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A startling Memory Feat That You Can Do

How I learned the secret in one evening. It has helped me every day

When my old friend Faulkner invited me to a dinner party at his house, I little thought it would be the direct means of getting me a one-hundred-and-fifty dollar raise in my salary. Yet it was, and here is the way it all came about.

Toward the close of the evening things began to drag a bit, as they often do at parties. Finally some one suggested the old idea of having everyone do a "stunt." Some sang, others forced weird sounds out of the piano, recited, told stories, and so on.

Then it came to Macdonald's turn. He was a quiet sort of chap, with an air about him that suggested that "still waters run deep." He said he had a simple "stunt" which he hoped we would like. He selected me to assist him. First he asked to be blindfolded so that there was no trickery in it. Those present were to call out twenty-five numbers of three figures each, such as 161, 249, and so on. He asked me to write down the numbers as they were called.

This was done. Macdonald then astounded everyone by repeating the entire list of twenty-five numbers backwards and forwards. Then he asked people to request numbers by positions, such as the eighth number called, the fourth number, and so on. Instantly he repeated back the exact number in the position called. He did this with the entire list—over and over again, without making a single mistake.

There should be a deck of cards be shuffled and called out to him in their order. This was done. Still blindfolded, he instantly named the cards in their order backwards and forwards. And then to further amaze us, he gave us the number of any card counting from the top, or the card for any number.

You will well imagine our amazement at Macdonald's remarkable feat. You naturally expect to see a thing of this sort on the stage, and even then you look upon it as a trick. But to see it done by an everyday business man, in plain view, following a few simple rules. Then folded and under conditions which make trickery impossible, is astonishing. * * * * *

On the way home that night I discussed Macdonald how it was done. He said there was really nothing to it. Simply making a memory of some kind that left memory development to chance. Anyone could do what he had done, and develop a good memory, he said, by following a few simple rules. And then he told me exactly how to do it. At the time I little thought that evening would prove to be one of the most eventful in my life, but such it proved to be.

What Macdonald told me I took to heart. In one evening I made remarkable strides toward improving my memory and it was but a matter of days before I learned to do exactly what he had done. At first I amused myself with my new-found ability by amazing people at parties. My "memory feat," as my friends called it, surely made a hit. Every one was talking about my mind. I was showered with invitations for all sorts of affairs. If anyone were to ask me how quickly to develop so great an improvement on people, I could tell him to learn my memory "feat"—but that is apart from what I wanted to tell you.

The most gratifying thing about the improvement in my memory was the remarkable way in which it helped me in business. Much to my surprise I discovered that my memory training had literally put a razor edge on my brain. My brain had become clearer, quicker, and the very thought of studying was fast acquiring that mental sluggishness and at times a sort of "wonderings" and "dreamsiness." The next thing I noticed was a marked improvement in my conversational abilities. Formerly my talk was a bit halting and disjointed. Now I could think of things to say until the conversation was over. And even when it was too late, I would always think of things to say. Yet now I can think like a flash. When I am thinking about a joke, the right word, the right expression or the right thing to say, it seems that I have to do is to start to talk and instantly I find myself saying the very thing I want to say to make the greatest impression on people. It wasn't long before my new-found ability to remember things and to say the right thing at the right time attracted the attention of our president. He got in the habit of calling me in whenever he wanted facts about the business. As he expressed himself to me, "You can always tell me what I want to know, while the other fellows annoy me by dodging out of the office and saying 'I'll look it up.'"

I found that my ability to remember helped me wonderfully in dealing with other people, particularly in committee meetings. When a discussion opens up, the man who can back up his statements quickly with specific and hidden facts and figures usually dominates the others. Time and time again I have won people to my way of thinking simply because I could instantly recall facts and figures. While I'm proud of my triumphs in your respect, I often wonder for the idle-lace look on the other man's face when I hold up their end in the argument because they cannot recall facts instantly. It seems as though I never forget anything. Every one expects to know that a man cannot begin to exercise sound judgment unless he is forty to fifty years of age. But if you will review this book, you will find that sound judgment is nothing more than the ability to weigh and arrange facts in their relation to each other. Memory is the basis of sound judgment. I am only thirty-two, but many times I have been compelled to have the judgment of a man of forty-five. I take no personal credit for this—it is all due to the way I was taught to learn.

These are only a few of the hundred's ways I have profited by my trained memory. No longer do I suffer from the handicap of not being able to recall their names. The moment I see a man's name flashed to my mind, together with a string of facts about him, I always read to but usually forget most of it. Now I find it easy to recall what I have read. Another surprising thing is that I can now master a subject in considerably less time than before. Price lists, market quotations, data of all kinds, I can recall in detail almost at will. I rarely make a mistake.

My vocabulary, too, has increased wonderfully. Whenever I see a striking word or expression, I memorize it and use it in my dictation or conversation. This has put a remarkable sparkle and pizzazz into my conversation and business letters. And the remarkable part of it all is that I can now do my day's work quicker and with much less effort, simply because my mind works like a flash and I do not have to keep stopping to look things up. All this is extremely satisfying to me, of course. But the best part of it all is that since my memory power feat attracted the attention of our president, my salary has steadily been increased. Today it is many times greater than it was the day Macdonald got me interested in improving my memory.* * * * *

What Macdonald told me that evening was this: "Get the Roth Memory Course." I did. That is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I have told you about. The publishers of the Roth Memory Course—the Independent Corporation—are so confident that it will also show you how to develop a remarkable memory that they will gladly send the Course to you on approval.

You need not pay a single penny until you have examined the Course and found that it fully lives up to all the claims made for it. Send no money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter, and the complete Course will be sent to you instantly, all charges prepaid. If after examination you decide that you do not want to keep the Course, then return it and you will owe nothing. On the other hand, if you find, as thousands of others have found, that the Roth Memory Course does for you what it has for me, then merely send five dollars in full payment.

We have always wanted a good memory. Now you can have it. Remember, you pay no money until you have proved that the Course will benefit you. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose by taking immediate action. So mail the coupon NOW before this liberal offer is withdrawn.

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M. P Classic 1-20
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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in your vicinity.)

Astor.—Fay Bainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. A real kiss, a real tear. It is seen instrumentally in a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Bainter is picturesquely pleasant.

Playhouse.—"Palmy Days." A picturesque dialogue of Sem Benille's and an amusing look at Florentine drama. John and Lionel Barrymore are again seen in their original roles. An admirable cast is led by Robert Edmund Jones' splendid aid.

Princess.—"Nightie Night." Described by the program as a "wide awake farce," "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty oferve, ginger, and some daring. There are scores of laughs. Heading the very adequate cast are Francis Bavier, Suzanne Willa, Malcolm Duncan and Dorothy Mortimer.

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We write the music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Our system of individual instruction eliminates the three-year period of time usually necessary in landscape painting. These artists are instructed in a technique most suited to their individual needs. They are taught to work from nature and to pursue their individual roads which will assure success, or any year allows the students to begin their course at any time. Our field studio is open from one to four to all students for criticism, and students who wish to stay at our school can stay for the summer, and will receive an advanced in the following year. Frequent school will bring them in personal contact with many of our most famous artists. Address:

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Choose Your Own Subject.
AN APOLOGY AND AN EXPLANATION

On October 1st, 1919, practically all of the printers and typesetters in and around New York went out on strike, including those who print this magazine. Without going into the merits of the controversy between the employers and the employees, we will simply say that we had no voice in the matter one way or the other. Several labor unions had differences among themselves, and these differences caused the Publishers' Association to refuse to comply with the demands of certain labor unions. We do not belong to the Publishers' Association. That body conducted all the negotiations. When the printers and composers walked out, it was not in our power to make them walk back, even if we had been willing to give them everything they asked. Had we terms with one union, another union would have refused our printed paper, and another union would have refused to make the plates which are necessary for us to have. In other words, our hands were tied. We were helpless. Some publications were fortunate enough to have some of their printing done for them in distant cities, some had it done by some other process (such as typewriting photographed) and some could not have their work done at all. The strike did not end until the latter part of November, having lasted nearly two months.

During this time we did everything possible to supply our readers with this, their favorite magazine, on time and in good condition, but such was not possible. We left no stone unturned and were willing to go to any expense, but in spite of every effort, we were unable to meet the schedule, hence we were late. Furthermore, the magazine that you received was not the one we intended to give you. When the strike came on, this magazine was partly made up and partly printed, but we were unable to move either the type or the parts that had been printed. We managed to get out a MAGAZINE, but it was not the kind of magazine we wanted, it was the best we could. We could not even print an explanation and an apology, hence this one. We hoped, and still believe, that all of our esteemed readers, even those in distant parts, had heard of the great tie-up strike and that they would patiently wait. Some of our contemporaries took advantage of our extremities by issuing extra large editions on an advanced date, hoping thereby to secure some of our readers, instead of extending us the brotherly hand and saying, "Is there anything we can do for you in your distress?" We hope that they have largely profited by their business sagacity, but we believe that we have not lost a single reader. Once a reader always a reader.

We are now fully recovered from the disaster and from now on our readers may expect the finest magazine possible. We have done this for ten years and we can do it now. WATCH US.

THE M. P. PUBLISHING CO.
Why Do People Like
William S. Hart and Dorothy Dalton

What Dr. Blackford Says

[Partial analysis made from Photographs]

Miss Dalton has a particularly fine physical organization. She belongs to the vital-motive type. Note the roundness of her features and width of her figure. The massive qualities show in the squareness of her face in full front view, and in the graceful poses and movements of her body. She has splendid recuperative power. This gives vivacity, responsive energies, warmth and enthusiasm in nature.

Miss Dalton is distinctly feminine in type. Note the slightly concave nose, tilted up at the end, the smooth curves of her face and body, and the full, regular lips. Feminine characteristics are further shown in her large, soulful eyes, her long, curling lashes, and the subtle humor and coquetry in her facial expression.

Miss Dalton belongs to the convex type, with the exception of the nose, which is planed tending to concave. Convexity of features indicates keenness, quick responses, quickness in action and directness in speech. These qualities Miss Dalton manifests in her quick responsiveness to conditions of environment, in her quick comprehension of artistic values and her readiness to make the most of a dramatic situation.

She is very emotional and strongly sentimental, and appeals to these qualities in her audience. One loves Dorothy Dalton because she has the art of winning your affection through her heart appeal.

Then one day the impossible happened. Paul Graham was a blond, and not until he had learned that there was all the difference in the world between the characteristics of a blond and those of a brunette did he discover the secret of making people like him.

Paul had been keeping books for years for a large corporation which had branches all over the country. It was generally thought by his associates that he would never rise above that job. He had a tremendous ability with figures—could wind them around his little finger—but he did not have the ability to mix with big men; did not know how to make people like him.

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From the day the change took place, he began to go up in business. Now he is the Head Auditor for his corporation at an immense increase in salary. And all this came to him simply because he learned the secret of making people like him.

Another example—the case of a large manufacturing concern. Trouble sprang up at one of the factories. The men talked strike. Things looked ugly. Harry Winslow was sent to straighten it out. On the eve of a general walkout, he pacified the men and headed off the strike. And not only this, but ever since then, that factory has fed all the others for production. He was able to do this, because he knew how to make these men like him and to do what he wanted them to do.

Another case, entirely different, is that of Henry Peters. Because of his ability to make people like him—his faculty for "getting under the skin" and making people think his way, he was given the position of Assistant to the President of a large firm. Two other men, both well liked by their fellow employees, had each expected to get the job. So when the outside man, Peters, came in, he was looked upon by everyone as an interloper and openly disliked by every person in the office.

Peters was handicapped in every way. But in spite of that in three weeks he had made fast friends of everyone in the house and had even won over the two men who had been most bitter against him. The whole secret is that he could tell in an instant how to appeal to any man and make himself well liked.
What Dr. Blackford Says

[Partial analysis made from Photographs]

Mr. William S. Hart is a fine example of a keen intellect, dominating and directing both the activities of his muscles and the play of his emotions. This characteristic illustrates his powers of concentration and perseverance, which are essential in the finest shading of posture, gesture, walk and features, just the meaning he wishes to convey.

This is shown, first, by the height, breadth and depth of his forehead and the keenness of his eye, indicating intellectual power of penetrations; secondly by the length and firmness of his upper lip—indicating control of emotion—and the length and firmness of his chin, indicating control of physical activities.

Keen observation is shown in the fine development of the lower part of the forehead, which is prominent just above the eyes, while judgment of human nature is shown in the height of the forehead directly above the root of the nose.

It follows from this that he is keen, shrewd judge of human nature. He uses this knowledge of people not only to portray their joys, their sorrows, their passions, and their sympathies, but also as a basis for judgment as to what will please them in the pictures.

One of the most marked traits about Mr. Hart is his determination which is shown in the long, firm upper lip, the square, deep jaw, the straight, dogged cut of the lips across the face, and the high head.

His determination is backed by courage. Courage is shown in the long, large but well-balanced nose; the straight, level gaze; and the prominence of the lower end of the chin.

So we have in him a man who, by keen observation and smoothly working intellect, fixes upon his purpose, who knows how to influence, persuade and direct people to play their parts in his plans, who has the courage to attempt big things and the determination to accomplish them in spite of difficulties and obstacles.

These are qualities which largely explain Mr. Hart's success in motion pictures, but he adds to them an unusual capacity for concentration. He not only starts, but no matter how disagreeable and difficult the job, he sticks and he finishes.

will—then merely remit five dollars in full payment.

Remember, you take no risk, you assume no obligation to buy. The entire course goes to you on approval. You have everything to gain—nothing to lose. So mail the coupon NOW, and learn how to make people like you, while this remarkable offer is still on.

Free Examination Coupon

Independent Corporation

You may send me Dr. Blackford's Course of seven lessons entitled "Reading Character at Sight." I will either remit the course to you within five days after its receipt, or send you $5 in full payment of the Course.

What Mr. Hart's Manager Says:

Independent Corporation
119 West 46th Street
New York City

Gentlemen: I have carefully read Dr. Blackford's analysis of Mr. William S. Hart, and in the few years' close personal acquaintance with him must say that I have never met Mr. Hart and that this character reading was made wholly from a photograph.

Yours truly,
(Signed) E. H. Allen
Manager.
If you long for more color

Use this famous treatment for rosy,/shopskin

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury’s Facial Soap and warm water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion. Do this, until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. Rinse well in warm water, then in cold. Whenever possible, rub your skin for five minutes with a piece of ice and dry carefully.

For pale, sallow skins requiring greater stimulation, use the new steam treatment. You will find it in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap.

To make your skin noticeably lovely - Give it the regular care it had when you were a baby

When you were a baby, your skin was exquisitely soft—clear, delicate—daintily rose-pink and white.

People loved to touch your rose-petal cheeks, your soft smooth little hands.

Do you ever stop to think what kept your skin so fine and soft? What is keeping it now from being as fine and soft as it can be?

No matter how you have neglected your skin, you can make it exquisite in texture. You can have the glorious color of youth. You must begin at once to give your skin the tender, regular care it received when you were a baby.

Every night before retiring, cleanse it thoroughly—just as thoroughly as a baby’s skin is cleansed every night. If your skin has lost its delicacy and clearness, use the particular Woodbury treatment indicated for its needs.

Do you want more color? Are your pores enlarged? Have you disfiguring blemishes or blackheads? These conditions are the result of neglect and the constant exposure to which your skin is subjected. The right Woodbury treatment, used nightly, will correct them.

Get a cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap and have your first treatment tonight. The feeling the first two or three treatments leave on your skin will tell you how much good its regular use is going to do you. In a week or ten days you will begin to notice a decided improvement—the greater clearness, smoothness, fineness and color you long for. Woodbury’s is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. A 25 cent cake will last a month or six weeks.

Sample cake of soap, booklet of famous treatments, samples of Woodbury’s Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream, sent to you for 15 cents.

For 6 cents we will send you a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, “A Skin You Love To Touch”. Or for 15 cents we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury’s Facial Soap, Facial Powder, Facial Cream and Cold Cream. Address the Andrew Jergens Co., 901 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

LOU-TELLEGAN

Photograph by De Meyes
MARY MILES MINTER

A Louisiana girl, little Miss Minter, then known as Juliet Shelby, served a long stage apprenticeship as a child. Her real hit came in the girl in "The Littlest Rebel" with the Farnums. "The Fairy and the Waif" shortly after marked her silversheet début.
Miss Griffith is universally recognized as one of screenland's beauties. Born in Texas, Miss Griffith started with Western Vitagraph—and she has since continued with that organization; although society drama, rather than rugged frontier stories, now serve as her vehicles.
May Allison is now accepted as one of our foremost comédiennes. Miss Allison is a Dixie girl and a member of the famous Wise family of old Georgia. The stage served as a stepping stone to the screen, where she first attracted attention as a leading woman for the late Harold Lockwood.
Miss Caprice is a Boston girl. She made her film début as a star with William Fox in "Caprice of the Mountains" and a star she has been ever since. Just now she is under the Capellani banner.
Barthelmess: the Boy

met. Because he isn't the least like a player. None of the things we call temperament are there, just a down-right, regular, breath-taking boyishness. Not a slam-bang, certain-of-himself boyishness either, but a quiet, introspective sort.

Just before this "interview" was written we went to a musical comedy together. Barthelmess didn't laugh at the cheap humor of it. Neither did he assume a high-brow air in commenting upon its banality. But he was frankly—and boyishly—interested in the girls.

Some one interviewed Barthelmess on the coast and pronounced him a shrinking lad who loved books. They didn't see him as I saw him.

Yet Barthelmess does love good books. He reads a great deal. One night he dropped a volume of Blasco Ibanez to have dinner with me.

But Barthelmess is many sided. He loves the feminine note in life.

His ideal type of girl? "Rather tall and slender," he said, (and I know he will shudder to read this), "she needn't necessarily be either blonde or brunette, but she must be attractive."

"What about brains?" we parried.

Barthelmess paused. "I was thinking of an ideal dancing partner. Of course, I hope some day to meet a combination of beauty and brains. Possibly I have met them but they have not been able to see me for dirt." No conceit there.

Yes, Barthelmess loves to dance. Cabarets appeal to him. But he confessed: "After two or three weeks of New York night life—with theaters and midnight dancing—I feel as if I were wasting myself. Sort of as tho I needed a mental bath."

Then—odd as you may think—Barthelmess goes away into the country, near his home in Connecticut.

"I have a quaint old room in a quaint old farmhouse," he relates, "I sleep in a four-poster and I sleep. I read a lot and I dream. Somehow, I guess I like that best of all." Did I say Barthelmess is many sided?

No, Barthelmess is not "temperamental" as the word is used in screen circles. Not that he lacks ambition. He has fought every inch of his way.

His mother an actress, Barthelmess came from college to try his luck on the screen. The role of the younger brother in Herbert Brenon's "War Brides" with Alla Nazimova, gave him his start. But it by no means made him. He shifted, not quite able to do anything big anywhere.

"I almost starved before my opportunity with Griffith came," he told me laconically, "really at most starved."

Naturally Barthelmess looks

(Dick Barthelmess isn't the least like a player. None of the things we call temperament are there, just a down-right, regular, breath-taking boyishness. Not a slam-bang, certain-of-himself boyishness, but a quiet, introspective sort.)

This is no conventional chat-for-an-hour interview—this composite view of Dick Barthelmess. For it is the product of many hours together; in the country, in the city, under varying conditions.

I would shudder to write my impressions of Barthelmess after seeing him once. He is too elusive, too much within himself. He sits half broodingly, saying very little, laughing now and then with typical boyish high spirits, tempered by an odd-worldliness. But to paint a word picture of him after one meeting would be impossible.

I know that now I have not wholly found the real Barthelmess. But here and there in our conversation flashes have revealed something of this boy who became famous over night for his Yellow Man in "Broken Blossoms."

We first met after the premiere of the Griffith production. He had every reason to have lost his head in the avalanche of praise. But he hadn't. A singular mental balance is his.

Indeed, he is the most unusual young actor I ever
A Composite Study

By Frederick James Smith

upon Griffith with eyes of genuine worship. "He is more like a father than an employer or the master the world sees," the young actor says. "Gee, I'll be glad when he comes east. I always feel that I can tell him all my troubles and always be told just how to solve things?"

That was before Griffith brought his studio staff east and began producing in Westchester. "Right here let me add that the producer remarks anent' Barthelmess and Bobbie Harron: "No cleaner minded boys ever lived."

Of course, Barthelmess just a bit envies the young stars of the celluloid drama who have every means; particularly financial, to advance themselves. "I wish I had money to buy plays and books now and lay them aside for a future day, when I shall have learned enough and made enough friends everywhere to be a star—that is, if that day comes."

His favorite role? Not the Yellow Man but the lover with Marguerite Clarke in "Three Men and a Girl." He likes that sort of light romantic character best. Probably, "I'll Get Him Yet" is his next choice.

The Mexican vagabond hero of "Scarlet Days" interested Barthelmess a great deal. "It was different, at least, to ride a mustang and wear a mustache," he laughs. Critics have said that it was a boyish Walthall come to the screen, this sensitive, glamorous, dashing desperado with the haunting vein of humor and sadness.

Barthelmess has been playing a beachcomber in

Barthelmess loves most of all to stay at his old home in Connecticut. "I have a quaint old room in a quaint old farmhouse," he says, "I sleep in a four-poster and I sleep. I read a lot and I dream." Two views of Barthelmess in "Scarlet Days" are shown on these pages

a forthcoming Griffith story of the South Seas. This will be his latest contribution to the screen—and a fascinating one it should be, with Barthelmess playing opposite Clarine Seymour, the famous "cutie beautiful." Miss Seymour portrays a hula hula maid—and does it vividly, judging from our studio glimpses. But to return to Barthelmess.

There is no question but that Dick holds a place all his own on the screen. Comparisons have been made with Charles Ray, but the two young men are poles apart. Youth alone makes them comparable. Ray is the film's foremost exponent of the genre school—Barthelmess of the humanly romantic school.

The silversheet has needed just this touch. It has been missing since Walthall contributed his "little Colonel" to "The Birth of a Nation." The Yellow Man was the first idealistic touch of poetry since that lovable character.

There is one vivid thing in Barthelmess' character that I haven't touched upon. (Continued on page 74)
The Youngest of the House o' Hammerstein

to be placed, we didn't actually get started until three this morning, and mother and I didn't get home until five, and—Oh, well, the world's going around just the same."

She laughed and curled up in a brocaded chair. I was glad it was near the window, because every now and then, as she turned, the light reflected the moist greyness of her eyes, and from the twinkle they flung out I knew I liked her right away—that she was the sort everybody liked—enormously—right away. She was so vibrant, so full of fun.

"Yes, the suburbs of Philadelphia. They were my background until I was seventeen," began Miss Hammerstein. "I was brought up at a perfectly dear seminary called 'The Armitage.' If it wasn't for 'The Armitage,' I suppose I'd be a musical comedy star today. So—thank the Lord for 'The Armitage.'"

Then she jovially told me of the sum-

It was the first taste of November. Rain shot thru the air and there was sufficient chill to warrant furs and a wrap. Brrr!

The soap-scented elevator lifted me to immeasurable heights, where I got out amongst the clouds at the—th floor, and sailed in upon a soft atmosphere of blueness that was—heavenly. A maid told me to wait. (There are maids in these places.) And from my glory of azure velvet, underneath a lamp of golden tints, I looked out on the drizzle—doubting its reality.

Elaine came into the room, and I saw the purple of her kimona, the grey of her eyes, and the tiniest auburn veil that glimpses thru her hair—and I knew movies were never like this!

"Good morning," said Miss Hammerstein. My maledictions on November changed instantly to enthusiasm for the season. "Good morning. It's funny how I can say 'Good morning,' isn't it, when I thought a few hours ago that everything in the universe was changed. You see, all day yesterday I was working on 'The Country Cousin' at Glen Cove. Last night we were called upon to go to Scarborough to take some scenes of a garden fête, and, due to the many lights that had to be used, and the extras that had
By G. Blythe Sherwood

Elaine Hammerstein loves the outdoors. She is crazy about swimming, riding, and boating. Indeed, she went on the stage in her father's "High Jinks" after a summer in the Canadian wilds.

her father, knew that she had never sung or danced before in her life!

Miss Hammerstein laughed so deliciously as she confided all this to me now, but a moment later she sobered, when she recalled the nights that followed nights with her pictures in the papers—and how it hurt her—along with the way the people of the company felt towards her because of that publicity.

"I didn't care a bit for the old clippings, and worse than that, I couldn't stand the footlights, and the necessity of having to work on Wednesdays and Saturdays—when the sun was out—and on evenings when there was another play I wanted to see, or a party of my friends who were going off to dance or skate. It was a miserable time for me. The only nights that were happy ones were when the boys and girls from school would come and sit in a box, and wave to me. And I'd return the salutations and forget the play—and father would send

(Continued on page 78)
The Owner of the "Uncas"

"When the northwest wind is blowing hard,  
And blue and white is the sky,  
And the sharp-cut waves are streaked and scarred,  
Where the daring squalls race by;  
When the leeward shrouds are whelmed in green  
And the leeward deck's afoam,  
And a dancing wave all white is seen  
Back toward the shores of home—  
Oh, that is the day my heart would choose  
For setting sail on an August cruise."

—M. A. Delvolve Howe.

recognize the name of John Bowers just as soon as it is spoken.  
"Who, him?" one of these will say, "Why, sure! I know who he is!  
He's the owner of the Uncas, a racing yacht with just about the classiest li'l record you ever saw; bought her some little time ago—"

It is this yacht that John Bowers thinks of as home.

This doesn't mean that he has no love for the little white bungalow just two blocks from the Goldwyn studio, where he and Mrs. Bowers play at keeping house. He couldn't help being fond of it, the place is so pretty. And, too, "We have lived so long in hotels and apartments," he said, "that life in a real house seems like a game." But "a man's home is where his heart is," and on the day I saw John Bowers his heart was away off with the Uncas on the Hudson River. He was, I think, the most homesick young man in the world. It was a warm day in early August and a light breeze blew in from the Pacific, reminding one that Venice (and solid comfort in a bathing suit) was only about twenty minutes away. He was playing the part of a photographer. He stood on a London roof at the Goldwyn studio; a nice, solid, realistic roof about twenty feet from the ground with no house underneath, and under Frank Lloyd's direction, photographed the funniest family group I have ever seen. Director and

John Bowers loves his yacht, the "Uncas," more than most anything else in the world. The "Uncas" is a $25,000 schooner yacht—a 70-footer—built on long, graceful lines, painted white and with fittings of mahogany.

John Bowers, leading man of many pictures, has just signed a contract for another year of work with Goldwyn; a year which—who knows?—may end with his becoming a star.

He is very handsome, is John Bowers—but this could hardly be called news—at least six feet in height and athletic looking with dark eyes and chestnut brown curly hair.

He tells a pathetic story about those curls which is worth repeating here in order to have it over with. It seems that recently, when he went to see one of his own pictures run off at a local theater, he heard a violent argument between two women about his hair. One insisted that "no hair could curl naturally like that" and offered to bet the other "every cent she had in the world" that it was marcelled. Let me say right here that he was more indignant than amused; he has done everything possible to keep it plastered down ever since.

But to get to my interview:

The fact that he is a good actor and handsome are not his only claims to distinction. Along the water front many people entirely unfamiliar with the famous ones of the stage and screen...
By ELIZABETH FELTRET

cameraman were precariously perched on a movable platform opposite, which rocked lightly at their least energetic movement while an orchestra, there for "atmospheric" purposes, played teasingly a few bars from "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep."

"The Uneas is really coming," John Bowers said, joining me when the scene was over. "I've made definite arrangements at last. Hal and Doc Wilson (shipbuilders of Balboa, a sea-side resort near Los Angeles, and his inseparable companions on many a cruise) are going to make up a party of seven or eight people and bring her around thru the canal. I almost think I'd like to sleep until she gets here, the waiting will be so long! Talk about your passionate love scenes—I'm going to stage one when that boat arrives."

He was speaking lightly and whimsically but with an undertone of seriousness. "I'm going to wade out into the Pacific to meet her and kiss her right on the bow-spirit!"

He laughed at the idea but he was more than half in earnest. Anyone who has ever owned any sort of a boat knows that it may seem as vivid and living a thing as one's dearest friend and as full of unaccountable moods and actions. And when, in addition to this, she is a beautiful boat and famous—well, one could not ask for more. And the Uneas is both beautiful and famous; she has a racing record known among yachtsmen everywhere.

She is a $25,000 schooner yacht—a seventy-footer—built on long graceful lines, painted white and with fittings of mahogany. Her staterooms are large and comfortably furnished. He could take nine guests for a thirty-one day cruise without their missing any necessities or luxuries. One does not wonder that her young owner speaks of her with all the warm enthusiasm of a young man describing his sweetheart as "the only girl." John Bowers has been interested in boats ever since he can remember, he told me. The first one he owned was a twenty-one footer and he built her himself when he was still in his teens. He used to sail her around Lake Wawasee, Indiana, and he grew so expert in handling her that the only way he could get any excitement was by purposely "turning turtle" when he knew his parents were watching him, frightening them almost to death and getting a lot of fun out of the many attempts to rescue him. He is, by the way, one of a

(Continued on page 79)
This is an amazing interview because, (this will require elucidation), it is not amazing at all; that is, save as an interview. It is with Norma Talmadge, and the day I sallied forth to “get” her, I sallied prepared to be amazed. “Of course,” I thought, subwaying jerkily along, “of course . . . young, very young, really . . . the extraordinary and undeniable touch of a real genius . . . widely acclaimed . . . at the top of the ladder, so to speak . . . things are bound to have happened in her . . . yeasted in her, as it were . . . sybaritic, perhaps . . . some distinguishing eccentricity . . . couldn’t be helped . . . I don’t know just what . . . but something . . .”

Nothing at all. The girl who, admittedly, stared, some years ago, at the screen and murmured to her mother, in the surrounding darkness, “That’s what I want to do . . . be a movie actress,” who, afterward, wandered solitarily about the Vitagraph studio until she was given a chance—that self same girl talked with me in her own studio, the Norma Talmadge Film Corporation, the other day. Talked with me, not to me. I say that advisedly.

In one preconceived particular I was right. She is young. Marvellously young. More as to viewpoint and general mannerism, or rather, total lack of conscious mannerism, than either line or tint. She is possessed of that sophistication which appears to be unconscious of itself. She has ideals and does not attempt to conceal them. There is no thinly applied veneer of cynicism, nor, on the other hand, is there the sugar-coated baby-staring of the curly ingenue. She is just a girl with a space of the divil in her and a belief in things . . . probably Santa Claus and fairies. She appears to be quite unconcerned about herself, the eminence she has achieved, the altitude from which she could look down upon the lesser lights.

A (if not the) consuming passion with her is her work. It is interesting to know that she really and absolutely loves it; not the results, only, generally she feels a dissatisfaction with them, but with the work itself, the details of it, the everyday, all-night details. “I took a three months’ vacation this summer,” she said, “or tried to and after about one month I nearly went mad. ’Phoned the studio every day and finally cut it a month short and got back into harness. I could never stand the gentle art of doing nothing. That would be too strenuous for me!”

We had a plain chummy sort of an afternoon, Beulah Livingston, who does all of Norma’s publicity and also that of her sister, Constance. Norma and I. There was only one tentatively uneasy person present. That person was Beulah Livingston. She had “arranged” the interview and she was immensely anxious that the interviewee and likewise the interviewer should, as it were, come up to scratch. Such did not seem to her to be the case. What possible press-value could result from two giggling people who seemed to be saying nothing more pertinent than admissions of fondness for the same brand of cigarette, for “hen parties” and for certain unimportant persons having nothing to do with the intensive field of interviewing? What indeed, thought Miss Livingston, prodding first Norma and

Norma Talmadge is young. Marvellously young. More as to viewpoint and general mannerism, or rather, total lack of conscious mannerism. She has ideals and does not attempt to conceal them. There is no thinly applied veneer of cynicism nor anything of the baby-staring of the ingenue. Center, Miss Talmadge and Wyndham Standing at Miami, Fla.

Photograph by Puffer, N. Y.
then myself, furtively and occasionally, in the vain hope of turning the talk into publishable channels. Eventually, be it said, she, too, succumbed and we smoked and gossiped and laughed a perfectly good interview away. Also, this is probably more important to me than to anybody else, we spent, Norma and I, several more of the precious interrogative moments in comparing palms, both hers and mine being equally wrinkled, lined and then crosslined. "My child," said Norma, with sagacity, "you're going to have a fearful life, all sorts of weird and interesting things. That is what everybody tells me."

We were holding this frivolous session, be it said, in Norma's (I am a realist, so it has to be Norma. . . . that is, she is going to censor this interview, so it may NOT be Norma, in which event you will know that she has blue-pencilled it, which I lay an even wager with you she will not) as I was saying when I interrupted myself, the wholly desirable "hen party" was held in Norma's private apartment built for her and by her in the Talmadge studio. I believe it is the only thing of its kind in studioity. I may be mistaken, in which event there will be more blue-pencilling done. This relieves me of all strain. The apartment is delicious, compact and complete, aside from being an innovation. You step from the hammering and shifting and shouting and general activity of the studio into quite another world, quiet, tasteful, apart. There is a tiny entrance hall. There is a large sort of a main room, part living room, part dressing room, which is, of course, its chief use. The walls are a soft cream effect and the high windows are hung in some sort of effective cretonne. There is a mammoth black wicker dressing table topped by an oval mirror framed in black wicker. There is a comely black wicker chaise-longue, occupied that afternoon by a diminutive and much-beloved "Pom." There are one or two made-to-be-sat-in black wicker chairs. A broad window-seat, upholstered, runs beneath the cretonned windows. There are two capacious clothes closets containing sundry costumes. Aside from all this, there is a complete little

(Continued on page 87)
The brave young mother did the thing she knew best how to do. She raised blooded stock and pedigreed hunting dogs. Her parents came to live with her and a new life began.

Mary MacIvor was a delicate child. She was unable to attend school regularly and was taught by her mother at home. Her maternal grandparents were scholarly people, and Mary's first recollections are of the poems her grandfather used to recite. His collection of books was her playground. She began to read very early and whiled away the hours curled up in an armchair, either reading to herself or listening to her grandfather.

**Mary's first**

That was one of little Mary MacIvor's favorite nursery rhymes. Her ancestors on both sides of the family were Scotch, and tradition has it that the women of her clan are small, the men tall and handsome—true defenders of their kith and kin.

Mary never saw her father, but she loves to hear how splendid and how good he was and to look at his pictures. When her brother had passed his ninth birthday, the young father died of double pneumonia, and the shock of his death caused the premature birth of the child. After his death there were money worries, and when all the debts had been paid, the great farm sold and the little family forced to leave the beautiful old house for a smaller place in the mountains of Virginia, Mary's mother had nothing to start on but an income of twenty-five dollars a month derived from some property of her own. The brave young mother did the thing she knew best how to do. She raised blooded stock and pedigreed hunting dogs. Her parents came to live with her and a new life began.

Mary MacIvor was a delicate child. She was unable to attend school regularly and was taught by her mother at home. Her maternal grandparents were scholarly people, and Mary's first recollections are of the poems her grandfather used to recite. His collection of books was her playground. She began to read very early and whiled away the hours curled up in an armchair, either reading to herself or listening to her grandfather. Mary's first

Left, William Desmond, husband of the "old-fashioned girl" and, below, the Desmonds at breakfast in their Hollywood bungalow. Miss MacIvor is just past eighteen and looks like a mere schoolgirl, rather than a leading lady and wife of a star.

Photograph below by Stagg

*Ten* haye Willy Winken rons thru th' toow,
Upstairs an' doonstairs in his nightgown;
Peerin' in th' window,
Cryin' at th' clock—
"Are th' bairns a' in bed? Noo, it's ten o'clock."

Photograph above by Hoover

(Twenty-four)
great grief came with the death of the only real "daddy" she had ever known.

As she grew up and became stronger, Mary was taught to ride the fine horses her mother bred. She was afraid to take the high jump, but she would nerve herself for it whispering her mother's instructions, "Give him his head when he goes down, pull him up as he lands."

Mary MacIvor is an old-fashioned girl, rich in the traditions of the South. She knows how to do fine hand-sewing and can darn a hole in such a way that it improves a frock. On certain days of the week, her mother used to have Mary prepare the luncheon and taught her how it should be served. At such times Mary put on a tiny cap and apron and waited on the table with great formality. It was a game, but it prepared the girl for the home she manages so gracefully now.

"We had the prettiest wedding! An old friend of ours, in Pasadena, has a rare collection of Chinese works of art. She insisted that we should be married at her home, and we were.

We were married in a Chinese room, with a low seat, covered with handsomely embroidered draperies serving as a prayer-bench with canopies overhead of the same rich materials. At our engagement dinner, given by Mr. Desmond, everyone had place cards of Kewpies save Little Mary. Mr. Desmond turned to the guests and announced the fact that 'Mary gets an Irishman!' She

Photographs by Stagg

Glimpses of the Desmonds at home and motoring. Mrs. Desmond is a typical Dixie girl and related to the Buchanans and other Southern families

That Chinese box is a veritable treasure house. It contains miniature Buddha's, temples, sombreros, furniture, dishes, holy-water fonts, dice that are almost too small to be seen with the naked eye and hand-carved ivories. Nothing is more than an inch long and most of the treasures are a good deal smaller. They have been sent to Mary from her admirers all over the world who know her fad.

Mary's biggest hobby is—bottles! When she told me about that, I said, "Beer bottles?" Laughingly she answered, "They're almost rare enough now to be saved as souvenirs of the twentieth century, aren't they? But no, my bottles are of all sizes, shapes and nationalities."

She owns a whiskey flask used by high-bred women of the Civil War period, camouflaged in a peculiar manner. It's of china, colored and built like a small prayer book, with a hole at the top for a tiny cork. A "lady" of that period could carry this spiritual volume in her muff without exciting suspicion. It was the fashion to faint in 1865 and old Bourbon was much in demand.

Miss MacIvor is related to the Buchanans and many other famous Southern families.

(Continued on page 90)
Above, an interesting scene in Maugham's piquant comedy, "Too Many Husbands," at the Booth Theater, with Estelle Winwood and Fritz Williams.

Left, Betty Morton, one of the prettiest girls in "The Greenwich Village Follies."

Right, Helen Hayes, whose work is a joy in that comedy delight, "Clarence," at the Hudson Theater.

Photograph (top) by White. Both photographs below by Abbe.
The Holidays
In the Theaters

Right, Allwyn King, in Flo Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic

Below, a lively moment in "Nifty Night," the rollicking farce at the Princess Theater. Left to right, Francis Byrne, Suzanne Willis and Dorothy Mortimer

Photograph by Lewis Smith.
On Vamps and Ingénues
By Ethel Rosemon

"FROM the ingénue with the golden curls, the floppy hats, the short-waisted frocks and — and everything; from the vamp with the heavy eyes, the carmined lips, the snake glide, the Oriental jewelry and — and nothing, ye gods of the screen, deliver us."

Dorothy Green sat on the edge of the bed, swung one slippered foot in midair, ran the comb thru her bobbed curls and discussed the vamp "on and off." There was nothing of the picture star about her, everything of the typical young American, mentally keen, physically fit to cope with life. The white shoulders that fairly gleamed thru the sheer negligée, the rounded arms, the clear gray-green eyes, the peculiar luster of the dark hair bespoke joyous, vibrant health. Keeping the machinery of mind and body in perfect order is her main object in life, for with it, she declares, you can accomplish everything, without it, nothing.

Dorothy started life — her moving picture life — as a vamp, but she was never the type of vamp from which she prays to be delivered. In her opinion there is no state of society in which the shadow conception can hope to fulfill her destined end.

(Continued on page 76)
If I Were King
Fictionized from the William Farnum Photoplay
By OLIVE CAREW

"And you should have the sun and moon to wear—if I were king—"

The pen was rusty, the ink vile, the man who bent over the rude deal table a scarecrow figure in a velvet doublet so bepatched it was hard to say what its original color had been. His hair, dark, long and unkempt, fell about unshaven cheeks on which a week's beard blurred the lines of expression, a battered cap, adorned with a draggled cock's feather lay on the bench beside.

"If I were king—ah, love, if I were king—" he read aloud and his voice shook oddly in the reading, and the wild, bright eyes, deep-sunken and surrounded with the fine lines that told a sorry tale in Life's handwriting were actually filmed with strange drops. For the nonce, Master Francois Villon, of unsavory name, pickpocket, rhymer, marauder, sometime jail-bird, empty of stomach, emptier of purse, was transported to that seventh Heaven of the poet—Inspiration.

The Fircone Tavern on the afternoon of a warm June day in the middle Fourteen Hundreds was hardly such a place as would beget thoughts of love and royalty. Rather would one expect its smoke-stained walls, its atmosphere of stale wine and mouldy cheese and unwashed humanity to spawn a litter of evil deeds, of foul oaths and deformed fancies, but the crew gathered before the wide hearth, tatterdemalions, rogues, girls of the oldest profession in the world, merry vagabonds, all seemed happy and at home as they clattered mugs and cans of ale to the accompaniment of brisk tongue wagging.

"Come, Francois! Art dry as that vile stuff Master Robin here serves us for bread," slim Rene de Montigny called to the silent figure in the

For the nonce, Master Francois Villon, of unsavory name, was transplanted to that seventh heaven of the poet—Inspiration

corner, "canst moisten your gullet with ink, lad? Be not so chary of your sweet company!"

"Leave him be," said one of the girls, a slip of a lass in boy's habit, who looked despite it no more a boy than stout Colin Cayeux, sprawling on the floor at her feet looked a woman; "he wants none of our company, being in love with his own. Look!" she wagged a derisive hand. "Canst not see he has a goodly crowd about him? There is Sir Villon, poet of Paris, and one Francois, gentleman adventurer come upon evil days; then there is Francois Villon, King of the Cockleshells and Rogue Villon, known indifferent well to the keepers of His Majesty's gaol, and there is Villon the sot. Villon the huckster of rhymes, Villon who has betimes an itch of the dagger and Villon—"
"The lover!" tittered a full-bosomed wench who seemed bursting with ripeness thru the straining sheath of her bodice; "forget not his best rôle, Abbess! Is no other i' all of France can match him at sweethearing!"

Tigerishly the girl sitting on the table's edge, swinging one shapely green clad leg, twisted her lithe body upon the speaker. "Have you been making eyes at my man, minx? I'll teach you to meddle—"

"Come, come," interposed the swinish landlord, thrusting his fat body between, "no hair-pulling! Settle your differences outside, and," significantly looking about the circle of emptied mugs, "settle your scores here! No excuses, mind, in the stead of coins or you'll find a leak i' the bottom of your glasses hereafter!"

The crew of ragsomadins looked askance at one another, and Jehan, the Wolf, slapped a lean pocket forlornly. "Have none of you the wherewithal to appease this grasping ale-draaper?" he whined; "if we would keep up the dear habit of eating and the dearer habit of drinking we must find some good burgher whose purse suffers from a plethora and needs bleeding."

Rene de Montigny thrust his hatchet face mysteriously forward. "Know you any of you, Thibault D'Aussigney, the Grand Constable?" he hissed. "Ods blood, if 'tis not he who has just entered—the fellow in the black cloak yonder in the corner, I'll dine on my doublet! There's no hiding that beak—but what can the Constable of France be looking for in the Fircone Tavern?"

"Shall we stick him?" queried an ill-favored Cockleshell, jerking a dirty thumb, "my dagger has no objections to spilling blue blood as well as red."

"Let's ask Francois," Rene suggested, and approached the figure sprawled over his writing, shaking him boisterously. "Come! Enough of rhyming—can you fill your belly with rhymes? We are hungry, and an ill world demands vile silver in return for food. Poems are good but fat capon, cheese, meat pies, pink ham and brown ale are better!" and the rogue's eyes glistened and he licked his lips.

The figure at the table unhooked itself and rose with a gesture of brushing away cobwebs. Francois Villon looked dazedly about him, at the sanded floor, the guttering candles and the motley assemblage turned toward him, looking in the flaring and uneasy light like so many hobgoblins, and the light went out of his face as the extinguished by a cold gust of memory. Then, drawing back his lips, he began to laugh with no mirth in the sound.

"Welladay, lads and lassies, so ye are hungry!" He struck a fantastic pose, tattered cloak flung back, palms on hips showing the dagger and the vellum book that kept strange company in his leather belt, "that is a fashion all Paris will soon follow unless our straw King finds himself the guts of a man ere long."

He would have thrust the paper he held into his doublet but the Abbess, leaping forward like a tigress, snatched it away. "Let's see what mistress he writes now!" she snarled, "of love that ever finds your face more fair"—bah! should I be jealous of a paper wooing—I know better ways of love than that—eh Francois? Eh, my little monkey?"

Francois Villon unwound the arms she flung about his neck and put her aside gently, with a curious look of pity. "If I cannot fill your stomachs I can fill your ears with a well-seasoned tale," he promised, as he took his place, back to the fire, the leaping flames making him a still wilder and more grotesque figure, a knight of the gutter, a gallant of the gibbet. "Hark then to the story of how one Master Villon met with the One Woman in the World."

The Abbess gave a sound of rage, but Villon shook his head. "'Tis the tale of the moth that scorched his wings at a star, Hugette!" he comforted her. "'Tis not love as you understand it but rather something else that only the good God understands, the mystery of the ages, the riddle of the Sphinx."

Know, then, that on Wednesday last as I was strolling—for my health alone!—near the Church of Notre Dame, watching the good folk enter, suddenly, I felt myself caught up to Heaven, and I saw—the loveliest she alive beneath the sun. She saw me no more than the pave aneath her little foot, but I saw her, and I see her now, and I shall see her in all the dreams I dream till it comes my time to die! It was not that

"I was standing near the church of Notre Dame when suddenly I felt myself caught up to heaven and I saw—the loveliest she alive beneath the sun."
her hair was so much brighter than the sun, or that her eyes were bluer than the blue overhead, or that her little mouth was redder than the roses in the King's garden; it was something else—a soul that peeped from her eyes, a God-knows-what that made her the queen among women. The sight of her beauty hurt my eyes, the taste of her beauty burnt my lips, and the ache of her beauty troubled my heart, and she passed me by, unseeing and entered the church, and I stumbled away drunk with a header wine than you have in your rotting bins, Master Robin. And, he groaned, and mocked the groan with a jangle of laughter, "I think I shall be drunken with her all my days."

"Why didn't you follow her into church and get near her in the crowd and pinch her?" queried Colin, sleepily; "I like not your tale, Francois. It has an ill sound in ears that ring with hunger. Love! Balderdash! Oh, for a roll of sausage—" and he looked greedily toward the cloaked figure drinking a sedate nogg in the corner.

At that moment, as the summoned, the figure rose and moved toward them. "Is there among you a braggadocio ruffian, a loose-tongued fellow known as Francois Villon?" asked a voice from under the concealing hat brim, "if so I have a word for him."

"At your service, good Cuffin!" bowed Villon, airily. "Your description fits me an ill cloak, and I like not the cut of it, but never mind. Has your word the ring of metal?"

The stranger glanced about the circle of wolfish faces, and apparently decided they were birds of a feather. "It has," he answered surily, "the sound of a thousand franes to one who can do a simple errand."

"For a thousand franes," smirked Villon, "I would carry a message to the devil himself. Out with it, friend! What's to do?"

"Only this," said the newcomer, lowering his voice, "as you know, the Duke of Burgundy besieges Paris and King Louis Do-Nothing sits idly by, willing his people should starve. But some there are of us this likes not, and we want a trusty messenger to carry word," he regarded Villon watchfully, "to Burgundy that the defence of the city is a pitiful myth, that there is no wall but may be carried, that the army dives, and the Court dances and there is nothing in the way of his entering whenever he wills!"

"Ouch!" Villon gave a sudden cry as if of pain and clapped his hand to his side; "I have a cramp—in my sword! It needs exercise!" He drew it, and flourished it fantastically above his ragged head. "It is a French blade, fellow, and thirsty to drink the blood of a traitor!"

Like a frightened hen, the man in the cloak scuttled across the room, and the door-erased him. A murmur of discontent rose among the fellows of the Cockleshells. "You fling away a thousand frances glibly, Francois," grumbled Rene, "who'd have suspected you of such a tender conscience? And what difference does it make to you who sits on the throne of France?"

Villon sheathed his sword. "'Tis a whim of mine," he confessed, half ashamedly, "to be loyal. There's no accounting for whims, but I'll not let mine rob you of your supper. Come! The good moon has drawn a curtain across her window like a tidy housewife and the world's adark. I know a church chest waits us, bursting with spoils pilfered from the pockets of the poor. Let's be gone, say you, Hearts of Gold?"

"Hist!" waved Villon, "one comes!"

flaring overhead. The Fellows of the Cockleshells slunk along the streets like shadows cast by the moon, and without accident eluding the watch, arrived at length at the church. "Ods blood!" then swore Rene de Montigny, softly; "but the fellow's brought us to the chapel of His Majesty!"

"Who better?" whispered Villon, gaily; "one goes for riches where riches are. Does one seek poultry in a draper's? To work!"

A hasp on a window at the side was loose and Colin, who despite his flabbiness, could twirl a bar of iron as it had been cheese, snapped it in two. Pell-mell into the dark interior hurtled the piffrers with as much éclat as the thievry were not a hanging matter, and Villon followed them. The chest was soon located, its contents distributed among the several jerkins which closed over the yellow metal cosily. Then, as they were about to leave, Villon held up a warning hand. "Hist!" he muttered, "one comes!"

A gleam of a torch pricked the darkness of the chancel. The intruders shrank into the shadows as a woman's figure rayed

(Ten-score)
about with a nimbus of light paused at the altar and motioned the attendant with the torch away. "Wait me outside," said a voice, like the deep tones of a bell, and hearing it, Villon gave a great start, and forgetful of caution leaned to look down at her. "God in Heaven!" he muttered, "tis she!"

There in the darkness the five rogues listened to a woman's prayer, a prayer for the safety of France which was dearer to her than her heart's blood, a prayer that a weak King might be given strength—or "that a man should come to court" and rouse the painted puppets to be men. Only one of the eavesdroppers gave the words much heed, chafing to be gone and taste the sweet fruits of their thievery. When at last the white figure had trailed down the aisle, Rene de Montigny prodded Villon's side.

"Come, let's be off!" he muttered, "before another wench comes a-praying!"

A ray of the moon, prying thru a shutter, fell across Villon's face, showing it aflame! His fellows stared curiously, as tho they hardly knew him, but Villon gave them no heed. "A man would come to court!" echoed Villon, with a great longing shaking his voice into rags and tatters of sound. "Now if there be a God, how he must be laughing! A nincompoop upon the throne, and a gutter rat with the spirit of a king! If I were the king of France—" his head rocked back on his shoulders, he spoke as one inspired in his beloved rhyme—

"We want a chief to bear the brand—
And bid the damned Burgundian dance—
God! Where the oriflamme should stand
If Villon were the King of France—".

In flaming measures he poured his heart into the words, the wild, untamed, heart of Villon the rascal, beating beneath the ragged gown and terrified by the sound of approaching feet his friends fled from him, diving from the windows with their spoils, bent on saving their skin whole. In the vestibule, a small crooked figure in a velvet doublet, with silken hose sheathing his lean shanks listened, and smiled with wry, thin lips. "A braggart, mouthing easy nothings!" Louis of France murmured to his entourage, "still—the fellow has fire in him. Get him, and bring him to me!"

Dazed, Villon saw himself suddenly surrounded with pikes and the flash of steel, he whirled out his thin blade but too late.

Louis looked down at the wretched huddle of limbs they brought him, and laughed softly. "An ill-looking bird, but he crawls like an eagle. Thibault has gone over to Burgundy and the post of the Grand Constable is empty—take him in, wash and dress him in fine linen and lay him on Thibault's bed. When he comes to himself address him as Grand Constable! We shall see whether he has aught can match his bravery of tongue!"

And so it happted that on the morrow, Francois Villon opened his eyes upon purple draperies and tapestried walls, upon servile faces bowing about his bed, upon gold lace and velvet and plumed hat laid by ready for his donning. "Tis a monstrous fine dream, at any rate," he murmured, as he was helped to dress, "if I might dream a few gold pieces in my pocket now—"

He thrust his fingers into the wallet at his belt and drew them out full of coins. He raised his eyes and beheld in the mirror before him not the scarecrow figure of yesterday, but a gallant gentleman, barbered, freshly shaven, carrying his fine plumage easily and well.

"His Gracious Majesty the King to speak with the Grand Constable on affairs of state," intoned a voice at the door. The small, crooked figure in black velvet waved his attendants away. He regarded the transformed thief, and sniffed. "Welladay, my good Constable!" he chirped. "I trust you have found all to your taste? We are but humble folk at Vaucelles; you must overlook our failings."

Villon fell upon shaking knees and touched his lips to the hem of the black robe. "Sire!" he choked, "Sire, I know not what to say!"

"Yet last night you were at no loss," chirped the king; "you had a mouthful of fine words and boasts as to what you would
do if you were France's king!"
His tone grew sharp, his smile
more malign; "I have decided
to give you an opportunity to
make good your words—if you
can. For one week you shall be
the Grand Constable of France
in very sooth. You shall do as
you will and drive Burgundy
from our gates if you can.
Afterwards," the thin lips sneered,
the small cold eyes twinkled up
at him, "afterwards your final
act as Grand Constable will be
to pronounce sentence of death
upon one Master Francois Vil-
on, scapegrace and ne'er-do-
well, provided that in that week
you have not made good your
words and won the heart of
the Lady Katherine of Vaucelles,
proudest lady of the court, and
hardest to win!" The wry smile
became a cackling laugh. "Egad,
it would serve Katherine well
to have flouted me and to pin
her faith to this thing of rags
and tatters!" chuckled Louis.
Villon was very white, but his
eyes glowed. "Is that the only
choice, Sire?"

"Louis made a contemptuous
gesture. "Oh, no, you may don
your vile rags and go back to
your' gutter this moment if you
choose a longer lifetime of lying
in the mud rather than a week
of sitting among the stars."

Villon bent his head. The
sunshine was pure gold across
the floor at his feet, the air was
soft with roses. Life was very
sweet even to a poor rogue of a
rhymer—yet, to play a man's
part for a week—to be near his
Lady, to speak with her as an
equal, to woo her perhaps—

He bowed low. "I have chos-
en the week, Sire," he said
quietly, "if I cannot make good
use of it I would rather die
than live longer to hate myself."

Of the strange, wondrous
days that followed, there is no
space to tell. Francois Villon,

Francois Villon caught the
slim white hands with a
great cry. "You would do
that for me?" he asked

'gutter-born, found himself at no loss
among the great lords and ladies of the
court. Even when Katherine of Vau-
celles bent her shining head to him and
spoke with the voice she used toward
the king himself, his lips fell into the courtly
phrases of compliment and badinage,
tho his heart beat to suffocation with
great joy and great pain. And the hours
sped across the sundial in the castle
garden, and still Burgundy crouched with-
out the gates.

