Turks."

"I agree with you. And so you feel that as long as a gown is beautiful and becoming and not immodest— it is all right?"

"That's safe enough—yes."

"About men's attire, then?"

"Oh, well—that's easier. What do you want to know?"

"Well—there's talk of men wearing corsets—"

"Perish the thought," cried Mr. Washburn. "Never will I wear such a thing."

"They say it is the outcome of the waspish military uniforms."

"Well, that may be—but I don't approve of them. I think the height of effrontery. A corset, indeed; Might as well put us in skirts. The present-day attire of men is pretty sensible, but sometimes I think that it is too tame and too plain. I like color. If it were the fashion, brilliant-hued clothing would do a lot toward brightening up our city streets and our spirits as well. Can you imagine Broadway thronged with men wearing pea green, yellow, green, or blue suits? What makes a European fashionable capital so picturesque? The varicolored uniforms, the brilliant costumes. Our streets, save when the women help out the color scheme, are very drab and dun-colored. A period I liked was when they wore the capped overcoats—I should say it was pre-colonial. Satin breeches were all right—but I should wear a full suit of some of the masculine shanks that would be discovered. I think people must have had better figures in those days—the men, I mean. The women were always buried by ruffles and flounces and yards and yards and yards."

"It's a matter of taste, after all. So long as people don't go mad on extremes, there is nothing to get excited over. All this discussion about immodesty in dress, etc., had a good deal of value as a sensational newspaper idea, but it really isn't very serious. It is a perenniel discussion. And people are pretty much at it as they like and follow Dame Fashion whither she leads—which is probably from one extreme to another. Next year the women may be wearing hoopskirts, though I hope not. Anything else you'd like to know?"

"I guess that's about all," I answered. "It's enough," he returned. "Mind, I don't set myself up as an authority on these matters. I've got my own like and dislikes, of course—and I am not a faddist. I am what you call an extremist in preposterousness. I think a good deal of the evil that is imputed to dress, as I said before, is extant only in the minds of those who do the heavy looking on."
The Innocent Adventuress
(Continued from Page 11)

Then Lindy, imitating his crafty side, glanced, turned her head right and left and exclaimed with2 prominent gestures: "And so am I!"

The trap smiled. Lindy's hand was grasped firmly, "Put er there, my little partner," he said impressively, "let's be pals!"

Lindy sobered a little from the strain of excitement and assumed the bond of friendship very seriously.

As she departed, the trap smiled, and put up a warning finger.

"You and me are sure in bad, kiddo, but if you are ever in need of a friend, don't forget that with me it's pals first!"

Lindy continued her journey over the meadows and arrived at a shack in the woods. Finding no one inside, she walked in and made herself at home. The two small rooms which it contained were dirty and littered with pans and scraps of paper. She spent fully fifteen minutes in making the place look as tidy as possible, and when the door opened and the trap returned to her question.

The trap walked over to her and said: "I hardly recognize my place, kiddo," he complimented, gazing at her tidy arrangement, "you're some little fixer."

Lindy gave a pleasant little smile of gratitude.

Looking out an open window, the trap saw the posse evidently looking for trouble, and realizing that it was his to aid. He decided to move on and keep out of mischief, sat down to the table and wrote a quick note, which ran:

"Goodbye, kiddo. Don't yer worry. Nothing's happened—only a good judgment tells me it ain't healthy in these here woods rite now. I'm your humble servant, kiddo—and if I git back O.K., I'll be ready to stand by yer and lend a hand for anything you think you would like to ask me. Watch out for yourself, kiddo. Don't git run in!"

Your pal, Bill

A thundering rap on the door started the outcasts, and Bill without bidding further adieu leaped through the back window and made a hasty exit into the woods. The cabin door was opened by a friendly Dick, sheriff and a posse of thief-hunters. Dick determined to find out what the girl's motive was in associating with such a character, and while questioning her, discovered a note lying on the floor addressed to Lindy Roberts. Hastily putting the letter in his pocket, he left and the posse continued the search through the woods.

At the very first opportunity, Dick visited the person to whom the letter was addressed and who should he find there but his own girl Lindy! He looked at her in surprise and then looked at the letter. Could this little innocent girl be the same Lindy that he had seen in the cabin? Could that girl be such a type as the one whom he had dreamed this girl to be? But yet, why does she stare at him so as if frightened to death? Why is it, when he mentioned to her that he had made an "odd discovery" that she looked as if she had seen a ghost. Why, when he said "letter," she looked as if the ray of judgment had arrived. His reverie was broken by the convulsive sobs of Lindy.

"You have found out," she lamented. "Are you going to send me to prison?"

Of course, the answer to that was not, but the sudden appearance of her Aunt Happy hanged the subject. He left with the conviction that Lindy was indeed in league with the trap and mixed up in some scoundrel dealings. He mused silently, as he walked on. The impossible is indeed true; she, who seemingly is an angel—in cold reality is in some way allied with a crook. Dick was disillusioned in consequence but bitter. The cold sweat trickled down his forehead. "I wonder," he thought, "if I should go on and hold out against temptation and Brogan's offers, or go back to the old life and forget."

Suddenly when he had dreamed to be the acme of perfection, had herself stooped to the "game."

Dick thereupon decided to go back to the old life and when he got home, he went to find Brogan, telling him "shake his feet of the slow old town" and come back with him and get real gravy. He started for the Hidden Springs Hotel, where Brogan had a job in standing by him.

Simultaneously, Lindy, after hours of solid rumination decided to leave Pinkerdale. Everyone was on her trail for committing the crime, and she concluded that she would make a fresh start in life in some other town, and fate took her to Dick's objective point.

Brogan was elated over Dick's return to the game, and when he told Brogan that Lindy was a happy girl and in some crooked dealings, he was happy to think that she could be used as an accomplice. But Dick remonstrated.

The poor kid has got mixed up in some crooked dealings," he explained, "I'm going to find a place to hide her until the trouble blows over."

"Lay off that stuff, Dick, don't try to play that stuff with me. We've got to much at stake between her and I. Let's get busy on the job tonight."

"See here, Brogan," Dick exclaimed, "if you are going to talk that way, I'm through for this, and I'll see this girl away and wipe my hands clean of everything."

Brogan concluded that Dick meant to carry out his threats and that he would have to resort to other tactics of persuasion.

"Now, don't go up in the air about it," he said calmly, "I only spoke that way because we have got to get down to action right away if we mean to accomplish anything."

Dick remained unmoved and his mouth was set in determination.

"No, Brogan, I'm through once and for all, and I am going to leave here tonight with Lindy. If you want to make a haul tonight, go to it, but count me out."

The appearance of Lindy brought the conversation to an abrupt close, and Dick took her arm and led her to the veranda, selecting two seats in an obscure corner.

"Lindy, I have decided that it will be best for both of us to go away somewhere and rid ourselves of this complication of crime. With you and me and knowledge of return, a game, and we can start out in life with a determination to keep on the straight path. Will you pal with me?"

As she agreed, he saw in her eyes a smile and a happy light of understanding.

A Week-end With the Holubars
(Continued from Page 33)

of California. A dainty shawl, once worn by Amanda Russell, appealed to Dorothy Phillips, who always is an admirer of dainty handwork.

Luncheon time brought us to San Diego, where we established our headquarters at the Hotel Grant.

The first thing we must do is go to the roof garden and get a bird's-eye view of the bay," enthusiastically directed Miss Phillips, leading the way to the elevators.

Dick would not know the view could well understand her reason for hurrying us skyward, as it were. The view was magnificent—the deep blue waters of the bay glinting in the sunlight, the fairy craft and power boats and hurrying across, the countless acropoles gracefully curving and pirouetting in the sky over toward the aviation field, sometimes hardly distinguishable from birds, and at our left the towering buildings of San Diego.

"Oh, look!" suddenly exclaimed Miss Phillips. "You can see the beach at Coronado. I can almost see the people in bathing. Let's just brush up a bit and run down there for an afternoon dip."

With Miss Phillips an idea means "action," so we promptly went to our rooms to "brush up," stopping but for a hasty luncheon before starting for Coronado.

This is truly an ideal beach, the water was warm and pleasant. I had heard of Miss Phillips' prowess as a swimmer, but seeing her in her charming bathing costume, gracefully mounting the breakers, or diving underneath the foam created, unconsciously brought to mind the fairy-tales of wonderland mermaid princesses and the song and lute of Lorelei. Her big, stalwart husband had all he could do to keep up with the gay sea sprite, although he is considered an all-rounder athlete and an expert swimmer.

Our afternoon sport left us with a ravenous appetite which could not be subdued until we should reach the Grant at San Diego. So we decided on forming an informal dinner party at the lovely hotel Del Coronado.

Time had sped all too rapidly and brought us near the hour of starting homeward, yet in spite of constant "action," we were wonderfully refreshed and rested.

It was, indeed, one of the most delightful week-end trips I ever enjoyed. Never were there more charming and hospitable host and hostess than Mr. and Mrs. Allen Holubar.

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The Spark Divine

(Continued from page 8)

"Indeed! she cried, rising in resentful indignation, "you have such whimsical ideas of matrimony!" The words were echoing in his ears, but he quickly expostulated:

"Platonic affection is repugnant to me. As far as money is concerned, you will be supplied with plenty, but your fidelity must be sure. These last words were articulated with emphasis.

Agreeing, the wedding followed within a fortnight. During the first year of traveling, they enjoyed visits to far-off lands and ultimately purchased a handsome estate and settled for a happy life of contentment.

One day, when the nurse announced that a baby boy was born, it was the happiest man in the province. Marcia, however, was indifferent, and looked on the incident merely as a matter of course with no supreme gratitude in common. Bob thoroughly enjoyed the companionship of his little idol and every summer would romp on the lawn, keenly watching the boy develop into a robust child of five. It appanied him greatly to think that Marcia was so indifferent toward such an innocent and lovely little fellow. He had confidence in himself to believe that he could revive her spark of humanity and set upon some method of winning her.

Bob went to business late one morning, and asked Marcia to take the boy to have his hair trimmed, and when she dressed and asked the maid for the child, she was horrified to learn that he had been kidnapped. Immediately upon Bob’s return for dinner. She excitedly told him what had happened. He suggested that she take a ride through the park on horseback and search each nook and corner. Acting on the suggestion, she started on the search and when she arrived in the dense part of the park, a note was hastily slipped in her hand bearing the signature of the Black Hand, and instructing her to ransom for her son’s return. She complied with the request, but no boy was returned to her. The absence of the boy worried her, and the only consolation she had was to invite children from the neighboring homes to come to her house and she would spend hours in entertaining them. Never before had she realized that she loved her baby and she offered a handsome bounty for his return. Bob could hardly believe that the boy really meant so much to her, and inwardly enjoyed the change in her attitude.

While they were sitting alone brooding over the loss, Bob’s mother silently stole into the house with the boy and delivered him into Marcia’s arms.

"My dear child," she cried, "never again will I let you out of my sight! Those bad men will never get you again."

"No bad man ever had him, my dear," her husband announced.

"What do you mean, Bob?" she asked.

"It was merely a ruse of mine to bring you closer to the heart of your child and bring out of you the divine spark of humanity which I knew you possessed but which demanded strategy to bring to the surface."

Her slumbering heart was awakened, and Bob reverently folded his arms around the two erstwhile friendly enemies.

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In the meantime, the existing shortage of bicycles is daily becoming more acute and a valuable bicycle famine seems inevitable. Men in the industry, who know the actual capacity of the plants, estimate that it will take at least a year for the output of bicycles to catch up with the demand.

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TO OUR READERS

THIS, the May issue of Photo-Play Journal, marks the beginning of a new period in the history of a magazine that has already proved its popularity.

Under new management and from its new office of publication it is offered with the earnest hope that it will meet with the approval of all its former readers and be the means of attracting many new ones.

There is no question as to New York being the logical place from which to publish a magazine of this character. Here we are in close touch with all that is best in the motion picture art which enables us to serve our readers far better than at any time in the past.

This issue is not all that we wish it to be but it signifies our purpose—to give you a magazine both interesting and attractive. If we have succeeded in making a favorable impression we trust you will continue with us as constant readers of Photo-Play Journal.

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Russ Powell

Like a fat vizier out of the Arabian Nights, supporting Mabel Normand in the Slim Princess.
WANTED A FAT WOMAN
To Play Mabel Normand’s Role

If Aunt Samantha, the fattest woman in three counties had lived in Morovenia, she’d have been made the Queen in three acts of an eye-lash. Morovenia, you see, is one of those comic opera countries, just over the Edge of the World. It has been filmed and will soon be introduced to the ardent lovers of Mabel Normand by Goldwyn, and Mabel, slim, slender Mabel is to be seen as the girl who couldn’t find a lover because she wasn’t fat enough.

That in a few words is the theme of the “Slim Princess”, a play which Broadwayites will recall as one of the most pleasant of comic operas of the last few years. As the illustrations show, it’s to be a “pretty little thing,” one of those fancy dress costume affairs, with Mabel in the cutest of Oriental outfits, with Tully Marshall sporting a great big beard, with Russ Powell looking like one of the fat Viziers who just stepped out of an illustrated edition of the “Arabian Nights”.

The tale tells of Kalora, the slim princess and her sister Jeneka, the fat princess and how Jeneka was wooed by a wealthy prince, while no one would take Kalora because she wasn’t fat enough.

To save her face and her figure, Kalora appeared one night at a fancy dress ball—there you have it!—dressed in a rubber suit, blown up to give her the appearance of extreme obesity, plumpness, stoutness, fatness, if you will.

Unfortunately for Kalora, someone punctured the suit and the poor girl was shamed before the many distinguished guests.

Happily an American was present, and he decided to be the hero. He rescued Kalora from those who hated her because of her slimness and took her to America where he fed her on a breakfast food which is guaranteed to fatten the eater. And in the end, they were happily married and all that.

Never was Mabel Normand funnier than in the “Slim Princess”. Never did Tully Marshall have a more congenial role. And with Victor L. Schertzinger as the director—well, fans, you can just sit back, and laugh and laugh.

Just as a little aside from the humorous aspect of the story is the picture presented by slim Mabel Normand in the scene where she is supposed to have grown fat enough to suit the suitors of Morovenia. Slim Mabel, as you see her on this page, had to jump into a rubber suit, which was inflated with air until she looked fat enough to suit. She fairly waddles through scene after scene until the fatal moment when the suit is pricked by a pin, and Mabel becomes her slim little self again. The moral, if any, is directed to slim girls: Don’t try to fake stoutness with a rubber casing, if you happen to sit on a pincushion.
Don't suppose you'd care to meet Russ Powell in a dark corner dressed in this Chu-Chin-Chow get up. It's only the costume he wears as Governor-General in "The Slim Princess," however, and Russ is actually the mildest of souls.

An illustration of the dangers of being too fat. They had to call out the army to pick up the fat princess when she fell down one day in Mabel Normand's latest Goldwyn picture.
"SCRATCH MY BACK"

Fictionized from the Eminent-Authors-Goldwyn photoplay version of Rupert Hughes' short story

By CHARLES ELIOTT DEXTER

IF you had happened to be in London about ten years ago, and if you had happened to wander into the Hoxton Palace Theatre—just to pass the time of the day, you might have become oddly interested in a dance act which came about fifth on the program. It was just another one of those dance acts, girl in ballet skirt, pirouetting, twisting, turning, cast into the air by her swarthy, dark-skinned partner. Bills outside the theatre called the act, "The Great Jahoda and the Peerless Pirouette." But you, if you have any taste at all, would probably have been bored, if not just a little disgusted by the cheapness and tawdri ness of the performance.

Back stage, however, was real drama, the kind you do not even see behind the proscenium lights. Jahoda remained Jahoda, a swarthy, wizened-face Italian. The Peerless Pirouette, however, dropped her tripping title and dissolved into plain Madeline Secor. The door of her dressing room stood open. It held the little body of Jahoda, clinging to it for support. His breath was heavy with the odor of intoxicants, his eyes glinted with a leer, petrifying the girl to her seat. Action came quickly. Jahoda advanced a step toward the girl. She rose from her chair like a young animal at bay. The crisis in the relations of the oddly assorted pair had come. He wanted her with all the brutality of the envenomed outcast of society. His gnarled hands reached out to embrace her, but she eluded him, ran into a corner, crouched away from him against the wall, and finally slipped into the corridor leading to the stage door, gaining momentarily on the drink-befuddled man.

* * * * *

All this sounds like melodrama, but once in a while, melodrama creeps into the best regulated lives. Madeline Secor, our beautiful heroine, once took a chance. She had grown just a little tired of studying French grammar in a French convent and quite without informing her father, who was a prosperous American business man with an office in Paris, had vanished one quiet summer night from convent regulations, French verbs, and bread and water for punishment. A trip to London, days without work, days during which her supply of money grew less and less, an advertisement in the London Times by "The Great Jahoda, Teacher of Ballet," and the scene was set for the melodrama. Now for the comedy.

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Once upon a time, in a town called New York, was a man, who had the elegant name of Val Romney. Val just wouldn't take himself seriously. In fact, he was just like most of the heroes of humorous short stories. His particular weakness was, a desire to do what he wanted to do, and the fulfillment of that desire. One evening, he was invited to a Thé Dansant on a yacht. He had a lovely time. He danced with fat dowagers and their skinny daughters; he drank tea, and he talked to eligible young ladies who were looking for eligible young men and did all the tiresome things that a man must do when he goes to a Thé Dansant on a yacht,—that is, until he was asked to dance with Mrs. Henry Noxon. While dancing with her, his shoulder blade began to bother him. It itched. It annoyed him. It pricked him. It tantalized him, made him nervous, made him feel like an aimless, hopeless, hobo. He excused himself from Mrs. Noxon's embrace. He went to the lower deck to try to scratch his back, but he couldn't. His arms weren't long enough. He tried to get the yacht to scratch his back. He leaned up against the wall, he squirmed, he wiggled, he had one helluva time until one of the crew came to his rescue, pulled up his shirt, inserted a trained finger, and scratched, and scratched, until relief and a smile came to Val's face.

* * * * *

Two years later, Val Romney was sitting in a box at a Broadway theatre. The show was a good one, but Val wasn't paying much attention to it, mainly for the reason that a young lady with one of those trick, backless evening gowns was sitting in front of him. You know how it is. You just can't make your eyes behave in a case like that. Neither could Val, who was always wondering whether her shoulder straps were going to fall and cause a calamity. When the first act was almost over, the young lady, who, up to that time, had been sitting decorously beside a grey haired gentleman, apparently her father, became restless. Her back, hitherto so placid, so quiet, so smooth and white, became a scene of an intricate operation. Val didn't know whether she was trying to scramble on merely scratch her back. He was amused, until he recalled the incident on the yacht two years before. His conscience began to trouble him. Perhaps she was undergoing the same annoyance; perhaps she couldn't scratch her back. It would hardly do to turn to her companion and request him,
you want to do when you want to do it, but sometimes there is a limit. Val muttered.

"I will never scratch another damned back as long as I live."

Nevertheless, Val appeared at the front door at 4 E. 71st St. the following morning at 10 a.m. He didn't get a chance to ring the door bell. The door opened just before his finger touched the bell button. Madeline appeared, slightly older than when he first saw her, but even more beautiful (you know how these heroines always grow, more and more and more beautiful until finally they are so good looking, they just cannot live).

"I didn't want the servants to know you didn't know my name." she apologized. Yal didn't know what to say. When they were in the hall he looked about a bit uneasily, and then introduced himself.

"Er—er—I am Val—Mr. Romney."

Madeline was startled.

"Not Val Romney, the man who always does what he wants to do?"

"That's me."

Madeline looked at him for a
moment then started on the subject of Val’s visit.

“You saved my life,” she said. “According to the Chinese idea, you are responsible for it.”

“A beautiful responsibility, Miss —— Miss ——.”

“Mrs. Loton,” she replied.

Val hadn’t been despair written on his features.

“I am in a terrible plight,” she began. “Nobody but a man with imagination, courage, tact, nobility and delicacy can save me. You proved yourself such a man last night when —— when —— remember?”

She sat beside him. It was necessary for her to tell him the history of her life, and so she began. It was rather long; the details didn’t probably interest you. That is, until she reaches the point where she escaped from the tentacles of the horrible Jahoda.

“The night I escaped from Jahoda, I decided to go back to my father in Paris. I went to the railroad station, nervous and upset. I felt weak, faint. I could scarcely make my way to the train. I don’t want to say I ever flirt, but it happened that a gentleman assisted me into the car. I could tell by his face that he was an American. He was. Furthermore, he knew my father and was going to Paris on his way to Milan where he was to become the American consul. To make a long story short, I married him.

“A week ago, I received a message from a poor Italian woman, living down town in the east side. I had been fooling around with charitable enterprises now and then and the woman wrote that she was starving and in need. I called at the address indicated. Before I had a chance to make an outcry, I was grabbed by — whom do you think? By Jahoda.”

We can probably tell the story better than Madeline, so let’s do it.

“Vell, my leetle runaway Piroutta, you come home to your Jahoda, Yes?” he remarked with all the gusto of the villain of fiction. “I like nothink better as some visitors. I say ‘the reech Mrs. Loton used to dance vit me in music-halls. See?’

Madeline recollected in horror, but Jahoda with an evil laugh reached over the table and took from the drawer a photograph which he held up to her tauntingly. It showed her in ballet costume, lying across the shoulders of the Italian and below it she read the printed line, “The Great Jahoda and the Peerless Piroutta.” Madeline’s terror changed to rage. She snapped at the picture, but Jahoda caught it in time.

“My name, bigeon is become a hawk. She flies at me — not for me. I come to this cursed New York and have much luck. But all of it is bad. Then I see in a Sunday paper, this other picture of my Piroutta.” He laughed and snatched a torn bit of paper from the drawer and showed the portrait of Madeline in an evening gown and beneath it was the legend: “Young Mrs. Rodman Loton, wife of our next Ambassador.”

“Has your husband seed my picture and Piroutta’s?” he said mockingly. She was silent.

“You should buy it and give it to him,” he continued. “How much you bid? I charge nothink for my broken heart. I throw him in.”

Madeline wanted to be rid of the fellow. She opened her purse, took out it what money she had, and extended it to Jahoda with the remark,

“That is all that I have. Even that is too much.” He shook his head in scorn.

“The price is all that I have. Even that is too much.”

“Have you got ten thousand dollars? You go get. You have rich husband. If nobody pay, I publish thee picture in next Sunday papers and next Monday I sue you for my broken heart.” . . . Madeline’s story was finished.

“I don’t dare tell my husband or anybody,” she told Val.

“Last night I was in torment. You helped me. I think heaven sent you to help me in this real torture.”

Val laughed quietly.

“If heaven sent me, it forgot to enclose the ten thousand dollars you need.”

“You don’t think I’m asking you for money,” she replied in protest, “besides I know enough about blackmail to know that if you pay once, you pay always.”

Val, the man who did what he wanted to do when he wanted to do it, didn’t know what to do. He promised, however, to have some suggestion ready by the following day.

All would have been well with our courageous hero and our beautiful heroine, if friend husband hadn’t popped in. Friend husband was a nice looking, harmless chap of about fifty, nice fellow as husbands go, but he didn’t know how to deal with a situation like that. He asked no questions. He was introduced to Val, who presented himself as a friend of Madeline’s long dead mother. Val made his exit hurriedly, leaving Madeline and her slightly jealous husband to themselves.

* * * * *

If it hadn’t been for the green-eyed monster, Jealousy, the rest of this tale would be exceedingly simple. Madeline’s husband, his interest in Val already awakened, was further alarmed when he happened upon his wife, sitting before a telephone in her drawing room, making an appointment for the following morning at 10:30. It happened that the unknown person was Val, but Madeline told her husband it was only her tailor. Thus, when 10:30 the following morning arrived, our characters got into action—Madeline hurrying into a closed taxicab to meet Val, her husband following her in another automobile. Fortunately for Madeline, a traffic block delayed her husband and she met our hero at the appointed place.

A half hour later, they entered the tenement house in which Jahoda lived. The Italian, astounded to see a man with Madeline, motioned both to a chair. But Val was too quick for Jahoda. On the table, he saw lying the two pictures of Madeline. He reached for them, Jahoda trying to prevent him from taking them. A deft blow with Val’s cane sent the Italian reeling to the floor. A meat knife lay on the table. As Jahoda rose, he clenched the knife in his fingers, only to find Val again too quick for him. Another blow, this time on his shins, put him down and out. Smiling, Val said:

“My dear Mr. Jahoda, I have only given you a sample of my entertainment. I will now deliver a brief educational lecture. My wife told me all about you before we were married. You foolishly demanded ten thousand dollars for this photograph. How much do you really want for it?”

(Continued on page 53)
IN THE FIRELIGHT

By HELEN CLARK

It was altogether fitting and proper that Peggy Hyland should invite me to tea when I asked if she could give me some of her time that I might interview her, when you remember her nationality—and as we sipped the tea and enjoyed the toasted muffins which were served before the huge fireplace in the living-room of her California home, I found myself thinking of her in that great gabled country-house in which she spent her girlhood in England.

At first she took her place demurely on a wicker chaise lounge which was drawn before the fire, but from time to time the flames failed to leap quite as high as Peggy delights in seeing them and she would replenish the blaze, eventually contenting herself with a cushion on the floor.

“One feels jolly silly being interviewed, don’t you know,” quoth she in her very British accent—“It’s quite alright for statesmen and such to express their opinions, but we’re just the same as other girls and—well, I know I don’t often think very wise thoughts—”

Of course I didn’t contradict her. It wouldn’t be policy, but somehow I take exception to her statement. There is something about her—and more than just that, about her very outlook on life in general—which excuses one in believing that she has a goodly essence of wisdom. She “gets” things so very quickly—almost before you have finished voicing them, and while she may find herself with a perspective a trifle biased now and then, that is to be expected. Youth has never achieved perfection and in its very wondering it becomes more charming—more delightful.

Next to the youngest daughter of a very conservative English family, Peggy found objections galore raised when, after completing her education in a Belgian convent, she returned to the family circle desiring a professional career. And that spirit of quiet determination and pluck is still manifest within her—it is not particularly difficult to imagine her journeying to London, establishing herself there and going out to “hunt a job.” And it is like her to have been terrified when she was offered a small part and to have pleaded for a part in the chorus “just to get used to it”—and it is like her to have taken the name of a famous horse who had won many races for an alias, because the five clergymen uncles didn’t want the family name of Hutchinson posted about—don’t you know.

The great door stood open—dusk was slowly enveloping the hills, visible outside—and the breeze which always ushers in a California evening wafted the scent from the roses in the old-fashioned rose garden outside.

“I like to sit this way,” she said rather softly, as though thinking aloud. “It seems like a benediction, don’t you know—twilight—the lovely hills becoming dim with the fire here on the hearth. I missed the twilight hour the first years I was in America because I was living in either a New York hotel or apartment and it was impossible to spend the hour as I did in the days at home—somehow this reminds me of home—more.”

I asked her if she expected to return to England and I saw her face brighten in the fire’s glow as she answered:
fashion. She is never still for very long—now wistful for a moment and now vivacious and brimful of fun—she makes you think of some character in your childhood literature—some old English squire’s daughter.

And like others of her race, she’s every inch a sportswoman. She would always play fair at sports and in the very game of Life itself—she would never do anything which might not be termed “cricket”—with her it is innate, bred in the bone.

She told me that she hopes to produce—direct ultimately—and at the first thought of such a thing I hid a smile. She’s so tiny that one cannot find it within the scope of their imagination to see her directing. But on second thought I’d hazard a guess that she’ll make it go if she tries it. There are more ways than one of securing results and the company would do things for her—she would not order them, she would “wheedle” them and undoubtedly with excellent results. However, that is a long way off and time alone will tell.

And she believes in many things—the good in people until they prove otherwise; in the charity of a helping hand; in religious beliefs; in forgiveness, etc., etc.

She talked of many things there—in the firelight—of her work, of books, of beliefs and plans—talked of them all with an understanding, while she fed logs from the wood-box to the hungry flames and played the gracious hostess. But whenever I think of her—and it will be often—I will think of her as the little girl from England, who ran away from the big country house and the shelter of her family—and six clergymen uncles. Of the little girl who went out on her own and made good—of the little girl who will always play “cricket.”

And I shall count it as a privilege to have sipped tea—delicious tea—with her; and talked with her—and dreamed a bit with her—there in the twilight—in the firelight—

"Yes, very soon, but not for good. You know I’m associated with Mr. Samuelson again. He is the first man for whom I did picture work in England five years ago. When he arrived in America I had just finished with Fox, so I signed with him immediately. We’re leaving for the East next week, where we’ll sail for England, where I’m to make some pictures—then to France and then to Egypt—making pictures in both places. It’s what I’ve wanted always. It’s an almost worn-out wish come true."

She is such a tiny thing—more petite than even the screen depicts her, with big hazel eyes and brown hair, which she pins in the nape of her neck in a very simple

Peggy Hyland in her latest Fox production, “Black Shadows.”
For many years, as time goes in the theatrical profession, the name of Alma Francis has been one of the most popular in the world of musical comedy; among some of the best known successes in which she was featured by Klaw & Erlanger, were "The Pink Lady" and "The Little Cafe", both by McClellan and both of which were distinct hits at the New Amsterdam Theatre in New York and throughout the country. Subsequently, Miss Francis appeared in vaudeville in an act which is even now being elaborated into a miniature musical comedy by Edgar Allan Wolf and Harry Carroll, popular writers for the "two-a-day".

Immediately after the conclusion of her bookings with the Keith circuit with this act, however, Miss Francis will make her debut in the films, to which she has finally been persuaded to contribute her beauty, vivacity and talents. As a matter of fact, Miss Francis has already been seen on the screen, for she supported Julian Eltinge in his last picture, "The Beautiful Unknown"; but that was in the nature of a spasmodic adventure. Now, however, Alma Francis is coming to the screen "for good"; and those of us who have worshipped her blonde beauty on the stage, echo the words "for good".
THE PASSING OF BLACK EAGLE
An O. Henry story adapted for the screen
By ROBERT A. SANBORN

For three short months the Mexican border had been ravaged by the forays of a most ferocious and terrifying bandit. He came into being as suddenly and fearfully as a cyclone, as though he had been born in full panoply, saddled and armed to the teeth. One morning the dusty street of Cochito basked lazily in the sun; the next morning its surface was fretted by the excited feet of many simple, honest folk who came to the one store tremblingly to talk over the event of the night before. "What I want to know is why some of you hulking machines don't shoot the villain?" "Drat it, Ma, the feller came so sudden!" "Them whiskers of his was big and black as thunder!" "An' guns! Say, he had a dozen in each hand!" "What a nose that hombre had! Like an eagle's beak!" "Them greasers are callin' him 'Black Eagle' already." "Who in Sam Hill is he? An' where did he come from?" "Crocker says he and his men only got away with about five pounds of cheese, crackers to match, and a dozen or so cans of lemon clings." "Next time he swore he'd hit a town with a bank or two." "Ma, don't let 'Black Eagle' get me! I'll be a good boy, honest, I will!" And so the little peaceful town hummed and quivered and sent its message of fear and wonder to other towns. In a week the figure of Black Eagle had grown to the dimensions of a nightmare. For three months he and his cohorts seared a path of black terror across the countryside. Not a crossroads store or a chicken yard for miles but gave its toll of toothsome booty to the mighty outlaw. For Black Eagle's predatory tastes ran chiefly to eatables, and his favorite item on the bill was chicken. No one was ever harmed by this strange being, but no one knew when they might be. His bloodthirsty appearance and blood-curdling yells inspired awe. And then one night he was gone, clean wiped off the earth, and to this day has never been seen or heard of by man. Even the members of his band, some of whom have been captured since, know not from whence he came or whither he went. He has become a myth, as unreal and gigantic as Jack the Giant-Killer.

Now there is one man alive who can explain this mystery. You will meet him shambling along the waterfront or looking wistfully and hungrily into the steamy windows of cheap lunchrooms. He is known amongst the fraternity as "Chicken" Ruggles. Buy him a chicken wing and a cup of black, pass the cigarettes, and in one half hour he will tell you what half of Texas would give a farm to know.

"Git ter Hell outer there! It ain't healthy around yere south. But how, with his private car out of commission and only five cents in his pocket, the pocket without a hole. More respectable citizens had done it overcoats and Chicken knew to an exact percentage the difficulty of coaxing dimes from buttoned-in pockets.

As he sat there in his melancholy reverie a silver dollar rolled by him and into the gutter. He grabbed at it desperately. Before he could stow it out of sight a small boy dashed up, crying, "That's my money! Give it to me!" Chicken had a wholesome terror of plundering infants by force. He had a painful memory of once seeing one from a baby's bottle. It happened in a park, the indignant little pig had screamed to heaven, a huge cop came out of the sky, and Chicken flew with him to the coop for his "thirty days." Wherefore he was leary of kids.

But there were other ways perhaps in this case. The boy with the dollar had a bit of paper in his other hand. Chicken put on an ingratiating smile, gave the dollar back, and asked some questions. "S'posin'," said Chicken, "we blow ourselves to a little candy, den we'll go buy the dope for mother." Chicken's nickel bought the candy. Sweetened with this, the innocent kid did not notice that after buying the medicine, his kind friend pocketed the change. The boy ran off happily, clutching the candy in one hand, in the other a vial of medicine and a piece of paper wrapped around a button from Chicken's coat. Two hours later with a profit of 1700 per cent on his invested capital, Mr. Ruggles, in his favorite side-door Pullman, was on his way south for the winter, a bottle of whiskey on one side, a parcel of donuts and cheese on the other, rolling pricks in every great career. Chicken woke. The car had stopped and outside was not a sound to tell him where he had arrived. Heavy with liquor, he pulled himself to the door and looked out. As far as he could see a barren, rolling prairie stretched unbroken by signs of life. Chicken had lived in Chicago without nerve, in Philadelphia without a

CAST
Chicken Ruggles .......... Joe Ryan
Black Eagle ............ William Patten
Bud King .............. "Tex" Allen
Director ............ Joe Ryan
sleeping place, and in New York without pull, but he had never felt as lonely as here, a hundred miles from anywhere. And then his lucky star again came into action. The whicker of a horse fell upon his ears. Chicken knew horses, for he was born and brought up on a farm. Once on the horse’s back he cried joyfully: “Now let’s go, Buddy. Take me home.”

It was a grand ride. The steed was spirited and fresh. A new soul was aroused in Chicken Ruggles, a passion for the free, open life, he was ripe for adventure. The horse brought him finally to a small sheep ranch hidden in the folds of the prairie. And it was deserted for the time being. But there was food and drink and clothes! Fired by a reckless fancy, Chicken tore off his old rags and donned the rakish bolero and the long-haired chaps that hung on the wall, the big A’s, a belt of cartridge, and the sombrero. In the twilight there rode away from that lonely farm the man who was to become famous as “Black Eagle.”

In a nearby canyon the band of outlaws led by Bud King were in hiding. There was a loud murmur of discontent amongst the rank and file. Bud and his faithful lieutenant, Cactus Taylor, stood apart. “Cactus,” said Bud, “the boys is buckin’ against my way of handling things. Is it because I decides to hit the brush while Kinney’s rangers is on our trail?” “It ain’t altogether that,” replied Cactus, “as it is they’re plumb sick of chasin’ cows and hosses for a livin’. If they’re goin’ to be chased themselves they want it to be for somethin’ worth while.”

None amongst the simple fellows seemed to know just what they did want, except that a change was in order. All that night they jawed and voted and changed their minds.

In the early morning a stentorian voice raised in song broke upon the tired ears of the gang of rustlers. A strange wild figure rode down the narrow path toward them. Out came their guns, but the stranger rode on and did not flinch. “Who the Hell may you be?” said the spokesman. “Me,” returned the stranger with an expansive grin, swaying drunkenly in his saddle, “I’m the terror of the border. I’m the boy that cleaned up Mexico, and I’m on my way to Washington with the greaser capitl in my pocket to present to your Uncle Sam. If youse guys will follow me I’ll show you some sights.”

Thus bragged and blew the picturesque ruffian, on whose cheeks the mist of a crow-black beard began to appear, whose eyes blazed with reckless courage and whose stark pronomony of a nose thrust toward them like the outshoot of a stern and rocky coast. And like an inspiration it swept through the simple-minded band that here was the gallant leader they had prayed for.

Thus Chicken Ruggles, transformed by a wild ride, a jug of whiskey, and his thespian instincts awakened by his striking make-up, rode forth that day and before nightfall was being celebrated by frightened country-folk in the person of “Black Eagle.”

There came, three months later, a time when another serious pow-wow occurred around the campfire. Said the deposed Bud King, who had manfully followed the new leader, “Blackie, don’t take offense. But it strikes me there’s something mighty seldom about you. I reckon you’re the finest canned oyster buccaneer and cheese pirate that ever was. But what about this big job you was goin’ to pull?” For Chicken, alias Black Eagle, had promised to make good and bring prosperity on the band. “Why,” answered the bandit chief, “Don’t you see I was just workin’ you guys up to the point. I’m just as sick of this sook-cow kind of cheap sport as you are. I’ve been waitin’ for somethin’ worth while. Now tonight I happen to know there’s a big bunch of boodle on number 6, comin’ up from Greaserville across the border. Are youse wid me, boys?”

It was a dark night with a dash of rain in the air. The desperate men assembled in the brush near the lonely little station of Espina. It was about ten thirty, and a better scene and better conditions for a successful hold-up could not have been staged. The one station agent was bound and gagged in the closet. Black Eagle, to do him full justice, exhibited no signs of flinching—from the honors that had been conferred upon him. He was every inch the intrepid leader of the band. He thought of everything. “Say you, Gotch-ear, stick de station cop against the wall and hold him,” he roared. The other men he distributed along the track where the train would stop to take water. “Bud,” continued the hero, “I figgers this is where de engine pulls up. Youse hold down the other side of the rails, I stick

(Continued on page 54)
TWO PARTS OF THE TRIO
Hope Hampton Believes in Study, More Study and Still More Study
By GEORGE LANDY

Faith, hope and charity—of this famous trio Hope Hampton, the screen's latest stellar sensation, possessed the fair promise; she is the second, not only in name, but in the completeness of her ambitions and expectations; but she will have none of the third. Her typically American upbringing—she was born and bred in Texas, surely a representively independent State—convinced her that she had to "have the goods" before she made her professional début, that initial appearance which has since fructified into her initial stellar screen production, "A Modern Salome." This picture, incidentally, being distributed through Metro Pictures Corporation and the unanimous approval which it is meeting everywhere is proving conclusively to Miss Hampton that her tactics of preparation were correct and have borne fruit.

The motion picture star of today is preeminently in the position of "having the real goods"; it is no longer enough for a girl to have youth and beauty or to wear marvellous gowns. In addition she must possess a real dramatic talent and the rare ability to translate her emotion to the flickerings on the silver sheet, for unless she can put her message on to the screen in the universal language of the motion picture, all her other talents go for naught.

This "feel for the camera," as it has been called by Leonce Perret, one of our eminent directors, is the God-given lodestone that spells cinema success. But just as every precious stone must be polished and cut before it is presented in its perfected state, so the screen star, be she ever so talented, must go through some period of preparation and training before her work is revealed in the fullness of its talent.

Hope Hampton, the young Texas beauty who has just attained a place among the film luminaries, has cherished for many years the ambition to enter the dramatic profession, but steadfastly refused to enter upon such a career until she felt she was adequately prepared for it. So that, although her screen début presents her as a star in her own right and at the head of her own producing organization, she comes not as one of those stars who are made overnight at some whim, or through any attempt to put her across upon the film public, but with a background of long, steady preparation and training for her chosen field.

Immediately, of course, she was the recipient of offers from numerous motion picture producers, who wanted to capture her beauty for their enterprises. She continued to refuse the tempting offers; but still determined to enter upon this career, she came to New York with her family, where she entered the well-known Sargent Dramatic School. Here again came further proof of her unique innate ability. Although the course at this school usually extends for a couple of years before the student is formally graduated, it took only one season's study for Miss Hampton to be told by Mr. Diestel, Sargent's chief instructor, that they could do no more for her, since she was fully prepared for her chosen life work, and that all she needed to win real success in the dramatic field was actual experience.

It was at the exercises which marked the close of the year's work, when the graduating pupils of the school gave several plays, that Hope Hampton's work was again noted by a number of prominent producers in the entertainment world. This time, when the opportunity was afforded her, she felt she was ready to begin on her career; accordingly, a number of motion picture capitalists and managers organized for her the Hope Hampton Productions, Inc., thus giving her her own producing organization, the highest possible tribute to any motion picture star.

Hope Hampton
Star in A Modern Salome, a Metro production

Born in Dallas of a family which enjoyed high business and social standing, Hope Hampton was educated at home during her early girlhood and then attended the famous Sophie Newcomb School in New Orleans, to which the aristocracy of the South sends its daughters. It was here that she first determined upon the dramatic profession as her life work, although there had been no actors or actresses among her ancestors. The performances she gave in the amateur theatricals held at the school, as well as her special interest along literary and dramatic lines, gave such extraordinary promise that even her instructors in this conservative "finishing school" advised her to enter upon a theatrical career. With a rare appreciation for one so young, however, she continued her studies and later graduated from the school. Upon returning to her home in Dallas, she lived the average life of a popular girl in her set—winning sudden fame through a local newspaper's beauty contest, to which one of her friends had sent her photograph, unknown to her, and in which she was awarded first prize as Texas' most beautiful girl.
It is with this company that Miss Hampton made her first production, "A Modern Salome," conceived by Leonce Perret and based on the famous dramatic poem, "Salome," by Oscar Wilde. It was Mr. Perret, also, who directed the picture, giving valuable aid to the new star, who had never even entered a film studio before this time. It was a strange world, even its vocabulary was foreign to her at first, but with the ready adaptability which is one of her distinguishing traits, she soon fitted into the work as if she had been performing before the camera for years and years.

"The ease with which Miss Hampton grasps every situation as I outline it," says Director Perret, "is truly remarkable and would be noteworthy even if she had enjoyed previous professional experience. She possesses a range of characterizations, which are like the colors on a painter's palette, and responds to every emotion called for by the story just as the palette yields every tint and tone to the creative painter. In addition, she has a marvelous facility for falling into postures without any affectation or studied manner, which the average actress takes years to learn."

In this connection it is also interesting to quote Theodore Kosloff, the famous Russian ballet dancer, who has been seen on the operatic stage and has also appeared in several film productions. Mr. Kosloff was present at the filming of those scenes in her first picture in which Miss Hampton imagines she is Salome of old, and goes through the famous dance which wins her the head of John the Baptist. "Never have I seen more natural grace or a more instinctive appreciation of the terpsichorean art than was revealed by Miss Hampton in her Salome dance. As I watched her graceful movements, it was very hard indeed to realize that she had never had any specific training or experience along these lines, and I am convinced that if this beautiful screen star ever decides to abandon the films and enter the dancing profession, she will soon win herself a place among the leading artists in that line."

Similar enthusiastic verdicts on the various aspects of Hope Hampton's talents are heard from all sides. It was at a private showing of "A Modern Salome" that Mr. Richard A. Rowland, President of Metro Pictures Corporation, happened to be present and waxed so enthusiastic over it that the Metro, without even formally bidding for it, bought the story of "Salome" for $100,000 to be produced by them. The story of "A Modern Salome" is highly dramatic and colorful, both in its modern and ancient episodes, giving the star a rare opportunity to display her versatility to the fullest extent and proves her indisputable right to stardom. The famous episode of "Salome" is brought into the narrative through a hallucination of the heroine, who has been nicknamed Salome through having posed for a portrait by her artist father, when she imagines she is the ancient historical character and performs the dance before King Herod.

Every psychological angle of a young woman's life and thoughts is entrusted to her delineation, and she comes through with surprising colors, making the heroine a living character with all the faults and virtues of a human being and finally winning out to a true love, after passing through a number of trials which test her worth and in the end bring out her best qualities.

There is no doubt that the sterling performance given by Hope Hampton (Continued on page 54)
"Man's Plaything" is Miss Davison's next picture.
The charming wife of Sessue Hayakawa, has four new plays which "Universal" will re-lese.
A JAPANESE FANTASIE

SOMEONE was singing. I listened. The voice was soft and low, suggestive of lotus and jasmine flowers, clear, running water and a moonlight night in the Orient. Yet the song was not Oriental. On the contrary, there was a decidedly western swing to the music and a rhythm to the words that seemed oddly familiar. As I approached the stately, picturesque mansion amid its regal setting of magnificent trees and flowering vines, from which the melody floated forth upon the perfumed air, the strains grew softer, more plaintive until, as I entered the doorway, they lapsed into a crooning lullaby. There was no mistake. The song was of the west western; but the singer was of the east.

It was Tsuru Aoki. She was sitting at the piano, but she arose at my approach and extended both hands in greeting.

"Oh, you needn't explain," she said, in laughing anticipation of the words trembling on my lips. "I know what you are going to say. It is to be an interview. I am to talk and you will write and then," she paused and laughed, musically, "it will appear in print all mixed up just like—chop suey? Is it not so?"

She was wrong, all wrong. I told her so. Set interviews are an abomination. It was not my intention to ask one single question nor even a dozen double questions. I was there merely to pay a friendly visit and the fascinating little Oriental hostess might talk or not talk just as she chose.

Women are women the whole world over. Their decisions can usually be governed by the law of contraries—if there is such a law. At all events Tsuru Aoki immediately seated herself comfortably and prepared for a long, confidential chat. And I kept my promise. I never asked a question. I merely brought up subjects and deftly guided the conversation through proper channels and avoided rocks and shoals with all the skill of an experienced mariner. The haven arrived at was so far beyond my most sanguine expectations that my elation is, I am sure, pardonable for this is what Tsuru said:

"Music and art. I love. I spend hours at the piano. As for pictures, you can see for yourself that my collection includes many works from the old masters. Music and art, to my mind, must always be companions. People who lack appreciation of these two must be equally lacking in soul.

"The drama, too, appeals to me. That is natural, for my ancestors were literary people, devoted to poetry, music and the classics. I have been told that my aunt and uncle, Mme. Sadda Yacco and Kawikami, are the two most famous theatrical personages the Orient ever produced. I know that my uncle, many years ago, translated "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" into Japanese and produced the plays in Yokohama, but the plays were not a great success. The Japanese at that time were unable to grasp the character significance."

"I was very young—just a little girl. No one had ever heard of me then. But I was not so little that I did not have great ambitions to some day be an actress, myself. When my uncle, Kawikami, and his wife decided to attend the Paris exposition they brought me with them as far as San Francisco and left me there to visit another uncle. He sent me to a convent school at Colorado Springs. It was there I studied music and art with the Sisters.

"But I kept thinking about theatricals in my own country. It seemed that the people there were missing so much. I tried to devise some plans for improving the stage and drama there. You may think me very daring and aspiring when I confess that I have actually dreamed of writing for the Nipponese stage Japanese versions of the writings of all the great dramatists. I may soon have a chance to realize my dreams. If I try, then, it will be at this."

She crossed to her desk, opened it and exhibited a bit of paper marked with fine Japanese characters.

"That," she explained, "is a contract with a syndicate of thirty-two Japanese theatres to translate thirty plays in two years; to adapt them to the requirements of the native theatre and, eventually, to supervise their production.

"Of course it will mean work; real concentration. For example, I will have to blend Shakespearean characters with similar characters in Japanese history. I will have to transport Juliet from a balcony to a tea house and quite rearrange the funeral ceremony in 'Richard III'. Quite a task, but I shall try."

She laughed at the fantastic idea and tossed her head in a decidedly western manner. A shell pin slipped from her hair and fell among the cushions against which she was reclining.

"Bother!" she exclaimed, with a trace of impatience as she sought and replaced it, exactly as any American girl might have done. "It is so troublesome to have to continually comb one's hair. In Japan three times a week is quite sufficient but—there is also the disadvantage of having to sleep on the floor." Her voice was fascinating.

"You have probably seen all those Japanese plays in which I have appeared lately," she continued. "'The Breath of the Gods', 'Locked Lips' and 'A Tokio Siren'. I have lived in America so long that it was difficult for me to submit patiently to all the preliminaries necessary in order to get accurately made up for those roles which by birth and early training were my very own."

"Instead of having my hair curled and waved, as is the American fashion, I had to have it steamed, dried, combed, and fanned by hand. Camillia oil was rubbed into it to give
it the requisite sleek, shiny aspect. The best part of the entire coiffure, however, was the complete absence of hairpins. Think of it, no hairpins to slip out of place, nothing to become disarranged. The hair was all tied in place with strips of waxed paper. Then, after it was finally dressed, another application of oil was made, this time with a camel’s hair brush, to guard against any possible ruffling of even one hair.

“Nevertheless, I must admit that I like the American styles, even with all their disadvantages, much better than the Japanese, except, perhaps, in the matter of shoes. In that respect the Japanese woman has the advantage. Her feet are comfortable. Sandals are far easier to walk in than high-heeled American shoes.

“When I was photographed in the scenes of “The Dragon Painter” I was required to climb the high hills of Yosemite National Park. Wearing the Japanese straw sandals I never slipped once nor turned an ankle.

“Of course it is easy to go without corsets when wearing Japanese clothes because they are so loose and flowing. The only support for the body comes from the obi, which is five yards long and is wrapped around the waist several times. Another great compensation for the Japanese woman is the complete absence of pins and buttons. Everything is supplied with strings and is carefully tied. When I am before the camera in Japanese costume I wear heavy, white linen stockings of rather an open mesh and my complexion, by the way, has to be about two shades darker and more thickly applied than those who appear in American roles.

“Did you ever see me on the stage when I was in Los Angeles?” she inquired, suddenly, with another of her low, musical laughs that sounded like the rippling of water. “I went there, you know, to organize a native Japanese theater. I was succeeding so well that I was actually directing plays when Mr. Fred Mace appeared one day and argued that it was actually my duty to go into pictures, since the films would accomplish far more for Japan in a short space of time than the legitimate drama could do in a very long time.

“My sister lives in Japan. She takes as much interest in ‘keeping up with the styles’ there as we do here in America. She sends me all of my native clothes. Her home is in Tokio, where she has ample opportunity for shopping. The gayest colors and largest patterns are always for children and babies. Have you noticed in my pictures that I wear my kimono folded over to the right? That has always been the custom for Japanese women, so they can hold the edge in place when making a deep bow. In death, only, is the kimono folded to the left.

“Japanese people often laugh when some foreigner appears in public or a theatre manager clothes his chorus in kimonos folded as if the wearers were prepared for burial. I have three Japanese maids who help me when I dress for a picture. They often laugh at the absurd mistakes which Americans make in attempting to use Oriental styles and customs without first informing themselves accurately regarding them.”

One of the maids referred to entered at that moment.

Another and another appeared. Then tea was served, not in an Oriental but a thoroughly western manner. A few friends dropped in. The conversation became general. I rose to take leave. The little Japanese actress insisted upon personally accompanying me to the door.

“I want you to see me in my comedy rôle,” she whispered. “You will laugh. I laugh myself. I have played tragedy so much. I was tired of dying and being killed. I told the scenario editor that he must let me laugh a little or I would forget how to laugh. He said he would do the best he could. A week later he told me that I was to play in ‘A Tokio Siren’. It may not be so artistically beautiful as my tragedies, but I always feel cheerful whenever I think of it. That’s why I’m so especially fond of that play. I would like to act in more comedies.”

Again she smiled. I was sorry that my visit was over, for she seemed to exhale cherry blossoms and the delicate fragrance of a far-away garden. How charming and at ease she was in a country so different from her own! I did not wonder that her husband, Sessue Hayakawa, adored her. With the memory of that smile and the lingering touch of her small, fluttering hand in mine, I turned and walked down the flower-bordered path, amid the towering trees and the scent of many blossoms, back to the Hollywood studios. I felt thrilled, elated. My visit had been a success. I had seen and interviewed Tsuru Aoki.
ROD LA ROCQUE

There is a large round table in a corner of the dining room at the Green Room Club where every noon a group of actors meet. Actors are most courteous persons. They have a certain polish, due perhaps to the complete sophistication of their lives, and they were taking pains to point out to me, a stranger and guest, this one and that, much engrossed in their stories of life in studio and dressing room, so much engrossed that I failed to notice a newcomer, a tall, solidly built young man, with searching dark eyes, black hair, and the shoulders of a young giant.

"Meet Rod La Rocque . . .," one of my new acquaintances said.

"That is what I came here for," I explained.

When the luncheon was finished, I remarked to Mr. La Rocque that I should have apologized to him for not having recognized him at once. "You are obviously the leading man type," I added.

"The directors didn't use to think so," he replied. "You see, I began my career quite differently from the average leading man. Most of the present actors who are playing leads must look forward to a time when they will become too old to play opposite a young woman star. They will play what we call 'heavy' roles, or comedy parts. But I had to play 'heavies' and character parts before I began to play leads."

"The difficulty was that although I had the face and the ability to play the hero in this picture or that my face persisted in looking too young. I was too well developed for a juvenile part, so they put me to acting the roles of old men, villains, and so forth."

Rod La Rocque is probably the most experienced young actor in the movies today, as a result of this reversal of the usual condition of "breaking in." The day I met him was his first in New York following a trip west where he had played opposite Binney in "Little Miss By-the-Day." He was resting for a few days before beginning an engagement opposite Corinne Griffith, in whose latest Vitagraph production, now being made, he will appear. La Rocque, despite his youth, has probably played opposite more female stars than any but the most widely known male stars of the screen. The screen has already shown him in pictures with Olive Toll, Mabel Normand, Madge Kennedy, Maeth Marsh, Ethel Clayton, June Elvidge, and Virginia Hammond. At the present time he has three pictures awaiting release, "The Kaiser Bridge," with Gail Kane; "Greater Than Love," with Mollie King; and "Easy to Get," with Marguerite Clark.

How did it happen that La Rocque has won this enviable place in screendom? He himself will modestly remark that he doesn't quite know, that he supposes he was merely fitted for that sort of a career. But you only have to glance at him to understand that he embodies all the characteristics which are necessary to the male star. He is good-looking, yet good-looking without the trace of weakness that sometimes marks handsome men. He is physically a giant, and he has learned the business of acting from hard experience.

"I was seven years old when I first went on the stage," he related. "Fortunately for me, I was not in the most difficult of all theatrical ventures, the stock company. In those days, Willard Mack and Maude Leone were playing leads in a stock company in the country and needed a child for 'Salome Jane'. They selected me, and their encouraging advice did much to influence my parents in deciding that I was fitted for a stage career."

"I was always an overgrown lad, much too tall for my age. I might have been a leading man in my 'teens if it hadn't been for my face. But my face inevitably betrayed my age, when I appeared without make-up, so I played everything from comedy to 'heavy' roles, without ever getting a chance to play a straight part." "I was in vaudeville for a time, and eventually became a member of the Garrick Players, a Chicago company. But for that engagement, I might still be playing on the stage, for I never played in New York, and thus never had the temptation of going into the movies."

"In Chicago the Essanay company was working in the old studios, and the lure of the screen was too great to be resisted. Again I thought that I might get a chance to play a straight role, but the Essanay directors decided that I could act well enough but was not old enough to play anything but character roles. So character actor I became. In one picture I played three roles, Lincoln, Grant, and Lee. They were always choosing me for old men's parts, and I scarcely ever appeared without a make-up which disguised me completely."

"I suppose that if a man sticks to anything long enough, his opportunity will arrive. It was through an unfortunate illness to Bryant Washburn that my chance came. Washburn was scheduled to play the lead in a General Film Company production when he fell ill. My face must have matured for I was selected to substitute for him. Since that time, I have been playing the hero and have almost forgotten that I was once too young to play anything but character parts."

Another reason why La Rocque has become popular both with screen fans and directors is that he takes the business of being a leading man seriously. He has already won a reputation in theatrical circles as a tasteful and stylish dresser, not over-fastidious, mind you, but careful enough of dress to serve as a model for those who are uncertain just what they should wear. There is nothing of the Beau
Brumnel about him; he is too clean-cut for that sort of thing. I firmly believe that the actor should study dress with as much care as the actress,” he said. “There is a middle ground between slovenliness and over-dressing, which the actor should find. When you realize that thousands of young men in small towns must depend upon the movie to learn what’s what, you will understand the responsibility of the actor in this respect. Clothes make the man in the movies more than in real life, and perhaps because I have tried to discover how to dress myself for straight roles—something far more difficult than dressing for character parts—I have succeeded in looking like the romantic heroes I sometimes play.”

Clothes are hardly a hobby with La Roque. They are part of his business. But he has a hobby, portrait painting, a natural hobby, developed from a natural talent. He finds that toying with a brush and paint box is the best sort of relaxation for the man who is under a strain. He has never had the time to do much original work, but he enjoys nothing better than to develop from a photograph a living likeness in colors.

Rod writes, too. Recently, he told me, he completed several scenarios that are to be produced in the near future. “They’ll probably be under way before the end of the summer,” he added, “and I’m to have a chance to play in them—to play the kind of parts I’ve been waiting for. Too frequently, you know, the leading man is but a foil for some lovely star, and he never is called upon to do anything but looks pleasant. I’m sorry I can’t tell you anything more about this just now, but it’s a little too far ahead anyway. After I finish ‘The Memento’ for Vitagraph, I’m to play the lead opposite June Caprice in ‘The Hidden Path,’ a new Burton King picture, and then, I hope, I’ll have a chance to play in some of my own stories. “No!” he answered to my interruption. “I don’t think I’m quite ready to sign a long-term contract with any company just yet. I’d rather continue as I have been, playing with a different director and different players in each picture. You’ve no idea what a player can learn in that way. Each picture adds to my own too small store of knowledge”—here I disagreed with him—“the results of years of others’ experience. And besides I’m free now to return to stage whenever I wish—and don’t forget this; no player who has been behind the footlights can leave the stage entirely for the screen.”

A man’s friends are probably the best reporters of a man’s life. Rod La Roque’s friends “in the profession” are his best press agents. They regard him as no lucky happenstance, no “made star.” He is one of those who have worked hard to win a footing in public approval and who have succeeded.

They point, too, to La Roque’s habit of looking upon his mother as the proper partner of his success. As one of them expressed the idea: “Rod is different about himself. It’s hard to make him talk about anything more than the simple facts of his career in the movies and on the stage. You might be able to excuse him for a little egotism when you realize that he has played everything from a man of eighty to a leading man opposite a dozen of the best known female stars. But Rod isn’t that sort at all. He has his eye on a still higher rung on the ladder. He understands his own relation to life in general and you won’t find one whit too much of self-esteem in his make-up.”

Which ought to be sufficient reference for any man.
THOU ART THE MAN

Fictionized Version of the Paramount Aircraft Picture Scenarioized by Margaret Turnbull from F. E. Mills Young's novel, "Myles Calthorpe, I.D.B." Directed by Thomas Heffron. Starring Robert Warwick

By MORRIE RYSKIND

The ways of second sons in English families are strange and various. But for all of them England, if it is to be worshipped, is to be worshipped from a distance. If it is to remain a land of pleasant memory, and not a place of genteel poverty, they must awandering go. And whither is in the hands of the Fates.

The Three Sisters—the original Sewing Circle—sent Myles Calthorpe to South Africa. There he found the ostrich farm of Solomon and Brummage—and with it a job.

There is a lot of money to be made in selling ostrich feathers, which explained to many people why Solomon and Brummage were millionaires. But Solomon and Brummage had discovered that by engaging in illicit diamond buying they could make more in a minute than the ostriches would net them in a year. There was a certain Kaffir worker in the mines who slipped his stolen goods to a white guard. Later these goods, via a trusted corps of messengers, found their way to Solomon and Brummage. Still later, they appeared in England.

Illicit diamond buying is rated among white men in South Africa as horsestealing was in the old days of the Golden West in this country. So if the game is a paying one, it is also a dangerous one. And no one suspected that the ostrich farm was a blind for so dangerous a game.

Calthorpe, working late one afternoon, was summoned to the partners’ private office, and asked to meet one of the Kaffir messengers that night and take a package from him. Puzzled, he replied: "I’m afraid I can’t do that, sir."

"Then you’re through with us," roared Solomon.

"That’s as you wish," said Calthorpe, pleasantly.

"What are you insinuating by your refusal?" demanded Brummage.

"Nothing. But I wasn’t hired as a messenger, and I refuse to be put into what looks to me like a compromising position. I insinuate nothing, sir."

"Well, you’re through with your positions here, compromising or not. We like men who obey our orders. You leave to-night."

"That’s one order I can obey. Guess I’ll live through it, too." And Calthorpe drew his pay to date.

There wasn’t much to pack. He was about to throw away an illustrated magazine when a picture of a beautiful girl met his eye: "Joan Farrant, one of our wild African roses", read the caption. The name sounded vaguely familiar. He remembered his erstwhile employers discussing the girl and saying she was "awfully exclusive", though her brother, Solomon had laughed, was "easy enough".

"Well, I’ll take a look at her," Calthorpe thought, tearing the picture out of the magazine, "and see if she’s as good as she looks."

With his destiny thus decided upon, he set
out very early the following morning.

South Africa is a pleasant land, though a wild one. And one, adventure-bound, with a pack on his back, a little money in his pocket, and a picture of a beautiful girl in his coat, may spend a pleasant day in trekking it. As evening fell, Calthorpe saw a fire and made for it. A group of tramps were around it, but your true soldier of fortune demands no family connections. "May I share your fire?" asked Myles.

"Sure," said the apparent leader of the group.

Calthorpe grinned his thanks and stretched out luxuriously, falling into the sleep of the weary. When he awoke, the fire was out, the tramps were gone, and so, he discovered almost immediately, were his money and his hat. Ragged, bearded and hungry, Calthorpe made his town the following night, and approached the first house he saw to beg for food. The girl of the magazine opened the door. Something in Calthorpe wished he were clean-shaven, wished he were dressed as a gentleman; something in him for the first time hated poverty, but he brushed it laughingly aside.

He explained, briefly, that he was white and hungry and that it was too late at night for him to offer to work for food. He cursed himself as he said it. But the something in him that had awakened at her appearance lent a dignity to his bearing and his words. The girl, visibly impressed, brought him some food and a little money.

Calthorpe winced at the money, and tried to give it back to her.

"Listen," she said—and her voice was music to him—"my brother needs a clerk at the warehouse, but he'll never hire you as you are now. Fix yourself up—and you can pay me back the money later."

Steps sounded near, and she whispered, "Go, now, before he sees you." And Calthorpe, after a fervent thanks, went, something singing within him.

It was at a wagon picnic that Calthorpe, alone with Joan for a few minutes, began to tell her in words that his eyes had long since whispered. He reached for the magazine picture he had carried so long. "This, Joan, is why I came here. Don't tell me I came in vain."

Before Joan could answer, there came a gay "Hello!" singing its way to them. And coming toward them were Solomon and Brummage.

They had just come from Farrant's office, where they had told the latter that a fresh consignment of stolen diamonds would be brought to him by one of their messengers, and that he was to forward it to Cape Town.

Calthorpe didn't know this, to be sure; but their interruption didn't tend toward removing his displeasure. Joan sprang to her feet, glad of the chance to delay her answer, and introduced the men.

"We have met before," said Calthorpe.

"We have," said the other two, briefly.

Joan realized at once that
whatever their previous acquaintance had been, it had not ripened into friendship. Solomon, who was a suitor for her hand, she had disliked; something about him grated on her; but she didn't want to show her dislike, for fear of offending her brother, who had told her the two had helped him considerably in his business deals.

Solomon seized a chance for a stroll with Joan, asking her about Calthorpe. When he learned the latter was employed by Henry Farrant, he whistled.

"What the matter?" demanded Joan.

"I feel terrible about saying this," said Solomon, apologetically. "I don't think a man ought to be hounded for one mistake, so I've never said anything before. But Calthorpe used to work for us. We let him go when we found him stealing. Your brother ought to know about this."

Stunned and dismayed, Joan had nothing much to say on the ride back, and Calthorpe, afraid his proposal had upset her, could not find his tongue. It was only as he was about to say, "Good night!" at the gate that Joan leaned forward and asked him:

"Myles, suppose some many you knew and trusted turned out to be a former thief. Would you go on trusting him?"

"Put him on his honor, Joan, and he'll go straight. No one you trust can be wholly bad," answered Calthorpe, entirely unconscious of an allusion to his supposed past.

That sounded like a confession, almost, to Joan's troubled mind.

Even in South Africa, there are painted ladies. Of such was Lucille, who acted as Solomon's messenger. Farrant's employees had orders to show her every courtesy. "One of our best customers," explained Farrant.

Came the planter's day to bring Farrant the diamonds. That done, she went over to Calthorpe to make eyes at him. Myles laughed to himself at her obviousness, but was pleasant and gracious.

Joan came a-calling on her brother that morning, saw Calthorpe smiling at the painted lady, stalked angrily into her brother's private office and demanded to know why Lucille was there. "It'll drive away your decent trade," she said.

Farrant, nonplussed, grasped eagerly at an answer. "She comes in for Calthorpe," he said. "I've spoken to him about it before. If he doesn't stop it, he'll have to go."

When you have heard the night before that the man you love is a thief and have decided to forgive him his past—if you just hear from your brother that he is very popular with painted ladies, the process of forgiveness is likely to become stillborn. Joan stalked out terribly hurt and angry at her heart for loving a man so unworthy.

Calthorpe, ignorant of Joan's attitude, planned to spend his vacation, which began on the morrow, in Cape Town, where he might find employment that would pay him enough to maintain a wife. That night, Farrant asked him to stop at his house for a package for Mr. John Farrant, Farrant's attorney, who would meet him at the dock.

Farrant left the letter with Joan, asking her to give it to Calthorpe. Unwilling to see Calthorpe any longer, Joan addressed the envelope in his name.

But Calthorpe called early, and saw her, told her of his love, and reason for going. Joan listened, told him angrily she had given him no reason for making love to her, gave him the letter and a curt good-night, and left the room.

Calthorpe went home, brooding on her action.

Detectives, on the trail of the stolen diamonds, searched the boat Calthorpe took, and in his cabin found the sealed envelopes and the diamonds in it. Calthorpe was more amazed than the detectives. The Detective Bureau offered him $20,000, if he would turn King's Evidence. "I have nothing to say that would help you," he told them.

"But the name of the woman who wrote your name on the envelope, please."

"That," he told them, "would involve an innocent woman."

Something about him impressed them favorably, but the law is the law.

So Myles Calthorpe, second son of a well-to-do English family, spent three years of hard labor in jail.

Myles Calthorpe, I.D.B. (Illicit Diamond Buyer), left prison with scars on his soul. At a sugar plantation, he requested work, even work with the Kaffirs in the field. When the astonished planter reminded him that no decent white man would work with Kaffirs, Calthorpe blurted out that an "I. D. B." cannot choose.

Came the planter's day and bearing won the planter's sympathy. "I'll give you a chance," he said. "But take my advice, and don't call yourself by your real name."

So Myles Calthorpe became "Jim Clark." Jim Clark was more shy of society than Calthorpe had been.

Riding alone one morning, he saw three desperadoes trying to hold up a woman. Pulling a gun, he rescued the girl, and marched the men into town, turning them over to the police. Fannie Dering was very grateful for his rescue of her, and so was Tom Dering, a wealthy young lawyer.

Once more Calthorpe entered society and grew to be a great favorite with the men. But of women he remained curiously shy.

At the Dering's home one day, he saw a picture of Joan, and stared at it in amazement. Fannie Dering noting the woman hater's unusual interest, determined to invite Joan to the Country Club Ball, and introduce her to Calthorpe.

Joan Farrant had not shut Myles out of her heart. She knew, of course, that he had been sent to prison for three
years. She wondered where he was now; she imagined him a social outcast, ragged and bearded, just as he had first come to her, with that same feeling of pity she had felt the first time, mixed with the deeper feeling of love, would overwhelm her. She wished desperately to meet him again, to put him back on his feet with her love, as she had once put him back with her kindness.

And then, at the Country Club Ball, she saw him. She saw him tall and proud and erect and immaculate. She saw the affection in which he was held by all. And there came over her a sense of having been fooled, of having been tricked. Three years she had brooded over him; pitied him; longed to help him. Here he was, non-dilant and unperturbed, unneeful of her pity. Rage mastered her.

"Joan, let me introduce Mr. Clark," said Fannie Dering.

"Mr. Clark?" sneered Joan. "That's Myles Calthorpe, I.D.B."

Her voice was loud enough for all to hear.

Those whose hands had been extended in fellowship a moment before fell away and left the room. There was a brief moment when the two were left alone.

When Calthorpe spoke, it was the voice of a man who has beheld a mirage vanish. "I've loved you always, Joan," he said, laughing. "Every prison couldn't make me forget you, but after tonight I shall forget. Look, I have already forgotten." He opened a locket to show her a rosebud she had given him four years ago, threw it toward the fireplace and left the room.

The men, who had left the room in order not to create a scene, found themselves awed into silence as Calthorpe strode past them. Tom Dering called out to him, but Calthorpe, head held high, ignored him, too, and went out into the night, alone.

Fannie found Joan crying bitterly, a locket in her hand.

The following morning Tom Dering rode over to the Prescott plantation. Calthorpe had already told of the discovery and had asked to be allowed to go. But Prescott had grown attached to this man who had made good with a vengeance, and argued him out of it. So Jim Clark, foreman, became Myles Calthorpe, manager. Calthorpe watched Dering ride up with a wondering look. Would they try to hound him here, too? But Dering dismounted, and gave him a firm handclasp. "I'm your friend, Calthorpe," he said.

"I was in jail three years," said Myles.

"I know enough about the law to know that you're not the first innocent man who's been in jail," said Dering. "I wish you'd use me as your lawyer, and tell me the inside of the whole affair. I owe you something, old man, and this would be a partial payment."

"You're a brick, Dering," said Myles. "But if I told you the whole story, it would involve a girl who I know is innocent."

Dering had a shrewd suspicion about the girl's identity, but he was wise enough not to mention it. "Suppose I promise that the girl will not be involved?"

Calthorpe straightened. "And will you help me get the real criminals?"

Dering promised. And so he learned Calthorpe's story.

Joan, returned home, found her brother in trouble. Solomon, angered by Joan's indifference, and Henry Farrant's refusal to put pressure to bear on his sister to favor his marriage proposal, had inveigled Farrant into buying shares in a worthless gold mine. Farrant faced poverty, he told Joan. "As long as I'm rid of Solomon," she said, "I can face poverty with you, Henry."

Dering brought Calthorpe to town to find the weakest link in the chain of Solomon's employees. One of Calthorpe's old co-workers greeted him on the street. "Still working for Solomon and Brummage?" asked Calthorpe. "Yes," laughed the other. "I'm just here on a vacation."

"Come on up to the hotel and have a drink," said Calthorpe. "Fine," laughed the other. But Calthorpe led him up to the bar, but to a room where there were a detective and a stenographer. They searched the clerk and found a package of diamonds on him, and a forgery a confession from him. Then Calthorpe led the police to Solomon and Brummage's, and had the satisfaction of him self clapping on their wrists the handcuffs.

Henry Farrant, on his way to his office that same afternoon, was run over by a motor, thus cheating justice. But before he died, he confessed everything to his sister.

The papers had a nine days' wonder. Calthorpe's innocence was proclaimed in vivid headlines; Solomon and Brummage's crooked deals were pitilessly exposed.

Calthorpe went back to the plantation, where the Prescots hailed him with delight, glad that their trust in him had been so gloriously vindicated. He could stand up again to his fellow men without the finger of scorn pointing at him. He would have been completely happy, but for memories of Joan.

He tackled his work with a new zest, hoping to forget her. But in the back of his mind, he knew that the hand of the woman he loved was good with vengeance, and argued him out of it. So Jim Clark, foreman, became Myles Calthorpe, manager. Calthorpe watched Dering ride up with a wondering look. Would they try to hound him here, too? But Dering dismounted, and gave him a firm handclasp. "I'm your friend, Calthorpe," he said.

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Another stage favorite,—who has in preparation "The Fortune Teller," a Robertson-Cole production.
TO DORIS KEANE

In some liquid Latin phrase,
Fain would I enshrine the praise
Gushing from my heart,
I would humbly have you know;
Very humbly I bestow
On your full-fledged art.

On your art; yea, and on you,
Woman, wrought of fire and dew
Star-dust and the sea,
But, alas, I know no way,
Save this one my praise to pay;
Will you pardon me?

DONALD ROBERTSON.
Doris Keane and Sydney Basil in "Romance," a forthcoming United Artists production.
ANNA Q. NILSSON

One of the screen's most famous beauties who makes her next appearance as Bill Hart's leading lady in the "Toll Gate". Paramount Artcraft
May, 1920

"Love Springs Eternal in the Human Breast" But Lovers of "Romance" Wax Enthusiastic in Poetry

Doris Keane, who makes her screen bow to the public in the greatest of all emotional love stories has been literally swamped with the lyrics of love and romance because of her wonderful interpretation of this production.

"Sweet ladies—gentlemen—dear r peoples who 'ave been so good—ood to me. I do not know you r names an' faces— I cannot follow you into your r. 'omes— I can jos' seeing a leettle—an' pr-r-ay de saints dat somet'in' in my song will spik to you an' say— "I loove you! You are all I 'ave to lo-oove in dis heeg vor-r-rld. Mebbe you don' on'erstan' jos' what dat mean—you who 'ave 'urban's, vives an' leettle child-ren, too!"

"Ah, well! I would not like it dat you should! I on'lee tell you so you feel like doing for r me vone las' gr-r-rreat kin'ness— "To-mor-rrow I go far-r away. Mebbe sometime I seeeng for-r you again—an' mebbe not. Who knows? But if through all your-r app-ee appes lives you carr-e, vay down deep, vone leettle. Fught of me—vone golden mem-o-ree of my song—wher-e-e-ever I am, dear r frien's, oh! I will know it an be gla-ad!"

"Is my count-r-r e-ve'ave a leettle—what you say?—t'ing ve tell each oder when ve say 'addi—'Che le rose floriscanoe nei vostri cuori fin ch'o ritornio a coglierle.'—"Romance," Act III, by Edward Sheldon.

T

Hose are the words of farewell and thanks that Doris Keane speaks in the mute language of the screen at the close of her wonderful, dramatically operative scene in the character of "Cavallini" in her initial photoplay, "Romance" which has been known for years as the greatest of all emotional love stories. She bows her way out of the picture and she "passes on" for "tomorrow I may be far away." Her screen production will be presented to the lovers of amusement through the United Artists Corporation, known as "The Big Four," through the efforts of Hiram Abrams, who has been responsible for the success of that organization.

Her thrill of love, her mode of repose, her ability to guard the precious things of love, have been responsible for hundreds of love songs, lyrics and verses being written to Miss Keane, "Cavallini," and to "Romance." Many of them came to her from English boys in the trenches, while the great war was on, and it was Miss Keane's pleasure, during her stay in London, to have many of them collected into a book and sold them on the streets for the "Boys," and which Photoplay Journal has the privilege of offering to the American readers for the first time.

Before we give you the verses written to her, we will tell you that Miss Keane is a person of slight details, almost frail in body, although her carriage in walking suggests considerable reserve power. Her face is one of curious contrasts. Pretty dark hair and eyes set off a countenance that at times gives the impression of an attractive girl and at other times of a matured woman of settled convictions. A kindly mouth seems warranting for the final impression her face should give with a chin that is well-nigh masculine in its strength. There is vivacity that animates her in conversation, and a certain piquant arch to her eyebrows which stand in forceful contrast to her face as you see it in profile, when it appears thoughtful and reserved. She is full of quick, sudden sympathies for people and ideas. In all she is strongly interesting.

For seven years she has been the embodiment of romance itself in her production, three years in America and four years in England. Now she brings her wonderful story to the screen, on which so many hundreds of people have waxed enthusiastic in poetry.

We present herewith for the first time Miss Keane's own choice of the loveliest of the verses written to her.

TO MM.E. CAVALLINI IN "ROMANCE"

And so we found you—Through the darkened streets 'Where men were calling out the news of war;' Through Prologue faintly lit with shallow love; Through the dim life that we had known before.

Your genius blazed, above a world grown pale
By contrast with the wonder of your art—
All in your presence was pretense save you—
The audience puppets playing a dull part.
You only were alive and giving life,
Through passion and through love tempestuous,
You have brought breath where all was dead before,
You have become a part of each of us.

What have you done to change me through and through?
You are Romance, and I have drunk of you.

ANON.

TO ROMANCE

ROMANCE! The word will ever in my brain
Conjure a certain memory of grief
With vivid pleasure mix't; to make belief
That thouwert make-believe I could not strain
My erring will to do: th' entrancing chain
Of thy magnetic self held fast the chief
Of my keen fancies; Time was all too brief.
Yet seeing thee mourn, e'en in pretence, was pain;
Thine unseen tears dropped on my very heart;
Thy sad smile made me sad:—but when with Love
Thy soul shone in thine eyes, and joy did move
The whole perfection of thy being in Art,
I felt thy gift had come from Heav'n above,
I hailed a genius who had played a part.

ANON.

TO DORIS OF "ROMANCE"

Held by your unaffected charm, in a land of sweet romance —we sit enthralled.
From joy to sadness swayed—your magic voice our guide.
Each soul-filled utterance, each gesture graceful, like golden memories recalled,
Makes life seem beautiful, and strengthens souls untried.
Bright as the calcium lights, and brighter—your glorious smile prevails:
Completes the heart's surrender—quickens its beat perchance.
While pathos of your bidding, to bring tear-drops never fails,
Then banishes, at your command—sweet Doris of Romance.

Le R.C.

FROM THE TRENCHES

Because, when long ago I heard your glorious voice
Whose tender, tragic accents thrilled my being through;
When I was tired, disheart'ned, all alone.
You gave me joy, before, I ne'er had known.
Because once more I hoped, I sing this song to you.

Oft, 'midst the darkness of the ghastly night, in France,
In trench and dug-out; when in sound of cannon's roar,
I've heard your spirit-voice, triumphant, sweet
Urging, inspiring victory complete.
My heart has taken courage from it o'er and o'er.

And so to-night, in fancy, when I see you in your play,
Those memories of old come crowding fast and strong—
When back from death you brought my soul to live.
Because I've nothing else that I can give,
Please take my gratitude, accept my little song.

ANON.
THE TOAST

Van Tuyl: To the splendour of your days to come!
La Cavallini: I do not drink to what I know must be,—but to a dream I will not dream again—de pecture of a small room, warm and bright, an' 'm so busy writing at 'is desk, an' me before de fire jus' rockin', smiling, vit a keete babee in my arms.

(“Romance,” Act III.)

I do not drink to what I know must be—
Fame needs no toast, the gilded years
Shall their own measure hold—of tears;
My golden names as many says rain—
I do not drink to immortality,
But to a dream I shall not dream again.

To all that might have been!—a little room
That shut the whole world out; a desk, a chair,
Set where the firelight, dappling all the gloom,
Danced on the walls—and on him sitting there;
While I (ah empty years!) whom Love had blest,
Rocked to his sleep a child upon my breast.

I do not drink to what I know must be—
I, the poor broken toy of men,
Whom Love met on his way, and then
Parted by Madame! If the heart in twain
Be rent, what matters immortality? . . .
To one fair dream I shall not dream again.

To loves that live, not fames that pass.
I drink, old friend. Yet, ere I go,
This goblet—see!—the shattered glass!
A dream lies there. Tread soft . . . And so
The world for me awaits, you say
Its queen of song? God! It shall pay
In strains that hold the whole world’s pain
For that one dream I shall not dream again!

M. H. C.

THE GRAND FLEET

HUMBLE LINES WRITTEN AT SEA

Of a Beautiful Lady and Her Art.

Oh tell me, it was never Art alone—
Tho’ brush’d by the magic wing of Genius—
That shine from thee, through all thy loveliness?
All that there is of weariness and grief,
So near to God, lived in thine eyes.

Could it be Art, that lent thy look its spell:
Dear woman’s eyes, compassionate and sad
With all the world’s deep cup of knowledge holds
Of Love and Sorrow, Joy and Suffering?
Sweet woman’s mouth, whose tender, wistful smile
Knows all the old, strange things romance can tell;
Pure woman’s brow, wearing so royally
The crown wrought out from passion’s fumes
Now dead. . . .

Was all this Art? Ah, say not so!
Say ’twas thyself I saw; thine own clear soul.
Thy spirit, burning with pure fire, that lit
Thy rapt and wondrous face, and brimm’d thine eyes—
Twin pools mysterious—with gleaming light
Deep as the Rhinegold in its watery bed,
Deep as the things beyond all word of pain. . . .

Watching enthral’d, thy spirit held me bound,
Seeing beyond all mortal change and chance;
The pagan Joy of Battle—when we steal
God’s mighty thunder from the elements,
To blast it back again, laden with lives
Like chaff before the wind; farther than this;
And farther, too, than that which lies beyond—
The hopeless grief of Love besides its loss,
Straining, with eyes that neither weep nor see,
Whither Love fled. . . .
Was all this Art? Ah. No!

THE SOUL OF “ROMANCE”

(To Miss Doris Keane—from the Trenches in France)

Enchanting, with thy crinoline of black,
Thy raven tresses circling round thy head,
Thy long pearl necklace, falling o’er thy form,
Enchanting soul of Romance, thou dost stand.

Those eyes, so full of changing mood and thought,
Now playful humour, now that lone, sad gaze.
Memories of dark days past, once faint and dim.
But now awakened, at the thought of love.
Oh lonely gaze—the language of a soul
That craves a mate, to be with it through life—
Before one word is uttered, all can read
Thy secret-soul of Romance, thou dost stand.

And then the passion of thy charming voice.
That seems to come from far-off Italy;
The burning language of a wondrous race—
What visions we do see of Como grand,
What thoughts of Venice, rise within the mind—
The glories of that land all seem in thee,
The charms of voice and song are all thine own
Divinest soul of Romance, thou dost stand.

CAVALLINI—HER PICTURE

The Bishop speaks:
There is her picture—beautiful enough.
Yet he who left it for the world to see
Has painted her life’s sorrow in her eyes
And curved her rich, red lips with Tragedy.

Her quick, white hands lie pitifully still
Against the sable velvet of her gown.
Exquisite, eloquent, white fallen flowers.
White lilies in the storm of life flung down.

Her’s was a face God made for love alone.
A throbbing heart that glowed with Southern fire,
A soul too great to live beneath a lie
And, losing gladly, lost a life’s desire.

So there she stands, her red lips curved with pain.
In all her tragic beauty no less fair
Than on the night I met her and she wore
The morning like a wreath upon her hair.

That night the world lay smiling at her feet
Her eyes were bright, her hair with jewels gay.
As, with her flushed face dimpling through her curls
She stole my heart to pass the night away.

Passionate, brilliant, quivering with life,
A Queen of Song who reigned from Fortune’s throne,
Did the blind world that placed her there suppose
Their lovely plaything had a heart of stone?

The narrow-minded bigots of her day
Whose creed let neither love nor pity in
Deafened with psalms, heard not the Lord’s decree—
“Her sacrifice is greater than her sin.”

She found her star, and followed it, alone.
By suffering purified, by faith made strong.
She stood upon the summit of Success
And hid her sorrow with a golden song.

You tell me she is dead. Have you not heard
The music after dusk within this room
When misty shadows fill that empty chair
And all the darkness breathes a lost perfume—
—When all the silence trembles with her voice
The glorious, golden voice of long ago—
Sing on, dear heart, triumphant to the end
Oh love, forever in thy glory go!

J. S.
BARBARA CASTLETON

DEVIATION to her art stands above everything else in the estimation of Barbara Castleton, Goldwyn player. So highly does she esteem a fine character portrayal that, though she is one of the most beautiful young women on the screen, the revelation of her beauty is to her a secondary consideration. Many screen actresses are loath to play roles which do not set off their charms to the greatest advantage. And Miss Castleton does not give this a moment's thought, if the role she is playing is that of a living, breathing personality.

This must be said: While doubtless some settings and some characterizations afford her much greater opportunity than others to show her beauty, nevertheless, it is difficult to hide her charm, in any guise. She has played roles in which she wore the tragic mask of poverty and suffering. Cheap clothing and a disheveled appearance can mar her attractiveness, but cannot hide it entirely. However, it is certain that she would never hesitate at a role which entirely submerged her beauty, if that role gave her the opportunity to put on the screen a strong and unforgettable character which really lives.

Miss Castleton is wonderfully versatile. She is equally natural and convincing as the center of attraction in a millionaire's drawing room or as the despised, stolid daughter of a drunken mountaineer. On several occasions she has been called upon to play a role in which she was successively placed in settings widely different, in circumstances utterly dissimilar to those in which she began; but she never seems out of place or out of character.

Probably one of the chief reasons for her ability to enter so completely into the spirit of the role she is playing is the vividness of her imagination. She is inclined to be very thoughtful, and she finds the company of her mental activity vastly interesting. She has a brain which teems with impressions of experiences seen and lived and thought about and read about. Consequently she is never at a loss as to what would be the reaction of the character she is playing, to any particular circumstance. Temporarily, she is that character, in surroundings, in thought life, in emotions and in aspirations.

The fact that Miss Castleton is a girl of unusual mentality is quickly evident in conversation with her. She has the power of observation to an unusual degree. "It fascinates me," she says, "just to sit and watch people, about their everyday activities to try to imagine what they will do next, or what some particular individual would do under particular circumstances. Of course I like to enter into the social life about me, too, but I do like to stand on the sidelines, sometimes, and look on."

Her face in repose is very thoughtful, her brown eyes dreamily expressive, she is "just to every impression. When she talks her eyes widen, and the smile on her lips comes and goes. Her smile does not give the impression of being merely a conventional expression, a mask. When it comes, it is as real, as sincere, as is the girl herself. Her features are wonderfully expressive, another reason for her success on the screen. She is not obliged to "register" emotions; she feels them, and makes her audience feel them.

She has ideas, good ideas, on a wide variety of subjects. If she were not the conclusion that someone else has laboriously reached; she thinks them out for herself. As a consequence her conversation is refreshing, spontaneous. And she has the rare faculty of being able to express herself clearly and beautifully. She is never at a loss for a word, and it is exactly the right way to convey the exact shade of meaning.

It is very hard for one conversing with her to be analytical. One is conscious only of the charm of her, and even an interviewer finds it difficult to say, a duenna or dynamosity. That is saying a good deal, for it is an interviewer's business to dissect personality and find out what makes it go. Nevertheless, there are some characteristics of hers which make so clean-cut an impression as to stand out like overtones in a symphony.

One of these is her voice; to hear her talk is a delight. Without in the least sacrificing clearness of enunciation, her voice has a soft, vibrant quality as pleasing to the ear as the middle register of a finely tuned musical instrument.

Her voice is colorful; and so is the girl herself. That is another of her outstanding characteristics: color. Not vividness; there is not a glaring note in her personality. Rather, the sort of color ensemble that rests and refreshes. Her hair is golden-brown, her eyes are brown, with a skin warmly tinted, and her lips a clear red. The screen, regretful, to say, cannot express this phase of her personality.

Miss Castleton has no illusions about screen success. Though her own popularity was almost coincident with her debut in the films, she realizes that nothing but constant, consistent, conscientious work makes for permanence. She could please merely through her physical charm; but she is not satisfied with that. She believes that sort of popularity is too frothy to be worth while. She knows that the solid fabric of civilization was not built on froth, and she wants the respect, as well as the admiration, of the public.

"I never cared much for the sort of people who have gained what the world calls success, without effort on their part," she says. "There is a great satisfaction in merely achieving something worth while, and I can't respect gilt and tinsel, in things or individuals."

When to rare charm of personality are added ability and the deepest sincerity, success must come, as it has come to Barbara Castleton.

In "The Branding Iron" and in the photoplay of Gertrude Atherton's "Tower of Ivory," Miss Castleton is soon to have the opportunity of testing her popularity further in the public. As the ignorant girl of the woods in the first named picture and as the fashionable operatic star, Mme. Styr, in the latter, she has two widely diverse roles, proof of the energy and study she has put into the art of acting.
CHARLES RAY IN HIS OWN STUDIO

By MARTHA GRAINGER

STAR in his own right at last is Charles Ray, for several years one of the most brilliant and interesting figures in the picture world. And he has taken on added importance since he began building his own studio, and buying his own plays, and supervising his own productions in general.

His personality has that dash of individual flavor called "picturesque". Wherever he is in the studio, a crowd collects around him. His doings are always of keen interest. His plans are discussed all over the place by everybody. It is "Charlie thinks this" or "Charlie says that" and everybody listens with attention to the quoted opinions of "Charlie". And the tone used is always one of affection and admiration. I know of only one other man in the pictures who has the same dramatic quality of arousing and sustaining the personal interest of the people around him without any effort on his part—Ralph Ince. Ray has the same electric attraction, though it is transmitted through a temperament far different from Ince's.

And Charles Ray is so unconscious of the power he possesses. A more simple and unassuming mortal never breathed, surely, or one on whom star-honors sat more lightly. He shows up quietly of a morning at the old Fleming street studio in Los Angeles, which he has taken, and is having rebuilt. He usually brings Whiskers, his prize wire-haired terrier, who is his constant companion. They stroll over the place together, watching the construction under way. And before we go on, we will take another look at Whiskers, for we shall see him again, many times, during the chronicles of Charles Ray's career.

Whiskers is the self-appointed mascot of the Charles Ray studios. He is a very superior mascot, full of dignity and affection for his master. It may be said he adds respectability to the studio grounds; where Whiskers moves, there goes also an air of propriety so marked that the most hardened Bohemian would feel its influence and mend his ways at once.

Whiskers is reserved to a degree. He does not like to be gushed over. He wants to be introduced properly, and afterward he will think about making friends with one. And once his faith is firmly established, you find you have an almost embarrassingly loyal and constant friend in Whiskers; he is a great dog, to hear Mr. Ray analyze him, and certainly he is a beautiful specimen of his kind. And he will appear later on in many pictures with his master, under his personal direction.

When the studio folk catch sight of these two, Mr. Ray is instantly besieged with questions and requests for advice on various details of the work. And he usually has decided theories and convictions on the subject of studio building, many of which will be embodied in the completed structure.

First, the building itself is a thing of beauty, in the best Spanish style, which is the characteristic house of California, and harmonizes with that colorful and gorgeous country in a satisfying way. It has a gay red tiled roof and many square-paned windows, with green shutters, plain except for the little crescent near the top. Small iron railed balconies curve around the glass doors on the second floor, and narrow arched gates are cut in the wall that surrounds the lot. It has the appearance of a very lovely home of many rooms and a great walled garden.

The immense glass stage which is being added, with its superb lighting system, and the suite of very beautiful dressing rooms, which will make the studio one of the best equipped in the film colony, were all designed and supervised by Mr. Ray.

His recently discovered knowledge of the technical and business side of the films is interesting because of the fact
that he has always been the highly specialized type of player who showed no interest in the practical part of picture building. He is still of this type, but added to it is an acute interest in the affairs of his own company. He has surrounded himself with experts in their own lines, and has discovered that business can be an entralling game. played for worthwhile stakes, which has a technique as highly developed as that of acting. When he signed his contracts with First National and Arthur S. Kane, his business sense first manifested itself. He bent his active mind to mastering the details of film production and releasing, and now his associates regard him as a good, substantial business man, with whom they can talk over their end of the work. He is not destined to become a temperamental star, wax in the hands of his business manager and director. Charles Ray means to keep a firm hand on the steering wheel of his own destiny.

His attitude toward his recent stardom is refreshingly frank and simple. He does not feign an exaggerated modesty he does not feel about his enormous success. He is honestly glad he is on the high road with his first struggles over, and he knows better than any one else what years of hard work and honest endeavor set his feet in these pleasant paths. But there is none of the "He put in his thumb and pulled out a plum and said 'What a great boy am I!'" spirit in him.

It will be pleasant news to his friends to know that Mr. Ray means to continue in the rôle he created and made famous—that of a country youth struggling against the odds of timidity and poverty and a tough job. The reason for his wonderful portrayal of this rôle is easily explained. He is virtually playing his own life on the screen, the struggle of a boy to express himself with dramatic perfection. He has worked hard to articulate the humanity within him, and he has succeeded.

Charles Ray will not change his type of work—that is one thing sure ... only to improve, of course. And he is going to take more time on his pictures—the overworked "schedule" will have a nice long rest in his studio. During the scramble of picture-making under a contract that kept him going like an engine under full steam, he developed one hobby, one belief, one life-conviction—that to make a good picture, one must have in addition to every other requirement we take for granted—time, and time, and yet more time.

So Charles Ray is literally beginning again, and is about to start on a long series of leisurely, happily played pictures, each one to be a separate jewel of good craftsmanship, into which he plans to put all himself at his best, in the rôle which he created as his own.

His first picture, "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway", George M. Cohan's old comedy, gives Mr. Ray the rôle of Kid Burns, a character rich in human comedy values. And his second is Sol Smith Russell's famous rural story, "Peaceful Valley." This looks like a very fine start.
A C C U R A C Y, keen perceptive powers, intelligence, ability to read and analyze character, at least an elementary knowledge of psychology, unlimited patience, perseverance and good breeding are the prime essentials for the making of a real moving picture director.

I have seen and heard many directors direct. Each one marked the picture he produced with the stamp of his own personality. I have handled the scenarios and written stories from the screen productions of these various directors. It was not difficult to identify the work of each, even if the man's name had not been affixed to the script.

There are men who consider that a picture has not reached dramatic heights and that no picture, not even a two-reel comedy, is worthy of production unless it contains some unpleasant and suggestive situation. Such a man unconsciously indicates the trend of his own mind, his viewpoint of the world, his social inclinations and, usually, his lineage, education and breeding—or its lack.

Fine persons are required for the accomplishment of fine things. I have never yet seen a fine, exquisitely built dramatic construction emanate from the hands, brain, and usually the tongue of a loud-mouthed, coarse-grained, egotistical director.

Coincident with the development of moving pictures to their present high standard there has come into being a new type of impresario—that of Moving Picture Director.

The prophecy has already been made that at no distant date the release of any masterpiece of screen production will be the occasion for a first night audience to voice its appreciation of genius, and call for the personal appearance of the master mind that controlled, directed and developed the unspoken drama just enacted and exploited to the best advantage the individual talents of the players.

The fulfillment of this prophecy is, unquestionably, "a consummation devoutly to be hoped." The dawning of such a day will mark the beginning of a new era in motion pictures. It will mean that the public demands and applauds real art on the screen as much as it does on the stage, in the concert hall or in picture galleries.

As the sculptor takes his materials and models them into form, or as the painter assembles all the prismatic colors on his palette and transfers them into a harmonious creation on the canvas before him, so the moving picture director must blend, adapt and subordinate the people and materials at his disposal until the composite result is one that can withstand the most carping criticism.

The best talent, the most gifted player appears to disadvantage or fails miserably under unskilful direction. That a person is unable to see himself as others see him is peculiarly true when that person is before a camera. The fact becomes even more forceful when the person before the camera is called upon to portray in intensity the entire gamut of human emotions and enact scenes which demand absolute recognizability of self and a complete merging of the individual with the scene in which he is placed and the

character he is representing.

There is no comparison between the old-time stage director and the director-general of a large screen production. The sphere of the former was limited to a few square feet of stage, several shifts of scenery and a small company of people. The moving picture director has a range of vision and action that stretches off to the horizon in all directions. A mentality incapable of grasping vast dimensions can never be capable of producing far-reaching results in the moving picture world. This, perhaps, accounts for so many of the poor and indifferent pictures which, from time to time, are showered on the public.

As there are countless varieties of musicians and artists, so are there divers kinds of "movies." There are directors who consider imagination unnecessary and anything like culture and education to be almost a handicap. There are directors who, apparently, labor under the delusion that the strenuous methods and forceful speech of the training camp are most important prerequisites of success in their chosen field of endeavor. It has been noted, however, that the latter type of men usually become rolling stones across their own field, with success always at the far end of the field.

Like any other genius, the ideal moving picture director is born, not made. Whether or not his star is a lucky one must remain an open question. Certain it is, however, that some peculiar planetary configuration must dominate his birth which enables him to exert a powerful magnetism over stellar bodies in the movie world and at the same time avoid conflict and antagonism. His sphere is harmonious. His appearance among his stars is not signalized by atmospheric disturbance nor meteoric turbulence.

Calmness and tranquillity mark the making of his pictures. Even those intricate and elaborate spectacles requiring the outlay of a fortune to produce and a personnel numbering thousands to enact, are unmarred by argument, megaphone commands, and erratic activities.

Recently I witnessed the direction of a marvelous moving picture film. Quite apart from the histrionic features, the fact that it was marvelous was due entirely to the manner in which it was directed.

There were four thousand people in the cast; there were large herds of camels, horses and dogs; there were scenes that embraced long reaches of sandy desert, camps and villages of the Orient, and there were atmospheric effects, thrilling and impressive to a degree almost as awe-inspiring as the reality would have been; there were myriads of small details, each carefully thought out and adapted with peculiar nicety to the particular setting of which it became a component part.

Yet I listened in vain for the compelling voice that should assemble the divergent groups and create order out of seeming chaos. Finally, there appeared a tall, well-built, keen-faced man who moved quietly down the street, past the mosque of St. Sophia, along the court of the Sheik's palace,
out through the massive gates of the city and into the way of the desert.

"There goes the director," said someone at my side.

"What is his name?" I inquired.

"Tod Browning," was the reply. "He has been waiting for the camels to come."

I looked out across the desert. Beyond the striped tops of the Arab tents in the foreground, a long line of camels plodded steadily onward, each led by a picturesque Mohammedan driver.

Nearby were horses, splendid, spirited, Arabian animals. On one was mounted a beautiful woman, veiled after the manner of the Orient. By her side, on another jet-black thoroughbred, sat a tall, impressive, turbaned Sheik. Silently they waited while the caravan of camels approached.

"Camera."

The director's voice, low and self-contained, was vibrant with power. Unobserved, he had taken his seat in a chair, close beside the cameraman. Several moments passed. During the interval nothing was heard but the steady turning of the camera.

"Cut."

The sound of the camera ceased. The camels dropped to their knees by an oasis in the desert. From the striped tents of the Arabs a score of tall, draped figures appeared. The mounted man and woman rode toward them.

"That will do. We'll take that."

The director did not shout nor wave his hands. He scarcely moved a muscle. Yet from his keen, half-closed eyes darted glances which overlooked not the slightest detail. At his words the Arabs retreated into their tents; the Sheik and his lady wheeled their horses and returned to their previous positions.

"Now."

Again the riders started forward; the Arabs emerged from their tents.

"Camera."

Another brief interval of silence, unbroken save for the thud of hoofs in the sand and the steady grinding of the picture machine. The principal persons taking part in the scene formed a little group in the center of the set. The director eyed them shrewdly. He moved his hand slightly, as an orchestral leader would wave his baton.

"Get together—get together."

The words were soft-spoken; almost whispered. As if responding to a magnetic influence, the players moved forward.

"Cut. Take a close-up of that."

" Couldn't Miss Dean lower her veil a trifle?"

Very timidly I ventured the question. The director made no move to indicate that he heard me.

"No. It wouldn't be proper," he replied, briefly, his eyes fixed upon the star while she posed for the closeup picture. "It is sometimes necessary to sacrifice beauty for the sake of accuracy of detail; in this case, we veiled it. The Turkish officer in charge of the ensemble is our authority. A picture which does not conform strictly to the manners and customs of the country where the scenes are laid may be well acted but artistically it becomes a failure."

The cameraman took several exposures. "Any more?" he asked.

The director glanced about. "No," he said. "It is just dark enough now for the night scenes. Get the camp fires lighted," he added, addressing his assistant.

While this was being done and the members of the company who were cast for the weird night picture of the Far East prepared for its enactment, the director thoughtfully scanned the typewritten pages of that portion of the scenario which was being filmed. Then he leaned forward and spoke a few confidential words to his assistant. The latter hurried away, whispered something to a befezed Turk and returned. The Turk promptly engaged in conversation with several others of the company. In a surpris-
A picture (from The Virgin of Stamboul) that conforms artistically to the customs and manners of the people

ingly short time a most exciting argument was in progress. Just as one of the number showed unmistakable signs of anger and was rapidly lashing himself into a fury the tranquil voice of the director announced that the set was ready.

"Let her go," he said to the cameraman. "Shoot the scene before Ali Ben Hamid gets wise to the frame-up. He's just roused enough now to be lively," he added, half to himself. Then, in a louder tone to his assistant: "Give the signal—get the horses on the run."

A tremor of excitement seemed to sweep over the placid groups around the camp fires. Silent, seated figures sprang, suddenly, into life. The angry, gesticulating trio in the foreground rushed, still arguing, to the center of the set. From out of the gathering night horses galloped forward. Click, click, click, went the camera.

The director caused it to halt. "Good!" he exclaimed.

"That's all right, but I want another. Do it over again."

The man's tone was as smooth, even and well emulated as in the beginning.

Day after day and night after night I watched and listened to scenes and rehearsals under the direction of this man. To me he was a marvel of patience, consideration and resourcefulness. Never once did I see him lose his temper or hear him raise his voice. I have seen him under most trying circumstances, when camels failed to come and stars failed to shine; when storms broke unexpectedly and many feet of film and hours of effort were made useless by some trivial and untoward accident, but on no occasion have I seen him other than that which I have endeavored to describe—the ideal impresario; the man who exploits genius as genius should be exploited and as only a genius can exploit.

WANDA HAWLEY BREAKS INTO VERSE

"The only way I can express my feelings regarding my part in 'Held by the Enemy'" she says

By ADAM HULL SHIRK

When I saw Wanda Hawley made up for the role of Emmy McCreery in "Held by the Enemy" I was instantly reminded of some old daguerreotype of Civil War days. That or a picture from "Godey's Lady's Book" or some of the illustrated periodicals of the same period.

She was a perfect little miss of Southern times and climes. Her hoop-skirts covered an amazing amount of ground space and beneath them the lace pantalettes peeped out above Mary Jane slippers. Her golden ringlets fell upon her dimpled shoulders, and the laughter in her blue eyes was like a Spring Song.

"So you're Emmy?" I said.

"Yes, I'm Emmy McCreery at your service," and she courted low.

"And how do you like playing a little girl of a generation ago?"

"So well that the only way I can express it is in poetry!"

"How do you mean?" I asked, in surprise.

"Why, I got thinking about it all, and wrote a few lines the other evening."

"I wish you'd let me have them."

"What for?"

"To publish, of course!"

"Oh, never. Why they're awful."

"I don't believe it."

"Well—I'll prove it."

"And," I said, "If I say they're good—may I use them?"

"We'll see," she answered, dimpling, and ran away to get the verses. I finally induced her to part with them—and here they are:

I'D LOVE TO BE A GIRL OF YESTERDAY

I'd love to be a girl of yesterday,
And live my life in some old Southern town
Where the days were filled with gladness
And the nights held naught of sadness
And my best dress was a simple gingham gown.
Or, perhaps, I'd be a lady with a lover debonnaire
And wear a satin ribbon in my hair—
Sit at night beside my window while the nightingale would sing
And the honeysuckle's fragrance filled the air!

From the levee I might catch the sound of darkies softly singing,
Perhaps the music of a distant banjo ringing
And across the fields of cotton I might glimpse the winding river
If I could be a girl of yesterday!

I told Miss Hawley these weren't half bad. She didn't agree with me—so I leave it to you.
Who is now recognized as one of the screen's foremost actresses. She is devoting all her activities to Vitagraph productions—and will make her next appearance in "The Carter Girl," from O. Henry's story, "The Memento"
MARION DAVIES

Her latest picture is "April Folly," produced by Cosmopolitan—released through Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, as a Paramount Artcraft Picture.
THERE was once upon a time when a woman had to have a set sort of clothes for every occasion, and when it was considered almost a breach of etiquette to wear any but the prescribed fashionable formula on those occasions. Thank goodness that the lapse of time has shown us that we can almost suit our individual moods as to dressing just so we don’t overstep too far, and we are almost safe in going to any of the fashionable shops, picking up those things our hearts desire, and sallying forth in them quite confident that the modiste has looked out for us and has given us, after we sketched to her briefly what we wanted, and for what we wanted it, the very best and newest obtainable.

Take for instance a little Georgette frock which I literally almost fell into on Fifth Avenue shopping the other morning. It was hanging up, a charming reminder of the springtime, among some very heavy serges and satins, a gladsome little thing all ruffles at the bottom, long-waisted and slender at the top, just a suggestion of a foundation of taffeta, semi-fitting. I went into the fitting-room and tried on this creation. My readers know that I am neither what is considered large nor small, stout nor slender, although, at the present moment, I am rather proud to say that the sum total of my weight is just 121 pounds.

But now to return to the frock. It fitted me perfectly. What a pleasure to just walk into it, so to speak. I went out of the fitting-room into the millinery section and there was a large white Georgette and taffeta hat that looked as though it were about to say: “Come and try me on. I am sure that I will be a fitting companion for your frock.” And sure enough it was.

There was I perfectly togged, and at what any practical woman would consider a very considerable cost, for the morning, for driving, for an afternoon informal tea, for a luncheon, even for dinner in a restaurant not too smart.

At the same shop I purchased a gown almost like this one, save that it was a little more practical, the skirt being formed of ruffles of heavy black satin, tapering toward the ankles, and making a bouffant effect at the hips, without the ridiculous extreme of this style some of the shops are showing; and a cool Georgette sleeved waist of the kind you would not want to slip into for morning, afternoon or evening wear, feeling on all occasions most comfortable.

Now, these two dresses, despite the so-called high cost of clothing, are dresses that can be worn throughout the season and are styles which are neither too extreme nor too conservative, which would make you either dowdy or conspicuous. I am quite positive even that my maid, out of the black satin-skirted gown, can make me something very fetching later on if I should care to convert this material to other purposes, which if I have the notion, I shall probably do.

At one time it was thought that for formal evening wear, a woman would necessarily have to be en train, coiffed very high, in fact, very mature, dignified and formal-looking, in order to be correct. I think nothing more lovely now than the evening frocks which are both dancing and dinner frocks in which it is perfectly all right to appear any evening, save on the very, very formal occasions. I have in mind a rose velvet, one-piece gown whose sole ornamentation depended on its ultra lines, bouffant at hips, tapering in ankles, cut low and square, sleeveless, with vari-colored beads, in bouquet form above the slightly raised waist line.

I am of the opinion it is not how many gowns you have but how well the gowns look on you. I hold that if you hesitate on a gown, it is not for you and that you had better fare forth into another shop. It is my belief that you usually see at the proper time the thing that is for you, and that you are very foolish then not to purchase this gown, hat or wrap immediately and wear it. Let me say right here that I think an unbecoming hat is almost fatal to any woman. If she buys one, two or three of these (and who of us has not?) and she decides about the unbecomingness, let her discard such hats at once, whatever the cost. No matter what anyone says, she is usually sure to know
best about this herself. Let her just fancy that she was to lose this much money and think no more about it.

Dark clothes, as I said before, are the safest bet, and in all the smart restaurants in New York, for winter and quite deep into the summer these are, one might almost say, the conventional form of dress. I think the navy blue serge and black satin combinations are always smart and becoming. They cover a multitude of occasions, and when too sombre can always be relieved with a smart beautifully-colored hat, fresh gloves and stunning slippers and hosiery.

I don't believe I have ever seen so many beautiful and becoming sports hats as the shops this year are showing. Some of these, while of sports materials, are so beautifully colored and trimmed with their own foundation material as to become almost picture hats, and appropriate accompaniments for the more formal frocks, if these last are not too severely tailored. Particularly is this true of the smart new navy blue and tete de negre bouffant taffeta dresses so flattering to the average wearer. Almost all of these are sleeveless; many of them being made kimono style with just the vaguest hint of looseness, banded with Cluny, or Irish, or even, as is the neck of the gown, with worsted and self embroidery.

I saw a very smart and very practical dress in one of the New York shops recently, and one which I fancy many girls could copy successfully at small cost, if handy with the needle. It was made of heavy, cotton-back black satin, quite simple save for the hand-made lace edging around the neck and at the cuffs—with a large basket of flowers in natural colors embroidered in wool at one side of the skirt just below the waist line.

A very charming frock I saw recently was a brown taffeta, bouffant at sides, semi-basque bodice, terminating with sash at back.

I am told that sports clothes are going to be very popular this season and that the accordion pleated check skirts with dark jersey, country club, pocketed coats and navy Eton with the light or dark skirts will prove very clever for both town and country wear. Jersey and tricolette are being shown by the smartest of shops, while a stunning assortment of linens in the more decided shades, particularly the dark browns and fresh greens, have already made their appearance and have been warmly welcomed.

These are done in one-piece frocks and in the smart, short bolero effect jacket with knife pleated or plain pocketed skirts, and show fluffy, frilly collars, cuffs or vestees of lawn, valenciennes, Irish crochet or hand embroidered net.

In many cases hats are conceived of the same material as the gown. Large floppy affairs, mayhaps lined with a contrasting shade and topped with large luscious roses or garlanded with wreathlike affairs of most gayly colored flowers.

Attractive, lovely accompaniments to these really charming creations for morning and afternoon wear, parasols, continuing the self-colored and material scheme, are also in harmony with the whole.

Frocks, for the most part, this season are very very short sleeved, I should say. While smart dressers, of course, possess gloves in abundance—and white, of course, is the preferred shade in cases when one is in doubt—of sixteen button length, they are more or less carried instead of worn, a careless, natural state of existence seeming to be in store for us if predictions are at all to be considered for the coming season.
Sylvia Bremer shows a dancing frock with underskirt of heavily embroidered white satin. The tunic is fashioned entirely of narrow streamers of shell-pink J. C. Ribbon bordered with accordion pleated flutings of chiffon in the same delicate shade. The softly draped bodice is of shell-pink J. C. Ribbon also, and the short sleeves are very attractively finished off at the elbows with narrow ribbon and accordion pleated flutings to harmonize with the tunic.

June Elvidge wearing another Joseck spring suit—again of blue serge, the ever-ready standby for the smart woman—the jacket is Eton with 3/4 sleeves embroidered in multi-colored wool. The blouse is a "surplus blouse" buttoning in the back—with belt and collar of dark blue ribbon edged with white. The skirt is severe, although pleated all around.
What Kind of Man is the Laugh King?

Is Mack Sennett, the famous producer of comedies a grouch or a cut-up in private life?

LOOK over the sorrowful faces of any crowd, in any street car, of any gathering, and it would seem to be a precarious job to try to make a living selling laughs; for the faces of an American crowd are not merry faces.

Mack Sennett has probably succeeded in bringing more grins and snickers to these faces than any other man living or dead. After all, the famous wits and jesters of the past only had to make one king laugh; Sennett has a billion that must be tickled. His task is to make high brows and low brows, giggly girls and college professors all laugh at the same joke. No small task!

No doubt every one has wondered what sort of man it must be to turn out laughs for the public in wholesale quantities as he did in his recent five-reel sensation, "Down on the Farm", which United Artists released. What sort of a man who can send out laughs in one glittering, never-ending stream, week after week, year after year? Is he funny to talk to? Is he a cut-up or a grouch in private life?

So here is a close-up of Mack Sennett, the laugh king.

Mr. Sennett is still a young man on the right side of forty. He is a successful actor, but he never acts any more. The growth of the business of making laughs has turned him into a big executive. The Sennett studio in Los Angeles is like a young city.

Among other things it includes a planing mill, a zoo that any city park would be glad to have, a big art department, a wardrobe department that employs more dressmakers than the average famous modiste, counting rooms, lunch rooms, a private forest, and a big automobile repair garage.

The management of this big institution requires executive ability; and, first of all, Mr. Sennett is an executive.

Every department knows his personal touch. One minute you will see him discussing the climaxes of a new comedy with a scenario writer; the next minute he will be instructing the superintendent of construction about building a bowling alley for a comedy set.

As is the case with most successful men, his memory is amazing. And, as with most extraordinary memories, his grasp of details is due to an unusual power of instantly concentrating his attention. When the stage carpenter interrupts a discussion of a comedy gag to ask how many pictures should be hung in an artist's studio set, he gets the answer instant and absolutely undivided attention.

Mr. Sennett personally follows every detail of every comedy and usually about four are constantly in the course of production. Out of a very fertile imagination, he builds most of the plots himself (and every Sennett comedy has an elaborate and logical plot). He closely follows the rehearsals which precede the scenes and often directs many of the difficult scenes himself. Lastly, he gets together with the scenario department in writing subtitles.

Every Sennett comedy is literally hand-picked.

The real success of a comedy, of course, is in the cutting room. One of the great disadvantages of making film comedies is that you can't try them on the public. When a new spoken farce goes on in New York, the producer listens to the laughs the opening night, then cuts out the slow places. The picture producer has no such advantage. He has to guess when the laughs will come. The film once made and shipped is irrevocable.

This is the real genius of Mack Sennett. He seems to have a sixth sense which tells him what is funny. Every Sennett comedy is made about five to ten times as long as it is run in the theatre. Mr. Sennett has a little theatre in the studio into which he takes the comedy, 18,000 to 50,000 feet long, and cuts it down to from 1,800 to 5,200 feet.

Every comedy is always shown to all the people on the "lot"—actors, carpenters, property men, bathing girls, etc. But Mr. Sennett doesn't always rely upon their laughs. Actors are too close to things to make good judges. Sennett relies instead on his queer instinct for knowing what is funny. Very often he will ruthlessly chop out the film jokes which have earned the loudest laughs in the projecting theatre.

Personally Mr. Sennett is not a "cut-up". He enjoys a good story and the companionship of good fellows. When it comes his turn for a story he tells it of course with the art of the professional. But to meet him, one is impressed rather with the fact that he is like a successful, dignified man of big affairs.

Like most such men, he is simple, unaffected and with a rather attractive shyness that almost approaches bashfulness. Strange to say, he has a horror of having his picture taken. Also, like most successful business men of the day, he gives very careful attention to his physical welfare. He rides every morning, his steed being a mean little wall-eyed broncho whom no one else can ride. He works out in his private gymnasium in the studio and takes a Turkish bath every day. He employs a famous prize fight trainer as his valet.

Probably in no other way could he stand the terrific strains to which he is sometimes subjected. There come times when he ploughs through most of the twenty-four hours without cessation.

Except for this unusual physical endurance he never could have won out, for the Sennett Comedies started less than ten years ago on a shoe string on a rented vacant lot in Los Angeles with Sennett's watch pawned to meet the first payroll. In those days he was scenario writer, scene shifter, chief comedian, telephone girl and film cutter.

In private life, Mr. Sennett lives very quietly—he is a bachelor—in a big house at the beach near Los Angeles. He reads a great deal and, following the peculiarities of many men who live strenuous lives of intense effort, likes detective stories. It is a curious fact that nearly every prominent public man whose life is a storm of terrific effort turns to sleuth stories for relaxation.
LEW CODY

LEWIS J. CODY, who under the Robertson-Cole banner is depicting an unusual screen character, that of the sophisticated seer in the realm of love, was born in Waterville, Me., in 1883.