Then came a herald, bearing insolent
words, "Surrender Paris or taste of our
guns!" Louis the King listened, small,
weakened face inscrutable, while the court
chafed under the insult of the message
and the messenger's bearing. "My Grand
Constable will give you our answer," said
the King calmly. "He knows our heart,
and our will."

Francois Villon rose to his feet, in his
soil a great humbleness, in his eyes a
flame. He had dreamed always of great
deeds that he would do, and now great
deeds were possible to him. He spoke
with his lips to the herald, with his heart
to Katherine. "Go back to your master!"

he bade the messenger, "and take him
this word from the lips of France Her-
self. Defiance for defiance, menace for
menace, blow for blow! This is our an-
swer"—and he drew his sword and flashed
it aloft, "God and Saint Denis for the
King of France!"

Up sprang the perfumed courtiers,
dragging their sleeping blades from silk-
en sheaths, the air was full of their flash-
ing and the sound of cheers. His words
had burned away the painted threads of
lazitude that had emmeshed their man-

(Continued on page 68)
Erich Von Stroheim and the Miracle

"Perhaps it was your splendid acting in the rôle of the hated German officer in various pictures that helped prejudice the public," I remarked. "I confess that your subtleties made me long to see your punishment several times."

"What could I do?" he replied. "The moment a director saw me I was immediately cast in that rôle. I played it in 'The Unbeliever,' 'For France,' 'Hearts of the World,' 'The Hun Within,' and in 'The Heart of Humanity.' Probably I could never have given such a villainous characterization in the latter picture had I not been conscious of the hatred which every member of the cast felt for me. I sensed their antipathy so distinctly that it was reflected in my acting and I put into the rôle just what they were thinking of me.

Erich Von Stroheim went thru painful privation when he first came to America from Austria. In those days of frayed collars and run-down heels he engaged in every possible occupation, except bartender and waiter.

"It was after a disagreeable affair that my father thought the American climate would be good for me and he sent me over for five years, I doubt if I shall ever go back.

"During the years of

‘It is like a miracle! I can hardly yet believe it.

After so many struggles with heavy odds against me, to have at last become a director—well, as I say, it is like a miracle!" And while Erich von Stroheim smiled, the eyes remained serious. The memory of those struggles is not readily effaced.

There is a saying about the motion picture studios that in every life there is at least one good scenario. If this be true, Mr. von Stroheim has a dozen stowed away behind those serious eyes, for during his 32 years he has touched the dramatic contrasts of life that develops the emotional powers and he has—lived!

Before meeting him I had been told that he was by birth Count von Stroheim, of the Austrian nobility, his father having been a colonel in the Austrian army, and he himself a graduate from the War College of that country in 1905.

When I asked Mr. von Stroheim about these early years he shook his head, saying, "Titles mean nothing." I gave up mine for I am an American citizen.

"This American citizen had a hard time during the war, however," he continued, as we lingered over our sandwiches in the little café at the Universal City studios. It was long past the usual lunch hour and the room was deserted.

"My name, my face, in fact, my whole Austrian make up was against me. I was shunned and disliked. At one time I was even under observation, but after six weeks before the armistice was signed I was offered a commission in the Intelligence Department of the United States Government. I had served four years in the U. S. Army when I first came over ten years ago."

(Tirty-four)
By Maude S. Cheatham

run-down heels and frayed collar bands I engaged in every possible occupation, except bartender and waiter, to keep from starving. Oh, yes, I was often hungry. I recall that once in New York I didn't have one cent and was miles from my lodging in Brooklyn. I stood by a subway entrance determined to ask someone for a nickel; I had frequently helped others, but I didn't have the nerve and walked home after all.

"Struggles are all right to look back upon, but so far I derive little pleasure in contemplating mine, they are still too recent to have gained any glamour. I came from a fighting family, however, and I fought my way thru every inch."

Whatever the battles, Mr. von Stroheim has finally emerged not only as an actor of subtle force, displaying the rare ability to sink one's personality into the rôle he is playing, but he has achieved a signal success as a director, for his first picture, "Blind Husbands," places this young man among the foremost directors of the day. This may well be termed a personal triumph for not only did he direct the production but he wrote the story, under title of "The Pinnacle," and acted one of the prominent rôles.

"It was Mr. Lammle who gave me my chance," Mr. von Stroheim replied, when I congratulated him, "He came west just as we were finishing 'The Heart of Humanity.' Meeting him, I told him what I wanted to do and he said to go ahead. I still feel it is a miracle, four months ago I little dreamed my chance was so near."

It was after a series of hardships during which he had tried everything, from writing a vaudeville sketch and playing it on the Orpheum Circuit, to being Life Saver at Lake Tahoe (with the unlucky number of 313) that he broke into pictures.

Being down and out but still determined, he walked over to the Griffith studio in Hollywood every day for two months and waited around the outside, hoping to attract someone's attention.

One day John Emerson, who was playing a rôle in Eisen's "Ghosts," stepped out of the studio in his evening clothes with a ribbon across his breast. "For the first time in my life I was n'ervy," observed Mr. von Stroheim. "I stepped up, told him my name and asked if he was playing comedy or drama. When he said drama, and that the ribbon was a badge or decoration of a Chamberlain, I told him it was not correct. 'What do you know about it?' he asked. I replied that it was too long a story to tell.

(Continued on page 69)
The Director-Diplomatic

By MARY KEENE

You are accustomed to see, or at least to think, of a director in more or less stereotyped attitudes and atmospheres. Reasoning with a temperamental star, perhaps; poring distractedly over scripts; scrambling about on location; searching for said location; overlooking sets; all the usual rest of it.

I saw Edward José differently.

Had I not known the nature of my mission, I had been ushered, wholly unprepared, into the spacious tranquil room overlooking the Hudson and cast mine eyes, all unprepared, upon the stalwart, picturesque gentleman with the intent eyes and the courtly, other-world bearing, clad in Burgundy silk lounging attire and writing at a huge carved mahogany desk I might have made several guesses as to his pursuit in life, and several would have been wrong. Asked what he did in the world’s work—and that he did something would be quite obvious—I think I should have hazarded: “Why, he’s a foreign diplomat. Or an emissary from some court.”

I might have ventured, “He’s an actor—of the stamp of Sothern and Mansfield.” I don’t think I should have called him a director. I can hardly say why.

I found him as diplomatic as his appearance conjured. Quite charmingly so. He has a fine discrimination in giving his point of view and in keeping it. He is a man pre-eminently fitted to direct because there is always a deep reserve fund within himself of power, of thought, of feeling.

He is wholly void of personal egotism. So much so that I found it very hard to keep him to the topic of the hour—himself. He talked readily and engrossingly on many things—on the absurdity, for instance, of the individual pitting himself or herself against tradition; against world-old laws and orders. “It is inevitable destruction,” he said. “Take marriage, for example. The scenario I am doing now deals with the revolt of a woman against the sacrament of marriage. She loses through—of course. What does one case of unhappiness, or two or three, or as many dozen, prove? What have you and I to do with what has been ordained from the beginning?”

I had come, however, to hear him talk about himself, and if it had not been for the gentle interpolations of Mrs. José who sat sewing in the adjoining room, I should certainly have gone away with the charm of his indubitable personality about me, but wholly, too, without Joséan information.

Just as a beginner I asked him what he considered the requisite of a truly great director. It is the prize question.

He shrugged his shoulders, elevated his brows, threw up his hand and took a few steps about the room in what I discovered to be a characteristic way.

“If I say,” he said finally, “people will think I speak of, or from, or about myself. It will sound too—well, too egotistic. It is better that I do not say at all.”

(Continued on page 80)
The Cinema Comes to Carleton

By HARRIETTE UNDERHILL

William Carleton, Jr., lay the corn muffin which he was buttering down on his plate, looked at us seriously and said, "You are right—there is!"

Now William, Jr., is a mild-mannered man and he is particularly fond of corn muffins, so we knew something untoward was egging him on to this display of fierceness and this renunciation of his beloved viands.

"You are right, there is a fly in the ointment. I don't like cinema field days—community acting, if you know what I mean."

"But we don't know," we murmured, outwardly timid, but secretly exultant, because we sensed a story. "What is community acting? Something to inspire good fellowship, like community singing?"

"Yes," answered Mr. Carleton, still gloomily regarding his neglected muffin; "something like community singing, only not so sweet and I can't say that it is particularly conducive to good fellowship—in me, at any rate."

"And what are cinema field days?"

"The same, only more protracted."

And all this because we had inadvertently asked Mr. Carleton if there was not a single fly in his syrup of contentment.

"Never mind," w. soothed, "you needn't tell us what community acting is and we can live if we don't know what cinema field days are. Don't excite yourself and we'll talk about birds and flowers."

"No we won't; we'll talk about cinema field days," for William Carleton, Jr., can be a "majestic" man when he wishes. "If it wasn't for them, life in front of the camera would be one sweet song. But people never can be induced to believe that we make motion pictures because it is our profession. They firmly believe that we do it for their delectation. Have you ever made exteriors in a popular summer resort? No, of course you haven't—I forgot."

"Well, you needn't be so superior," we replied. "We have had three offers, but we don't like to work so hard."

"Well, community acting is when the whole community decides to take part in the picture. Cinema field days are those awful days when mothers gather on the site which has been selected for the exteriors for your new picture, bringing with them numerous little Cuthberts and Cedrics who, they fondly hope, will be the picture heroes of the next generation.

"You select a nice secluded spot back of a stone wall for your dressing room. You find a hollow tree evidently placed there by providence to be your make-up table. You work for an hour in the sun. Then the director will say, 'All ready for this scene! Carleton, your nose is shiny. Better touch up your make-up!' and you rush away to your nice secluded dressing room to find an angel-faced, flaxen-haired child digging in your box of powder with a stick. His face is daubed with your grease paint. Mamma sits nearby reading. You take your cherished possessions away from him, get out your mirror preparatory to holding it up to nature and proceed to touch up your make-up. Cuthbert stands wild-eyed. 'Mamma,' he shouts, 'come and see the man putting powder on his nose just like you do!' or, if you carry your make-up with you and hide it under a stone, when you return you'll surely find some coy belle of '84 in a picture hat using your powder puff and mirror. It never fails."

"Poor dear," we murmured, "the subject is evidently a painful one. Tell us some more."

"Well, there isn't going to be any community acting in 'The Copperhead.' That is the picture I am working in now with Lionel Barrymore. Charlie Maigne has made me a deputy sheriff and I am going to wear a 'tin star' and everything just like a regular one. So when the people gather on the field for the ceremonies, as they surely will—10,000 strong, I suppose, to see a real Barrymore, I can order them back and flash my badge and be real impressive."

"Did Mr. Maigne select you as a minion of the law because you are six feet two?" we asked. "And important-looking."

(Continued on page 70)
The Gorgeous Gloria

This unique bathing-suit is introduced in Cecil B. De Mille's "Why Change Your Wife?" While we rather doubt its sea-going qualities, we frankly admit its effectiveness. If it isn't aquatic, it is optical.
Fictionized from the Maurice Tourneur Photoplay

By FAITH SERVICE

In his very early days Baron Heyst had been badly battered and mauled by life... there had been a great many things... it had not seemed able to let him be. With the passing of his youth passed, too, his faith. He drew, as it were, an enveloping cape about him and stood aloof, mocking thrupbadly twisted lips.

"The thing to do," he said to his son, shortly before he came to die, "is to do nothing. Only by establishing an absolute negation of attitude are you safe. Do not attempt, either, to be anything. Be in the world, because to remove yourself from it involves an infringement of negation, of all infringements the greatest... but be not of it. Stand apart. Live apart. Say little and condemn, inevitably, all that you hear said. If you evolve philosophies, the rabble, swine all of them, will still go nosing for truffles. If you ponder the philosophies of others you will become evolved. Establish an absolute negation."

To establish a negation was not peculiarly hard for Axel Heyst. Curiously, he had never believed very vitally in his own identity, in his own essential existence. He had been, to himself, a shade "walking among shades..." he had established no contacts... there had been vague persons... even his father with his detached bitterness, so detached, indeed, as not to be bitterness at all, but only a wraith of other days, still shrouded. There had been vague events... and many books... and travels... seen, as it were, thru a haze, darkly... nothing had been real, ever. Nothing had given any stabbing joy. Nothing had given any driven pain. There had been no palpable sense of discomfort, nor yet the glow of any substantial comfort.

After his father's death, Axel Heyst left London. He had read of the South Seas and they called to him. There, he thought, on those deep lulling waters, among those drugging scents and thick strong sounds, one might, like mammoth lazy birds, wheel away one's time, suspended between, literally and figuratively, earth and heaven.

One could readily establish negation with the natives. There could be no possible other stand. There would be no intrusions. Things would not happen. There would be no women. Not that Axel thought of women in the way of intruders. Actually, he did not think of them at all. He knew that part of his father's philosophy had had to do with woman's component part in the

VICTORY

Fictionized by special permission from the scenario of Stephen Fox, based upon Joseph Conrad's novel of the same name, published by Doubleday, Page & Company. Produced by Maurice Tourneur and released by Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. The cast:

Axel Heyst.........................................Jack Holt
Alma..................................................Seena Owen
Ricardo...............................................Lon Chaney
Schomberg.........................................Wallace Beery
Mr. Jones...........................................Ben Deely
Mrs. Schomberg...................................Laura Winston
Pedro................................................Bull Montana
Captain Davison.................................George Nicholls

Just now, ranking virulently, was the girl in the Zangiciamo orchestra, lately arrived from Eastern ports and stopping a few weeks at the hotel en route for California.
cosmos. And then, with the beginning of the bitterness, woman's part had been ruled out of the philosophy and Baron Heyst had expatriated himself from his native Sweden and

some sort of a chapter had been shut down, a seal affixed.

Axel Heyst roamed five years among the islands of the South Seas, dragging himself with a sweet narcotism, not so much waking as sleeping. There had been no intrusions...

There had been passing dusky faces...barbaric sounds and smells...lagoons like fluid south...endless blue waters...endless gold shores...endless sailings...coming and going...nowhere...to no purpose...the world did not knock at his door...He might have been his father, entombed, for all life had of him, or he of life...

Then, as abruptly as poetry might turn to prose and almost as shockingly, he fell in with Morrison. Morrison was mere man. He didn't know anything about negations. You couldn't have established the abstract fact of negation in his head by any sort of means. He was utterly the positivist. He had a passion, too. A ruling one. An overruling one. It was for his trading brig, the "Capricorn." Morrison had been born on the Capricorn. He had grown up on her, with her, body and soul. He had got his life and his livelihood from her. She was living tissue to him. He had a tremendous sentiment for her, a feeling composed of tissue and blood He had sailed the Java sea on her and now, it seemed, in the port of Timor, because he had no cash, some irregular had been found in his papers and the Portuguese officials were going to impose a fine he couldn't pay on him, arrest his brig and, at the expiration of the week, knowing the fine was beyond him, sell her at auction. Sell the Capricorn...It was like the sacrilegious sale, the sacrilegious public sale of some beloved woman...

Morrison was in the throes when he ran into Heyst. He was too terribly in the throes to take notice of anything different.

about Heyst. He was just someone to pour out his heart to...his big heart, which was breaking.

It was a sort of a vandalism, after a fashion. Morrison was a sort of a, no, distinctly, a vandal of dreams. He thrust his heavy, hol-nailed boot into the delicate aloofness of Heyst's absolute negation. He showed him a bare heart, a rugged piece of suffering, easily averted.

Heyst was shocked. Of course, he felt at once, the Capricorn could not be sold at auction. He sensed the tragedy there, immediately. Sensed, too, somehow, remotely, the clouder of resistance Morrison was making.

Consummately and very delicately, he made it possible for Morrison to pay his fine and assure the safety of the Capricorn. He turned away before the sight of the big man's heaving joy. It was somehow cataclysmic. The primitive forces in the man slept, or dozed, so close to the surface that one felt the sense of an upheaval of nature in his emotions, forces...

"I'll tell you what," said Morrison, after he had released Heyst's sensitive fingers from his blunted ones; "I can't do enough for you. I can't, for a fact. I...but what I can do...I'll let you in...there's coal on the island of Samburan. I happen to know...come closer... heirkye...that's how I know. I've been waiting...for the right man. You're him, Mr. Heyst. You're him. You are, for a fact. There's a fortune. A fortune. There is, for a fact. Here's the details..."

Three hours later, Heyst said all right. He didn't know why he had said all right; why he had agreed. It wasn't in accordance—it wasn't in accordance at all with the utter detachedness preached by him by his father. He couldn't see why this huge crude man should break thru the delicate, impalpable, yet very potent doorway between himself and the rest of the world. His had been a huge fist knocking...knocking smashing sorts of blows...he had, it seemed, battened things down. Heyst was conscious of a tingling in his veins. After all, perhaps, outside the thick blue haze shot thru with dreamy...
gold in which he had lived and had his separate being, after all, there were men who wept immense tears over the threatened loss of a grubby trading schooner; to whom these staple things of life meant breathing and being. Odd sort of a surprise, but probably true after a limited fashion . . .

And then, it had occurred, even to Heyst, that to dream one must have money. Dreams, even, are quite costly. One must pay, it seemed, to float about on the South Seas watching the curious native life thru half-closed eyes. This coal mine of Morrison's . . . it could be got thru with and then he, Heyst, amply supplied for endless dreaming, could go back . . .

But one doesn't go back, it seems . . .

Morrison went to London to float the company and in London he died. There was too much fog there, perhaps—the details were never made very explicit. But he died. And when Heyst heard of the big man's death he felt precisely as tho someone had given him a crude rent with a knife. A most unthinkable thing.

Before he died, however, it seemed that Morrison had been successful in forming the company. Heyst found himself nominated manager and with the mushroom growth of such enterprises coolies were imported, engineers arrived from London, bungalows sprang up, a gallery was driven into the productive hillside and coal in vast quantities was taken out. Heyst had felt quite excited up to the actual time of the mining. There was something, he thought, in the nature of a gigantic dream about it all. He felt detached from it, interested, immensely interested, but as a spectator. He missed Morrison. Heyst had a fresh salt tang. There had been an invigoration to Morrison powerful enough to pierce the veil of Heyst's dreaming. Now Morrison was gone and the old lethargy was creeping about him again. His father had been right . . . detachedness . . . all this . . . what did it amount to?

Shortly thereafter the company went into liquidation and Heyst was left alone on Samburan with his chinaman, Wang. He was content to stay. He had his pipe and the bungalow had been fixed to suit him. He rather thought he would stay on . . . indefinitely . . . he was at peace. On the other islands, when he had gone to and from while the mining was on active process, there had been nasty talk back and forth. Schomberg, the big German who kept the hotel on Sourabaya, seemed absolutely to hate him. This seemed absurd to Heyst, who had never hated as he had never loved, a living soul. Schomberg, it seemed, accused him, with equal absurdity of an absurd thing. He had used Morrison, Schomberg alleged, had even been responsible in some occult way for Morrison's death.

There had been mysterious dealings . . . hidden wealth . . . Heyst laughed at it, silently, after his fashion, yet it was, he thought, as the something gaseous, noxious alloyed, unpleasantly, a trade wind from the south, spiced and aromatic . . . It was certainly negative on Samburan. He was forgotten by the world. In his turn, he too, forgot . . .

When, finally, there came an occasion for him to go to Sourabaya on some sort of a final transaction for the liquidated company he had forgotten along with other things, the dead Morrison and his own brief days of activity, the hatred of Schomberg.

He remembered it when the bearded German glared at him and spat a reluctant consent to his registration at Schomberg's Hotel. The Englishman with the woman's eyes didn't know of Schomberg's hatred . . . Schomberg himself was rather indefinite as to the original source . . . he only knew that he had a deep antipathy for Heyst . . . that his fingers twitched for him and his mouth watered in contemplation of cruelties he might inflict . . .

Heyst's odd presence inflamed the hatred. Schomberg wanted to talk about it, wanted to plot and plan about it, wanted to allay it. He had wandered on this desert of his de-

And always Ricardo followed Alma, begging her favors, making love to her, threatening her . . .
After the Zangiciamo Orchestra had done he knew why he stayed. He stayed because the very white girl in the impos-
sible uniform stayed, solitary, on the platform, immediately
abandoned by the other members of the Lady Orchestra and
by Zangiciamo himself. She seemed to Heyst to be shrinking,
up there on the platform. She wasn't looking at him, either.
On the contrary she seemed to be trying very hard not to look
at anybody at all, as tho she were fearful to.

Of course, following the absolute negation, Heyst knew that
he should go out at once, lose himself in the night, let it con-
sume him. But he had noticed her as the Lady Orchestra
played, vaguely, but still . . . she had had a luminous quality
. . . she had seemed to shine softly, faintly, like some fragment
of a fallen, drifted moon . . . . It occurred to Heyst that she
was the loneliest thing he had ever seen. He had always, here-
tofore, thought that of himself, thought that indigenous to
himself. It was a new thought, wholly new. Just as Morrison
had been a new thought, Morrison who could weep and wring
tremendous hands over the loss of a sailing brig, run with
rats and smelling of rope and tar.

Heyst approached the girl and from behind the bar Schom-
berg glared and chewed his beard, his mustache, his chin itself.
Schomberg had had three new guests the day before and un-
til this instant he had felt some sort of a clammy fear of
them. One gets fears of that nature on the South Sea Islands.
One of the guests had registered himself as Mr. Jones. That
was simple and unfeared enough, certainly, but Mr. Jones
belied his name. He had a horrible air of a recent gravel.
Schomberg swore to his wife, pinching her the while he
mousted his fears, that there was the smell of grave-mould
on this Jones. Ghouls had disinterred him, avowed Schomberg
in part, and he had drifted here. The ghoul, he thought, were
his two companions, Ricardo, an ex-seaman with a smell of
fresh blood about him, and Pedro, their Venezuelan servant
with fifty devils in his eyes and a smile cruel enough to congeal
the blood Ricardo might well be expected to spill.

Tonight, tho, Schomberg saw the three horrors he was
housing in a different light. That they were bent on human death he was convinced. Plain Mr. Jones had been unearthed from some unholy grave and now he, in his turn, was about to destroy and to raise up. Suppose that Schomberg told them about Heyst, over on Samburan, and about the death of Morison and the hidden treasure. Suppose they left his hotel, these somehow terrible three, and went to seek out Heyst Schomberg crept up to the corridor where the three occupied three lordly rooms. He whispered to them thru the evil hours until the dawn, sickly, turned to bannered splendor, Now and again he rubbed his hands violently together and mopped his brow. The pale proximity of the plain Mr. Jones beaded him with agues of cold sweat.

The second night, too, Heyst waited for the white girl, who waited, too. On the second night she talked to him. Oddly, he had the dawning feeling that a human being was talking to another human being. Always, before this, he had thought a human being was talking to a shade, soon would sense this to be so, soon would chill and draw away.

Tonight, with this girl, it was different; how he could not say, did not want to say. She did not draw away, either. They walked on the curving half moon of the white beach along the edge of a lagoon within whose calm transparent breast a single star shivered, yet remained . . .

She told him about herself. Her mother, who wore a great deal of jewelry and then was kind, or who wore none and was rather terribly cruel, who spent a great deal of time out, grew very tired of walking . . . pavements being hard . . . Of her father whose name her mother was vague on and so, in consequence, was she. He had been a gentleman she said, her mother had told her she was certain of that, as certain as certain . . . a gentleman, she could bank on that . . . that nebulous fact, it seemed, was alone substantial in an insubstantial world thru which this child had drifted, white like a fragment of a moon . . . Her mother had died, after coughing a great deal . . . somehow she had got this job with Zangiciamo . . . and she was here and she was very much afraid . . . Zangiciamo and Schomberg were like two maddened dogs, it seemed; she the pitiful bleached small bone between the pair of them . . . She didn't know . . .

On the third night he waited on the curve of the beach for her. When she came, she came flying. "Oh, take me away with you!" she begged, her breast torn like the wings of a bird, "take me away. Take me away! I'll work for you. I'll live for you and die for you. I won't ever bother you, any. I won't . . . I won't . . ."

It was like, even tho unlike, Morison again . . . something hallowing . . . this time something soft . . . it occurred to Heyst fresh that he was a man . . . that the world about him was made up of two component parts . . . man and woman . . . fundamentally, inescapably . . . and that he was, he, Axel Heyst, was the man and this white girl clinging to him, was the woman . . .

He took her with him to Samburan, escaping that night, with the help of Mrs. Schomberg, only too glad to be rid of her, and Davidson who passed to and fro on his schooner and had done sundry small services for Heyst in the past.

She made a difference in the bungalow on the island. Heyst admitted that almost at once. It seemed to him, unobtrusively, as tho the house were flower-filled, even while he knew that it was not. Everything seemed softer and, at the same time, sharper. He, himself, seemed to be somehow quickened. Things were more acute, possessed more significance; daily things such as the eating of meals, the drinking of tea before dusk, dinner by candle light. Herefore they had been things to be got thru with, generally with a newspaper propped before his plate. Now . . . now he liked to linger over each detail of each one of them . . . there were her hands to watch, daily miracles, her eyes catching, holding, giving forth to him, again and again, new and amazing lights. Her talk . . . all to him. Suppose she should ever talk in the same way to any other person, to any other man. He knew, with his newly awakening self, that he wouldn't like that. And then, (Continued on page 81)
Helen Lee Worthing, one of the honor leaders in our Fame and Fortune Contest, has an important rôle in Ned Weyburn's revue at the Capitol Theater. She may be observed at the left assisting the Capitol constructors.

Photograph (right) by Abbe

At the right is Muriel de Forest, one of the Capitol revue favorites.
At The World’s Foremost Screen Theater

Broadway’s newest home of the photoplay, the Capitol Theater, is now open. This de luxe film institution features an elaborate musical revue, in which Lauretta Harris, at the right, and Helen Herendeen, below, have leading roles.

Photographs (right) by Alfred Cheney Johnston
(below) by Jean de Strelecki
The Hidden Egyptian

Exclusive Photographs by NELSON EVANS

clothes, and, if he happens to be in "the speakies," it even influences his diction. If the truth were recognized, it would be seen that mentally, at least, he frequently goes on playing it forever.

Think over all the players, both of the stage and screen, whose work you have followed and see if you can pick out the character or scene that they love the best. Frequently, you will find it very easy. You must use your detective powers, however. No true artist ever repeats a favorite scene or a favorite character in all of its details. But it will creep out; as is the case with all true love, they cannot help but show it. Even the very versatile Edith Storey has a love of this kind hidden behind her many distinct and perfect characterizations. If you watch her closely, you may see it there; a persistent suggestion of the Egyptian, in her clothes, her dry quiet humor, her enigmatic smile. Her favorite part was in "Dust of Egypt," a comedy made by the Vitagraph Company about four years ago.

"It was so entirely different from anything I have ever done that every moment of it was a pleasure," she said (she had on a dress of lavender striped organdie at the time. Later when the photographer saw her, she had on a different dress but it was striped, just the same).

"In the beginning of the picture, I was an Egyptian princess. Nothing could stand in the way of my getting anything I wanted. I could take it or have it brought to me. My will was law absolute. And then this Princess died and her mummy came to life in the present century. (In the end it

HAVE YOU EVER stopped to think how many different kinds of love affairs there are? But of course you have; everyone does at some time or other! There is, for instance, puppy love that doesn't last, and Indian summer love, that doesn't last either. There is the love of the leading man for the leading woman (on the screen)—and the love of the leading woman for the leading man (who is usually a member of some other company) off of it and this lasts—sometimes. But there is one love that lasts thru life and beyond, and that is the love of a player for his, or her, favorite part.

(If influences his mannerisms, his
By Elizabeth Peltret

... turns out that she was the creature of a dream.

"Her surroundings were no longer regal, but the princess had not changed in the least. She wants to use a certain table as a couch. It is loaded with beautiful things, but she just brushes them off—(Miss Storey illustrated with a nonchalant gesture)—and orders a bear rug that she fancies brought to her.

"The sub-titles were so good, too.

"Without being in the least conscious that she is saying anything unusual, the Princess remarks to her host, speaking of his wife, 'The Woman is old and ugly; why don't you send her away and get a younger one?' A man interferes with some little thing her Highness wants done and she deliberately attempts to stab him... But always she is possessed of a deep inward sense of her dignity as a princess..."

Perhaps the most noticeable thing about Edith Storey is her sincerity. She has a dry, quiet way of talking, her voice is low, rather "husky" perhaps, and even in tone, but never monotonous. She has brown hair, with the prettiest possible little wave in it, and large oval-shaped brown eyes.

She has the most exquisite sense of humor and her viewpoint on life is a very lovely one indeed.

"I'm not looking very far ahead, towards any while or distant horizon," she said; "I like to do the thing that is with me now, in the best possible manner. I like to keep husy. I don't even like to sit still and read unless I am doing it for some definite purpose. I would much rather be outdoors. I love mechanics: I can do almost anything about an automobile down to taking it apart and putting it together again. I am a regular tomboy; my brother and I are the best pals in the world."

He is three years younger than his famous sister and enlisted in the navy immediately after the declaration of war. Edith Storey enlisted (Continued on page 73)
Marie: The Mystic

By FRITZI REMONT

MARIE WALCAMP will do any sort of stunt so long as she has faith in her director.

And let me whisper: Marie is so sensitive to thought transference that nobody working near her dares think anything that Marie isn't supposed to know.

Now isn't that sensitiveness queer in a girl who is a death-defying, gymnastic wonder?

Miss Walcamp's eyes, change color while you talk to her—from grey to hazel, from hazel to grey. Everything about Marie suggests mysticism. Her smile is inscrutable. No two people know her in the same way. Inwardly, she is perfectly sincere, but outwardly, she is as changeable as a chameleon.

She may be happy one moment and somberly reflective the next. She isn't just exactly beautiful, but her great individuality marks her as one having a beautiful soul. She is reserved and likes to spend odd moments in reading and study. At night she usually reads herself into a sleepy mood, then tucks the book away under her pillow so that it can easily be drawn forth the first thing in the morning.

Miss Walcamp has a great deal of humor. You need watch her smile but a moment to be convinced of that. She has a large mouth, with perfect white teeth, slightly overlapping on the upper row, and that is why Marie won't smile often before the camera. Meeting her occasionally, one would not even notice the slight irregularity unless Miss Walcamp mentioned it, for her teeth give one only the impression of wonderful strength, resistance and perfect health. However, serial pictures never require smiles, so perhaps that's why the girl changed from comedy to stunts.

"Did you ever attend a séance?" I asked. I hadn't known about the Anna Eva Fay business up to that time, but Marie's mystic eyes—eyes which make one think of looking thru seven veils and trying to pierce an inner shrine—had given me courage to accuse her of being a psychic.

"Yes, just once. It was in a town far away from here when I was about twelve years old. Mother heard of a spiritualists' meeting and decided that it would be interesting for us to go and get a 'message,' if possible. I had always astonished her by my sudden hunches, and she was more or less interested in psychic phenomena anyway, so she mustered up courage enough to take me. It was her first experience also.

"We sat in a darkened room. I felt delicious thrills of expectancy and just a little shiver of fear. After a silence, the medium said—and oh, oh, he was so funny, with an impediment in his speech—well, he said, "Thumbuddy kicked my calythes awful hard just then. Does anybody here wackonize that spirit?"

"I forgot all about thrills, fear, spirits and good behavior, because the idea of being kicked on the shins was so irresistibly funny. I laughed and laughed until I almost rolled off my chair, and then it struck mother, too, and she began to suppress giggles, and a man asked us to leave—and we did! So my first and last séance was a real failure and I never tried it again. I told mother I was sorry we hadn't behaved well, for I did want to see a spirit that had gumption enough to announce its presence in such a forcible way. I always did admire people who had the courage of their convictions, no matter what form they took."

(Forty-eight)
“Do you have luncches about getting hurt when you do stunts?”

“Oh, often. Last week, when Mr. Mac-Gowan was going to throw that block of wood at me, of course, aiming to avoid actually hitting me, I said, ‘You are going to hit my head with it.’ He said he would aim low and never get near my head. A few minutes later I was almost knocked out by the block! I guess that ought to be the other way around, tho.”

Again the alluring smile brightened Marie Walcamp’s hazel-grey eyes.

“Did you ever play anything along occult lines?”

“Well, you know my coming into the picture was rather strange. I’ll tell you just how I happened to be cast for Bob Leonard’s ‘The Evil Power,’ which was a hypnotic play with a very powerful part in it for me. I certainly loved doing it.

“I was a showgirl with Kolb and Dill and had a great admiration for Laura Oakley, who was their leading woman. Every night I'd go to her dressing-room and watch her make up, glad to get any advice from her as to acting and the show business, or ready to sit quietly by and study her if she rehearsed anything. At that time she was working in pictures as well as with the comedians on the stage.

“One night she suddenly turned to me and said, ‘Marie, why don’t you try for the pictures? I think you’d make good. You have excellent features for the business.’ I said, ‘Oh, I dont know; I hardly think I’d have a chance, do you?’ She replied, ‘Well, nothing like trying. Come out to Universal with me tomorrow and I’ll introduce you.’

“Next day I accompanied her early in the morning and was put right into a comedy with Lee and Moran; then I had a chance to work for Mr. Leonard in the occult play; then two pictures with Daddy Turner and ‘The Village Blacksmith’ with Harry Pollard. I did a great many dramatic leads after that with Otis Turner and Mr. Pollard.

“The first two weeks I worked I earned ninety dollars a week. I simply couldn’t believe it. You know what the life of a showgirl means? hardly a cent left for necessaries, so much goes for board

(Continued on page 72)
The Girl from Out Yonder
Fictionized from the Selznick-Olive Thomas Photoplay
By Dorothy Donnell

"Y"ou lost some of your hair, and all of your complexion and one sandal," itemized Flotsam, dispassionately. "I guess that's all. Luckily I happened to be out with the lobster pots." She lifted one foot and scratched the ankle of the other with a bare pink toe in a carefree manner. Like that king of France who replied to a courtier venturing to criticize one of his acts, "I am the State!" Flotsam might have said "Convention? I am Convention!"

Mrs. Reggie Elmer, who had spent a very bad five minutes clinging to an unstable lobster pot and wishing fervently that she had been a better woman, giggled hysterically and made a futile attempt to wring a considerable portion of the Atlantic Ocean out of her salmon colored hair. "If you hadn't come along when you did—" she chattered, "my friends would have been saying, 'how natural she looks' in a day or so! I suppose I am a perfect sight—you haven't a powder puff about you, have you?"

The young person in the baggy corduroy breeches shook her curly brown head. "N o p e. I wanted to send for one out of a Sears Roebuck catalog but Fardie wouldn't let me. If you come up to the house you can have some flour, tho. Are you a week-ender or a permanent?"

"Mrs. Elmer seemed to be staring thru a lorgnette. It's all very well to have your life saved, and all that but it does put one under obligation to such odd people! "I beg your pardon?" she queried, frostily, "if you mean, am I summer boarder at the Point, no. That is my yacht off the Reef."

Flotsam was serenely unconscious of being snubbed. "I thought I hadn't seen you at the Light," she rejoined, pulling the great oars thru the water with magnificent sweeps of her strong young arms, "we're one of the sights, you know. All the summer folks come out to the Reef in Abe Barrow's motor boat and squeal when they climb up the stairs, and say 'how pictures-que' and 'I suppose its frightfully lonesome winters,' and buy souvenir postcards."

On the rocky ledge they were approaching two figures standing looking out into the dazzle of blue and gold. The one, sinewy, slightly stooping, with grizzled gray showing beneath the oilskin hat, waved his hand as the dory swept about the ledge. "Thar they be!" he bellowed. "I told ye my gal 'ud find her. She's the greatest hand to be pickin' up queer things out of the water, once 'twas a turtle, and once a devil fish and now your Ma!"

"'Ant, corrected his companion with a slight cough. He was a handsome, well-tailored young fellow whom Captain Joe Barton had classified already as "a city toff." Just now his expression was oddly compounded of anxiety, amusement and boredom. Edward Elmer was usually bored. He found the flavor of Life insipid to his tongue, as is usually the plight of those who have never wanted anything they could not have.

"Oh, Eddie!" chattered his aunt, hysterically as she tottered over the side of the boat. "Oh, Eddie, it's a miracle I'm not lying at the bottom of the Atlantic! And after all those expensive swimming lessons I took too! But this water was wetter, or at least it seemed so—it behaved so oddly—and I got a puncture in one of my water wings—oh, Eddie, I have a feeling that when I get around to it I'm going to have hysterics—"

"There, there, Tootles!" her nephew soothed her perfunctorily, patting her upon the back—the infallible masculine remedy for all feminine ills whether of body or soul. But his eyes strayed undistractedly from the sodden salmon tinted head upon his shoulder to the quaint little figure dragging the dory up beyond the water line.

Flotsam was small, but her sturdy boy's attire gave her a look anything but frail. She had crisp blonde hair, an audacious tip-tilted nose, a mouth, just a shade too large for classic perfection, not a whit too large for charm, and eyes that, from long gazing had caught the color of the sea, blue and gold, darkening into slate
grey when there was a storm brewing. She gazed directly and honestly at Edward Elmer without a trace of the sex-consciousness which a pretty girl usually shows when meeting a good-looking man. "Are the little girls that chattered, girls that flirted, girls that gossipied, but not to girls who said nothing at all, found himself suddenly desirous of hearing her speak."

"It was certainly deuced lucky you were out this morning," he began, with a smile intended to put her quite at her ease, a smile that seemed to say, "Don't be abashed by my grandeur, little girl. I'm awfully democratic and all that!"

"Wasn't it?" rejoined Flotsam, continuing to gaze out to sea with unfaltering interest in the fleet of fishing boats just jutting out from harbor. Devil take it, but she was really extraordinarily pretty—rigged out in one of Clarice's gowns she'd be a winner. His tone lost a trifle of its patronage and acquired deference.

"Tootles ought not to go swimming in anything deeper than a bathtub," he confided, "she loses her head too easily! So you live out here on the Reef, do you? I suppose you must—"

"No," replied Flotsam, coolly, "I don't get lonesome winters at all. Yes, indeed. I love the ocean. No, I've never been to New York. Yes, I'd like to. I'm not your baby doll, thank you, and I don't care to row over to the mainland some day and take a little ride in your car."

Edward Elmer stared at the mutinous little face blankly a moment then burst into a roar of laughter. "So that's what they say to you, is it? Then I won't say it. We'll talk about anything you choose, only do let me stay and talk. I'd like to awfully well, honestly!"

Unexpectedly the stormy face opposite broke into dimples. Flotsam sat down on the rocks beside him with as much grace, in spite of her salt-stained corduroys and clumsy shoes, as tho she wore organdie and patent leather pumps. "Then tell me," she begged him, hungrily, "every single thing you know about clothes." Her tone quickened, her eyes held a light almost holy. "Are they still wearing narrow skirts?" breathed Flotsam, "and tight sleeves, and are the hats turned up or down?"

And so began, on the rocks beside the morning sea, the story that was to lead to other, stranger chapters.

And so began, on the rocks beside the morning sea, the story that was to lead to other, stranger chapters, as the sea has other, somber phases. It was the first of many talks they had, Edward doing most of the talking, while Flotsam sat enthralled, listening to the tale of a world as remote from her ken as Fairyland.

"Why you allow it!" marvelled Clarice Stapleton, with the edge of spite in her voice, "that common little thing knows well enough who he is and how much money he has! Of course, I don't mean to imply that Eddie could be so ridiculous as to think of marrying her, but that sort is dangerous. Marriage isn't the only way to get hold of a rich man's money—"

Mrs. Elmer looked shrewdly at the speaker. Morning was always unbecoming to Clarice, tho she was still able to shine under electricity. In the full, hard light her face showed every one of the thirty-two years—she only confessed to twenty-eight—of struggle and disappointment. Clarice had tried desperately to marry almost every eligible young man she had met since her début, and the campaigns had left their traces in fine lines about her rather pale eyes, in a certain acidity of view-point, and drawn expression about lips that art rendered a vivid vermilion.

"She's young and pretty, you must remember," she remarked sweetly, and apparently without guile, "even in those outrageous togs she wears she manages to look like a little soubrette--"
in a musical comedy, and withal she's as utterly natural and unaffected as a wild rose." It was not that Mrs. Elmer really approved of Flotsam as a prospective nie-cio-in-law, but—as any feminine reader will understand—she took distinct pleasure in making Clarice writhe.

There were others than those on the yacht who regarded with alarm the friendship of Edward Elmer, clubman, millionaire, first-nighter of all musical shows and Flotsam—the Girl Out Yonder, the village called her. Of these, one, Joey Clarke, heavy of hand and feature, with hair burned a strange, tawny red by long days of fishing under the blazing sun, was the bitterest. Twenty-nine was Joey, a hard man, his fellows called him—a dangerous man. He could drink any other fisherman on the coast under the table without anything to show for it outwardly save a tendency to smile and talk more than when he was sober. He could strike with his tarry fist a blow like that of a sledge hammer. He could hate faithfully—could love bitterly. And he loved Flotsam Barton. There was a burning in his eyes when he looked at her, a thickness on his tongue when he spoke to her.

"Going to let the city dude cut you out, Joey?" his fellow fishermen jibed as the dory with Elmer and Flotsam put out from the Reef, "I hear they're as good as promised already. What gal who c'n have silk gowns and a fine house in the city is going to choose a fisherman's shack?"

To none of their jeers did Joe Clarke reply but his jaw had an ugly set, and his eyes, under scowling brows smouldered. Alone in his three-roomed shanty he considered possibilities. She had liked him well enough before that damned dude with his silk socks and silken words had come. She would like him—well enough, if he should go. And he should go.

"I could kill him," Joey muttered, and played with the thought for a moment, but in the end relinquished it. "But I'm not going to. I'm not hankering to spend the rest of my years in jail—or mebbe get kicked out o' life with a close of teetiosity. But if he stays much longer it'll be too late—he's got to go, but how—"

His great fist came crashing down on the pine table, setting the dishes chattering with nervousness. His lips drew back. "Why didn't I think of that afore?" he blazed, "is that don't send him kiting nothing will!"

Edward Elmer was surprised the next morning, to see the shaggy head and lowering face of the most unprepossessing fisherman on the Cape rise over the edge of the yacht to be followed by six foot two of oilskins smelling vilely of fish and defunct. "I beg your pardon, Mister," Joey Clarke said surly, "but might it be as how I could speak with ye, a moment?"

But when the desired permission was given he seemed at a loss how to begin. His great hands, shaggy with black hair twisted his greasy cap, his eyes were fixed upon the far-away ledge of the Great Reef Light. When he did speak the words seemed somehow wrong out of himself. "It's about Flotsam Barton. I've heard you're sweet on her—is that so?"

Elmer's eyes flashed dangerously, but his tone was level! "I don't recognize your right to ask such a question. However, if it is the least interest to you I am quite willing to tell you that I intend to marry Flotsam. And now—if that was quite all—" he gestured suggestively toward the gangway, "it would be a pity to lose a morning's fishing—"

Joey Clarke's great hands worked silently with the hat, a slow, dreadful twisting movement as tho' he were straining something. "You can't marry her," he said, "you can't marry her. It isn't safe—she comes from a bad stock—"

Edward Elmer laughed scornfully, then, little by little the laugh became mechanical and forced as his eyes studied the other's face. "Just what?"—he wet his lips—"just what do you mean?"

"I mean," Joey Clarke said heavily, with monotonous inflection, "that's she's the daughter of a murderer! And what's more Barton killed his own father. That's why he's tending the loneliest light on the coast—to keep out of the way o' the Law!"

"You're crazy!" stammered Elmer, ashy of face, "stark crazy!

"You don't believe it?" Joey pointed toward the Reef, white in the sunlight. "Ask him then! He knows I know it—'twas me as found the old man with his head beat in and him lying in a drunk alongside with his hands—red—"

Captain Barton touched the great brass reflector with his cham-ois as a mother touches the cheek of a new-born child. Next to Flotsam, singing below over her housework he adored his Light. It was somehow a symbol to him, those clear white rays brush-
ing the darkness triumphantly away—

"Captain Barton!" He turned, startled, then extended a heartily hand.

"Mister Elmer! I didn't hear ye, ain't you a mite early this mornin'? Flotsam's down-stairs—"

"I didn't come to see Flotsam," the boy said tragically. The agony in the young eyes searching the tanned weatherbeaten face before him drove the smile from the lighthouse keeper's lips. "I came to see you. To ask you—this man Clarke here says that you—Oh, I cant say it! He must be lying—he is lying, isn't he, Captain?"

The strength seemed to go from the gaunt figure before them. All at once he was an old broken man, an old frightened man with quivering lips that worked loosely and cheeks that twitched. His eyes roved dully from Elmer's tense face to Joey Clarke's implacable one. "So he's told ye?" he wheezed, "I've been payin' him for fifteen year to keep shet o' it. But—it's true—leastwise I s'pose it's true—"

"You suppose it's true?" the boy snapped furiously, "dont you know?"

"I was drunk," Captain Barton said, heavily, "I used to go on sprees—those days. And I come out o' one of them with Joey here, shaking me, and hollerin'—and there was Pap—and my clothes all over blood—"

"God!" said Elmer, and shrank away shuddering. Below stairs came the sound of a brisk broom and the lift of a clear soprano. "I have heard the mavis singing, her love song to the morn—"

"She dont know," the father cried, as tho in answer to some unspoken argument. "What makes you look so queer like? It ain't her fault! She ain't done nothin'," he plucked feverishly at the boy's sleeve, "what you turnin' away like that for? You aint—going to leave her 'count—of me—"

"I've got to!" In the face of Life's realities all the affectations and artificialities dropped away from Edward Elmer, and he spoke with his soul to the ears of the other's soul. "I love Flotsam—but I'd be afraid, afraid hideously, of the taint in her, afraid of what—my son would he and do—"

"She's good!" babbled the old man. "I wont never see her again—if you take her away—I'll promise you you wont never hear of me! I'll give myself up, and tell 'em Pap didn't fall onto the cellar floor like they thought. I'll—I'll do anything you say, on't break my baby's heart, dont—"

"I'm breaking my heart, too," But he was turning away, young shoulders sagging, young lips stubborn. "Tell her goodbye for me. I—couldn't bear—I'll have Auntie leave before another morning—oh, Flotsam—"

Moments, hours passed, and the old man in the Light tower stood motionless, then he lifted his face to the great blind blue that showed thru the glass dome overhead. "Help me t' lie, God!" Captain Barton prayed, "help me t' have my little gal home."

Flotsam gave a cry at the sight of the face he turned toward her, but he stilled her terrified questioning with a gesture. "I got to tell you something that breaks my heart, baby," he said, thru stiff lips that smiled dreadfully, "but it's the only way. I'm not—not yore pappy, not by blood—"

Hours later, Captain Barton climbed the stairs that led to

the Light, holding desperately to the iron rail. His knees shook beneath him, his head felt oddly dizzy and confused, incapable of thinking of anything but his duty—the Light that he must send out into the swift autumn darkness, the Light that must not fail whether hearts broke or no.

"First o' all that," mumbled he, as he dragged himself up stairs by stair, "and after—I'll think o' Flotsam—an' the rest—"

Out somewhere in the dusk he had left her, Elmer's arm about her, with her face, half frightened, half sorry, yet somehow kindly glad, turned to him as he waved her good-bye and dropped over the rail. The ethics of what he had done did not occur to him. He had denied his fatherhood to save her happiness, that was all of it, no more, no less. He had told his lie so well that it had passed as truth, and he thanked God. Somewhere out there—he looked down upon the dark heaving waters—the yacht was lifting anchor to take his little girl away from him, out into the world where even his thoughts would get lost in trying to follow—

"Th' Light—it's pitchy dark a'ready. He was working feverishly now. "Supposin' it shouldn't be lighted and the boat should go on the rocks! Where'd I leave them matches?—God!"

For his hand, groping in the thick darkness, had touched another hand. Joey Clarke's voice leaped upon his ears like some savage animal. "No you dont! The Light ain't going to be lighted to-night. Get me? It ain't going to be lighted!"

For a moment Barton did not understand. He even tried to laugh in a forlorn, helpless way. "What do you mean, Joey? You're jokin'! I got to hurry because the yacht is leavin'—and it's dark—"

(Fifty-three)
"It's not leavin'!" Dreadful mirth shook the great body beside him, "at least—not far. Send Flotsam away, would you? She was mine, I tell you—mine! And she ain't goin' to be anybody else's!"

There was madness in the wild words, in the gleam of the eye-balls in the darkness, madness in the clutch of the great, hairy hands. "Git out o' here, Barton! I'll tend the Light to-night! Git out o' here afore I serve you as I served your Pappy fifteen year ago—

It was not until the door crashed behind him that Captain Barton realized the meaning of the last words. He beat the panels with impotent hands, but the stout ash mockéd his efforts. He shouted, begged, prayed, and listened to the walls toss his own cries back upon him. From within the Light tower was awful silence. He shied to his knees and peered thru the keyhole—darkness, utter, merciless, and—out there, helpless in the night, the yacht driving on the rocks—Flotsam—

Somehow he had staggered down the stairs and into the kitchen, found matches, a can of oil. "Just a minute, dearie, Fardie's comin'!" the old man groaned. He lifted a wooden chair, brought it down upon the stove with terrific force that nearly tore his arms from their sockets. Feverishly he poured oil on the splinters. Another chair—another—clasp-the bundle of faggots in his arm, he staggered out into the windy dark, and felt his way down the rocks. Even by daylight it was a hard path to negotiate, steep, with unexpected pitfalls and fissures, but he pantèd on, falling, crawling on his hands and knees. Below him, and strangely near, sounded the hiss of the water on the pointed rocks. He strained his eyes and thought he saw lights moving thru the darkness—

"Just a minute, dearie," moaned Flotsam's father, and touched a match to the oil-soaked wood. The flames streamed on the wind like wild locks of a Valkyrie's hair. Above him from the darkened tower came a shout of fury, then, sickeningly the sound of a body hurled from a great height upon the rocks—afterward silence.

The torch flared higher, casting wild shadows. In the red light of it the old man's face was hallowed with prayer. "Keep her safe—please God! My baby—keep her safe, please God!"

"Fardie!" Light footsteps ran across the rocks, and Flotsam was beside him, straining him to her with strong young arms. "Fardie! What are you doing? Don't look so, Fardie; it's me, Flotsam! I've come back, and I'm never going to leave you again!"

He continued to wave the torch, staring down at her stupidly. "But—you can't! You're going to be a lady—" His knees weak-ended. She pushed him gently down and took the torch from him, holding it steadily.

"I'd rather be just Flotsam. To-night—when I saw them dancing—the fine ladies, in their fine dresses—I knew that you'd lied, and that I was truly your girl, and didn't want to be anything else—" her voice broke, denying her brave words, but she went on. "He told me, Edward—everything. And so I came back to tell you it didn't make any difference and I loved you. I rowed away while they were dancing. They'll never miss me, Fardie—I didn't belong there; I belonged here on the Great Reef—Out Yonder; I belong to the Light, Fardie, and to you!"

"And to me, Flotsam!" said a new voice in from the shadow. Tall and handsome in his evening clothes, Edward Elmer stepped into the golden ring of light, hands outstretched. "You didn't suppose you could run away from me, did you, dear? They had both forgotten the silent figure of the old man, crouched among his rocks, and, looking from young face to young face shining with a light that was not from the dying torch, Captain Barton rose softly and stole away. Later there would be things to be told, later he might free his name from the taint that Joey Clarke, lying somewhere starkly on the rocks had fastened upon it fifteen years ago. Later he might reclaim the fathership he had denied. He sprang

Out somewhere in the dusk he had left her, Elmer's arms about her, with her face half frightened, half sorry, yet somehow wholly glad, turned to him as he waved her good-bye and dropped over the rail up the steep ledge, into the tower and up the stairs to where the door swung open at the top. A scratch of the match, a flicker of a wick—and the Light shone out, splendid, serene, over the dark fields of the sea.

He held out his hands to the rays of it, ecstatic. "The Light—is stronger than the darkness—" cried Captain Barton, triumphantly, "what's there for us to be afraid of, God?"

**The Exception**

*By Walter Pulitzer*

There's change in everything, alas! except a fellow's pocket! This world is full of chances; there's nothing here abiding;

All things are evanescent, fleeting, transitory, gilding.
The earth, the sea, the sky, the stars—where'er the fancy ranges.
The breath of Time forever moves—all life is full of changes.
Like sand upon the ocean's shore that are forever drifting.
So all the fading scenes of earth incessantly are shifting.
Change rules the mighty universe—there is no power to block it.

(Fifty-four)
The waif and her pitiful little pet geranium are always with us. Witness the opening scenes of De Mille’s "Male and Female" and of Tourneur’s "The Life Line."

A company has been formed out in Los Angeles to film the Bible in 204 reels. Some directors we know can hardly get an ordinary story into that length.

Recently we presented our composite feminine star of the films. This month we offer our ideal screen male star with:
Lloyd Hamilton’s hair.
Ben Turpin’s eyes.
Bull Montana’s ears.
Chester Conklin’s mouth.
Ford Sterling’s chin.
"Fatty" Arbuckle’s torso.
Charlie Chaplin’s legs.

One of the New York newspapers has been listing the most popular lines of the spoken drama. We submit the following three subtitles to represent the photodrama:
"A lily growing in the mire."
"Poor but honest."
"The dawn of a new day."

BIG SCREEN MOMENT OF THE MONTH
Bebe Daniels in the allegory of "Male and Female."

The British are protesting about American bathing girl comedies. Why? The bathing girl is the screen prototype of the stage chorus girl. There is no other way to logically introduce the flapper except as an aquatic charmer, hence the bathing girl farce. Why permit the real thing behind the footlights and protest at an animated photograph of it?

Erich Stroheim has been purchasing pages in the trade papers to complain about the way Universal shifted the title of "The Pinnacle," which he wrote and directed, to "Blind Husbands." It’s about time some one took a determined stand upon the cold-blooded and brainless way producers twist titles about. Incidentally, Mr. Stroheim notes that Carl Laemmle, president of U., declared by saying that "there are more blind husbands in the world than pinnacles" and that, therefore, more people would go to see the re-titled picture. Which, we submit, is considerable reasoning!

Our all feminine football team for the season of 1919-1920:
Gloria Swanson .......... Left End
Dorothy Gish .......... Left Tackle
Wanda Hawley .......... Left Guard
Louise Fazenda .......... Center
Corinne Griffith .......... Right Guard
Bebe Daniels .......... Right Tackle
May Allison .......... Right End
Thea Bara .......... Quarterback
Lillian Gish .......... Left Halfback
Katherine MacDonald .......... Right Halfback
Elsie Ferguson .......... Fullback

"Syd Chaplin Finds Europe Is Unsettled" is the heading of The Motion Picture News story of the comedian’s attempt to produce on the other side. Something of a discovery, we’ll say.

"Aye, there’s the rub," comments some one on noting that Chris Rub has been signed as comedian by Universal.

How impressive are statistics! Mary Pickford’s tabulator states that Little Mary will make 15 miles of drama in 1920 and that 100,000 people will crowd theaters in every land to see her. The subtitles of her plays will be translated into seven languages, including Chinese and Japanese. We’d like to see "Pollyanna" in Swedish.

"American films are stimulating a desire among Brazilians to learn the English language," says The London Kinematograph. "Perhaps the pres-

(Continued on page 83)
The Celluloid Critic
The Month's Photoplays in Review

Two absolutely unheralded photoplays stand out of our month in the screen theater. One takes its place as a veritable celluloid cameo—and easily one of the best pictures of the year.

This silverscreen gem is "The Gay Old Dog," (Pathé), based upon an Edna Ferber story. It was adapted—and admirably adapted—to the films by Mrs. Sidney Drew and produced by Hobart Henley. Since we have long recognized Mrs. Drew's ability to sound the human note and Mr. Henley has heretofore been a director of no particular distinction, we give the major share of the credit to the former. Possibly we are wrong. Anyway, there is honor enough for both.

Now "The Gay Old Dog," isn't dramatic, hasn't the so-called "punch"; indeed, it violates most all of what producers have deemed to be photoplay essentials. It is just a slice of life. It moves leisurely, without forcing, to its logical conclusion. Its story? The bitter fate of one Jimmy Doold, who, weighted down by his dying mother's request that he "look out" for his three sisters, sacrifices his own love and hopes for his family. Then, as the years pass, he tries himself alone and loveless and he tries to be a "gay old dog." But he just cant—and so the picture ends with the "gay old dog" just a "tired, lonely old man in a ridiculous rose-room gone suddenly drab."

This brief summary does not begin to reveal the direct humanness with which Mr. Henley and Mrs. Drew have unfolded Miss Ferber's tale. If "The Gay Old Dog" doesn't reach your heart—well, something is the matter with your heart. The tears are there, the tear of a vital heart-throb. We beg of you to see it, if only to observe the way thought can be put across on the screen.

John Cumberland, "the gay old dog," has been playing so long before the footlights in risqué boudoir farces that we had come to think him just an average comedian. But his playing in "The Gay Old Dog" is superb in its sublety. The remainder of the cast is well chosen. Indeed, "The Gay Old Dog" is well nigh faultless. The subtitles, for instance, are gems of fine screen expression, so rare these days.

The other pleasant surprise of the month was "23½ Hours Leave," (Paramount), an adapted Mary Roberts Rinehart story, which introduces a new juvenile team, Douglas MacLean and Doris May, to the films. This is a delightful comedy revolving around a nervy young rookie's love for the daughter of the commanding officer of his training camp. There is a delightful freshness to the handling and scores of unforced laughs. Young MacLean proves to be a very pleasant young comedian of whom we expect a great deal. And let us not forget the director in giving credit where credit is due.

Since David Griffith gave us his epic, "Broken Blossoms," we again look forward to new producers emanating from his studios with something of the expectation we once awaited his old-time Biographs. Mr. Griffith's latest, "Scarlet Days," (Paramount), is a tale of the mining camps of '49, built around a young outlaw, Alvarez, said to have been a real character of California history. There is nothing particular about Mr. Griffith's melodramatic opus, altho Mr. Griffith, by a multitude of tiny touches, gets a little closer to what the
real pioneers and dance-hall favorites must have been. But "Scarlet Days" is distinctive in at least one item: Richard Barthelmess' portrayal of Alvarez, a sensitive, finely attuned romantic performance. Little Clarine Seymour makes a Mexican spitfire stand out and Eugenie Besserer gives a very commendable presentation of a grey-haired mining camp belle.

That high-spirited little comédienne, Dorothy Gish, is not happy in "Turning the Tables," (Paramount), a farce constructed about the effort of an unscrupulous aunt to put a young woman in a sanitarium in order to get control of her money. Miss Gish has her moments, but the comedy itself is tame stuff. So is the direction.

More of Norma Talmadge is revealed in "The Isle of Conquest," (Select), than in any vehicle we have yet glimpsed. For in it Miss Talmadge plays an unhappily married young wife cast ashore in abbreviated masquerade costume upon a desert island with a dash- ing stevedore. Of course, she comes to love him, believing hubby dead, and they are about to perform a marriage ceremony of their own, that they may become man and wife, when a steamer appears on the horizon. Friend husband is on board, but he promptly dies of heart trouble and things end happily for the sailor and the widow. Miss Talmadge is adequate enough, aside from being optically interesting, but "The Isle of Conquest" is just conventional screen drama.

"His Majesty, the American," (United Artists), is another routine Douglas Fairbanks celluloid cyclone. Doug gymnastics as a young New Yorker who gets involved in a middle Europe revolution and turns out to be the heir apparent to the throne. The star dashes from mantel to balcony and from housetop to window-ledge with his customary dramatic power. In other words, "His Majesty, the American" is just another Fairbanks comedy of the usual sort.

Geraldine Farrar's newest, "Flame of the Desert," (Goldwyn), does not impress us. Miss Farrar has the role of a British girl in Cairo during a threatened revolution of natives. She loses her heart to an Arab leader who turns out to be a British officer on secret service. Lou-Tellegen is the Arab-Englishman. "Flame of the Desert" is a machine-made vehicle and nothing more. It has all the careful photography and direction of Goldwyn productions—and all their lack of heart and imagination.

Dolores Cassinelli's "The Right to Lie," (Pathé), is hectic, unreal stuff. Miss Cassinelli is seen as the daughter of an American who has innocently been guilty of bigamy. He cannot reveal his first marriage, but does his best to right matters, making the child his ward. Every one suspects a sordid relationship and there are reels of tears and emotionalism.

Constance Talmadge's "A Virtuous Vamp," (First National), is, despite the cheapness of its title, a bit more amusing than Miss Talmadge's recent vehicles. An artless young British society belle, under an assumed name, invades the American business world and just can't help vamping every man in sight, thereby upsetting business organization with every flash of her smiling eyes. It is adapted from Clyde Fitch's "The Bachelor," the whole comedy being ruthlessly shifted from masculine to feminine (Continued on page 89)
Filming "Treasure Island"

Maurice Tourneur is filming the Robert Louis Stevenson classic for the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. Above is a glimpse of Shirley Mason as the boy hero and Mr. Tourneur himself. At the left is a reconstructed "Hispaniola" and below is a view of Mr. Tourneur visualizing the desert island scenes with the aid of a score or more "pirates"
The Riddle Man

By PEARL MALVERN

When I went to "get" William Russell I went to the Victor Studios somewhere on 11th Avenue and 1 French-heeled shakily over cobblestones and shrank into weird arched doorways and around somehow sinister corners. There was the rankly humid smell of docks and of salt water against the docks, and I felt that I might be in "Limehouse" rather than on an interview. There was something distinctly "different" about it all.

However, I thought, when I get into the star's dressing-room I shall be in atmosphere again. He will run true to form, some form or other. Perhaps he will be tailored, and correct and, to the eyes, an "objet d'art," and we will discuss his fans and his hobbies and I will know that I am on an interview.

Which only goes to prove one dare not think in tracks on any man.

I found Bill Russell to be quite in atmosphere. Oh, quite— in Limehouse and the cobblestones. He was nothing if not in atmosphere. Besides being Gargantuan in build, which is not his fault but quite to his attraction-credit, he was attired in a flannel shirt open at the throat, nondencript and very utilitarian.

There was a tie bound round about his brow and the flannel shirt open at the throat, non-dencript and very utilitarian. He's a rather conclusive proof that when Bill Russell is before the camera he is not merely posturing. He fights his fights as literally as he would fight them were he in the Klondike or the Northwest or Limehouse or any section where gentlemen with giant builds make pleasant havoc of their fellowmen.

There is none of the obvious about Bill Russell. He gets you guessing. You don't know whether you're going to like him, or whether you're not. You don't know whether he's going to let you like him. He doesn't gush. He doesn't pout. He doesn't antagonize. There is none of the mummer. He has the air of reflecting quite outside of your being there at all. He talks quietly and it takes him some time to warm up to his subject. He weighs things. He does not speak lightly or glibly. Just in the beginning you begin to despair of him as "copy." You don't quite know what to make of it, of him. You fidget and begin to believe that you had better go. Then you find that he is saying things here and there that are immensely worth while. He is saying them in a manner of speaking as tho he were alone and musings aloud. You realize with something of a shock that he had no formula ready to spring on you. He is just talking—its just himself. He may and may not have said these same things before. If he has, he doesn't know it. It is the thing he is thinking of at the moment. You have the impression of something deep and primitive, of some mighty force leashed up, of something barely stark and elemental. It comes to you that the confines of the dressing-room are far too small. There is a need of space and then more space.

He talks with a few wide gestures, with every so often a piercing look from his eyes which are deep-set and grey. He talks sparingly, but one gets big canvases of thought... impressions...

He is tired of stage life, he says. He wants to travel the great world over. Roam the seas and blaze strange trails and climb peaks that rake the skies. He wants a good comrade by his side—a woman. "That would be more than half the joy of it," he said.

(Continued on page 74)
Earle Williams recently returned East to do a picture play or two for the Vitagraph Company. These snap-shots were made for THE CLASSIC just before he departed from the golden west and show Earle during the progress of a perfect California day.

At the left is a glimpse of Mr. and Mrs. Earle Williams with the Williams bungalow as a background.
NAILS like rosy pearl inlaid in a delicate setting—a setting of smooth unbroken cuticle, a perfect curve which repeats the curve of the nail tips. It is easy for anyone nowadays to have this alluring grace of perfect nails and cuticle—so easy that people no longer excuse the lack of it.

Yet many people ruin the cuticle through ignorance of the proper method of caring for it. *Never cut it.* This is ruinous. The nail root is only 1/12 of an inch below the cuticle. When the cuticle is cut, it is next to impossible to avoid exposing the nail root at the corners or in some other little place. The root of the nail is so sensitive that Nature will not permit it to remain uncovered. The moment a tiny bit is exposed, new skin grows very quickly in that place to cover it. It grows much more rapidly than the rest of the cuticle. This spoils the symmetry of the curve at the base of the nails. It causes uneven cuticle and hang-nails. It gives a coarse ragged appearance to the border of your nails.

Realizing this, an expert set himself to the task of discovering a safe, effective way to remove overgrown cuticle. After years of study he worked out the formula of a liquid, which gently, harmlessly softens and removes the surplus cuticle. This he called Cutex.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it into the bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of the nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Instantly the dry cuticle is softened. Wash the hands, pushing back the cuticle with a towel. The surplus cuticle will disappear, leaving a firm, even, slender nail base.

If you like snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails directly from its convenient tube. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For an especially brilliant last-
A
Sennett
Salome

Marie Prevost is the latest silversheet Salome—essay-ing the rôle in a Mack Sennett comedy. Miss Prevost's performance, we'll admit, gives considerable insight into the—er—character of the Biblical maid.
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Or are you discouraged because you have tried so many recommended treatments and still your skin looks muddy, oily and colorless?

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Resinol Shaving Stick delightfully soothing to men with tender faces.
Alia in India

Myrtle Stedman

In "The Silver Horde"

As star in the screen presentation of Rex Beach's world-famous story of the great north, "The Silver Horde", Miss Stedman has enhanced her popularity. Note the "twelve pound look" Myrtle's beautiful back is receiving.

Goldwyn Picture

Los Angeles, Calif.
July 6, 1919

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May I speak a good word in behalf of Ingram's Milkweed Cream? It "plays opposite me" daily—on my dressing table, and I'm sure I do not know what I would do without its aid.

Myrtle Stedman

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

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Buy it in either 50c or $1.00 size

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Face Powder

A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that it stays on. Furthermore a powder of unequaled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

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"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed, solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c

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Buy it and be beautiful!
Fishing Tackle and Lip Sticks

Herewith the Al Christie comedy girls—unfortunately nameless—demonstrate the relative value of a fishing pole and that first aid to femininity, the lip stick. Personally, we pin our faith to the last named article.
"The Proudest Moment of Our Lives Had Come!"

We sat before the fire place, Mary and I, with Betty perched on the arm of the big chair. It was our first evening in our own home! There were two glistening tears in Mary's eyes, yet a smile was on her lips. I knew what she was thinking.

'Five years before we had started bravely out together! The first month had taught us the old, old lesson that two cannot live as cheaply as one. I had left school in the grades to go to work and my all too thin pay envelope was a weekly reminder of my lack of training. In a year Betty came—three mouths to feed now. Meanwhile living costs were soaring. Only my salary and I were standing still.

'Then one night Mary came to me. 'Jim', she said, 'why don't you go to school again—right here at home? You can put in an hour or two after supper each night while I sew. Learn to do some one thing. You'll make good—I know you will.'

'Well, we talked it over and that very night I wrote to Scranton. the work I was in. It was surprising how rapidly the mysteries of our new fascination. In a little while an opening came. I was ready for it and it was promoted—with an increase. Then I was advanced again. There was money enough to even lay a little aside. So it went.

'And now the fondest dream of all has come true. We have a real home of our own with the little comforts and luxuries Mary had always longed for, a little place, as she says, that 'Betty can be proud to grow up in.'

'I look back now in pity at those first blind stumbling years. Each evening after supper the doors of opportunity had swung wide and I had passed them by. How grateful I am that Mary helped me to see that night the golden hours that lay within'.

In city, town and country all over America there are men with happy families and prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools come to them in the hours after supper and prepare them for bigger work at better pay. More than two million men and women in the last 25 years have advanced themselves through spare time study with the I. C. S. Over one hundred thousand right now are turning their evenings to profit. Hundreds are starting every day.

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If I Were King (Continued from page 33)

hood, and there had been a hundred coxcombs, stood now a hundred soldiers eager to fight for honor and country and the King. Katherine Vaucelles came swiftly up the steps and knelt on her knees before Villon, taking a ribbon from her hair, still warm.

"You will wear my colors, my lord Constable?" she asked, with a wonderful blush, "and until you come back I shall pray for you!"

Louis looked down at her, smiling evilly, then turned to Villon. "After such a conquest methinks Burgundy should be easy for you, my lord Constable!" he sneered.

"It is easier to win a woman under a borrowed name than wearing one's own! I wonder how the lady would answer the love-making of one Master Francois Villon?"

The Grand Constable stood motionless, staring blankly down at the mocking smile of the King, then slowly he groaned as though the words had been daggers piercing his heart. "I have been living in a fool's paradise!" quoth Francois Villon, "but I'll not die with a lie on my lips. Katherine!" he turned to the girl, standing wonderingly at his side; "Kate! Listen to me, and loathe me! You have known me one week as the Grand Constable of France, a very gallant nobleman, who loves you—better than aught else under the sky. His voice shook, but he forced it on. "Yet the name is not mine, this fine suit—borrowed, my position here at court a whim of the King. Only my love is no sham, but purest gold, Lady—Lady! Aside from that—" he drew his great figure proudly up, facing the court, "I am a pitiful impostor, a pasteboard nobleman, known better as one Francois Villon, wine-bibber, wastrel—and worse a sottish fellow unworthy of any woman's love, least of all of yours, Sweetest of Women!"

Katherine Vaucelles did not cry out, nor shrink away. But in her eyes he read the horror of him, and turned away, trying to smile. "At least I shall hope to crown a shameful life with a good death, Sire," Villon said quietly, "if Heaven is kind I shall never see tomorrow's sun!"

In the great court of the palace on the morrow workmen were raising a stark structure, a tree of evil fruit, the gibbet that loomed, a thing of dread in the sweet yellow morning air. From the terrace the King looked down at it smiling ironically at his thoughts. Presently he turned to Katherine Vaucelles, who with the other women of the court stood beside him, and his tone mocked her white silence.

"It is a pity—is it not, Kate, that our patchwork Constable did not get his wish for an honorable death? But no doubt you will be glad to see him dangling from yonder gibbet who dared make a mock of winning a great lady's love!"

The girl did not answer. She stood motionless as the court gradually filled with a rabble, eager to welcome the liberators of Paris back again. Even when the fanfare of trumpets heralded the victorious troopers and with Villon riding at their head as they entered the square, she did not lift the heavy lashes that hid her eyes. Very tall, very straight, Francois Villon mounted the steps of the terrace and knelt to lay the torn battle flags of Burgundy at the feet of the King; then rising he lifted his hand for silence.

"And now the Grand Constable of France has one more duty to perform," said Francois, in a ringing voice, "and that is to decree that Master Villon shall be hanged from yonder gallows until he is dead, for the many sins that he has sinned."

A great cry rose from the crowd, which surged forward threateningly, but Louis, the King merely smiled his twisted smile. "Which of you will die in Master Villon's stead?" he asked them, "and thus save the life of the constable?"

The murmur died. Men shrank back, looking whitely into one another's faces. Then, clear and high came a woman's voice across the sullen silence, and Katherine Vaucelles moved down the steps until she stood at Francois Villon's side. "I will die for him, Sire," she said gladly, "for that I could not live without him—"

Francois Villon caught the slim white hands with a great cry. "And that is so, oh my dear Love?" he asked her, "you would do that for me?" He lifted his face to the sky. "Now I thank thee, God in Heaven, that this thing has come to me!" He touched his lips to the slender fingers reverently. "And now, Brave Heart," he told her, "leave me, for a little while. I think that we shall meet again, Kate—beyond the stars."

"If you go, I go also," said Katherine, lifting the crimson flower of her lips to his, "but first, give me my betrothal kiss, Francois—"

Again the multitude moved forward, again the voice of Louis, nasal, faintly amused halted them.

"I have made a great discovery, friends—I have found one man whose heart is pure gold, one woman whose soul is all angel. I give the man his life, the woman her lover. True man and true woman—to each other's arms!"

And who would venture to disobey a king?

The Answer Man

PEARL WHITE FAN.—Study hard. You'll get there some day. Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers. Fay Tincher is with World. Marion Davies is with Z. What do you mean when you say that player is "tough":

ORIENTAL THEADA.—Why not? Poetic talent is given as well to the poet as to the knight. Florence Turner isn't located permanently. All in care of Fox.

Boyce Laws.—I'm pretty sure it was James Bryce who said: "America should be particularly thankful for its remoteness from European quarrels and menaces." but that was several years ago and he could not say that now. Very few players have time to write personal letters.

(Sixty-eight)
Erich Von Stroheim and the Miracle

(Continued from page 35)

him there, but that I did know, for I had worn such a ribbon myself. ‘All right,’ he said, ‘go ahead and get me the real thing.’

“Borrowing three dollars from my landlady, Lord knows how much I already owed her, I bought the ribbon and tho in the meantime Mr. Emerson had given up the part, Henry Walthall wore it. Later, Mr. Emerson asked me if I had ever read ‘Old Heidelberg.’ I told him I had seen its first performance in Vienna and knew much of it by heart. I nearly fell over when he told me he was going to film it and that I was to be his assistant director as he wished the details to be correct. I had been starving and the $18 per week seemed a fortune.

“Then, one day he asked me how long it would take for me to get ready to go to New York with him. Thinking of my limited wardrobe of a couple pair extra hose, a shirt or two and a few stray collars, I replied that about seven minutes would do. Then, like a flash I remembered the many debts I owed—who would pay them? I told Mr. Emerson about them and jumping into a car he drove around with me and paid them all. Great, wasn’t it?

“Now, someone had borrowed my only satchel, so wrapping my few clothes in a newspaper I started for New York! I stayed three years, returning for ‘Hearts of the World.’

“My opportunity really came because of my understanding of detail—and I am a crank about this. Detail is the unmistakable atmosphere that places the story and there are always many spectators who know what is correct, we must not forget this.”

Returning to the big stage where Mr. Von Stroheim is directing another picture, we forget all about the Past and spent several hours in a very vital Present.

After calling the company together and discussing a few points, the work began. “His Great Success” is a big story containing an after-the-war problem and laid in Paris at the present time. With the orchestra playing the dreamy ‘Je T’Aime Waltz,’ over and over, while an intense scene between Clyde Fillmore and Una Trevelyn was being directed, I grew deeply interested in watching Mr. Von, (as he is affectionately addressed by his company), for he acted out the entire scene in detail for each one, rehearsing several times until it was satisfactory. He knew exactly what he wanted portrayed—subtle touches, mere suggestions—which carry such weight in the psychology of a picture.

“Here is a play,” said Mr. Von Stroheim, when the scene was over, “with all the allure, the vivacity and the lightness of Parisian life, with a tragedy, and it must be handled very carefully to express the meaning desired. I try to have the scenes taken consecutively, whenever possible.”

Prettier Teeth
Safer Teeth—Without a Film

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a film combatant. Its efficiency has been amply proved by clinical and laboratory tests. Able authorities approve it and leading dentists all over America are now urging its adoption.

A Free Test to Every Home

This new method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is sent to everyone who wishes to prove its efficiency.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So pepsin long seemed impossible. But science has discovered a harmless activating method. And millions of teeth are now being daily brushed with this active pepsin.

We urge you to see the results. They are quick and apparent. A ten-day test will be a revelation. Send the coupon for the test tube. Compare the results with old methods and you will soon know what is best. Cut out the coupon so you won’t forget, for this is important to you.

Pepsodent

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

The New-Day Dentifrice

Now Advised by Leading Dentists Everywhere

Ten Days Will Tell

Note how clean the teeth feel after using Pepsodent. Mark the absence of the slimy film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. You will then know what clean teeth mean.

Ten-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 882, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

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

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

(Continued on page 98)

(Sixty-nine)
"No. He selected me because I feel so strongly on the subject."

Here Ruby de Remer stopped at the table and presented Mr. Carleton. "Meet Miss de Remer," we murmured, just like a movie title. One of our friends said that nobody ever introduced anyone that way in real life and we are going to prove to him that he is wrong. We do. That's how devoted we are to the cause. If the movies do not talk like real people, let real people talk like the movies. The effect will be the same.

Miss de Remer joined a party at another table and the waiter brought some hot corn muffins but it seemed as though everyone we knew was at the Knickerbocker that day. As they say in the movies: "came Robert Warwick" and "came Edward Earle" and "came Percy Marmon" and to each we said boldly, "Meet Mr. Carleton."

"You know them all, don't you," he said, when we had returned to our muffins.

"Oh, yes." He assured, "and it is fascinating to go around with them and have people stare at you. One day when we stopped at a delicatessen to buy a sandwich and a woman there asked me all about the pictures and I had to call a traffic policeman to get us thru."

"You don't see any such demonstration over here, do you? I haven't made enough pictures yet to become internationally famous."'

"Don't worry; anyone who saw you in 'The Society Exile' with Elsie Ferguson, isn't likely to forget you. But the trouble with you is no one would recognize you. We were all prepared for a dark man with a moustache, wearing a uniform, and here you are—"

"Dressed in tweeds with a smooth face and also red-headed. But, you know, red hair takes black on the screen."

"You, and Petrova," we said musingly.

"But you do look, oh, so different in real life."

"So it seems. I went over to the studio on Fifty-sixth Street the other day and the boy at the door held me up. 'What do you want?' he said. 'I want to go to work,' I answered. 'We ain't doing any casting today. Come in Monday.' But wait until you see me in 'The Copperhead'. I have to portray a boy of twenty and an old man of seventy-one. When they were casting the play they told me of their quandary and asked me to look around for a good actor who could look twenty and make up to look seventy-one."

"A good actor?" we said.

"Yes," answered William, Jr., "and, of course, that let me out. But I scoured the country and couldn't find anyone who was old enough to take the job. When I reported this to Charlie Maigne, he planned both hands on my shoulders, looked me straight in the eye and said, 'William, you and I have been friends for a good many years; you must play it.' I can look seventy-one all right, but how about the twenty, I answered."

"You know the advertisement, 'Is she twenty or eighty?' Why didn't you consult them?" we asked.

"Don't be flippant; it is a serious subject. A man who was the original 'Shylock' in 'Florida' doesn't look that that. But I got busy and worked with spirit gum and juvenile powder until I had done my darnedest and when I went down they all agreed that angels could do no more. So I went back and tried the old man and for my pattern I used a picture of my revered grandfather. He was a kindly soul and his make-up was not difficult to copy. I found it far easier than the other. My efforts met with equal success, too, and Mr. Maigne said 'The part is yours,' just as tho I had been begging for it."

"An incident that occurred in the studio made me think that perhaps I possessed latent powers of make-up which I never suspected. On my way to the dressing room I asked one of the men in the studio if Mr. Barrymore had come in yet. He hadn't so I went upstairs to experiment with my juvenile make-up. When I came down I asked again and he said 'No, he isn't in. Your father was looking for him awhile ago.' Later, after I had put on the old man's make-up, I stood talking to Lionel Barbymore and the man saw me and said, 'They have got the whole family in this picture, haven't they?'

"How many pictures have you made?"

"Only a half dozen—no, not that, only five."

"How does it happen that you have waited so long to get into pictures? You have been such a success and it might have happened long ago."

"I wasn't ready," answered Mr. Carleton. "That is what I wish I could say."

"But, look at Caruso and Mary Garden and—and Geraldine Farrar," we added, hastily, as being, perhaps, a happier illustration.

"Yes, I know, but I had inherited the Carleton voice, they said, and I was sort of expected to sing. Had been doing it ever since I was a choir boy at the age of ten. And then, you know, I was in Boston most of the time and in Europe at part of the time and to tell the truth I never had any particularly brilliant offer made."

"But you certainly are a good actor on the screen and you have that peculiar something which has nothing to do with beauty and which is, to us, at least, far more essential. Miss Ferguson has it, too. That is why you are so delightful opposi- ite her. That 'peculiar something' is what some people call 'class,' which would be a very good word if it were not such an overworked one."

"Thank you for them kind words. Particularly for class. The word does not offend my aesthetic soul in the least, and if one must earn his living (and one must) there is no more congenial way of doing it than by working in front of the camera. I love the work."

"If it weren't for the cinema field days," said he, "and the community acting, said he."

THE SCREEN MONTH IN REVIEW

Jumita Hansen is being starred in the Pathé serial, 'The Red Baron.' Macklyn Arbuckle is playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks in his latest picture.

Macklyn Arbuckle has returned to the screen with the San Antonio Pictures Corporation. Alan Forrest, long Mary Miles Minter's lover, is playing opposite May Allison in 'The Walk in the Sun.'

Lieut. Frank C. Bagdley has brought suit for divorce in the New York Supreme Court, against June Elvidge.

Beside Love's Vitagraph contract has expired.

Lew Cody is now making his pictures at the Vitagraph Studios. Noah Beery and Mabel Julianne Scott have the leads in the forthcoming Paramount revival of The Sea Wolf,' being directed by George Melford.

King Vidor has severed his connection with Brentwood and will produce for himself, featuring his wife, Florence Vidor. The Vidor's went recent visitors in New York.

Bernard Durnin, in private life Mr. Shirley Mason, made his screen debut in 'When Bear- eat Went Dry.' Now he's under a long term contract with the C. R. Mace Hebrew Photoplays, Inc. Miss Mason is the featured player in Maurice Tournier's forthcoming visualization of Treasure Island.'

Edgar Lewis productions are to be released thru Pathé. The first will be Andrew Soutar's 'Other Men's Lives.'

Pauline Frederick has been visiting in New York. Also another Goldwyn, Tom Moore.

Earle Williams is producing for Vitagraph in the East. He will make 'The Fortune Hunter' and two others at the Flatbush studios.

Harold Lloyd is rapidly recovering from injuries sustained, on Aug. 24, in an accidental bomb explosion. Jay Diggins, long a Famous Players-Lasky character actor, died on Sept. 8 in Hollywood.

Kay Laurel heads her own film company, with J. M. Shear as executive head of the organization. Jack O'Brien has directed the Syd Chaplin has returned from Europe.

Marshall Neilan has purchased Booth Tarkington's Penrod stories and will present Wesley Barry as the first picture of the tales. David Griffith is now producing in the East. He arrived with his staff early in October and has recently been in Florida.

Eugene O'Brien has recovered from a severe illness and is busily engaged on 'The Broken Melody.' The Carter de Havens have been signed by Vitagraph. Players and are going over to that organization in November.

DEATH OF BILLY PARSONS.

"Smiling Billy" Parsons died at his home, in Los Angeles, on September 28. Mr. Parsons was founder and president of the National Film Corporation, the maker and star of his own comedies and long an active figure in the film world.

"Smiling" the screen, Mr. Parsons was highly successful in the life insurance business. It was after fourteen years of suc- cess in that field that Mr. Parsons turned to the motion picture business. "The Man of the Apes," was a big money maker, definitely deciding him to take up the screen in earnest.

Mr. Parsons was 41 years old. He was recently married to Billie Rhodes.

(Seventy)
Beautiful Eyelashes and Eyebrows
Make Beautiful Eyes—
Beautiful Eyes Make a Beautiful Face

If your eyebrows and eyelashes are short, thin and uneven you can aid nature in a marvelous way in nourishing and promoting their natural growth by simply applying a little

*Lash-Brow-Ine*

nightly. This pure delicately scented cream is guaranteed absolutely harmless. Stars of the Stage and Screen, Society Beauties, and hundreds of thousands of women everywhere have been delighted with the results obtained by the use of this greatest of all beauty aids, why not you?

50c at your dealers or direct from us, postpaid, in plain cover. Satisfaction assured or price refunded. Avoid disappointment with imitations. Be sure you are getting the genuine by looking for the picture of "The-Lash-Brow-Ine Girl" (same as above) which adorns every box.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
Sole Manufacturers
4305-73 Grand Boulevard
CHICAGO
Earn $75 to $250 a Week

Be a high salaried business woman. Learn Costume and Millinery Designing. See your creations on the stage—in the films—and on Fifth Avenue.

You Can Learn By Mail or at Our Studios

Learn costume designing. It is based on two of the very fundamentals of living—the necessity for clothes and the feminine instinct for lovely, graceful, alluring attire. Never before has there been such a demand for designers.

You want pleasant work—then learn costume designing. Once you have learned it, it is a splendid profession and gives your whole time to it, or you can work at it in spare moments in your own home. Clothes are lovely in line, exquisite in color and costly in fabric. When you create them, you work only with beautiful things and give to it some of the recognized arts today.

You Want to Improve Your Appearance

You want to be the best-dressed woman in your set—to be an authority on the art of dress. You want clothes that express your temperament—that suit your personality. You know what you want, but often you can’t make your dressmaker, your milliner, or your tailor understand. Then learn the technique of costume designing, and you can make a sketch that will show them exactly what you have in mind. Your clothes need never be a mistake—you can always have what you want.

You Want a Satisfactory Income

Then costume designing will give it to you. There really is no other profession in which, given only a fair amount of talent, you can arrive at the top in so short a time. One graduate of the Brown Studios is receiving over $10,000 a year as a designer in a Fifth Avenue establishment. Another is designing for the pages and balls of a prominent New York hotel. Another creates for big moving-picture productions and still another designs costumes for vaudeville acts and another for moving-picture actresses, and all are receiving salaries far in excess of anything that they could achieve in so short a time in any other field.

The Brown Course consists of lessons which may be taken under the personal direction of Mr. Brown in his Fifth Avenue or San Francisco Studios. For those who are unable to attend either studio there is a complete course that may be taken by mail which is usually completed in three or four months, depending, of course, upon the ability of the student.

P. Clement Brown
Costume and Millinery Design de Luxe

The course in costume designing covers every field of dress: sketching costumes; creating distinctive suits and wraps, daytime frocks and evening gowns; the making of patterns; modeling and draping materials; dressmaking; and the originating and making of smart millinery.

The increasing demand for designers from the Brown Studios has made it necessary for Mr. Brown to move into a new and enlarged establishment in New York. He has been so fortunate as to secure an entire floor at 620 Fifth Avenue, where he has opened the most unique and complete studio in this country for the teaching of costume and millinery design. Send today for free booklet.

Brown’s Salon Studios
620 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. C.
Also Scottish Rite Auditorium, San Francisco

Marie: The Mystic
(Continued from page 49)

and ordinary expenses and the salaries are so small. I had hardly known when I went into pictures that there was so much salary in the whole world. It made me dizzy and I hoped and prayed it would continue. They signed me up, but the two weeks were over and I gladly turned my back on musical comedy, one-night stands and general discomforts.

"I finished the last five episodes of 'Patria' with Irene Castle. I wasn’t in any of the swimming or diving pictures. That was out of the question then, because I hadn’t learned to swim. My real advertising came with Mrs. Castle because the film was so much discussed before it was suppressed. I consider that my real chance. I did 'Liberty' also."

"When did you take up swimming?"

"We went to Hawaii to shoot some scenes and there I met the Duke Ka-hanamoku—the famous swimmer of Honolulu, who personally instructed me. When I left, he gave me a beautiful ukulele which he had made himself—one of my treasured mementoes of a happy holiday."

"Miss Walcamp, did you ever call the Duke by his whole name?"

I had been watching her spell it to me—spellbound, as it were.

"Why, of course I did. Just like this."

"What I heard sounded like a misbehaved alarm clock trying to tell the hour. Marie has a deep contralto voice, gained by much shouting over the hills of the U’s big “Back Ranch.” She had a shrill soprano at one time, but while the contralto sometimes breaks on her, Marie considers that it is generally reliable for classification in the “female baritone” class. She seldom sings now—the serious business of acting has taken up all her powers of voice.

"Isn’t it queer how many players are doing serials just now and making good?” said Miss Walcamp, suddenly taking charge of the interview. “I believe the serial is the savior of the motion picture business. An exhibitor as well as the producer has something to fall back on—it’s a sure bet. The serials are making money everywhere. And Luther, and Herb Rawlinson are doing splendid stories and there are many others who are beginning to see the advantage of holding public attention. Of course, it’s always the same old thing, I get chased, abused, nearly killed, rescued in the nick of time, loved, hated—and finally there’s a happy forever after! The stories are much alike in that respect, but the pleasure to the actress is in the many new locations—just think next I’m going to Japan to work on a serial—the ingenious devices used and the unexpected situations which are quite as entertaining to her as to any audience. I can hardly imagine myself out of

(Continued on page 85)
in the service of her country, too. She drove an ambulance in New York, meeting the ships as they came in and carrying wounded to various debarkation hospitals. And, she will tell you, there was nothing in the least depressing about it. The most tragic things somehow became beautiful.

"That was when we were all excited, of course. When there was no call for the ambulance, I used to go to the hospitals and talk with the boys there. I don't think that they realized what it would mean to be crippled for life. There was one little Irishman, for instance, who had lost both his legs. He never grumbled about that, but he used to make a fuss about the most ridiculously little things—things you would wonder he would even think of in the face of his big tragedy. Yes, he was a giant in big things, this Irishman, but he was a baby in small ones. He used to hate the hoy in the cot next to him. This boy had twenty-seven wounds all from shrapnel and had won the Croix de Guerre and he always insisted on having his coat hanging on the back of a chair near his bed so that everyone could see the Croix. He was kiddish, too, this boy and I suppose that that is what got on the nerves of the Irishman—she smiled reminiscently, a smile that grew into a laugh and then she explained. It seemed that the Irishman had a habit of talking about battles he had never been in at all, the he never said a word about the one in which he had lost his legs.

"And now it is all over and we must all begin living in prose again. I hope I get some really big and cheerful stories. You don't know how difficult it is! Nearly every scenario we get has the same old 'wronged woman' in it somewhere."

The first thing you notice about Edith Storey is her deep humanity. She has a gift for fitting into any scene, or becoming one of any group of people in any walk of life, that is far beyond ordinary adaptability. It is as though she had, herself, belonged to every nationality and lived thru every possible experience in the world.

Edith Storey, a New Yorker by birth, went on the stage when she was eight years old. She appeared in "Audrey" with Eleanor Robson, in "The Little Princess" and in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch." She joined the Vitagraph Film Company when she was about thirteen.

"That was at the time when J. Stuart Blackton used to direct and Albert Smith, the present head of the company, cranked the camera. When the men finished acting they used to dress wells and build the set they were to work in next day. I remember that Maurice Costello was the first actor we had who refused to wield a hammer. He insisted that he was an actor, not a carpenter, and soon the others followed suit and the profession gained new dignity."

In addition to doing child roles and "pages" she was the official "stunt" actress. She could swim, ride, fall or climb to any director's satisfaction and so she was frequently called on to do all of them—"Once, when I was about fourteen years old," she said, "they needed an old lady to fall off a bridge. With the aid of a grey wig, I was the old lady!"

She is quite as athletic now as she was when a little girl and, incidentally, she hates to cook, cant cook, and won't cook.

She likes to live rather on the edge of things. Her Long Island home is some miles from anywhere, and when I saw her recently in Los Angeles she had just rented a bungalow within a block or two of the city limits—some miles from anywhere, too. It is a pretty place, however, with big high ceilinged rooms, plenty of windows and a low, broad cement porch. I found her cutting dead leaves from a fern.

Sooner, her favorite dog, was there too; a cuddly white ball curled up on the island sound asleep. Sooner had just given her quite a fright, she told me. It seems that she had left the hotel and rented a house especially for Sooner and then, on the first day they moved in—her mother and brother are both with her now—Sooner disappeared.

"I was afraid he had gotten lost and would never find his way back," she said.

"I went all over the neighborhood calling him. Instead of a whistle, her call for Sooner was a short, shrill rolling note blown thru her puffed lips—"Hi-ll-bi Bl-bl-bl"

"I walked blocks hi-bl-bl-ing at every step, but still, no Sooner. I suppose the neighbors think that I'm crazy—"

He showed up all right but not until evening and he had another dog with him. It seems that the first thing Sooner does in a new neighborhood is to make friends.

You see, then, that Edith Storey's home atmosphere is simple and wholesome; no "dust of Egypt" about it anywhere but just a little touch of the exotic in her own personality to lend additional charm and mystery.

The Answer Man

LAKE.—Of course that's my picture at the top. You ask if I have the five wits—common wit, imagination, fantasy, estimation and memory. I have the latter, for I remember you, Chita Young is out West.

BILLIE D.—The more, the merrier! Yes, write to him. That's right, art is long, why not hair? Thomas Chatterton is on the stage in San Francisco.

BLUEY BY HERSELF.—Don't think it was Betty Blithe, perhaps Ruby de Remer.


We talked about women—or he did. We also talked about marriage. He said he believed in, longed for it. He thinks there is one love, one love only and many counterfeit. He thinks we believe in the counterfeit because we so greatly want to, need to. He talked with something of a sympathetic sadness of a certain type of girl of today—girls who degrade their youth by painting their faces and smoking cigarettes and sitting in the vitiated air of cabarets. It is, he says, to believe that men, worth-while men, want that.

"You women want good men, don't you?" he asked; "good men? Well, we women want good men. Wholesome women. Strong, balanced women. Women who are, primarily, good comrades."

He told me of his home in California and the sweep of land and sea and sky it had and the free, out-of-door life he led there. He told me, too, in relevance to our talk of women and men, that no woman was permitted to smoke in his home nor to touch wine. "They may do it where they will," he said, "I don't doubt but what some of them did, but I don't want to have to see it, and I have a right to preserve my ideals in my own home, haven't I?"

I asked him if he thought many people had ideals, consciously. He said he thought they did. He has never, he says, lost his simple first faith in human nature. Never swerved in his empedestalling of women. Never relinquished the belief that the great and good life, the secret of lasting happiness, the alchemy of deep content is the simple life, the quiet life in the country with little of the fever of ambition, with books and a few friends and the woman one loves. "Love is the greatest thing in life, of course," he said.

"I couldn't stand New York," he went on—"the elevated over my head; the subways underneath me; the look on the faces of most of the people I see; the strain and push and sweat and grind. I'm going back to California where, if anywhere, people really live"

"I was born and brought up in New York City, but that doesn't make me love it. I was born and brought up in a theatrical family. That doesn't make me love the theatrical, either."

"I have come thru a lot of beliefs. I didn't have, of course, say ten years ago. I have not always had this philosophy or this way of looking at things. I'm a Christian Scientist and that has solved a lot for me, given me light. And then, too, I have gone down and lived in the very depth of things, not because I was ever so unfortunate as to have to, but because I wanted to, for the experience. I wanted to test out the theory that environment will make or break a man. It will not. It is the man every time. A man can keep intact his immortal soul as well in a dive as in a mansion. No person or no place or no circumstance has power over him. His is the power. His alone. Man cannot blame his state on circumstance, since he moulds circumstance—or could."

We talked a while of books. Bill Russell likes to read biographies and autobiographies—because they're real.

We talked of hobbies and the pursuit of pleasure—and he has his pipe—not cigarettes; and he likes to take his car and ride about the Westchester hills—when he is in the East—and feel the freedom of the winds he loves sweep past him as he goes.

He likes to dream as men dreamed long ago when the world was new—and he has built about him a shield of idealism that these dreams be not destroyed.

A Man-Person. A flash-back to Adam, the first man, when he walked in the cool of the first morning.

Barthelmess: The Boy
(Continued from page 17)

It is his mother love. Now mother love, I am afraid, is a thing that may become destructive, foolish, a figurative ball-and-chain. Not with Barthelmess and his mother. Between them there is companionship, pal-dom, love.

Before our interview his mother had been ill, confined in a Long Island sanitarium for weeks. Barthelmess spent every week-end with her.

"Mother does not want it," he told me when I heard him turn down an invitation to a house party, "but I know her heart—and I am not going to disappoint her."

Her recovery was slow but finally she has been able to join her son in New York. Once again Barthelmess has the companionship he longs for, and when time permits—(the Griffith players frequently work far into the night)—he does the theaters with his mother.

"The two pals," they call them. And well they may.

Annette
By La Touche Hancock

Your eyes were blue,
When first we met:
I thought you true,
Annette! Annette!

But with your eyes
A snare you set;
They were but lies—
You were a—net!

For candy yet
I owe a debt;
Oh! how you 'et,
An'et, an'et!"
A Perfect Voice Is Priceless!

Yours can be made perfect
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THINK what your voice means to you—what a priceless possession is a PERFECT voice!
For singing, public speaking, for conversation—the trained, fully cultivated voice gives any man or woman an immense advantage over those who neglect to improve Nature's best gift.

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The Feuchtinginger Method of Voice Culture will develop the most ordinary voice into a thing of beauty—a power to arouse admiration and compel success.

This method is an absolute science of voice culture. It develops Nature's own sound organ by proved principles. It is the science of tone-production, tone-strength, clearness and harmony. Your voice can be trained by it to great power and beauty.

Immediate Results

The FEUCHTINGER METHOD is a PROVED SUCCESS—it has demonstrated unfailing results in countless cases. Your voice will receive almost immediate benefits, and your progress to perfection should be swift and sure.

Mr. Feuchtinginger has received letters from men and women in all walks of life, telling what the Power of the Voice has been to them after studying this unfail ing method. Those friendless before taking this course now find themselves popular wherever they go. Our students testify that a fine singing and speaking voice is responsible for unexpected social and business opportunities.

No Stuttering—No Stammering—No Lisping

The Feuchtinginger Method banishes ALL impediments of speech—gives perfect command of muscles and vocal cords. Harshness, hoarseness, huskiness will quickly disappear.

No more stuttering, stammering or lisping! All these business and social handicaps are quickly and permanently removed by the Feuchtinginger Method of Voice Culture.

A Few Minutes Silent Daily Practice in Your Own Home

Amazing results will be achieved by a few minutes' daily study of the Feuchtinginger Method in the privacy of your own home. You need not know music—the practice is silent—nobody will even know you are studying this method.

As you progress in this intensely interesting method, you experience the joy of increasing power that springs from self-confidence and the conscious development of vital personality.

Correct Breathing Means Health—Beauty

This course teaches the exact scientific manner which alone can explain and direct the correct way of inhaling and exhaling breath. Correct breathing is the root of health and perfect physical development.

Send No Money

Investigate this wonderful offer! Get all the facts free—then decide for yourself. Send no money—just mail coupon, or write for it. Feuchtinginger's NEW FREE BOOK ON VOICE (illustrated) that tells what this wonderful method of voice culture is—what it does—how it adds to your power and popularity—will be sent FREE and POSTPAID.

Scientific vocal training that in the past cost hundreds—often thousands of dollars—is yours for small investment—easy payments. Phenomenal results—no matter what your voice. Get all the facts—FREE.

Perfect Voice Institute

1772 Wilson Avenue, Studio 1551
Chicago, Illinois

Feuchtinginger Method of Voice Culture

(Seventy-five)
"A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN"

is the name of the picture play produced by the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND, soon to be released. It was made with the twenty-five Honor Roll girls who were entered in the great

FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST

Here you will see Beauties from every section of the United States and a beautiful little play in which they all appear.

Watch for it! Wait for it! Ask for it at your Theater.

MOTION PICTURE PUBLISHING COMPANY

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York

On Vamps and Ingenues
(Continued from page 28)

"What men are worth vamping?" she asked, with the seriousness one should give to such a weighty question. "The men whose brains have raised them above the mass of their fellows. Now when the generally accepted type of vamp knocks at the door of these same brains, the man is put on his guard at once. He looks at the curve of the lips, the slant of the eyes, the cut of the black gown and knows that the lady has but one purpose in view, to vamp him. If he is wise—or even if he but thinks he is wise—he turns from her at once. Then comes the sweet, childlike, wonder-eyed girl, the girl who looks as if she were born to pick daisies, to chase butterflies, to sing sweet lullabies at twilight, and, lo, you find him hanging a diamond—or a limousine—on each curly eyelash. That vamp is the real actress. Behind the baby stare may be a mind plotting to overthrow a throne; the girlish giggle may be more deadly than a siren's song, but the man never guesses it and therein lies the great secret of success.

"And the screen vamp has set the example for the vamp in real life. Have you ever noticed young girls who are blessed—or is it cursed?—with the innate desire to lure fashioning their dress, their actions on the model of some famous screen vamp? The latter's method of luring must be the correct one or why has it succeeded with so many men throng so many reels of so many features? They don't seem to realize that vamping talents come from within, that a girl cant' don the generally accepted gown and accessories of a vamp and be miraculously endowed with the capacity to vamp. She must first have the feeling—and, I may add, the brains—for it, and then the proper setting will come as a matter of course.

"And the ingenue! As soon as one star, by her personality, won the heart of the screen public, her type became the accepted one for the ingenue. If a girl in any way resembling her crossed the path of a picture director she was at once hailed as a "find," while hundreds of others just as truly typical of the young American girl knocked vainly at the screen door. I like ingenues. I enjoy playing them much more than I do vamps, but the one that appeals to me is the girl who requires characterization, not the one who is simply "sweet," and is content to let it go at that."

Dorothy Green is sure that to be perfectly normal one must be a "nut" on some subject and she is a nut on sanitation. She took me thru her doll-house apartment, just a stone's throw from the theatrical district, but far enough away to forget if need be the noise, the hustle, the White Lights, and exhibited its spotlessness; that, too, upon the eve of forsaking it for a new home further uptown.

Most of the star's friends are girls in other professions.

"I am just as interested in their lines of

(Seventy-six)
work as they are in mine," she said. "It keeps me from becoming narrow, from viewing life from the sole point of view of a moving picture actress."

At that very instant the 'phone rang. It was one of Dorothy's business friends who had her own particular problem to solve, and Dorothy gave her advice just as wisely as if she had been sitting behind an office desk for years.

"Don't ever b0th your hair," she warned me as she stopped for a moment with the comb suspended above the flyty mass. "If you have two inches, mnrse them carefully and pray fervently that at each harvest time, another quarter of an inch will be added."

"How did you ever have the courage to do it?" I inquired, recalling the heavy dark braids coiled at each side of the head that were part of the Dorothy Green I had known.

"Why, it's just like falling in love," she answered thoughtfully. "One doesn't need courage: just an idle moment. One does it and then spends hours wondering why."

"And regretting?"

"Sometimes."

Dorothy admits two hobbies beside sanitation: jazz music and sheer hosiery. To her mind the success of the Pied Piper is easily explained. He was a jazz artist and she is sure that, had the Garden of Eden been hung with sheer hosiery instead of prosaic apples, Eve, not Adam, would have had the tag line of the play.

Of course, the moon for which the baby Dorothy cried was a stage career. Her childish dreams were woven about great actresses whose glory would some day descend upon her young shoulders. Then came that operation on her throat that marked on the stage door, "No Admittance." But fortunately for Dorothy and the public, pictures were beginning to come into their own.

It was in Mr. Lasky's "The Country Boy"—playing the chorus girl—that she laid the foundation of her career as a vamp. She continued to "vamp" for William Fox, the World Film, and then she decided to turn over a new leaf and be an ingénue, not any kind of ingénue, but one permitting characterization.

And what if there had been no silent drama? Then Dorothy would have invented some method of giving expression to her dramatic talent. For she has originality—the originality that laughingly discards the ladder with the broken rungs and makes for itself a new one.

The Answer Man

Blacker—So glad to hear from you. Haven't her age. You think Douglas Mclean resembles Marjorie Daw, Can't see it. He's an actor. You want a list of all the players' birthdays? Now, can't you think of something more I can do for you?

H. M. D.—But the present is never a happy state to any human being. Leo Delaney is 34 years old. Yes, I have a hard time managing with the high cost of sodas.

I. A. C.— Glad to hear from you. Remember, what is said about effect will soon have no effect. Owen Moore is not dead. Marie Dorot is in Europe. Pearl White continues to act in serials. Come again, I implore you.
Portraits of Your Favorites
TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How do they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world-wide famous?

The publishers of the two leading motion picture monthlies, the Motion Picture Magazine and Motion Picture Classic, have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 3½" x 8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproductions, and are artistic, accurate and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends may see them often.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

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Marguerite Clark
Douglas Fairbanks
Charlie Chaplin
William S. Hart
Wallace Reid
Pearl White
Anita Stewart
Theda Bara
Francis X. Bushman
Earle Williams
William Farnum
Charles Ray
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Mary Miles Minter
Clara Kimball Young
Alice Joyce
Vivian Martin
Pauline Frederick
Billie Burke
Madge Kennedy
Eline Ferguson
Tom Moore

These portraits are not for sale. They can be secured only by subscribing to the Motion Picture Magazine or Motion Picture Classic for one year, and then they will be sent free.

You will want either the Magazine or Classic, or both, during the coming year. Subscribe now and get a set of these portraits. It will cost you less than to buy them by the month at your dealer's. Send in your order to-day and we will mail the portraits at once.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gentlemen: Kindly enter my subscription to the Motion Picture Magazine for one year.

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M. P. PUBLISHING CO.

A Fillum Fatality

By WALTER E. MAIR

"O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

Sub-titled the star as he mourned "heath a willow.

But straightway on payday he bought him a loud

And luxurious necktie as large as a pillow.

He bought him five shirts of the costliest weave,

He bought a blue diamond to add to her adornment,

Then, nicely, precisely, from out of his sleeve

He drew forth a roll for ye touring-car vendor.

He bought him a phone Los Angeles farm

And stocked it with high-balls and white leghorn chickens.

The latter, I flatter him, did him no harm,

Being not of the species that raiseth the dickens.

He bought and he bought, did this film Galahad sad,

Who so nobly declaimed, with such soulfulness utter,

Till play-day, not pay-day, was all that he had;

His credit—his job—took a spin to the gutter.

"O, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

He has married an extra-girl—Gärliche-tooth Rhoda.

The he walks he is walking with his head in a cloud,

He is back at his old twenty-per, jerking soda.

(Seventy-eight)
The Owner of the "Uncas"  
(Continued from page 21)

family of three and his brother and sister—non-professional, both of them—have never taken the slightest interest in the sport that interests him so greatly. He has a broad and characteristic philosophy; a belief that everything moves in cycles and that individuals, like events, return again and again, each time on a higher plane, until they reach perfection.

He does not like detail. Perhaps the most noticeably characteristic thing about him is his love of dashing thru things; his impatience of any restraint. He looks to be about twenty-seven years old.

His stage and screen career is so young and so much has been said about it recently, that it does not need recounting here; enough that it, too, has moved quickly. He began in amateur theatricals in Indiana. From that to professional work was just a step, and two years later he went on the stage he landed on Broadway, New York. He has been on the screen for two years, his first moving picture work being with World.

Five o'clock came—"at last!" He drove me back to Los Angeles. His motor car is painted green. On the way, we talked of the Uncas, moving pictures, real estate, money and the Uncas again.

"I wish I could be with the Wilson boys when they make that trip," he said. "Doc Wilson told me that they'll be sixty days on the way, stopping, of course, at all the interesting ports." He cut a corner sharply. "Do you know," he went on, "I'd like to have money enough to be absolutely free. Not rich, you understand, there is no freedom in that—but, say, an independent income of a hundred dollars a day. If I had such an income, I don't believe I'd work any more my members. This was the close of a busy August day—or, if I did work, I'd like to do something else. I think I'd like to be a recognized writer. Those chaps can go anywhere, anytime they want to. I knew one, a writer of advertisements, who had his yacht next to mine in the Hudson. He was always going off somewhere because that was his whim and there was nothing to stop him.

By which you may see that the owner of the Uncas was born to a life of a long cruise and, anyhow, it is characteristic of August that no matter where one is he sits down and wishes himself elsewhere.

THE SILENT DRAMA  
By Clarence E. Flynn

Out of the silence often comes—
* A voice that breaks the stillness deep.
And with an eloquence unheard
Calls hidden memories from their sleep.
It carries power to speech;
It speaks directly to the heart,
Grown thoughtful in the silences.
Such is the screen's appealing art.

It calls the strong to lose resolve,
It thrills the weak to better things,
It touches sleeping hopes to life.
And in the songless heart it sings.
It opens scenes of loneliness.
For eyes long used to barren spots,
This sacred silence that is heard
Where thought is all and voice is not.
(Seventy-nine)
Later, I returned to the attack. His very reluctance was my good. His reti-
rence hid revelation.

"Well," he said, cleverly, with a trin-
kle in his eye; "well—let us have patience,
then. That is, surely, the indispensable
requirement."

And he was not to be tempted farther.

When it came to his early days he was
more fluent, tho, always, the "I" was
toned down rather sharply. He
was born in Belgium, but is "American
now," he says, and he has the lingering
of his native land in his speech. He was
to be a musician, his father being one
before him and when, later, he gave up
music for the stage, José pere almost dis-
owned him, considering the step, no
doubt, a distinct drop in caste.

He told, too, with reminiscent amuse-
ment tinged with the young tragedy it
must have been to him, of playing with
Sarah Bernhardt on an opening night in
Paris—or, more accurately, in Sarah
Bernhardt's company. He had a small
part, he said, only six or eight lines, but
the character, that of a young king, is
very much discussed by the other players
before his entrance. His arrival is her-
alded with pomp and fanfare. "1 stepped
upon the stage," he narrated, "1 full
panoply of sword and satin, tripped upon
the sword and measured my length upon
the floor of the stage. A moment and
the house burst into rousing gales of
laughter. The opening was a farce. It was
horrible at the time. You can imagine the
distraught state of my mind as I went to
Bernhardt's dressing-room and tendered
my most abject apologies, promising to
take better, the next time. "Act!" said Bern-
hardt, justly enraged, 'young man, you
will never act! It was terrible—terrible"
José, shuddering again over the
span of years.