When matinee idols thrill over his love portrayals, they are in reality feeling the spell of a love, for which the French are famous, for Cody is of French-Canadian blood. He was educated in McGill University, Montreal, where he was prominent in athletics, and early began a stage career. At first he appeared in stock and later was seen in "Via Wireless," based on the novelty of wireless telegraphy. Then with his own company, he was seen at the New York Winter Garden.

After several years of experience he went upon the screen, appearing with the American company in "Southern Pride" and "A Game of Wits." After this he was with Fox, Universal, Metro and Artcraft.

His long years of screen training proved Mr. Cody to be at his best when playing the part of a love trifler. It is this sort of role he has in "The Butterfly Man," his latest Robertson-Cole release. In this he appears as a young man, who tries to marry money and fails. In "The Beloved Cheater," the feature release just previous, he plays a man who attempts to aid his more bashful friend, with disastrous effect.

In both pictures, while Cody is the "hero," he does not play the leading part where convention draws the happy ending. Instead, he rather proves the fallacy of trifling and playing the love game outside of rules.

These parts are winning Mr. Cody the position of authority on love matters, and just now Robertson-Cole is putting on a love letter contest in which the screen fans are invited to write letters addressed to Mr. Cody. So great is Mr. Cody's popularity in this particular field that about 10,000 letters already have been received.

Lew Cody has just broken the news to Louise Lovely and Rosemary Theby that he will always love them—as he does all girls—but isn't interested enough to commit matrimony.

There is a subtle psychology in Lew Cody's screen behavior. He "keeps in" with the whole realm of feminine screen "fans" by never entering into a final "clinch" with any of his heroines. And so the girl who watches the flickering hero with palpitating heart can always feel that if she were only there with this fascinating leading man she'd beat the rest and make him fall for her.

They flock around Lew at all the ages. These are the beautiful children who add color and life to the great "Rose cotillon" scene in "The Butterfly Man."
We all have our gods and our heroes and favorite stories. Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island" is the best of them for most of us, old or young. It was therefore with trepidation that I went to see the picture play of this adorable story; I was afraid I should be disappointed; I was sure that what Stevenson had done so admirably on paper would be spoiled in the picture. But I was delighted. I came away determined to sit right down and read the story again, and then dash off to see the picture once more as soon as I was finished. Maurice Tournier loved his Stevenson and knew it in spirit as well as in text. There must be some of the Jim Hawkins in him, for he has made the Stevenson romance breath for us afresh; his pirates are real pirates, the kind a boy imagines when he reads of Captain Kidd; his Benbow Inn is just what the old Benbow Inn should be.

And Shirley Mason is just the right sort of a Jim Hawkins. I felt a bit skeptical, I must admit, about a girl taking the part, but no boy could have done as well. Jim Hawkins had a highly developed love for romance together with a large amount of courage, and Shirley Mason is able to show these qualities as well as add a little wistfulness as she listens to the hair-raising tales of Bill Bones, which is very charming. It is a great experience, to be able to forget one's thirty or forty or fifty or sixty years and be transported again into a land of pirates and buccaneers. We feel the delight of Jim and his mother as the old sailor, Bill Bones, takes up lodgings in their almost deserted inn. We get as thrilled as Jim and the guests of the inn as they gather around Bill Bones and hear his stories, tales which made us shudder and see things. We hear old Pew, the blind pirate, as he comes rat-tat-tatting with his cane along the road, and we feel more apprehensive for Bill Bones' safety than he appears to be, when Pew hands him the Black Spot as a warning that the rest of the pirate crew will kill him. But I may as well go on with the story.
They do kill Bill Bones, these cutthroat pirates, and just before he had paid his reckoning. It is perfectly ethical and justifiable, then, for Jim and his mother to look through his old sea chest to take out what Bill Bones owed them. And while they were counting out the gold pieces there was a roar and banging down stairs, and Jim and his Mother fled to a far corner of the cellar. The crew had come, led by the blind and raging Pew, to search the body of Bill Bones and his belongings, for of course what they wanted was the map—the chart of the treasure island and the spot where the plunder of the famous old pirate Flint was buried. Yet these desperadoes were the remnants of Flint's crew, for Flint had been hanged long since.

Of course the charts and the map are convincing, and it is not long before Dr. Livesay and Squire Trelawney had fitted up a ship to go in quest of the treasure, and of course they decided Jim was altogether too young to go with them. But Jim's love of adventure could not be quelled so easily; so Jim went, as stowaway in a barrel of apples. It was very lucky for Dr. Livesay and the Squire and Captain Smollet that Jim did go, for while he was in hiding, he overheard the crew, as the real captain, Long John, who had shipped as the cook and had gathered the crew together, gave them nippings of rum, plotting to murder the doctor and the squire and the captain as soon as they reached the treasure island. Jim decided it was time to show himself to his friends and tell them all he knew.

Everything would have gone very well, for on their arrival at the island the crew was given shore leave and most of the nineteen were leaving the ship, when they spied Jim, who had come up for air. They knew that Jim had or his mother had taken the map from Bill Bones, before they had arrived, on that famous night; so they, lest he do more damage, picked Jim up and carried him to the island with them. This spoiled the plan of Captain Smollet and the doctor, to pull up anchor and sail away for an honest crew. They had to go on shore to rescue Jim.

There was a desperate fight in Captain Flint's old blockhouse. Fortunately, Jim's friends were armed with firearms, even though they were old flintlocks; the pirates used knives, of course, as pirates always do. Finally, long John Silver came holding up on his wooden leg with his parrot sitting on his shoulder, and offered a truce, if Dr. Livesay would give up the map. Dr. Livesay refused, as any courageous man would, and Long John went away to give him a few minutes to consider.

Then it is that old Ben Gunn comes in, and tells them his story. He also had been a member of Flint's crew, and had been left on the island to

(Continued on page 56)
Never Start What You Can’t Finish!

By HAROLD HOWE

WHEN I asked little Jean Paige if she was thrilled at the thought of becoming a star, she didn’t break into delighted expletives or verbal persiflage and then coo with delight, but very seriously, very deliberately, came her answer.

"Thrilled—no! that is not the word. Awed—that is more like it." Then she went on breathlessly, "You see I have worked so hard to become a star that I really never gave much thought to the why's and wherefores. I just plugged along. And now that I have arrived I am not thrilled—I feel—"

"You feel," I helpfully interpolated, "like a weary traveler at the end of a pilgrimage—before you stretches the panorama of your seeking and you are overcome by the beauty of the prospect."

Jean laughed delightedly. When Jean laughs everyone laughs. It’s not a gurgle nor is it a teee-hee; Jean laughs like a real woman, without affectations or staccato gymnastics. And I like to see, as well as hear, Jean’s manifestations of mirth because she opens her mouth wide and shows her beautiful teeth.

"Oh! That is a beautiful sentence for an interview, she averred between gusts of merriment, "but you see, I am not weary. I am farseen in it. I am young and strong. You know my farm training has fitted me to endure all sorts of hard knocks. In fact, I was brought up to do a day’s work. And that’s what life is, isn’t it? Each day I try to make a full day—a day of accomplishment. I know that sounds bookish but I mean it! Then when to-morrow becomes today I begin all over again. Is that clear?"

"Quite," I answered, "but you said you felt awed. Just what do you mean?"

"I think it’s the milestones that awe me," Jean said, "the going into another chapter of life. I am not frightened or even doubtful of my success. I will make good!" Jean has a determined chin, you can see the strong lines beneath the soft roundness. "I have never forgot my father’s homely advice: 'Jean,' he said, 'never start what you can’t finish.' And now that my dream is realized, I want to finish right. That is why I am awed! I have harnessed myself to an ideal and I must not be unworthy of it. Of course I am awed, I have got to live up to the best that’s in me. As a star I must work harder and improve with each picture or I am lost."

"Miss Jean Paige," I accused, "you are a philosopher!"

"No, indeed," she answered, "I am nothing of the sort—"
ferred to Bessie Love as "the unspoiled queen of the Movies." Jean Paige is just such another; frank, unaffected and ingenuous, she has two objects in life. One is to live up to the best that is in her and the other is to be interested at all times in other people.

I asked her to what she attributed the failure of so many girls in the movies who got their feet on the first rung of the ladder and then fell down.

"You will laugh when I tell you," she answered, "that I have often come very close to failing myself for a reason that is pretty generally applicable. Of course I will eliminate late suppers and other horrible reasons. I refer to a subtle human failing."

"Great!" I interrupted. "That sounds interesting. I am prepared for the worst. Do you want what's to come to go in the interview?"

"Of course I do. Why not? It's nothing to be ashamed of. Everyone at some time or other has felt its teeth. It is a very simple malady—that is, at first—but is sure death in the long run!"

"Please hurry up and tell me about it," I requested.

"Often when the players or the directors or friends came to me and told me my bit of acting in a certain picture was splendid, wonderful and all the sort of thing, I became elated and when I got home I lived in a Paradise of self-approval. Then the next day my work deteriorated. Do you see? Anyone who stops to applaud themselves and forgets their work in their love of self loses their hold on their work day by day. It is so easy to be pleased by compliments. I don't refer to insincere flattery—we get too much of that—but to sincere and appreciative comments by friends and co-workers. It is just as undermining as the former if you take the well-meant words literally to yourself, instead of attributing them to your art or your gift. So many girls cut out for success become vain and conceited in self-glorification and forget the forces that feed them—hard work and continued artistic performance."

I told her she was right and then some.

"When Dad and I," she continued, "raised beautiful Jersey cattle and took prizes galore at the shows, we thanked God for our beautiful cattle and worked our fingers off to keep them well and in good form. We didn't say to ourselves: 'Look what we have done, raised our beautiful cattle, taken prizes, aren't we smart?' and congratulate each other on the work we each did—no indeed; we watched the blessed beasts closer than ever and worried lest we might fall down on our attentions. And I often think of those cattle whenever I stop to applaud myself. If I forget my ideal, and if I get to thinking too much of Me, as I said before, I am lost."

"On that basis, Miss Jean," I rejoined, "you can't go far wrong. You may slide a little—that is human—but I will take a hundred-to-one bet that you will pull yourself together in less time than it takes to tell it."

And when I said "Goodby" she smiled sweetly with an expression in her eyes such as any man's sister would have for him—a direct, affectionate, level look. All her screen admirers get it—that magnetic glance. Jean Paige makes you feel that she is Everyman's sister. She is one of the great screen stars of 1920 ad infinitum.

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A Director's Life Has Its Compensation

Consider, for instance, the good fortune of John E. Ince, who directed the Metro all-star special production, "Old Lady 31," from Lee Kugel's stage success by Rachel Crothers.

Thirty of the "old ladies" presented Mr. Ince with a silver cigarette case and then gave him a party with old-fashioned home cooking. The Director felt like "Old Lady 31," who wasn't an old lady at all, but a man, who was "mothered" by a score and a half of elderly females.

Mr. Ince, in the bottom row center, is showing the case to Antrim Short. Emma Dunn, featured in the production, is the figure three from the right in the second row.
His Three Leading Women

Thomas Meighan, Leading Player in William De Mille's Production of "The Prince Chap", Discusses Them.

By MEDIA MISTLEY.

"I HAVE had many leading women since first I entered the screen world," observed Thomas Meighan, with that twinkle in his eye that seems to betray a Celtic ancestry, "but I can't recall any more delightful than the trio in 'The Prince Chap', William de Mille's production for Paramount-Arclay.

"You see," he went on, "the girl Claudia, with whom I fall in love after I've been jilted by Alice, my earlier love—who is played by Kathryn Williams, by the bye—first appears as a child of about four. This role is taken by little Peaches Jackson.

"Have you seen her?"

I shook my head.

"Imagine then," he continued, "a doll suddenly become alive; a perfect little dream of childish sweetness and the perfection of innocent beauty. You can see by my enthusiasm, perhaps, that I'm crazy about kiddies. Well—it's so. I love to be around them—to talk with them, hear their quaint views of things. I'm not alone in believing that the child is sometimes father to the man or that 'out of the mouths of babes and sucklings we may perfect praise.'

"After Peaches comes little May Giracci—Claudia at eight or nine. You've seen her, of course, in Cecil B. de Mille's pictures?"

"She was the dear child in 'For Better, For Worse,' wasn't she?"

"Yes—with long black curls and a serious little face and big, dark eyes. Well, she's also my leading lady—a demure miss, full of her work, loving it, indeed, and as clever as she can be.

"Then, Claudia grows up—and I come to realize that here is a woman, indeed, in all the perfect sweetness of budding maturity, the wonder of young womanhood—and this time it is—Lila Lee.

"You see, Lila is after all little more than a child in years, and in many ways, a child at heart, still. Utterly unspooled and charming to a degree, she is probably one of the most promising actresses on the screen—and you will not soon forget, I'll wager, her work as the slavey, Tweeny, in 'Male and Female.'"
“Beauty Is as Beauty Does”—says May Allison

BY MARJORIE MANNERS

BLONDE-HAIRED, translucent complexioned, clear-eyed May Allison greeted me under the arc-like power of the California sunlight with no misty veils or pertinent parasites to protect her from the ravages of old King Sol. In fact, her golden hair made use of the brilliant, warm sun rays by imprisoning them in her curls.

Now most professional beauties are misers where their good looks are concerned. They haunt favored beauty shops periodically; they spend countless dollars for expensive creams, lotions and preservatives, they avoid the sun, the dust, the salt of the sea . . . . and they miss a great deal of the joy of life.

All this is not told with a disparaging meaning. Beauty is their capital, their collateral. They must preserve it exactly as a banker must lock up his stocks and bonds from some robber.

Several times prior to the episode of which I am now speaking I had noticed May Allison’s complete indifference to her own beauty—whereat I marveled exceedingly. Openly, unsentimentally, she seemed perfectly flawless. This time I could contain my curiosity no longer and demanded, a trifle impatiently, I will admit, “Please tell me how you keep so beautiful all the time; and are so careless of yourself?”

May Allison was guilty of making a delightful little grimace at me. “There you go,” she said; “I’m so sick of being called beautiful by you people, just as if it were some wonderful virtue. If God gave me a straight nose and a clear skin, I’m thankful, but it’s nothing to be proud of . . . . I didn’t give it to myself, did I? When will you writers realize the truth of the saying, ‘Beauty Is as Beauty Does’? Why, I would rather give one really worth-while characterization to the screen than a million close-ups of long eyelashes. The greatest beauty in the world is the splendid deeds that a person does. I wouldn’t give a fig for a woman who was beautiful and could forget to be kind to others or could accept the unflagging devotion of her mother as if it were her right. An unflagging artist—at any type of creative work—an unselfish character, a kind heart, a versatile brain . . . . these things are infinitely desirable compared to mere facial prettiness. I wish you wouldn’t call me beautiful,” she added with a little pout, “I have higher ambitions than that.”

“But,” I persisted with true reporter’s insistence, “you might tell me for the benefit of a public that would be perfectly satisfied if they could only look like you, your favorite creams or powders or diet.”

“There again,” said Miss Allison with a humorous twinkle in her eyes, “virtue is its own reward. Up to the present time I have managed to get along without massages and all that foolishness. But I will tell you a few

May Allison

of the things I don’t do. I don’t smoke . . . . and, of course,” her blue eyes laughed at me more frankly than ever, “I never touch alcoholic stimulants, nope—never did, even before that famous July 4th. And I don’t stay up late at night when I have to be at work early in the morning. I try to get plenty of fresh air and exercise . . . . and incidentally forget myself, and there . . . . I am afraid that will have to satisfy you because it is the only ‘beauty culture’ I’ve ever gone in for.” She laughed frankly at my bewilderment and then added kindly: “It’s a fact, little girl; that which is back of a face and not what is on it is that which makes it truly beautiful or otherwise.

“And no one can think solely of himself all the time and be beautiful, nor can they indulge in habits that are physically detrimental and retain their youth.

“And work, good hard work, is better for one than all the pampering in the world. Why, recently we had to go to Santa Barbara for some last moment retakes for ‘The Cheater,’ my last picture, which is adapted from Henry Arthur Jones’ ‘Judah.’ Well, rainy weather interfered with our plans and there was nothing to do but sleep until the sun came out. I can’t tell you how much more tired I was than if I had been working hard in front of the camera.

“I couldn’t bear to live an idle life . . . . I am sure the wrinkles would come then.

“I am glad to say I am already starting on my new picture, ‘Fine Feathers,’ from the play by Eugene Walters. It is quite different from anything I have done, and I am crazy to see how it will come out.”

There came a call for Miss Allison and with a cheery, expectant “I’m coming,” she hurried back to the stage.

Truly, thought I, more convinced than ever. May Allison is beautiful. Because “Beauty Is as Beauty Does.”

NOTICE

OWING to the many delays brought about in moving from Philadelphia to New York and our inability to secure paper promptly, we were obliged to omit the April number of Photo-Play Journal.

This will not affect the number of copies each subscriber will receive, as all subscriptions will be extended one month from present expiration date.
Beauty is Only Skin Deep

KALLA PASHA, who plays the flirtatious role in Mack Sennett's newest two-reel comedy feature, "Gee Whiz!" is the barometer of the Sennett Studios. The directors look to him for warning of approaching storms and make ready in "the lights" for picture taking in-doors whenever Los Angeles is threatened with an infrequent visitation of rain.

Kalla Pasha locates his meteorological observatory in his hair—that bushy, curly, black hair that lends itself to Kalla Pasha's ferocious appearance, and which has frightened as many would-be wrestlers as ever John L. Sullivan scared with his bull-voice in the prize ring.

Just how Kalla Pasha arrives at his prophecies by the state of his hair has never been made entirely clear, but if you ask him whether it is going to rain he will fondle a curl or two and tell you unerringly, "yes" or "no." He says, "When it is about to rain, I can't do a thing with my hair," but that statement would require some qualification it would seem, for it is always in a state denoting a storm.

In "Gee Whiz!" the barometer for a day was closed for business. Kalla Pasha, besides playing a flirtatious role, had to masquerade as a negro wench taking in the family washing. His kinky curls were stiffened in more directions than Ben Turpin's gaze can take in at once. The "set" was placed in the open. It rained that day, which fact automatically relieves Kalla Pasha of future attempts to play the roles of colored ladies of the wash tub.

Louise Fazenda is just as sweet a little lady as any one would want to meet, but such foul deeds as she might be accused of, reflect themselves in her dark countenance—or perhaps the camera man had a motive for revenge and sent us the wrong kind of a print.
SCRATCH MY BACK
(Continued from page 9)

"Ten thousand dollars," replied Jahoda.
"Stop joking. Say one hundred."
"Ten thousand."
"Fifty dollars."
"Ten thousand."

"All right, ten dollars, or two cracks on the shin."

Jahoda shrank from Val's upraised cane and put up both hands in a mute appeal and surrender.

"What a noble liar you are," Madeline murmured as they left the teatment.

"Practice makes perfect," said Val, smiling.

Madeline hurried to her home, Val to his apartment. There he met Loton, gloomier with rage.

"Where have you been with my wife?" demanded Loton. Val was stuck, but only for a moment.

"Shopping for antiques," he lied glibly.

"Why do you shop with my wife?"

"To buy a present for you. Was to have been a surprise. You don't deserve a love like hers.

"I beg your pardon," replied Loton humbly, "I will go home and beg hers."

When Loton departed, Val hurriedly telephoned Madeline and explained.

"But where will I get an antique to give him," she asked.

"Oh, I'll bring one," said Val.

He reached over on his Library table and picked up a "See-Nothing, Hear-Nothing, Tell-Nothing" group of apes in ivory and hurriedly slammed on his hat, to take it to Madeline.

Tableau: Madeline, Jahoda, Loton and Val in Madeline's drawing room.

"How many husbands has she got?" Jahoda is demanding of Loton. "You are not the Mr. Loton, who's morning crimes me in my funny bone. She is a bad girl."

There was an instant's pause; then Loton made a dash for Jahoda, who, as he did so, loosened a knife from his sleeve and brandished it menacingly at Loton. Madeline screamed. Loton dashed for Jahoda, whose knife descended. It was stopped by Madeline's arm, thrown suddenly to prevent the blow. The knife dropped to the floor. Jahoda fell, and Madeline's dainty French slipper ground its heel into his hand. He screamed in agony and terror, while Loton turned to Madeline and said:

"Your father told me all about your little escapade before we were married."

"I never knew you knew," she replied.

"We diplomats tell what we don't know,—not what we do," Loton laughed.

"And I had all that trouble and told all those lies for nothing," remarked Val.

"Nothing is ever for nothing. If you hadn't gone to Jahoda, he would never have come to me, and I should never have had the pleasure of booting him out of our lives."

Exit Jahoda muttering, "That girl got one husband too many for me."

Fifteen minutes later, when Loton had excused himself to go to his office, leaving Val and Madeline alone together, Madeline turned to Romulus.

"I can never thank you enough for your kindness," she said, "Isn't there anything on earth I can do in return?"

Val seemed a little uncomfortable. He was wriggling his shoulder blade and might have been shirring, if there was any reason for doing that. He hooked his eyes, reached a hand up to his back, tried to touch his shoulder, and then, turning to her, decided to accept her offer.

"Yes there is," he said. "Don't you please scratch my back?"

Madeline registered shock, then considered, and looked about. They were all alone, and as he turned his back toward her, she lifted a lily-white hand and scratched, and scratched, and scratched.
here on this side. When my gun cracks yoyse and I put the steel on the engine crew. See!"

Black Eagle had planned well and bravely. A long shaft of white light shone down the track. The train rolled by and stopped. But—it was not the engine that stood still opposite the post chosen by Black Eagle. It happened to be one of those mixed trains, part passenger and part freight. As Black Eagle rode on the branch line he was greeted by a smelt that oozed from the open door of a box car. Yes, an odor came forth—a damp, rancid, familiar, musty, intoxicating, beloved odor, stirring strongly at old memories of happy days and travels. Black Eagle looked up at the sky, a slow-falling mist fell coldly on his face. He shivered. He peered into the mystic black interior. He thrust in his hand and touched a crinkly bed of scattered excelsior. Oh, bliss! Black Eagle was mounting. Two great 45s dropped heavily to the roadbed. The train jerked, the car slid on a few feet, and on again. A scramble and Black Eagle disappeared within, and the train moved on, gathered speed and disappeared.

Along the track the bewildered bandits rose up and looked blindly at the fading light. "What—the Hell—" muttered Bud King. Chicken Ruggles was himself again. He stretched his limbs comfortably and arranged the bedding under his back. "Gee, this is the life!" he chanted as the song of the long steel rails rose to his ears.

Up in the express car a sleepy messenger looked out of the little window and turned with a yawn to his companion, "Say, boy, that was a jamp-"dandy place for a hold-up!"

Pansy.—Lew Cody is heading his own company, pictures released through Robertson & Proctor. "The Beloved Chef" is his first.

Olive Tell Admire.—At the present time, Olive Tell is working in pictures and playing on the stage is "Civilian Clothing."
A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME

And I will gladly tell you, provided the information will prove of general interest to all readers. Requests for information requiring an answer by mail should be accompanied by stamps. Be sure to give your correct address at the close of your letter. Address all requests to “Information Editor” Photo-play Journal, 145 West 38th Street, New York City.

America’s Sweetheart. — You say “Daddy-Long-Legs” was even better than Mary Pickford’s “Stella Maris.” Ah, little sweetheart, wait until you see “Pollyanna,” the glad-play. I won’t say anything else about it—no coaxing will make me tell you—but do not miss it. Don’t neglect me.

Alice Joyce Admirer.—I do not know how much alimony Tom Moore is paying Alice Joyce. Miss Joyce was recently married to James Regan, Jr., whose dad is proprietor of the Hotel Knickerbocker, of New York City. So poor Alice has lost her alimony, if she ever received any—but found a husband.

Priscilla.—Oh you Priscilla! I’ll wager your people come from Plymouth Rock. No. Bessie Love is no longer with Pathé. I understand she made a series of shorts for the Vitagraph Company, including “A Fighting College,” “The Enchanted Barn” and “Pegeen.” Bessie, you know, was recently a Los Angeles High School graduate. She studied and played before the camera at the same time—that is—kept busy day and night. Miss Love now has her own company, and is working on a popular story, called “The Midlanders.”

A. K.—So you like Mae Murray in “On With the Dance,” and you think Mae Murray dances like a professional. Why, A. K., you never knew that Mae was formerly a member of the world-famous Ziegfeld Follies beauty brigade? But the lure of the screen was too strong for “the little girl with the bee-stung lips” and she is now devoting all of her time to the cinema. ’The Man Who Killed,” is the title of the next picture Miss Murray will appear in. And more good news. David Powell, who did such excellent work opposite her, is again her leading man.

Green.—I agree with you. Charlie Chaplin should never have his own company because he is not working hard enough and does not make enough pictures for us. But then—who can boss the boss. Anyway, he is now at work and we should see him very soon in a new laugh-thriller.

Serial Thriller.—The following are some of the famous stars now devoting their time to the “continued-next-week chapter play”:

Benny Leonard, William Duncan, Antonio Moreno, Joe Ryan, Ruth Roland, Stuart Holmes, Jean Paige, Edith Johnson, Jack Dempsey and George B. Seitz. Pearl White is now a regular play-ay play star, doing big productions for the William Fox Company.

A Screen Fan.—You think that Lucille Carlisle is very beautiful. I know she is—that is why the Larry Semon comedies sell so well. Yes, Lucille was one of the fortunate girls who won out in the “fame and liberty” contest—and now they say she is to be featured by the Vitagraph Company.

Question.—Alice Joyce can be reached at the Vitagraph Studios, Brooklyn, New York—East 15th Street and Locust Avenue.

Western Girl.—The last picture I saw Pauline Starke in was “Dangerous Days,” a Goldwyn picture, by Mary Roberts Rinehart. I understand she is making “The Courage of Marge D’Oono,” by James Oliver Curwood.

You can tell the People...
Helen Pollock—Martha Mansfield plays opposite John Barrymore in the Robert Louis Stevenson classic, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Windy City.—You are right, Clara. The wistful, picturant, beautiful little girl in "The Test of Honor" was Constance Binney. But Constance is now a star for the Realart people—"Erstwhile Susan" was her first picture.

Smollen.—That's right. Moving picture producers ought to be restrained from filming a story twice—but then there is the advantage of seeing how a story looks on the screen with new fads and fancies and new gowns. The "Climbers" was filmed several years ago by the Lubin Company. Vitagraph recently made a production of it—with Corinne Griffith in the star part. And, honestly, I enjoyed seeing it again. "The Sporting Duchess," which was also done before, is now being produced by Vitagraph. Alice Joyce is the Duchess in the Vitagraph version.

Débutante.—Moving pictures are more than pleasing and entertaining, but I would not neglect my college studies for them. You know, there is time for work (study in your case) and play. So forget those myopic picture-breakers like Charles Ray, Douglas Fairbanks and Jack Pickford (Charlie and Jack have beautiful young wives) and go back to school, with a greater zeal for Thackery.

Howssoever.—Dorothy Dalton was once the lawfully-wedded wife of Lew Cody of "The Beloved Chester" (the title of his first production as a big star).
FORTUNE'S GOLDEN APPLES
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OFFERED TO THE FILM FANS OF AMERICA BY
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—sharpen your eye for beauty!
—exercise your descriptive powers!

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1—Who was Salome in Biblical history and what did she do?
2—What is the strongest dramatic situation in the plot of “A Modern Salome”?
3—How would you describe Hope Hampton’s type of beauty?
4—What is your ideal of what a motion picture star should be?
5—What is the lesson taught by the story of “A Modern Salome”?

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Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws, one of the foremost artists of America.

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Listed alongside, alphabetically, are some of the latest Paramount Artcraft features. Don't miss them.

JOHN BARRYMORE in
"DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE"
directed by John S. Robertson

"THE COPPERHEAD"
With Lionel Barrymore
Directed by Charles Maigne

CECIL B. DEMILLE'S
Production
"MALE AND FEMALE"

CECIL B. DEMILLE'S
Production
"WHY CHANGE YOUR WIFE?"

"EVERYWOMAN"
Directed by George H. Melford
With All Star Cast

GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S
Production
"ON WITH THE DANCE!"

WM. S. HART in
"THE TOLL GATE"
A Wm. S. Hart Production

GEO. H. MELFORD'S
Production
"THE SEA WOLF"

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR'S
Production
"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"

MAURICE TOURNEUR'S
Production
"TREASURE ISLAND"
OUR NEXT ISSUE

At the time of going to press with this issue of Photo-Play Journal we are confronted by a very serious situation owing to the shortage of paper. A number of publications have been obliged to suspend publication for one or more issues. Unfortunately this shortage comes just when the demand for copies of our publication is greater than ever before.

Rather than curtail the number of copies the demand calls for, we have decided to combine the July and August issues. Yearly subscribers will receive the full twelve issues as all expiration dates will be advanced one month.

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The pensive and wistful Griffith star, soon to be seen in his half-million dollar all-star production, "Way Down East"
Nazimova Pursues a Flagrant Adjective to Its Lair

Russian Star Resents "Exotic", when Applied to Her
or Her Work, so Banishes it Forever from Her Lexicon

By RALPH D. ROBINSON

It needed Nazimova, after all, to relegate an adjective
that has been applied all too frequently to this famous
Russian artiste and her work, to oblivion.
The adjective in question is "exotic"—and to it Nazimova
herself has delivered what our British cousins describe as
"the happy despatch" and which our native sports writers
term the knockout.
"Exotic" is now taboo with Nazimova. She resents it.
She does not wish to be spoken of or written of as "exotic";
for that means something foreign that has been transplanted;
it means something alien, and by analogy and usage, some-
thing mystical or weird or strange or aloof.
"Why do they always employ that word 'exotic'?" ex-
claimed the brilliant screen star at the Metro studios re-
cently. "It has pursued me ever since I played on the stage
in 'Bella Donna.' There I had a rôle that I detested. It
was what might have been termed an exotic part. But I
did not play it for long. I could not have endured it for long.
"People labelled me 'exotic' then, and they have been
doing so ever since."

Nazimova elevated her delicately pencilled eyebrows in a
characteristic expression of protest—accompanying by the
little sidewise nod that betrays her impatience with matters
that disturb her.

"Have I not followed 'Bella Donna' with a whole string
of characterizations that were anything but exotic?" she
expostulated. "Have I not done 'Brat' parts and Sally
Snape parts and Heddas and Norahs and other intensely
human—even essentially American roles—that were uni-
versal in their appeal; that revealed not a scintilla of erotic-
cism?"

"Why will they not see this? If it is true that one swallow
does not make a summer, not one bee a colony, it is true
that one exotic rôle does not make an actress an exotic star,
not an exotic person. I love any rôle that is human—any
rôle that brings to the surface the strength and frailties,
the weaknesses and nobilities of stumbling mortals. I am not,
I will not be exotic."
Selah! It is spoken.
And it is true that Nazimova delights in these human
portrayals. Her understanding of feminine psychology is
profound. She made her study of the brat in Maude
Fulton's play of that name, so deeply, so searchingly, that
the impersonation stood out like the cuttings in a cameo.

Nazimova is an artiste who indulges no favorites. She
is equally at home in any rôle. She will not be pinned down
to a class or type of characterizations.

Hence her rebellion against "exotic." Disagree with
Madame if you like, but do not restrict her!
"BUT I don’t LIKE to be called old fashioned!" protested Bessie Love. "I’m not so in the least. I’m really altogether modern. All my ideas are modern — for instance, I believed firmly in woman suffrage when I was only six years old. And that was considered terribly modern in my part of the country."

This was jolt number one of the several jolts I was to experience that afternoon. Bessie Love proved to be one of the real surprises of my life as a star-gazer. I had always thought of her as the Dresden china shepherdess kind of girl — a Watteau lady — with a soft voice and gentle manner, accompanied by quite reactionary ideas on everything. In addition, I had rather pictured her as the spoiled, petted darling of her family, accustomed to protection and praised, and all in all, rather visionary.

Now, a girl can be all this and still be a charming person. So when I called at her bungalow one afternoon I was all prepared to put on my best air and haul out my grandmother training for the benefit of Bessie.

And she isn’t like that at all! To begin with, she opened the door herself, instead of receiving me catapulted from the hands of a stern and unsympathetic maid. Her eyes were bright with hospitality as she shook hands with me and invited me into the low ceilinged room where the fire on the hearth blazed away, doing its cheerful best to defeat the grayness of the weather outside.

She drew two comfortable chairs, gay with cretonne cushions, before the fire, turned on the electricity under a brass tea kettle on the wicker table, and said, "We’ll tea and talk at the same time — it’s much nicer."

Where was the tinkling, chirping voice I had imagined as being the natural one for her? Her voice is a good, well placed mezzo-soprano, with no quirks or breaks in a full scale of even tone. It is a voice with character in it, and a trained quality that reminds you of her one-time ambitions to be a singer. She is bonny and golden haired, and childishly small. But her round, white chin and strong columnar neck set sturdily on slightly square shoulders tells of her outdoor life and a childhood spent in athletic play. Her manner is quaintly grown up, which is not strange, considering that she gave being grown up a first dress rehearsal only this year. Theoretically, life is a solemn business, say her firm young lips; practically, it’s a great lark, say her shining eyes.

Being a star in the pictures is the best lark of all, she says; only not in just that way. What she actually said was: "It seems too good to be true that I am really to have wonderful stories and true-to-life parts to play, after all the work and the wishing!"

"But you haven’t worked very long," I said; "only three little years."

"It’s a long, long time when you’re growing up at the same time," sighed Bessie. She wriggled a little, as if trying to shake off the memory of that uncomfortable partnership of work and growing up.

"I was always ambitious," she continued, "but I thought everything would be easy, and life just a happy going from one thing to another. So when I told mother I wanted to be an actress she said, ‘But I thought you wanted to be an opera singer.’ I had been studying singing for quite a while, you know.

‘Oh, that was yesterday,’ I said, thinking it a fine joke. But mother looked very serious, and told me ambition without fixed purpose wasn’t worth having, and she asked me
if I meant to be an aimless person without a definite idea of life. All at once I knew very well I didn't want to be that sort. I said so, and she said, 'Well, set your heart on what you want to be, and I'll help you be it.' And I decided once for all on the pictures.

But I do love to play. I can't settle down to just work every minute. I like candy parties, for one thing. A crowd of my girls and boy friends whom I knew a long time ago (what an eternity youth seems to be!) came in by evenings now and then, and we get a chain story started and eat candy. I love to sew, but I don't get the time. I dressed some beautiful dolls Christmas for my little cousins. I have a hope chest upstairs. Would you like to see it?"

"A hope chest!" I exclaimed. "Why?"

"Well, I rather liked the idea of having one, filled with hand-made linen, and faces and old time patch quilts—why not?"

"Bessie Love, I've always suspected this about you, and now I know I am right—you're an old fashioned girl!"

"I'm not!" cried Miss Love, with conviction, and protested in the words already quoted.

After that she refused to show me that hope chest. We consumed more cake and tea, and after a short silence Miss Love resumed on the same note.

"Woman Suffrage, and Russian literature, and batiks—I love them all. And I drive my own car. And I have read William James."

"But you don't smoke cigarettes, or talk back to your mother, I venture," said I.

"Mother would lock me in the pantry if I did either," admitted Bessie Love, blushing. "But I do use slang at times, and when I was studying opera my favorite aria was 'DeUIS le Jour' from 'Louise.' How can you say I am old fashioned?"

"You're not," I conceded. "It is the Dresden shepherdess exterior that deceived me."

"In my first picture for the Andrew Callaghan productions—called the 'Midlanders'—Andrew T. Jackson wrote the book, you remember—well, I have a rôle I love. I begin as a little country girl, adopted by two fire-eating old veterans who want to bring me up like a regular soldier. But, of course, they don't have much luck at it. When I am much older, I win a beauty contest—imagine! and go on the stage, and from that time on I'm a very self-possessed girl who beats a very difficult game indeed . . . so you see, Mr. Callaghan knows what I do best—and I'm decidedly not to play babies or sad orphans in gingham aprons!"

Bessie Love is obviously of that type of actress, a type increasing rapidly and gratifyingly, who are not content with the old-time method of "canned" acting.

A few years ago, and in some cases even today, it was not unusual to find that the person playing an important part, in some cases, the leading role in a picture, had no conception of what the play was about, or what his or her part in it signified. The case parallels that condition frequently found in the ambitionless stage actress who speaks her three lines every night for months and then goes home, coming to the end of the season without ever having discovered anything about the production save its name. But Bessie Love not only knows what she is about, but has definite ideas on what she does and does not want to do—ideas which are not confined to the fact that she insists on coming inside when it rains, or dislikes hanging by a rope from a tall tower, or likes to wear taffeta afternoon gowns.

"But you will occasionally have a sweeterly simple sort of part to play, won't you? I've seen you in some dear little pictures."

"Oh, yes, of course. I don't mean I'm going to do high tragedy. But I will have real and lifelike characters to interpret—not old fashioned girls and glad persons, and such. I hope—oh, I hope above all other things, that I will be just a Human Being in the pictures. And no real person is ever sad, or gay, or good, or wicked all the time. They're a mixture of it all."

"What about vampires?" I asked, just for fun.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed Bessie Love, running a fine octave scale beginning at C in alto and rippling downward, "I said Human Beings!"
JOHN CUMBERLAND WANTS TO RENT HIS BEDROOM OUTFIT

If he can't rent it he will probably give it away.
Have you seen this advertisement in the papers?

Written by JOSEPH AUGUSTIN BRADY

JOHN CUMBERLAND has been trying to get rid of the bedroom for several years and at last, in sheer desperation, determination and agitation, he has declared, announced, stated, avowed and sworn that the bedroom will not follow him into motion pictures. It may be well to record right here, however, that he once before declared, announced, stated, avowed and swore to the same effect, but somehow the bedroom scene got into "The Gay Old Dog."

True, it was a different sort of a bedroom scene. He was all alone in the room and all he had to do was to exercise a little bit and then turn in and go to sleep, but even that much got the Gay Old Dog right up on his hind feet and he has sworn off the bedroom scenes on the stage or in the studio.

"It's got me so mad I don't want to sleep in a bed any more," he says. "For several seasons past when anyone writes a bedroom farce he puts the last period in place and then somebody says, 'And now we'll get Johnny Cumberland.' But no more. I'm through. I thought I was through with bedroom farces when I went into the movies. I read all through the scenario and I couldn't find a bed. And then right at the last minute, when the picture was almost finished, they had me flashed for a couple of minutes exercising in front of a window in my bedroom, and, gosh ding it, if it isn't in the picture. But I'm through, I said, I'm through."

Johnny seemed so earnest, also so nervous, that we are certain he is trying very hard to be through, but he is afraid somebody will coax him into changing his mind again.

"When I started with Mrs. Sidney Drew making a series of pictures which she was to adapt to the screen I made a hard and fast condition that the boudoir scenes would be entirely eliminated. And then that little one slipped in at the last minute. They never told me about it or I should positively have refused to start the picture.

"But what could I do? She came to me so meek and nice and looked the other way and stammered a bit and then said she was sorry, but there was a bedroom scene. And I yelled and I thundered and I declared I would not appear in it until I made so much noise that I frightened her and then to make up and show her I didn't mean anything at all I had to break my word and act right in front of that
To John Cumberland the bed has ceased to be a joke

darn bed. But NEVER AGAIN. Not if I know it."
And then Johnny Cumberland revealed a State Secret.
"But I don't care," he boasted; "I fooled them for a long
time. You know those comedies where I had to get under
the bed and stay there. Well, I had it fixed up pretty
comfortable there. Had a doorway cut back of the bed and
I would crawl under the bed, then out behind the scenes
and take a smoke. All the time the audience thought I was
suffocating under the old bed I was having it nice."
"Oh! didn't you feel like a cheat?"
"Cheater? I should say not. Why do they always want
to put me in pajamas, and under beds, and in trunks? You
remember that one in which I had to hide in the trunk?
Well, I had a hole cut in the drop just back of that trunk,
too, and I slipped out while they were raising all the merry
cain and my friends in the audience were laughing at me
locked in the trunk while my rival sat on it. Oh, yes. I got
away with a few things, but I still never want any more
pajamas, night shirts, or beds in any of my scenes.
"Of course one advantage in playing in those things is
that your wardrobe does not cost very much. Next to
nothing, in fact. But I wouldn't care if I had to buy gold
suits of clothes, I'm going to stay all dressed up for the rest
of my acting life."
But when Johnny said it he looked nervously around as
if he was afraid Mrs. Sidney Drew might come up and tell
him that his next movie had a nice little bedroom scene in
it and wouldn't he please, please, play the part. And we
could imagine him THUNDERING—THUNDERING—
thundering—and finally doing just what was wanted.
"You know," he continued when he felt sure no one was
listening, "I really have had a hard time. All romantic
actors do. I have been misunderstood. We all are. I had
lived in the hope that some day the mantle of Mansfield
would descend upon me. I felt that my study of Shake-
speare would be rewarded and that some day the mantle of
the master would enwrap my shoulders. Well, the mantle
did descend, or something did descend and enwrap my
shoulders, and when I reached around for it I found it was
a bedspread and I have been wallowing in the folds of it ever
since."
"Tell us, Mr. Cumberland. Have you any other indoor

sport you are fond of outside of bedrooms on the stage?"
"Yes, gosh ding it, I have, and it is a tragedy," Johnny
replied. "What do you suppose I have turned to for relief
from the monotony of blankets and sheets? Nothing but
Welsh Rarebit. I am a rarebit fiend. I know it is terrible,
but they say that some day scientists may discover a cure
and until then I must suffer the secret pangs of a Welsh
Rarebit fiend. And the worst of it is that I do dream hor-
rible dreams about being found asleep in bed on the stage
in the middle of the third act when I am supposed to bound
out and capture the woman burglar. I have a positive dread
of doing anything like that. The poor woman burglar might
have to wander around knocking things over and in the end
she might have to come over and tickle my toes to let me
know it was my chance to capture her.
"But my rarebit! Oh, my rarebit!"
All the while he was talking the poor despondent man
was rushing around mysterious corners of the dressing
room, and before we knew what was happening he was stirring
vigorously at a rarebit. Between stirs and between helpings
a few minutes later he told us his recipe and that rarebit
was so good it must be passed along. Just try this Johnny
Cumberland rarebit and see what you think of it.
Broil a slice of ham.
Fry, brown, some sliced onions.
On a slice of toast place the ham and then the onions.
Over them pour the regulation Welsh rarebit.
When you have eaten, shake yourself well to see if you
are on this mundane sphere, for Cumberland's rarebit doesn't
seem to belong here. We were up with the angels in that
golden, golden way that good rarebits have. It was a fitting
end for an interview with the greatest bedroom farceur of
all time.
On the way out of Mr. Cumberland's dressing room we
met the representative of a famous firm of bed makers.
He was glowing and enthusiastic. They had just had de-
signed a new model of bed, the last word in luxury, and he
had been sent to give one to Mr. Cumberland and to ask him
for permission to call the bed the "Cumberland 1920 Model."
We did not stop the bed maker. He was too enthusiastic.
But we hurried from the premises, for it really is a lot of
trouble to have to testify at coroners' inquests, and trials,
and all that sort of thing.
Juanita Hansen, one of the most important Pathé acquisitions, was elevated to stardom in the serials through the possession of those abilities which play so important a part in making for popularity in the episode thrillers, namely, beauty and athletic accomplishments combined with the fearlessness required to perform the often dangerous feats calculated to startle audiences into that state of excitement characteristic of this form of entertainment.

Juanita is a decided blond with blue eyes and charmingly regular features. She is five feet three inches tall.
THE SEA RIDER

Fictionized from the Vitagraph Photoplay

By HARRY DittMAR

STEPHEN HARDY swung a last basket of slippery silver over the edge of the hatchway and hoisted his great length to the deck beside Holcomb. "Guess that'll do for tonight, Cap'n—it's as dark as the inside of a whale down there."

The little old man in the pea jacket squinted up at him quizically. His face, weathered to the texture of parchment, was covered with innumerable lines as though Life had written thereon with a fine pen and his voice had the creaky timbre of an old mast in the wind. Scollop Haven folks said that it was high time Cap'n Eli steered into harbor for good and waited for his last Sailing Orders, but the captain would never admit his years.

"'Tis goin' courting ye must be, lad!" Stephen laughed dutifully. It was an old joke that he was a bit of a devil among the women. The great fellow with his six foot two of muscle, his thatch of sun-scorched yellow and eyes the limpid color of sea water in the sun, could not be frightened by the worst gale that whipped the Atlantic, but the rustle of a petticoat was enough to throw him into crimson confusion.

Cap'n Eli laid his hand on Stephen's sleeve. "You're a single man—shame to ye," he bellowed; 'come home with me an' take pot luck. 'Tis a fine cook my gal Bessie is gettin'. I'll not take no from ye!"

It was already dusk as they approached the tiny cottage huddled down among the sand dunes, and the lamplight streaming between crisp muslin curtains was like a warm friendly finger beckoning them in out of the dark and cold. Stephen thought with a tug of awe at his heart that it must be a strange and wonderful thing to have a little house to come home to and someone waiting inside to be glad of one's coming. But when, Bessie stood before him smiling with mocking red lips he could only stammer and grin foolishly and drop the small, warm hand she gave him as though he were afraid of it.

Granny, creaking in the haircloth rocker beside the little iron stove, took pity on him and asked him many questions about the week's catch—a wise, wrinkled, little old woman of the sea—and Stephen answered with his words for her and his eyes for the slim, dark-haired figure flitting from kitchen to table. She was such a little bit of a thing! He could have lifted her with one big hand—the thought sent a tremble through his great frame.

After supper the two younger children washed the dishes with suppressed bursts of hilarity while Granny disappeared. Then Cap'n Eli made a great show of remembering an errand and guilefully got into his greatcoat. "Bessie, why don't you show Steve the album?" he urged, and beamed on their embarrassment. "Guess you young folks can entertain each other whilst I'm gone—"

Before Stephen realized his terrible intent the old man was gone, and he was left alone with a girl. Panic swept him in a hot wave. He clutched at the corner of the photograph album as a drowning man clutches a life belt and turned the leaves with a sickly show of interest, although his eyes saw only blurs. Bessie said nothing. She seemed to be waiting, and sensing this Stephen made a mighty effort at suitable conversation.

"I see," he floundered, "that there's 'nother fertilizer plant goin' to be built on th' Neck. Must be a sight of money in fertilizer—"

Week days from dawn to dark Stephen Hardy lived fish, breathed fish, thought fish. It was the only subject that he knew to talk of, though, strangely, far within the shy in-
articulate recesses of his soul stirred new desires, new dreams. He went home, an hour later, walking under a new Heaven, treading a new earth.

"She's such a little thing!" he thought with a kind of exultation in his own strength and bulk; "such a little scrap of a soft thing. I wonder—"?

What he wondered only God and his own heart knew.

Thereafter it came to be the accepted thing that he should come home with Captain Eli after the week's voyage, eat the tempting dishes Bessie cooked for them and afterward sit in the warm glow of the big ship's lamp watching her curly brown head bent demurely over her sewing, thinking ineffable things, speaking of haddock and whitings and cod.

In this wise matters stood when on one spring Saturday Stephen strolled up the shell-strewn path to the little cottage, alone. Bessie answered his hesitating rap, and at the sight of his gray face gave a little cry. "It's—father," she whispered with dry lips. "Don't say he's dead! Oh, don't—don't—"

He gave a great, honest gulp. "I'd give my right hand not to, but—he fell ... we were weathering a rough sea.

He struck his head. They're bringing him—"

She was suddenly in his arms, shaken against him with a gust of tears, clinging to him with cold, frantic little hands for safety in the wreckage of her world. "Father—father!"

His big hand touched her hair shly. "Bessie, don't cry! I'll take care of you and the rest—always, Bessie—dear?"

It was his woeing. Afterward when the funeral was over Bessie, very white and big-eyed in her sad black frock, seemed to take Stephen for granted, even listlessly to look for his coming, and the lonely boy heart of the man sang wordlessly as he went about his work. On the second Saturday evening he laid a folded paper awkwardly in her hand.

"It's the deed of one of those bungalows on the Bluff. Bessie," he told her. "I bought it for you and—"—he choked over the word—"and—for—us."?

She showed the new house to him when he came next. It was a shiny, showy, rather terrible little house, but to Stephen it was heart's desire. He stood, almost afraid to move in it and looked about at the starched drapes, the ruffled curtains, the knick-knacks tied with pink ribbon bows, all the little, absurd, foolish woman touches that make four walls into a home. He swallowed painfully. "It's pretty nice," he said almost with reverence. "It'll be something to think about—when I'm out to sea—"

At the end of his next trip Stephen dropped in to the General Store and, leaning over the counter, whispered hoarsely into the ear of Jim Barrows, its owner. "Something—you know—kind o' fancified," he stipulated, "something a girl would be sure to like and—"

He gazed admiringly at the pink celluloid brush and comb set Jim produced, and touched the shiny satin lining of the case with awed blunt finger-tip. It seemed to his simple soul that elegance could hardly go further. The crowd of loungers around the red-hot stove bantered him mildly.

"Didn't know Steve was such a dude," they rumbled. "You'll gettin' yore fingers shined up pretty next, like them summer fellers"

From the back room the click of glasses and mumble of voices was cut across by a yell. There was the scrape of a chair shoved back and a pipe of fear. "It was a joke! Can't you take a joke? Damn it, don't you go for to hit me—"

Stephen's big jaw set in stern lines. In four strides he was beside the speaker, a young fellow who wore the inevitable pea jacket of his trade with a sort of swaggering comeliness. "Tom! When'd the Panther git in? You been up to your deviltry a readiness."

He faced the angry victim of the joke. "It's the gin! I'll take my brother along home. Stephen ate his supper silently, watching them with proprietary pride, and afterward while they washed the dishes he sat with the photograph album balanced on his big knees and shouted comments on the pictures into Granny's ear.

Bessie's single good-night kiss was a trifle shyer and briefer than usual when they left, but Stephen was not given to analysis. It was enough for him. He was sure and—before long he would not be leaving the little house on the Bluffs, but would be the master of it and the white ruffled curtains and the gilded pine cones tied with ribbon and all the other wonderful things.

"I tell 'ee I'm tired of the sea," Tom grumbled. "I've a good mind as ever was not to board the Panther tomorrer. A man needs the feel o' the land under his pins now and then." He glanced sidewise at his brother. "Tell 'ee what, Steve. Why don't you take my berth this trip? It's only a fortnight run, an' I've heard as how Widdicombe is thinking of selling the ship. You've been a steady sort; you must ha' a pretty penny saved. Look the craft over, an' if everything's shipshape buy a share of it when you make port again—"

In the end Stephen allowed himself to be persuaded, already visioning himself standing on the deck of his own ship. "When I get back this trip," he thought almost with
awe, "we'll be married. God help me to take care o' her!"

But when he pushed aside the door of the little cottage at last it was Granny who came to meet him, tried to speak and burst into the shrill, sniffing grief of the very old. His heart stood still, but his voice was gentle. "Is she—dead, Granny?"

"Better she was!" moaned the old woman. "Better she was buried i' honest earth than to bring the black shame on us, an' the grief to you!"

Stephen stood quite motionless. He looked around him as one who gazes on unfamiliar things. Nothing in the room was changed, yet nothing was the same.

Then he saw Bessie, all the pretty wild rose color washed from her cheeks. She didn't marry you now, Stevie," she panted. "It wouldn't be fair to you. I've been bad—bad an' wrong, but I couldn't help loving Tom—"

His brother's derisive bark of laughter brought Stephen's stricken gaze to the door where Tom lounged, and he took a step toward him, muscles tightening. Then his arm dropped. "You're going to marry her," he said quietly, though little fires smoldered in his eyes, "today!"

When Captain Widdicombe placed in Stephen's hand the paper that made him owner of the Panther the big fellow looked down at it with an unhappy smile. In that moment of disillusion among Bessie's foolish, pretty fripperies something had happened in his soul as though a door were closed, shutting out the wholesome sun.

"You're young, master, o' your own ship!"—Widdicombe slapped his shoulder; he did not know of the affair that had set Scollop Haven whispering—"but a man should have some un to be workin' for."

"Young!" barked Stephen Hardy, and thrust the paper into his coat. "I'm not young—nor yet a man. I'm nothing now but Stephen Hardy, master of the Panther. I'll sail my ship in my own way, I'll ask no favors from anyone, nor give none! An' no man shall ever have the right to call me a fool again."

In the years that followed Stephen sailed the Panther continuously, staying no longer in port than was necessary, a silent, surly man who never smiled and never spoke to his crew save to issue orders or to hurl oaths at the unlucky ones who were tardy in obeying. He ruled his little world harshly, but not in the mean spirited fashion, but, though he never lacked for a crew, his men had no love for him and spoke evil behind his broad back though they covered to his face, in deference to his sledge-hammer fists.

"Stephen Hardy isn't afraid of God or the devil," men said of him, "and he doesn't trust or believe in a human soul."

In these years Stephen never unlocked the closed door in his heart to anyone. He would not let himself think of Bessie, nor glance even once into the face of a woman though soft glances followed his great figure whenever he went ashore, and then one afternoon almost ten years after he had sailed the Panther away from Scollop Haven with bitterness stinging his soul he came back to his cabin from a trip to the curfew house and stumbled over something that had been crouching on the companionway stairs.

"Hell!" said Stephen, peering closer in the dimness. "It's a woman!" His tone grew savage, menacing. He unwrapped upon the little shabby grip she carried and hurled it up the stairs to the deck, pointing a great finger after it. "Git!" he commanded. "This ain't no passenger ship!"

The woman got to her feet mechanically. She was very small, very weary looking. There was something about her as she stood there meekly before him that was like a blow on an old wound.

"There's no place for me to go."

"It was not pleading.

merely a statement. She had turned, taken an uncertain step upwards, and suddenly the whole frail weight of her was in Stephen's arms. She tried, feebly, to stand upright.

"I'm—I haven't had much to eat for three days."

He looked down at her scowling. But her waxen pallor told him that she was not lying. "Come in here," he ordered ungraciously. "I s'pose I'll have t' feed you. But afterwards you chase ashore lively. It's no concern o' mine whether you got a place to go."

He went on deck to the galley and bawled for the cook. "Hustle some chowder and coffee to my cabin!" he ordered, and twisted a hand like an iron vise into the frightened negro's coat, "an' keep your tongue off my affairs, too, d'you understand?"

The girl—for she was scarcely more—ate with a dainty ferocity. He watched her in sullen silence. "What kind of work do you do ashore?" the words seemed dragged from him unwillingly. A dull tide of color washed over the white hollows of her cheeks answered for her. "So that's your kind, eh?" he muttered. "Somehow—you don't look as—as though you'd choose that job—"

She interrupted passionately. "Choose it! God, I didn't choose it till I was starving, but what was I to do? He promised to marry me, an' I believed him—"

Stephen got to his feet slowly. "You, too?" he asked in a querily softened tone. "You trusted someone, too, an' they failed you? Like me—" He went to the port-hole, stared out into the thickening dusk through which the lights of the city beyond the pier made misty blues. "If you go out there tonight it'll mean—" He turned upon her, angry at the old lump in his throat. "I don't git my clearance papers for a couple of days. You can stay here till then an' I'll bunk with the men. But mind you, no longer. I got no room for women on my ship nor in my life, either."

So the Girl from Nowhere stayed, slipping about the Panther like a little, scared gray shadow, and Stephen Hardy pretended to himself that he did not know that she was there. On the third day he tramped again down the steep, narrow stairs to his cabin, and paused on the threshold with a gasp. Where he had left a dark and dirty hole he
found a room with white scrubbed floor, tidy lockers, and—wonder of wonders!—curtains at the windows, fashioned from a woman's muslin petticoat. A spasm of memory shook him. His voice was rough with the pain of it.

"I've got my clearance papers," he said; "the cargo's aboard. You'll have to go."

She looked up from her task of mending his pea jacket, the brightness slipping from her face, leaving it stark and gray. But obediently she got up and set the shabby hat on her light brown hair and took up the bag with a wish," she whispered, trembling, "I wish I could stay." She looked around the little room.

He shook his head but it followed after her to the wharf. The town lay before them, unfriendly, hideous in the merciless morning light. He hardened his heart. "I've got no use for a woman, besides I've got a cargo of explosive aboard. It wouldn't be safe for you. G'bye."

He went back to his ship with a strange sense of loss and ordered the crew to set sail. From the prow he watched the widening strip of water between him and the land until presently the city became only a blur on the horizon. Even when a white-faced sailor dragged at his arm with the dread report that the galley stove had tipped over and the ship was in danger he felt no excitement. Let it end, then! What was there in life for a man alone?

They fought the flames bravely, but it was soon evident that the Panther was doomed. At thought of the cargo, panic seized upon the men. As they rushed for the single lifeboat Stephen plunged down the stairs to his cabin for his papers, and then his heart stood still. For there stretched on the bunk lay the Girl he had sent away hours before, unconscious while the flames crackled spitefully through the dry flooring.

He lifted her in his great arms, and just before he carried her out on deck he kissed the soft white throat against his shoulder, then with a face like granite he took her to the already filled lifeboat. "No room for me," he said curtly. "Lower away!"

The boat was in the water and pulling rapidly away from the ship when the Girl opened her eyes. It took her a moment to understand, then her scream rose above the roar of the flames. "You can't leave him there! You must go back—you shall."

"There's tons of powder in the hold!" screamed a sailor with blanched lips. "It's death to go back. The ship'll go up any minute—"

But she overcame their fear by sheer will power and, trembling, cursing, they crept under the lee of the doomed Panther. The man above them still shook his head. "Then—if you won't come I'll stay!" she cried, and laid a hand on the rope ladder hanging down the side. The sailors, peering up, saw something that in spite of their terror filled them with amazement. Stephen Hardy, for the first time in ten bitter years, was smiling.

The long-locked doir in his heart swung open. There was someone who needed him, someone who cared. He was going to live, after all, and perhaps—some time—there would be a home, and white ruffled curtains and foolish, pretty scattered woman things.

"I've got my bearings at last!" Stephen Hardy cried. "I'm steering true, thank God!" And so saying he swung down over the side to the woman who waited with the light of the Miracle on her lifted face, making its plainness beautiful.
The Good Old Days of Filmdom

A Chat With Some of the Celebrities Who Helped Lay the Foundation of the Motion Picture of Today

Related by LEWIS F. LEVENSON

WHEN the rain begins to pour down upon Broadway, a general scurrying for cover begins on the part of those whose work-a-day life brings them daily to the Rialto. Times Square to the visitor is, I suppose, a rather inhospitable spot, where one has to pay for the privilege of even wasting time on rainy days, but the old Square is more like a vast club house to those who happen to be acquainted in the neighborhood. When the rain began to pour down one early spring day of this year I decided to await clearing skies in the office of a friend. A comfortable place this office: strangers may consider the life of a New Yorker one perpetual round of hustle, but a more leisurely spot can hardly be found this side of Cos Cob.

With the exception of my friend, I only found one familiar face in the little group who were waiting for the skies to clear. It was Billy Quirk, who used to play juvenile leads opposite many of the famous women stars of the old Biograph, Vitagraph and Pathé companies.

"You're just in time," my friend remarked. "We were lifting the curtain from the old days when they used to show motion pictures in a little two by four shop over on Forty-second Street."

"I was telling how I first happened to get a job with Griffith," Quirk explained. "One summer day, about twelve years ago, I was walking up Broadway when I happened upon D. W.—as we used to call him. There had been some talk of his new venture down on Fourteenth Street, where the original old Biograph company made its first productions. I was completing a vaudeville season and had expected to rest during the summer, but D. W., meeting me on the street, asked me to drop in on him the following week. "The salary he mentioned was low, but the novelty of working before a camera appealed to me, so I started work in the pictures a few days later. The old company of those days was not very well known at that time. Biograph was a conservative concern. It would not allow the names of its actors and actresses to be printed, giving them numbers instead. Thus when someone wrote in asking for the name of the actress who had played in a certain role, they would reply that she was Biograph star No. 59. No, it wasn't much of a company as far as fame is concerned. It only contained Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, Mack Sennett, Arthur Johnson, and a few others who later became world famous. Lottie Pickford was in the company as well as Mary. Jack was a little tot who was the pet of the studio.

"Compared to the studios of today, the old Biograph place was a hole in the wall, but we really had a big company, and we worked with an esprit de corps and an efficiency that isn't always found today. Even then, before he had accomplished anything worthy of note, Griffith was far in the lead when it came to resourcefulness and efficiency. We used to use regular stage sets. If the set was supposed to contain a stove or a table, it might be painted on the wall just as in the old cheap stage sets. The old 'A-B' plaque, standing for American Biograph Company, was stuck on the walls, so that rival companies would be unable to cut the films or re-release them later on under new titles.

"Griffith was the first to use compo-board sets. Formerly, with canvas sets, an actor had to be careful when he slammed a door or the entire room would fall down on his head. Griffith's sets were backed with wooden supports and he used to say, 'Bang that door and get some action into the scene! It won't collapse on you.'"
The studio was small, so small that sometimes when you made an exit you would have to bring yourself up short or you would run into a wall or some painter or carpenter at work on another scene. But even in those days Griffith was working always for realism, for another step forward. When a company appeared ready for work, Griffith would have every one of the 'props' ready. If a napkin was needed it was always ready; we didn't have to wait for someone to run around the corner to a restaurant to borrow one.

"Production was mighty speedy at that time, too. The week was split up into certain days for studio work, certain days for exteriors. If it rained we would not work, and only rain could interfere with the schedule. Our average was a picture a week."

A newcomer interrupted Quirk's recital of days on Fourteenth Street. Greeted with cries of "Hello, Cos," he was introduced to me as Maurice B. Costello, star of the old Vitagraph company, and perhaps the leading male figure among all the screen folk who first brought fame and fortune to photoplay producers. Although a decade has passed since Costello first made himself known to film fans as a leading man of resourcefulness and skill, he has not changed greatly. With the breaking up of the old Vitagraph company a few years ago and its reorganization, Costello withdrew from the pictures. His return last year was a revelation to his old friends, who saw him playing heavies and more than holding his own against the newer stars of the screen.

As director and leading man, Costello was influential in developing many of the best known women stars of today. Those who played opposite him or in companies he directed include Clara Kimball Young, Anita Stewart, Mary Fuller, Mary Anderson, Edith Storey; Florence Turner, and others whose faces and names are familiar to millions of persons throughout the world.

"The Vitagraph company was unique in the history of motion pictures," Costello said, as he took his place among the group of rainy-day chatters. "It had a virtual monopoly of stars and directors, and a position which was unchallenged. I doubt if ever again any company will attain the heights of the old Vitagraph."

"Don't you think there has been great progress since those days?" I asked him.

"Technically, yes. But when it comes to sheer acting, I think the old-time stars were just as good if not better. In the first place, they were all genuine 'troupers,' as the phrase goes in theatrical parlance. They knew how to act. Most of them had been on the stage since childhood. Many of the present favorites know nothing of the stage. Of course, they understand work in the studio and the requirements of the camera, but to my mind, they lack the touch which can only come through serving a time behind the footlights."

As a matter of fact, a chat with any of the old timers will prove that remarkable as were the rise of many of them from obscurity into fame, their good fortune was due to hard work, and genuine pioneer endeavor. A phenomenal success accomplished more than all the efforts of all the publicity hounds of a thousand motion picture companies. But as Costello put it, it was a steady grind. Even those who rose from extra girls, like Anita Stewart, Mae Marsh, Lilian and Dorothy Gish, worked ceaselessly to produce the results which later made them famous."

The case of Clara Kimball Young is characteristic. She had never appeared before the camera when she was groomed for leading roles with Vitagraph. Her family was of theatrical lineage, of course, but she had nothing but the type suitable for a leading woman when she began to work. Her schooling was thorough, however, and she gradually developed into a star thoroughly versed in all the tricks of the profession.

A dip into the past would be incomplete without a word regarding Alexander Black, who is said to have produced the first "moving picture" ever made. Mr. Black recently won himself new laurels as an author through his novel, "The Great Desire," which was one of the best sellers of 1919. As an inventor, he is also well known, and to him is given the credit for the production of the first movie. It was nearly twenty-six years ago, in October, 1894, to be exact, that "Miss Jerry," the first of all motion pictures, was produced.
As the present motion picture camera had not been invented at that time, Mr. Black was forced to use the still camera. In the accompanying illustration, used. Crude affairs, they were sufficiently realistic to win the plaudits of newspaper reviewers who saw the finished picture. A stereopticon was employed to throw the pictures on a screen, and they were flashed in such rapid succession that to the uninformed public something of the effect of action was given.

"Miss Jerry" was a conventional society drama, according to Mr. Black. A fairly large cast, including some twenty society people who worked as extras in the big scene of the play were employed. No substitutes were used, Mr. Black reading dialogue and stage directions to the audience.

The actual projection of motion pictures of the sort familiar to the fan of today awaited the invention of the motion picture camera and projection machine. In the interim the penny arcade flourished widely, as many of the present and still more of the older generation will recall. More than one of the prominent figures of today in the theatrical world were once attracted by the possibilities of the penny-in-the-slot machine, relics of which may still be found in some of the fair grounds and amusement resorts of the country today. Marcus Loew, whose chain of theatres now encircles the United States, once was the proprietor of an arcade in New York.

About 1907, the photoplay camera had developed to a point where the taking of comedies and dramas was possible. At first it was more or less of a toy, used to show fire engines responding to an alarm, locomotives running on a track—anything, in short, to illustrate the conception that consecutive pictures could be flashed on a screen in such a way as to make the audience respond to the illusion of actual motion.

The one-reeler flourished next, with all its crudities of horse-play comedy and stilted drama. Until 1912, two reels was considered the maximum length for a picture, and few efforts were made to extend a production beyond two thousand feet. Indeed, little attention was paid to the motion picture as a serious dramatic medium until D. W. Griffith revealed its possibilities.

It was the Solax company which produced the first five-reeler, a picturization of "Fra Diavolo," the well-known opera. Billy Quirk played the leading role, and relates how he climbed hand over hand down a 275-foot rope hanging over the edge of the Palisades to portray Fra Diavolo's escape.

"The rope was tied around a tree trunk and could have held an elephant safely," Quirk said, "but I tested it more than once to make sure it would not break. My hands looked like raw beef when I reached the bottom, but the stunt was good enough to make the picture a big success."

Kalem produced a picture based on the capture of Quebec in 1912 which extended to five reels. However, these were merely experiments and it was not until 1914 when Griffith's first masterpiece, "Judith of Bethulia," was made that the longer pictures became established. With Blanche Sweet in the leading role it made not only the actress but the director and set a new mark in photoplays. The story of Judith and Holofernes lingers in the minds of all who saw it.

The years from 1912 to 1914 formed the cornerstone of the present era of motion pictures. It was then that such stars as Constance Talmadge, Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart, Charlie Chaplin and many others developed from the extras and minor-part players to stars. Constance Talmadge was the "kid" of the studio, but she rapidly developed into a leading woman, although she was then only a little girl who had just put her hair up.

The roll call of Vitagraph in those days contained the following names:


Truly a notable group.

With the exception of Julia Swaeve Gordon, all of the leading women were developed in the studio, fighting...
MAKING UP WITH MARY

"Ah! Don'tch you no, I'm ust ah Bluumin Hinglish goirl now."

The famous Pickford curls have been lost.
Lost, not to oblivion, but lost for a picture.

Don't know whether the cat ran away with 'em, but they're gone. But not for good.
Those curls are valuable things, too. One sold for nearly $100,000 worth of Liberty Bonds once.
The one that grew in its place would be worth much more if it were bid on by Mary's million of followers.

But it and its sister curls have been straightened out in an awful manner with specially prepared cosmetics, so that Mary can typify the little English slavey girl in her next picture, "The Duchess of Suds," which will be her second for United Artists' Corporation, and which will be a distinctly different character from her wonderful "Pollyanna."

The curls are ironed out and the hair drawn straight back from the forehead. A deft use of grease paint tilts her nose upward at an impish angle and her cheeks appear sunken. Only in her wonderful eyes will the little star be Mary Pickford.

"The Duchess of Suds" is a silver sheet version of "'Op O' Me Thumb," the play in which Maude Adams achieved international success.

As a stage production it created a most unusual sensation in London some years ago, and immediately after its success there Charles Frohman acquired the American rights for the production for his leading star, Maude Adams, which was used by her during her most successful engagement in the Empire Theatre, New York, and which she used with exceptional success on her tours throughout the country. "'Op O' Me Thumb" is from the dual pens of two very clever British playwrights, Frederick Fenn and Richard Pryce, who have been responsible for a large number of other brilliant stage successes.

The central theme of the plot is laid in the slums of London, and Miss Pickford, according to reports, is going to present herself in a character totally unlike anything in which she has heretofore appeared. No rôle that she has yet done has given her such an opportunity to reflect on herself real histrionic credit as has this. If there is one thing on which authors and players pride themselves, it is the power to depict the pathetic, and there is not a single phase of artistic creation so difficult of creation. A clown can make one laugh, but it takes a person of real throbbing impulses to draw out tears after they have made the dimples in which they catch the drops.
Charming member of the charming Talmadge Triumvirate, who has just completed the filming of the Broadway melodrama, "Yes or No"
MARY PICKFORD

Who needs no introduction, will appear in the "Duchess of Suds", a United Artists Production
IN the foothills of the Rockies, in the rugged Wyoming country, a weather-beaten shack held all the earthly possessions of John Carver, furniture, keepsakes, short-barreled rifle, whisky and—his daughter, Joan. For eighteen years, since the day he had shot down his wife, decay had fallen upon John Carver and the shack he called his home. If beauty existed anywhere about that sandy, wild spot, only the naturalist seeking loveliness in the wild flower or the youth seeking joy in the beauty of young womanhood could have found it. John Carver himself was as unkempt, as ragged and as dirty as his shack.

The murder of his wife had passed lightly over John Carver’s head. He had soaked himself in liquor until his memory scarcely retained any longer the picture of that June day when he had found his wife in the arms of a lover, when without compunction he had whipped out his pistol and had sent both into a long and enduring peace. The arm of the law never stretched out to harm him, for little law existed in the barren hill country of the West in those days. He had buried wife and lover in the same nameless grave. He had returned to his shack to try to forget his fearful anger in the presence of his infant daughter, Joan. But bitterness ate too deeply into his soul. He could not forget. He turned to the whisky bottle for that oblivion which life would not yield him. Gradually he sank from the prosperous small farmer whom the communities along the Great Wyoming Trail had known as a sturdy, hard-working man to a ghastly wreck of humanity, and a father who nurtured a bitter hatred of his own daughter, who kept her imprisoned from

childhood to young womanhood in the decaying shack, who swore that no man should ever suffer through her unfaithfulness as he had suffered through her mother’s.

Age overtook John Carver, age steeped in whisky purchased in the course of his infrequent trips to the town ten miles away. But age brought to Joan the life it was taking from her father. It revealed the world to her, a world which she had scarcely seen save through the windows of the shack or in rambles through the near-by countryside. Dark-eyed, with tangled brown tresses, endowed by nature with the profile of a Grecian goddess and the lips of a Vestal Virgin, Joan Carver wrestled with the fate which had left her at the mercy of her drunken father until her budding desires brought her into direct conflict with him. He tottered home one night from an especially long-drawn-out debauch to threaten her with physical injury if she dared attempt escape from the shack which had been virtually her life-long prison. He told her for the first time the true tale of her mother’s death, and how she had betrayed him.

“That was your mother, gal, and every day you’re more like her,” he said. “I did it to her and I’d do it again.”

There was a dangerous gleam in the man’s eyes, and it flashed again when he turned on Joan with a curse and cried:

“You look just like her, eyes, lips and hair, damn you!”

He rose from his seat as if to strike her with the knife he clenched in his hand. Joan drew back to escape from him, but her effort was needless, for he staggered a step forward and fell hurting to the floor.

The girl’s face was blanched. Alone with the unconscious
man, a sudden terror filled her. She turned about to escape. For the first time in her life, her father had forgotten to lock the outer door. It stood open, a gateway to the world she had never known. She thought—What was there to lose? she asked herself. Beyond in the darkness happiness might await her. She took another step, trod over the prone body of the man, and with a sudden burst of terror ran headlong into the night.

In Timber Cove, the river town twenty miles from Joan Carver's home, the girl found herself two days later. Alone with nature, she had been able to take ample care of herself, during the first hours of her plunge into the whirlpool of life. "Luck was with her as she entered the town, just after dawn on the second day following her escape from home. True, the cow-boys who happened to see the poorly clad, barefooted girl pass down the village street stared at her hungrily. But she passed the boarding house of Mrs. Polly Upper, a hard-faced woman of the frontier type, but a woman nevertheless, and Joan was not backward in asking if she could work for her board. Mrs. Upper took the girl in and Joan, wearing shoes and stockings now and with tousled hair combed straight, helped wait on the hungry hands from the near-by ranches.

True, the night might have remained the rest of her life, a boarding-house slavey, if she had not been of the type that causes the hearts of men to flutter. Each of the boys of Mrs. Upper's clientele looked hopefully toward Joan as she brought them the choice plates of cakes for breakfast the following morning. Throughout the day the word of her arrival in Timber Cove passed from lip to lip. Curiosity as to her name and origin was the chief topic of discussion in the little frontier town.

Indeed, Joan might have suffered any of a dozen fates if she had not been observed by Pierre Landis, a rough, uncouth ranchman who had seen her on the morning following her escape as she bathed in a secluded pool near the mail trail to Timber Cove. Riding on his horse, Landis had caught a glimpse of a slender white body as she hurried through the brush of the hill top toward the valley below. He did not make his presence known, but he cautiously followed the girl along the trail to the town and one day after she arrived he put in an appearance at Mrs. Upper's and was greeted as a guest.

He sat at Joan's table that night and the following morning. Woodman and rancher who was unafraid of man or beast, Landis, who was before the unknown girl.

No other words than the passing talk of the table were exchanged. Another day passed. Pierre's curiosity had become a burning desire. He resolved to bring matters to a head. He left the boarding house immediately after breakfast that morning. Waiting in the rear of the house, he came upon Joan as she carried a pail to the well. The girl trembled as she saw him, for she had been conscious of his ardent glance whenever she waited upon him and she would have turned and fled if he had not smiled so genially that she became calmer.

"I just wanted to say good-bye," he told her. "I'm going back to my ranch in the morning. I got a quarter section of the finest land in these parts—and a little shack I built myself."

Between rough and uncouth people little is needed to make the spark of desire burst into a flame of love. Joan fell beneath the spell of the rancher's soft voice, as he told her of his free life, of his great desires and his queer, newly discovered love for her. Of a sudden, she found herself in his embrace being kissed, until with a sudden effort she tore herself from the parson's grasp.

Within a week the town accepted Joan as Pierre's girl. For Pierre's reputation as a sure shot left him a free field. Within another week Joan found herself swept by a new urge, by the desire for the companionship of this fiery yet soft-spoken man. Through an entire night she fought with herself, recalling her father's warning and the fate of her own girl, but love was too strong for doubt. She succumbed, and one morning went forth with Pierre to his shack as his wife.

Happiness such as Joan had never known in all her short life then came to her. The world was perfect, peopled by but one person—her own. Olympia, a nomad, too. Months passed with no word from the outside world, other than that which her husband brought to her following his occasional trips to the town.

Once a month the pair received a visit from the district parson, the Rev. Frank Holliwell, an itinerant man, mad with exchanging positions with the lives of the twin if Pierre had not met John Carver one day in the town.

"You kin hev' her," the drunkard told him, "but I warne', give her no rope. She's just like her mother, and her mother was a bad woman."

But Pierre was not worried by the warning, although he may have been unusually annoyed that night when he returned to his shack and found Joan poring over a book instead of scouring the pans as she should have been doing.

Came an evening when Pierre went to Timber Cove for his winter's supplies, and Holliwell arrived shortly after his departure.

"My pony's gone lame," the parson explained as Joan greeted him. "I wonder if Pierre can put me up here for the night."

Joan started to explain that her husband was not at home, and the parson began to withdraw, but the girl, ignorant of the unknown world, stopped him by saying:

"Pierre won't be back until morning, but I can make up a bed for you."

Holliwell hesitated, but Joan's innocence was so palpable that he finally accepted. Half an hour later his pony was put up for the night beside the shack and he was sitting before the table eating with Joan.

"I ain't been readin' much, with Pierre around," the girl confessed. "He don't fancy it."

"That's wrong, Joan," the parson interposed. "You have rights of your own, a life of your own. You mustn't let Pierre stand in the way of your learning."

They finished the meal and the parson began a lesson with Joan. He corrected her pronunciation, aided her in spelling out a pretended letter to Pierre, and, instead of taking her out for a ride by the horse that overtook them, and Jo Anne showed the parson to the bed she had prepared for him and made her way to her own room.

At dawn Holliwell began his preparations for leave-
The iron fell and its heat burned into Joan's flesh on her arm, driving away from her the vision of the little room, of the blood-flushed face of the man. With face distorted by pain, Joan dropped swooning to the floor, hanging limply by her wrists from the bed-post.

Pierre stooped to better regard his handiwork, but a bit of steel flung from the revolver of a man who stood framed in the doorway, struck him between the shoulders and he too sunk limply to the floor.

Three years later in the metropolitan home of Prosper Gael, playwright and man of the world, Joan Carver stood before a mirror regarding herself. In the luxurious satin of an imported evening gown, the Joan Carver she saw was a far different creature than that which had been carried from the shack of Pierre Landis by the self-same Prosper Gael that winter morning so long ago. Joan recalled vividly how she had awakened to consciousness in the Wyoming home of Gael the following afternoon. Gael, seeking rest from the stormy life of the East had come to Wyoming to write. He had gone on an unsuccessful hunting expedition and quite by chance had happened upon the open door of Pierre's shack and had seen the last act of the tragedy of long standing. Revolted by the suffering written on her face, he had waited for no explanations, but had fired blindly at Pierre.

To the unknown Joan he told the story of Pierre's death, which she believed unquestioningly. Still another life began for the girl. She reeled in the luxurious silks of Prosper's country home. She looked upon him as the new protector, the necessary male, the substitute for her father and for Pierre.

Then to the East he had brought her, to introduce her to all the complexities of life in the city. Gradually she had come to accept the new existence, the round of gayeties, the gay men who hovered about her, the light women, so unlike herself with whom she came into contact.

Different as life now was, she assimilated its complexities until she became a new Joan Carver.

Perhaps she still might have had a measure of peace if the reason for Prosper's interest in her had not been revealed with a suddenness which cut her to the heart.

A new play which he had written was to be produced on Broadway. Known as 'The Leopards,' she had heard of it from time to time, had seen it in manuscript form in Prosper's hands. She did not go to the opening performance, for she did not care sufficiently for the theatre. Through mere chance, she went down town one afternoon with Betty Morena, an actress and the wife of one of Prosper's close friends. At Betty's behest they went to the theatre. There disillusionment came quickly to Joan. (Continued on page 56)
The Happy Lot of the Character Actor

By THEODORE ROBERTS

(Editor’s note: Some writers have recently taken an attitude of pity toward the character actor, believing him to be the most unfortunate man in the world. Mr. Roberts disagrees with this attitude, and as he is the best known actor in the business he ought to know.)

THE character actor has all the best of it.
This is equally true of both stage and screen.
The man who carries his personality in his make-up box has no need to fear the passing of the years. The tragedy of fat and grey hairs means nothing in his young life. When the Juvenile lead and the ingenue start discussing “Eat and grow thin” the character actor’s attention wanders. To him the waist belt isn’t a life belt, and the scales are a matter of humorous interest and nothing more.

I have been at the game for nearly forty years and as I grow into the “Sixth age” I thank my stars I have no need to be “Lean and Slippered,” but can grow fat with no fear of the shrivelling of the salary envelope. I am on my knees in gratitude that the fates decreed me a personality that did not lend itself to the fluff and feathers of pulchritude but called upon me to clothe myself in the habiliments of other personalities than my own. And as I grow older in the profession my gratitude increases. And I have an idea if they would be frank, most stars would agree with me. I have sounded them out, and while they would never admit it, I have suspected that they envied me my luck just a little.

Superficially considered, this doesn’t seem possible. The star is the one who gets the amazing salary, the wonderful publicity, the hundred letters a day from fans. The star is the possessor of as much fame as is given to any man in the world. The star has the knowledge that when he walks down the street the eye of every passerby is admirably focused on him. From the outside it looks like heaven on earth, the ideal of mundane existence.
The character actor, on the other hand, gets a comparatively small salary. He isn’t recognized on the street, because people are accustomed to seeing him in make-up. He doesn’t get many letters from sentimental little girls who want his picture for their collection. He seldom has an opportunity to see his name in electric lights over a theatre.

But it’s the old story of the hare and the tortoise. I have seen them run by me with prodigious speed and lose themselves on the horizon. But they have come back—sometimes quickly, sometimes after many years. Back they all come when the ignorable suddenly takes them their stock and trade of youth and beauty.
The popularity of a star is at best an ephemeral thing. Not only is it conditioned by time, but it is also affected by so many other things that it is the constant worry of every popular star that some little thing may kill him off quicker than he would expect.
The camera is a hard master, and youth and good looks cannot be counterfeited under its piercing eye. The first few wrinkles may be covered up with grease-paint, and elude even the close-up, but the next few are noticeable. And once youth begins to wane, the star’s day is over.
The star enjoys a wonderful popularity, but only in the days of his youth. Where are the stars of yesterday? Mais ou sont les neiges d’antan? With the passing years they are entirely forgotten. New ones have taken their places, and their names, once a byword, are now hardly remembered.

Furthermore, popularity is an uncertain quantity. In the shortest space of time a star may lose his prestige and be thrown by the public into the bone-yard. It may happen almost overnight. No star knows how long his popularity is to last. A hundred things may kill it. A few poor stories in a row, for instance. Poor stories will creep in. A story not suited to his personality, although perhaps excellent in itself, can hurt the star to an inconceivable extent.

So the star is at the mercy of a hundred things, any one of which may suddenly go wrong and wipe him out of memory even in the hey-day of his popularity and the golden days of his youth.

But look at the character actor. The older he gets the surer his position. His ability grows with experience, a virtue which is a permanent quality, and increases with every picture.

When I was a beginner I used to envy the stars. But I look around now and I see that I was the one to be envied. They are forgotten; they can’t get work, they have nothing but memories and some old scrap-books. But I have reason to believe that I shall be working as long as I live.

If you will watch a star when he isn’t looking you will notice his brow is wrinkled with care. He doesn’t sleep of nights. Every morning when he wakes up his first wonder is whether he is “dead” yet. He never opens a magazine without a pounding of his heart lest some critic has said that he is losing his looks; he can’t eat what he likes for fear of getting fat; he has to spend hours in a gymnasium doing athletics that he probably loathes lest he lose his manly powers.

What does the star get? What payment does he receive for all this suffering? Not even the joy of artistic achievement, that greatest of all pleasures to the artist.

If God has given you seventy-five per cent of your tools and only twenty-five per cent are your own surely you are not doing a great deal. Certainly not as much as when you

(Continued on page 23)
Character parts that have made Theodore Roberts famous.
THE TALENTED TALMADGES

By MARGARET LEE

PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL

THAT’S Miss Talmadge over there,” said a helpful soul, pointing to a heavily be-spectacled youngster who sat, meditating, knees up to her chin, on the lower step of the studio staircase. “She’s scared to death of interviewers, though. She’ll probably run away.”

The Miss Talmadge thus pointed out, however, bore no resemblance to any Talmadge I had ever seen before. Her hair, tightly pulled back, was completely covered by an ugly little hat which showed only her ears, her suit was a fright—and someone, I was certain, had blundered. Then again, if she was a Talmadge, which one was she? Somewhere, I knew, the studio held all three. How to discover, and without confessing my ignorance, which one this was, was my problem, as I crossed the room to seat myself on the step beside her.

“Don’t I look a fright?” smiled the girl. “This isn’t me at all. I’m made up to look like a private secretary!” I gazed on her with renewed interest. I had never before seen a private secretary. “You see,” in this picture I play the part of a girl who answers a man’s advertisement for a homely woman to work for him. She’s not really homely, but she fixes up so that he thinks she’s ugly enough to be safe. Later, of course, she stops being ugly, and marries him.

“Are either of your sisters playing in this with you,” I asked hopefully.

“No, but the story is a good deal like one that my sister played in.”

The girl, noted, had brown eyes. But then all the Talmadges have brown eyes. She was slim. So are they all slim. She was pretty in spite of her hideous makeup. That is not a distinction of any one member of the triumvirate.

“I wish I was going to Europe,” she said suddenly. “I’ve always been perfectly crazy to go, and mother and Natalie are going this summer. Gee! I wish I could go with them. But I’ve got to stay home and work.” I had no time to be sorry for the pathetic Miss Talmadge. I was too triumphant for myself. I had discovered something. Natalie was eliminated. Was this Constance or Norma?

“Well, if I can’t go to Europe, I know what I’ll do,” she continued. “I’ll move to the St. Regis!”

“And what,” I asked curiously, “What is the lure of the St. Regis? It seems an enough substitute for the Continent.”

“For one thing, Norma lives there, and—”

Constance, the only blonde of the Talmadge family, is one of the few screen stars who have made comedy—high comedy—their forte. An inordinate sense of humor, and the spirit that visions the comedy in everything about her, Constance has, besides, the good sense to realize that the gift of making people laugh is not one to be lightly exchanged for the doubtful privilege of making them sniffle, either with sorrow over the woes of their heroine, or with remorse for their wasted evening. She is full of energy, crazy about dancing, loves to go to the theatres and restaurants when her work at the studio is finished, and, with the exception of her obvious histrionic ability, is, in everything else an ordinary healthy, happy, jolly, pretty girl.

Norma was an expert with the Vitagraph Company when Constance first decided to try acting before the camera, and accompanying her sister to the studio day after day, she soon began to play small parts in the same. Her first big part came when she joined the Triangle Company, which left to create her famous role of the mountain girl in the D. W. Griffith production, Intolerance. Although she is only two years Constance’s junior, Norma has her own company of which Joseph Schenck is president, and with which she has made six pictures so far—the end of the first year. She swims, rides, plays golf, is studying Russian dancing, and claims to be an expert hair-cutter. In fact, the Delilah game seems to be a mania with the girl who, in one morning, bobbed not only her own blonde tresses but cut Norma’s of Natalie’s, and a visitor’s—Lillian Gish. Luckily there were no other visitors.

The quiet member of the family is, of course, Norma, the Sarah Bernhardt of the screen.” Unlike Constance, who good naturedly plays any part her director offers, certain that everything will come out all right, Norma reads a great many stories until she comes to one that just suits her own particular talents. Indeed, it is just this problem of finding suitable material that prevents Norma from accepting some one of the many inducements being held out to her to desert the screen for the stage.

On the floor above the one where Constance was playing “The Perfect Woman,” I found Norma doing some “re-takes” of her latest drama, “Yes or No.” She, too, was almost completely disguised, her hair being covered by a gorgeous yellow wig. Past the stage floor, and directly into the set, rushed a pretty little black-haired, black-eyed girl, dressed as a lady’s maid, who, seizing a hand mirror, rushed into the scene and, under the eye of the camera, held the mirror up behind Norma.

The tragic face of the blonde woman was transformed by irrepressible laughter as she seized her maid by the arm and, hugging her, laughed out of her close-up, seating herself again in the boudoir chair in which, in a stunning orange and yellow batik negligee she was being photographed. Norma again resumed her interrupted sadness, while Natalie backed hastily out of the set and lit a consolatory cigarette.

The exodus of screen stars to the stage has not yet taken with it one of its most talented actresses, because of that
Constance Talmadge, screen comedienne who heads her own company.

(Right) Norma and Constance pose against a bit of old-world tapestry.

(Below) The Talmadge Trio — en famille.

Photos by Charlotte Fairchild.

actress's modesty. Norma, whose phenomenal success has been a succès d'estime as well as of popularity, feels that even yet she has turned out no single picture that entirely satisfies her. When she has completed one screen drama that approaches her idea of the perfection that may be attained in this form of art, she will appear in a spoken drama.

Natalie is one of the few girls in the world, probably the only girl in the world, who never wanted to be an actress. Her sisters, she says, "hounded" her into it. Natalie is the practical member of the family. In California she used to be the executive secretary for Macklyn Arbuckle. When the family came east, she became the secretarial supervisor of her sisters' affairs, and the assistant studio manager. Keeping her, as her jobs did, about the studio so much, she was finally inveigled by her sisters into trying out a "bit"—and liked it, and now, after completing her third picture, no executive job in the world could induce her to give up her new work.

The third, and to the screen latest addition of the Talmadge family, is, in appearance, a combination of both her sisters. Like Norma, she is dark. Like Constance, she is vivacious—effervescent almost. She refuses, however, she says to specialize in any particular kind of role. Both comedy and drama appeal to her equally, and since she has already had not only an offer of a seven-year contract but, in one day, seventy requests for her picture and autograph, it would seem that, in comedy and drama, she appeals equally.
“Not Ingenue—Please!”

By G. E. FORT

"There is no reason," said Mae Murray, with a resolute light in her eyes, "why every time movie audiences see an actress with blue eyes and light, fluffy hair, they should immediately nod confidentially at each other and say—"

"Ingenue," we finished, obligingly.

Miss Murray sighed and shivered.

"Not ingenue—please!" she begged, adding with a plaintive smile, "Although that's just the hateful word I was about to use.

"Why hateful?" we wanted to know. "The woods are full of ingenues—delightful and otherwise."

"That's just it. The woods are too full of them. And so many of them are blondes. That's why the public seems to think that blonde and ingenue are synonymous. But—and here she lowered her voice to conspiratorial tones—"I'm going to fool them yet."

"How?"

She looked around to see if anyone was listening. Aside from nine prop men, four electricians, a couple of cameramen, one director slightly the worse for wear, and a various assortment of extras, we were quite alone.

"I'm never going to do another ingenue role as long as I live, if I can help it! I'm going in for straight emotional parts—just as I've longed to do since I was a kidde."

"But this is revolutionary!" we gasped.

"For four years," declared the fair young radical, with the light of battle in her eye, "I've been playing light, frivolous parts until the mere mention of the word 'cunning' or 'sweet' or—with a shiver again—'ingenue' makes me want to scream. But now that I'm working with Mr. Fitzmaurice, I'm having my chance at last. It seems too good to be true."

"But as 'Sonia' in 'On With the Dance,'" we protested, "weren't you rather—well—ingenuish?"

"No," she demurred, "I wouldn't say so at all. It was a very youthful part and a very peppy part, but I don't think I'd call 'Sonia,' a typical ingenue—now, would you?"

Under the circumstances there was just one thing to say. We said it.

"I had an opportunity to get in some lovely dramatic scenes," continued this decided anti-ingenue with a reminiscent light in her eyes, "and Mr. Fitzmaurice liked them so well that in my new picture, temporarily titled 'The Man Who Killed,' there is not a single trace of my 'Sonia.'" And it is such a beautiful part! Very, very weepy. I adore weeping—in front of a camera.

"Jane Cowl will be getting out an injunction against you if you don't watch out," we said in tones of friendly warning, but she didn't seem to be listening.

"It's a Turkish story," she went on, enthusiastically, "with all the scenes laid in Constantinople, and the costumes and scenery are just too darling for words. And there is a little fairy story in it, too."

"A fairy story?" We were doubtful. "The public doesn't seem to care much for fairy stories. Look how they treated poor 'Prunella,' for instance."

"They'll like this one. It's really quite cleverly done. You see, instead of using up a couple of thousand feet in showing you all the heroine's past life and all that sort of thing, Mr. Fitzmaurice decided to indicate all that in a short fairy story, using all the characters which appear in the picture itself in a symbolic way to show up their good and evil qualities."

At this point Mr. Fitzmaurice, who had been casting harridans in our general direction, shouted "Lights!" in a very loud and significant voice, and Miss Murray jumped to her feet.

"That means me, I imagine," she sighed, as the huge lights and arcs burst into a dazzling radiance over the set, which was designed to represent a luxurious room in Miss Murray's Turkish pavilion. "In this scene my husband is going to beat me up. Wouldn't you like to stay and watch?"

"Yes, indeed," we replied, "but just one more question. You're quite certain that you will never play an—"

"Not ingenue—please!" cried Mae Murray, and fled precipitously into her pavilion for her morning domestic scrap.
MARY MACLAREN

Starring in Universal productions
Noted beauty, dancer and screen star, portrays in her latest picture, life in both Modern and Medieval Times.
From the Dream Scene of the Paramount-Artcraft feature, tentatively titled, "The Man Who Killed"
Whose latest screen play, the "Sins of St. Anthony," promises to be one of the cleverest comedies of the season.
THE MAN IN THE PHOTOPLAY

A Discussion of the Ofttimes Forgotten Male of the Species Actor

By GEORGE LANDY

The actor in the photoplay is a very much overlooked, neglected and forgotten personage, to judge by what one sees in print. News about actresses, interviews with the stars and photographs of them, fill almost every page of the photoplay magazines and almost every inch of the sections of the daily newspapers devoted to doings of the film world, to the practical exclusion of distinguished performers of the so-called stronger sex. Every photoplay follower knows (almost intimately) every little "if and but" relative to our screen actresses from the babe in arms to the most elderly and motherly character woman. But what do they hear of the men who make the writer's male characters live and breathe on the screen? Very little, if anything! So the writer has taken up the cudgel in behalf of his brothers and will attempt to reveal some facts and observations concerning not one lone man but will improve the opportunity to write about six of the leading male lights of the cinema heavens.

In order to make the most of this rare chance, the writer has chosen as his subjects a star, a leading man, a juvenile, a character man of the so-called straight type, (that is to say, the sort of actor who plays "captains of industry" and roles of a similar kind) an eccentric character actor, (eccentric in that the part calls for characteristics far out of the ordinary), the man who is at his best in Western roles of the "wild and woolly" sort, and the "heavy," who plays the necessary villain. The representative actors chosen for these respective and diversified lines of dramatic expression are John Barrymore, Percy Marmont, Leon Gendron, Charles Lane, Lon Chaney, Harry Carey and Ivo Dawson.

When John Barrymore, a representative of America's most aristocratic dramatic family, first brought his exceptional talent, technique and experience to the screen, he was known as perhaps the best light comedian on the American stage. It was only natural, therefore, that his photoplay characterizations were cast in smart, light farces and comedies. Perhaps his best remembered roles for the camera were in "The Man from Mexico," adapted from the stage success written by that acknowledged master of farce, Charles Hoyt, "The Dictator," based on Richard Harding Davis' play in which William Collier played the leading part in the spoken version, and "The Incorrigible Dukane," an original photoplay vehicle. It is stage history that John Barrymore later totally surprised the theatrical world by completely deserting the genre in which he had firmly established himself and allying himself with tragedy. That he has made as complete a success of this endeavor—if not surpassing it—as he made in the lighter field is amply evidenced by the popular receptions of his work in "Justice," John Galsworthy's psychological drama, "The Jest," that wonderful argument that mind conquers matter and that right is always master of might, written by Sem Benelli, and his recent revival of "Richard the Third," acclaimed by every metropitan critic and the public. When he deserted comedy for drama on the stage, Mr. Barrymore did likewise with his screen delineations, as witness his portrayal of the harassed Englishman in "The Test of Honor" and the marvelous dual personality in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." This latest dramatic achievement has been unanimously called the finest work in the history of the silent drama to date.

Percy Marmont, our choice of a popular leading man, is another distinguished actor who has fully proved his versatility in many screen dramas. The photoplays in which he has ap-
peared range from the frothiest farce to the most dramatic and most emotional productions dealing with the problems of society and high finance. He has been leading man to Alice Brady, Geraldine Farrar, Billie Burke, Corinne Griffith and Alice Joyce, with whom he worked in four consecutive productions, establishing a unique film record. His latest work before the camera was with Miss Burke in "Away Goes Prudence," shortly to be released by Famous Players. In this production Marmont had to draw heavily upon his versatile experience. One week he donned fur and leather to make a flight in an aeroplane and the next week his costume was the doublet and hose of the Sixteenth Century for a mediaeval interlude interpolated into a script. When he went with Vitagraph to appear opposite Alice Joyce in one photoplay, he proved so popular and so capable that he was induced to extend his contract and remain for five productions. Vitagraph made the most of Marmont's presence at the studio; Corinne Griffith's director found in him the ideal type for the role opposite the star, but he was working with Miss Joyce. So the director conceived the brilliant idea of having Marmont divide his week between the two ladies. Being extremely good-natured and always willing to help the other fellow in a tight fix, Marmont acceded. Monday he found him playing with Miss Joyce; Tuesday he had to readjust his dramatic viewpoint to agree with Miss Griffith's vehicle, and so throughout the week. One can the more appreciate this when it is realized that he was also appearing on the stage at the same time at the Harris Theatre in New York as the leading character in "The Invisible Foe," a part that demanded the utmost an actor could give.

Consider the juvenile actor of the many delineators of this important character, we have chosen Leon Gendron, who has but lately made his debut in the silent drama. It will not be long before he is as well known as many a photoplay actor his senior in point of service, to judge from the comments of those in the know who have seen his first screen efforts. It was at a dinner party given by his friends, Frederic and Fanny Hatton, the well-known playwrights, that Gendron was introduced to Robert G. Vignola, the famous director. Vignola felt that he had met a screen discovery as his discerning eye saw the "film face" and screen personality in Gendron. Naturally, the director broached a photoplay career and, partly in fun, Gendron accepted. The test successful, he was engaged to play the leading juvenile in Vignola's production, "The World and His Wife," an adaptation of the famous who-marries-the-girl-played-by-cast, including Alma Rubens, Montagu Love and Charles Gerrard. Leon Gendron brings to the screen youth, good looks, smartness and real manliness, in addition to a very necessary dramatic instinct, first discovered when he was a prominent member of the dramatic society in his college days at the University of Chicago.

We come now to the actor who brings to life on the screen the man of the world, the established and successful man of business. Charles Lane has played this type of role on the stage for many years and more recently on the screen, where he has been very prominent in the support of John Barrymore, Billie Burke and Dorothy Dalton. Perhaps Mr. Lane's best remembered stage appearances were as the wealthy lawyer in "The Law of the Land," in which Julia Dean had the featured part, and as the Wall Street partner of William Gillette in Clare Kummer's highly successful comedy, "A Successful Calamity." He suggests to the last detail the characters he plays. In other words, there is no doubt in the mind of the audience that he "belongs." It is whispered that he is now in the photoplays to stay and he has had to call upon all his dramatic technique by virtue of the diversity of each part he has acted before the camera. In "Wanted: a Husband," with Billie Burke, Lane played a rich society man whose uncontrollable sense of humor causes the highly amusing climax. He is seen as Dr. Lanyon, Dr. Jekyll's confidante and close friend, in support of John Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," in which his biggest moment comes when he sees the honorable, respected, lovable Jekyll take the powerful potion that transforms him before the eye of his friend into the hideous, revolting, de-generate Hyde and goes stark mad. Charles Lane will next be seen on the screen as Goddard Townsend in "This Woman—This Man," in which Dorothy Dalton is starred. Townsend is a cold-blooded, hard-hearted product of Wall Street whose one redeeming feature is his pride and affection for his son, the man who marries the girl played by Miss Dalton. Photoplay patrons who witnessed the stage production of "The Law of the Land" will see in Lane's portrayal of Goddard Townsend reminiscent moments of his masterly delineation of the lawyer in that stage success.
It is doubtful if there is any better actor of parts that are unusual and extremely out of the ordinary than Lon Chaney. Lately he has specialized in roles whose physical characteristics are abnormal to say the least, while formerly he was a familiar screen figure as a straight, traditional “heavy.” His first noteworthy departure was as “The Frog” in George Loane Tucker’s screen masterpiece, “The Miracle Man.” In playing this character, Chaney had to eliminate his own personality and physical attributes completely in order to depict the paralytic faker of the underworld who preys upon the sympathies of slummers. In Maurice Tourneur’s “Victory,” founded on Joseph Conrad’s story of the same name, it would have taken an exceedingly close observer to discover him in the pock-marked, mustached, villainous Mexican, Riccardo. Later he was called upon to play not only a very different sort of part but two roles in “Treasure Island,” each as widely divergent from the other as the two previously mentioned differed from each other; one of the parts assigned to Chaney was a blood-thirsty mate of the pirate crew and the other “Pew,” a blind man. One must admit that it takes not only an artist to give life to such widely varying characters but an observing student of life and human nature as well.

Last, but far from least (if the popularity of the vehicles in which this actor appears is any criterion—and the approval of the spectator must be adjudged the real verdict), is the delineator of the hero of the Western school of photoplay drama. Among the most popular stars of this type is Harry Carey, prominent on the screen since the old Biograph days, when D. W. Griffith was the leading spirit of that pioneer company.

It was in Western dramas that Carey first attracted attention as leading man to Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish and Blanche Sweet, and in support of Henry B. Walthall. When Biograph passed into photoplay history, Carey went with Universal to become a star in the type of screen play he liked best and in which he was most popular. In his four years there his best and most recent productions include “Bucking Broadway,” “The Secret Man” and “Overland Red.”

Finally, in this enumeration, comes the villain. No longer is the screen “heavy,” the kind of character that was wont to scowl around on the stage in the days of the old blood-and-thunder thrillers; in today’s picture stories he is urbane and polished—his villainy is sub-surface. Which is why Ivo Dawson, the artistic English performer, is in such great demand for these roles. Dawson has just returned to the American screen after five years’ absence; at the outbreak of the war he enlisted as a private in the British Army and won his way to a captaincy in the Royal Artillery during his four years of active service on the battlefield. Before the war he was prominent in the support of such stage stars as Ethel Barrymore, Marie Doro, Sir George Alexander, Sir John Hare and Cyril Maude. On his discharge he worked in an English motion picture production entitled “The Keeper of the Door,” and since returning to the United States he has appeared in “Footlights and Shadows,” with Olive Thomas, “Love Without Question,” with Olive Tell and “The Miracle of Love,” with Lucy Cotton.

It is interesting, in passing, to notice this new, and by now prevalent, tendency to run to types. Specialization in every line of industry is surely reflecting itself in this art-industry. Gone are the days when one man doubled for Claude Eclair and Desperate Desmond. Gone are the days when Eliza, little Eva, and kinky-haired Topsy were one and the same person. Nowadays it takes more than a change of hat and the addition of a beard to make a characterization. A sophisticated public demands something more subtle. It wants to be fooled, and insists on rejecting that which is unsuccessful in this fooling process. The man who, naturally, looks the part he is cast to portray is obviously the man who, in the majority of cases, is most successful in projecting the desired idea.

Here we rest our case. The actor pleads guilty to being a necessity in the screen productions that are usually so full of the females of the species—and the frenzied searching of directors for leading men. Other male performers for their stories bears eloquent testimony to the great part the actor plays. There are many other types, but of lesser recurring frequency, and that is why we have confined this story to screen artists. But if I have started you thinking of the neglected movie male, my male pride is satisfied.
They even perpetrate deeds of like ridiculousness upon their children, going so far as to call them Grover Cleveland Washington Jones, Alexander Babe Ruth Smith, John Barrymore Daly Hoover, and the like. Some people, however, come by their names legitimately, and then because they are full of the "red, white and blue" stuff they refuse to use them as part of their public life.

We found one like those.

Only one thus far.

It is beautiful Betty Ross Clark, a charming newcomer in big productions, whose biggest opportunity has just come to her through her appearance in the United Artists' production of "Romance," by Edward Sheldon, which is being used as the picture with which Hiram Abrams or "the big four" will introduce to the screen lovers Miss Doris Keane.

Let's tell you about Betty.

On the Clark side she is a direct descendant of Benjamin Franklin. Zebulon Ross, her maternal ancestor, came from Scotland with twelve sons and much worldly goods in 1702 and settled in New York State. All four of her grandparents entitle her to membership in the Daughters of the American Revolution, and Captain Lee, one of the family, makes it possible for her to be a Colonial Dame.

Then came along her great-grandfather, who moved to Illinois with much goods and many servants, artisans and the like, and when he

BETTY ROSS CLARK

A beauty who doesn’t need the National colors to win applause

LET'S end the act with a flag review and top it off with the appearance of Liberty or Columbia. That's a new one. That will bring down the house. It will knock 'em off their seats. You know we pulled it once in Squeezed and they went wild. Why, Broadway would hail us as the greatest of them all. It would be Standing Room Only at the "hip" if we did it that way.

That sounds like the average vaudevillian.

Let's have the girl sitting beside the mill and you creep up behind her and gag her, while I'll go to the house and demand her father's farm as ransom. After that we can do—well, we'll fill in a lot of other stuff.

Ever hear of "meller-drammer?"

Well, there are people who think they're real, and pull the same kind of ideas.
landed in what is now Fulton County of that State he just
bought it from the Indians, organized three towns and
dwelt with the redskins for many years.
Her grandfather, Leonard Fulton Ross, was retired at
the close of the Civil War with the rank of General. He
figured very prominently in the history of his State. His
wife, Mary Warren Ross (related to the Bunker Hill War-
rens), was one of the first women in this country to receive
a college degree and was, until her death, recognized as one
of the country's greatest Green scholars.
Miss Clara's mother, Cora Ross, as a girl had dramatic
ambitions which were frowned upon parentally. After
graduating with honors from a university and taking a post
-graduate course at Smith to satisfy her parents, she ran
away to New York City to study dramatic art. Thereupon
her father relented and sent her the necessary funds. She
enrolled in the Empire Theatre School of Dramatic Art
(now the American Academy of Dramatic Art) and was
soon at the head of her class. Belasco was one of her
teachers. She overstudied to such an extent that at
the end of five months she was forced to return to her
home, a nervous wreck, where she remained for a time.
Shortly thereafter she married and went with her hus-
band to North Dakota, then a very new country with Indians
a-plenty. It was there, among the Indians, that Betty was
born, in the little town of Langdon, very near to the Cana-
dian border, on a May day with snow on the ground and
the blinding wind beating against the best front door. When
still a babe she was taken to Minneapolis.
We skip it all now until six years ago. She came to New
York with ambitions to dance like Pavlova. She studied
dancing, but the legitimate gave her a chance and she took
it. Then it was a short time in vaudeville and then came
the opportunity to play in the success, "Fair and Warmer,"from coast to coast. After that came other successful en-
gagements in stock and on the stage, and now she is a
movie star.
And she is sure that the most interesting chapter of her
life is still to be written, and that when the right man comes
along she'll hand down that name and those degrees to
someone else.

A ROBUSTO SCREEN STAR

By HAROLD HOWE

YOU have heard of tenor robustos, basso robustos and
dear delightful female contralto robustos, but you
don't sense the full meaning of the word until you
see in the cinema Harry T. Morey.
That is the first impression you get on meeting Harry
(that's what we all call him), and it is the last impression
you get when you take leave of him. When I entered his
dressing room at the Vitagraph studios in Flatbush, Brooklyn,
he sat before his mirror making up.
He turned toward me, one side of his face yellow and
the other natural. It gave him a one-sided look. And
robust—he was so big he dwarfed the room. Harry T.
Morey is all brawn and muscle—there is no hint of su-
perfuous flesh.
It is no wonder that he excels in pictures of the "open," where as a lumber jack or as a
gentleman of the "wild" he
smashes his way to love and honor. His arms and
shoulders are of the crunching va-
riety. You look at them and they become very courteous and
pleasantly disposed.
"Glad to see you," he said
with the merry Morey smile.
"Just make yourself at home
until I finish up."
"I want to talk to you
about 'The Birth of a Soul,'
and the part—parts—you
played."
"Oh, I see," he answered.
"That makes things easy. I
suppose you want to know how
I felt playing a dual role."
"You have hit the nail on
the head."
"Good! I won't have to
answer questions regarding
my liking for beef and my dis-
like of mutton—and give ad-
vise to would-be movie stars.
Shoot, young fellow, shoot."
He turned toward me, leaned
back in his chair and stretched
his legs out with the abandon
of a big bear.
"It's your move," I replied.
"Well—a dual role involves
just twice as much work as the usual single interpretation," he said, and then his face grew animated. "You
have got to figure out the worst in a man and then hold him
consistently in character while his double (that is me again) is
animated by altogether different motives."
"Though, on the other hand," he went on, "I grew to
like Philip Grey. He wasn't all bad. He had spent his
whole life in the wild mountain country drinking moon-
shine whisky, while his double, Charlie Drayton, had had
all the advantages of refined environment and education."
"Yes," I granted, "but you succeeded in conveying
the subtle differences after Drayton returned to the moun-
tain country and dressed pretty much the same as
Grey."
"Those differences," Mr. Morey answered, "came through

Philip Grey, mountainer, and Charlie Drayton, man of the world, are really only Harry Morey in "The Birth of a Soul"
a study of the two men, not as they appeared in the flesh but based on their different training. When I stepped into Grey's shoes I felt at once the half blind viewpoint of a down and outer. With Drayton I fell into the ease and poise of a gentleman. On the principle of clothes don't make a man instead of the understood form of the saying, I tried to convey the difference through attitude—one man groped and the other moved quickly."

"I see. You felt as if two personalities were inhabiting your brain?"

"Exactly so! When poor Grey madden ed by love and jealously tried to make away with his rival I personally felt all the murderous desires that would naturally control him. Then Drayton was his direct antithesis and I colored his actions from an entirely opposite viewpoint. It was really simple."

"You have only sketched the dual characterization so far, Mr. Morey," I declared. "How about the thousand other phases such as the reform of Grey? His desire to atone for the wrong done Drayton and his ultimate sacrifice. Wasn't that bringing the two characters very closely together? Yet despite their moral nearness toward the end of the picture and their same physical make-up you maintained that subtle difference."

"You are evidently trying to make me out much better than I am," he retorted with a laugh. "Well, have your way. Let's say that by the time Grey came to reform I knew him pretty well. When he began to repent I just naturally felt like repenting too. You see up to that time in Grey's name I had harbored some very dark thoughts! I got tired of being murderous. Even Drayton's high mind-edness could not offset his double grouching. So being tired of thinking Grey's way, I really felt that he should atone and he did—didn't he?"

"He did and nobly," I laughed. "He died."

"And I am glad he is dead," said Morey solemnly. "He was a bad Indian most of the time and had to pay. I stayed alive in Drayton and collected the applause."

"And that is another point," Mr. Morey said with a humorous gleam in his eye. "When you play a double role you are both in and out. It is a very grateful outlet for public acclaim. It's almost like a resurrection. You die and then you loom up larger than ever in your hero role. It has the effect of something uncanny."

"Uncanny is correct. Do you remember those double exposure stills that were taken of you in 'The Silent Strength'?"

"Yes, indeed!" Harry laughed in recollection. "There I stood leaning against a desk, a regular fellow, while opposite me sat a sinister and sneering duplicate of myself. Do you know it gave me quite a sensation when I saw myself in two characters absolutely opposed. We all get that thrill with each new piece of work, but I got a double thrill. It was a sort of lesson. I said to myself: 'Harry, old man, now you can see exactly what you are when you are low down,' and meanwhile the other figure seemed to say, 'Harry, I am you, as you should be, correct in deportment and a good citizen.' Very few people get an opportunity to see themselves in extremes of temperament. If they did they would spend most their time in putting their best foot forward. You see," he added with a humorous twist at the corners of his mouth, "now that I know how badly I look when in a bad humor I try to remember and muster a pleasant expression instead. No, sir! I can't afford to be careless in my deportment after seeing those double exposures. They put me in right with myself."

"Tell me how you came to be called a robust actor? Then time's up."

"That is something that was pinned on me several years ago before I went into the movies. When I registered with an agent he looked me over with a critical eye and said: 'Mr. Morey, I think I will put you down as a robust actor, that will be descriptive enough.' I told him to go ahead and put me down for that or any old kind of an actor as long as it brought in the kule. So the name stuck and I guess I have lived up to the cognomen. Eh? I am the only actor listed that way as far as I know." He got to his feet and stretched out his arms. "Some day they will build dressing rooms for comfort. Every time I turn around I bump into myself."

I stood half in and half out of the door to give him room to expand his chest. Just then an assistant director ran up and told him the director was ready for the next scene.

As we walked off Harry told me that he was having a lot of fun with his new picture, an up-to-date version of Nick Carter.

"This is a role of a hundred disguises. The only thing I don't like about it is the snooping atmosphere. Why can't detectives come out in the open?"

"No double exposures?" I asked.

"Yes, plenty of them, but of a different sort. The finale will expose me as a dumb bum detective."

I left him after another firm handclasp, slapping a cameraman on the back and shouting, "Shoot, young fellow, shoot!"

And so, for many a long day I will remember America's only "robusto" screen actor, and the big, genial, full-blooded heart of him. For years he has been, and will continue to be, one of the best-liked of male "straight" and character actors, and justly. Ever since the days of his first rise, his early days with the Vitagraph Company, which he has never left, he has retained that elusive quality, popularity. You can talk about your tenor robustos, basso robustos, and dear, delightful contralto robustos, but give me Harry T. Morey, screen robusto de luxe.

In "The Silent Strength" Harry Morey watches himself sneer at himself as he plays both villain and hero.
I climbed an old-fashioned, dimly lit stairway, which still seemed to retain the faint scent of lavender and sandalwood. Looking up, I saw framed in the doorway a picture that would have made Whistler's fingers itch for his brush. A soft cloud of cream white—a face, hazy in the dim light, into which seemed to have been rubbed two small, smudgy patches of black, which gave forth dancing sparks and a warm glow—two nebulous streaks of white, which waved back and forth—everything else indistinct. As I reached the top step, the mist seemed to give way and the dim, Whistlerian figure became a vital, animated, very beautiful girl, whose warm, hearty handshake suddenly brought me back to reality.

"You can't see very well here, it's so dark; do come in," she said in a warm, throaty voice.

"I look a fright; I've been at the studio all afternoon posing for some new pictures. I just came in and haven't had a chance to wash the grease paint off my face yet. I'll wager I look real interesting and pale, don't I?"

She did look very lovely. Her soft, brown hair was rumpled and curly; her large brown eyes stared out from her fascinatingly white face and her mouth was a streak of scarlet.

"Take off your coat; it's rather warm in here. Make yourself comfy." I didn't feel like an interviewer calling on a star, but like one girl calling on a girl friend for tea. Miss Breamer immediately puts one at ease. She doesn't look at all theatrical, but with her dainty white crêpe-de-chine blouse, plaid skirt, sporty woolen hose and low-heeled brown ties she looked the picture of a college miss who had just come in from a hike.

The maid brought in tea and several healthy slices of bread and butter which Miss Breamer ate with a relish. She doesn't believe in dieting and eats what she likes when she likes it.