He toured the provinces, then, he said,
for some years, with his wife, playing in
Africa, the Far East, etc., and finally,
believing that there was little chance of big
money for the general actor, went into
the managerial end of it. He came to
America for six weeks' stay. I think he
said, and things went so successfully that
why, that he is still here and has been
for more years than the number of weeks
he planned.

He fought his way upward, starting
with vaudeville. Always he clung to his
artistic ideals—thru thick and thin.

Pictures, he said, always appealed to
him. Chiefly from the directing end. At
first, however, he played in pictures for
Pathé, also with Theda Bara in her first
picture, "A Fool There Was," and he,
incidentally, introduced her to the screen,
engaging her for the part from the rank
and file of many applicants. He said,
with another canny wink in my direction,
that it was a very good thing for a di-
rector to have been an actor first—
—thru the mill, in other words — tho
not necessarily essential, he added.

It came out bit by bit, waived by him at
my slightest appreciative sign, but em-
phasized by his wife, that he not only
reads every book that comes out, writes
his own scripts, casts them, directs them
but follows the raw stock of the film
straight thru to completion.

"I wish you would emphasize that," said Mrs.
José, who is really the comrade-wife;
"I believe that it is quite exceptional."

We touched upon the controversial
question of the Screen as Art or Com-
mercialism.

Mr. José seemed to be momentarily
amazed that there could be any contro-
versy on the subject.

"An Art, absolutely," he said; "those
people who take the other side of the
question do not take into consideration
the tremendous work, the detail, the
time and the often colossal expenditure
in even the least picture. Only Art achieves
such results, however short that Art may
fall of its ultimate possibilities. All Art
has room for progression, for further
perfection. His works are not the
everyday run. The Miracle Man—and
Broken Blossoms—pinnacles!"

Back of Director José (this is s. p.—
Strictly Personal!) there is another direc-
tor. The director behind the director!
A feminine person, aged three and an-
swering to the name of Helene José. His
little girl. "She is the one soft spot with
Ted," said Mrs. José, smiling at him over
the tea-cups—the director had left his
desk and was drinking his four o'clock
tea and having his four o'clock cigarette,
a ceremony he never omits, even at the stu-
dio, where Mrs. José is with him and
serves it for him, as at home.

"Well, but how can I help it?" asked
the wee Helen's Assistant Director, with
a smile; "her little talk—and all, it is so
wonderful!" He got out of his big
chair and took a large photograph from
the book shelves to show to me. "I saw
her as I came in," I said; "she is admira-
able." Mr. José nodded. "Yes, now, isn't
she?" he asked, "can you blame me? And
do you know, she has no respect for her
father at all. She calls me 'Ted' and
when I try, at times, to be very stern
and very paternal, she laughs at me. She
takes me for a humorist, maybe I am—
with her." Mr. José is not, strictly, a humorist,
unless in a very super-sense of the word.
He is the rare being who can make an
adaptation of life; who can live it and
at the same time, play it. He can direct
because he is, himself, by himself, direct-
ed. He accepts traditions and does not
bristle the vigor of his years battling in
adequately, against them. He comes from
the Old World and he brings some of the
old world's riper philosophy with him. He
can run a gamut, which is good. He can
be the great director (he would modestly
eschew this) and he can be the playmate
of a tiny child calls "Ted."
too, he told her what to read, directed her reading, discussed the books with her afterward. As time went on, this strange journey to life, lived, breathed, and vital sorts of being. Everything was animate. Her viewpoint, too, it was deliberately strong and tender... he had thought himself so wise, who was not wise at all—at best, he was wise enough to learn.

Several weeks of this slipped by and then, with the same unexpected Schomberg had felt, the plain Mr. Jones arrived on Sambaran. He had with him Ricardo and Pedro.

Heyst made them comfortable in one of the abandoned bungalow. He had no reason not to. Their discomfort at his hospitality the abstract alarm the plain Mr. Jones gave him. There was something quite horrible about Mr. Jones; he was so unnecessarily pallid. Even the spice of the trade winds gave him no comfort. Heyst felt him into the greenness of decay. Heyst felt him to be very unhealthy. Of course, appearances...

He was afraid for Alma, too, as he had come to call the white girl. These men... their attitudes... a woman alone, as Alma was... Suddenly Heyst felt himself to be very much a man and Alma very potently a woman, needing his protection, needing him... The blood so long quiescent in his veins awoke and Heyst felt he had never before known what a false pretence his narration had been! Or else, how long and how bitterly he must have starved and thirsted! That was it, perhaps, someone had long denied him and decried him; someone very dear to him, as Alma might be dear... Heyst felt, suddenly, none of his former pride in his father, cold tribute, but bburningly sorry for him, bitterly compassionate, yearning...

It became apparent almost at once, contact to Alma, that these men were here for a torn wound. Ricardo had so soon learned, included her in his purpose. She had had one desperate encounter with him and sent him spinning across the room, after which his attitude was more, rather than less devotional. Still later, he became consuming. He would be dangerous, Alma knew, dangerous to Heyst...

With the cunning of a woman who loves Alma knew that the safe way for Heyst was for her to dally with Ricardo, to worm those motives from him. He went, for herself... She was accident... anyhow, a fragment congealed out of some detached nothingness; it had been easy to come; so would it be easy to go back. But Heyst... Heyst was different. Heyst must go on living, a god, apart. “The love that loves for love” came to the girl’s mind... without thought of any other thing than that lover’s sake... and it came to her, too, that it might not be unpleasant to sleep on this fruitful island lullayed by the seas... dust, some day, beneath his pass.

(Eighty-one)
 Toasted Bubble Grains

Here are whole grains—Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice. Corn Puffs are corn hearts puffed.

Puffed Wheat in milk forms practically a complete food. All the needed elements, including minerals and vitamins, are there.

All are steam exploded—puffed to 8 times normal size. In fact, a hundred million steam explosions occur in every kernel. Every atom is fitted to digest.

There are scores of ways to serve them. One is to crisp and butter for children to eat dry. Use like nut meats in home candy making—scatter in your soups.

As breakfast dainties they hold premier place. And nothing makes the milk dish so attractive.

Don’t make them occasional foods. The three kinds offer variety. The more children eat the better. The less they eat the more they want of something not so good.

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
Corn Puffs
Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

Nutty, Fluffy Pancakes
Made with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour Mixture

Now we offer another delight in pancake flour containing ground Puffed Rice. It makes such pancakes as you’ve never tasted. Try it. The flour is self-raising, so you simply add milk or water. Our experts worked for two years to secure this ideal blend.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers
Double Exposures
(Continued from page 55)

ence of British made films in the States will arouse the same feelings of pardonable curiosity among the Americans."

Speaking of subtitles, why doesn't some company sign Daisy Ashford to write captions?

Anne Luther wore 103 gowns during six days of the making of the serial, "The Lurking Peril," and wrecked them all doing stunts. After seeing a serial, we know just how a gown feels after participating in one.

The British may poke fun at our screen methods, but their sense of humor stops short of reading their own film press material. We had to send to the nearest drug store for a restorative after our office-boy had glanced over a batch of recent screen press stories. Note these choice bits, bearing the plea "for the favor of insertion."

"Whilst riding on the Downs for a scene in her new production, 'The Gentleman Rider,' Miss Violet Hopson was thrown from her horse, and altho not seriously hurt, this popular star sustained a severe shaking. It will be remembered that whilst acting in the Broadway film, 'A Fortune at Stake,' last year, Miss Hopson had a bad accident in Rotten Row and was for some time unable to work owing to a severely sprained ankle."

"If you had been privileged to look in at the Broadway studio one day last week you would have found a very merry party at dinner. Somewhere behind the scenes, rag-time tunes were being played to 'get the atmosphere,' altho no piano appeared in this particular scene. It was effective, however, for when a call of 'speed up that rag' spurred the musician on to syncopate the already raggy tune, the artistes 'got going' and the scene proved a huge success."

German kinemas, according to film men just returned from Berlin, are against providing remarkable musical programs. The popular film demand is for detective and society dramas. The reported wave of immorality in the German kinemas seems to be without foundation. The moral level of films there is pronounced excellent.

The manufacturing of German lenses and projectors is being taken up rapidly. This will shortly have an effect on the American market.

At present American activities on the other side are interesting to note. The Italian Kinema Union, the biggest film organization in Italy, has signed Herbert Brenon to produce a series of pictures starring Marie Doro. The first will be "The Mysterious Princess."
Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns so they peel off.

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain. Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward.

A small bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at drug stores anywhere.

The Edward Westley Co., Cincinnati, O.

Reel Realities

Photoplay fashions change, indeed! Consider the screen idol of some two years ago, the vampire, the be-curled ingénue.

All of them are in the discard, altho the curly-headed flapper has fought hard for screen life.

It is distinctly a man's year in the films. Producers declare that the world war has centered interest in masculinity. Anyway, nearly all the new stars on the horizon are men—Eugene O'Brien, Owen Moore, Lew Cody, David Powell and others.

But the days of the Bushmans, the Williamses and the other typical film idols have waned.

Note what Crane Wilbur says on another page of this Classic.

Photoplay followers have sickened of the clothing store manikin who personified every virtue. It's thumbs down for the film idol wearing an arrow collar and a halo.

Today the popular man on the screen must be different—and human. The début of Douglas Fairbanks marked the dawn of this era. He did something besides pose.

Observe how players like Wallie Reid are turning to comedy, how Bert Lytell has switched to character studies in "Lombardi, Ltd."

Recently we had 'Gene O'Brien, in "The Perfect Lover," as a painter who decides to put his affairs of the heart behind him and settle down to domesticity.

And now we have Lew Cody bringing another male character to the screen—the typical boulevardier, the man about town who, according to Mr. Cody's own announcement, is "always charming in manner, with a distingué air and a way with women—in brief, a man of personality who is not disliked by men, tho they envy him his savoir faire and his knowledge of the secret of living."

Thus the screen male who is a mingling of good and bad. Some miles from the virtuous but unsoiled blacksmith of the pioneer film days!

For women the steps must necessarily come slower. Yet the lady of dead black morals—the vamp—has passed.

The guileless ingénue—of dead white morals—is also in oblivion.

This year we have had our not entirely spotless but more or less humanly good women of "The Woman Thou Gavest Me," "Katherine Bush," and other popular photodramas.

Not to mention the sophisticated ladies of the De Mille dramas who can look a divorce in the face without quivering a single beaded eyelash.

The whole style in women folk has changed. We have our Nazimovas, our stately Katherine MacDonalda, our luscious Gloria Swansons and our beautiful Corinne Griffiths who once gamboled the be-curled ingénue of other days. We consider the very human frailties of our film heroines as calmly as once the flapper star watched her pet canary.

The photoplay can be safely said to be advancing when it no longer demands that its characters be good or bad as in the old-fashioned melodramas—white or black of heart in the most obvious style.

We have discovered that there is something of good and something of bad in everyone! Which means that our stories are passing the kindergarden stage. Does not Maugham say, in his "The Moon and Sixpence," "I did not realize how mortally the qualities that go to make up a human being? Now I am well aware that pettiness and grandeur, malice and charity, hatred and love, can find place side by side in the same human heart."

The coming few months will see a definite stand taken against the cutting of feature plays to fit de luxe theater programs.

Recall what David Griffith said recently in The Classic?

Mary Pickford has just announced that she will not permit her future productions to be cut in any way by exhibitors, either to shorten their programs or because they do not like certain scenes.

This winter is going to see an interesting experiment. While American companies are talking of invading England and the Continent to produce pictures, a British film company is coming, bag and baggage, to produce in California.

The organization, G. B. Samuelson's all-British company, will probably produce at Universal City. Mr. Samuelson is bringing his entire company, including Madge Titheradge, the well-known stage star, and his whole technical staff, from directors to cameramen. The company arrives via Montreal, heading direct for the coast.

Mr. Samuelson is planning to make at least two productions: Gertrude Page's "Love in the Wilderness" and Ridgwell Elkin's "Night Riders."

Reports from Germany indicate that the late "central power" is returning with vigor to the making of motion pictures. An official embargo exists on all foreign films, but, it is said, American and French films are being smuggled into the country in large quantities and are being openly exhibited. The officials in fact are winking at the embargo.

(Eighty-four)
Marie: The Mystic
(Continued from page 72)
serials; especially now that Mr. Jacard has returned from France to direct me.

"Yes, you and he have worked together so long, it must be regular team-pulling now, isn't it?"

I've loved and respected all my directors—few girls have had so many charming experiences as I have had under Mr. Turner, Mr. Pollard, Bob Leonard and Tom MacGowan. But I feel that the greatest laurels belong to Jacques Jaccard. We thoroughly understand each other. You might call me temperamental—I don't call it that. But there are times when I feel cross or blue; at other times, I feel exuberantly happy. He knows how to handle me, tho' no word is spoken. I get his moods in the same way. I have absolute confidence in him, so that when he says a certain dangerous trick must be done in this or that way, I never hesitate to do it. I know he understands me and understands the situation perfectly and I always feel that I'll come thru all right.

"Every night we write together. Mr. Jaccard has only used three stories in five years that were written by outsiders. He devises plots and thrill and we go over them carefully. That's why I don't have time for pleasure. I have only been to the movies twice in the last four months!

"It is usually a long drive when I get home from the studio. We use all the daylight possible and then comes the long drive back, dinner, and after that we're ready for the serious business of concocting a story that may run thru fifteen to seventeen weeks. Sometimes I jump up for a few moments and play the piano to relieve the tension of an entire day spent in work and then we get a fresh start, but I retire about ten because you see I have to be up very early in the morning in order to get made up at Universal City in time.

"But what do you really do for amusement—when you do work in a little spare time?"

Miss Walcamp hesitated, began, hesitated again and said slowly, "I hate to tell you—it will seem silly to an outsider, I'm afraid. But if I ever have a few days off between pictures, I take everything out of my bureau, chiffonier and closet and put the whole place in apple-pie order. The fact is, that it just rests me and is a regular treat to be able to clear up boxes, drawers and closets. Honestly, I can't think of anything I'd rather do than that, save acting. Of course, when it is all finished, I take account of stock, make a memorandum of what I need and go down town in my Stutz and shop. I'm like the rest of the girls—I do love clothes.

I should say Marie does love clothes. Hanging in the dressing-room closet was a beautiful black evening gown, made of real Irish lace brought to her

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by—well, I promised not to tell who brought it, so mum's the word. It will be worn in "The Red Glove" which is being adapted from "The Fifth Ace" by Douglas Grant. Hope Loring is churning out episodes of continuity as fast as her nimble fingers can dash over the typewriter and the two girls hobnob in odd moments on the lot, discussing innovations.

During the shooting of "The Red Ace" Marie Walcamp proved herself an uncomplaining martyr, for a sudden fall broke her wrist. Having learnt many different ways of swimming from the Hawaiian teachers, Miss Walcamp decided not to postpone work on this serial; had her arm put in splints and, on the fourth day after the accident, was doing high dives and endurance swims in Great Bear Lake, a cold natural tank up in the mountains.

"Oh, I didn't mind the break, but I was worried for a few hours lest it would interfere with finishing the episodes; however, I really think that cold water did me a lot of good. You see the boards kept me from knocking my arm against anything. It was not really dangerous. After a few days, I felt no inconvenience whatever," said the intrepid lassie.

Marie Walcamp's attitude toward animals is interesting. She has such perfect self-control that the dumb brutes seem to sense it. She is always the judge of any horses brought in for her to ride; sizes up their points; tries them out and teaches them tricks.

"Baby lions are so interesting! Have you ever seen a lioness put her little ones to bed?"

Having lived a safe and sane apartment house existence, I hastily disclaimer such knowledge.

"Well," continued Mystic Marie, "the mother gathers up one cub and walks up and down the cage swinging it by the neck; the way a cat carries a kitten. Then when it seems ready to doze off she puts it down, sets her foot on it-and, if it doesn't move, gets up and takes the next one and swings that to sleep.

But just then props arrived with a boiled egg and a bit of bread, hustled across the fields in a U-bus, so our chat was interrupted for a very tiny luncheon on Marie's part, so tiny in fact that I ejaculated, "You're far more spiritual than material. I believe you live in the mental realm."

"A-b-s-o-l-u-t-e-i-l-y," answered Marie the Mystic slowly. "I don't care anything about material things. I like to spend my time thinking, trying to fathom things. You cant do that if you are wondering whether it will be steak and onions for dinner or sausage and waffles for breakfast. I want to spend my time on the worth-while things and they're absolutely mental, aren't they?"

So I'm wondering if Marie is not protected by "presence of mind"—a quality she exercises constantly.
bath with a marble shower and a most complete little kitchen equipped, electrically, with every device known to ordinary use.

"I prepare my stewed fruit in there," said Norma, huddled at the time in one of the wicker chairs, hair slicked nonchalantly back, wearing the serge bloomers, middy and socks in which I had come upon her taking a scene. She told me, too, of the time Madame Petrova had come there to interview her and they had prepared tea and sent out for cakes and all sorts of things. Constance, she said, had observed that there was "real food."

The Talmadges are distinctly a family group. A strong camaraderie and interest exists between the sisters, which is unusual and rather sweet. Norma and Constance see each other's pictures run, are critical or enthusiastic as they honestly believe the occasion demands, but always constructive, and pleased at each other's triumphs and successes. Natalie, the third sister, was, at the time "up with the cows trying to get fat," as explained by Norma.

Later on in the afternoon we paid a visit to Constance who occupies a large dressing room and studio on the floor above. We found her with golden baby hair and a blue dressing-gown bemoaning and bewailing over her new picture with Conway Tearle she had seen run that morning. She appealed tragically to Norma. "It is something awful," she declared, "awful!"

"What's wrong?" asked Norma, with sympathy and a wink.

"Everything...story...lighting...me...most of all, ME! Conway saw it and he agrees with me. Simply AWFUL!"

Norma informed me on the way back to the cretonned sanctum that it is not half so bad as Constance would have it. I was thinking on other matters, having been of the opinion that it probably was not anywhere nearly so bad. "What," I demanded, "is the reason for the several dozen kewpie dolls I observed in Constance's room?"

Norma laughed. "'Everyone gives Constance a doll,' she said; "they probably think she's a nut, or simple minded, or something.' The laugh, you know, was an affectionate one and the explanation lovingly without malice."

"And the parrot?" I prompted; "I saw (and heard) a huge parrot in there."

"Dick Barthelmess gave her that, out in California. She named it Richard Barthelmess Talmadge, and travelled cross continent with it, taking endless pains. Lillian Gish has one, too. They brought them together and arrived in New York looking, according to themselves, like immortals."

We found Mother Talmadge awaiting us below and making a great fuss over aforementioned parrot. "What have you done to your hair, Norma?" she greeted her illustrious daughter; "looks different."

"Confirmed it, probably," responded Norma, gently.

There is a nice air of being "regular people" about Norma which augurs, above all else, a sane perspective, a nicely balanced sense of things, equipoise. There is none of the irrational about her, no bizarre evidences of temperament. If you didn't know her for a star...well, you wouldn't know her for one, if you get my meaning. She is with you and me and all the rest of us. No doubt but what she gets a real enjoyment out of what she has done and is doing and the way in which it has all been received. She is essentially and quite evidently human enough for that. She is nothing of the snob, nothing of the highbrow. She tests the easily and prudishly shocked. She is free and easy and talk to-able and at-able.

"I've always had ideals," she told Miss Livingston and myself, who had doubtless just denied the same; "and I still have...more than ever...I've never seen any reason not to!"

Those of us who have ideals give them...beautifully when we can and always and necessarily helpfully and inspirationally to the great many, many "others."

Thus Norma Talmadge and the Art which is herself.

TO A VAMPIRE

I want to be your victim, rare, robed wrecker of the screen.
I want to be your victim, rare, robed wrecker of the screen.
I want to cringe and crawl and do 'most anything
That you may see and sneer and snarl and curse them, thru and thru!
I want to break a bank and kill the man who gave me fame;

I want my folks to die because I've spoiled the family name;
I'dink up to your slimy side and kneel to kiss your shoe,
If I could be the victim of a vampire such as you!
I want to kiss your false, famed face; I want to curse and cry,
To beat, bruise, batter, then beseech of God to let me die;

To tear your snakelike arms away and dash, with hatred breath,
Down to the old canal and die a most befitting death!
I want you, pampered, poison pet! Believe me when I say I'd dare death-dealing devilry, beneath your vixen's sway!
Seek what you will! Hound me with hate! There's not a hair-breath scene
That I wont do to humor you—but only on the screen!

FAN FANCIES

Close-ups lend enchantment.
No thin vampire no sin has.
Go West, young fan, go West—they're all in Iowa.

Heroin—Never too great to send—you his autograph.

Heroine—A glint in the eyes is sufficient.

Comics—A squint in the eyes is sufficient.
No fun but would be the hero's valet.
It's the wronged dame that gives kids learning!
man could enlist and, in these circumstances, Fortune spread her golden net before him.

He found the Calexico army. It consisted chiefly of two hundred and fifty lobbies from the American side and a large number of Mexicans and Yaquis. There were only thirty-two guns for the crowd and, naturally, Cooley didn’t get one. Instead, the generalissimo handed him a bucket and told him to carry water. He cooked his own tortillas, dished up frijoles and performed various other culinary rites, but he never saw the promised five dollars a day. He saw plenty of fighting, however, chiefly among the tatterdemalions themselves. They had an abundant supply of whisky and tobacco, and whenever an altercation took place, (Continued on page 93)

Hal Cooley’s picturesque trail leads across nearly the whole expanse of America. Not so long ago Hal was a waiter in a restaurant in Yuma, down in the sun-baked Southwest. Tired of that, he crawled upon the top of a Pullman and—. But read his story.
interest. Director David Kirkland has overemphasized his points through, yet "The Virtuous Vamp" will entertain you, for Miss Talmadge's singular comedy sense gives much play in it. Conway Tearle is a good foil and Gilda Grey, the famous "shimmie" artist of the New York white light district, makes a trembling screen debut.

Wilfred North has hit upon a singularly timely theme in his "The Undercurrent," in which the pugnacious Guy Empey enters civil life—on the screen. Empey depicts a returned soldier who, upon discarding his uniform, gets involved with the Bolsheviks, but recovers himself in time to prevent rioters from burning the local steel mills. Working under handicaps, Mr. North deserves a large share of praise.

J. Stuart Blackton's newest production, "Dawn," (Pathé), is a visualization of Eleanor Porter's story of a young man who goes blind and his subsequent regeneration into a man of vigor, despite his handicap. We fear Mr. Blackton has selected too depressing a theme for wide popularity. Again, we believe Robert Gordon miscast in leading roles. This, of course, is our personal belief, but we think Mr. Gordon is a character player and that he is lost in his present type of work.

A Request
By Walter F. Mair

If there are visions in the solemn night
That wait for me with eager, trembling hands,
Plucking my sleeve, and bidding me to write,
Ere drift away the swiftly-spilling sands:
If there are unborn truths beyond the veil
That yearn to find their being in my pen,
If I may voice oppression-stifled wail,
And champion the cause of shackled men:

Say not of me "He is a fool to cast
"Away the glut and glitter of his Art!"

Breathe only that I held unto the last
Love's single jewel of wonder to my heart.

Tell them when I have finished, "Ay, he wrote
"Because, he loved, nor found the world too kind,
"Except that this one splendor showed no more
"Of tarnish, ere the Angel struck him blind."

Say this, and all your little world of tears
May roll its course, while I go on anew,
Clasping my single jewel through the years,
Yet knowing I have given it to you!

(Eighty-nine)
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Since you run no risk there is no reason why you should not accept our offer at once. The appliance may show how light, cool, elastic and easily adjustable the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturing plaster, leather or steel jackets. To weakened or deformed spines it brings almost immediate relief even in the most serious cases. You owe it to yourself to investigate it thoroughly. The price is within reach of all.

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one of America's well-known musicians, the author of many popular songs, such as "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," "When I Dream of Old Erin," and others the sales of which run into millions of copies. Send as many poems as you can; make them as varied as possible. The poet who secures the prize is entitled to all the royalties of the song for life.

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

An Old-Fashioned Girl
(Continued from page 25)

She has a bottle of Hungarian glass, red and white, with one small wine-glass to match, which was used by President Buehanan in his own home. There are scent bottles, tall cut-glass bottles for the drinker. Chinese lacquer bottles, old majolica bottles—in fact, the array of liquid-holders is simply astounding. Mary is a connoisseur who delights the owners of old curiosity shops.

Mary MacIvor is just past eighteen and looks not a day over fourteen. One can believe that she looks younger than she is. She has a little girl, and her sunshine hair, which waves and curls quite naturally, is held back at the nape of the neck by a amber pin. A huge, flopsy straw hat with a ribbon twisted around the crown and pulled thru the brim at the back is as unadorned and plain as if Mary MacIvor were a schoolgirl instead of a leading lady and the wife of a star.

Mr. Desmond, who had been entertaining a business caller on the veranda, noticed the door and shook his finger threateningly. "Dont make this too confidential, Baby. Remember, every word you utter will go down in black and white."

"I suppose Mr. Desmond will play leads with you?" we said:

"Yes, when she gets a little older; she cant make up to look old enough just now," he answered.

"How did you come to pictures, and why?"

"Necessity! Need of money. There was no romance connected with my first appearance at all. I was at a fancy dress ball as Czar Peter the Great, had been taken there by friends, and Thomas Ince saw me. He offered me a job with fifteen dollars a week wages—"

"Engagement, Sweetie, and one gets a salary in the movies, not wages!" groaned the Irishman from Dublin.

"Some day Beebee, (as she calls her big husband), and I are going to build a fine house, aren't we, Beebee? A house with a six-foot fireplace and logs that burn three days, enormous chairs everywhere, a landscape of ten feet wide, a den for Beebee and a little room where I can write whenever I feel like it. Yes, write short stories and poems, but I hate scenarios or continuity or anything with numbers in it.

"I love the Bible because it contains all I want—poetry, history, love stories and battles, but I never really enjoyed it until I was given one without numbered verses, written just like a novel. It used to distract me to read about Ruth and Naomi with those old figures straggling down the page—reminded me of a movie script: Scene 1. Ruth says 'Entreat me not to leave you.' "

"Have you experienced anything unpleasant in pictures?"

"Yes, once. A director swore at me. Men may swear before me, but not at me. A girl's defensive armor is her self-respect and I shall always maintain mine. Never did I work under that man again, he made the apology I demanded." The Irishman's Scotch ancestry and Southern environment sparked in Mary's wistful grey eyes.

SHORT CUTS TO FILMDOM

Things are not what they screen.

It's wise enough to own his own script. Some can be built in a day—leave it to props!

Don't hitch your wagon to a star—be one!

Marry in haste, divorce at leisure.

Dont look before you leap—it's only a papier-mâché cliff.

Nine tailsors may make a man, but one good modiste can make a star.

Self-possession is nought of the lore.

Fortune favors film stars.

The pageant of the sea.

A fan's a fan for a' that.

Custard-pie covers a multitude of things.

A press agent at hand is worth reams of gush.

A reel of Chaplin makes us all akin.

Plots—all that aren't wiped are old.

Still drama brings a tear.

Too many crooks foil the fans.

A sweet ingenue is half the plot.

The vamp is the other of dissension.

Cast this for all lines.

Fan-cied is as fancy does.

THE SOUL OF THE SCREEN

By Frederic T. Carroze

I am the voiceless soul of many a scene,
My realm the boundless regions of the screen;
A million million vassals I command
With but an idle gesture of the hand.
I am the whole wide earth, I am the sea,
I wing the universe on pinions free;
I am the hill of smiles, the vale of tears,
I am a day, I am a thousand years,
I am the jade Deict, I am the truth,
I am wisdom, and I am shadow,
And I am folly, and I am light.
Yet I am wisdom, when I will, again,
To me there is no hidden road or path,
I hold the keys to grave and high;
Till I am silent, I am every glade
Where glows the sun or falls the somber shade.

Today I steal a garment from the light,
Tomorrow, from the wardrobe of the night;
I am a ragged beggar, bowed and grey,
Yet I am Creesus, lingering gold away;
I am the album of every grace, the Muses Pride,
And I am Modesty with Diffidence allied.
The deeds of ages, dead and quick, I trace;
In my hands there is no time nor yet with space.
I am the glories of the universe.
The messages I bear are clearly heard;
In my track the shadows come, their path to throw
Across the landscape, Things go wrong a while,
But always come at last the shine's glow,
And gloom is followed by the song and smile.

THE OUTCOME

By Clancy E. Flynn

Life's always at its best upon the screen.
It is not perfect. Life is never so.
There runs a struggle thru each shifting scene,
And shadows often come, their path to throw
Across the landscape. Things go wrong a while,
But always come at last the shine's glow.

In every drama wrong must have its reign,
In every tale the villain has his day,
Gladness we see, contrasting it with pain,
And truth is valued by error's sway.
The right and wrong are alternate in power.
The sun is always shining, now shadow cast,
But tho the wrong may triumph for an hour,
The right is seated on the throne at last.
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reveal the Progress in Motion Picture Art, an Art which had its Origin with Pathe.

The first motion picture feature, a scant two hundred feet in length, but truly picturizing a written story and enacted by experienced actors, was made by Charles Pathe over twenty years ago. Never before had a story been put into a motion picture!

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Among the producers are Frank Keenan, Hobart Henley, Edgar Lewis, J. Stuart Blackton, Albert Capellani, Leonce Perret, Edwin Carewe and Jesse D. Hampton. Man for man, measured by achievement, these producers have no superiors in the business.

Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when he will show Hobart Henley's "The Gay Old Dog", adapted from Edna Ferber's story; Blanche Sweet in "A Woman of Pleasure", produced by Jesse D. Hampton and adapted from James Willard's famous play; Albert Capellani's "The Right to Lie", with Dolores Cassinelli; and J. Stuart Blackton's "Dawn". They are first presented this month.

Pathe Exchange, Inc.,
25 West 45th Street, New York City.

For your entertainment's sake seek the theatre with the Pathe Rooster on its screen!
Comic Conkling

By MARY McAUBREY

We forgot all about pictures and interviews and forest fires and overcast skies, while he told me many interesting things regarding the habits of the little creatures. He finds them an absorbing subject and is collecting a library on bee culture. Recently he had to move his bee stands nearer to the honey flow—meaning the orchards, for in season these tireless workers labor so hard that they wear themselves out; in fact, they frequently die of exhaustion.

Suddenly, while talking, Mr. Conklin took off the paintbrush mustache which has formed a veritable trademark for this comedian, and he was so completely changed that I should never have recognized him.

"Why," I gasped, "you look years younger!"

(Continued on page 97)

Chester Conklin works at comedy and plays at ranching. He owns 320 acres and devotes the space to citrus fruit, turkeys and—bees. Honestly!

(Ninety-two)
Hallam Cooley's Trail
(Continued from page 88)

they smashed one another over the heads with boxes of twenty-five cent cigs. Cigaret tobacco was so plentiful in camp that a whole sackful was rolled up in each cigarette. Nine stout bottles of Canadian Club whisky were often traded for a needle and thread.

This life, however, finally palled on the young adventurer. So he decided to 'hit the trail' again, and this time he made for the C. M. Ranch, where Uncle Sam gave him a job hauling supplies for the U. S. Reclamation Service. He had to rise at three o'clock in the morning, light the fire, hitch up a team of mules, load a wagon and set out before daybreak to visit camps on the farther side of the Colorado River. His favorite plan was to drive to the banks of the stream, disrobe and wade across with the mules. Thousands of buzzards pursued him upon these excursions, waiting to breakfast on the scraps that might fall from his wagon-load.

When he had exhausted the thrills and adventures of Selig, he not living. Cooley worked his way westward towards the Pacific Ocean and finally landed in Los Angeles. He did not make his advent in hero style. He came into the City of Angels on foot and the Salvation Army befriended him.

By hook or crook he drifted into pictures. It wasn't long before his natural talent for acting asserted itself. His good looks, his spontaneity and dash won him good parts and he cashed in without delay on the knowledge of life he had gained 'roughing it' on the trail. He worked for Selig, Universal, American and finally for Ince. He appeared in the Al Woods picture "The Guilty Man," as the heavy with Charles Ray in "The Girl Dodger" and with Enid Bennett in "Happy Tho Married." Later he had a season with another concern, playing important roles, and he is now with Famous Players-Lasky.

"I was born in Brooklyn," he went on, "but I think I prefer the West to the East, particularly since I have found happiness here. You know I was married last Christmas to Miss Elizabeth Bates, of Columbus, Georgia. We are building a house on Lanewood Avenue, Hollywood—just the sort of place I've always dreamed of—a home of the Pueblo sort, with a big patio and wide verandas. Also, I'm going to have coral growing in the front yard—lots of it—for, despite my wild experiences in the desert country, I learnt to love sand and sagebrush and cacti. There is mystery and an enchantment about the desert that only those who have lived in it can know. It speaks with a voice that is heard by the heart—its very silence is full of music.

"Yes, I am happy! I have found myself! I have found peace and joy in my work and I have discovered that home is where the heart is. If heaven is a state of mind, I am living there now!"
Remember Blanche Sweet as the "Biograph blonde" of the old days? She has long since established herself as one of the personalities of the silver sheet. Miss Sweet's forthcoming releases are appearing thru Pathé. They will be watched with unusual interest by fans.
Comic Conklin (Continued from page 92)

Grinning at my surprise, he replied, "Guess this mustache keeps me from getting mash notes. I receive lots of letters from all over the country telling me they like this or that in my pictures and even asking for my photographs, but never a love note.

"When I was a youngster back in Oskaloosa, Iowa, I knew a man with just such a mustache. It always amused me and I used to hang around his shop waiting for him to talk so I could watch it move up and down. When I came to motion pictures and was trying to think up a funny character to create for my comedies naturally remembered that mustache."

Armed with this make-up and adding those ridiculously loose and baggy clothes and enormous shoes (which he obtains from the largest policeman on the Los Angeles beat), Chester Conklin has succeeded in establishing an amusing screen comedy character that has endeared him to a host of fun-lovers.

Now, Chester's father was a contractor and builder and he hoped the son would follow in his steps, but after speaking a few pieces at church festivals and winning an elocution prize at the age of 12, Chester upset these plans by announcing that he intended to be an actor.

The comedian's eyes twinkled as he recalled these early experiences. "Father urged me to stay at home and let him make a man of me," he began, cheerfully, "and he kept saying that he had never seen an actor who was worth a hill of beans. I guess he didn't change his mind about this for several years after I started out, for I called on him repeatedly for money. Now? Oh, now, he thinks I'm great!"

"I finally ran away from home and got a job at the Grand Theater in Des Moines and as I was the happiest kid in the state. Sometimes I carried a sword, sometimes a spear, and sometimes I was lucky enough to have a real bit. Then followed a little of everything, stock and road shows, several vaudeville acts, and I also took a turn at being a circus clown.

"When you love your work you don't care how hard it is. Unhappiness comes when people struggle along with some congenital rut to make a living while longing for something different all the time.

"I'm sure I am in the greatest business there is and I'll be satisfied if I succeed in making people laugh. There are enough sorrows and tears in the world without making pictures about them. I never did hanker after heavy stuff!"

After watching a very red sun drop thru a haze of smoke in the western sky, Mr. Conklin went on, "To me the greatest fascination of motion pictures is the thought that these films we are making will reach the people in all countries. No matter who or where they are, they all understand the same fun and a laugh is the universal language. Often, when I am doing some nonsense before the camera I think of this and I'm glad, clear thru, that I can help jolly the old world along."

It was Charlie Ray who started Chester Conklin on his screen career. They had played together in a vaudeville act up and down the coast, and at the end of their tour Mr. Ray had ventured into pictures under the Thomas Ince banner, and Chester went back on the road with a circus. Drifting into Los Angeles, a little later, he decided to follow Charlie's suggestion that he, too, try pictures, and so for six years Chester Conklin has been one of the Sennett prize comedians. A few months ago he brought his mustache, along with his merriment, over to the Fox lot to become a star of the Sunshinc Comedies.

"Where do we get the ideas for our pictures?" he repeated my question. "Well, I should say they come from everywhere. Just pluck them out of the light, sometimes. For instance, the comedy we are now making was suggested by the recent streetcar strike. We are picking up some ludicrous situations and making good two-reeler out of it. There are funny sides to every question, if we only see them."

"To play before the camera one must keep themselves in good physical and mental trim; you can't afford to go stale. Your art must be open to all the light touches, real comedy can never be forced."

Chester Conklin is a quiet, diffident little fellow, reluctant to talk about himself. He has a sane, wholesome outlook on life and declares that in the atmosphere of comedy clears away the clouds and depressions.

"Comedy," he remarked, as we walked toward the gate thru the deserted stages, "is nothing more than what should have happened all the time if we would only forget was wrong."

This cheerful attitude permeates his work on the screen and he has succeeded in bringing to his pictures a refreshing spontaneity, for many of his best efforts at fun-making are achieved on the spur of the minute, many laugh-provokers being the result of a sudden whim.

So, Chester Conklin may well be satisfied—for he is indeed "making people laugh!"

The Answer Man

ROXBOROUGH; FLORENCE P.; MARY F.; FAIR BANNEY FAN; XXX; MOVIE FAN; CONNIE J.; EMMIE M.; EVELYN W.; CHUMEE; AUDREY; R. C. Z.; PEARLE; M. M.; AGNES Mc; BELLA K.; BLAKE M.; W. S.; HART ADIMBER; BLAKE B.; L. S.—Most of your questions have been answered elsewhere in this department, and you leave me nothing to say here. (Mot Four Mar.—Thats right, Mary; home is the place where we are treated best and it makes us laugh,"

CHARLES HANTON ADIMBER.—So you think it's a novelty to write to a stranger. Umph! Am I a stranger? Some of your letters are novels, too. Worth framing. My dear, women throw away three things—time, money, and health. In New York girls wear spring suits, slacks and straw hats in February. If that isn't galling with death, I'll be hanged.
Costs 15 Cents
As Much as 15 Dishes
of Delicious Quaker Oats

A serving of bacon and eggs, at this writing, costs the housewife about 15 cents.
It supplies about 250 calories—the energy measure of food value.
That 15c would buy about 15 dishes of Quaker Oats. And they would supply 2,500 calories of food.

Compare Food Values
Quaker Oats yields 1810 calories per pound. Round steak yields 890.
So oats are twice as nutritious as beef, measured on the calory basis.
The cost of some necessary foods at this writing will average about as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Food</th>
<th>Cost Per 1000 Calories</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Quaker Oats</td>
<td>6½c</td>
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<td>Average Meats</td>
<td>4½c</td>
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<tr>
<td>Fish</td>
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<td>Eggs</td>
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<tr>
<td>Vegetables</td>
<td>1½ to 7½c</td>
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This doesn’t mean to eat oats alone. One needs variety.
But Quaker Oats is the supreme basic breakfast. It costs one-ninth what meat and eggs cost for the same calory value. And the oat is the greatest food that grows.

All Puny Grains Discarded
Quaker Oats is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavorful oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. By discarding all the small grains we get a delightful flavor.
15c and 35c per Package
Except in the Far West and South
Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

Quaker Oats

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Except in the Far West and South
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WIND-IN-THE-WILLows
By LYDIA M. D. O'NEIL

Wind-in-the-Willows, you stand so tall—
Slender and straight as a sapling pine;
youth’s in your footstep, youth’s in the call
Of your lifted eyes when they meet with mine.

Wind-in-the-Willows, the day is glad—
Sunny the mesa and gold the sky;
What is it fretting me, Indian lad?
Search you the heart of me, tell me why!

Gold is the sky, but the gold will fade,
And youth will pass like the fading light,
Fretting in vain at the fate that made
Your skin so tawny and mine so white.

I am one of the dominant race;
I am bound by the dominant law;
But Wind-in-the-Willows, youth’s in your face,
And I wonder, I wonder—who’ll be your squaw?
The Movie Encyclopedia
(Continued from page 95)

INQUISTIVE ANN.—Good grief, Frank Mayo and Edna Mayo are no relation. Neither is Woodrow Wilson and Marjorie Wilson, nor the Answer Man and Louise Nettles. Mr. Childers is going to play opposite Bert Lytell in "The Blind Man's Eyes."

MARGY F.—Never been there, but it has been estimated that the Roman Coliseum could accommodate about 87,000 spectators. But don't shout at me. I can stand it. Pleasant and kind words, if they be sensible and meant, are cords that all men may be led by. Women, take the cue. No, Frederick Smith is not past 81—he is about 28, and married.

WEST VIRGINIA FARMAN FAN.—My dear, give the woman credit—they'll always take it. Mrs. William Farnum is non-professional. Earle Williams is with the Western Vitagraph.

DIXIE D.—You can reach Marguerite Clark, Paramount Company, Ft. Am- nute, New York City. You say you like "Silver Spurs." So do I. Good for you; stick to it. Of course I'm happy, because I'm busy.

COLLY.—Your letter was a corker. Have passed your idea along. Yes, it is true that my hours of strenuous work are very long, but I find time for play, to loosen the mental tension and to obtain perfect harmony and recreative power. More power to you also.

INQUISTIVE HARRY.—Why, Wally Van will direct the comedies for the Rotherfield Films. The Bankhead girl is Goldwyn. You might write to Enid Bennett. Taylor Holmes, he's 5 feet 8½ inches high. He's working for "Virtuous Wives" and you thought Anita over- acted and appeared very amateurish in the scene where she bids farewell to her husband as he departs. Witness refuses to answer on the ground that it might tend to incriminate him.

QUESTION MARK.—No, Theda Bara is not married. Yes, I am glad spring is here. You bet I have a new spring suit. Yes, a blue one. And I look like a bluebird in it. The spring brings a change of air in the studio, with changes in the casts. Change of diet is excellent, but change of companionship and a new heart interest are sometimes more rejuvenating than a tonic.

EMIL.—Madge Evans is about ten years old. Yes, Sylvia Breamer has beautiful eyes. I always try to rebuke with soft words and hard arguments, and if this does not take? I try a club.

LEONARD W.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope to a list of the film manufacturers and then address the player in care of the company.

SOPHIE E.—Thanks for the tip. I understand. Why, the oldest lunatic on record is Time—out of mind. Indeed, I am a musician. I don't like to speak about my talents, but there are those who say that I play the pianola and jiw's-harp without creating any hard feelings.

LAURENCE G.—Glad you subscribed. Hope you'll always be a subscriber. Mary Pickford's salary? She's part owner in a company now, and therefore draws dividends. No, just separated.

VERNOR J.—Never heard of Eva Campbell. Your plan sounds logical, but instead of reviving the old plan of limiting the wealth of the rich, why not pass a law limiting the pov- erty of the poor? Doris Kenyon in "Two Lovers and a Lover" and "Two Lovers and a Husband." But because it's the load that makes the car go. Wonderful!

B. V. D.—It's not what you wear so much, for fine feathers are frequently found on coarse birds. Mme. Petrova has gray-green eyes and a wonderful figure. Yes, Carol Dempster. Handed your letter to the reviewer.


The old canoe; a redolent, moon- flected evening; and Us Two!

The swish of limpid waters; subdued voices; the sweet intimacy of a moonlit, music-caressed solitude and the seductive harmony of stringed instruments—lifting notes, crashing chords and syncopations.

But listen! It isn't the canoe—not the moon—not the water—that thrills your heart. It is the Music—those lingering melodies of happy hours.

Tis the same in any setting! Summer's shady nooks; snugly evenings of early Fall: Winter's cheery firesides,—always and everywhere good old GIBSONS furnishes that indefinable "something" which eliminates formality, makes hearts lighter, eyes brighter, friendships dearer and love sweeter.

Yes, anyone can play a Gibson—"easy to play, easy to fix"—the ideal instrument for home and companions. It weaves itself into your life and brings pleasures and privileges obtainable through no other medium.

Gibsons have played a part in hundreds of little romances—confidential human histories—about which we shall be glad to tell you. Also the Gibson book and free trial proposition sent for the asking. These will help you to become better acquainted with the Gibson family.

Teacher Salesmen wanted. Exceptional opportunities. Write for details.

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This amazing book on motion picture writing can now be secured separate from the course in photoplay instruction offered by The F. McGrew Willis Institute. The persistent demand from newsdealers, bookstores and writers generally has grown so great that a limited edition of the book has been set aside solely for this purpose. The book, acknowledged to be the best work on motion picture writing yet published, and the only one in the scenario departments of the studios, has become known among members of the Institute as the "motion book." It is the only one ever written by any author who has himself had years of experience in the various studios writing feature stories for more than a score of the big stars. It contains everything that can be learned about the art of motion picture writing. Haste is imperative if you desire to secure your copy of this WORK. THE PRICE IS THREE DOLLARS, POSTAGE prepaid anywhere in the world. Orders will be filled only in the order of their receipt.

F. McGrew Willis

The December Shadowland will contain the words and music of A CHARMING WALTZ called "IN SHADOWLAND" This waltz was dedicated to SHADOWLAND by the composer STANLEY BROTHERS, Jr. It is just the RIGHT WALTZ for the new season.

Dance and be merry—You're only young once!
When do you discard the Joker?

FOOLISH question? Not at all! There is a time in "500" when the best card in the deck is the least desirable. The new edition of the "Official Rules of Card Games" tells you when to discard the Joker, and gives you the latest rules and expert suggestions for playing any one of the world's 300 games you like best. We will send you this 250 page book, just off the press, for only 20 cents. Send for it today—NOW. Use the coupon below, if you wish.

BICYCLE PLAYING CARDS

Next to knowing how to play, there is nothing which adds or detracts so much from the pleasure of playing as the cards you use. Bicycle Playing Cards are the standard everywhere. Their clear index makes easy reading. The quality material used in the manufacture makes them durable and long-lasting, even though subjected to hard usage. Get a pack today from your dealer so you will have them next time you play.

Congress Playing Cards are playing cards de luxe. Full color art backs. Gold edges. Ideal for prizes, gifts and social play.

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There are many evening of entertainment and good fun packed into every deck of Revelation Fortune Telling Cards. Designed by a man loved for his unanny performance in card conjuring, these cards produce results as surprising as they are fascinating. They answer any question on any subject—love, business, health, wealth—the past, present or future—and always in a logically accurate fashion. One color back in each case, 50 cents per deck colored back design, gold edges, in telescope case, 70 cents. From your dealer or postpaid.

Don't forget to send for the "Official Rules of Card Games" today. And when writing, why not order a deck of REVELATION Fortune Telling Cards? You will be more than pleased with them.

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

PITY, 20.—No. The two literary editors are not related, except that one is a smith and the other a tailor. Sounds like a blacksmith or carpenter shop, doesn't it? So you thought the two little sins on the covers stood for men in service. That's a good joke on you. No, Peggy, they are private name company managers. Ormi Hawley was there, all right. You know she has gotten much thinner. Ormi has a pretty face, but she was on the road to obesity for a while.

ALAN.—So you have been doing your bit. Good! Yes, indeed, young ladies should be employed in the post-office, because then they can manage the mail. Boy, water please. (Turn on the hose!)

HENRY E. BERLIN, N. H.—Henry, and you living in Berlin? You should change the name to Berlin. Write Norma Talmadge at Talmadge Studios, 310 E. 48th St. Try Moving Picture World.

LOCKWOOD FANNETTE.—Some day you may be discovered. A motion picture director is not like an astronomer—unless it is when he discovers a new star.

A WOMAN.—But where is the rest of you—address, name, etc.?

LEON FORGE.—Have you got it yet? Well, it's a rattling good car. Oh, I get $10 a week now, and I will be owning a Ford one of these days. Got a raise on the first. Yes! Now I can buy war saving stamps, and buttermilk, and chocolates, and chewing-gum, and live comfortably. It is difficult for a woman to keep a secret, but I know more than one man who is a woman in that respect.

MOUNTAIN LASSIE.—Whoop-la, and a couple of ints! And a hull lot of gnashing of teeth! Here's a letter who wants to think up all the letters that are answered. Zounds and gadzooks! Ask the housekeeper who empties my basket. And such questions! I'll bet you are an expert on the coast. Norma Nichols was Chiquita in "The Ne'er-Do-Well," by Selig.

BUNNIE.—You have a great opinion of me. Harry Morey in "Hoarded Assets." Both Sessie Hayakawa and his wife, Tsuru Aoki, had the flu.

ELLA M. S.—You say, in putting a tax on rouge. Uncle Sam makes it a war-paint. To arms! Ella, your letter reminds me of the mind of the idler never knows what it wishes for. Pat O'Malley and Marie Walkamp are playing in "The Fifth Ace," directed by J. F. MacGregor. Zoe Ray will play in "Universal on the Coast."

LUella B.—You want too much information. See you later.

LUCIE.—A serviette means a napkin in French, but it's not death, it is dying, that alarms most of us. Mary Boland in "The Prodigal Wife." Harry Hilliard and Edith Root in "Set Free."

M. P.—You want a picture of Eugene O'Brien on the cover. All right, we'll think it over. And you want Richard Tucker in the gallery. All right, we'll think that over. Nothing doing! Pat O'Malley played Tom in "She Hired a Husband."

MAYME A.—Most of your questions have been answered above. God bless 'em, we couldn't get along without the fools. If they could look wise and say nothing and not write letters, nobody would ever take them for fools, and they might even be mistaken for philosophers.

SEMPER FIDELIS.—Roy Stewart was with "Triangle". Dick Barthelemy is about 5 feet 7 inches tall. Thanks for your hopes. You are studying to be a sculptor. Your letter is interesting. Phidias was a celebrated sculptor of Athens, whom Pericleus appointed superintendent of all the public works, both of architecture and statuary, and I suggest that you read his biography.

ROALDING F.—Mary Pickford is about 5 feet tall, or rather, short. Shirley Mason 5 feet and Viola Dana 4 feet 6 inches. Bert Lytell and Mary Anderson in "The Spender."

MA CHEESE.—You bet I'm a jolly old cuss. Usually he who talks much accomplishes little, and that's why I am sometimes taken for a fool. That was Emmy Wehlen in "Sylvia on a Spree."

(Continued on page 105)

(One hundred and two)
Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?
Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and Motion Picture Classic—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, worldwide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read Shadowland, the Magazine and Classic.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on June 30, 1920.
2. There will be seven ballots as follows:
   - December 1919 ballot
   - January 1920 ballot
   - February 1920 ballot
   - March 1920 ballot
   - April 1920 ballot
   - May 1920 ballot
   - June 1920 ballot

3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following each ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for Shadowland every month, and the same for Motion Picture Magazine and yet again the same for Classic. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider ...........................................
the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name...........................................
Street...........................................
City...........................................
State...........................................
Country...........................................
(Dated)...........................................

Class Number 2

Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that ...........................................
will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with ............ votes.

Name...........................................
Street...........................................
City...........................................
State...........................................
Country...........................................
(Dated)...........................................

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.
Elliott Dexter Has Come Back

By MAUDE YORKE

It was a red letter day at the Lasky studio in Hollywood—Elliott Dexter had come back!

For six months he had been ill, at times perilously near the border-line, and great was the rejoicing among friends and associates to have him among them once more, well and strong.

After the camera man had celebrated the event by taking several pictures of him with Cecil De Mille and Tommy Meighan, we found a quiet little nook to talk it all over.

Mr. Dexter is thinner, both in face and body, but this merely adds a new distinction to his good looks and he is handsomer than ever, while the quiet dignity, ever one of his chief charms, is perhaps, intensified. His dark eyes are clear, his cheeks bronzed, for he has spent many of the recuperating days at the beach, and he declares that he possesses more vigor and strength than ever before.

"Queer thing," he remarked, reflectively, after asking permission to light his pipe. "But it seems as if we must all have a good, hard bump of some kind to wake us up. This is the first illness I have ever had and I assure you I went thru every possible mental state during those long months.

"There was a time, at the very first, when I didn't care if I recovered, and all my old interests seemed to drift away. I didn't want to think of pictures or my career, in fact, nothing seemed worth while, but now," and he squared his broad shoulders and laughed, "I can hardly wait to begin my new picture.

"Everything interests me, I feel thoroughly fit, and I want to plunge in and make up for all this lost time. I guess a little introspection and retrospection does one good. My whole viewpoint seems changed. I have learned much during the months while I have been absent from the world and I am sure I shall do better work than ever before."

"As a star, too?" I exclaimed.

"Yes," he laughed, boisterously, "as a star! My illness came just as I had reached the goal for which I had been working during these three and a half years in motion pictures. I was to have played in Cecil De Mille's 'Male and Female,' then be starred, but—I took to my bed instead. Seems years since I had to give up.

"I am quite mad about my first picture which is to be 'The Prince Chap.'"

"Any part that is consistent and human, I enjoy playing," replied Mr. Dexter to my question as to his favorite role. "I found much satisfaction in the

(Continued on page 108)
The Gift acceptable, intimate and beautiful. At once it becomes an important part of one's daily life.

Make your next Gift solid Ivory Fiberloid Toilet Articles, a token which always brings true appreciation—the ideal material for the boudoir. Will not dent, break or tarnish. Sold in sets or singly by high grade dealers.

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SHADOWLAND
A MAGAZINE OF BEAUTY

..."The best in this kind are but Shadous and the worst no worse, if imagination but emend them." SHAKESPEARE.

Among the hundreds of letters and telegrams addressed to us by friends of SHADOWLAND there were many felicitous phrases. One of these lingers in the mind like a strain of music. "SHADOWLAND!" said a poet, "is the Broken Blossoms of the magazine world!" This, in our opinion, is about the highest praise a magazine can win.

We dreamed of creating a magazine that would be useful, inspiring, uplifting and appreciative of all the arts. Beyond all this, we dreamed of creating a magazine that would be prized for sheer beauty alone—a magazine that would give one a thrill comparable to that which one receives from a bouquet of wild roses on a cottage window sill.

If we have come so near to our ideal that SHADOWLAND suggests the Griffith masterpiece; if it is the BROKEN BLOSSOMS of the magazine world, or nearly, it has not been done in vain. Beauty, like a fairy godmother, will watch over it as it grows up and beauty lovers everywhere will take it to their hearts.

SHADOWLAND

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, New York
Get the "Bright Brigade" to do your Housecleaning

Cheaper than Soap

Old Dutch Cleanser

Large Can 10¢

Price Unchanged
"Ferd, They are Playing Your Song!"

Imagine the thrill these words gave Mr. Ferdinand Hohenhorst, of Covington, Ky., as he stood on a crowded street, watching the great Peace Parade, when Meyer's Military Band came swinging along playing his song, "Uncle Sam, the Peaceful Fighting Man." But let him tell his story in his own words:

Covington, Ky., 1941 Augustine St.