"We had been talking for half an hour—about nothing in particular—just gossiping about the people we knew, the new Spring fashions, the trials of finding an apartment in New York and the latest pictures, when Miss Breamer's sister came in. They look nothing alike. In contrast to Miss Breamer's dark chestnut hair, her sister's is Titian. Miss Breamer's sister accompanies her wherever she goes and is as proud of her as any big sister would be of a successful, fascinating younger one.

"Are you trying to interview Sylvia?" laughingly questioned her older sister, as Sylvia slipped from the room for a minute. "You'll find it a hard job. She usually interviews every interviewer who comes to see her."

And then I suddenly realized that Miss Breamer so far had not really told me anything about herself. We had
been talking about things in general and I had been doing
most of the talking. I determined that as soon as she re-
turned I was going to get right down to my interview, even
if it meant tying a bow on my head.
“It must be loads of fun to interview people,” said Miss
Breamer, as she danced back into the room and curled her-
selv e up into a comy little heap on the couch. ‘This time the
grease paint was missing. A faint pink tinged her cheeks.
I admitted it was fun to interview people sometimes;
many times it was very boring.
“What kinds of people have you interviewed?” shot back
the little dark-eyed heap in the corner of the couch.
“How did you get started doing this kind of work?”
“What newspapers did you work for?”
“Did you have very many thrilling experiences?”
“Did you ‘cover’ any murders or robberies?”
All these questions were shot at me so quickly and force-
fully that I answered them as quickly and briefly as possible
in the hope of getting in a question myself after a while. I
did get in one or two, but Miss Breamer ignored them and
repeated the ones she had asked me. So I decided that I
might as well humor the lady and let her go ahead and
interview me. Then I determined I would make up for it
by having her give me the most complete interview I had
ever obtained. And I got it. I am convinced, though, that
if ever Miss Breamer decides to give up the screen as a pro-
fession she can take to interviewing—and the Lord take pity
on the person who tries to hide even the smallest detail
from her!
“Well,” said I, when finally she could not think of an-
other question to ask me, “will you let me interview you
now?”
“Oh,” she laughed, “isn’t it too funny!” I failed to see
the joke. “I always manage to get more information out of
people than they ever obtain from me. Well, I’m sorry.
What can I do to make up for it?”
“Talk—about yourself. Tell me every blessed thing you
know I want to hear.”
“Well,” pouring herself a second cup of tea. “I was
born—
“No, we don’t want any of that ‘I was born’ style. Just
talk, please.”
“Oh, let’s forget about the old interview,” she said laugh-
ingly, jumping up and going into the bedroom, emerging
with a beautiful brocaded bag. “Look at my new purse! Like it? I wear mine out so quickly. I stuff everything in
them and, of course, they lose their shape, tear—and every-
thing. I think this is splendid.”
Throwing the purse on a table, she suddenly rushed over
to a mirror, crammed the index finger of each hand into
her mouth and started to blow out her cheeks. What in
the world was she up to now? I stared and said nothing.
“Oh, it’s no use,” she said, turning about and wiping her
wet fingers on her handkerchief. “I know I’ll never be able
to do it.”
“Do what?” I asked, thinking that perhaps Miss Breamer
had been working too hard and it had been a strain on
her mind.
“Do you know I have the most wonderful brother! He
can put his fingers in his mouth and he can whistle—oh, you
should just hear him. He whistles beautifully! I always
tell him he ought to go on the vaudeville stage, but he hates
it and actors and actresses. He doesn’t even like the idea
of my being on the screen. He gets furious when I tell him
he ought to go on the stage. But then there’s hope for him;
he’s only sixteen.
“All of my folks were frightfully set against the stage,
though. I remember there was an awful rumpus when I
first went on. I was rather young when my father died and
we didn’t have very much money, so mother sent me to my
aunt, who also lived in Australia. I always had the stage
bug and when a man with a one-night stand show came
along and offered me a position I jumped at the oppor-
tunity.” She twined her long white arms about her knees,
rested her head on them and laughed. “Dan O’Connor—
I still remember his name. That was the man who gave me
my first job. And oh, what a company, what people! It
was frightfully hard work, but I was determined to stick.
Mother was furious when she learned what I had done. She
sent my sister after me to bring me home. My sister came
and went back alone. I refused to leave the company. After
that I played in stock, road companies, vaudeville—oh, about
everything there is.

Then three years ago I left Australia and came here to
go into pictures. It’s all been too wonderful—my good for-
tune, I mean. You know, I am leaving for the Coast Mon-
day, where I will make ‘Athalie,’ by Robert W. Chambers.
So I viewed, interviewed and was interviewed.
Who will shortly appear in a Pathé serial with Jack Norworth

JEANETTE HORTON
DAGMAR GODOWSKY

Daughter of Leopold Godowsky, world famous pianist, protege of Nazimova, appearing in "The Peddler of Lies," starring Frank Mayo, in which she plays the role of titled "vamp"
THE FALSE ROAD

Fictionized from the Thomas H. Ince Production of the Paramount Artcraft Picture-Play by

CHARLES ELLIOTT DEXTER

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Betty Palmer..................Bud Bennett
"Pickpocket" Roger Moran.....Lloyd Hughes
"Sapphire" Mike Wilson........Wade Beteler
"Frisco" Minnie.................Lucille Young
Joshua Starbuck..............Charles Smily
Mother Starbuck...............Edith Yorke
The Chauffeur................Gorden Mullen

THE day Roger Moran returned from "the Big House up the river" promised to be long remembered by "Sapphire" Mike Wilson's gang. Mike was the sleek, iron-jawed leader of a roving gang of crooks, just that, and nothing more, but Mike had a keen sense of the proprieties, and as his subordinates seldom if ever descended to small jobs, he kept them in style and entertained them when the occasion demanded in quite a lavish manner.

Thus it happened that great preparations were made for the banquet to Roger Moran, by direct orders of "Sapphire" Mike himself. Betty Palmer, the pretty dark-eyed "con" girl, who was Roger's best friend and as such was left unmolested by the other male members of the gang, travelled up to Sing Sing with a new suit of clothes for the young pickpocket, who was finishing a two-year sojourn at the prison. "Frisco" Minnie, Mike's girl, acted as general manager of the festivities and spent the afternoon dressing up the two floors of Conklin's Hotel on Third Avenue, New York, which served as headquarters for the gang.

During the early evening members of the "club"—as it was called for the benefit of strangers—drifted in. They were a curious mixture of well-groomed confidence men and women, ex-yeggs, who owed their present prosperity and safety from molestation to Mike's iron discipline, to which they gladly submitted. At last Betty and Roger arrived—Betty, slender, stylishly dressed, as winsome as ever and perhaps just a little happier because her man was back home again, and Roger, with face just a trifle hardened, with eyes carrying just a bit more fire than the day he had been caught trifling with the pocketbook of a rich banker at a club reception.

"Welcome to our city!" cried Mike, with true warmth, as he greeted Roger. He led the boy through the portieres to the large private dining room—for the gang had a well-furnished if not lavishly decorated headquarters. The bunch were sitting about waiting for the guest of honor and there was a noisy moment as they came from their seats to wish Roger the best of luck in his new freedom.

The meal began with all the abandon of manners characteristic of the gang. They guzzled the wine Mike had supplied, they consumed the food eagerly and talked much and loudly, until the sound of Mike's knife on a wine-glass silenced them.

"Well, Roger," Mike began as he rose to his feet, "there must be something you want to say. We want you to talk to us, even if it's only to hear the sound of your voice, which we've all missed so much."

"Friends," he said, "there ain't much I can tell you. It's
been mighty hard up there in the Big House, away from the city and everyone I know. It’s quiet there, too, and I’ve had plenty of time to think.” He stopped for a moment.

“I’ve done some thinking,” he went on, “and I’ve made up my mind. I’m about through. I’m going to be straight from now on. I’m going to try to be honest. I hate to leave you all, but there’s not a single way out. I’m quitting this crooked stuff and I’m goin’ somewhere where I can begin again.”

He stopped speaking. A murmur ran about the room. Roger heard the words “quitter,” “yellow,” “coward.” Someone rose, saying a chair back noisily. Others rose, unwilling to sit longer beside a renegade. Finally only Mike, Betty and Roger were left. Mike looked grimly at the boy, rose and stood waiting for him at the door. Betty, to whom Roger’s return meant more than the mere addition of another member of the gang, sat as if stunned. Gradually she began to think again. She turned to him, glanced at him half contemptuously, and rose to her feet.

“See here, Bet,” Mike whispered as she passed him. “It’s up to you to stop him from quitting. Go in the other room with him. Argue with him. Do your best.”

Betty smiled. She turned toward Roger, walked to his chair and placed her arm on his shoulder.

“What’s the matter, Roger?” she asked. “Did the Big House get you, too? They say it makes you act queer. What do you want to quit for? Take your time. Think it over. Stick with us!”

“Nothing doing, Bet,” Roger replied, firmly. “I’m going straight and I want you to do the same. Why can’t we go off somewhere, out of this dirt and filth, somewhere where there’s a clean bit of country, and live a clean life? Let’s get married—let’s get a parson to-morrow and get tied up for life.”

Betty laughed, although the tears were near. “You’re crazy, Roger. Who wants to get married these days? Not me. And what’s more, you’ll find it’s harder than you think to stay straight. I’m satisfied. I’ve got mine, and I’m going to stay here.”

“Well, then, we’re through,” said Roger, quietly. He wanted to take the girl into his arms, to hold her close so that she might never escape him, but try as he would he could not make his arms rise. So he turned his head away and waited until she grew impatient and left.

It was early spring when Roger had returned from the Big Rear, built into the wall. The very bars of the cage were of brass instead of steel. The private office of the banker consisted of no more than a low wooden fence built around a corner.

The old man took a note-book from his desk.

“It’s a two-storied place, with a half-acre back, some chickens my hand tends to occasionally. I’ll drive ye down there myself, if ye’re wantin’ to see it to-day.”

“We have a car,” said the taller of the two girls.

“But my mare can go pretty fast,” the old man replied proudly.

So they drove in the old-fashioned buggy to the little house along the country road entering White Harbor. It was a pretty spot and the bargain was driven quickly.

“Now ye must come over and see me today, the banker urged, when they walked with him to the gate. “She’s been makin’ some real old-fashioned ginger cookies to-day, and I know she’ll have some tea ready for ye.”

“We want to get back to town and get our chauffeur to make arrangements for the car,” the girls explained.

But he urged them again to visit his home; it was just down the road, would take but a few minutes. And so they acquiesced.

Into the white house on the hill-top they went, there to meet a sweet-faced old lady, Joshua Starbuck’s wife. She was so small, so youthful looking even in her age that they did not think it over-sentimental when Joshua remarked that she looked just as pretty as when she was a girl.

The four went into the dining-room and stood about the table. A crock of cookies was brought forth and the girls were bitin’ into them eagerly when one of them looked up. A young man was standing in the doorway, staring at them.

“My helper, Mr. Hammond,” was Joshua’s introduction.

The young man advanced, nodded and went his way. The darker of the two girls arose and said they must hurry on. A few minutes later when good-byes were said, they sat in the buggy driving to town. The car was waiting for them at the corner and then entered. Back to their own house they drove, and were descending when the young man approached.

“What are you doing here?” he demanded.

“What are you doing here?” Betty retorted.

“I’ve been working for Starbuck’s ever since I left the city. But if you’re up to some tricks, I’m going to stop you.”

“Not at all, Roger dear,” Betty replied, smiling. “We’re just up here for a rest.”
Roger was apparently convinced, for they chatted for several minutes.

"I suppose I'll see you again," he said as he left them.

Time drifted by at White Harbor and the girls were evidently enjoying to the full their vacation. Minnie spent much time fooling with a box of paints and a canvas—which, as Betty explained to Mother Starbuck when the old lady paid them a call one day, was being used as the means of expressing Minnie's talent as a landscape artist. The girls saw Roger three times, once when he brought Mother Starbuck to their house and again when he was passing and saw Betty vainly striving to pull a bucket from the well in the back.

It seemed like old times, only under different circumstances, as they stood talking to one another.

"Why can't we live like the Starbuck's?" Roger asked her that day. "Betty, I've forgotten what happened at Conklin's last spring. I'd like to take you to a place just like this and live as real people do. Let's get married. Don't go back to the city."

"I'd like to, Roger," Betty told him, "but it can't be done. At least, I can't do it. So that's all there is to it."

At last came the day when the girls were about to leave for New York, or Philadelphia, as they told the townfolk. They saw the news that they were quitting White Harbor at nine o'clock that night, travelling by night straight through to New York. They actually left at that hour, but their car pulled up in the darkness of the road near the town and stopped.

A long wait ensued. When one o'clock came, Jerry, the chauffeur, took some grease paint from his satchel and began to blacken his face. When he exchanged his chauffeur's cap for an old hat and had torn off his collar, he turned to Betty for instructions.

"You meet me here at two o'clock," she ordered. "Keep the town marshal busy, whatever you do."

The girl pulled a satchel from the tonneau and made off in the dark, leaving Minnie to stand guard over the car.

Into White Harbor Jerry staggered, marching boldly down the main street, a startling illustration of the power of the Demon Rum to turn a man into a loathsome wreck. Boldly past Tom Hickson, the town marshal, he walked. That dignitary, a wizened old man of some sixty years, perked up as he saw the apparent hobo approaching, shining his marshal's star of authority and getting a firmer hold on his blackjack. A chase began. Jerry staggering from place to place, pulling awning strings as if in a playful mood, leaning against lamp-posts and hydrants, always keeping himself in sight of Hickson, but never doing anything that would make him liable to arrest. Down Main Street they went, then into a side street, Jerry taking every caution to see that he did not wander too close to the bank of Joshua Starbuck.

For it was to the bank that Betty had hurried. A Jimmy pried loose the door and she entered, locking it behind her. Oil lamps burned in the back, dimly lighting the interior so that the safe could be seen from the street. She worked feverishly, taking from her satchel the canvas on which Minnie had painted her "landscape." Unrolling it, it became a counterpart of the front of the safe. Betty climbed to a stool before the safe and by means of a few thumb-tacks deftly hung the canvas a few feet in front of the safe. Dragging her satchel behind the canvas screen, she worked again, hidden from passers-by, to whom the bank seemed unoccupied.

She clapsed a telephone headpiece on and placing the sensitive audion cap on the safe handle began to work the combination. "Click-click" sounded bolts as they fell into place. In five minutes she had discovered the secret numbers and the door swung open. A hurried search for currency began. Much silver she found but decided it was too heavy to carry. At last, in a pigeon hole, she came upon a roll of bills, marked in red letters "$10,000." With one sweep she threw it into her satchel and quietly left the safe. The canvas was torn down and rolled into a ball. She made her way slowly to the door, turned the lock, closed it from the street, and at exactly two o'clock found herself on the country road with Jerry awaiting her.

"Drive me by, Jerry," she commanded.

The following morning she tossed the bills on the table before "Sapphire" Mike, who greeted her with all the effusion of a long lost friend.

The next night the secret signal, three long raps and a short one, sounded on the clubroom door at Conklin's. The door was opened and Roger Moran entered.

"Well, of all the people on earth ..." cried "Red" Melon, known to the police of two continents as one of the most skillful of all second-story workers.

"Hello," cried Roger.

At the table he saw Betty, watching a crap game between two of the men. She looked up, a startled expression crossed her face and she advanced to meet him.

"Where did you come from?" she asked, as she gave him her hand.

"When I saw how easy it was for you two girls to rob Starbuck's, I just quit. Here I've been wasting half a year. I'm coming back and coming back strong. Watch me."

"Sapphire" Mike was found, and welcomed Roger.

"My fingers may be a bit stiff, but I've still got the old knack," he said. "I'll start in on something easy."

And it did seem indeed as if the old Roger were really
back. He appeared the same as ever, the easy-going, ever-smoking, tipsy youngster with the winning smile and the happy phrase forever on his lips. Only Betty seemed dimly aware of the way he had proved a backslider. In her heart, Betty had been glad to see Roger so happy, so clean-limbed, so bright, when she had met him at White Harbor. She had created a little shrine for him in her heart, her "good boy," and the holy place seemed desecrated.

The next day Roger appeared swinging a watch in his hand.

"It was easy," he cried as he showed it to the gang. "Took it from a farmer, but it showed I could do it well as ever.

Betty heard him and followed him into the hall.

"At it again, eh?" she said, grimly.

"Sure! Why not?"

"Well, I thought ...."

Roger looked at her closely. Could he trust her now? She seemed sincere in her regret that he had fallen once more. He hesitated, then drawing her into his room he bade her sit down and listen to him.

"Betty," he told her, "I'm going to put things straight between us. You wouldn't quit this game when I asked you to, but you seem to have seen the light since you met me up there this summer, I'm going to let you in on my secret and I want you to help me out. I'm here on a stall. I came down here to get back Joshua Starbuck's money, the money you stole. Mother Starbuck's mighty poor in health. The old man had saved up some of that money for a trip to Italy the coming winter. You took it, and in all probability, unless I get it back, she'll never live the winter out. They've been planning a trip ever since their honeymoon to Niagara Falls forty years ago, and they've earned it. Will you help me to get it back?"

Things had moved too swiftly for Betty. She was puzzled for a moment. Then the light dawned.

"I will, Roger," she cried. "I'll help you. But what can we do? I gave the money to 'Sapphire' Mike and he's put it in his safe, in the vault in his room."

"Perhaps."

"Wait a minute," she interrupted him. "I've got an idea. Listen. You meet me in your room tonight at twelve. If I don't come, beat it as fast as you can, for something will have slipped and he'll be on to you. Get everything ready, so we can get out in a second. Will you do that?"

"You know I will, Betty," he pledged, as he took her in his arms. "SWEETHEART," he told her, "those two years of Hell in the Big House were worth it, if they brought me to this minute of heaven.

Betty opened the door of "Sapphire" Mike's room at ten that evening. The gang chief sat in his heavy leather chair, a whisky bottle and soda siphon on the table before him counting up his profits for the month.

"Hello, Bet," he greeted her. "What's the idea?"

She was dressed in an evening gown bought with the proceeds of her "deal" in White Harbor and made an entrancing vision for the firm-jawed crook.

"Don't you ever want a little variety, Mickey?" she asked winsomely. "I do. So I thought, seeing as Minnie isn't around, you might be a little ionesome."

"You always did love the bright ideas, little girl," he replied.

"Will you have a drink?"

She nodded.

He reached for the whisky bottle and poured two stiff three-fingers of the liquor. The ice dish at the side was empty.

"Wait a minute and I'll get some ice from downstairs," he told her.

Luck was with Betty. If . . . If she could find the drugs Mike kept in his room. As the door closed, she became active. She quickly ran through the various drawers of his desk. In the middle drawer she found a little medicine case. A rapid examination disclosed a vial marked "K-O," knockout drops. With trembling fingers, she poured a few drops in one of the glasses.

He returned, to fill the glasses with soda and ice. Back to the arm chair he went and beckoned to her to come and sit on his knee. She obeyed with alacrity. Holding his glass in her own hand, she poured the liquor down his throat and sealed his lips with a kiss, a kiss of sacrifice.

He thrust his arms about her and stroked her face.

"You're the best of the bunch," he murmured. "I'll promote you, I will." Then: "Him . . . but that drink had an ugly kick in it."

His arms began to relax. His hold loosened. With eyes rapidly glazing he faced her. His lips moved as if to speak, but the effort was too great. With a suddenness that almost frightened her, he sank into sleep.

Betty jumped to her feet. From her hand bag which he had hung on a chair she withdrew the phone receiver and the audion.

Extemporaneously, she applied them to the handle of the safe. Watching Mike with ill-concealed anxiety, she fumbled for the combination. It came. The door swung open. Feverishly she fingered papers, jewels, a revolver. At last, an old, soiled envelope came to her attention. In red letters it bore the mark "10,000." The very envelope she had taken from Joshua Starbuck's bank.

She turned and sprang up in alarm to see Minnie entering the room.

"So that's how square you are," Minnie cried. Then turning to Mike, she began to shake him. "Come on, Mike, wake up," she called. "She's been ransacking your safe while you're sleeping."

Mike's eyes opened, and with a mighty effort of will he rose to his feet. All the majesty of his position as chief of the gang sounded in his voice as he turned upon Betty.

"You thief, you!" he shouted. "I've a good mind to have you pinched for this, you low-down thief! Give that money to me."

He snatched the envelope from Betty. The girl, defeated in her strategy, began to weep softly.

"I'm sorry, Mike," she said. "I didn't mean to do it. It was a put-up job."

"Don't talk to me," he retorted, taking the envelope and putting it in his inside pocket. "Get out, and get out quick!"

(Continued on page 31)
"DON'T SCOLD—DO SOMETHING"

By MRS. LEWIS GOVERNEUR MORRIS

The problem of raising the standards of the motion picture theatres comes right home to the women of the nation, as a thing of personal importance. We are interested in it not merely for ourselves, but as it affects the children and youth of the country, and, in fact, the welfare of the whole people. That is why so many of the women’s clubs, both local and national organizations, are ready—even eager—to help any practical movement toward better things. Women are generally practical people. We like to get things done and are more interested in results, that we can see, than in theories. And that is why so many women have joined the Motion Picture Theatre League for Better Pictures.

The M. P. T. League has attracted the support of many representative women who have hitherto paid little attention to the films. There are two reasons for this. One is the growing realization of the importance of the motion picture theatres as an institution. The other is that we are coming to understand that this is destined to be a field of art of value in itself, taking its place beside the spoken drama, music and literature, as something that we want to see and enjoy and know about, ourselves. The pictures built from such material as Stevenson’s stories, from Mark Twain, Barrie, Pinero, and standard plays, have opened up new possibilities. These things, if they are well done—and some of them are admirably done—have a strong appeal to women of culture and education. We are ready to support producers and exhibitors who will make this kind of picture-play, but we naturally demand that they shall be made very well indeed.

But the popular side of it is of even greater importance. There are perhaps twenty million more or less regular attendants at the “movies,” and nearly eighteen thousand theatres. Never before has there been such an audience, and there is no need to argue that it matters very greatly what kind of shows they see. Neither is it necessary to prove that the general average of pictures is not very high. We all know that a very large proportion of them are silly, empty, unreal and uninteresting. We are sure the public wants something better, and we are also sure that the producers can and will give us something better if they realize that we will support it, and that we mean business when we say we want it.

The M. P. T. League says to the producer, “Make us finer, simpler, more artistic, more interesting pictures, and we will guarantee you an audience for anything that comes up to the standards of our Board of Merit. That’s the whole idea, in a nutshell. It means co-operation between the public, as represented in the League, and the film industry. We expect to live up to our motto of “Don’t scold—do something,” and what we propose to do is to help the film makers all we can in creating the kind of thing we want.

I don’t think it does any good just to stand off at one side and criticize. That leaves things just where they were before, except that it angers the other fellow. The thing to do is to ask for something better, and keep on asking until we get it. The trouble has been that the dissatisfied public has had no organized means of expressing its wish. Now the M. P. T. League proposes to organize that public demand, not as a complaint but as a stimulus to better produc-
tion, better means of selection, and more discriminating, constructive criticism.

It has attracted the aid of all sorts of representative women. Mrs. James Speyer is Honorary President of the League, and its membership includes such women as Mrs. Douglas Robinson, Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., Mrs. Oliver Harriman, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Sr., Mrs. John Henry Hammond, Mrs. Samuel H. Ordway, Miss Georgine Iselin, Miss Sue Ann Wilson, Mrs. DeLancey Kane, and many others. Women writers and artists are also interested—such women as Mary E. Wilkins Freeman, Josephine Daskam Bacon, Ida Tarbell, Mary Stewart Cutting, Nance O'Neil, Elsie Janis, Elizabeth Marbury, Margaret Anglin, Neysa McMein and scores more. We also have the help of the executive officers of very many women's organizations, from Los Angeles to New England.

The chief thing I want to bring out is that we wish to help, not hinder, the producer and exhibitor of films. Our Board of Merit will not find fault, but it will select and recommend anything it finds to be worth recommending. We think our opinion is worth listening to, and that we can create and direct a better demand which will inevitably bring about higher standards. We women can get anything we want if we ask for it, and keep on asking intelligently and earnestly. We want better motion pictures, and we think that the M. P. T. League method is the way to get them. "Don't scold—do something."

IF I WERE TO TALK

I would prohibit Vitagraph from giving Corinne Griffith stories in which she has to look "the poverty maid" and wear gingham dresses.

I would exile Billy West for attempting to give us his conception of our popular Chaplin.

I would construct an independent theatre—and engage sergeant-at-arms to refuse admittance to women with babes in their arms—who spoil a dramatic scene of 1000% importance every time I step into a small picture house to get a glimpse of my favorite.

I would nominate Larry Semon as the probable candidate for Charlie Chaplin's place when he decides to retire from the screen.

I would let it be known that Robert Gordon is keeping busy day and night completing plans for the formation of the Robert Gordon Production Company.

That Bessie Love has almost completed the first production by the Bessie Love Production Company, the title of which is "The Midlanders."

That Louise Huff has my best wishes and that I know she will outshine all other Selznick so-called stars.

I would offer $10,000 for a story for Bill Hart in which he does not have to fire a dozen guns or offer a single prayer to the Almighty.

I would raise Jane Novak, Norman Kerry, Anna Q. Nilsson to immediate stardom.

I would make Tallulah Bankhead my leading woman.

I would ask the producers for more pictures like "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Everywoman," "Pollyanna," "Broken Blossoms."

I would ask for the good old-time double-reel pictures, where for the five-cent admission, I was able to see Charlie Chaplin, Mabel Normand, Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle, Al St. John, Dorothy Gish, Lillian Gish, Robert Harron and one or two dozen more present day big stars.

I would ask D. W. Griffith to forgive his straying children, Mabel Normand and Mae Marsh and take them back unto his fold once more.

I would ask some popular players to change their leading women more often than once in twenty years.

I would demand that Marguerite Clark get stories of the calibre of the old "low cost of living" days.

I would star Lillian Gish instead of simply giving her mention.

I would demand to see more Rockliffe Fellows of "Regeneration" fame.

I would announce "The Duchess of Suds" as the title of Mary Pickford's newest picture for United Artists.

I would watch the work of D. W. Griffith's newest protege, Carol Dempster. Mark my words—she is a comer.

_A scene from Humoresque, a Cosmopolitan production, released through Paramount-Arctic—a study of life in New York's Ghetto, in which Alma Rubens and Vera Gordon have leadine part_
WOULDN'T this be a jolly old world if we could wear just what we wanted to, when we wanted to, irrespective of time, climate, occasion or proprieties? If, on a piercing, blowy March day, our spirits were soaring so high that we ached for a spider-web costume with flowing robes and a dance on the meadow, we could put it on and sail forth. Or, if, when we were going to a dinner dance and felt as if we must cover ourselves from neck to feet in Russian sables, instead of putting on a white chiffon velvet trailing affair, we could go right on and do it without thinking of what this one or the other would think. And, also, when on a splashing rainy day, when we would adore putting on a man's rough tweed suit and a pair of high boots, we could just go right ahead and do it—without fear of police interference.

That certainly would be very, very satisfying.

I believe so sincerely in the psychology of clothes—dressing in absolute keeping with one's moods. I think women themselves would be a lot happier, wouldn't nag their husbands so much and would be a hundred times better gowned if they would just stop and think what clothes are anyway, what their influence is on the mind, and the world in general.

The French understand this much better than do Americans. They have for centuries.

There is no doubt that dress influences the minds and moods of most women, barring the super women, of which there are so few they aren't worth considering in this discussion.

Take a business woman who wakes up in the morning with the feeling, "another day to go through with." She probably slings on her very worst and most drab dress and takes out her spite by snapping her hooks viciously. If, instead, she would take out her prettiest and brightest blouse, I am sure she would feel real cheerful in a short time. This is especially true in the spring, when our hearts almost leap out of our bodies with the joy of rebirth.

Women, who have had to wear the more sombre colors that somehow always go with winter, should buy lots of lovely bright frilly things that fit in with the spring frame of mind—blues, yellows, pinks, lavenders. These bright colors influence the moods and dispositions of those about them—inspiring them as they go about their daily duties.

You know, yourself, how on the first bright spring day when you walk down the Avenue and see a girl in a light tan suit, with cheerful blue hat, and a corsage of sweet peas, you just want to keep staring
at her and rush up and thank her for giving you so much happiness.

The screen and stage stars need to study minutely the psychology of clothes because their acting is influenced a lot by how they feel in their costumes and how their audience reacts to them. The business girl should think seriously about the influence her clothes have on herself and others. For instance, a girl who seeks new employment has much more chance to obtain a coveted position if she faces her interviewer with a confidence that she is dressed becomingly, in good taste and in good style. It will even pay a girl who wants to get a new position to buy herself a new hat or a new pair of shoes before she goes after it.

Often I want to cry out in wild despair when I see Mamie, the Ribbon-Counter Girl, wearing a loud fussy check suit, when she would be stunning in a strictly tailored blue serge. Both suits could be bought for the same money, but poor Mamie doesn’t realize that one is bad taste and the other is good taste.

It seems that some persons are just born with a feeling of what is good and what is bad taste. In the cases where you do not have this inner conviction, the only thing to do is to look around you, critically, and notice what well-dressed people wear. Pick out some one in your same financial circumstances who is considered well dressed and analyse her to see why. Scrutinize yourself long and deliberately and cruelly in a full length mirror, trying on different styles, and decide once and for all just what your “type” demands. If you find a becoming line, or color, or sleeve—and even the most unattractive of us do look better in one thing than in another—for goodness sake hold on to it with both fists and use it a lot—with variations.

There is no question that clothes that are in good taste can be bought for the same amount as clothes in bad taste. Everyone knows some woman who spends a small fortune each season on her wardrobe and always looks like a “rag.” Everyone also can think of some woman who is looked upon as a marvel because she spends so little on her clothes and the result is always so smart.

If women would only realize that it is not how much you spend as how you spend it! The business woman should wear dark, modest tailored suits, with great care as to the shade. She should give great attention to her waist line. If she is short and has thick hips and a large waist, there is no need for her to don plain, tailored waists when she would look a lot better in a straight-lined overblouse. Let her avoid checks and plaids, and when she indulges in figured materials she must be careful.

Don’t let her think that because she is a business woman she mustn’t have any frills or furbelows, because she certainly ought to do that very thing in her blouses and collars.

The difficulty is that some business women of the more intelligent kind, in their search for something neat and in good taste, often over emphasize the practical and “business-like” air and reach what we call mannishness. They must strike the happy medium between the chorus girl’s froth and foolishness and the typical American tailleur.

Personally, I am a strong advocate of the strictly tailleur and sports model, and I believe that the American manufacturers and couturiers excel in this. I am not surprised that the French add a touch of femininity to a costume of this kind, but I think it is absolutely out of keeping with a tailleur.

(Editor’s Note—The authorship of the Photo-Play Journal’s monthly fashion pages will be different for each issue. A famous film star will, for every number, give her views on clothes, with descriptions and pictures of some of the best-liked articles of her wardrobe.)
This airy dancing frock is fashioned of filmy black silk shadow lace over an underslip of black chiffon. Streamers of ribbon, in an entrancing shade of sea-green, can be seen peeping out here and there from under the delicate lace tunic, and each of these streamers is finished off with a flower made of the same delectable ribbon.

Myrtle Stedman in "The Teeth of the Tiger," showing the "Pettibocker," a popular innovation which replaces both knickerbockers and petticoats. (A Paramount-Artcraft Picture)
REAL NEWS OF REEL PEOPLE

David Warfield, the distinguished stage star, posed for the first motion pictures ever made of him at the Metro studios in Hollywood one day last week. The occasion, which was made a red letter event at the big production plant, brought together in the same strip of film with Mr. Warfield another eminent Thespian, two of America's foremost dramatists, and one of the most widely known motion picture exhibitors in the industry.

Mr. Warfield's "supporting cast" were William H. Crane, the veteran American actor; Bayard Veiller, author of "Within the Law," "The Thirteenth Chair" and other theatrical successes; Winchell Smith, who wrote "Brewster's Millions," "The Fortune Hunter" and collaborated on such stage triumphs as "Turn to the Right" and "Lightnin'," and Sid Grauman, proprietor of Grauman's Million Dollar Theatre and the Roosevelt and the Los Angeles Cinerama.

The "gallery" of onlookers who saw Mr. Warfield and his co-players go through their paces, face the clicking Bell and Hartwell included the Metro stars Viola Dana, Bert Lytell, May Allison and Alice Lake. If the picture taken of this aggregation of celebrities was to be released, it would be an all-star production unparalleled in the history of the cinema.

Mr. Warfield was playing an engagement in Los Angeles in "The Auctioneer," and was the guest of Metro just two days before he received a telegram that he was run down by a motor truck. It appears that the distinguished star, who has hitherto sedulously avoided participation in the silent dramatics, has made a journey to see the stage's sister art. He expressed a desire to see a big motion picture plant in operation, and his visit to the Metro studio officials motored out to Hollywood.

Bayard Veiller and Winchell Smith are on Metro's staff of playwrights. Mr. Crane is to portray his original role of Nicholas Van Alstyne in a forthcoming Metro all-star production of "The Heiress" by Victor Mapes and Winchell Smith.

From a Middle-Western admirer of Viola Dana came an order for Metro to make a tiny Pekingese pup. The doglet arrived safely crated and very hungry. The little star's first impulse was to find a name for him. He's kind of a watch-dog, maybe a wrist-watch dog. I've got it. I'll call him Radiolite. He's about that size. And I can feed him radiolite—which is that I can find him in the dark," she said.

Charles (Chic) Sale, the vaudeville comic-dancer who was directed by Al Christie as a five-reel "screecher," is a trifle slow in responding to calls. The other morning an assistant director called five times, but Chic failed to appear. "I'll get him," said Director Scott Sidney. Going to the door of Chic's dressing room Sidney yelled: "Overture!" Chic beat Sidney to the set. He understood the language of the stage, but studio lingo meant nothing to him.

Lucille Carawan, who has been a favorite throughout the country as a vaudeville star, is playing her first screen engagement with William Russell in "Leave It to Me." She is keenly interested in comparing this new-found field with that of the stage, and is delighted with the thrills of pictures.

Here's the latest thing in sensational sports. Eddy Polo, the Universal serial star, vouchsafes that "the picture of San Pedro harbor, near Los Angeles, the other day taking some hydroplane scenes for "The Vanishing Dungo," then he conceived the idea for the new sport.

The actor tied a rope to the boat-like part of the plane and himself grappled the other end of the rope. The machine was then started and it dragged Polo through the water, as a whale might.

"There's nothing like it," said the serial artist. "It has aquaplaning beat a mile, if you're looking for something sensational."

Norman Selby, well-known screen character man, and perhaps better known as Kid McCoy, erstwhile middleweight champion of the world, declares that you can't mix two different kinds of talent. By way of illustration, the ex-champ states that when in the prize ring with a bunch of sixty-six bats and out of that entire number only lost four.

"But since taking up screen work," he continues, "I have fought six battles and have lost seven of them." "How's that?" someone asked. "Well," explains McCoy, "the seventh was a retake of the sixth."

The fighter is matched for another bout with Robert Warwick in the latter's new Paramount-Artcraft starring vehicle, based on F. Anstey's story, "The Man From Blanky's." No matter what her report to the income tax collector may be the average woman star of the pictures must always dress like an heiress. From silk stockings and other things to bewitching evening gowns and fairy hair styles every inch must be perfect and in each picture a new outfit is required. Wherefore it will be seen that the matter of old clothes that are not old is something of a problem.

Blanche Sweet—she of "The Dazzler Sex"—recently solved a part of her problem, and, in doing so, she started a fad that has taken the movie colony by storm. Old silk stockings are at a premium instead of being repulsive, because the blonde Pathe star found a way of artis- tically using them.

Joseph Maloney, in walking in her stockings, Blanche is now walking on them; for she has turned them into beautiful silk rugs and they now adorn her pretty home in Hollywood. Her first colony piece—that is it made of her own old hosiery; but the real thing now is a combination rug, one in which the stockings of favorite friends are used.

Mary Miles Minter is learning to cook. She never before had a cook in her house, so the cook as at home "drove" her out of the kitchen with a "Go long, honey, you're in the picture." But now, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, has bought a tiny little bungalow with a lovely, sunny kitchen. Mary is spending most of her time these days and promises soon to invite her friends to a dinner cooked by herself. Miss Minter is taking her cooking lessons in the evenings after work on her latest picture for RKO which is now being filmed, the name of which has not yet been announced.

Lon Cheney, who is playing the part of a21less man in Gouverneur Morris' "The Penalty," which is being filmed now at the Goldwyn studios, has an idea of playing crippled parts because of a sudden whim. One day he heard a lame man saying that it was impossible to really cripple a man to act like one. There never was an actor on stage or screen who could fool him, he said. Then and there, Cheney took the dare. He has played so many times as a cripple as that he says it is second nature for him when he enters a studio to begin to limp. He has already played the "frog" in "The Miracle Man." In "The Penalty" he has an even more difficult part. As both hands are supposed gone, he leaves the knee; he has to walk around on his knees with his legs cleverly strapped up behind him. He can hold this try Ing position for only twelve minutes at a time, so he cannot work steadily. However, there are few actors who could do it at all.

"A week ago today I spent part of my Sunday with two favorite lifters of mine at the Bel-Air Country Club. As a result of the reception given in the prison during the previous week for The Street Called Straight" he repeated a remark made by fellow convict loud enough for the entire audience to hear," says Basil King. "One of the titles runs: 'In The Street Called Straight' there are lions. 'Yes, by gum!' a voice shouted feelingly, 'and that's how the coppers got me.'"

On the completion of "Civilian Clothes," the Paramount-Artcraft picture which is now making in the East, under the direction of Hach Ford. Thomas Meighan will return to the Hollywood studio, where he will play the leading role in the production of Leonard Merrick's "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," which William DeMille is to direct.

"He's got his captain working for him now."

Major Robert Warwick now knows the full significance of this famous popular song. For, while he held high rank in Uncle Sam's army, in his new delectable, Henri Henaberry, sported the khaki of a sergeant. Henaberry says that bussing a major is a pleasure; he always wanted but never hoped to have it.

In "Paris Green," Charles Ray's latest picture, the star plays a New Jersey country boy who spends forty minutes in the French capital and who, on his return, is hailed by the home folks as 'the best French speaker in the village'.

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SHILOH SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Inc., Dept. 25, CHICAGO, ILL.
"Please let me stay," she whispered, leaning upon him and making him hold on the table for support. Her hair touched his face and even in his anger he could not help feeling sympathetic toward her. But Minnie, with blazing eyes, was looking at him, and he relented and threw her away from him.

"Go!" he commanded.

And she said, "Well, you got back the money, any- how," Minnie remarked.

"Yes," he replied confidently, putting his hand in his coat pocket for the envelope. He took out the folded paper and handed it to Minnie. "Put it back in the safe," he told her.

"This?" she asked. "Why, this is only an old magazine."

"My gracious!" gasped Mike, "if she didn't put over the old pickpocketing trick. Took the magazine from the table and stole the money while she was leaning on me.

They hurried from the room, but Betty and Roger were already on the street hailng a taxi-cab which took them safely away from the vicinity of Conklin's.

The next morning they met at City Hall and were duly married before Alderman White, who kissed the blushing bride only once, to his disappointment. A quick trip to the Grand Central Station in a taxi-cab and before nightfall they were knocking at the door of Joshua Starbuck's white house on the hill.

Explanations were awkward. It was hard to say that Betty had been the yegg who had startled White Harbor by her cleverness and to admit that Roger had served two years in prison as a common thief. But Joshua and Mother Star- buck were good old souls, who knew how to forgive, and even to be joyous in the redemption of two other souls from the paths of evil. And they beamed gladly upon the young couple and Mother stroked Joshua's hair as she watched Roger kiss his wife softly and rejoice that they had found their clean life, their new life, at last. And when Roger handed back the ten thousand dollars Joshua told his old soul that he would offer up a prayer of thanksgiving that night for the miracle that had taken place in his home.

OUR COVERS

Beginning with this issue, we publish the first of a series of cover portraits of popular screen stars.

Priscilla Dean, painted by Joe Hirt, will be remembered for her excellent playing of the title rôle in Universal's production, "The Virgin of Stamboul."

Credit for the excellent cover painting used for our May issue is due to Lawrence Harris.

THE FALSE ROAD

(Continued from page 45)

REAL NEWS OF REEL PEOPLE

(Continued from page 50)

Madge Kennedy says she isn't a real actress—because she doesn't own a dog or a string of pearls.

It is true that she is one of the most unaffected, modest and sincere of the screen personalities before the public today. She has been called the "Maudie Adams of the Screen" because of her retiring disposition. Those who have seen her on the stage in "Baby Mine," "Twin Beds," and on the screen in "Leave It to Susan," "The Wrong Door" and other successes would quickly dispute her assertion, however, that she is not a real actress.

She has become identified with pictures as a portrayer of clean, buxom comedies. She loves to play the wholesome American girl types and will not touch any photoplay which borders on the salacious or risquè.

Miss Kennedy was born in Lagos and is related to the Parmalee Brothers, who control the big bus line there. She is 5 feet 4 inches in height and has auburn hair and eyes of almost the same shade as her hair. She never changes the style of her hair, dressing it high and go as they will. She always wears it in the same simple, becoming way coiled round her head. Some amateur theatricals gotten up by some college boys introduced Miss Kennedy to the stage. She was then featured in "Baby Mine," "Twin Beds" and like farce comedies. She began her screen career in 1917.

Ethyde Chapman has a great feel for collecting shawls. She has a number of beautiful specimens in her collection. One of the most prized is a white llama shawl which was worn by Adelaide Neilson, who played the title rôle in "Romeo and Juliet." Another is a white shawl which belonged to Luella Adams, who starred the "Actor's Fund." Another one which she wears in "The Double Dyed Deceiver" is a black Spanish mantilla, said to be over a hundred years old. It formerly belonged to the Empress Eugenie and then came into the hands of Maximilian. As Miss Chapman plays a Spanish mother in this O. Henry picture, the mantilla was just the thing needed.

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Address
THE HAPPY LOT OF THE CHARACTER ACTOR

(Continued from page 22)

create the personality, the appearance and the emotion.

Did you ever know an actor to come

to the front as truly great who was

not a character actor? Can you
name one hand of one of the great tragedy roles

on

which the immorality of our art have

based their claim to immortality that

wasn't a character part?

While youth and beauty have their

eternal appeal, the camera treats them

maladroitly, and their lack of grace over the
double, chin or let the waistband erow and the camera is indeed malve-

tolent.

Father Time! How much he has to

answer for.

But the character actor sleeps well.

He can sit down to a hearty meal and

enjoy it. He doesn't care what kind of

a story he is put in; it can't affect him.

He doesn't look with horror toward the

coming of old age.

Twenty years from now, if I live, I

shall be enjoying my comfortable week-

ly salary and having just as much fun

generally as I do now.

And those who are stars today will be unknown to

the newer generation and only memories to

the old.

Stars may come and go, dynasties may toter; republics may rise and fall; the

character man goes on unheeding.

The glory of the world passeth away, but the character man keeps on working

fifty-two weeks in the year.

The star can ripen his powers, polish and temper his tools—he can develop a

knowledge of the great classic drama; he can make of himself an encyclopedia of

the complex and elusive art of expression—and Fad huge drops a

mantle of grey upon him and he withers

into a memory.

But the character actor acknowledges no

obligation to Time save the payment of the final debt, and apart from such

losses as may come through the gradual weakening of his

energies and muscles he has no fear of the thundery silence of the passing years.

* * *

REAL NEWS OF REEL PEOPLE

(Continued from page 50)

Billie Burke has a habit that is probably unique among stars. After finishing the

scenes in each set at the famous Players-

Lasky Corporation studios she makes a care-

ful survey of each piece of furniture, the rug, hangings and vases, to see if there is

anything she wants for her own home. Fit-

ting up her home with novelties is her great

extravagance, she says, and often so many

beautiful things are used to "dress" sets for

her pictures that she can't resist buying them.

* * *

Elise De Wolfe, New York society woman, who appeared as the Madonna in D. W.

Griﬃths's screen spectacle, "Intolerance," plays the rôle of The Woman in "Democ-

racy—The Vision Restored," under the direc-

tion of William Nigh.

* * *

Nina Wilcox Putnam, Saturday Evening Post, a pretty, popular co-star of the stage with Direct-

or William Nigh on the scenario of Lee Frank-

lyarger's story. She is said to have brought to

the photodrama a rare intuition of a woman and the part she has played in the

world's struggle for Democracy.

* * *

Windell Smith, playwright and stage pro-
ducer, is now a member of the Metro scen-

ario forces at the company's million-dollar

studios in Hollywood, Calif. He will serve

not only as a writer of original stories for

the screen but will personally assist in the

pictureization of several of his own remark-

able successes.
THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF FILMDOM

(Continued from page 15)

their way up from extra parts. The directors included William Raymerts, Lorimer Johnson, Theodore Marsden, C. J. Williams, Taft Johnson and Maurice Costello.

Griffith's old group of stars, remembered by all devotees of the movies, included Blanche Sweet, Mary Pickford, Florence Lawrence, Marion Leonard, Mack Sennett, the late Arthur Johnson, Henry B. Walthall, James Kirkwood, Jack Pickford, Owen Moore, Frank Powell and Billy Quirk. Kate Bruce, who played character roles, is still with Griffith, and was last seen in "The Idol Dancer." The others, with the exception of Florence Lawrence and Marion Leonard are still active in the pictures.

Just as Griffith touched new heights with "Judith of Bethulia," Vitagraph's greatest production of the early days was "The Tale of Two Cities." Maurice Costello is remembered by fans in the leading role, while Florence Turner played opposite him. Few who saw this picture will forget the notable acting of the late William Shea, who ranked with the best of character actors of his day.

Meanwhile, the discovery of the west coast had taken place. Under the pioneer leadership of Jesse Lasky and Cecil B. De Mille, the first western company of note was organized under the banner of Famous Players. With the opening of studios in the southern part of California, the present era of motion pictures was about to begin. It was inaugurated with the epoch-making production of "The Birth of a Nation." Since that date, 1915, the motion picture became the most popular form of entertainment and its history is well known to every fan.

Of all the companies which held sway a decade ago, Vitagraph is the only one which is still in existence. Strange to say, among its present stars several of the old company may still be found. Harry T. Morye, William Duncan and Earl Williams are good old Vitagraph names which have persisted, so to speak, into the second generation.

The old companies, Bison, Imp, Kalen, Edison, Solax, Biograph, Essanay and Keystone — to mention a few — have passed. Alice Joyce, who was a reigning star with Kalen, is now to be found with Vitagraph, and Maurice Costello played in several Vitagraph productions during the past year. But the majority of the old companies is scattered and lost sight of, while many changes which have occurred during the development of the motion picture from a toy to a great industry.

The old times can never return. As one old timer put it: "The emphasis is passing from the actor or actress to the picture. Today few directors when forming a cast ask whether an actor can act. All they care to know is whether he is the suitable type for the role. The best actor in the world won't do if he happens to be an inch too short or a few years too old for the part as indicated in the script. I suppose the producers are not at all loath to see the passing of the old-time star system.

When the star was entirely the thing, he held too much power for the comfort of the producer and his desertion or the lapsing of his contract was too great a loss.

"When pictures were first becoming popular, there were no magnificent effects, no exquisite art direction or photography to charm the eye and add to the value of the story. The burden rested upon the actor. The men in control were true pioneers. They were willing to take a chance. They speculated with their fortunes in the hope of creating a new art and they gave free rein to the actor with intelligence and ability.

The days when the studios were filled with happy families of actors and actresses each striving to win a little bit of the fame that lay before them have passed and success has brought to the motion picture something of the humdrumery which marks any enterprise which has passed from the experimental stage to that of an established business.

"I doubt whether any outstanding characters such as Griffith will ever develop in the new era of the pictures. Griffith has become almost a tradition with the actor of today. Directors who worked under his supervision have gone so far as to imitate his very mannerisms. A man of remarkable enthusiasms, foresight and energy, he impressed his personality indelibly upon the motion picture.

"Types such as Chaplin, or to go farther back, John Bunny, may appear in the future, but it is to be doubted if they will find the universal vogue of these old favorites. Something of the glory that surrounds all pioneers will in time come to those who laid the foundation of America's most popular amusement of today, the photoplay."

(Second article of this series, relating anecdotes of old-time stars and incidents from pictures of long ago will appear in the next issue of Photoplay Journal.)
To her astonishment, the play related the story of her own life, the mother girl who had left the home of a drunken father, who had been betrayed by an itinerant parson, branded by her husband, and brought east to live a wan'ton's life.

Bitterness was in Joan's heart as she turned homeward. Her thoughts were written on her face so plainly that Betty asked her what was troubling her, once they were at home again.

"I've got to get away by myself," Joan said. "Let me go. That man has just dragged me through hell again!"

"Why, what do you mean? What man?" Betty demanded.

"Prosper," Joan replied. "I trusted him and he snatched my life with a lie!"

"What lie, Joan?" Betty pleaded.

"I don't understand."

"You didn't know that play was the story of my life," Joan told her. "It is my story, word for word, and the worst of it is that it's true, and that as the play tells it, my husband is still alive, my Prosper."

The door opened and Prosper entered.

"Joan, you look worried," he said as he crossed the room toward her.

"I'm not only worried; I'm suffering," she replied. "You told me he was dead. You lied!"

Startled by her sudden attack, Prosper was left speechless.

"Deny now that he isn't dead . . ." she demanded.

"Would you have gone back to him after he had branded your shoulder with his cattlebrands?" Prosper replied.

"That was between my man and me," Joan returned proudly. "It was through loving me so much that he hurt me so."

Tears welled into Prosper's eyes.

"Joan," he pleaded, "I love you too." You. You lied to me. My man was living. It wasn't square. This was sin—that is what my mother did. You gave me a longing for beauty and color and fine clothes and then left me to fight through my own rough life without knowing the truth."

A knock sounded on the door.

A maid appeared bearing a card tray containing a note, which she handed to Prosper.

"Pierre Landis, of Timber Cove, Wyoming," she read from the scrawl. Without a word Prosper left the room.

In the hallway he met Pierre, standing humbly, hat in hand.

"I'm here in the East lookin' for my wife," Pierre explained. "I heard she was staying here. That girl at the door here said she'd willin' to see me."

"And you believe that?" Prosper asked.

Pierre was silent.

"I interrupted you once when you were using a branding iron one Wyoming winter morning and gave myself the pleasure of shooting you," Prosper told him.

Pierre's eyes grew wide.

"Was you that man?"

Prosper, a cynical expression on his face, paid no attention to Pierre's question.

"Shooting was too good for you. You forfeited every claim on her by your brutality. The scar of that brand burnt out every shred of her love for you. I have the right of any decent man to turn you out of here. Do you still insist on seeing her?"

Pierre was humbled. "No, mister," he admitted. "I reckon that beats me!"

He turned to stumble awkwardly toward the door. But as he was on the point of turning the handle the door of Joan's room was flung outward and she rushed breathlessly down the stairs. Pierre stopped to watch Joan come toward him and to place her hand upon his shoulder. She turned facing Prosper.

"When I saw your play, I figured out what you did to me. Pierre might have branded my body, but you—you branded my naked soul and left the mark there for all the world to see."

Prosper clenched his hands and would have rushed upon her had not Pierre been standing at her side.

"So I let it go, saw the branding iron & the instrument for you!"

"What you did to me makes that hot iron nothing," Joan went on. "I left you for dead," she said, turning to Pierre; "and went away with this man, and after a while, because I was alone and sorrowful and weak . . . and maybe because of what my mother was, I—I . . ."

Pierre glared at Prosper. With difficulty he restrained himself and looked at Joan.

"The way I've treated you don't bear rememberin', Joan," he said softly. "But I want you back—want you bad. Will you come?"

Joan looked about her from Prosper to her husband.

"You win, Landis," Prosper admitted. "But I'd like to say first that Joan been your girl all the time; that she never was really mine."

"Thank you, stranger," said the simple Pierre, and as Prosper turned to leave he placed an arm over Joan's shoulder, as if to hide the brand from all eyes, and kissed her passionately on the lips.

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Paul.—My power is great—but there are those whose power is much greater. I will be very glad to see you at the office, Paul, but I’m afraid I can’t do anything for you by way of selling your story.

Peterboro, Hal.—’Twas very flattering, but don’t deserve it? That was Brinsley Shaw. Clara Kimball Young and Wilton Lackaye in “Trilby.”

Jean Paige.—Sapphire Blue Eyes.

Robert—Anita Stewart is married to Rudolph Cameron. I do not know whether she has any children or not.

Jessie-Little Rock.—If you can make pies like mother used to make, I might spend my time with L. R. Monroe Salisbury and Ruth Clifford in “The Guilt of Silence.” Ruth, I understand, is making a serial with Jack Sherill.

Faith Healer.—That was Grace Darmond. Goldwyn is her employer.

Portia.—How would I be your victim. Many, many thanks for your good wishes. Will try to live up to your expectations. And the more letters you send me, the happier I will be.

Hesitate.—You win the wager. Elliot Dexter is Marie Doro’s husband.

Antonia Moreno Admire.—Miss Helen Ware coaxed Tony Moreno into films. Now Moreno is one of the big salaried players of filmdom, ne Hollywood.

Mrs. G. L. V. Craft.—I trust you have received my letter. Will certainly bear your wish in mind. Let me hear from you should you be more successful from some other source.

James Q. Carpenter.—Please do not enclose stamps for ordinary queries. Most of them will be answered in these columns, from month to month, so you see the stamps for return postage are unnecessary. Keep awake. Any morning paper will give you the desired information. Famous-Players-Lasky is one of the companies.

Jessica Baldwin.—Jessica sounds romantic. Kathleen Clifford is a blonde—and a beautiful one. Miss Clifford was a variety performer—vaudeville—musical comedy—before she entered the motion picture field. “Who Is No One” was a Paramount serial in which she starred. The last time I saw her on the screen was as leading woman for Dough Fairbanks in “When the Clouds Roll By.” She can be reached at United Artists Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Gladys Hjelmstrom, R. I.—Please do not send stamps when inquiring about players. This column answers all questions gratis, sweet Gladys. Enid Ben-net, Elsie Ferguson, Marguerite Clark, Ethel Clayton, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels and Violet Heming are some of the Paramount-Arcaft stars, address, Jesse Lasky Studios, Hollywood, California. Alice Joyce, Corinne Griffin, Harry T. Morey, Phyllis Williams, William Duncan, Antonio Moreno, Joe Ryan, Jean Paige, Larry Semon are some of the Vitagraph players, address The Vitagraph Company of America, 1708 Talmage Street, Hollywood, Cal., or The Vitagraph Company, East 15th Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Mrs. M. C. Cobb.—Trust my letter has not gone astray. As a double check up, am duplicating my answer here. All the producers require here is a 1500 or 2000 word synopsis of the story. Their studio staff do all the scenicizing. A list of the producers is published somewhere in this publication.

Silverfield, Nashville.—Any producer will be interested in your photoplay if it is an original one.

Green Eyes.—That would be a great mistake. Take no chances. Mary Miles Minter is with Realart, Zena Keefe is a Selznick star.

Cromwell.—Walter Edwards has directed some of the most famous stars, such as Constance Talmadge, Marguerite Clark and Ethel Clayton.

Sambo.—I would rather keep my silence—blondes or brunettes—I love the ladies. Marguerite De La Motte is seventeen years old—will be seen next in “The Girl From the Sky” a Vitagraph production now in the making.

Sister, Pierot.—Elliot Dexter returns to the screen in “Something To Think About,” a Cecil B. DeMille production now in the filming. Something very big, so watch for it.

Pauline Curley Fan.—My dear child, Pauline has been devoting her time to serial plays, opposite Antonio Moreno. She is making one now. I should not tell more—but here goes—“The Veiled Woman” is what they are calling it now.

Queen of Hearts.—Virginia Pearson and Olga Petrova aren’t doing any picture work right now.

Egoist.—Dorothy Phillips is a wonderful actress—a beautiful woman and wife—and a loving and devoted mother. Allan Holubar is the fortunate male to whom Dorothy has pledged allegiance.

Quest.—Pauline Frederick can be reached at the Goldwyn, West Coast Studios, Los Angeles, Cal. Her latest picture is “The Woman in Room 13” from the stage success.

(Continued on page 56)
Hudson River Night Lines

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A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME

(Continued from page 55)

Sylvia. — Gladden James opposite Alice Joyce in "The Third Degree.

Frank, Arnold. — Your question is answered at the beginning of this page.

Victoria, Fuld. — I believe you mean Saxon Kling. He is not a regular picture player, but played opposite Alice Brady in "The Indestructible Wife."

You can see him in "Shaving," the Cape Cod Stage Comedy.

A. N. — Greetings. It will be a pleasure to be the recipient of so pleasant a letter from time to time. Betty Nansen is no longer in films. I do not know whatever became of her. I believe she went to Europe upon the completion of her Fox contract several years ago.

Jones, C. — Charlie Chaplin, Marie Dressler and Mabel Normand in "Tillie's Punctured Romance."

X. Y. — Mabel Normand is a Goldwyn star. "Jinx," "The Slim Princess" are of her late features.

Mr. Ford. — Norman Kerry is not married, nor is Constance Talmadge.

"Soldiers of Fortune" is the last picture I saw Norm in.

Harricette. — Kathryn Williams was the mother in "A Girl Named Mary."

Roland Fox. — Ruth Roland is now making nothing but serials and Pathé is releasing them. "The Red Circle," "Who is Guilty," "The Tiger's Trail" and "The Adventures of Ruth" are some chapter-plays she has appeared in.

Lafayette Street. — Harold Lloyd is CASE of my favorites, but please don't make me say that I like him the best. "Haunted Spooks" is his latest mirth provoker.

Concerning. — Clara Kimball Young, Harry T. Morey, & Earle Williams are three of the present day big stars who played in the big Vitagraph "My Official Wife."


Maurice Costello is back with Vitagraph, playing in big pictures. "Deadline at Eleven," with Corinne Griffith starring, is one of his newest.


Helen, E. — I admire your poetry—but then I am a mere "answer man."

"Red Hot Dollars" was pleasingly delightful. Charles Ray's newest is "Paris Green," a story of his soldier's experiences in his home town after a fifteen-minute visit to Paris. Prepare yourself but be courageous—he is married and has the most beautiful little wife. They make their home in a suburb of Los Angeles.

Query. — Cast of "Anne of Green Gables" is as follows—Mary Miles Minter, Marcia Harris, Frederick Burton, Paul Kelly, Laurie Lovelle and Lila Romer. I like Mary very much—she is a beautiful girl—but then she is young yet.

Henry Blossom. — Robert Gordon, when I last saw him, was playing opposite Sylvia Breamer in J. Stuart Blackton productions. I understand he is now playing opposite Alice Joyce in the Albert Payson Terhune story, "Dollars and the Woman."

Irvine C. — Elsie Ferguson has not deserted the screen, but she has never forgotten her first love and hence accepted the offer to return to the stage in "Sacred and Profane Love."

Edith Beresford. — Alma Rubens is now a Cosmopolitan player, productions released through Paramount-Artcraft. "Humoresques," by Fannie Hurst,

WHAT DO YOU VIBRATE TO?

Every one's getting so psychic;
Taking up something new;
There's a brand-new cult for every adult!—
Oh, what do you vibrate to?

May be you vibrate to Wagner;
Or some dangling star in the blue;
Or does some weird tone affect you alone?
Just what do you vibrate to?

Alas! I'm an old-fashioned mortal;
For me old faiths will do;
This theorization concerning vibration
I'll have to pass over you.

Just give me my folks and my friends,
And a interesting work to do.
With a good movie play at the end of the day—
That's the stuff that I vibrate to!

(With apologies to)
—MELLA RUSSELL MCCALLUM,
(New York Sun)

In many instances says City Physicians persons have suffered for years without knowing what made them feel tired, listless and run-down when their real trouble was lack of iron in the blood—how to tell.

I you were to make an actual blood test on all people who are ill you would probably be greatly astonished at the exceedingly large number who lack iron and who are ill for no other reason than the lack of iron. The moment iron is supplied a multitude of dangerous symptoms disappear. Without iron the blood at once lease the power to change food into living tissue and therefore nothing you eat does you good; you don't get the strength out of it. Your food merely passes through your system like corn through a mill with the rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind. As a result of this continuous blood and nerve starvation people become generally weakened, nervous and all run down and frequently develop all sorts of conditions. One is too thin; another is burdened with unhealthy fat; some are so weak they can hardly walk; some think they have dyspepsia, kidney or liver trouble; some can't sleep at night, others are sleepy and tired all day; some are nervous and irritable; some anemic and bloodless, but all lack physical power and endurance. In such cases, it is worse than foolishness to take stimulating medicines or natriotic drugs, which only whip up your flagging vital powers for the moment, maybe at the expense of your life later on. No matter what

any one tells you, if you are not strong and well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next take two or three grains of tablets of ordinary Nuxed Iron three times per day after meals for four weeks. Test your strength again and see for yourself how much you have gained. You can talk at present accounts about all the wonders wrought by new remedies, but when you come down to hard facts there is nothing like good old iron to put color in your cheeks and good sound, healthy flesh on your bones. It is also a great nerve and stomach strengtheners and one of the best blood builders in the world. The only trouble was that the old forms of iron assimilated some iron in the stomach, iron acetate, etc., often ruined people's teeth, upset their stomachs and were not assimilated, and for these reasons they were used less than good. But with the discovery of the newer forms of organic iron all this has been overcome. Nuxed Iron, for example, is pleasant to take, does not injure the teeth and is almost immediately beneficial.
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Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't most anybody tell it well? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Misanthrop Ideas the past has handed down to us. Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth and lauds down at the tiny mental atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

The time will come, writes the author of the statements above "when millions of people will be writers — there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, essayists, magazine and newspaper writers! They are coming, coming — a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men — armies of them — young and old, now doing clerical work in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or driving delivery cars, waiting on tables, working at barbers' chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, not pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes, you may laugh — but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writers? Only maybe you are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply think the imagination that ended it. They're through. They never try again. Yet, if by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of thinking. By exercising a thing you develop it, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

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PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL, August, 1920

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2

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME

L. M.—Nazimova's latest is "The Heart of a Child." Constable has just completed "Good References" and Viola Dana has finished "Dangerous Men." G. H.—Emily Stevens' latest picture is "A Place of Honeymoons," by Harold McGrath. She's on the legitimate stage now.
Ruth G.—Alma Rubens is single now. She is divorced from Franklin Furnam.
Tony W.—H. E. Herbert and Vernon Steel with Elsie Ferguson in "His House in Order."
Bertha T.—Tom Carrigan is playing the lead in the series of Nick Carter stories. Mae Garton plays the opposite.
Fancy Gray.—Lucille Carlisle plays the lead in the Larry Semmon comedies. His latest is "Solid Cement." Kempton Greene, Evelyn Brent and Florence Turner with Mitchell Lewis in "Fool's Gold."
Earl Edgerton.—Write Griffith at his studio in Mamaroneck, N. Y.
X. Y. Z.—Bert Lytell is not divorced. Mrs. Lytell is Evelyn Vaughn. His latest is "The Man From Conotton."
Orange Blossoms.—Bebe Daniels, Betty Compton, Margaret Loomis, Lois Wilson, Margery Dav and Margery Wilson are single. They all married. Harry Beaumont's wife is Hazel Daly.
J. M. I.—James Morrison has just completed a Community picture called "To-morrow." Gladys Hulette plays opposite him.
Q.—Vincent Coleman played in "Should A Husband Forgive?" He also played in Goldwyn's "Partners of the Night." Vincent's latest is "Good References" with Constance Talmadge, and he's now rehearsing a new stage play.
Kay A.—Hale Hamilton and Grace La Rue are married. The former Mrs. Hamilton was Myrtle Tannelle and the first Mrs. Hamilton was Jane Oake.
Doris G.—Doris May was originally called Doris Lee but her real name is Helen Garrett. She is opposite Frank during in a costume play opposite Bebe Daniels. Louise is single.
Dora F.—The little fellow in "The Toll Gate" was Mary. Richard Headrick. Anna Nilsson played the girl.
Kay H.—So you think Lew Cody is the handsomest man in the world, do you? His leading lady was Betty Blythe and his next picture is "The Mischiefs Man."
Julien J.—Wallace MacDonald's latest is "On Trumpet Island." The original title was "The Girl From the Sky." Marguerite de la Motte is the leading woman. Yes, Walter McGrail played in "The Invisible Divorce."

He has just completed a picture with Bessie Barriscale, Walter B. Lewis, and George Zucco.
Rod's Admiration.—Rod has made two pictures since "The Stolen Kiss." Grace Darling plays opposite him in "The Discarded Sinners" and "The Cordon Sin." Write him at the Green Room Club, 139 West 47th Street, New York City.
Jean T.—Photographs cost money. Be sure and send a quarter when you write to David Packard and Mae Martin.
John G.—Louise Huff is returning to the screen in Selznick pictures. In private life she is Mrs. Stillman.
Henry G.—Mary Hay is playing the Clara Stearns part in "My Day Down East." She recently became the wife of Richard Barthelmess. Her first picture was in support of William Russell in "Eastward, Ho!"
Fannie F.—James J. Dunnie in "Modelling A Husband." He was recently graduated from the legitimate stage, having played in "Moonlight and Honeysuckle" with Ruth Chatterton.
D. S. C.—Yes, Pearl was once the wife of Victor Sutherland. She is now Mrs. Wallace McCutcheon. Her latest pictures for Fox are "The White Mall" and "The Tiger's Cub."
F. G. T.—Jeremy Storm directed "The Girl Dodger," but did not play in it. His latest picture was "The Beautiful Masquerader." That was Sylvia Breamer's first picture.
Cromwell.—Walter Edwards, who directed Marguerite Clark and Ethel Clayton, is dead. Pauline Frederick is not with Goldwyn now. She is separated from her former husband.
Grace.—Thornton Edwards is married, so are your other three favorites—Charlie Ray, Marshall Neilan and Mahlon Hamilton. The newly married pair are from Clark, Doris Hamilton, Clara Horton and Carmel Myers, are single.
Francis.—Mary Pickford was christened Gladys Smith.
Triby.—Betty Blythe is Mrs. Paul Scardon. Bessie Barriscale is the wife of Edward Barton and Grace Hamilton is Wheeler Oakman and Alice Joyce is Mrs. James Regan, Jr.
Little Billie.—Estelle Taylor's hair is being arranged and her eyes are very, very, very, too. Her latest pictures are "When New York Sleeps" and "Milady's Dress." Earl Metcalfe will have the leading male role in these productions. Marc McDermott is also in the cast.
West Coast Fun.—Wyndham Standing is the new character of "Great Storm." Standing and a brother of Sir Guy Standing. Yes, yes, Charlie Ray is married.
C. M. H.—June Elvidge has made nothing since "The Law of the Yukon." Edward Earle played her part.
X. Y. Z.—Why don’t you write and ask him for a photo. Send him a quarter and get it off your mind.
Mable Leaf.—Agnes Ayres is associated with Marshall Neilan and will probably go abroad with his organization. Address her at the Marshall Neilan Studio, Los Angeles, Calif.
Evel G.—Robert Gordon is married and his wife's name is Alma Francis. She played in pictures on the coast. Gordon recently finished a picture with Alice Joyce and is making arrangements for the organization of his own company. He also played in "The Varmit" with Jack Pickford.
OUR NEXT ISSUE

The September number of Photo-Play Journal will help further to justify the position this magazine is so rapidly winning as the distinctive publication in its field.

C. E. Millard, whose cover painting on this issue is certain to attract wide-spread attention, is preparing a remarkable portrait study of one of your favorites for the September cover, in addition to a series of sketches in his own inimitable and peppy style.

Of unusual interest to movie fans is a story by H. H. Van Loan, one of the foremost scenario writers of the day, on the subject nearest his heart—Scenarios.

Many other worth-while features, too numerous to mention, will make the September Photo-Play Journal the one magazine you will surely want to read from cover to cover.

On sale everywhere, about August 15th.

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F. H. ANSPACHER
Editor
C. E. MILLARD
Staff Artist

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Gladys is one of the most talented of the screen's younger emotional actresses. In "Thoughtless Women" and "The Hidden Light" she has more than met the expectations of her most ardent admirers.
MAINESVILLE is on the map now, but there was a time—and not so long ago, at that—when a gazerooted along pretty well, thank you, without it. And by the same token, there was a time that Mainesville was fairly well convinced that it could get along without Homer Cavendar.

Homer went his famous namesake one better. He not only nodded, but he slept. Now sleep is conducive to dreams, and dreams sometimes lead to big things. But to Mainesville Homer was only a sleeper—sort of six-o’clock fellow in a nine-o’clock town.

It was true Homer had ideas. But as most of these ideas had fizzled out, Mainesville couldn’t be blamed for its lack of faith. If it could have found one—let alone six—other city to claim Homer for a native son, it would have released all rights.

That is, everybody was willing to release the rights to Homer except Rachel Prouty. She liked Homer for his youth, for his dreams, for the way he parted his hair, for the way he blushed when he spoke to her—for all the other illogical reasons for which women like men. And Homer—well, all of Homer’s dreams centered about her. And—whether you read the old ten-cent dream books or Mr. Freud—that ought to tell you that Homer was in love with her. And he was head over heels in love.

For that matter, so was the rest of the town. But the field had narrowed down to Homer and Arthur Machim. Now about the only nice thing you could say about Arthur, who was spoiled and a bit mean, was that his father, who owned the town’s only hotel, was the richest man in Mainesville. That didn’t sound like a convincing argument to Rachel; and I must say it doesn’t carry any weight with me; but to Rachel’s father and mother it sounded like a declamation by Demosthenes—or, for that matter, William Jennings Bryan.

Then, too, there was the fact that Old Man Machim had lent Old Silas Prouty money because of their long friendship, and because of the expected Machim-Prouty matrimonial alliance. “The money stays in the family,” was the way the hotel-keeper had deprecated his generosity.

Even in Mainesville, money spoke. And when Homer had been fired from all the available jobs, he thought of the Big City. That’s where the big money was: he’d go there and make a lot of money enough to buy Rachel all the silk-and-satiny things she wanted, enough to go back and make Mainesville realize what a big man he was.

Mainesville, with but one dissenting voice, agreed that was the best decision Homer had ever
Eighteen months in the Big City had a decided effect upon Homer, though the City, truth to tell, was scarcely affected. There were creases in Homer’s trousers where heretofore had appeared only grease spots; there was, too, a certain air of confidence that goes with creased trousers. Homer still had his dreams, but he didn’t pursue them during business hours. Bailly and Kort—yes, the Bailly and Kort—had a business air about it that Homer had gradually absorbed. It was a big machine, and he was only a little cog in it; but he helped, in his small way, to keep the machine going smoothly.

Mr. Bailly came back one morning from a trip to his home town, and Homer overheard him talking with Mr. Kort about it. “Don’t go back to the old town too late, Kort,” he said, and there was a note of sadness in his voice. “Nobody knew me; my old friends had all died or moved, and their youngsters had forgotten all about me.”

Homer went back to his figuring—but the figures had nothing to do with the firm of Bailly and Kort. Let’s see, there were three hundred dollars in the bank. The railroad fare to Mainesville wasn’t so much—that is, not compared to three hundred dollars. And the balance was enough to go a long way in Mainesville. Two weeks of cutting a dash in the old town would still leave him with enough to come back. Besides, there was the two weeks’ salary that went with the vacation.

He knocked shyly at Mr. Bailly’s door, and was admitted. He explained that he had overheard Mr. Bailly’s reflection upon going back to the old town too late. He wanted to take his vacation just a little earlier, and go back and visit.

Mr. Bailly had once stood where Homer was standing. And he had not forgotten it. “Sure thing, Cavender,” he laughed. “You can go on the fifteenth if you want to. I’ll fix it with the office manager. And tell Mainesville you’ve made good, too. Don’t wait till you have made good to do that.”

“I’ll tell them,” assured Homer. Then courageously, “Mr. Bailly, I want them to be convinced of it. The Lightning Express doesn’t stop at Mainesville, you know, except for Big People. Could you fix that for me?”

Bailly laughed a queer laugh that had a lumpy throat somehow indicated in it. “I’ll arrange it for you,” he said. “And I’ll be awfully happy to do it.

You thing a lot of Mainesville, don’t you?”

“Yes, sir, I certainly do,” said Homer, enthusiastically. “It’s a great place. Why don’t you open a branch factory there and let me run it? Labor there is considerably cheaper than it is here, and—”

“A good idea, my boy,” said Bailly, coming out of his sentimental mood, “a good idea. But where would we get the money to build with nowadays? Know what construction costs? You raise half the money for the factory and I’ll let you run it. Now run along and have a nice vacation.”

The Lightning Express stopped at Mainesville and when Homer stepped off the train, arrayed in a city suit, a straw hat, and a three dollar tie, he found the town out to receive him. They didn’t recognize him, at first. They just wondered who the smart looking millionaire was.

Then they discovered him. “Welcome home, Homer,” shouted Mainesville. “Always knew you’d make good,” cried the various employers who had fired him. “Won’t you have dinner with us?” asked Mr. Prouty.

But the conquering hero was modest. He denied that he was a millionaire, though you could see at a glance that he was well-fixed. He hoped to be able to dine with all his friends, and was glad to see them looking so well. He expected to stay in town for two weeks, though urgent business might call him back. You see, Bailly and Kort were a very busy firm—yes, he was with Bailly and Kort. Yes, they had had a good year, but nothing compared to what they expected to do this year. The Big City was a wonderful place, but very busy, and it was altogether delightful to come back to the quiet town of Mainesville, even for a short while. And so forth. They would have continued asking questions as long as Homer permitted. But he climbed into the town’s only
Rachel had always been right. After all, Arthur Machim was rather boring, and the prospect of Rachel's marrying him made them shudder.

Arthur Machim, realizing that his case was hopeless, complained bitterly to his father. Old Man Machim called Mr. Prouty into his office for a conference. "Looks to me like your hedgin' on that marriage."

"Rachel won't listen to me," protested Prouty. "What can I do?"

"You can pay up that note," Machim, grimly. "It's three months past due now. I'll give you two weeks more. If it ain't paid then, I'll have the law on you."

Prouty wasn't as worried as he pretended. When Homer proposed to Rachel—as anybody with half an eye could see he would—Prouty would inform him about the note, and surely no member of Bailly and Kort would refuse to help his future father-in-law out of a small financial difficulty. Still, here Homer's first vacation week was up, and he hadn't spoken yet to Rachel. Mr. Prouty had seen him look at her in a manner that permitted of but one interpretation, and he had caught them holding hands several times; yet the actual proposal had not taken place. But there were seven more days.

The Committee in Charge of Ceremonies for the Laying of the Cornerstone of the Town Hall—to give it its official title—asked Homer whether he wouldn't make a speech during the laying. When they learned that Homer wouldn't be in town on the day they had planned, the Committee retired for a moment, and agreed to move the day up to Homer's last day in town. That caused a lot of excitement, but everybody was satisfied. It was worth a little bother and re-arranging of things to hear Mainesville's Favorite Son. For, by that time, he was.

The days—when you are seeing the Only Girl constantly—fly too swiftly. When, at the same time, they happen to be your vacation days, their speed becomes tragic. And though Homer was managing to see Rachel every day—and every night, too, for that matter—yet he was horrified at the thought of leaving her.

The Proutys had welcomed him with open arms, and looked upon his visits with increasing favor. After all, what was a Mainesville hotel owner compared to one of the grand moguls of Bailly and Kort? They realized that
He still called regularly at the Prouty’s, though he still hadn’t spoken his heart’s desire. And the reason was that Homer couldn’t tell Rachel that the only thing big about him was his bluff. He couldn’t tell her that he was just the thirteenth of the eighteen clerks in his department. He couldn’t tell her that now. If he had only come back on his merits, that three hundred dollars, which was fading to an amazing extent, might have bought her a ring. She didn’t want him for his money, he knew. But he couldn’t stand the derision that would be directed against him if the truth leaked out.

So the last day came, and he called. And he tried to speak; and she was plainly waiting for him to do it. He held her hand, and tried to talk commonplace. But he couldn’t. And he tried to go and make his speech and catch his train. They said many good-byes, and again their eyes spoke the message they could so easily read. But the thought of his bluff scared Homer. "Good-bye," he said. "I’ll write often." Rachel broke down and cried. And Homer went out, feeling like Benedict Arnold and Mr. Hyde all in one.

A mighty big crowd—as crowds went in Mainesville—turned out to hear him make his address. The Committee—whose full title you already know—made individual speeches. All of them full of glowing praise of Homer. And with each tribute, Homer felt guiltier and guiltier. He didn’t want to make a speech: he wanted to find a little hole in the ground, and bury himself in it. He wanted to go and die on Rachel’s doorstep. He wanted—but there they were calling on him. Cheers followed on cheers.

And, suddenly, his brain cleared. He called for silence. Then he spoke, with his new city vocabulary, what a wonderful town Mainesville was. (So, after all, it is; so is any home town.)

But they knew all that. What they didn’t know—here his mind flashed back rapidly to his last conversation with Mr. Bailly—what was he was going to do for Mainesville. He was going to induce Bailly and Kort to open a factory there. And he believed he could become a powerful city, influential in the affairs of the world. And more than that, if any of them cared to, they could subscribe to shares right now.

Did they care? We’ll tell the universe they did. Here was Mainesville’s chance to become associated with Bailly and Kort, to become rich. In twenty minutes Homer had a grip full of checks and money, and writer’s cramp from recording the names of the subscribers. Before he had finished his list looked like a Mainesville Directory. And there were a lot of Mainesville’s poorer folks who contributed their small bits as well as most of Mainesville’s influential citizens.

Among those few missing were the Machims. Arthur didn’t attend the exercises. He could hear the cheers from his hotel room. Thrown, though, and he knew it was an hour of triumph for his rival. He longed for something to happen to hurl Homer back to his rightful place. It didn’t seem possible that a man who couldn’t make good in Mainesville could conquer the Big City as Homer appeared to have done. Had Homer really conquered it? By Jove—

In ten minutes more a wire was on its way to Bailly and Kort, asking information about Homer Cavendar. When the answer came, Arthur grabbed the telegram and rushed to the meeting. The meeting was still on, but Homer had left. Arthur climbed up to the speaker’s place, and addressed the crowd. Silence fell upon them. Joy turned to despair. Then murmurs rose, dying away as Arthur flashed the telegram. This is what he read them:

Homer Cavendar holds minor position as clerk with us.

Bailly and Kort.

They made a bee-line for the station, but the Lightning Express was the only one for Big People—had already pulled out.

Another wire flashed to the office of Bailly and Kort, which told how Homer had missed writing to himself and collected a large sum of money in the name of the firm. "Let’s turn it over to the police," said Kort.

"Let’s wait till Monday," said Bailly. "Cavendar isn’t due till then, and I want to give him a chance to explain. I can’t believe he’s crooked."

"I don’t like to believe it, either," said Kort, "but it certainly looks bad."

Monday came and went. Tuesday came, but no Homer. "I’ll notify the police in the morning," said Bailly. "I hate to admit it, but I sized Cavendar press and I didn’t think that any man who felt about the home town as he did could be crooked. But that’s what I get for being sentimental."

Mr. Bailly came down early the next morning. He opened the door to his office and stared in amazement. There was Homer—unshaven and rather shabby looking, but nevertheless Homer.

"Decided to give yourself up, eh?" He spoke gruffly.

"Well, it’s a lucky thing you did. I came down early purposely to notify the police."

"Notify the police?" demanded Homer. "Did you think I had been lost?"

"What did you mean by collecting money in our name?" demanded Bailly.

"But didn’t you tell me if I could raise half the money for a factory at Mainesville, you’d make me manager of it?" asked Homer. "Well, here she is, and here’s a list of the shareholders, with every cent accounted for."

Bailly sat down, feeling weak. "But how do you account for your disappearance?"

Homer colored. "I’m awfully sorry to have missed two days, Mr. Bailly, but you see my money gave out. Mainesville thought I was a millionaire and made me contribute to everything from the church to the Town Hall. I didn’t have enough fare to ride back: I walked and it took me two days. I was afraid to sleep for fear of having the money stolen. I reached here last night after everybody had left, and was so tired I went right to sleep."

"Why did you walk with all that money on you?" asked Bailly, incredulously.

"Why, that wasn’t mine," said Homer, indignantly.

"Didn’t I tell you it was the money Mainesville subscribed for the new factory?"

(Continued on page 52)
August, 1920

Louise Huff is illustrating below how it should be done, while Bryant Washburn, who perhaps is lacking in imagination, makes a pretty good picture of what actually does happen.

(Below) Bryant Washburn and Lois Wilson are playing a little game of "Through the Heart." Bryant says he didn't know what it was all about but he'd be willing to play Lois one game of anything.

(Lower right) Don't blame us for this picture! Fred Jackson wrote it into "The Full House." If you can't guess who's in it, turn the page and try to find the faces on the other side.
FRANK blue eyes set far apart and a brown beard give him, to quote a fellow writer, the Nazarene look. Furthermore he is one of those gifted gentlemen whose good nature and smile make him a wanted factor in any circle. But on the screen Joe Ryan is a ruthless and unmitigated scoundrel.

His deeds of villainy and constant song of hate have made him a household word. He is one of the best-loved—or most hated—men in the cinema world. None of his admirers want him to succeed in dynamiting the serial hero, William Duncan and his lovely leading woman, Edith Johnson, into the other world, but they do take an uncanny joy in seeing him try.

But after all his lot is not a happy one! Day in and day out he pursues his nefarious trade unsuccessfully. He never gets a loving glance from "the most beautiful blonde on the coast." Instead she consistently and regularly faces him with a pistol and gives him a look of indescribable loathing and contempt. But on the other hand, he blows up autos and blasts expensive log huts in a brutal endeavor to send her skyscared, ties her to chairs and gags her,—so she can't help hating him. Besides, the hate is in the script.

There are fights with Duncan to be considered. When he and Ryan get together bones crack and sinews squeak. Ryan has cornered the lovely heroine in a room for the one hundredth time. Duncan bores a hole in the floor of the room above and lowers himself until he grabs Ryan's neck with his thighs and then he squeezes until the director calls "cut."

As Duncan is the director as well as the star, one can imagine Ryan gurgling "cut, Bill cut!" before Actor Bill quit exercising his legs in the strangle hold, stopped acting and began directing.

And again at a thrilling moment of a great fight in which Ryan and Duncan roll all over the floor, Bill gets the upper hand rises to his feet with poor old Joe still fighting and throws the scoundrel head first into a corner. He always manages however to give the hero a few bonade bruises before he takes a fall. Ryan is a very conscientious villain. He fights back.

But always at a critical period of the different rows, and every day there is a new one, Actor Bill is told by Director Bill to slam Joe on the jaw and Joe travels under the impact about twelve feet, and Director Bill counts him out. And during all these fights the exquisite blonde for whom they both fight like hellions, is cheering Bill on and snerring at Joe. Fancy that for a daily menu!

As we said before, Joe is highly paid to pursue a course of villainy, but at the same time a "thing of beauty is a joy forever" and no mere male likes to be scorned continuously by the beauteous one.

Conning with a Hindoo conjuror, he lures the heroine and her best friends to an oriental parlor. There they are bound and gagged and Ryan does some excellent sneering. Then when the hero breaks in the door the floor revoloves, the heroine and her friends do a loop the loop and hang upside down while the hero sees only an empty room.

At another time Joe chases them underground into a sewar where they sneeze their way to the sunlight after several minutes of unpleasant wetting and spoiling of clothes. It cost several thousands of dollars for this piece of Ryan devility as the sewer was especially constructed.

Later the hero's party hang by their finger nails to the soggy supports of an old dock in search of a boat to make their getaway, but Joe again has gotten there before them. They hang suspended until Director Bill calls "cut." Bill doesn't spare anyone, even himself, when it comes to realism so they all hang for some time. Oh, yes, Joe gets square!

First class villains are underrated. You hear of contracts up into six figures that producing companies cheerfully pay their stars but of the high cost of villainy you hear little. Ryan spends more money in his career of heinous crime than is paid six stars put together. He blasts whole mountainsides, drops bombs on submarines, blows up huts and houses, wrecks touring cars and sends limousines off terra firma into rivers. And he commits all these crimes to be beaten in the end. There is the pity of it! One day a few months ago, Joe Ryan was lamenting his reputation as one of the screen's bad men. He wondered why fate had set his course on the waters of hate? A facetious co-player remarked:

"Joe the reason is perfectly apparent!
This morning with that green blue eye, your swollen nasal appendage and general getup you look like a first class crook! Even your arms don't hang right. I never saw you in better scoundrelly form."

Joe answered very quietly—a world of feeling in his one clear eye.

"Yesterday, Bill knocked me on the peeper. I sure spent fully half the night holding a piece of raw beef on it. I spent the other half trying to sleep. But you ought to see Bill's wrist. It's almighty dislocated. As for my arms—how would you like a hundred and ninety pounds of hero on your back while you chewed the dust and he pulled your arms out of their sockets to get a rear lock? No wonder they hang like an ape's! Young man, threateningly, "when I graduate into the hero stuff, I'm going to select you as the 'screen skunk.' Then you'll get yours!"

"But watch," Joe went on, "this afternoon I blow up Duncan's car and he has prepared a gravel pit so he and Miss Johnson can be buried alive, as 'twere. That's where I come in. Bill has asked me to direct. For a change, he is verbally out so it is up to me to say, 'shoot,' and 'camera.' After he and Miss Johnson have waited awhile, he drewled, "they will wonder why they aren't rescued, and they'll stick their heads out and cry for help." Joe pulled reflectively at his cigar. "As far as I am concerned I'll not say 'cut' until sundown! It will be a long time before help arrives.

But the luck of Joe Ryan has changed. He is to be co-starred with Jean Paige in a new Vitagraph serial, "Hidden Dangers." And it is to be the newest type of serial

In his new dual role, the worst he can do is to slam at himself in double exposures. The assistant villain of his "possessed moments" are his natural prey, and he is going to slam the person who commented on his green-blue eye.

This same person once said in speaking of Joe Ryan "That it was no wonder he made such a malevolent and sinister villain, because," he asserted, "if you believe in prenatal influence and early environment, his hellfire screen career was pre-destined. He was born at the foot of The Devil's Tower in Crook County, Wyoming. He is the whitest man on earth and the best loved hereabouts, but how, in the name of Judas, can he overcome that start?"

But he has done just that and will hereafter shine in the starry firmament with other cinema headlights.

She faces him with a pistol and gives him a look of indescribable loathing and contempt. But he will catch the loving glances of Joan Paige, his cinema queen.

The authors, Cleveland Moffet Brady and Albert E. Smith have made his role that of a dual personality. In the normal state of mind he is the gentle and kindly scientist and physician, Dr. De Brettuil. In his possessed moments which are brought on by changes in the weather, he is the cruel crafty leader of a band of men who consider it their duty to prey on the rich.

The real nature of Joe Ryan will have a bountiful opportunity to make itself known to his public. No longer will press agents to establish his character as bad man, make him pose applying a shingle to widely beloved leading women in the name of publicity. All that sort of thing is over and past.

But now Joe Ryan, Vitagraph star and hero, will catch the loving glances of the cinema queens, give black eyes instead of getting them, and love his wife in public as much as he likes.
THE FIGUREHEAD

Fictionized from the Selznick Production of the Screen Play Featuring Eugene O'Brien

By LEWIS F. LEVENSON

As far as the city of Bolton was concerned, Jim Durfee was no more than an astute politician who had successfully held his position in the Democratic party for nearly twenty years. The average citizen of Bolton looked upon him as a typical old-time string-puller, log-roller, pork-barrel shipper. Saloon-keeper primarily, newspaper owner and political boss, he was regarded as a more or less beneficent overlord, whose business it was to attend to the details of political life which hardly interest the layman.

Actually, however, Jim Durfee was greater than a mere overlord. He was ruler by divine choice of the Democratic party, and the sway of his baton guided the selection of mayors, councilmen and all the small fry of public officials. Furthermore he was seeking to consolidate his position, to win for himself an autocratic power such as few politicians had ever obtained in any American city. The plan of action he had worked out years before; his entire career was shaped toward that end. The culmination of his life's efforts was to come on the day when he not only became the recognized boss of the Democrats of Bolton, but the secret chief of the Republicans, the man behind the throne, the thunderer whose voice would make the heavens above Bolton move.

It was that motive which led to an unusual conference in the private office of Jim Durfee, in the rear of Durfee's Cafe one hot night late in August. Gordon Freeman, the pussyfoot leader of the Republican party and one of the social elders of Bolton, was present, acting string-pull by his master, Peter Stuyvesant Gedney. A reporter would have given the last cigarette he possessed to listen to the conversation between the political leaders, the red-faced, powerfully built Durfee, and the slender, sleek Freeman. Despite their publicly proclaimed antagonism, it would have been obvious to any outsider that perfect agreement existed between the two men. Furthermore, it would have been apparent that Durfee was the stronger, the more daring, the real leader, and that he could do as he pleased with the blue-stockinged Freeman.

Chewing, as was his habit, on an unlighted cigar and dangling between his thumb and third finger a short piece of string, Durfee explosively proclaimed his wishes in the forthcoming election:

"Your bunch had your innings last election," he declared. "It's our turn now. I am going to run for mayor myself."

Freeman did not seem at all surprised.

"Never mind about that traction deal," Durfee continued. "It's as cold as a dead fish's eye; voters don't remember two years back."

He hesitated, let the cigar fall from his mouth, replaced it with a fresh stogie from his vest pocket and put the final touch to his declaration:

"You can put up one of the silk-stocking 'Willies' who hang around the country club on your ticket. I'll walk off with the election and we can split from that time on."

Still Freeman said nothing, although there was a wrinkle across his forehead, and his lips twitched nervously, as if he would like to have objected but did not dare. The three men were silent.

"Give me until the end of the week to think this over," he finally replied. "I am going up to the country club tonight and I'll stay over tomorrow, as my daughter Sylvia wants me to see the golf match between Sherry Dows and young Vickers. I'll be back the day after tomorrow and let you know then."

Durfee leaned forward. "You mentioned Sherry Dows. Him... Sheridan Bartlett Dows: rich, nothing to do, popular with your kid glove crowd. That's your bird. Run him... a figurehead!"

"Why not wait?" Freeman expostulated.

"Why wait?" replied Durfee. His hand touched a bell button. In a flash a white-coated bartender appeared.

"A round of brandy, three star Hennessy, the boss ordered. When the drinks stood before the men, Durfee selected his own glass, lifted it in his hand, and with an imperceptible expression on his face declared the toast:

"We'll drink to... the next
mayor of Bolton, Sherry Dows."

Happy-go-lucky Sherry Dows was the center of an admiring group of young women at the Bolton Country Club the following afternoon, toward tea time. Bronze-limbed, bronze-haired Sherry felt quite at ease when he was the center of an admiring group of young women, for long experience had taught him that good looks, a well-lined purse and an ability to compete successfully in athletic events made the conquest of women the easiest thing in the world for him.

At the foot of the alley he stopped. The object of his quest, Mary Forbes, sat there, her parasol hanging over the back of the bench. Sherry enthusiastically hurried to her side. He looked down at her, a smile on his lips and in his eyes. Mary did not have the splendid beauty of Sylvia. She can quiet, more of the business woman type. Her eyes were deep but practical blue; her hair was plainly dressed, its thick brown strands bound at the back of her head. In contrast to Sylvia who, in green sports coat and white skirt, was conspicuous in every group of which she was a member, Mary was dressed almost primly.

"Aren't you going to congratulate me?" I won the match, you know," she remarked.

"Did you?" she replied, so calmly that Sherry's enthusiasm was dampened considerably.

"I know you think all this is frivolous," Sherry persisted.

"But it was good to win... even at golf!"

Sherry sat down beside her. There was a mischievous smile on his lips as he drew a note book from his pocket and showed her a paper on which was written in lumbermen's tally-two-fifteen marks.

"By the way," he remarked, "this is my day to ask you to marry me. This will make the twenty-third time, you know. I haven't proposed since last Thursday."

"Oh, you great big boy," she laughed, "won't you ever grow up and take life seriously? Why don't you do something really worth while?" You could if you wanted to!"

"But I don't want to do anything like that."

"That's just it," she retorted. "You have so much money and have been so flattered and coddled that you have lost all power of initiative. Find something to do. I have. I am going to work at Glidden Bruce's Settlement House."

Sherry was genuinely surprised. "You can't do that!" he protested. "Do you mean to go down there in the slums with all those dirty people?"

Mary smiled slightly. "They are workers at least. I prefer them to these idlers."

And when, the following week, Sherry Dows was surprised, indeed almost bewildered, by the proffer of the Re-

"Sherry, I'm proud of you," Mary told him.

If you want me, I will do my best."

Under Freeman's guidance, the campaign began. To Sherry it seemed a romance, an unreal, fantastic dream. He, Sherry Dows, candidate for mayor, possibly mayor of Bolton—if it seemed impossible. And yet it was true. As September ended, and Jim Durfee was nominated, or rather nominated himself on the opposing ticket, Sherry began to see the great fun he was having. He made no attempt to campaign, depending upon the publicity he was getting through the lavish use of posters, pamphlets and newspaper space. He might have ridden on gayly to the end had not the inner group of politicians decided upon some method of discrediting him and making Durfee's election a certainty.

At a conference between Durfee, Freeman and Gedney, it was decided to invite Sherry into Durfee's district, to show him to the mass of voters. The "down-town district," composed of a large group of floating voters, was usually the weight which threw the balance scale of victory either toward the Republican or Democratic parties. Of course, Durfee's ward heelers could be depended upon to obey his orders to swing a certain number in his direction, but Jim was too astute a politician not to realize that a weak candidate would hurt his own chances by appearing in public down-town, where word of mouth gossip would quickly spread good or bad tidings.

The orders went out from Durfee's private sanctum, and Gedney informed Sherry that it would not be a bad idea to make a trip through the down-town section. Every detail was completed in advance. A powerful limousine was chosen to convey Sherry through the sordid, dirty streets of the lower part of the city. The Durfee café was packed with heelers and their lieutenants, awaiting his arrival. When Sherry, dressed neatly, stepped into the smoke-filled
The onlookers dashed forward as the fight ended, Durfee rushing into the thick of the uproar, bellowing like a bull. Someone made a pass at Sherry. Another came to his support. In a second a free-for-all had started, but Sherry, keeping his head throughout the battle, pressed forward through the knot of struggling men to the girl. He stooped over her, picked her up in his arms and plunged past the crowd into the street.

There he found the lad who had attacked the girl's companion waiting for him. "My name is Joe Boyle," he said. "I took her away from that scoundrel once, but he must have run across her again and tried to take her with him. You'd better carry her somewhere, to the Settlement House, maybe. There's a woman there who is an angel."

A slow smile came into Sherry's face. "Boy, you are some good judge," he laughed. "Let's get to heaven as quick as we can!"

When Mary, who had been working at her desk in the Settlement House, saw the group, she was startled. But she regained her composure quickly and aided in restoring the girl to consciousness. There was a spark of pride in her eyes as she looked at Sherry. Later, when she had left Joe with the girl, she turned to Sherry and said:

"Sherry, I'm proud of you. You can see for yourself there are some big and vital things to do for others, and I think you are going to do them. I know this girl well. She is known as Kitty Grace. She lived with the man you fought, Jim Morgan, but I broke up the affair. Joe is in love with her and tried to keep her straight, and if it hadn't been for you she would have fallen into Morgan's hands again. You're a brick, Sherry. I'm proud of you!"
lin declared vehemently one day as Sherry passed her door and stopped to chat with her.

And the newspapers, with the exception of the Bolton Leader, which was controlled by Durfee, began to choose sides, and to Sherry's decided satisfaction, every one lined up behind him. The town was now placarded and bill-posted with "Sheridan Bartlett Dows for Mayor" signs; the newspapers were filled with panegyric of him; the people themselves were talking about him and betting for him. He was almost a famous man.

Almost. . . . For, as October neared its end, Durfee saw the handwriting on the wall. He called a conference and as soon as Freeman appeared, he uttered his ultimatum:

"This has gone too far!" he cried. "Dows is running away with it. You've not played square, Freeman. You're double-crossing me!"

Freeman denied the charge, but his denial did not convince the saloon-keeper.

"There's only one thing to do. Make Dows resign; make him quit the race."

"I can't do it!" Freeman protested.

"You can. You put him in. You can tell him that he's won the down-town vote but lost the support of the best people, and that the ticket will meet with disaster if he don't quit."

Freeman had no choice. He telephoned Sherry that night and asked him to visit the Freeman residence on the following afternoon. There, in the presence of Freeman, several of his lieutenants, and Sylvia, who was listening to the conversion in an adjoining room, Sherry of him:

"My dear boy," Freeman began, "I feel we are asking too much of you to run for mayor. The vulgar contact with unwashed people must be very offensive to you. You can plead ill health and resign at once if you want to. I have the letter ready for you to sign. Moreover, by going down there you are alienating the support of the best people in town and be in danger of defeat."

A look of amazement crossed Sherry's face, then slow gathering wrath swept his brow. He fairly thundered his reply:

"No, I shall never resign!"

Freeman was dumfounded and unable to speak.

"I went into this thing more or less as a joke, Mr. Freeman, but it isn't a joke with me now. I am out to win and I won't resign."

The door swung open and Durfee, face blazing, entered.

The saloon-keeper minced no words.

"By God, you will resign, Dows, even if I have to squeeze your neck until you sign this paper!"

"I've heard something of the deals and understandings between you two," said Sherry contemptuously, "but I didn't believe it until tonight. All right. I accept your challenge. I'll fight the both of you and beat you to a pulp. It'll make a nice item in the papers tomorrow, won't it? How the Democratic candidate and the Republican candidate had a fight in the house of the Republican leader. You haven't a chance! I'm not going to sign that letter and I'm going to leave this room!"

The two politicians were beaten and they realized their helplessness. Sherry was permitted to get away without a struggle. But once he had departed a new element entered the situation. Sylvia appeared, just as Durfee was saying:

"He is no fool. Don't kid yourself. But I have got men with brains before and I'll get him."

"Perhaps I can tell you how," the girl suggested.

Freeman looked at his daughter.

"What do you know about it?" he asked her.

"Never mind," she replied, smiling.

"I had a talk with him before he came in here tonight. And I can tell you that you can get him through Mary Forbes. He would do anything to save her name from scandal."

There was a tinge of bitterness in Sylvia's voice. It was the old case of the woman scorned, ready to strike back as best she could.

Sylvia explained her plan. "He's going back to his offices down-town. He told me he sleeps there. All you've got to do is to plant some reporters in the building while we send a fake message to Mary. She is his secretary, but that cuts no ice. Once we get them together, he's ruined."

Durfee laughed heartily, his first real laugh of the evening. He raised his hand in a pantomime toast and said:

"The ladies, God bless them! Let's get Grey of the Leader on the phone."

It was still early when Sherry reached the offices, and entered the bed-room at the rear. He looked out of his window. It was a sultry night, although late in the year, some of the poor tenement-imprisoned folk of the neighborhood were sleeping on their fire-escapes. Below he could hear the strident snoring of Mrs. Devlin, as she lay sleeping in a rocking-chair on the iron platform outside her window. He removed his coat and hat, took off his collar, and unbuttoned his shirt. He sat on the edge of the bed, pondering, planning the struggle before him. Suddenly he sat upright, and listened. Steps could be heard in the hall. A key turned in the lock. Sherry rose quickly from the bed, opened the door, and looked out, only to step back in surprise.

"Mary! What are you doing here?" he asked.

"Didn't you send for me? A man came to the Settlement House and said Kitty had been injured and brought her here."

"But Kitty was here this afternoon with Joe. They are going to be married this Saturday," Sherry explained.

Then the truth dawned.

"The dirty curse!" he cried. "They are trying to make me resign by involving you in a nasty scandal!"

A look of horror came into Mary's face.

"I'll go at once, Sherry," she said.

"No use!” he replied. "The Leader will have reporters posted on every floor by now. No, they've beaten me. I'll tell Freeman I will resign."

"And say not?" she cried, her lips tightening and eyes flashing. "I won't let you. I don't care what they say about me. It is a lie!"

"No, Mary, there is no position in the world that would compensate me for smirching you with slander."

"I owe it all to you," he told her.
He turned aside and walked to the window. The city looked the same, but the struggle was lost now. He could see the cars running on the avenue a block away; he could hear Mrs. Devlin snoring merrily, but noisily. Mrs. Devlin . . . A thought flashed through his brain; an idea grew. He turned to Mary, a smile flickering on his lips. His hand slipped into his pants pocket and he drew forth a silver watch case. Returning to the window he dropped it so that it fell squarely in the Irishwoman's lap.

"Mrs. Devlin is ill. I had her brought here because her own flat is crowded. Miss Forbes will look after her, if you citizens don't object!" explained Sherry.

"Shure, an' 'tis a pretty pass when a decent woman can't have the newralgie without a bunch of spalpeens bustin' in on her privacy!" cried Mrs. Devlin, as the reporters retreated from the room.

Two days later a white-coated porter at Durfee's café posted the last return: "Durfee carries the third ward by 2,178," the slate read, "biggest plurality in history."

Two miles up-town Mayor-elect Dows stood in a window, uttering a speech of thanks to the crowd of ardent admirers who had come to serenade him. When the throng had dispersed he turned from the street to Mary, the only other occupant of the room. His face was glorified by a smile of deep happiness, but no less happy was she.

"I owe it all to you," he told her. "It is your victory, more than mine."

Down the street a band was blaring. Another procession, headed by a dirty looking lad bearing a banner reading:

HURAY FOR OUR MAYER,
SHERIDAN DOWS

was coming toward the house.

"They are clamoring for a speech, Sherry," Mary told him, evading his flattery. "You'd better go out again."

"There is only one speech I want to make," Sherry replied.

"Well, go ahead and make it," Mary laughed.

"All right; I will. I want to ask you to marry me. Won't you say . . . yes?"

Mary looked up at him shyly as she answered:

"The other voters said 'Yes,' dear, so why shouldn't I?"

The city administration that came into office on the New Year's Day following Sherry's twin victories over Durfee and Mary could hardly have had an easy path before it, for the election had left in its trail hard feelings such as are scarcely stifled by mere balloting. Sherry took office with a modest diffidence, an unwillingness to make many glowing promises to his constituents. He realized his limitations, knew that as far as office-holding was concerned, he was the ranknest amateur. At the same time he decided that he was going to do the best he could for the city and that it would not suffer because he had been elected over the saloonkeeper boss.

His test came early in the year. He was walking home from his office in the City Hall, a habit he had formed, first because it made him appear democratic to his many friends who passed and greeted the Mayor on the streets; second, because he needed the exercise. He was crossing Main Street when he happened upon Sylvia Freeman, who was sitting in her limousine.

"Oh, Sherry," she cried, "wait a minute for me and I'll take you home."

Sherry had not seen the Republican leader's daughter since his election and marriage to Mary, and he stopped to chat with her. The conversation ended by his yielding to her and taking a seat beside her in the car.

"I've simply got to stop at the Allen Inn," she remarked as the motor car sped along the boulevard toward his home. "I left a pair of gloves there last night. You don't mind, do you?"

Sherry could hardly refuse so slight a request and the car pulled up before the road-house. He accompanied Sylvia within and sat on the piazza with her for at least half an

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A famous and athletic favorite, whose latest picture is "The Mollycoddle"
The alluring adventuress of Mayflower's "The Law of the Yukon"
I HAVE interviewed them in dressing rooms, I have interviewed them in studios in gardens, on yachts. I have met them at breakfast, at lunch, and at dinner. I have seen them in bathing suits, in evening clothes, in pajamas—but I have never met anyone like this handsome heart breaker of the films, and I have never met one in just the way I met him.

When I inquired at the Pathe offices for his address I was told to wait a few moments. They wanted to make sure he could be seen. I waited and I was told to go to No. 66 Broadway, Twelfth floor.

"But there is no studio there," I said, wondering what my quarry would be doing away down near the money marts. "You'll find him there," I was assured, and I started my way.

In a daze I found myself at Sixty-six Broadway, reached the twelfth floor. And then suddenly I came face to face with a door on which was plainly printed:

WARREN CHANDLER

"Who do you want to see?" some little boy inside asked me.

"Mr. Warren Chandler, the motion picture actor," I explained.

The boy disappeared and I sat just outside the railing and waited. There was some mistake, I felt certain. This could never be the place to find Warren Chandler, who was the genial, pleasant Dr. Mark Ridgewell in "My Husband's Other Wife," and the handsome heart-breaker in "Soul and Body." I was in to see the wrong Warren Chandler. I had fully decided all was wrong when the boy returned and motioned me to follow him.

I tip-toed to the desk and the closer I got to the busy man the more confused I became, for he certainly looked like the Warren Chandler I was after. I was almost convinced until I heard him saying over the telephone:

"Sell on my order until I call you. Steel is weak to-day. Yes! Yes! Go ahead and buy that other stuff. How much? Oh a thousand dollars!"

And then just as I almost turned to run he dropped the telephone, turned smiling to me, and easily remarked:

"I am very glad you called. I have cleaned everything up for the moment and I certainly will be glad to talk about the movies. It is a wonderful thing down here to get a rest."

"You are not Warren Chandler, the motion picture actor," I gasped.

"Why, yes," he replied, and I had to admit he was for he was smiling just like Warren of the films.

But what are you doing here?" I asked, "I never knew that actors worked like this."

"Oh, yes, I work just like this," he laughingly replied. "I have been trying to get away to devote my whole time to the screen, but it has been difficult. Now, however, things have been arranged. In a few weeks all my interests in the Street will be in the hands of capable assistants and I will be free to take up the work I like best. I will be free to stay with motion picture acting entirely.

"In the past, for several productions, in which I have appeared for Commodore Blackton, I have not taken enough time from business to work through the making of each picture. In the future I will devote my entire time to the work. I have enjoyed Wall Street every minute of the time I have been down here. I like business. But I think more of the screen and I get more pleasure out of motion pictures—out of making people enjoy life than anything else."

I was surprised.

"But why give up all this for a career in pictures?" I asked in amazement.

"Because I love people and the happiness of people. After I worked in my first picture I was standing on Broadway one night. I looked at the great throngs of people all making their way into the theatres. I looked at their happy faces, at the laughing girls and boys, at the smiling men and women.

"They were all taking their innocent recreation, going to the movies, going to be amused and thrilled. I looked at them all lining up at the box office booths of the great motion picture theatres. And right then and there I determined that the great thing of to-day, the great thing of the future, is the motion picture."

"I determined to be a part of that great medium of happiness and I did not lose any time about it. I started out to arrange business affairs and I have progressed so that very shortly the market will see no more of me. I hope the people who go to the theatres throughout the country will always like me as well as I like them. I have been fortunate in having apt parts carefully selected by Commodore Blackton and I am convinced that I am doing right in

(Continued on page 52)
MY FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS

By WILLIAM S. HART

SOME time ago there was a scene being filmed in a motion picture in which a man had to ride a horse over a small log across a canyon, about a hundred feet wide. The drop was about eight feet. The log was round and the feat was extremely difficult, but it was accomplished once. A "close-up" in the middle of the log was necessary, so the stunt had to be done over again. The horse knew that he had performed the feat once. But he also knew that he could not do better. Consequently, he became nervous and fell off the log—with the rider under him. As the horse lay on the jagged stones in the canyon bottom, his front feet were not more than six inches from his master's face. The man, pinned under the horse's body, could not move from where he had fallen. If the horse had kicked or thrashed about, the man's head would have been smashed into an unrecognizable mass. But the intelligent animal lay quite still. He did not kick, he did not even move. When help came the man was released safely. Upon examination it was discovered that the horse's side was covered with nasty bruises and cuts. The faithful animal had borne the pain unflinchingly because he knew if he moved that it would mean serious injury to his master.

That horse was my pinto—and I was the man underneath. Then and there I decided that my pinto pony would never again face the danger of fatal injury.

Two years ago he was retired to a life of leisure on a ranch nearby my Hollywood studio. But, through the insistence of his countless number of friends, I brought him back to the screen in my two latest pictures, "The Toll Gate" and "Sand!" And he'll probably play with me in many more.

While on the ranch he was growing fat and sassy. But he was truly grateful every week to his motion picture friends who faithfully sent him their presents of sugar cubes.

My early boyhood on the Dakota plains made me a lover of all animals. The horse and dog are my favorites, naturally. I have never been without one of them for a companion. After I left the stage for motion pictures I found that I could gratify my lifelong desires, so I didn't limit myself.

I glory in all my "pals," although my pinto pony is better known than any of my other pets because of his "acting" in motion pictures. I have an English bulldog, Congo, who is almost Darwin's missing link in looks, but he won't allow me to put my face within a foot of his if I have taken a drink of alcohol.

One of the finest things that have happened to me in my motion picture career is the opportunity to retire many broken down bronchos to a well deserved life of leisure. I have in mind one 'Lizabeth, who doesn't happen to be a bronc, but she will illustrate the point. 'Lizabeth is only a high-powered mule.

In one of my pictures, "Wagon Tracks," we were camped on the Mojave desert, some 125 miles from Los Angeles. We had overlooked the fact that we needed a pack mule for my use on the trail. In our outfit there were thirty mule teams which had been hired from the sales yards in the city. These mules are mostly sold for grading camp work.

I picked out the mule that looked the part and in twenty minutes the animal followed me around like a faithful dog. Incidentally, the mule did some work in the picture that rivalled the feats of my horse. We named the mule "Jupiter" at first, but we had to change it to 'Lizabeth. I might add that 'Lizabeth is not working any more. She is eating grass a foot long.

In the old days of the West, in the Dakota Territory, where I was raised, a boy was taught to love animals. In those days a man would be killed quicker for abusing a horse than for stealing one. Everybody knows what happened to horsethieves—a necktie party.

"Broke and afoot!" This was and is the greatest calamity that could befall a cowman. A Westerner's love for his
horse amounts to a religion. Yesterday the horse was as necessary to locomotion in the West as the legs of a commuter in New York. Therefore, folks who were raised in the great West love and respect their four-footed friends.

But it wasn't only because horses could be ridden that made men count on them so much. It was also because they could be depended on to be on the job and faithful to their trust in any emergency. If you and I could always say that about ourselves wouldn't it be fine?

Measure up to animals! How many faults would a man cut out if he would remember not to do anything an animal wouldn't do?

God gave human beings mind as a higher power of creation—and we abuse our power of reason. God gave animals instinct—and they live up to it implicitly. A horse may balk, but he is on the level about it. There is no deceit. He just balks. You know exactly where he stands.

There is no human love and loyalty to exceed that which an animal may show to man. Everybody knows what good dogs do and have done. I don't care to have anything to do with a man who doesn't like dogs. In showing his devotion and loyalty to man the dog has a shade the best of other animals. Did it ever occur to you that man uses a horse but makes a companion of a good dog?

I merely mention this incident to bring out the point that I want to drive home in this brief article: and that is if a man can truthfully say that he is as good as his horse, he is a pretty good man. If you and I can live up to our good instincts as well as a good horse or a good dog lives up to his, we have accomplished something of which we may well be proud.

But horses and dogs are not the only animals that can show devotion and loyalty to man. I own a boxing kangaroo, who, though he shows wonderful speed with the gloves on, behaves himself like a gentleman when I am playing with him. Incidentally, he helps me keep in good physical trim.

Although he is partial to me when I am boxing with him, he doesn't show much of that partiality against strangers. Ordinarily, it is hard to land a good punch on him, but if you should accidentally hit him on the nose (about the only place you can hit him) he will hop around swinging both fore feet at you until he is satisfied that he has evened matters. My kangaroo, though born in Australia, has taken out his naturalization papers and is now 140 per cent American.

I have often tried to think of a good name for the kangaroo; one that would fit his peculiar style of boxing, but I have been unsuccessful so far. Someone suggested "Bat" Nelson, but the tears never ran out of Nelson's eyes every time he was hit on the nose. The way the four-footed creature hops around makes me think that the name of one of the many "dancing masters" now in the prize ring would be better suited for him than the name of "Bat" Nelson.

When away on location I almost always take Pinto and Congo with me. It is then that I begin to really live, out in the open where I can shake the city dust from my feet. I never did care for city life, to speak of, anyhow. That's why I stick to stories which take me to the great out-of-doors.

Bill and Congo. "Congo won't allow me to put my face within a foot of his if I have taken a drink of alcohol." We presume that this picture of Bill and his bulldog was taken since the first of the year.
AN AUCTION FAN

By PAULINE PFEIFFER

EVERY moving picture actress has her light occupation. Louise Huff's is attending auctions. She admits it is a form of taking chances that she can't resist.

She says the red flag of the Bolshevists has no stauncher supporter than the red flag of the auctioneer finds in her. The sight of the latter is a signal for her to drop all she has and follow it.

She may start out in the morning with the firm purpose of seeing a prosaic shopping expedition through,—of purchasing a few of the things no movie actress should be without. But from a hole in the wall the magic sign "Auction This Day" is hoisted into her notice, and she returns home in the evening heavily laden with choice works of art that used to belong to somebody in the Bronx who died insolvent.

Sometimes she gets what she wants! The exquisite Japanese tapestry that hangs in her dining room is her pride and delight, and she picked it up under the hammer. A beautiful statue of Buddha that she always wants in the room in which she is sitting, she got in the same way. She has a penchant for oriental art. Her home is a veritable curio shop.

"But I find some of my purchases simply don't fit into my domestic background," she confesses. "When the auctioneer talks of them so feelingly I take a hand and help him out. I love to bid, and in the excitement of the game I forget that the successful bidder carries off the spoils.

"Then I am handicapped by liking so many things I see. I love vases, all sorts and shapes and colors. They are always being prominently displayed at auctions. I give away a great many of the ones I buy as Christmas presents, but some of them I can't give away—I haven't the heart.

"I am devoted to tea sets, too—china and silver, copper and brass. Long spouted teapots I can't pass up, and short ones get me just as hard, while quaintly shaped tea cups intrigue me to the point of obsession for possession. Closely allied to tea sets are coffee and chocolate arrays. Bowls have a fatal fascination for me, and salt and pepper shakers are my delight.

"Curtains and hangings and cushions are positively a vice with me—I indulge in them to such an extent. But I can't endure the same hangings year after year, and one must have a cushion for every indolent position. You see, I am really awfully good material for an auctioneer to work on."

One of Miss Huff's charms is her capacity for liking so many things. Her apartment is pleasantly full of those she couldn't resist at auctions and carried off with her. Yet it is not overcrowded. She has an intelligent and characteristic process of elimination. In her own words:

"Persons are always seeing things of mine they are kind enough to wish they possessed. When they do, I just give them what they like, according to the good old Mexican custom."

Miss Huff is the same way about people. She likes lots of people.

She likes to entertain them, and she does, royally, with her innate Southern hospitality.

Many actresses consider fan letters a bore. The petite Louise loves hers, and answers them herself. That might be another of her light occupations if she didn't get so much mail. As it is, she spends many mornings telling her admirers in the well-known Huff hand that she is really back in pictures again after an absence of a year and a half; that she is making her first picture under Selznick. "Dangerous Paradise," right now; that she is five feet one inch tall; that her hair is indeed short and not a wig, and other bits about herself ad infinitum.

Louise thinks she has served an adequate apprenticeship in the school of the ingenue. "However," she philosophizes, "when I look at myself in the glass, I can see that I am built on ingenue lines. I fall just about half a foot short of the dramatic height, and I haven't the profile of a misunderstood woman. So I am letting things and parts come to me in their logical order. If I am destined for serious drama, serious drama will find me."

And the chances are it will seek her out, for Louise Huff courts Fate—who has given her few disappointments in the past.
“YOU don’t look very wicked,” I told Bryant Washburn, as he ambled upon the set where I had been awaiting him, while he donned his war paint for the day’s work.

He didn’t. His usually carefully brushed hair was long and curly, lapping over his coat collar in the back; he wore an old and rusty Prince Albert, a pair of spring gaiters, a funny little bowler hat and a pair of round horn-rimmed spectacles. His air was possibly demure, but far from insinuating. His expression was almost lugubrious. I smiled—I could not help it.

“Beware of me,” he muttered, depositing a pair of grey silk gloves in his hat which he turned bottom upward on a bench. “You never know what terrible evils may lurk beneath a lamb-like exterior. ‘Still waters,’ you know.”

“And are you really so—wicked? How delightful!”

He turned an aggrieved face toward me.

“You call it delightful to be wicked? You, with those blond curls and that baby stare? How could you?”

“But,” I remonstrated, “you must be very, very bad—and very, very bad men are always interesting.”

He shook his head: “The sophistication of young people in this day and age,” he began, but I put out a restraining hand, laughing.

“Joking aside,” I urged, “what are you made up for?”

“I am Anthony Osgood—otherwise ‘Saint’ Anthony. A very exemplary young scientist with no knowledge of the world and its wickedness. But—”

he leaned toward me and lowered his voice—“I learn. Yes, indeed, I learn a lot—and then!”

“How come?” I asked.

“It’s this way,” he responded, crossing one knee over the other carefully and smoothing the crease in his trousers with his thumb and forefinger. “The girl I’m in love with jilts me and tells me I have no pep! Just think! So I proceed to accumulate some of that quality and invoke the aid of Jeanette, a danceuse. She’s really a fine sort and my innocence appeals to her. She tries to make me over to satisfy the lady of my choice and ends up by falling in love with me and I with her. Result—the former flame who is now anxious for a reconciliation is rejected, and Jeanette and I are united in the holy bonds of matrimony. Isn’t that a good idea?”

“It’s a fine idea,” I agreed. “And I suppose you have a complete metamorphosis?”

“Exactly. Oh, I spruce up to beat the band and become quite the proper sort. Then there’s the mannequin!”

“The mannequin? You mean one of those girls who pose in new gowns?”

“No—this is a lay figure—an artist’s dummy. That dummy plays an important part in the picture, but I sha’n’t tell you what it is because you wouldn’t enjoy the story half so much on the screen.”

“Frankly, Mr. Washburn, I can’t see anything very wicked in what you’ve been telling me.”

“Well—there isn’t. It’s all fun—but I really believe there isn’t a dull moment in the picture. Elmer Harris has done wonders with the script—and of course James Cruze has been getting great stuff, being a live wire director. Miss Loomis, by the by, is the danceuse. You know what that means.”

“She’s charming, isn’t she? And so clever?”

“Yes. And you’ll see the picture and tell me how you like it, won’t you?”

“Of course,” I agreed, “but you’ve got to supply a real thrill somewhere, or I’ll be disappointed.”

“You won’t be disappointed,” he assured me, “and that’s a bet.”

Whereupon he took up his hat, arose languidly and strolled on the set, looking as though he had been sent for and couldn’t come—but that is all part of the characterization.
Side Lines and Side Shows—

Vincent Coleman Puts The Former Into The Latter

By R. E. OTIS

Regular Fellow,' when I decided to accept an offer to work before the camera. This was not my first try at pictures for I had played in several government photo plays while I was in the army, but it was my first screen work that was to reach the public. I like pictures—I like the studio atmosphere—and I'll be back again before long, but the fascination of the stage hasn't left me, either. That's the reason I'm now playing in 'Martinique'."

During the short time Mr. Coleman has been in motion pictures he has been climbing rapidly to the top rank of leading men. The same pleasing personality that so impresses you when you meet him is accurately reflected on the screen. The contour of his good-natured face suggests a strength to buck the obstacles he may encounter in his upward climb.

Perhaps his grit is but another example of the natural result of early athletic training, for Coleman since his school days has been a keen participant in all kinds of sports. Wrestling, perhaps the most strenuous of all, has always attracted him. At prep school he devoted most of his spare time to mat work, and he has never permitted himself to get out of condition. In fact, in many recent matches at New York clubs, he has thrown every amateur of his own weight whom he has met.

Mr. Coleman smiled when I told him that many players devote a lot of time to athletics so as to keep in perfect physical condition. "Do you know why wrestling is necessary to me in my work?" he asked.

Although every player I had ever interviewed told me so, it remained for Vincent—he's the kind you're sure to call by his first name within an hour after you meet him—it remained for him to tell me why athletics had helped him.

"A few years ago, I was on the road with a rather bad play, and as soon as we had gone well beyond walking distance from New York it failed. There wasn't enough money in the whole company to get us back home, and each of us started out on a plan of his own. I noticed a sign advertising the county fair in a town twelve miles away, and I was there the same morning. It seemed like the management had more side shows than could possibly be needed, and my hopes sunk. However I tried, and my plan was accepted. I was to meet all comers in a series of wrestling bouts for a small share of the receipts. I kept wrestling at intervals of about an hour for two days, and then slept in a day coach all the way back to New York—so you see, you have to have some side line to fall back on when you're an actor."

Vincent has another side line, as he calls them, though this
is really his chief hobby. He likes to dabble in mechanics. He told me about his new projection machine which he uses in "his theatre." "His theatre" is his study—but he really does have them there. The machine is a remodelled toy moving picture projector that somebody had decided to discard. Vincent recovered it and has made a thoroughly modern apparatus from it. The shows are all his own, too. He has a way, it seems, of collecting lots of waste film at the studios and reassembling it so as to make a new story. Of course, I wanted to go to one of his shows. I went!!

Before I saw the picture, however, I was sworn to secrecy about it. Vincent, you see, has nothing but the finest in "his theatre." The feature on the program I saw had a cast of six stars, who are certainly among the best known players in filmdom. The prints, of course, were scraps from several different plays of these stars, but they were so put together that even the most hardened critic couldn't call the continuity worse than fair. But I've probably said more about it now than I should have.

I expect we will hear a great deal of Vincent Coleman within the next few months. One of his recent pictures, "For the Freedom of Ireland," is yet to be released, and at present he is hard at work at the Constance Talmadge studios playing opposite the screen's leading comedienne in "Good References." Now that "Martinique" is back in New York he has an opportunity to appear before the camera while he is playing on the stage, and he is making the most of it. That means hard work, day and night, with very little sleep, but he doesn't seem to mind it.

"Hard work! Surely I expect that," he told me. "I'm hoping to get some place in this business,—and, naturally, hard work is the medium."

Hard work is the Coleman slogan. Vincent is one of those persons who can't be content when he is idle. But fortunately he has so many side lines that he is able to keep himself occupied every minute of the time without sticking to one thing long enough to have it become monotonous.

Vincent, like Rod La Rocque, who is one of his best friends in the profession, is an artist. Rod's preference is cartoons, though he has devoted much of his time to landscape water colors, but Vincent has an aptitude for portraits. So far, he has been indifferent to the commercial possibilities of his skillful pen, but he admits that it may be another means of getting back to New York—when he tires of wrestling.

Though ninety-nine and sixty-sixths hundred per cent optimistic, Vincent has just one worry—and that worry is about his work. Vincent, physically, is the type of man whom you will always imagine as the dashing young hero, who kills villains, leapt off bridges to save his sweetheart, and comes back to her home in time for the final loving close-up. That's what worries him!

"Last summer a friend of mine went to see a director who was casting a picture," Vincent started. "My friend was about all anyone could want in appearance, but he had never played a part before in his life. But that didn't make any difference. The director—you'd know his name well if I mentioned it, for he is among the better known in the East—was satisfied that Arthur was the type, and he engaged him. Luckily, he made good, but the chances were just as strong that he wouldn't. But he was the type!

"That type idea is one of the curses of picture making. Directors—I know I'm generalizing, but, of course, I don't mean all of them—cast all their pictures by type. When they read a script, they visualize each part and the man who plays the part must be like the director's first conception of him. There isn't a player in pictures who is not familiar with 'you're not the type,' the stock expression of casting directors from coast to coast.

"Types, naturally, must play an important part in the producer's selection of any cast, but there is something else that should come first. If you have a stock company in your town, you'll get what I mean. Isn't there a man in the troupe whom you have seen as an old English butler, a drunken tramp, and a Methodist minister. That may not be quite the list, but it is near enough to illustrate what I mean. If that man was really an actor, he looked equally well in each of the parts, though just as like as not he's not a bit like any one of them off the stage.

"Opportunities to do character work of that sort mean more to us than the chance of wearing our best clothes as we walk through a leading role. At any rate they mean more to me. There's a satisfaction I feel after having done a character role or a heavy, if I've really done it well, that I can never get from something I just happen to be the type for.

"But don't misunderstand me. I want to play leads. Somehow in pictures you've got to be the leading man or you don't seem to get very far. The character man is underrated. That's why I want to play leads. But I do not want the usual straight role of the man who is just continued through five reels of a lady's life so that the audience will know who he is when it's time for the star to be married.

"The leading man can bring his own individuality into the picture. That should be his goal and his contribution to the photo-play."
THE pretty Vitagraph star, Corinne Griffith, and her new director, Edward Griffith (no relation) had run down to a couple of Long Island Villages to look over the location for her new feature, "The Garter Girl"—an adaptation of a famous O. Henry story.

In one of these towns the going on foot was so bad, that Miss Griffith suggested a taxicab.

"All right," said her director, "but where in the name of Divinity will we get one?" He couldn't find an honest man—can we find a taxi?

All about them was vast silence. The great Northwest never looked more bleak and a mantle of snow and slush covered good Old Mother Earth. Then, while they stood there pondering, an officer came out of the railroad station. They rushed up and told him what they wanted. He looked them over in an amused way.

"I don't know where you can get a taxi right this minute," he said, "but if you wait, I will step in the station and phone.

He returned to tell them that he had located a man and he would be up very soon. "Are you Corinne Griffith?" he suddenly asked, looking directly at the star.

"Why—yes! that is I know her very well," she answered.

The officer smiled.

"Aw go on—you can't fool me," he replied with a knowing wink. "I saw you in 'The Climbers.' What are you doing here?" he added. "Looking over sites?"

Miss Griffith gave him one of her most charming smiles.

"You seem to know exactly what we are here for," she answered. "I hope you are not going to arrest us for trespassing," nan continued, after the policeman had left.

"No, indeed," the officer retorted, his eyes twinkling.

"I'm not arresting beautiful women—and particularly you. My wife would never stand for that—she'd leave me. You and John Barrymore are her favorite screen stars."

Miss Griffith was about to make an appropriate reply when a closed car drew up to the station platform. A nice appearing man of about forty hopped from the front seat.

"What's up Bill?" he asked the other.

The officer presented the Griffiths with great ceremony.

"These folks are here to select sites for a big Vitagraph production so will you drive 'em around and treat 'em right?"

"You bet I will," the taxi man exclaimed. "Hop in folks and leave it to me." As they got in the car, the policeman climbed in alongside the chauffeur.

"I am going along to give you protection," he shouted through the window. "The town can take care of itself. Just shout when you want us to stop."

They stopped many times, and on each occasion, the officer and chauffeur asked them a thousand and one questions until they had absorbed from the star and director all that they knew of life in the movies. To quote an old-time small newspaper line—"a good time was had by all." But the train schedule must be met!

As they drove back to the station Miss Griffith began to worry over the charges. "I don't object to paying a good sum but you know how these people are inclined to overcharge when they think they have a couple of city people. I am awfully sorry they found out who I am."

Mr. Griffith rubbed his hands together dubiously. "There is no such thing as a taximeter so we are at their mercy. Well, let's be philosophical. Absolutely no sense in worrying. We will pay like sober citizens."

When they alighted at the station, the officer and chauffeur stood very much at attention. The former spoke:

"We certainly enjoyed taking you around, Miss Griffith. I wish that my wife had been home, for she will be greatly disappointed when she hears she missed you. She and Joe's wife (nodding at the other) are in town shopping."

Hesitatingly Mr. Griffith popped the question. He was bound to know the worst.

"Yes," said Miss Griffith sweetly, "You certainly took beautiful care of us. We have no idea what we owe you."

"You don't owe us anything," the chauffeur answered.

"It was a pleasure for both the Chief and me, thank you for the privilege of taking you about."

"The chief," stammered Miss Griffith.

"Why yes! He called me up and said the town had two distinguished visitors, so naturally it was my duty to come."

He got into the car and departed with the salute of a Chesterfield. "Hope to see you again," he gallantly declared.

The astonished star then turned to the Chief with lips parted in surprise. He smiled back humorously.

"And who is the gentleman chauffeur?" she queried.

"The gentleman chauffeur—but hurry, here comes the train!"

He assisted her up the steps of the car platform. The train began to creak with a jumpy forward motion. "Who was he?" Miss Griffith asked, this time with bated curiosity inflected in her large blue eyes.

"That was—" the train was now going at a good clip so the Chief made a megaphone of his hands. "That was His Honor—the Mayor!" The last was a shout. He waved her a cordial Goodbye, his face wreathed in smiles. Miss Griffith gasped and fell back into the arms of her director.

**

There's a bit of a twist to this story of Corinne Griffith's taxi drive through this little Long Island town—or, at any rate, it seemed so to me when she told me about it. That stranger something or other that we are told comes so much more often in truth than in fiction seems to be here. In fact there is a real O. Henry idea hidden somewhere in my story—I couldn't hope to bring it out. But it is there, however, and it has made me wonder.

It was "The Garter Girl"—O. Henry called it the "The Momento"—that brought Miss Griffith to the scene of this story—and when she read there, didn't it seem that the spirit of O. Henry was waiting to guide here? But perhaps this is just another problem Ouija!
Who came to the screen as Guy Empey's co-star in "The Undercurrent".

FLORENCE EVELYN MARTIN
Elsie Ferguson has completed "Lady Rose's Daughter," and is now in Japan, where she will remain for a three months' vacation.
A QUEEN STILL REIGNS . . .

By Lewis F. Levenson

My queen wears no hejeweled coronet
Nor trails a velvet ermine gown.
Made regal by her gracious winning smile,
She needs no glittering gilded crown.

The world's four corners are her boundaries:
Her courtiers are in country town
And teeming city; Elsie, uncrowned Queen,
Who reigns—while empires totter down.
Elliott Dexter

Who returns to the screen, after a year's absence, in "Something to Think About"
The Philosophy of Elliott Dexter
By ADAM HULL SHIRK

ELLIOTT DEXTER, urbane, smiling, immaculate, looked up from the book he had been perusing between scenes on a set at the Famous Players-Lasky studios in Hollywood, and nodded thoughtfully: "I've been told reading something regarding sincerity," he observed. "You know, I've come to believe that sincerity is really the basis of success in this as in any other walk of life."

"That is almost a truism, isn't it?" I suggested.

"Yes, but infinitely more true than we have generally come to believe," he asserted. "I mean, that while many of us may casually think our sincerity is truth, we do not always practice it. Doubtless, when anyone begins life's work, he does so with a rather high degree of sincerity—if it happens to be the kind of work he enjoys. As other interests creep in, other ties draw him away from his given course, he is too likely to become somewhat quiescent, matter of fact, as it were, and his work suffers as a result. I do not mean, contrariwise, that one should be actuated always by a state of agitation, but it is an old saying that once we become self-satisfied or indifferent, we stand still, if we do not retrograde."

"In a word, then," I said, "one must be always alive to the possibilities of the moment, never satisfied to pause, always alert."

"Exactly that!" he emphasized. "Petulance does not mean action; the only distinction should be withal that which is erroneous. To do a little every day toward a worthy goal; to work faithfully, putting every ounce of energy and every bit of sincerity of which we are capable into our work—this is the only way to success."

He paused, retrospectively.

"It seems to me," he said, "that things have taken on a somewhat different aspect with me of late, I have had quite a rest; I have, to use the old word, been an introspective power of right thinking. Now, as I enter into the work entailed by a given role, I think about it in a different and a far more incisive way. I am no longer satisfied with externals. I delve into the very deepest parts of the characterization; I try to grasp the entire story, to recognize all the surrounding influences that should mould the character I am depicting—and to portray it accordingly."

"But, as I said, in the beginning, sincerity is essential. The big reason for Mr. DeMille's success—and it has been marked—is that he is sincere to the very limit of sincerity, in his work. Watch him direct a picture and see the emotions flit across his own face as the actors portray their lines and portray their parts. Every shade of thought is depicted in his face. He lives every role—sincerely. And I see clearly that this is the open sesame to success in acting as well. I try to be the thing I am portraying. I am sincere in my efforts to make the character live. For the time being I am the person and Elliott Dexter is submerged."

"And, while I say that of late I seem to have found a deeper meaning in the word, sincerity; while I have discovered that Truth is so powerful that even in mimic arts it lends its mantle to Thespis and carries conviction when it is felt by the viewer, I still believe that I have always felt this to some extent."

"The world, today, is thinking—thinking more deeply than ever before in its history. It has become introspective. It is dealing with internals rather than with externals and superficialities. It is seeking to grasp somewhat of the full meaning of Truth—Truth full-orbed and all-powerful. It is casting off some of the shackles of materiality and lifting the veil of the unseen but none the less real in life and life's purposes. All this affects the individual. He sees behind the lessening veil of ordinary things, the heights of power are becoming visible and potential."

"He sees that a world so lately torn by conflict is emerging into a newer and finer sense of Life. He sees that the meaning of brotherly love is becoming more clearly established in the hearts of humankind. He realizes as never before that he must work out on his own salvation and in the struggle toward a worth while goal he is able always to rely upon the Truth to keep him on his course if he will avail himself of its ever-extended hand."

"Sincerity—sincerity of purpose; readiness to serve; readiness to change his views as he gains more light, but always sincere effort and a constant and unswerving allegiance to right—these are the things that will lead the individual toward success and a success that is not merely ephemeral but lasting. This all applies to the actor as to other men—and perhaps even more definitely to him than to the average person because the actor is striving to depict life and the truth. What he does this convincingly is to base the depiction upon Truth."

So much for the philosophy of the man Elliott Dexter. Elliott Dexter, the actor, is planning to step forward in the coming year to new adventures in the world of films. His unfortunate retirement from the screen for more than a year has made his value as an actor the better known, for the fans have missed him, and the many plays to which he might have given his finished skill have been marked without him—and have suffered through his absence. The depth and sincerity of his attitude toward life stands as evidence of the depth and sincerity he brings to his brilliant characterization on the screen.

And his myriad of sincere friends are now welcoming him back to the screen.
"QUIT THE SCREEN?"

"Why Should I?" Viola Dana Asks

GEORGE A. CARLIN

"QUIT the screen!"

Viola Dana drew herself up to her full height of four feet, eleven inches, and registered astonished indignation.

We had started in by asking whether Miss Dana would quit the screen if — We got no further. The winsome little star looked like a melodramatic heroine who should say: "You may offer me all the riches of the world. Lord Harold, but never can you persuade me to part from my child. You may not realize it, but you insult me by your base proposal."

We explained that May Allison had told us she would be contented to retire from motion pictures when the right man came along, and all we wanted to know was whether Miss Dana would adopt the same course under the same circumstances.

"Why should I?" Miss Dana asked.

The question made us try to recall all of the beautiful things that Miss Allison had told us about being necessary for a woman to devote every thought to her home once she got married. But Miss Dana did not seem to be convinced.

"Maybe it's because Miss Allison is a Southern girl," she mused. "I know they cling more to conservative traditions in her part of the country. — But you see, I'm from New York."

Miss Dana smiled as though that explained everything.

We were persistent, however, and were not to be balked in our quest for the truth. We came right out and demanded to know if Miss Dana thought there was room in a woman's life for marriage and a career at the same time.

"A man seems to manage them both together, doesn't he?" Miss Dana asked.

That's one of the difficulties of interviewing Miss Dana. She insists upon asking most of the questions herself. One feels more interviewed against than interviewing.

"You believe, then, in the equality of the sexes?" we continued.

"Don't you?"

But we were not to be trapped into an admission of opinion. We persevered courageously in our quest for information.

"Do you think, then, that a woman should propose in marriage?"

"It's Leap Year, isn't it?" Miss Dana inquired, smiling.

That admission being made, we launched a determined effort to get a definite answer to the major question. But Miss Dana was all for having tea and crumpets. She asked questions of a considerable length. Miss Dana was all for having tea and crumpets. She asked questions of a considerable length.

"Can we have a lot more chatty over tea, don't you think?" Miss Dana volunteered.

This was an encouraging attitude. Consequently, after consultation as to our personal preferences in the matter of sugar, lemon, milk and the strength of the beverage, Miss Dana, who, by the way, uses one slice of lemon and no lump of sugar, was ready to answer questions at length.

"I suppose I ought to be away up on the Leap Year thing," she said. "You see, I'm appearing in 'the Leap Year photoplay' —

'Dangerous to Men.'"

We had a vivid recollection of Miss Dana in the play, particularly in the scenes where, in one of those gowns that are short on material and long on expense, she plays a "lady vampire." We had to admit to ourselves that "dangerous to men" is accurate in a descriptive sense. There was no use trying to resist.

"I've thought it all out," Miss Dana continued, "and I really believe that a woman should have as much right to propose as a man has. The reason she doesn't is that she's more subtle as a rule. You know yourself that it's nicer to be asked than to do the asking. And a man seldom asks unless he's pretty sure the woman is in love with him. If they're both in love, I can't see that it makes much difference who 'pops the question.'

"If I ever did think of getting married, I imagine I would be able to encourage the man, if he were a little backward, to come right out with the question I wanted to hear. But I'd propose myself, if necessary. Only I don't think I'd be likely to fall in love with the sort of a man who would make it necessary."

"But if you did fall in love, you wouldn't think of giving up everything to follow your lord and master?"

(Continued on page 55)
The Midlanders
A First National Picture
Featuring Bessie Love
By SILAS FRANK SEADLER

Bonnie Bessie Love's delightful
In this tale of love and strife,
And the fade-out finds the rightful
Chap has won her as his wife.

As a friendless waif she's stolen,
Raised where sky and earth are one;
Wild and primitive, her soul in-
Spires with love the Judge's son.

Young Van Hart is quickly captured
By this maiden's charm and mirth,
And the lovers live enraptured
Till his dad says: "Back to earth!"

Curran, writer, keen and witty,
Sees the wonder of her eyes,
Sends her photo to the city,
Where it wins the Beauty Prize.

Fortune smiles, her talents bring
her
Fame and wealth upon the stage,
Life behind the lights as singer
Make a bright and vivid page.

Though her foster parents
shove her
Rudely from their squatter
doors,
Young Van Hart and Curran
love her
As in tender days before.

Young Van Hart is puzzled,
rather,
Thinking Curran's wronging
him;
Then he learns the man's her
father!
Learns the truth of Fate's
strange whim.

Comes the feverish election,
Politics and dirt are done;
Curran is the town's selection,
Though the crooks believe they've won.

Janet Vance, a woman wonder,
Curran's friend through thick and thin,
Steals the Boss Contractor's thunder,
Fights to help the best man win.

And the end—too long we've tarried—
There's the village pastor's fee,
Everyone in sight gets married;
Cupid claims the victory.
Into The Woods
Went Edna May Sperl to Stardom
By CHARLES ELLIOTT DEXTER

engaged by Edgar Lewis to play a small part in one of his productions. One day he told me that he had been noticing my work. He said that I possessed a certain cleverness, and his advice was for me to remain in the movies and not to think of going back to the stage. I was greatly encouraged by his remarks, for Mr. Lewis' reputation as a director is established and a few words from him meant a great deal to me.

"Then, shortly after, my opportunity came. An agent phoned me and asked if I could leave that night for Maine, as the leading woman in the Edgar Jones productions had been taken ill and a girl was needed to take her place immediately. Needless to say, I would have left that minute for the end of the world to play a lead.

"Mr. Jones was making two-reel 'Northwoods dramas.' At the end of the first picture, the leading woman I had supplanted had recovered and I returned to New York. When I left Maine, Mr. Jones told me he believed my future would be exceedingly bright. A few months later he sent for me.

"That was six months ago. After working with him for several months, Mr. Jones advanced me to co-star with him. I have been here ever since and I can assure you that

(Continued on page 56)
What's Your Hurry?

A Paramount Picture,
Featuring Wallace Reid

By MAX LIEF

Dusty Rhoades .................... WALLACE REID
Virginia MacMurrnan .................. Lois Wilson
Patrick MacMurrnan .................. Charles Ogle
Brenton Harding .................. Clarence Burton
Mickey .......................... Ernest Butterworth

Matilda, Marion, and Maud,
Maria, Mildred, May, and Molly,
Get ready, ladies, to applaud
The daring feats of handsome Wally.

This time his name is "Dusty" Rhoades,
An auto racer who the rage is
In many thousands of abodes
Where people con the sporting pages.

Right off the reel he gets in Dutch;
His sweetheart's father calls him "loafer,"
And says, "You boob, you're nothing much;
My girl can't wed a racing chauffeur.

Get out and earn some honest bucks,
Dope up some scheme of exploitation
To sell my Pakro Auto Trucks,
And you can have my approbation."

Now "Dusty's" not a fool or dunce,
He's not the fellow to be bested,
He tries a few press-agent stunts
But only gets himself arrested.

Of course, our hero gets the can,
But when his boss a rest is taking,
He heads a Pakro caravan
To mend a dam, dam, dam that's breaking.

When finally he blocks the flood
And in a Pakro truck turns turtle,
His classic features stained with mud—
He wins the gal, believe me, Myrtle!
In the Good Old Days of Filmdom

Jimmy Morrison Tells How Vitagraph’s Happy Family Produced Some Memorable Pictures—Pioneer Days on the West Coast
Part II
By LEWIS F. LEVENSON

"It must make you feel like an old man to talk about the ‘good old days of the films,’” I remarked to Jimmy Morrison, veteran of many and many a famous Vitagraph photoplay.

"Not at all,” Mr. Morrison replied. The Jimmy Morrison of today is singularly youthful looking. Ten years ago he was playing on one day the part of a boy of fifteen, on the next that of an old man of ninety. Age sits lightly on his shoulders, for he is not aged at all, merely a beardless young chap who was fortunate enough to participate in the activities of the greatest company of versatile actors and actresses since the birth of the drama.

"Only ten years have passed,” Mr. Morrison continued, "but those really were the old days, and the good old days, if you want to put it that way. I joined the forces of Vitagraph in 1910 and stayed with that company until 1916, so I may fairly say that I witnessed the filming of most of the pictures which startled the United States and which still have a great vogue in Europe.

"As many as twenty companies were at work at one time in the Vitagraph studios out in Brooklyn. Our entire company consisted of one hundred and fifty persons. I don’t care to say that all of them were good actors, but the proportion of skilled players was probably larger than in any other similar company anywhere."

Mr. Morrison picked up some stills lying on his library table. "You can glance through any of these stills,” he said, "and in almost every case you will find that the cast contains persons who either were famous at Vitagraph or who later became stars. Here, for instance, is a million-dollar cast: Clara Kimball Young, Anita Stewart, Harry Morey, Earl Williams, Bill Sheu and myself. A picture with names like that is impossible in these days. In fact, the entire cast could probably have been paid at that time with one-half the salary that any one of those named would demand today.

"Vitagraph was a happy family. Contracts were unheard of. You were engaged verbally, you took it for granted that you would be paid, and you were paid. Every one of us had unlimited confidence in our executives, and something of that faith was revealed in the work we did for them. We ‘trouped’ day and night. In my own case, I can’t begin to recall the types I portrayed, everything from Indians, Chinamen, youths, old men, to black-face roles. There isn’t a picture company in the business today which expects an actor to do more than play himself. Then the story was decided upon; the most available types were selected and if we couldn’t look the part we made ourselves up to suit it.

"Furthermore, we made the world come to Vitagraph, instead of making Vitagraph go out into the world for
in an Arabian scene in which he played an extra part. Leah Baird, cast for the leading role of one of the earlier pictures, wore a coat about three sizes too large for her. And there were many, many others.

"Another of the famous old companies well remembered by fans is Kalem. Kalem’s old roll called included such well-known names as Alice Joyce, Marshall Neilan, Marguerite Courtot, Irene Boyle, Helen Holmes, Carlyle Blackwell, Neva Gerber, Billie Rhodes, Tom Moore, Ruth Roland, Robert Ellis, Marin Sais, Anna Nilsson and Princess Mona Darkfeather. Kalem’s studios were on Nineteenth Street in New York, and in Fort Lee, over on the Jersey shore. I happened on an old monthly bulletin recently, given to me by Miss Irene Boyle, who will be remembered for her splendid work this year in Edgar Lewis’s production, ‘Other Men’s Shoes.’ It is only seven years since Kalem was issuing one- and two-reelers, and some surprising changes have occurred in the destinies of some of the members of the cast. Here, for instance are ‘Marshall Neilan and John E. Brennan, the two famous Kalem laugh-provokers,’ cast in a 700-foot comedy entitled ‘Stung,’ both wearing the typical quick make-up of the slapstick comedian. On the other half of the reel was ‘Dippy’s Dream,’ with Brennan, Neilan and Ruth Roland in the cast. Alice Joyce was doing a series of two-reelers in those days. The newest one was called ‘The Mystery of the Sleeping Death’ and was followed by the arresting title ‘The Viper,’ released two weeks later. A reel a week was the schedule.

‘Kalem undertook a policy of ‘educating the poor man’ in the last months of 1913. Using that phrase as a catchword, historical photoplays more elaborate than any previously done in their studios were produced. History meant war, and the world, which had not yet been touched by the flames of the great European war, avidly drank in the scenes depicted by the Kalem actors. Among the photoplays in this series were ‘The Boer War’ and ‘Wolfe, or the Conquest of Quebec,’ two of the earliest five-reelers ever made.

‘The dyed-in-the-wool picture fan will recall with pleasure the casts of some of these sterling photoplays. Guy Coombs, Marguerite Courtot, W. H. West, Jane Wolfe, Marin Sais, Paul Hurst, Alice Joyce, Alice Hollister, Helen Lindroth and Robert Vignola were among the many who participated that year in the bigger Kalem productions.

‘Following Kalem’s lead, other companies began to produce longer historical dramas. I wonder how many fans of today can recall the names of some of the ‘thrillers’ of seven and eight years ago. Of course, no one who saw ‘Dante’s Inferno’ or ‘Quo Vadis’ will forget those memorable masterpieces. But there were others, produced in

exteriors. We seldom roamed more than ten miles from the studio for locations. Here, for instance, is an Arabian scene of the burning sands of the Sahara, taken at Brighton Beach, a mile from Coney Island. Not far from the studio was a wooded patch we called ‘The Cedars,’ which we used for all our underbrush scenes. It was filled with poison ivy and half the company would be laid up for a week after shooting a scene in it. It was used alternately for Kentucky mountain scenes, for Indian skirmishes in the old days of the West and for the setting for tales of the Canadian wilds. Today it is occupied by some comfortable looking private homes.

'The wardrobe question was easily solved in those days. Vitagraph had, and probably still has, the largest wardrobe in the world. An actor was not supposed to supply his own costumes, and the result was that some peculiar variations on stylish dressing would occasionally crop up. A gown would be worn by a star for a time and then would be passed on to an extra girl, with the result that some confirmed picture-goer would send in a strenuous kick. I recall being cast for a part that required an evening suit. Mine was not at the studio, but I was fixed up with a suit that A. E. Smith had previously given to the costume department. At one time hundreds of authentic Civil War uniforms were purchased for one picture. In fact, the wardrobe department scouts were always looking for costumes that might be used in some scene that might not be filed for months.'

An examination of the stills of some of the old-time pictures reveals some surprising facts. Wallie Reid, for instance, shows up as large as life
America, instead of in Europe, as those two Kleine productions were. Edison created many, 'The Battle of Tra- falgar,' 'The Charge of the Light Brigade,' 'Robespierre,' 'Washington Crossing the Delaware,' included in the number. Vitagraph at that time was working on Dickensian subjects: 'The Pickwick Papers,' with J ohn Bunny in the leading role; 'Martin Chuzzlewit,' the famous 'Tale of Two Cities,' 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' and numerous other stories of that type.

No story of the old times in the films would be complete without mention of the opening of the western field. And the beginnings of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, together with the formation of the famous partnership of Cecil B. De Mille and Jesse Lasky, mark the dividing line between the old pictures, the one- and two-reelers of the screen's infancy, and the productions of today.

The failure of a stage production in which he was interested was the indirect cause of the entrance of Mr. De Mille into the film world. His great success in collaboration with David Belasco in the production of 'The Return of Peter Grimm' made young De Mille decide to venture into the independent producing game. As he tells the tale:

'At my own expense I staged Mary Roberts Rinehart's play 'Cheer Up.' It was an expensive production and it strained my resources to the limit.

'The play failed dismally. To meet the bills it was necessary for me to dig down to the very bone. Just at that time I met Jesse L. Lasky, himself a producer for the stage. He had just had a bigger failure than mine, if such a thing were possible. He had produced 'The Follies Ber- gère,' and it had passed into oblivion, leaving a trail of bills in its wake.

'It may have been due to our common bond of failure, or to some other reason, but we became firm friends.

We were both worried and nervous. A fishing and hunting trip to the Maine woods offered a chance for recuperation in health if not in pocket. We went. That trip cemented our friendship and paved the way for our future business relationship.'

'Up on the return of De Mille and Lasky to New York they decided to cast their lot together and to begin work at once on the production of a musical operetta. De Mille wrote the lyrics and much of the book, as well as undertook the direction of the show. It was named 'California' and became a pronounced success.

'The success of our first production encouraged us to repeat the process,' Mr. De Mille continued. 'The result was three more smashing successes in one year. Lasky handled the business end of the partnership; I wrote and directed the companies.'

'At that time the motion picture industry was still in the two-reel period. Both De Mille and Lasky had discussed its possibilities, but neither had entertained any idea of entering the new field. Quite by chance they were started down the path that later led to the formation of the leading photoplay company of the world.

'They were lunching at the Claridge one day with Samuel Goldfish, a retired glove manufacturer, as their guest. The luncheon was merely an informal friendly affair; no busi- ness was up for discussion. Naturally, the three men touched upon the theatrical news of the day and the conversation drifted toward motion pictures. De Mille and Lasky, both felt the possibilities of the industry had been unrealized, and they allowed their enthusiasm to have full sway, until Mr. Goldfish became converted to their views. The Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company was organized then and there, and the articles of incorporation were drawn up roughly on the back of a Claridge menu.

'De Mille knew absolutely nothing of picture work at that time. But a visit to a Yonkers studio convinced him that the training he had had on the stage would serve for screen work as well. He required, however, a studio, a company and a story in order to begin work.

'To De Mille the story seemed the most important part of his task, an idea which thus far had not been entertained seriously save by a few producers. He chose 'The Squaw Man,' and purchased the film rights outright—the first time a proven stage success had been bodily transferred to the realm of the screen.

'However, the purchase of 'The Squaw Man' severely strained the slender resources of the new corporation. With a few thousand dollars’ capital left, and with the story in his pocket, De Mille turned toward California and began a search for a studio. A brief but thorough investigation (Continued on page 54)
A player of distinction, who will be seen with Norma Talmadge in "The Branded Woman"
Hoover, L. A.

JEAN PAIGE

Vitagraph's youngest star who hails from Paris — Illinois
This is Mary Miles Minter's newest evening wrap. It is of silver cloth with a large cape collar of the same fabric.

Edith Roberts is wearing quaint study in pink satin with its snug-fitting basque and the full skirt greatly heightened with the lace-fluted pendants of satin ribbon.
Summer Clothes for the Flapper

By MARY MILES MINTER

WHY don't women dress according to their years? It makes me cross to see a girl of eighteen with a black-feathered toque, a black dress and everything else that goes with it, looking like a sophisticated woman of thirty-five, while the woman of forty years wears a red hat and a flowered dress, trying in vain to look like sweet sixteen.

I can't see why young girls object to looking young. One would think it was a disgrace to be a girl in her teens, the way most of the girls try to camouflage their age by wearing clothes suitable only for a woman in her thirties. I'm young; I know it; I'm proud of it. And I'm glad...

I don't think there are any more lovely clothes in the world than those made for the flapper type—that means me and every other girl between sixteen and twenty-one. We can wear all the brightest colors, the daintiest materials, the most extreme styles, without looking ridiculous.

These bountiful skirts—those short skirts—that short sleeve—who do you think they were made for? For no other than the flapper. The mannequins in all of the best establishments are girls under twenty-one. It is they who tempt women of all sizes and ages to buy clothes they are displaying. For instance; a woman of forty, slightly inclined to roundity, decides she needs a new frock. She visits her modiste, takes a seat in the showroom and asks to see the latest in street frocks. Several beautiful girls of the flapper type, trim, youthful, buoyant, dazzle her with their smart attire.

"That blue with the red trimming—it is very smart! And that short full skirt—perfectly adorable! I think I'll have the...

Poor, blind woman! She doesn't realize that she's being fooled—that she will be a laughing stock in the dress. The flapper has won her over, and she imagines she will look as attractive as the flapper does.

But don't for one minute imagine that the flapper can wear anything and everything. She can't! There are restrictions for her just the same as there are for the matron. The flapper may not look as ridiculous as the matron in clothes that do not become her, but folks will know that there is something wrong with her.

Any color or any kind of material, cut along simple, youthful lines, will be becoming to the flapper, although personally I prefer the gayer shades. I think sport clothes are especially adapted to the flapper type, and these cannot be too bright in color. This charming little sport suit I saw the other day had the skirt made of pale pink, satin, accordion plaited, and the jacket of brilliant hunters' green, trimmed with big white pearl buttons.

An adorable little tam of the combination of the pink and green completed the costume.

There are many sweaters worn this season, and these are especially adapted to the flapper. The silk knitted slip-overs with the short sleeves are particularly attractive. They are wonderful for golfing or tennis because they supply just that little touch of color that is so necessary for a sport costume, yet leave the arms perfectly free for strenuous motion. And I think the anglor capes are charming. They can be had in so many wonderful colors and they're the most comfy looking things!

But if I don't stop right now, I'll be speaking about sport clothes for ten more pages. Just let me say this though. If the flapper doesn't know what to wear, let her wear sport clothes and she can't go wrong. They were made for her.

It is especially fortunate for the flapper that lace has again come into vogue, for yards and yards of soft cream white cobwebby lace always seem to me to be the essence of youth. And what could be lovelier for the summer frock? It is cool, dainty and altogether charming. And you can combine it with so many materials or use it alone. I recently bought what I thought was a very lovely lace afternoon frock. The skirt is made of three ruffles of cream shadow lace on a foundation of taffeta. The waist is entirely of lace with a fichu effect and has very short sleeves of the lace. The only trimming on the whole dress is a girdle of tiny pink and blue rosebuds. With it I wear a big droopy hat of shadow lace trimmed with pink and blue rosebuds.

And speaking of hats—I don't think there is any better hat for the flapper than the big drooping one. I see so many young girls in turbans, yet they don't look well in them. Turbans are much too mature for a flapper. I think the big hats are the best for the summer anyway. They protect one from the sun and are always cool and summery looking. I saw a girl the other day with a big floppy leg-horn hat with no other trimming than a wide band of black velvet ribbon—and she looked charming.

For the young woman of eighteen over an evening dress is a very important item of her wardrobe. And what an opportunity for the débutante to look her best, if she chooses wisely. An evening dress for the young girl requires more thought and deliberation than any other article of her apparel, for it is so easy to choose the wrong thing if one is not very careful. The color should always be something light and dainty—no blacks or purples. If possible it should be cut too low, and I think it should always have some semblance of a sleeve. The bodice with nothing but two straps over the shoulder is too mature a style for the flapper. It
should have something soft draped over the shoulders. There are all kinds of wonderful materials which can be used in the making of an evening gown. But for the summer I think lace, chiffons and taffeta are the best. Gold and silver cloth, while very lovely, lose their color very quickly in the summer from the heat and perspiration.

Another thing the girl must be careful about—what jewelry she wears. The less she wears, the better she looks. I think a string of pearl beads or a simple little lavaliere around her neck is enough ornamentation with an evening dress. She may wear a bracelet if she wants to. I have seen many young girls spoil their whole appearance by the jewelry they wear. The other day I noticed a girl at tea. She wore a smart tailored suit and a chic little hat, but you couldn’t see her hat or suit for the amount of jewelry she wore. She had on a diamond pendant, several rings and a diamond bar pin. The poor girl very likely thought she looked wonderful, but if somebody had only told her how ridiculous she looked! Such jewelry might have been correct for a matron in evening dress but certainly nobody ought to have worn such a display with a tailored suit. It is just such little things that spoil a girl’s entire appearance. "Study detail!" is the slogan of the well dressed woman. For, after all, that is what counts.

The flapper is usually too young and inexperienced to know this and unless she has some older person’s guidance it is there she often makes her mistake. How many times have you seen a young girl dressed beautifully wearing a soiled pair of gloves? Her whole appearance is ruined. There is nothing that adds so much to your appearance of well grooming as your gloves and your shoes. I have seen a badly shod foot prevent a woman from giving the appearance of being truly well dressed any number of times. Only the other day I saw a young girl, about eighteen, dressed in the sweetest pink taffeta frock. She certainly looked charming. But what was my horror to see her pull out a vivid red silk handkerchief! Can you imagine anything worse? The pink and red! How they clashed! She most likely thought the handkerchief pretty—and it would have looked very smart with a navy blue tailored suit—and she had carried it with no thought for the clash of colors. There are any number of little things like this of which the flapper does not seem to realize the seriousness. She likes things for themselves. She does not realize the importance of studying general effect.

But in "undress," as in everything else, it is true that what the matron wears will not become a flapper, and what one flapper wears will not look equally well on another. I have always thought it very important that a girl look just as nice when she is in her boudoir or the kitchen with nobody around to see her as it is for her to look her best at a party. Don’t ever for your own self-respect go around in a loose kimon with your hair untidy and your shoes hanging open! No matter what you intend doing with your morning, if you bathe and comb your hair as nicely as you would if you were going out, you will feel one hundred per cent better than if you had just jumped out of bed directly into your clothes. Even the girl who helps her mother with the housework has no excuse for looking untidy. A big fresh bungalow apron with a pretty sash, or a cheap little gingham dress, will give you no excuse for avoiding anybody who may happen to drop in to call. I do not think, though, that one should put on her best, high-heeled shoes the first thing in the morning if she is contemplating doing any work about the house. A pair of comfortable low shoes with a broad flat heel is the sensible thing to wear.

For the boudoir there are any number of pretty little dressing gowns that may be bought very reasonably, or made at home still cheaper. I don’t think elaborate things are very practical, as they are apt to get soiled and mussed very quickly. Some dainty, soft material like crepe de chine or even a pretty silk mull is very appropriate for a dressing gown. A pair of bedroom slippers to match and a dainty little boudoir cap make the outfit complete.

Study your type and wear what becomes you, not something you see in the shop window and like. Your clothes express you.
BEBE:
A Prohibition Scotch
By EDNA S. MICHAELS

It was one of those warm, languorous late Spring days in California. The sky was one solid mass of brilliant blue; the sun, bright and glaring. Now and then a warm orange blossom scented breeze played with the rays of the sun, lessening its glare, while beds of brilliant flowers showed slight signs of motion.

It was a day of thirst. The more you drank the more you wanted. It seemed as though you had no sooner quaffed one tall, clinking glass of "anything cold" than your tongue again started to cleave to the roof of your mouth and your palate demanded more.

With the fourth glass of lemonade in my hand, it was no small wonder that my mind kept running around in circles on the drink question. Everything I saw, heard or thought about, I connected with something to drink.

We were sitting on the porch of Bebe Daniels’ home in Los Angeles. It was certain that the heat did not seem to affect the fair Bebe. In a white fluffy lace dress and a big, green, straw hat she looked as fresh as a creme de menthe. But her manner did not suggest a creme de menthe. She had a clipped, crisp and sharp air. A creme de menthe always reminds me of something very cold and sedate and dignified.

"With what sort of a drink would you compare this dark-eyed, brilliant young girl?" That was my one thought as she chatted gaily on about how happy she was now that she had reached her goal and was to be a real honest-to-goodness star.

Suddenly, as if just waking from a deep sleep, I heard:
"I'm mostly Spanish, but I've got a little bit of Scotch in me. What does that make me?"

"A prohibition Scotch highball," I fairly shouted.

"What in the world are you talking about?" she asked with a queer look as if she doubted my complete sanity. And I couldn't blame her.

I tried to explain how my mind had been continually dwelling on the drink question and how I was trying to decide what kind of a drink she most reminded me of when she mentioned the Scotch. And then I went on to explain in a defensive sort of way why she reminded me of prohibition Scotch highball.

"You're prohibition because you've only got a little bit of Scotch in you—and you know you can get 'it' if you know where, but they only give you just a little bit because it's so rare these days. Besides you have just that gayety and pep that a little bit of Scotch would be apt to give a person—just make them feel good! You know what I mean," I hopelessly floundered.

Even if she didn't know she made me feel in her kind, delightful way that she did. She joked and laughed about it the whole afternoon. Later, when her mother came out with a fresh pitcher of golden lemonade, she said:

"But I'm sure that mother would much rather have me be sort of Spanish cocktail, if it's to be any sort of a drink; for my mother is very, very fond of her Spanish ancestry. You can't blame her, however, for you know mother is a direct descendant of the Empress Josephine." And "mother," with the charm and bearing of a Spanish princess, surely looked to be of royal lineage.

As soon as I learned that Miss Daniels was to be starred by Realart, I hastened to see her. Of course, I had predicted that she would reach stardom some day. She has all the qualifications—youth, beauty, talent and personality. But here elevation to stardom had all happened so suddenly.

Rocking back and forth in the big, cool-looking, green hammock, her dainty feet in white lace stockings and white kid pumps thrust straight out in front of her like an adorable child's, Miss Daniels tried to tell me all that I was eagerly waiting to hear.

"Of course, it is the ambition of every actress to be starred some day, and it is toward that goal that all of us strive. I really have worked very hard and I feel that I have earned the good fortune that has come to me. It all seems so wonderful, though. Really, I'm so gloriously happy that I feel as if I were going to explode. Didn't you ever feel that way? When something very wonderful has happened—something that makes you so happy that you just can't express yourself?"

"Of course I do," I answered, and was rewarded by seeing

Not creme de menthe! She fairly radiated vivacity and pep. Creme de menthe always reminds me of something very cold and sedate and dignified.
a sunny smile chase away the frown on her brow. "But tell me, what kind of work are you going to do as a star?"

"I truly don't know. I have perfect faith in my company and know that they will only procure for me the material that I can do best. I don't think I will ever do heavy dramatic work or any slapstick comedy. Most likely it will be comedy-drama. I like that the best, anyway. But I do hope that they cast me in pictures where I can wear lots of nice clothes. I love clothes, and the more I have the more I want. I like all kinds, but principally lovely, soft, fluffy things and lots of white ones. I don't like vivid colors."

Bebe Daniels is wise. For with her dark, lustrous, Oriental beauty, she looks lovelier in white than in any other color.

"And I like great, big, droopy picture hats," added Bebe.

"And what else do you like?" I interrupted, as she started to tell about the neighbor's baby, "who was the cutest thing in the world."

"Oh, I like lots of things," she said, clasping her hands like a child when it thinks of all the wonderful things in a candy shop it likes and would like to have. The only difference is that everything Bebe likes she has.

"I like horses. I've been riding since I was a wee kid—I'm nineteen now—with much pride—and I've got the most beautiful horse. Don't you want to see her?"

"And I know that they will only procure for me the material that I can do best. I don't think I will ever do heavy dramatic work or any slapstick comedy. Most likely it will be comedy-drama. I like that the best, anyway. But I do hope that they cast me in pictures where I can wear lots of nice clothes. I love clothes, and the more I have the more I want. I like all kinds, but principally lovely, soft, fluffy things and lots of white ones. I don't like vivid colors."

"I've a little red racer, also, and I love to let her out along the road. I love fast going with any conveyance. 'Texas' can go like a blue streak! I call her 'Texas' after the state in which I was born."

Bebe stopped talking and commenced to hum "Dardanella" while she danced around the stable to her own accompaniment. Her red lips pursed, big, black eyes shining, she looked like a colorful little wood spirit. Her graceful little feet fairly seemed to squirm with the joy of dancing.

"You like dancing, don't you?" I asked—another foolish question.

"I love it," she replied while she continued shrugging her shoulders in a highly bewitching manner to the catchy syncopation. "You know, it's funny, I usually don't like to dance in the day time," suddenly stopping short and coming over to stroke "Texas" on the nose. "When it's dark—artificial lights and a good band playing—m-m-h, I could dance till dawn. Another indication of the peppy, prohibition Scotch!"

There is no doubt that Bebe Daniels will make good as a star. She wants to. That's enough. And she has the background.

When she was just ten weeks old she made her debut on the stage in "Jane," in which her mother was playing. When she was four years old, she played in Shakespeare repertoire in New York. After a year in New York with her mother and father, she went to Los Angeles, where she has made her home ever since.

On completing her schooling, she was immediately offered a position on the screen. She played in comedy until Cecil de Mille "discovered" her and cast her in "Male and Female." Since then she has been cast in a number of big pictures, including "Why Change Your Wife?" "Sick Abed," "The Fourteenth Man" and "The Dancin' Fool."
A MOTION PICTURE MINSTREL

By MELVIN M. RIDDLE

BACK in the middle ages, it is recorded that there was a class of entertainers known as minstrels, whose business it was to play the harp and sing for the entertainment of their lords. Minstrelsy was a profession and every nobleman, knight or member of royalty had his own private minstrel, to sing and play for him, songs to fit his moods.

With the passing of royalty, this form of minstrelsy has gradually disappeared and given way to more modern forms of musical entertainment.

Out at the Lasky studio in Hollywood, however, there is a minstrel. He is a permanent part of the official retainer of "Uncle" George Melford, and the only difference between him and the bards of old is that his principal stock in trade is jazz, of which modern and delightful syncopation the "old timers" knew naught.

"Speed" Hansen is this modern minstrel's name, and none can doubt the worthiness of his work of providing inspiration to motion picture directors.

"Speed" can play almost anything with strings, but his favorite instrument is the guitar. He appears on the set every morning with his guitar and begins his day's work. He sings and accompanies himself with the instrument. He sings between scenes, he sings early and he sings late, and when "Uncle" George is not around, he sings to whoever may be around. He is the delight of every grip, carpenter, property boy, cameraman, actor, actress, office boy, director—in fact, he is the delight of everybody on the lot; and when a visitor comes to look around the studio, if he has a natural love for music, he rarely ever gets past the vicinity of where "Speed" passes out wit and music by the fifty verses.

The startling part of it is that "Speed" never seems to run out of songs. His repertoire is complete. He's a human music library. He knows the much loved old songs that bring a tear or a sigh, he has a full stock of classic melodies; he pours out jazz until the feet refuse to behave; he plays and sings the old, the new, the parodies,coon melodies, and what not. If ever a piece was written or sung, "Speed" knows it, and he knows a lot that never were written or sung, except by himself. His stock is complete, and his songs, if listed in a volume, would look like a Sears & Roe-

buck catalogue. Anything anybody wants, whether it was written yesterday, today, fifty years ago, or if it has not yet appeared on the shelves of the music stores, "Speed" can sing. He will switch from a plaintive recital of "Old Black Joe," or "My Old Kentucky Home" into a lively "blues" or a late popular song.

"How did I learn to play the guitar?" he repeated in answer to a question. "I don't know. I just started in."

The other day, an actor brought a professional copy of a new song over to "Speed."

"Here's a new one, 'Speed.' Let's see if you can play it."

"Don't bring any music to me," was the reply. "I can't read notes. You might as well ask me to translate a Hebrew hymn-book. 'What's the name of the song?"

The name was given and without hesitation the song was rendered.

"Ever in vaudeville or on the stage?" he was asked.

"No, I'm a boilermaker," was his reply. "I came out from Milwaukee and Chicago two years ago. I had about two hours to wait before seeing about a job, so I came out to the studio where Douglas Fairbanks was making a picture and they put me on as an extra. They had a guitar there on the set. It had been about two months since I had had hold of a guitar and, say boy, that one looked good to me. Pretty soon I got hold of it and then I started. Fairbanks kept me for five weeks. Just kept me around to sing and play. Then I decided I might as well stick to the movies. And now 'Uncle' George Melford keeps me around most of the time."

"Speed" is also an actor. "Uncle" George Melford always manages to find a part for him, but "Speed's" guitar is always a party to the contract. When the director can't find anything for him to do before the camera, he tells him to report on the set, anyway, and bring his guitar along, of course.

At the time of this story, "Speed" is working in the Paramount-Clipart screen version of Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, "The Translation of a Savage," which Mr. Melford is producing, with an all-star cast.

"Come on, guitar, and play me a tune!" says "Speed" as he picks up the instrument. He talks to the guitar, and then he makes the guitar talk back. And how it does talk!
A PUPIL OF PAVLOWA

By R. A. REED

PARENTS are proverbially on the hunt for talent or even genius in their offspring. Haven't you ever visited friends to have them drag some young innocent to the piano to mangle Chopin until you suggested they put a record on the talking machine to offset the pandemonium. Or perhaps a blue-eyed cherub of some six or seven winters has been stood up before a music rack and made to perform for you on the violin. Though usually an awful ordeal it must be endured for Elman, Farrar, Pavlova and numerous other artists were all discovered in the home circle. Fond parents developed their budding genius with friends and neighbors as critics. Marguerite de la Motte began her career in the most approved fashion. She early showed a tendency to trip the light fantastic. Her parents discovered this trait (or rather talent) and the little girl was soon called upon to entertain. Her circle of admirers widened until her dancing attracted the attention of Pavlova and she became a star pupil. This was after her parents had left Duluth, Minn., her birthplace, and gone to San Diego, California.

In California, Marguerite became known as a classic dancer and the career her parents had foreseen seemed open to her. But it wouldn't have been natural for her to have continued along the path that her mother and father had chosen for her—no one ever does—and she decided to try herself before the camera. The rest you probably know. With Douglas Fairbanks, she had her start in "Arizona," and she followed this almost imme-

Marguerite de la Motte and Wallace MacDonald in a scene from "On Trumpet Island"

diately in "Joselyn's Wife" with Bessie Love.

It was some time later, however, before her real opportunity came. When she was offered the leading role opposite Jack Pickford in "In Wrong," the little girl who had danced her way into the hearts of her neighbors realized it was the chance she had been waiting for, and she threw herself into the part with all the abandon of one who couldn't fail to make good.

Marguerite has made good. Her two pictures with H. B. Warner have established her among the younger players, of whom greater things may be well expected. Miss de la Motte is with Vitagraph now. Tom Terriss, who has recently been elevated to the rank of a "star director," has chosen her for the leading role in his next special, a film version of Geuverneur Morris' "Trumpet Island," which will mark this young dancer's first appearance under her new contract.

The record of Marguerite's achievement is all the more interesting when one considers that Pavlova's pupil is now only seventeen. In her case it was a quiet rise to screen honors but nevertheless the foundation of her career was firmly laid because her parents early helped to develop her talent. Their forethought has given her several years start on most aspirants to screen fame, and she has taken advantage of it.

I feel that Marguerite de la Motte may be expected to do really big things in the very near future. Her work so far, though it has been amply sufficient to establish her as a leading woman of merit, has been primarily a training for what is to come. She has had an opportunity in the comparatively short time that she has been playing before the camera to test herself in a wide variety of roles and, so, develop her talents in an unusual degree. In this respect her training has been different from that of so many players, who, as a result, later find that their efforts must be confined to one particular kind of work.

Perhaps there is a moral to this story. The next time any of your friends asks you to be a young hopeful to perform on strings, brass or dimpled toes, lend them just a bit of respectful attention. They may be duplicating the early efforts of the truly great. Like Marguerite, they may be destined for motion picture fame.
A few snapshots of Edward Earle taken "when we weren't working, which was much of the time."
Making Love at 32 Degrees Below Zero

Edward Earle Doesn't Find the Position of Lover in the Yukon as Attractive as You Might Imagine

By CYRENE HOWARD

A MAN! A girl! A moonlit garden! Filled with the sweet scent of apple blossoms. A rustic bench beneath a gnarled tree. Strains of a dreamy, melodious waltz float out on the summer air. She sighs. He sighs. They draw closer to one another. Slowly his arm creeps around her last.

Well, you know the rest. What's the use of writing about it? It's the same old story. You've read about it hundreds of times.

The way of a man with a maid. It's an easy way when nature and the girl help you. But it's not quite so simple when the thermometer reads 32° below.

"What's the difference?" you'll say. A comfy lounge in front of a bright log fire is just as romantic as a settee in a garden.

I guess it is, but what are you going to do when no settee or log fire is available— when the hero must make love to the "shero" on a ten-foot snow-laden tract of land with the wind wailing a love song for an accompaniment while the kisses turn into icicles on your lips?

Not quite so pleasant, eh, what?

But that's all in the life of a moving picture actor.

When "The Law of the Yukon" was filmed last winter up in Port Henry where the average temperature is 32° below zero, Edward Earle, who plays the leading role, had just such an experience. And he hopes it is his last.

Sitting in the comfortable dining-room of one of New York's most luxurious hotels, the clear, grey-eyed young man opposite me did his best between bites of filet mignon to answer the volley of questions I shot at him.

"I have to laugh," he said, "when folks here tell me about the cold winter New York had—how they almost froze, etc. Lord, they should have been up in Port Henry. It was certainly some winter for us. But, I enjoyed it," with a reminiscent twinkle. "I was up there for almost three months, and when we weren't working—which was quite a part of the time, because of the heavy skies—bad lighting makes bad photography, you know, in the studio or outside—why, we went skiing and sleigh-riding and skating—and had lots of fun. One day when I started out for a long trip on my skis—"

"Yes," I rudely interrupted, "but I want to know what you did when you were working. What did you do about those outdoor love scenes?" I would have liked to have heard what happened to Mr. Earle on the skiing trip, but an interviewer is often forced to sacrifice a good story for what she imagines will be a better one. And I thought

you'd much rather hear about the love scene than you would about the skiing trip.

"I've made love to a number of women, in pictures. Miss Deaver's face is one I always enjoyed, too, but making the love 'shots' for 'The Law of the Yukon' was no bed of roses. I think we took about five retakes on her wrist. But, you know, there are always a number of scenes taken that never appear in the picture.

"One morning at about eleven o'clock— we never started work before that, because of the frightfully low temperature—we traveled to location, a tract of land about two miles away from where we were camping. The thermometer read 32° below zero that morning and before we got to location we were already half frozen. We found that we kept much warmer by walking and by riding in the sleigh.

"Location that day was a great big hilltop over which the wind howled and whistled. The snow lay about six feet thick and was very softly packed so that every time you'd take a step you'd sink down to your knees. It was still snowing and it was no picnic trying to keep the make-up on our faces.

"Miss Deaver, who played opposite me, was just a little, tiny girl and she kept crying that she knew the wind was going to blow her away or that she was going to be frozen to death.

"The camera was set up and as we had rehearsed the scene indoors we were all prepared for action. 'Camera,' shouted the director—and the camera began all right, and so did we. 'Finish' was the sweetest word to our ears then. 'Finish' meant a flying leap for the fire that the men had built a few feet away, so that we wouldn't actually freeze.

"But a lot happened between 'Camera' and 'Finish.' I had on great big woolen gloves but my hands were like pieces of ice. When I went to put my arm around Miss Deaver, it felt like a ton of lead. I had no feeling in it. And just as we had gotten through all the preliminaries and I was about to kiss her, a great big gust of wind came along, whipping the snow into our faces with its smarting, burning, stinging pain and we had to turn our faces away. The result was a couple of hundred feet of ruined film and a retake. And with the retake, just as we were about to reach the climax— Miss Deaver's foot slipped and she sank into the snow. Another retake! So you see things weren't quite so pleasant as one might imagine.

(Continued on page 52)
MARJORIE DAW--'MOTHER'
Chandler Insists That A Sister Is The Most Wonderful Mother a Fellow Can Have

By CHARLES FUHR

Did you, when you were a little girl, ever wish to see your doll become an animated being, that you might watch with satisfaction the results of your teachings and scoldings? Do you remember occasions when after you had committed a mischief for which your own mother had rebuked you, you tried in vain to impart the same rebuke to your favorite wax idol? And wasn't it irritating when the ossified figure failed to respond to your outburst of childish temper?

If none of these things ever happened to you, then you were not human. But because Marjorie Daw was human she experienced each of these feelings, and, what is more, Destiny provided that before she had hardly passed from the age of make-believe, her wish to be an adopted mother would be a reality.

All this leads us to a story of Faith, Courage and Love, the three predominant qualities of the winsome little seventeen-year-old screen star who has won a place in the hearts of thousands.

Not so many years ago Marjorie was the eldest child of a family of three, which consisted of her father, her mother and herself. She was the personification of happiness and contentment and like most other children, her amusement and pleasure was afforded by her dolls.

At the tender age of three she acquired from her mother the knack of teaching the difference between right and wrong, and she devoted a great deal of time instructing her pets in the ways of righteousness. When the soulless figures failed to comprehend, it did not discourage her because, having Faith, she believed her efforts would eventually be rewarded. And then a great event happened. That ever-welcome bird of God, the stork, flew down one day and deposited a baby brother on her doorstep. This marked the beginning of a new era in Marjorie’s life. With delight she deserted her dolls for all time and substituted the infant who was named Chandler as her new companion and playmate. Under the watchful eye of her mother, Marjorie became more than a big sister to the idol of her little heart. She constantly attended to his every want and when Chandler grew into boyhood the deepest kind of fraternal love and affection had arisen between them and they were inseparable companions.

Then came the inevitable sadness to mar the happiness of the little household. Shortly after Chandler’s entrance into the big world, Marjorie’s father had passed out of her life at a time when she was too young to remember him. But when the Grim Reaper called her mother twelve years later, Marjorie deeply mourned the loss of her dear one which left her, at fifteen, to struggle alone through the world and at the same time to provide for and watch over the boy Chandler, who was dearest to her heart.

She set about her task with a heroic courage rarely found in a girl of her age. She had previously found odd bits of employment in the studio near her home and now she was compelled to seek a permanent means of livelihood before the camera. At the very outset of her career she realized that in order to make a success of her vocation she must like her work, which she did, and what is more, the work liked her. Because she exemplified that pureness and wholesomeness typical of young American girlhood, the camera absorbed her very personality. Her success was assured, but it did not carry with it any noticeable change in the character, disposition or ambition of the girl herself. While she possessed an air of refinement which made her respected and admired by all with whom she came in contact, she was not in the slightest degree, to use the theatrical slang, upstage. Never did she put Chandler, his welfare or his future, out of her mind.

She prepared his breakfast for him mornings and helped him with his lessons at night.

So as he would not acquire any effeminate traits that sometimes come to boys who receive an overabundance of sisterly attention, Marjorie heartily approved of Chandler’s participation in all kinds of athletic games and exercises at school with the result that he rapidly developed physically as well as mentally. Although he is now but fourteen years of age he is keen for football, baseball and other strenuous pastimes that come natural to the red-
blooded American boy, such as brother Chandler.
When Marjorie's studio day is done and Chandler's school hours are over, they can often be found playful frolic around the garden of their snug little California bungalow.

With a world of knowledge gained from a variety of life stories in which she has so many times enacted principal parts, Marjorie never fails to give her best advice for the betterment of her brother's future. In a word, she mothers Chandler as she eagerly watches him grow into full bloom of American youth.

After the evening meal, seated in a comfortable living room chair, Marjorie listens intently to the news of the day as it is read by the boy from the newspapers and magazines.

Always before retiring for the night, they go over Chandler's plans for the future. After careful consideration in the selection of a profession they have decided that Architecture is his proper calling, and upon the completion of his present high school course, he will enter the best university available where he will study the most modern methods of building construction.

Some day perhaps we will see erected a monument or building that will be the last word in architecture. And if on the cornerstone we read an inscription that Chandler Daw is responsible for its beauty, let's not forget that to Marjorie will belong a portion of the credit. For is not this pretty, little, blue-eyed sister, by her devotion and affection, guiding him on to success? Oh, lucky Chandler! To have such a sister! And lucky, too, is Marshall Neilan, before whose camera Miss Marjorie has agreed to cast her sparkling eyes and charming smile for some time to come.

(Above) Though it might have been, this is not a scene from a Marshall Neilan comedy. Perhaps Marjorie and brother Chandler are just playing acting here as they were when the lower picture was taken.

Youth is ephemeral and beauty, too, is just a passing vision. And when both youth and beauty are combined with a seriousness of purpose such as characterizes Marjorie Daw, the world is better even if her charm penetrates only the few who know her personally. But when, in addition, the world is given the enchanting smile of youth, the permanent and ever-recurring pose of beauty and the vigor of a youthful, beautiful personality, a miracle has been consummated. No one wants to call Marjorie Daw a miracle, least of all Marjorie herself. But if you should ask Brother Chandler—well, there's another guess coming to you. Perhaps he could find a still stronger word to typify her. He might not call her "mother," but I dare say he could utter the word sister with a trifle different inflection that betrayed the subtle understanding that exists between the happiest pals in the world.

It is often difficult to convince the public that the motion picture actress is anything but the spoiled child of fortune. Many people have the idea that the average screen princess is a haughty-toity individual who has let success go to her head. It happens that the actress of that type gets the most attention from the public, while the unassuming, sincere little woman who gives all she has to the screen is merely one more star.

All of which is said to convince you that Marjorie Daw is not a genius, not a rare creation, nor yet the victim of adulation heaped upon her through her motion picture fame.
THE FIGUREHEAD

(Continued from page 16)

hour, while a steward sent a waiter hunting all over the inn for the gloves which Sylvia had lost.

The next morning a copy of the Gazette greeted Sherry as he arrived at his office. A headline read:

**MAJOR ENTANGLED**

Rumors of Impending Separation of Newly-Wedded Couple

The newspaper which followed, caused Sherry to twist the sheet into pieces and to send it careening into the waste-paper basket. "Seen at a rollar derby, with a society girl," the headlines rumbled in Sherry's mind. He called Mary on the phone, warning her of the scandal and urging her not to speak to the press until they had visited the house. He did not have to protest his innocence in the matter, for he knew Mary's faith in him has called. "Footloose." But the publicity given his chance meeting with Sylvia, the shallowness of the trick played upon him cut him deeply. He was stunned, hurt.

He called his lawyer into conference with him.

"That dog, Freeman," he told Winslow, "hasn't enough selfrespect to keep his daughter out of the mire. He evidently would do anything superbly." Mary appeared in the story.

"You should have been more careful if you realized the depth of his enmity," the attorney said. "You only need to attack him to make him retract."

"By gad, you're right," Sherry admitted. "And I had the goods on him. Watch me."

He turned to a phone.

"Is Mr. Freeman there? Speaking? Well, this is Sherry Dows," he began. "No, I don't want anything from you. I just want you to listen to me. Do you remember a certain meeting we had in your home last year, when Mr. Freeman was here with a demand for my resignation? Well, unless you tell the Gazette to make a complete retraction of the story that appeared in this morning's issue, I shall not only sue you for conspiracy against me—and I have proof—or I shall give you the entire newspapers in the morning and you will be ruined politi-

**Making Love at 32 Degrees Below Zero**

(Continued from page 49)

Of course, an audience sees none of that. They see the finish and all the young folks in the audience sigh and think how wonderful it must be and what a cinch these acting roles have.

"Little do they know!" I remarked. Laughingly, he re-echoed my statement, while the waiter armed with a nice, juicy tip, smilingly bowed us out.

Mr. Earle is nothing more than a grown-up boy. The success he has met with as a leading man has not turned his head one whit. He has a very unassuming, quiet demeanor and nobody would ever suspect that he is what he is: The Henry plays stories is of serious mien and while he seldom laughs, his eyes are continually smiling. Edward Earl is the kind of a man you just can't help but like. You can't say exactly what it is, but he has the kind of a personality that simply "gets you."

WALL STREET INVADES THE FILMS

(Continued from page 19)

following my inclination, in remaining in a field in which I have been so successful in so short a time."

"This is one time when I can combine business with pleasure and I am going to do it."

And there you are! Warren Chandler made his mind to picture actor, and when a man who is successful in Wall Street starts out to do anything he generally does precisely what he started out to do.

You can bet your last five cent piece on Warren, I know he's betting on it, but Great Shakespeare's Commandments there will be our handsome leading men come from next? Maybe the Wall Street invasion of the motion picture business has driven the studios by dashing young brokers instead of with some people think. Wouldn't it be grand for some of the lady stars to have real rich brokers playing leads opposite them? I'll say it would.
REAL NEWS OF REEL PEOPLE

A new screen version of "The Old Homestead" is to be filmed with Theodore Roberts in the Denman Thompson role. Monte Blue and Mabel Julienne Scott will also have important roles. * * *

John Bowers is playing opposite Mary Miles Minter in her new Realart production. * * *

Betty Blythe is Lew Cody's leading woman in "The Millionaire Man." * * *

Robert Gordon is playing opposite Alice Joyce in a production to follow "Dollars and the Woman." * * *

Ellen Cassity is in the cast of the new Alice Joyce production. * * *

Rod La Rocque and Grace Darling are featured in Burton King's new production, "The Common Sin." They are supported by Nita Naldi, Anders Randolf and Virginia Valli. * * *

Richard Travers, William H. Turner and Bernard Randall are in the cast of "Determination." * * *

Norma Talmadge has completed her screen version of the popular stage success, "Yes and No," with Gladden James in the leading male role. * * *

Muriel Ostriche is returning to the screen in a series of comedies. * * *

Gladys Vaill will shortly appear in "The Hidden Light," in which Dolores Cassinelli is starred, and "Thoughtless Women," an Alma Rubens production. * * *

Percy Marmont will play the lead in Norma Talmadge's new picture, "The Branded Woman." * * *

Courtney Foote is returning to the screen in "The Star Rover." * * *

Virginia Valli is playing opposite George Walsh in "The Plunger." * * *

Faire Binney has the leading feminine role in "The Frontier of the Stars," in which Thomas Meighan is starred. * * *

Madge Kennedy is making arrangements for the organization of her own company. * * *

Conway Tearle's first starring vehicle for Selznick is "Marooned." * * *

Wallace Reid and Lila Lee are at work on a screen version of "The Charm School." * * *

Bert Lytell is making "The Misleading Lady" for Metro. This is another popular stage play that is to be screened for the second time. Essanay made it five years ago with Henry Walthall and Edna May in the leads. * * *

Vincent Coleman is playing opposite Constance Talmadge in "Good References." * * *

Wallace MacDonald, who plays the lead in Vitagraph's "On Trumpet Island," denies that he is married to Doris May. * * *

There is a new baby boy at Tom Forman's house. Papa Forman is still directing for Lasky. * * *

Elliott Dexter, Gloria Swanson, Monte Blue, Claire McDowell, Theodore Kosloff, Theodore Roberts and Julia Faye are in Cecil De Mille's new production, "Something to Think About." * * *

Charles Ray's forthcoming releases are "The Village Sleuth," "An Old Fashioned Young Man," and "Peaceful Valley," all of which were directed by Jerome Storm. * * *

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks will each make one picture upon their return to California and will then journey back to Europe to make two productions there. * * *

Mildred Reardon, who came to the front in De Mille's production, "Male and Female," is supporting George Walsh in "Number 17." Miss Reardon recently became the wife of the grandson of L. P. Hollandar. * * *

Ivo Dawson, who played in support of Lucy Cotton and Wyndham Standing in "The Miracle of Love," will have a prominent part in "The Winter City Favorite," in which Dorothy Dalton is starred. * * *

Charles Lane has been chosen to support Dorothy Dalton in the Famous Players production, "This Woman—That Man." * * *

Maurice Tourneur is directing Hope Hampton in "The Tiger Lady," written especially for the star by Sidney Toler. * * *

H. H. Van Loan, the author of "The Virgin of Stamboul," has written "The Taint" for Hope Hampton, "The Nobleman" for Eugene O'Brien and an adaptation of the stage play "Curiosity" for Norma Talmadge. * * *

"Head Over Heels," in which Mitzi starred for three years at the stage, has been purchased for Mabel Normand. * * *

Jack Pickford will soon begin work on "Just Out of College" by George Ade. * * *

Betty Ross Clark, who supported Doris Keane in "Romance," has been chosen to play opposite Roscoe Arbuckle in "The Traveling Salesman." This story was screened some years ago by Famous Players with Frank McIntyre and Doris Kenyon in the leading roles. * * *

Milton Sills and Agnes Ayres will co-star in William D. Taylor's production, "The Furnace." * * *

Ann Forrest has been signed by Cecil De Mille. * * *

Wyndham Standing has been engaged by Metro to play the leading male role with Viola Dana in "Blackmail." * * *

Jerome Storm, who directed fourteen consecutive productions featuring Charles Ray, has severed his connections with the star. Joseph De Grasse will direct the next Charles Ray production, "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway." * * *

Bryant Washburn has a new leading lady in "Wanted a Blemish." She is Ann May, who played opposite Charles Ray in "Paris Green" and "Peaceful Valley." * * *

Roscoe Karns, who has played in several King-Vidor productions, was recently married to Mary Mathilde Frass of Texas. * * *

Norman Kerry has gone to California to play opposite Marion Davies in "Buried Treasure." * * *

Bebe Daniels' first starring vehicle for Realart will be "You Never Can Tell." * * *

Walter McGrail will play opposite Olive Thomas in her next production. * * *

Lillian Gish is at work on her first picture for the Frohman Amusement Corporation. * * *

Mitchell Lewis has completed the Jack London story "The Mutiny of the Elsinore," with Helen Ferguson as his leading woman. * * *

Alice Lake is at work on "The Misfit Wife," for Metro. * * *

James Rennie of "Moonlight and Honey-Suckle" fame will play opposite Dorothy Gish in her next comedy. * * *

James Morrison has been chosen to play the leading male role opposite Anita Stewart in "Sowing the Wind." * * *

Frankie Mann and Matt Moore are in the cast of the international production "The Passionate Pilgrim" by Samuel Merwin. * * *

Sydney Olcott is directing Vivian Martin in a new production.
IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF FILMDOM

(Continued from page 38)

showed him that the neighborhood of Los Angeles offered an ideal site for a working base. Hollywood, then a partly developed suburb, had many scenic advantages. So to Hollywood came De Mille. He leased a small plot of ground, including a structure which once had served as a carriage house and granery, and he opened the Lasky Studio. The one building served as office, dressing room and property room. A tiny stage, scantily equipped with diffusers and crude scenery was the total equipment.

The publisher is curious to see how a production they had witnessed on the stage would appear on the screen, made the "Square Man" (D. W. Griffith) around 1910. The slender nucleus of the capital gained in that production grew the present Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

The magic success of De Mille in Hollywood was likewise the magnet which drew to the west coast the thousands of film actors, actresses and directors who later gave to the coast a touch of that fairyland which seems to spring into being when a motion picture camera softly clicks, clicks, clicks.

Success and fame have come to many of the members of the old time companies, and although the present is often called the new era in motion pictures, many of those who entered the game when it was new still hold dominating positions. Fate has not always been bountiful; oblivion has concealed the whereabouts of some from the public which once loved them. However, in the great majority of cases time has dealt lightly with the favorites of seven to twelve years ago. Many of them are as popular as ever. Some have passed from the world of pictures into the Unknown.

Such stars as Mary Pickford, Blanche Sweet, the Talmadges, Mack Sennett, etc., still reign in the hearts of the fans. Others are out of pictures, or are no longer as much in demand as formerly.

Mary Fuller is now a wealthy woman, retired from pictures, her wealth due to some fortunate investments made in the last decade.

Mary Anderson is just being starred again. Edith Storey dropped out of pictures after a series for Metro, and went to France, aiding in Red Cross work. She recently joined Robertson-Cole to play the leading feminine role in "Moon Madness." Florence Turner recently returned to play opposite Sessue Hayakawa in "The Brand of Lorraine." Daniel Blatt was signed by the Tri-Star Film Co. Mary Charleson, who is Henry B. Wallath's wife, is working in Harry Talmadge pictures. "Crooked Claims." Dorothy Kelly is married and retired from pictures.

Franc Daniels is now a retired country gentleman, living in Westchester County, New York. George Baker is a retired Marion Davies for International. Van Dyke is working for J. Stuart Blackton. Lee Beaggs has turned from the studio and is now owner of a motion picture theatre on Staten Island. Wilfred North is directing for the American Cinema Co. Gladlen James is working for Griffith, having just completed "Yes and No" with Norma Talmadge. Jimmy Morrison is being starred by the Community Film Co. Charles Kent is still on the payroll of Vitagraph, as are Earle Williams, Harry Morey and Tony Moreno. Lorrimore Johnson is in South Africa, taking pictures for the South American Film Co. Teft Johnson is now with the Educational Film Co. and is partly directed; she is the wife of S. E. V. Taylor, who is writing scenarios for Griffith, as he did years ago. Herbert Rawlinson's last work was with Blanton.

Flora Finch, remembered as the elongated character woman who played opposite John Buxton, is not in pictures any more. Billy Anderson has become a successful producer of stage plays on Broadway. Crane Wife is likewise won his spurs by writing and acting in his own successful play "The Outa Board." King Baggot, star of Universal, is now with Metro, supporting May Allison in "The Cheater." Ormi Hawley is in pictures no longer. Leah Baird is the wife of Arthur Beck and is starring in her husband's company, the coast. Otilia Handworth, now in vaudeville, plans to return to pictures in the fall. Ruth Stonehouse is with Metro, her return as the star of "Determination." Muriel Ostriche is heading her own company, and is making two pictures per week. Powell is directing for Goldwyn. James Kirkwood recently played a lead for the same company.

Maurice Costello is just finishing a picture for Selznick. He is married to Helen and Dolores, are at school. Billy Quirk was seriously ill last winter, but has recovered and during his convalescence, signed with Pathé. Robert Ellis is a director for Selznick. Anna Q. Nilson is with J. Parker Read. Production there leads with Hobart Bosworth and plans to return to her home in Sweden this summer. Pearl White is shortly to appear in "The White Moll," a Fox five-reeler. Harry Myers is working in Louis Burston's company on the coast; his old co-star, Rosemary Theby, returns recurrently from a successful season on the coast.

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Maurice Costello is just finishing a picture for Selznick. He is married to Helen and Dolores, are at school. Billy Quirk was seriously ill last winter, but has recovered and during his convalescence, signed with Pathé. Robert Ellis is a director for Selznick. Anna Q. Nilson is with J. Parker Read. Production there leads with Hobart Bosworth and plans to return to her home in Sweden this summer. Pearl White is shortly to appear in "The White Moll," a Fox five-reeler. Harry Myers is working in Louis Burston's company on the coast; his old co-star, Rosemary Theby, returns recurrently from a successful season on the coast.

In passing, I would like to let the public know something of the spirit of the pioneer motion picture actor. He is firmly convinced that his position is unique in the recent history of the drama. He trod virgin fields, attacked and won his standing on an insufficient production methods and direction and the difficulty of working in a new medium. He is distinctly an actor, a "group" with the word is used in theatrical parlance. He has little respect for the newly developed star, the actor or actress who is suddenly lifted from obscurity to fame because of a pretty face or an ability to jump fences. He feels that the motion picture is changing, and the acting standpoint, from a high plane to a lower.

Today directors want types, types, "one actor told me. "In the old days, they had actors and the actors had to produce types. A man may look like a banker but that doesn't make him an actor. He looks like a sallow youth in real life can often
REAL NEWS OF REAL PEOPLE

Kathleen Clifford will appear in a series of productions at the Little Theatre, Los Angeles. The first is "Buck-A-Bed," followed by "Seven Miles To Arden."

Donald MacDonald, Eugenie Besserer and Harry Myers will support Charles Ray in "Fifty-Five Minutes From Broadway."

William Desmond will support Mr. and Mrs. Carter De Haven in a screen version of "Twin Beds."

Jane Novak and Jack Livingston are starring in "The Golden Trail."

Edmund Lowe has gone to Hollywood to appear in Metro's "Some One in the House."

Florence Turner is supporting Viola Dana in "Blackmail."

Emanuel Turner is playing opposite May Allison in "Are All Men Alike?"

Robert Thoby is directing Blanche Sweet in "The Girl Monster."

Thomas Holding ising Carmel Myers' leading man in "The Crimson Gate."

Helene Chadwick and John Bowers are playing the leads in Reginald Barker production "The Black Pawk."

Mabel Juvenile Scott and Monte Blue are filming exteriors for "The Jucklins" at Truckee.

Wedgewood Nowell is starring in a series of Arsenic Lipton and Robert Cole.

George Kleine will re-issue some of the old Shirley Mason productions.

Myrtle Stedman is supporting Mildred Harris in "Old Dad." Her son, Lincoln Stedman is supporting Wallace Reid and Lila Lee in "The Charm School."

Tom Carrigan is playing opposite Madge Kennedy in "The Truth."

Claire Whitney has been engaged to play the role of Esther Canter in "The Passionate Pilgrim."

Frederick Rogers, son of Will Rogers, died on June 17th. He was three years old.

Dorothy Gish's latest is "Little Miss Rebellion" with Ralph Graves in the leading male role.

Robert Gordon will play opposite Alice Joyce in "The Vice of Fools."

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Why stay thin as a rail? You don't have to. You don't have to go through life with a husky, strong body, wallowing in the arms of childish strength; with legs you can hardly stand on; with a stomach that flinches every time you try to chew meat! Are you a pill-feeder?

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The only way to be well is to build up real health and strength by nature's methods—not by pampering the stomach, but by doing what is necessary to build up a strong, healthy body. A properly balanced diet and exercise will save your life and the world loves healthy people. So be HEALTHY—STRONG—VITAL. That's lively. Don't think too long; send little stamps to, over mailing window, The American Foundation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy, written by the strongest physical instructor in the world.

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Ralph Lina, face director for the famous "Faye Dunaway" update, is now at work in directing Mary Pickford, says: "I am convinced that the service you render screen aspirants offers many new personalities to moving picture directors. P. A. Powers, of Universal, says: "A new career for all time will be needed and the most important of the many pictures."" The film business is growing rapidly and the demand for new talent is greater than ever before. It is therefore important to the directors who have always been in constant need of new faces to be known and ready for work.

The service is that of the "Screen-Faces." It is devoted to the cultivation of famous directors and producers, and the latest photographs of aspiring actresses are sent to directors and producers. The "Screen-Faces" are known throughout the world and are constantly on the lookout for new talent.

It also contains endorsements of our service from famous people, statements from directors, and testimonials of satisfied clients and their constant advice to you from Hollings.

The "Screen-Faces" is a fascinating profession and one of the most exciting careers available. There is no applicant too small, and the most qualified candidate is always welcome. It is a profession that offers great opportunities for personal advancement and financial success. The "Screen-Faces" is an organization that offers a genuine opportunity for all types of people, ranging from actors and actresses to directors and producers.

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher—Photo-Play Journal Corporation, 143 W. 38th St., New York City; Editor-in-Chief—Reginald A. Harris; Managing Editor—Charles B. Page; Financial Manager—F. H. Ansopher, 143 W. 38th St., New York City.

2. That the officers of the corporation are: President, F. H. Ansopher; Vice-President, Reginald A. Harris; Secretary, Charles B. Page; Treasurer, F. H. Ansopher.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: No.

F. H. ANSPACHER, Business Manager.

Swoon to and subscribed for before me this 12th day of April, 1920.

(Seal) AGNES CARR.

(My commission expires Mar. 30, 1921.)
INTO THE WOODS

(Continued from page 46)

I love my work. We have been working on two-reelers, but now are preparing a seven-reel feature). "The Rider of the King Log," from the novel by Holman Day. It is one of those out-of-doors, woody dramas, and the entire company seems to have caught the spirit of the woods of Maine. For my part, I have come to love the north country here better than the metropolitan district in which I grew up.

Some idea of the traits which have made Miss Sperl a success in the difficult role of the heroine of a drama of the great out-of-doors was vouchsafed me by an official of the Edgar Jones company who told me that when Miss Sperl came to Maine, her first picture called for a fall from a pier into the ocean, from which she was to be rescued by the hero, played by Mr. Jones. Miss Sperl fell off the pier as instructed and Mr. Jones dived after her. He brought her ashore in an exhausted condition and as soon as she could regain her breath he asked her:

"What's the matter? Can't you swim?"

"No," she admitted.

"Well, why in heaven's name didn't you tell us?" he demanded. "You might have been drowned!"

"I didn't want to hold up the picture," she said.

It is spunk of this sort which counts in the movies.

Since her arrival in Maine last winter, Miss Sperl has received several offers from other companies. "But we are all like one big family here at the studio," she remarked, "and this out-of-door life in the 'Pine Tree State' is wonderfully fascinating. At present, I should hate to leave it for any city studio."

Before I bade good-bye to Miss Sperl I asked her how she accounted for the wistful sad expression which characterizes her. She evaded my question. "I really can't tell you," she said, "for I have a great sadness came into my life last summer. I am trying to forget it, and my work is helping me to do so."

REAL NEWS OF REEL PEOPLE

Gaston Glass has completed "The Branded Woman," with Norma Talmadge.

"Wedding Bells" has been purchased for Constance Talmadge.

Norma Talmadge will make the exteriors for "The Garden of Allah," in the Orient.

William Harvey is working in a new Fox production under the direction of Harry Millarde.

Learice Joy is playing opposite David Butler in pictures produced by the David Butler Pictures Corporation.

Billie Burke's latest Famous Players production, "Away Goes Prudence," is soon to be released. Her magnificent play the leading male role.

Constance Binney is making "30 East," for Realar.

Alice Brady will devote all her time to the screen in the future.

George Howard is playing opposite Corinne Griffith in "The Whisper Market." George McQuarrie is also in the cast.

Earl Metaile and Marc McDermott are supporting Estelle Taylor in the Fox special, "Millady's Dress."

Douglas McPherson has left the cast of "Shaving," to devote all his time to pictures.

Anita Stewart has completed "Harrow and the Piper."
The Witchery of Moonlight

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BALTIMORE    NEW YORK    CHICAGO
A most astonishing assertion was recently made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. He said that the phrase "Million dollar plays and photo plays and don't know it." is plain nonsense. I have a vivid memory that almost every person longs at times to express himself in writing but doesn't know how. I have asked hundreds of letters from people saying, "Oh, I wish I could write. I know I could tell a story or write a good article if I knew how." There is a technique to story or play writing just as there is to piano playing or painting. If you had that technique you could certainly express yourself better than you can without it, and you might find that you have the ability to do something that before you have only thought of vaguely as a wish.

Everyone has its own story. Every life has experiences that are worth putting on. The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a lifetime. The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography sold a story last week for a hundred dollars. The woman who wrote the serial story which is now running in 'Today's Housewife' hadn't thought of writing a story until about five years ago—didn't know she could write a story. Now her name appears every month in the leading magazines.

A woman of sixty-five came into my office one day last week to see me about a story she recently bought. Ten years ago she had never written a word. Within the last six months she has sold ten stories to leading magazines averaging over a hundred dollars each. You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.

Once there was a tradition that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. We still believe in geniuses, and not everyone can be an O. Henry or a Stevenson, but the great majority of writers who are turning out the stories and photo plays of to-day, for which thousands and thousands of dollars are being paid, are not geniuses. They are simply people who have been taught how to tell a story and who then look about them and get a story to tell.

There are as many stories of human interest right in your own home as there are in New York City or Chicago. Editors are hungry for good stories. They will welcome a story from you just as much as an unknown writer if your story is good enough. And they will pay you well for it. If you are paid for stories and scenarios to-day—a good hit bigger money than it is being paid in salaried letters.

The Short Cut to Successful Writing

By Della Thompson Lutes

Editor of "To-Day's Housewife," author of "A Soldier of the Dust" and other books

DELLA THOMPSON LUTES

THERE'S nothing I ever had published wasn a poem, "Woods in Winter." One of our local newspaper editors, believing I was a pretty girl, my pride was shot, however. A woman who was friend of mine was a friend of a mother's and a daughter older than I was. She has always been accepted as excellent in "smart-talking," a word I want to go to Sunday School and never forget the test. She never wore her clothes. She didn't whistle. And she always had her lessons. Yes, and stood 90 per cent, in pretty nearly everything. Everybody expected her to meteor out into a brilliancy. Cleverness. They never gave much thought to my old friend's daughter beyond her manner of dress and her "compliments." I can't explain it. I can't explain it. I can't explain it.

Then, all of a sudden there was the poem "In the Night." "Woods in Winter." And shyly for young author accepted the congratulations of all. A letter came to the mother of Miss Esley Lutes.

I ran into their home after school one day, wondering what was going to happen. I thought I was as smart as Lily. I didn't seem to care so much about the user of those words any more but I did want to be as clever—if it could be accomplished without having to write or spell. I used to write in a low chair before an open fire, her feet always on the run, her hair exposed in lap-diy needlework. Her mother, also neatly attired, asked her from her writing, little mother's mind. Of course Lily and some other girls and boys had been calling a sensation all over the county. Lily was a smart child and I was wet and muddy. I desired the profession of showing pride in her son, instead of —outside the asylum of the poem itself.

Lily's mother said—"like yesterday I remember the moment was in the classroom, and I decided she would always be Lily."

"We're so proud," said Lily's mother smoothly,"that it is so much better than Longfellow's poem, "Woods in Winter." I'm afraid folks will think it isn't all original."

Proudly and shyly I grinned and nodded, waiting for the word of praise. Lily said nothing. She noded and embraced— and looked smug.

"It's too bad," said Lily's mother smoothly,"that it is so much better than Longfellow's poem, "Woods in Winter." I'm afraid folks will think it isn't all original."

Proudly and shyly I grinned and nodded, waiting for the word of praise. Lily said nothing. She nodded and embraced—and looked smug.

"I didn't know Longfellow had a poem like that," I flushed at her ignorance and blushed out of the house. And I didn't know Longfellow had a poem like that. Neither did he. And he wouldn't have thanked me, if he had.

I was sixteen when that verse was printed. I was sixteen when that verse was printed. It was a verse in a book I was reading. I thought the verse might be the beginning of a poem. I thought the verse might be the beginning of a poem. The idea of the poem I thought was perhaps the most, but I didn't dare to write the things I wanted to write, nor what to do with the things I did write. I had no way to get such information, either, since one couldn't get a poem out of an English text.

Then a Sunday newspaper printed two stories, and this was encouragement. Years went by, however, three of them, perhaps four, before I got anything more in print. I wrote and wrote and wrote. I sent the one out. I handled the two I handled the two. And I always had to cut and send and rewrite the story was accepted, because I didn't know how to make it in the place. I had something to say that they were willing to pay for, but I didn't know how to say it. It took months, and more, to learn what I could have learned in one or two years. I quitted college, and went to work on the magazine that I was come as my card the other day. Ten years and I am where I am. That is, that I have learned in six months at a cost of a few dollars if I had the chance!

One great resolve came out of my experience, however, and that was that whenever I could for the remainder of my life I would help your child. So, also I got to be an editor and young writers used to ask me for criticism and help, and until I knew what better sources of information to turn them to, I was always a blind erudite. My own erudite criticism as I could, and told them all I had learned in the last twelve years. I can no longer write the letters that I used to write. I always used to write. I do not use them. Other and better help has been prepared, and so I simply cannot do it. My greatest hope is that which will provide any ambitious person with the incentive to work and the information for procedure.
Look Before You Leave-

You can tell a good show a mile away if you've got a daily paper. "Amusements": here we are: such-and-such a theatre, such-and-such a photoplay—then, underneath—

"A Paramount Picture"

Simple enough, but it's mighty easy to ruin a perfectly good evening if you don't look before you leave.

Consult newspapers, theatre lobbies and bill boards any time, anywhere, in order to experience the luxury of being certain.
TO OUR READERS

The paper shortage made it impossible for us to secure paper for our September number in time to go to press with that issue. This October magazine therefore takes the place of September and October. All subscriptions have been extended one month so that subscribers will receive their full quota of copies.

The editors have prepared what they believe to be the finest and most important issue of Photo-Play Journal yet published for November, and they are confident you will agree with them. One outstanding feature will be an article by Harold Smythe, one of the most brilliant writers of the West Coast, who has found a new and interesting angle on the movie node. He has also found photographs that really illustrate his story. You cannot afford to miss "The Great Unraveled."

Claude Millard, our staff artist, is responsible for the November cover and many new sketches. Our advice is to place your order with your newsdealer early for the November Photo-Play Journal.

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F. H. ANSPACHER  
C. E. MILLARD  
Foreman Forman  
Managing Editor  
Associate Editor  

There were the usual preliminaries, during which Miss Kennedy whimsically assured me that she had been on time.

"You see," she explained it, "you just have to be on time when you are a stage person, and I'm doing stage work again in the fall. It's three years now since I decided to do movies and movies alone, and I'm trying to get back into the swing of things. We of the movies keep no audience waiting when we're late—the worst which meets our gaze is a perfectly furious director, who politely smiles and says that 'it's quite all right, Miss Kennedy—the lights are out of order, anyway.'"

But over the tea and cinnamon toast we disposed of anything bordering on the preliminary, and she told me how she was only in the city on the days when she was needed at the studio, spending every spare minute at her home up in the country; how she drove back and forth every day, and how it seemed almost wicked to waste a minute in the city when it was so glorious outside.

"Today," she said, "I came in to do a bit of shopping. You know, I'm about due for a vacation and I've decided to take it on the other side of the ocean—in England, France, and some of the other countries. I've worked pretty steadily during the last two years, both here in New York and in California, and a vacation and rest away from everything connected with your work is almost a necessity now and then. I'm not going until the early fall, but if I don't shop in between times, as

**Meeting Madge**

**By HELEN CLARK**

**H**otel corridors at the tea hour are attractive places—there's a gaiety in the air, scented, perhaps, with mingled perfumes—there are beautiful women, well dressed, and soft music wafting out from behind palms. But if you're frantically searching for someone you have never seen except on the screen, you don't just take time to enjoy your surroundings—you dash frantically to and fro, begging a thousand pardons as you intercept chatting groups; and eventually you seek a page-boy and sink into the recesses of some chair and decide to leave your interview and, incidentally, your tea in his hands.

Madge Kennedy had said that she would meet me there at five o'clock, and, feeling sure I would recognize her, I had done nothing further toward our meeting, other than arriving there on time.

Eventually the page-boy returned with saucer conveniently outstretched, and, gratefully dropping him some change, I followed. He loomed before me for all the world like a guiding angel—that is certainly the last word—imagine imagining a page-boy an angel—of any sort.

Placidly sitting in the waiting-room at the further end of the hotel was Madge Kennedy. Had I gone to the right room everything would have been quite all right, for you could not mistake her—I saw her eyes peeping from beneath her summer hat before I crossed the threshold.
it were, I'll never get half the things done which are to be done."

She is essentially the Madge Kennedy of the screen, and with a gesture of her hand she conveys volumes. Of course, I couldn't very well look beneath the table, but I felt sure her white-slippered feet were arranged Kennedy fashion.

People about the room recognized her—never before did a waiter dispense such service.

I asked her if the people watching her annoyed her—I've always wondered how celebrities felt about the attention they caused, and somehow you don't mind asking Madge Kennedy that which you want to know. She's so sweetly friendly, like someone you knew at some time, even with her little air of retirement.

"Oh, at first it did, frightfully," she smiled. "I used to explore the shops, seeking big hats to hide under, and suffer the nth degree of confusion, but California cured me of that. Almost every time you venture forth there someone will stop you and say:

"'Aren't you So-and-So?' naming another person, perhaps, and then you shake your head negatively and smile encouragingly and they try again and say:

"'Oh, yes, I know—you're Madge Kennedy,' and you admit it."

She is very fond of her screen work, and gives a great deal that it may be the best she can give, but she, like many others of the silent drama, bewails the lack of good material.

"A good story is a veritable inspiration," she told me. "You can't get to work on it quickly enough. You think of what you'll do in this scene and that scene the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning. It's just like giving a carpenter good tools to give a player a good story. But when you get the other kind—then you work hard and under adverse circumstances. You have a letting down feeling before you even start, and, try as you will, you cannot take the same interest that you do in something which seems real and logical."

I asked her if she thought more encouragement should be offered amateur authors, and she said in no undecided tones that she did.

"Why not?" she questioned. "Everyone has to start. You are far more apt to get something different from someone who hasn't been writing stories for ages and that's what we all cry for—something different—something which hasn't been done skumpty-umpty times in just little different ways."

You feel that she is cognizant of many things—that she rather enjoys learning the why and whereof of this and of that, and yet she does not at any time flagrantly display her knowledge. She is always eager to hear your version, and she is so appreciative in her attentive silence that one feels prone to go on, giving many versions.

And, interspersed well within her whimsicality and her girlishness there would seem to be a goodly share of that rarity, common sense. You would never suspect it to watch her wistful face and her brown eyes, which are touched with a look of wonderment,

(Continued on page 62)
Mostly about Scenarios

by H. H. Van Loan

Expert statisticians who have investigated the subject scientifically estimate that 94.625 per cent of the population of the United States over fourteen years of age—and including both sexes—has written, or plans to write, one or more motion-picture scenarios. The plans to write, I say advisedly, because I myself know hundreds of people who have told me their pet stories and have threatened to put them into scenario form; when I next see these folks, perhaps months later, they haven't gotten around to writing them yet and are still planning. The one thing to do with a yarn for a scenario is to write it—get it down on paper and then go over it again and again until you've got it in the best shape you can. Then sell it. It's a simple process—up to the selling point—but, even at that, only a small fraction of the 94.625 per cent ever get beyond the planning point.

Not that I claim we can all write scenarios, or that we can all be successful at the start—in my own case it took two years of constant writing before I broke the ice and melted a producer's heart. In fact, I was down to literally my last nickel when I sold my first scenario. My wife and I had moved to California, for at that time practically all motion-picture productions were made there, and we felt that I should be on the ground. I had spent a full year turning out scenarios, polishing them up, and then escorting them personally to the producer who had the particular stars I thought would fit the stories best. The day before the incident I have mentioned, I had read a story to Tom Ince and he was to let me have his decision within twenty-four hours. He called me up and said not to commit himself, merely saying that he wanted to see me at once. As I've said, we were down to our last nickel, and the immediate problem confronting me was this: Should I ride to his studio and walk back, or walk there and ride back? I finally determined to ride there—if he turned me down, I would feel so dejected that the walk back home wouldn't matter; if he bought the story, I'd be so happy that I'd feel as if I were walking on air. And when I saw Mr. Ince, he handed me a check that looked like the United States Treasury to me at the time. Clutching the precious slip, I fairly ran the three miles to my home, and my wife and I celebrated that evening with the first square meal in weeks.

In my own case, it is true that I had certain advantages in my past experiences that helped me considerably. My first job was as a reporter on the Hudson Republican—I was born in the small town of Hudson, N. Y.—then came similar positions with several newspapers in small and then in larger cities, culminating in an editorial chair on the New York World. I remember one little incident which came up at this time, and which illustrates my favorite saying that stories are like oxygen—around us everywhere—but you must have the dramatic sense to recognize them. One of the reporters brought in a story about a blasting explosion on a building in course of construction which blew two Italian laborers down from a high scaffolding without injuring either one of them. That was the story as he saw it. But upon questioning, I learned that a baby, which was asleep, was not more than twenty feet from the scene of the accident, not only was also uninjured, but slept right through it all. There, to my mind, was the more dramatic, more sensational, and so I told him to mention the two Italian laborers only casually and to play up the baby.

A newspaperman has great opportunities to see the insides of life, and if he has a nose for news values and an appreciation of human interest, he can find scores of actual happenings which are translatable to what is apparently pure imaginative fiction. Therein lay the advantage of my personal advantage in getting into the scenario game. The second advantage which I had arose from the fact that after my affiliation with the New York World I was employed to follow the stars as a roving special correspondent for the International News Syndicate, and for this organization I covered practically every important occurrence abroad during the time of my contract. Here is where I secured not only numerous stories but a wealth of knowledge of local traditions and conditions, which has helped me make my stories living dramas. Let me illustrate:

When J. P. Morgan was very sick in Cairo, Egypt, I was detailed to visit his bedside, since it was expected that he would die there, and American newspapers were eager for his last statements. After I had attended to my assignment I took advantage of the opportunity to visit Constantinople, and the custom there which struck me most forcibly was the fact that no woman is allowed into a mosque. Those who have seen "The Virgin of Stamboul," in which Priscilla Dean starred for Universal, will remember that the crux of the story comes when Sari, the heroine, steals into the mosque. In addition to this incident I was enabled to pick up a host of local traditions and to study the town, so that I was in a position to give a great deal of personal assistance to Director Tod Browning while he was filming
my story. This has happened since on other productions.

While I was in England a wealthy American disappeared completely—he had been to supper at the Savoy Hotel, after which he entered a taxi to return to his own quarters, and no trace of him was ever found since then. Detective work ascribed to the American Secret Service, who also happened to be in London at the time, investigated the case, but found no clues. I was interested by the mystery elements of the case, and with Mr. Burns were searched along the Thames and finally found a hat and an empty wallet on Hungerford Bridge, which were identified as belonging to the missing man. The Thames was dragged, but the body was never found. Thus the mystery remained unsolved—later I went to Paris on an assignment and while there, met the famous Bertillon, who was working at the time on his iris test. Bertillon's idea was that the iris of a dead man's eye had indelibly photographed upon it the last scene which he saw before his death, and that if some method could be devised of getting this iris picture upon the photographic plate, many of the mysterious sudden deaths unsolved in the past could be worked out to the proper solution. The visit to Bertillon came shortly after the mysterious disappearance of the American in London, and they were so associated in my mind that when I wrote "The Third Eye," the serial which is now being shown on the screen, I coupled these two incidents and solved the mystery of the disappearance by a photographic close-up upon J. Burns, recently of the iris of the villain of the story after his death.

Just one more illustration of how my syndicate experience helped me: When Queen Liltuokiwani, the beloved ruler of the Hawaiian Islands, who will also be remembered as the composer of several Hawaiian songs which have since become popular, died, I was detailed to cover the story of her funeral. And while I was in Hawaii, I learned a great number of local legends and studied local customs, as well as visiting numerous spots of interest in this group of islands—all of which material has been embodied in me "The Taint" which I recently sold to Hope Hampton.

But I do not want to convey the impression that it is essential for a man or woman to have been a reporter or to have traveled everywhere on newspaper stories to get the material for any story. As a matter of fact, I have based most of my stories upon actual occurrences which I learned either from personal observation or from newspaper reading. I feel strongly that life contains far more thrilling stories than the mind of any human being can evolve. Here are some illustrations along this line.

Shortly after the Bolshevists assumed the reins of power in Russia, the Soviet at Suratov issued a proclamation that it was unlawful for any man to possess his wife alone if any other male member of the community desired her. I read of this in the newspapers, which printed the story broadcast, and it shocked me to such an extent that I finally secured a copy of the original decree and determined to use this situation in a story which would awaken my fellow-Americans to the dangers of Bolshevism. This story was "The New Moon," in which Norma Talmadge starred some time ago.

About this time, too, I read in our newspapers of the number of enemy spies who were found in aeroplane factories, and whose fiendish work consisted of weakening the planes so that unfortunate airmen were killed after rising into the air. Those who saw Earle Williams in "The Higher Trump" will now see where I got the basis for that scenario.

As I write this story for the Photo-Play Journal, Eugene O'Brien is working under the direction of George Archainbaud on a story of mine called "The Nobleman;" since the picture has not yet appeared, I will not give away the plot, but I am ready to acknowledge that it is based on an actual occurrence in criminology which was told to me by one of the leading detectives of New York City. Another war story of mine, which was suggested to me by my newspaper reading, came from the photographs which were distributed by the propaganda departments of the Allies in the recent war and which showed a cross of shame burned on the bare bodies of French girls whom the enemy found obstinate to their advances—if you saw Dorothy Dalton in "Vive, la France," you will remember the aeronaut who flew from France in a balloon on a mission and his jailer was an enemy eyeball.

And now for a final illustration of the statement that the newspapers are veritable scenario mines. A certain bad Mexican in San Bernardino, Cal., found his greatest delight in becoming intoxicated and shooting up the particular saloon in which he happened to be. One evening he was seen in his usual state at a certain bar—next to him stood a prospector with several bags of gold dust. The next day the prospector was found dead and the Mexican was convicted of his murder on circumstantial evidence. Sentenced to life imprisonment, the Mexican spent his spare time in the San Bernardino jail by drawing upon the plastered walls a reproduction of the scene of the Crucifixion which was marvelous in its fidelity and artistic qualities. The sketch drew so much attention, both from the jailers and visitors—and later the newspapers—that his prison cubby hole came to be known as The Cell of Christ. In fact, this incident created so much comment that a band of citizens finally secured the parole of the Mexican, and since his release he has been devoting himself exclusively to his art—although he had never drawn or sketched before his incarceration. Incidentally, I have since seen a bust of Lincoln which the Mexican made, and although it is so marvelous and artistic a product that it will probably be placed in the halls of one of the State Universities in California. What imagination could conceive a more interesting or a more dramatic incident than the discovery of the Crucifixion on the wall of this hardened Mexican prisoner? And this scene, slightly altered, is the punch of a special production which Maurice Tourner made of (Continued on page 58)
ANN MAY—A HARD WORKING RICH GIRL

By H. RILEY

INCENSE was burning and Farrar was Victrola-ing "Chanson Bohème" from "Carmen." I expected to find a vampire wriggling in cloth of gold and swaying to the movement of a peacock fan. Instead, there was an American edition of a Parisian coquette wearing a frivolous frack of rainbow hues, which was met just below the knees by orchid hose extending to orchid satin slippers encrusted with rhinestones.

The slippers, I suspect, had been dancing to the tra-la-la-la-la-la of Farrar's gypsy song. The short, black curly hair seemed pirouetting about the head and into the eyes of a petite mademoiselle. I caught myself about to say, "So this is Paris," "So this is Ann May," I substituted.

Miss May extended a small hand on which a ring of diamonds and platinum sparkled almost as brilliantly as her black, witching eyes.

She whirled about and submerged in a pillow of cushions on a chaise longue.

"Bee-aoung me "Parisienne?" I stammered in French as fluent as Charles Ray's in "Paris Green."

I had observed Mlle. May as the Parisienne who commits arson with Ray's heart in that picture.

No, she is not Parisian, she informed me by shaking her head so that the black curls hid her face.

"Nope," she said in pure American. "Everyone seems to think me French since 'Paris Green.' Do I look wicked? I hope so."

She glanced up with a smile which, I admit, was wicked.

"Well, those eyes, the shrugs, the incense, 'Chanson Bohème,'" I countered with circumstantial evidence.

"Oh, I always burn incense when I feel blue. And the gypsy song—that suits me. I'm gypsy. Oh, yes, I am. I'm positive my ancestors traveled in covered wagons and burglarized hen roosts." They must have been high financiers of roost brokerage, for it is known that Ann May comes from a family of wealth. She informs me, however, that such is not to be told, that it is damaging to one's reputation in motion pictures to be considered wealthy.

"You know the tradition about successful stars. They all start by starving."

Just then a maid wheeled in a tea-cart crowded with cups, urn and cakes.

"Evidently you are not starting—or you are starting in a different way."

Indeed, Miss May has swept aside all traditions in the matter of commencing a career in pictures. She stepped from the ballroom into leading-ladyship with Charles Ray in "Paris Green." Jerome Storm met her at the fashionable Beverly Hills Hotel in Los Angeles where she was spending a winter there with her aunt. Being a directorial genius, he recognizes the stuff that stars are made of. Consequently he engaged Miss May.

"I thought I was terrible in 'Paris Green,'" she emphasized.

"When I saw it in the Ince projection room, I said, 'Not for me! I am through with pictures.' I went back to New York. But I couldn't stand the social life. Don't you think that leisure is deadly?"

I couldn't say, so she continued.

"I had packed my trunk and told the maid I was leaving in the morning for some place. I didn't know where. I didn't even tell my aunt. I just knew I was going away somewhere and go to work. I rather thought I would be a writer. At seven o'clock in the morning the maid called me and delivered a telegram. It was from Mr. Ray, offering me the lead with him in the first of his own pictures, 'Peaceful Valley.' I nearly dropped dead! I thought someone was playing a joke on me. My uncle said I was foolish, and he dictated a wire in reply. So here I am, spoiling another good picture."

Jerome Storm, who is directing "Peaceful Valley," informed me that the only chance the young lady had of spoiling the picture was by stealing the scenes from everyone else.

"If she concentrates as she has been doing, she will be a star tomorrow and worth fifteen hundred a week at the least," said he. I repeated the observation to Miss May.

"Well, maybe I could. Some men came to me with a proposition to form a company for me. I wouldn't consider it unless I could have the right organization behind me. You know, in union there is strength," she made a moué and lifted her eyebrows in pride of her astuteness.

I'd have to get Jerry to direct and Chet Lyons to photograph me. Jerry is the most wonderful director, and you should hear Mr. Chet. He's the funniest—"

Thereupon ensued a long description of "Jerry" and "Mr. Chet." They are most extraordinary persons, I gathered, capable of performing the miracle that makes the stars.

It is impossible to do an accurate word portraiture...
of Ann May. Even the "still" camera can't reproduce her because she's never still. She's a will-o'-the-wisp type, a capricious, shrugging, blinking and grinning witch. If you could make a composite photograph of Dorothy Gish, Constance Talmadge, Norma Talmadge and Irene Bordoni, you might gain an out-of-focus close-up of Mlle. May. She undoubtedly has the French strain. Her arch smile of lips and eyes is reminiscent of the beloved Gaby Deslys. I said so.

"Ah, Gaby—poor Gaby," she sighed. "No one gave her credit for a soul until she died. They thought she was just a butterfly. And then she passed on and left all her wonderful jewels to found a home for girls in Paris. Wasn't that wonderful? Maybe when I die they'll find I'm not all butterfly, too."

Deviltry again sparkled in her eyes. At least, la belle Ann has something as essential as a soul. She has a sense of humor.

Dot Gish taught her to make up for the screen, and she becomes fiercely defiant whenever Jerry or Mr. Chet or Charles suggest changes in that particular style of make-up. Perhaps she is right. There certainly is a resemblance in the personalities of the two *Little Disturbers.* I thought Dorothy Gish had the most acrobatic eyebrows I ever observed. But I believe Miss May's can leap higher and execute a quicker back flop.

She assured me she was in pictures to stay. Nothing could swerve her.

"People never will believe you are in earnest if they think you don't have to work to live. Well, I have to work. I couldn't live the kind of life a good life as some girls do—tea and bridges and dansants—you know. Neither do I have to work to keep from starving. If I did, I wouldn't choose pictures for a vocation. I'd do something that insured a steady income. Most girls go into pictures because of their vanity. I did. And, believe me, my pride certainly took a tumble when I saw how rotten I was. Say, Venus couldn't get by if she didn't have a good cameraman and didn't work her head off. I'm lucky to have such wonderful instructors. Charles is marvelous—positively marvelous. You don't know what pains he takes with me. He's willing to teach me all the tricks he learned in his seven years' experience. Not everybody would do that, take it from me they wouldn't. And Jerry—why, Jerry is going to be right on the top with Mr. Griffith and Mr. Ince some day. As for Mr. Chet—"

But it would take a book to do credit to Miss May's description of "Mr. Chet." She intends to write a book, too, and put him in it. She thinks O. Henry would have done better had he begun in her. I have to meet the gentleman behind the camera who is responsible for making her beautiful. I'm sure I don't know how he could make her any other way.

"You don't know what a cameraman is," she informed me with a bit of pity for my ignorance. "Look at what Mr. Bitter does for Mr. Griffith. I had a little experience before I came with Mr. Ray, but I never speak of it. No one would ever recognize me if they saw me, so I'm safe. Mr. Chet makes me laugh so I become quite natural before the camera, and that's everything. I used to be thinking how someone else would do a scene instead of doing as I thought it should be done."

Perhaps even those unaccustomed to a life of ease, such as Miss May enjoyed before she entered pictures, would not be willing to work as hard as Ann May does. At least she seems to work such as she orders for herself. She arises at six o'clock for riding lessons for it is very important that a picture actress be able to ride well when the occasion demands. At nine o'clock she is made up and on the set. Work for the day finishes about five. Then are run the "rushes" consisting of scenes photographed that day. Miss May always remains to work over her work and determine just what her mistakes are. At seven she has dinner. At eight-thirty she goes to Denishawn for dancing instruction from Ted Shawn. At ten-thirty she is home, ready for cold cream and bed. Whenever there is a day's vacation away from the studio she visits the photographer, the couturiere, the hairdresser and the thousand and one others who make claims on a star's time. And then—there are interviewers to receive, and a great many of them are paying their respects to little Ann May, for she has registered an unqualified hit. I venture to say she has brought to the screen the most distinctive personality and promising talent of any newcomer during this year.

You'll agree that a girl combining the charms of an American miss and a Parisian mademoiselle is unusual. And who ever heard of a butterfly with a soul?

Away from the studio, where the glamor of being a motion picture actress surrounds her, Ann May is the simplest and most charming of girls. She is an omnivorous reader. You'll always see Ann with a book under her arm, like some little school girl, taking a stroll from a girl's seminary, her friends will tell you. And the books are never French novels. Mort likely than not, you will find something by Emerson, or Sir Oliver Lodge's newest study tucked under her arm, to be opened and read whenever the little star has time to peep between the pages.

And when she is in the East, visiting her relatives, a couple of thousand miles away from Hollywood and Cooper-Hewitts, Ann May is again metamorphosed. This time she is a demure home-like little girl, who spends most of her time around what should be the family hearth in a Riverside Drive apartment.

Of course, New York means shopping, and shopping is bound to take up a great deal of time with any girl, especially a motion picture actress. And Ann May finds almost as much pleasure in choosing frocks, hats and negligees as she does in obeying the director's instructions before the camera.