CHESTER MUSIC COMPANY, Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—My song entitled "Uncle Sam, the Peaceful Fighting Man," that your Mr. Friedman composed and arranged for me, is making a great hit. In the Peace Parade at Latonia, Ky., Meyer's Military Band played my song three times. We now have had it arranged for orchestras and quartettes, and it is making a good impression everywhere. The VocalStyle Music Company, Cincinnati, O., a concern which manufactures music rolls for player pianos, has taken up my song, and already has sold over a thousand of these rolls in Cincinnati alone, and are placing them in their bulletin for April, which will go to all the different cities. Thanking you kindly for the services you have rendered me, I remain,

Yours very truly,
(Signed) FERDINAND HOHENHORST.

Leo Friedman, Our Composer

about whom Mr. Hohenhorst speaks so enthusiastically, is one of America's most gifted composers and the author of many great song hits. Among his greatest successes are "Meet Me To-night in Dreamland," the sales of which reached the enormous total of more than a million copies. Others that reached into the million class were "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," and "When I Dream of Old Erin." Mr. Friedman writes music to words that causes them to fairly thrrob with feeling and musical charm. He has been styled "America's Favorite Composer," and properly so, for his melodies have reached the hearts of millions of the American people, and made them sing.

Why Don't YOU Write the Words for a Song and Submit Your Poem to Us?

We make no charge for examination of poems, and you incur no obligation of any sort, when you send your poem in, but if it contains a good idea for a song, he will tell you so. His criticism will be fair and very valuable to ambitious song-poem writers. WHY NOT SEND YOUR POEM TO-DAY, AND LET US PASS ON IT FREE OF ANY CHARGE OR OBLIGATION? You can never tell what you can do till you try. MAKE A START TODAY.

CHESTER MUSIC COMPANY
Suite 186
920 So. Michigan Ave.
CHICAGO, ILL.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Elliott Dexter Has Come Back
(Continued from page 114)

"Squawman," for he was a great character and held my interest from first to last. So was my rôle in Mary Pickford's "Romance of the Redwoods." The man was redeemed thru a woman's love and this situation is always a vital one.

"I believe I took a keen pleasure in making 'Dont Change Your Husband,' than I have in any picture. There was comedy and emotional acting, with a splendid opportunity for good character work, which I always gladly welcome. It is an inspiration to be under De Mille's direction. He works much as they do on the stage, making the scenes as they come in the story, whenever possible. This keeps us in the spirit of the action, and when, at last, we gather up all the currents of the plot in the final scenes, we can give a more convincing climax.

"Making motion pictures reminds me of a dress rehearsal on the stage. Everything is perfect, yet there is no responsive audience to applaud or criticise, and we all miss it. This is partly met thru the fan letters, and I assure you I read every one that comes to me, appreciating the words of encouragement and deriving some of the same thrills that applause would bring."

Elliott Dexter's voice is full and deep and he speaks slowly, betraying his Southern origin, for he was born in Galveston, Texas. From his earliest childhood he dreamed of a stage career and at the first opportunity he went to New York, planning to enter a dramatic school, but instead joined a stock company.

"My first appearance was in 'The Great Diamond Robbery,' and tho I was merely 'suping,' I was the happiest boy in the world," said Mr. Dexter. "I remember that on that very night, standing in the wings, I solemnly determined to work on until I became a star.

"This was the beginning; there were much hard work and disappointments before me, but it is wonderful what a tremendous force ambition is in our lives—the moment we attain even a little success, we no longer count our struggles." Mr. Dexter's stage experience included playing in "The Tyranny of Tears," with John Drew; "The Heir of the Huraiah," with Guy Bates Post; "Diplomacy," and with "The Lily.

After reaching stardom on the stage he was willing to experiment in pictures and was given the part of Marguerite Clark in "Helene of the North." To enjoying the work and seeing the possibilities he was not quite ready to forsake the spoken drama and went back for a season before making another picture. This time it was with Hazel Dawn in "The Masquerader." When this was completed I found myself succumbing to the lure of motion pictures, and casting his lot with them he has steadily ad

(Continued on page 110)
So sang Laurence Hope and few people knew more about dreams and shadows than she did. Dreams were all about her—the pink flowering almonds of Kandahar—the hiding places of the blue poppy—the purple fields of peaks that stretch from Northern India to the snows of Thibet—the shadow of clouds upon fields of iris—the shadows of moonlight falling on mosque and tower and minaret. To read her is to see the Char Minar again, to feel once more the scent of the yellow jessamine and the champac.

Every dreamer knows that the shadow is sometimes more than the substance—it was Emerson himself who said that the faintest reverie is divine.

Shadowland will call your dreams to mind. Something of all men's dreams will come into it—the dream home and the dream child; dream pictures; dream plays and the players that haunt our dreams; poetry and those age-long dreams of the human race—health and happiness.

If Laurence Hope could come back to the world she loved, we venture to say that she would like "Shadowland."

She would say that it fits into a world where dreams are king—where men first dream of what they wish to do and then find means to make their dreams come true.

If you are a dreamer, you belong to us.
Elliott Dexter Has Come Back
(Continued from page 108)

vanced until now he takes his place in the ranks of the foremost favorites.

Elliott Dexter has not depended on his charming personality and his good looks for popularity, but he has given us splendid acting that makes his finely drawn characters stand out as real human beings. His work is always the essence of good taste and perfection of detail, and no less an authority than Cecil De Mille declares that his technique is the most finished of any actor on the screen today.

"Do you study the script and thus form the idea of your rôle?" I questioned, curious as to his mode of procedure.

Relighting his pipe, Mr. Dexter replied, "Usually De Mille tells us the story, painting it so vividly that I see my character, clear and distinct, as if it were photographic before me. I have always been able to do this, for even on the stage I visualized my rôle with the entire action, as soon as I read the play."

"What a gift for directing!" I exclaimed. "Will you direct—some day?"

"I hope so," he smilingly confessed.

"I can think of no greater satisfaction than to have directed a successful picture, and seeing it on the screen know it will be shown all over the world, waving thousands with its message."

"It must give you a little thrill to know so many friends and admirers are welcoming you back to health and the screen with sincere affection," I remarked, after Gloria Swanson, William De Mille, Wanda Hawley, Wallace Reid, Major Robert Warwick, Raymond Hatton, Alvin Wyckoff, and Director Wood had filed by joyfully extending their hearty greeting.

Mr. Dexter's voice was a bit husky as he replied. "I can never express all that it means to me. Oh, I am so happy to be back!" And stretching out his arms, he took in the whole world.

Elliott Dexter possesses a simplicity and a genuine modesty that are of a very fine quality. He has sounded a new depth, he has caught a new insight into emotional intensities, which promises an added strength and warmth in the upbuilding of his future work in motion pictures.

THE WRITING FAMILY

By La Touche Hancock

We are a writing family,
We are! We are! We are!

My mother, brother, sister,
Myself, and even pa!

Mother writes short stories, Which nobody will read;

Sister's writing play on play, Which never will succeed!

I write so-called poetry, Which nobody will print;

Despite rejection notices I never take the hint!

Brother writes facetious screeds, Which are the greatest trash.

While pa writes checks upon his bank, Which nobody will cash!

Oh! we are a writing family, We are! We are! We are!

(One hundred and ten)
The first Fame and Fortune Contest having come to a happy and successful end, and several prospective stars of the first magnitude having been selected and started on their careers, it is with pleasure that we announce a similar contest for the year 1920, beginning with the January number of

Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland

Once more we shall go thru America with a fine-tooth comb, as it were, in search for budding beauties with Motion Picture ambitions. No longer can any young lady or girl say that she has not had a chance. We shall give them all a chance—that is, every one that appears to have sufficient personality, charm, beauty and winsomeness. The first test is the photograph. If that gives promise, we publish it and ask for more. If the others are equally promising, we secure a personal interview, and finally we make a “test” Moving Picture and send it broadcast thru the theaters. Many of the girls whose pictures appeared in the Honor Rolls of our magazines, received many flattering offers from producing companies, and this proves that we are doing a good thing for ambitious American beauties, even tho we might err in our final judgment in selecting the winners. The Honor Rolls will continue each month in all of our publications, thus giving something like two hundred girls honorable mention, including a published photo. One or more of these we promise will be made

Stars of International Fame

Just think of what a prize this is! The contest just closed attracted nation-wide attention. The newspapers everywhere published illustrated accounts of our final test, and several of the News Weeklies of Current Events showed scenes of the happy party at Roslyn, which were flashed on nearly every screen through the United States.

What an opportunity! If it does not interest you, tell your neighbor about it or your distant friend—they may have a daughter just looking for a chance of this kind.

One thing we want to impress upon all aspirants—be careful in the choice of the photograph you submit. Postcard photos will not do. Poorly printed photos, and small ones, cannot be considered. We feel that many beautiful girls lost out in the last contest just because they did not go to the trouble of consulting a good photographer. Furthermore, don’t submit photos that lie! They may get you on the Honor Roll, but they will never see you thru. We recall in the last contest several young ladies who submitted wonderful pictures, and succeeded in getting on the Honor Roll, but when they appeared on the scene, alas, we found that the camera had lied. We want pictures that do you full justice, even flattering ones, but not dishonest ones. If you are a giant or a midget, if you have an impossible profile, or an ugly nose, or some other defect, don’t let the photographer conceal these things—it will be to your loss and disadvantage in the end. Your features may not be perfect, but you may win in spite of that—only, we want to know all. Hence, please do not try to deceive us. Make yourself appear to the best advantage, but do not overdo it.

Rules and date of Contest opening to be announced in next issue.

Select Your Photographs Now!
Get the Drop On that Cough

In that tense, still moment at the climax of the play—a cough! Annoying of course, and unnecessary. Dean’s Mentholated Cough Drops prevent it.

Or motoring along some smooth highway—everything serene—but for dust and wind that dry the throat and induce a cough—unless one has Dean’s Mentholated Cough Drops.

A preventive when the first slight sensation in the throat is felt—“they cure the tickle.” A delicious and pleasant source of relief for harsh, rasping, stubborn coughs—Dean’s Mentholated Cough Drops. Good for the whole family.

Have a box on hand always—indoors or out.

DEAN MEDICINE COMPANY, Milwaukee, Wisconsin
How We Stopped the Leaks that Kept Us Poor

By HARRISON OTIS

WHO should walk into the room but Howard Lindsay! Of all men perhaps he was the last I had expected to find as the president of this great new company. They had told me that Mr. Lindsay, of the Consolidated, was looking for a fine country home. I was interested in buying the Dollard Place in Englewood; so as executor of the Dollard estate I had come to discuss the terms with him.

But Lindsay! Surely some miracle had happened. For it was the very man who had come to me "dead broke" about four years back and had asked me to help him get a new job.

"You are surprised, Mr. Otis, I can see that without your telling me. Let that real estate matter rest for a moment while I tell you how the change happened. It won't take five minutes. It all seems simple as A B C as I look back on it now.

How It All Began

"Our new life-opera when we discovered how to save money. That happened soon after I started in the new job you helped me secure. And it all came about right in my own home. Our sole source of supply was my salary of $3,000. That first year we didn't save a cent. Besides that, we woke up on New Year's day to find a big bunch of unpaid bills to be taken care of somehow or other out of future salary checks.

"When I asked myself the reason for all this I found that I did not know the reason, and no more did my wife, because we hadn't the faintest idea what our money had been spent for.

"Then we looked around among our friends and learned a great lesson.

"The Weeds, I knew, were getting more than $5,000 a year. They lived in a modest apartment, did not wear fine clothes, seldom went to the theatre, did little entertaining, yet we knew they barely had enough money to pay current bills.

"In the case of the Wells, I found a very different story and one that set me thinking deeply. Their income was $2,000 a year, yet, to my amazement, they managed to keep their $600 a year since they were married. They didn't have any grand friends in their program—except on their little Victorian—but they did go to the theatre regularly, they wore good clothes, entertained the world at their home and were about the happiest and most contented couple of all our married friends.

"The difference between these two families was that in one case the expenditures were made without any plan—while in the other the income was regulated on a weekly budget system.

"We sat down that evening and made up a budget for all our expenses for the next fifty-two weeks. We discovered leaks galore. We found a hundred places where little amounts could be saved.

"In one short month we had a 'strange hold' on our expenses and knew just where we had been. In one year my wife proudly produced a bank book showing a tidy savings account of $900.

My New Grip on Business

"In the meantime an extraordinary change had come over me in business.

"I didn't really realize this until the president called me in one day and said, 'Lindsay, do you realize that you've been doing exceptionally well. I have been studying your work for the last year and you have saved the company a lot of money. We have decided to give you an interest in the business.'

"'So there you are. It is wonderful, isn't it? I often wish I might tell my story to the thousands of young married couples who are having the hardest time of their lives just when they ought to be having the best time.'

"So now I have an interest. We are lucky, if only you will act on the wonderful message this story contains.

HARRISON OTIS

The Magic Budget Plan

The Ferrin Money Making Account System is built on the experience of Howard Lindsay. This system, which is simplicity itself, comprises:

2. The Ferrin Kitchen Calendar (for the household).
3. The Ferrin Pocket Account Book.
4. The Ferrin Investment and Insurance Register.
5. The Ferrin Household Inventory and Fire Insurance Record.

Compact information is given on Making a Budget, Keeping Expense Accounts, Making Sale Investments, Making an Inventory of Household Goods.

There is no red tape or complicated bookkeeping in this system—it is so simple that anyone can keep it—so convenient that you will not notice the few moments of your time required to make entries. The Pocket Account Book (price when sold separately 50 cents) contains printed slips so that you have only to jot down the amounts of your daily expenditures. The Kitchen Calendar (price 50 cents) keeps track of household expenses. At the end of the month and at the end of the month these amounts are transferred to the Money Making Account Book, which contains 112 pages, size 8 1/2 x 10 1/2 inches, and is bound in half blue Silk Cloth Back—Calf Leather Cover. Paper Sides—Turned Edges, semi-flexible, stamped in gold on Front Cover. This book has been prepared by an expert, and the monthly columns extend from the smallest to the largest. Incorporated in it is a recapitulation for every month of the year, which shows at a glance the Budget and the amounts paid out during the month for the various classified items of expense. It is the only book to our knowledge which has a Budget column for every month. Special columns are provided for items on which an income tax does not have to be paid, so that these amounts may be deducted at the end of the year.

The Cash Money Saving Feature

A war tax is now levied on almost every kind of article you buy. Few people know that the amounts so paid on daily purchases may be deducted from their income tax report. By keeping track of these tax savages, you will effect a saving on your income tax that will surprise you and that will pay the small price of about $30 in many cases.

The Ferrin Investment and Insurance Register is designed to keep an accurate record of your investments, insurance policies, etc. The Ferrin money-saving feature alone saves, approximately, 50c. The Ferrin Inventory and Fire Insurance Register will enable you to make an accurate record of every room in the house and provide for your fire insurance policy. It is an absolute necessity in case of a fire. It may save you many thousands of dollars in the cost, which is 50c when sold separately.

Two Minutes a Day

The Ferrin Money Making Account System takes only two minutes a day. Every high grammar school boy or girl can keep the accounts. This method is not a hard task. It is not about the money you spend for clothes, for rent of your theatre. You will spend it freely because you will learn how much you can afford to spend.

The Ferrin Money Making System is the most practical gift to any newly married couple. Many people use them for Christmas presents.

Send No Money

See how magically the Ferrin Money Making Account System saves you money, no matter how much or how little you spend. We know what you will think when you see us sending you a money-saving feature for which you can afford not to have it, since we will give you a complete full-priced $32 offer for only $3 for the complete system.

You will appreciate what a remarkable offer this is, when you consider that other expense accounts are now making offers for $3 and cover a period of only two years. The Ferrin Money Making Account Book, complete and free to you, has twice the value.

$4. And you can get the Ferrin Kitchen Calendar, the Ferrin Pocket Account Book, and the Ferrin Investment and Insurance Register, the Ferrin Household Inventory and Fire Insurance Record, the Ferrin Money Making Account Book, together, for $4. But you need not wait. We can have it ready and waiting for you by the opportunity, therefore, of securing $8 value for only $3.

But we can make this special combination offer even more attractive. Instead of looking to place this system in ten in one hundred thousand dollars this year, if you want your home to be one of them. You are therefor encouraged to take the complete combination without waiting for nothing and does not obligate you in any way, and it may be some step in how much more you can get out of your income.

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8,320 Burlingtons have been sold to the men aboard the U. S. battleships. Practically every vessel in the U. S. Navy has many Burlington watches aboard. Some have over 100 Burlingtons. The victory of the Burlington among the men in the U. S. Navy is testimony to Burlington superiority.

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Send only $1.00 and we will ship you this handsome 6-piece library set. Only $1.00 down, then $2.70 a month, or only $29.90 in all. A positively staggering value and one of the biggest bargains ever offered. Look at the massive set, clip the coupon below and have it shipped on approval. Then see for yourself what a beautiful set it is. If you do not like it, return it in 30 days and we will return your money. All you have to do is send the coupon with $1.00. The value is so wonderful and the demand so great that there aren't enough to go around. So send today—sure. Either have library set sent for you to see, or tell us to mail the catalog.

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This superb six-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout. Finished in rich, dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Large arm rocker and arm chair are 36 inches high, seats 19x19 inches. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 36 inches high, seats 17x17 inches. All four pieces are padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 24 x 34 inch top, with roomy magazine shelf below, and beautifully designed ends. Jardiniere stand measures 17 inches high, with 12 inch top. Clip the coupon below, and send it to us with $1.00, and we will ship the entire six pieces, subject to your approval. No C.O.D. shipped. We ship K. D., so as to save you as much as one-half of the freight charges. Easy to set up. Shipping weight about 175 lbs. Money back if not pleased. Order by No. BS224A. Send $1.00 cash with order, $2.70 monthly. Price, $29.90. No discount for cash.

Act Now—While This Special Offer Lasts

Don't wait a day longer. Sit down today and send in the coupon for this 6-piece fumed Solid Oak Library Set. For a limited time only are we able to offer you this stupendous bargain. Prices, as you know, on everything are going up, up, up. So don't wait another day it will be necessary for us to increase the price of this wonderful fumed Solid Oak Library Set. So act, but act quick. Fill out the coupon and send it in with the first small payment and we will ship you this wonderful 6-piece fumed Solid Oak Library Set. Pieces not sold separately.

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Blair Ferguson in “Couture”
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(Four)
THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Sicle, Jr., from a photograph by Ned van Buren.)

Just now Doris Kenyon is dividing her time between the footlights and the film studios. She is playing on Broadway in the highly successful farce, "The Girl in the Limousine." A native of Bridgeport, Conn., Miss Kenyon has lived in Brooklyn and Syracuse. She is a graduate of Packer Institute, Brooklyn, and of Columbia University.

Miss Kenyon went on the stage in "Princess Pat," and was quickly discovered by the cinema, doing her first important role with Alice Brady in World's "The Rack." She has forged rapidly to the front and is now one of screenland's favorites.

Photogravure Gallery of Players. Full page studies of Corinne Griffith, Wanda Hawley, Helene Chadwick, Gladys George and Helen Bromeau.........................11-15

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Astor—Pay Painter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint by a Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular drama. Miss Painter is picturesquely pleasing.

Caino—"The Little Whopper." Lively and amusing musical comedy. The story is so forceful, that a director will not want for delightfull complacency, but may well take a "dope.""Moral: ""Civilian's Clothes."" A delightful comedy to please everybody. Brand new idea and cleverly worked out. Thurston Hall in the title role shares the honors with beautiful Olive Tell. Support excellent.

Maxine Elliott's—"The Unknown Woman." A very amusing melodrama with Marjorie Rambeau in Bendel gowns and tears. Jean Robertson contributes a vivid bit as a "dope.

Merrimack—"Farewell." A delightful comedy to please everybody. Brand new idea and cleverly worked out. Thurston Hall in the title role shares the honors with beautiful Olive Tell. Support excellent.


Plymouth—"Nightie Night." Described by the program as a "wide awake farce," "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of laughter and no littleMail. There are scores of laughs. Heading the very adequate cast are Francis Byrne, Suzanne Willa, Malcolm Duncan and Pauline Lord. Malcolm's "Magic Magic Melody," a 'romantic musical play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Pogany setting. Charles R . Earl Benham and Carmel Myers, the last two well known to the screen, head the cast.

Thirty-ninth Street—"Scandal." Cosmopolitan melodrama, a daring drama which Contance Talmadge played on the screen. Francis Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading roles in the excellent footlight production.

Winter Garden—"The Passing Show of 1919." A typical girl show in which the famous rumba gets plenty of use. The revue presents a number of travesties upon current attractions, particularly colorful being that of "The Jest," with George Wuringer doing a clever barouche de Lionel Barrymore.

ON TOUR

Shubert. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespearean repertoire. These artists represent the pride of our theater and their revivals of "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," and "The Taming of the Shrew" are distiguished by excellent acting.

Palmy Days." A picturesque drama by Augustus Thomas in which William Lackaye does the finest work of his career since "Jim the Penman.""See-Saw." A pleasant musical entertainment. The delightful Elizabeth Hines stars on "See-Saw," and "The Passing Show of 1919." a pleasantly cast.

Moonlight and Honeymoon." Ruth Chatterton in a charming comedy which might have been a hit had the play been taken full advantage of. Her leading situations in the last act. As it is it starts like a hare and ends like a tortoise.

In A Cage of Erst." Another Cosmo Hamilton comedy which, however, never attains the spontaneity or piquancy of "Scandal." The chief blush producer is a scene on a sleeping porch.

"She Would and She Did." Grace George in a light (very light) comedy founded on a little bit of the "Don Juan," which Grace angrily made, resulting in her suspension from the club for two months. Society and goll goll will probably find this an entertaining little play.

"The Better 'Ol." The Cabourn production of the musical comedy based upon the cartoon creation, Old Bill. Mr. Cabourn's characterization of Bill is still as remarkable as ever.

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**Stage Plays That Are Worth While**

(Continued from page 6)

light show running in the usual groove. Frances Cameron, who is developing remarkably, is the bright figure of "A Lonely Room," while Mr. Fields is his humorous self. There's a decidedly funny scene in a men's hat shop.

"Chu Chin Chow." An opulent and beautiful musical extravaganza based upon the Arabian Nights tale of Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves. Dazzling scenes of sensuous stage pictures. "Chu Chin Chow" is presented this year with an entirely new edition and new costumes. Marjorie Wood makes a colorful desert woman, Lionel Braham is very effective as the rubber shirk and Eugene Cowles makes the role of steward stand out. George Rosely plays the young lover admirably.

"La La Lucille." Musical comedy built around the efforts of a loving couple to arrange a divorce in order to live up to the terms of a millionaire aunt's will. A co-respondent is engaged and troubles begin. John E. Hazzard and Janet Vele play the would-be divorced, while Marjorie Bentley and Helen Clark give able assistance. Light summer entertainment. The Shubert Theater to 1910. A lively revue with scores of statuesque girls and stunning frocks. A decidedly attractive entertainment.

"John Ferguson." A straight drama that comes favorably with all critics. A man who claims that New York has seen for years. Beautifully staged and acted. Masterpieces of this kind should be liberally patronized to encourage others.

George White's "Scandals of 1910." All sorts and variations of dancing make up for a lack of story or humor. The real star is probably a little Ann Penvening—a nice looking little jazzie as ever shimmered on Broadway. Then there's the lively dancing of Mr. White himself.

"Friendly Enemies." This is the record-breaking comedy drama of last season, with Louis Mann in his original role. "Once He Fired." A Strong's human little drama of three crusty old bachelors who are bequeathed a young woman and who are subsequently rejuvenated. Melodrama with a heart throb. Helen Menken gives a striking performance of the nerve-racked heroine, while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully tense old dandy finding love. "She's a Good Fellow." A light but pleasant musical comedy built about the efforts of old folks to break up a marriage between a loving young couple. Joseph Sargent plays a lawyer-lover-husband, masquerading in skirts for a whole act. Ivy Sawyer, the very pleasing Ann Orr and Scott Welsh lend delightful assistance.

"30 East." A charming comedy founded on a boarding school romance in which many interesting characters make love-making difficult for a pair of young lovers.

"Up in Mabel's Room." Piquant, daring but decidedly amusing farce built about the pursuit of a dainty pink undergarment which bears the same name as a recent jazz dance. Admireable cast, including the radiant Hazel Dawn.

"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this time by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful playwrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies. Just as we were put in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were burglars and who were not.
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TAKE America's greatest authors who write exclusively for Goldwyn.

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AT NIGHT—
a thorough bath
for your Face—

If you want a skin that
is clear, brilliant with
color—let it breathe at night

TINY invisible dust particles
always, always falling
on your unprotected face!

In crowds—in shops—in theatres
all day long, while you are
going unconsciously about your
occupations—the delicate skin
of your face is exposed to millions of
unseen enemies.

That is why a thorough bath
for your skin at night is so
important.

During your eight hours of
sleep the skin of your face should
be allowed to rest—to breathe.
The delicate pores should be
freed from the dust and dirt that
have accumulated during the day.

For remember—authorities on the
skin now agree that most of the com-
mone skin troubles come, not from
the blood—but from bacteria and
parasites that are carried into the pores
from outside, through dust and small
particles in the air.

If, from neglect or the wrong meth-
od of cleansing, your skin has lost the
flawless clearness it should have—if
it is marred by blackheads—by dis-
figuring little blemishes—begintonight
to change this condition. You can
make your skin just what it should
be. For every day it is changing—
old skin dies and new skin takes its
place. By giving the new skin, as it
forms, the special treatment its need
demands, you can make it as soft,
as clear and smooth as you would
like to have it.

The famous treatment for
blackheads

Perhaps, in your case, failure to use
the right method of cleansing for your
type of skin has resulted in disfigur-
ing little blackheads. This condition
can be overcome—and your skin can
be smooth and clear in future.

To keep your skin free from this
trouble, try using every night this fa-
mous treatment:

Apply hot cloths to the face until
the skin is reddened. Then with a
rough washcloth, work up a heavy
lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and
rub it into the pores thoroughly, al-
ways with an upward and outward
motion. Rinse with clear, hot water,
then with cold—the colder the better.
If possible, rub your face for thirty
seconds with a piece of ice. Dry care-
fully. To remove the blackheads al-
ready formed, substitute a flesh brush
for the washcloth in the treatment
above. Then protect the fingers with
a handkerchief and press out the black-
heads.

Use this treatment regularly, and
you will begin in a few days to notice
the greater clearness and attractiveness
it gives to your skin.

The famous Woodbury treatments
for each different skin need—for an
oily skin, for blemishes, for conspicu-
ous nose pores, etc.—are contained
in the little booklet that is wrapped
around every cake of Woodbury’s
Facial Soap.

Find the treatment that your par-
ticular type of skin demands—then
use it regularly each night before re-
tiring. You will be surprised to see
how quickly your skin will gain in
attractiveness—how smooth, clear and
colorful you can keep it by this care.

Woodbury’s Facial Soap is on sale
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using it tonight. A 25 cent cake lasts
a month or six weeks.

We shall be glad to send you a
trial size cake

For 6 cents we will send you a trial
size cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap
(enough for a week or ten days of any
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with the booklet of treatments, “A
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ment booklet and samples of Wood-
bury’s Facial Soap, Facial Powder,
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CORINNE GRIFFITH

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Motion Picture Classic
WANDA HAWLEY

Wanda was looked upon as one of the screen "finds" of last year. Miss Hawley keeps steadily advancing since her first hit in "Old Wives for New." She is now at the very forefront of our younger actresses.
Helene hails from a town bearing her own cognomen, Chadwick, N. Y., being the youngest of a famous family. She first achieved success in Pathé serial productions and is now with Goldwyn.
Miss George is one of the most popular players with the Universal forces and she has been doing some unusual work in several recent productions.
HELEN BRONEAU

Miss Broneau is a Universal discovery. She seems to be coming to the front rapidly and the "U" powers-that-be expect great things of her.
The Silken Gloria

Gloria Swanson is twenty-one and, off the screen, looks like a younger sister of her celluloid self. The daughter of an army officer, Miss Swanson received her education everywhere—from Chicago to Porto Rico.

We reached Gloria Swanson's hotel—exactly on time for our interview—12 o'clock noon.

"Gracious," sighed a languid voice over the house phone, "I'm just getting up—and I'm still half asleep. Please come back at one."

So we adjourned to the hotel lobby for rest—and meditation. We had expected Miss Swanson to be a luxurious young lady, but . . .

At one we called her on the phone again. "My, my!" sighed Miss Swanson, "I'll be right down—in ten minutes."

But her voice sounded just as sleepy as an hour before. Knowing something of the feminine conception of ten minutes,

Then we took a taxi to the Hotel Astor for lunch, Miss Swanson, like all femininity just emerging from slumber, being "famished."

On the way downtown we learnt these startling facts:

That Miss Swanson works every second of her time in California and really doesn't luxuriate at all.

That she doesn't want to keep on doing the semi-vampire stuff of her past few pictures, but hopes to do character stuff such as her "Why Change Your Wife?" She will even don prim clothes and spectacles for art.

That she worships Cecil De Mille.

That she loves diamond and platinum bracelets. She wears three on her left wrist alone.

That she never can button her gloves. (We know, because we did our best to assist her en route via taxi.)

That she loves New York because of its theaters and gor-

Photograph © by Alfred Cheney Johnston
By FREDERICK
JAMES SMITH

The tears came to her eyes—real tears—when she talked of Elliott Dexter and the way his sudden illness had held back his stellar career in the films.

But to interrupt our findings to turn to weightier things:

"Tell me I look younger off the screen," commanded Gloria.

We saw our duty and did it. "Exactly how old am I?" she insisted.

We parried, realizing we were on exceedingly dangerous ground. Finally, pushed to the wall, we hazarded, "Twenty-two."

"Twenty-one," said Miss Swanson, in triumph. "You just protested when I said I didn't want to go on vamping or semi-vamping on the screen. Why?"

"Because," said we, trying to take our editorial mind from Miss Swanson's eyes, "you're so uncannily seductive. Most vampires leave us cold, but...

"Yes," aided Miss Swanson.

"You are exceedingly—er—effective."

At that psychological moment we arrived in front of the Astor.

We sighed with relief.

Once inside, Miss Swanson attacked a healthy-sized luncheon with fervor. A waiter attempted to remove the actress' orange-juice before she had finished—and she well nigh withered him. Right then and there we decided that Miss Swanson might easily speak out her mind. In fact, she did.

Between orange-juice and soup and chops, Miss Swanson told us more of herself. The daughter of an army officer, she received her education everywhere. "It was a terrible handicap," she said, "my education stretching from Chicago to Porto Rico."

"I first tried pictures with Essanay in Chicago and then I went to the coast. There I was with Triangle and later joined Mack Sennett's comedies. But I wasn't a bathing girl. I never—never—was. Please get that into your interview, won't you?"

We promised.

"We did a series of juvenile comedies in which I had a leading role. Then Mr. De Mille gave me my chance in drama. That's all. As I never cared for comedy and my whole heart is in dramatic work, you can guess how hard I worked to make good with Mr. De Mille."

We asked Miss Swanson to tell us her philosophy of things in general.

"I live for today," says Gloria Swanson, "and I try to get every bit out of it. I don't believe in waiting for tomorrow. Life is too short for that."

Then our interview drifted until, like all interviews, it came

(Continued on page 83)
Imagine the "male vampire" of the screen being a New Englander! Altho of French descent, (his real name is Coté), Cody's home town is Waterville, Me., a few miles from the home of Dustin and William Farnum. He soon forsok Maine for the stage.

You may, perhaps, think it strange that the original "He Vamp" star of the screen should have come from New England. And then, again, you may not. It all depends on whether you have come from there yourself, or on whether you still live there, or on whether you have never been there at all. Undoubtedly, there are people who are "un-profoundly" affected by their environments; for instance, Lew Cody.

"Dustin Farnum used to live within a few miles of Waterville, Me., which is my home," he remarked. (We were, by the way, at luncheon at the Alexandria and some moving picture notable could be seen at almost every table). "We often get together," he went on, "and talk over the scenes and people we used to know. Of course, we didn't live there at the same time and we didn't really know the same people, but that is a mere detail. In that neighborhood, the scenes and the people seem, somehow, always the same; the same yesterday, today and forever."

There, then, you have the material for a tragedy by Ibsen. Think of it! Lew Cody, whose real name is Cote, a boy of French descent, living in a place where, if one can believe some of our best fiction, people take their sins and their virtues very seriously and where marriages are made in Heaven for life and for population!

He could read French, too; gracefully written tales of graceful love affairs, sincere while they lasted, lightly undertaken and gracefully dropped. Why, he might have committed suicide—or matrimony—before he was eighteen, with vine leaves in his hair and all that sort of thing. But instead of that, he did something that could never have occurred to a character of Ibsen: lightly and without any particular brain storm, he decided to go away.

"One afternoon, after a whole day spent reciting poetry at myself, I went to my father and told him that I was going to go on the stage. 'All right!' my father said, 'When are you going?' Of course, that was all wrong. He should have objected violently. But he must have had too keen a sense of drama, himself, to do such a commonplace thing. Instead, he staked me to a wardrobe and I went to New York and got my start almost at once."

This was with Mary Mannering in "The Stubborness of Geraldine." Then came melodrama with A. H. Woods; such plays as "Past Life in New York" and "The Power of Money," an
experience which, he says, he would not take anything for. And then, with all of his energy, he plunged into stock, becoming actor-manager of his own company, the Cody Players, just out of New York. He had four companies before that began to tire him and then he left them to shift for themselves while he came to the Pacific coast with the Winter Garden production.

“I’ve been everything in the profession except a clown in a circus,” and but for its being such a serious job, he might have been that too.

He fell instantly and intensely in love with Los Angeles and decided to return sometime and remain indefinitely. It was at this psycho-

logical moment that Thomas Ince sent an emissary with the offer of a screen contract.

Undoubtedly, Lew Cody’s best work was done, not under contract, but as a free lance, in such pictures as the Lois Weber productions “For Husbands Only,” and “Borrowed Clothes” with Mrs. Chaplin, Cecil B. de Mille’s “Don’t Change Your Husband” and “The Life Line,” and “The Broken Butterfly” with Maurice Tournier.

When I saw him at the Alexandria, he had just finished his first picture made with his own company and he had collaborated with his director, L. Gasnier, in the writing of the story. His second picture, he said, is to be “The Butterfly Man” from the book by George Barr McCutcheon.

Lew Cody is, himself, very much of a “butterfly man.” That is, he has the quick, volatile temperament of the artistic Frenchman who is also a natural dilettante.

“Until a year ago,” he said, “I never had any particular ambition. I was conscientious enough in my work and all that, but——” He made a gesture with the hand that held his cigarette. Very quietly, in fact without attracting his attention in the least, it left its holder and deposited itself on the tablecloth where it went on burning merrily. “Oh, look!” I exclaimed, pointing rudely. For a moment he was decidedly puzzled; “How did that get there?” and then, with a glance at the exquisite but empty holder,

(Continued on page 80)
Betty Blythe: The Peacock Princess

"I was born in Los Angeles," began Betty Blythe, as she whisked a heap of pink chiffons from one chair and a pile of letters from another, drawing them nearer the window where we could watch the glorious view of the mountains which so entranced her.

"After being away for nearly four years, it is such fun to be back. Here in Hollywood there are no elevated trains, no subways, no crashing traffic, just peace and quiet, why, it's heavenly. I was so thrilled the first night after my arrival to hear a cat fight on the back fence, it sounded so rural.

"These silver nights are wonderful, too," she continued. "I wander all over the hills. I walked thru the big gates into the lovely grounds of the Japanese place on that hill last night and suddenly, while enjoying the wonder of the scene, I heard the strangest noises. I stopped to listen and the next minute I saw there were monkeys swinging from tree to tree in the moonlight. I didn't run home, I flew!"

Betty Blythe is another of the bright lights that the Goldwyn studios have added to their splendid stock company. She has just completed "The Silver Horde," a Rex Beach story, and will next appear in a Brentwood production under the direction of Henry Kolker.

"I have played so many vamps," said Betty, "that I am glad of the opportunity to play this rôle of a splendid woman who finds her happiness in the development of her own soul, not in wealth or power. And clothes! Oh, I am to wear some gorgeous things."

Going to her closet, Miss Blythe brought out an array of ravishing costumes and spreading them on the bed we indulged in a feminine orgie of tulle, chiffons, lustrous satins and rich furs.

"Of course, like most women," said Betty, "I have always longed for beautiful clothes and now that I can have them I love the planning and designing. I sometimes wonder if my old vision of realizing the poetic sense of literary effort is merging into a passion for clothes. However, in motion pictures they play such an important part that I feel justified."

"How did you discover your own particular style?" I asked, remembering the distinctive manner in which this stunning girl is always gowned.

"My dear," she replied solemnly, "it took three years and an awful waste of money to teach me that I must civilize my weird ideas—I do so love queerish styles—if they are becoming."

"I adore brilliant colors, they brighten one's mood, while furs seem alive. Look at this shimmery symphony which also persists in shimmering," laughed Betty, holding up a fascinating..."
frock of cloth of gold with its bands of heavy silk fringe forming the "shimmering" skirt.

Winding herself into a luscious Moorish yellow crepe negligee and sweeping across the room, she remarked, "I glory in trains and tassels, too. The last time I wore this I killed a man—it photographed beautifully! I'm going to have it made over. I'm always saving things. If I should die suddenly I would miss a lot of fun for I have such stacks of lovely materials waiting to be made over."

Then, sitting on the edge of the bed surrounded by these luxurious clothes, she told me some of her early experiences.

Betty Blythe made her first appearance on the stage billed as "The Peacock Princess." In a sumptuous gown, made entirely of peacock feathers, she put on her own little musical act at Pantages Theater, in Los Angeles and scored a success.

"It was a beautiful gown," said Betty, "and I felt so grand and strutting and excited with all those brilliant colors flashing about me. Everything was going beautifully and I had dreams of being a real prima donna; you know, I spent two years in Paris and London studying voice culture. Then suddenly, my mother and a sister passed away and I was gripped by the old Chinese superstition of peacock feathers, and I wouldn't go on with the act."

After a season with Oliver Morosco's "So Long Letty," in Chicago, and a summer in stock in Albany Miss Blythe had a chance to play on Broadway with William Elliott in "Experience."

With the closing of this engagement, she went on, "I had a taste of the fighting struggle which girls usually have when they buck up against New York. Out of a job, the city frightened me. I believe the fear of going broke frightened me most."

"Every day for months I made the rounds of the theatrical agencies. It was heart-breaking. Only once did a ray of light penetrate. A Shakespearian actor took an interest in me and promised I should play Ophelia in his company. Now, all my life I had wanted to play Shakespeare. When I was only 12 my sister started me reading his works in the original and by the time I was 16 I had read everything he had written and had made up my mind to be a tragedy queen, a second Marlowe, so this seemed the coming true of my early dreams."

"After spending weeks rehearsing Ophelia, and building my hopes to the very sky, the venture fell thru, and I went, left with debts and all my illusions shattered. Really, I contemplated suicide, but after all, youth and its reviving confidence urged me on to win in spite of obstacles."

"One day a girl, whom I knew very slightly, asked me to go to the Vitagraph studio with her. I believe God sent her, and I went, really because she was friendly and I so needed (Continued on page 82)"
To this branch of the family we are quite sure Tom belonged. If you ever do see him and have any idea that you ever will wish to interview him, "do it now," for you never will see him any more.

Both Tom and Owen are coy and elusive as the first snowdrop, and all the time we do not blame them in the least for not wanting to be interviewed. We are quite sure that we should never want to be interviewed by us.

About a year ago we were asked to interview Owen Moore. He consented, but he still owes it to us. And then our editor gave us a standing order to interview Tom Moore. So long as he was safe and sound out on the Pacific Coast in the Goldwyn studio, we did not worry. We decided that he could not be expected to go as far as that, but then one day we heard that he was here in the East "on a vacation."

The words had a portentous sound. It seemed such a perfectly legitimate excuse for not being interviewed. However, we tried our luck by calling up the Goldwyn office and asking for Tom Moore's address. "He just went out of the office on his way to the Lambs, but we are not allowed to give any one his address. He is on a vacation."

So we called up the

Photograph by Mishkin

A scrap of paper it was which decided the destiny of Tom Moore, son of Sarah and Joseph and, incidentally, brother of Owen and Matt. It happened like this. Tom was born in Ireland on a farm in County Meade. Artistic vagueness rather than bold accuracy places the date of the event as the late '80's. Now, in those days a small Irish farmer had about as much chance to make money as a conductor on a pay-as-you-enter car, so the senior Moore and his better half decided to seek the city and open a shop of some sort. So they sold all the things on the farm, collected the family and put them in a jaunting car, and then Mrs. Moore turned to Mr. Moore and said, "Whither thou goest, I will go, and where thou lodgest I will lodge, but whither do we go and where do we lodge?"

"I never thought of that," said Moore the elder. "Now what do you say?"

"Dublin," said Mrs. Moore.

"America!" cried little Tom.

"We'll draw lots for it," said Moore, the elder. So pieces of paper, marked "Dublin" and "America," were put into a hat. Little Tom put in his hand and drew out "America," and America it was.

Now, we set down these facts triumphantly, and so would you if you had worked as hard to unearth them as we did.

Once upon a time there was celebrated in song a girl named Annie Moore. History says little about her, save that she was sweet and that we'll never see her any more.
By HARRIETTE UNDERHILL

Lamb's, and they said, "He has gone over to the studio." There didn't seem to be any way to get him excepting to call Central and ask for Fifth Avenue between the Lamb's and the Goldwyn office, and this wasn't feasible owing to the present strained relation between the "hello" girls and the innocent bystander, so we decided to let nature take its course.

The best way to do this is to walk up Fifth Avenue from Forty-second Street and wish. We hadn't been doing this more than two blocks when we met Tom Moore face to face. Now, altho we are a firm believer in this concentration thing, when we met our victim we were so surprised that we said, right out loud, "Ain't nature wonderful!"

"She is," agreed Tom Moore, "but why?"

Of course, we didn't dare tell him, because he would look upon us with cold disfavor and say, "I'm on my vacation." So instead we said, "Why, meeting you and everything like this. And do you remember the time we interviewed you, over in Fort Lee, when you first became a Goldwyn star, and the funny little place where we had luncheon and the woman who put the records on the gramophone, records that were round, tube-like things, and the phonograph had a horn?"

"Yes, a horn like a director uses," and Tom laughed just the way he does on the screen. He always laughs that way. It is one of his charms. You see him laughing, but you don't hear him.

Now, all this was according to Freud, or somebody who has theories. We had reminded Tom Moore of the fact that he had once been interviewed and had recalled to his mind at the same time all of the pleasant features of the encounter, so we struck while the iron was hot.

"Have you got a half-hour to spare?" we said, timidly, meaning to finish up with "Mayn't we walk over to the office with you and interview you on route?"

"Indeed, I have," he answered, cheerfully. "Let's go in here and have a cup of tea."

And as we were on the corner of Forty-fourth Street, and Sherry's is no more, we knew that "here" meant Delmonico's. How thankful we were that we had on our imported hat with the red polka dots on it, tho maybe if we hadn't we shouldn't have received the invitation.

"See, no belts!" said Tom, with his silent laugh, as he took off his overcoat. "Do you remember how you got after us for wearing belted coats and said that Charlie Ray was the only man who could wear one with impunity? I remember, altho I felt hurt, how I trembled when I realized that I was wearing a belt on my coat that day you came over to Fort Lee to see me."

"Aren't you glad you're on your vacation?" we asked, a little less cautious now that the orange pekoe was between us and our victim and there was no chance for him to escape.

"Yes. I suppose I needed a rest, only New York is such a funny place to rest in. You don't do it."

"Have you been working hard?" we asked, trying to put a lot of sympathy in our voice, so as not to make it sound like a leading question.

"Working hard? Rather! I've made nine pictures this year with Harry Beaumont. In a couple of weeks, when I go back, I am going to have a new director, Tom Mills. Know him?"

We shook our head, and there the conversation switched to California—California climate, California roads, California hospitality. Why, one would think Tom Moore was a native. They always talk like that.

"Were you born in California?" which was an innocent enough question that any one might have asked. It had marvelous results, too, far beyond our fondest hopes, for Tom Moore told us all about being born in Ireland and just how he drew the scrap of paper out of the hat and came to America. But when Tom got as far as New York he stopped, at least he stopped in his narrative, but as a matter of fact, he went on to Toledo, because he had some cousins living there.

"Had you thought of going on the stage at that time?" we asked, trying to give the question the proper amount of insouciance as coming from a layman and not from an interviewer.

"No, indeed," he answered, laughing. "You should have seen me then. I was such a funny-looking little shaver. They sent me to school, but the wanderlust was in my veins, and I ran away with just enough money to get me to Jersey City. I didn't have a nickel to get over to Manhattan, but—well, I eventually got there. My lack of money worried me not in the least, and I hung around and enjoyed myself between the Battery and Fourteenth Street for nearly a year. Then I had some promptings from my conscience and I returned home. They sent me back to school, but I ran away again."

"And went to dramatic school," we interrupted. Tom Moore gave us a scornful glance and, if he had been that sort of person, he would probably have said, "How do you get that way?"

(Continued on page 79)
"Why, they're real!" I exclaimed.

"The freckles? Sure, they're real," and Wesley Barry rubbed his brown hands vigorously across his cheeks to convince me the speckles would not come off.

"Lots of people seem to think they are part of my make-up for the pictures," he went on. "If they could see my red hair they would know the freckles belonged to me. I used to hate them, but they've brought me a lot of luck and I don't know what would happen if they went away now." And the funny little smile that has endeared this twelve-year-old lad to film fans throughout the country spread over his small face.

"Then, you'll never be tempted by the promises of freckle cream?" I asked.

"I should say not," came the emphatic reply in true masculine scorn for such methods. "Anyway," he added, "it would take bushels and bushels to take them off. But—looky—my warts are going away," and he held out his hands for my inspection.

"A lady in Boston read that I had warts and she sent me a pin, telling me to bury it in the garden and the warts would disappear. And, sure 'nuff, they're all gone except this teeny one and it's going." And again the "Wes" Barry smile lighted up the sensitive face.

Tho Marshall Neilan discovered this lad several years ago and has given him bits in a number of pictures, it was not until "The Unpardonable Sin" flashed on the screen that his unusual qualities were fully recognized. This was shortly followed by his splendid work with Mary Pickford in "Daddy Long Legs," and his clever, acting through the orphanage scenes—especially in imbibing the hard cider—will not soon be forgotten.

Now, fame and stardom have captured this little freckle-faced boy, for he has recently been signed up by Marshall Neilan to create the screen role of "Penrod," in a series of pictures depicting this adorable character in his boyhood adventures.

Wesley is refreshingly natural and absolutely unspoiled and he is taking his good fortune very modestly. The best description one can give is that he is every minute—just real boy!

Since he is under contract and working steadily he has a private teacher, studying between scenes at the studio, instead of attending school. He is in the 8th grade and will be ready for high school next year.

He told me all about his studies as we sat in an old swing in the Neilan studio garden in Hollywood. "I like arithmetic and geography, but English is so hard it makes me mad. I like mechanical drawing, too, but I am not good at free hand. I've always wanted to be an electrical engineer, but, since I'm doing so well in pictures, guess I'll stick to them."

"We had the best fun making 'Daddy Long Legs,'" went on Wesley. "It was mostly on location and was just like a picnic, for we went out in trucks and had our lunch out of doors. Those were real chicken sandwiches we ate in that orphanage scene. They were a part of Miss Pickford's own lunch and
Capitalized His Freckles

KEENE

she said, 'Children, I never can eat all these sandwiches, so we'll use them in this scene.' Gee, they were good. She used to give me some of her hot chocolate every afternoon, too, for we would get so hungry!

"Do you remember the circus in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm'?"

I was the ring master. I'll never forget, there was one kid who was so scared when he had to slide down the chute that we laughed at him. The most fun was at the barn dance, for there was real ice cream and cake and we boys would slip around to that corner every chance. Good? Well, rather! I can't say as much for the lemonade, it was positively on the bunk, one trip was enough for that.

"I was the only funny one in 'The Unpardonable Sin' and whenever it got too serious I would come in with some foolishness and jolly everyone up. I did have a big crying scene, tho," he recalled.

"Was it hard to cry?" I asked.

"Oh, no. Mr. Neilan told me all about it and it was so sad that I couldn't help crying, that's all."

And just that easily did this little actor dispose of one of the most affecting moments in that tragic picture.

"I like to go and see comedies—I laugh and laugh," and Wesley snickered in true boy fashion, "but I don't like to play in them, for it is all running and rough stuff. Mr. Neilan jokes with me while we are working and makes me laugh all the time. Do you know," and the small figure sat up straight, "I can tell just exactly how he is feeling by his whistle. He whistles such jolly tunes when he's happy, but when he is thinking out some scene he whistles—oh, you know, that way up, heavy music. You ought to hear him play the piano, he can make me cry when he plays those sad pieces. He can play any thing!" It is quite certain that here is a director who is the idol of his own star.

"Which baseball team do you want to win the pennant?" Wesley asked, suddenly, after talking of many things.

"Vernon," I replied promptly.

"Good, shake!" and he grabbed my hand in his firm hold, and we fell into a discussion of the relative strength of the Los Angeles and Vernon teams which are battling for the Coast League pennant.

"You see," said this little enthusiast, "this is the first season that Fatty Arbuckle has owned the Vernon team and I am afraid he might be discouraged if he lost the pennant when he is so near it, that's why I want it to win. Oh, it's just gotta to win," he added, loyally.

"We're getting ready for a big western picture," said Wesley, "and every morning I go out to the Lasky ranch and practice rough riding stunts on a big black horse. At first he was awfully frisky and tried to buck me off, but I hung on. I have the swellest cowboy suit. It cost $200! Want me to put it on so you can see it?"

So, hand in hand, we raced over to his dressing room where we solved the problem of straps and buckles as he arrayed himself in a regular "Bill" Hart western costume. "Look at this belt, isn't it a peach?" he cried, holding up a broad leather belt. "It is to wear when bucking to keep from getting all jarred up."

"Let's have your picture taken in all this finery," I suggested, as he turned about for my approval.

"Oh, I can't," he waited, "my sombrero isn't here. It is a beauty, big—you know—and makes me look fierce." Then noting my disappointment, he added, "If you think nobody will notice that I haven't it on, we'll take it."

"Cowboys don't usually live among palms," commented the cameraman, a few moments later, as Wesley took his place before a huge palm.

"Oh, well," replied the boy, easily, "this isn't the real thing anyway, for I haven't my sombrero." Wesley's mother told me that he was a very welcome baby and was born with a smile on his face and has always been happy and contented. Two older brothers, aged eighteen and fourteen, were given the privilege of selecting his name and they spent several weeks searching for a suitable one, finally christening the baby, Wesley. Already this name is becoming widely known as Wesley Barry, aged twelve, takes his place among the stars of film-land.

Photographs by Hartsook, L. A.

On these two pages are glimpses of Wesley Barry in his "swell" cowboy suit, which cost exactly $200. Which, after all, isn't expensive for a high-priced star— if he is only twelve years old.
The Orchid

By TRUMAN B.

Miss Childers' aid at various moments when the clouds have been tinged with grey. He put her onto the stage, and she will emphatically tell you that he will some day put her back there. She was about to say more about her Allah, but the waiter appeared. Tea and cakes, two lumps in the tea and a dash of lemon.

In anticipation of the gastronomic revel, Miss Childers glanced about her. The little Bakst luncheon seemed the rendezvous of numerous photofamous. John Bowers, after bowing himself in, sat in a corner and commenced to sing something about Kentucky and the angels to his own mandolin accompaniment. Madge Kennedy read a letter. Enid Bennett and her husband, Fred Niblo, chatted volubly with Geraldine Farrar, whose French maid, nearby, was watching her with hawk-like intensity. Tom Moore palled with Charles Ray and his wife, and Mabel Normand was going into ecstasies over a new consignment of photographs received by Pauline Frederick. Miss Childers put her chin in her hands and looked wistfully through a pair of violet-grey eyes.

Any stranger who'd ever seen her in the Goldwyns or the old-time Vitaphone graph, would have recognized her, altho her manner, semi-cold, semi-disinterested, would not have spurred him on to approaching her without due formality.

Pictures, the willowy Naomi will tell you, have not changed greatly—at least from the actor's standpoint—in the interval of the present and when she played with Vitaphone, perhaps some two or three years.

"Oh, we have hot and cold running water in our dressing rooms now, and perhaps a bit of cretonne

Photographs by Clarence Bull

"So stands the statue that enchants the world,
So bending, veils the mingled beauties of exulting Greece."

Perhaps the poet would have written his verse to Naomi Childers were he here to have viewed her. Perhaps he would have put into couplets her moon-like radiance that is shed throughout Culver City, California; her chin, which is that of a New York débutante, and her thoughts, which are those of the futurists in art.

Which latter sentiment she brought to light by insisting upon having art for luncheon, in the form of a lavender room with light-grey furniture and Erte drawings in frames upon the walls, and vivid cretonne at the windows. It's so much nicer, she remarked, to dine in a place where you needn't swat the proverbial fly and partake of nourishment from inch-thick near-china.

Art, it has been said, is an auxiliary to happiness. Art, Miss Childers, avowed, is a necessity and, when you glimpse her in the flesh, you're certain to agree with her. But, in the flesh she is exactly the same as she is on the screen, a Broadway Lady Algy, with her soft Southern drawl, her gracile bearing, her tapered fingers and her cameo-like Grecian nose. Here is the three snaps of Miss Childers in the Goldwyn studio yard at Culver City, Cal.
and a picture or two," she drawled. "Otherwise, it's the same. But the directors don't seem to swear so much, and the continuity we work from is more complete."

I asked her how she felt the first time she stepped before a camera. Was she frightened; did she faint? "No," she purled, "I wasn't frightened, and I was too inexperienced to know how to faint gracefully. We all felt rather funny, tho—Edith Storey and Rose Tappley and Harry Morey and the rest of us at Vitagraph. They tell me they all experienced the same sensation that I felt, a sort of daze like when you're awakened in the morning by the ringing of a bell and you don't know whether it's the telephone or the alarm clock."

The Childers reminiscences, with their colorful narrative, delivered with a smile and with the eyes half closed—provoked the risibilities of even Tom Moore, who has heard them told before by others. And the orchid-girl speaks feelingly of Edith Storey, who she says is "the cleverest woman on the screen," in addition to being one of the most heroic women of the country.

"She could always do everything none of the rest of us could do," she said. "She could ride and swim and look beautiful when she was dead tired. And act! There was no chance for anyone else when she was on the lot."

And changing the topic to contemporary pictures, my subject impresses one with having given considerable thought to the art. She asked me if I'd ever read Vachel Lindsay. I had? Then, perhaps, I might in a measure understand what she thinks—mainly, that being a star isn't the greatest thing in the life of a cinemese.

Nor will pictures ever progress until one Mr. Griffith gets a new idea and infuses it into the shadow-play. "Why?" she asked and explained. "Because he seems to be the only man whom people have consistently followed and to whom people look for something hitherto undone to be done. And one of the main reasons for his success hinges upon the (Continued on page 76)
Lionel Barrymore is dividing his time between the footlights and the films. His remarkable stage performance in "The Jest" is in marked contrast with his celluloid creation in Famous Players-Artcraft's "The Copperhead." At the upper right is a glimpse of Mr. Barrymore in "The Jest." The other two pictures are from "The Copperhead.

Photograph above by Abbe

The Varied Lionel
She Loves and Lies

Fictionized from the Norma Talmadge Photoplay

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

M ARIE CALLENDER was waking up luxuriously. The process was a very becoming one, involving many dainty yawns, much stretching of round, dimpled arms and rubbing of velvety brown eyes. For two weeks she had enjoyed this portion of the day with a passionate delight such as can only be experienced by those who have been accustomed to being awakened by the raucous voice of a tin alarm clock to the smell of frying boarding-house onions and a battle of wits for the possession of the bathroom.

It was a wonderful sensation to be able to turn over on one's pillows in defiance of the sunlight pointing an accusing finger thru the drawn dimity curtains, to sleep and wake again, and half sleep and drowse, and at last to sit up among one's tossed linen and silk covers—so, and reach out a pink finger-tip—so, to the bell that will summon deferential maid and a silver and fragrant breakfast tray. Marie's finger fell abruptly. She shook the last traces of sleep from her with a single jerk of her dark curls, drew her knees up to her chest and encircled them with her arms.

"Oh, darn!" she sighed. "What a silly world this is anyhow!"

Surely an ungrateful remark from one who in the last fortnight had taken the step from poverty to riches with a single bound, but there was the crumpled newspaper on the floor, where the eyes of her extremely active imagination could read the words that provoked the remark. "Young Ship-Builder Threatened with Bankruptcy. Ernest Lismore Said to Be in Need of Large Sums to Defeat the Conspiracy of the Stockholders——"

"I wonder," mused Marie, "what 'large sums' means? I've seen the time when a five-dollar bill looked like all the money in the world. And he has such ducky eyes, and such a perfectly sweet chin. It's simply wicked that he should have to fail when I've got a million or two that he could have just as well as not, and all because of the perfectly stupid things people would say!"

With Marie thought and action were practically synonymous. She reached for the telephone, disguised as a Dresden shepherdess, on the stand by the bedside and called a number. After a season of energetic waiting—Marie was always energetic—a protesting voice answered, evidently around a cigarette. "If it's the landlord, all I've got to say is that you'll have to wait—and serve you right, too! The roof leaked last night and turned a perfectly good clay model of 'The Naked Truth' into mud—positively mud! It's the worst attic in the Village, and, believe me, if you think——"

"Polly!" — Marie shook the telephone irritably — "for heaven's sake quit it! I'm in terrible trouble, and you've got to help me! Trouble? You! What trouble can a girl with a million dollars have?" Polly's amazement evidently displaced the cigarette.

"Lord, child, you don't know what the word means——"
Ernest tried to drink his frosted tea cake and to crumble his cup. His handsome young face was dully crimson.

look it up in the dictionary.

"It isn't money," Marie wailed, "but—well, the fact is—I'm in love! What's that? So long as I'm not married, that's not a trouble? But you don't understand. I don't even know him, and now on account of this darned money, I never shall! You see, he lived next door to Mr. Goldsmith when auntie and I were there last June, and when the fire happened, he rescued me, and so—well, of course, I fell in love with him, but poor William was so jealous he wouldn't introduce me, and now he's going to fail in business and I can't do anything! How can I go to him and say 'Take my money! I've fallen in love with your eyes!' Oh, he'd despise me; he'd think I was bold and brazen and un-feminine—what's that?"

For a long time the other end of the wire hummed, and Marie's expressions ran the gamut of emotions from doubt, disapproval, to final enthusiasm. "Polly, you bobbed-haired Solomon! You Socrates in smocks! I believe to my soul you've hit it! A girl that can out Eddie Foy ought to be able to—I knew there was some reason why I kept my make-up box and props! Oh, boy! Wait till you see!" and she kist the telephone ardently. "Good-by, darling! You certainly have got brains, even if you do live in Greenwich Village!"

Ernest Lismore was a man without discernment, which is really tautilogical. No man is discerning, but he had even less than the others of the bifurcated sex. Still, let us give him his due. Marie Callender had not been Marie Max of the two-a-day for ten years without result, and, moreover, the piece of work she did now was the best she had ever accomplished. There was in the dainty, dignified little lady of sixty-odd who sat serenely pouring tea with little, delicately withered hands, not the faintest trace of the lovely little plotter of the morning. From iron-grey, high-piled hair to the tips of her cloth-gaitered boots, she was perfect, and her voice carried out the illusion with its tiny suggestion of a quaver, its precise enunciation.

"My dear boy, there is nothing in the least odd in what I'm suggesting," she assured the perturbed and visibly embarrassed young man before her; "it's simply that I'm interested in you, as a grandmother lady is privileged to be interested in one who might have been"—she sighed artistically—"should have been her own kith and kin if there had not been a miserable boy-and-girl misunderstanding half a century ago!"

Ernest made a ghastly pretense of laughing lightly. To find a might-have-been grandmother, and to have her propose to one all in the course of fifteen minutes, is upsetting, and several nights of insomniac worry had already weakened his constitution. "It's awfully kind of you—awfully good and all that," he choked, "but really, I don't see—"

"You don't have to see," this amazing old lady smiled, and he noticed, with a sinking of the heart, that despite the network of fine lines in her cheeks, her chin was really terrifyingly determined. "Of course, marriage with me would be a mere matter of form in order to enable me to get possession of my money. I have already explained the terms of the will—the principal comes into my possession only when I marry from

(Twenty)
choice.' You take the money, save your business, and return it, and whenever you wish I will free you. Perfectly simple, per-rect-ly—a mere business proposition."

Ernest tried to drink his frosted tea-cake and to crumble his cup. His handsome young face was dully crimson, his young hands shook, his young voice also. "I—of course, it's impossible to take advantage of your kindness, but I'm no end grateful! I'll make out to weather this storm somehow, and if I don't—well"—he stretched out his big, lean hands—"I've got these left."

"Nonsense!" said the little old lady, vigorously. When she was aroused, her voice seemed to lose its quaver of age. "Be a sensible boy. I'd adopt you if I could get around that idiotic will, but as I can't, I'm going to marry you. That's settled. And now have another cup of tea and let's talk about politics or something!"

It was her matter-of-factness that won out in the end. She actually made the incredible thing sound plausible, even sensible. He went away from the grey-shadowed room, with its subdued lights and cosy tea-table, with the feeling of a sore-hearted youngster who has been comforted. It seemed as if a load had been taken bodily off his shoulders, and tho he called himself 'cold' and "contemptible cur" and other hard names, he found himself actually whistling as he strode up the avenue. The shipyards would be saved, then, and he would have a wife—a dear little, grey little grandmother-wife who would pet him and bully him and pour out tea from a squatty silver pot.

"Of course," Ernest Lismore assured himself, "it isn't true—any of it! And she least of all! Yet I couldn't have dreamed her possibly. And of course, I'm not going to do it."

But he knew quite well that he was going to do it. And he did. He was very silent on the ride back from the church, where the ceremony had been privately performed, so silent that the small grey person beside him was secretly rather dismayed. But once in her sitting-room, he spoke with stern lips.

"I am ashamed of myself for saving my business in this way. I didn't realize what I was doing until the minister said those words. My God! Why, I ought to be horsewhipped for letting your divine kindness of heart make me fall so low! But I'll try to make the best amends I can, and that means, first of all, I'll save my shipyards and pay you back, and after that—"

He did not finish, but alone in her own room later, Marie finished for him. "Afterwards, my dear," she said to the little grey person in the glass before her, "afterwards he is going to throw us over. Oh, very nicely, and very gracefully, and all that, but that's what he means." Her lips took on naughty and most ungrandmotherly curves. "He's certain to fall in love," she mused, "and I wonder—I wonder who's going to be the girl? As his wife I surely have the right of picking out my successor, at least! Yes! I think Polly can be useful again!"

For some weeks the marital life of Ernest Lismore ran smoothly, being confined chiefly to breakfasting across the table from a dainty little lavender figure, all ruffles and ribbons and old-fashioned gilt-gold brooches, who saw to it that his toast was soft and his egg hard and his coffee exactly the right shade. Behind the disfiguring spectacles his wife's surprisingly young eyes rested on the handsome head behind the morning newspaper with anything but a maternal expression, had he either seen it or been able to interpret it, but his attitude toward her was one of distant respect. He was sometimes garrulous, sometimes pettish, sometimes sulky, sometimes gay, but he was never affectionate.

"It's high time," decided Marie's alert brain, under the grey-waved wig, "that he had a love affair."

The next morning she looked across the table casually. "Oh, Ernie-Boy," she said, briskly, "I see in the paper that there is to be an exhibition of modernist paintings in the Dawn galleries this afternoon. Now, heaven knows where that is, but you could find out, couldn't you, and go down and glance over the pictures for me? I'm looking for a wedding-present for a young couple I know."

The Dawn galleries appeared to be two rooms, so dark that they had to be lighted by gas-jets and painted a startling shade of orange-yellow. Paper lanterns added a festive touch, and wooden kitchen chairs of purple, picked out with pink cabbage-roses,
lined the walls. Several people with prominent souls and receding chins were moving about the rooms, saying vague, wise things about the exhibit. Ernest, after a single hasty glance about the walls, began to sneak toward the doors. He did not care for the exploded-egg school of painting; he was not attracted to young women who wore their hair short and their fingernails long. But before he could escape, a hand fell upon his arm, pinioning him.

"Oh, Mis-ter Lismore!" gurgled a feminine voice. "Whoever would think we should have the pleasure of seeing you down here! Don't tell me you have gone in for art? Is it interior decorating? Or the one-act play? And do let me introduce you to Miss Daye—June dear, this is Mis-ter Lismore!"

A glance at the speaker, who had fan teeth, wore a dirty smock of a sickly green and carried a cigarette, opened Ernest's lips for a denial of acquaintanceship. Wherever she had picked up his name he had never, to his knowledge, met this creature before. But with the words upon his lips, he paused. Beside the weird lady of the pale green draperies stood another, as different as the dawn is different from gas-light, as the art of Pericles differs from the art of Greenwich Village.

June Daye was slim and small; she was dark, with golden gleams about her; she was lovely. This much he saw with the first glance, and seeing, Wisdom nudged him with his forefinger, prompting him to flee, while Desire whispered seductively to him to stay. He stayed.

Before Wisdom was finally able to drag him away, he had spent four hours in the dim, aesthetic light of the Dawn galleries, discussing modernist art with the passionate zeal of a devotee, admiring the picture of the nude negroes seated upon the top of a cone-shaped mountain, clutching a basket of carrots and pineapples and signifying the whiteness of the whiter, or some such thing, as Polly suggested. He was reeling with drunken sunsets, shrappel moonrises and geometrical pictures that resembled the view thru a kaleidoscope when he finally turned his steps homeward, but it was not of the pictures he was thinking, but rather of a vivid little face, glowing under great masses of warm, dark, fragrant hair. Not until his feet halted on the very threshold of his home did remembrance flood icily over him—his wife! He was married! He, a married man, had actually promised to return to the Village the following afternoon to drink tea—a dare-devil function!—in Polly's studio, where the charming June also dwelt!

When, over the coffee the next morning, Marie spoke of the exhibit, he replied morosely that it had been "tommyrot" and he had stayed only a moment. "However," he added, with an effort at nonchalance, "I heard of an artist who does good work, and I'm going to—hm—run up to her—to his studio this afternoon, if I get time."

He had the grace to blush outrageously at this, and departed hastily, leaving the little lavender lady smiling demurely to herself over nothing at all. "I shall soon have cause for jealousy, I fear," she murmured, "now I know how poor, dear old William felt!"

Thus disrespectfully did she speak of her elderly fiancé, William Goldsmith, whose opportune death on the very outskirts of matrimony had left her the enviable perquisite of getting up at whatever shameless hour she chose.

Polly's studio proved even more impossible than Ernest had feared. It was very dirty, very, very embarrassingly feminine, with its intimate garments hanging from the corners of the furniture, and hairpins, cigarette ashes and powder scattered over everything. It contained broken chairs, tables with unwashed dishes, a model throne, several sticky clay statues—and June, June, looking more adorable than ever in a loose smock of a flaring pink that lighted twin flames in her soft cheeks as she smiled shyly up into his eyes.

Of the ensuing hours he had only a vague recollection afterward. He knew hazily that there had been other people, awful people who tittered shrilly, and smoked like fur-
aces and struck posterish attitudes. He knew that there had been one lady arrayed airily in a sheet, and bare as to feet, who did a dance which she entitled "Psyche, the Soul," with much elbow motion, and who finally insisted, to his horror, in sitting upon his knee and doing things to his hair while he writhed in agony.

He knew that there was a blessed interval when he was alone with June. Afterwards, in the middle of the night, he awoke in a cold sweat trying to determine what he had said to her, and only after great mental strain being able to assure himself that he had spoken merely of Art with a capital "A."

"I won't go back to that damned place!" he cried out loud, blushing chastely in the darkness at the memory of the barefoot lady. "Hang it all. I'm a married man——"

But—"Married your grandmother!" jeered his baser self, startlingly apt. "Think of that girl, man; think of her hair, think of her eyes, and the way her face crinkles up when she smiles."

For several days Ernest managed to withstand temptation, much to the unwifely chagrin of Marie Max, née Callender and, more lately, Lismore, who also went by the cognomen of June Daye. "He doesn't love me. after all, Polly!" she moped, poking disconsolately about the studio. "I don't know the first thing about vamping, evidently."

"He's afraid," the canny Polly opined. "Scared to death: I've noticed it myself. Men always run away from me for fear they'll fall in love with me."

But if Ernest did not come, Bob Brummel, an old flame of the period of the two-a-day, did. A slapstick comedian, Bob, who had originated an act called "A Half-Hour with an Umbrella," which, according to his tale, had brought 'em down from good ol' Peru, Maine, to the well-known Los Angeles. It was good to hear the almost forgotten patter of the stage, and Marie forgot, for the time being, her marital, and love tangle. But Bob soon brought it to the fore by attempting a kiss.

"You mustn't!" Marie cried, in a panic of propriety. "I'm —I'm married now!"

(Continued on page 86)
in the noisy thoroughfare, in the shabby cottage, in the village street—it awaits not for the proper set.

"We must learn to find romance and beauty in everyday life, among everyday people. This is the appeal of O. Henry, he found love, adventure, romance, in every moment of life.

"Oh, for a new director, a young revolutionist! One who will come into the field and, flinging open the windows and doors, sweep aside the old conventional methods. It is the obvious that holds us manacled to the old systems.

"Think of the relief it would be to show the bad man of the play doing a good turn for once; to allow the hero to slip occasionally; to permit the vampire to forget her eternal cigarette and give alms to a poor beggar!

"Think of the sensation it would cause if that young director of the future—the one who is going to make every one of us gasp—will not take his scenes in the best of conditions, with a perfect backlighting beautifully reflected by silver screens, but instead, take them as they really are, in the morning with long shadows, in the sadness of dull, grey weather, perhaps even in the rain. With these snatches of life, seen thru an artist's eyes, he will have a magic garment which will prove astonishingly beautiful and delightfully realistic—

"life itself!"

"And 'Treasure Island,' why did you select it for a picture?" I questioned, breaking upon his reverie.

"Chiefly because everyone loves the story," came Mr. Tourneur's prompt reply. "There was one thing, however, that worried me—the lack of romance, I mean, the lack of sex appeal romance. I had the choice of changing it into a conventional love story, and I would rather have died than do such a thing, or of putting a girl into the cast in the rôle of Jim Hawkins. I put the girl in. Shirley Mason plays this rôle."

(Thirty-four)
By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

She is the size of an eighteen-year-old lad and is an excellent actress. Oh, I have already been criticized for doing this but it seemed the better plan to me.

"There is plenty of romance of the sea in 'Treasure Island.' You remember the pirates? I made them prominent, and what a time I had with those pirates. At first they acted like a Sunday school class at a picnic or a lot of masqueraders strutting around the plaza on a holiday parade. Toward the end, however, they became very clever. My God, how they learnt to swear! I blushed while I took the scenes. They were dirty, too, and enjoyed it after true pirate fashion.

"We hear much about the American audience not caring for fairy-tales, that they are too practical to find enjoyment in such wild, imaginary stories, and when presented as fairy-tales this is only too true, but in the present-day motion pictures we must admit that the characters are just the same as in the fairy-tales.

"To be sure the handsome hero wears a frock coat or sport flannels rather than the feathered cap and velvet mantle of the days of yore; the lovely princess is attired in modish frocks rather than in the cloth of gold woven by the Queen of the Fairies.

"The story is the same, for the good fairies are always more powerful than the wicked, the monstrous dragon, or villain, is always vanquished, virtue triumphs over evil, the lovers marry and live happily ever after.

"Motion Pictures must move onward to the place where life seen thru an artist's mind will find expression on the screen," says Mr. Tourneur. "Suggestion must take the place of exact delineation, impressionism in place of the literal transcription, alike in motive and execution."

"This only shows that audiences do not always know what they want. The artist, the musician, do not ask their patrons what they want, they give them what they themselves wish to give them. The modistes do not ask their customers what the styles shall be. Oh, no, they get together and decide that next year the women shall dress to look like mushrooms, and behold, next year they all look like mushrooms, and they like it!"

Maurice Tourneur's life has been most eventful and colorful. He was born in France in 1878, graduating from Lycee Condorcet at the age of eighteen. His first step in the artistic world was as a designer and interior decorator. He illustrated everything, designed fabrics, lace curtains and stage settings. He became associated with Rodin, and later assisted the great artist, Puvis de Chavannes, in designing the decoration for the Boston Public Library. Then came three years in the French Army as an officer of artillery.

When his period of military service expired he turned to the stage and his rise in this profession was rapid. His first engagement was with a road show giving four one-act plays on one-night stands, and Mr. Tourneur laughingly recalled in those four plays he acted nine parts.

This was followed by a world tour with Mme. Rejane, which included England, Portugal, Italy, Spain, Africa, and South America. It was about this time that motion pictures began to take their place in the amusement world and he became associated with Emile Chautard, director general of the Compagnie Eclair, the leading film company of Paris. After a short experience in acting and directing, he was sent to Africa to produce war pictures and with the entire French Army at his command, he made a number of notable productions.

(Continued on page 81)
The Kodak Girl

"a little business proposition." The first day's talk covered Edith's screen experience and sounded her on the question of playing serials. No mention of salary had been made by Mr. Duncan, and contracts were not even referred to. The star and the girl who had played opposite Tyrone Power in several productions parted pleasantly, but without even a "see you again soon" expression.

Within the second setting of the sun, the telephone summoned Miss Johnson again to the Vitagraph, and this time she was offered a salary much in advance of her previous earnings and asked to do one picture. She's doing the third serial with the Scotch star now, the first having been "The Fight for Millions." This was succeeded by "The Man of Might" and now "Smashing Barriers" is nearing completion.

Edith Johnson has been described as a blonde. That's because she wears a golden wig defying detection. In repose, she is almost a twin to Beverly Bayne—and the girls were born in the same year, 1895. Miss Johnson is two inches taller than Mrs. Bushman, but of the same delicately rounded build. She has tenderly feminine brown eyes—eyes not to be associated with death-defying stunts.

Miss Johnson is blest with strong individuality, makes intimacies slowly and yet is charmingly entertaining on first acquaintance. She

The distinction of being one of the most-photographed and advertised girls in the world belongs to Edith Johnson. Not that she achieved this result thru her short career in motion pictures. It was because the Eastman Kodak Company selected her from a number of aspirants to pose for their advertisements. You have seen Edith Johnson in every sort of kodak pose from the time she was fourteen years old, even tho she "made up" to add a few years. She was born in Rochester—perhaps that is why the Eastman people thought home talent should have first chance. Thru her earnings, Miss Johnson was able to take a college course, and because of her much-photographed beauty, a small part was offered her with the Lubin Company, in Philadelphia.

However, William Duncan's leading lady states emphatically that her real life only began when she entered his company to do serials. While she had studied make-up and action with other companies, her opportunities were decidedly limited. Yet it was because Mr. Duncan chanced to enter a theater where the feature showed Edith Johnson playing leads, that she received a telephone invitation to come to the Vitagraph lot and talk over

A Rochester girl, Edith Johnson, became known the world over as "the Kodak girl." Miss Johnson posed for Eastman Kodak advertising pictures from the time she was fourteen. She started her screen career with Lubin.

Photograph right © by Evans, L. A.
Photograph below by Harris, L. A.
By FRITZI REMONT

dresses far more like an Easterner than a California girl, always choosing grey, white or black frocks. We of the West, so accustomed to ruby lips and tinted cheeks on the streets, with frocks outbidding the flowers in brilliancy, find the quiet costuming and creamy pallor of Edith Johnson a distinct oddity. But if her furbelows are modest and almost colorless, the jewels of Edith Johnson reveal regal splendor. They are many and priceless.

"Did you ride before you went into pictures?" I asked, as we sat in her second-floor dressing-room. The little chamber assigned to Miss Johnson is made habitable by wall drapes of blue and white silkoline, the dressing-table and boxes being covered with the same material. At Vitagraph, the dressing-rooms were hurriedly put up, sans plaster and presenting a very uninviting appearance, so Edith got busy with tacks and hammer and has a sky-blue cage with three windows and to which very few are admitted; in fact——

"You see, I chose this end room because I can hear any one come up the stairs and walk along the dressing-room row—and they're not admitted if I hear them coming first!" Miss Johnson laughed merrily. "One has so little time, and it is very disturbing to entertain visitors. The colored maid asked me today why I didn't take the room next to mine, formerly occupied by Bessie Love. It's much larger and has a better lighting system, but I know I should not be nearly so safe, and I would miss the view of the hills and sunsets possible to these end windows.

"Oh, yes, you were asking about my riding? I never had been on a horse before I went into serials. The first day I rode I was not even given a chance to practice, but just sent off on what seemed a fiery steed to me. We rushed down a hillside until I hadn't a hairpin left, but I clung on and made it safely. When I was to alight my knees shook so and I was so frightened they had to lift me off. But now! You should see me. I'm not afraid to take anything—broad jumps, streams, chasms or anything the picture requires.

"There is only one stunt in which I use a double—the swimming scene. I have a terrible fear of the water. Yes, I can swim, but the moment I find myself in water above the chest I almost lose consciousness with fear, so I know it would not be safe for me to attempt water stunts."

"Did you ever have a real scare—something that would put crimps into your hair for a week?"

"Yes, I had a terrible experience with a lion in

(Continued on page 78)
Understudying Mary

By CHARLES G. RICH

O

ver all the surface of the world—wherever motion pictures are shown—and that means everywhere except on the deserts, in the mountain fastnesses, the forests and the jungle—little girls and big girls too, with curly blonde hair and girls with hair that is neither blonde nor curly—have stood long and often before their mirrors and have tried to find in the reflection something that resembled the great Mary Pickford.

Curls have been pinned on—heads have been tilted and mouths have been pouted—and sometimes when the looking glass caught a fleeting expression that is peculiar to the big star, the joy of the poser has known no bounds.

And with what a dizzying thrill of pleasure, has the small girl with the blonde curls heard someone say: “She looks just like Mary Pickford.” For days thereafter, the little girl thus complimented has lived in a sort of fairyland and dreamed dreams that someday—perhaps?

Dreams do come true—sometimes—and the little girls with the curly blonde hair and the other girls with neither the blonde hair nor the curls, are now to learn that the joyous dream of looking, and actually acting, “just like Mary Pickford,” has come true for one little lady, whose name is Louise Du Pre.

Louise Du Pre is “just like Mary Pickford,” or as nearly so as nature ever cast two human beings. Miss Pickford, herself, discovered this fact and when she started the production of “Pollyanna” she engaged Miss Du Pre as her understudy. The first understudy to a screen star in the history of motion pictures.

All of the big stars on the speaking stage have understudies, but Louise Du Pre is the first legitimate understudy to a screen star. How many other motion picture stars will follow Miss Pickford’s lead will depend upon the difficult task of finding talent, plus perfect resemblance; because the stage star needs only dramatic ability in her understudy while the screen star must find one that duplicates her in appearance.

“When Miss Pickford sent for me and offered me the position as her understudy,” says Miss Du Pre, “I realized that the honor was one that millions of (Continued on page 84)
The Broken Melody

Fictionized from the Eugene O'Brien—Selznick Photoplay

By OLIVE CAREW

STUART GRANT lived in a studio in Bohemia. Now Bohemia has been said by some sage souls to be merely a state of mind, and by other scoffers, who get their notions of the world out of their morning's newspaper, to be absolutely non-existent. It has even been unkindly called a "i.e. i'.e. ut we know better, wc who have lived in Bohemia. have

THE BROKEN MELODY


Stuart Grant...................................... Eugene O'Brien
Hedda Dana...................................... Lucy Cotton
Mrs. Drexel Trask................................. Corinne Barker
Howard Thorneby.................................. Donald Hall
LeRoy Clemens...................................... Ivan Dawson
Musician............................................ Gus Weinberg

'Thirty nine')
At the third sitting she told Stuart he was a great artist and wasting his time in prosaic and stolid America under the exceeding sloping roof of a brick dwelling that was old when Washington stood on the steps of the City Hall, two miles away, and took command of his army. The plumbing was not of the most modern, to speak euphemistically, and in winter there was no getting away from the fact that the attic let in as much cold as in summer it let in the sun. But Stuart took these things for granted. He took it for granted that he should often not have enough in his pocket to satisfy his healthy young appetite, and that at times he should feast magnificently with the proceeds of a painting—his own or one of his friends. He took it for granted that he should fall in love frequently with some beautiful lady—perhaps in a passing limousine, or it may be the little black-eyed waitress at Joe's, and should be loved in return, and should fall out of love as harmless-ly and gaily. He took it also for granted that he should rap on the door across the hall every morning at nine, and be told to enter upon a gay little attic corner, all bright with yellow tarpert and paint and fragrant with the smell of frying sausages, with Hedda—

We will come to Hedda presently.

The power to take all these things for granted is only possessed by philosophers, and young and artistic people under thirty. So you know now something of Stuart's age. But you do not know that he had an exceeding wholesome, clean young body, curly black hair, too long—not because he wanted to look artistic but because it was less expensive so, and gay, clear blue eyes that met the world trustfully, and branded him at once as a son of that merry, simple, firey race who still believe in fairies.

It was Hedda who had nick-named him "Paddie," for this same strain in him, and as Paddie the whole Quarter knew him, and loved him for his sins and his virtues and the light that came into his Irish eyes when the moon lay over the Arch, or the sun was like copper upon the old Italian beggar woman's shawl.

Hedda was the other occupant of the attic floor. She was very small and incredibly slender and flower-daunt, and she was going to be a great singer by and by. She was going to wear Marguerite's grey robe, and sit spinning in a painted orchard at the Metropolitan, and the whole world was to be at her small feet, which—to tell the truth—were very shabbily shod at present, with a great patch over one slim instep, but that is a mere detail.

She was singing the role now, perched on the rickety old bureau in Stuart's studio, while old Ivan, the cello player
drew the chords of the Jewel Song from his box, and Stuart's brush fairly danced over his canvas to the gush of silvery song. When the last of them winged into silence he flung down his brush, laughing.

"You sing that, Hedda," he taxed her, "absolutely shamelessly! You sing greedily—as if you really did long for diamonds and rubies and pearls!"

She flushed, laughed lazily, not quite meeting his eyes. "Moï, je suis artiste, Monsieur!" she defended herself, "an artist must be able to pretend all the feelings in the world!"

"No, you are wrong," Ivan said suddenly from his corner, speaking crossly as he always did. "An artist must have felt all the feelings in the world."

"Would you have Hedda turn murderer, then, or go mad in order to sing Lucia?" asked Stuart, indignantly. "Must the poor girl break her heart for love, be rent with the pangs of jealousy, tattered with revenge, poisoned with hate? Non-sense, Ivan—look at the way Hedda just sung 'mi belle, mi demoiselle'—she couldn't have put more heart-break into it if she'd been head-over-heels in love!"

The old cellist looked deliberately at the girl, perched on the bureau. Stuart's broad, unconscious back was toward them and he did not see the confessing crimson sweep the delicate hollows of her beauty under the hard, searching old eyes that seemed to say to her, "You do know? You could not sing that way if you did not know love."

There was a pitous entreaty in the look she cast at him, and he only said, dryly, "Humph!" and fell to scraping at his instrument. An old man, Ivan, with the juices of life dried out of him till he seemed to rustle like a dried sunken stalk when he moved. He lived in a tiny room below the attic floor, played in an orchestra of a motion picture house, and what he thought, no one had ever been able to discover, but he watched over the two young people on the top floor zealously, and they accepted him as one of the natural facts of the world without question.

Hedda sprang down from her bureau and sauntered over to the easel, and then she gave a little cry. "Oh, Paddie!" she gasped, "Oh, Paddie, it's beautiful! I'm afraid you're going to get there first!"

There was, of course, Success. But Stuart, lifting the canvas from the easel to the light, tried to look doubtful and critical, instead of proud. It was a very crude little sketch—a corner of an old Dutch garden with splashy hollyhocks and larkspur, and a girl rocking a wooden cradle, the sun across her quaint white head-gear and her musing face, but it was done ideally, with a brush dipped into dreams.

"Pretty poor stuff," he grudged it, shaking his head. "The face isn't bad, tho. I ought to chuck trying to paint real pictures and go in for portraits—pretty ladies with diamond tiaras on, or magazine covers—"

"The very idea!" cried Hedda, shocked by such pronounced "you wait, you just wait! Some day somebody will discover you, Paddie, and they'll hang you in the Metropolitan and they'll write books about you, and I shall be so proud to remember that I used to know you—"

"Used to?" Stuart inquired. "What's the big idea? Are you going to cut my acquaintance as soon as I get successful? Because if that's the way you feel about it, I'm just not going to be at home when Fame comes knocking!"

And at that moment Fame came knocking. The man who stood on the threshold was very much out of place there. He was all shiny broadcloth and patent leather shoes, and silk hat, what of him was not pink flesh and powdered black hair and smallish, knowing eyes. He had the effect of making the whole attic look rather wretched and shabby instead of romantic. Stuart Grant did not like the way he glanced from him to Hedda either. It made him feel all over, he did not know just why.

"Miss Dana?" the man asked—Stuart felt an impulse to knock him over for the way he said Hedda's name. "Hum! I'm Leroy Clemens. Maybe you've heard of me, eh? Manager of the Friols! Somebody tipped me off you could sing, eh?"
Stuart gripped his brush fiercely and painted with set jaw for many moments, quite ruining the canvas, and trying not to listen to Hedda's silver voice parading itself in the little room across the hall for Leroy Clemens. For he too had heard of Clemens, knew that he was a Power in the musical world, albeit it was in light shows in which a slim ankle was as necessary a qualification as a voice, knew that if he decided to take up Hedda and exploit her she would not have to live in garrets any longer.

"Damn! Oh damn!" he burst out suddenly, and flung his brush in a splotch of ochre upon the floor. "I thought— I wanted—"

Old Ivan, forgotten till now, crept out of his corner, thrusting his dry old face close. "You thought you were in love with her?" he asked. "You wanted to marry her perhaps?"

Stuart Grant stared at him, wonderingly. "Why," he stammered, "I—believe— I believe to my soul that's exactly what I did want, tho I never realized it!"

Lose Hedda? Not hear her voice (that was like a flute in the sunshine) calling at his door, not have a little yellow-shabby room with sausages sizzling to turn to in the mornings— Preposterous. Why she was a part of Life— she was a part of him.

But old Ivan was persistent. "You haven't told her?"— there was anxiety in his parchment face. Actually, thought Stuart resentfully, he was afraid he would marry Hedda! It couldn't be jealousy—what could it be? He was soon to learn. For in the uninfectible voice of sixty old Ivan proceeded to tell him what marriage would mean to Hedda— for "I'm not denying," said he, "that she'd marry you. Women are all fools!"—he painted the future before her, the wonderful opportunities, the success waiting for her. He made Stuart see her applauded, beautiful surrounded with the luxury that was her due, a great singer with the world for her audience— Italy, Paris, England— and as against that brilliant picture he made him see the reverse side of the canvas, the dinginess of life as the wife of a struggling painter, living always among the poor, tawdry makeshifts that would not seem funny or romantic as they grew older.

"Do you dare to tie a woman like that to your poverty—to wash your chipped crockery for you and cook your squalid meals? What chance would Love have to live in such an atmosphere? You would see her looking hard, and turning to indifference and then scorn, and then— hate! I know. Oh, yes," and he laughed cacklingly, "I know!"

Stuart Grant was stricken dumb. It was as if he saw himself and his garret and the Future in new guise. His eyes were dark with the bitterness of looking on their stark nakedness. He spoke slowly, because he did not want to cry. "I— see. I'm a failure, and failures mustn't marry. It's perfectly simple. Oh, quite."

Old Ivan was pitiless; he finally extracted a promise from Stuart that he would not tell Hedda that he loved her— "if he could help it."

When she came in, tremulous with the great news that Leroy Clemens had actually offered her a part in his new musical show, she was puzzled and a trifle hurt at Stuart's silence. "Of course," she

"It is I, Hedda."
Stuart whispered
said apologetically, "I know it isn't much, but it's a beginning, Paddy! And everyone has to begin."

"You'll be getting your diamonds and rubies and pearls after all," he laughed, but the sound hurt her edgily; "well, this requires celebration! How about a party at Joe's tonight, with the gang all there? And perhaps we can persuade Joe to forget about prohibition for once, beefsteak, too!" He was reckless, tho she guessed that his watch would be missing the next day. His gaiety rang hollow like a drum, but she was a good sport, was Hedda. She fastened a smile before her hurt, donned the Pierrette guise of mockery and went to his party, star-eyed.

It was a very gay party indeed. Perhaps the contents of the tea cups that Joe kept filled was partly responsible. All of the guests were young, and shabby. Some of them laughed because they were happy, some of them because they were sad. The whitewash of the dingy rooms flared with fantastic shadows, toasting a shadow lady who sat upon a dais at the head of the long bare tables. Stuart, seeing them, was seized with an idea. He leaped from his seat to the fireplace and found a char of wood. With this he began to sketch roughly upon the wall where Hedda's pure profile was cut in shadow like a cameo.

He was so engrossed that he didn't notice that their seclusion has been invaded by a squad of "trippers" doing the Village, up town women with crisp, carefully dressed hair and fragile draperies, who stared at the feasters, and whispered together and laughed stridently. From the table on the balcony where they sat one of these women could look down upon Stuart, at his fantastic work. Gracia Trask was one of those women in the twilight zone of society. She had been, a trifle too much married for entire—well, respectability, and yet she had enough money, almost, to cover all her sins, and she was undeniably lovely in a finished and calculated fashion. The men of society liked Mrs. Trask, the women sniffed at her, avoided her—and invited her to their big affairs.

She had been good for a long time, nearly eleven months to be exact, and she was horribly hored. Women of her type cannot live without the appetif of love-making. She saw Stuart Grant as soon as she entered the room, and under her shaven brows her eyes watched him with a glint in them as a tiger watches his victim before he springs.

"Hedda, you shall have your jewels after all."

Joe touched the artist on the shoulder, apologetically. "Ze lady would spit to Monseur—ze one with ze so-red hair—"

Gracia Trask smiled charmingly up into Stuart's politely questioning face. "I suppose you think I am mad!" she said, "but I am so much interested with the picture you have just made! It is really wonderful—I wonder—" she leaned forward, holding his eyes with hers, which were green and gold, like topaz—"I wonder whether you wouldn't paint my portrait. I'm frightfully vain, you know—and I want an artist who can make me perfectly beautiful!"

Stuart opened his lips to refuse, as his Artist Soul bade him, then hesitated. He thought of Hedda. He thought of Ivan, and he laughed out, harshly. What did it matter what he painted—who was there to care? "I shall be glad to paint you, Madame," he bowed.

And so Hedda sang her rôl, and Stuart, in the pale putty-and-grey apartment, smothered with patchouli, sickly with mauve draperies, painted Gracia Trask's beautiful bare bosom, and insinuating smile, and old Ivan scraped at his cello in the motion picture house. And the world wagged unfeelingly on.

At the first sitting Mrs. Trask was disarmingly girlish and confiding. At the second she discovered, without a word from Stuart, all about Hedda and was more alluring and charming than was quite fair. At the third sitting she told Stuart that he was a great artist, and wasting his time in prosaic and stolid America. "You should be in belle Paris: ah, that is (Continued on page 70)
Theodore Roberts

By EMMA LINDSAY-SQUIER

I mentally tore up the outline and went out with him into the back yard. How can one talk art to a man who won't wear a collar and who looks like a sea-captain on shore leave?

"I'm just getting the yard fixed up," he told me, pointing out the Japanese sunken garden, with trick bridges and weeping willows and things. "I'm going to have some kennels for my Airedales—I raise them, you know, as a hobby—and over here will be an aviary for my prize pigeons and tame seagulls—birds are a hobby with me, too—and over there will be a concrete swimming pool where Mrs. Roberts and I can take a daily plunge."

"Is that a hobby, too?" I broke in facetiously, but he answered, in all seriousness, "Indeed, it is. I need rigorous exercise to keep me in trim for my work at the studio."

Since he had mentioned studio, I felt that it wouldn't be inapropos to say something about pictures, so I told him that he was reported to hold the championship in the movie world for versatility and for having more rôles to his credit than any other actor on the screen. He nodded, rather absent-mindedly, keeping an eye on the man who was hauling dirt from the swimming pool excavation.

"Yes, I've played a great many rôles, both in the legitimate and the movies," he acknowledged. "My stage career commenced in 1880, and I played everything from Shylock to Simon Legree, and ran the gamut of dramatic characterizations from Sven..."
Man of a Thousand Rôles --- and Hobbies

galt and King Lear to lighter rôles such as the County Chairman in the play of that name and Falstaff in "The Merry Wives of Windsor." Then I toured the country in my own vaudeville sketch and, five years ago, went into pictures. Since then I've averaged one rôle a month, sometimes more, so you can figure out how many parts that is—and that will be enough shop talk, won't it? He broke off abruptly, turning his keen, humorous grey eyes on me.

I said it would, because I did want to see his Airedale dogs, which were woofing at the top of their lungs to attract his attention, and his same sea-gulls, which were with the pigeons in the flying pen, screaming to the high heavens that they wanted food immediately if not sooner. So we inspected the kennels, and I was sniffed at by "Boy Scum" and "Friar Tuck," and had my face licked affectionately by "Lady." Then we went over to the flying pens, where his prize pigeons, enormous Runts, were strutting and cooing, and the tame sea-gulls, "Pete" and "Repeat," flew on his shoulders and hands.

"I'm particularly fond of sea-gulls," Mr. Roberts told me, as "Pete" snapped at his meerschaum cigar-holder. "You know, it is practically impossible to tame them, but I got these fellows when they were just fledglings raising them, and when we left the islands, I brought them back with me. When the aviary is finished they'll have a miniature lake to swim around in—it's a hobby of mine to provide natural surroundings as nearly as possible for all my pets."

"How did you enjoy the strenuous scenes in 'Male and Female'?" I asked, when we sat down—on a sawhorse—to watch the pigeons.

"They were—well, interesting," affirmed the veteran character actor. "The days on the island were strenuous ones. I was dressed in pajamas and it never occurred to me that I would suffer from sunburn, but my ankles were exposed, and they were fairly baked in two days. I had to hobble around on improvised crutches except when I was working in the picture.

"The rôle I like best?" he echoed, in response to my question. "Oh, that's hard to say. I rather enjoyed Wealth in Everywoman,' but for real artistic value, I liked the part of the old rounder in 'Old Wives for New'—you remember, the old fellow who is shot by

(Continued on page 74)
Among the Footlight Favorites

Above, Ina Claire, who has just scored a hit in David Belasco's production of the comedy of chorus girl life, "The Gold Diggers." Miss Claire will be seen all season at the Lyceum Theater.

Right, Donald Brian, Peggy Wood and Roland Young in the pleasant comedy with music, "Buddies," at the Selwyn Theater.
John Charles Thomas and Wilda Bennett have the leading roles in the Fritz Kreisler operetta, "Apple Blossoms," now current at the Globe Theater.

Lenore Ulrich and Edmond Lowe in the picturesque Chinese drama, "The Son-Daughter," which David Belasco is presenting at the Belasco Theater.
By all odds the most significant photoplay of our screen month was David Wark Griffith's "The Great Question," (First National). Not because it is a good screen drama. It isn't. But it has tremendous idea buried beneath its melodrama.

A wave of interest in spiritualism has been sweeping the world since the days of the great war. Does after life exist? Can dear ones across the Great Beyond exert an influence over earthly destinies? What is the answer to the eternal problem of death? Griffith had a these questions in mind when he started to screen "The Great Question."

Then something happened. The exhibitor—that monster reared b producers themselves—stood menacingly upon the horizon. Would the exhibitor accept a stern and grim drama dealing with death and the spirit world? We can imagine Griffith meditating—and then giving way to the exhibitor and his beloved melodrama.

So the vital theme of "The Great Question" was carefully buried beneath "action" or "punch." It became the story of a little wa in the hands of a murderously brutal farm couple, her love for a neighboring boy and the subsequent finding of oil—with its attendant avalanche of wealth. The whole is glid e with the philosophy that a simple faith mee and overcomes all obstacles.

Griffith came nearer giving the world an other "Broken Blossoms" in "The Great Question" than in anything he has done since the epic of Limehouse. "The Great Question" might easily have been a notable contribut to screen thought. There is one big scene where the spirit of a young sailor, lost from submarine, comes home to his aged parents.

Lillian Gish and Bobbie Harron are t bucolic lovers, but the best work is done b Eugenie Besserer as the bereaved mother an Tom Wilson as a lazy negro servitor.

Technically, Erich von Stroheim's phot drama, "Blind Husbands," (Universal), is flashing thing—but it lacks soul and spirit. Von Stroheim will remembered as the Hun villain of number of wartime films. "Blind Husbands," his own stop produced by himself relates the triangle three people in the snow-capped Alps; self-absorbed American doctor, his heart lonely young wife and a young Austrian officer on sick leave. The dashing Austrian tries all his Continental wiles upon the American girl, but he finally meets retribution in a fall down the snowy precipice of the Alps. Von Stroheim has told his story with remarkable directorial dexterity—but, in the end, it is just an adroitly presented silvershe melodrama. Von
By

EDERICK JAMES SMITH

Drawing by NORMAN JACOBSEN

Brecht's characters fall short of the breath of realism, despite the remarkable superficial excellence of his direction. He has, in fact, attained his Alpine peaks in striking fashion.

"Everywoman," (Paramount), turned out to be an reel of paper-mâché attitudes. Built upon Walter Burne's ingenious and ingenious morality drama depicting the adventures of Everywoman, her search for Love, accompanied by Youth, Beauty, and Ado, "Everywoman" was a try to appeal to the guileless, who, it possessed a certain fluff turn of simple philosophic dialog. These merits are gaily lost on the screen and verywoman" becomes obvious if; i.e., a conventional story telling only in that the characters bear such names as Vice, Wealth, Passion, and so on. We do not look upon George Meltz's direction as particularly pried anywhere. Nor do we rate the acting as anything but dioré. "Everywoman" drags fearfully.

"Toby's Bow," (Goldwyn), has a certain pleasant warmth it, altho it is conventional plus as to story. John Tintoriate's successful novelist hero, Tom Blake, goes incognito as boarder to a poor and proud Southern family, helps the pretty daughter write a popular novel and—presto!—love and happiness come upon them. Toby is the old negro servant whose family bow is finally won by young Blake. We like our Moore better in "Toby's Bow" than in any vehicle he has had, despite the trite direction. It is an ingratiating bit of work.

That rare character comedian, Will Rogers, is advancing tremendous strides. Rogers is going to be one of the eat favorites of the screen, or we miss our guess. In "Jubilo," (Goldwyn), Rogers is a lazy, roving hobo who carts a rancher's pretty daughter and reforms, slowly, thoughtfully, but completely. Rogers is Jubilo, the life, no mere cardboard masquerading in torn breeches, but wanderer of homely humanness. Moreover, the performance is rife with a splendid sincerity. Josie Sedgwick lends the right note to the girl.

Despite its episodic nature, "A Day's Pleasure," (First National), gave us plenty of Chaplinesque amusement. This one from the comedian's studio depicts the experiences of a brakeman and Charlie and Charlie, Jr., upon an excursion boat in a Ford. The buffoonery upon seasickness rather depressed us, but Charlie's combat with a folding steam chair at the encounter of the flyer with the load of tar are classic bits. "A Day's Pleasure" is far better than "Sunnyside," but the radio behind that comic masterpiece, "Shoulder Arms," "Victory," (Paramount), Maurice Tourneur's silversheet laptation of Joseph Conrad's vibrant story of the South Seas, a series of beautifully photographed scenes of unusual atmosphere in themselves. But the fabric as a whole is at Conrad. The power, the color and the lure are all missing. Mr. Tourneur has shifted the story about.

(Continued on page 94)
The Daring O'Dare

Peggy O'Dare is making the step from screen farces to thrills in Universal's serial, "The Thirteenth Hour," in which Eddie Polo stars. Miss O'Dare is Danish, altho born on Staten Island. She is a daring diver and swimmer, an expert on snowshoes and skis and an enthusiastic motorist—all important histrionic requirements for serials.
is a tale of passions and despairs, of hates and loves, of tranquillities and distortions, of men . . . and women . . .

and life . . . and death . . .

It might not have happened, that is, just as it did, if Dmitri

rinoff had not had rebellious blood in his veins, advent-
ings in his bones and love and knowledge of books in his

in, so that, after his wife died and his life in the small

esian village dwindled to scant proportions of interest, he

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Fifty-one.

lange streets her small feet twinkled to more rapid melodies.

There were strains of music in her head, wanton and wild and

ather marvelous.

Her father's going meant nothing to her at the time of his

departure. At the time, the village and its adulation were

ufficient. Later she reached out for wider horizons and

ied her father to America.

schuyler Van Vechtan, to whose

extensive and ex-

quisite library

Dmitri Varinoff

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ingly, he had ideals.

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ideals laid away in

“ON WITH THE DANCE”

Fictionized by permission from the scenario of Ouida Bergere, based on the
play of Michael Morton. Produced by Paramount-Artcraft, starring Mae
Murray. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast:

Sonia Varinoff .............................................. Mae Murray
Peter Derwynt ............................................. David Powell
Lady Joan Tremely ......................................... Alma Tell
Schuyler Van Vechtan .................................... John E. Miltern
Jimmie Sutherland ....................................... Robert Schable
Countess of Raystone ..................................... Ida Waterman

(Fifty-one)
reminiscent lavender did not, somehow, rust away the belief still straight and shining somewhere in the ungrown-up depths of him. His aristocracy was in his long, sensitized hands, too, and in his voice with certain modulations, time-mellowed.

The day Sonia Varinoff came into his study, tucked oddly away on the tip-top of one of the many skyscrapers his business ingenuity had placed in his possession, something happened to him.

It was just at twilight. Dmitri was copying something or other under one of the tall windows, hung in sullen red. Schuyler was meditating as to where he should dine, and with whom. It occurred to him that he was lonely. Often he had thought so before, but this evening, in this particular twilight, tinted mauve, it came to him with something of sick oppression. It seemed curious to him that at this time Sonia should make her vivid entrance into his study at the top of the world, into his life...

Of course, he saw at once, while she stood talking to her father, with many gestures and much play of very potent hands, that she was not in keeping with the old Van Vechtan order of things, but he knew that old orders have nothing to do with a man when a woman comes into the twilight of his life, lighting it...

Here was a personality. He knew that. It mustn't get mixed up with the flotsam and jetsam. Get confused, the brilliant edges rubbed away with contacts, unnecessary contacts.

He had a long talk with Dmitri after she had gone into a small guest chamber he kept reserved for the very occasional and very favored passer-by, and told the old man to keep her there, to encourage her to study her music, to give her opportunities, at his expense.

Dmitri Varinoff was a canny old man; books had made him so. He had polished his wits to a powdery fineness by much bibliophiling. He knew that the satyr was non-existent in Schuyler Van Vechtan. He was a seeker of fine things, of rare things; he was an epicure, personalities. It was clear that he had seen something valuable in his little girl. And old Dmitri felt very glad.

There was one disturbed person when the new arrangement was made clear. That person was Peter Derwynn, secretary to Van Vechtan and chief high adviser in all business transactions and the like of that. He was largely disturbed because Van Vechtan informed him that he was to be Sonia's practical guardian and general adviser and conductor.

"You know, Peter," Van Vechtan explained, late into the following night, "the girl has some sort of a tremendous gift. Of that I am quite certain. She has the touch seldom felt. I want her to see the life of New York, the artistic life, the night life. I want her to see it safely and sanely. I have the time. You have, or you can make it. Logically, you're her guardian."

Peter remained unenthusiastic. What Van Vechtan said had a habit of being done, and he supposed the personal surveillance of this Russian person would be done, too, but he was utterly cool to it all. He thought perhaps he had better to Van Vechtan a few things. He didn't want the good old chaps to think him a clam, or continued escorting of a young Russian person, not to say personality, doubtless entailed some outlay of something or other not precisely compatible with love, deep and rather difficult, for another person.

"I think you ought to know," he found himself saying, "the smoke of their two cigars made grey fantasies around somber red hangings. "I'm in love, you know; have been a great while, with Lady Joan Tremlyn. We met in London two years ago. It's been going on ever since. It—it will come to go on. It's—it's like that with both of us. I'm a mother, of course—her mother has plans. You know the kid. There must be money. They have the title—it needs some backing. They've just come over, she and the mother, and the Countess is angiing the Sutherlands. You know Sutherlands, You'd know Lady Joan. If
Van Vechtan—"the young man's voice roughly—"if you did," he said, "you'd see—the hell of it!"

Van Vechtan saw the dream of it and the truth of it. He liked to help that sort of thing. There had been love in young Derwynt's life and a pain in his own heart made quick answer to him. He had known heartbreak like that once, a long time ago. It made him sensitive for his helper that he knew who, like a fool, he was, and he would not change his plans for the new terminal. If you do and don't go thru, you ought to be able to run a ty fair competition even with the lobster.

"I'm sorry for Sonia," said James Sutherland.

Peter was quite human and very much hurt over his enforced aloofness and the broken shins, deepest, sweetest. He was human enough to be rather singular when, introduced to Sonia, he could have pointed palms and cried out, "H-h, what a very pretty child!"

It was a fool remark, of course. Peter blushed unashamedly and said, "I like a foreigner, a Russian. I know, Van Vechtan, that you would not be interested in that, still, the warm pressure of eager palms and the rich, honeyed voice in that young voice..."

It was awfully lonely now so far remote... and it was all Van Vechtan a favor, Peter said. He should have gone to almost any lengths for Van Vechtan. He felt him, an almost desperate alliance. There was something in a Vechtan one could fasten onto, a firm hold of, know.

He got Sonia a music master and, in the twilight, with her father, listened to her play, was critical, helpful, advisory, as he felt and thought. She grew to know, was still considerately the child who, in bright clothes and outlandish hair, had walked on the streets of her native city. There were in her the mixed elements of the gamin and the gentilienne, the sated woman and the grasping child.

He didn't love Sonia. All the love that was possible for him to know was irrevocably, to Joan, but it was a vivid interest. He used him and quickened him, and, later on, she loved him. Van Vechtan told him this. "You know, I suppose," he said, one evening—Van Vechtan always was able to speak of intimate things in the twilight—"you know, I suppose, Peter, that Sonia has me to love you."

Peter was essentially straightforward and simple. "I have nothing to lose," he said. "I have in mind that I love the very end, nobody but Joan."

"I'm sorry for Sonia," was all that Van Vechtan said. Peter was there, in the twilight, in this particular twilight, Van Vechtan looked weary and drawn. Behind the careful screening of his asceticism stared for an instant, odd, desperate, baffled sort of dreams.

Quite soon after all this old

Peter created a scene, justifiably enough, and only Sonia's really desperate pleading saved the studio from being the scene of God knows what a horror. (Fifty-three)
The maid helped him and he made her comfortable. He eased her tired body and her tired soul and quelled the sorry fluttering of her heart.

Dmitri was killed crossing a street before the traffic was halted. He had come unexpectedly across a rare edition and, in his eagerness to bear it back to the tower rooms, met his death. He looked quite peaceful when they brought him in, the rare edition still fast in his stiffened arm. It was, Van Vechtan told the sobbing, distraught Sonia, a wonderful moment for him to meet his death, exultant as he must have been, momentarily fulfilled. "All his blood," said Van Vechtan, with a wonderful tenderness in his manner, "had gone into his care and seeking of books. He is quite happy and at rest, I know. Don't be sorry, my child."

Joan was sorry, too. Prior to Dmitri's death Sonia had been something of a thorn in her flesh, on the infrequent occasions of her having tea in the tower with the little group. It had seemed to her almost like waving a red flag— this Sonia so near to Peter. Sonia's love of him, too, quite naturally tormented her. It was frank and unconcealed, and it was violently appealing. Joan knew that Peter loved her. She knew, too, however, that he was wearing himself out with wanting her, with waiting, and there are so many infusions in the blood, so many complexities, so many shifting... she had been afraid...

After Dmitri's death her fear changed to a warmer feeling, sympathy. She couldn't feel otherwise. Sonia was a desperate little figure, seductive even in her darkened draperies, with the shadows under her wonderful eyes and the disarray of her entangling hair.

It wasn't very long after Dmitri's death that—well, it was this way. Joan came to the tower quite unexpectedly one late afternoon. Somehow she had managed, at a last moment, to escape the machinations of her maternal parent and the insistencies of the pork-packing Jimmie Sutherland. She had wanted, especially, to see Peter. It wasn't, she well knew, quite the thing. Still, what did "the thing" matter when an urge, beyond good and evil, got a grip?

She went, almost blindly, to the tower rooms. It was immediately after Sonia's practice hour. She had been playing very wonderfully and getting up, in between bits, to execute or to better interpret with snatches of erotic dancing. She had felt very much in love with Peter. She felt, too, rather badly treated. She couldn't see Peter's point of view, or rather, lack of it. Of course, Joan was dear, lovely and goddess-like, but Peter—Peter and she were vital and living and near to each other. Sonia believed in proximity and the thorough reasonableness of the immediate hour.

When Joan came in, quietly, to charmingly surprise a lonely Peter, she saw Sonia on the arm of his chair, her bare arm about his non-resistant shoulders, her thick, arresting voice saying, "Don't you love me, Peter... just a little... just a little..."