Indeed, on her last trip to New York, Miss May saw little of New York save Fifth Avenue and the Drive, for, between her family and the shops, she was kept so busy that she had to fly about to attend to her social obligations before returning to the coast.

Back on the lot, however, a new Ann May appears. Now she is the vivacious little woman loved and respected by all Hollywood. If Ann May were really French, as French as she was supposed to be in "Paris Green," one might call her *spirituelle,* in the French sense, combining the spirituality of youth and beauty with the soulfulness of a sincere artist and actress.
BOSSING BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

Myron Selznick discusses the dream of the average small boy

By TOM OLIPHANT

WHAT has become of the old-fashioned lad who used to say "When I grow up I'd like to be President?" Has he become extinct, like the poor laboring folk who used to wear cotton stockings? Or has the influence of modern times directed his aspiration in other channels? Does the modern boy want to become a bank president or does he aspire to shine in the photoplay firmament?

When I was a boy the members of my gang were ambitious to become policemen, locomotive engineers, streetcar conductors or President—in the order named. But that was long before celluloid heroes were dreamed of, long before the names of film stars were more widely known than those of kings and queens. Visualize the lad of today curled up in his favorite seat—front row, of course—at the neighborhood picture theatre and it will not require any involved system of deduction to estimate his dreams of a future career.

From the screen to his plastic mind are flashed the words: "John Smith presents Viola Viola in 'Love's Capture.'" Then across the line of his vision there floats the picture of a charming creature, with flaxen curls, ravishing eyes and dimples galore. Her charm lays hold of his imagination, he applauds the dexterity with which she eludes the pursuit of the villain, he sighs when her smile disappears in the final fadeout. In his youthful heart she is enshrined as the acme of all that the world holds of grace and beauty. He has but scant appreciation to bestow upon the leading man in the film drama. "He's only an actor!" But the John Smith who stands back of that meaningful word "presents!" Ah! there is an individual to be envied!

And so your modern lad goes home from the theatre to dream, not of the day when he will be the executive that guides the destiny of a nation, but the president of a film company that provides a nation with its photoplay heroines.

It was not so many years ago that Myron Selznick was dreaming of the time when he would be the president of a film concern, and although he is but twenty-two today, that dream has come true. As president of Selznick Pictures Corporation his is the job that is the ambition of the modern lad—that of bossing beautiful women. And, disputation the opinion of those who declare the woman never lived who could be bossed, he might point to his successful achievement in presenting such film luminaries as Olive Thomas, Elaine Hammerstein, Zena Keefe, Louise Huff and Martha Mansfield. Moreover, he shatters another theory when he declares the job is easy.

With the emphasis born of experience Myron Selznick upsets one of the world's favorite traditions in stating that flattery no aid to bossing women.

"For that matter," he says, "I don't believe there is any method by which a woman can be bossed. Of course, I am referring to the relationship between an employer and a woman who is a professional. Being unmarried, I am ignorant of the method to pursue in a domestic situation.

"The stars of Selznick Pictures Corporation work with me rather than for me. I have found in picture production that successful business relationships can only be maintained if the temperament of the individual star is closely studied and taken into account. By making due allowance for individual peculiarities, by seeking an interchange of opinion rather than attempting to impose a theory, by approaching each problem connected with a picture with a desire to have its star share in reaching the solution—if this co-operative method can be called bossing then perhaps I have learned the secret of how to boss women—easily.

"It should be apparent that if in the average walks of life no two women are alike the same is doubly true of women screen stars. If the talents of Olive Thomas and Elaine Hammerstein require stories of entirely different character for their proper exploitation, it must follow that the business and artistic problems connected with their studio work cannot be solved by one ironclad method. After all,
personality is the biggest factor, I'll go even further and say it is the one fundamental factor, in a film actress's work and success. It governs everything. To achieve maximum results you must keep that factor in mind and let it guide you in approaching every knot that requires untangling.

"And flattery?" it was suggested. "Of course, that plays its part in getting results?"

"Not in my company," said Mr. Selznick, "if by flattery you mean the sort of praise that is not absolutely sincere. Remember, please, that no actress can be successful unless she possesses very keen intelligence. I've never tried it, but I am sure I'd never accomplish anything in directing the professional destinies of Selznick stars if I resorted to flattery. When a thing is well done I believe in going the limit in praising it. It is then that praise rings true; it is only then that it counts."

Mr. Selznick laughs at the myth that surrounds the picture producer's work with glamour and mystery.

"That opinion has no circulation in the motion picture business," he laughed. "It is none the less a business because it deals with an artistic product. I have talked with film fans and I know that the average devotee of the screen imagines that a director has but to wave a magic wand and presto! a full fledged picture appears.

"It is hard work, this making pictures! Personally, I put in from twelve to fifteen hours a day at it. There are stories to be considered, authors to be interviewed, technical experts to be consulted on the building of sets, interior decorators to be seen, conferences with carpenters, arrangements to be made for exterior locations, difficult lighting problems to be worked out with electricians—these and scores of other matters must be handled before and during the making of a picture."

"And, of course, there are beautiful women to be bossed," I observed.

My observation was brushed aside with a gesture of disdain.

"During a trip I made to Los Angeles a short time ago," said Mr. Selznick, "I fell into a conversation with a fellow passenger on the train. He was a shoe manufacturer. After we had disposed of the weather, politics and other stock subjects of the smoking car, we drifted into a discussion of our respective businesses. My neighbor had his troubles to relate—strikes, leather shortage, freight congestion, and such things. When he had finished I told him my little tale of woe.

"'You don't mean to tell me,' he said, 'that making motion pictures is hard work! What is there to it? You get your story, hire your actors and a director, turn the camera crank, and there you are!'

"'Well,' I said, 'let us consider the factors you mention. Take the matter of getting a story.' For every good story written there are scores of producers to bid for its screen rights. Worth while scenarios don't grow on bushes. You've got to get out and hunt for them. You've got to persuade authors to write. In fact, you must beg them—offer them tre-

Meanwhile the other members of your company must be paid their salaries—and your production schedule is shot to pieces.

"'Well,' said Mr. Shoeman, 'if what you say is true, why do you and so many other men stay in the picture business?'

"'Because it is fascinating,'" I replied. "'The element of chance, of gamble appeals to a basic instinct of human nature. Almost any man likes to race against luck. I'll wager that's why you stay in the shoe manufacturing business. There is the gamble of working against your competitors—"

(Continued on page 60)
Whose genealogy reads like a book of American history. Miss Clark is Roscoe Arbuckle's leading woman in "The Traveling Salesman"
A VILLAGE SLEUTH

By MORRIE RYSKIND

PRESIDENT WILSON’S favorite diversion, the public has learned, is reading detective stories. Which would tend to prove that the ultimate difference between a highbrow and a lowbrow is, approximately, nought and no one-hundredths inches. But this story isn’t about presidents, though the hero’s mother won’t be at all surprised if he does become one.

William Wells, son of Pa—and Sheriff—Wells, had the laudable ambition of becoming a real detective some day and of making Nick Carter and Sherlock Holmes seem like just pretty fair second-raters. He had a complete collection of the Nick Carter series and was shy only three or four stories of the complete history of Old King Brady.

Now, to Sheriff Wells this ambition of William’s was a laughable affair. That is, there were times when the Sheriff laughed at it, though there were times when it exasperated him beyond measure. Like the times when William, who should have been hitching the horses or feeding the pigs, was reading the exploits of Craig Kennedy.

“If you’re such a good detective,” growled the sheriff, “why don’t you find out the thieves who are stealing my watermelons?”

“You lemme off from prayer meeting tonight,” flashed William, “and I’ll show you.”

“It’s a go,” said the sheriff, sharply—sharply, so William wouldn’t know he was chuckling inside. “But if you don’t, I don’t want to ketch you reading any more detective stories around here.”

The next scene in this little melodrama is captioned—though perhaps you have already guessed it—“That Night.”

And, if we may imitate the style of William’s favorite authors for but a brief moment, “weird thoughts surged through the young detective’s mind as he sat at night in his office.” William’s brow, to be honest, was wrinkled. And well it might be. For to promise to catch a thief is one thing, and to do it is “something else again.” And this, you must remember, was our hero’s first case.

But don’t think that William was baffled. After a while he got an idea. He took a ball of twine and carefully placed one end in the watermelon patch and the other end he tied to his shoe. And when he felt the tug on his shoe, he was going down to the patch post-haste and seize the guilty criminal and—

Not a bad idea, eh? Well, maigré your opinion, William thought it was a world-beater. And, to justify his opinion, sure enough the tug came. And William went down to the patch. Keeping as quiet as he could, he followed the trail of the lonesome twine. It led him to an open fire. William was too excited and proud to think of any danger. Here was his big chance, and he was going to make the most of it.

And then, by the light of the fire, he saw—saw his gang. He had promised to run down the criminals—and he had. Of course, he owed it to his father to arrest them. But there is a greater code of honor for one’s gang than for one’s father. He couldn’t betray them—not even for his dad.

There was only one thing to do.

He did it—he joined them; and got his share of the watermelons, too.

Suddenly there came shots. The gang took to its heels. Even William, unconscious of the fact that we were to
Any good detective has hunches. William had his that night. "Something's going to happen," he kept saying to himself. Then he dozed for a while.

make a hero of him for our story, also ran. "Also ran" is a racing term, incidentally, for a loser. And, though we say the showing, it's decidedly apropos. The rest of the gang made a clean getaway. William ran straight into the arms of his father.

"You're a great detective," said his father, scornfully.

"You ain't worth your salt, you ain't."

William didn't say anything.

William didn't sleep much that night. But when he arose the next morning, it was with the ambition to show his father that he was a real detective. He would solve some big mystery and get a Congressional Medal of Honor, or a Carnegie Medal or something. At any rate, he would show his dad that he was worth his salt.

He applied at Fairview, the famous rest resort, for a job. "You never know when a crime is going to be committed," he told Dr. Roberts, head of the institution. "And the only way you can be safe is to have a detective right on the job."

Dr. Roberts laughed heartily. "We don't need any detectives, William," he said. "But we do need a man to make himself generally useful around the place. Of course, if you want to detect on the side, I won't have any objections. But I want you to remember I'm paying you as a hired man, and not as a detective."

William's face clouded. "If I take the job, will you keep it secret that I'm detecting on the side?" he asked. "You know a detective is under an awful handicap if everybody knows he's a detective."

"Nobody'll know but you and me, William," Dr. Roberts assured him solemnly. "You can count on me to keep your secret."

William shook hands on it. "And you can count on me, Dr. Roberts," he said.

Now a hired man who keeps his wits about him, and who is a detective on the side, can really discover a good deal. Washing the walls one day, William came across a sliding panel. He opened it, and found that it led to a rear exit. That was the first thing he discovered that assured him he was going to find a mystery to unravel at Fairview.

William did not discover the sliding panel unobserved. One of the guests had watched him, and had mentally pocketed the information against a time when it would be useful. David Keene was the guest in question. At various times, Mr. Keene had been a guest of divers States, who knew him best as "Philadelphia Baldy." At the present time, he was wearing a toupee, and paying a heavy board bill at Fairview, though one or two States were eager to board and lodge him free of charge, provided he would break some large rocks into small ones for them.

If William had been Nick Carter, he would have known right away that Mr. Keene's hair was false, and that he was wanted by the authorities. But William was only William Wilkis.

Scrubbing the floors one day—a detective has to do the most menial things and never mind them a bit—William heard a sound of sobbing from one of the rooms. He entered the room, ostensibly for the purpose of washing the floor, but in reality to find out what the matter was.

It was Pinky Wagner's room. Pinky was a lovely little chorus girl who had come to Fairview for a rest. The first sight of her had thrilled William's heart, and to see her in tears was more than he could bear.

"What's the matter?" he inquired.

"I saved two years just to come up here and meet society people," she said, "but they won't talk to me because I'm a chorus girl."

William straightened. "What do we care about society people, you and me? We got our own careers to take care of, ain't we? Some day you'll be a great actress, and when these people come around and want to talk to you, you can send word that you're out. They don't talk to me, either, but you don't see me worrying about it, do you? But some day they'll want a big detective to take care of some mystery, and then you watch 'em talk to me. Talk—I'll make 'em beg!"

"Oh, are you a detective?" asked Pinky, rapturously.

"Well, in a way," hesitated William. "But it's a secret. Can you keep it quiet?"

"You bet I can," said Pinky, her grief forgotten in something that smacked of romance.

William's detective sense, he prided himself as his friendship with Pinky grew warmer, had been worth something, anyhow.

But though Pinky was the main attraction at Fairview, so far as William was concerned, he didn't lose the chance to get acquainted with the other guests. For example, there was Mrs. Richley, who didn't have anything much the matter with her except her husband, and who had gone to Fairview to get over him. She flirted outrageously with Dr. Roberts, who was young and good-looking.

To give the doctor his due, he flirted with any rich patient who desired it, regardless of any personal preferences of his own. In fact, a good many of the ladies who visited his institution came for that purpose. And the doctor, who was really a highly moral man, justified himself only on the ground that he was taking care of his business interests. He had, not far from his institution, a wife whom he was devoted to, and three youngsters. None of his patients knew it. If they had known, the doctor wouldn't have been able to take such excellent care of his family.

Mrs. Richley's husband, short, fat and wealthy, came to Fairview one day for the admirable

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Fictionized by permission from the Paramount Picture. Directed by Jerome Storm. Supervised by Thomas H. Ince.

THE CAST

William Wells ............. Charles Ray
Pinky Wagner ............. Winifred Westover
David Keene ............. Dick Rush
Dr. Roberts ............. Donald MacDonald
Mr. Richley ............. George F. Hernandez
Pa Wells ............. Lew Morrison
William, dazed, resumed the chase, but Keene had managed to slip into his room again, where he undressed hastily, donned a bathrobe, and joined the other guests, who came pouring down. William was going to summon the doctor, when he remembered his orders. Still, he wondered how a man could sleep through all that commotion. Obeying his detective's impulse, he tried the door. It was locked. He looked through the keyhole; the room was empty.

William came downstairs. Another shriek arose. Mrs. Richley declared her husband was missing. "He's not in his room, he's been murdered," she screamed.

Doctor Roberts, who had been visiting his family, made his entrance through the secret panel, and joined the throng. "Where's Pinky?" demanded someone. "She's not in her room, either."

Another mystery! William's head, still slightly dazed from the blow, began to reel a bit. But the thought of Pinky roused him. He opened the outside door.

There, sleeping in the hammock, was Pinky, curled up tight. Mrs. Richley shook her furiously. "What's the matter?" asked Pinky sleepily.

"Where's my husband?" demanded the outraged wife.

"Why ask me?" said Pinky. "It was you that married him, wasn't it?"

"Why are you sleeping out here?"

"I took a walk late in the evening, and when I came back I found myself locked out. So I just went to sleep in the hammock."

William thought of the note Pinky had written. By Jove! Was she guilty of any crime? But he had promised to trust her until the end of the world—and maybe the doctor was the guilty one.

They summoned Sheriff Wells, and he did a lot of cross-examining, but to no avail. "How about you?" he asked his son.

"You got any clues?"

William said "Yes," decided. "What are they?" laughed the Sheriff.

"You do your own detecting," said William.

Any good detective has hunches. William had his that night. He put a pistol under his pillow, and turned off the light. But he couldn't sleep. "Something's going to happen," he kept saying to himself. "Something's going to happen." He dozed off for a while, and awoke with a start.

"Can't sleep," he said. "Something's going to happen."

And it did. Just before dawn he heard a woman's shriek, and running footsteps. He ran out of his room, and into the butt end of a revolver, skillfully wielded by our friend Keene, who was masked for the occasion. Keene had entered one of the guest rooms, and had been compelled to retreat before getting hit with anything. William came downstairs. Another shriek arose. Mrs. Richley declared her husband was missing. "He's not in his room, he's been murdered," she screamed.

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"You do your own detecting," said William.
The next day came the city detectives, keen of eye, quick of wit, eager, and resourceful. Keene, afraid they would recognize him, kept out of their way as much as possible.

In the waste-baskets, the detectives continued their hunt. They found, torn into tiny bits that they laboriously pieced together, the note that Pinky had written:

"You're guilty," they told Pinky. But, even after the third degree bullying, Pinky stoutly maintained that she had done nothing.

They let her alone for a while, and then, suddenly, with the guests assembled, they accused her in front of everybody, hoping to break her down. "There's the girl who did it," they cried.

William confronted them. "Let her alone," he cried, "I can't bear to have an innocent person suffer for my crime. I killed Mr. Richley."

The sudden hush that followed was broken by the huge laughter of Sheriff Wells. "That's a good one," he roared. Then, explaining, "The boy is so crazy about the girl he's willing to take the blame."

"Why did you kill him?" he asked, turning to William.

"I was jealous of him," cried William.

"How did you kill him?"

"Well," William hesitated, and was lost. His innocence was evident to everybody.

Even Pinky laughed, but they attributed it to hysteria. Meanwhile Keene, with everybody else downstairs, made a rapid search of the rooms, took some jewels here, and some money there, and determined to make a getaway before the detectives examined him too closely. He came downstairs, suddenly switched out the light, pushed back the sliding panel and ran.

Behind him he left an amazed crowd. That is, he left everybody but William. William had caught a glimpse of him starting for the panel, and followed his detective sense. He ran out of the house to the back entrance. As Keene came running out of the secret exit, William made a clean football tackle. Keene went down, his head striking the ground, and jarring his wig loose. The two rolled over and over.

The detectives, hearing the sound of battle, came a-running. In a minute Keene was covered with a gun. They were about to slip the handcuffs on him when William cried out, "Let me do that!"

They grinned. And in another moment, William Wells, detective extraordinary, had slipped a pair of handcuffs on his first prisoner. "Know what that is?" the detectives asked him.

"That's the man who killed Richley," said William.

"Maybe, but that's Philadelphia Baldy, too. And there's a five thousand dollar reward out for him. You're a lucky kid. You ought to be a detective."

"I am," said William.

They had led the captive inside, having recovered the money and jewelry, and Sheriff Wells was telling everybody how he had always known what a fine detective William would make, when there entered——

Mr. Richley!

Dripping wet, looking shabby and needing a shave, but, nevertheless, Mr. Richley.

Mrs. Richley gasped, and threw a pair of arms around him. "Oh, my dear," she cried, "God has answered my prayers. I'll be a good wife to you from now on. Can you ever forgive me?"

Mr. Richley grinned. "Surely," he said. And then, to the crowd, "Ask Pinky."

The two went upstairs arm in arm.

Pinky explained: "You see, there's an island in the middle of the lake, and I thought if Mr. Richley would hide there a while and make believe he was dead, Mrs. Richley would find out how much she really loved him. So we rowed out to the island the night before last, and I left Mr. Richley there with some food, and told him not to come back till the food ran out. I was going to row after him tomorrow, but I guess he ate more than I expected. So he just swam back."

Everybody had a good laugh, including Keene. "I got enough to worry about," he said, as the detectives drove off with him, "without a murder charge."

But Sheriff Wells had the heartiest laugh of all. He was still laughing an hour later.

"What's the matter?" asked William.

"My son a murderer," gasped the Sheriff. "Think of your poor mother."

*   *   *

That five thousand came in very handy for a wedding present for William and Pinky. But they were appreciative of Mr. Richley's thousand-dollar check, too.
Constance will be seen shortly in a film version of "39 East" in which she appeared on the stage last season.
A Metro star. Mr. Lytell has set a severe task for himself in inviting comparison between himself and Henry B. Walthall, star of the original production of "The Misleading Lady," Bert's newest vehicle.
“W"hen clothes don’t make the woman, the woman oft has to make the clothes,” announced Zena Keefe, as she sewed the last snap on the blue linen frock she was making.

“I seem always to be cast in a part where I have to do my own dressmaking,” she continued. “And, thanks to my early training, I’m equal to the emergency.

“In ‘Marooned Hearts,’ my picture before this one, I was shipwrecked on a desert island. It transpired that my trunks didn’t come ashore by the same wave I took, and, consequently, I found myself marooned without any Lucille creations. The next thing on the program, of course, was to get the regulation shipwrecked-on-a-desert-island movie queen’s stock garment—something neat and revealing in straw and breakfast foods. Well, I’m glad the world never saw me in the one the property man provided for me.

“I looked at it more in sorrow than in anger. I realized that, however shipwrecked, no woman should appear in anything like that—particularly if she has any fond hopes of a final clinch and fade-out at the end of reel five. ‘This is no time for a sartorial slump,’ I said. ‘I may have to live with natives, without the refinements of New York and Newport, but I cannot live long in that costume.’

“I spoke to the director. He didn’t take the matter as seriously as I did—the mosquitoes were bothering him terribly. In despair I tried on the costume and the mirror didn’t soften the blow. To state the matter clearly, if not poetically, I looked like the fat lady in the circus. ‘This must never be,’ I said. So I calmly walked down to the shore and deposited that jumbo model in the waters of the kindly Atlantic.

“Then I, with the help of some natives, gathered together some tropical leaves and I sewed them together into a nice little chemise frock with a V-neck that suited my style much better. I wore an orchid at my belt and some flowers and grass in my hair. Thus attired I felt I could settle down to life in the Bahamas and take up the pursuit of any husband with equanimity and poise. Even the director had to admit that I had improved matters.

“I was willing enough to make my own clothes in the Bahamas, where modistes are scarce, but I did not expect to have to do this in New York. However, ‘Red Foam’ was my next picture. In that I was cast as a nice, small-town wife and I needed a nice, ordinary, everyday frock, in which I might wash up the supper dishes or receive callers, as the occasion demanded. And, while the shops had oodles of fancy, frilly things, I couldn’t find a single honest linen frock that looked just as I wanted it to.

“‘Tis repeating itself,’ I said to me. ‘I’ve got to turn dressmaker again.’ So I bought a pattern and some cloth and I evolved this nice blue frock with pockets and white collars and cuffs. I feel very housefie and small-town in it.

“But I know my limitations. And the modistes on Fifth Avenue needn’t fear my competition. My elaborate frocks I leave to them. After all, only in movies do women wear grass gowns and ‘everyday’ dresses. My talents can’t be commercialized.

“I haven’t attempted, of course, to make any real creations. Time and ability are both lacking, as far as I am concerned. Which reminds me that about the most difficult thing most picture actresses have to do is to select their own clothes. The star is looked upon by many persons to be the criterion of fashion. She has to wear different gowns in every production, must never duplicate styles, and—if she is conscientious in her attitude toward fans who look upon her as their idea of what a woman should be, and what a woman should wear—she should select conservative, becoming and reasonably inexpensive clothes.

Featuring Zena Keefe, in
“Her Own Dressmaker”

By HORTENSE SAUNDERS
Getting the Laughs "According to Hoyle"

How the Apparently Spontaneous Screen Comedy of Harold Lloyd Appears to Conform to the Traditions of the Comic Stage and Justify in Practice All the Carefully Considered Analyses of Scientists and Philosophers Showing What Is Funny and What Isn't, and Why

By CURTIS DUNHAM

UNDoubtedly it is a source of great satisfaction to a professional fun-maker to know that his efforts have the approval of the professors, that his methods of inciting laughter are purely scientific. This triumph is all the greater in the case of the purveyor of the comic who relies wholly upon the motion picture screen for the presentation of his wares to the public. The screen as a medium for expression in art and literature has not hitherto enjoyed the highest esteem of academicians. Possibly the last word is not yet, but the first to suggest that successful motion pictures can, and in certain instances do, conform to the traditions of the comic stage and justify in practice all the careful and exacting analyses of scientists and philosophers showing what is funny and what isn't, and why.

But it is only recently that the comic screen has advanced to a stage where its offerings serve to illustrate the conclusions of scientific writers on this subject, as do the old Italian comedies and those of Molière. These are classics worthy to be cited because, within an effective art form, they reflect the comic in character and in situations that are familiar in real life. Up to a few years ago, producers of screen entertainment specializing in the comic limited themselves to material of the most elementary sort. Lacking comic manuscripts capable of such visualization they adopted the policy of "safety first," meaning profits. There was no doubt about the laughter-producing power of the custard pie expertly administered externally. A few ingenious actors developed the comic possibilities of a hat, a pair of trousers, or a pair of shoes to a point that insured storms of laughter whenever they appeared on any screen. The story didn't matter. The comic side of human life and character in general—that inexhaustible fountain of the richest comedy—remained untouched.

Even Aristotle, most insatiable of all searchers after the hidden springs of nature and art, would have found the comic screen and laughter its public patrons throwbacks to the age of the troglodytes.

Another type of comedians, however, were proving faithful to their screen allegiance. It was though they were saying to themselves: "If Molière could do it on the stage, we can do it on the screen." Molière, of course, being a symbol standing for proved and successful achievement on the highest plane of comedy—comedy that is inherent in the life of the people; not one whose definite successes of a period long past were to be studied as comedy models for all time—as the philosophers utilize them in illustrating their analyses of the comic. These thoughtful developers of screen comedy simply stood firm on fundamental principles and proceeded to present a definite and complete action with "a beginning, a middle, and an end." This story, or drama, or whatever it be, which had endured the test of centuries, was their task to fill and to enrich with all the appropriate comic devices at their command; for success would rest upon a single effect—laughter.

It was a perilous enterprise at the start. One reel of comedy, requiring less than fifteen minutes for projection upon the screen, allowed insufficient time in which to establish a new set of characters, develop the essential comic "gags," and round out the story to an effective finish. Two reels occupying the screen for about half an hour really were needed—and, in fact, this length for pictures avowedly comic and having a story was to become an accepted standard. Now, to provoke uninterrupted laughter by legitimate methods during the period of thirty minutes demands little short of genius on the part of the director and leading comedians. The "comedy that lies in spoken words and in comic inflections of the human voice was an important advantage denied to them. The entire impression upon the audience must be visual, including the few words used explanatory of bits of the action. And throughout, the action must produce the effect of spontaneity in a work in which actual spontaneity is a myth, every effect being the result of the nicest calculation.

Naturally, these budding Molières, bent on elevating the custard pie screen, had to proceed at their own expense and peril. It costs anywhere from one thousand to one hundred thousand dollars to produce a worthy two-reel comedy. And that was only the painful beginning. The picture must be released for exhibition to paying audiences—which meant that the powerful concerns controlling that important branch of the motion picture industry must first be induced to see it themselves. Consider the numbing effects of the usual verdict of that period:

"Why, you're crazy. Your comedians are mere actors. Where's your comedy hat and trousers and shoes? Where's your pie? Our theatres demand custard pie—and here you go doing Shakespeare at 'em! Good-NIGHT!"

To the foregoing effect testifies one of the most successful pioneers who stuck to the task of lifting screen comedy out of the custard pie epoch—Hal Roach, who directs the production of the Lloyd comedies. Harold Lloyd, a young comedian whose apprenticeship on the legitimate stage would have seemed to insure his remaining unspteed by the world of films, was Mr. Roach's principal pioneer confederate in the early film days. They stuck together through thick and
thine, and won their battle for screen comedy that is not merely mildly humorous, but as essentially comic as are the classic comedies of the stage.

That is why a Lloyd comedy, more successfully than probably any other screen example, withstands the acid test of the professors. If scientists and philosophers now living who occupy themselves with the formulation of laws classifying the various elements which produce the phenomena of the comic should analyze the latest Lloyd comedy, for example, called "High and Dizzy," they could lay aside Molière’s "Le Malade Imaginaire," "Tartuffe," and "Le Médecin Malgré Lui" in favor of an up-to-date screen illustration; which would be the part of wisdom, as the Lloyd example actually produces laughter in an age and from an audience to whom Molière is caviar.

There is little evidence in their works that comic authors know or care anything about the laws that account for the production of laughter which the professors have formulated with so much care. Otherwise probably they would have missed their point through temptation to avail themselves of all these numerous laws in the construction of a single comedy. Working from the standpoint, each of his own innate sense of the comical, they were economical as to principles and effective in the application of their own characteristic comic angle.

Molière was especially keen on the comic effect of a repetition by different characters, in different scenes, of the same speeches and details of action. Hence the law formulated by Henri Bergson: "In a comic repetition of words we generally find two terms: a repressed feeling, which goes off like a spring, and an idea that delights in repressing the feeling anew."

Lloyd specializes in "the logic of the absurd," which Théophile Gautier declared exhibited the comic in its extreme form. Under this head naturally falls the celebrated dictum of Emmanuel Kant: "Laughter is the result of an expectation which, all of a sudden, comes to nothing."

And always, or upon occasion, rather, there is the associated laughable element defined by the words "mechanical inelasticity." This may be the result of the obsession of a fixed idea, more often of absent-mindedness, in which mental condition the same movements of the body and limbs continue, with the most absurd results, in spite of changed physical conditions of environment. La Bruyère utilized this principle—which he is said to have discovered and analyzed—in the form of a recipe for the wholesale manufacture of comic effects.

Whatever theme or motive will furnish a situation in which "the logic of the absurd" enters naturally seems to stimulate the happiest powers of Harold Lloyd in developing his screen comedies. "High and Dizzy" is particularly happy example. It hardly could be otherwise, with the central idea exhibiting an accidentally inebriated youth in love-smitten pursuit of a pretty sleep-walker at night in a strange hotel. Sleep-walkers are notoriously fearless and sure-footed. To pursue one of them in and out of windows and along narrow ledges several stories above the street demands an abnormal sense of the laws of the pursuit. This is supplied quite naturally through the sudden necessity of "saving" several bottles of "home brew" which had developed its dynamic powers with unexpected celerity. The resulting condition of the young hero enables him to exhibit an unconsciousness of danger most laughably absurd.

When that condition wears off his comic terror is equally laughable. He hugs the wall, daring not to look down. His abundant and rather long hair stands on end, each individual hair erect and quivering forth its separate expression of horror—all of which is most logically absurd.

But throughout it is the logical absurdity of the action of the numerous "gags," the comic connecting links of the story, that provokes the most hilarious effect on the audience. For naturally, comedy savors of the "home brew" feel responsible for each other's health and safety. On their devious route homeward the little one (Lloyd) is persistent in his efforts to get the big one into his overcoat. The nearest approach to success finds them buttoned in together. At length the big fellow slumps upright against a post and goes to sleep standing. The little one seizes the opportunity, but in pulling up the buttoned coat he finds to observe that it also contains the post, which is now entirely invisible. Then comes the comic mistification of the little fellow. He cannot understand why his friend should be as immovable as a rock, neither can the other. They are sleepy; they want to go home—and are forcibly detained by a deep mystery.

The little fellow's scientific curiosity is aroused. He walks unsteadily around his immovable friend, views the phenomenon from every angle, tugs him this way and that, without any enlightenment. Finally he gets behind the big fellow and stoops down to find out what strange manner his feet are so firmly anchored to the sidewalk. He lifts the tails of the long coat and, for the first time, becomes aware of the post. He studies it reflectively. He decides to pull up the post and take it along. It can't be done. Then it dawns upon him that the overcoat is to blame, as it envelops both man and post. Great discovery! The remedy at last is obvious. The little man seizes the tails of the coat without any button. He rips it deliberately up the back seam through the collar—and walks off with his friend as though nothing (Continued on page 62)
The person who sat in the audience of "Come On, Charlie," and saw lovely Estelle Taylor on the stage for the first time, only to be convinced that the stage was not her immediate métier, but that she would be a very real acquisition to the silver sheet, did the motion-picture public a big favor, indeed. For he made it his business to extol Miss Taylor as an ideal picture type in quarters where it counted for something, and before the little lady herself knew what she was about she had passed the necessary camera tests with flying colors and was installed in a studio as a picture-play actress.

It was not Estelle Taylor's beauty alone, however, that made her an immediate success in films. True, she has features of a classic mold; eyes that are big and wonderfully expressive, and soft, curly, brown hair that frames a face which is dainty and charming. But the life of that face lies in its tricks of expression, in its eager flashes of emotion, and in its quick shiftings from the light to the serious and from the grave to the gay. It is the temperament of the girl herself, the soul of her that flames in her face, that produces the effects which have made Estelle Taylor, in the space of one short year, a screen promise already fulfilled, though still revealing future possibilities.

I went to interview Miss Taylor in her dressing-room at the Fox Studio, where at present she is being featured in Edward Knoblauch's sensational drama, "My Lady's Dress," which is being transplanted to the screen.

"Tell me something about yourself," I asked her.

Whereupon she laughed her wholesome, spontaneous laugh and replied with a humor almost demure:

"I don't know a thing."

That statement was almost literally true. Miss Taylor's life has been singularly free from the unusual or the exciting. Born and educated in Wilmington, Del., she came of a family that was content to do things in the ordinary and conventional way, and for the mother and grandmother whose whole interest in life centered in the pretty, graceful little girl, it was enough that she should be protected from the rough winds of life and developed along the conventional lines of average womanhood.

But even they, in their deep devotion to her, were aware of the undercurrents of emotion that now and again were manifested by her. She had a secret ambition; she took a delight in daring to live at life and her triumph was finally won when the family consented to a course at the Sargent School of Dramatic Art.

Today Estelle Taylor stands for achievement, not easily, but earnestly and deservedly won. She served an apprenticeship in pictures without the traditional extra girl's trials that have tested the mental and moral strength of more than one successful screen artist. Her school training stood her in good stead; she came to the screen with the theories of acting, at least, at her command, and to this she added her native intelligence, her indubitable personal charm, and her ready adaptability to circumstances and desire to seize upon the nearest opportunity, for which she was fully armed for an early and complete conquest.

It is, perhaps, difficult to believe that the Estelle Taylor of real life is so contrastingly opposite to the Estelle Taylor of reel life. She is her art's ideal, and determination of purpose that allows no room for foreign subjects. To her, art is spelled with a capital A. It is the purpose and object supreme in her life—but that is the Estelle Taylor one meets at the studio—away from it she is the rollicking, jolly tomboy—she loves to indulge in "kid" sports. Her idea of a "big" time is Steeplechase Park and a bag of lollipops—frequently she is accompanied on these trips by a string of kiddies picked off the streets of the studio neighborhood. She was telling us—

"Do you remember that terrifically hot day that was visited upon us last week? It was simply too hot to work, and Director Brabin made a motion, seconded by all those present, that we take things coolly and easily for the day. To me, a day off suggested Steeplechase Park—heat or no heat. Two little boys sneaked past the studio watchman onto the set and were staring in dumb amazement at what was going on—I remembered the thing I liked when I was a kid, and bribed them with candy to come along with me to Coney Island. I promised them a ride on the carousel, the scenic railway, the Ferris wheel, and a lot of good-ies to eat. One kid said, "Huh, lady, what was the hurry?" I laughingly repeated—he scratched his head and said, 'Gee, sounds good to me; on the level d'ye mean it, lady?' I did—he took his staring pal by the hand without question, and the two followed me out of the studio. 'Hey, Mac, where're y' going with the skoot?' yelled some kids in the street. 'T' Coney,' came from Mac. I invited the other two to join us, and the five of us started on our merry way.
"Well, their naïve, crude remarks all along the way were funnier than a circus. They found it hard to believe that I was 'on the level' and really taking them for a good time to Coney Island, yet they felt it well worth taking the chance.

"True to my promise, we all went on the carousel first, in the center of the select group. As you can understand, people stared wonderingly at me, but I was having a wonderful time with those dear little roughnecks—and I wouldn't have missed that trip for a ball at the Waldorf.

"After the carousel we went on the scenic railway, and the four of them were fighting about who was to sit next to me—the fight threatened to become serious, when Mac, the brains of the party, drew forth from his pocket some dice—and the argument was then settled. If I live to be a hundred I'll never forget that ride. Oh, boy, those kids made me forget to become sick—they kept me in a state of excitement and nervous terror watching them—they'd jump up from their seats and shout and wave their hats and whistle deafeningly. My hairpins were blowing in all directions and they were trying to see who could collect the most. When we came out, the wild maid from Borneo had nothing on me! But, like Eva Tanguay, I didn't care.

"After riding horses, roller skating, rolling in a barrel, chuting the chutes, and filling up on popcorn, 'hot dogs,' ice-cream cones, lemonade, and ice-cream sodas, I started back with my little charges. We landed in New York at 5 o'clock, a happy, weary, dust-laden bunch. And called it a day." ***

Miss Taylor suggests all manner of romantic secrets that give her inner life color. They reflect in the wide va-riety of moods she interprets and the impressions she conveys. She sings immortally a song of youth and happiness in the midst of the world's deafening clamor. She has met that world squarely, taken it at its own value and accepted it as it is.

She lays no claim to the possession of genius; much of her own talent lies in her own superb unconsciousness of it. Her conscious work has wrought out of itself an unconscious achievement, and so single-minded has been her attention to her training that she has lost sight of the actual effort of it all.

She divides her life into chapters and in each new chapter she plays a part. She is merely the semblance of the character she plays; she is the character itself—compelling, forcefully vivid and individual. Yet whatever part she is creating for herself and the world, she is first and foremost woman, feminine to the nth degree, charming, commandingly vital, expressing much, yet contriving to suggest so much more she refrains from expressing.

"Nothing that is a part of the day's work, no matter how small it may be, is trivial in my estimation. The things which might be regarded as insignificant are very often those which loom big in their real importance. I never disregard the minor things—everything pertaining to my work is of tremendous importance to me."

With the occasional let-up from the pressure of things, Miss Taylor is a lovely playmate—she devotes her spare moments to her friends, who, incidentally, adore her. She rides with them, motors, plays tennis, and loves to drag them off and indulge in the most popular of all feminine pastimes—shopping.
CARTOONED INTO THE CINEMA

By HAROLD C. HOWE

We were being whirled along through the streets of New York in a closed taxi. The day was a hot one, and both Larry Semon and I were very much annoyed. The $3,600,000 comedian was perspiring freely. We had both tried to secure an open car, but all New York had got there before us.

"If I had known a Turkish bath was on the schedule, I would much rather have taken it in the usual way and not in a taxi," Larry exclaimed, mopping his forehead. "Oh, for the cool breezes of my beloved California."

Larry’s speech clearly signified he must be diverted. We were taking a ride with a definite objective in mind, but outside of said objective, it was my intention to learn from Larry the real facts of his life.

"Mr. Semon—" I began.

"Don’t mister me, Hal," he grunted. "Call me Larry."

"Larry," I continued, "I’ve been commissioned to tell the true story of your life for the readers of the Photo-Play Journal and I want to begin at the beginning. I understand you were fifteen years in your father’s vaudeville troupe before you became a cartoonist."

Larry immediately sat up straight and his alert and dynamic personality asserted itself.

"My father was a great man and I’ll prove it," his keen eyes became fondly reminiscent in expression. "While he was still a boy, my grandfather induced Hermann the Great to tour America. The magician interested himself in my father (Zera Semon) and taught him all that he knew of the so-called Black Art.

"Later, father invented many of the tricks performed on the stage and by amateur magicians, and about thirty years ago originated most of the feats performed by traveling entertainers. He became known far and wide as Zera the Great.

"My mother and sister also traveled with him, assisting in the work; thus all my earlier memories are of the stage. I was thoroughly trained in pantomime before I was twelve years old. Before long I was actually assisting father in most of his difficult stunts.

"Then father and mother decided that sister should not follow a stage career and sent her to a boarding-school. My mother also gave up the work so that she could live near her. Father had decided that the traveling show life was not the thing for his womenfolk. It hurt him keenly to be separated from them, so he kept me with him.

"In those days every magician carried along with him a complete vaudeville show, as variety theaters were not common. Quite frequently we would arrive in a town and be forced to build our own stage in a poorly lighted, scantily furnished hall that reminded one of a huge barn. It was some life," Larry’s voice trailed off into silence and for a full minute he lived over the past. He pulled himself back to me with a visible effort.

"The first time I made the trip to the coast," he continued, "it seemed as if we would never get there. They didn’t have fast express in those days, and accommodations were very poor at their best. I was used to roughing it, however, for quite often we were obliged to sleep on benches in some hall and frequently prepared our meals after every member of the company foraged for his own victuals.

"Acting was no velvet proposition then. My father became interested in ventriloquism, and during his last years devoted all his time to a mastery of this art. He is spoken of today as the greatest ventriloquist that ever lived. He invented the talking hand. It was a doll painted on the back of his hand with a cloth thrown over it to resemble a dress. He also carried along Jim, Joe and Mary Brown, the talking manikins.

"Father was a great man," Larry’s eyes brimmed with pride, "and he frequently asked me to quit the stage. He had taught me cartooning, so I followed his wishes and that is how I came to go on the New York Evening Telegram and The Evening Sun."

Everyone knows that when the screen gained a great comedian, the Fourth Estate lost a promising cartoonist.

"Among his other accomplishments, father was an artist. It was his ambition that I become a cartoonist. I attended art school, and when I was featured in the Sun I thought I had reached the pinnacle. I was at the goal and had fulfilled my parent’s request."

"How did you come to go on the screen?" I queried.

"I am glad you asked me that," he answered with a pleased sparkle in his eyes, "My father was again the inspiration. He was interested in those books you used to run your thumb over to get the effect of motion pictures. He experimented with them and became associated with a firm that made them. Later he turned to penny slot-machines. You remember the kind. You turned a crank

Larry with his famous shimmying cat
and saw the movies. He also aided in one of the first film productions, that of Lois Fuller doing a serpentine dance. 'There is a great future in the industry,' he used to say, and he advised me to study motion pictures.

'While I was on the Sun I met a Vitagraph official. He became interested in me when I had told him of my early interest in pictures. My training seemed to him a splendid education for screen work, so he undertook to teach me direction. Before long he asked me to write a script, pick a cast, and develop a new style of comedy. My idea was to put slapstick into artistic backgrounds and unfold a connected story.

'I put these theories into practice with various comedians, but the work did not progress. They were types not suitable for every style of story. What I needed was a funny man who was not dependent upon eyebrows, moustache, funny gag, or make-up. So finally I went in and did the stunt myself. You know the result.'

And he has been phenomenally successful. His latest comedies, 'Films,' and "The Head Waiter," "The Grocery Clerk," "The Fly Cop," and "School Days," are playing the country now. Everywhere they are hailed as containing all the chief elements of laughter creation.

Their charm lies in the fact that every character stands out. Larry Semon harnesses the ability of every member of his company. When he occupies the center of the silver sheet there is a reason. Otherwise, various members are in the limelight.

Beautiful girls, fascinating kiddies, screamingly funny comedy types, dogs, cats, rats, goats, etc., romp through his photographs with all the abandon of comedy situations created by Larry Semon himself. And he, as a poor boob, wends his inevitable and aimless way in and out of the picture. Did you ever see Larry Semon drop spaghetti down a woman's back? Sounds simple, doesn't it? But it isn't. The art is in simulating a look of vacuous stupidity after the accident has occurred, followed by a pleased expression such as an infant would convey after blowing a mouthful of pap at its mother. Then Semon starts to pull out the strands of spaghetti with the intense expression of a woman knitting, curling two and counting one, as he coalesces the stuff around his fingers in an endeavor to remove it. He ends with a hopeless gesture and walks off with an abstract air, leaving the poor lady to be relieved of the spaghetti by her companion, whose indignation is as funny as the star's helplessness.

Through Semon we recognize our own idiosyncrasies exaggerated into a composite of other people's, and therein lies his art. Every member of his company is directed to follow his theory in all its different shades and colors. He cannot accomplish all this through lone concentration, but recognizes with real ability that life is many sided, and if he is to portray the funny side he must utilize all that is humorous in others as well as himself.

I asked him to outline his methods of working, and added, "Also, give me your idea as to the future of the films."

"Every member of my company is under contract. I study them and they study me. When I move my foot or adjust my hat, each one knows just what I am going to do. In this manner we are able to get spontaneous action without re-hearsing punch scenes. To illustrate this we will take a scene in 'The Stage Hand.' You recall where the manager falls from the fly-gallery and lands on the pile of men? They all spy me and give chase. Do you remember the little fellow that grabbed me as I was going through the door? I turned and hit him, but I never touched him. He anticipated my action, and the rest was easy. The only direction I gave for that scene was 'Boys, I'm going to run and you follow. If any one of you can catch me, do so; but look out, for I am going to let go.' The little fellow was the only one that caught me and he was ready to do his part. Take the same feature. Do you recall the monkey looking through the hole in the curtain just before it jabs the hatpin into me? Now, no one could tell a monkey to do that and no one knew that he was going to do it. The monkey saw the hole. It had been trained to thrust the hatpin into the curtain, and, being an inquisitive individual, it got up and looked through. We shot the scene.

"Comedies are largely a matter of experiment. I am always striving for something new; exploring virgin fields and aiming for spontaneous action, well-matched scenes and artistic backgrounds. In 'Solid Concrete' that long shot of the girl artists at work in the field was suitable for a dramatic production. To have (Continued on page 58)
ALMA RUBENS

By MARGARET LEE

THE possession of beauty and intelligence, while admittedly rare, is yet not so rare as to arouse more than a passing curiosity, a pleased surprise—perhaps a mild envy. And with the possible exception of the few remaining professional connoisseurs of femininity who still feel hurt at the discovery of the occasional brain behind the simper, the advantage to all, no matter how remotely concerned, of having something inside the skull as well as yellow curls atop it, has been pretty generally conceded.

Nowadays, instead of hiding her mental light under a Paris hat, the proud actress hires a reflector, a press agent, to acquaint the palpitating public with the facts that, not only does she love her mother, and her immediate relatives, but also, she knows a thing or two, beside. She can sew, perhaps—even does. She wishes she had time to cook her own meals. She dotes on narrative poetry and has been asked to address Columbia University on the philosophy of Herbert Kauffman. So says the press agent!

But to find a young woman who has the triple charm of beauty, intelligence, and intellect—there's the seeming impossibility. Only seeming, however, for Alma Rubens has, we are willing to say, that elusive fragrance—intellect. It is too bad, really, thus to risk Miss Rubens' popularity with such a description; but perhaps she will forgive us when we say that that, after all, is what makes her distinctive. Since to be heard of in this busy world one must be different, and since she is also eligible to the "youth, beauty, personality" slogans just now so prevalent, she may be forgiven—and forgive.

It was on reading a newspaper article by one Henri Montrait, in which the distinguished French journalist characterized Alma Rubens as the American Eleanor Duse, that I decided I must see the American who was being handed the mantle of the world's greatest actress. And I found her a young, slim, dark girl, oval-faced, with an olive pallor, large brown eyes under thin, arched brows, and masses of jet hair that she wears low on her neck. She has the look of the thoroughbred, perhaps more Continental in her finish and poise than the average American girl of her age; and her conversation is a refreshing mixture of naïveté and book sophistication.

We met on the elevator in her apartment. I was late, but Miss Rubens, it seemed, was later, and as we were taken up she explained the reason for her lateness—and the immense package she was carrying. She was leaving New York the next day for a bit of a vacation on completing her latest picture, "The World and His Wife," and had been rummaging all afternoon in book shops for some novels to take along with her—emerging at the last, triumphant, with a copy of a Tolsiort novel, a volume of De Maupassant short stories, and a stunning-looking thriller, "The Chinese Label."

Miss Rubens is nothing if not catholic in her literary tastes. Her little doll's house of an apartment is filled with books, most of which have been censored either by the general public or the improper authorities. But think not that this strange taste precludes the possession of more normal ones. Miss Rubens is the proud owner of two adorable Pekinese, who greet her approach with loud and tumbling appreciation, and whine disconsolately on banishment. She certainly preserves the Golden Mean.

"Tell me, Miss Rubens," I began, fearing I had found
perfection, "are you an out-door sort of person—you know, the kind that wins skating prizes for endurance, and goes to sleep in airplanes, and breaks in bucking bronchos?"

"No, indeed," laughed the lady. "I stay indoors all I can, and when I'm tired of working I go somewhere—to Atlantic City, for instance—for a rest—to lie on the sand and be happy. I spend my spare moments reading—and trying to write. I'm working on a play—a stage play—right now, and perhaps I'll finish it while I'm away."

"The play is, of course, a drama," I volunteered.

"Yes, of course, and I'm writing it in collaboration with Daniel Carson Goodman. You know him, don't you? He wrote 'Hagar Revelly.'"

Remembering the novel that made so great a stir on its publication, and being much impressed at meeting the man's dramatic collaborator, I asked whether Miss Rubens contemplated following the example set by Theda Bara, and deserting the screen for the stage.

"I am going on the stage," Miss Rubens answered, "and I shall act for the camera at the same time, but I shall not play any part in any play hereafter that does not appear to me to be really worth something. Four years of screen work have finally succeeded in causing me to equip myself with a hand-made philosophy: 'If you can't

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She has the look of the thoroughbred, perhaps more continental in her finish and poise than the average American girl of her age; and her conversation is a refreshing mixture of naivety and book sophistication.

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do something worth while—stop.' I shall never play in another moving picture or go on the stage until I find a play that seems to me to have in it the elements of bigness—of greatness. In my last picture, 'The World and His Wife,' a translation from the Spanish masterpiece of Echegaray, 'El Gran Galeoto,' I felt that I was appearing in something of which I need never be ashamed—that I was interpreting a person who really mattered. Acting at its best is only the interpretation of another man's creation, and it seems to me that the whole thing is scarcely worth while unless the interpretation is of a character that at least rises above the mediocre. I can't do good work unless I like the story and I like the part. In 'Humoresque,' a picture I played in just before my latest release, for instance, I must admit that I do not like the way I played the part of the heroine." (In this Miss Rubens probably stands alone.) The trouble was that I didn't like the part, and, hard as I tried to interpret it as its author meant it to be, my heart wasn't in it."
IT was just eight o'clock when the youngest member of the scenario department breezed into the Christie Studio. As he passed the exchange department he caught a glimpse of "Steve" who was already settled at his desk with his sleeves rolled up ready to send out another batch of Film Follies Beauty Photos.

"Whassa matter, Bug?" Steve called, pretending to be surprised at the early hour. "Sick or somethin'?"

The Bug stopped and, putting one foot inside the office, leaned against the door-frame and began to tap a cigarette against the back of his hand. It was plain to see that he was in a very amiable frame of mind.

"Bug nuthin'," he said as he lit a match. "Look me over once. I'm a livin', walkin' germ, yessir, the germ of an idea for the best two-reel Christie Comedy that's ever been turned out. Yessir, boy, this here comedy I'm alludin' to starts out with a bang and—"

"Well, don't practice it on me," Steve growled a bit testily and made a movement that would indicate he had loads of work to do. "Tell it to Al Christie, he's the man."

"You said it, boy—that's why I'm here so early. I'm going to grab that bird the minute he sets foot in the studio. I'll let him see that there's one scenario hound on this lot that does things with a bang and—what'rya laughin' at?"

"You're just about an hour late to catch Al coming in. You'll find him over in the cutting room."

"How cum? I heard him call his company last night for nine o'clock this morning. Well, anyway, I think I'll run over and tell this story to him while he's tearing up film. S'long."

The latest addition to the editorial department picked his way jauntily through a maze of sets on stage one, passed through the cavern-like dark stage and down a boardwalk that gave entrance to the dressing rooms of the extra girls and arrived at the door to the cutting room. Al Christie was there again. I'm a livin', walkin' germ, yessir, the germ of an idea for Fay Tincher. Opens up with—"

He was cut short by Christie snapping at Jimmie, his assistant.

"Where's that insert I told you to have made of the new James?"

"I'm lookin' for it, Mr. Christie, but I don't see it."

"Well, look some more, darling—you're holding up production. Yes, John, go on. You open up with—"

"You open up with Fay as a clerk in—"
had been left just outside of the set sat a number of the actors, made-up and ready. The Bug took a seat among them.

"Did you write this story?" Harry Gibbon, who was playing the feature part, asked.

"No. Frank Conklin wrote it." The Bug replied with a tired look. "What was coming if he said yes."

"I'd like to find out something of what it's about—nothing seems to know except Al and you can't get near him long enough to find out the title."

"You'll find out what it's about soon enough" the Bug replied. "Besides, if we told you all about it now you wouldn't enjoy it at all when you take your friends down to the theater to see it, he added.

"Can the satire," Gibbon said, and then, "Say, did you hear about Gus Leonard? He bought a bus yesterday and ran it all the way home on the starting motor."

A general laugh greeted this. "I'll bet he was afraid all the time he'd get pinched for speeding," somebody chimed in.

Half an hour passed and suddenly everyone was aroused from his lethargy by sound of Al Christie's brisk walk. He came to the center of the set and clapped his hands. Immediately everyone was on his feet and attentive.

"Well start with a long shot, Nagy," the boss announced. "Girls have you got your dance ready? All right let me see it."

The music started and the girls made their entrance on the little stage doing a chorus step. The scene was a big stag party in the room of one of the wealthy clubman and everything was supposed to go off like it would in a regular cabaret, only more so.

To an outsider the action would have seemed to be perfect but Christie's keen eye saw a hundred things that had to be remedied and for a while he was a perfect volcano of rapid-fire instructions. Eventually he was pleased, however, before the take he sent some of the girls to their dressing rooms to tidy up their make-ups. He saw the Bug sitting by and looking a bit glum and went over to him.

"Well, John, where do you go after you leave the undertaking parlor?"

"I didn't say anything about an undertaking parlor," the Bug said sourly. "We open up in a cleaning and dyeing shop. Fay is the clerk and in comes—"

"Charlie Christie bustled up with a quick, jerky step that resembled his brother's."

"Say, Al, just got a telegram from Ruth Allen and she says they want 3000 dollars for "Going Up." I think we ought to—" and they were off on a long and earnest discussion of prices and showman angles that ended when everything was ready for the taking of the scene. The Bug sat around for a while and then catching sight of Scott Darling, the scenario editor, he dragged him off across the street and bought him a Cola soda and poured out his tale of woe.

"What do you suppose Al is doing—kidding me?" he began, "I've been trying to tell him a corking good story all morning and ever since I get started he walks away from me. Now, you know, I get down here at eight o'clock all full of pep, ready to go to work on the continuity, if the story is O.K. and here it is ten o'clock and I haven't had ten words with him."

"Why don't you put it on paper and hand it to him?" Scott interrupted.

"Gee, we never did that over at Sennett's," the Bug complained. "It's real labor for me when it comes to pounding a typewriter. I use the pick and choose system and I'd be here until midnight. It would only take me fifteen minutes if I could get his attention to tell it to him."

"Well maybe you can get hold of him at lunch time."

Scott replied and they started back to the studio.

Long before they reached the stage they heard Al's voice. Evidently the work was not progressing favorably, for he was raising the devil about something. Just as they came onto the set he threw his brand new straw hat on the floor and jumped on it.

"There goes another five-dollar straw" Scott said. "You had better not try to see him until after he is entirely through with this set. He's got another bunch of extras to work with and they always get his goat."

The Bug watched the scene for a while and soon saw the window off the set. The boss had worked himself up to a certain pitch where it was unsafe for anybody, regardless of who he was, to interrupt him. He decided to wait and catch him at the noon hour after he had had time to cool down a bit.

But at lunch time Scott Sidney grabbed him and began to cry into his soup about the trouble he was having with his five-reel meller drama. The result was that they hurried back from Frank's to spend the rest of the noon-hour in the projecting room, and when they came out Al was saying "I don't give a continental dang—take it all over again!"

"But Al, for the love of Mike!" Scott protested.

But the Bug had heard enough. He groaned inwardly and went up to his cubbyhole of an office to smoke Fatimas and see if he could think of a way to strengthen his story. He knew it would be impossible to get his boss's ear until after five o'clock now.

At half past five Christie quit work and went to his office. He was immediately besieged by Porter, the Vice-President, Harry Edwards, manager of production, and a few others whose business must come up before a mere story. At last they were all gone and Christie had just taken his chair when the Bug poked his head in the door and grinned.

Al looked at him with a humorous twinkle in his eye and said:

"Have you written any more scenes in the undertaking parlor, Bug? he asked.

"Now, seriously, Mr. Christie," the Bug replied. "I realize that a cleaning and dyeing establishment is a very interesting background but it just simply is the story there. I want Fay to borrow a dress that some woman has left to be cleaned to go to the firemen's ball and when she gets there she meets the woman that owns the dress and the woman recognizes it—"

"Go ahead," said Mr. Christie, as the Bug began upon an attempt to ascertain the boss's reaction to his latest wonder-story. But not a sign from Mr. Christie!

"Then I've got an unique fight with a different kind of chase in it. That's where you have a chance to bring in the Filmfolies Beauties. You see—"

The Bug saw that his auditor was gazing at the ceiling and counting on his fingers as though trying to recall some date. He stopped and waited for some sign from the boss. It's discouraging, Mr. Christie mused, "No, by golly we haven't used that plot for three years and last time it was a male lead."

The Bug's heart sank but the boss rumbled on.

"Yes sir, I remember now—it made a good two weeks. Get Stevie to give you a copy of "A Suit for Suitors" and see if you can put something new and novel in it. Yes sir, m'boy, it ought to make a good story for Fay with a fresh mind on it and a female lead—always was good—I've used it four times."

October, 1920
Foreman Forman

Tom has promoted himself to boss of a gang of actors

By GLADYS FLETCHER

"I long had thought of making the change. Early experience that I had as a director was satisfying, and then when I assisted George Melford in directing 'The Round-Up' I knew that I wanted to be a director.

"I felt that a greater opportunity lay in directing. First, there is no time limit for a director. The older he gets, the better he gets—unless, of course, he loses his initiative and his punch! As for the actor, even if he gets to be a star, he can be a star for only a limited number of years. His big years are numbered.

"The field of the actor is more limited, too. I decided it was wise to enter the field that had fewer limitations—the field where, I felt, the opportunity was greater.

"When I made the change, I felt sure it was the proper time to change. You know, I was in the army for a year and a half. When I came back I thought that somehow or other everybody had forgotten me. So why work and try to gain a following as an actor and then change later? That was why I thought the time to take a plunge had come."

Since making the change, Forman has directed Ethel Clayton in two pictures. The first was "The Ladder of Lies" and the second an adaptation of Cynthia Stockley's story, "Rosanne Ozanne." In these two pictures he has proved his worth as a director—so much so that in time his admirers may forgive him for his decision to quit acting to handle the megaphone.

Although the average actor has the aim of directorship in mind from the day he enters the silent drama, Mr. Forman is perhaps the youngest of the recruits from before the camera to occupy a seat behind it. He brings therefore to directing a fresher point of view than the average graduate of the screen, who has been steeped in the older traditions. Mr. Forman may be expected to reveal this youthfulness of attitude in his coming pictures.

That his youth is up to a high place in the ranks of directors is shown by the reception which critics and fans offered, "The Ladder of Lies." That picture was one of the best of the recent pictures of Ethel Clayton, marking even a new step forward for this popular star.
EDITH ROBERTS

Who has recently completed
"The Adorable Savage"
An aureole of light falls on the cold, classic beauty of Alice Joyce, throwing into relief the arched brows, the deep eyes, the straightly chiseled nose of the star as she ascends into her boudoir...
Where we find her pondering over the problems of her picture play, in mock seriousness, each detail harmonizing, as in a master's work of art.
ROBERT GORDON

One of the most promising of the screen's younger male stars. It's not hard to understand why Bob is the "him" in "Three Women Loved Him," a Cayuga Film Company's first production.
TOM-BOY HELEN

By REGINA B. KRUH

WHEN you first meet Helen Ferguson you think of heroines, fairy princesses, and "once-upon-a-time stories." She is the sort of girl you associate with romances and happy endings! There is something ethereal about her, a suggestion of dreaminess—you read it in her clear, brown eyes, in the wistfulness of reverie about her—and yet she is always smiling, a rollicking tom-boy, bubbling over with witty, enthusiastic remarks.

Miss Ferguson is just nineteen. Her studio experiences have in no way warped nor spoiled her, nor has her success caused her to lose her sense of proper perspective. Though she played truant from school to follow the lead of her cherished ambitions, she has realized always that an artist cannot make the most of herself without education, and so she has given her spare moments to study. She has developed, too, a talent for drawing that has led to her creation of unique futurist posters of a surprising originality and charm.

Simplicity and naturalness are her biggest assets. She is herself at all times. Young, vivid, high-spirited, she has a knack of seeing the funny side of things—and yet she is a thorough-going, serious little person when it comes to the actual work in hand. Many a girl, living and growing in the atmosphere of artificiality that studio life creates, would have become a smart, sophisticated, affected type of girl that often enough the "movies" and the theatres, too, produce. However, Miss Ferguson has kept her eyes on those who have preceded her to fame and fortune, and she has had the good sense to recognize that the real artist is not essentially eccentric, and that the woman who forges ahead and wins the hearts of her audiences by appealing to their intelligence is the woman who is direct and spontaneous and free from those mannerisms that are so unbecoming to the girl who tries to be something that she is not.

Born in the Middle West, Miss Ferguson has been in the East ever since she was a child. However, she left for California some months ago and has just purchased a dear little bungalow in Hollywood, where she lives very unostentatiously with her mother. Someone has said that somewhere in the background every moving-picture star has a mother who is her maid, or business manager, or companion. Helen Ferguson's mother is just like the mother of ordinary girls; she is proud of her talented daughter, but she is anxious that that daughter shall have the loving home care that will build up the foundations of the future moral strength that a woman in professional life is sure to need. She watches over Helen with tender care; she makes their home an attractive one, and has succeeded in keeping her daughter interested in the things that make up their quiet and well-ordered life.

Speaking of her home she says—and nothing could give a better insight into her naive way of expressing herself:

"Home means so much to me because it is a place where you can truly be yourself at all times. There is no pose, no pretense, none of the artificiality that is always more or less evident on the outside. Home is a place where you find rest and peace—the place that you always leave with a little pang of regret—the place you look to for succor from life's unrest, and, in a word, it's the place that brings a little song to your heart."

And there is always a song in the heart of Helen Ferguson, she breathes it wherever she goes. It follows her like a shadow and makes a place for itself in the hearts of her friends; it's a song which you hear in a subconscious way, but which lifts you up and makes you take a new interest in things. It is buoyant and contagious—it is the very soul of Helen Ferguson.

For few women working in the pictures does the future spread itself more invitingly than for Helen Ferguson. She did the hard part of her work when she was young enough to take it in good spirits and make the best of the worst of it. At nineteen she is in demand for important parts; at nineteen she becomes the colleague of some of the very best representatives of the profession. She has still years ahead of her, and, level-headed and sincere as she is, she will forge to the top ranks of eminence. She will keep on doing worth-while things and the latent depths of her will be swelling to a full tide.

Wholesome in her outlook, frankly liking the clean things of her profession, and as frankly rejecting the shallows and shams, she aims to become an artist who will lighten the burdens of the everyday, and so give the world the smiles which are so precious because in the very nature of them they approach so dangerously near to tears.

Tenderness, womanliness, and spontaneity are the secret of the charm of Helen Ferguson, this tom-boy fairy princess of the screen.

A talent for drawing that has led to her creation of futurist posters of originality and charm
Ethel Clayton and a little bit of old China

CATHAY COMES TO HOLLYWOOD

Age-Old China Defies Tradition and
Meets the Buoyant West in Picturedom

By ADAM HULL SHIRK

ALL traditions go by the board when motion pictures are made. East meets west and the lion rests contentedly beside the lamb. Thus it is no surprise to find a corner of Cathay in Hollywood and to encounter as representative a crowd of Orientals amid the orange blossoms of California as one could wish to meet along the banks of the Yang-tse.

Recently Ethel Clayton made a picture called “Crooked Streets,” which Paul Powell directed. Much of it is laid in Shanghai and its environs. So it was necessary to transplant some of the ancient atmosphere of the Celestial City to the studio. Atmosphere is not used advisedly, however. The only real reminiscent odor was when a very aged Chinese lady got a pipe going that savored the haunts of the dream-dwellers of the Flowery Kingdom or the insidious depths of Limestone.

A quaint bit of the native quarter of the city was erected on the banks of the studio tank, which on its placid surface upheld sundry junks and small craft, while above were reared strange barbaric dwellings from which flapped banners bearing strange characters. This little quay was peopled with coolies, dignitaries, and alien sailors, and there occurred some of the sensational scenes of the picture story, which was adapted from a short story by Samuel Merwin, “Dinner at Eight.”

Another scene represented a busy street in the semi-Europeanized section of Shanghai, where rickshaws vied with motors and strange and quaintly picturesque men, women, and children of the almond-eyed races mingled with gaily dressed tourists, soldiers, etc.

Where they got their props, their extra people, etc., could be gleaned from no one but those energetic and infaillible workers who are attached to the staff of every studio—prop men, scene designers, casting directors, and others. But they got them. One would never have imagined there were so many rickshaws in America, and they were all genuine, too. Nor could one dream that such types existed as were dragged from Heaven alone knows what strange byways to act before the camera.

The Chinese gutturals were heard on every side; queer groups of old and young Orientals played games or chatted or smoked long pipes on every hand. Even the blasé studio folk watched with undisguised interest.

And through it all the charming Miss Clayton moved undismayed—for China is no mystery to her. She has been there, and loves it for its picturesqueness and its ancient traditions. But, then, she is a student, as well as an incomparable actress and always finds much to interest her in the unusual or the strange.

On the screen the illusion will be perfect; you will be transplanted to China—nothing less. And you will actually smell the odor of yen-shee, and hear the sing-song conversation of the disciples of Confucius, and you will find it, perhaps, sufficient, particularly if you be one of those who believe with the poet

“Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.”
As Miss Clayton remarks: "I feel as if this picture might with justice have called this 'The Charmed Life of Ethel Clayton.'"

As a matter of fact, her experiences in the Orient were thrilling enough as the country was more or less disturbed, and the producers considerably worried when the star failed to put in an appearance last year on schedule time. Work was awaiting her. She did not arrive on the steamer from her vacation, which she had elected to spend amid the flowers and picturesque scenes of Japan, Corea, and China.

When she did finally come home—on a later steamer—she was welcomed with open arms and at once renewed her activities for the screen. Several pictures intervened and then came "crooked streets."

Not the wharves of Shanghai, but a studio set taken in the tank of the Lasky Studio in Hollywood

rescue, as a true "movie" hero should, and invariably does.

The street scenes in Shanghai were fashioned after the life, particularly those on the banks of a river, with quaint native houses and small craft, flaunting banners with strange inscriptions and throngs of coolies and alien sailors about this waterfront location.

In other scenes showing the Europeanized districts of the city the extra people numbered several hundred—many of them Chinese—until the studio began to assume a decidedly exotic atmosphere, which was increased by the smoke from numerous odoriferous pipes puffed by the orientals at every opportunity. While the Americanized Chinese played ball between shots on the open stages, the elders smoked or conversed fluently in their sing song tongue, and still more patriarchal men and women, wrinkled like parchment, sat and blinked at the sun and dreamed no doubt of distant rice fields and the soft strains of the samyen as ancient memories crowded into the busy present.

"No prohibition here," reads the conglomeration of fantastic letters on this Chinese sign, near which Ethel Clayton is standing

And, as she observes, "I felt as if I were back in China and that a bandit might be peeping from behind every studio set was not difficult to imagine." This was particularly so because of the graphic quality of the settings. As an example of how genuine in appearance were these scenes it may be cited that among them were several that had actually been taken in the Orient. On the screen even studio experts could not tell one from the other.

In the picture, Miss Clayton is almost kidnapped by some minions of a mandarin who has seen the beauty of the stranger and try to capture her. Of course, they are foiled and the hero effects her
DON ADONIS
A Peep Into Tony Moreno's Album
By CONSTANCE LITTLE

In your rambles through mythology you no doubt have met Proteus, the sea god, who would assume different forms in order to escape prophesying.

I met him recently on the Vitagraph lot. The purpose of my visit was to chat with Antonio Moreno about—well, everything—singing, serials, his romances on screen and off, and the possibility of his doing a picture in Spain with King Alfonso himself playing atmosphere.

Tony is nice to meet. He has an ardent Spanish way of concentrating upon you that makes you feel you have the "lure" and makes you recall it is leap year.

He was looking unusually healthy—a bronze god with just enough flush in his cheeks to signify he is of flesh rather than metal.

"Will you wait in my office while I put on my make-up? I will be only a moment—I promise you."

He hounded from view into his dressing compartment while I settled down in a large chair before a window of his office. The room is a compromise of artistry and efficiency. There are rose and blue draperies fluttering at the open casements, some paintings on the walls, a few signed portraits of beautiful women, several pen sketches of Tony. There, too, was a roll-top desk, a cabinet overflowing with letters, stacks of photomailers and pictures, and a secretary busily enclosing photographs which the star had signed that morning for his admirers in Newport, Samoa, Buenos Aires, Shanghai, Paris and ravished Armenia.

I didn't know how long I was lost in a dreamy contemplation of the view from the Moreno office windows—a tropic scene of California hills—jade green set in poppy gold—arising behind the Japanese temple, Spanish missions and Turkish kiosks.

My reverie was cut by the entrance of an old gentleman. He had white hair, slenk white goatee and moustache, slightly stooped shoulders. I had never seen him before—yes, I had—for those burning black eyes with Mephistophelian glints belong to only one. It was Moreno.

"You—why? Character work?"

I expostulated.

"Yes," he replied, affecting a tremolo. "I am getting along, you know—can't always stay young."

Then he laughed, and the boyish laugh and bright teeth were antithetes to the illusion of gray hair and wrinkles.

"I am playing different characters in the new serial," he explained. "That is, I disguise myself. I did the same thing in my last, 'The Invisible Hand.' I like it. It's easy to play characters in serials for real acting. I have determined to make chances. I love to play characters—really transfer myself to someone else—play all the ages of man, you know. The handsome hero—he's disgusting, too!—or the simpering ingénue. Thank the Lord, producers are learning the public wants something besides plucked eyebrows and No. 3 rouge lips."

This sudden condemnation of
nured. “But when are you going to give us a complete-one-evening entertainment—a feature, so called?”

"After this serial," he replied promptly. “I expect to make a special production dealing with Spanish and American life. It is my ambition to show Spain and Spanish people as they are. America doesn't know Spain—the beautiful traditions, the poetic ideals, the fine passion and romance of Spaniards. I expect to go to Spain with a cameraman, a director and two or three players to film that part of the story which pertains to the country in the real locale. I am promised the co-operation of prominent Spaniards.”

I tried to verify, without success, a story I once heard to the effect that Tony has a regular correspondence with certain of the European nobility. He evaded by saying he didn't write many letters—and only to his friends. He is the idol of Spain and the Spanish-speaking countries of Mexico, Central America and South America. There his serials are not advertised by their titles, but as "The Adventures of Moreno." I saw copies of newspapers from Mexico City. Virtually every theater featured the "Adventures."

"I like serials," Tony said earnestly. "I don't want to play in them forever, of course, because they do not offer as much chance for real characterization as condensed dramas. On the other hand, they have a cosmopolitan following that feature pictures do not. Because their action is physical—you know," he gripped his fists and made an energetic thrust to signify the "punch." "They are understood by people everywhere. A feature picture with phases of life which are understood only in America or some countries of Europe. They deal with politics, labor and capital, marriage relations. And what do such subjects mean to Spain or Japan or to polygamous East Indians? Yet these people understand serials. I know by the number of letters I receive that I have many more friends now than I had when I appeared in feature pictures. Just the same—for my personal satisfaction—I want to play in all sorts of pictures and all sorts of characters.”

Tony is a curious blend of the old world and the new, of the cavalier and the modern man, of romanticist and practical worker. The United States Government had little trouble in persuading Tony not to board. He looks upon money as something to be circulated, the faster the better. He has no ambition for wealth, but he has for success, which, as he argues, is not to be judged by bank accounts. At times he is naive and tender as a child, again he is as

resolve and tempestuous as his soldier ancestors of Spain.

“I am always bursting out in a second with what I happen to think and then spending long hours regretting it all,” he said dolefully. “Really, it is terrible the things I say sometimes.” He told me of such an incident that had transpired that morning. An advertising solicitor of a local paper had called to sell Tony a hundred-dollar cover. Tony knew the advertising was not worth the money. He exploded.

“I said terrible things,” he remarked penitently. “I called the fellow a blackmailer, a grafter—and a lot of things I can't repeat. And then—he shrugged his shoulders—'I bought the cover. What else could I do to make amends for insulting him?”

The incident is the key to the character of this fiery, sympathetic, mercurial and lovable young Spaniard—this Adonis who would play Proteus.

When Don Adonis finally does go to Spain to produce his own pictures, he will be taking a step in a new direction in films. The international picture has yet to be made, and it is Tony Moreno's ambition to be the pioneer in that field. Tony is thoroughly American, but he cannot help feeling some kinship for the mother country.

“Spanish motion pictures never come to America, and although American pictures are shown all over Spain and the Spanish-speaking countries, they do not reflect the traits in American life for the Spanish people. The motion picture ought to be a medium of intercourse between nations. Pictures showing the national characteristics of Spain, created in the American fashion, with the art and efficiency of American directors behind them, should bring to Americans a true perspective of life in Europe.

“I think there should be a nucleus of American players in such a picture, so as to establish the sort of acting to which American audiences are accustomed. But the locale must be fixed as in real life, or the pictures won't get over.”

As for character parts versus the leading man, Tony believes that the dominating rôle in any picture is the rôle which counts, and not the so-called lead. “The leading man in the average production gets the highest salary, which is the reason that young and good-looking actors prefer to stick to leads. But 'trouping' is more often required in the more difficult heavy parts. One has a chance to step out of one's own skin in a character rôle, to become someone else for the time. It is fascinating, far more fascinating than merely playing in pictures.”
THE famous man who several centuries ago said, "Give me liberty or give me death," gave a pre-release of what I would like to shout from the top of the Woolworth Tower.

I want freedom in clothes. Freedom for all women—from the shackled and docile fashion mannikins to scrubwomen and laundresses.

Freedom from tight skirts that trip one as she crawls; from binding sleeves that restrict the graceful and comfortable movements of the arms; from stabbing stays; from toothpick heels that make one look—and feel—as though she walks on stilts.

Freedom from uninteresting navy blues and murky browns.

Perhaps it ought to be said in a whisper, but my greatest delight is to come home after a hard day's work in the studio, throw off my clothes and climb into trousers, regular trousers. I always wear them in the house instead of negligees, and it certainly is a delight to get all comfy on a chaise lounge and tuck one's feet under one without folding some old lace or ribbons.

They are real Chinese affairs, with which are worn little coatties in satins, brocades, gold cloth and all colors. I must admit I would like to wear them on the street.

Since I have what is called a "boyish" figure, I would never think of daring such a waistline, because I haven't a "normal" one. I like to shift the line a few inches below that generally accepted point and put on a loose belt or sash.

This "normal" waistline is reached at its worst in an inside blouse and skirt. It is trying to wear this and still look small-hipped, supple and slim. And what is more objectionable and disconcerting than a blouse's "tail" eternally creeping out of a woman's skirt—and at such inopportune moments! This season the over-bouse is quite in vogue, and I hope to see lots of women go in for it. If only they would be convinced how much more graceful their lines are; still more, realize how much more comfortable they feel, and vow, solemnly, to ever and hereafter have one of these blouses in their wardrobe.

The tendency toward sleeves on the kimono plan, especially the short ones, is so sensible. There's no doubt that they are a blessing for girls who work in offices and always have to put false cuffs on their long, tight sleeves, which hinder them in free movements at their typewriters or filing cabinets. I always have my sleeves fashioned on the kimono style, putting in little variations in the way of net undersleeves and lace.

There's a volume to be said about blondes and colors. A lot of them go through life wishing and wishing that they were as fortunate as brunettes and could wear any color they pleased. What they ought to do is get a frock of each desired color and see how becoming it would be to them. Blondes can wear nearly every color—especially those blondes with very white skin, and the blondes that don't have white skin are so rare they aren't worth considering.

White is my favorite color—without the slightest touch of color. Somehow, white seems to bring out all of the real essence of a blonde person, just like purple shows off to best advantage a brunette. I know that most blondes think they should have a tiny bit of color with an all-white frock, but, in my opinion, there is no need for it.

I love colors and wear them to my heart's delight. I hate absolutely hate—navy blue. Where other women put navy blue in their wardrobe I hang blacks. When I wear black, I always have a bit of color about me, such a beaded bag. Yes, even on my feet. I love those yellow-reds so much, especially if I need something to cheer me up. American beauty is not becoming to me. Neither is purple. I don't like color that has a bearing on them. But, I reiterate, blondes can wear nearly all colors.

Women look best in sport clothes and their variations and summer frocks. Of course, no universal style can be set for them, but they must be made to suit individual needs. Personally, my summer wardrobe always includes some skirts of bridal satin, which I love, and with which I wear cute coatties of different colored silks and velvets. I don't vary my summer costumes so very much, as there are certain styles and materials that always convey summer to me. I always have a number of chiffons with hand-painted flowers on them, which are made loose and cool. There's a white chiffon in my frocks this summer that has orange and blue wool embroidery on it—on the bottom of the skirt and on the front of the waist. With it I wear a big hat with wool flowers.

There is also an adorable gingham and velvet suit, made on the Eton style, which, I understand, has been associated with me. The skirt is green plaid gingham and cuffs and collar are of the same material. The coat is green velvet. I think it is a cute costume.

But if I had my choice, I'd not write of dresses at all. Dresses have grace, beauty of line, and are characteristically feminine. And they have their place, at formal affairs, at theatres, and similar occasions. But if I were head of the Dressmakers' Soviet, and a decree of mine could change the styles, I would decree trousers. Not the stiff, old trousers that men wear, but roomy trousers, in varicolored, ending just above the knees, with perhaps a bloomer effect. And women would have more genuine freedom than the vote would give them—they would have freedom of the knees!
Pauline Frederick shows a smart riding habit of black broadcloth. The coat is a three-button single-breasted model with a flare skirt, and the hat of black pineapple straw with a lacquered ribbon.

Hope Hampton's newest dance frock of peach colored brocaded silk is reminiscent of the modes of the Colonial Dames of old with its tight-fitting bodice and its simple gathered skirt.
Real humor always has a background of serious, earnest pathos—that is why the sub-deb appealed to us; her troubles made us laugh when she overcame them. And here is an earnest youth named Tom Douglas who plays the shy lover of Dorothy Gish in "A Cynic Effort." Entrusting so important a role to a screen beginner—and then having him show that he deserved this trust—is another indication of the uncanny Griffith faculty to discover juvenile talent. And Douglas will be seen in many of this master's productions!
FATTY'S FLIVVERS

"Y"OU can't break 'em, they'll go anywhere—end, best of all, they're always good for a laugh. A comedy without a Ford would be like cider minus the raisin."

Roscoe Fatty Arbuckle is a great booster of the flivver as one of the most reliable assets of film comedy.

"In the old two-reel days," says the round fun-maker, "we used to say, 'When in doubt—stick in a Ford.' Everybody knows the little stub-nosed plugger, and nine people out of ten have had more or less funny experiences with flivvers that are recalled to their minds when they see a Ford on the screen.

"The Ford is really the comedian among cars. It's so rough and ready that, like a good-humored man, you feel you can take liberties with it that you wouldn't think of in connection with some carefully polished, dignified-looking car of six or eight cylinders."

"And, believe me," said Arbuckle, laughing, "in my time the old flivver has done everything but jump through a hoop and roll over. I've run them into telephone poles and over embankments—and the old engine still purred along! In 'The Garage,' especially, I tested the car to the limit. I'm not much of a mechanic—but when the script said, 'Tear the car to pieces'—I did it. And then I put it together again. No one was more surprised than myself when the reconstructed affair actually ran!"

"Seriously speaking," continued the comedian, "I have the greatest possible admiration for the Ford. A car that will stand the knocking it has and does is the poor man's friend. A cat may have nine lives, but a Ford has twenty. Believe me, I know!"

Mr. Arbuckle halted scenes in "The Round-Up," which he is filming for Famous Players-Lasky, long enough to inspect one of the old flivvers which he used in the comedy days.

"It's sure been over the bumps," said Fatty, as he compared the battered wreck with one of the new series Fords brought out by a representative of the branch, "but it still goes."

When Fatty goes ariding in his own particular touring car, however, the studio sits up and takes notice. Fatty is a connoisseur of automobiles. He says he gets enough of Fords around the lot to last him all day, and he has at various times floated around Los Angeles and its environs—meaning Hollywood—in Mercers, Rolls-Royces, Packards, and Simplexes. Unlike his speedy friend, Wally Reid, who has a reputation for being the speed king of the western world, Fatty is a careful driver. It is estimated that Wally has decapitated at least seven hundred and forty-two chickens per annum since he arrived at the west coast, a smiling clean-cut lad. Fatty's record goes to cows, of which there are only a few on Hollywood Boulevard, most of them being confined to cow garages in back of the various studios, to be brought forth whenever anyone starts filming something like "The Old Homestead," or "Homespun Folks."

It is a fact, however, that Fatty, whether because of his ponderous bulk, which precludes any rapid locomotion on foot, or because he simply has a speed bug, is one of the crackliest of the crack motor drivers of the coast. He declares he could easily get a job as an automobile racer should the screen producers ever decide to boycott him. As a mechanic, too, he is a bird, having once assembled a Ford in twenty-two minutes, using only one hand, the other being tied behind his back.

Seriously, however, it is to be doubted whether anything in this story is true, for it is hard to conceive how Fatty could squeeze himself into the average Ford, much less drive it. The pictures show Fatty as far away from the Ford as the hood, and the illustration at the head of the page, Fatty's own car, is built for capacity, as well as speed.
THE SCREEN-GOER

JUSTIFICATION for the attitude of those who have undertaken the defense of the screen against the attacks of deprecators is coming daily to the public notice in the form of photoplays which rise far above the level of the tawdry, mediocre productions of former years. This summer has witnessed revolutionary attempts to establish the photoplay as a new, wholly independent art, able to stand alongside the Theatricals. "The Devil's Pass Key," "Something to Think About," give the lie to those who declare that the aim of the average producer is nothing more than a program filler, a hodge-podge of flashy scenes, puerile acting and impossible plots.

THE PENALTY

"The Penalty," adapted by Goldwyn from the Governor Morris novel of the same name, undoubtedly is the foremost picture of the month, if not of the present year. Seven reels in length, it holds the interest throughout, contains several clearly etched character studies, a broad theme skilfully handled, much extraordinary character acting, and an ending which is fully in keeping with the theme.

The Penalty tells the story of a crippled boy, who was unfortunatly stricken in his childhood in a needless operation. The crippled child, further handicapped by a congenital deformity of the feet, excels himself as the crippled Blizzard. Mr. Chaney's make-up includes the apparent amputation of his legs, accomplished by straplings his feet and calves hanging there, the knees covered by a leather cap. Mr. Chaney's faultless realistic portrayal of the baffled, half-blind criminal is unforgettable because of its detail.

At no moment in the seven reels has the director, Wallace Worsley, lost sight of the passionate intensity of the struggle within the soul of his demonic hero, the man who uses his will, his intellect and his strength persistently.

Nora has Mr. Chaney lapsed for a moment from the role of the crafty, brilliant, yet misanthropic, Barbara Condon. The entire cast has been chosen with an eye to realism. Claire Adams as the daughter, Kenneth Harlan as her fiancé, Charles Clay as the doctor, each admirably supplement Mr. Chaney's work in their scenes with him. Ethel Grey Terry as the post, the service operative who succumbs to the fascination of Blizzard's spell, contributes notably to the production.

The public is bound to respond to the appeal of "The Penalty." It is a rarely sincere and intense photoplay.

"SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT"

PARAGRAM

Cecil B. DeMille's latest creation, "Something to Think About," will be another sure-fire success. Indeed, it is one of the sure-fire situations of the old-time story of the girl who runs away with the wrong guy. But it is lifted far above the usual treatment top of each other in succession with such rapidity that the spectator cannot help feel somewhat bewildered. That is the mother with earnest faith in her God, the atheist son, the weak girl who picks the wrong man, the good wife whose noble sacrifice, and the gentle, kind, loving husband on the eve of the birth of a child, the father who curses God and is stricken with his own curse, the prayer that brings peace into its own and incidentally causes the crippled hero to throw away his crutches, and many, many more situations of a similar sort.

Directed poorly, this story might have been a miserable failure, but it has profited by extremely able direction and excellent playing throughout. Gloria Swanson as the heroine gives the broadest characterization of her screen career, Theodore Roberts as the faith-father adds another notable portrait to his collection. Elliott Dexter, returning to the screen after a year's absence, is as able as the hero, and Monte Blue in a juvenile role is more than pleasing.

DeMille certainly has discovered what the public wants. The photoplay is replete with subtleties based on biblical homilies, proverbs and truisms such as strike home to all complacent folks. He has missed fire in just one respect. At one point in this picture, when the heroine, buffeted by fate, driven into the street by the sin of his broken faith, about to commit suicide, the hero walks in unannounced, in the good old fashioned way, and saves her by the exhibition of the protection of his name. Had DeMille chosen the tragic ending in this instance, he had allowed the heroine to go to the death which had been prepared for her by every turn and twist of the plot. He would have asthmaed the theatrical world with a picture artistically and dramatically so well rounded that it would have been termed as near perfection as motion pictures can be.

DeMille is a master in all he does. He dragged the picture through another reel, gave opportunity to the hero to weaken in his hatred, for the woman he had so cruelly betrayed him, and finally worked for a reconciliation through the power of faith. DeMille permeates the scenery, the acting, and the whole production so subtly and effectively that pictures in which the heroine is the hero of the picture will be so well cast and directed that the hero will be common and the story pass for an Elinor Glyn's. The "Pass Key" will lack not only that something which would make them masterpieces.

THE DEVIL'S PASS KEY

PARAGRAM

Erich Von Stroheim's second picture, "The Devil's Pass Key," is a story of Parisian high life. The director of "Blind Husbands" has not yet reached his heights, but he is by far the most interesting talkie. The present production is strictly a movie; it makes no new pretensions as to plot, but in cinematic construction it is a novel, unique and characteristic. Most of the scenes were taken in Paris. They have the same feeling of realism and practical drama. Actually the entire cast has caught the spirit of the boulevards, the Bois and the Rue de la Paix, where much of the action is supposed to have taken place.

The photography has several new effects which are striking, including a new use of soft focus in semi-close-ups. The direction is faultless. As far as the continuity,"Von Stroheim has aimed to paint in his story bit by bit, rather than by sweeping strokes. The picture deals with the wife of an American writer who lives in Paris, and who becomes the object of scandal because of the payment of a dress-maker's bill she has owed for months, the funds being supplied by a rich American army officer. The Paris of the 19th century and Stroheim's screen fiction has been brought to the screen for the first time by Von Stroheim.

THE PREY

(Vitagraph)

This Alice Joyce drama, made by Vitagraph, moves smoothly through four reels, and is just as much a Comes a cropper. It is the old tale of the girl who sacrifices herself to marriage with a man she does not love to save her father from financial disgrace. The picture is well directed, and nanes are extremely well cast. It is a well played melodrama which is to be applauded and which makes Miss Joyce looks as beautiful as ever and in which, direction and setting are satisfactory.

HELD BY THE ENEMY

(Paramount)

Those who recall William Gillette's play "Held by the Enemy" will welcome with the close adaptation which Donald Crisp has used for the screen rendition of this famous war drama. Mr. Crisp here plays those who are looking for a faithful portrayal of life as it was in the old South under the Yankee occupation. He plays the idealised and wholly artificial drama. Director and actors are not to blame. Mr. Crisp has staged some beautiful and some thrilling scenes. Agney Ayres as the heroine is charming, Wanda Hawleyembellishes the picture in the innumerable roles and Jack Holt and Lewis Stone are equally good as the two northern officers in the occupied southern town.

The story, however moves as if by clockwork. Twist follows twist in the good old way of the stage of 1900-1905. Furthermore, the war scenes are total stagey. The picture is on the whole interesting; nevertheless, with four such stirling players it could hard- ly be otherwise, but it makes no pretensions to a high place in the screen anthology of 1920.

THE WHITE CIRCLE

(Paramount)

Maurice Tourneur's latest production bears the name of one of the most famous of the old French prose fiction, "Treasure Island." It has many scenes of extraordinary camera beauty and a story so well adapted from the book that we are indebted to Robert Louis Stevenson's "The Pilgrim on the Links," a short story from the "New Arabian Nights" colleted by Sir Richard Burton, as motion pictures go, not only in type but in the manner of production. Thrilling adven- ture, the analysis of cowardice, and the bra-

(Continued on page 52)
Harriet Hammond is extravagant to the extent of wearing a pair of silk stockings. Don't do it again, Harriet!

Irene Tyner and Peggy Floyd demonstrating how to beat the excess baggage law

"At ease!" commands Mack Sennett—and Phyllis Harris obeys

You don't have to keep your eye peeled for Mildred June; she's doing the peeling herself
THE GREAT SCREEN SCHOOL

The ideal agency which combines education and pleasure and thus becomes a most powerful factor for the dissemination of knowledge

By MELVIN M. RIDDLE

T HE motion picture spectator says, just before departing for the theater, "I am going to the picture show." He could very truthfully express his intention in this way: "I am going to school!"
The argument has been extended that motion pictures are more potent as an educational factor than any other source of learning, because they combine pleasure and learning. The motion picture patron goes to a theater for pleasure and enjoys the pictures that he witnesses, and is therefore impressed by whatever knowledge he may gain through the program, because it is coupled with enjoyment. This is a thing that might be better handled in any other way, but it absorbs him without a certain amount of pleasure in the revelations that are being made to his mind through the printed page or the lecturer, never remembers well what he had studied.

Take, for instance, the school child who reads his history lesson with avidity or at least with a very small amount of reluctance, and finishing that, opens up his geography book with a sigh that says he is hopelessly and desperately to glean the knowledge that to him seems dry and uninteresting printed words and facts. In which lesson will he be more proficient the next day, in his class room? Which lesson will he have absorbed? The answer is obvious, and the reason is that with a study of the one was coupled a certain amount, however small, of pleasure and willingness, while the other was a mere grind—dry and uninteresting to him. A successful doctor is successful and has learned his business because he has found a certain amount of pleasure in the work of learning and practicing what he has learned. But hating law, could the doctor, by mere will and grind, become a successful lawyer?

Thus, it will be seen how, through the medium of pleasure, the motion picture spectator absorbs all the educational value that is imparted to him. The fact that he has enjoyed the pictures, and the fact that he has been taught or learned in an enjoyable way has caused what he has absorbed to remain in his mind, being a vital part and parcel of the thing which it has given him pleasure to witness.

The question naturally arises: What is taught by motion pictures? Geography, history, literature, art, human nature, are only a few of the subjects that are imparted to the mind by its every day in pictures.

The reading of books develops in one who loves to read, a greater knowledge of the English language, of its idioms, proper phraseology, sentence construction, vocabulary and grammatical structure. A process of continued repetition goes on by which he becomes in time thoroughly familiar with good English and its usage. But what about the man or woman who doesn't enjoy reading, or the working man who doesn't have time to read during the day and is too tired to read at night? He goes to a picture theater and there sees a feature production and reads, during the course of its exhibition, a hundred or more printed titles, couched in the best of language and literary style, and evolved after days of constant study and work on the part of learned writers. Who can say a person does not get real literary benefit from these gems which are well remembered by the spectator because of the enjoyment which he has gained in reading them?
The student of geography and history reads of the customs and manners of the people of other countries, ancient and modern, of their beliefs, their religious creeds, their mythical lore, long dress, methods of living. He is also engaged in principal industries, their home life, their architecture, their traits of character, and numerous other facts. But the great masses of the people gain a rough smattering of knowledge of these things in their childhood, forming their own mental pictures and ideas from the reading of text books, all of which is sooner or later either forgotten or becomes a jumbled mass in their minds. But since the inception of motion pictures, it is not only the scholar who knows and is acquainted with these facts. The ordinary working man or woman, even the children, have unconsciously gained a broad working knowledge of a great many things which they would not otherwise have acquired. And in this reference let me add:

Ask the average child what are the Bolsheviki; what kind of uniforms are worn by French, Italian or German soldiers; what sort of a looking man is Woodrow Wilson, Marshals Joffre and Foch, General Pershing or the Kaiser; how do people dress in Mexico, in South Africa, Iceland or on an Arizona cattle ranch; what kind of a place is the native quarter of Shanghai, China; how to order tea in Japan, and an endless variety of similar and varied questions, and he will answer correctly about nine out of ten questions. Why? Because he has been studying his lessons well at school? Perhaps he has, but it is a pretty safe bet that he has also been attending the neighborhood motion picture theater pretty regularly.

One has but to spend some time within a large motion picture producing plant will not readily realize the vast educational source which motion pictures, as an industry, have opened up to the people of the world.

Recently, at the Lasky studio in Hollywood, one of the largest and most representative motion picture studios, four different and widely separated sections of the globe were represented in one day by four settings in which four unit producing companies were each engaged in the making of sections of a picture. The most elaborate of these settings was an Italian villa and gardens, which covered almost the entire surface of one of the big outdoor stages, and in which scenes were being taken for William DeMille's production of Leonard Merrick's story, "Conrad in Quest of His Youth." The architecture was of beautiful Italian style, the gardens were filled with flowers and shrubs native to Italy and beautified by gorgeous fountains, long promenades and other features. The combined efforts of many different kinds of artists and artisans had been spent on this one setting.

In a corner of the same stage was a dance hall and bar-room typical of the far Canadian northwest, with the inmates appropriately clothed and every detail of atmosphere typical of such a place, and in the Boosey half of the stage, Melford's production for Paramount production of Sir Gilbert Parker's novel, "The Translation of a Savage," which bears the screen title, "Behold My Wife!" An adjoining stage was a typical Greenwich Village party, Bohemian in every respect and reflecting that element of New York society in every detail. This was for scenes in Roscoe (Patty) Arbuckle's starring vehicle, "The Life of the Party." On the exterior lot was a perfect replica of a street in the native quarter of Shanghai, China.

Here, in one day, were four distinct sections of the world and phases of human existence, perfectly depicted, and each a unit within itself. And the beauty of it all is that they were faultlessly correct and representative even to the smallest details. The spectators who will see those pictures will not be deceived or misled as to actual conditions and facts. There is at the Lasky studio, an institution known as the research department, whose special work it is to get facts and actual data on any clime, race, nation, structure, city, custom, character, or condition under the sun, ancient, medieval or modern. In this department are thousands of photographs, stereographs, reference books, etc., and when there is any question about any matter or technical detail, this department looks up the facts. The spectators of a motion picture get a visible picture instead of a mental picture, and this visible picture is true and accurate to the smallest detail. What could constitute a better or finer source of education? (Continued on page 56)
ANITA STEWART

Whose next picture is "Sowing the Wind," a stage melodrama which only the older fans will remember.
FAIRE BINNEY

Young Constance's younger sister is Thomas Meighan's leading woman in "The Frontier of the Stars"
Not For Yours Truly

By HOWARD IRVING YOUNG

Decorations by C. E. Millard

The other day Opportunity knocked at my door. The knocking was loud and insistent and disturbed me considerably. I knew very well who stood upon my threshold, and yet I was loath to leave my couch and tell the hussy to go about her business. She continued to beat a tattoo upon the panels until I arose, opened wide the window and threw a bucket of water upon her head. A most ungentlemanny trick, you say! Verily, but I'll wager she won't bother me again.

Strange conduct for a young man, I pretend to hear you exclaim. If I didn't pretend to hear you say it, I couldn't go on with my story and there are those ("Hear, hear," says the editor) who believe that my tale is unique enough to interest the many devotees of the cinema this magazine numbers among its readers. I, a mere scenario writer, was afforded the opportunity to direct one of the greatest photoplay features the silver screen will ever reflect. And I declined. It happened in this wise, as the historians say. A great director was rehearsing a great dramatic scene in a great photoplay. The scenario itself was great—I thought. I had written it and stood close by, a humble spectator, as the director urged the puppets to an inspired interpretation. Many times had the scene been rehearsed. No one was satisfied. The hour was late. Nerves were strained. The milk of human kindness was skimmed. The arms of the leading man seemed made of wood as he clasped the leading lady to his manly bosom. I snorted once. None noticed. The rehearsal went on. I snorted twice and thrice and then laughed, what I fondly fancied was a satirical laugh. The director spun around on his heel and threw his megaphone at me. I failed to stop it as it passed. "Here, you!" he shouted. "If you think you can do any better, suppose you direct this picture. You wrote this blanket, so I suppose you think you know how it ought to be done. Go to it!"

I declined the honor with cold thanks and, wrapping the shreds of my dignity about me, I stumbled over a coil of wire, ducked under a ladder, stepped on the ingénue's foot, and fell down a flight of steps as I hurried out into the night, so anxious was I to dodge the laurel wreath of director-dom. And Opportunity will never knock again.

And yet there are those among us who crave the honors. I cannot understand it. What is the urge? Money, fame, power? Perhaps one, perhaps all three, for when bitten by the Bug of Ambition, men will do strange things. Of course, the director himself will tell you it's a dog's life, but, then, so will the lawyer, the doctor, the salesman, the plumber, or the second-story worker, if you ask them for advice and tell them you are thinking of entering their own chosen fields. But I have never been a director; I don't want to be one; and, having a kind and gentle disposition, that troubles me when some poor dumb animal is being tortured, I don't want anyone else to be one.

Perhaps there are humans who work harder than motion-picture directors, but if so they suffer alone and in silence. Consider the man who is held responsible for the success of the photoplay. He arises even before the worm, that is scheduled on the menu of the early bird, has thought of turning over for a second nap. He goes to bed after the same early bird has thrown away his breakfast toothpick. In the interim he is surrounded by a shouting chorus of actors, property men, scene-shifters, carpenters, cameramen, efficiency experts, studio managers, big bosses, and scenario writers, each asking a thousand questions, each making a thousand suggestions, and each doing the very thing that the director thinks should never have been done.

Of late the megaphone makers have been working nights to turn out enough megaphones to supply the already overcrowed insane asylums of this great land. Only the supermen among directors continue to turn out pictures for the general trade. The others, after three or four attempts, begin plucking the coverlets and are then carried quietly away to some secluded place where they sit in long rows on high stone walls and bay at the moon through megaphones. They think they are directing it in its nightly course across the heavens. That's what happens to motion-picture directors.

Now, take the scenario writers. They say harsh things about you. Directors often hire companies of thugs to waylay you in some dark alley, but with that ingenuity which characterizes your scenarios you always manage to escape. Oft-times you shout against your own particular game, but in secret you gloat. Where you labor all is quiet and serene. You blithely write your little stunt. "Cuthbert crashes in through the door, beats up the gang gathered around the table, fires a revolver at lamp and
extinguishes it, and then leaps through the window. (Note to director: Make this scene snappy. Window is supposed to be on tenth floor.) Next scene. Cuthbert lands on clothes-line, balances himself, and walks across to safety." And there you are! Simple, isn't it? Doesn't take a bit of trouble to write all that, and once the words are on paper, you dismiss the matter from your mind.

And now the director comes upon the scene, your scenario in one hand. The other hand is busily engaged in tearing out his hair. (The moving-picture business is very wearing on hair if you happen to be a director.) He is going to direct your great dramatic scene, where Cuthbert vanquishes the desperadoes. He has been swearing for one hour and a half, and consequently is now a trifle hoarse. Where in Hades is Cuthbert? There he is, finishing his cigarette. He has on the wrong clothes for this scene. Name of four little green dogs! Howling, leaping rattlesnakes! Tell him to change his clothes. They don't match with that scene in the hallway. Now Cuthbert enters and beats up the gang. Pep! PEP! For the love of Hezekiah, put some pep in that fight! Jump through the window, now. Jump, I say! No, I don't know where you're going to land! Ask the blithering idiot that wrote the scenario. He says you land on a clothes-line. Isn't that a pretty thought? Etc., etc.

But I won't mangle your feelings any further with this account of the suffering that a fellow-man. If you are a versatile and clever scenario writer, as I assume you to be, you have already fled from the scene of the director's woes and are working on another script entitled "The Curse of Gold," in which the hero rides on a horseback along the top of a railroad train.

Scenario writers, if they escape the machinations of the directors and the actors who are supposed to land on clothes-lines and caper on top of swiftly moving trains, will live to a ripe old age, honored and respected—by themselves and their faithful dogs. Directors, on the other hand, will soon be running in short circles around little rooms with soft cushions on the walls, tearing their hair out in fistfuls. Yea, once u-Ponzi time there was a happy motion picture director! Yea, once u-Ponzi time! I don't want to be a motion picture director!

THE "HAPPY ENDING"

What Do You Think?

Robert E. MacAlarney, until recently scenario editor of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and at present head of their English production, is perhaps the most authoritative person in the United States on the subject of motion picture stories. He is an implicit believer in the "happy ending," the turn or twist to a picture which suddenly snaps the threads of a plot and brings hero and heroine together, brings each other's arms, reconciles parted friends, saves the hero from an evil end, prevents suicides, murders, accidents and chickenpox from affecting the superhuman lives of the puppets who move across the screen.

Mr. MacAlarney argues that the public wants to leave the picture theatre with mind refreshed, with smiles, not with tears. He says that there is too much suffering, too many sorrows in real life; that the picture producer should bring a ray of sunshine to the picture spectator; that the picture should preach hope, not despair, faith in things-as-they-should-be. Mr. MacAlarney is far from alone in this attitude. The pictures that are produced in every studio of the country work toward the happy ending. They admit of no other. Rarely does some daring director, or some famous actor, tempt fate by producing a picture which ends unhappily.

Yet pictures are supposed to be based on the fundamentals of drama as expressed originally by Aristotle and as carried down through the ages by actor and playwright. There are books with tragic endings and the public buys them avidly. At least one-third of the serious plays of any dramatic season are tragedies. In recent seasons, among the leading plays were several which were fashioned unhappily at the end, "John Ferguson," "Jane Clegg," "The Jest," "Redemption," "Abraham Lincoln," "Beyond the Horizon," "Declasse," are plays which created a furor in New York in recent months. All were tragedies.

The motion picture has been affected slightly by this trend. John Barrymore's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," D. W. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms" and more recently Maurice Tourneur's production of "The Pavilion on the Links" were concessions to art instead of to what is supposed to be the public taste.

The tide, obviously, is turning. Pictures have suffered in the past from the arrows of taunting critics, those who said that the photoplay panders to immature taste, that it has never even approximated the dramatic intensity of the stage play. The producer must give the public what it wants. Pictures cannot be made without money. Money must come from the public and the public will pay to see only what it wants.

Photo-Play Journal believes that the public has not been given a fair chance of expression on this subject. The public which has supported the stage tragedies mentioned here, the public which cares to read good books whatever their ending, is the same public which feels the universal appeal of the pictureplay. Photo-Play Journal believes furthermore that the public wants to express itself on the question of the "happy ending," and that producers are equally eager to know whether they dare safely risk eliminating the easy twist that ends the story in an embrace, a kiss and a final fade-out.

What do you think about the "happy ending?" Would you prefer to have seen Leon Kantor turn in self-abnegation from the hope of winning his bride in "Humoresque," or did you enjoy the final twist that restored the strength of his shattered arm? Or would you have made Jekyll finally dominate in Stevenson's story, crushing out the evil Hyde, and finally winning the girl he loved? Or would you have saved the girl in "Broken Blossoms," so that the honest-souled Chink might clasp her in his arms?

What do you think? Photo-Play Journal will be glad to publish your expression of opinion.
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YOU CAN DO IT
REAL NEWS OF REEL PEOPLE

Joe King is Corinne Griffith's new leading man.

Richard Travers is playing opposite Pearl White in a mountain romance for Fox.

The title of May Allison's new picture has been changed from "The Waffle Iron" to "We All Men Alike." Wallace MacDonald has the leading male role.

Gareth Hughes is playing opposite Doro thy Dalton in a forthcoming Paramount production.

Naomi Childers is Tom Moore's leading woman in "Canabella."

Matt Moore, Frankie Mann, Ruby De Remer, Charles Gerrard and Claire Whitney have completed Sam Merwin's "Passionate Stranger" under the direction of Robert Vignola.

Adolph Jean Menjou, who supported Marguerite Clark in "The Amazons," is returning to the screen in "Head Over Heels" in which Mabel Normand is featured.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks returned from Europe on July 28th.

Rod La Rocque has completed the William A. Brady production, "Life," and is rehearsing a new play to be shown on Broadway soon.

Ellen Cassily is at work on the new Marie Kennedy picture.

Jerome Storm is in New York making arrangements for the production of his own producing company.

Kenneth Harlan has the 'leading male role opposite Constance Talmadge in "Dangerous Business."

Norma Talmadge sailed for Europe on August 12th.

Justine Johnstone's first Reart production is to be called "Blackbirds." This will be followed by Reart's own stage success, "Moonlight and Honeysuckle."

Doug Fairbanks is at work on "The Curse of Capistrano" for the Big Four.

Niles Welch will play the leading male role in a version of Henry Leon Wilson's "The Spenders."

Louise Glaum's next is "The Leopard Woman." House Peters will play opposite her.

"One Week" is the title of Buster Keaton's first Metro comedy.

Charles Ray's third independent release is to be "Nineteen and Phyllis." He is to have excellent support. Clara Horton, Frank Nor cross, George Nickolls, and Lincoln Steadman are important members of the cast. Joseph de Grasse will direct. "Nineteen and Phyllis" is an original story by Frederick Stowers.

Because of the success of his recent pictures, Charles Maigne has been signed on a long term contract to produce special "Charles Maigne Productions" for the Famous Players-Lasky corporation.

When consulted about a note published by a fertile publicity man to the effect that he, Alfred Green, collected treaties on psychic

(Continued on page 61)
Peggy and Cullen Landis

Hollywood, Sept. 15th.

DEAR MA:—

I have landed my first job in the moving picture studios of sunny California! Of course, I am an end of the road playing "atmosphere" only, but I am on the inside at last. "Bunty Pulls the Strings" is the picture,—it's an old stage play; that Molly McIntyre did years ago. We are working at the Goldwyn studios; that is, the interiors are made in the studio, and the exteriors are photographed on a nearby hillside. They've built a tiny Scotch village there—Bunty's home. Leatrice Joy is playing Bunty. You remember, she played opposite Bert Lytell in "The Right Of Way."

No one is featured in this picture; it is an all-star cast, and Reginald Barker is directing it. Oh, what a cast it is! It is a privilege for your daughter to be playing with such distinguished people, and you should be proud of me. Russell Simpson is Bunty's father, and Cullen Landis and Casson Fergus are her brothers. Every fan in the world knows Cullen—he played "The Curley Kid" in "The Girl From Outside." He's in "It's A Great Life" too; I saw it out here the other night, and he's great. And dear old Raymond Hatton—"he was the funny cook in "The Sea Wolf"—he plays Bunty's lover. I bet it's going to be a great picture.

The great part of this job is that I have so little to do that I just wander all around the lot and watch all the other companies work. Way down in a corner of the lot, they're making those Booth Tarkington Edgar comedies. Only kiddies are these pictures—boys and girls from about three to thirteen. Johnny Jones, the star, who plays "Edgar," told me he'd be twelve in December. He's a manly little fellow, and quite serious and businesslike in his work. His leading lady, Lucille Rickeyson is a cute girl, a little younger than Johnny. When I last saw them, they were making the final scenes of "An African Interlude." The set represented Edgar's back yard where all the children of the neighborhood had congregated to carry out the young hero's idea of life on a South Sea Isle. Believe me, Ma, for a kid of his age, he has some ideas!

Near our own set, Tom Moore is working on a new Rupert Hughes story, "Caravan." E. Mason Hopper is directing. Tom told me the part is entirely different from anything he has ever done before—an Irish street cleaner. But he develops, though, just like all heroes, and is an influential political leader by the final close up.

You know William de Mille, the famous Cecil's brother! I worked for him one day last week at the Lasky studios on Vine Street. "His Friend and His Wife" is the picture, and I am neither friend nor wife.

(Continued on page 60)
Gertrude.—I’m sure I don’t know whether Wallace Reid ever had the measles but it’s safe to say that he did. His son may grow up to look like him.

Edith Wild.—Address Mary Miles Minter at the Rebuilt Studios, Hollywood, California. The Talbot sisters receive their mail at 318 East 48th St., New York City. Katherine MacDonald spends her working hours at her own studios, Gower and Girard Sts., Los Angeles, California.

Ethel G.—Willard Mack is about to take unto himself another. She is Constance Hunt. Harrison Ford is divorced from Beatrice Prentice.

Jessica Baldwin.—Kathleen Clifford lives at the Virginia Hotel, Long Beach, California. Her hair is brown. Miss Clifford was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, and was educated in Brighton, England.

Dora S.—Dough Fairbanks has one son—Doug, Jr. Bessie Barriscale has a son also. Jane Novak has a daughter and Cleo Ridgely has twins—Jimmy Jr. and June Jessamyn.

O. L. Johnson.—There was a portrait of Percy Marmont in the August issue.

W. B. G. T.—Of course, I thought “The Danger” was wonderful and the “stars” were grand. Wallace Reid, Bebe Daniels and Gloria Swanson receive their mail at the Lasky Studio, Hollywood, California, and Thomas Meighan is with Famous Players at their New York City studio.

Gladys H.—Ethel Ferguson is with Famous Players in New York City. Mail addressed to Marguerite Clark will be forwarded to her home in New Orleans.

Jim K.—Gareth Hughes is playing opposite Viola Dana in “A Chorus Girl’s Romance” and opposite Mildred Harris Chaplin in “The Woman In His House.” He is under contract with the Garson company and will eventually be starred in his own productions.

R. B. K.—Lucy Cotton is playing opposite Bert Lytell in “The Mislaid Lady.” Write her at the Hotel Nevada, New York City.

Sueie.—So people say you look just like Constance Talmadge, do they? And you have as much sense as Theda Bara? Why, that combination you should be Fox’s star of 1921.

Drew Robin.—All photos cost a quarter. Write Bessie Love, Box 43, Hollywood, California. “The Midlanders” has been released. Frank Thomas has made no pictures since “Deadline at Eleven” with Corinne Griffith, George Fawcett directed it. Frank is married to Mona Brewster.

Kitty Clover Club.—Oh, where have I heard your name before? Anita Stewart is not dead. Her latest is “Sowing the Wind” with James Morrison in the leading male role.

Twink.—Conway Tearle is vacationing in Europe. His wife, Adela Rowland, is with him. Conway is a Selznick star and his first picture is “Marooned Hearts.” Zena Keefe is his leading woman. Louise Huff is with Metro. Her next is “Fine Feathers.”

Bessie.—Gaston Glass came to this country two years and a half ago with Madame Sarah Bernhardt. His latest is “The Branded Woman” with Norma Talmadge. Percy Marmont and Vincent Serrano also support Miss Talmadge in this picture.

J. L. O.—Ralph Graves has been loaned to Metro to play the male lead in “Polly With a Past,” in which his wife Claire is starred. His latest is with Dorothy Gish in “Little Miss Rebellion.” Dorothy’s next is “A Cynic” and his leading men—Glenn Hunter and Tom Douglas.

X. Y. Z.—Catherine Calvert is at work on “Dead Men Tell No Tales” under the direction of Tom Terris. Percy Marmont is co-starred with her. She is the widow of Paul Armstrong the playwright and has one son, Paul Armstrong, Jr.

Grace.—Thomas Meighan is not married to Lila Lee or Grace Cumard. His wife is Frances Ring.

J. R.—Douglas MacLean is starring alone in Ince productions. He is married to a non-professional. That’s his right name. (Continued on page 64)
This picture, the biggest in the history of Vitagraph, is a magnificent and thrilling story of love and adventure, fashioned into form for the screen from one of those delightful and inimitable stories of Gouverneur Morris. The picturization was made by Lillian and George Randolph Chester and the master hand of Tom Terriss directed its making on a stage that had as its boundaries the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts.

Coupled with this effort to give it the very last touch of realism is an all-star cast, months spent in the making of it and an expenditure of more than a quarter of a million dollars. It is probably richer in spectacular value than any story ever transferred to the moving film.

"Trumpet Island" tells the story of Richard Bedell, Eve le Merin-court and Valinsky, the human derelict. Bedell goes through a period of hardship and deprivation in which he can find neither work nor the hand of good fellowship. He becomes bitter and discouraged. Eve is taken from the quiet seclusion of a finishing school to wed a man she loathes. Valinsky, with a perfected invention for airplanes and starvation staring him in the face, cannot find anyone who will consider him seriously.

Thus these three travel the roads that Destiny has put them on—Bedell, the Stony Path seeking Success and Fame; Eve, the Road of Roses with its thorns and Valinsky, the Road of Mud and Muck. After many windings and twistings these three roads converge, bringing happiness and content to Eve and Bedell, while Death looms for Valinsky at the end of his journey.

Bedell's metropolitan orgies—his dissipations resulting from a too-bountiful Luck and a hopeless Love—his trip to Trumpet Island to become a man once more—Eve's fateful marriage—the airplane honeymoon—the storm—the wreck—the meeting which results in the strangest, the most alluring love story ever told—from this point on, sensational levels are touched in the unfolding of the story of Trumpet Island.

A VITAGRAPH SUPER-FEATURE
THE GREAT SCREEN SCHOOL
(Continued from page 46)
In the past few weeks at that studio many other interests have been depicted, such as the art students quarters in Soho, London; interiors at Monte Carlo, the interior of a picture house, a typical New York actors' boarding house, a Chinese opium den, the interior of the editorial offices of a lawyer and many others such as drawing rooms, bedrooms, ballrooms, etc. In the exterior lot there is also a perfect reproduction of a certain New York street in the tenement section. The number of people who would have had an insight into all these places, and the characters who would have been able to put all this together was very small, were it not for motion pictures.
How do the people act in the upper class society of England and of those kind of people who are there in Greenwich village society, or in other parts of the world? What are their characteristics, their manners, their gestures, types, dispositions? How do diamonds thieves operate in South Africa and how is opium smuggled from China? All these questions and many more are answered in the films. The regular motion picture spectator is becoming wise to the ways of the world. Rather than demand but only containing a great deal of truth. The rich man may tour his own country and go abroad to see the world; but he needs only to see enough motion pictures to see the world well represented and depicted to get an intimate insight into his traveling.
Few people perhaps realize the vast and varied amount of practical effort and brain power expended in the production of a single picture. A good motion picture is a condensed but powerful dose of knowledge. The chemistry to prepare a gallon of fluid, composed of many different ingredients and then condense it down to a very small quantity of a powerful compound, which contains all the potency of the original measure. The motion picture, in which works of art and science of work and the combined efforts and brains of hundreds of people are expended is condensed down into a vehicle which consumes a little more than an hour's time, can be transported in small tin cans and disseminated, in this short time, all the forces which have been injected into it, and a good supply of this force is knowledge. It is not only the actors and director and cameraman that make up a motion picture. They are backed up by a hundred various branches of industry. For the better edification of the public, a special proceeding attendant to the filming of a motion picture at a studio are herewith submitted:
First, the writer is the author. The original, as a play, novel or story, may have consumed months of preparation. Then the scenario takes the original and treats it for screen use. The casting director picks types who are best able to depict the various characterizations. Each player in the story studies his part and makes himself as nearly like the character as possible. The research department looks up the doubtful problems of costuming, scene searching, etc. Under all the decorations of the characters, etc. The director Oversees everything and the cameraman attends to the lighting which directs the illumination. The best draughtsmen and architects obtainable draw the plans of the sets. Trained milliners turn the luster and experienced carpenters construct the sets. Drapers of established ability hang the drapes and add their. Painters, paperhangers and interior decorators do their duty. Scenic artists paint backdrops and add other decorations. Plumbers, masons and many other artisans are employed. Landscape artists put in lawns and flowers. When foreigners are used, interpreters and native experts are engaged to bring a correct atmosphere and detail. Noted sculptors are sometimes engaged to carve out any statuary that is required. Skilled electricians bend every effort to obtain beautiful and effective

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This splendid set consists of 12 dinner plates, 9 inches; 12 breakfast plates, 7½ inches; 12 coupe soups, 9½ inches; 12 fruit saucers, 9½ inches; 12 cups; 12 saucers; 12 oatmeal dishes, 6 inches; 12 bread and butter plates, 6 inches; 1 platter 11½ inches; 1 platter 12½ inches; 1 covered vegetable dish, 12 pieces; 1 oval open vegetable dish, 9½ inches; 1 round vegetable dish, 8½ inches; 1 gravy boat; 1 gravy boat stand; 1 bowl, 1 pint; 1 sugar bowl and cover (12 pieces); 1 cream pitcher; 1 pickle dish; 1 butter dish, 7½ inches. This set is one that will add tone and beauty to any dining room. With ordinary care it will last a lifetime. Weight shipped, about 100 lbs.