Joan waited, a shade, in the dim shadows.
Peter said, “Yes, but—” and Joan did not see that Sonia saw her there and swiftly stifled Peter’s “but” with her hand. She saw, only, Sonia bend to him, touch his mouth with her, lightly, then more closely, and seeing nothing more, blanched, like a sorry ghost who has walked, forgotten, among the loved living, crept away.

It was a long while after the Lady Joan’s brilliant, immediate marriage to James Sutherland before Peter Derwynt saw her, and still longer before he in any sense understood the hurt she had, with seeming groundlessness, dealt him.

In that interim, bereft and with the feeling of one left naked, exposed to biting winds, he turned to Sonia, tried to lose himself in her warm witcheries, married her.

It was like, he often thought, having been acolyte to some passionless lily, having worshiped the lily, having spilled the last chalice of his soul into the chaste cup and then, at length, turned utterly away, to seek and find—he admitted the finding—a riotous fragrance of consolation in some scarlet, delirious rose.

Sonia was like that to him... scarlet and delirious... but never, never in their most ultimate moments, was she Joan... He knew that, and she knew it, too.

Her knowing, her knowledge of it, had something to do with her mounting zest for dancing, for gowns and jewels and furs, the bedeckings of the town.

Peter was unable to do these things for her. Schuyler Van Vechtan was, she thought, uninterested aside from the income he gave her, methodically and silent, from month to month. He seemed to her, more than ever of late, just a part of the twilight detached, quietly observant.

Still, it was to Van Vechtan she owed her meeting with Jimmie Sutherland.

Van Vechtan had dined one evening with the Sutherlands. He had been touched by the stifled suffering on Joan’s face. All at once the error of the whole thing assailed him. Peter, tormented, even the deliriously, by Sonia, not understanding her, not able to get the thread of her being, the thread of gold Van Vechtan knew to be there, ready for unraveling... and Joan, writhing under Sutherland’s well-meant tenderesses... bondages, Van Vechtan thought... only contacts, deliberate contacts could effect liberations. Van Vechtan believed in liberations.

He gave a dinner party and bade the Sutherlands and the Derwynss to attend. There would be makings or breakings. Van Vechtan believed either one or the other to be preferable to this galling, this fettering, this outraged of sensibilities.

Jimmie liked Sonia. He understood the part of her that was still the dancing village child, the part of her that wanted, now, the trappings of the city where the lights shone, gold and rose.

Sonia liked Jimmie, too. He was another child to take hands with her and play...

They took to meeting and dancing a great deal together. Sonia became confidential. She admitted to Jimmie that she and Peter had words over bills. She wished, she said, she could obviate all that. She ought to be able to. Something in her, she felt, was going to waste...

Jimmie suggested a plan, a humdinger, as he termed it. Sonia should dance. He could get her “in.” She should appear en masque, create a mystery, as ’twere. Broadway, he said, ate mysteries alive and then hollered for more. Sonia, with her strange grace, her abandon, her paradoxical reserve, her mystic feet, could be a super-mystery.

The suggestion suited Sonia. And Jimmie, time heavy on his hands, his wife cold to him, his lady love, Fay Desmond,

(Continued on page 90)
Clara Marie Horton is Jack Pickford's newest leading woman. She is playing with him in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." This is really Miss Horton's fourth rôle opposite the youngest of the Pickford family. She was with Jack in "Tom Sawyer," "The Further Adventures of Tom Sawyer" and "In Wrong." Clara, by the way, is a Brooklyn girl.
The appeal of beauty

What person lives who is not attracted by beauty—beauty of face, beauty of voice, beauty of complexion?

Not all can have beautiful features, nor can all have beautiful voices, but a beautiful complexion depends largely upon the care that is given to it.

Don't neglect those ugly little blemishes, those blemishes, those enlarged pores. Resinol Soap contains just the necessary requisites to aid in overcoming these defects. It is pure, mild and cleansing.

Compounded with the greatest care, it cannot harm the most delicate skin, yet it usually gets right at the root of the complexion trouble, and aids in obtaining the desired beauty of skin.

Resinol Soap for the hair helps to give it luster, and to promote the health of the scalp.
Here are two piquant glimpses of Marjorie Payne, one of the features of the Christie screen comedy forces, at home and — er — abroad. Miss Payne’s optically pleasing fireside friend in the above picture is Lillian Bison. At the right is a view of Miss Payne after what her press agent terms "a strenuous day in the open." Note the ducks after you conclude looking at Miss Payne.
A few simple rules that bring Loveliness

Occasionally you meet girls who are beautiful without effort; but most lovely people are lovely because they know the rules. Here are a few simple ones, approved by skin specialists, which every woman would do well to follow.

WHEN you powder, do it to last. Powdering in public is an admission that you are uneasy about your appearance.

The only way to make powder stay on is—not to put on an excessive amount—but to begin with the right powder base.

Never use a cold cream for a powder base. It is too oily. The right powder base is a greaseless, disappearing cream. Take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on your finger tips. Rub it lightly into your face. Instantly it disappears, leaving your skin smoother. Now powder as usual. Notice how smoothly the powder goes on—how natural it looks. You will find that it will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. You need never again fear a shiny face.

CHAPPING is a sign of carelessness. So is roughness. You can keep your skin as smooth as rose leaves all winter long. Always, before going out, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face and hands. It softens the skin instantly, so that the cold cannot do it the least harm. It is a good idea to carry a tube of it right in your hand bag so that immediately before and after skating or motoring you can soften your hands and face with it. In this way the delicate texture of the finest skin will never suffer from exposure.

Why your skin needs two creams

ONE without any oil, for daytime and evening needs—Pond's Vanishing Cream. It will not reappear in a shine.

ONE with an oil base, for cleansing and massage—Pond's Cold Cream. It has just the amount of oil that the skin needs.

Neither of these creams will encourage the growth of hair on the face.

Get a jar or tube of each cream today at any drug or department store. You will realize for the first time how lovely your skin can be.

Catch the little lines before they grow big

YOU can keep your face free of the wretched little lines that will keep starting. Once a week iron out these lines. Massage from the center of the face outwards and upwards with Pond's Cold Cream. If your skin has a tendency to be rough and dry, leave a little of the cream on your face over night. Pond's Cold Cream has just the smoothness and body required for a perfect massage cream.

POND'S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One with an oil base and one without any oil.
Clifford of the Cinema

Kathleen Clifford is well known to the photoplay, but her latest appearance—as leading woman for Doug Fairbanks—gives her unusual interest at the present time. Here is a recent view of Miss Clifford, along with brand new snaps of her in her library and near the sad sea waves.
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Mary at the Beach

"The Classic" photographer succeeded in capturing Mary MacLaren, the Universal star, in a number of piquant mid-winter poses along the California beaches. Here is the result.
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Sousa's Band and Conn Instruments

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Lt. John Philip Sousa, Conductor

Ralph Dunbar's White Hussars have become so enthusiastic over their Conn Instruments that they both play and sing their praise. Those who have heard the White Hussars in Lyceums, Chautauquas and Vaudeville know the quality of their work and also appreciate the satisfaction of their enthusiasm for Conn Instruments.

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Let us send information about forming a band in your organization. If you are a player or beginner, ask for information concerning the instrument on which you are interested.
where they would appreciate you," she told him. "It is wicked for you to hide your genius in a wretched garret in the slums among all sorts of common, coarse creatures who don't understand—"

She used that word a great deal, and the inference was that out of everyone he knew, Gracia Trask alone really understood him. Stuart began to feel abroad, and to look about his studio with dissatisfied eyes that saw for the first time the bare boards, the poor pinched, bravery of furnishing.

At the fourth sitting she suggested, quite casually, that he should go to Paris. She watered the seed thus planted at the fifth sitting by telling him that she would take him with her as her secretary, courier—"as what he pleased." But it was not until late in the last sitting that he consented to go. He told Ivan that evening, and was rewarded by the pale flicker of relief in the watery old eyes. It was the cello player who took Hedda the news.

"It is well," Ivan said, not appearing to notice the quiver of the red lips, the agony of the hurt brown eyes before him: "he is a great artist, and like all true artists he needs the right environment. Here—" his gesture took in the gay tartan curtains, the painted pine furniture and made them ridiculous. "here he would stifle! His Art would either die or become prostitute to convenience. It is very well that he goes, and all his friends should rejoice that this chance has come, eh, Hedda?"

The girl sat quite still for a long moment. When she spoke her voice was composed. "You have known—I think almost before I knew, how I felt toward Stuart," she said quietly; "rather than stand in the way of his good I would go away myself and never see him again. That is what will happen now. He will go, and I shall never see him again."

The purplish face quivered whitely into a self-satisfied smile. "Do not be afraid, my kind friend, that I shall try to keep him or that I would let him stay even if he wished."

They were very gay at the parting. Stuart, with his shabby portmaneau and his painting outfit, came to her door to say good-bye, and they both made prodigious efforts to pass the dangerous moment over lightly. They joked lamely about the Flame that was soon to come to find them, they spoke casually of mutual friends of Joe's, they talked desperately of the voyage, and his chances of escaping seasickness. Then came a panic moment when they could neither of them think of anything safe to say, because of the multitude of unsafe things that struggled to be out.

"Oh, Hedda!" Stuart said suddenly, with a great, thick sob, "Hedda—don't tell me to stay! I can't go—and leave you—I can't!"

Then Hedda told her glorious lie, and her Guardian Angel hesitated over His ledger, not knowing which page to place it on. "I can tell you to stay, Stuart," she smiled—"because I don't expect to be here long myself. Clemmons tells me that if I make good he will give me a hundred a week, at first, then much more. And I've got to succeed, Stuart! I want success—more than—than anything in the world. I want money, and beautiful clothes and praise—" She foolishly here and there, but the words choked her. "Do you remember the time you reproached me with wanting Marguerite's jewels? Well, you were right, Stuart—I do want them, and I'm going to have them!"

"Then that is how I shall remember you," he said, smiling with stiff lips, covered with jewels.

"He despises," she whispered, when long after he had gone, striding erectly away down the crooked stairs, she lifted her swollen face from the sodden pillows of her couch bed. "I've cut the last strand that might hold him back—oh, God, take care of him!"

Gracia Trask was grievously disappointed with her new toy. It is difficult to feed neurotic fancy upon either gratitude or remote respect, which were the only two emotions Stuart Grant displayed to her. He was very silent on the trip over, tho he attended faithfully to her Pekingese, her rugs, her books and cushions, her steamer chair and wraps. Once in Paris he stubbornly refused to allow her to establish him in an expensive and charmingly decorated studio as she had fondly planned. Moreover, he would not dress in velvet jackets and sloth hats, he would not drink absinthe, he would not—he simply could not make love to her.

How he managed to live she could not discover, for he was decidedly uncommunicative about his doings when he was away from her. Three nights a week he presented himself at the door of her pink-silk upholstered apartment on the Illois, impeccably shaven, amazingly clean and very much a man in spite of his out-of-date and shabby old evening suit. They would go out and dine, then perhaps to the theater or opera, or now and again to a reception, for the fair Gracia was almost as well known in Paris as in her native New York: afterward a grave good-night at the foot of the stairs, Iowan Fotion's foot-paradise knocker. No wonder the clever and accomplished Mrs. Trask was baffled.

She tried strategy. In some way she managed to learn the address of his rooms and appeared there late one after-noon, unannounced, having put the protesting concierge in his place. She found Stuart at his ease, so absorbed that even when she stood beside him looking over his shoulder, he was unaware of her. She saw the canvas. She recognized the face. It was that which he had been limning months ago on the whitewashed wall of the restaurant in Bohemia—Hedda's face, painted as only Love can paint.

But she tried again. She was not one to give up anything she had set her heart upon lightly. And she was not choice of her methods. She took Stuart Grant to a reception at the house of a friend of hers and arranged that in his hearing her name should be slightly mentioned with hers. She was waiting in an anteroom when he came, very pale, with thunderous brows, to find her.

"You must let me take you home," he told her briefly, "there has been—unpleasantness. I was obliged to knock a man down."

And he told her what he had overheard. She looked at him softly, even tenderly, for he was a man born to be loved of women, and, as much as she was capable, she loved him. "Well?" she asked. "Well? And what shall we do?"

If she had expected that he would performe ask her then and there to marry him she was mistaken. He stared straight before him somberly. "I have been a cad," he said, loathing himself; "I have accepted your favors, and I have placed you in a position where people dare say wretched things, and worst of all I have profaned myself. I would be still more of a cad if I did not ask you to marry me, but before I do so must tell you that there is a girl, back there in New York who I love as a man loves only one woman in his life. I have tried to do without her, but it is like doing without part of myself. I cannot paint, I cannot even want to paint without her."

Gracia Trask put out her hand and took his. In that moment she stepped out of herself. "Then go back to her," she said wearily, "if you feel that way—go back to her, and tell her to try to forgive me for taking you away—"

It was a fortnight later that Stuart Grant pushed open the door of his attic in Bohemia with a warm rush of happiness in his heart, as he looked about at the blessed familiar shabbiness that spelled home. Then he saw that it was freshly swept and dusted, that his easel stood ready, with a canvas on it—that there were even asters in that old blue jug on the dresser. Footsteps on the stairs brought him about with a cry, but it was only Ivan who stood before him, gaping, rustling with every movement, as he reached out and touched his sleeve with bony fingers. Then—"Thank the good God!" Ivan said hoarsely, "you've come back in time to save her from breaking her heart."

"Her!" Stuart cried, not daring to believe, "not—Hedda?"

"Hedda," Ivan nodded, and groaned very bitterly. "I was wrong. I tried to separate you, thinking Art was enough, but it is not so. She stopped

(Continued on page 80)

(MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC (Seventy)

The Broken Melody — (Continued from page 43)
Shadowland for February

As three words, more or less unassuming, this announcement might not seem to mean so very much, but it is, as a matter of fact, an illustration par excellence of the exceeding potency of mere words, the underlying current of all words, the shades of meaning behind the obvious meaning.

Shadowland for February means that your intelligence is going to receive direct appeals. You are going to think, which is, to state it mildly, never undesirable.

Shadowland for February means that your imagination is going to be touched, possibly fired, by delicately beautiful pictures, by colors, by words with rhythm, by the departments—each one bearing a message. You are going to be impelled to dreaming...

Shadowland for February means that your news sense is going to be amplified. The plays and the players you are curious about, interested in, fond of, desirous of knowing better—you are going to know better, by the power of brush and by the power of the pen.

Shadowland for February means that your sense of beauty is going to be—well, at least, we think, stimulated.

Shadowland for February is going to spell laughter... and dreams... reasoning and thought... profundity and witicism... color and gravity. It is going to try to be a message vari-hued and vari-toned. It is going to try to be still more... a promise... an omen.

The Man Who Wouldn't Stay Down

He was putting in long hours at monotonous unskilled work. His small pay scarcely lasted from one week to the next. Pleasures were few and far between and he couldn't save a cent.

He was down—but he wouldn't stay there! He saw other men promoted, and he made up his mind that what they could do, he could do. Then he found the reason they were promoted was because they had special training—an expert knowledge of some one line. So he made up his mind that he would get that kind of training.

He marked and mailed to Scranton a coupon like the one below. That was his first step upward. It brought him just the information he was looking for. He found he could get the training he needed right at home in the hours after supper. From that time on he spent part of his spare time studying.

The first reward was not long in coming—an increase in salary. Then came another. Then he was made Foreman. Now he is Superintendent with an income that means independence and all the comforts and pleasures that make life worth living.

It just shows what a man with ambition can do. And this man is only one out of hundreds of thousands who have climbed the same steps to success with the help of the International Correspondence Schools.

What about you?

Are you satisfied merely to hang on where you are or would you rather like to have a real job and real money? It's entirely up to you. You don't have to stay down. You can climb to the position you want in the work you like best. Yes, you can! The I. C. S. is ready and anxious to come to you, wherever you are, with the very help you need.

Surely when you have an opportunity that means so much, you can't afford to let another priceless hour pass without at least finding out about it. And the way to do that is easy—without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, mark and mail this coupon.

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The Movie Kiss

By Tom Masson

As far as we can judge by history, the kiss has been practiced in all ages. It varies in its need and horse-power, according to age, race and previous condition of domestic morals; while it is a purely local affair, it has a considerable range of activity. As a rule, it is exclusively confined to two, but it is occasionally conveyed by hand from one person to another.

A kiss thus blown may reach several parties for whom it is not intended. While apparently general in its nature, it may be intended for only one.

There are several kinds of kisses. There is the common or domesticated matrimonial kiss, that works automatically and frequently becomes rusty and stales upon critical occasion; there is the short-lived, or honeymoon kiss, whose age varies from six months to two years, according to climate and financial condition. There is the lowest kiss, that frequently attains a height of 22,000 feet and is accompanied by explosions. And there is that of seasonal ladies, with an aura about its exterior, which, when it drops internally to 0 below zero, kissing is also practiced by

But the movie or screen kiss is comparatively new to the world. It is usually somewhat dilatory in its habits, and takes place "the night after" or "the next morning." It may, however, occur anywhere along the line of march—between recently wedded husbands and wives, paring lovers, or when bending over cribs, hospital beds, or courts. Edison did not invent it, but he is more or less responsible for it.

There is one peculiarity about the screen kiss that makes it not only different from the kiss that is, but which shows that it is in general a thing in itself and not dependent upon me or materials. For when we see it on the screen, actually, we know that it has actually taken place in the past and is now well over with, we think of it only as a present affair. We actually delude ourselves into thinking it is not going on. We roll up our sleeves, smack our lips and take part in it ourselves when, as a matter of fact, it was probably created some months before in Los Angeles or Jersey City. Thus a kiss which in its inception takes only a fraction of a minute, becomes a permanent affair. It travels all over the world. The movie, therefore, offers domestic pursuits to the man may kiss his bride in the most complete and satisfactory manner. Having arrived at the highest point of skill and workmanship, he can have a film taken, which his wife can thereafter turn on for her own benefit every morning and evening, while the husband, relieved of this mutual labor, can devote himself more completely to the business of keeping together his body and soul which he may have left over.

But this is not all, for the screen kiss contains a value still more interesting and important. Hereafter, people have had to learn how to kiss by themselves, without being copies of an accredited model. They have had to speak, to grope, in the dark, and assisted only by each other, have learned by severe practice. The only object lessons they have had to be furnished by amateurs like themselves, or by more or less offensive relatives railroad stations. Now, however, they can put not almost any night and see skilled worked and women do it as it ought to be done, with a minimum loss of energy. Thus the art osculation is getting on its feet and becoming standardized. If any young woman lover with suspicion because there is no iest motion in the way he grasps her and presses his lips to hers, and if she declares that must have learned it somewhere else, she can simply refer her to the movie educational film that has been running in the local picture for the past three nights, as containing a letter of his personal experience.

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Theodore Roberts

(Continued from page 45)

the girl he snubbed. And on the legitimate stage," he went on, reminiscence, "I enjoyed doing Shylock better than any other character. You see so few convincing portrayals of that character. He is depicted mostly as a scurrilous Jew with an enormous lust for gold and a vicious spirit that is satisfied only with blood, while as a matter of fact, Shakespeare has given him no speeches that are not full of dignity and forcefulness, while his whole personality is that of a leader, not a mongrel money-lending foreigner. I tried to make him the representative—of a human being.

I found myself thinking that it was possible to talk art without a collar, but Mr. Roberts was thru for the time being.

"Come see my trees," he invited. "Trees are a hobby of mine and I have a few rare ones in the yard."

The one he pointed out looked like a live oak, and it was as big as he held me. I made of corks has always been vague: I rather thought they grew in bottles, but it seems not. Mr. Roberts cut a slice of the bark for me, and it was cork, just the same as you’d see in a bottle of—er—catsup, and he told me that he could have made a fortune off his tree in pre-prohibition days, but that he had bought it too late. Then there was another tree with flowers of flaming orange and leaves that looked like butterfly wings and that folded together at night. They, too, are very rare, and will not grow where there is frost; and, Mr. Roberts told me, impressively, his house was just two blocks beyond the frost belt in Hollywood—otherwise he couldn’t have a butterfly-tree.

When he had shown me his shrubbery, I asked point-blank how many other hobbies he had, and he laughed, showing white teeth and crinkly wrinkles around his eyes.

"Quite a few," he confessed. "In the first place, there’s art—you see, I come from a family of artists. My father painted very well indeed, and so does my sister." I was told, when young, by a famous artist that I ought to follow that career, but I inclined towards the stage. However, I paint, draw and ‘sculp,’ he explained, "and I like—well, furniture and—oh, yes," he interrupted himself again in his abrupt fashion, "I don’t forget my hobby of correct make-up—that is very important one." He led the way to the Japanese gardens and we sat beside the tiny lily pond while he talked about this most "important" hobby of his.

"I have always given the most careful study to making up for a character," he said. "You might say that I stop at nothing to get the result I want. I’m bringing a mustache just now, but I will shave it off for my next character bit with Mary Miles Minter in ‘Judy of Rogue’s Harbor.’ I’ve let my hair get long and unkempt, I’ve allowed my beard to grow—I even shaved my eyebrows

(Continued on page 76)
Frances Mann
in "The Isle of Jewels"

What would you do in Frankie’s place? It looks as though any move she makes will be disastrous to that handsome hero. Let’s hope that her well-known resourcefulness will save the day and the jewels.

Arthur F. Beck
Picture

New York City, N. Y.  Sept. 9, 1919

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I am glad to commend Ingram’s Rouge, for it is of daily service to me. It has its own particular spot on my dressing table. The soft, natural tint it bestows never runs or streaks, even in warm weather.

Frances Mann

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fact that he takes both time and footage to make a production and doesn’t illu-
mine Stanley with the name of any particular twinkler.

Rushing to the defense of some of my friends in the industry, I demanded to
know just why Miss Childers is “down on” the star system. And thus did she
exclude.

“Why not feature the story? There is no story, except, perhaps, that of Adam,
that was ever written for one individual. A lot of people like Norma Talmadge or
Elise Ferguson or Clara Kimball Young, but they can see that very personality in
a play where the story’s the thing—where they won’t have to sit thru some un-
told million close-ups of Miss A’s gowns or Mr. B’s exuded mustache.”

The thwart the luncheon Miss Child-
ers was garbed as a Russian princess
and wore a black-net evening gown, I
had seen her before at the studio in
the rags of a screen charwoman—her fea-
tures distorted with makeup.

“Just so long as the clothes aren’t dir-
y, it’s all right,” she explained.

Once, Miss Childers avers, she had
hoped of being a fortune-teller or a clair-
voyant, but, having a penchant for the
luxuries of this transitory life she elected
the stage as a profession.

And again, she would have been a stu-
dent in an art school had not Fate put in
an oar. As it is, her Hollywood apart-
ment is replete with sketches and pastels
bearing her signature in the lower right-
hand corner, and the orchidaceous lady will
consent to dressing all of her own—
and sometimes, other people’s—gowns.

It was just before she was to register
at a certain academy of fine arts in St.
Louis that a stage manager, who met
Miss Childers socially, offered to cast her
as Beauty in “Everywoman.” She didn’t
take the part, however, because she was
afraid of its bigness, but rather, became
a French maid in another production,
and retired serenely into the background.

One day (and this is the manner in
which she reminisces)—she found herself
becoming ambitious, and burning with
the fever of supposed genius, she approached
Henry Kolker, whose French maid she
was in “The Great Name,” and asked
him to allow her to make a spectacular
entrance.

At the suggestion of such an entrance
Mr. Kolker was observed to succumb to
gales of laughter, and finally to bid the
sixteen-year-old Naomi to remain content
with her the carriage - waits - without
speech.

During the last week of “The Great
Name’s” run, however, the actorine who
played the fat German cook of the pro-
duction, disappeared, and the heroine of
“The Spirit in the Clay” and “Lord and
Lady Algy,” hurriedly became a corpu-
 lent fraud from Hamburg. She with her
imperturbable calm and her tapering fin-
gers!

And, even tho I knew that the
price of print paper is ever soaring
higher, I feel called upon to enumerate
the remainder of the Childers’ career. Thusly.

In productions of Henry W. Savage and
his H. P. Ragon follower terms with
Vitagraph in “The Writing on the Wall,”
“The Turn of the Road,” “The Spirit in
the Clay,” “The Devil’s Prize,” etc.;
Metro in “The Yellow Dove” and “The
Blindness of Love,” in which she was
playing with Harold Lockwood when he
was stricken with the influenza which
caused his death: and at Goldwyn, where
she created the screen the famous Lady
Algy opposite Tom Moore, and appeared
as a lady passionately loved by Lou-Tel-
legen in “The World and Its Woman.”

“And after all this,” I ventured, “what
do you crave?”

“Oh, three pictures a year,” she an-
swered, nonchalantly, “a house at New-
port with a neat collection of genuine
paintings, some good-looking gowns, and
large quantities of French novels.”

Exactly what I thought. Lots of mag-
nificence, too, orchidaceous.

“The other day I was made up as an
old miner, with long white beard and
weather-beaten countenance. I was com-
ing back from lunch and saw a group of
my friends outside the studio. I hailed
them, not thinking of my make-up, and
they stared at me blankly for an instant.
Then they burst into laughter as they told
me how one of them had just remarked,
as I approached, ‘Look at that old fel-
dow—he’s a wonderful type—he ought to
register for a job!’

“Which of the interesting comment
upon the vividness of Roberts’ make-up.

“‘Yes, I collect almost everything,”
he laughed.

“‘Except collars’,” I reminded him,
wickedly.

“Yes, except collars’” he admitted,
without a trace of shame.
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Age

Name

Address

(Seventy-seven)
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For BOYS and GIRLS

FOR MEN

H. C. RASH, Prop. Natural Body Brace Co., 326 Rash Bldg., Salina, Kansas

The Kodak Girl
(Continued from page 37)
the second serial. I was supposed to be in a cave with this beast and, while there were two trainers, and outside some men with iron bars, and lights were placed in front of the camera, to resemble the animal, a great danger arose. I was waiting for them to get it all ready for action—was sitting with a bit of embroidery in the back of the cave. They had wire fencing between the camera-men and the lion, and the trainer was endeavoring to make him go thru certain tricks, for this was not one of the old Selig lions usually associated with producing companies, but a wild one which proved to be very stubborn and excited to boot.

"Suddenly there was a roar—and I just looked up in time to see the lion leaping. Whatever made me act so quickly, I could not tell you, but I ducked and put my head between my knees, and as the lion took the entire cave-length in one leap, I narrowly escaped having my head shouldered badly clawed. Everybody was so frightened. The wire supports were torn down, Mr. Duncan had a piece of crooked pipe which he was trying to manipulate to keep the lion back, and finally the forest king made one big jump over a high obstruction and got out, followed by the trainers, who finally subdued him.

"But that was only the beginning of a bad day. I was supposed to face a snake as soon as I got to another end of the cave. For some reason, as I was led to turn around, and while the men were busy, I saw this snake right in front of me. He had his fangs, for the man who owned him said he was the only one of his snakes who could feed himself and he refused to take out the poison sacs. I heard him say, 'Don't do it.' I was supposed to write orders to me, and I simply obeyed what he told me to do—and somehow he managed to grasp that hissing serpent by the neck, as he had been told to do by its owner, and I escaped snake-bite from a mad rattler. I can't see anything pleasant in acting with animals, but I don't mind being suspended over cliffs or rescued from almost impossible positions; in fact, I think serials are lots of fun," finished Miss Johnson, very vivaciously.

Miss Johnson's mother and her brother, Donald, aged seventeen, live with her in California. She is determined to put Donald thru college and is giving him every educational advantage even now. At present the little family is merely "existing" in an apartment, while horse-hunting proceeds. There is a shortage in dwellings here, and Edith Johnson thinks she will be forced to buy, as "For Rent" signs are scarcer than oranges in the Arctic zone.

But meantime, she just "loves" housework, and when the housekeeper goes out, Edith swells a broom happily and says it is the best sort of exercise. Her greatest sorrow is that being a motion picture actress prevents her from cooking and cleaning. She loves to do the
Moore o’ County Meade

(Continued from page 23)

As it was, he said, "No, I went in a mob scene in ‘Parsifal.’ However, my life-long (not so long) ambition was realized—I was on the stage. Owen was with me this time. Yes, he ran away, too, the same time that I did. We earned $5 a week. But even this enormous sum failed to appease my ambition and I got a chance to play the lead with a number five road company of ‘Lena Rivers,’ I think it was. The people wouldn’t come to see us. They had more sense than I had. But anyway, I was stranded in a small Canadian town.

'No, but we have been stranded in Troy, with a number five company of ‘Bluebird.’ It isn’t any fun, is it?’

'Say, do you know, I stranded so many companies that season, that they wouldn’t take me in any more, so I joined a stock company, and one day a man from the Kalem Company offered me a job to work in moving pictures. I scorned it—all ’legitimate’ actors did then; but the magnificent salary of $40.50 finally tempted me and I fell. I was only earning $25 in stock. I never did know what the 50 cents was for.’

’It’s like our own salary,’ we answered. ’For five years there has been a 3 tacked on the end of it and every time we get a ten-dollar raise the $3 remains just the same. The next time we shall beg for a $7 raise to make it come out even.’

’Well, my first raise was $9.50. At last, my ambition was realized. I was making $30 a week.’

’And did you stay in pictures then?’ we asked, reckless, now that we had our story.

’Did any actor from the stage ever go in pictures and stay in them at first? No, I made frequent trips into stock, but every time I went back to the stage my salary was cut and every time I returned to the screen it was boosted, so finally I stayed.’

’And now you’re a star!’

’Yes, and that is the only thing about the whole affair that surprises me up to date. How did I get to be a star?’ And paraphrasing, we answered, ’The fault, dear Brutus, is in ourselves if we are not stars. You earned it, that’s how. Or if you don’t understand it, ask Sam Goldwyn. He knows!’

(Seventy-nine)
Lewis Cody, H. V.
(Continued from page 19)

"Oh, yes," he said, and laughing put the cigarette in its place again.

"I'm a great believer in leaving things to chance; that is, little things," he remarked, "although it never gave me a good time when I plan on it very far ahead. I've generally found that the best way for me to enjoy myself is to start out alone feeling grumpy and dull. Pretty soon I am likely to meet some friend who feels very much the same way. 'Where are you going?' he asks 'Nowhere,' I answer. 'Suppose we go together?' he suggests, and the result is one glad time."

"And the big things in life?"

"Oh, chance usually takes care of them, anyhow. How many people in this room knew where they were going when they started out, do you think? Look at all the biggest names on the screen; did Chaplin think that he would be great for his comedy when all of his silent comedies were serious ones? And Douglas Fairbanks, too; wasn't it chance that showed him the thing he could do best? I believe it always happens like that: You start out to do one thing and end up by doing something entirely different."

Lew Cody, by the way, had to be argued into playing just about every good part he ever had. He didn't want to get a reputation as a "heavy," which goes to show how very much there is in a name: a "heavy" could hardly hope to be a star, while a "he vamp" is a different proposition. He got the "he vamp" reputation because of his part in "Husbands Only."

"Do I believe in marriage?" he repeated my question. "Yes, indeed I do—but for other people. I think that it is a beautiful institution. But the vamp, the human butterfly type, either in man or woman, should be free, as free as possible. They simply cant rub up against the little troubles of everyday life and keep the gloss on their wings. They make perfect lovers, but impossible husbands and wives."

"For instance," he went on, "take the character I played in 'Don't Change Your Husband.' He wasn't insincere. On the contrary, he was really in love and he didn't make love to the woman in her husband's house, either. In fact, there was nothing really bad about him. He was just weak and couldn't stand up against everyday things. The very sense of irresponsibility that made him fall in love made him fall out of love again. And if by some miracle, it was possible to make such a person sober and practical, he would probably lose all of his charm for the world."

"You think that people admire a little wickedness in their heroes?"

"I do, indeed! And in their heroines, too, so long as it isn't ugly. You know the admonition of a French mother to her child is never 'Be good,' but always 'Be pretty.' Wickedness, in the strict meaning of the word, is never pretty, so perhaps it would be more correct to say that what people want is humanity with a little dash of fun, so that they can laugh at their own faults and at the faults of others."

"That is what I hope to do with my 'vamp' stuff; I never want to lose the light, graceful tone. And that is not easy."

"Then you are working harder than you ever did?"

"A-n-o. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy; I hate dull people and I'd hate to have myself. Anyhow—he was more than half in earnest—I think that a player should to some extent, at least, give the character he is playing, in order to keep in the spirit of it. So I never want to become too serious."

The Broken Melody
(Continued from page 70)
singing, as tho the spring of melody within her were broken— he pointed at the door across the hall, 'yonder she grieves, lad. Go to her—'"

And Stuart waited no longer, but obeyed. As he stood upon her threshold the girl outfiling on the couch sat up, stared, and her hands crept to her low girl breast. "It isn't you, of course," she said in a small, shaken voice. "It couldn't be you. You are in Paris, you know."

"It is I, Hedda," Stuart whispered, for he had come close to her now, and his arms were around her hungrily. "I can't paint pictures without you—I can't even live without you. There's just one thing that matters in the whole world, and that is—will you let me stay, sweet-heart?"

"But your work—" she was still afraid to believe in her joy. "We did well together, Hedda," Stuart told her, "you are my work—you complete me. And perhaps—some day—if I work well enough, Hedda, you shall have your jewels after all!"

Her face was lighted with a solemn light. She seemed to be looking ahead, far ahead of them—"Yes, Paddie," Hedda nodded quietly, "I think—I shall—have my jewels—"

CAMEO
By Faith Service
In each breeze, low-murmuring, Whispering, "Earth, rejoice!"
In each motin of the lark,
Your voice.
In each April shower, Crystal—clear and brief— Spanned by arching rainbow,
Your grief.
In each glancing sun-ray On a flower awhile,
Fleeting, transient, subtle,
Your smile.
In your heart, soft-beating,
Tender as a dove,
Flitting, imprisoned in my heart,
Your love.

(Eighty)
Idealist and Artist
(Continued from page 35)

In 1914, Mr. Tourneur was sent to this country as a producer for the American branch of the Eclair Company.

"Will you ever make another 'Blue Bird' or 'Prunella'? I asked, recalling those exquisite fabrics of dreams.

"I hope so—some day—I hope so! You know, don't you, that they were not what we call successful? Oh, I would be willing to suffer poor financial returns if such beautiful pictures would only reach the people, but they don't, for they think they do not like them.

"I left painting because it gave me more pain than enjoyment. So much beauty was lost between the brain, which conceived the idea of the picture, and the fingers which portrayed it. Just as in motion pictures, some day I will leave them because they too, are painful. So much is lost in every picture. I find a story. I am enthusiastic. Then, there is a little lost in making the script, a little more in acting, a little in the photography, a little in my directing, and when it is all completed it is not the beautiful thing I had conceived. Human workmen cannot come up to the mental pictorial perfection."

Presently he continued, "Motion pictures must move onward to the place where life seen thru an artist's mind will find expression on the screen. Suggestion must take the place of exact delineation, impressionism in place of the literal transcription, alike in motive and execution. An artist looking at a landscape does not give us an exact reproduction on his canvas, for instance, such as photography affords, but he represents it as he felt and saw it."

Suddenly wheeling around in his chair, Mr. Tourneur pointed to a picture above his desk. "This Whistler canvas does not look like nature nor is it the real thing, but it gives the impression of low tide, twilight depths, shadow cast by the old bridge across the Thames. It is as it looked to Whistler. The reality passed thru the artist's mind and he gives us the picture as it impressed him."

"Earnestly, he continued. "One might look at this chair in many ways. Were I weary it would suggest a haven of rest, but were I searching for art, it would be an object of contempt. So all of life and its action can be looked at from various angles, and the picture director must be an idealist and an artist."

"The function of the film today?" I prompted, speaking softly, for the late afternoon stillness had crept into the room while we talked.

"Motion pictures must always have a theme that will make the audience laugh or cry; it may be comedy or drama, but it must never bore!"

Like all great idealists, Maurice Tourneur feels the magic waves of discontent that spur the artist on to greater tasks. Following his own visions, he longs to share them with the whole world—if it will but see!

Food Up 85%

So statistics show at this writing, compared with pre-war cost. That's the average on common foods.

On this account, about 9 in 10 are underfed. So states a Chicago Board of Health authority.

That is, most men don't get what men must have — 3,000 calories of nutrient per day. So the facts here stated are of paramount importance.

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Quaker Oats is prepared from the greatest food that grows.

It is almost a complete food—nearly the ideal food. In energy units it yields 1810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890.

Yet Quaker Oats costs one cent per big dish. A whole dish costs you no more than a bite of meat.

Saves You 88%

Foods are compared by calories, the energy measure of food value. A man must have at least 3,000 calories per day, a boy at least 2,000.

At this writing, some necessary foods cost as follows on this basis:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cost Per 1000 Calories</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Quaker Oats</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average Meats</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eggs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average Fish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vegetables</td>
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</tbody>
</table>

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(Eighty-one)
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**MOTION PICTURE**

**Betty Blythe: The Peacock Princess**

(Continued from page 21)

friends. Well, the minute the director saw me, he asked what I could do. Knowing that my very meals depended on my answer, I replied, airyly, "Oh, anything!" just as if I knew all about acting before the camera, and because he needed my type he put me to work right away with Harry Morey in 'His Own People.' Isn’t funny how things work out? Here I had lived in Los Angeles, the very heart of motion pictures, but had scorned them as a career."

After playing with Harry Morey in a number of pictures, and also with Earle Williams, she did a couple of O. Henry stories, then went with Guy Empey where as Madame Arnot, in "Over the Top," she did such excellent work that she attracted the attention of all lovers of the screen.

"It was a great role, " Miss Blythe declared, enthusiastically, "I felt I had created something really worth while. To me, Madame Arnot was symbolic of the women of France during the war, of their nobility in suffering and sacrificing everything for their beloved cause. I also made 'The Undercurrent,' with Mr. Empey."

"The greatest thrill of my life came one morning when the New York Telegraph had a full page picture of me. There it was staring up from every newstand and street corner. Can you imagine what that meant to me after all my disappointments?"

"Now that they are over, I’m glad to have had them. We gambled very little except thru struggle. All history teaches that every step of advancement is the result of turmoil. I often wonder what upheaval accounted for Schubert’s glorious melodies."

Betty Blythe had some serious ambitions for her future on the screen. Possessing a striking beauty and being able to wear her clothes to splendid advantage has caused her to be cast in many society roles. Not caring for this type in real life she finds it hard to visualize her on the screen and hopes to have the opportunity of portraying the real woman, the one who stands for the best in all womanly qualities.

"Careers are all very well," I remarked, glancing at the various masculine photographs adorning Betty’s boudoir, "but suppose love should come."

"I want it to come!" came the quick response. "I’ve reached the point where I long for a home and a more unselfish life," and a new warmth crept into the large, dark eyes as they lingered on one picture.

Betty laughed. "Let’s go and have an ice cream soda!" she said.

---

**THORNLESS ROSE—What did you do with the thorns? Thanks for your good advice about not marrying so the girl will get all my money. I’ll take good care of that. You’re right about Pearl White. If we can’t make money honestly, let’s make it as honestly as we can.**

(Eighty-two)
CLASSIC

The Silken Gloria

(Continued from page 17)

up against the subject of marriage and divorce, those Gold Dust twins of discussion.

Miss Swanson believes thoroly in marriage. Indeed, we strongly suspect she is about to try the problem personally.

"One of the biggest fallacies of marriage," philosophized Miss Swanson, "is the idea that a couple should be of opposite temperaments. In reality, they must have similar interests, desires and backgrounds."

"Each must give and take. There must be a basis of companionship when the glamour begins to wear thin."

"Each must allow the other plenty of leeway. Those are my ideas today. Of course, I revise my ideas daily. Indeed, I might have entirely different ones if you interviewed me tomorrow. You never can tell about me," admitted Miss Swanson.

All of which goes to prove that she is typically feminine above all else—feminine from the tips of her dainty slippers to the glistening hat setting at just the proper angle of effectiveness. Woman is woman—and Gloria is Gloria.

MINSTREL'S LAY

By Walter E. Mair

Sing me a song of the high road, Through the hard road to.

From the town with its empty laughter, To the land that I used to know.

To the land full of sun, where the meadows call

Like to silver-sweet rain on my heart used to fall.

Sing me a song of the far road, And the road fair to.

From the place of endless striving, And the furnace that is glowing.

To the vale where the autumn gold gleams in the sun, And the twilight brings peace when the day's work is done.

Sing me a song of the old road, And the one road I know; Where the wanderer's promised, And the goal of his path is the glow

Of home-keeping hearts that are waiting to give

Their love to his longing, to help him to live!

Aye, sing me a song of the high road, And the best road to go.

LETTERS FROM THIS MILLION-DOLLAR MAN

By MINNA IRVING

Our Buddy-as is ten years old, His herman is called

A private with a big black flag

Who sailed the stormy sea, And made his captives walk the plank, And scuttled ships, I know,

But Bud's changed ideals—It's Charlie Chaplin now.

He thought a bold bandit's life
Was something very fine; I took him to a movie show—

This little chap of mine, With smudges on his thin lip, A derby o'er his brow, He imitated his hero—It's Charlie Chaplin now.

The Authors' Press, Dept. 53, Auburn, N. Y.

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With "two" Mary Pickfords at the studio, things began to happen even before the production of "Pollyanna" was actually started. The first incident occurred on the very first day of her engagement and it reminded Miss Du Pre of the story of "The Prince and the Pauper."
and shoes, the shades were lifted and star and understudy stood marveling at the perfect fit.

At that moment, Paul Powell, Miss Pickford's director, passed by the bungalow and peered through the open window that he supposed to be the person of his star, he stopped and called in—"Good morning, Miss Pickford!"—the startled look of amazement that spread over the director's face, as his greeting was answered—from the depths of the bathroom—and not from the person before him, was a comical but eloquent compliment to Miss Pickford's selection of an understudy.

Then the thought came to Miss Du Pre, that here in real life was the theme of "The Prince and the Pauper," staged in a bungalow instead of a palace, but just as startling in its fanciful possibilities. Dressed in these "magic" clothes and standing in the lucky shoes of the great star, she seemed enchanted, and in imagination she conjured the adventure that would befall them, if she retained the wardrobe and assumed the identity of the famous star, and Miss Pickford went off into the world carrying the raiment and the name of her newly acquired understudy.

After this incidents of mistaken identity followed thick and fast. Each day had its complement of humorous situations. Visitors to the studio approached Miss Du Pre with expressions of pleasure at the supposed honor of meeting "the star"—and on "locations" in and about Los Angeles, where the exterior scenes were made, spectators bowed and spoke to her, fully confident that they were addressing Miss Pickford.

Out in the little town of Norwalk, California, where several scenes were made, Miss Du Pre arrived in her car considerably ahead of Miss Pickford—and as she waited, a crowd of several hundred children gathered and stood wide-eyed—as they nudged each other and whispered—"That's Mary Pickford." Then several of them got together, held a whispered conference and scammed off. Soon they returned carrying an old and badly soiled candy box containing some candy, purchased by their contribution of several cents, and this they presented to Miss Du Pre with the statement: "Please take this, Miss Pickford, because we like you."

The incident was "so cute" and "so pathetically sincere," said Miss Du Pre, that she refrained from disillusioning the children and was greatly relieved when they went off to school before the arrival of Miss Pickford.

Even the old station master at the Santa Fé Depot at South Pasadena came in for his share of wonderment. This venerable railroader, who has studied the faces of hosts of travelers, was nonplussed. A scene was made on the station platform and while waiting for things to be made ready, Miss Pickford and her understudy peripheral themselves on a big shipping case and sat there in animated conversation.
She Loves and Lies (Continued from page 33)

“Married!” Bob was plainly hurt. "My Gawd, Marie, how’s it happened? You know I always sort of meant to make you my wife, and she was the lucky stiff that came under the wire ahead? Is it Ted O’Keefe, that used to do the song-and-dance with you, or Rufus?"

Marie saw that she had said considerably more than enough. She changed the subject to vaudeville again, and Bob, knowing that matrimony is a dangerous and sore subject with most of its victims, considerably did not follow it up. But, by the time the very next afternoon, he pushed open the door of Polly’s studio and therein beheld Marie and a handsome young fellow in close juxtaposition before an easel upon which stood a painting which in novice seemed to justify their interest, and when, moreover, he saw Marie lean forward and just brush the hair of the handsome young fellow’s brow, and with a smile and, Likewise, he had seen the young fellow turn ardently and seize her hand and draw her down to him, he leaped to a naively conclusion.

“Give us a knockdown to your hubby, Marie!” he demanded, jovially, and then, to the purpling Ernest, “I’d ought to be sore at you, Bob, but take it from me, you’ve picked a peach! I know when Marie told me yesterday that she was married, believe me, it give lil’ ol’ John W. Me a jolt right where he lived, but I——”

Then he paused, for the first time realizing the chill and rarefied atmosphere of silence that surrounded him. Marie’s face was scarlet, Ernest’s very white. Bob was not subtle, but something seemed to whisper to him that he had better be careful.

He took his exit as gracefully as possible, leaving two who regarded one another coldly. “And so,” said Ernest, rather tremulously, “and so you, a married woman, have allowed another man to make love to you!”

Marie blazed forth at this. “And you,” she asked, “had you the right to make love to me? Why, for all that I know, you may be married, too!”

He wilted like a punctured balloon, all his rage oozing from him. He stammered piteously, but she was merciless. Writhing, he confessed, “I’ve been a brute—a cad! Why did I ever come to this accursed part of town, where people wear loose clothes and loose morals? And she’s so sweet—so good!”

Marie thrust her vivid young face close, daring him. The fragrance of her was warm in his nostrils, the golden gleams dazzled his eyes. “Tell me,” she whispered, “is she young—and pretty? Look at me, Ernest—and tell me.”

He wracked his gaze from her efforts. “She is good—and I—I love her!” he said doggedly, and got to his feet, defying her, if unconsciously his arms went out hungrily to the youth of her, the splendid, quick young loveliness. “I’m going back to my wife—I shall never see you again! Good-by!”

But still she had no mercy. “Tell me—before you go,” she dared him, “tell me that you never want to see me again.”

Bob took to say the words, but his dry lips refused to open. In his gaze was confusion, but he was still man enough to go, and the door closed behind the tragic young figure. Marie laughed shakily. The sound stumbled over a sob, “He’s splendid and I’m a wicked woman.” She sprang across to Polly’s clothes-press, disguised meagerly with cubist cretonne, and rummaged. Among the bedanniled sheets, the Linen-locked, the wool-embroidered, the stenciled, she found one comparatively new white one, dragged it down and began to tear at the fastenings of her own.

“I’ve got to look pretty—enough to make him forgive me,” she sobbed, as she worked. “Oh, I’m afraid!—afraid!”

To Ernest Lismore, settling dully in his studio, her figures in the mocking flames, came the sound of little, light feet that he had learnt to know. He looked up guiltily as his old little wife came into the room and stood by his chair, patting his rough, dark head gently. “Boy,” she said, “boy, I’ve been thinking, wondering. Perhaps it’s time for me to free you, Ernie. I’ve thought that you looked—I looked lately. Tell me, boy, are you in love? Remember I’m your grandmother and tell me all about her.”

“Oh, you’re wonderful!” choked Er- nest, and caught at the kind little hand. “You know everything! I didn’t mean to, honest! It just happened—she’s little, like you, and she has hair like a dark spring night trimmed with stars!”

And he went on in breadthless, stumbling words, in flaming young phrases, foolish young similes, to tell of his love for the paint-smeared little artist he had met in the Dawn galleries. When, a long time after he had begun speaking, he stopped abruptly, there was a space of silence. “I—suppose you can never—forgive me,” Ernest faltered.

“Forgive you!” a voice echoed in his ear, thrubbing, beating like a heart.

Amazed, he looked down at the little white-clad figure that had slipped to the floor at his feet, and suddenly he cried out, unbelievingly, “You! Not—you? Was it—you, all the time?” for she had lifted the piled grey hair with a revealing gesture and flung it from her own.

“It was—"all the time," Marie answered, and suddenly her look quickened to that of some prophetess, “Ernest, it wasn’t all acting.” When a woman loves a man, she loves him because he’s her hero, and because he’s her protector, and because he’s her lover—and, most of all, because he’s really her little boy, Ernie. Still—her lips grew mischievous—"still, sir, if you’re dissatisfied with your wife; of course I’ll stick to my agreement."

“I beg your pardon, Lismore," and he said it like a prayer. “My wife," and this time it was like a poem. “My wife!" and he stooped to sweep her up in his strong, hungry arms.
AN APOLOGY AND AN EXPLANATION

On October 1st, 1919, practically all of the printers and typesetters in and around New York went out on strike, including those who print this magazine. Without going into the merits of the controversy between the employers and the employees, we will simply say that we had no voice in the matter one way or the other. Several labor unions had differences among themselves, and these differences caused the Publishers' Association to refuse to comply with the demands of certain labor unions. We do not belong to the Publishers' Association. That body conducted all the negotiations. When the printers and compositors walked out, it was not in our power to make them walk back, even if we had been willing to give them everything they asked. Had we terms with one union, another union would have refused to handle our paper, and another union would have refused to make the plates which are necessary for us to have. In other words, our hands were tied. We were helpless. Some publications were fortunate enough to have some of their printing done for them in distant cities, some had it done by some other process (such as typewriting photographed) and some could not have their work done at all. The strike did not end until the latter part of November, having lasted nearly two months.

During this time we did everything possible to supply our readers with this, their favorite magazine, on time and in good condition, but such was not possible. We left stone unturned and were willing to go to any expense, but in spite of every effort, we were unable to meet the schedule, hence we were late. Furthermore, the magazine that you received was not the one we intended to give you. When the strike came on, this magazine was partly made up and partly printed, but we were unable to move either the type or the parts that had been printed. We managed to get out a MAGAZINE, but it was not the kind of magazine we wanted, it was the best we could. We could not even print an explanation and an apology, hence this one. We hoped, and still believe, that all of our esteemed readers, even those in distant parts, had heard of the great tie-up strike and that they would patiently wait. Some of our contemporaries took advantage of our extremities by issuing extra large editions on an advanced date, hoping thereby to secure some of our readers, instead of extending us the brotherly hand and saying, "Is there anything we can do for you in your distress?" We hope that they have largely profited by their business sagacity, but we believe that we have not lost a single reader. Once a reader always a reader.

We are now fully recovered from the disaster and from now on our readers may expect the finest magazine possible. We have done this for ten years and we can do it now. WATCH US.

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On With the Dance
(Continued from page 55)

staling on him, opened a dancing palace and sent the masked dancer off to a sensational success.

Sonia loved it, especially at first. She feasted upon the adulation, personal press and otherwise. She rioted in furs and jewels and the things she had hungered for since she had danced, half-naked, on her native steppes. It was all rich food to a part of her long lean with deprivation.

Other things, of course, were more involved. Van Vechtan, incidentally, acquired two deep lines on his brow where lines had not been before. Peter grew more silent and more morose, retired more than ever to himself. He was out a great deal of the time with Joan, doing settlement work and reading things Sonia did not nor would not understand.

When he was at home he was utterly abstracted, felt utterly stifled. Joan was the air he needed to breathe in order to live. Sonia and her heavy atmospheres stifled him. He grew to know how bitterly a man sins against himself when he does not play true with himself, with the greatest urge within him.

Under a surface all roses and smiles and discreetness and silences and abstractions, something ugly and sinister rankled and grew apace. Peter became insistent as to the source of Sonia's plutocratic apparel. He knew it did not come from him, even tho his income from the terminal plans had become a solid one. He knew that Van Vechtan was simply making her the simple allowance he had given her when she first came to her father and to him, adequate only for her studies and simple attire. Because he honestly did not very much care in any essential sense he did not press the matter for a while. Van Vechtan did, and Sonia, curled up on a couch, told him all about it. "It's gorgeous fun," she said, in conclusion.

Van Vechtan sighed. The sigh came from his traditions and his dreams, never quite the same, always a bit disturbed since this girl had come over the waters, bringing with her new flavors, a hint of new desires.

"You are a mystery as you are, Sonia," he told her. "Why try to exploit it all—for the mob? Reserve is the last of the arts, and the finest. Why not live more for Peter, more for the things you can take with you into the softer years? The adulation of the mob—they are a wolf-pack, snarling for fresh meat. They will reject you and cast you out. They will forget you."

"I will reject them and cast them out, too," Sonia said; "they are a toy to me, also. I will forget them. Anyway, what does tomorrow matter? Or yesterday? It is the present that matters. It is today. Death and forgetfulness make mawkeries of past and future."

"You are imbibing," sighed Van Vechtan, "the tin-pan philosophy of Jimmie"
LASSIC
utherland. I suppose you've got to

What a weary cycle it all is!"

Of course, sensationalism stepped in
and smashed the whole rotting structure to
the mud, from which, only with great
pain and labor, anything whole and ade-
quate was made again.

Peter came home one night, straight
from Joan, to find Sonia dancing an
abandoned sort of a thing for Jimmie
oothland. All the satyr in Sutherland
was on the surface. It was repellent.
Peter created a scene, justifiably enough,
and only Sonia's really desperate pleading
saved the studio from being the scene
of God knows what horror.

After it was over, Sonia packed her
bags and departed. "I don't know what
it's all about," she said, "but I know that
I can't stand it, any of it. You've never
loved me, Peter. I think some of the
cause is in that."

A week later Peter followed her to
the dancing palace, and so did Jimmie Suther-
land's discarded Fay Desmond. The
papers had the whole thing in detail the
next morning. Fay Desmond tore the
mask from the masked dancer, disclo-
thing her, Sutherland leaped to the
rescue and then, clean as a lance, past the
lot of them, a slender man, white and
murderous, cleaved thru the crowd—and
Jimmie Sutherland lay under a smoking
gun held by Peter Dervyn.

It was an equally sensational trial.
The component parts were splendid as
copy—the famous masked dancer;
Schafer Van Vechten, unapproachable
in the assault of all approaches; Peter,
an odd murderer in his remote and white
asceticism; the desperate-looking Fay
Desmond, with the odd air about her of
stiffened vitality, almost as the frozen;
the name of the wealthy Jimmie Suther-
land, whom wealth had turned, it
seemed, from a ruddy, honest pork-
packer into a satyr, horrorly stalking.

The trial reached its climax when
Sonia, slender and vastly different, all
in black and utterly composed, took the
stand. She told the jury, very simply,
without any sort of affectation or apol-
gy or ostentation, that she had been
Jimmie Sutherland's mistress because she
craved the luxuries of life and her hus-
band could not give them to her. "He
found it out," she said, in conclusion, "so
he killed him."

Peter was acquitted. He had done,
of course, the justifiable thing. He had
merely killed the thing rotting the decent
foundation of his home. One could do
no more, it seemed; no less.

He went to Sonia and thanked her—
for telling the truth.