Order by No. G6138A. Send $1.00 with order, $3.00 monthly. Price of 110 pieces, $32.95. No C. O. D. No discount for cash.
CARTOONED INTO THE CINEMA
(Continued from page 25)

beauty in the middle of your comedy is an
other secret.

"I always strive to have material enough at
hand for a dozen films and here is an
other point: I always write a continuity in-
serting all my 'gags' and business so that I
know at the start just what I am going
to do. Many directors work without a script
and I think their comedies show it. Action
is forced into them without rhyme or reason.

"As for the future of the films it will be
told. Believe the possibilities are
unlimited and that the present the surface
only has been scratched."

MOSTLY ABOUT SCENARIOS
(Continued from page 7)

my story and which will be released in
the fall.

In short—I cannot point out too strongly
the fact that the world is full of scenario
material. Almost everyone of us has some
incident in his own life or at least some hap-
pening of which he feels positively sure that
will make a motion picture story far more thrill-
ing and dramatic than any purely imagina-
tive yarn. Get them down on paper—work on
writing and rewriting them, and you will
find that such stories based on occurrences of
which you are thoroughly familiar—placed
in circumstances and surroundings that are
within your own personal, positive knowledge
will make scenarios that motion
picture producers will be glad to accept.

We are all interested in our own lives and
the happenings which we can appreciate because
they might have been like to our lot or to those
whom we hold dear—make scenarios out of
such stories and you are a surefire success.

THE GREAT SCREEN
SCHOOL
(Continued from page 56)

lightings. Expert designers model costly new
and original grounds for the feminine players.
Camouflage artists develop effects denoting
the period, whether it be ancient or modern.
Trained musicians provide music suitable
to the nature of the scene, thus enabling
the players to get the utmost out of their
work.

After the actual filming is finished, title
experts design weeks in the making the picture, skillful
artists create effective backgrounds for the
titles, the film is tinted and colored by special
artists, laboratory experts work on it day and
day to get the possible results in
printing.

There are not all. To mention every step
in the production of a picture, from the time
of the beginning of the story to its final re-
lease, would fill several pages.

A good illustration which definitely proves
the value of motion pictures as a dissemi-
nator of knowledge was recently provided by the
remark of a spectator during a preview
of "Crooked Streets," Ethel Clayton's latest
Paramount Artcraft starring vehicle. Most
of the scenes for this picture are laid in
Shanghai, China, and one scene flashed on
the screen showed a view of one of the main
gates of the Great Wall. Before the appearance of the title establishing the fact
that this was the gate in question, one of the
spectators remarked: "Why that's one of
the gates of the Great Wall. I have seen it
before in motion pictures."

The number of people acquainted with this
historic spot would be very small had it not
been for motion pictures. This is only one
example out of thousands.

Thus it can be said that motion pictures
are a powerful and potent factor in
education, and that since their beginning
the world as a whole and as time goes
on will be much more the wiser. In this
discussion, which has been more or less on the
technical side of the question, no account has
been taken of the powerful agency of moral
education represented through the medium of
"better pictures."

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Jackson, Mich.
New Opportunities
In Photoplay Writing
Open to All Who Have Ideas

WHO will say that he or she has not average ideas and imagination about life? And who has not thought, in the theatre, that they have as good or better ideas for photoplays than some they have seen on the screen?

And did you know that literary ability has nothing to do with this new art? One doesn't need "style" or vocabulary, but simply good ideas and the ability to express them clearly.

For photoplays are not written as stories are, or as plays for the stage. They are built of ideas, which are put into pictures, arranged in a certain way.

Those who would write photoplays are concerned with that particular arrangement. And now there's a way in which you can learn how to arrange your ideas.

When you have learned that, you have learned to write photoplays in the form acceptable to producers.

And producers will rejoice as much as you in your new success.

For There's a Famine in Photoplays

THERE'S a need for 5000 new stories and producers must have scores of them to produce at once, for the demand is far exceeding the supply that present writers can prepare. Twenty million people are attending motion picture theatres daily and they are calling for new plays. Their interest must be maintained if the art is to survive. The opportunity to aid is yours. Who will rise to a new and perhaps "unexpected" success on this modern wave? Who is there who hasn't said to himself, "I am capable of doing something that I have not yet found, far better than anything I have ever done?"

The Palmer Plan

THE PALMER PLAN of Photoplay Writing teaches you mainly how to prepare your ideas for acceptance. Then, as you progress it develops you in all the fine points of the art. It is both a primary and finishing school, and it has brought out many star writers—Mrs. Caroline Sayre of Missouri, author of "Live Sparks" for J. Warren Kerrigan; Dorothea Nourse; Paul Schofield, Ince writer; G. Leroy Clarke, who sold his first story for $3,000; and others who have won success. "His Majesty the American," played by Douglas Fairbanks, is a Palmer student's story. James Kendrick, another student, sold six stories less than a year after he enrolled.

We maintain a Marketing Bureau in Los Angeles, through which students can offer their stories to the big producers if they so desire.

Our Advisory Council which directs our educational policy is composed of Cecil B. DeMille, Thos. H. Ince, Rob Wagner and Lois Weber. All are famous in the industry and would lend their aid to nothing that they would not use themselves.

Twelve leading figures in the profession have included special printed lectures for the course. These lectures cover every essential phase of photoplay plot construction.

The PALMER PLAN is complete, efficient and vitally interesting—it enthralles those who take it up. There is no tedium; in fact one finds in it one of the best of all diversions from other lines of work. Don't say you can't follow it. Don't think you can't win because you have never tried to write. This is a new and different opportunity. Who knows who doesn't try?

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Please send me, without obligation, your new book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Also "Proof Positive," containing Success Stories of many Palmer members etc.

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PEGGY ROMPER'S WRITES

(Continued from page 53)

However, I have hopes for a real part in Mr. De Mille's next production. Mr. De Mille sure does know how to pick a cast. Jack Holt and Conrad Nagel are playing the leads, and Lila Lee and Lois Wilson are playing opposite them.

Do you remember Peaches Jackson? She was with Mr. De Mille in "One of the Finest," and she played the baby, Claudia, in "The Prince Chap." Peaches is in the cast, too, but she will not see very much of her. When she's not actually on the screen, she's over on Thomas Meighan's set. He's her sweetheart; she told me so—but that's all right, Ma, for she's only living Peaches' nursery. Her life in this play is Betty Francisco. She's a one-time Follies girl and practically new to the screen. But she's going to be a star some day; she is very pretty, unusually clever and unspoiled.

I started to tell you about Tom Meighan. He's making "Easy Street." Gladys George is his leading woman, and Tom Forman, another of the men who are now behind the camera, is directing. Tom's a dear, and I'm going to tell you more about him in my next letter.

Did I tell you I was living at the studio club in Hollywood? It's right near the studio district—very near to Lasky's and Christie's. Ann May, played the little French lass in "Paris Green," lives there, too, and we have become great friends. She's just finished another picture, "W. M. A. Blend," with Bryant Washburn. Try to see her in that; I'm sure you'll like it. And see her in "In the First Nine," "Peaceful Valiant," and "Seaside." Peaceful Valiant ought to be great because Jerry Storm directed it, and Jerry never makes a bad picture. I met Jerry while I was in New York. He's a wonderful man, and he seems to know everything.

We are going on location tomorrow. That means getting up early in the morning so I'll say good-night now. Write me soon, Ma, but don't tell me that I have to go home.

Your loving daughter,

PEGGY ROMPER.
REAL NEWS OF
REEL PEOPLE
(Continued from page 32)

phenomenon, the Goldwyn director replied, "Yes, I do. But will we be?"

Alice Duer Miller, the novelist, is the author of "Ladies Must Live," George loose
经销商's Mayflower Collection to follow "The Miracle Man." It has just been completed.

Helen Raymond, English comedian who created the role of Signora Monti in the original London production, "Finn's Bed," portrays it in the Carter de Haven celuloid version now being made under the direction of Lloyd Ingram.

In his new famous picture, "Humoresque," Frank Borzage worked under difficulties that he might scarcely meet in a second feature. He chose for the less important members of his cast actual inhabitants of New York's Ghetto, people who had never been before a camera in their lives.

An entire year was consumed by George Beban in making his second independent photo-"One Man in a Million." I worked sincerely on the picture every one of those 365 days," he says.

Once in the movies apparently the lure of it can never be thrown off. Jessie Love went all the hot three thousand and more miles to New York—and when she got there spent most of her time in the motion picture theaters! Jessie reminds one of the London bus driver who got his first day off in ten years and spent it riding around the city on a bus.

These four stars will appear under the Robert Brunton banner during the ensuing year: Dustin Farnum, Fritzie Brunette, Ruth Roland and Charkes Hutchinson.

While the rest of the Hollywood film colony sits and sits from tall, cool glasses, Fritzie Brunette goes blithely about her tennis, unaware of the heat. Fritzie comes from 'way down south, and an occasional 100 degrees makes little impression on her.

Frank Lanning, the player of heavy roles, was married the other day to Merva Eaton, a non-professional.

Although Henry King is famous for his direction of child actors and actresses, his own attractive field of course, before the camera, and will not at least until they have reached their teens. One of his children achieved fame as Ruth Stonehouse in films, but was withdrawn by the parents and put into school.

An imposer representing himself to be D. W. Griffith has been fleecing guests in poker games at eastern resorts. The real Griffith says he has never played poker but once and that time he committed the offense of trumping his partner's ace.

At the Harold Lloyd studio in Los Angeles Mildred Davis and "Smub" Pollard have a good-natured rivalry to see who can think up the dullest poses for photographs. When Mildred appeared one day in an aviation helmet, a bathing suit, and a pair of army shoes, "Smub" gave up the race.

"All Souls' Eve," adapted from the Anne Crawford Playlet, will be, will be an early vehicle for Mary Miles Minter.

William Conklin, one of the most popular of the leading motion picture sages, will be in Metro's all-star production of "White Ashes."

Arthur Edmund Carew, having recovered from several months of illness, will return to his place among the screen players after an absence of some months.

O. HENRY

His death not on end a life as rapid and energetic as any of the rest. For he was one of the liveliest spirits of earth. As long as he was alive, a vial, a marauding minister, telling the stories that just bubbled from him as he went his exciting way.

More people are reading O. Henry today than ever before. They read his stories because they like the flavor of life as we know it. The books, however, are indispensable not because they wake up or as if it were alive.

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DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

July 1920

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WRITE TODAY. 805 West 26th Street, Chicago, Ill.

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

July 1920
A Wife Too Many

Into the hotel lobby walked a beautiful woman and a distinguished man. Little indeed did the gay and gallant crowd know that around these heads there flew stories of terror—of murder—and treason—that on their enthralling hero, half a dozen detectives, sprang up from different parts of the place.

Because of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. About their fate was wound the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed. It is a wonderful story with the kind of mystery that you will sit up nights trying to fathom. It is just one of the stories fashioned by that master of mystery

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He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science—magic that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. Such plots—such suspense—with such people moving through the maelstrom of life! Fernshrieds have mastered the art of terror stories. E n g l i s h writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroines. But all these seem old-fashioned—out of date—bare that infiniti variety—the wild excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

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THE SCREEN-GOER

(Continued from page 44)

vado of heroes and villains of the good old days, mark twain is a direct slap at the "happy ending" of the average picture.

Spotwode Aiken, who plays the leading role, does overdoes the business of being afraid of his shadow occasionally, but the other members of the cast play with verve and truthfulness of delineation. They are Jack Gilbert, the juvenile hero; Harry S. Northrup, the villain Northmor; Wesley Barry, and Lois Wilson, who is delightfully decorative as the heroine.

A CITY SPARROW

(Paramount)

Ethel Clayton has a pleasing vehicle in this story, which is based on the old theme of the city girl, warn out by the high life of Broad- way, who finds rest, health and love in coun- try environment. The story moves smoothly and holds the interest always. It is one of the best of the recent Clayton pictures.

SHIPWRECKED AMONG CANNIBALS

(Universal)

This University campus story is spoiled by the efforts of the producers to make a bona fide travel picture into a melodramatic South Sea Island story. Edward Laemmle and a camera man voyaged to the South Pacific and took many wonderful pictures of life among the savages of that part of the world. Whether the adventures of the girl in the film happened or not, the pictures themselves are of intense interest to all persons who (Continued on page 63)

GETTING THE LAUGHS

"ACCORDING TO HOYLE"

(Continued from page 21)

unusual had this happened. It is one of the best of several such instances—and all of them reveal in the quintes- sence of absurdity that possesses the logic of mathematical logic.

A "pog" located in the lobby of the hotel is worked out in the same painstakingly ab- surd manner. The big fellow slumps down in a corner near the elevator, remarking: "Y-y-you get the key. I'll h-h-have the porter bring the race downstairs." At the desk the little fellow can get no attention because the clerk is deep in con- versation with a pretty girl. This is a Lloyd'sque opportunity. He crawls over the counter and helps himself to a key. He doesn't like the look of it, throws it away and selects another—though—be- takes half a dozen keys to insure a desirable selection. Then, to be thorough, he confis- cates all the keys on the rack. He then pro- ceeds with his friend on the thrilling adven- tures with the pretty somnambulist, with whom he is in love, and who happens to be a guest at that hotel.

It is apparent that while all these absurd conceits are especially adaptable for visualiza- tion upon the screen, they never- theless conform, in their working out, to the comic classics of the stage which the scien- tific análensive cause and laughter so love to quote in support of their theories and their carefully formulated laws.

MEETING MADGE

(Continued from page 5)

almost, now and then—

You leave her really charming and think of her later as one of the pleasing people who has crossed your path—

She reminds you of a popular fraternity girl of your college days, of a girl born and bred in an exclusive suburb of the country club.

And even though she's quite friendly you feel sure that you don't begin to know her in just one tea and, at the same time, you feel securely sure that she would be a lovely per- son to know.

A HUMAN DYNAMO

I Will Make You Look Like One—Act Like One

BRENNEN'S MUSCLE HOUSE

I Will Make You Look Like One Act Like One

BRENNEN'S MUSCLE HOUSE

(Continued from page 3)

you, ready to jump in and do things. The man of powerful physique and under- standing is a man who is bub- bing over with life, having the keen, alert brain, the bright, flashing eye and the swing and step of youth. This is a day of critical events coming in a rapid succession.

Are You Fit?

How do you measure up to these re- quirements? Can you feel the fire of youth inside your body? Do you have the deep full chest and the brawn square shoulders, the large regular arms that most of the world de- sires? Do you have a good, hard physical frame and come out feisty fondler and better than when you started? If not, you are unfit. Get busy—clean up at once before you go through as a failure.

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BRENNEN’S MUSCLE HOUSE

Suite 203 2 West 122d St. New York
SHIPWRECKED AMONG CANNIBALS
(Continued from page 62)
never been farther from the United States than Martha's Vineyard. Savage customs and life are shown in detail. But many of the scenes, supposingly photographed, were obviously faked, with the result that the spectator feels that his intelligence has been made light of.

An interesting experiment in subtlety—backed on motion pictures instead of still photographs—enhances the beauty of the film.

A COMMON LEVEL
(Burton King)
A weird combination of an interesting story of Attila the Hun, directed by the famous Italian, Ambros, and a farcical melodrama woven into the Italian tale by the American director, Burtont King. Edmund Breese plays the leading role in the American part of the film. Claire Whitney does good work as the heroine. The cleverness of the picture points to carefulness in handling.

HUMORESQUE
(Paramount-Cosmopolitan)
New York City has set its stamp of approval on "Humesque" by giving it one of the longest runs ever recorded for a feature picture produced here. It has held up and not dropped off, despite the fact that the leading actress lives in Los Angeles, and the rest of the cast is scattered all over the country. Directed by Frank Borzage, featuring Alma Rubens, it was carried away by Vera Gordon, that hum of humor and simple pathos crowd the picture, which sets the highest mark since "The Miracle Man."

Vera Gordon never played in the pictures previous to her work in "Humesque," although she had won fame on the speaking stage as a character with whom others parts. She has already established herself through this single photoplay and looks up as perhaps the future impersonator to the ranks of screen players in the last year. Gaston Glass as the son is convincing, and Dore Davidson, as the father ably supplements Mrs. Gordon's work. And Rubens, the featured player, has little to do but does that little well.

TRUMPET ISLAND
(Vitagraph)
Here is a picture made without sparing expense, with plenty of extravagant interiors and many beautiful exteriors, with a cast that is pleasing throughout—but it falls miserably. As midsummer entertainment it may please many, but as a personal photoplay drama, such as it is intended to be, it lacks realism, and is entirely unconvincing. The reason: a typical old-fashioned motion picture plot, containing all the ingredients of the old "cast on a desert island" story.

The failure lies not in the fact that the audience is never in suspense as to the outcome. Fate instead of being inscrutable reveals her film hand at the start and the only interest is maintained through a faint desire to see how the poor hero and the beautiful married-to-a-rich woman heroine will finally come to the fade-out clinic. Marguerite De La Motte is extremely good to look at as the heroine, and Wallace Mac- Donald plays the part of the hero with much spirit. In the unsympathetic heavy role, Arthur Hoyt scores brilliantly.

Credit should be given the director, Tom Terriss, for some unusually realistic aerial scenes taken in a storm, and for some beautiful storm pictures on the desert island.

"Keep Your Eye on Jim!"

"It's not alone what a man does during working hours, but outside of working hours—that determines his future. There are plenty of men who do a good job while they're at it, but who work with one eye on the clock and one ear cocked for the whistle. They long for that loaf at noon and for that evening hour in the bowling alley. They are good workers and they'll always be just that—ten years from now they'll be likely to be right where they are today.

"But when you see a man putting in his noon hour learning more about his work, you see a man who won't stay down. His job today is just a stepping-stone to something better. He'll never be satisfied until he hits the top. And he'll get there, because he's the kind we want in this firm's responsible positions."
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You will probably be surprised at the number of mistakes you make on very simple things in your speech and writing.

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The reason so many people make mistakes in English is that too many of our methods of teaching are too hard. Rules must be memorized and applied—and rules are hard to remember. Especially for the new Americans is English unusually puzzling. Even college graduates unconsciously make glaring errors and little subject that they are thereby handicapping themselves. And those whose training has been limited to Grammar School or High School continue to fail to grasp the dull rules of correctness in speech and writing. A simple method has been invented by which you may acquire a command of the English language in 15 minutes a day. Sherwin Cody, one of the best known teachers of practical English, after twenty years of scientific tests, has perfected an invention which places the ability to talk and write with correctness and force within reach of every one with ordinary intelligence.

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In business you will find that the men at the top were helped by their ability to express their ideas to others. In social life you will find the most popular person is the one whose conversation is entertaining, and not empty. The same mistake in the vital points of English is like a spotlight on your real standing and ability. And remember, even the most successful man who never read a book on grammar you write, whether to sell goods, to answer a complaint, to give instructions, to order merchandise, or to collect money, depends for its effective ness upon the language you use. And this lettering must be convincing, clear, easy to understand, correct in punctuation, spelling, arrangement, and free from detraeting elements.

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A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME

C (Continued from page 54)

M. C.—Walter McGrail is making pictures at the Brunton Studio, Los Angeles, California. Harry Houdini is married. The title of Lew Cody's new picture has been changed from 'The Mischiefs Man' to "Occasionally Violet." Betty Bleth and J. Barney Sherry support him. Pauline Frederick's new picture is 'Iris' and Nigel Barrie is playing the male lead. Barrie is married to Helen Lee Barrie.

Movie Fan.—Corinne Griffith is not related to D. W. Griffith.

A little bird tells me that whoever has made some movie has made no pictures since "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." He is not married to Emily Stevens, Madame Pauline Frederick's latest. Alice Joyce's latest is "The Vice of Fools."

Typical Blonde.—Elaine Hammerstein is not married. Bill Desmond is married to Mary Alice and Blanche, Mary Joan Desmond. Leah Baird is married to Arthur Beck. I'm sure I don't know when her picture will be shown in Manchester. N. H. Yes, yes, yes, Richard Barthelmess is married to Mary Hay.

S. O. S.—Eugene Strong is not in pictures. George Barry is making "The Riddle Woman" with Montague Love in the leading male role. Barry was born in Melrose, Mass., not in Idaho, making a new picture under the direction of Sidney Olcott.

Boston Baby.—Address Mrs. Chaplin at 380 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California. Her next is "The Woman In His House."

Lou.—Francis MacDonald and Wal lace are not related. Charles Spere played with Bessie Love with "Peguen."

Little Browning.—Jack Gardner is in vaudeville, but hasn't a series of pictures this fall. Earle Williams may be reached at the Vitagraph Studio, Hollywood, California. Forty-five years.

Vicky Van.—Henry Woodward played the leading role in "American Beauty." No, Wallace Reid is not "looking for a divorce."

Fannie.—If Wallace Reid answered all his fan letters personally, he would have no time to make pictures.

Madeline S.—Ethel Clayton is a widow. Eddie Lincoln was married.

Movie Fan.—William Stowell was single. Robert Anderson played Paul in "The Right To Love." Muriel Oakey was Bessie Barriscale in "Kitty Kelly, M.D."

Picky Van.—Henry Woodward played the leading role in "American Beauty." He is "Caleb West, Master Driver," a Tournier production. Lila Lee played Tweeny in "Male and Female."

Wootworth.—Harrison Ford played opposite Ethel Clayton in "A Lady In Love," and Edward Coxen and Herbert Heyes had the leading male roles in "More Deadly Than the Male." This was not a sequel to "Male and Female." Charles Wellesley played Mary Pickford's father in "The Poor Little Rich Girl." Maddie Travers was her mother. This was made long before Madame became a Fox star. Margaret Gibson played her name in "Darkie." The latest is in support of Bill Hart in "Sand."

J. S.—The Goldwyn Studios are in New York City and California, and we are in business.

Brink.—Earle Williams is at the Vitagraph Studio, Hollywood, California. Thomas Meighan with Norma Talmadge in "The Heart of Wetona." Alex Onslow played opposite Olive Thomas in "Footlights and Shining." Where was "Cusack"? Where was Betty?—Kathleen O'Connor is a blonde. Mildred Moore has dark hair. Kenneth Harlan is playing opposite Constance Talmadge in "Dangerous Woman."

A. S. Pierre.—Anita Stewart Cameron may be reached at 3800 Mission Road, Los Angeles, California.

Adeline.—Antonio Moreno has not gone to Spain yet. He receives his mail at the Mach Dynamic Studios, Hollywood, California. Tony was born in Madrid.
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"I am still holding that position with the Minneapolis Steel & Mfg Company, as Electrical Engineer, under your recommendation. — A. Swan, Minneapolis, Minn.

"In 18 months I have started with you and I have increased my salary from $40.00 to $150.00 a month. — A. J. Anderson, Works Dept. of Coast, Miller-York Co., Saginaw, Mich.

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FAMOUS STARS
IN
FAMOUS ROLES
TO OUR READERS

"Morris R. Goldbricks Presents...." a startling expose of the flim-flam methods of get-rich-quick motion picture stock promoters and their breed of small-fry ex-stage-door-johnnies, is an article in the December issue which everyone should read. Written by Lewis F. Levenson and illustrated by C. E. Millard, it indicates the pitfalls to be avoided in photoplay investments and the snare laid for unwitting would-be movie actresses.

This article is in line with our definite policy to make PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL distinctive in its field, not only from the point of view of mechanical and artistic beauty, but also in the real importance of editorial content. You may therefore purchase this magazine every month with the satisfying assurance that every issue will really MEAN SOMETHING to you, your friends, the members of your family.

That's why the circulation of PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL has almost trebled in a few short months. That's why it would be a good plan to place your order with your newsdealer early for the December issue.

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Curls, and rompers, 'n' everything, particularly Mary of the Pickford clan as the world knows her best.
CIVILIAN CLOTHES

Fictionized

By LEWIS F. LEVENSON

SHORTY PELLETIER had the floor, and when Shorty has the floor there is never any doubt as to Shorty's complete and unquestioned right to full possession. You see, Shorty used to be a Barker in a circus side-show troupe—that is, before the war—and Shorty was accustomed to being listened to. And, anyhow, Shorty was more or less deaf, which made it more or less impossible to interrupt him, had anyone been willing to interrupt Shorty once his exquisite interpretation of the language of these here United States began to flow. And that's how I happen to know something about Sam McGinnis’s love affair with Florence Denham.

We were sitting in the back room of Finnegan’s Third Avenue café when Shorty got started on his spiel.

"D'you guys remember Sam McGinnis?" he asked.

"Sam of the Sixty-Nint?’" piped Red Lemmon.

"'Yup. Run into him yestidday. Happened to be passin' one of them swell dumps on Forty-Second street and he comes shinin' out all duded up. I used to think he was one of them dirty necks like Jess Hiller or Roy Mangum, but tickle me eye if he wasn't sweller than the Prince of them there Wales when he come over here last fall to slip an American queen into the deck and we took a shiner at him an' thought that as a king he'd be a good joker but as a regular hand-me-down guy he was no gypress.

"Well, anyhow, I stops Sam, and I sez to him, 'wotinell Sam, wotinell?'

"'Same old Sam, except he'd been knockin' 'em for a goal somewhere. No more flossy lookin' weeds, no more checks, no more red neck ties, no more brown derbies. On the level, I thought at first he was a wax figure that'd walked out through the window pane of that there clothing shop next to the Grand Central.

"He sees me, and he gives me the grand shake.

"'Well, I ain't seen you since the day General Pershing fired you 'cause he was afraid you'd get his job,' he sez to me, witty like.

"And he flopped me into his limousine and he rode me all over town and took me to his club and fed me up on honest-to-jerry good Grandad, ninety proof and all. Then he loosened up and I sez to him, 'Sam,' I sez, 'how come?'

"'How come what?'

"'Why,' sez I, 'you're the funniest gink I ever come to know since I cut my eye teeth on a barbed wire fence out in Oskaloosa. You starts in the army as a good old oily faced buck private, and you winds up as a shiner, a second looke with Shinola leg guards and a twinkler on your shoulder. Then you goes and palms your Ingorsoll for a suit of clothes that musta hung in the windows of Ike Goldstein's Seventy Avenue clothing emporium since Grant smoked his first Robert Burns at the battle of Bunker Hill, and here I meets you this afternoon walking out of Buckingham-Palace-on-the-Hudson, lookin' as if you'd fallen into a sheep trough and had come up all-wool and a yard and a half wide.'

"So I sez to him, 'Sam,' I sez, 'Sam, here's where I sez to you,' I sez, 'how come?'

"'Well, anyhow, Sam, seein' as how I was his buddy when he was nothin' but a buck private, and rememberin' how I pulled him outta that shell-hole when a Jerry was comin' head-first in to rip off his scalp and make it into wienerwurst back home, he tells me the story.

"'Seems that when Sam hit Floovie or one of them there Frenchie towns after he was made a second looke, he met some kind of a jane called Florence Denham. I sorta remember her, blue eyes, fair hair, with a voice that made you think of the way your own mother used to pat you on the head before you went to bed and just before she'd send the strong-arm squad in the shape of your good old dad to spank you if you didn't say every one of your prayers. Sam was sorta lonesome, and he shined right up to her he did. No spiel or nothin'. They just looked at each other, and their eyes said: 'Here's how, old timer, me for you, for life!'

"'Sam, he had a billet down the line and he was takin' a blighty for a couple of days at Floovie, and he was all for rushin' things. And I suppose Florence was too, for anyhow, when he took her to Tours a couple of days later, they went and got hitched.

"'The Old Man, you know the Old Man, Hiller—he liked nothin' better than havin' some of his shiners get mixed up with a skirt. Of course, some windbag squealed, and Sam got his, right square in the eye.
hit her in the eye, for she lets him kiss her just as Ma is walkin' in. Says Bill, 'Well, it's done.' Says Ma: 'Bless you, my children.' Says Florence, 'My Gawd!'

'A plucky one, that Florence. She decides to go through with it. Perhaps Sam is dead. Perhaps Billy will drop dead. Perhaps anything. And she goes to her own engagement party as mournful as at anybody's funeral except Billy's. And that night, well—who comes there but Sam!

'Sam musta been a sight. Seems he'd just got off the boat, and had picked up the best cives he could get, meanin' an overcoat with a floc of white and black checks big enough for the Metropolitan Chess Club to play a tournament on, a suit that would knock out the eye of a dead fish, and a tie that once had been used by Casey Jones to flag the fastest express on the Erie.

'Well, he sees the Denham house and he blinks twice. Can't be that swell dump, sez Sam to Sam. But Sam bunks up and rings the bell. Sir Thomas de Loofteloo, or some such gink, all buttered up comes to the door.

'Bring packages to the servants' entrance,' sez Sir Thomas.

'Howdy, Lord,' sez Sam, turning a handspring and landin' in the lobby. 'Where's Mrs. McGinnis?'

'You mean the cook at the Van Astromes?' sez Sir Thomas.

'Hassenpfeffer yourself,' curses Sam politely. He squints a mean eye around and sees Florence standing talkin' to Billy. 'That lady there, I mean, and there she is.'

'Miss Florence, you mean? You can't talk to her,' yelps the baronet.

'Old Man Denham then bounces by. 'I've a message for your daughter. A message from the dead,' sez Sam. 'I just come back from over there.'

'Denham looks at Sir Thomas and chides him gentle like. 'How come you know who can talk to my daughter,' he sez. 'When the evenin's over you can consider yourself fired, ejaculated, sent pluckin' daffydidls on Times Square. As for you, sir,' he sez to Sam, 'I'd like to do all I can for the boys who have come back. If you should need a job, I might be able to find something for you.'

'And he sends Florence out to meet Sam. Well, take it from a fish who's always got one eye on the dry side of the ocean, they was both some upset. First of all, Florence give a high C shriek, and then comes to. When she sees Sam dolled up in that Bowery get-up, she can't make it out. Might be a good butler, but as a husband, not quite Arkish enough. Furthermore, she thought him dead, and he might have been nice and polite and have stayed dead. Sam apologizes for bein' alive, and gets all het up over Florence's Lady Bountiful stunt. So he goes and pulls a regular Canarsie line, makes out he speaks English like Shorty himself, pulls a lot of bones and gets Florence so disgusted that she beats it from the room.

'And things are right smart along the lines described above when Denham comes in. 'I can butler,' says Sam, a bright idea flittering around under the reddish hair he wears. 'You may,' sez Denham, who's rather precise in his speech. And Sam, before he knows it, is official butler to the Denhams, includin' Florence herself.

'That night he meets her again and tells her what every woman should know, as the book says. You're a snob, Mrs. McGinnis,' he sez, 'but I'll be damned if I'll admit you don't love me. My
"You're a snob, Mrs. McGinnis, but I'll be dashed if I'll admit you don't love me."

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CAST
Sam McGinnis.....................Thomas Meighan
Florence Denham..................Martha Mansfield
Billy Arkwright...................Alfred Hickman
Maj.-Gen. Girard..................Albert Brown
Mrs. Smythe.......................Marie Shotwell

Directed by Hugh Ford

November, 1920

dad's the best cobbler in the state and I'm goin' to learn good manners, your good manners, and while I'm learnin' them, I'll give you a little lesson in democracy.

"You mean you're going to learn good manners from me?"
"I'm goin' to learn them from the only people who have 'em, the servants," sez Sam.

Then he spills the big news, he's goin' to be the official tea-strainer and door opener for the family. Further, adds Sam, if she don't keep still, he'll tell the whole story, and leave her out in the cold.

"Again Florence gets chilblains around the ankles. 'Don't do it, Sam,' she begs. 'I'll go with you anywhere. I'll go to Rochester, where your father is —'

"My father?" is Sam's comeback.

"I'm afraid he'd be ashamed of you. He's got very old-fashioned ideas about women, you know."

"Florence imitates a dead calm waitin' for a joy-ride into the fire. She sez nothin'."

"After I've educated you, you'll be all right, Sam keeps on teasin'. 'Why, I'll make you so that I can take you into the poorest house in the land — and not be ashamed of you."

"And if you don't succeed?"
"If I don't succeed, if I don't learn manners and dress, I'll go quietly away and you can get a divorce."

"Well, anyhow, as I said before, that's how our Sam McGinnis became Jenkins the Butler in the Denham Diggins at one thousand and one Fifth Avenue. Sam not being born and bred a butler made a good one, I guess, for soon the family couldn't get along without him. He had to wipe old man Denham's chin, when old man Denham took too much hundred proof, and he had to open them there oysters when the cocktails was drunk. And he butlered so perfect that Florence began to realize that she had married a perfect butler, and Florence didn't like that one bit, no siree! One day she tells him so, adding that for family harmony he'd best quit.

"I've a good job of a butler, miss," says Sam, his eyes twinklin', "I'm a married man and have to look out for the future — and the tips —"

"You mean you've taken tips?" says Florence.

"Sam takes a little book from his pocket and shows it to her. 'Here's a record of my tips,' sez he, 'it's all for you. A barber friend of mine explained he gives all his tips to the old woman."

"That decides it, sez Florence, 'I'm goin' to divorce you."

"But you can't get a divorce when you ain't married, and to all respectable persons it looks as though Florence was still Denhaming and Sam was still butting. Finally, however, Sam decides to bring her around. One night they Delmonicoed for a big gatherin'. Billy was upset that night, for he was in an awful hurry to land the hard roll and he tips Sam five dollars to arrange a meetin' between him and Florence. And with Sam kiddin' Florence about the tip and laughin' behind Billy's back, things was comin' to a climax, as Cicotte said when he found the five thou' under his pillow.

"The dinner was a swell affair. They had six kinds of wine and fourteen kinds of soup, including the kind Sam puts his thumb in by mistake as he turned the corner from the pantry to the dining-room. There was a lot of swell folks, including a rich widow named Smythe and a General fellow, some gink with half a dozen stars on his shoulder who'd seen Sam over on the other side.

"Sam saw the General first, and saluted him.

"Sez the General: 'What you doin' here, Sam ol' kid, you, the best little engineer whatever slung pontoon bridges over the Somme River?'

"Sam makes no reply, and the General who musta been a wise old duck in his game days, says nothin'.

"As for the widow, she sees Sam first and she decides he's all too fired handsome and all that in butting clothes. And she starts out to cast her weather eye to port, meanin' Sam.

"There was one other guy in the party, a millionaire or somethin' called Dumont. He was buildin' a railroad in Brazil or Jersey or some such out of the way place I ain't never seen, and they begins to talk about it, and how hard it is to find an engineer who knows how to sling bridges across the Niagara Falls of the River of Doubt. Sez the General:

"'In my division was an engineer guy who would have been the very man for you. Won the Crooks de Grew for bravery — his name was Lieutenant McGinnis.'

"Sam, who was servin' out oysters, gets one fall down the open work back of the rich widow Smythe, and the General, brave man that he was, went to the rescue. And when, as they say in the movies, or in the story of a murder on Tenth Avenue, when quiet was restored, the General goes on with his tale of the brave Lieutenant McGinnis, with Sam and Florence drinkin' in every word until they felt as though they was swimmin' in Bevo. But later on, the General he plays his cards right. He outs and tells Dumont that the butler is none other than the Crooks de Grew guy McGinnis, Curtail.

"But — no curtain for the widow Smythe. She smiles sweetly on Florence and says somethin' like this:

"'Don't you think your butler has beautiful legs. I wish all men would wear silk stockings.'"
"Florence, of course, liked that as much as a doughboy likes to hear a Y. M. C. A. lecture on how to be upright though starving. But it gives Sam an idea. He was servin' tea at the time and hears the whole spiel, which was as the rich widow Smythe intended. And later on he gets the rich widow Smythe aside and he talks to her a bit. Meantime, the General and Dumont was buzzin' over the coffee or the tea or whatever they serve on Fifth Avenue in place of the good old growler, and they decide they know how to play Sam's game for him. Says Dumont:

"Rich Widow Smythe, you can do us a service. Slip that McGinnis guy what's buttering around here a bit of the flossy looks you have. Shine up to him. Smile like you was gettin' a diamond lavaliere from the Crown Prince for buyin' fifty-one Liberty Bonds instead of fifty-two. Flirt with him, get me, flirt?"

"Net result, rich widow Smythe flirts, tells Sam she knows who he is even if he don't, and the beans is spilled all over the ten thousand dollar rug of old man Denham. And bein' as how Sam and the rich widow Smythe both has the same idea, she wants to flirt because she likes him and he wants to flirt because he wants to make Florence jealous, they get on better than the Smith Brothers Cough Drops family. And then, when the rich widow Smythe turns to Florence and tells her that her man Jenkins the butler is so adorable that she is thrilled from the little toe on her left foot to the peroxide that sticks out just behind her switch of real hair bought at Macy's for $4.98, Florence is so delighted that if her eyes were knives the rich widow Smythe would have the same sensation as prickly heat only deeper.

"And the rich widow Smythe openly makes a date with Sam, right out in front of Florence.

"Exit for the bunch leavin' Florence and Sam standin' under the spot-light. And a family spat begins right there. The only trouble was that Billy musta got lost somewhere or got taken for a billiard ball and shot into a pocket for the evenin'. Anyhow, now he comes troopin' in, hearin' the dispute and the threats to throw the furniture that Sam and Florence was makin'.

"Florence,' sez he, 'I'm not goin' to let any damn impudent butler be fresh to you.'

"And Sam forgets. He turns on Billy and snaps out, 'Sergeant Arkwright, attention!'

"And Billy, thinkin' he was doin' K. P. in Camp Upton, shoots his hand to his head in salute. Then Sam sez;

"'I'm Lieutenant McGinnis— And the game was up.

"Billy beat it, of course. But Florence was mad as the Kaiser when he went into his throne room and found some Yank eatin' peanuts and spillin' the shucks all over the floor.

"Do you think you can make a joke of my friend—humiliate me—break your word—flirt with another woman before my eyes?"

"Sam laughs: 'You are goin' on like a spoiled child.'

"And she left the room.

"Well, anyhow, as I was sayin', that night she ups and elopes with Billy Arkwright. The only trouble was that she didn't get married before eloping and she took good care to have a maid around in case Billy got too fresh. Down in Palm Beach or one of them swell dumps they lands, and after spendin' two days with Billy she was so sick of him she would have given him her pet poodle and thirteen war savings stamps if he would have gone off for a walk in the Atlantic Ocean. She even told him he was on probation, out of the guard house, as it were, and she didn't intend to marry him until she got good and ready.

"As for Sam, he tells the tale to the General and the General tells the tale to Dumont, and there is a big confab and Dumont says, 'Why, McGinnis,' sez he, 'you're just the man I want.'

"'But I want my wife first,' sez Sam.

"Well they all start for Palm Beach on the way to (Continued on page 55)
A PRACTICAL DREAMER—GASTON GLASS

By DOROTHEA B. HERZOG

We are of such things as dreams are made of.

The words of Shakespeare, but spoken by Gaston Glass, reveal in a single slant his rapid rise to success in motion pictures. Gaston Glass, an unknown wounded French soldier, alone in a strange country, has become a commanding figure in current picture plays, including "The Humoresque" and "The World and His Wife," followed by Ralph Connor's "The Foreigner." After wondering what would supply the next step in this young man's amazing rise in motion pictures, we are pleased, but not surprised, to learn that he had been detained in the same location where "The Foreigner" was filmed to appear as a featured player in the second Ralph Connor picture, "Cameron of the Royal Mounted."

We wanted to know more about young Gaston Glass, so we sought him out and found him ensconced in a huge armchair in his apartment, reading a French periodical. He is young, clean cut, and—need we say?—good looking; tall and slenderly lithe. There are little crinkles at the corners of his expressive brown eyes which deepened into a broad smile of welcome as he arose to greet us in his whole hearted boyish way.

But Mr. Glass soon proved that he is about as talkative as an oyster, insofar as he himself is concerned. However, even "oneself" crops out behind modest reticence now and then. So in due course we discovered that he is a fiery Frenchman, that he has played with Mme. Sarah Bernhardt on the French stage and was, in fact, her special protege. He left his beloved stage when war was declared, to enlist in the aviation service. He was severely wounded, came to America to recuperate and also, we wager, to speak at the Liberty Loan meetings.

But recuperating, to a young man of Mr. Glass' zealous nature, is the next thing to stagnation. Time often weighed heavily on his hands. So he determined at last to return home. A happy occurrence, the turning point in the young actor-aviator's career, postponed his return and has, by the way, continued to postpone it to this day.

Mr. Glass had a way of engaging in conversation, American soldiers just returned from France. He enjoyed trying to "carry on" with them in French; he also harbored a hazy idea of perhaps finding a soldier who had met his own dear ones.

One afternoon, shortly before he had planned to purchase his passage for France, he was conversing within the walls of an actors' club with an American soldier. The

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No, Theda Bara is not cold. No more hectic Salome ever vamped the old King since Oscar Wilde first popularized the tale of Yokoham the Baptist and made the loss of his bearded head good screen material.

As for Norma Talmadge, we must admit surprise, for Norma never aspired to the heights of vampery; she probably wanted a light role for the hot summer months hence the picture.

We have an idea as to what little Miss Christie Comedy is doing at the left, but we feel it would hardly be quite right to say.

Kathleen O’Connor is not preparing to protect herself with a brick; she is listening to what the wild, painted waves on the drop curtain behind her are saying.
The old wheeze about the motion picture being in its infancy no longer holds, for the child has discovered that it has legs and is able to use them to the best photographic advantage. So precocious, indeed, is the movie that it already is dressing—or, rather, undressing—after the fashion of its mother, the stage.

Emerson, we believe, is the gentleman who said that we never progress; we simply oscillate. Eve laid the foundation of the cloak and suit business when she put on the fig leaf. Her daughters have gone from bad to worse. They've completely covered themselves with every available fibre and texture in the world. Now comes the reaction. Dresses became shorter, and bodices have lowered until they almost kiss the skirt at the waist line. Finally, the stage, which holds the mirror up to life, began to shake its chemise. Its daughter, the photoplay, immediately shook its chemise. Now we have attained such perfection of morality that we can shake off all our clothes—that is, according to the stage and the photoplay. Which, after all, is nice, isn't it? Only the censors have a perverted idea about morality. Eve wasn't criticized for not wearing clothes, but for wearing them. Didn't the voice demand angrily, "Who told you that you were naked?"

The Greeks set the standard of beauty for world fashions. They wore virtually nothing. It would appear that we are entering upon a Grecian era, led by Pierre Louys' "Aphrodite" on the Century stage.

The photoplay, being young and bashful, has just discovered it has a figure.

Pictures started out primly on the lawn and front porch, proceeded into the parlor, passed into the bedroom and finally landed in the bath. Betty Compton, I believe, has done more toward sanitation than any flock of health offices. She started the parade to the bathroom when she climbed into that tub in "The Miracle Man."

Some people object to bathing on the screen. But is not the screen a reflection of life? It should be. Therefore, since people bathe, the mirror of life is bound to catch them at it.

"Yes," complains the critic. "But why always photograph their Saturday nights?"

For shame! Now-a-days stars and other swells bathe every day—it's a function of every-day existence. Didn't you see Gloria Swanson, in "Male and Female?" You may not have seen as much of her as did Wes Berry at the keyhole, but anyhow you had a chance to note that she was pretty well palmolived before she climbed out of the tub. Cecil de Mille is nothing if not thorough. He's the greatest advocate of cleanliness in the world today. In time, if he keeps up the good work, the public may be so reformed that we will have public baths like in the old Grecian days. Then we won't have to spend twenty-seven cents at the movie theatre.

We heard an exhibitor remark, "Give me the picture with the nude, and I'll get the crowd."

He spoke for the exhibitor en masse. Now every little picture has a nudity all its own.

"The Prince Chap" gave us one in model form. That was the earliest contrivance for passing the censors without drapery—the artist's model. But in "The Prince Chap" we had an electric fan in the office to give a breeziness. It added suspense to the picture. Of course, a lot of folks were not wise to the fan. They thought the draperies of the lady were being blown by a natural wind through the window, and any moment it might turn into a whirlwind. Then, we should see what we should see! Patience, my friends! Better days for pictures are coming.
Another technical ruse for presenting them "as they were" is the bathing suit girl. Mack Sennet has made a fortune by an investment in bathing outfits. No chance for criticism there. Bathing on the beach is a common diversion of life, and you couldn't expect to have the ladies wearing overalls or sealskin coats when reclining on the celluloid sands.

"Back to God's Country" was a clever title. You know what to expect in "God's Country"—perfection—unmarred by clothing profiteers. And the advertisements read, "Is a Nude Rude?" No better, no more significant line of poetry ever came from William Shakespeare or Ivan Abrahamson. And no better line ever came to the box-office. Rude or not, all the world loves a nude.

Naturally, like all great reforms, the back to Eden movement has its enemies. Anita Stewart is one. Miss Stewart positively refused to continue in "Sowing the Wind" until all the nudes had been chased out of the studio, the beds made up and the tooth marks removed from the shoulder of the vampire where a gentleman had coyly bitten her. Miss Stewart condemned all this art as "vulgarity."

"But they is just de Mille touches," argued the producer, whose motto is "Art for Art's sake."

Miss Stewart was of the opinion that they were "smears" rather than "touches," and that de Mille is an artist while certain other gentlemen are not.

"But there is 'Sex,'" was the further argument.

"Yes, there is 'Sex,'" retorted the irate Miss Stewart. "But without me in it. If that's what the public wants, then I'm too old-fashioned to be a star."

What a pity that one so lovely as Miss Stewart will not stand for a little nudity, a little harmless fun, such as we saw in "Sex," of which a reviewer said, "To J. Parker Read, producer of 'Sex,' goes the honor of hanging the red-light on the drama."

Madge Kennedy is another daughter of Eve who won't behave. In "Dollars and Sense" she played a chorus girl. But the half of it you'll never know,

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CUPIDON
BABYLON
SENNETT & CO.

In twenty centuries, it is said, the world has discovered nothing new except the planet Neptune. In ten years a new universe has been revealed to the naked eye. Sunshine Comedy girls posing as Cupidon, De Male versions of Babylonian splendor and Christian slavery, via Henley, Barrie, and "Male and Female," and Sennettesque slapstickery featuring the shapeliness of Ruth King and the Louise Fazendian grotesquery. Behold, and blink not at the splendid stars of "The Great Undraped."
Will Rogers Talks

By EDWIN JUSTUS MAYER

and the only time I opened my mouth was to yawn or maybe say 'thank you,' to admiring audiences. Those were the days when I used to come first on the bill, so as to put people into a state of mind where they thought anything else must be good, I suppose.

"Well, one day all the ghosts of the dead Indians over whose graves I had had whooping-cough in my boyhood must have caught me at last, because all of a sudden unseen fingers grabbed my rope and began to do all sorts of things to it, pulling it this way, that way, the other way, and both ways, and sorely perplexing me. I suspect I commenced to get red in the face and I was sorely afraid that the audience was getting red in the eye. In my agony I breathed a silent prayer and said to myself, 'Words, come to me!' And they came. I don't know where from, but they came.

"'Swinging a rope is all right,' I remember saying, 'when your neck ain't in it. Then it's Hell.' I heard some faint titters.

"Emboldened, I went on, 'Out west where I come from, they won't let me play with this rope. They think I might hurt myself!' Well, that audience started to laugh and forgot to look at the lariat, and I was saved. After that I started to make wise cracks regularly until the time came when I hardly did anything with my lariat, but made my tongue wag instead, so as to make a pleasant and profitable living.

"George M. Cohan once said that life is a funny proposition, and I believe there was a man somewhere back in the seventh century who also remarked that. In fact, I understand it was his last remark, as in those days they didn’t stand for platitudes. But now a man can say anything and get away with it, unless he says he's for prohibition and means it, and there are men about. Well, life is a funny proposition. After I had dropped my pantomime with my lariat and took up talking for a living, along comes Samuel Goldwyn, and before I know what has happened he has me working in what they call the silent drama, where people can see your lips move, but can’t hear the wisdom of your inmost brain.

"So now I’m back where I started from, except that they have taken away my rope and given me a director who is a good feller, but talks through a megaphone. Anyhow, I like the movies because you can meet so many famous operatic stars in them. And I’m even further west here in the Goldwyn studios of California than I was when I was born, and I used to wish I was born elsewhere so I could run away to where I was born. That sounds odd, don’t it?"

I said it did.

It is on record—printed in various papers—that previous to the Republican nomination the star asked Boise Penrose, "What do you think of Doc Leonard Wood?" To which the Pennsylvania "solon" replied: "It will take more than a doctor to do this country any good, the shape it’s in. What we need is a magician."

Whether Mr. Rogers ever interviewed the Pennsylvanian is certainly a problem, but it is certain, at least, that the

"I was this way," Will Rogers affirmed, standing on the lawn of the Goldwyn studios at Culver City, California, and swinging his lariat as he talked, "I was born in Oklahoma, and you know that state was partly carved out of the old Indian Territory, and when I was young I used to hear about eastern boys who dreamed about running away from having to go to the grocery and heading for the Indian Territory—I guessed they liked the name, or something. Well, it used to most break my heart, contemplating that I hadn’t a place to run away to like the Indian Territory, having been born there. It didn’t seem fair, somehow; I felt I should have had a chance with the rest of the fellows. I couldn’t even get sore because my folks sent me to the grocery too often, because there wasn’t a grocery within forty miles of our place, and in that grocery they sold licker principally, and so far as infants were concerned, the neighborhood was prohibition, so I wasn’t often sent for a cake of soap. I learned to rope steers at a tender age, but what fun is there in roping steers when all your neighbors are so used to things like that they just ride by and yawn? I used to think it would be fun roping things in a New York street, where people would look at you and clap their hands, but I didn’t know.

And the star shook his head and thinking wistfully of the past, "I don’t know."

Every life is a matter of anecdotes, and that of Rogers is even more so than usual, for he has, in a way, made a business of anecdotes. But the choice anecdote of his career is one which he doesn’t often speak of. "It still gives me the willies when I think of it," he says, classically. But after due urging, he will tell you something like this:

"Somehow or other I left cowboying for the vaudeville stage, making a feature of my ability, so to speak, to swing a rope. My whole act consisted of doing tricks with a lariat,
cowboy-movie star did some witty reporting for one of the well-known newspaper syndicates. For instance, he says he said to Mr. Penrose, "Who prayed today?" and that Mr. Penrose said, "The audience." Mr. Rogers spoke of Chauncey Depew, and said, "Chauncey went pretty good with the audience," to which the Senator said, "I believe those jokes went better this year than they have for years."

All this is pre-nomination stuff. Since the candidates were selected, Mr. Rogers has said nothing. He has preferred making good motion pictures to bothering about bad politics.

The writer, however, finally induced him to say a few words about the forth-coming election.

"I hear Harding is a very good man. I heard that from a Democrat. I also heard that Cox has been very good to his folks. I heard that from a Democrat. I also heard something about Harding from a Democrat and some more things about Cox from a Republican.

"Generally speaking the country is to be congratulated on the candidates. Nobody ever heard of them before, so it's likely that we'll hear a good deal about them during the campaign. Who will I vote for? How should I know? Every time I talk to a dyed-in-the-wool Republican—there is still one in this part of the country—I know that I am going to vote twice for Cox. But then, every time I talk to a man who has voted the Democratic ticket since '88, I know I am going to vote for Harding just as often. I figure I'll wait a while before making up my mind, for there is going to be an awful lot of bunk spilled and I have to listen in.

"Anyway, the nation may lose, but Ohio is bound to win. Two native sons in the race! It looks as though there might be a real family row before November, and anybody knows that when two brothers fight it's worse than strangers. They usually know more about each other. As for the wet question, I don't see where that figures in. They tell me that a man recently went into a bar over the Mexican border and wrote out an order for a drink. The bartender gave it to him but refused to take money. We don't charge deaf and dumb men, he said, but the buyer opened his mouth and said, 'Deaf and dumb, Hell! I live in the United States and I was just dry, dry, dry!'

"Well, anyway you look at it, prohibition is a great institution. So is dust. I see where neither platform and neither candidate has talked much about prohibition. Maybe they're dry, too. I don't know much about politics, but ever since I became a reporter and covered the pow-wows I see that it is the aim of politicians never to talk about things that the rest of the country is talking about. The idea seems to be to get 'em interested in anything but what they're interested in. The Democratic platform at least came out for petroleum, which is something, but it should have said whether it was to be 2.75.

"Many men who are otherwise honest take an interest in politics, I have found out.

"As to the two candidates, I am neutral, as I have said. The great issue seems to be Ohio. It may be a good state, but why should they have so many politicians? I shall have to look the ground over."

I left him silent—but still idly swinging his eternal lariat.
"Pretty Soft For Lloyd!" Says Earl Hughes

But—when the tar-and-feather stuff comes along, Brother Earl admits that acting for the films isn't ALL play!

WISH I were a bank clerk!" Lloyd Hughes mourned, addressing his younger brother, Earl, on the morning of October 12th.

"You make me sick!" Earl replied in true brotherly fashion. "Here you are, making a million a minute playing around the Ince studios—though Heaven knows how you do it—while I toil from dawn to dark—"

"Except on bank holidays, which average three a week," Lloyd interrupted.

"Can that bunk!" was the terse, if inegalant reply. "Just for that, I'm going out to watch you work today." Then he added fiercely, "Work—you don't know the meaning of the word!"

"And just for that," Lloyd retorted, "I'm going to show you!"

Ten minutes later the two boys were speedind down Hollywood Boulevard in their Hudson, bound for Culver City and the Thomas H. Ince Studios, where the first Lloyd Hughes Feature, "Wheelbarrow Webster," is in the course of production.

Arriving at the studio, Earl was "personally conducted" about the studio by Brother Lloyd. Offices, electric plant, wardrobe and property rooms, dark stages—Earl saw them all. A studio graffiti man, notified of the presence of the "Young Visiter," made several pictures of the two boys; and when at last the pair arrived at Lloyd's dressing room, Earl was more than ever of the opinion that studio life and real work were far removed from each other.

Emerging from his dressing room after a session with the make-up box, clad in the somewhat dowdy garb of young "Wheelbarrow," the correspondence-school attorney who struggles for recognition in a country town, Lloyd was greeted by a shouted: "Hey—LOYD! A little more speed, there! What d' you think this is—a garden party?"

"What's the mad rush?" the boy complained; and then, to his brother, "That's John Griffith Wray, who's directing this picture—he's always hurrying me! S' long, kid! See you later!"

And Lloyd was off to "work."

The "kid," left to his own devices, followed Lloyd over to a corner of the lot, where he established himself behind a friendly camera and awaited action.

He had not long to wait. The hum of angry conversation arose from some two dozen burly-looking individuals who were gathered about a huge iron pot from which were wafted clouds of black and an evil smell. A little to one side, a gentleman of Satanic aspect was busily engaged in ripping open a feather bed with a pocket knife.

"All right, Lloyd," Director Wray was saying, "Remember, there isn't a chance in the world for escape—you're being tarred and feathered by an angry mob; but you're innocent, don't forget that! All ready, now—ACTION!"

The angry hum becomes a roar as Lloyd was fiercely seized upon and borne struggling towards the steaming kettle.

Then came a three-minute struggle, at the end of which Lloyd, rescued in the nick of time by a declaration of guilt from the culprit, emerged with tattered clothing, a black eye, and several other souvenirs of a very genuine conflict.

"So you think I earn a million a minute 'playing' around the studio, do you?" said Lloyd to the skeptical Earl, caressing the while a rapidly-swelling lip.

"Accept my heart-felt apologies, Brother," retorted Earl, in mock humiliation. "Why, I wouldn't work like that for a billion a minute!"

"Oh, it isn't like this all the time," Lloyd hastened to assure him. "Yesterday I did nothing but play around with Gladys George, my leading woman—which wasn't half bad!" He finished bovishly.

"I should say not!" Earl, a bit enviously conceded. "Shouldn't mind being in the business, myself."

It is a matter of give and take between brother Lloyd and brother Earl. If Lloyd wakes first, Earl has the chance of swearing at Lloyd for rising too early, and Lloyd has the chance of swearing at the director for making him get up at 5:30 of the morning to go on location in some swamp where the snakes are none too friendly. A matter of give and take it is, only in this instance more a matter of give than of take, for few brothers get on so well as Lloyd of the Hughes clan and his kin, Earl.
Connie . . . . that's all.
Five years ago, Ralph Graves was a "callow youth." Now he is a broad shouldered, deep chested, serious young man, who varies leads with Dot Gish with leads for D.W. himself.
Cheese Sandwiches to Caviar

By NORBERT LUSK

LOUISE GLAUM is at once a confirmation and a contradiction. Meeting her for the first time, a visitor is conscious of an exotic personality in keeping with the roles she has made famous. Yet this quality is overtoned by a simplicity, a naivete oddly at variance with her screen self. Louise Glaum fascinates and perplexes.

"Don't laugh—I made my first appearance on the stage in a classic drama: 'Why Girls Leave Home.' On the screen, in a comedy notable for the violence of its action." Without her sequins and trailing chiffons she is almost diminutive, and her eyes are curiously compounded of green and brown. She has a low, leisurely voice.

"I have known what it is to be unwanted, to be told so brutally and to hope and to snatch at a chance, only to see it melt away: a chance to gain a foothold and to prove to myself and my mother that within me was the ability to make a living as an actress.

"I've known what it means to be beaten back again and again, to be told there wasn't a place for me—that I was too tall or too short, too young or too old, for the tiny part I so longed to play. I've known it all, months and months of it," said Louise Glaum, "and I'm glad it was so."

It was her unerring sense of contrast that caused her to say this. She had been asked nothing. Perhaps her gorgeous costume, a glance at her face in the mirror, reflecting a headdress of white peacock feathers, prompted her to contrast these evidences of material success with her drab days. She went on. "I don't believe that satisfaction in one's endeavors ever comes unless preceded by a struggle. As for genuine success, whatever that may be, it has to be fought for and wrung out of life and paid for with tears and desperation."

She was emotional, intense, and expressed herself with the fervor of a tragic actress tusseling with a 'big' scene—suppressed, of course, to the limits of her dressing-room at the Ince studios, noticeable for its simplicity.

"Do you know," she resumed, "I remember the lunches I used to bring from home to last me during the day while I made the rounds of the studios—cheese sandwiches. Why is it that a cheese sandwich to this day always makes me instinctively choke, even though I still like the things?" With this she cast off her tragic mask and laughed lightly.

"Everyone," she was reminded, "will want to know how you decided to become an actress at all."

"Am I so dreadful as that?" She parried the question, looking over the edge of a great fan of paradise plumes and answered the question with more laughter.

"Well," she began, "I suppose every young person at one time or another wants to go on the stage, though nowadays motion pictures lure the youth of the land—probably because of the screen's greater popularity. At any rate, my more or less slumbering desire to become an actress was helped by having to do something." Her visitor had a mental picture of the proverbial wolf gnawing cheese sandwiches.

"Previous to that time home life provided me with every desire. I had no reason to think of becoming an actress except as a sort of weak refuge when my girlish caprices were not gratified. There is nothing like adversity to crystallize one's forces," Miss Glaum remarked sagely.

"Thank Heaven, I didn't waste my life in comfortable dreaming as so many girls do. I began my career at fifteen."

"Then 'Why Girls Leave Home' was doubly significant?"

"Rather," flashed Miss Glaum, "and often I asked myself that question night after night, worn out by constant traveling, poor food, strange faces and homesickness. But I clung tenaciously and never would have given up had not the death of my younger sister called me home.

She was silent a moment. Her friends say that this bereavement remains the

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Cuddles Grows Up

By John Braun

"I remember, I remember
How my childhood fretted by—
The mirth of its December
And the warmth of its July."
—Praed.

And yet the quotation does not seem altogether apropos. There is no sadness in Lila Lee's transition from childhood to womanhood, after all. Possibly she is really too much a child yet to realize that youth is a thing to be regretted. In years she is a child still; in her heart of hearts, perhaps, also a child. But in many ways, in her capacity for understanding, in some aspects of her appearance, in her talent, she has left childhood behind and entered gloriously into the sweetest period of all, perhaps—young womanhood.

Hers is the cloudy beauty of a day in autumn; stray tresses from her dark hair float ever and anon across her cheeks; her skin has the warm, rich coloring of the Latins; her eyes possess a far away look at times and there is something of "the midnight flower" in their depths.

She is very lovely. There is a wistfulness about her mouth that has the effect of creating a lingering memory of yesterdays of ineffable sweetness. She is the girl you used to know, somewhere in a garden hung with flowers and carpeted with fragrant grass; she is the girl you used to know, whose smiles defy the flight of time, come back to you in dreams and are seen again in the smoke wreaths from the crackling log flames in the fireplace. She is the girl you used to know, when the moon rose serenely over rustic loveliness of garden gate and spreading fields. She is the universal girl of all our young memories.

Lila Lee came early to the art of entertainment. In vaudeville as Cuddles she ingeniously twisted hearts about her tiny fingers. On the screen she entered the hearts of the multitude and found a place there which has never been dispelled. But she was a child when she started, and today she is a woman. Her youth was spent in the shadow of spotlight and painted drop, of sun arc and silver screen. She has developed radiantly like some rare flower in a tropic warmth, yet never to her disadvantage, for she is today an athletic girl, full to overflowing of health and spirits and the joy of life. Companionable to a degree, her friends are legion. She is quick-witted, clever and ingenuous still. The child shows ever through the woman's eyes, as the blossom shines through the bud. She is a distinct refutation of the oft-advanced claim that a child is injured through early association with the life theatrical. There could never be a more charming woman as there was never a more delightful child. There is a difference between mere precocity and insouciant brightness. Lila Lee par Excellence took ever of the latter quality.

She received her education from private tutors. Gained an understanding of the wonders of life and its work earlier perhaps than most youngsters. But far from spoiling her it added sweetness and charm.

There are times yet," confesses Miss Lee, "when I love to get out my dolls and play I am a child again. But I am not saddened by the reflection that childhood has passed. Indeed I am too happy in the present to think of anything else with regret. Emerson said to his daughter: 'Forget yesterday' and, in effect, continuing—'today is too beautiful to waste a moment on the yesterdays.' Yet I would gladly retain the dearer memories of my yesterdays and let all others slip from my mind forever.

"My work means much to me. I try to gain something everyday; to watch older and more experienced players is one of my greatest satisfactions. Naturally I learn, learn always. And in my studio environment I have been so fortunate, because it has been as nearly ideal as one could conceive. All about me has been kindness, a spirit of comradery, a wholesome atmosphere of artistic endeavor and a harmonious activity. It has been instilled into my
mind the necessity to be up and doing; to waste none of the precious moments, which, once lost can never be regained. It has taught me to know people better than any school could have done; I have learned from my associations with fine actors who were also fine men and women, the things to avoid and the things to cultivate. So I have progressed, I feel: I know I have enjoyed it and that in my heart I feel I have benefited by everything I have seen and heard that was worth the seeing and hearing.

"I love sport, I like to ride, drive a car, play tennis, golf, polo. I love to read—yes, I confess it—fairy tales are still dear to me. You see, I will not give up all my childhood and I hope I never shall. Years do not count. It is what we feel, and within our own souls we must keep alive the spark of sweetness and childish gentleness and fancy. All men and women, it seems to me, in my brief experience, are really children—as Elbert Hubbard used to say—in the kindergarten of God!"

"I love to dream; my castles in Spain are real enough; they radiate and glow with noon tide glory. They touched the clouds, their spires sweep the skies. There is all one's life in a dream castle, its inhabitants are one's thoughts, soaring to empyrean heights; and it can never crumble to dust while we keep our thoughts aloft, attuned to the infinite glories of life in its perfect sense."

"I am not a philosopher," she laughed. "I am a child turned woman within a short span of time. Yet I do think a lot; I do read much—and out of it all I have perhaps evolved my own philosophy. We can never go far astray if we keep our hearts swept clean of the debris of useless thoughts and desires and train our minds to reach out for all that is best and finest in what we know as life."

Such is Lila Lee, the woman. Lila Lee's leap to fame is a romance in itself. It happened this way. One day, about nine years ago, a small girl-child was busily playing in the streets of Union Hill, New Jersey. She had just learned a new game, "Ring Around A Rosy." It was a dandy game and she and the other children in Union Hill liked to play it on the big smooth asphalt middle of their street—there being no other available place quite so alluring.

"mummy's" consent has been won, Lila Lee, or "Cuddles," as she was known on the vaudeville stage, began her long association with the Edward's, to whom she soon became a real daughter in all but name.

On one memorable occasion in Rochester, Cuddles struck the only real snag of her entire vaudeville career—this was when the city officials took it into their stupid grown-up heads to forbid her appearance on the grounds of too extreme youthfulness.

Then it was that "Cuddles" displayed her latent "temperament." Temperament that refused to be appeased by offers of lollipops, ice cream or even fat gold watches. Evidently she thought that while she was at it she might as well do the thing thoroughly.

Even David Belasco, who happened to be trying out a play in Rochester that evening, and who had become a good friend of Cuddles, was unable to appease her.

"Don't cry any more, Cuddles," he said at last, "and I will make you a very wonderful promise. I'll make you a star the day you are sixteen."

But Fate willed it otherwise, and it is Jesse L. Lasky, not Mr. Belasco, who brought Lila Lee to stardom. Mr. Lasky had been looking for a new star—a star who would possess the triple gifts of beauty, youth and undeniable talent. It meant months of hopeless

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ALICE . . . .
LADY OF THE LAKE
BY JACK LEWIS

"Wait a minute, Miss Lake," we shouted frantically, as we saw our prey slipping out of our grasp. "I came here to interview you."

It was an important moment, let us confess. We really felt she would not have time even to turn around and give us a wee word of consolation. But she did, and the unexpected happened.

"Certainly you can do that, but I can't wait a minute. I'm off this afternoon and I've an engagement for a horseback ride. Am awfully anxious to get there."

Thus it was that we started the talk, enjoying the odd sensation of interviewing at a pace that seemed ungodly and absolutely unnecessary.

"Isn't it great to be alive!" she exclaimed, after we had dropped a furtive remark about her being an exceptionally good walker. We had hoped in this way to call attention to her haste, but it fell flat. Then we switched the talk to another vein.

"Of course, my work on the screen means everything to me," she confided with a smile. "It is the most perfect medium for calling into play faculties that otherwise would be dormant! It is wonderful because it gives you such opportunity to project your many-sided self and develop. I think the fact that I can watch myself on the screen, after a film is finished, is of vital importance in showing me my own faults and helping me to eradicate them, so that the next effort can be more flawless. I want to be varied and perfect."

"Tell me what you consider the big events of your life," we demanded, panting, for she was leading us a merry dance and we were out of practice.

"Two things that are really different sides of the same coin. When I was a high school miss my brother took me to a Broadway show where Bert Lytell and Irene Penwick were co-starring in 'Mary's Ankle.' That was the time I vowed I'd be an actress. Then, about a year ago, the wonderful thing happened, and I was summoned to the Metro studios and asked to be Bert Lytell's leading woman. It was thrilling to play..."

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY ALICE!
That's what they call winsome, vivacious Alice Lake, Metro's popular featured player.

The description fits her to perfection. For if you saw her tripping in and out of the studios, for all the world a care-free creature of moods, refusing to take the whole work of acting before the camera as anything but a glorious jollification, you would not question that she has qualified for the title, with all the qualities implied in the term.

Persons who work with her say she is a wonder for getting the most out of life and never worrying about happenings that others would fret over. They say she is alive in every cell of her body, with a fund of nervous energy that permits her to expend a tremendous amount of force and yet have enough left for her diversions outside of work.

We certainly believed it all after catching a glimpse of her in the studio, whither we went determined to corral her into a leisurely interview about herself.

She came bounding into a spacious setting on one of the enclosed stages and beckoned to a group of fellow players nearby. It was just after luncheon and the director was absent.

"Here, quit your gabbing and let's do something. We have time for a few dances. Somebody ask me to dance, quick!"

Nobody could resist her infectious spirit. In a second, all had caught her enthusiasm and were dancing to the strains of jazz from the Victrola.

"That's Alice—always on the go and never tired," someone remarked.

After this little intermission, we were prepared for the more or less exacting adventure of attempting to capture her attention. If she proved so mettlesome in this brief interval, we would hardly expect her to have enough patience to sit down and answer questions. But we promised ourselves to be severe and insist on her giving us as much time as we required.

Needless to say, our resolve came to naught.

Her exit from the set was followed by a whirlwind search for her hat, and a wild rush into the street, just as if she were in New York and were bent on catching a subway express in twenty seconds or so.
with the man whom I had admired as a flapper and who had awakened in me a desire to act."

Suddenly her attention was diverted to shouts and screams coming from an orchard nearby, where some urchins were busy gathering apples. Alice rushed off, without as much as saying "I'll be back soon," and in a trice had joined the boys in getting fruit from the tree. She was such a good sport that the boys lost interest in the apples and just listened to her tales.

I thought this was a godsend to make her say something more, without the previous hurry, so I leaped the fence and approached the group. But no sooner had I done so than I heard a "Beat it, here's the guy who owns the place," and saw several dozen feet making for other parts. A mischievous twinkle of fun lit up Alice Lake's eyes. She laughed with pleasure—until she turned around to see a wrathful expression on the face of the outraged apple tree owner. Then she dashed away.

"Well, if that isn't just like old times," she exclaimed. "Only, the farmer should have shown himself with a shot gun. It would have been more realistic."

"Do you know, I think I should have been a boy? I used to be a regular tomboy and envied the kids because they were able to do lots of things not considered nice for girls, like climbing trees, playing baseball, and other things. I was always good at them and still have the old hankering."

She had presumably forgotten her engagement. But the stables were not far away and we soon reached them. Alice waved a jaunty cropper in our direction as her horse went over the dirt road. There was nothing to do but wait, so we made the best of circumstances, not without cursing our weakness at having to stand such dynamic interruptions. We felt we should have brought letters and chained this spirit of eternal motion to a rock, and then hurled question after question at her defenseless self. She returned just as we were conjuring devilish situations where we were the villain and she the helpless heroine with the hero ten thousand miles away and airplanes not yet invented.

"There's little to tell, after all," she said, in regard to her work. "Everything paved the way for what followed. After I was graduated from the Erasmus Hall School in Brooklyn, I danced at the Waldorf Astoria. I never studied dancing—just danced, that was all."

"All the time I longed to act in motion pictures. I finally visited the Vitagraph studios in Flatbush and got work as an extra. Then I did a lead with Thanhouser in 'The First Ace,' where Mack Sennett saw me and made me Fatty Arbuckle's leading woman in slap-stick comedy. After that I was with Universal playing with Herbert Rawlinson in 'Come Through,' in the role of a professional dancer. Producers began to offer me lots more money, so I felt I was making headway. I returned to Roscoe Arbuckle and then did a series of Mack Sennett comedies."

"And enjoyed yourself?"

"Certainly, it was great fun and I had the time of my life. I did want to do serious drama, though. Bert Lytell saw me doing burlesque drama and liked my work so well that he got me an engagement with Metro as his leading woman in 'Blackie's Redemption.' That gave me the desire to act in

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THE GREATEST THRILL

By CYNTHIA LYNN

All Photographs by Nelson Evans

departure from Texas for New York, and thence to the Sargent Dramatic School.

For part three, stage success was thrust upon her, because, from the beginning, recognition by various producers was hers.

She had intended to remain at least a year in school. At the end of the sixth month she was prevailed upon, not against her inclination, be it said, to graduate into the sterner school of actual, practical experience.

"There isn't any school finer," Miss Hampton says, "one single experience of literally doing is worth six months of book knowledge and second-hand technicality. And a bitter experience—" she smiled: "not that I believe 'A Modern Salome' to be a bitter experience. Certainly not in the long run. I don't believe it to be a good picture, despite the fact of its apparent salability. I don't like myself in it—but, oh, how I have learned and how, I hope, I have profited by the knowledge! I had far rather begin less luminously and grow and reach and struggle

AMONG us mortals there are some who work for success, some who achieve it accidentally, as it were, still others—though these, the popular modern pessimists would say are rare—who would have it thrust upon them.

Hope Hampton is an exponent of a compound of the three.

She is working for success, because she believes in work as the only broad highway to a substantial success; because the star dust has not blinded her to realities and because she is a healthy, normal American girl, with the will-to-do an essential part of her make-up.

She achieved it accidentally, in a sense, too, owing to the fact that she had no screen aspirations to begin with. A friend, a school girl friend of hers in her native Texan town, sent a photograph of her unknown to her to a newspaper running a wide-spread beauty contest. The photograph won first prize and Miss Hampton was the rather amazed recipient of various offers from still more various producers of musical comedies, plays and shows of one type or another. Miss Hampton was inured to home life and none of these offers appealed to her. Still, the seed was sown.

"At least," Hope must have meditated, "I'll like to study in some dramatic school and see whether or not this ability I feel is justified beneath and beyond the mere fact that I am the winner of a contest."

Success she has had in school at amateur theatricals reminded her of unsolicited public approval with deeper significance than she had hitherto attached to them. It resulted in her
to an intimate knowledge. I'm glad I didn't surpass my own abilities just at first. Work refines the artist in a person and gives it the valuation of fine metal.

After the completion of "A Modern Salome," Miss Hampton spent several months in Europe visiting the various capitals and arranging for the foreign rights of her picture. Characteristically, she spent a major portion of her time in visiting the various cinema theaters and studios of the other continent and absorbing atmospheres and characteristics of personnel and production. She is one of the few persons I have met who can relate various incidents of her trip with insight, with sense of dramatic touch, with that rare faculty for knowing what is colorful, what is human, what is appealing.

She returned from abroad to go at once to California and commence work upon "The Bait," with Maurice Tourneur directing. "The Bait," is, in the vernacular, a "big story." It is a thriller. And the greater part of the thrill is the nicety of repression, the sense of potential things and emotions restrained exhibited throughout by Miss Hampton. She shows a sense of suggesting vital things, unusual in so young and so new, if we may use the term, a person.

"The Bait is better," Miss Hampton said, sitting in a corner of one of her sets in the Fort Lee Studio, where she is now at work on her third production, still untitled finally;

"it really is better, but I won't say it is best—oh, not by far. I'm still learning; I'm still studying; I'm still working, and the greatest thrill I have ever had is, to watch the steps of my progress.

Jack Gilbert, one of the very youngest of the young directors, and assistant to Mr. Tourneur, is directing Miss Hampton in her third story. The cast includes Percy Marmont, Jack O'Brien, Miss Hampton's leading man, and Mrs. David Landau, of all the screen mothers, one of the best beloved. Mrs. Landau's recent version of the eternal mother was as the mother of Anna Moore in D. W. Griffith's "Way Down East."

With youth, with beauty, with health, with work, with the will-to-do and the will-to-be there isn't any possibility of slipping from out the Milky Way.

"If success comes at last in the measure I want," Miss Hampton told me, in her vivid convincing way, "it will be wonderful. Of course it will be wonderful. It is something every girl has dreamed of when she dreams best, isn't it? Praise is sweet, too, and the belief in one by others as one goes along. Popularity and public recognition—they all mean so much and more than much. But the greatest of all thrills is the work of it, the climbing up the ladder and knowing that you are climbing, having the hard feel of each rung as you go up and the bright light at the very top guiding and beckoning all the time." Hope laughed, spontaneously, "I never thought I'd fall in love with work," she confided, "just between you and me—but I have!"
LIKE so many others who have achieved success in the picture game, Director Chet Withey served his apprenticeship on the stage. While playing bits with stock companies on the coast he would occasionally lower himself by taking roles in film dramas. For in those days, Mr. Withey says, a legitimate player always looked down on the movies.

His first real movie affiliation was with the Selig Company, of Edendale, in 1919, as a scenario writer, this organization and the Bison company being the only two on the coast at that time.

"The Mack Sennett studios was my next stop as a scenario writer," Mr. Withey said, in telling of his experience, while seated at dinner in the Lotos Club, where he frequently dines when in New York, "and herein lies a little joke. As a boy, I had always wanted to play the role of a blackface comedian, and my chance came when I was invited to join the Roscoe Arbuckle parade—six of the scenario writers were honored in this way—and I was the only one in the sextette who had the courage to refuse. As a result of this unwillingness, I was fired on Saturday night. Shortly after this, I became associated with the Triangle Fine Arts, where I wrote scenarios and was finally assigned to do some directorial work."

Chet had found his sphere at last, and to the perfection of his work he devoted all his talents and ability. Besides the Fine Arts some of the older concerns with which he was associated in the earlier days were the American, Keystone, and Reliance-Majestic. His initial effort as a director for Triangle was "The Devil's Needle," in which Norma Talmadge was starred. Among the other productions of this period which were directed by Mr. Withey were "The Old Folks at Home," "Mr. Goode—the Samaritan," "The Village Prodigal," and "Madame Bo-Peep." Under the Vitagraph banner comes "An Alabaster Box." Then followed his association with Arctraft. Probably his best known work under these auspices is "The Hun Within," a picture which won unusual success and advanced Withey's reputation more than ever. His work for Paramount includes "Maggie Pepper," "Little Comrade," and "The Teeth of the Tiger." More recently he directed Norma Talmadge in "The New Moon" and "She Loves and Lies." One of his best known pictures is "On the Quiet," in which John Barrymore was starred.

Chet Withey's rise to the ranks of one of our foremost directors was not a case of one projected into fame over night. He missed none of the rungs in his climb to the top of the ladder, and the results of his characteristic earnestness and persistent endeavors speak for themselves. The screen version of Edward Sheldon's "Romance," offered many difficult problems for the film—its picture adaptability was looked upon as a poor venture by the majority of producers. Here was a story emphasizing unusual characterization and emotional situations in which dialogue rather than action predominated. The general consensus of opinion following its first showing at the Strand, was another splendid tribute to the genius of its director. Behind the success of Doris Keane in the leading role, is the ever-visible evidence of a director whose skillful guid-

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Ramona of Broadway

By MURRAY WILCOX

ROSEMARY—that's for remembrance. And Theby might suggest a variation on Thebes or recall both Egypt and Spartan women. Together, however, they make the name Rosemary Theby and incidentally give a perfectly suitable impression of the conversation and personality of a perfectly satisfactory screen leading lady.

The Spartan reference to Miss Theby is no exaggeration. Perhaps the Egyptians may be, but I doubt it, because she's created any number of screen Oriental roles, such as that of Kuta-ul-Kub in "Kismet." She even portrayed an Oriental vampire years ago in one of Lubin's first multiple-reelers called "The Reincarnation of Karma," which has remained as one of the landmarks of picturedom.

It's a long journey from Egypt to Mexico, but it is evident that Rosemary is apt to follow the line of westward progress, although even after her appearance as the Spanish heroine of fiery "Rio Grande," she was not prevented from returning to the Far East—and "Kismet."

She will play none other than strongly emotional roles, preferably with a Spartan gladiator of a man as the co-lead—a man who is a finished, capable actor rather than the merely-handsome hero, who can furnish her with the requisite inspiration to work, and about whose work and hers can be said by the ever-critical public, "What an excellent screen team!"

Once upon a time Rosemary played comedy—a long series of film domestic difficulties for Universal, in which she co-starred, co-authored, co-directed and co-edited with Harry Myers. But now she's done with comedy. When she retired from the screen for a time after the aforesaid comedy series every director, she says, in Filmland who wanted an irate young wife for a picture called on her to do the part.

"Whereas," she remarked, "I couldn't be anything but serious. I couldn't discover anything funny in the comedies we made and so I played my parts straight. I couldn't even see a joke until four years ago and used to read the funny papers without cracking a smile!"

For a long time, too, she was considered by the directorial profession for nothing but vampire roles like the Parisian adventuress in Griffith's "The Great Love." And every once in a while now she even becomes identified with the siren type, although, like every other screen actress, she declares that she doesn't want to have anything to do with them. Nevertheless, the Kuta in "Kismet" was a vamp—a lady who wears the lowest-and-beholdest of gowns. Rosemary's vicious queen, too, in the Mark Twain story, "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court" in which she starred for Fox and the plotting, scheming adventures of "The Little Grey Mouse," another Fox drama which she has just completed, are both unscrupulous ladies who, cinematically, have cast their virtue to the four winds and set themselves to accomplishing the screen downfall of young leading men who, in private life, are perfectly content to go home to dinner—and to the wife and children.

And yet Rosemary, in her own private haven—the little white bungalow perched atop a miniature hill in

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Your Opportunity in Motion Pictures

By JEROME STORM

WHAT is the matter with the movies?
The question is common to discussion by those who declare that the industry of picture-making has not increased the quality of its product in proportion to the quantity.
The trouble with the movies lies principally in the attitude toward the industry, an attitude common to those within as well as to those without.

Maurice Maeterlinck, on his recent visit to this country to write a picture play for the Goldwyn company, expressed amazement that we in this country, the home of the picture industry, look upon the motion picture as a second rate art.

"That is the farthest from my conception," said M. Maeterlinck.

"I consider it the greatest art because it is the most democratic, reaching out into the crowded tenement sections, into the exclusive avenues, into the Alleys and the fields for its patronage."

No art or industry can improve unless its workers improve. That fact is axiomatic. The motion picture industry needs more serious attention from those who are in it and from those who contemplate entering it. No field today offers richer returns for effort, and nowhere is less conscientious effort expended.

The success of Mary Pickford and of Nazimova is due, not alone to their individualities and unquestioned genius, but to their indefatigable labor. They do not consider themselves "learned" in the art. They are students. Madame Nazimova not only acts, but she supervises every detail of her production. When the actual "shooting" of a picture is ended, she begins to cut and assemble it. She arrives at the studio as early as eight o'clock in the morning, and remains there until the small hours of the next morning. Madame does not look upon pictures as "a second rate art." She considers them worthy of all the genius and technical learning which she possesses.

Too many people enter the picture industry to make a quick "haul" and get out. It has been victimized by innumerable get-rich-quick Wallingfords.

There is opportunity for workers in every branch of motion pictures today. Note, I say "workers," not geniuses. A man who chooses law for a career expects to spend at least four years studying it, during which time he lives at his own expense and pays tuition. When he is graduated from his course, he expects to starve a year or two before he gets started. In all, it takes about ten years of study and practice before a lawyer commences to earn good returns. But would that same man, had he chosen pictures, considered it necessary to study four years before even attempting to earn a living from them? He would not. Nor would he have found it necessary. People who are willing of anyone doing it today are not much better than Germany's chances to dominate the world. The college man, or his equivalent in mentality, is needed. Already a number of fellows from colleges have entered the game and have made good in a very short time. Richard Barthelmess is an example. He left Trinity College about four years ago. Today he is second to no star in popularity and earning power.

But I do not intend to deal only with the department of acting in the movies. That, probably, has more applicants than any other. I intend to show opportunities for camera men, directors, designers of clothes and "sets," art directors, electricians, writers, title illustrators, and other technical workers. Many of them earn greater salaries than players. A good director now-a-days cannot be engaged for less than $1,000 a week. A number receive $2,500 a week. A few are receiving $3,000, and a big percentage of the profits on the pictures they direct. A good camera man need not take less than $150 a week. Those with some ingenuity and knowledge of artistic values in lighting and setting may earn twice that much. Art directors, whose business it is to design settings, are being paid $800 a week and upwards. I know of one director who three years ago quit a law office to become an assistant cameraman at ten dollars a week. He applied himself to all branches of the business. Now as a director, he receives $750 a week and soon will be in the four figure class.

Players, too, are needed. I shall discuss at length the types that are needed, and will give, to the best of my ability, some pointers as to the best way to start for the goal. My next article will deal with the type of girl most needed at the present time in pictures.

The public has only a vague idea of picture types. I shall endeavor to clarify and correct its impression of what a motion picture actor should be.

(As an expert on motion pictures, director of Charles Ray for more than two years, and now an independent producer, Mr. Storm is able as well as willing to tell of the opportunity that awaits young men and young women in the movies. This is the first of a series of articles by Mr. Storm which will appear monthly in PHOTO-PLAY JOURNAL. Each of these opportunities talks will deal with a separate phase of the motion picture industry.—The Editor.)
CHEZ TEARLE

By BURTON ADAMS

Photographs by Charles Dupre

"YOU won't have any trouble finding it—it's the big white house as you turn up the road,"—that's the advice you get when you inquire of the inhabitants of Chappaqua, New York, where Conway Tearle's home is located. All the people in that vicinity know the place—it is one of the oldest and most interesting places in Westchester county. They know its rambling, inviting looking house with the old-fashioned, informal looking gardens and the series of stone banked terraces that lead to the road.

As you follow the winding road that leads up to the driveway you are apt to catch a glimpse of the aristocratic looking Conway putting about the yard, or having tea in the garden with Mrs. Tearle, or Adele Rowland, as she is billed on Broadway.

Those who have seen Mr. Tearle only on the stage or the screen, usually as a suave, slightly bored gentleman, would get quite a different impression of him if they could see him hoeing in his own vegetable garden, or leveling off the tennis court, or making repairs on his own machine.

And the vivacious little Adele Rowland, who can make any song livelier by lending to it her voice, looks surprisingly domestic as Mrs. Tearle as she sits on her veranda and does the family mending, or spreads before you a charming luncheon—of her own manufacture.

"I love these country changes," said Mr. Tearle. "I would stay here all the time if it were possible."

"We do spend most of our time here," chimed in Mrs. Tearle. "We come over so early in the spring and leave very late in the fall and we never go into the city when we don't have to."

"And all winter we spend nearly all our week-ends here and we usually have guests," Mr. Tearle added.

The hospitality of the Tearles is a matter of comment and commendation not only among their friends, but the entire village of Chappaqua. And week after week finds all the lovely guest rooms filled.

"We've made so many changes in the place since we bought it," Mr. Tearle explained. "We've really got things about the way we want them now."

"My dear," corrected Mrs. Tearle, "we aren't nearly through—I haven't cornered nearly all the old mahogany I need yet—and I'm going to have new chintzes all over the house next spring. And next year we're going to have the gardens different. You see Mr. Tearle likes flowers and I like trees and shrubbery. So one season we plan the garden to suit him and the next year to please me. Thus the scenery is shifted from year to year, and each of us is satisfied at least every other year."

"But we agree about most things," Mr. Tearle insisted. "And we both love motoring and tennis, though I can't get my wife to share my enthusiasm for fishing."

The tennis court at Edencroft is shaded on all sides with trees and the garage has several cars, including a town limousine and a rakish looking racer that has raced up every road in that section of New York. And there's very good fishing, practically in their yard, but Mr. Tearle insists he gets larger fish at another small lake, further up the road.

Inside the old-fashioned house one finds things looking exactly as if they belonged there. There's a fine old grand piano in the living-room, and chintz covered furniture, and an adorable old desk flanked with tall candlesticks where Mrs. Tearle says she conducts the business of the home. Her handsome husband, she says, would cut a sorry figure as a business man without her fine Italian hand. Everything has an air of comfort and conservative taste and stability, even to the cook who has been in the family for years and shows no signs of giving notice.

Until recently, Mr. Tearle lived the leisurely country life he so much enjoys all summer, but he has recently been signed as a motion picture star, and he now spends his days at a motion picture studio. "Marooned Hearts" is his first release.

And although his wife is not playing with him in pictures, she is his inveterate companion. They are two of the most faithful first-nighters at New York theaters. In fact, when you see Conway loomimg up in the distance, you don't have to look twice to recognize Adele at his side—at home or abroad.
THOSE attributes of the Quaker City's best estate, clinging even now to some of its womanhood like the scent of lavender to old lace, are found, curiously enough, in the person of a motion picture actress.

For all her wandering to the four, far quarters of the globe—photographically speaking, of course—Mabel Ballin retains the aroma of a fragrant childhood in old Washington Square.

"And the smart of many spankings," she would most likely add if she were asked; for the pensive and sensitive heroine of countless cinema romances has a sprightly wit and a long memory.

"It is rather amusing," she said on being asked about her Philadelphia past, "to make the transition from a staid girlhood to the lurid life of a movie actress, but most things are not what they seem."

This morsel of worldly wisdom was dispensed with tea at the Biltmore in New York, where Mabel Ballin lives on the fourteenth floor, high above the noise and heat.

"But the aching desire for a career will take anyone anywhere from any place. Think of all the great stars of the screen who are said to have been educated in convents, for instance."

She regards one with candid brown eyes, serenely, almost impersonally. He must look twice who would catch the hidden gleam of mischief, or wit. But it is there.

"I'm more pleased with having lived in the slums than if I had been born in a convent—that is, if people are born in convents. I don't suppose it's quite proper after all."

"Surely you wouldn't call Washington Square the slums?" she was queried above the raucous cries of caged parrots in the tea room and conflicting noises from a dowager late of Minnesota at the next table.

"Oh, dear, no. That was respectable enough. So were the slums, but stuffy."

"What in the world does all this mean?" her guest asked. pleased, nevertheless, to discover a genuine slum resident among the cinemase. Many have been suspected, but never tracked to the tenements.

"Nothing could have been simpler," coolly replied Mabel Ballin, nibbling her cinnamon toast.

"We lived in Seventh street, south of the Square, opposite Senator Penrose's home, with old St. Andrew's Church a bulwark of protection and a monument of respectability. We were very genteel, but not contented; we had leanings toward making others genteel."

"It was the church, in fact, that turned us toward the simpler, if smellier, pleasures of slum life. My grandmother wanted to uplift. I was bundled along to help. In time I became an expert tambourinist, making a great deal of noise at Salvation Army rallies and at missions. I have helped my fellow-man. Now I want to entertain him—in motion pictures—if I can."

Thus disposing of her early life, with its tambourine accompaniment, she went on to the more serious business of her career. It took active form when she studied illustrating at the School of Industrial Art in Philadelphia and later came to New York, where she posed for Edwodes, the photographer. Like many girls who did the same thing, she drifted to the stage almost before she knew it.

Musical comedy mostly, with Yorke and Adams, Frank Daniels and Elsie Janis, and in a drama—"Raffles," with S. Hiller Kent. Always she was Mabel Croft, but Hugo Ballin, then a mural painter and a portraitist of note, thought she shouldn't be. Eventually he proved his contention and had his way a number of years. Then all at once his wife wanted to be Mabel Croft again. The movies did it, of course.

The painter meanwhile had become celebrated as art direc-

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No dancer of recent years has won such universal recognition as Evan Burrows-Fontaine. In drama, musical comedy and on the screen, Fontaine has attained a distinguished place as an exotic interpreter of the evolutions of Terpsichore.

In "The Prey" Fontaine played a small role, but a striking one. "Madonnas and Men" brings her to stardom and brings to the public a new and beautiful motion picture star whose sincerity will undoubtedly impress screen fans as it has lovers of the dance.
With sightless eyes to the light, with gnarled work-stained hands clasping the tiny fingers of his grandchild, the proud old man returns to the side of the daughter he had cast forever from him.
And as the dusk descends, grandfather and grandchild sit beside the river's bank, the elder patting the little head, the younger looking with wonderment into that calm face of the grand-dad he has just discovered.
(From Cecil B. De Mille's "Something to Think About.")
Little Ann Forrest has arrived. The most earnest little actress on the screen has risen from stunts to characters and at last to leads with Paramount.
Wes Barry Arrives

By PETER GRIDLEY SMITH

W HY don't they star that youngster?" .

This has been the popular question among motion picture audiences during the past year when the figure of Wesley Barry flashed on the silver sheet.

In the vernacular of the profession, Wesley, or "Dinty," as he is known around the studio, has on many occasions, "stolen the picture" through the sheer artistry of his performances. He has appeared with some of the greatest stars of the silent drama and has run a close second to these stars for first honors in the accomplishments of the individuals in the cast.

Undoubtedly one of the most lovable personalities on the screen, this thirteen-year-old boy today possesses talents in histrionic art that puts many of his older professional brothers and sisters in the background.

Wesley is a natural born actor. Some three years ago he was just the son of the owner of a little grocery store in Hollywood—nothing more. At this time he was "discovered" by Marshall Neilan, the producer-director responsible for the success of half a dozen of the more popular stars of today. In him Mr. Neilan saw possibilities of a future star. A small part in one of his pictures convinced the director that the future held big things for the homely freckle-faced youngster. He was boy plus a wealth of boy's personality.

Then began a careful moulding of this youngster's endowed genius. Slowly but surely he became the master of his emotions and an artist in portraying them. In each succeeding picture under Mr. Neilan's personal schooling he grew with his parts, each of which was more difficult than the former.

This schooling was not confined to the immediate demands of the motion picture studio, but branched into specific fields of study that would benefit the boy in his future endeavor as an actor. Elementary schooling under a capable tutor was but part of his education. Travel and history were intensified in the schooling of this youth. Physical instructions in athletics, riding and swimming became an important factor in his learnings. Periods, costumes and research were tackled. Being naturally a bright boy, his studies were digested with surprising mental capacity, with the result that today Wesley Barry is one of the best informed youths of his age in the country, and he is still going strong in his endeavor for education.

Thus we have a boy that has been brought up on an intensive educational plan for the position he is about to hold. He is a product of the motion picture, raised for the motion picture. Wesley is today one in a thousand as regards all-round education for a boy of his age. Yet this education in its every branch is studied by the youngster through the eyes of a motion picture actor. Everything he learns is stored away with the viewpoint of how it can prove beneficial to him in his future work. Books he reads with a "camera eye," picturing each scene in his mind, and thus permanently photographing new thoughts for future reference.

This is an age of specialization, and Wesley's education has been planned as carefully as a course in chemistry or law for the youth who aspires to accomplishments in these fields of endeavor.

Thus, with this specialized schooling, plus his natural inclinations in the histrionic pastures of art and a wonderful personality of unusual magnetic force, it is little to be wondered that he has reached a position in motion picture circles, where people everywhere ask the opening question of this article.

For months this question has remained unanswered by Marshall Neilan, the force behind Wesley Barry. Just as his general education progressed step by step under Mr. Neilan's eye, so his schooling in the field of drama progressed, one step after another. The tendency to skip the boy from the first or second step to the top when his success appeared certain would have predominated in nine directors out of ten had they been the controlling factor of Wesley's progress. But not so with Marshall Neilan. In a more matured person such action would have

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CLOTHES!
Sometimes I think I loathe and detest the very letters in that word.
And then when I receive lovely letters from persons who see my pictures, telling me how much they liked a certain gown or hat, I am conscience stricken. Those letters are the one thing that make the purchasing of clothes pleasant.

I presume that lots of girls think that one of the nicest things about being a picture star is the opportunity to saunter leisurely, day after day from one exclusive shop to another, while beautiful models parade before one in sartorial delights, and one nods unconcernedly to the proprietor, indicating which gown one will deign to purchase, but not giving a fig for the price. But believe me, it gets to be a boresome duty, this buying expensive, becoming and priceless gowns for pictures. I am sure that if every film star were driven to the wall to make a confession about the matter, she would agree. Though she would also add, "if it were not for the fact that I love the people who see my pictures and I want so very much to please them."

Being only a woman, I really have nothing against the poor inoffensive garments themselves, and after I get them on my dislike actually changes instantly to love. Certainly I love to wear gowns, caps and other things, especially those that I believe will be liked by picture audiences. It is against the principle of the thing, the urgent necessity, the "hat to tow" about procuring a new wardrobe every six or eight weeks for a new picture, that I revolt.

After seeing millions of things (it seems so) it is difficult to reach a decision, for one must think about becomingness, suitableness for the character and photographic properties all at one time. Then, come the fittings and fittings and fittings, and I would rather work in the studio or on the stage all day than have one fitting.

The real and only way to get enjoyment out of a shopping tour is to go into a shop knowing just how much you can afford to pay and looking at things only within your price limit. If you don't find something there, you can go into another shop and make your purchase. Then, one appreciates the garment and gets more pleasure out of wearing it.

Though I dislike buying clothes, it's curious that I never, never, never buy hats. I would buy hats all day. I love hats. I believe I was born with an affectionate feeling for them. I love large ones and small ones, silk ones and satin ones, sport, dress or evening hats. It doesn't even matter what shade they are for me to warm up to them, but one of the great favorites is a certain shade of old blue that makes my eyes look very blue. A big room in my home is a silent witness to my fondness for hats. I have it arranged almost like a shop, with row upon row of hat boxes, all carefully catalogued.

Somehow, I have an idea that I look better in a hat than without one, so I am ever so much more comfortable when wearing one. I never let an opportunity slip by for displaying some clever creation in pictures or private life, and I even scheme around to get to wear them with my dinner gowns. To me most women are more attractive in hats, because the majority of them do not have exquisitely kept hair, and the coiffure certainly must be right if one goes bareheaded. Even when I wear hats I am just as careful about my coiffure because it is most disconcerting to see ill kept hair struggling out from under beautiful hats.

A hat is the most important part of a woman's wardrobe, in my opinion. This is because, after all, one's attention is focused most directly and lingeringly on the face, and when the effect is pleasing so much the better. The comparison of a hat to a frame always seems so apt, because that is exactly what it does become to the face, and just as a hat is never shown off to best advantage in a gaudy frame, so a pretty face is often ruined by a carelessly chosen hat.

In choosing a hat a woman should, of course, select a color and style that will harmonize with her gown. She should try, of course, at the same time to choose one that brings out her coloring to the best advantage. The bright shades of early spring often transform a homely woman into an attractive person, if they emphasize certain good points in her coloring and contour, until you wonder if this is the same woman who looked so drab in that hat of dull shade she wore in the winter.

It is always economical to buy a good hat, because, even if the remainder of the costume is not very attractive or smart, with bad lines, faded material, etc., that hat can go a long way toward offsetting the bad points.

Veils are always good, if well chosen and put on smugly. They are smart and neat and should be encouraged with many hats.

Everyone has a favorite color—mine is navy blue. Anyone looks well in navy blue, and navy blue in turn is good in any sort of clothes; it is very smart in an evening gown, stunning for a dinner dress, ideal for the tailleur, for hats, veils, hose, etc. If a man in faultless navy blue, with a stunning collar and shirt enters a room with other men, he stands out immediately. It is a color that is economical to the extreme and, in spite of that, has a rich appearance. And one other important factor is that it makes one look slimmer. In private life I wear navy blues more than any other color.

There has been many an argument in a boudoir as to which are preferable, summer or winter clothes. To me, winter clothes are nicer. I love the rich, warm, gorgeous shades obtainable in winter. And the luxurious materials the shops carry. But the best of all are the lovely furs to be worn. A good-looking neck piece has a most charming effect on every woman, for it seems to soften her face.

And my strictest rule about clothing is to wear clothes that are comfortable.
Perhaps you have no hangar in your back yard. Yet if you ever do have a chance to go up you might wear this aviatrice costume which has Dorothy Dalton's approval as to warmth, comfort and smartness.

Metallic silk is the foundation of this evening gown, which has an artistically draped box-pleated court train. The only trimming consists of a fancy of ostrich feathers caught at the right of the waistline.
"Hey, Eddie!"
"C'mon, let's do a belly flop this time!"
"Hey, there, you! Quitcher throwin' water in my face!"
Zip! they're off, plowing through the clear water of the old swimmin' pool, diggin' off the rocks, fightin' water battles with all the zest of youth in the good old summer time, Edgar and Freddie and all the others of the Edgar-Tarkington photo-stories.

To tell the truth, it is not Edgar and Freddie who are represented photographically on this page. The kids are really Johnny Jones and Buddy Messenger in real life, and the swimmin' hole is a pond dug in the soft earth near the Goldwyn Studios, where Johnny and Buddy sneak off on warm days after they have cast aside their Edgar and Freddie roles, and incidentally all the clothes they have been wearing. Birthday bathing suits are the rule, and only when the "still" camera man comes around is there a suggestion of motion pictures. For, after all, they're just kids, before the camera and array from it
THE SCREEN-GOER
By LEWIS F. LEVENSON

GOOD pictures are being produced and bad pictures are being produced, but let no one say that the movie is not making progress. The last month has revealed "Way Down East" and "Earthbound," the one a step in advance for the path-finding Griffith, the other an unexpected success by the studio of C. A. Axelrod. Both picture sets new standards. "Way Down East" is the thrill picture supreme; "Earthbound" is a technical masterpiece and a daring effort to transfer the psychological drama to the screen.

As for the bad pictures, there have been many. But the redeeming feature of the bad pictures is that, with one exception, they are hardly as bad as they would have been a few years ago. The occasional reformation of the larger producers make from time to time illustrate how much better the pictures of today are than the best of two or three years past. Two years represents almost a generation in filmdom. The pioneer picture companies which stamped each scene with their trade-marks could not dispose of their antiquated production today to a one-horse town. And the rickety one-horse producer is having a hard time negotiating with the bank-rolls of the exhibitor and the public today. A positive appreciation of what is good in motion pictures is appearing in the public. "Humesque," with its lengthy runs; "Earthbound," "Way Down East," are creating long runs records. Instead of expiring at the end of a few days, these program pictures are living longer than many a legitimate stage play.

W A Y D O W N E A S T
(D. W. Griffith)

D. W. Griffith's long awaited big picture of the year arrived with $10 prices for the first night at the Forty-fourth Street Theatre. "Way Down East" is a real success. Enthusiastic critics have given it a shower of praise and well-deserved appreciation. The film is another milestone in the history of the screen, and a new chapter in the technique of the motion picture. Griffith has used his inspiration to good and effective purpose. The story is told with the poetry and romance of the old melodrama, but with a new freshness and reality. The acting is superb. The camerawork is masterful. The editing is perfect. The picture is a true masterpiece, a work of art.

E A R T H B O U N D
(Goldwyn)

"Earthbound" is easily the most unusual picture of the year. It represents an effort to put into the much abused movies a drama which is almost completely intellectual, representing at most the states of mind of the various characters. Written by Basil King, formerly a minister and now a novelist, it is a study of the effects of sin and the annihilation of sin by love. Furthermore it expounds a new dogma, that of the purity of the soul which has done evil. The story is told by the soul, by spiritual language, according to Basil King, remains earth bound and cannot go on to eternity without rectifying the evils done by the body when it was in this sphere.

It is obvious that so profound and unusual a subject could not hold the interest of the average audience through unusual direction and acting. The action for the most part is exceedingly slow, but the direction and the photography, principally the latter, leave nothing to be desired. The double exposure scenes in which the ghost takes part represent tedious hours of careful work in the studio. Each of the actors seems to have grasped fully the significance of the role assigned to him, and there is a certain restraint which is rarely seen in screen acting.

Wyndham Standing as the faithless husband and the earthbound soul combines completely naturalness with a keen appreciation of the difficulties of portraying a disembodied role. As the betrayed wife, Naomi Childers does the best work of her career; she is Medea. Mahlon Hamilton combines brutality and resignation admirably as the outraged husband. Flora Reelvence, as the wan woman, gives the most restrained portrait of a vampire ever seen in pictures. And Billie Cotton is winsome as the child. Lawson Butt has little to do as the philosophizing Harvey Breck. He is sombre and dignified. Goldwyn has given the screen something new in "Earthbound." It is the first completely intellectual picture.

W H I L E N E W Y O R K S L E E P S
(Fox)

The short story is the most concentrated and therefore the most artistically unified form of literature outside of the sonnet. In "While New York Sleeps" the true short story form is applied to the screen for the first time. Of course, there have been short subjects before. But in each of the five-reel picture has dominated. It corresponds to the novel in fiction and screen writers are assuming the shorter form have neglected one of the highest forms of literary and dramatic expression.

"While New York Sleeps" consists of three short plays, acted by the same cast. In each of the plays, characteristic short story technique has been applied: the slow building up of character and setting, the gradual development of incidents, the intermediate crisis and finally the smashing, gripping climax. William Fox has not hesitated to sweep away the conventions of the screen as to form; he has also blasted the theory that tragedy cannot be made as entertaining as comedy. It is concluded with a happy ending. Two of the three plays have tragic endings.

The last of the three plays will make an impression, it is the story of the famous villain, the man in New York, and take the audience from the suburbs to the "white lights" and thence to the darkness of the East Side. Perhaps the only criticism to be made of the plays is that the action is not always kept in keeping with the high purpose of the producer. This does not apply to Marc MacDermott, who plays three widely different character roles, one of which is a defective boy. Lon Chaney is the cripple in "Blizzard" in "The Penalty," as the finest thing on the screen this year. Mr. MacDermott, as the crippled Blizzard and a cripple in "The Penalty," as the finest thing on the screen this year. Mr. MacDermott, as the crippled Blizzard and a cripple in the last of the three plays, acts with his eyes alone, and with his eyes alone conveys to his audience the tremendous emotions which surge through him as his son is killed before him and as the world sweats by unheeding his dumb protests. Estelle Taylor works hard as the heroine, but sometimes too hard. Harry Southern is excellent in unsympathetic roles. And Earl Metcalf as the gangster in the last of the three scenes does well.

William Fox is to be congratulated upon his initiative in sweeping away cheap conventions which cling like barnacles to the good ship Filmdom.

M A D A M E X
(Goldwyn)

Alexandre Bisson's famous play has been made into an interesting motion picture. The degredation of the wife has been vividly portrayed by Pauline Frederick. In the role of the guard, Miss Frederick plays with greater restraint than many of the stars of the speaking stage who have appeared in the same character. Miss Frederick plays with greater restraint than many of the stars of the speaking stage who have appeared in the same character. Miss Powell's direction is able, although the French atmosphere is not always convincing. Some day, perhaps, when MissPowell will have had the journey to the veritable locale for exteriors. Then, and then only, the objections to the film will be removed. The large cast of "Madame X" does excellent work.

B L A C K M A I L
(Metro)

This slight little drama in which Viola Dana and Wyndham Standing play the leading roles makes an amiable program picture. Miss Dana occasionally overacts, but her vivacity makes up for this defect. Florence Turner, an old friend of the old days, is in the cast, playing the part of a maid.
THE ROMANTIC ADVENTUROUS
(Paramount)
Again Dorothy Dalton has a vehicle which is of the movies. A cast which works hard, settings which are often extravagant, are lost in a mistaken plot and object, which never holds the interest. The plot is developed on the ancient theme of the scheming mother to marry a man she loves to a talent daughter to a wealthy ruse; her plans are foiled, of course, and the heroine virtually marries the poorest man in sight. Dorothy Dalton has a Roku, Charles Merdith leaves nothing to be desired as the poor captain of the Yale eleven. The settings are often very beautiful.

MADAME PEACOCK
(Metro)
According to authoritative reports, this picture required but eighteen days, five hours and thirteen minutes of actual studio work, just thirteen minutes too long. In those thirteen minutes some of the most atrocious double exposures ever exposed to the public eye were taken. They spoil a perfectly legitimate ending to a good picture, for Nazimova has daringly made fun of the star of the stage and the movies in this story of theatrical life. In addition to playing two parts, directing, and cutting, Nazimova emotes all over the house. She has given us two fairly convincing character studies, occasionally overdoing the little matter of posturing, but holding the interest with few lapses, Madame Peacock has been a good picture, if Nazimova had not tried to do too much.

THE BAIT
(Maurice Tourneur)
This is hope Hampton's second picture and it shows a remarkable improvement over her first, "A Modern Salome." Miss Hampton was daring enough to try to star in the first picture, but she did not appear. She has learned rapidly, however, and "The Bait" is a picture with an unusual plot, excellent setting and direction. Development is not always up to the present standard and Miss Hampton is occasionally guilty of lapses. There is no doubt, however, that she is earnestly endeavoring to create a name for herself as a sincere actress. "The Bait" is far better than many a picture in which an established star plays through a tiresome story for program purposes.

BURGLAR PROOF
(Paramount)
Byrant Washburn has a merry little comedy in this story of a hard-boiled egg who is finally induced to spend some money on a vamping little dancing instructor. The sub-title "are some seen this year, credit going to Tom Geraghty. Mr. Washburn plays with his usual breeziness. Lois Wilson makes an attractive heroine.

THE LITTLEST REBEL
(Paramount)
Bolshevism and a grand duchess ingocism: things either. It has Dorothy Gish for a star, and Dorothy is thoroughly in her element. She has everything to do from a beautiful haircut ball (so excessively formality of an arm-chair lunch-room waitress, and she appropriately sticks up the Red vails with a stupendous sword as the last red feathers in a tarting-comedy-drama with plenty of action.

THE CRADLE OF COURAGE
(Paramount)
Lloyd Hughes has directed this Bill Hart feature in which the honorable Bill aban- dons his horse and puts on soldier's uniform, then civies and finally the accoutrements of an honest-to-goodness "cop." This picture does not compare with "Sand." It is too much of the obvious in it, and the practiced picture-goer will be able to figure out the evolution of the film, despite much effort. Furthermore, the thoroughly dramatic situation which crop up occasionally in the course of the film, Hart's inability to get to his audiences the emotions he is supposed to be registering. Hart has no more than two or three variations to the inflexible style with which he has been so often used in his bad men characters. He closes his eyes to register everything from hate to ador- tion, and his mouth is either shut tight, or open wide in a laugh and grief. Bill Hart belongs in the two-gun, hard-hitting, lickety-split outlaw picture, the running man and the robber camp. But as lover, as reformed crook, as prodigal son, he is out of place. On horse-back, Bill is the greatest ever; in a parlor you always feel as though it was going to tip over the victrola or knock the family portrait album into the cuspidor.

LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER
(Paramount)
Dear Mrs. Humphrey Ward was quite the thing, in "Lady Rose's Daughter." So was Oscar Wilde, the Savoyards, Audrey Beardsley, bicycles and horseless carriages, not to mention Temperance Army Magazine. Dear Mrs. Ward wrote many novels, and this, "Lady Rose's Daughter," was one of them. The heroine suffers terribly because of the misfortune of her father; she earns a living as a sempstress, the fullness of suffering for one in whose veins flows the blue blood of British nobility. And she suf- fers still more when she accepts the protection necessary to any virtuous maiden of the nineteenth century. She is saved from the cruder home of an aristocratic old aunt who aristocrats all over the place for the remain- ing four reels.

ELsie Ferguson plays the three roles of grandmother, mother and heroine in the three episodes of the story. She has a terrible time when she is supposed to be the wrong man and is cast out by the aristocratic aunt, who represents British nobility as it was in the nineties, according to Mrs. Ward. Burns Mantle wrote the scenario and did a satisfac- tory job, and Miss Ferguson is as charming a young lady as ever.

THE GREAT REDEEMER
(Metro)
"The Great Redeemer" is a picture which is different, and although it has many faults, it is in some respects decidedly out of the ordinary. Directed by Paul Brooke under the supervision of Maurice Tourneur, it appears to have benefited from some of the advice given by that master of the western, especially in the lighting and settings. The story, that of a western bad man who is imprisoned and who saves a fellow convict's soul in a miraculous way, is a very inspir- ing, at other times boresome, when not absurd. Indeed, the thread of the play is so that occasionally breaks through to the breaking point. The titles, too, are rather trite and there are not a few inconsistencies in the direction. Neverthe- less, "The Great Redeemer" has a place above and beyond that of the ordinary feature. H. H. Van Loan wrote the story, sup- ported from an American prison.

THE RESTLESS SEX
(Cosmopolitan)
"The Restless Sex" is a Robert W. Chambers story and a Marion Davies screen ve- hicle, which means that it is a superficial society drama in which beauty is the requisite property of the star and nothing but identity. The picture has been staged sumptuously and merits commendation for the sets done by Joseph Urban, who, however, is hardly capable, for the picture drags and never has any sustained interest. Mrs. Davies is as inimitable as ever, and Carlyle Blackwell, who plays a rather diluted heavy role, is mournful rather than sympa- thetic, as the story demands. Ralph Kellard, as the American millionnaire, is satisfactory. "The Restless Sex" disappoints otherwise.

A CHORUS GIRL'S ROMANCE
(Metro)
There are no tremendous sets in "A Chorus Girl's Romance," and the story is not so startlingly original that it will create more than ripples on the ocean of fandom, but Metro and Mrs. Davies are credited with producing a photoplay that is both amusing and entertaining at all times. The tale is of a Quaker choral girl's romance, and it ends with the girl earning money by writing light fiction while her college trained husband goes to the poorhouse in an acrobat to contribute his earnings to the family coffers. The titles are clever and often funny; the picture has been directed smoothly and thoughtfully. It should be popular wherever shown.

VOICES
(Independent Release)
Candles are to be found these days only in Greenwich Village and stage coaches are mouldering in museums, but musty, impossible pictures still grace the so-called silver screen. The everlasting "voices," which, according to this reviewer, make them temporarily align himself with those critics of the movies who look down upon the film from a high-browed soap. "Voices," directed by Chester de Vonde, is intended to be a topical picture, based on the supposed popular superstition that the theme is big enough for a D. W. Grifith, but that did not dismay Chester de Vonde. He assembled a company of actors, he had a hand-camera and told his story with a new style. He may have been in bad condition, and he tackled the job of interpreting not only some truths but with quite a lot of force, which is certainly a noble effort. The theme is the story of a real world and an other world, but some of the fundamentals of this life, with nothing but a script and his own good judgment, if any, to guide him. Into the pot of hashy balderdash went a dead mother who appears to her living son (Continued on page 62)
THE VICE OF FOOLS

A Vitagraph Production by Francis James
Directed by Edward Griffith and Featuring Alice Joyce

Fictionized by CHARLES ELLIOTT DEXTER

A BEAUTIFUL woman need never fear disappointment. Marion Rogers, the daughter of Stewart Rogers, whose offices at Broad and Wall Streets had been the rock against which the surging waves of many a financial tempest had swept in vain, was truly beautiful. But she did not understand the power of her beauty. Had she been of the type that regards life as a game in which the daring player wins the stakes, she might have had all the men of Forest Hills at her feet. But Marion, despite the fact that her mother had died when she was still a child and that her father had chosen a second wife, the former Mrs. Dudley-West, was of the retiring sort, the sincere type, a woman who swam with the deeper currents rather than floated on the surface.

Perhaps it had been the influence of Cameron West which had caused Marion to differ so greatly from the butterfly women of Forest Hills society. Cameron, the son of her step-mother, had entered the Rogers home when he was still a child. He had played hide-and-seek in the park back of the Rogers mansion, with Marion. He had played tennis with her; had spent many of the evenings of his youth with her, attending dances, at home playing the piano and singing, at concerts and theater parties in town.

To Marion, he had become the symbol if not the entirety of the male sex. He was Man, the clean-limbed, straightforward mate, whom Marion chose for herself.

Marion, of course, had broached no word of her gradually increasing love for Cameron. She felt safe in her possession of him. Did she not see him every day? Did he not admit her into the intimacies of his thought and action? Firm in the belief of her hold upon him, she merely awaited the day when he would speak to her and bring their association of childhood and youth into the maturity of manhood and womanhood by asking her to become his wife.

When Cameron did not arrive home for dinner one autumn evening, the three members of the Rogers family awaited his coming with differing emotions. To old Stewart Rogers, who
gruffly exclaimed: "I suppose he's in love again. Who do you suppose it is this time?" the absence of the boy was merely an incident. To Mrs. Rogers, who had looked upon the intimacy between Marion and her son with some slight misgivings, Cameron's tardiness gave pleasure. She hoped he had found some bewitching sweetheart of a slightly higher rank in the social scale, for although the Rogers family was wealthy and occupied a suitable place in the society of Forest Hills, it lacked the ancient lineage of the West family, to which Cameron belonged.

To Marion, calm in her assurance that Cameron would some day come to her, the possibility of a new love affair held no terrors. She would have preferred, of course, that Cameron drop the frivolous young women he met at country clubs and private teas, at the golf links or the tennis courts. But she feared no adversary.

Thus when Cameron finally hurried into the dining-room she chided him gently: "Tell dad who it is this time," she bantered. "Well—if you pin me down to it—" the young man hesitated.

"Consider yourself pinned."

"It's—Diana Spaulding—" he blurted out, rather self-consciously.

"Oh!" ejaculated the old man. "Then it can't be very serious!"

Mrs. Rogers was plainly aroused at the depreciating tone of her husband's voice. "The Spauldings are descended from the Mayflower. They're better stock than the Rogers—perhaps better even than my own family."

"She may be all right," her husband retorted, "but I'd hate to sit opposite her for 365 breakfasts a year!"

When dinner was over, Marion hastened after Cameron reminding him that he'd be late if he did not hurry.

"Late? For what?" he asked. For the first time he noticed that she was dressed in evening clothes.

"Have you forgotten?" she said, noticeably disappointed.

Cameron could not help seeing that Marion was hurt, but he had made an engagement with Diana and—anyhow, Marion was only his step-sister.

"Perhaps I can get another man for you for the dance tonight at Glenham's," he suggested.

"I was just going—to please you," she replied soberly.

"I don't care about the dance—much."

"I'm glad you don't care, Marion, because tonight means a lot to me," he replied.

He hurried upstairs to dress. A few minutes later, as Marion was sitting with her father, Cameron called:

"Marion, help! Quick!"

She hastened to his room.

"These gosh-darned studs never will go in their place for me," he explained, showing her his unbuttoned shirt front. She fixed the studs in place, smoothed down his hair where the cowlicks showed.

"I'm sorry about tonight, little sister," he remarked.

"And I'll make it up to you."

Shrewdly Marion replied:

"I'm glad it's Diana. The Spauldings are such a fine old family."

When Cameron left, Marion returned to her father, and sat at his knee, waiting for the evening to pass.

* * *

But love's path was no smoother for Cameron than for Diana. The "blue-blooded" Miss Spaulding, as Mrs. Rogers had characterized her, found no deep pleasure in the society of young Cameron. On the very day of Cameron's visit to her, the day he broke his engagement with Marion, she had met Granville Wingate, the only son of Wingate, the steel manufacturer, a man known in Newport, Tuxedo, Hot Springs and Palm Beach as an idler, a gambler, and a connoisseur in women. He was immediately attracted by the slender, statuesque Diana Spaulding and she found more of the characteristics she admired in him than in Cameron.

Her interest in Wingate explained her coolness toward Cameron when the youth called on her.

The following day, he kept an engagement with Diana at the golf links, only to find her already there deep in conversation with Wingate. Later, at tea in the club-house, Wingate joined the party. Marion was also present, and rapidly sensed the inner meaning of the situation. She determined to play her own cards, to permit Cameron to see all he pleased of Diana—for she knew that eventually he would tire of the light-minded, frothy blue-blood.

That week-end, another golf game was arranged at the
club. Cameron and Diana were paired as partners, through Marion’s initiative, much to Cameron’s pleasure. Again Wingate was present, and he was more than pleased to become Marion’s partner, for he had suddenly discovered in her a new type, the ingénue type, yet the type of woman that one cannot play with, that forces a genuine struggle. He had decided to try his hand at capturing Marion and he looked upon her choice of him as a partner as evidence of the fact that he had already made an impression upon her.

His flush of victory was short-lived, however. At the eighth hole, the ball was lost in the rough, despite all the efforts of the caddy to find it. Marion volunteered to help in the search. To her surprise she found the ball lying in the deep grass just off the green. She leaned over to pick it up and rising, felt herself suddenly caught in Wingate’s arms. With a sharp tug, she wrenched herself loose, confronting him silently, but with anger blazing in her eyes.

Wingate understood his tactical error. He tried to mollify her with the usual phrases he employed on such occasions, but it was in vain. Marion turned on her heel and left him, returning to the club, with the explanation that she had a headache and could not finish the game.

Wingate, defeated, returned to Diana when the game was concluded, much to Cameron’s disgust. The day was spoiled for all concerned, and an early return home was decided upon.

From that day, Cameron found his path beset with difficulties. Wingate had centered his attention on Diana and whenever Cameron attempted to see her alone, he found the dapper little gambler in his way. He began to suffer mental anguish; in fact, he lost heart so completely that Marion could not fail to notice the change in him.

Again Marion played the cards herself. One afternoon Cameron drove home in his car. As he entered the house, he exchanged a few words with Marion, who quickly noticed his dejected mood.

“Something biting you?” she asked.

“I have never had a chance to see Diana but that Wingate fellow is hanging around,” he explained. “If there were only some way of getting rid of him.”

In the hours between this brief talk with her step-brother and the following morning, Marion laid her plans. She telephoned to Wingate asking him to call on her. When he arrived, he did not wait to find out whether she had forgiven the stolen kiss of the golf links.

“You have forgiven me?” he asked.

“Was it you that tried to kiss me that day?” she countered. “I was trying to think who it was.”

Wingate paid no attention to the snub. “May I take you to lunch some day?” he asked.

“Why not today?” Marion suggested. Wingate was delighted, but he decided to play safe.

“I have an engagement this afternoon. Suppose we make it tomorrow?”

“I might not be in the same mood tomorrow.”

Wingate thought quickly. His engagement for that day was with Diana, but the opportunity of snaring Marion was too great a temptation.

“I can postpone my other business,” he told her. “I’ll meet you at twelve at the Commodore. Suppose we have lunch at the Greenbrier. Will that suit you?”

She nodded and extended her hand to him in token of farewell. As soon as Wingate had departed, Marion sought out Cameron. He was still noticeably gloomy, and to Marion’s suggestion that he call up Diana, he responded immediately. He hurried to the hall phone, only to find that Diana’s line was busy, just as Marion had expected. A moment later Cameron obtained an answer, and as Marion left the room, he was urging Diana to meet him that noon for lunch at the Greenbrier.

With the stage set for her little drama, Marion hurried to the city, met Wingate and with him went to the Greenbrier. They chose a table near a window where they could be seen from all parts of the room, and the part well. She responded to Wingate’s advances with smiles and sharp repartee. Suddenly, she permitted Wingate to take her hand and press it. At that moment, Diana and Cameron entered. Wingate’s glance strayed and he started in sudden surprise and alarm. Diana stood for a moment in the doorway of the restaurant, astonished and angered. Cameron, hurrying from the hat-check room, stood beside her for a moment, recognized Marion and Wingate and entered the dining room. He had no intention of joining Marion and Wingate and hurried to a table in a distant part of the room. But Diana walked straight to the table where the other couple sat. She stopped, hesitated for a moment and then in a voice which mingled sweet sugary politeness with not a little bitterness, she remarked:

“Isn’t it the proper thing to say good morning?”

Assuming that she and Cameron might join the party, she accepted the chair Wingate proffered her, chatting politely as Cameron approached. The lad sat down, palpably ill at ease, but no more so than Wingate, who could think of nothing that would fit the situation. Under a sweet exterior, Diana’s chatter went on. A shrewd look shot out toward Wingate from her deep blue eyes. Without warning, the daring coup she had suddenly conceived was put into execution.

“You two are the first to know—” she said slowly, “That Cameron and I—are engaged!”

As soon as the stupor of astonishment had passed, the other members of the party re-assumed their roles. Cameron was inexpressibly happy, but Marion could scarcely conceal her pain. As for Wingate—man of the world—he accepted his defeat gamely and within a minute was offering a toast to Diana and Cameron. The die was cast.

Within a month the wedding took place. Not without regret did Cameron leave Marion and his home. Nor was Diana certain she had not made a mistake in thus acting under impulse. But both carried through their little comedy to the end and departed together after the ceremony, ready to patch up a mutual life of happiness, lacquered over a surface of misunderstanding and disappointment.

**

In the months that followed, a shadow fell on the house of Rogers. First had come the sudden death of Marion’s father. It left Marion alone, even more lonely than in the days following Cameron’s marriage. No longer was there a man in the house of Rogers; the two women left were drawn
more closely together. Meantime in another household, the honeymoon was drifting behind storm clouds.

The worldly Diana, flattered by the attention of Wingate, who, despite the marriage, had not relaxed his efforts to win the affection of the newly wedded bride, spent her time more often gadding with other men at social functions than with her boyish husband. And it usually happened that Wingate was present at most of the affairs that Diana attended. Even Marion found that something was wrong and her suspicions were confirmed when Cameron told her on the occasion of one of their frequent meetings that things were not going well with the newlyweds.

With four persons dissatisfied with their personal relations with one another, it was obvious that a crisis would soon occur. The time and place were supplied by Mrs. Spaulding, who held a house-warming at Grotto Oaks, her new country estate. Diana and Wingate were, of course, invited, as well as Cameron and Marion. And it so happened that unhappy husband slipped away from unhappy wife, and unhappy Marion found unhappy Diana, while unhappy Diana sought out the unassuming Wingate. Wingate, thoroughly convinced now that Marion had deceived him in her apparent interest in him, had renewed his campaign for Diana. But she was, as ever, unyielding, and they wandered off to a secluded spot near the river bank. There he told her of his love for her, and as his passion grew more intense, Diana felt herself succumb. At last his arms embraced her. She yielded and he held her in a long and passionate kiss. Restraint disappeared as Diana almost hysterically cried: "I can't stand it any longer. Take me away with you—soon!"

At that moment, Marion and Cameron passed the flower bedecked path near the river. Only Marion saw the two lovers. She barely restrained a cry, and Cameron, in fact, asked her what the matter was, for she was horrified at the sudden revelation of Diana's abandon. Only her love for Cameron made her tell an untruth: she had pricked her finger with a thorn, she said, and she hurried off before Cameron could ascertain the truth.

Nevertheless Cameron was not so foolish as to have no hint of Diana's unfaithfulness. He told her that evening his thoughts, but she berated him for not keeping such suspicions to himself.

To all appearances, however, hostilities were suspended, as Diana and Cameron joined the crowd in the Spaulding ballroom that evening. Mrs. Spaulding had an announcement to make.

"We have tried every variety of amusement of the usual sort," she said. "This evening we are going to do something a little different. We are going to hold a stunt race and there will be valuable prizes for the winners. The first prize I hold in my hand." She exhibited a diamond pendant. "Each lady and each gentleman will be given an envelope containing a number and instructions. The object of the race will be to comply with the instructions, and the same numbers will appear in two different envelopes, one of which will go to a gentleman, the other to a lady, each of you will have, I hope, a charming partner on your quest."

There was a flurry as the crowd listened to the instructions. Marion and Wingate, Diana and Cameron waited patiently in the line as the envelopes were distributed. Marion drew her bit of paper. On the outside was marked: "Lady No. 5." She watched Diana and Wingate. Each received their instructions, Diana, Marion noted, was strangely excited. Wingate took his and thrust it hastily into his pocket. A gong was tapped. The race began.

Marion looked about for her partner, but could not find him. She even asked Wingate if his envelope bore the number 3, but he only smiled sarcastically and said, "No, my number is the lucky seven."

Still seeking her partner, Marion wandered outside the big house. She turned toward the driveway, looked back, and stood stock still. A light shone in an upper window. In the dim moonlight below, she saw Wingate. Above, leaning out of a window was Diana. The woman threw down a suitcase which Wingate caught and placed on the ground.

Appalled by the significance of what she had seen, Marion hurried back to the house. Up the stairs she hurried to Diana's room. She slowly opened the door and felt for the electric switch. A pause and lights flooded the room, catching Diana in the act of tossing a hat box to Wingate. Diana was trapped and had no reply to make as Marion turned on her.

"Think of what you are doing, Diana," she cried. "You are disgracing yourself and Cameron."

"What's that to you," Diana replied. "What's your complaint? Won't it leave Cameron for you? He seems to enjoy your society more than mine."

Marion was stunned at her helplessness. Mechanically she picked up Diana's envelope which lay on the dressing table.

"Go across the river," it read. "Get basket of apples from Blake's orchard."

For a moment Marion was undecided as to her course of action. But as she saw Diana go toward the wardrobe and take from it a raincoat and rubber hat large enough to conceal the wearer's features, she realized that firmness alone could meet and conquer the audacity of her antagonist. She turned on Diana.

"If you go downstairs now, I'll tell Cameron. He'll stop you and thrash Wingate."

Diana paused, and let the coat and hat fall to the bed. Marion picked them up and without waiting dashed from the room.

Phases formed in Marion's mind as she hurried through the house and across the lawn. She must get rid of Wingate before Diana became defiant, she knew, and with that purpose dominating her, she hastened to the boat landing on the river. When she came to a dark spot, she donned the raincoat, covered her face with the hanging peak of the rubber hat, and ran toward the landing.

There, as she had expected, she found Wingate. He was excited and said he did not wait to greet her.

"Take the tiller, and I'll work the engine," he told her. "And speed up or we'll never make that Westport express."

Marion was astonished, too astonished to protest when he took her by the arm and hurried her into the boat. He started the motor and pointed to the wheel, which he urged her to take. Marion regained her composure admirably. She was even thankful that she had accidentally been missed; Marion was so deeply in love with Wingate, she could not have left him. Without looking toward the man, she steered for the opposite bank. When they arrived, she jumped to the little dock. Wingate stood below, tugging at a great portmanteau which he tried to lift up to the landing. With utter coolness, Marion decided the moment had come.

"Better leave that in the boat; you won't need it," she remarked. He started. "Marion?" he cried. "Oh, hell!"

"No need for violent language, Wingate, dear," she smiled, throwing back the hat.

"If you hurry, you'll catch the train."

He fumed and cursed, even threatening her, but she remained calm.

"You can go back to—Cameron," she suggested, "but I wouldn't advise it." She returned to the boat, with the man at her heels, frantically demanding more details regarding the episode which had resulted in her impersonation of Diana. The boat began to slide smoothly through the water. Wingate was still cursing; Marion still smiling that exasperating smile which was driving him mad.

Less than two weeks later, after the miserable failure of her effort to run away with Wingate, Diana calmly met her husband and asked him for that which she desired the most—her freedom. And Cameron was not loath to grant her heart's desire. He came the following day to his old home, his hat in hand.

"I'm giving Diana a—a divorce," he told Marion.

"I'm so sorry," she said.

"I'm not so sorry," he told her. "I know how you saved Diana from herself. She told me. He sat down beside her and looked gloomily into the fire.

"Will we see you, sometime, mother and I?" she asked. "Guess so," he smiled. "I've decided to live here."
'Twixt screen and stage, 'twixt playing the lead in George Fitzmaurice's next production and playing the heaviest of villains in Alice Brady's "Anna Ascends," — well, Rod La Rocque takes the palm for versatility.
Of all the girls that I love best, there's none like little . . . Edith, meaning blond, beatific Edith Stockton.
ORD BYRON was more right than he knew. . .

The twentieth century motion picture enthusiast may not realize it, but his is the savage breast against which the musical director aims his shafts of melody. Sometimes they carry the sting of poison; and, fortifying and intensifying the impression that the listener absorbs through the visual sense, rouse his hatred against the villain on the screen. At other times, they soothe like the touch of velvet, and soften the observer's mood to an exalted appreciation of a tender passage between a suffering heroine and her sorely tried lover.

In the early days of the motion picture, these results were left to the whim of a pianist. Often he was successful in accommodating his playing to the subject presented on the screen. But in a large sense, he failed; for after all, he was paid only to "make music;" and his employer did not know whether or not the music had any emotional correspondence with the picture. Early in the development of motion picture presentation, music was the accompaniment of the film; but an accompaniment was considered adequate if it filled in a sounding bass, like some of the "Um-ta-ta, Um-ta-ta" backgrounds to arias that one hears in many of the older operas, and in innumerable so-called heart-songs. Today, however, music is part of the whole ensemble that has raised the motion picture from the position of a strange novelty in the field of entertainment to that of an art that has not quite found itself.

Perhaps the motion picture never will be completely divorced from music. And my basis for this observation is the fact that audiences have become accustomed to exercising their ears as well as their eyes when in the theatre. And since the presenters of motion picture entertainment have begun to serve music with the films, they cannot very well go back to the comparatively barren entertainment which photoplays, unembellished, provided.

It may be argued by those who are tone deaf that all music is noise; and, therefore, pictures without music are less annoying than pictures with music. (The tone deaf person usually is "annoyed" by the photodrama.) However, comparatively few people are tone deaf; and most of us remember the days of musicless pictures. Even in this late day, I have watched truly silent pictures. But that was forty miles from nowhere in the heart of the Adirondacks. And I may add that the pictures were received with the natives, therefore, pictures without music are less annoying than pictures with music. (The tone deaf person usually is "annoyed" by the photodrama.) However, comparatively few people are tone deaf; and most of us remember the days of musicless pictures. Even in this late day, I have watched truly silent pictures. But that was forty miles from nowhere in the heart of the Adirondacks. And I may add that the pictures were received with the natives, or with less enthusiasm.

It appears, then, that motion picture audiences have been spoiled into expecting music to help the digestion of their cinema entertainment. Now they cannot be weaned away from the combination. In self-defense, the motion picture producer or the presenter has had to develop the quality of the music that was played to the accompaniment of the picture.

When music first became associated with the motion picture, a titular suggestion of a composition with the action of the picture was all that was sought after. But this has gradually given place to standard, classified music that in its very harmonies, suggests the moods of the several scenes in a photoplay. No doubt, the fact that the pictures themselves have improved within the last few years, has made it necessary to prepare more elaborate musical settings for their presentation, and now we feel that producers go to the extent of employing professional musicians to see each production before it is distributed throughout the country and to suggest musical themes to accompany every scene.

The motion picture producer is really adding another subtle lure to chain his future audiences' interest to his films. Let us see how he does it. In the projection room of the larger companies a picture is being shown to Max Winkler, who, perhaps, has suggested more musical themes for photoplays than any other musician. He sits, stop watch in hand, and times the opening of the picture. Suddenly his watch clicks and he tells his assistant, "9:18—Sentimental." Interpreted, this means that the opening theme is to be some sentimental ballad, played for two minutes and fifteen seconds. This may be the representative theme that is repeated at intervals all through the showing of the picture; or it may be a minor theme that appears only during the opening scenes. However, every few minutes, or when the mood of the scene changes, a new theme is jotted down. When the work is finished, Mr. Winkler selects various compositions than can evoke the emotional response which the picture tries to elicit from the audience. Consequently, the man sitting in the dark orchestra chair is assailed not only through what he sees, but also, and in a more subtle way, by what he hears. The appeal of a picture is intensified; and so an ordinary picture may impress an audience as good; and a good photo-drama as an excellent one.

The result of the music scorer's work is embodied in what is known as a cue sheet, which is sent to the theatres that show a particular picture. A different cue sheet is sent with every picture. The cue sheet consists of a list of compositions that should be played with a picture, as well as the length of time that the composition should be played.

To illustrate, let us take the cut sheet for the Goldwyn production of "Madame X," in which Pauline Frederick is seen as the erring wife in the famous French drama by Alexandre Bisson. The musical theme for the photo-play is a composition by Borch, "Poème Symphonique."
The first few printed instructions read as follows:

Scene—At Screening: 90 sec.—Theme.
Title—The Home of Louis Floriot, 3 min. 40 sec.—Thoughts at Twilight—Kendal (Dramatic).
Title—Jacqueline Floriot's Wife, 2 min. 35 sec.—Gavatina—Bohm (Dramatic).
Title—It Was Not False to You, 5 min. 35 sec.—Theme.

In the course of the photoplay, the theme is played on seven different occasions, sometimes during a scene, sometimes when a title is flashed on the screen. Throughout the picture, it is played about thirty minutes in all, constituting about half the music of the photoplay. This theme suggests the emotional content of the more serious scenes; and whenever it is played, prepares the audience for the main thread of the story.

Some photoplay exhibitors do not limit themselves to the cue sheets sent out by the various producing companies. Samuel Rothapfel, of the Capitol Theatre in New York, who invented the idea of presenting photoplays in an atmospheric setting, spends several hours each week in selecting the music which is to accompany the picture scheduled to be shown at his theatre the week following. At ten o'clock every Thursday night, he retires to the miniature theatre attached to the Capitol; and there, with stop watch and pencil, he views the coming attraction and suggests the names of the musical compositions which he believes most fittingly interpret in sound the emotions presented on the screen.

Mr. Rothapfel has several original ideas concerning the use of classical music on the screen. He says:

"The main musical theme in a photoplay entertainment should represent either the leading character or the general idea of the story. Consequently, whenever it is played, the audience unconsciously thinks of the character or the idea. Other musical themes may be inserted and identified with minor characters; a humorous theme with a comical character, a scherzo with a hoydenish type, and so on. In this way, the music parallels the picture; and the effect of the photoplay is subtly increased."

Mr. Rothapfel's ideas have been proved sound in practice. In fact, they are so true in their psychology that the flashback of the early days of the films has been largely eliminated. We are no longer bored with long, tedious pictorial recitals of what has happened previously to the beginning of the story. We do not need these to interpret the

(Continued on page 58)
DEAR MA:—

The greatest thing in the world has happened to me, Ma! Just as I told you it would be in my last letter. I have been graduated from the extra girl class and I am now a regular actress. When you get this letter I will be working on my first part. It isn't a very long part, Ma, but it's very important. I'm with Ruth Roland in her new serial, "The Avenging Arrow," which was written to bring back all the old thrills, and to introduce several new ones that seem even better. The story, of course, is of the wild and woolly west, but Ruth is going to fool her old friends in this one by playing a Spanish girl. There's an honest-to-goodness Indian in the cast, named Big Tree, and the size of his powerful limbs may be the reason. Edward Hearn is the rescuing hero—and there will be much rescuing for him to do—you remember him in railroad pictures with Helen Holmes, don't you?

Last week I worked at the Metro studios for a couple of days in "Passion Fruit," Doraldina's picture. There was a great cast in that one, too. Edward Earle—you saw "The Law of the Yukon"—plays the lead, and Stuart Holmes is the heavy. Florence Turner was with us, also, and another picturesque Indian named White Cloud. I don't even suspect how he got his name!

The Moving Picture Directors' Association gave a supper-dance at the Alexandria a week ago tonight, and Doraldina danced her famous hula-hula. Oh, Ma, you should have seen the dance—and Doraldina, too, Ma, for when she dances, you do see her. Everybody was there—in fact, everybody is everywhere in Los Angeles. Harold Lloyd was with his pretty leading lady, Mildred Davis. Mary Wiles (I mean that for Miles) Minter, and her mother and grandmother! By the way, Mary is working on last season's hit, "All Soul's Eye," Jack Holt is playing her lead.

But some more about the dance at the Alexandria! Tom Mix and his cowboys shot up the place and held up folks for donations for disabled soldiers.

Saw Russel Simpson last night. He's just finished "Bunty Pulls the Strings." I worked in that picture, too: I had two scenes with Cullen Landis. He's a great boy. Ma. I almost had a crush on him, but then he left me flat and went away on a hunting trip.

Your favorite, Jack Mulhall, has been loaned to Metro to play opposite Viola Dana in her next picture. The exteriors are being made at Catalina—and that means I won't see Jack again for some time. I never had any luck, Ma. I just met Tom Forman once—then he left for New York. Herb Howe did that, too. You know who Herb is, Ma. Everyone who reads the picture magazines knows Herb's stuff. You remember Vincent Coleman? I saw him when I was in New York and he told me he'd be on the coast soon. But he hasn't come yet. Don't worry about it, Ma; it'll come out all right.

May Allison bobbed her hair a short time ago—right after she finished "The Marriage of William Ashe." All the stars are bobbing their hair, Ma. Remember I told you I'd have more chance in the movies, if I had short hair!

And, Ma, I must tell you about Sunset Inn, down at Santa Monica. Tuesday night is photoplayer's night and all the famous actors go there. Usually Fatty Arbuckle and Buster Keaton entertain. Last Tuesday Eileen Percy and her husband took me with them, and I sure did have a wonderful time. Tom Mix and some friends were at the table next to ours, and Harold Lloyd and Lila Lee were on the other side of us. I saw four feet ten inches of Shirley Mason dancing with her six feet two-inch husband, and it was about as funny as seeing Viola Dana dance with Roscoe Arbuckle.

Edna Purviance was there, too. She's looking quite as pretty as ever, but a little stouter. And Bebe Daniels, with those wonderful eyes and her ever-puckered mouth. Bebe has just finished "Oh, Lady, Lady," with Harrison Ford as her lead. Harry left for New York a few days ago to play opposite Constance Talmadge again. That's his first trip to New York in about a year. Last time he went to play in "Easy to Get," with Margaret Clark and Rod La Rocque. Rod is another who promised to come to California, but he's so busy in New York he just couldn't get away. He's playing in Fitzmaurice's new picture for Famous Players and he's working on the stage with Alice Brady.

I wish you could meet the Carter De Havens! They have been awfully kind to me, and I wouldn't be surprised if I get a chance to play in one of their pictures soon. They are starting "The Girl in the Taxi" next week. I'll tell you more about them later. Their two children, Marjorie and Carter, Jr., have gone back to school. Funny, but they don't seem to want

(Continued on Page 57)
A New Art
is calling to people who have ideas

Motion picture producers and stars are searching the country for new workable story-ideas, for there's a famine in photoplays which has now become acute. New writers—now unknown—must be developed soon. So this is a call to you to take up a new profession and win a new success.

SOMEBWHERE in America this year scores of new photoplaywrights might be developed, and your opportunity to win success is as good as anyone's.

For literary ability is not required—one need never have written previously for any purpose whatsoever.

Ideas about life, imagination, and a willingness to try are the sole essentials.

Who's never thought while viewing some picture, "I have a better idea than that"? And who hasn't had the desire to try and write that better photoplay?

The thing to do is act now—begin today—learn how to put your ideas into the proper form for presentation to producers.

The Form's The Thing

NEXT to ideas, the most important phase of this new art is the arrangement of ideas. And that is what is now being taught most successfully by correspondence through the Palmer Plan—taught to people who have never written and who never thought that they could write.

Note the pictures of men and women on this page. Learn what they have done. Only a few months ago they, too, were novices like you. Only a few months ago they, like you, became interested, and sent us the same coupon that you can send.

5000 New Photoplays Are Needed

THE dearth of photoplay plots is an actual one—5000 new ideas are needed. The great producers must have many for immediate production.

For 20,000,000 people attending motion picture theatres daily, and they don't want the same plays twice. This, remember, is now the world's fourth largest industry, and is still fastest growing one.

Producers are paying from $250 to $1000 for successful first attempts by unknown writers. They must hold out these inducements to get the stories, to develop new writers into photoplaywrights.

On this great wave scores will rise to new fame, and you may be one of them. Don't think you may not be—"what you think, so you are," is a truth that all should seriously ponder.

In addition to those whose pictures are shown, the following novices have lately won success under the Palmer Plan:

George Hughes, of Toronto, Canada; Martha Lord, now staff writer for Clara Kimball Young; Idyl Shepard Way of Boston, author of "Keep Him Guessing" (Selznick); Elizabeth Thacker of Montana, author of "Reforming Betty" (Ince); James Kendrick of Texas, creator of six stories since enrollment less than a year ago; and Frances W. Eljah, author of "Wa-ho-love," recently purchased by D. W. Griffith.

You have as good a chance as these to succeed and sell your stories.

The Palmer Plan

THE Palmer Plan of Education in Photoplay Writing teaches the technique of photoplay writing. It is indorsed by the substantial men of the profession because it represents their ideas of the proper kind of training—and the training of new writers, they plainly see, is the industry's vital need.

So on our Advisory Council are such famous producers as Cecil B. DeMille, director-general of the Famous-Players Lasky Corp., and Thos. H. Ince, head of the renowned Thos. H. Ince Studios. Also Lois Weber, noted director and producer, and Rob Wagner, who writes of the industry in the Saturday Evening Post.

Twelve other leading men and women of the profession contribute lectures to the course.

And the best known players of national reputation who constantly need new plays, unqualifiedly indorse this plan. It includes personal instruction and criticism by experts in all departments of the art.

It is of university calibre in all respects. It brings to you all the best experience of the practical men of the profession. From no other group can one learn so much of the essentials of the art.

A Feature of This Course

THE Palmer Plan also includes a vital aid to students—the Palmer Marketing Bureau, headed by Mrs. Kate Corbey, acknowledged judge of stories and author of photoplays for William Farnum, Frank Keenan, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and many other stars.

This is the bureau to which producers come, for photoplay-stories—the great clearing house for idea-material for the screen. Situated in Los Angeles, motion picture capital of the world, and in constant touch with the great studios, this bureau helps to sell your work.

Scenarios are submitted in person by this bureau direct to producers, stars and editors. This is an exclusive service available to all Palmer students.

A Free Book

Worth Your Reading

IF you are seriously interested, send for free book which explains the course in detail.

There is no obligation. Simply mail the coupon and completely satisfy yourself.

The demand for new writers is enormous, the field wide open, and the rewards greater and quicker than in any calling we know. Mail the coupon now. See what it brings to you. You'll be glad you took this action.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, Department of Education, 791 I. W. Hellman Building, Los Angeles, California.

Please send me, without obligation, your new book, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing"—Also "Proof Positive," containing Success Stories of many Palmer members, etc.

Name ________________________________
Address ________________________________
City __________________ State ______

(Mail coupon now) (All correspondence held strictly confidential)
Merle Johnson, the youngest director in the business, age 21, has formed his own company. With Doris Kenyon as his leading woman, he has taken his cast of thirteen players to Knoxville, Tenn., where exteriors of "Footsteps," his first picture, will be filmed.

Using the Capitol, the White House and the other government buildings as his locale, David G. Fischer will soon begin work on "In the Shadow of the Dome," a photoplay of life in Washington. Mr. Fischer heads the new Fox-Fischer Masterplayas, Inc. He will be remembered as an actor in many popular successes on the stage, formerly Julia Marlowe's leading man.

Vincent Coleman, who is playing the lead in "Self Defense," at the Blackstone Theatre, Chicago, is Constance Talmdage's leading man in her current release, "Good References," nearly lost his life recently in the course of rescuing a boy from drowning in Lake Michigan. Coleman noticed the boy fall from a raft and swam to his rescue. The lad obtained a death grip on the actor's throat and both were in danger until the life guards saved them.

Irene Boyle, who played opposite George Walsh in "The Dead-Line," is now playing the leading feminine role in 'The Rider of the King Log," which Edgar Jones is making in August, Mr.

Edna May Sperl has ended her month's vacation and will soon begin work on the second of the series of five-reel dramas Edgar Jones is producing in Maine. Miss Sperl earned her vacation for she worked steadily for a year in the Northwoods series of two-reelers at Augusta.

Although he has temporarily given up the idea of serial work, Tom Santchi is completely in his element in the two-reel westerns he is directing for Augustus Williams, the producer. With a horse and the great outdoors Tom Santchi is happy.

"The Mistress of Shenstone," by Florence L. Barclay, author of "The Rosary," has been selected by Director Henry King, for Pauline Frederick's next cinema vehicle, production on which has been begun.

For the first time an insurance policy has been taken out on a horse acting in a movie. Vitagraph has protected itself to the extent of $50,000 on the animal that plays the name part "Black Beauty." Arthur Berthelet, Bes- sie Love's director, is making preparations to take his star and members of the company to Arizona, to film great groups of cattle on the ranges and other scenes requiring the rugged background so vividly described in Belle K. Mac- niate's story, "Penny of Tophill Trail," which will form the basis of Bessie's next picture.

Harrison Ford has become a wholesale leading man. He has signed to appear in plays with both Norma and Constance Talmdage.

Oregon will have a chance to see a nationally famous man. Frank Borzage is taking his entire company north to make timberland scenes for Peter B. Kyne story, "Kindred of the Dust," which he is directing with Marion Davies as the star.

Ben Turpin, whose eyes assert a various message in Mack Sennett comedy concoctions, celebrates this month the fifty-third anniversary of his birth.

Madge Bellamy, who supported William Gillette in "Dear Brutus," will be leading woman for Douglas MacLean in "One a Minute."

According to reports, George Walsh is to quit the Fox banner and become a producer "on his own."

Cutting and tiling of "Lavender and Old Lace," a Renko production, in which Seena Owen has one of the principal feminine roles, is under way, under the direction of Director Lloyd Ingraham. Miss Owen plays the part of Ruth in this Myrtle Reed story. Others in the cast are: Margaret Snow, Louis Ben- nison, Victor Potel, Zella Ingraham and others.

Pell Trenton, who played leads in more than 100 stage productions in New York and London, and who has supported a score of famous film stars including Clara Kim- ball Young and others, is playing opposite Carmel Myers in "The Orchid." The film is being directed by Marcel de Sano.

Hallam Cooley, who plays the part of "Ferdie" in "An Old Fashioned Boy" with Charles Ray, landed a 200-pound tuna while fishing off Catalina Island recently. Cooley battled with the fish for nearly two hours before it was safely hauled into the boat.

Colleen Moore has been chosen to play the leading feminine role in King Vidor's production of "The Sky Pilot." After selecting David Butler for the male lead, Producer Vidor spent several weeks in search of the most suitable actress to play the difficult feminine lead. At length he went to Marshall Neilan, with whom he has recently signed a long term contract, and finally induced Neilan to loan him that capable young actress.

The distinguishing trait of the Griffith forces in discovering new juvenile talent has brought Tom Douglas to the screen. He made his film debut in the lead to Dorothy Gish in "A Cynic Effect," and there is a consistent report that Douglas will take the place of the former "stock" leading juvenile who left Griffith to star in his own company.

The usual fate that happens to screen stories has befallen "Calderon's Prisoner," the novel which is being pictured by Con- stance Binney and Ward Crane, her leading man. The new name for the picture is "Something Different." This is the production, it will be remembered, which took Miss Binney, Mr. Crane, traveling to New York to direct their director to Cuba to film the exterior scenes which are laid in and around Havana.

The return to New York of the U. S. S. Pennsylvania gave its officers the opportunity to give a dinner on board ship in honor of Virginia Lee, the screen favorite, who is now creating the leading feminine role in the in- itial production of Cayuga Pictures Corporation, entitled "Three Women Loved Him." During the war, Miss Lee was formally chosen as the mascot of the Pennsylvania, due to her marriage to Lt. Commander William Boyer, who was then serving aboard that ship.

Douglas MacLean has commenced work on "One A Minute," his latest Thomas H. Ince production for Paramount, a story adapted for the screen by Joseph Franklin Poland from the stage farce by Fred Jackson, author of "La La Lucile" and "The Naughty Wife." Supporting the cast is Marion Delean, Victor Potel, Frances Raymond, Andrew Rob- son and Graham Pettee.

Ouida Bergere, author and scenarist, has sailed on the Aquitania for Europe where she will spend two months visiting France, England, Holland, and Italy. Blanche Yurka, a niece now being filmed of Miss Bergere, will accompany her on the trip.

Elise Ferguson, Param- mount star, who sailed from San Francisco early in June on a tour of the world, reaches Melbourne this week, from which port she will go to Paris and London, returning to New York in November. Miss Fer- guson has visited the Philippines, Japan and China and will visit France via the Suez Canal.

A group of the best known players on the London stage will be seen in "The Call of Youth," the Paramount picture by Henry Arthur Jones, where she has been engaged at the London studio of the Famous Players.

(Continued on page 61)
The Great Undraped
(Continued from page 12)

because Miss Kennedy ordered it cut out of the picture. And she refused to wear it, even for a short time.

"What right has she?" demanded one of the feline sex.

"Probably not a very good one or she'd show it," replied the slick-haired wit who has a fine appreciation of art, but no chin.

When Theda Bara played "Cleopatra," we thought there was really nothing left to see. But now comes the announcement that "The Queen of Sheba" will make "Cleopatra" look like an Eskimo. No expense will be spared in costumes. In fact, there won't be any spare, except for a fine coat of horse powder.

Doraldina now has a place in the photoplay. She has gone West, and her grass skirt was shipped after. She reports that most of the straw was broken off in shipment, but no one ever gets cold in California, so it doesn't matter. Doraldina declares that emotion is not expressed by the eyes. She says the hips are far more expressive. In the words of the song, every little movement has a meaning all its own. If this be true, we'll be lots of meaning in Doraldina's work. And it will not be hidden or suggestive. Doraldina is explicit.

Griffith can no longer claim the greatest novelty and improvement in matter of close-ups. Julius Stern of L-Ko comedies now takes the silk hose.

"Why, at L-Ko they don't take close-ups of your face," exclaimed a picture novice. "They take 'em of your ankles."

Nor will Cecil de Mille have anything on Julius.

"Look at all the bathtub shots we got now," said M. Stern, proudly showing his studio to visitors. "De Mille pictures have nothing on L-Ko comedies, which are not to be laughed at."

The most original twist, however, of the new garnerer of photodrama was that situation in "Why Change Your Wife," when Thomas Meighan fell in love with his first wife upon beholding her leg. If she hadn't worn a bathing suit without an awning, she would never have won her husband back to the fireside. As it was, we had the modern idea of a happy ending, the maidies pushing the twin beds together.

Only the other day, a young lady who was an inveterate picture fan, strolled into the lobby of a San Francisco hotel, dressed in a way that made all other men drop their tin cups and take off their glasses. She was all dressed up a la Gloria at the bath. The only part of her costume she hadn't designed was the hairpins. She said she was "Truth." But Truth unadorned has no place in "Frisco life, so she was thrown into jail. Perhaps she had been free by educating people to the idea of Truth.

Already pictures have eliminated one evil. Those immoral carnival attractions advertised "For Men Only!" do not any business. This is the day of equal suffrage in the theatre.

The motion picture, truly, has slipped out of its swaddling clothes, and, thanks to the H. C. L., it hasn't found anything else to slip into. And it would appear that it will remain in the nude, no traces of it being heard to the serpent-censor—or grows bow-legged.

After working day and night to complete his scenes as a featured player in "Dead Men Tell No Tales," Percy Marmont immediately began to create the leading male role in Hope Hampton's forthcoming production. His part is that of a rising business man who sacrifices love and honor for the sake of ambition, and brings down upon himself not only the hatred of the heroine but also to the death of his own wife and child, who are sunk after embarking in a ship which he built and in which he lived, but without any regard to its seaworthiness.
Wouldn’t have you Box—certainly Carl a bad She am
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Anna—Yes, Betty Francisco was in the Follies. Now she is in motion pictures. Anna—Yes, Betty Francisco was in the Follies. Now she is in motion pictures.

M. L. T.—Send a synopsis to the producer. Make it not more than 1,500 words.

Anna—Yes, Betty Francisco was in the Follies. Now she is in motion pictures.

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CIVILIAN CLOTHES
(Continued from page 8)
Timbuctoo or wherever it was Dumont was building his fool railroad. And there Sam finds her, but like the wise old bird he is, he pretends he's as much interested in her as he would be in a baseball game between a flock of seals and a herd of kippered herring. He knew her cards, that boy did. He just waited, and the second night he was there, she just walked into his room.

"Sam," she sez, "I made a terrible mistake and I want you to come back to me."

"Come back?" sez Sam, "I never left you."

"Come back," she sez soft like.

"You only want me because some other woman saves me," Sam hits out between short-stop and third.

"But Sam," sez Florence, 'don't you understand? I'll come back to you as your wife."

"Well, anyhow, as I was sayin', what'd you do in a case like that? Sam winked at himself in the mirror, and then shut his eyes. He was kissin' her. And they're back in town from Cuba or wherever it is the red wine flows like soda water on Broadway, and Sam as happy as Lydia Pinkham was the day she dropped some medicine in her tea and discovered the original cure for the blues.

Chet's Climb
(Continued from page 26)
ance and artful handling of many difficult situations, are responsible in large measure for the victory of the star and the triumph of the picture.

Mrs. Chet Whitey, his talented wife, has written many remarkable photoplays. Her latest picture, "Up in the Air About Jane," is now being cut and titled in the Griffith studios in Mamaroneck. The story was especially written for Dorothy Gish and is said to be one of the best comedies in which she has appeared.

Mr. Wishey is of the opinion that the presentation of a picture has a great deal to do with its success. "Some exhibitors, in trying to squeeze in an extra performance, will instruct their operators to speed up the projector," he says. "The result is that the scene will be shown with the players' faces darting out on the screen, thereby spoiling a good dramatic scene. Another mistake which is commonly made by the exhibitor, is in cutting the cutting of the film. When he attempts to cut a picture after receiving it, he generally succeeds in destroying the thread of the story or in spoiling its dramatic quality. Censorship also harms rather than improves the photoplay, for it is impossible to bring out the good, except by contrast with the bad, therefore a picture that only shows the good and beautiful, is apt to be dull and uninteresting. Art is an interpretation of life, and the artist, author or director who fails to look at life broadly in all of its aspects, is sure to fail. In the picture business or profession, success depends on individuality. Where this is restrained, pictures are sure to suffer in consequence. The best pictures of the day have been produced where the star, the author and the director have been allowed free rein to carry out his or her individual ideas."

Wes Barry Arrives
(Continued from page 35)
perhaps proved successful in most cases, but in the instance of a child, who must learn the elementary things in life first before he can properly grasp the finer things and hope to portray them to others, slow and steady progress was necessary.

This was the course laid out for Wesley Barry by Marshall Nellan, and the fact that the boy today is conceded one of the best actors by actors proves that the director's method has been correct.

Wesley Barry, with the good judgment of Marshall Nellan, has, in short, arrived.
Buy Your Xmas Gifts Now
Only a few cents a day
Deepest sorrow of her life. It had much to do in bringing to, the surface her gifts as an emotional artiste.
"After that I could not leave home again. We were living like beggars. It's hardly necessary to say what I did next."
"The studios?"
"What else?" she gave a slight shrug.
"Then came my early days. But you know something of that phase, don't you? Yet when my chance came all else was forgotten. It was the future that beckoned me..." she thought awhile. I was fiercely eager to succeed. People of that sort," she looked knowingly, "usually, if not invariably, attract the attention of Thos. H. Ince. They call him, "Opportunity's Pal. Quaint thought, that, isn't it?"
"Really, there's no need to detail all that happened in the studio, but you ever seen, send it back. If you're interested, I'll do it."

No Money Down
Just send your name and address for our 128-page book of diamonds, watches and jewelry on credit. Millions of dollars worth of jewelry from which to choose your Xmas gifts. You choose next week on approval, with- out a penny down.

Charge Account Plan
Don't send a penny in advance. Your simple request brings any diamond or piece of jewelry you choose. When it comes examine it, if it is not to your complete satisfaction, have it returned, and no charge for the merchandise. If you decide to keep it, you may pay the rate of only a few cents a day.

8% Yearly Dividends
You are guaranteed an 8% yearly increase in value on all diamond exchanges. Also 6% bono privilege.

Write Today for Xmas Catalog
Send your name and address. No obligation. Beautiful Xmas catalog comes free by return mail. Explains all about Lyon Charge Account Plan. See this great collective of jewelry bargain or send your name for catalog today to Dept. Y.

Cheese Sandwiches to Caviar
(Continued from page 19)

Needless to say, the simple secret of a splendid voice and quickly develop a striking likeness that cannot fail to charm your most austere friend. Be Popular—Make Money
The easiest, quickest way to secure valuable social and personal advantages is through ownership of a popular voice. The development of this ability is needed; tells why our students secure striking results quickly, and promises to guarantee you at least 100% development— regenerated personal power and defense of voice—or we make your money back. Perfect Voice Institute Studio 1618 1923 Summer Ave. Chillicothe, Ill

Splendid Christmas Gifts

14555 $1.50 Artistic 5-inch Bowl of green pat- tery, five Lip-tube-Valley Valley Jazz Bugle. No better con- struction. Hand-Colored Gift Certificates. No swan nor flower,—the fra- me, free of your bankroll and without de- ligation. Money back if you are not pleased.
14555 $1.50

Perfect Voice Institute
Studio 1618
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Chillicothe, Ill.

12800 $5.00 Those Wonderfull 24-karat Gold /& Silver Foil Buttons provide hours of sparkle to your holiday party wear. Send in a pair or for an entire suit. 
Our Catalog Pictures show them better. Get them now and find out why they are in demand. See Catalog, Page 27.

14277 $9.00 Polished six-inch Bay-Berry Uppers. They are delightful. Mailed with a "Thank you" of your Bankroll and Hand-Colored Gift Certificate for a most attractive gift.
Our Big Catalog pictures thousands of splendid gifts. It makes your Xmas shopping a breeze, and it may pay you to hold the Bayberry Uppers. Send in your New Year's orders and save the time. Big Help.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE

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Everyone Admires a Slim Figure
You, Too, Can Become Slim
Thousands of stout women everywhere have been regaining their former beauty and losing definite girth of } inflation by using

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BATH CARTONS
Dissolved in the daily bath they begin to improve your body at men. A surprising scientific discovery that renews your weight again and again. Take it from Epsom salts, Alum, or any harmful in- gredients. A wonderful beauty aid in these days of slimming and weight control. No more insisting on small sleeves or tight bodices. Complete Free Gift Value. A full ten weeks' course of 14 saline 10-grain tablets mailed every week. Address Flo-Ra-Zo-Na Royal Pharmaceutical & Perfumery Co., *Dept. P.J. 49-84 D, 102nd St., New York

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES

Construction work to reproduce the ex- terior of a New York theatre has been com- menced by Metro in Yorkers for the forth- coming picturization of Eugene Walter's "Fine Feathers." The reproduction will be exact in every detail from the broad marquee the project of the electric signs that announce the attraction.
generally known as "The Lady from Three States." If you should ask her, however, the name of her natal state she would proudly exclaim, with a toss of her lovely head, "It came from Texas!"

She is convent bred, for when quite a little she was sent to the Sacred Heart in New Orleans. Her ambition was to become a dancer, and it was, and otherwise. She played her cards in the following fashion:

Corinne's beauty was a matter of comment in social circles, so the elie decreed that "the crown of beauty" was put on her fair head at the New Orleans Madri Gras.

Mr. Sturgeon, a Vitagraph director, was attending the festivities, garbed in a black domino. He called her "Miss Griffin." And he said: "Did you ever think of going into motion pictures?"

Miss Griffith could not answer. She was dazed. The quiet life of the convent had not prepared her for the splendor of her debut into society as "Queen of the Mardi Gras." She was surrounded by a maze of color-knights in regal splendor, fair ladies, jester: in fact, she was living in a world only known to her heretofore through the great Medieval history. And to cap the climax a great director asked if she would go on the screen.

Demurely she murmured a half assent and Mr. Sturgeon was satisfied.

"Whenever you are ready just drop me a line," he added.

So out of the dream world she came into the shadow world. A few months later she went into pictures at the Vitagraph West Coast studio, and a year later she was a star. She came into stellar honors as a comedienne, but soon after gave such evidence of dramatic ability that her producer decided to star her in the serious as well as the comedy.

Versatility is the keynote of her acting. In "The Climbers" she achieved an emotional success; in "The Fool," her comedy production, you will find a comedienne who carries you chuckling and laughing to a delicious denouement. But, the real Corinne is even more the star of the screen.

The little anecdote at the beginning of this story is an insight into her character. The Lady Corinne is most of all a friend. That means a lot. And because she is friendly her beauty has never taken away from her ingenuousness, which is verboten (if you will forgive the Prussianism). She is in touch with people and loves to listen. That is an attribute that will keep her on the heights. For the listener absorbs and then gives of her knowledge. Whether with quip or jest, in serious vein or in the mere passing of the conversationally minded, there is always a sympathetic personal magnetism and refreshing. After you have admired her beauty, you begin to respect her brains.

Her screen admirers get the same reaction. They like her because she is honest and sin-
cers. She is witty and intellectual and cute and she works hard to please. There you have an infallible means to success. Off the screen Lady Corinne is in the same unflinching body. She applies herself so strenuously to her work that her play hours are given to relaxation. She only appears in public when at the theater, motoring or shopping. As the best dressed woman on the screen, she devotes many hours to designing new dresses and visiting shops to get ideas or make purchases.

Her gowns, beauty and talent are the work-day trinity that have brought the Lady Corinne to Hollywood—never gives anybody the impression that she would ever want to wreck any one's life. She goes home from the studio and dons her hair down, and settles herself on a comfy couch to read. Sometimes, on Sundays when her husband is away, she has a little fancy to make biscuits, whereabouts her sense of humor later causes her to offer them to her friends as weapons of defense against stray cats or some prowling feline. Or, again, she will telephone Kate Price, the big-hearted, portly comedienne who "mothered" her in the early days of her career. Miss Price is getting her "start" at Vitagraph, and invites her for tea which means that Miss Price will bring along her various ideas on how to crochet sweaters.

Miss Theby always keeps open house at the bungalow, which is in a court wherein reside numerous of the film-famous. Anna Q. Nilsson lives two doors away. Ethel Grey Terry has the bungalow next door, and in the tiny room behind her next door resides a quite famous scenarist who glean a number of ideas from hearing Rosemary tell of her sticky situations she has observed or heard about.

The Spartan habitments fit nicely around the personality of this remembrance-lady because she is of medium proportions and has regular features and dark hair. There is nothing of the typical screen actress about her. She is not the well defined type. She's not the mare, with her high and high and high the time and none of the cylinders in her natural, inherent good nature miss fire. She is delightfully agreeable and knows how to get and keep marriages and just enough about women not to be catty.

Her ambition? She laughs when you ask her. She does not earn a living. She is a genius. She's not anxious to star, but would rather prefer to co-star with an intelligent, inspiring man, in role procuring in man the dramatic moments. For this reason she smiles, pleased when you mention "Michael and His Lost Angel" in which she co-starred, and "The Adventures of Jack and Jill," the praises of Waltham with whom she played in "A Splendid Hazard." Rio Grande" was lovely as a star part for her, and yet she smiles when she tells you that she got injured several times making that blood-and-thunder drama of the Pacific.

She's been on the screen ever since the earliest days, when she suffered, like all the rest of the pioneers, from bad directing, weak stories and poor scripts. Yet her faith in pictures has never been shaken, and she declares that she'll stay in the films as long as the public will pay its good money to go to see her. She's a Broadway Ramona in a twentieth century setting—a girl who has been kind to those whom she has come in contact, and to whom her co-workers refer to as a "good scout." She has never acquired the limousine-diamoneds fever, and never—never—has she, for a moment, wished that she were either a man or a blonde.

With steady consistency the works of famous authors are being given to the public via the cinema. The "Marriage of William and Mary," one of the latest, is an attempt to find its way to the screen. It is now being directed by Ted Sloan, with May Allison in the stellar role.

Milford Davis, like other stars, receives from fans many tokens of appreciation of her screen Lady Corinne. Some of her collection are two East Indies parakeets received from one of her Australian admirers, and a name she has given them "Scrreech" and "Scream."

Frederick Vogelung, a Dutch actor, who has done thirty pictures with the best film companies of Europe and was seen in vaudeville in this country, will be leading man with Dorothy Dalton in, "In Men's Eyes."

Peggy Rompers Writes

(Continued from page 30)

to follow the footsteps of their parents. More about restaurants, I know. There's a peach of a little place in Hollywood called Frank's. If you ever want to find anyone, go there. They're all there: May Allison, Director Ted Sloan, Marjorie Daw with her chaperone, the great director Mary Miles Minter—and all the rest. I'm usually with Ann May—and I really couldn't be in better company. But this or any other place would seem rather dull if you didn't rush in, shake hands with everybody present, and rush out again plus one piece of fruit to the pantry.

They're a busy lot—these film folk—and they're happy! That counts most, doesn't it, Ma? Being happy and good—and being good is what I mean—if that you can't help being happy—

Write me soon, but don't lecture me like you did in the last letter. I haven't learned to smoke or do any of the other things you warned me to avoid. Pictures are rare enough as it is from your old-fashioned idea of them—and I'm quite safe. Lovingly, Peggy Rompers.

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emotional state of the hero or the heroine when the first scene flashes into view. The music suggests this. If we hear the “Misere” from “Il Trovatore,” we know that the heroine has had quite a sad day of it; and we are keyed to learn how she is going to continue her struggle for happiness or whatever other emotional satisfaction she may seek to grasp from the hands of life. The point is that interpretative music has replaced the flashback to a large extent.

We are entering into a new phase of motion picture technique, in which more imagination is exercised than has heretofore been disdained. I refer to the pictorial presentation on the screen of the thoughts of one or more of the characters. Here we see in action, for just a moment, a thin thread about, and then are brought back to the present situation. Music permits of this departure, for we are never at a loss to know that a particular character is thinking the idea that he is acting in his mind’s eye. But, like the flashback, this can be overdone. However, that now depends upon the intelligence of the producer.

The interesting and noteworthy departure in London in con connection with the playphoto theatre is the realization by everyone connected with motion picture production that a musical continuity must accompany a story continuity, in order to obtain the maximum emotional response from an audience.

Cuddles Grows Up

(Continued from page 21)

searching, until suddenly Mr. Lasky began to look in the realms of vaudeville. He had signed a contract with “Cuddles” to appear in pictures.

By this time, Lila Lee and Mr. Smith had gone through the arduous process of picking out scenes, so that on Fifth Avenue’s photographers, and were speeded to another photographer.

“Do you really think lots of girls will like these pictures?” asked “Cuddles” wistfully, and she was amazed when she learned the number of people who read the magazine and would see her pictures.

“I shall buy a riding habit, and a gymnasium suit,” she added, the eternal feminine coming to the fore. “For I must need them if I keep on with my lessons out west.”

“How soon do you go?” asked the now thoroughly satisfied Mr. Smith.

“Mrs. Edwards and Minnie and I start next week,” was the enthusiastic answer, and “Cuddles” explained, that while she has been “one week,” in the world for only three times, she has never really lived there, and longs for the fun that will be her’s when she and Minnie, her maid and lady-in-waiting, are settled in their Hollywood bungalow.

“You see,” she added, “we’ve never had time to really keep house, and the fun of having a really nice home, and all the dogs and horses I want, and where I can have real parties, and learn to make fudge and everything.”

There was a suspicious moisture in Mr. Smith’s eye’s as he thought of his own girl who had been “parties and fudge and everything,” and then of little Lila Lee, whose childhood had been spent until now in a weary round of rehearsals and “one night stands.”

“Music Hath Charms” (Continued from page 49)
November, 1920

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November, 1920

The Hon. Lady

(Continued from page 30)
tor for motion pictures, his four years in that capacity with Goldwyn completely changing the old order of settings and bringing to the screen the simplicity and beauty of a cultivated hand.

Mabel Ballin had become an accomplished artist, too, winning in a score of Goldwyn pictures, and as Susse Hayakawa’s leading woman in Maurice Tournier’s ‘The White Heather’ and Elmo Lincoln’s ‘Under Crimson Skies.’

At this point Hugo Ballin decided to organize his own producing unit, choosing as his principle wallower Abdu1ah’s property, called ‘The Honorable Gentleman’ as his first undertaking.

"I wanted to change my name back to Mabel Croft," said Mrs. Ballin, "for fear people would say that I was chosen to play Kathleen because of my relationship to my husband. But Mr. Abdullah said there was no other who better typified his blind girl of the slums. Of course, I didn’t tell him there was a reason for that, but have none.

And Hugo said he wouldn’t do the story unless I became the girl—oh, and there was entirely too much talk about it altogether, the last argument being that people had come to know me as Mabel Ballin and I had no right to pass myself off as somebody else.

"There’s just one thing. I miss in returning to slum life," she said as her husband came in to remind her to dress for dinner.

"It’s that tambourine.

A Practical Dreamer—

Gaston Glass

(Continued from page 9)

American was bravely trying to demonstrate his linguistic accomplishments at a meeting with troubles peculiarly his own.

John Emerson overheard the conversation. He observed the two stumped and set out to stare surreptitiously at the animated Mr. Glass, whose eyes were sparkling brilliantly. He was irresistibly drawn to that boy. Whereupon he politely inquired, asking Mr. Glass if he would tell him just what French word to use in a certain subtitle for a motion picture. Mr. Glass would gladly. He also answered with his usual courtesy (very likely against his will) the questions put to him about himself. When the director learned of his previous experience, he engaged him on the spot for a "small" role in his new picture.

"Small"—petite—to Mr. Glass means the beginning, and that the beginning is only the beginning is explained by his statement.

"We have a mind that thinks in words," said Mr. Glass, "and a mind that thinks only in pictures. One is the conscious mind—the other is the subconscious mind, and it is the latter that is exercised when we dream in our sleep.

"Take any dream—no matter how beautiful or stupid it may be—realize it down to the thought that caused the procession of dream pictures to occupy you while sleeping.

"Remember the wonderful story about France’s own Joan of Arc. Just a little peasant girl, born in Domremy, France, in 1412. Grown to womanhood while France and England entered upon a series of wars, by beloved France being defeated at every turn. Joan was told it was her duty to do something for her country. Her’s was the imaginative, the visionary type of mind which could turn the dream to her that she was to be the savior of her country and that she was to put Charles VII on the throne. And she did.

(Continued on page 61)
A Wife Too Many

Into the hotel lobby walked a beautiful woman and a distinguished man. Little indeed did the gay and gallant crowd know that around these heads flew stories of terror—of murder—and treason—that on their entrance half a dozen detectives sprang up from different parts of the place.

Because of them the lights of the War Department in Washington blazed far into the night. About their fate was wound the tragedy of a broken marriage, of a fortune lost, of a nation betrayed. It is a wonderful story, with the kind of mystery that you will sit up nights trying to fathom. It is just one of the stories fashioned by that master of mystery

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Alice—Lady of the Lake

(Continued from Page 23)

roles that would demand the best there was in me.

Alice says that was one of the turning points of her life and that since then she has found herself.

"I did 'The Lion's Den' with Mr. Lytell, and 'Full o' Pep' with Hale Hamilton. But the biggest role was in my next picture with Burt Lytell, in 'Leonardo,' which left up to my being featured by Metro. I have since then featured in 'Should a Woman Tell?' 'Shore Acres' and 'The Misfit Wife.' In my next picture, 'Body and Soul,' by William Hurbut, my role is that of the American art student in Paris who has lost her identity in an accident and becomes semi-madame in the feverish underworld of Paris."

We parted from the Metro star, but not before we had received an invitation to call that same evening at her home. This, we told ourselves, would give us just the chance we wanted to see her in a new phase. And did we? Not a bit of it. The same irresistible, debonair miss in quest of happiness, who left all the cares of the household to her imperious cook and maid, and who persisted in exploding the fallacy we had long cherished that all actresses, upon leaving the glitter of the footlights or the glow of the Cooper-Hewitts, would dissolve into mean domestic creatures who loved nothing better than to watch a steak reduced, over the stove, to an epicurean suit.

There was a crowd of young people inside dancing to phonograph music.

"You do give a lot of time to dancing, Miss Lake," one of the girls nantering that she had danced that very afternoon.

"I believe in the line 'On with the dance.' Why not? Work the phonograph overtime and let trouble go the other way. If there's any unhappiness in this section of the world, I know this will send it a-packing.

"Besides, I genuinely and sincerely love to dance. You know, it was my first position. When I was sixteen I was already a professional dancer, and I danced to many early pictures. It is part of me. In fact, my great ambition was to go on the stage in the musical comedies, and I have been able to combine acting with dancing."

And for the so-called domestic virtues, Alice Lake says "Nay," with hearty gusto. She will have none of them.

"But isn't it considered very womanly to love these things?" I queried.

"That's very wrong. Feminine qualities should have nothing to do with the stagnation that comes from remaining at home and forgetting the world. There are other ways of expressing womanliness. I feel that people who are forced to become drudges make a virtue of necessity. Many of my high society have utterly declined to exist because of that, and while they may be happy and contented in their homes, I would never be able to follow them. For me happiness lies, above all, in acting, dancing, music and out-door sports."

"Every age has its own ideals, and the twentieth century, as a woman is concerned, permits her to free herself from the swaddling bonds of the past and be herself." Alice Lake is a "Happy-go-lucky" by temperament; her philosophy of life follows it very closely. She believes that nothing is gained by talking gloomily and spoiling one's happiness by worry.

"I don't mean that life is not to be taken seriously. It should, and one's work should be the object of infinite pains. But what I mean is that so many people trouble themselves about things that are petty. They spoil their chances for happiness by too much ado about what is going to happen. I have solved it all by living in the present."

So Alice Lake has most definitely earned her title of "Happy-go-lucky." Life for her is a thing compounded of acting, dancing, friendship and sport. She gets the most of life, and if that is why she has so endeared herself to lovers of the silent drama. She acts as she lives, and lives as she acts.

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A Practical Dreamer—
Gaston Glass
(Continued from page 59)

"Her vision was forever in her conscious mind in word form. She wanted to do something. Her subconscious mind pictured the thought 'occupying her conscious mind. Is it not so?"

He paused, only to continue dreamily:

"When anyone says 'we are such and such as dreams are made of,' I take him literally. History of mankind contains among the most beautiful, Joan of Arc."

"But how do you apply the dream idea to yourself?"

"In this way," with a quick nod and a shy sort of half smile. 'My dreams picture the ideal for which I strive in my motion picture work. And judging the distinction of being an artist, rather than an actor."

And his brown eyes, seeming to see far, beyond the narrow confines of the room, aroused a wonder on what could stand in the way of this most practical of dreamers—

Gaston Glass, the youthful Frenchman who loves his adopted country, the work he is doing, and the thrill of battling his way upward to realize the fruits of his ambitious dreams!

A Little Bird Told Me
(Continued from page 54)

get the editor to print my answers without trying to give him any of my poems.

T. M. L.—Evelyn Dumo is playing with Mary Pickford in "The Road Back.

R. F. D.—Eugene Strong has quit pictures and is now in vaudeville. Edmund Breese is playing on the stage in "Welcome Stranger."

Surely, several players appear on the stage and in pictures. Alice Brady is in New York now in "Anna Ascends," and Rod La Rocque, another movie favorite, is in the cast, too. Alice Brady plans to start work on another picture shortly, and I wouldn't be surprised to see Rod with her in that.

Little Nell—I've heard a lot about Little Nell! I wonder if you can tell me how much of it to believe. Harrison Ford in that picture he's coming to New York to play opposite the Talmadges. I guess you mean Monte Blue. They do look alike. Monte is much taller, though.

T. B. M.—No, Wesley Barry is not married to Marjorie Daw. But Marjorie and Marjorie are not related. David Fischer has just started his own company, "The Shadow of the Dome," his first feature, will be finished shortly.

Real News of Reel People
(Continued from page 52)

Lasky British Producers, Ltd. In the list are Malcolm Cherry, who has toured the United States with Fred Terry and Julia Neilson; Ben Webster, at present playing in "Mr. Pirn Passes By;" Mary Glyne and Jack Hobbs, both playing in "The Grain of Mustard Seed."

* * *

Because Scotty, his fine Airedale, proved himself such a good dog, George decided to give his other dogs a chance to act, so, in his fourth production for Susie, a German police dog, and Lady, a beautiful greyhound, will make their debut before the camera.

* * *

Hudson Hare, the well-known Broadway leading man and film actor, sacrificed his crown to try to play the role in "The Education..." (Continued on page 62)
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Let this woman send you free, everything she agrees, and
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The Screen Goer
(Continued from page 40)

—whispers most of his time in an armchair
in exactly the same posture night after night; three or four love-affairs—only a
statistician could determine the exact num-
ber; an ancient rogue who lures innocence to
his lair; innocence, blatantly "coming through
clean," and all the loose-tongues that he
could find in all the impossibly bad
pictures made since Alexander Black turned
the crank of the first motion picture camera
some twenty-seven years ago.

Mack Sennett never contrived a more
laughable farce. And this farce is an insult
not only to the intelligence of the audience,
which are performed to view it, but to
all the holy things it boggles, motherhood,
death, virtue, honor. Misspelled captions,
ungrammatical sentences, horrible travesties
on the art of acting and of picture taking, all
are to be found in this vulgar, disgusting
mess. And the poor, slighted, shadowed
actors and actresses who waded through foot
after foot of film, pity for them, for—we
hope—they knew not what they were doing!

There was—Diana Allen, who, we hear, is
doing better things; was Corliss Giles, playing a hero that never, never was. And
Harold Foshay, who was led into doing the
funniest thing ever seen on the screen: at the
"biggest" moment of the story, he ti-
pees into the room where the hero is lapsing
to villain momentarily and clouts him over
the head with a six-foot pole so beautifully
in recent times. Chester Conklin, Charles
Merrill, Miss Turpin, if unfor-
tunately they should ever have to see
"Volces," will begin to look to their laurels as
the screen's supreme slap-stickers. Henry
Sedley seriously did all possible could to
make an imaginary old roue real, but he
failed. The result is that we be kind and con-
sign them to dear, dead oblivion.
The National Board of Review should bar
this picture on the grounds of imbecility.

OVER THE HILLS
(Fox)
Unfortunately, William Fox has produced
another special. William Fox specials are always unfortun-
ately the same. Will Carleton's poem, "Over the Hills to the
Poorhouse," the basis of this latest Fox picture, affords a theme
that is well worthy of the production a
Griffith would have given it. Mary Carr,
whose role embodies the development of a
character over a period of many years, has
contributed a truly remarkable characteriza-
tion to the all too few screen studies worthy
of commemoration. The picture, too, intro-
duces Wallace Ray, new to us, a good-looking
youngster, who promises to do better things,
should an opportunity be offered him.
The cast, a satisfactory one, struggled gamely
under what must have been abominable di-
rection, with a continuity which lacked any
traces of consistency.

Real News of Reel People
(Continued from page 61)

At the home of "Elizabeth," Billie Burke's newest
Paramount picture. In the picture Mr. Harc
does the role of the baldheaded fiancée of
Elizabeth (Miss Ganson) and had to let his
head shaved before he could assume the
part.

John E. Ince has been chosen to direct "All
Men Are Valiant," a new story written by Ben
Ames Williams and scenarized by Edward
Lowe, Jr. The filming will start at Metro's
West Coast studios in Hollywood, as soon as
Mr. Ince selects the cast. The locale of the
story is the New England coast and the South
Sea Islands.

(Continued on page 63)
Maurice continuity Chicago, eminent now you influence a scenes W. associated exposures" Miss Charles the Success Belgian This the in Gertrude the putting Goldwyn technique "Bunty Badger. "Edgar" Moore. "The Hornung, the picture. Frohman the River, poor structures fact it with her herself with Canada. for a rest. Upon her return she will assume the principal feminine role in another special Tom Terriss Vitagraph production.

Gilbert Emery has been engaged to play the leading male role in support of Alice Joyce in her forthcoming Vitagraph production, "Cousin Kate." Mrs. Sidney Drew is directing the picture. "Cousin Kate" was a stage success when it was presented by the late Charles Frohman with Miss Ethel Barrymore in the role now assumed by Miss Joyce.

Jimmy Aubrey's newest Vitagraph comedy will deal with film life and is being filmed under the tentative title of "The Early Bird." His director, Jess Robbins, has found an ideal farm on the San Francisco road, just outside Los Angeles, and has leased it for the remainder of the season.

The first story written originally for the screen by Maurice Maeterlinck, famous Belgian poet and mystic, during his recent sojourn at the Goldwyn studios where he came to study pictures, is now being placed in continuity by Elmer Rice, well-known American dramatist and author of the stage success "On Trial." The working title of the first Maeterlinck story is "The Power of Good." This will be produced as a special.

Thompson Buchanan, associate editor at the Goldwyn studio and author of the well-known stage success, "Civilian Clothes," has just sold to the Goldwyn Company the picture rights to his latest drama, "The Bridal Path." This is now being put into picture continuity by Gerald Duffy, under the supervision of the author.

Louis Sherwin is writing the continuity for Gertrude Atherton's original screen story, "Nobleness Oblige," which the eminent author is now completing at the Goldwyn studio.

Edfrid Bingham is completing the screen technique on Irvin Cohib's story, "Boys Will Be Boys," which will be Will Rogers' next Goldwyn picture under direction of Clarence Badger.

Reginald Barker has finished the taking of "Bunny Pulls the Strings." Frank Lloyd is putting the finishing touches to "Out of the Dark." E. Mason Hopper is on the last stretch of Rupert Hughes' "Canavan," starring Tom Moore. Mason N. Litton has completed "Fans," the eighth of the Booth Tarkington "Edgar" series and Victor Schertzinger is getting well under way directing "The Concert." Lydia Yeamans Titus was added to the cast.

"The Old Swimming Hole," immortalized by James Whitcomb Riley, is to be Charles Ray's next picture. Considerable acreage, with a river, has been leased, and the carpenters are busy bringing to life the water mill, and other structures depicted in this poetic gem by the Hoosier poet. No expense will be spared by Ray's producers in duplicating the exact locale made famous by the author.

(Continued from page 62)

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(Continued on page 64)
Real News of Reel People
(Continued from page 63)

Seena Owen, who has one of the principal roles in "Lavender and Old Lace," now being filmed, was chatting with her director, Lloyd Ingraham.

"This is a hard, hard world," remarked the director.

"Yes, but do you know why?" asked Miss Owen.

* * *

The present high cost of eggs means nothing in theodega, whose diversification and a profitable one, is raising chickens. He has several hundred hens that lay on an average, two hundred and fifty eggs a day. With wages and entertainment, one can readily see where each cluck-cluck means cash-cash.

Until a suitable vehicle can be secured for Pauline Frederick, she is enjoying a brief vacation. Henry King, engaged as her next director, is busy perusing many books, looking for material suitable for the star's requisites.

Another playwright has been added to the list of captives made by the conquering movies. He is a well-known author of numerous successful plays. The first to be produced will be his comedy, "Made in Heaven." The Goldwyn Company has selected the director for this important series, Alfred E. Green, formerly director of the Jack Pickford features.

The public report is denied by Geraldine Farrar that she is to abandon the movies.

* * *

Of interest to her many admirers is the news from Joseph De Grasse, director of Charles Ray's producing company, that a former cinema star, now in New York, collaborating in adapting to screen form, with the well-known author, the latter's works for the screen.

Well Shipman, whose "God's Country and the Woman," was one of the most popular films, has begun a new outdoor feature, "The Girl From God's Country."

When the announcement was made that Charles Ray's next picture production would be James Whitcomb Riley's immortal poetic gem, "The Old Swimming Hole," numerous boys and girls besieged his studio in the hope that there would be a chance in the scene for them to show their prowess as swimmers. There will be in fact.

Rosemary Thoby has signed a long-term contract to star in special productions, the first of which is a story by George Bernard Shaw.

With seventeen years' stage experience as acting and directing director, Arthur Berkeley selected to direct Bessie Love, is well qualified to handle the reins of this charming young star.

* * *

It is understood Lew Cody and Robertson-Cole have agreed to disagree. Cody is said to have received a big offer from an eastern company.

Will Rogers couldn't resist the old call the other day when a circus was in full swing on the Goldwyn lot for the Edgar small boy series. He deserted his own work and had a great time displaying his rope stunts for the kiddies in the big tent. "Nothin' doin'" he protested to Clarence Badgar, his director. "I've always played hookey on circus day, and I'm always goin' to, so beat it!"

Irene Rich collects her rhassoul. "The horse is the emblem of the fitness of life," she says. "Darius won the kingdom of Persia through his horse; in Christian art the horse signifies courage and constancy; a dark horse decides our interpreters of government and even automobiles would be helpless without horsepower!"

Frank Lloyd, Goldwyn director, whose future productions are to be featured, is only thirty-two years old. He has been directing six years.

Molly Malone travels green garters. She says she is never hungry unless there is some green on her somewhere, and that is the only place it is becoming.

Helene Chadwick eats salt on her grape fruit. She eats sugar on her lettuce, and drinks her tea and coffee without either sugar or cream.

Colin Landis, who has risen rapidly in Goldwyn pictures, is born in Nashville, Tenn., and still retains his southern accent.

Russ Powell, Goldwyn stock player, spends his time between sculpturing orchids out of wood, ivory and ebony.

Richard Tucker, Goldwyn player, was a captain in the Air Force. He was thrice reported killed.

Tom Jâore, Goldwyn star, dislikes to use make up for his pictures.

DEAD MEN TELL NO TALES
Letting yourself in for a good time!

Four from this family.

And four's all, or the line would be longer, because this little thing is unanimous:

Entertainment for the whole family, undivided, is Paramount Pictures' long suit.

A family more than five million strong every day.

Watch the happy groups at any good quality theatre tonight, any night, matinees, too: there you have the folks who know the secret!

Paramount is THERE with the good time—THERE at ten thousand and more theatres—are you keeping the date? And picking your pictures by name?

CONTINUED FROM FIRST COLUMN

"Fled Bennett in "Silk Hosiery"
Maurice Tourneur's Production "The Bait"
Starring Hope Hampton
Dorothy Dalton in "Flying Pat"
"Heliotrope"
Eoscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle in "The Ghost in the Garret"
"Forbidden Fruit"!
Douglas MacLean in "Chickens"
A Cosmopolitan Production "The Passionate Pilgrim"
Charles Maigne's Production "The Kentuckians"
Ethel Clayton in "The Price of Possession"

"A Wm. S. Hart Production"
How Every Woman Can Have a Winning Personality

Let me introduce myself.

Dear Reader: I wish to tell you how to have a charming, winning personality. Because, as my life has shown me, it is not necessarily true that any woman labors under great handicaps. Without personality, it is almost impossible to make a mark in this world. As a child, I had a very weak in business; and yes, often must a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or hold him.

During my career here and abroad, I have met a great many people whom I have been able to study under circumstances which have brought out their weak or strong points, like a tiny spot on the lens of a moving picture machine will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Wimsical Manner

I have numerous failures that were so distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered ambitions and vain conditions. I have seen women of education and culture and natural beauty actually fail where other women excelled. There were so many advantages, but possessing certain secrets of loveliness, certain winningness, certain knack of looking right and saying the right thing never got a head delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were decidedly not handsome; yet they seemed to have this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the true means. And then the winningest women were in the thirty, fortieth, or even fiftieth. Yet they were "apples" in that sense, that I drew others to them by a subtle power, which seemed to move through them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt that any activity was of course because you had been good, friends for very long.

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were enchanting.

"Is it a part of the French character?" I asked my friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming women.

And they smilingly told me that "personality" as we know it here in America, is an art, that is studied and acquired by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl has real secrets for developing her personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands and be in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their genius in competition with others.

How Men’s Affections are Held

Literally the newspapers have been telling us that thousands of young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know how alluring are the French girls.

You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women.

French girls. Not only could I help conceiving the truth in the assertion of a competent Franco-American journalist that French girls are endowed with a provincial, formal, cold and unresponsive, while the French girls radiate warmth of sympathy, devotion and all those exquisite elements of the heart that men adore in women.

And I who on successful and probably known to you by reputation through my activities on the Falun St. Honoré can tell you, is a real, as one woman confiding in another, to these French secrets of personality, that was a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the Juliette Faro whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sister friend, but I speak of YOU and for YOU.

French Secrets of Fascination

My continued residence in France enabled me to observe the ways and methods of the women closely. I studied and analyzed the secrets of their fascinating powers.

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I set myself to work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulas that I had learned while in France.

Of one thing I am absolutely convinced—every woman who wishes it may have a winning personality.

Overcoming Deterrent Timidity

I know that you can take any girl of a timid or over-modest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become naturally and charmingly, perfectly natural and comfortable in the greatest situations by learning a few simple rules. And I can show you how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.

Uncouth Boldness or Tactful Audacity

If you are an assertive woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can teach you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be gentle and unassuming, to tear away the false fabric of your repelling and ungracious personality and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method you will succeed, oh, so well, while by uncoarseness or misjudged suitability you meet with setbacks.

I can take the frail girl or woman, the listless one who usually feels that the good things in life are not for her, and show her how to become the most resourceful and strong, combined with enthusiasm and good cheer and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

Become an Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dresses unbecomingly and is indifferent to the success of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of women of the world, in the making of the most of their attractions. And this without this any extravagance; and I can show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. You can realize of course that dressing to show yourself to advantage is a real art and without that knowledge you will always be under a disadvantage.

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married French women know that enables them to hold the love, admiration and fidelity of their man. How the selfish spirit in a man is to become so interested that he does not know what you are accomplishing until some day be aware to the fact that his character and his manner have undergone a delightful change—that he is not only making you happy, but he is finding far greater pleasure in life than when he was indifferent.

There are secrets in my consultation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is enchanting.

Acquire Your Life’s Victory Now

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things. It is not something vague and indescribable. Personality is charm, good looks, winsomeness and success can be acquired if you know how. If you learn the rules and put them into practice, you can become charming, you can acquire personality. Don’t think it is impossible. Don’t think it is beyond your reach. Think it is only that you haven’t learned it. There are secrets in my consultation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is enchanting.

Once you have learned my lessons, they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice a difference in your appearance, how you get on with easier people, how your home problems seem to be solved. You realize that in the end you decide to put more and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of her rewards.

No Fad—the Success of Ages

I believe that enough books, not to be taken as advancing some new-fangled fad. All the books that I have used in connection with the personality are based on common sense and practical methods. And what I have put forth is that the basis of personality is just as practical as anything else and you can do it.

I could go on to tell you more and more about this truly remarkable course, but the space here does not permit. However, I have put forth a few important secrets for you into an inspiring little book called "How" that I want you to read. The Gentlemoment Institute will send it to you without charge, postpaid, in a plain wrapper. Just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book coupon. If you want to get started on the road to happiness and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you the result of a lovely and winning personality.

Juliette Fara

Gentlemoment Institute

615 W. 43d St., New York, N. Y.

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FREE BOOK COUPON

Slimly cut out this coupon, pin it to a sheet of paper pasted as with your name and address. Return to GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE, 615 W. 43d St., New York, N. Y., and we will send you Madame Juliette Fara’s little book "How," free. A limited edition. Application for entry as second-class matter at the Post-Office, New York, N. Y., under Act of March 3, 1879.

Photo Play Journal

February, 1921

Our Composer will write the music—we'll have complete song printed and copyrighted in your name according to our special plan.

Submit Poems to Us on any Subject

Edouard Hesselberg, our Leading Composer, is a world famous pianist, appearing in concert with such celebrated singers as Sembrich, Nordica and de Reszke. Among his greatest song successes is "IF I WERE A ROSE" of which a million copies have been sold.

Don't let another day go by without submitting a poem to us. Do it today.

The Metropolitan Studios
Department 261
916 South Michigan Avenue, Chicago
TO OUR READERS

Among the other unusual features of Photo-Play Journal for March will be a pen and ink sketch by Penrhyn Stanlaws, who is now lending his artistic talents to the screen.

Jerome Storm's article for March will offer suggestions to men and women who are ambitious to become motion picture directors. There will be several more interesting letters in Madame Petrova's department, and many new etchings by Giro.

Photo-Play Journal enters the New Year with the determination to still further justify the unusually satisfying circulation growth the last months of 1920 brought. No expense will be spared to carry to the nth power everything that has made Photo-Play Journal by universal assent the distinctive magazine.

To our readers we voice the sincere hope that 1921 will see the realization of all their wishes for success, health and happiness.

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Lillian Gish

A glass etching by Giro.
MILLY HOLLISTER was speaking before the Better Babies League. Fashionably dressed women were in her audience as she held in her hand a bottle of milk which she used as a means of visualizing her appeal.

"We must battle this octopus evil," said Milly. "Do you know that the Milk Trust used thugs and criminals to stifle honest competition? And having stifled competition, it raises the price of milk penny by penny, each additional cent taking its toll of tiny lives? And this while you are comfortably sleeping, while some mother struggles all night for the life of her child, battles to meet the demands of the trust? Bestir yourselves. Do something. Fight this ugly combine. Destroy it. Your chance is coming with the election. Find out which candidate is willing to carry out the dictates of the trust, which will fight a clean battle against it."

The members of the league were moved by Milly's appeal. As they made ready to leave, Mrs. Catherine Carraway approached Milly and whispered to her:

"We'll need legal advice in this fight. I'm going to call on Judge Voris, Milly. Will you go with me?" Milly flashed an enigmatical smile and blushed at Mrs. Carraway's question. She listened to the explanation of the president of the league, as she told her of the demands she would make of the Judge, who, it happened, was running for Mayor. Indeed, it was not until Mrs. Carraway's limousine had deposited her and Milly at the building in which Judge Voris had his offices that she learned the reason for the girl's confusion.

"I never noticed that ring, dear."

Milly maintained her record of a blush an hour. She said nothing. But when Judge Voris greeted her warmly, and drew her aside, Mrs. Carraway guessed.

"You're engaged to the Judge, aren't you?" she asked, when Milly returned.

"Well ... if you must know. . . ."

"You darling . . ." Mrs. Carraway cooed.

Then she attended to the Judge.

"We've come to see you on business," she explained. "For the sake of the poor babies we intend to prosecute the milk trust."

Voris leaned forward, rather surprised. He listened attentively. Then he replied:

"An attempt to secure an injunction restraining the milk trust from raising prices is a delicate matter. I should advise you to abandon the project."

He smiled, but Mrs. Carraway did not return his smile. It was Milly, however, who retorted to the Judge.

"Well, then, we'll get a good lawyer to fight for us." She looked defiantly at Voris, while Mrs. Carraway evinced her pleasure at Milly's stand. The older woman held up her hand impressively, as she said:

"I know the man. Prosperous ... popular ... dignified ... solid! Algernon Leary!"
The women left, after Milly had showed that Voris' attitude would not interfere with her private opinion of him. As the door closed, two men entered Voris' office from a room in the rear.

"You have the spirits," one of them said. He was Guy Bolton, head of Bolton & Co., the great milk distributing company. The other was his henchman, Horace Clay. "If you want our support, you have it from this moment. You've proved your mettle, Voris, and we'll be glad to do anything we can for you in the coming mayoralty fight."

Across the street Milly and Mrs. Carraway had gone, to the dignified and solid Butler building in which the dignified and solid attorney-at-law, Algernon Leary, had his undignified offices. A cigarette-smoking office boy stood at the door. Within were a couple of law clerks and two stenographers, busy at the task of cutting up high jinks, flipping water from the cooler tank at each other, tossing paper balls and making more noise than a menagerie filled with exceedingly lively monkeys. But when the office boy put his fingers to his lips and whistled loudly, the uproar ceased. In walked the "boss," Algernon Leary, as artistic, impressive and substantial as the building he occupied. Substantial Leary was, broad of girth, with a capacious front, and a cold, fishy eye. That is, his eye was cold and fishy in public. In private, however, he was quite as human and amenable to good liquor and merry companionship as the best of men. As soon as he entered his private office he went to his safe, turned the combination and opened it, withdrawing from it a precious bottle of gin and a glass. He held the glass aloft, smacked his lips—and a stenographer entered.

Hastily he dictated to her, concealing the liquor behind the desk. She left. Again he raised the grass on high. Again the door opened. An office boy.

"Mr. Sam Perkins."

"Show him in."

And in walked Sam, Al Leary's best friend at law school, his breeziest, live-wire pal.

"Why the chilly reception, Al?" Sam asked.

"Have to keep up a bluff in front of people," Al explained.

"Half of New York is bluff. Have to do it."

Al slapped Sam on the back and bade him be seated.

"How about one?" Al asked.

"Don't see one around here," Sam replied.

"Lick your lips and wait," Al urged. He reached below his desk andothed the combination of the safe. The door flew open revealing a lifesize bottle of Gordon gin. Al plucked the bottle from its resting place and sat on the edge of the desk as Sam held a glass before him. Zzz . . . sounded a battery of bell buttons. Doors flew open. Clerks, stenos, boys flocked in from all directions. And the bottle descended hastily to the floor.

"I sat on the buzzers," Al explained, after he had fired hurried instructions to the employes. "Now let's have a drink."

Again they went through the motions, but again the door opened. This time it was a messenger boy.

"Letter for you, sir."

Al tore open the envelope. His mouth opened in surprise. His eyes resembled saucers.

"Read this.""Algeron Leary, Esq., Attorney at Law, City.

Dear Sir:

Your communication received some time ago, has just come up for consideration. We would like to retain you as our attorney. We enclose herewith our check for five thousand dollars as a retainer. If you wish to decline our offer, tear up the check.

Yours truly,

Bolton-Clay Milk Association."

"You must be coining money here," Sam hinted.

"It costs a bunch of money to keep up an expensive front. This arrived just in time."

"Mrs. Carraway and Milly Hollister," the office boy announced.

"Show them in."

Milly and her superior officer in the Better Babies League entered. Mrs. Carraway assuming her usual air of dignity. She introduced Milly and smiled as she noted Algernon's bashfulness as he greeted the girl.

"We want to ask a big favor," Milly began as she accepted the chair Leary offered her. She glanced up at him with her brilliant fascinating smile.

"Granted! I'll dump out of the window or stand on my head or . . . "

She laughed.

"Of course there will be no fee," Mrs. Carraway added, "but we want you to fight the milk trust."

Leary looked at the check which he held in his hand. He frowned. He looked up. He looked at Milly. He thought, quickly and deeply. Finally the struggle was over. He straightened up and made his little bow as he said:

"Miss Hollister . . . er . . . and Mrs. Carraway . . . for you I would
fight a whole flock of cows, and you both know I would."
He shook hands with the ladies and escorted them to the
door.

Leary was up against a harder proposition than he knew.
In the first place the cards were stacked against him in his
fight for the League. And in the second place, he did not
know that Milly was engaged. He was deeply in love. There
was no doubt about that. And with every opportunity he had
to meet Milly, he fell in deeper. Naturally he felt that his
best opportunity to appear as a hero in her eyes would be to
win the case against the milk trust. The check they had
sent had been returned to them and it was with the keenest
hope of victory that he entered the court on the day when
the suit for an injunction against the trust was being tried.
Milly was there and Mrs. Carraway as well as all the mem-
bers of the League, eager to hear the arguments.

But Judge Voris was on the bench. Leary realized that
he was beaten as soon as he saw the Judge. He determined,
however, to do his best. He sallied into the
trust. He attacked them bitterly. He brought
into court thin, starved babies and let the Judge
watch them feed on rich, creamy milk which
their mothers could not afford to buy for them.
And he argued expertly, only to hear Judge
Voris say after a few minutes' deliberation:
"The counsel for the plaintiff has used much
argument and little knowledge of the law, I
therefore must deny the injunction restraining
the defendants from raising prices."

There was an angry murmur in the court.

"That decision will be an excuse for raising
prices another cent," Leary retorted.

"Do you mean to insinuate that I am being
bribed by the milk corporation?" Judge Voris
demanded, his face growing red.

Leary began to shake his head. But behind
him he heard the murmurs of the public. They
were saying "Yes," and nodding vigorously.

"Yes," Leary replied.

"You are fined twenty-five dollars for con-
tempt of court," the Judge snapped.

Leary smiled as he stuck his hand into a
trouser pocket. The pocket was empty. Thence
into his vest, his coat. Not a cent. He blushed
furiously. Milly was there watching him. She
saw his embarrassment. But Perkins came to

his rescue, thrusting a handful of bills at him.

"I refuse to pay it," said Leary, assuming
the expression of a martyr.

The bailiff approached him to place him under
arrest, but Perkins was too quick. "Don't be
a fool," he whispered.

And Leary handed the money to the bailiff.

"I'm not through," he said, turning to the
Judge. "I'm not defeated. I'm going to fight and
floor the trust."

Leary could see the expression of fear on
the Judge's face. He could hear the cheers of
the spectators. And he heard a man's voice, booming above the rest, crying:

"What's the matter with nominating Leary
for Mayor on an independent ticket?"

A demonstration started, one of those riotous
wild affairs in which ordinary folks are carried
away by their emotions. The crowd thronged
about Leary. They lifted him, 300 pounds
and all, to their shoulders, and carried him out
of the court and into the street.

And he knew that although he had lost the
case, he had made a hit with Milly, for he had
seen her expression and had watched her par-
ticipate in the cheers that resulted in his un-
expected nomination.

Meantime in the opposition camp panic had
set in. Voris had been hurriedly named for
mayor, so that the issue was clean cut. A conference was held.
Everyone present knew that as far as truth and justice were
concerned Leary was right and that the public knew he was
right. So it was a question of discrediting him personally,
if he was to be defeated.

"We've got to make him look like a fool or a blackguard,"

Voris suggested. "Make him immoral, dishonest or ridiculous
or he'll win the election, hands down. Couldn't we frame
him?"

One of his advisers suggested that French Kate, a woman
he knew, would undoubtedly succeed in vamping Leary suf-
iciently to make things look bad for him.

"But how can it be done?" Voris asked.

"Wait until I get Kate up here," the other replied.

A little telephoning and the deed was done. The plan
evolved called for a slow vamp toward Leary to be followed
by a little session in Leary's office in the course of which
Kate would sit on Leary's lap and a photographer concealed
behind the door would suddenly shoot a flashlight picture.

"And we'll publish that picture in every newspaper in the city!"

As for Leary, he was kept busy. With the assistance of Milly and Mrs. Carraway he opened campaign headquarters. Funds were plentiful and he was rushed about until he actually began to grow thin. One afternoon Mrs. Carraway, who had a penchant for conversation whether she was listened to or not said she was going to give a party at her studio for the benefit of the league.

"It's to be an infants' party, all guests to be in children's costumes, to play children's games and act like little boys and little girls. Won't that be splendid?"

"Holy cats," breathed Leary under his breath.

"We certainly expect you to attend."

"I?"

"Yes."

"Oh, no!"

"Oh, yes, you must come!"

"Are you going?" he asked Milly.

"Of course," she smiled.

Still Leary was undecided.

"I'm sorry," he apologized, "but I have a big political meeting on for that night. Don't see how I can make it."

They were obviously disappointed, and made no attempt to conceal their feelings as he accompanied them to the door. He stood talking to them, not noticing two men and a woman who passed him in the corridor and made their way to the back of the hall. He did not see, either, the man fumbling with the lock, and opening it. He bade the ladies good-bye and turned to his office.

There he was confronted with Kate, a stunningly gowned woman, dark of hair and eyes, with a decided tendency toward a rather careless exhibition of her arms and back. She showed Leary a campaign button she wore and sat down, chatting to him of the wonderful things she had heard of him, of how much she admired him and how pleased she was to meet him. Leary was not so stupid as not to guess her purpose. He edged away from her as she drew nearer and nearer to him. Carelessly she rattled on, but she was unable to win her point.

Finally, she decided upon a maneuver: she would sit on the desk and slide into his lap while the photographer, now concealed in the closet, caught the pose.

She stood up, cast off her cloak which slipped to the ground and sat. Zzzzzz.....
sounded the battery of buzzers. Doors flew open. Clerks appeared, a regiment. Leary stood up and grinned as he saw the closet door fly open and the concealed photographer sink to the ground as his head was caught between the jamb and the wall. And Kate.....well, she tumbled to the floor where she sat properly until Leary reassumed his customary air of dignity and began to fire imaginary instructions at the clerks.

He hesitated, however. The corridor door had opened and Milly had appeared.

"I decided to return to see you, to ask you personally to come," she exclaimed. "But what's all this? An attempt on your life?"

She pointed to the prostrate photographer and the almost prostrate Kate.

He smiled and shook his head. Milly was excited, her face flushed.

"Twasn't anything," Leary explained. He patted her gently on the shoulder, and then, noting that her knees were shaking and she appeared likely to fall, he caught her in his arms. An admirable sensation......she thought, when.....bang! The photographer had risen to his feet and had caught the pose. His camera, still in place, had recorded the scene, Milly in Leary's arms. Milly was unaware of the cause of the flash. She crept still closer to Leary's expanse of chest. And Leary maintained his pose.

"I told that office boy not to smoke in here," he chuckled as the curling clouds from the flashlight crept about the room. When they cleared Kate and the photographer had disappeared, and Leary spent a pleasant few minutes cheering Milly.

(Continued on page 54)
For You and For Me

By OLGA PETROVA

My dear friends:

It seems to me that, in returning to conduct "FOR YOU and FOR ME" after a period of absence, I should take advantage of the fact that this issue is the first issue of the year by wishing you all the realization of your heart’s desire during the year that is to come.

May the rough places be made smooth and may the torch of steady determination light you safely through the pitfalls that may beset your path. May your vision be clear and your spirit strong. May each day mark one step forward in achievement, that beacon light upon which all our eyes are fixed. To those I know and to those I do not yet know; to my friends of the past and to my friends of the future I wish you all the blessings of the New Year.

Dear Miss Petrova:

Some time ago I wrote to Miss A, Miss B, Miss C and Miss D, telling them that I was collecting photographs and that I wanted to add theirs to my collection. Miss A and Miss B didn’t take the trouble to reply at all. Miss C wrote and said she hadn’t any and Miss D sent me a miserable little ten-cent affair, that I didn’t throw away. It seems to me that when one takes enough interest in players to ask them for their pictures that the least they can do is to reply and send a decent portrait of themselves. Stars seem to forget that if they don’t please the public they won’t stay stars very long. By the way, I haven’t a picture of you. Please send me one. I should prefer one without a hat and with the eyes looking straight at me. I hope you will notice what I said about the other stars and send me the picture. If you do I’ll think you are as good as I have always thought you.

MAY WINSLOW, Kansas City.

My dear Miss Winslow:

Possibly you will never see this answer to your letter for you wrote to me some time after I had discontinued "FOR YOU and FOR ME."

Your letter interests me for several reasons.

In the first place, you omitted your address from your writing paper so that, even had I been inclined to send you a photograph of myself, without a hat and looking straight at you, your own carelessness would have rendered it impossible for me to do so.

It is more than likely that you were similarly careless in the case of Miss A and Miss B. (You will see that I have carefully hidden the names of the ladies that have so misused you.)

In the second place I am interested in the fact that you show so little gratitude for the picture that Miss D did send you. This should prove a valuable lesson for other stars.

Photograph that he sends you free I think that the sooner he drops from so unsteady a place in your regard the better. As for myself, as I have said, you are given so that willingly or unwillingly as the case may be I shall not have the privilege of "being collected" on this occasion.

My dear Madame Petrova:

I don’t know why I should be writing to you. I suppose you have troubles enough of your own without my adding to them. And yet I am impelled to write. Perhaps I might have bothered someone else instead of you—you may think. But that’s just it, I couldn’t and I didn’t.

I am twenty-five years of age. I feel fifty. Three years ago I believe that I was the happiest girl in the world. Then the awful war came and my fiancé was left to help reden the poppies in Flanders Field. They say that time heals all wounds, but I don’t know. My heart is very sore. Of course I know it had to be and yet that reflection doesn’t fill my arms or dry my tears.

Before he went away I took interest in most things that girls of my age take interest in. I read a great deal. I danced. I took part in local private theatricals; picnics and water parties were my delight. But now all these things seem to be so flat, so empty. I have no heart for anything or anybody.

I have watched you so many times on the screen and I have watched you on the stage. It seems to me that you will understand and perhaps suggest something that might give me a new interest in life.

Sincerely,

V. B., Canada.

(Continued on page 52)
Gloria had all the good intentions in the world. She was studious to the point of spending hours in front of booksellers' stalls. Only...

Her father was a working man. He worked in ditches during the day and as a motion picture press agent at night. Gloria seldom saw him...

And he contributed nothing to her support. She was forced to pawn her richly embroidered gold cigarette case and her jewelled nut-cracker and to buy her meals from itinerant pie-carts.

Naturally such neglect drove Gloria to seek refuge in the Demon Beer. Many and many a pail she filled with foaming pilsener, wurstburger, kultmacker, and lager and frequently...

She could be seen clinging to a friendly lamp-post, as she fought nobly to retain her load of sorrows. At length, however,

The Agonies of a Lily White Working Girl or...
Nature reasserted itself. Gloria felt all the beautiful dark brownness of the morning after. Her insides resembled the map of Poland during the Bolshevik invasion, and at the advice of her doctor . . . .

She determined to mend her ways. She went to an employment agency, seeking honest, well-paid toil. But what could a poor motion picture star do? Nothing save . . . .

Drive a twenty-ton truck led by two sturdy steeds. Drive all day, until the sweat poured off her pure classic brow, and as evening fell . . . .

Go to her humble couch with the lights of her Packard watching over her. And her peaceful sleep was deep like that of the poor, the humble and the just. The moral: Don’t eat Welsh rarebit after midnight, as Gloria did just before the camera caught her in these exceedingly eccentric exhibits of a movie star on a movie lark.

The Rise and Fall of Gloria Swanson
PERHAPS the far-away horizon of King Vidor’s vision will not be realized in his lifetime; perhaps the attainment of this vision will fall to the lot of some dreamer in a day to come, some aeons from now, when, perhaps, as Kipling puts it: “Earth’s last pictures are painted and the tubes are all twisted and dried.”

I called upon him at his big new studios in Hollywood, away out on Santa Monica boulevard, midway between the foothills and the sea. Some later time I would like to describe to you the quaint charm of these studios, known as Vidor Village, for the whole panorama represents a typical New England village, from tollgate to courthouse, and there’s not a bit of California shrubbery in evidence—but there is a plenitude of chestnut trees and elms and maples, and there’s a watering trough out in front! No thirsty Dobbins will evermore slake their thirst, however, and the only utilitarian purpose the trough will serve will be when some chauffeur pours the cooling water down the radiator “throat” of his fiery motor steed.

King Vidor’s private office is bright and cheerful in its simple appointment, its gray, green and mauve color scheme seeming to express, in some subtle way, a pleasant mood of the scene of nature which had greeted me outside.

This author-director-producer, twenty-six years young, needs no introduction to most of us. Unassuming, boyish and radiating a great peace, the power of his presence is like that of the mighty ocean on a summer morning, and his smile is like the plaything of the sun upon the gently undulating waves.

I asked him to tell me of his future plans.

"The future contains a lot of time," he said, looking up with a serious smile flitting across his features, "but if you want to know about the immediate future, well—that’s not so large an order to fill."

"You see," he began, after a slight pause, during which he seemed to be waiting for me to say something, "my distant or ultimate plans may depend upon the consummation of my present plans, which include nothing more nor less than making good motion pictures. "The Jack-Knife Man," which has recently been released, is a fair sample of the type of picture I intend making in the future ... with perhaps a little more elaboration. Not that I believe beautifully gowned women or sumptuous sets are necessary elements in cinema production, because I can remember a criticism of one of Elsie Ferguson’s screen vehicles, in which the critic said Miss Ferguson’s beauty had been actually overshadowed by the beauty of the background, which consisted of mountain lakes and great cliffs and majestic trees. Therefore, I feel that the aesthetic sense can be appealed to by other than the physical beauty of the players, or the artificial beauty of Venetian palaces and Fifth Avenue drawing rooms."

I asked him to tell me when he expects to complete "The Sky Pilot," the Ralph Connor story of the northwest, which he is now producing.

"I don’t know," he answered, somewhat slowly, as though his thoughts were a thousand miles away, "there’s a huge responsibility entailed in the making of that picture, and in fact you’ve caught me on the eve of a trip to the rugged fastness of the
Canadian Rockies where we will 'shoot' many of the exteriors . . . particularly the snow scenes. Ralph Connor has given the world in 'The Sky Pilot' a rare literary gem, radiant with gentle smiles, a wealth of tenderness, and the indomitable spirit of the pioneer in his struggle with the fiercer moods of eternally ruthless nature; therefore, I am responsible for its translation to the screen, and duty-bound to preserve its spirit and atmosphere, and truthfully depict its characters.'

Was he going to stick to rural dramas and outdoor dramas and gentle themes and homespun plots? Not by a darn sight!

"I intend to vary locale and atmosphere in each photo-play I make," he replied, with a glint of determination in his eyes, "because I believe human nature is very much the same, in Paris, France, or Paris, Kentucky! I believe it quite possible that human beings go through the same emotions, stages of life, and phases of consciousness, anywhere . . . on the civilized portion of the globe, at least.

"Someone wrote a book once about the psychology of humor, and stated that people were stimulated to laughter and their risibilities generally affected in different ways and different climes. In other words what would make a Spaniard burst into a gale of glee might evoke anger in a Scandinavian and utter unconcern from an Englishman. I believe this is somewhat true in regard to certain native or local comicalities, but there is a universal humor, too, unless I miss my guess! Charlie Chaplin is a universal figure. He is laughed at—at least I hear so—in China, Russia, India, France, Italy, Great Britain and other countries, and has his prototypes among the comedy kings of these various nations, all of whom have attempted to minutely and precisely imitate his antics and copy his make-up.

"Which leads me to the conclusion that, as the motion picture is speaking a universal language, it is for us producers and directors to infuse some element into our screen stories that will make them universally understandable and appreciated. 'The Turn in the Road,' my first multiple reel effort, is imbued with an underlying philosophy that will touch the deeper springs of Christian and Hindu, white and black, Englishman and Greek, and of all other people. Not that I wish to take credit for the success of this celluloid document—all success must be accredited to the one inexhaustible source of all inspiration, the infinite sustainer, whom we express in exact ratio to our spiritual knowledge.'

I suggested that we might be drifting into deep metaphysical waters.

Breaking into a broad smile, the King of the Vidor's gazed at me intently, as though searching for a grain of sympathetic understanding. Then he answered my suggestion—and answered also a question I had left unspoken!

"Let's not drift," he said, "but let's get down to rock bottom, as those of 'the old school' put it. I believe in pictures with a purpose, that is, a high purpose. Some will talk about Art for Art's sake, whatever that is, while others will turn down their thumbs at what they call preachments, yet I am going to make photo-plays that will be preachments (Continued on page 49)
Three Choices

By GEORGE LANDY

Mexico City, and then migrated up into the wilds of Nipissing, Canada, where her father joined his own father in the management of the Miskominie silver mines. The only child of the mine-owner’s family, surrounded by the love and affection naturally displayed for her by the scores of French-Canadians who worked in the mines and the forests that surrounded this typical backwoods camp—here was another period of her childhood that has given Virginia Lee a unique and valuable background, for which she again has her father to thank.

In Mexico, Virginia had been reared under the tutelage of an old Spanish nurse, who raised her in the strict manner of her kind; she had spoken only Spanish, since her parents believed she could learn English later. In Canada, Virginia spoke only French; so it was not until her twelfth birthday that she said her first words in English—when her family finally returned to their native state, after which they had named their daughter. With her parents back at home, Virginia was sent to school at St. Scholastica Academy, a famous convent near New Orleans; there she first learned to speak her native tongue and, learning it at such an age, she speaks it with a purity and an intonation that is veritable music to the Yankee ear. Added to her rare blonde beauty—you’ll admit that this is the right phrase, since you’ve seen the illustrations for this story—this voice of hers will doubtless land her in “the speakies” before many more moons.

Virginia Lee’s second wise choice was in adopting a motion-picture career; although, for a time, it looked like she had made a flivver in this particular selection. When she first came to New York, she soon secured employment as an artist’s model and posed for such well-known brush wielders as Penrhyn Stanlaws (himself a recent recruit to the screen), Clarence F. Underwood, James Montgomery

THE old tale of the benevolent fairy godmother who gives the newborn baby three choices, or three blessings, is a universal nursery story which holds good everywhere—even in Mexico, where Virginia Lee was born. For there is no doubt but that one of these sprites presided over her cradle in the capital city of our Central American neighbor, since she has made three choices and her every selection has been fortunate.

First of all, Virginia Lee picked the one best bet in the father line: a motion picture actress cannot make a better selection in her paternal parent than having him engaged in one of the enterprises that take men to out-of-the-way foreign lands. Nothing could give a girl a better foundation for the flickering romances of the film than to be a member of the F. F. V. and to be born in the colorful atmosphere of a Central American city. To live in a hacienda, in a home with a patio, in an atmosphere of frijoles, tortillas and chile con carne—to have one’s father the leader of the local group of gringos—besides the scenery, the brilliant sunlight and the colorful manners and customs of the land made famous by Villa and Carranza—where could a girl get a better start for pictures, especially when she had the added advantage of hearing the choicest traditions of the flowery South and of the still more flowery stepdaughter of Spain!

Until Virginia was eight, the Lees dwelt in
Flagg, C. Warde Traver, A. C. Anderson and Howard Chandler Christy. In fact, she served as the model for all the posters that the last-named artist painted in behalf of the Liberty Loans, as well as numerous drives that were conducted during those strenuous times. "The ideal Christy girl" was the verdict this artist publicly gave over Miss Lee's beauty and that is how she was known before she came to work in pictures.

To "arrive" on the screen is no longer the easy, miraculous possibility of even four or five years back; the prejudice formerly held by stage folk against film work has long since vanished and the woods are full of good actors who do picture work exclusively. So, unless you are one of "the blessed damozels" who come out of the air as full fledged stars with their own companies, you must begin at the bottom. The lowest rung of the studio ladder is the "extra," and that is where Virginia Lee made her start; and with her characteristic, engaging frankness, she is the first to tell you of her humble beginnings.

After many weary months of chasing about from studio to studio, with the occasional bare reward of a day's "extra" work now and then, she finally came to the next higher rung and was engaged for "bits." With this encouragement, Miss Lee gave up the posing which she had continued to do sporadically—even an "extra" must eat—and decided to devote herself exclusively to pictures.

Virginia Lee is not the first girl who won fame as an artist's model and then repeated her success on the screen; Olive Thomas, Justine Johnstone, Edith Stockton, Martha Mansfield and Kay Laurell are some of the names that come to mind in this connection. But each of these others passed through some transitional period of stage experience, even if it was only in a Ziegfeld roof show; Miss Lee came right into picture work. And her breeding and early environment had inculcated the dramatic instinct in her to such a point that she bridged the gap with signal success.

Her first real part was with Emmett Dalton, the sole survivor of the notorious Dalton band; they were co-starred in a photoplay called "Beyond the Law," which was based on the experiences of these bandits. After this picture came two engagements with Louis Bennaion: "Oh Johnny!" and "Sandy Burke," both Western stories, for which she had been selected by her rough-riding performances in the Dalton production. Then came an important role in "The Whirlpool," Alice Brady's first Realart vehicle; followed, in turn, by an incursion into the comedy field as leading woman to George Walsh in "Luck and Pluck." Marjorie Rambeau was the next star in whose support Virginia Lee figured, as the ingenue in "The Fortune Teller," picturized from this same star's famous stage play. Miss Lee also appeared opposite William Collier in "The Servant Question" and with Norma Talmadge in "A Daughter of Two Worlds," then came a starring role in "Love or Money," the Burton King adaptation of "The Road to Arcady." These pictures firmly established her as one of the convincing emotional actresses of the films.
London Tower
Is in London

By WARREN W. LEWIS

American money. Owen brought back six. He also cuppered one of those new English soft hats that looks like an American derby. Indications are that Owen will be the sartorial arbiter elegance of the Selznick studios for the next ten months.

One week-end Mr. Moore skipped to Paris, but found life too exciting in that city and went back to London. One of the reasons was that he hadn't had his fill of golf. Mr. Moore is an ardent golfer, and a good one. He swings a mean driver. He hasn't much to say on the subject himself, but one of his friends, who accompanied him on the trip, tells of one occasion on which the Selznick star holed out in three over a difficult section of the course which his British opponent made in five.

Mr. Moore played golf at St. George's, which is recognized as one of the best courses in all England. Lloyd George plays at St. George's when he is not on Downing street, and the Prince of Wales also goes there for an occasional round. Mr. Moore played a good game while he was there, although he was handicapped by not knowing the course.

The stories you hear about English weather are not one bit exaggerated, says Mr. Moore. It rains all the time. He doesn't remember waking a single morning to see the sunshine, but occasionally Old Sol would peep out for a few minutes around five o'clock in the afternoon.

One day when he was at St. George's, and had finished a round, he was talking to some of the players in the club dressing room. It had rained all day, and the day previous, and the day before that. On this particular day the mist had been so heavy that Mr. Moore's tweed jacket was wet to the lining. Just as they had finished the round, the sun came out with a half-sickly attempt at shining.

"Beautiful weather we're having these days, old thing," said one of the Britshers.

Mr. Moore didn't reply, nor has he replied yet, but he is thinking up a fitting answer and when he gets the right line doped out he is going to mail it.

Six weeks are not long for an American to spend in London.

OWEN MOORE got tired of the humdrum existence which movie actors lead in this country, and last summer he up and beat it to dear old Lunnon. He was over there for about six weeks.

Says Mr. Moore: "London is a great town. The London Tower is in London. The king of England lives there, too, but I didn't see him. However, I saw a picture of his grandfather, which pleased me just as much. I didn't have time enough to make personal calls."

"The cops in London wear hats that are too big for them and they have to tie a string under their chins to hold them on. Outside of that misfortune London cops are just like the cops in New York. They get mad at strangers and swear at taxi drivers. I asked one copper where the London Tower was located, and he said 'You're lookin' at it now, you blighter.' It isn't quite as tall as the Woolworth building, but it will hold all the votes that Cox got. I went in and had a look around, but didn't see anything I wanted."

As I said before, Mr. Moore spent about six weeks in London—and about five hundred dollars for English suits and hats, not to speak of a few pairs of hose. You should see some of the socks that Owen brought back to New York. You can buy the best suit in London for about fifty bucks in
Alice Laidley, a new comer of much promise and charm. Alice will be seen shortly with Alice of the Bradys in a new Realart drama.
Corinne Griffith—a leader in our own Beauty Contest.
F. Richard Jones: A Master of Comedy

By JAMES BRONSON

There is no more interesting development in the motion picture field today than the surprising trend away from slapstick and towards a higher type of light comedy. It is to be noted on every side and, more particularly, at that headquarters of rough fun, the Mack Sennett Studios, out on Alessandro street in Los Angeles.

There is no keener observer of the screen than Mack Sennett. It was Sennett who developed the bathing girl type of film farce and who brought it to its most attractive state of perfection. When Sennett himself turns from slapstick—well—

There is no question that Sennett believes that a change is necessary in cinema comedy and there seems to be no question but that he believes in the dawn of a brisk but light type of humor, minus the pie, the tomato and kindred requisites of the old days. It is interesting to note that Sennett, having decided to bring this about, turned to one Richard Jones to inaugurate the change.

Jones was directing for the Griffith organization at the time, having just completed three Dorothy Gish comedies. The first of these, "Flying Pat," has just been released. Sennett wired a remarkable offer—$105,000 to devote a year to making three super-farces—and began making his preliminary plans.

Jones accepted and rushed westward. Just now he is hard at work upon the first of the new Sennett type of comedies. This will be called "Heart Balm" and will be in seven reels, with a cast including Noah Beery, Ethel Grey Terry, Ben Deely, Bill Bevan and the pretty Marie Prevost.

This sudden burst into the spotlight of publicity brings to light an interesting screen personality, for Jones, although he has devoted all his life to the films, has never been well-known. He has been satisfied to linger in the background and wait for Fame to knock on his door. Yet it was Jones who made "Yankee Doodle in Berlin," and that famous movie maker, "Mickey," which oddly marked the setting of Mabel Normand's glory despite its popularity.

Jones was with Mack Sennett for years before he joined the Griffith staff. Better let us go back to the beginning. Jones was born in St. Louis. He secured his first position with O. T. had great faith in Jones, called him and made him a director.

"Make 'Mickey,'" commanded Sennett, and Jones began. I started by throwing away everything that had been 'shot' previously. I took the scenario, which was slightly more than a page in length, and wrote a brand new story. Then I was ready to shoot."

"Mickey" established something like a world's record in receipts for screen comedies. Jones' second production, "Yankee Doodle in Berlin," was another winner. Then it was that Mr. Griffith, ever on the lookout for budding talent, noted his promise and brought him on, to direct Miss Gish in the Mamaroneck, N. Y., studios.

Mr. Griffith was highly delighted with the work of Jones, but the remarkable Sennett contract proved to be too great an inducement for the young master of comedy.

Jones is an interesting type of cinema worker. Indeed, he literally works all the time. A startling dynamic energy is his. He has but one recreation, yachting. While he was at the Griffith studios he purchased a small yacht and spent time cruising about the Sound off Mamaroneck. This yacht is now being transported in sections across country and Jones will

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The Superfluous American Male

By MARY EDITH BUTLER

temporary administration if I like, when I like and as severely as I choose. But when I am abroad—let anyone criticize Americans or American institutions, and every hair on my head bristles with indignation.

"It was so at this time. These women began telling me how little American women appreciated their men, how indifferent they were to them, how little they understood 'making ze mans happy!' Said the spokeswomen: 'You say to ze husbands—'You lay down, zen I walk on you. You roll over when I crack ze whip. You jump through zis hole!'"—and she made a hoop of her thumb and forefinger. 'You teach him he is only great, clumsy dog, which can stay in ze house only if he learn nice tricks and perform for you and for guests what you tell him.' She said that if we really loved our men we would not have endorsed prohibition—'ze one little pleasure ze mans had!'—and wound up by stating that from now on American women wouldn't need men, anyway, as they had the vote and economic independence well in sight.

"By the time she got through with the oration," said Miss Sweet, "I wouldn't have let her have one single, solitary American if I had to trail him and nail his coat-tails to the pier. All Europe seems to be convinced that American women are 'spoiled' and that American men spoil them. The fact is that American men and women are both 'spoiled' when compared with Europeans of the same sphere of life. But the spoiling has come chiefly through our national prosperity. We simply have more, have been raised to expect more, to provide ourselves and others with more comforts, pleasures and luxuries than old-world families ever dream of. When it comes to down-right 'spoiling' if there's any worse spoiled male in the world than the American male, I'd like to find him.

"It is true that he is not spoiled in just the way the European male is—and thank God for that! The normal American man does not aspire to be 'bought and paid for.' He has a horror of becoming a 'squaw-man' or a 'mollycoddle.' Nor does he want to be pursued, caught and held by some sugary, honey-pot of a woman who has nothing to offer but a steady diet of cloysome
kisses. He still wants to do the pursuing, the capturing, the love-making. Then he wants sympathy, response, loyalty, with an adequate number of kisses thrown in for good measure.

"There are American men who enjoy playing the Turk on occasion, and some of them had the opportunity in Europe after the armistice. But they soon got sick of it and packed their little doll rags and came home. As one upstanding doughboy expressed it: 'They mademoiselles is all right for a novelty. They wait on a fellow hand and foot. They flatter his vanity. But how long can a man stand that sort of thing? Where's his self-respect gone? And what's he going to do after a few months of it?' Why, strangle 'em—that's what! Dog-gone it, a man wants to know he's a man; and these dames leave a fellow nothing to do!"

"I explained to those misguided ladies, as well as I could, that the American man and the American girl understood one another perfectly, were suited to one another temperamentally; and while gallantry may have prompted the men of the A. E. F. to tell French girls: 'Home was never like this!—on coming home they assured their mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts that France was never like home. That if they thought large numbers of those men were going to expatriate themselves, give up their citizenship, relinquish their ideas and ideals, to be obliging, or to marry money abroad, they were very much mistaken. Love and money combined would hardly induce the worth-while American to cut loose from home and country.

"If foreign women knew just a little of American history they would see the very good reasons why the American man has his woman up on a pedestal, instead of under his heel. Every human being in the world is a product of heredity, environment, training, education, traditions. The same influences that moulded the American male produced the female of the species. Therefore, she comes nearer being his woman than any other woman in the world. It is because of these inheritances and traditions, and not because of the 'softness' of her men folk, that she enjoys a unique position of equality, superiority, even, which was tactfully acknowledged long before she won the vote. This supremacy is the despair and envy of her continental sisters, who cannot trace the why of it or reason from condition back to cause.

"The American woman did not start life as a dependent, a parasite, a toy, a plaything, or a drudge. She was not left, locked securely in convent or castle, while her men folk saliled forth to conquer the world for her. Neither was she enslaved, along with her husband and children, to toil in the fields, and pay tribute to some overlord. She started out, shoulder to shoulder, with her man. Side by side they fought the Indians, side by side they conquered the wilderness. He did a man's work, in the clearing and in the forest. She worked as hard, or harder, in the cabin; and if it was drudgery, as it often was, she knew that it was only her share. In addition she bore the children, and reared them. Of course she was admitted to the councils of the family, and indirectly, to those of the nation. Her man believed in her, had faith in her. He trusted to her taste, her instincts, her judgment. He depended on her to set that 'spiritual example which he had been taught to believe in—to keep up his home, burning, despite perils and poverty, to transmit to his children that mysterious essence termed 'soul.'

"What sort of a creature would he have been to have turned on her, and said: 'What do you know? Keep still. Your place is in the kitchen.' Stay there.' Or, 'You did no more than your duty in sharing my burdens when times were hard. But it's made you too practical, too common-sensical, too matter-of-fact. You don't appeal to my aesthetic taste any more. Now that we're fairly well-to-do, and I have leisure, I prefer the doll-type of woman, with sawdust in her head instead of brains.' We have no such inheritances, no such traditions, to 'live up to' in this country. The American woman started out as a partner, or pal; and a partner, a pal, she has remained.

"Good comradeship in pioneer days, mutual acceptance of Puritan and Quaker principles and habits of life, profound faith in America and the greatness of her destiny, as evidenced in the Declaration of Independence and the Revolution, made their imprint on every mind, regardless of sex. If the average American girl has a streak of Puritan, of Quaker, of reserve, of modesty in her, so has the average American man. If she is capable, fearless, independent, it is because they learned those ways together, in the long-ago. Those in this country who laugh at the old traditions, who pretend to be shocked by the frankness, the social boldness of the American girl, and, on the other hand, repelled or flabbergasted by her assumption of virtue and her determination to establish a single moral standard, are those whose ancestors came to these shores after these supremely important evolutionary stages were past. They did not experience them, have not been influenced by them, and do not understand them.

"The American man is not an angel; and neither is his woman. But both are working toward better things. Both have inherited consciences and have a healthy sense of sin. They have known from the beginning that the saloon introduced a vicious element into American life. The man who patronized it was sure to be visited later

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The magazine requests an interview with a certain actress, after making lavish use of the telephone, spends half an hour in the luxuriously appointed apartment of the interviewee and departs with but a very hazy recollection of what it was all about. She can’t exactly remember what she had said or what she had worn—or what was it she had said was to be her next picture—and what was the dog’s name and did she use butter on her toast? She can’t seem to remember any of these things so she dashes back to the office and writes a wonderful thousand-word story in which she has so repeatedly resorted to her imagination that the actress wouldn’t recognize herself in the word picture if she read it.

This is not that kind of an interview! I’ve known Justine Johnstone for several months; have seen her on an average of—say twice a week; had lunch with her several times; been to the theatre with her; have accompanied her on shopping tours; have been in her home, and watched her work at the studio. So I feel quite sure I know the real Justine Johnstone.

It’s very easy to effect a pose for half an hour or for a day, when one knows that she is being watched and that what she does and says will appear in print. But when the person being interviewed goes about doing the regular day’s work and talks, not for the benefit of the press, but because she has something to say—then she may be fairly and justly judged. And so I think I have been privileged to know the real Justine Johnstone.

It’s not easy to judge Justine (it’s hard to call her Miss Johnstone, she’s such a regular girl) when you first meet her. She is shy, almost to the point of seeming embarrassed and doesn’t let you on the inside and see her as she really is. I remember the first time I met her. It was purely a business meeting and several things of importance were to be discussed. I remember how little she talked, how shy and reserved her manner.

The first thing that impresses anyone when meeting Miss Johnstone is her amazing beauty. She has been called “the most beautiful girl in America” and I think she deserves the appellation. I have had the opportunity of seeing a great many so termed “beauties” but never have I seen a woman who could compare with Justine Johnstone. She is so beautiful that she fairly awes you. It is hard to believe that a person could be so beautiful and still be human. She has the clear, healthy pink-tinted skin of a child with great big blue eyes and a red, red mouth with a delicious little pout. Her hair is one mass of cobwebby gold and her carriage is like that of a young Diana. If Miss Johnstone had lived thousands of years ago, Venus would have had a keen rival. I know that up-to-date and blase writer persons do not rave like this, but I just wish every blessed one of you who read this story could see Justine Johnstone! Mere words do not suffice in describing such a gloriously beautiful woman.

I firmly believe that a woman as fair of face and form as Miss Johnstone would not really need any personal accomplishments. She has contributed more than her bit to the world in being so exquisite that she gives an aesthetic thrill every time one looks at her.

But Miss Johnstone has brains and ability. The walls of her living room at home are lined with cases filled with books. And they have all been read! I remember coming in on her one day at her home and finding her curled up in a great big armchair in a filmy negligee, a vision of loveliness, reading Frederick O’Brien’s “White Shadows of the South Seas.”

“Oh, this is the most delightful book!” she told me in her soft throaty voice, after she had asked me to sit beside her. “Do you like travel books?” she asked, staring straight into my eyes, a habit of hers when speaking to anyone. I’ve often wondered whether those countless other people to whom she speaks, feel the same as I do. It makes me feel rather dizzy to have so beautiful a girl looking straight at me all the time. I’m a woman, too! Ye Gods! how must the members of the other sex feel.

“I think this man is a perfect wonder,” she continued. “I
enjoy books of travel more than any other kind. Reading is my favorite pastime, anyway. No matter how tired I am, I am never too tired to read. I am never content to be idle. If I merely sit down to rest for a few minutes I read a few pages of a good book and feel much more rested than if I had just been doing merely nothing."

I discovered that Miss Johnstone was certainly sincere in her enjoyment of books. She has a few volumes in her dressing room at the studio, some in her car and at least one in every room in the house. She reads the oldest and the newest books. Truly, I have never seen any woman revel in her books so much as does Justine.

But she also enjoys other things. In fact, she enjoys everything. She is a healthy, vital glowing person who enjoys life and everything in it. She likes the theatre and she likes people. She is seen at almost every first night opening in New York. Miss Johnstone believes that she can learn a great deal from the theatre. And curiously, she thinks it does one just as much good to see a poor production as a good one. For then, she holds, you can learn what not to do. Miss Johnstone is not governed by the opinions of others. She either likes a thing or she doesn’t. And she does not hesitate to express herself frankly.

Because she likes people, she enjoys studying them. She numbers among her friends some of the most famous writers, painters, sculptors, editors and business men in the city. But she is not partial to "famous" people. She is one of the few stars I have met who enjoyed knowing obscure people as much as she does the celebrities. She remembers faces and names and there’s nothing that pleases an ordinary person so much as being recognized by a celebrity. Whether she knows this or not, I do not know, but I do know that she will gladly put herself out to do a favor for anybody who asks it.

She’s just a normal girl, is Justine. But she does the things that nobody would expect a motion picture star to do. For one thing, she rises every morning at seven o’clock. I think that is the most surprising thing about Miss Johnstone. She does things she really isn’t compelled to do. Who ever heard of a woman getting up at seven o’clock every morning unless she had to? But this interesting person is at the studio at nine o’clock sharp ready to start work. When she is not working, she goes over to Fleischman’s and swims in the pool for a couple of hours each morning. She eats regular food, except sweets, not because she is on a diet, but because she doesn’t like them. She rarely eats desserts, except stewed fruits.

She has a very keen business mind and is interested in all manner of things. She wants to know every detail connected with her work and why and how it is done.

Justine Johnstone has reached stardom solely on her own merits and desire to "make good." It wasn’t so very long ago that her captivating smile peered out at you from magazines and

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Tom, Tom, A Farmer's Son...

By EDWIN JUSTUS MAYER

THERE is a tradition that screen stars are not human—that when they are off-screen they just fade away until time for work again—that they are shadows called forth from obscurity by directors with big megaphones and tremendous voices. The tradition isn't true. I went to visit Tom Moore out at the Goldwyn Studios in Culver City, California, and found that if there was ever a likable human being, it is Tom Moore. He is immensely more than a shadow. He is true-blooded, good-natured. And, just outside of the stage on which he stood—a great glass-topped affair equipped with more contrivances than John Philip Sousa is equipped with medals—Will Rogers swung his rope and talked as only Will Rogers can talk. Another proof, Mr. Rogers, that stars are human, all the way through!

"Why interview me?" inquired Mr. Moore, with a modesty which isn't assumed, but as real as his other qualities. "After all, I've said everything that I know to interviewers in the past," he continued, giving this logical and convincing reason why he should be left in peace. But it wasn't my intention to leave him in peace, to be frank.

"Tell me about yourself," I suggested mildly.

"It's very pleasant to talk about one's self, of course," said the hero of "Officer 666," his latest picture, "but I'm afraid that the public wearies of the old facts. But if you must have your way," he added with a whimsical touch of his tone, "why, here goes.

"I was born near the town of Kells, County Mead, Ireland, a fact which may account for my profound interest in the Irish nationalist movement. I was christened Thomas Joseph Moore, but it didn't take, and Tom Moore I have been for a long time, and Tom Moore I am today. My father was a small farmer; a profession that in those days wasn't any more profitable than, say, being a conductor on a pay-as-you-enter car. Between the mill, the taxes, and the cost of living—that existed even in those days—my father didn't make out so well, and his eyes turned toward the fairy land across the waters, America.

"At the same time, the big town of Dublin was dreadfully alluring, and when the family made up its mind to give up the soil, it was a moot question whether to go to that city or to the overseas Republic. Things had reached the stage where the household effects and the family had been packed into a jaunting-car and still no decision on the great question.

"'Do you know where you're going?' asked my mother of my father.

"'That I do not,' said my father. 'I haven't the idea!'

"'Then we best decide right now,' said my mother.

"'And they did. Two scraps of paper, one marked 'Dublin,' the other 'America,' were dropped into my younger brother Joe's hat, and the youngster given the privilege of picking out the family's destinies. In went his hand, and out came 'America!'"

"We landed in New York, but having relatives in Toledo, it was there we went and there I enjoyed whatever formal education I've had. But I had the wanderlust, the desire to get-away, for no good reason beside my extreme youth, which led me out on 'the road.' I don't know how long it took me, but eventually I got to Jersey City. I didn't have the nickel necessary to transport me across the river, but I finally did manage to cross it and reach Manhattan. I hung about the docks and Park Row, the Bowery and lower New York in general, for several weeks before I realized there was an Up-town as well.

"I stayed in New York for over a year, before I ventured to
return home. But when I got there, I found that I still had
the wish to be away in my veins, and it wasn't long before I
was off again, this time to Chicago. There was hard-sledding
there, and when I saw an advertisement in the paper calling
for a tall young man for a theatrical production, and the ad
saying that experience wasn't necessary, I jumped at the chance,
and began my histrionic career, playing in the mob scene of a
dramatization of 'Parsifal.' My salary, so to speak, was $5
per week.

"On the strength of this I managed to connect with a road
company which went broke in a small Canadian town. I beat
my way back to the States, joined another road company, which
also gave up the ghost in a shocking manner. In fact, so did
the next three companies I went out with, and I began to think
that I was a Jinx, and more. But by this time I knew that
Jinx or not, I had found the thing I wanted to do—act. So I
made faces at Nemesis and stuck to my last.

"Maybe that was the reason that my luck began to change.
At any rate, I was associated with companies which didn't in-
stantly start to go broke, and before long I was playing with
stock companies which actually showed a profit at the end of
a run.

"During one summer I went to New York for a vacation,
and doing so, did a fateful thing. For a Kalem representative
offered me a movie job! Like most professional people, I
despised the movies at that time, but it was summer, the lean season for actors,
and I signed up. My salary was $40.50
a week and I spent off-hours trying to figure what the 50 cents represented.
I never solved the problem.

"Winter came, and I went back into
stock, in New York, however. But
winter fled, and summer came again, as
it has a habit of doing, and I returned
to the screen—this time permanently.
In the next few years I did pretty nearly
everything. The films weren't so highly
specialized in those days, and I was
actor, director, and writer. But with
the growth of the industry, I gradually
resumed my real position
as an actor.

"How did I grow to be
a star? That's hard tell-
ing. I know that it sounds
banal, but I worked hard,
and that may have had
something to do with it.
As nearly as I can make it,
I was made by the
public, to whom I am un-
der a real debt of grati-
tude. They asked theatres
to let them know when I
was to be seen there—
that was when I was still a lead-
ing man—and by and by
some of the theatres began
to advertise the stars op-
posite whom I played
'with Tom Moore.' This
got to the ears of Mr.
Goldwyn and naturally
my worth underwent a
change, and I made the
leap over that tremendous chasm which separates a
leading man and star. And
that's all, I guess

"What kind of picture
do I like to play in? Ah,
that's almost as difficult
a question as the vexed

question of Ann's age. Only yesterday I was thinking of how
different my roles have been during the past year! In 'Lord
and Lady Alg,' I was a member of the English nobility; in
'The City of Comrades,' a down-and-out; in 'Stop Thief,'
a burglar; in 'The Great Accident,' a small-town politician;
and in 'Officer 666' both a gentleman and a fake policeman.
So you see that I'm not prejudiced against many roles.

"I always like best the part I happen to be playing at the
time, I suppose. If I'm a swell, why it seems to me I can be
happy only when wearing evening clothes after six o'clock and
having a valet to start my tub and lay out my togs. But, in the
next picture, I may be a drunken bum, then it seems to me
that anything except an unshaven chin and shifty, bleary eyes
are all out of the scheme of things.

"Nevertheless, there is a real continuity to all these roles—I
mean the continuity of human nature. I think I can say with
real sincerity that I have been more than ordinarily fortunate
in the themes which I have been given to interpret, from the
elemental to the farce spirit. I wouldn't underrate the latter,
either. Getting laughs by rapid-fire action is surely just as
legitimate as by any other methods. The important thing, after
all, in the expression of the humorous side of life is to get
people laughing, and pretty nearly anything that does that is
legitimate. That viewpoint of mine explains, in a way, why I
am particularly fond of playing in farce comedies.

"My opinions and reactions have naturally
even grown out of my experiences. And I've
told you enough of my early life to make you see
that whatever else my adventures weren't,
they were certainly varied. Hoboing my way
to New York at sixteen, and again on the road, seeing life in many places
and in different aspects, has taught me, I hope,
something about men and women. And that
'something' is what I try to put into my work
on the screen.

"The screen, let me tell you, is all right.
That doesn't mean that a good deal of the
criticism directed against it isn't justified. The
trouble with such criticism, however, is that
it doesn't take into account the enormous pro-
gress which the motion-picture has made during
the past years, and particularilly, during the past
five years. I've seen in an intimate way the change
in motion-picture, from
the old to the new.

"The development of
the story has been magnifi-
cent—that is, the develop-
ment of the story element
in the pictures. It isn't
too much to say that in the
old days any kind of story
was good-enough. But no
longer! Now we have to
have real stories and that
fact is important, for it
means that the photoplay
isn't in its baby stage, any
longer. It may not be
wearing long pants, as yet,
but it is certainly
out of its swaddling
clothes.

"Rupert Hughes wrote
the photoplay 'Hold Your
Horses' on which I'm now
working and when we at-
tract men of his calibre to
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Growing Up

By HORTENSE SAUNDERS

absence. And all the pretty dresses and fussy aprons had to be scrapped and new ones fixed. And streamer hats had to be abandoned forever. Martha was beyond them.

"And mother has never left me alone for a very long time since that day," Martha says. "She's afraid I might spread out five inches wider or do something dreadful like that. But I tell her not to worry. Growing five inches in two months was the most original thing I ever did and I'm so proud of it.

"I wish I could have swooped down into pictures in some original fashion, but instead, I followed the beaten path. I started as an artists' model, then took the Ziegfield route and ended up in pictures. Of course I did start right out as a featured player, for my first work was being leading woman for Max Linder in a series of comedies. But I went back on the stage after that, coming back to the screen now and then for a picture and sort of vibrating uncertainly between the two mediums.

"I didn't really consider myself a fixture in motion pictures until I signed my contract with Selznick. There is something sort of final about a contract that gives a settled feeling.

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Back in the days of Kalem, Irene Boyle, along with Alice Joyce, Tom Moore, and many other present day screen luminaries, was a feature player. Irene is "Coming Back" shortly in Holman Day's "The Rider of the King Log."
Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" has slowly been coming to life in the environs of Elmhurst on Long Island, where the ancient and sturdy Scotch village of Thrums has received a new lease of life.
And thus we have Tommy and Grizel and the Painted Lady and all the other beloved characters of Barrie's beloved novel, living again and breathing in the flesh of Gareth Hughes, May MacAvoy and Mehel Talioferro.
Earl Metcalfe, whose interesting characterization in the last episode of "While New York Sleeps" was one of the brightest spots of that picture.
Wanted -- Leading Men

By JEROME STORM

To the young man, particularly the young man of college or academic training, the motion picture today offers a career which should be considered as seriously as medicine, law, journalism or any other profession.

There is a positive dearth of capable juveniles. I say capable.

The standards of the motion picture are constantly rising. Men who a few years ago were great favorites would not be given passing attention today. A few years back the man with a good physique and fairly good photographic features could qualify. At that time we had not perfected the photographing of thought. Today I think most people agree with me that a man's character is as easily read on the screen by the keen movie fan as are the sub-titles. I do not mean to say that one can recognize instantly all the phases of a man's character through observing him on the screen, but certainly it is possible to discern breeding, intelligence and refinement of mind. That is why I believe the college boy or his equivalent in mental development has such a splendid chance in pictures today.

If you seek a job as a player in pictures you will find that the ease with which you obtain it is pretty much in relation to your general appearance, taking for granted, of course, that you have no dramatic experience to recommend you. By general appearance I do not mean necessarily good looks. But the question to ask yourself is—

"Am I a type?"

I cannot go into the definitions of all the types needed for the screen. Virtually every type of human being is needed at some time or other. Of course, the type which makes the rarest impression is the handsome, well-built chap, such types as Wallace Reid, Richard Barthelmess, Antonio Moreno, Thomas Meighan, Eugene O'Brien. Any one of these stars I have mentioned would be accepted almost instantly if today he walked into a studio and, without previous experience, made application for a job. They are types of manhood which we recognize at once as possessing attraction for a large number of people,—perhaps not all people,—but for a big percentage, at least, as it has been proved.

Handsome features, that photograph as such, physical magnetism, an individuality that registers—these are the attributes of the man who finds entrance to the studio world most easily.

In the Lillian Gish picture which I am now directing there is a young man of such a type, I believe. He has had no previous experience in pictures, yet both Miss Gish and I consider him a great bet. Why? Because he is clean of appearance, handsome in a strictly masculine way, has the breeding and poise one usually finds in the fellow of academic training, an alert, adaptive mind and is entirely natural. He was selected in preference to a hundred young actors of considerable experience. His name is Clifford Sharp. With experience and earnest attention to his work he will, I think, make rapid progress.

If you are a Charles Ray type you may be sure any casting director will give you serious consideration. But do you know what type he is? Charles Ray is not in the accepted sense the matinee idol. His attraction is due to his utter naturalness, his ingenuousness, his likable honesty and readiness. Of course, the Charles Ray type of today is a superb actor, perhaps the greatest master of screen histrionism. Yet I believe most any intelligent casting director would give Charles Ray an opportunity were he now starting on his career.

The man who hasn't a chance, at least so far as most of us are concerned, is the hair-oil Johnny of affectations and loud clothes. You doubtless have heard actors ridiculed for posing and for wearing bizarre raiment. Such are usually the "cheap" actors. But no matter who they may be, they are not to be patterned after. Such poor taste in dress and deportment indicates an inferior mentality. And, as I have emphasized, mentality is a big consideration.

A great many foolish publicity stories have given a wrong conception of the successful leading man of the present time. Perhaps—in the early days of pictures the actor with egotism, ignorance, and affectations got by for want of better applicants. But today such types are almost extinct. Picking at random a few examples of the successful leading man of today, you will note such stodious, well-bred gentlemen as Harrison Ford, Conrad Nagel, Robert Gordon, Rod La Rocque, Lloyd Hughes, Elliot Dexter, George Stewart, Mahlon Hamilton, Vincent Coleman, James Rennie, James Kirkwood ... and many more that I might cite. All of these players receive between five hundred and fifteen hundred dollars a week.

Don't pick the profession of motion picture acting because you think it is soft and offers big money. It may prove to be, and again it may require a good many years of economy and hard work. Charles Ray has devoted something like nine years to qualifying. He has worked harder than most lawyers or journalists. His type was not appreciated so readily eight years ago as it would be now; in fact, he established the type. Richard Barthelmess, on the other hand, has made a com-

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WHEN Bonnie Wee Jean Paige went a-serialing her movie admirers gasped with horror. The daintily exquisitely little lady was not cut out for the hazardous career of a chapter-play heroine they figured with affectionate solicitude—but they were wrong. Wee Jean abandoned the feature pictures with a toss of her pretty head and went in for the manifold dangers of the modern serial with the vim and dash of a female viking. And she held her friends and found many new ones as co-star with Joe Ryan in the Vitagraph serial "Hidden Dangers."

Just before she went west I dropped in to see her at the Flatbush studios.

"Jean," I ventured in brotherly fashion, "there is a far cry between dramatic work in O. Henry productions, playing leads with Harry Morey and Earle Williams and doing serial work. You will have to drop off precipices, swim fierce torrents, ride wild horses, climb heights—and—" I ended lamely. "take awful chances."

The star laughed.

"It's all in a day's work," she said. "And I was brought up on a farm. Until I came to the Vitagraph studios I used to do a hard day's work. I got up early, tended cows, horses and chickens and I have shinned up many a tree." She pulled up the sleeve from a beautifully rounded white arm and then commanded me to feel it as she flexed the muscles. "I developed that muscle for emergencies and now, sir, watch how it will help me in serial work."

I agreed with her on the spot and breathed more easily. Wee Jean has a background that will stand her in good stead. And a more daring actress never went into the serial field. She has hesitated not at all when the script requested her to do thrilling stunts. On her father's farm in Paris, Ill., though Jean was on speaking terms with all her dad's cattle and horses, bears were total strangers to her. In one of the thrilling scenes of "Hidden Dangers," Jean as the heroine is chased into a cave by scoundrels. Halfway in she meets a bear. You have the situation. At one end her mortal enemies and at the other a hungry grizzly.

"Where's the bear?" Jean asked the director when the news was broken to her. "Have you got him yet?"

"Yes, Miss Jean," he answered. "Bruin is a nice old thing. He never had a wicked thought in his head except when he is hungry. Naturally we keep him well-fed."

So Jean visited Bruin in his cage on the Vitagraph lot. He peered at her through the bars with small, red-rimmed, yellow eyes.

"Nice doggie," cooed Jean, her two eyes like twin stars. Bruin got up on his haunches. Then he snorted at her bearishly. He also sniffed in a disgusted manner. Jean looked the least bit concerned.

"If I have got to work with him I might as well get to know him now," the pretty star asserted with her lips compressed tightly. "Let's go in the cage." The keeper and director demurred.

"I wouldn't, Miss Jean," the director spoke warningly. "See, he is not in a good humor. The object of their remarks was grunting hoarsely.

Jean pursed her lips thoughtfully then she called one of the staff. "Will you please ask Miss—(her maid) to bring me my fur coat."

He returned in a few moments with the desired article and Jean donned it. "Now we will see if this doesn't make a difference," she said and in company with the keeper she entered the cage.

Bruin regarded her balefully. By this time everyone on the Vitagraph lot had gathered about the place and two or three men prepared for an emergency. But Bruin's bark was worse than his bite. This strange furry being who stood up on its hind legs attracted his curiosity. Not to be outdone he likewise
got up on his haunches. Then Jean extended her hand. The bear put out a huge paw tentatively and slapped it aside playfully. The little lady was delighted. "See," she laughed, "he wants to play. Why is he only a great big dog?"

In a few minutes the star was scratching the bear's ears and he was sniffing her coat in a most friendly manner. So there you have the gallant spirit of Bonnie Jean.

The bear scene in the cave was worked out dramatically due to the nerve of the game girl who cultivated Brun until the animal was her slave.

But that wasn't all in the way of thrilling stunts. Imagine the dainty girl being pushed up a dirty chimney, and emerging on the roof covered with soot. But Jean was not feazed in the least,—and besides it was another startling effect. She also climbed down a rope made from bedclothes, a matter of three stories, and jumped on the back of a bronco. To make her escape she drove him at full speed into a lake. All attempts at suggesting "doubling" failed. Jean obeyed the author's script to the letter.

On another occasion, according to the story, her father is incarcerated in the tower of a lighthouse. Jean Paige and Joe Ryan go to release him and with the aid of a huge derrick they arrive halfway up the face of the lighthouse and secure a precarious foothold on the narrow coping. It was a dizzy spot even for a daredevil of Ryan's type, but for Jean her part in the scene was nothing short of heroic. Then Ryan casts a rope to the top of the tower and Jean and he ascend and rescue the prisoner. Then all descend via the rope to the rocks below, and make their getaway in a motor boat. When I saw the scene projected it gave me vertigo. "Good night," a friend exclaimed, "I wish Jean would go back to features. At this rate it won't take long to break her neck."

But the preceding events are tame compared to a feat Jean has just accomplished. It won for her the unending admiration of Joe Ryan and all her friends on the Vitagraph lot and for sheer daring and nerve has probably never been equaled by a girl serial star.

In the role of the heroine, Jean Paige goes to the bank to secure some important papers. She is followed by her enemies and to elude them enters a church. They pursue her and she takes refuge in the tower, closing and bolting the trap door. The villains then set fire to the church and to avoid the flames Jean climbs out on the outside and clings to the cross on the steeple. In a few minutes, she is almost obliterated by smoke. An aviator who is flying close by sees her predicament and darts toward her in his airplane with the speed of an eagle in full flight. As he approaches, he lets down a rope ladder and circles the steeple. With each spiral he draws closer to our heroine. When he came nearer and nearer Jean reached out a hand tentatively to gauge the distance and the crowd below gasped. They thought she had missed.

"Why did they let her try this stunt?" one girl extra wailed, "she will be killed." The camera staff almost forgot to continue grinding but were brought back to life by the director, who, with white lips shouted, "Keep it up boys, she will do it."

With the next spiral the rope ladder came within reaching distance of Jean and she grasped it firmly. In less time than it takes to tell, she was on the ladder bobbing up and down some one hundred feet in the air as unconcerned as if she were in a hammock close to terra firma. Then she climbed the ladder and got into the cockpit.

When she reached the ground the aviator grasped both her hands. "Miss Jean, you are the pluckiest kid in the world. Phew!" He wiped the perspiration from his forehead; "Believe me, I was in mortal terror until I saw your smiling face over the top of the cockpit. Some stunt!"

"It was nothing," Bonnie Jean replied. "I am paid to follow the script and it is all in a day's work. Thank you a thousand times for your part in the scene. If you hadn't handled the airplane so beautifully there might have been an accident."

And if you should ask what everyone on the Vitagraph lot thinks of Jean Paige, the consensus would be that "she is the whitest, cleanest, most lovable and pluckiest girl in the universe." And personality—her smile would melt the grouch of the most confirmed pessimist.

Jean is exactly one hundred and fifteen pounds of compact and beautifully rounded womanhood. She is essentially feminine but possesses the direct frankness of a fascinating boy. When we allude to her as Bonnie Wee Jean we cover a wealth of complimentary description.

And now comes the happy news. Jean is to be the featured player in the Vitagraph special, "Black Beauty," adapted for the screen from the famous animal-classic by Anna Sewell, and directed by David Smith. All her ingenious charm will have full play in the quaint costume of the early seventies and what is more fitting, her love of animals will have a grateful outlet in this photoplay—the biography of a horse. Jimmy Morrison plays the leading male role and his perennial freshness is a characteristic that will keep space with Jean's girlish loveliness.

This will be Jean's first appearance as a star in a big special and marks a well deserved success in the dainty film actress' (Continued on page 51)
Then came to him certain of the Sadducees, and they asked him,
Saying, Master, there were seven brethren; and the first took a wife, and died without children.
And the second took her to wife, and he died childless.
And the third took her; and in like manner the seven also;
and they left no children, and died.
Last of all the woman died also.
Therefore in the resurrection, Whose wife of them is she?

MODERN society has tackled this problem of the confusion of wives and solved it without waiting for the Resurrection. God ordained marriage but man with his extraordinary faculty for "looking after himself" bethought him of divorce. Then woman took the joy out of it for him by discovering the possibilities of alimony. In New York City, bounded on the north, south, east and west by the state of divorce, legal balm is quickly applied to loving hearts and they start to throb again—for someone else.

In the divorce court presided over by Judge Philip Phillimore, the New York idea—marry for whim and leave the rest to fate—and the divorce court—was applied daily.

Judge Phillimore, born and bred out of countless generations of smug and musty respectability, had found one redeeming feature in divorce—a comfortable income. And as he raced through the obsequies of marriage at a terrifying speed, his brother, the Reverend Bishop Mathew Phillimore, supplied him with possible cases by marrying men and women. The Bishop realized that in a society where the multiplication of automobiles is preferred to that of progeny, every marriage is a possible divorce. For instance, as he wedded Cynthia and John Karslake, he realized that many of those whom he joined would be put asunder by his brother, the Judge, but he was not daunted.

The wedding of Cynthia and John was fashionable to the extreme of fashion. The bride was a dangerous contrivance of nature, the groom, a millionaire, sportsman and famed for taking long chances. Cynthia’s mother had divorced Cynthia’s father long before the practice had been generally adopted. Her philosophy of marriage, as expressed to Cynthia in the moment she kissed her just after the ceremony was summed up in these words:

"Remember, child, a man values a woman just as high as she values herself—and no higher."

The Phillimore home on the Hudson, wherein resided the Judge and his thirty-five-year-old wife, Vida, was like its owner, substantial but not in-

**THE CAST**

Cynthia Karslake...........Alice Brady
John Karslake.............Lowell Sherman
Sir Bates-Durby............Lionel Page
Judge Philip Phillimore...George Hovell
Bishop Mathew Phillimore.Edwards Davis
Vida Phillimore.............Hedda Hopper
Mrs. Phillimore.............Julia Hurley

Directed by Herbert Blache.
Fictionized by permission of Realart Pictures Corporation.
vigorating. Vida Phillimore, a well preserved woman of fashion, youthful and with the air of a woman of high spirits which have been partially suppressed by force of environment. Every day she found her husband's relatives a little more difficult. At last, after an afternoon in which she was subjected to criticism of her clothes, of her habits and of her friends, she complained to her husband.

"You may find my sister's advice of some value in these matters, my dear," she told him.

His words enraged her so much that she rushed to her own room, scribbled a note to him and handing it to the butler, she left the house.

A moment later, the Judge read the message.

In six years I have been laid away in the grave and I have found it very slow indeed trying to keep pace with the dead. In short, Philip, you and I don't suit in double harness. There is no other man. I only wish there were. You must let me have a nice quiet divorce, incompleteness; it certainly suits us.

Judge Phillimore was hurt as he finished reading the letter. He was outraged, for he had grown to think of divorce as something that only he could ladle out to others, and this event seemed like an encroachment on his private rights.

At the very moment when he was trying to control his feelings, in the estate of John Karslake, the owner and his new bride were arriving. Cynthia was shy and bride-like. She followed John about with adoring eyes. She professed delight at all the extravagances of his mansion. She was entranced with him, and was even unwilling to let him go out of her sight for the half hour he spent with Tim Fiddler, his horse trainer, and his wife, an old-fashioned woman who was content with one husband and willing to give him personal attention. John patted his favorite horses. He all but forgot his happy bride.

But when dinner was served and found her sitting far from him at the extreme end of the long dining table, he could not help coming close to her. He even leaned over the table to kiss her.

"Do you really . . . oh, really . . . love me?" she pleaded.

"I do . . . I do!"

"More than everything else in the world?"

"Can you even ask such a question?" he replied.

"More than every blessed thing?" she pursued. "Would you do all the things for me that men have ever done for the women they have loved?"

"Of course, dear, of course, I would. You know I would."

She looked away for a moment. Then searchingly she probed his eyes as she asked him passionately:

"Would you go to hell for me . . . ?"

For a moment John was appalled, but he met her gaze and vehemently told her of his love. And Cynthia, not yet quite assured, was forced to rest content with that.

As the months rolled by, Vida Phillimore became more and more her former unmarried self. To her friends she admitted she was having the time of her life; she confessed she did not realize how impossible the Judge had been. And in due time her divorce was granted.

In the Karslake household six months had brought the first cloud. It was John's abominable habit of being careless about his clothes which caused it. On a morning following a late supper at the club Cynthia took upon herself to criticize her husband sharply for his slothfulness.

"Oh, hell. Your damned tidiness again!" he reproached her.

"Please put your things where they belong," she insisted.

He made no attempt to obey her. Instead he muttered a curse and stood watching her. Cynthia was angry. She suddenly lurched forward and struck him in the cheek with a comb.

"You little spitfire! You devil!" he cried, as he tore the comb from her. He was really angry at her and as he held her arm, she realized she had gone too far. The fight died out of her. She burst into tears and let him hold her limp form as she sobbed.

It was their first bitter quarrel, but it was soon followed by another. This time the Karslakes went to Piping Rock to attend the races. Vida Phillimore was there with her friends and it happened that they sat in a box adjoining that of the Karslakes. The Karslake entry was in the third race. Cynthia had been vivacious and happy until during the race she turned to ask her husband for the field glasses he carried. He was about to hand them to Mrs. Phillimore, who sat beside him. Cynthia looked angrily at the former wife of the Judge.

"I want the glasses, John," she said.

John looked helplessly toward Mrs. Phillimore, who was jumping up and down following the course of the horses.

"What can I do?" he replied.

"I want them. Get them from her."

"I can't, Cyn. That's all there is to it."

"Oh, you're impossible. I can't stand this any longer," she cried. She jumped up, left the box and hurried to the clubhouse.

Later, although his entry had won, Karslake had no pleasure. His wife would not speak to him when he met her at the clubhouse. And when he returned later in the day she was gone, had returned to town in his car, leaving him to make his way back as best he could.

When he arrived home he found Cynthia packing her belongings.

"What's wrong with you, Cyn?" he asked.

"Please don't make it worse by trying to explain," she retorted. "I quite understand."

"Cyn . . . don't be a little fool . . . listen to me."

John was willing to compromise. The entire quarrel seemed too trivial to continue. But Cynthia was in deadly earnest. She repulsed John's advances with a warning not to come near her, and finally, when he did not desist, she tore off her wedding ring and told him that she intended to divorce him.
“Well, I’ll be damned,” was John’s only comment when he heard the door slam behind her.

Thanks to Judge Phillimore’s kind offices, Cynthia’s divorce was negotiated without awkward details or publicity. In fact, the Judge was over-eager to please her.

“You’ve been wonderful to me through it all but this is my first divorce and for a moment it made me feel . . . . a little queer,” she confessed to him.

“One disappointment need not close the door to future happiness, my dear Mrs. Karslake,” he assured her.

And it was through the Judge that she met Mrs. Carlson-Dwight and was invited to that lady’s surprise-party, a luncheon of New York’s most exclusive divorcees . . . . to welcome Cynthia into the fold. There she met her new associates, and there she was shocked at the hazing she received, the presence of a life-size dummy of her former husband, present at the table, a reminder of her lost bonds of matrimony.

Later at a week-end at Terrace Lawn, the estate of Mrs. Carlson-Dwight, Cynthia again met the Judge. There, too, she met for a second time, the Judge’s brother, Bishop Phillimore. She heard too the Judge’s suggestion:

“A second marriage is apt to be of the more restful and . . . . more permanent variety, Mrs. Karslake.”

“It probably would be more permanent,” she flippantly replied.

Taken aback by her words, the Judge lost his opportunity. The reporters of _Town Topics_ did not, however. In the current issue appeared this note:

“The cause of the recent divorce granted the wife of John Karslake, millionaire sportsman, may be explained by his apparent determination to console himself in the society of the former wife of the Judge who allowed the decree.”

Cynthia had seen the article, and she thought of it as she heard the Judge continue:

“Our companionship has been so satisfying that I am moved to offer myself . . . . as your sober second choice.”

Cynthia reflected. And then sober second thought came. “Until this moment I didn’t realize all the advantages of your offer of marriage,” she told him. “May I accept?”

On the eve of her wedding to the Judge, Cynthia entered his mother’s home. When her fiancé arrived from his office, she realized already that she had only changed one bond for another. His family was quite as impossible as John had been. And if Cynthia had thought of it, she might have foreseen that he was not much different. He sat reading the newspaper, looking up at her as she entered.

“Ah, this hour with you is the one vivid moment of the day,” he said, scarcely lifting his eyes from the headlines.

“Shocking attack by the President on the vested interests bad business of the week-end . . . .

Cynthia was amazed at his coolness. She sat down, picked up another paper, and speaking with gentle sarcasm, said:

“I hope my presence isn’t too agitating, Philip.”

He looked at her benignly over his glasses:

“I value this hour with you, Cynthia, this hour of toast and tea and tranquillity. Quite as if we were married already.”

Cynthia was annoyed. But she said: “I feel as if we were married already . . . . it’s the calm.”

“Yes, the calm . . . . the halcyon calm of . . . . of . . . .”

Cynthia supplied the word . . . . “of second choice.”

That evening there were callers at the Phillimore home. Vida Phillimore dropped in quite casually to chat with her former husband and to exchange criticisms with Cynthia. And to everyone’s surprise, John Karslake, accompanied by an Englishman to whom he was selling his stables also appeared. There were many difficult moments that evening, but Cynthia learned that John was still a little jealous of her and that incidentally, she could charm Sir Wilfred Bates-Darby. Furthermore, she was apprised that affairs were not going so well with her former husband. He was selling his racing stables. The only irritating event, however, was her knowledge of an appointment her husband had made for the following morning with Vida Phillimore. And she herself was to be married that day at three.

When the next day dawned, complications were in view for many of the worthy divorcees and possible divorcees in that set. Cynthia had virtually accepted an appointment with Lord Darby for eleven, to see Cynthia K. Karslake’s horse, which he had bought from her former husband. John had an appointment with Vida for eleven also, at her home. Cynthia managed to leave in the midst of her wedding preparations by declaring that she had some additional shopping to do. Perhaps the complications would not have been so complicated after all if Vida’s home had not adjoined Cynthia’s, where the latter was to meet Lord Darby, and if that worthy Englishman had not wandered into Vida’s home by mistake, just after John had left to get the horse, and just as Cynthia was passing the house.

Lord Darby, although he had been exceedingly gallant to Cynthia the preceding evening and had told her he would marry her at a moment’s notice, was not averse to chatting just as intimately with Vida, as soon as he learned his mistake. And when Cynthia entered—for she had seen Lord Darby go into Vida’s home by mistake, she found her ex-husband in the hall.

“I risked a scandal to come here . . . .” she told him.

“Now let’s be friends . . . . let’s be kind to each other,” John was unforgiving. “You murdered my happiness,” he replied.

“I’m sorry. I wish you every happiness in the world. And I’m sorry that you have had financial difficulties. I wish you every horse in the world.”

“I don’t propose to put my pride in my pocket,” he rebuffed her. She was hurt.

“Not while Vida’s handkerchief is there,” she retorted. But John was cool.

(Continued on page 49)
Seeing Sylvia
By OLIVE WATKINS

SEEING Sylvia was not as simple and easy and alliterative as it sounds. Still a cat may look at a king; why not I at a queen—a picture queen? But nobody could be a cat about Sylvia Breamer.

For two whole days I was staved off by her secretary who said she was on a shopping de-bauch, and by an anaemic-looking young blonde of the less deadly of the species, guarding the hotel desk, who said she was out of town. I departed burning for revenge; and on the upper deck of a Fifth Avenue bus indulged in the "negro blues," a version of which I heard recently on the lips of a joyous African in a Greenwich Village cave—a weird chant, a veritable hymn of hate hinting darkly at a "necklace of razors" ending ever in the monotonous refrain, "T'se gwina pizen you."

Later I decided if the worst came to the worst, I would be a cat after all and curl myself up in a corner of the hotel lobby and watch the elevator like a mouse-hole till she appeared. This feline strategy, however, was rendered unnecessary; for, taking the same unfair advantage as the farmer who rises at 4 a.m. to slip up on his oats in the dark, I telephoned Miss Breamer's rooms very early in the morning, and was rewarded by an invitation to lunch.

At the quiet hotel in the west fortes, the "boarding-house" of many players from the coast, I had just leisure to wonder if the flesh-and-blood Sylvia would be as startling a vision as the tropical creature who is her shadow incarnation. If so, there would surely be a riot when she appeared. No mistaking her when she did appear. We made a triumphant entry into the dining room amid greetings from all sides, and I basked smugly complacent in her reflected glory as we took our seats.

I recalled how she looked romancing with Charles Ray in "Sudden Jim," and playing the clinging vine to William S. Hart's stalwart oak in "The Narrow Trail"; then I watched her talk to the waiter about four-minute eggs—and wasn't disappointed. This was the acid test. Eggs are such a prosy subject. Some man might have his breakfast eggs glorified for life by eating them opposite her. I ventured to put out a feeder in this direction.

"Marriage is an unknown quantity," said Sylvia, "and as such I'm afraid of it. Perhaps some time—in any case, I would not leave the screen. Besides nothing exciting ever happens to me." She looked slyly around the bend of her lashes as she skilfully blew away a cigarette ring. "I live the most commonplace life in the world."

Yes, decidedly life on Fifth Avenue must seem tame to one who spent her early years adventuring from Samoa to New Guinea and from the Fiji Islands to Tasmania, led by the (Continued on page 55)
MOTION pictures and their making are so much a part of my life that I cannot set forth all the things that well within me in the short space of a magazine article, but I can touch the pinnacles as they appear to me, in my capacity as director. I want to proclaim, first of all, my sincere and abounding faith in the motion picture as an art, capable of portraying the vital and human emotions of life as vividly as they can be presented on the speaking stage.

The first thing that confronts the director when he starts to work on a picture is the story which the author and continuity writer have provided. The questions that I always ask are these: Has the story a real theme? Has it a thought behind it that is of concern to the people who will see the completed picture? Will the plot and its character development help to interpret some phase of human life? Has the scenario a moral?

This last question is likely to evoke discussion, and there will be those who will cry, "Let us have art for art's sake; keep your moral lessons for the nursery." But do not misunderstand me. I do not want to produce fables or nice little sugar-coated stories with stereotyped "morals" at the end, such as you will find in children's story books.

Decidedly not! Motion picture patrons and people in general don't want to be preached at. They are wary of propaganda. Our first province is to entertain, but if you will examine the plots of great plays, great novels, great short stories, great motion pictures, you will find in them some fundamental truth of life, some abiding human thought. And so we must project on the screen something worth while, something that the spectator will carry away with him from the theatre—something beautiful or tragic, above all, something sincere.

These things must be brought out, not by preaching or dogma, but by the onrush of the plot and the natural development of character. "Black Paw!," a tale of the sea, by Ben Ames Williams, is one of the best stories, tells the story of a man, who, in his younger life, had been simple and God-fearing, but who, because of the death of his wife, turned against his Maker and cried, "There is no God." The photoplay then shows, by simple and logical process, the regeneration of the man and his restored faith.

In every man, in every tribe or race, there has always been the cognizance of a Supreme Being, although it takes various forms. Man has struggled with doubt and disbelief since the time when he first began to think. So in "Black Paw!" we have a vital, virile, worth-while theme, and I hope I may be pardoned for saying, that we have also made an interesting and entertaining picture.

The acting in a photoplay is, of course, all-important, and the director must strive to bring out the highest talents of his players. The highest compliment ever paid to me as a director was contained in a simple statement which a motion-picture critic made to me recently.

"The people in your productions are real characters," said this critic, and I trust the reader will not consider me vain in repeating the statement.

If I may lay claim to this honor, it is due to the fact that actors work with me, not for me. The first thing I do in starting a picture is to gather the company together and read the scenario to them, analyzing every character and situation. I don't want any actor to portray any part in a picture that he or she does not fully understand. They must know the reason for every move and they must be thinking all the time. There must be no "on the surface" acting.

I never, except in the case of inexperienced actors, ask a player to watch me enact a scene. I explain to the actor the thought behind the scene and trust to his creative ability to illustrate it. If he, or she, is thinking, the physical action will take care of itself. When dealing with an artist I try to suggest—and a real artist will always contribute something worthy to the action and the play.

If I acted out the parts and asked the company to imitate me, they would lose their individuality. If the actors are living their parts, if they have "got under the skin" of the characters which they are portraying their actions will be natural.

During the filming I seldom direct my work by word of mouth, except in highly emotional scenes, and then I am careful to keep my voice and instructions in the same tempo as the action. I am a great believer in careful rehearsals, for nothing must be left to chance. The action which seems most spontaneous on the screen is that which has been most carefully rehearsed.

Scenes which tax the strength and emotional power of the actor can be rehearsed quietly until every move has been determined. This is necessary in order not to tire the player.

I am myself a hard worker and demand that the actors in my company be the same, but I never ask them to do anything which I would not willingly and gladly do myself. I have no patience with the man or woman who asks, "When can I go home?" Sometimes I forget to eat and stop work only when the cameraman tells me that he is about to faint and will not be able to hold out unless we eat.

The acting profession is a hard task master, and there is no place in it for the man or woman who is not so wrapped up in it that he or she will not make any sacrifice for the art.

One particularly heroic instance came to my attention in the filming of Mary Roberts Rinehart's "Dangerous Days" at the Goldwyn studios. Ann Forrest played the part of a girl who, in one scene, was beaten by her father.

"Please have him hit me," Miss Forrest pleaded.

Stanton Heck, who acted the father, was naturally averse to striking the girl, but Miss Forrest begged so sincerely that he finally struck her. Then we got something of agony in that scene. We had it without suffering. That is the spirit which makes real artists.

Miss Forrest had some highly emotional scenes to play. One after another had to be keyed to such high pitch that she got so frightfully hysterical that she couldn't cry. But she was glad of the opportunity, and we got what we wanted.

Again, in "Black Paw!," Russell Simpson, in the title role of rugged, bullying sea-captain, and James Mason, as Red Paw, his son, had to stage a brutal fight which is an essential part of the story. We "shot" the action several times, but did not get the realism we wanted.

Finally, one of the actors was induced to strike the other a smashing blow that brought pain and anger. Then followed an encounter filled with primitive passion and brute strength.

I am a great believer in the power of music to help the director and actor to portray emotion. In the legitimate theater, the actor has the inspiration of the audience; in motion pictures, he must act before an unfeeling camera. Music does a great deal to supply this lack of an audience and to make the actor lose himself and forget his surroundings. Take, for instance, a scene in which the player must cry. Now it is a very unusual person who can start "cold" and produce tears, yet with the aid of music one can do so. (Incidentally, I never use any glycerine tears.)

I should like to give credit to Bert Crossland, my musical director, for the help which he gives me in direction. Before producing any part of a play I outline to Mr. Crossland the effect which I want to obtain, and I can always depend on him to provide suitable music. During the filming of "The Flame of the Desert," with Geraldine Farrar, Mr. Crossland composed several numbers which exactly fitted the theme of the story.

Many of the scenes of "Black Paw!" were taken on board a schooner and it was naturally considerable trouble to have our (Continued on page 32)
J. W. Johnson has gone from bad to worse. Jack, as far as we can learn, has been a villain all his life, but with Monte Blue in "The Kentuckian" he has surpassed all his previous efforts at wickedness.
Helen Jerome Eddy, one of the younger actresses of importance on the West Coast. Genuine dramatic ability, unfortunately a too rare quality with picture players, is carrying her steadily forward.
THE MARK OF ZORRO

(United Artists)

No, Douglas Fairbanks cannot act. But he can dazzle. And he does dazzle in “The Mark of Zorro.” Whether he dazzles by sheer athletic number or by cleverness of the stage, as well as the camera, this reviewer does not know. Always there is something unexpected in a Fairbanks picture. In this one, Douglas has abandoned the usual homicidal. The “Mark of Zorro,” isn’t preachy. It isn’t intense, but it is swift, moving, picturesque and entertaining. The story of a Castilian in California, when that country was under the Mexican flag, “The Mark of Zorro” exhibits many unusual types, and does impart atmosphere more or less different from the usual Southern California palmets and white-washed buildings. It shows Douglas jumping off of church steeples, down roofs and engaging in two of the most thrilling duels ever shown on the screen. He is certainly a romantic hero, a true D’Artagnan in film.

Noah Beery draws a splendidly humorous character, boisterous, coarse, braggadically, as the sergeant. Raymond McDonald is a stern and forbidding villain. Marguerite de la Motte’s dark eyes work overtime in the heroic role.

HOLIDAY OR HORSES

(Goldwyn)

Although “Hold Your Horses” is not quite as good a film as “Scratch My Back,” it ranks far above the average. Rupert Hughes has certainly struck a fine vein of screen writing and in this vehicle he has given the photo-play new evidence of his ability to put humor and punch into stories that are quite different from the average.

“Hold Your Horses” is adapted from the novel, “Canavan.” It is the story of the rise of an Irish street-sweeper to prominence in the political world through the power of his own brawny fists. Incidentally it is a photo-play for the men. It shows how strong-arm methods succeed in subduing wives.

The first three reels, dealing with the life of the immigrant street-sweeper and dynamic gang worker are exceedingly funny, replete with humorous sub-titles and plenty of action. The latter part of the film slows up the action considerably, as the fancy horses are too accustomed to society scenes to expect anything from them.

Tom Moore gives one of his best characterizations as Canavan. Naomi Childers proves she is worthy of a high place in the list of screen actresses in the leading feminine role.

BILLIONS

(Metro)

Everyone who believes that the motion picture is worthwhile, that it is not as Thomas Burke, the author of “Limehouse Nights” puts it—futile grinning, regrets the inexplicable rise of Nazimova in the film industry. When Mme. Nazimova first came to the screen, a few years ago, she was greeted warmly. Her work pleased. She did some good things, notably “Out of the Fog,” and “The Red Lantern.” And she always put into her screen characterizations that intelligence which marks the artist—to use a Galliorm. This time, we are told, she has left her own pictures, she is assisting in the direction, is cutting them, and virtually supervising their entire production. That may be the reason why her vehicles seem badly chosen, poorly directed, abominably cast and decorated, and why fans are mourning over the loss of the old Nazimova. Clever, as she may be as an actress, she knows nothing of showmanship. “Madam Peacock,” supposedly a satire, was a farce. And “Billions”—no, one can quite define “Billions”—is a tragedy, a genuine tragedy, not of the screen but of the real Nazimova, the actress and the artiste.

Scarcely a film has come to the screen which is so lacking in verisimilitude; the photodrama, considered far more realistic than the stage, is something tawdry, artificial, impossible, in this production. An amateur rendition of a play by Dunsany, with cotton hangings depicting the palace of some king of a land on the edge of the world, would leave the spectator with a keener dramatic thrill than this, laugh, fake comedy. And Nazimova, twisting her toes and pouting like any simmering ingenue, is depressing.

One of the actors buried his role. Charles Bryant, who played the lead, was as heavy and lumbering as an ignorant longshoreman, who had never been inside a theatre. Nazimova, even to the point of her make-up, was nothing but a tottering doll, with eyebrows over-pencilled, doing Keystone comedy tricks with a revolving door and an automobile. Even the big scene of the film was in decidedly bad taste.

THE SCREEN-GOER

By LEWIS F. LEVENSON

THOMAS BURKE, whose “Chink and the Child” from the series of “Limehouse Night” tales, was made into a “high-art” motion picture by D. W. Griffith, launched a bitter attack on the cinema in an English publication recently. Mr. Burke may have been seeking notoriety—of a sort. Certainly he cannot be sincere, when “Broken Blossoms” was made with him as a consultant to Griffith, and when he has again given Mr. Griffith permission to film one of his stories, now in production. Mr. Burke castigates the films severely. He says they pander to the lowest desire for amusement, that the phrase “motion picture art” is pretense, that picture actors know nothing of acting and picture directors little about the drama.

Any rabid fanatic of the movies can answer Mr. Burke. There have been artistic, dramatic, powerful motion pictures, motion pictures which made you thankful that someone had discovered for you the simple process of running film over a spool and before a lens through which a light is diffused. But it would be provincial to deny that Mr. Burke’s accusations are, in the main, true. Out of ten motion pictures produced today, today when we are accustomed to say that the pictures are progressing, that they are gaining rapidly on the stage, out of ten pictures, nine are filled with tedious repetitions, stale situations, clumsy acting and obvious plots.

“Oh, yes, we are getting away from the perpetual star picture, the blond Susie who simpers before the camera, tosses her golden curls and wanders through reels of Northwestern woods, Mexican desert and Parisian cabarets. And the standardized plot is no longer quite so standardized. All comedies do not contain chase scenes, current denouncements, and comedians with substituted beards. Even Bill Hart appears occasionally in a picture which is not of the cactus-covered desert and the wild and woolly west. Once in a while someone injects some drama into a society scene.

And there are good pictures. There really are. Pictures which grip and thrill or make you lean back and laugh heartily. There are even producers who insist on making good pictures—occasionally. Who are breaking away from stars and sure-fire money-makers and program pictures to fill in the bill on Fridays and Mondays at the Bijou Theatre near the depot in Berry-ville, Va.

But, unfortunately, there are no Stuart Walkers or Neighborhood Theatres, or Theatre Guilds, or even Arthur Hopkins in picturedom. There are no producers who are willing to take a chance on a fine picture, who would produce the lead picture, Even D. W. Griffith has to sandwich program fillers in between his super-productions. You may say that picture producers can’t afford to invest the great sum necessary to a fine picture, that the Theatre Guild and the Neighborhood Theatre can produce Shaw and Dunsany and Galsworthy and Yeats, because the cost of production is limited. Yet Arthur Hopkins could take a chance with “The Jest” and “Richard III” and John D. Williams dared with “Beyond the Horizon.” Williams, for instance, made money in New York, but he was forced to close his play on the road.

And therein lies the answer. Therein is the reason why Thomas Burke can attack the motion picture and why no producers dare transfer to the screen delicate artistic things, why the screen, instead of becoming the great educator of the ages, is still at the level of the penny-in-the-slot machine where some farce is taken off the situation of the peeping Tom at the other end of the stereopticon.

You don’t want good pictures. You won’t support them. You would rather see Bill Hart popping silently at some bandit king in Poison Oaks, you would rather see Douglas Fairbanks jump from a roof to the ground than play D’Artagnan, you would rather see Dick Barthelmess play love scenes with an unpressed South Sea Island maiden than portray a sad-eyed Chinaman.

“Anatol” may be your chance to prove you want something good. “A Connecticut Yankee at the Court of King Arthur” may be another. Griffith’s new Limehouse tale, thus far unnamed, may be another. Until you fans respond to the best in the pictures, however, their most stalwart defenders will be unable to rise to their task of defending what ought to be the most vivid of all arts and the greatest disseminator of culture in the world.
TO USE SO MUCH SPACE ON A BAD FILM WOULD BE A WASTE, IF I DID NOT BELIEVE THAT PERHAPS THIS IS AN EXPERIMENT, AND MANY OTHERS WHICH ARE BEING PUBLISHED AT THE PRESENT TIME, WILL REACH NAZIMOV A AND MAKE HER GIVE UP HER EFFORTS TO REMAIN IN THE LIMELIGHT, AS DIRECTOR, PRODUCER, AND ALL. LET NAZIMOV PLACE HERSELF IN THE HANDS OF A GOOD SHOWMAN, AND THE PUBLIC IS CAPABLE OF BEING IMPRESSED IN DRAMA AND IN ART, AND SHE WILL WIN BACK HER LOST PLACE IN THE SCREEN WORLD.

OCCASIONALLY YOURS

(ROBERTSON-COLE)

"Occasionally Yours" has a good story. By that I mean, it's a good story idea. But Gasnier has botched it and Lew Cody has killed it. And you have "Occasionally Yours," a film with a few pictures thrown in to catch the yokels, and a tiresome stupid society drama for all but a few hundred of the 5000. The nudes appear in the first reel. They seem to have wandered out of "Kismer" and feel quite un

happy in their so-called Bohemian surrounding.

They are the picture of a poor wife, who tries to get married properly, but finds womankind sickle as mankind and decides to live a bachelor life, with diversitees from lack of affluence being the secret of the story. "Occasionally Yours." We might have had a ticklish comedy. We only have a dreary.

The plot in this film is a dog. His work is marked by intelligence, vivacity and a keen desire to please. The others: Lew Cody has one expression for all his emotions. Probably it is his natural expression, boredom.

Bette Blythe is physically handsome, but acts atrociously, Elmo Fair weeps and fables without ornamentation. The settings are cheap.

PASSION

(FIRST NATIONAL)

"Passion" is the first German film to be shown in the United States since the war broke out. It features Pola Negri, a charming and vivacious Italian actress, and tells the story of the life of Mme. Du Barry, mistress of Louis XV, king of France. Five thousand persons are said to have performed before the camera. The settings are elaborate and an effort has been made to follow history in the story. The film is several reels beyond the usual length.

"Passion" will undoubtedly please the average audience, because the average American audience doesn't know much about Mme. Du Barry. Paris, Versailles, or the spirit that moved in these citadels of decadence, and the consequent French revolution. By all artistic standards, however, it is a clumsy peageant containing scarcely any dramatic situations sufficient to hold the interest through eight or more reels. With the exception of Pola Negri, who is a decided Latin type, and the unnamed actor who played the role of the King, scarcely any of the cast suggest Frenchmen or Frenchwomen to the slightest degree. They are Germans, and it is with prejudice that I mention that this fact. But to watch Germans act the roles of famous French characters makes the situation.

The sets have a vague identification with the Paris and Versailles of 1775. They are stagey however stupendous they may seem. The question of decor is not quite as good as the American standard, with the exception of the star, who is entirely capable. The mob scenes, of which there are many, are well handled. Lighting varies from indifferently bad to some excellent shots. There are many grotesque incidents in the picture. In one court scene proves for instance, that men were quite as bad in the court of Louis XV as in some Berlin bistro. The costumes are better, for a masquerade ball given by a war charity organization in the Biltmore. As a pageant, "Passion" is fairly good; as a drama it is tiresome.

WHAT DO MEN WANT?

(LOIS WEBER—PARAMOUNT)

Heaven only knows what men want. And Lois Weber certainly does not. A maudlin production which shows an endless string of right films, only produced on a slightly more lavish scale. Girls are betrayed and villains are shown about film in an effortless fashion at dreadful film parties. Husbands get tired of domesticated wives, and wives grow bored with over-business-like husbands.

Here is a solution which is in the patriotic motif by the heels and drags it before the camera just in time to reconcile everybody to everybody. And that is what they were when the camera crank began to turn, though, perhaps, a little more tired.

Lois Weber has shown some rather different types for this screen play. They vary from the normal in that they are everyday looking people. But her story is all out of kilter. Inconsistencies creep in to the point of showing scenes tinted to depict night followed by full lighted scenes which in their turn are followed by night scenes again. She has depended upon two nobilities in building up the picture; a daring orgy in which one of the women actually dies, followed, the camera being fortunately rising out just in time; and the suicide of a woman character who has gained the sympathy of the audience.

A lurid film, far below Paramount standards.

THE INSIDE OF THE CUP

(COSMOPOLITAN PRODUCTION)

Winston Churchill's novel created quite a stir when it was published a few years ago. It was so daringly radical, so nouveau, and all. But the screen adaptation looks like a sermon by the Rev. Bowlby on the eve of the passage of a constitutional amendment prohibiting women to vote. The technical merit of some excellent sets, some splendid photography and occasional good acting and direction. It is good, but undoubtedly should get over in easy fashion to the average audience. But that does not prevent it from being a tedious bore some picture, suitable for a showing at the Sunday evening movie contests of the First Zionist Church of Fairthwell, Kansas.

The only trenchant argument for the "happy ending" is that the public wants happy endings; there is enough misery in real life. But the public is bored with preachers who sermonized, made the object of a thousand and one moral Sunday school lessons when it goes to a picture theatre. It wants entertainment.

Quotations are good and are true at all times. But even a Bible teacher can have too much to them. The very bad villain—portrayed in this instance by the very good actor, David Torrence—meets a villain's bad end, and everyone else is happy ever after. But your audience feels no great uplift on seeing this unreal film. It only feels bored, particularly when the picture is a few reels too long.

This adverse criticism does not imply that "The Inside of the Cup" is not a meritorious picture, as pictures go. It is overburdened with too many lines, many moral messages. The large cast includes Edith Hallo, whose screen personality is strong and likable; Margaret Gorman, better than the one she has heretofore; Richard Carlyle, excellent in a character role; and Albert Roccardi, who overacted to the point of being grotesque.

Albert Roccardi is adequate, and frequently noteworthy for its realism.

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY

(PARAMOUNT)

Fatty Arbuckle, now Roscoe Arbuckle, since he has no script, and the facts of the party, has spread humor over some five reels in bringing this Irving Cobb story to the screen. Arbuckle does contrive to furnish his audiences laughter and while the laughs in "The Life of the Party" are spread rather thinly over the five thousand feet, they are near enough to each other to make the viewing of this picture enjoyable.

The story of an attorney who attacks the milkman, a fat lovable attorney, who likes the flowing bowl and the ladies, and who wins the mayoralty and a cold on the chest all in one day, is the picture as presented by Paramount, with Viola Daniel and Julia Faye assisting the erstwhile Fatty.

THE PASSIONATE PILGRIM

(COSMOPOLITAN—PARAMOUNT)

"The Passionate Pilgrim" serves to display several exceptional scenes among the stalwarts of screendom, players who have never quite reached the position of a star, who have done consistently good but never brilliant work. And it gives them an opportunity which they have seized, especially in the case of Matt Moore, who plays the lead, and Ruby de Remer, who plays opposite him.

The story has to do with a poet, whose illusions are destroyed by a murderous case in which they are in and out of innocence, but who afterwards gets his happiness destroyed, his wife lost to him, he conceals his identity. Then he gets a job in a most unlikely place, a big newspaper office. The remainder of the story seems to be some what overlong, details the manner in which the retiring poet develops into a fighting reformed poet. Robert Vigholas direction has been excellent, although not infallible. The continuity makes occasional wearing of the large cast and the numerous threads of the story, but it holds the interest throughout.

Matt Moore does a fine bit of character work as Calvert, the poet. Helen Jerome displays new ability, and plays better than she ever has in the past. Claire Whitney, Charles Vidor, Matt Moore, and Van Dyke Brooks play excellently.

THE CHARM SCHOOL

(PARAMOUNT)

Walla Reid wins no new laurels in this improbable story of the young man who inherited a girls' school. Like the play of the same name which appeared on the New York stage this season, the picture is frothy entertainment, so frothy as to become dull occasionally. There are pretty girls in the picture, Lila Lee among them, and a certain momentum which gives the impression of speed. Beyond these virtues, the photo-play is decidedly average.

IDOLS OF CLAY

(PARAMOUNT)

Pictorially, the photo-plays directed by George Fitzmaurice are among the best produced. Perhaps this is due to the fact that Mr. Fitzmaurice is primarily an artist. In some way, however, they lose in realism what they gain in the beauty of their settings and the grace of their movement. With "The Dance," perhaps the best of the three pictures in which he has directed Mae Murray and Ken Maynard, Mr. Fitzmaurice achieves a metropolitan life. And the scenes of metropolitan life in "Idols of Clay" are easier better than those in the South Seas or in Greece. But as an artist Mr. Fitzmaurice captures the reminiscence of an "Idol of Clay," the spectator is fully aware that he is watching characters that never, never were, in the life of anybody.

The early part of "Idols of Clay" is reminiscent of many a South Sea Island picture except for the episode of a dive which are thoroughly Conradian atmosphere. And the story goes along quite in the good old happy ending way until the bankrupt, the plug and the gutless old man falls in love with the girl who has salvaged him from desperation. Back to London he goes, and she follows, as a burlesque chorus.

(Continued on page 55)
February, 1921

For the sake of "The Broadway Bubble," beautiful Corinne Griffith has consented to lead a double life, though she did insist at all times in keeping a pretty close watch on the other self.

Photos by Bangs, N. Y.

In the lower right corner she is just her own sweet self, but in the other illustrations, we are told, she is at once a very, very good and a very, very bad lady. We have been unable to find the worse half. Can you?

In the lower right corner she is just her own sweet self, but in the other illustrations, we are told, she is at once a very, very good and a very, very bad lady. We have been unable to find the worse half. Can you?
Elinor Fair likes the cows and chickens. Yet she honestly admits a preference for the gayety of congenial companions, the contagious thrills of jazz bands and the joy of a wonderful floor and a graceful partner!

Elinor is just a girl.

She is only twenty. And she refuses to hide the pleasures she most relishes—the pleasures all girls relish—under the somber light of a screen celebrity. For she is a celebrity—this slender, lithesome, talented girl.

Her career began several years ago, when she arrived in New York from her home in Richmond, Virginia, and calmly went about making a name for herself. She was succeeding famously, and was soon featured as a special dancer in musical comedies.

Then the "silent drama" talked deaf and dumb language to her. She not only heard; she understood—oh, how she understood!

So she forsook her first love, the stage, for motion pictures. And therein lies the "from Bagdad to Maine" with Elinor Fair.

From small roles, she graduated into leads opposite many well-known stars. She co-starred with Al Ray in a series of pictures, followed by the role of the wealthy girl in "The Miracle Man."

Lew Cody was preparing to make "Occasionally Yours," so who else but adorable Elinor should be engaged to play with him? She remained with Cody to make a second picture, "Wait For Me."

Then followed the Oriental fantasy, "Kismet," starring Otis Skinner. Elinor was selected to play the prominent role of Marsinah, beloved and beautiful daughter of Bagdad's whimsical beggar.

It was in this role that Elinor found the keenest pleasure. "Of course," she said to us in her New York apartment, apropos of this picture, "there was a harem. Whoever heard of a wealthy oriental home in a city like Bagdad minus its gorgeous galaxy of fascinating females?"

"It is chiefly because the old villain in 'Kismet,' who hates my father, throws me into his well-filled harem with the intention of making me 'one of the crowd' that all the excitement begins."

"Quite a bit of it was not scheduled, though," laughed Elinor—and Elinor laughs, there is a display of small, even teeth and a cunning crinkling up of merry, brown eyes that just makes you join in the fun, whether you know what it is all about or not.

"The scene is in a barbarically sumptuous harem in Bagdad," pictured Elinor.

"Beautiful women in sensuous attire loll in various and sundry postures on cushions and lounges.

"I, dressed in beautiful robes, am thrust, roughly, into the harem. I shrink into myself, so to speak, in fear and shame."

"The director is immensely pleased with the effect. He shouts to the cameraman: 'Shoot that scene."

"But at this critical moment," she gurgled, gleefully, "Nature shook!"

"Another earthquake! shrieked the harem, aghast, eyes popping."

"Again nature shook. All Hollywood trembled."

"Nature subsided. The earthquakes that had rocked Los Angeles for the past few days ceased with that final, violent upheaval."

"But the harem was scared to death," confided Elinor, drolly. "Scantily robed girls scampered wildly out into the open, only to continue to see-saw with the quakes and to hug themselves in shivering consternation."

She sighed, blissfully reminiscent. And while Elinor "reminisced," we were attracted by a snapshot of her standing by an airplane near a forest of trees.

"Oh, that!" she remarked, brightly, coming out of her dreams as quickly as she went into them. "That is a 'snap' of an airplane I went up in in Maine while on location with Eugene O'Brien in his latest picture. Yes, that was after 'Kismet.' I call the difference in location and time in those two pictures—from Bagdad to Maine.'"

It sounds that way, at all events.

"I remember the day that 'snap' was taken," she recalled. "I had just finished a number of scenes in this picture with Mr. O'Brien, was told my work for the day was over. It was rather early, so I ambled about to see something of that glorious Maine country."

"I came to a wide, open space, encircled by a cordon of trees. A faint whirl-rrr noise that had been growing in volume now became a thundery zzz-zzz-zzz, and, looking up, I saw an airplane about to land."

"Naturally, I decided that the pilot had landed to ask me to ride! So I accepted the invitation without waiting for it to be couched in words. Which rather startled the pilot," she added mischievously.

"He told me he was in charge of a Government airplane that does fire patrol duty in the Maine woods.
Furthermore, he gently enlightened me, it was not the thing to take movie celebrities 'up.' I thanked him for such a graceful compliment and asked him was he really addicted to Oscar Wilde!

Which is enough. Elinor Fair went "up." "It was wonderful," she said, enthusiastically, "skimming along through space at terrific speed. "When we taxied—that's what he called bumping along on the ground and getting your breath knocked out of you—back to earth, there were several members of the company taking in the proceedings from behind the trees. They were certainly envious 'critters,' especially when the pilot absolutely refused to take any of them 'up.' One of the girls made use of a pocket kodak, and—" pointing to the snap—"there I am."

From Bagdad and earthquakes to Maine and airplanes. . . . The paradoxical ring of this statement expresses Elinor Fair.
She is brimful of high spirits, and blessed with a radiant disposition.
Her enthusiasm in life is spontaneous. Little things excite her appreciation.
She is not alone a real, honest-to-goodness girl. She is an artist of the most studious and serious kind. This is especially demonstrated by her merciless criticism of her own work, which she picks to pieces with cold dispassion, thereby benefiting her future performances.
She is a lover of music, classical music. Yet she certainly understands that aggravating sensation a little jazz inoculates into the system. Hers is a mobile countenance. Emotions brush past her light brown eyes as a stray gossa-

mer cloud shades the beauty of a brilliant moon.
There is a delicious topsy-turvisness about Elinor—the happy, the sad; the light, the serious; the extravagant, the charitable.
Her recreations are many; her real pleasures limited. Her work is her greatest pleasure. Her dreams next.
And her dreams are not colorful vapors—drifting away the next moment into space. They are the foundation upon which she rests her daily efforts, her inspiration; the rosy bower of her fairyland wherein she finds rest after a long, hard day's work.
Elinor Fair is just a girl of twenty. She is everything a normal, healthy girl should be. But above all, she is an artist—inspired with a fire for her art and a love for her work that bids fair to make her one of the screen's shining lights.
Her work in "Kismet" marks a new step in her development. Playing a role in that massive photo-play is something more than merely standing before a camera. One must absorb something of the atmosphere of the East. And it can't merely be done by wearing Oriental robes.
Elinor plays the part of the beggar Hadji's daughter. She has many big scenes, one in which she is cast into the harem of the evil wazir and left there at his mercy until her extraordinary father—in the shape of Otis Skinner plus a French beard—comes to her rescue.
You can't become a daughter of the Levant

(Continued on page 50)
The Folks That Make 'Em

Gossip of the Eastern Studios

By LAWRENCE LANGDON

FAMOUS PLAYERS is closing its Long Island studio for three months and hysteria has broken out in Astoria. For the benefit of those living west of Jersey City, be it said that Astoria was the garbage spot supreme of New York until Jesse Lasky or Adolph Zukor or somebody in the F. P. L. organization decided to build a studio there. They were working hard at Astoria, however, when I visited the studio recently. Over in one corner Gareth Hughes was playing "Sentimental Tommy." Dorothy Dalton was there and I got sentimental, too. Gareth told me he is living in the old maids’ home, the Murray Hill hotel, because he has to wear his hair long in the "Barrie play, and is afraid to walk down Broadway of nights for fear some of his actor friends will take him for Mary Pickford. There are many other reasons why many other actors are afraid to walk down Broadway.

Mae Murray was playing behind a sealed set in "The Painted Lily." It wasn’t a Fitzmaurice picture, either, but I’m afraid it’s going to be quite as interesting as the on-without scenes in "On with the Dance."

Wyndham Standing breezed into town the other day. He’s doing something startling, he says, at the International studio. I saw him in a bank, which is startling enough in itself.

Ed Earle dropped in the office the same day to give me a lecture on California grass. He’s just finished a picture with Doraldina, says Ed. Ed is so tired of looking at Hawaiian costumes that he’s glad to be back in New York where they wear them shorter.

Vincent Coleman left for Chicago last week, where he will soon open in a musical comedy. Vincent spent a lot of money on his wardrobe before he left. It includes, he told me, a new pink silk handkerchief.

I lunched with Constance Binney one day last week at her pleasant home on East Sixty-second street. Constance told me that Rachel Crothers wanted her to do a new play this year, but she doesn’t care to do pictures and the stage at the same time, so she is going to stick to her Realart program for the season. Constance and Faire are intellectuals. Not only are they reading H. G. Wells’ "Outlines of History" but they are writing monologues based on their experiences in the movies. Unfortunately they only give them in the privacy of their homes, so the great public will have to do without them.

Lila Lee dropped into town for a few days’ rest and vacation and promptly started in to meet all her old friends. Lila has lost fifteen pounds in the last few months. Orange juice for breakfast did it, she says.

Bermuda is entertaining James Crane this month. Jimmie smashed so much furniture in "Opportunity" at the Forty-eighth Street Theatre that he needed the rest badly. He’s coming back next month to begin a road tour after which he will re-enter pictures.

As for Alice Brady, Mrs. James Crane, Alice has bought herself a new chow, known by the mellifluous name of "Scoopey." "Scoopey" is quite the most important thing around any theatre or studio in which Alice appears these days. He almost made his first appearance on any stage the other night, but I managed to catch him by the tail and drag him off.

The Algonquin Hotel continues to be the popular rendezvous for picture people in New York. Tommy Meighan drops in around 6:30 and visits the pastry table. Crane Wilbur likes minute steaks, Dick Barthelmess and Mrs. Dick say hello to their friends now and again during the course of the week. Tom Douglas prefers the Japanese room, for some reason. Ralph Graves, who is playing the lead in the new Griffith feature, prefers club sandwiches at midnight. Ralph is playing the part of a pugilist and is getting more

(Continued on page 53)
Peggy Rompers Writes --

Hollywood, California.

DEAR MA:

If they don't quit casting me in pictures with some of those handsome leading men, your little girl's heart will be as full of scars and dents as your little girl's pin cushion. This time it's Russell, and I have just a teeny, weeny bit with him and Mary Thurman in a few scenes of "Brute McGuire." Mary has cropped her hair, too, but it is sort of boxed à la Egypt rather than bobbed.

There's a little romance going on right around me now. Not exactly in the picture, but the leading man is so there's not much difference. Mr. Russell is going to marry Helen Ferguson, the little dark haired girl you like so much with Mitchell Lewis in "Burning Daylight." I understand the date has been set for about the first of the year.

There's a new baby born here every month, Ma. I guess there's a lot more, too, but what I meant was one star baby. This time, it's Mr. and Mrs. Conrad Nagel.

Two weeks ago today I got a job with Mack Sennett. No, I wasn't a bathing girl, though I bet I could be, if I thought you'd let me. I played in a few of the big scenes of "A Small Town Idol." Ben Turpin, Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver had the best parts. After we finished for the day, they took me down with them to see the rushes. That's what they call the film that is run daily for the director. In the projection room I saw Louise Fazenda, Mal St. Clair, one of the Sennett directors and an attractive chap, tall and slender, whom I didn't know. I soon learned, however, that he was John Harron, a younger brother of poor, dear Bobbie. Mal St. Clair had made a test of him, and it was included in the rushes I saw. The resemblance he bears to his talented brother is truly remarkable, and he has the same little whimsical way that so endeared his brother to everyone. In fact he is just Bobbie returned. He should be a big star in pictures some day.

And the reason is a secret, Ma. Just before he left home for his test, Mrs. Harron, who has just returned from New York, slipped into his hand a few coins that had been taken from Bobbie's clothes after the terrible accident that cost him his life. "Keep them always, John," she told him. "They were Bobbie's, and will bring you good luck."

***

I think I started to tell you about Louise Fazenda. I met her some time ago at Emma-Lindsay Squier's studio party. Emma-Lindsay is not an actress she earns the honey for her bread and butter by interviewing stars and starlets for the various fan magazines. It was some party! All the parties out here are really great stuff. Inez Wagner, a much heralded medium from Los Angeles, was there, and a trumpet seance resulted. Inez introduced our bunch to her spirit control, a genial soul, with a voice that could be heard somewhere between three and eighteen blocks away.

Louise Fazenda wasn't the only one I met there, Ma. Carmel Meyers, Ted Dickson and Roy Brooks, the fat boy in Harold Lloyd pictures, are a few of the others. I know almost everybody out here now, and I've met most of them around at parties. Los Angeles and Hollywood—they're really a part of each other —is just crowded with parties, and sometimes, like next Thursday, I don't know which of two to go to.

After I finished with Mack Sennett's picture, I went over to Realart for a few days. I worked there in "In the Bishop's Carriage" with Bebe Daniels. They pronounce it "Babe" out here. And she's some babe, I'll say. They probably won't release the picture under that name because Mary Pickford played in it some time ago. Bebe took me to lunch one day while I was with her at the studio in her little bungalow-dressing-room ... just behind Wanda Hawley's. Hattie, Bebe's maid, who is also an excellent cook, prepared our lunch for us—Bebe, Emory Johnson, our leading man, a dandy boy and a peach of an actor, and me. We played the victrola and danced between installments of the latest and spiciest Hollywood gossip. Mr. Johnson, you know, is Ella Hall's husband and the father of two of the cutest little boys on the coast. Ella Hall isn't playing now, but she was a big favorite when she and Bob Leonard played together for Universal.

Francis MacDonald is another of the handsome leading men I've played with recently. He played in "The Confession," a peach of a story by Wally Reid's dad. Now he's with Metro, where I met him, playing opposite Viola Dana, who is even sweeter off the screen than she is on ... and that's saying something.

Everybody who works in Hollywood goes to Frank's Cafe for lunch, and I'm no exception. It's the best French pastry shop in the whole world, though Eddie Southerland and Walter Hiers do reduce the stock considerably at times. Every noon the place is more than filled —if that is possible—with stars, near-
Bab—Where are those cigarettes? After all your promises, you seem to have forgotten me. And I shall despair if I don't get a Sacramento-stamped envelope soon.

S. B.—King is the temperamental little lady who was dressed in a life line in the November issue of Photo-Play Journal. You are right as to her looks. Lillian M. H.—Bobbi Harron is dead, and no other has filled his place. There was only one Bobby, as all his friends will attest. Elmo Lincoln, the strong man of the screen, played "Tarzan."

M. L. G.—Gaston Glass lives at 48 West 49th street, New York City.

Z. Nishida—Your letter from far off Japan was welcome. We are glad you wrote, and equally sorry we can send you any pictures. Send International Postal Reply coupons equal in value to 25 cents (200 centimes) to any one of the production companies and you will receive pictures in return. The pictures of your native actresses interested us very much. We thank you for them, and are indeed sorry we cannot return the compliment. We beg of you to write again, and as often as you can find "the happy chance."

Sharon's address is 218 South Harvard Boulevard, Los Angeles. I am sure he will send you a photo if he receives your letter. You may have been misaddressed.

B. H.—Practical experience is the only way to learn the business of becoming a motion picture cameraman. Get a job in a studio, learn to be a Craftsman. If you are industrious and capable, your chance will come. Most cameramen have developed from assistants' jobs. They travel with a regular cameraman, help him set up his tripod and flash the scene numbers before the lens until their opportunity arrives. There is no royal road to a position in the movie game. Take a chance, and if you have the stuff in you, you will make good. Jerome Storm will take up this subject in Photo-Play Journal shortly.

E. T. W.—You certainly tick off the good old time films. Unfortunately the companies which made the films regarding which you inquire have long since closed, and business for several years. So I can't give you the information you desire. Violet Palmer's last picture was with Pathe. She played in "Eve in Exile."

Dorothea T.—Ward Crane was the sleek individual who played the lead in "The Yellow Typhoon" opposite Anita Stewart. He may be addressed in care of his representatives, Lundy & Turnbull, the Selwyn Theatre Building, 42nd street, New York.

Virginia M.—An ardent reader of Photo-Play Journal deserves my best attention, so here goes: Betty Ross Clarke's address is 245 West 51st street, New York. Her latest picture is "Behold My Wife," which was released by Paramount in February. She is still working with Roscoe Arbuckle any longer. Fatty, you know, is now a feature star, having graduated from comedies, and Miss Clarke, although not featured, is playing leads.

J. E. R.—Don't you know that gambling is a vice? Perhaps you want to get a lot of bets out of the movies before the much-agitated blue laws get into the statute books. As for your bet; the car shown in the picture is not a Rolls Royce. It is impossible to tell what kind of a car it is, as no distinguishing marks are shown outside of the windows in the picture. I do not think it is a very important affair. I advise you to write directly to Lloyd Hughes and get care of the Ince studio, Culver City, Cal. If you explain to him the reason for your query, he will undoubtedly be glad to answer you. Sorry you won't be able to sleep until you know; it will be bad for your health to stay awake so long.

Alice A.—I'd like to help you get into the movies, but I shouldn't want to make promises, and break them. You can get the addresses of producers from the list which we publish on another page. You can get good information as to methods of breaking in from the articles by Jerome Storm which are appearing every month in Photo-Play Journal. If you have had stage experience, your chances are slightly better than if you had never played professionally. Personally, I can't do anything for you, other than tell you that you are better off in New York or Los Angeles, so that you can visit the studios and register at agents' offices.

L.—In a coming issue of Photo-Play Journal, Charles Duplex, who is famous for his trick photographs, is going to tell how he takes such pictures and exactly what it is possible to show on the screen. It is difficult for a director to pose a double exposure so that an actor will be shown shaking hands with himself or embracing himself, but it has been done. Corinne Griffith, who is playing herself in "The Broadway Bubble," no substitute being used. In "Always Audacious" Wally Reid knocks himself down. In "Madame Pickwick" which was done very carefully, contact is seemingly possible. In my opinion, you ought to call the bet off. Cameramen guard the secrets jealously, and do not like to make them public. Duplex tells a few new facts in his article, but you can never be sure.

Betty—Address her care of the studio.

Helen S. B.—In the cast of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me" were Jack Holt, Theodore Roberts, Milton Sills, Frizzi Brunette and Katherine MacDonald.

J. and A. T.—Write to Jerome Storm, care ofPhotoplay Journal, and he will be glad to give you the information you desire. Theda Bara's director in the majority of her pictures was J. Gordon Edwards. He also directed her in "The Strange Love of Theda Bara," which she made at the Tenth Avenue studio of William Fox.


Inquisitive Sade—Marguerite Clarke lives at 47 West 82nd street, New York. Her latest picture is "Scrambled Wives." Madge Kennedy is married to Harold Bolster, a New York banker. Her first known husband was Joseph A. Schenck, the well-known producer. Your curiosity regarding these facts is comprehensible, but you evidently think I am gifted with the ability to find out who you ask me questions about. Whether Nigel Barrie and Katherine MacDonald will ever play opposite each other again, Really, I don't know.

LEARN

Movie Acting

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Film Information Bureau, Jackson, New Jersey.
The New York Idea

(Continued from page 36)

"You might have spared me finding you here," she went on. "If there’s to be no more marriage in the world..."

"Oh, but that’s not it," he told her. "There’s to be more love more!"

She was angry. She wanted to cut him. But he smiled and said: "I know your real motive for coming here this morning."

"I’ve told you."

"Oh, you think there’s something else?"

"I do. You’ve decided that ours was a case of premature divorce, and you’re still in love with him."

She flared up. "I’ve never heard of such conceit."

"But it’s true," he insisted.

"I did have another reason," she conceded. "I wanted to test myself... to see if I’m thoroughly immune. It’s all right. You’re not catching any more. I’m going to have you up to dinner... often."

John scowled. He was losing. "Ask me if you dare!"

"I’m going to do better than that, Jack. I want you to be my best man at my wedding this afternoon. We must show New York that we know how to do things right!"

She listened to Darby tell her that she was marrying the wrong man, that she should marry him and not Bate-Darby, and Cynthia listened patiently. She did not know that Judge Phillimore was hunting all over the city for a deputy who had arrived at Vida’s home and had been told that neither Vida nor Cynthia were present. She only knew that she wished to postpone her wedding and she accepted the Englishman’s invitation to attend the races with him. She scribbled a wire to her fiancé:

"Off to the races at Bares-Darby. Postpone ceremony until seven-thirty."

Darby proudly read the wire aloud, not knowing that John had returned to the room and had overheard them.

"You can’t go out there with him, Cynthia," John remonstrated.

"I say I can," she replied. "Is it the custom for a husband that was to dictate?"

"Oh, you’re absurd, John," she told him. "Since you’re not interested, give that to the Judge and be sure to turn up for the wedding."

So Cynthia was happy in being able to escape for a few more hours, hurried off with Lord Darby, while John called up the Judge on the phone. The latter hastened from his house and motored to the races. But he could not find Cynthia. Late in the afternoon, when the Judge’s sisters were about to give up in despair and the choir boys and ministers were bored to death, a message arrived:


Shortly afterward another messenger appeared.

"I arrive at ten o’clock. Have dinner ready. Philip Phillimore."

Cynthia arrived first. She was in high spirits.

"Good heavens," she laughed as she saw the party drooping about the house. "Why it looks like a smart funeral!"

"Madam," one of the Misses Phillimore replied, "it is our opinion that you are leading a fast life."

"Not in this house," Cynthia said sweetly. At last the Judge arrived. Telling his sisters that he wished to be alone with his future wife, he sought Cynthia. She smiled at him.

"Philip, you never felt like a fool, did you?"

"I never was," he said severely.

"You still intend to marry me?" she asked, puzzled.

"I do."

Cynthia was discouraged. Her escapades had been without effect. She went off, leaving the Judge to dress for the ceremony.

But when the ceremony was started, when Cynthia stood before the minister with the Judge at her side, when she saw John standing near her, looking miserable, realizing that another fatal error was to be committed, she could not go on with the marriage.

"Philip," she said, "I can’t. I can’t marry you." She turned and ran from the room. The others followed. She repulsed the Judge, she ordered him to leave her. Only to John would she speak.

"You must hate me," she whispered to him.

"No I don’t, Cynthia. At home everything is as it was the day you left. I have always hoped you would come back and undo that moment for both us. Cyn, I love you! You can break every chair in the house, if you’ll only come back to me."

And she did.

Vidor Rex Videt

(Continued from page 13)

without preaching, in other words screen stories with an underlying helpful philosophy that will be perceived through inference, suggestion, etc. and other forms of psychological treatment. I shall never produce a photo-play without a moral, and I am not concerned chiefly with tears and thrills. In my opinion, none of my photo-dramas are screening, but are deeply concerned with their effect upon the lives of their audiences. Let people forget the plot, the incidents, the sub-titles, the photography, and the various mechanical attributes of the picture, but let them take home the 'spirit of the picture,' and I will feel that my duty has been accomplished."

I asked him why he laid so much stress on duty.

"Why lay stress on duty? Because I believe a sense of duty promotes the sense of harmony. As a mill student of economics and sociology, I am convinced that the big error of the age is the blatant cry about 'rights.' We hear of labor's rights and capital's rights and woman's rights and a countless caravan of rights parading across the face of the world in search of yet another. Some day the order of the age will be reversed and we will have a civilization founded on duties rather than rights, when we are all interested in seeing that our various duties are performed well and nobly we shall find that our rights are automatically taken care of. In my opinion the true rights are."

I looked at him in wonderment. This fine looking young fellow, just in the springtime of Life, when most of us are worrying about not having as much of the world's goods as our next door neighbor, bawing to his highest convictions, is unyielding, uncompromising.

"Nearly two thousand years ago," he continued, "three words were uttered that contain all the rest of human knowledge past, present, and future; written and unwritten, spoken and unspoken; yet, even dreamed. These words are 'love one another,' and it is the lesson of love one another' that shall be silently impressed in the Vida dramas of this year and next year... and all years.

"It is because I am heart and soul in love with what the motion picture symbolizes, the language of understanding' and because I have boundless faith in the motion picture's future that I am determined to do my humble bit toward making a world of humanity, whose farthest goal is the brotherhood of man."

Then we talked about his wife, Florence Vidor, who is being co-starred with House Peters in 'The Magic of Life,' and about baby Suzanna, who recently celebrated her second birthday and who so far is still totally unconcerned with motion pictures, far preferring 'pantomimes' starring a group of her favorite dolls, teddy bears, 'kewples' and 'kiddle kars,' according to her proud paternal parent.
Peggy Rompers Writes... 
(Continued from page 47)

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The Superfluids, American Male
(Continued from page 21)

by old man R. E. Morse. Alcohol wasn't the one little pleasure he had; it was more often the little vice he had. He never drank, or complained loudly if it is forcibly taken from him; but he isn't going to emigrate on that account. He points out the chances in life to make it well worth living—among them, the great American girl! The idea that she is indifferent to him, or that he is superior to her, would be a big laugh.

"Directors of public thought who imagine that they're going to refashion the American girl after the continental European are over-estimating their powers. Picture producers who are trying to make American women believe that they have to dress, appear like professional coquettes in order to attract and hold their own men are featuring absurdities. Nine men out of ten have no idea their wives looking 'actressy.' They would sink, curse, or march out of the house if their better halves went in for 'loud' perfume, conspicuous clothing, and obvious make-up.

"The theory that every man aspires to marry a raving beauty is another fallacy. I have seen many a Tom as a poor march, or go on the shelf altogether. As a man said to me 'What do you think, that a man wants to go through life all lit up by reflected glory!' No man that man marries as some celebrated woman's husband, and I don't in the least blame him. While women, on the other hand, are perfectly content to be merely the wives of famous men. That shows as clearly as anything that the American man has a proper sense of independence, and that the American woman upholds him in it.

"The producer who goes to the other extreme amused me most of all. He would have us believe that in these days of law and order men like ravening wolves are allowed to range the civilized world, ready to pounce upon every simple innocent, innocent or not, and to treat women as if they were some skulking young girl (if there are such in these days of printed books and many inventions!).

"The men who advance the first doctrine, that 'every woman is a manmonster,' the part of 'vamp,' and the men who preach the second, that the girl-who-would-be-good cannot escape the prowling man-monster, are directly at variance and equally obsessed. Constant harping on these unreal situations would offend motion picture audiences if they did not know them to be fantastic, and if Associated Press the best-natured audiences in the world. Only abnormal or subnormal arts us think those things, and would like to have others see life through their inflated eyes.

Miss Sweet is evidently an advocate of "normal" in pictures. She is seen at her best in clever, clean, comedy-drama. "Help Wanted—Male," "Her Unwilling Husband," and "That Girl—Montana!" are typical Blue Sky Sweet productions, delightfully human, and true to American life.

Bagdad to Maine
(Continued from page 45)

easily, Elnor couldn't." She had to study from big, ponderous tomes. Her teacher had not learned little eastern manners—how to remove the veil from her face with all the shame of an eastern woman revealing to a man her uttermost secrets. How to wander through teeming streets, head down, avoiding the glances of men. And now the word that the beggar daughter of the beggar father of "Kismet" has for her royal lover.

And Elnor has done all this and done it well, in her trip to Bagdad via Maine.
Directing as a Fine Art

(Continued from page 38)

musicians with us, and notwithstanding we did, and I think we were simply repaid for our inconvenience by the results.

The value of music in direction may be illustrated by another connection during the making of the same picture. The musicians were unable to present one day. The lack of music so hindered us that a holiday was declared. For instance, I use a violin or cello. For larger scenes three or more instruments are used.

Ever since I cast my lot with the theatre — and that was when I was only fifteen years old — I have had one motto:

"One need never fear the attainment of success who strives for it. He need only fear that he will cease to strive.

As a consequence, I am what might be called a "slow" director. I am a splendid actor and a splendid man, who, I am glad to say, is now working on the "lot" with me.

At other times I was associated as stage manager with Henry Miller, Robert Hilliard, Olga Nethersole, Walker Whitesides and others.

When I transferred to motion picture direc-
tion I tried to bring to it some of the fine idealism which these artists had. My association in films has also been pleasant and fortunate, for I have directed William S. Hart, Susse Hayakawa, Bessie Barriscale, Frank Keenan, H. B. Warner, Charles Ray, Dorothy Dalon and Geraldine Farrar.

Whatever I may have achieved, I at least had full experience, and I want to say with all the emphasis that it is a command that the motion picture is just as much an art as the spoken play, that it possesses equal advantages for expression of human life and that its future is as bright as the California noontday sun.

Bonnie Wee Jean

(Continued from page 35)

career. From a small bit a little over three years ago to stardom is a quick jump to fame but it was all won by hard work in both the feature and the serial. Jean had brought to every phase of her screen work all that was in her. At present she is busily at work winning the affections of the magnificent horse that plays the role of "Black Beauty." An expert horsewoman, Jean is perhaps more happy in this picture than in any other of her different features.

"Black Beauty" has a corps of grooms and is in charge of "Chick" Morrison, one of the best known trainers on the coast. Vitagraph has insured him for $50,000 against death or accident. If you should see Jean go to visit him nowadays ask for "Chick"! You will find her helping him make the horse up for the scenes. He is given a bath just before he shines every morning before starting his work before the camera. Bonnie Jean wants her horse to live to the end of the world's-famous novel and while she pets and fondles him, her mind goes back to the days on her father's farm in Illinois and she longs for home.

"I am going back as soon as I can," she told David Smith, her director, the other day, "there are many black beauties there waiting for me."

Bonnie Wee Jean — a star and a homebody; a rare combination these days.

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This treatment has not a woman open for price. It has been known for more than 60 years that superfluous hair on the face, neck, and arms, and blackheads and pimples on the face and skin, are due to the same cause — impurities. Pimples and blackheads are simply the same kind of impurity in the skin. If the entire body was not impure, the skin would be free from these "disfigurations." 

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For You and For Me
(Continued from page 9)

My dear Miss B.
Long before this you will have received my letter directed to your home address. I am printing your note for the reason that so many bearing similar burdens have come to me in the last months.

My dear! I wish that I possessed some marvelous and healing balsam that might soothe your grief. But alas, that balsam, apart from such symptoms as those, I doubt as I can give you, lies in your own possession.

You say yourself, "Time heals all wounds." It does. But sometimes the time is long and sometimes it is not so long. I did not attempt to appear unsympathetic nor pedagogic and yet I am constrained to ask you if you have tried to find interest in anything or in anybody? So long as you brood alone over your sorrow, so long will you find no respite and no peace. Sometimes heroic treatment is necessary in cases like yours.

Have you any kind of employment? If not I should advise you to find some without delay. To be busy over the affairs of others is the surest means of forgetting one's own.

Of course I do not know in what direction your capabilities lie. I gather from your letter that you are educated, but whether you have been trained along any special lines I do not know.

I imagine that you have a latent desire to write. Why do you not devote your energies for a while in this direction? I have an idea that you might become very successful. Have you ever tried settlement work? It is remarkable how one's own horizon becomes clearer in the contemplation of still darker skies, how quickly one's arms may be filled with the struggles of another's life, and how one's frozen heart can melt with tenderness at the bitterness of another's grief. I do not write as one compounding a book of maxims. I write from conviction. For I know.

Please write to me again and let me know of your progress.

My dear Madame Petrova:
I am so glad to know that "FOR YOU AND FOR ME" has started again, because you remember you promised to answer a letter of mine in the department a long time ago. I am thinking of something real interesting for you to answer so you will probably get it in a week or two.

I haven't seen a great many pictures since I wrote to you last, but I saw "The Penalty" the other day, which I didn't like at all, and I also saw "Way Down East," which I liked very much.

I couldn't understand how a man so wicked and so cruel as that man was in "The Penalty" could be called a "beautiful soul" in the subtitle when he died. I didn't see one spark of anything that was not horrible and disgusting in his character as well as his body. It was sickening to see those women making over him. He must have kidded himself that if he pulled enough faces they wouldn't notice his legs. By the way I didn't think it was a particularly nice thing to try and make people believe that doctors cut off people's legs for amusement either. When he pulled the girl's hair that worked in his factory, he pushed the woman who loved him (according to the picture I don't believe it would have been such a fool) and had gone back on her employer, for his sake, all over the room and he seemed to blow up and make himself boss. It really made me laugh to see those women crawling all over him. I bet the actresses that played the parts gave him the laugh and then walked away and said they shot him only I thought they ought to have shot him in the first reel. I can't see what that kind

(Continued on page 55)
The Folks that Make 'Em
(Continued from page 46)
pugilistic every day. He punishes planked
steaks unmercifully.
Quite the busiest man in town is David G. Fischer.
His factory rolls 5,000 feet of film this month for his eight-reel feature,
"In the Shadow of the Dome." He and Mrs. Fischer
have taken a quiet apartment upstairs
for the winter.
May Collins dropped in to see me before she
left town last night. She is to portray the lead
in John Emerson and Anita Loos' first
independent picture. I accompanied her to the
Central Grand where I bade good-bye to the party.
"In the Outrageous Mrs. Palmer," but she has dried her eyes for
and is probably laughing happily now
beneath those smiling California skies you hear
so much about.
Elise Ferguson spent a few days in New York
on her way to the Coast. At her Park Avenue
home, she had much to tell me about
events in the Orient, where she spent some time.
Last Saturday evening we visited an armory
at the fair and went to see Bert Lytell
and the tremendous set that Director Maxwell
Karger has built for some of the scenes
of "A Message from Mars." There may have
been larger sets built indoors, but I have yet
to see one. The entire main floor of this
armory—large as New York—has been
converted into an English street scene. Thou-
sands of extras had been engaged to lend
atmosphere to the scene and many others,
including circus performers, were called in
to ride in taxis, walk about the street, etc.
Bert wasn't working, but he was really kept
much busy just as he had been engaged to
the set. Mr. Karger consulted with him
freely about details of the production, and
the rest of the time about making things pleasant and comfortable for the many
visitors. There is no more likable player on the
screen than Bert Lytell.
Eulalie Sullivander—her name with Vitagra-
ph the old days—will be heard from soon again.
She's just finished "In the Shadow of the
Biter," starring David G. Fischer, and I understand she is going to play the Nance
O'Sell role in "The Passion Flower" at the
Talmadge pictures.
At the Palace the other evening I saw Vera
Gordon, the real star of "Humoresque," in a
new playlet, "The Lullaby." Of course I had
to say "Oh, the show," to which Gordon promised faithfully that she hadn't
really quit the screen, but she said she just
had to go. For a short while. With Miss Gordon in the sketch is Edna
Spence, one of the sweetest little girls who ever
played the stage for Universal. For a short
while. With Miss Gordon in the sketch is Edna
Spence, one of the sweetest little girls who ever
played the stage for Universal. Miss
Gordon promised faithfully that she hadn't
really quit the screen, but she said she just
had to go. For a short while.

For You and For Me
(Continued from page 52)
of a picture is for. There wasn't any story. It
jumped all over the place so that you couldn't
make head nor tail of it. It was boisterous and
there was nothing I thought not a beautiful
thought in the whole business. It
didn't give one anything to think about and al-
together I have paid my good money to see it. I only stayed in because there
was a scenic after that I wanted to see. All
those people scurrying through cellars and hav-
ing operating rooms fixed up in the basement
seemed to me like a story for little boys that
like to read about murderers and brigands. It
wasn't a story for grown up people or anybody
ever.
Then those women fixing the pedals when he pretended to play the piano. O boy! That
sure was ridiculous.
But I liked "Way Down East" and I liked
Miss Gish.
"Just in time for the department and
please let it be one of the first to be answered,
will you?"
Edith Martin.
(Continued from page 56)

Justine
(Continued from page 25)
newspapers as the most beautiful girl in the
Paffles. During all her Fol-
lies engagements, she supported the Castles
at the New Amsterdam in "Over the Top,"
and appeared as a leading woman and star
Miss Johnstone.
"I'll send in my letter for the department and
please let it be one of the first to be answered,
will you?"
Edith Martin.
(Continued from page 56)

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Have you found it? Are you satisfied with your present condition? Life is a fight of the weak, and the weak are trodden down by the strong. It is therefore up to you to prepare yourself and build up that body of yours for the fight. Either be a success or be a failure, no one cares for the failure.

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EARLE E. LIEBERMAN

1022 Broadway New York

The Life of the Party

(Continued from page 8)

When the print was developed it was rushed to Voris. He was dazed as he looked at it. Was it possible that Leary would win his girl as well as the election? He would stop such a contingent from print to Milly. He hastened to her home and confronted her with it.

"How dare he?" Milly cried.

"That's kind of a man you are supporting," Voris told her.

"But how dare you come with a message of that sort? You know it was a frame-up. And don't waste time on Leary, either."

Voris took his hat and left. Luckily for him he did not see Leary coming up the street or ringing Milly's bell. The maid answered.

"Miss Hollister is not at home," she told Leary.

He was puzzled.

"How is that?"

"She is not at home to you at all," he was told.

"She is mine!" Voris burst out. In a tearing, heart, hastened to his office to call Milly on the phone.

Explosively she told him what she thought of him, so explosively that he had to ring off.

But he was undaunted. He called Mrs. Carraway.

"I'm coming to your party. I'll come in costume. I'll come in anything," he told her.

Mrs. Carraway was pleased. He buzzed on, indefinitely.

"Yes, you're coming. I'll play all the games I know. I'll be the life of the party!"

And so on Friday night when the children's party at Mrs. Carraway's was in full swing Leary was present, Milly was near at hand, and Voris, ever ready to trick his opponent, was about to make the bid which would bunk them all. Leary, in agreement with his, once and for all, to the party. She was sailing along with. Her rival forever. She, again in conference with her, planned to get Kate in Leary's bedroom before he reached home from the "fool party," as Voris called it. By means of his political influence it would be easy to raid the place, give Leary all the undesirable publicity possible and to save Kate from prison by having Voris try the case.

At the party Leary had the time of his life. He extended himself to the limit in an effort to show that he had no heart. And they played the gamut of kids games, tag, post-office and blindman's buff. It was in the latter game that Leary had the best chance with Milly. In a clash it was Leary who ran into his bulky form. She switched away from him, tossing her curls, but he caught her fairly and held her.

"I've got you," he said. "And the forfeit is a kiss."

She broke away, he after her. And it was only when he had cornered her, and demanded his reward that she showed him the ring in which she wore her neck and told him of her engagement to Judge Voris. At Leary's apartment plainclothes men had been planted during the evening and everything was in readiness, even to the point of French Kate in a French negligee. When he entered suddenly the news he had heard, he was ready to fall into the trap. But luck was with him, although at first it seemed to be against him. The chauffeur of his car had drunk himself to sleep while waiting for him and it was only by shaking him earnestly that he could get him out of his cup. Snow was falling and Leary shivered under his overcoat, beneath which he only wore the pair of thinopa of tramps. Shaking as he would, he could not wake the driver. Half a dozen blocks away he could see the lights of the elevated railway. If he could only be there he could reach Kate and home safely. But his efforts were vain. He started to walk when a form shrank out of the shadows and a voice called.

"Hands up!" he heard a hoarse voice call.

The man backed Leary against a wall and began to search the coat pockets. Deftly he unbuttoned the coat and looked at the rompers Leary wore.

"My God!" he cried. "Who's you?"

He pulled the coat off as Leary shivered and shuddered.

"Please don't take my coat," he pleaded.

The highwayman laughed.

"Face about," he said. "And stand against the wall until I tell you to move."

Leary unwillingly obeyed, while his knees shivered with the cold. At last he turned. The street was quiet as a cemetery. The robber had gone, leaving him dressed in the tin costume. Leary might have stayed in the street all night if a milk wagon hadn't happened along. While the milkman was busy placing his bottles Leary crept in, hid, and waited until he heard a pleasant "G'day!"

"Boo!" cried Leary.

The milkman, starting in surprise, fell off the wagon and Leary, nimbly jumping into the driver's seat, whipped up the horses and made for home.

He arrived just in time. Dressed in the rompers, he was able to dodge inside the door just as he heard the bell. Through the window he could see the banners. They were serenading Judge Voris, selecting a half hour before the closing of the time to show their appreciation of the candidate.

Leary slipped into a room and hid as he heard the noise. There was a woman in the room but he successfully concealed himself behind a morris chair, escaping: (Pleaa9 pleaseers) 3 make at 10.000. Deftlv. "Muscular Development."

There was a woman in the room but as he successfully concealed himself behind a morris chair, escaping: (Pleaa9 pleaseers) 3 make at 10.000. Deftlv. "Muscular Development."

He might have waited until morning if French Kate had not been sitting at waiting: for him. She had yawned and had fallen asleep and he had waked and had finally decided that her prospective victim was never coming, home. So he searched through the drawers of his dresser, found some letters which looked suspicious and made off with them, going straight to the room of a woman below. The Judge, at that moment, was mak- ing a speech to his partisans in the street. She called him:

"What are you doing here?" he said, as he turned from the window.

"I can't wait for that dub. But I brought some letters that may interest you."

The Judge scanned them.

"Why, those things are worthless. Every public man receives mass notes. Why didn't you stay there as you were told?"

An argument began, with Kate using her most expert French. Where it would have ended no one will ever know, had not a de- tective suddenly discovered Leary under the stairs and given chase to him. Leary raced out, through a hall and swung past a open door. He stopped. He lost his breath. He regained it. He looked in amazement at the scene before him—French Kate, the woman in negligee. Up the stairs he could hear the thundering feet of the policemen, reporters. Fists pounded, and the other residents of the building.

In they rushed.

"We've caught you, cried out.

"You mean the other woman," Leary laughed.

He pointed to his rival who stood nervously watching the invasion.

"Yes, I see," Leary exclaimed, "I was just ex- empting a lady home from a fancy dress party. It was unfortunate but I find my political rival a neighbor."

Voris indignantly turned on him, telling them to get out, but his words were drowned by the roar of the brass band on the street.

He was playing, "The Conquering Hero Comes." (Continued on page 56)
The Screen-Goer
(Continued from page 42)
girl. In the metropolis she falls into the clutches of the very woman who had previously almost ruined her. She becomes a dope fiend, dances an exceedingly daring dance, apparently kills her wicked patron, almost kills her lover, and is finally rescued from the depths of Limehouse, to return to her pagan peace and happiness with her hero in the Southland.

There is much to criticize adversely in "Idols of Clay," and equally much to commend. Mae Murray acts with great skill throughout, while the film is directed by the finest sort. David Powell's acting varies. He is best when playing the character at its lowest moral ebb. Dorothy Cummins gives a fine picture of the villainess. The wicked father of the heroine seems slightly too big a role for George Fawcett. It is in the last part of "Idols of Clay," when Mae Murray is playing the doped girl, in the mansion of Lady Gray, and in the tortuous streets of Limehouse, that the play attains some heights.

Utterly unconvincing, however, was the scene in Greece, a studio set, in which the Acropolis was represented by a back drop. And the quick moral changes of the hero were a little too much; either he was a man of complete moral instability or sufficient motivation was lacking.

"Idols of Clay," however, is excellent entertainment, a worthwhile picture, despite its faults.

Growing Up
(Continued from page 26)
"People are always asking me about my fads, never realizing that a motion picture actress has less time for fads than practically any other person alive—her work has to be her fad. But at the present time I have an absorbing fondness for collecting old images of heathen gods. One antique shop is getting so much of my salary that I have taken to walking on the other side of the street whenever I happen to be in that locality. In my collection I now have an ancient table with hissing Buddha, a small Egyptian deities that the dealer assures me came directly from the pyramids to me, some Japanese gods and a fine assortment of carved ivory articles.

"Of course, I like books and clothes and theatres, and practically everything—but there's nothing of that sort that's new to me. I'm not very original except in the way I grew up so fast."

But fans say she is making another record now. And if her popularity continues, Martha's mother is due for another surprise at her daughter's progress.

Tom, Tom, A Farmer's Son
(Continued from page 25)
write for the screen, we have done a big thing. It means a lot to the world and a lot to the players. There is certainly more pleasure in working out a worth-while theme than there is in working out one not worth while. It is only possible to get real stories by having them written by real authors—and they are writing for the screen at last.

"I think it is safe to venture the prediction that the original screen story will come more and more into vogue. The days of refashioning fiction and making of it a silver screen are rapidly passing. It won't be long before the screen develops a line of creative artists as eminent in the school of writing in any other medium. This new school will think in screen terms and their efforts will result in productions which will be lasting. For the screen is peculiarly a medium which can flash lasting impressions on the world, if it is rightly handled, and all indications point to such a state of affairs.

"And I guess that's about all. Perhaps I might add that I get real pleasure out of my work. It affords me an infinite expression of myself which never becomes wearisome or tiresome, for every day offers some new variety and every new picture some new adventure. Such success as has come to me has made me feel that life is anything but hollow. In fact, I think that Life is a magnificent story and I hope that I may be as real as many of its as the high gods will permit."

Seeing Sylvia
(Continued from page 37)
restless, roving spirit of her father—a commander in the British navy. Their home in Sydney, Australia, was the starting-point for many a journey into India and the Orient. Its walls were hung with trophies—swords and trophies, taken from the island natives in battle. The picturesqueness of all this has left a subtle stamp on Sylvia.

In her pretty foreign voice she told me things that set me dreaming of the lure of enchanted seas and weird music on moonlit nights—this exotic bloom transplanted into a skyscraper city."

"Idols of Clay," however, is excellent entertainment, a worthwhile picture, despite its faults.

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The Life of the Party
(Continued from page 54)

"They want to see you, both of you," Leary laughed, waving to the window.

"I can't go. Get me out of this somehow."

"There's no way out," Leary said. "You've been caught fairly. Resign as candidate and I will tell the newspapers to forget it."

Voris was shaking with rage, but he had no alternative. With bowed head, he went to the window, and silencing the throng, announced that he had decided to give up his campaign because of illness, and urged his supporters to rally to Leary.

The next morning Leary was in bed. The next afternoon he was in bed. The bell rang.

The maid entered. "I heard the truth," she told him. "And I broke my engagement with Judge Voris this morning."

"I'm so glad," Leary replied. He had donned a dressing gown and stood beside her. "Judge Voris backed down and declines to rud and he wads to see justice dode the babies. Do you?

"What's the matter?"

"Noding, dear. Only I've got an awful—e-e-e-geeeeee—cold."

And he couldn't even kiss her as she dared the influenza germs to place her head on his capacious breast.

(Copyright 1921 by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation)

Wanted — Leading Men
(Continued from page 31)

paratively rapid progress. Handsome, polished, collected, command is the type all producers seek. He excited comment on his very first appearance on the screen, and thanks to his level head and splendid intellect he excites greater comment with each of his releases. Mr. Barthelme seems to have all the requisites that make for a man's success on the screen.

The best place to seek screen opportunity is, I think, in the California colony. There are more studios and fewer actors there than in New York. New York boys are hard to secure employment for are to be found in Hollywood and Los Angeles. One should not depend on the L. A. Register for information, since of each of them, leave photographs and then make the rounds of the casting directors' offices in the studios. Even if there, barely, one every one must start as an extra, because that is about the only way to learn the art of make-up and other minor tricks. If you are a representative type you probably will not have to play extra for long. But it is best to allow a year for breaking in. Very few trades or professions offer more than a scant livelihood the first year. Perhaps you may find in the year that you are not the type you thought you were and that either do not like acting or acting does not like you. Few people can work and live on such a diet of work instantly. I know of a number of young men who have tried acting, found it not suited to them and went into one of the other numerous departments of the motion picture industry.

Much has been said of the necessity for "dragg" to break in. It is always easier to ob

For You and For Me
(Continued from page 53)

My dear Miss Martia:

After reading your letter two or three times I got the idea as to its meaning I decided to print it instead of waiting for the one you promise to write. It interested me very much and if you care to send me any more such criticisms I shall be very glad to have them.

As you see space is nearing its end, so as to the first play that you comment on I will only say that I too paid my entrance fee and I also received the Penalty. As to "Way Down East," I agree with you. Miss Gish did some of the most sincere and excellent work that I have seen on the screen and I have no hesi

I think that this film marks the greatest series of any of our dramatic screen artists. I do not include Miss Pickford exactly among the dramatic players although her Stella Maris is a piece of work that will never be forgotten by those that know and understand.

Mr. Griffith has as usual my thorough ad

I am not yet Americanized yet to appreciate the comedy in "Way Down East," but let that pass. At some later date when I have a chance to dispose of it I will go more fully into details. Let it suf

Mr. Griffith has seen truth with such a clearness of perception that it stands grotesque in its nakedness. It is almost incredible to realize that such treatment of woman kind was and is still in some places.

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