"Naturally," Sonia said to him, her
small hand, a frozen thing, stiff in his
formal touch, "naturally, Peter, I would
—tell the truth. I've always done that—
—at least."

"It was a hard truth to tell," Peter
said, "but it was big, Sonia. You might
have done much less."

(Ninety-one)

Surprises
You Can Serve With Bubble Grains

Some morning serve Puffed Rice or Corn
Puffs in this way:
After crisping, douse with melted butter.
Then add your cream and sugar.
It will taste like a dish of confections. And
men enjoy it
just as much as
children.

Add Puffed Rice to your fruit dish—any
fruit. Fruit tastes best with some flimsy crust.
That's why we have pies, tarts and short-
cakes.
These fragile, nut-like bubbles add that crust.
After a test you will never omit them.

For supper, float Puffed Wheat in milk.
These are whole-wheat bubbles toasted. They
are four times as porous as bread.
Children need whole wheat. They need the
minerals in the outer coats. Served in this way
they will revel in it.

After school surprise
the children with these
tidbits:

Douse Corn Puffs or Puffed Rice with melted
butter. Let them cat like popcorn. Children
can eat these grain dainties to their hearts' con-
tent—they so easily digest.

Scatter Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs like nut-meats on ice cream. A
famous restaurant in Chicago first suggested this.
Puffed Rice is also used like nut-meats in home candy making—to make
the candy porous, light and nutty.

Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice Corn
Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

All steam exploded—puffed to eight times normal size. Every food
cell blasted by Professor Anderson's process, so digestion is easy and
complete.
These are the greatest grain foods in existence and you should know
them all.

Like Pancakes Made
With Nuts

Now we make a pancake flour containing
ground Puffed Rice. It makes the pancakes fluffy
and gives a nut-like flavor. The flour is self-
rising, so you simply add milk or water. You
never tasted pancakes such as folks make with
Puffed Rice Pancake Flour.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers
I agree with you there," she said. Peter felt, curiously, that she was flame-precious in him, somehow irate. It made of Sonia something he had not suspected. Vaguely he felt uncomfortable. He knew that he was in the face of unshrugged pain.

Later he went away with Joan to await the time when the peace they had all but lost could come to them, too wise now to let it evade them, however and whatever the price they might have to give.

Sonia left the courtroom alone. She walked. She walked a long way, toward the river. She remembered hearing that a lot of "crazy foreigners" went that way when the things of life became too much for them. She laughed aloud, but not bitterly. She was too tired for bitterness, too tired for anything save relief that she was alone and that there remained so simple a solution as following her drery body into enveloping waters, lapping ever so gently against the green docks. Of course, it was very cold, she supposed, and very dirty. But then so was she cold, terribly cold and dirty, too, she thought, all stained and scarred... She had only wanted to live; that was the whole of it.

There had been no evil intent in her heart, not any more than there had been when she had wanted, so vividly, to dance, back in her native village. And she had danced. She had danced here, too. She had danced her soul into flames and her body into the river. It was all cold. Very inexplicable. Things one could not understand invariably hurt one. It was a blunting, blowing sense. One groped, sly, too, who had so greatly loved the dear ozone, the winged ether, the altitudes where one could see far horizons with an unframed vision. All at once something took hold of her. Something warm. A human hand. She had never expected to feel warm again.

Some one drew her very close and, as if knowing she wanted to be cold despite her own furs, enveloped her in a great coat he was wearing himself. It was Van Vechtian.

"My child," he was murmuring, ever so tenderly, "my child... my child..."

Sonia found herself crying against him, against the beating of his heart, his true heart. He had, it seemed to her, walked suddenly from out of the twilight and was standing fully, in the sun.

"Come home, my love," he said.

The maid helped him and he made her comfortable. He eased her tired body and her tired soul and quelled the sorry fluttering of her heart. He bade her know that love might be a torch held high against the heavens, unquenchable, eternal. He took her in his arms and rocked her with love. He taught her a new lesson, a new faith. Once, half awake, she whispered to him, "Of course. I lied... to Peter... about Jimmie..." "Of course," he whispered back.

Still later she crept closer to him. Her lips, white petals now, moved, tonelessly. She bent closer to catch what she said.

"I have come home, my love," was what he heard.

(Ninety-two)
Understudying Mary
(Continued from page 85)

The old station master knew that Miss Pickford and her company were coming there that morning and he was all expectation. His expectations were more than realized when he came out of his little office and beheld "two" Mary Pickfords instead of one.

He circled about the pair and surveyed them. "Two,"-a beauty-dil-from curl-bedecked heads to identical "Tolliamna" homespun short frock, plain cotton stockings and tiny well-worn shoes. He took distance views from the front, rear and sides. Then he tightened the circle and looked his fill at close range and punctuated his glances from each angle, with a perplexed scratch of his head.

Then he waited his opportunity and when the "two" Pickfords separated for a moment, he hurried over to Miss Du Pre and pried her with a "million" questions. He asked where she had been born and where Miss Pickford hailed from, and if there existed any relationship between them. But the answers only perplexed him the more and learning that Miss Du Pre came from Atlanta, Georgia, while Miss Pickford came from Toronto, Canada, he gave up the effort to solve the "mystery" and resumed his work with the remark—typical of a railroad man—"cant understand how two people can come from such widely separated points and look alike."

Then to the studio came such celebrities as Mrs. McCadoo and Mrs. William Randolph Hearst, where they met Miss Du Pre and were amazed at the duplicity of the little "Queens of the Screen." And the furore Pickford created in the studio extended even to the wise ones of the profession, to those men and women long associated with the business of making motion pictures and used to the surprises of the motion picture stage.

There was Tom Gerrity, the scenario writer and veteran motion picture man, when he beheld star and undergrad study together, for the first time, he looked, turned and with a convulsed education, and then pleaded: "Tell me quick—which is which—or send for a doctor."

And through the excitement, Miss Du Pre has retained her usual poise, with not the slightest sign of being spoiled by the flattery and the official appointment of being "just like Mary." "Of course, it is very wonderful to be associated with Miss Pickford," she said, "but I don't feel any more like me and I don't feel like Miss Pickford in any way, other than as her understudy. Miss Pickford is a master of the art of silent expression and in my present position I feel like a student taking a post-graduate course."

Louise Du Pre has played on the stage for several years, but has always played dramatic-ingenue roles—parts far removed from the "child" characters essayed by Miss Pickford. She is a Southern girl with a convent education, and although only five feet in height, she likes to dress her hair back and appear "grown up."
incidentally giving it a happy ending. Conrad's tale of the exile, Axel Heyst, and the girl from a wandering tropical orchestra upon the lovely Pacific isle is touched here and there by Mr. Tourneur's camera, but not by the scenario. "Victory" singularly disappointed us, for we suggested the tragic tale to Mr. Tourneur some two years ago, and we looked forward to its screening with genuine interest. The dapper Jack Holt is not the Axel of Conrad and Seena Owen is too much the ingénue to ever be the picturesque Alma. The only approach to Conrad is Lon Cheney, who was the Frog of "The Miracle Man," as that merciless vulture of the South Seas, Ricardo.

"Soldiers of Fortune," (Realtart), Allan Dwan's celluloiding of the late Richard Harding Davis' pleasant romance of South American revolutions in the merry days before the poison gas and modern mechanism took the gayety out of warfare, is done in a big way, but it never once makes a direct personal appeal. Dwan is more fitted for stories of the inner soul than these pageants of supers. Here his cast does not in any way distinguish itself. There is one remarkable long shot, a vista of the animated royal parade ground, which will not soon be forgotten by fans who love "Soldiers of Fortune."

Mary Pickford contributes a mellower and more legitimate characterization in "Heart o' the Hills," (First National), adapted from a tale of the moonshine mountain folks by the late John Fox, Jr., than in any of her vehicles for some months. Here she has a rôle slightly more mature than has been her recent, the character of a fiery, untamed girl of the Kentucky hills. And Miss Wray has a pleasingly varied array of shadings and nuances, despite the triteness of the romance. Harold Goodwin does the mountain boy lover admirably.

"For Old Kentucky," (First National), is still another story of the moonshiners, Kentucky colonels, and so on. For years a barnstorming stage melodrama, it has been adapted to Anita Stewart's film needs. It is the most obvious sort of cheap melodrama. Marshall Neilan has done all in his power to camouflage the story, but the screen is mercilessly revealing, we fear. Miss Stewart shows no advance in this picture, we regret to report.

Mary Miles Minter's "Anne of Green Gables," (Realtart), belongs to the sugarcoated Pollyanna school of realistic literature. Miss Minter portrays a young orphan who, adopted by an aged couple, softens their hearts and eventually wins her own happiness. Miss Minter is a pleasant little person, but of limited technical equipment. Hence "Anne of Green Gables" centered wholly upon her, moves along a monotonous level of conventionality.

Only a season or so ago Mrs. Fiske played a stage version of Helen R. Mar... (Continued from page 96)
Brings this 9-Piece
Bed Room Outfit

9 Pieces—Read the Descriptions
Soft, Silklike Comforter
A good size comforter of rich, soft thickness. Hemstitch. Filled with pure, white, sanitary cotton, with a good wearing silklike cover. In rich floral design, both sides alike. Measures about 71 x 97 inches. Shipping weight, about 11 lbs.

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Double blankets, beautifully made, of extra weight, finely woven cotton yarn, and soft finish. Made of standard colors, with handsome plaid. Embroidered with a wide variety of popular colorings. Measures about 64 x 76 inches. Weight, about 3 lbs.

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YOU, yes, you, write the words for a song and submit to me. If I find the subject or ideas suitable for use in a song, I will agree to write a musical for you and have the complete song printed according to the plan of the Metropolitan Studios.

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Get a 35-cent bottle of "Dandarine." Bring back your hair's life, color, brightness and beauty.

The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 94)

tin's stories of the Dutch folk of Pennsylvania called "Erstwhile Susan," building the play about the eccentric teacher of elocution who weds into a stolid farmer family. In adapting "Erstwhile Susan" to the films for Constance Binney's use, Realart has shifted the interest from the wife to the brow-beaten youngest daughter of the Dready domicile.

"Erstwhile Susan" is loose and slow-moving; of course, there is no real rhythm or direction. John S. Robertson's direction is but fair, but Miss Binney reveals certain distinct possibilities as the drudge, Barnabetta. She makes a genuine effort at characterization. The photoplay has been cut to accent Barnabetta, with the result that the odd character of the step-mother, also well played by Mary Alden, will be puzzling to the average celluloid audience.

Billie Burke's piquancy is very much soft-pedaled in "Wanted--A Husband," (Paramount). Herein she plays a dowdy young girl who, stung by the comments of her friends, announces a hastily selected photograph as that of her lover. She puts herself thru a training with modistes and hairdressers just as the damsel. We turn to out to be the real thing. There are all sorts of complications, of course. "Wanted--A Husband" is very slow-moving. We do not care personally particularly for James L. Crane as the lover who comes true.

Very frothy is "Luck in Pawn," (Paramount), a Marvin Taylor story in which Marguerite Clark lends her petite charms. Miss Clark plays a little country girl who tries to be a painter, meets a bored young millionaire and, after arousing him, finds ultimate happiness. Walter Edwards has tearfully overdrawn many of his incidents. No such society folk ever existed on land or sea. Miss Clark is pleasant, but the comedy itself is pretty fragile stuff.

The Movie Encyclopedia

(Continued from page 88)

UTAH'S DAUGHTER.-Why, Juanita Hansen isn't missing. She was playing in "The Lost City," presenting Selig's Wild Animals, Lois Weber in "Forced to Wed." Think of such a thing! I am told that brown eyes usually photograph better than blue ones. Yes, Marguerite Clark is married. Don't believe all you hear, and only half of what you see.

F. C. M., MANILA.-Last I heard of her she was in "The White Fox," a good film. Can you think of a more gruesome title than "The Cinema Murder" with Marion Davies in the lead? Think of it, written by Frances Marion, and directed by George D. Baker, two of the best in the business, with a title like that. I wonder who murdered the cinema. Let me hear from you again.

J. F. M.-Well, I can tell you offhand how many distributing associations there are in the U. S. There are forty, each with organized exchanges with branches throughout the country, altho there are only about five important film exchange systems.

R. E. N-Y.-I know they follow our style, but you know that imitation is the sincerest form of flattery. Why, the Pacific Ocean is the deepest of the great oceans. Its greatest known depth is 21,500 fathoms. I understand they are going to have bars in the ocean now. Yes, Dorothy Green is playing--she just finished "The Wild Pawn."
Have women a sense of honor?

Or is honor a trait of man only?

Katherine MacDonald

The American Beauty

will tell you what one woman did when another’s good name depended on a silence that cast suspicion on herself, in the powerful drama,

“The Turning Point”

Adapted from Robert W. Chambers’ novel of the same title. Produced by the Katherine MacDonald Picture Corp’n. Directed by J. M. Barry.

Watch for it at Your Theatre!

A “First National” Attraction
THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical geniæ have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so now. Don’t lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

**FIRST PRIZE**
Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Father, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record. A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

**SECOND PRIZE**
 Moviette Camera and three packages of films (value $65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip—in pictures—pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

**THIRD PRIZE**
 Sheaffer "Giftie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

**FOURTH PRIZE**
Sheaffer Costume Combination Set, consisting of an eight-inch Woodland Series Size Underwood Typewriter, a Sheaffer "Giftie" Fountain Pen, a Sheaffer "Giftie" Pencil, and a Sheaffer "Giftie" Pencil Sharpener. All in a plush-lined box. No emissions to remember, no leaks to forget.

**FIFTH PRIZE**
Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

**SIXTH PRIZE**
Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No emissions to remember, no leaks to forget.

**SEVENTH PRIZE**
Star Vibrator, handomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

**EIGHTH PRIZE**
Same as Seventh Prize.

**NINTH PRIZE**
Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.
When the Lights Are Low

and all within is snug and cozy despite the howling wind and drifting snow without—when sparkling eyes reflect the firelight's glow, and the lift of melody tingly through our veins—then do we know the sweet thrill of real companion-

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Fame and Fortune Contest for 1920

The first Fame and Fortune Contest having come to a happy and successful end, and several prospective stars of the first magnitude having been selected and started on their careers, it is with pleasure that we announce a similar contest for the year 1920, beginning with the January number of

Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland

Once more we shall go thru America with a fine-tooth comb as it were, in search for budding beauties with Motion Picture ambitions. No longer can any young lady or girl say that she has not had a chance. We shall give them all a chance—that is, every one that appears to have sufficient personality, charm, beauty and winsomeness. The first test is the photograph. If that gives promise, we publish it and ask for more. If the others are equally promising, we secure a personal interview, and finally we make a "test" Moving Picture and send it broadcast thru the theaters. Many of the girls whose pictures appeared in the Honor Rolls of our magazines, received many flattering offers from producing companies, and this proves that we are doing a good thing for ambitious American beauties, even tho we might err in our final judgment in selecting the winners. The Honor Rolls will continue each month in all of our publications, thus giving something like two hundred girls honorable mention, including a published photo. One or more of these we promise will be made

Stars of International Fame

Just think of what a prize this is! The contest just closed attracted nation-wide attention. The newspapers everywhere published illustrated accounts of our final test, and several of the News Weeklies of Current Events showed scenes of the happy party at Roslyn, which were flashed on nearly every screen thruout the United States.

What an opportunity! If it does not interest you, tell your neighbor about it or your distant friend—they may have a daughter just looking for a chance of this kind.

One thing we want to impress upon all aspirants—he careful in the choice of the photograph you submit. Postcard photos will not do. Poorly printed photos, and small ones, cannot be considered. We feel that many beautiful girls lost out in the last contest just because they did not go to the trouble of consulting a good photographer. Furthermore, don't submit photos that lie! They may get you on the Honor Roll, but they will never see you thru. We recall in the last contest several young ladies who submitted wonderful pictures, and succeeded in getting on the Honor Roll, but when they appeared on the scene, alas, we found that the camera had lied. We want pictures that do you full justice, even flattering ones, but not dishonest ones. If you are a giant or a midget, if you have an impossible profile, or an ugly nose, or some other defect, don't let the photographer conceal these things—it will be to your less and disadvantage in the end. Your features may not be perfect, but you may win in spite of that—only, we want to know all. Hence, please do not try to deceive us. Make yourself appear to the best advantage, but do not overdo it.

Rules and date of Contest opening to be announced in next issue.

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Motion Picture Magazine

FEBRUARY NUMBER

All in all it’s a delightful solution for your winter evening reading, beautifully illustrated and brimful of the latest news of Hollywood.

Ruth Stonehouse, the little wisp of a girl, who won success with the Essanay, has been interviewed in her pretty mountain home in Hollywood — Betsy Bruce has written all about her in an intimate chat.

There are novelizations of the most interesting feature plays — plays boasting some of the most popular stars.

Doris Delvigne has talked with Al St. John — and he’s every bit as funny as he is on the screen.

It is really unusually attractive, presenting well-known stars in vivid interviews and personality stories and the latest productions in absorbing novelizations.

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The kind—as you've probably noticed also—that bears the brand name Paramount.

In every Paramount Artcraft Feature, Famous Players-Lasky Corporation recognizes no limits on the scenes but the earth. No limits on the machinery but machinery. No limits on the cost but money. No limits on the cast but artists. No limits on the plot but clean, new and thrilling.

And that's what brings the encores from you!

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 Paramount Pictures

Latest Paramount Artcraft Features—Released to March 1st

Billie Burke in "Wanted—A Hobo"
Margaret Clark in "The Amorous Wife"
William D. Taylor's Production

Elmo Clifton in "The Copperhead"
Edith Whart in "The Cynics"

"Make and Female"
Dorothy Gish in "Miss Ellen Comes to Town"
D. W. Griffith's Production

Harry Holman in "Red Hair"
W. S. Hart in "The Terror Island"
William D. Taylor's Production

Robert Warwick in "Jack Straw"
Bryant Washburn in "The Six Just Cellars"

"Black is White"
Ouida St. John in "Behind the Door"

Raymond Griffith's Production

Douglas MacLean and Doris May in "The Siren's Song"

Maurice Tourneur's Production

"The Month of the Tiger"

Maurice Tourneur's Production

"The Miracle Man"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Argentine Comedies

Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies

Paramount-At St. John Comedies

Paramount Short Subjects

Paramount-Murderman Holmes Travel Pictures
MARCH, 1920
No. 1

CONTENTS
Of Motion Picture Classic

THE GIRL ON THE COVER
(Painted by Leo Stielke, Jr. Based upon a photograph by the Hoover Art Company.)

Since vivacious little Clarine Seymour stepped into prominence in David Griffith's "The Girl Who Stayed At Home," playing the cabaret girl, she has been strongly in cinema interest. Little Miss Seymour has previously had considerable experience in film larce.

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175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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PHOTOPLAYS

Stage Plays That Are Worth While
(Continued from page 6)

The chief blush producer is a scene on a sleeping
porch.
"The Better 'Ole." The Coburn production of
the sweet comedy based upon Bracken-Bracken-
father's immortal creation, Old Bill. Mr. Coburn's characterization of Bill
is still as remarkable as ever.
Francis Cameron, who is developing remarkably, is the brains figure of "A Lonely Romeo,"
while Mr. Fields is his humorous self. There's a
decidedly funny scene in a men's hat shop.
"Chu Chu Chow." An opulent and beautiful
musical extravaganza based upon the
Arabian Nights tale of Ali Baba and the Forty
Thieves. Dazzling series of aerial pageantes.
"Chu Chu Chow" is presented this
year with an entirely new edition and new cost-
tumes. Marjorie Wood makes a colorful
desert woman, Lionel Barrymore is very effective
as the rube sheik and Eugene Cleaves makes the
role of steward stand out. George Roscy
plays the young lover admirably.
"La Cauche." Musical comedy built
around the efforts of a loving couple to arrange
a divorce in order to live up to the terms of a
millionaire's will. A co-respondent is en-
gaged and troubles begin.
The Shubert Galleries of 1919. A lively revue
with scores of statuesque girls and stunning
frocks. A decidedly attractive entertainment.
"John Ferguson." A vigorous drama that
compares favorably with anything of the kind
that New York has seen for years. Beautifully
staged and acted. Masterpieces of this kind
should be liberally patronized to encourage
others.
Georg White's "Scandals of 1919." All
sorts and variations of dancing make up for
a lack of story or humor. The real star is
pintig little Ann Pennington--as seductive
a little jazzie as ever shimmied on Broadway.
Then there's the lively dancing of Mr. White
herself.
"Fondly Yours." This is the record-
breaking comedy drama of last season, with
Louis Mann in his original role.
"Three Wise Fools." Austen Strong's hu-
nan little drama of three crusty old
brothers who are befriended by a young woman
and who are subsequently rejuvenated. Melodrama
with a heart throb. Helen Menken gives
a striking performance of the nerve-racked hero-
in, while Claude Gillingwater is a delightfully
teddy old Teddy Findley.
"She's a Good Fellow." A light but pleasant
musical comedy built about the efforts of old
folks to break up a marriage between a loving
couple. Joseph Sargent is a likeable lover-husband, masquerading in skirts for a
whole act. Ivy Sawyer, the very pleasing Ann
Orr and Scott Welsh lend delightful assis-
tance.
"30 East." A charming comedy founded on
a boarding school romance in which many in-
teresting characters make love-making difficult
for a pair of young lovers.
"Up in Mabel's Room." Piquant, dainty but
decidedly amusing fare built about the pursuit
of a dainty gink ungarment which bears the
same name as a recent jazz dance. Admire-
able cast, including the radiant Hazel
Dawn.
"Three Cheers East." Another Secret Ser-
vice-German spy drama, this one by Anthony
Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photo-
playwrights. The principal change in this play
is in trying to guess who are the German spies
and who are the Allies, just as we were puzzled
in "Cheating Churls" to know who were
burglars and who were not.

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gram changes every week.

Hear, Hear! The world is so full of a number of
things, but—nothing more important to the readers of The Motion Picture Magazine
than the following announcement—delivered in our best oratorical
manner, and with gestures:

Ladies and Gentlemen: Owing to the congested condi-
tion at the printers—occasioned by their recent strike—and in an
decade to catch up with our customary schedule, we regret to announ-
cement that there will be no April issue of that most welcome of
visitors, The Motion Picture Magazine.

But—

We also wish to announce that we will issue on the First Day of
April, 1920 (mark the date
with red ink on your calendar), a unique feature in the magazine
world—to be known as The
April-May Issue of The Mo-
tion Picture Magazine!

This will be a two-in-one maga-

azine, and the subscribers of
The Motion Picture Magazine
will have no reason to regret the
missing one, when this one will be
released.

We Beg Your Indulgence

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175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

This is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the business, of 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, consider, most anybody can tell a story. Why can’t anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn’t this only another of the mistaken ideas of past years that we can’t end? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. Today he dives as if thousand and ten thousand feet above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So yesterday’s “impossibility” is a reality today.

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Photograph by Alden

EUGENE O'BRIEN
Selznick star.
Elaine started by being merely the granddaughter of the famous Oscar, and daughter of the stage producer, Arthur Hammerstein. But she has established herself as a star on her own merits in Selznick Pictures.
Miss Lake is a Brooklyn girl and she made her début at Vitagraph. Then came several years in screen farce—with "Fatty" Arbuckle and the Christie forces—after which she returned to film drama at Metro.
We hear that Tony is soon to be transferred by Vitagraph from serials to features. For which we say, "Praise be!" For there is no more picturesque or colorful young actor than Tony Moreno.
"The male vampire of the screen," they call Lew Cody, now a star in his own name. Cody brings a new personality to the films, a boulevardier of the Continental capitals—an Anatol of the cinema.
Mae, Mary and Matrimony

MARY had just been put to bed.

We sat at the dining-room table—Mae Marsh Arms, her husband, little Mary's nurse and I. Quaint candles illuminated the room with flickering, home-like gleams.

Across the table we caught the glow in Mrs. Marsh Arms' eyes. We had interviewed the Mae Marsh of picturedom at least several times before, but this was a new Mae Marsh.

Where once flashed a rollicking glow of mischief now burned a new and steady light. And we listened:

"Mary is wonderful!" exclaimed Mamma Marsh.
"Yes, indeed," echoed Papa Marsh.
"Did nurse tell you how splendid she was today?" said mamma, turning to papa.
Papa shook his head enthusiastically. "You bet!"
"She just loves strangers—" began mamma.
"Not a bit like most whiny kids," interrupted papa.
"Every one says she's awfully different," smiled mamma, proudly.
"Yes, indeed," echoed papa.

We caught our breath. A year or so had certainly transformed the hoydenish Mae. Plumper, more rounded, there was a new dignity here. And that wonderful light in her eyes!

We asked the once-so-wistful star of the screen how she liked married life.
"Great!" she exclaimed. "I simply cant under-
stand why every one isn't married. I love it—and Mary—more than all the world put together."

"And you wouldn't change—"

"Not for millions," she answered, fairly aghast. "Of course, I am returning to the screen, but I am taking Mary along with me. All the photos in the world couldn't separate us.

"I believe all this happiness—and Mary—have made me a better actress. They couldn't fail to do that. Why, I didn't begin to know the depths and the heights of life before Mary came. Now it is as if a curtain had been drawn aside and all life's possibilities lay before me.

"I may never again be successful on the screen from the standpoint of appeal and personality, but I cannot fail to be just a bit better actress. For I understand a little of life now."

"Ethel Barrymore once said something like that," we reminded.

"And it is true. Life was a thing of pleasures and whims—to be tasted as pleasant or unpleasant, and passed on. But—think of it—Mary is upstairs asleep—my own little Mary—my husband is here and I am infinitely happy.

"I am going to do my best to be successful in the films upon my return. I know I shall, if I can only make a fraction of my happiness shine out of my work."

Little Mary is just six months old. We asked her mother if she wanted Mary to be an actress. Papa Arms, who is a newspaper man, smiled.

"If she wants to be an actress, of course, I shall help her," mamma answered.

"I think she is going to be a writer," said papa, proudly.

"When I sit down at night with her in my arms and open a newspaper, Mary's joy is complete. She chuckles with glee, I can tell you."

The Marsh-Arms have been spending the past summer at Forest Hills. There Mae Marsh has been resting. No pictures did she see all thru the year, of course. "I'm having a perfect orgy of picture-going now, and I'm hunting everywhere to see 'Broken Blossoms,' 'The Miracle Man' and all the other big things I have missed. I simply must see them all."

At this writing Mamma Marsh, plus papa and Mary, are about to start for the coast, where Mae will again return to the Cooper-Hewitts.

"We haven't found exactly the right story yet," said papa. Just then a sound came from the upper regions of the Arms' mansion. Mamma and nurse dashed Mary-ward.

"She's laughing in her sleep," ex- 

(Continued on page 60)
"Dear Tommie"

Tommie Meighan has been married ten years; Frances Ring being Mrs. Meighan. Regarding the secret of marital success, Tommie answers: "A sense of humor." Moreover, he calls it the one vital thing to marriage. It makes for true camaraderie. It removes all stigma. It is the real solvent. Adjoining are glimpses of Mr. Meighan in recent De Mille productions.

I did not ask me to censor the statement in my written word, either. The ten years, happy years, I take it, from the twinkle in his eye, have been dedicated to Frances Ring. "She's got something up here," he told me, touching his forehead. I asked him, awed by the ten years, what he thought the secret of marital success really was—or is. I felt that the decade entitled him to some ripe philosophizing. He answered me, "A sense of humor." He went on to say that he considered it the really vital thing. He said that it must exist if the matrimonial ship is to escape the reefs and shoals. One doesn't fight, he said, when one can laugh. It makes for true camaraderie. It removes all stings. It is the real solvent.

I asked him what he thought his own success was due to, what intrinsic thing within himself.

He waved a protesting hand when I articulated the word success, but I was well fortified with chicken sandwiches and considerable orange pekoe, and I persisted. I was there to push my questions, and I believe I can say, modestly, that I pushed. I had to, with "Dear Tommie."

He has a habit of running off the track and discoursing upon somebody else, volubly and with interest. As a monologist on himself he is a good Miracle Man. However, as I say, I did persist...

After a tentative waiving of the word success, he said, "Such as it is—to my mother and father!"

I asked him why. What particular thing or things they had done for him. "Just because they were what they were," he answered, "right-thinking, clean-living, regular people. Being with them was enough."

We paid the small tribute of a momentary silence to the memory of his mother, who had died six weeks before.

I wanted to know whether...
he really loved the work he was doing, and what he hopes to do
in the future, along what line or lines and, particularly, whether
he has any aspirations along the directorial line.
He is, you know, a very pleasant sort of person, with a light-
some smile and an easy manner, or he might have gently evicted
me from the further consumption of food and time as a human
interrogation and therefore not accountable. Instead of which
he was stunningly informative.
He hadn't cared much about his work, he admitted frankly, until
quite recently. Hadn't, at all events, taken the same deep interest
in it he takes now, felt the same

impelling charm. Then,
too, so many and such
limitless possibilities
have opened up to him
recently. "The Miracle
Man," he said, is the
type of work he wants
to do, his line . . . He
has no desire to go back
to the stage, very much
contrariwise. He'd have
stage-fright, he declared.
Facing an audience —
whew! After working in
the rather clubby fash-
ion of the studios, As
for being a director . . .

"To my mind," he said, "there are three absolutely essential
factors in the make-up of a really great director. The first is
imagination. The second is concentration. The third is applica-
tion. I haven't any one of the three. I guess that lets
me out."

"I don't believe you haven't any one of them," I said; "the
first, now . . ."

"Oh, well," he said, with a smile, "I'm Irish . . ."

The Little People have flocked for too many idyllic centu-
ries over Ireland . . . too many banns have been waited on too
many moon-white nights . . . legends with thrills and throbs of
a wild beauty have been too rife for one of Ireland's sons
to disdain imagination now.
"Well, then," I prompted.
"Well, the other two — the majority, you know — application

and concentration, I haven't a vestige of either
one of them. Besides, I haven't, honestly, the
desire. I'm content to leave the directing to
others—Griffith and De Mille and George Loane
Tucker, and men like them."
I asked him, while we were sky-rocketing with
the subject of success, whether he thought a high
price of some sort or other was necessarily
attached thereto.

"I do," he said; "for one thing, the loss of personal liberty.
Imagine, for instance, coming here for tea with Charlie
Chaplin. You'd be mobbed in a great many places; in almost
all places you'd be so whispered about and nudged about
and openly and overtly stared at that you'd have acute in-
digestion before you got hold of the tea-card. A person
with all that success can never go out and have a thoroughly
good time, when and where and with whom he pleases.
There's a sort of barrier built and there's no getting past
it. It's distinctly a limited sphere while seeming to be with-
out limit."

Then, too, a certain loss, I think, of perspective.
Rose-colored glasses, in a sense, even tho we may be wholly
unaware that we are wearing them, or that they have been
placed upon the bridge of our, so to speak, nose.

We gaze, at times, from a figurative Woolworth and the
good substantial horses and drays and other matter-of-fact-
nesses seem lost in a sort of blur.

Tommie has not lost his. There is no blur, of rose or other-
wise, upon his figurative glasses.

"Dear Tommie" is going to star this coming year. He be-


"Dear Tommie" is going to star this coming year. He be-

he, he says, that starring will show a considerable change
in his work. "A great many of the best bits of the cast are
often and necessarily cut out for the fuller benefit of the star," he
explained, "and, quite often, work I have done has seemed
stolid for that very reason. When I am doing my own starring
such will not be the case, so I'm hoping."

Tommie will be interesting to watch, but what is more and
better, I believe, with the well-known editor, that he will
always just be about the same to know . . . essentially,
come what may come, "Dear Tommie — You haven't changed
a bit!"
Marjorie Daw: A Real Girl

Marjorie Daw isn't her real name at all! Cecil De Mille gave it to her several years ago when she first came to the Lasky studio. With his prophetic eye, he probably saw that it would look better in electric lights when she grew up and became a star, than her own, which is much longer. Anyway, this sweet little name just suits her, and tho it has not yet flashed in electrics, it has appeared in very black type on many programs, for her career has progressed by leaps and bounds and she has played with many of the best known film stars of the day.

Great things are predicted for this young girl, whose spontaneity makes her characters live and breathe upon the screen, bringing youthful romance vividly before our eyes.

"Isn't it wonderful?" questioned Marjorie, dancing about in girlish enthusiasm.

I agreed with fervor, even while I secretly wondered if she referred to the very smart frock she was wearing, an adorable navy tricotine, which was one of her purchases during a recent trip to New York, or the artistic dressing-room, newly decorated especially for her at Marshall Neilan's quaint little studio in Hollywood, or, indeed, her splendid contract in which she is to appear in this young producer's pictures.

"It is so cheerful," she continued, as her eyes swept the large, sunny room, with its wicker furniture and gay cretonnes, while thru the open windows could be seen rows of flaming dahlias and lovely lawns. "I adore colors. They spur me on, and these ducky yellow lights are warm and cozy. Oh, but just look here; this is the very best of all," and, dashing to a door, she led me into the most perfectly equipped little kitchen imaginable. "I've never had time to learn to cook, but now I am so enthused that I want to learn everything all at once so I can invite my friends in to a studio luncheon. Micky thinks this is a huge joke, but I'll show him.

"Always," Marjorie went on, seriously, after we had returned to the dressing-room, "I have wanted to be in Micky Neilan's company. I remember, when I was just a little girl at the Lasky studio, how I would sit around and watch him directing Mary Pickford, just hoping and hoping that some day I, too, could be under his direction. I nearly died of joy when it all really happened.

Photograph at left by Alfred Cheney Johnston
Photograph below by Evans, L. A.
"We're making a great picture now, 'The River's End,'" she rattled on, with her contagious enthusiasm, "and my role is light comedy. I'm an English girl, and everybody loves me down to the Chinese cook. I wear pretty clothes and have a beautiful time. Why, I even ride horse-back—in a stiff!" and she laughed gaily.

"Our whole company is wonderful, all working together like one big family, and even the camera-man, who is a dear, tells me when to put more soul into my eyes."

"Micky is so boyish, with a regular Peter Pan sense of youth, and he is always joking and 'kidding.' He sees life at its best, and one of his rules is never to lose his temper while working, and he lives up to this faithfully."

"The trip to New York—was it all you had anticipated?" I asked.

"Was it?" jumping to her feet to give added emphasis. "It was wonderful! I went and went, and saw and saw, and everything was so exciting," and Marjorie dropped back into her chair, subsiding for a moment after this ecstatic explosion.

Then followed an animated account of the shops and the styles, the new plays and the interesting people she had met, all from a girlish viewpoint so refreshing that it seemed to sweep everything old and sordid from the map. She confessed that she found herself judging those splendid Gotham hotels and cafés by the quality of their ice-cream, this being her fad of the moment.

"Down in Greenwich Village," she told me, eagerly, "I found a new kind, queerish and delicious, made by a secret process or something, and I couldn't describe it in a hundred years, so it is just a memory to dream about," and again came the gay laugh.

"My first and only character role was Emmy Jane Perkins in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,'" said Marjorie, settling down to the demands for an interview. "I was embarrassed to death with (Continued on page 65)
Scotch and Seltzer

Ten o’clock in the morning, and the maid said he hadn’t as yet wakened. A half-hour’s wait, and at length a sleepy-eyed young gentleman clad for tennis, and be-moaning the fact that three old-fashioned, very rare, hand-blown glass bottles, sent him by express from the East, were broken in transit.

“I’m all disheartened,” quoth the insouciant Mr. Kerry. “I can’t replace ‘em.”

“Oh, yes, you can,” I replied. “The Olde Curiosity Shoppe on Sixth Street has a couple just like them. Four dollars apiece, but I imagine you can ‘Jew em down.’”

“Righto!”

And the insouciantly broken-hearted Mr. Kerry became happy again. You see, I didn’t have to go thru the formality of an introduction. Norman and I have been friends for some time. In fact, I quite well remember the time that he sang a sobby song to me at my table in a Los Angeles café. That’s how I met him. He thought I was some one else, and when I told him I wasn’t, he said he didn’t give a whoop; we were friends anyhow.

Being of the sex that wears sox and a mustache, I was at once enjoined to languish in his chambre à coucher, where he keeps his art treasures and which looks like a cross between the peacock-room of the late Empress of China and the studio of a Bolshevik artist. Purple and grey hangings on the four windows, funny little doo-dabs, that Norm told me are very valuable, on the tabouret which stands at the head of his bed. I thought that probably they’d contain incense, or something like that, but I found they held cigarettes. And—keep this quiet, mates—there’s a table which looks like an escritoire standing along one of the walls which caches what, in these Saharaesque days, is mintly—a cut-glass carafe filled with spirituous liquor.

“Have a drink?” His forethought was really remarkable. Personally, I am never known to refuse. Neither is Norman. We both of us are Scotch, and Scotch always finds itself in seltzer.

“And now, what do you know about women?”

I knew it would get him started. He has every feminine heart in Hollywood fluttering when he makes his appearance at the hotel dances or dines publicly. And the high school sub-âbés blush and cast their eyes to the ground with what authors are prone to call maidishly ingenuousness when he passes them on the street, and I’ve heard ’em sigh over him. Gosh, girls, it’s awful!

“The dear things!”

“Well, what about ‘em?” quoth I, interviewally.

“I love them all. Except the vampires; they’re too obvious. The girl to vamp me is the baby blonde. Then I know I’m getting vamped, and I enjoy it.”

What is a vamp? Kipling calls her the rag-bone-bank. Gautier refers to her as a disappointed mistress. Kerry to the fore, thusly:

Vampire—Thisbe minus the hole in the wall; Melisande without her Pelleas. In other words, an unnecessary female, who makes life more unpleasant for herself than for those whom she’d like to “wreck.”

And with this

(Twenty-two)
By TRUMAN B. HANDY

high-minded ideal, perhaps you may draw the conclusion that Mr. Kerry is in the matrimonial market, or that his "Wanted—A wife" ad appears in the daily papers. Huh-uh!

Kerry is more or less afraid of women. He says so himself; also, that he likes his liberty.

"For that simple reason I've never been married. I may, and I may not be, but if I were, I'd bow to my superior.

"I hate that word 'superior,' and personally, I fail to recognize any of this so-called 'superiority' in the opposite sex. In California, where women vote, they're quite an equal, but superior—huh!"

"But are they superior?" I back-fired.

"Certainly—if you love them. I mean, a man's wife is always his superior, for the reason that he wouldn't have married her if he didn't recognize in her qualities which he fails to possess and wishes to acquire. And then, too, grand passions are as rare as masterpieces, and very few men are geniuses."

"And what about the cave-man? Like to be one?"

"Hot doggie! If I were married, there would be only one pair of trousers in the house, and I'd be in 'em. A man is born to be a soldier, as he is to be the head of his house. If he gives up his life for his country, he's bound to do so for his marriage, and, according to Emerson, everything has its compensation—even, in this case, if it's only paying the checks. And that's why I'm single. I've never wanted to spoil a woman's illusions."

As Kerry and I discussed pro and con the woman question, Norm skinned thru a few dozen fan letters. At one of them he laughed. Handing it to me, I read that a shop girl in St. Louis would like to marry him. In fact, she openly stated that she idolizes him. Another heartache!

"Doesn't it give you a thrill to be idolized?"

"Huh-uh. Lions are good for only one season. As soon as their manes are cut they are the dullest creatures extant."

"But why keep the fair sex in suspense?"

"That's just why I'm telling you all this. I'm not. No man wants to make a woman impatient. Women consider themselves a flower to be plucked before the bud gets into the bud. But the proper basis for marriage is a mutual understanding. Kind of hard to get nowadays, isn't it, when in so many cases they've made a deletion in the marriage ceremony?"

Kerry is a strong romanticist, as Oscar Wilde says, "very punctual and with a passion for collecting curiosities. Great aversion to cats and bores."

His art collection ranges from an age-old (Continued on Page 68)

(Twenty-three)
A Doll’s—Apartment

matters of profession and general atmosphere
Also, she is too happy and too hard-
working and too busy having fun.
Then, there is the matter of her
looks ... tawny-colored hair massed
on her head, bright eyes, fresh color-
ing, a springy sort of a walk and
rounded lines. No, there is no sug-
gestion in Olive Thomas of “going
out into the night” to find herself.
She appears to be quite completely
found, between the pictures and her
new and fascinating occupation of
decorating and buying for her new
apartment and being Mrs. Jack Pick-
ford, at which estate she is quite evi-
dently pleased, save for the long
distance and the long times that elapse
between their meetings. Said
Olive, with
naiveté, “I call
Jack my ‘long-
distance lover.’”

Considering the newness of her
apartment, a char-
mful and
noth-
ing of the mor-
d Scandinavian and his
equally morbid and
highly introspective
heroines to be de-
duced from the May-
timish Olive Thomas.
Olive could never
have posed for Ibsen.
She is quite youth-
fully and healthful-
an antithesis. Too
essentially a product
of—well, Pittsburgh
in the matter of nativ-
ity and New York and California in the

There is to be
nothing Ibsen-
esque about this
interview saving the
rather obvious play
on a famous Ibsen
title—not that the
scrivener thereof
wouldn’t like to at-
tempt an emulation,
but that there is noth-
ing of the morbid
Scandinavian and his
equally morbid and
highly introspective
heroines to be ded-
ced from the May-

timish Olive Thomas.
Olive could never
have posed for Ibsen.
She is quite youth-
fully and healthful-
an antithesis. Too
essentially a product
of—well, Pittsburgh
in the matter of nativ-
ity and New York and California in the

(Twenty-four)
did much discussing of interior decorating. Olive has opinions and tastes, discriminating ones, and enthusiasms tempered with a really good sense of color effects and general schemes. She knows what she wants and how she wants it, and also how to go about acquiring what she wants. There is a certain directness about her despite her most palpable youth, which gives the impression of a small child in a mammoth toy shop, given, suddenly, carte blanche.

Her long, spacious living-room, with windows across the entire front of it, overlooks the park. It is carpeted in a soft French gray and Olive told me, with asperity, that she was at the studio when the carpet was laid and the men had neglected to lay filling underneath it. "If," said the small matron, "I am to pay for good stuff, I expect to get it, and good workmanship into the bargain. I am going to have them take the whole thing up again and lay it properly. I believe in value received." Which shows, in a very young person with a not inconsiderable salary, a certain sense of economics.

The apartment, she told me, was to be well on its way to completion before the arrival of the "long-distance lover" for Christmas. It was going to be, she said, with anticipation, the best Christmas they have ever had. Their first was spent in Pittsburgh in the hospital with Olive's mother, who was very ill. Last Christmas Olive was here in the East in the hospital herself, with influenza, and quite alone, and so this third Christmas

(Continued on page 62)
An Aphrodite From the Screen

Dorothy Dalton has temporarily deserted the silver screen to play the leading role in the gorgeous Century Theater production, "Aphrodite," the highly colored drama of ancient Alexandria which has set Broadway gasping. Here are two glimpses of Miss Dalton as the Galilean courtesan, Chrysis, and a single—but compelling—one of McKay Morris as the sculptor-lover.

Photographs by White Studio
shal of the film. So the world of the cinema realized in a flash that December morning.

But, after drifting for four days, the Griffith party made port. The photoplay sphere settled back—but we trust not to forgetfulness. It is natural for those close to greatness not to observe the light, but the honor that alone is Griffith's must be accorded. No other one man has done a fraction of service to the silent play performed by Griffith.

May he long retain the leadership! May he go on experimenting and trying, for few others have his courage and resourcefulness! To be sure there are many promising figures upon the horizon—none more notably so, for instance, than the youthful King Vidor or Mrs. Sidney Drew—but there is but one Griffith.

Let us recognize this Moses of the motion play, this Columbus of the cinema! Let us remember that grim December morning—and give all honor where honor is due—now.

Richard Barthelmess had gone on to the Bahamas ahead of the Griffith party. When news reached him that the Griffith steamer was missing he charted the "Berry Islands" and started out in search. Here are views of Barthelmess and his mother on the searching trip. Below is a recent study of Griffith.

The world of motion pictures drew a startled breath and paused to think one recent December morning when the newspapers of the land carried the story that David Wark Griffith and his party had been "lost at sea" off the Bahama Islands.

It is human to take a person or thing for granted—to accept unthinkingly. So Griffith, standing at the very forefront of the photoplay's march, had been accepted. But the news that Griffith might be adrift in the lonely Spanish Main—dead or dying—startled the film world and set it thinking.

Quickly it took stock of just what it owed this genius of the silent drama—for Griffith, with all his faults, is the one genius of the photoplay. From the flickering first days he has proudly held the standard upright. From the moment when he stepped from crude one-reel melodrama to such brief celluloid bits of brilliance as "The Blot in the 'Scutcheon," "Enoch Arden," and scores of others, down thru the avenue of progress marked by the fade-out, the close-up, the dissolve, and a multitude of now accepted technical devices, to the present of that lyric tragedy, "Broken Blossoms," Griffith had led the way—and led in every sense of the word.

Other excellent and in many ways brilliant division commanders have appeared—De Mille, Ince, Tourneur, Tucker and Dwan among these potential leaders—but Griffith is still essentially the field-mar-

(Twenty-seven)
some constructive nature. Every individual craves self-expression in one form or another. It is as essential as any other one thing, and more. But it should be work that can be done when the spirit of it moves the activities. An artist, and fundamentally, a director should be an artist—an artist cannot work by clock, on schedule, according to rote. Theoretically, it would be very fine if it were possible and best. But it is not possible. The creative impulse is bound to be more or less sporadic. Some training can, of course, be brought to bear, but efficiency—horrible word!—will grind out inspiration if one is not careful. And it is in inspiration that the great things of living, in so far as the arts are concerned, are achieved."

Speaking of art, I unearthed the hoary question of whether he thought the film business an art, etc., etc.—you know. He said he thought the art of the screen certainly was an art. The business end of it—no.

(Continued on page 93)

Three glimpses of Hobart Henley adorn this page. In the center he appears with John Cumberland and, below, with members of his company.
The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come
Told in Story Form from the Jack Pickford-Goldwyn Photoplay
By DOROTHY DONELL

"Air they places bigger’n the Junction—bigger’n Lexington?" Melissa’s eyes were round with awe. "Hit don’t seem likely, Chad! 'Pears like they couldn’t be."

The boy laughed with masculine superiority, flinging his fine head back in a gesture characteristic of him. "Pooh! M’liss, they’re grander than anything we ever saw! They’ve got shining streets and white castles that reach up and up, and towers where you can see the whole world from. They’ve got many mansions, M’liss—grand mansions—"

Caleb Hess, schoolmaster, smiled a very little at the boyish rhapsody, with its odd mingling of the Arabian Nights and the New Testament, but it was an infinitely tender smile. Twelve patient years in the Cumberlands, dealing with soggy minds, dulled with generations of pork and pone eating, with the sullen, the dull, the vicious, had not quite extinguished the flame that had burned, altar-like, in his soul when he came up into the mountains to teach the mountain young of the beauty and the wonder that is in the world.

"Ah, but you must build your castles, Chad boy," he said gently; "you must work for your towers, earn your mansions. There is no virtue in easy things. It is you and you alone who make your life what it will be."

Trite words, old, frayed truths, but to the boy the sayings of an oracle. His dark eyes, under the ragged fringe of uncut hair, glowed like smouldering coals in a fanning wind. "I can do anything—I want to," cried Chad.

Buford. The last name was problematical, a thing of tradition, for the boy was a waif of the wilds, without parents or kin, or even graves that held his own.

"I can do anything I choose to do—anything! I can get learning, I can be a gent’ man—"
The didactic voice of the schoolmaster sounded soothingly. "A gentleman isn't the best thing to be, Chad boy. If you're honest and brave and kind you'll be a man, and that's better. A king who controls a million men is no greater than a man who controls himself."

"Chad could be a king," Melissa cried, jealously, with a look that yearned toward the long, lank boy-figure huddled before the fire; "Chad could be a king easy. He ain't like the res' of us, somehow, 'pears like. He's like somebody—somebody in that book y'all read t'other day at school, 'bout tournaments and round-tables."

If Chad had lifted his eyes to the girl's face as she turned it toward him with the age-old mothering in it, he would have known what few people guessed—that Melissa Turner, daughter of his employer, was beautiful. But Chad's gaze was in the dancing flames, where his fancy pictured the strange, fluid, changing shapes of the future, and his thoughts were leagues away from the dingy, log-cabin room. Caleb saw, however, and winced. It was a pity that there could be no beauty, no grace in the world without bringing suffering with it, as the sunshine brings shadows.

"But the boy must not be fettered. He must be free, and he will go far," he thought. "Melissa is right. He is not like these dull-souled mountain folk. There is blood in him somewhere, race. Look at the height of that forehead, the shape of that chin! But he must go away quickly before harm can come. He is young, and youth's wants are dangerous."

Aloud he spoke in his accustomed drawl. "How would you like to go to Lexington, Chad? Or, better still, how would you like to go up North to school?"

"Oh, sir!" Chad gasped, and could say no more. His sensitive lips were quivering, his long, lean hands, which all the rough work of shepherding could not make like the thick-set paws of the mountain boys, clenched together on his knee with a grip that turned the fingers white. Neither he nor Caleb, absorbed in the plans of the moment, heard the strange little cry the girl gave from her shadows, a hurt cry, like a little wild animal wounded, nor saw the whitening of the long, pointed face between the fans of wild tangle brown.

They were still talking eagerly, making plans for the journey that was to set Chad's impatient feet on the pathway to the world, when they slipped out into the cool Cumberland night, lucent with the cold clearness of the stars. She lifted her face toward them, marked with strange woman lines of pain in its girlishness. Melissa was fifteen, but she was very old tonight, old as the travail of her soul, old as the brave, sweet heart of her that now rose above its pain to pray for him.

"I've lost him, but hit's best. On'y, God, take keer o' him. If they's any hurtin' to be done, hurt me instead," Melissa begged. "That's what womenfolks was made for, I reckon, to git hurt 'stead of they men."

The next week Chad Buford, with all his worldly possessions, a poor calico shirt, two pairs of white socks and a dog-eared copy of "The Knights of the Table Round" rolled into a bundle under his arm, started out afoot down the mountains, with Caleb Hess beside him, and only the half-jeering commentaries of the loafers outside the tiny general store as farewell.

"Spect you'll be 'lected President one o' these days, Chad!" "Dont larn too much—'tain healthy, I reckon. Knowed a man oncet went thru the 'rithmetic and took with a fever 'n' died."

To each other, after the two figures had disappeared down "How would you like to go to Lexington, Chad? or, better still, how would you like to go up North to school?"
the trail, they spoke with coarse freedom of the boy's dubious parentage. "A bound boy, with no pappy and no mom as anybody knows on," they sneered, "settin' hisself up to be somebody—it's 'ough to make a hawg laff. He'd 'a' done better to have stayed and minded Jeff Turner's sheep, and kept his belly full."

Only one person watched Chad set out, and sent a gentle thought with him, a prayer that he might find what he went to seek for—happiness and success. Melissa, hidden behind the great tree at the bend of the trail, heard their voices coming closer, passing, then dared to look out from her leafy covert for one last glimpse of the dark head, held so high in its rough fur cap, the straight shoulders in their sheepskin covering, the very way he walked—as if, she thought, he already had his white castles, his towers. She closed the memory of this last glimpse of him away in her heart sacredly, to be taken out when she was alone sometimes, looked at, dreamed over. "I'll never see him again," said Melissa, but she did not know.

A week later Caleb Hess returned. It got about, after a while, thru assiduous questioning, that he had not taken Chad up North after all, but left him in Lexington with a Major Rufus Bollinger, who had taken a fancy to the boy and promised to care for him and give him an education. The name re-awakened old rumors. What if Chad should have a right to the half-jesting patronymic he had always borne? What if this major should be kin of his?

"Always said the boy had something to him," the mountaineers told each other. "Reckon he'll be moughty proud now he's got fine friends, an' he's done for him!"

Life went on, thru the cold winter days, the sheep, huddled in their folds, bleating plaintively. The women shufled about the dark cabin, from greasy skillet to the cradles of their ailing babes. Caleb, in the frigid log schoolhouse, labored patiently, but without inspiration, to plant a small seed of beauty in the unfertile minds before him, and Melissa dreamed in the red dusks of a tall, erect figure, panoplied like a knight, striding down the shining street of a great city.

And then one night, as the Turners sat about their eternal sow-belly and beans, and the cabins swam in the sooty, greasy light of oil lamps, the door opened and Chad stood on the threshold, looking at them with a set, white face and eyes cold and empty, like dead brands when the flame is gone.

The elder Turner brought his knife handle down on the table with a hoarse cackle of delight. "Haw, haw! Come back, eh? Fine friends turn you out and you come crawlin' back to fill your crop."

Dan and Jake, the boys, echoed their father's hateful hilarity, Mrs. Turner gave a spiritless glance at the silent figure, then shuffled to the stove to pile another plate with food, but Melissa sprang to her feet and ran to Chad, clutching his hands in her hard, calloused ones.

"Chad boy! Oh, mebbe it's wicked to be glad, but I am—I am!" Melissa sobbed. Then, vaguely terrified by the stillness of him, she stood on tiptoe, thrusting her face close to his. And the set despair she read there brought a cry to her lips. "Chad! What's happened? Tell me. Oh, Chad, the fire—the fire in your eyes is out! What have they city folk done to you?"

But the boy merely shook her off, not unkindly, and went to the table. "I've come back—if you'll keep me," he said, with set lips. "I kin take care of the sheep for my keep. I found!"—he drew a deep breath, and his face went white—"I found I belonged up here—"

And that was all he would say, tho he pushed the plate of repulsive food away and sat silent, staring down at his lax hands till all but Melissa had yawned themselves away to bed. Like a little, grey shadow, Melissa slipped closer, laid her hand tremblingly on his knee. "Now, Chad, tell me," she whispered. "I reckon 'tisn't anything that can be mended. What did they all do to you—down there?"

Chad drew a sharp breath, laughed terribly. He was very tragic, as is youth's way, for his pride had been hurt almost to death and his heart was sick. "Kin you mend bad stock? Kin you find me a mammy and a pappy—kin you give me the right to be borned at all?" Unconsciously, his tongue fell into
Melissa had drawn away from him. She did not want him to feel the shaking of her meager body. Her voice was dry and expressionless. "So your major friend sent you away?"

"No!" Chad said, violently. "No! He didn't know I was coming, but I couldn't stay an' be a burden—be looked down on. It hurt me—in here!" He struck his chest cruelly, violently, like a bitter man; then, like a disappointed boy, he began to sob, his forehead resting on Melissa's shoulder for comforting. "Oh, M'liss! I'll never find the white towers—and the many mansions. I wish I was dead! I wish I'd never been born!"

Melissa patted the rough head pitifully. "Dont fret, boy," she whispered; "dont fret." But her brain was already busy (Continued on page 72)

THE LITTLE SHEPHERD OF KINGDOM COME

Fictionized from the scenario based upon the late John Fox, Jr.'s, novel. Produced by Goldwyn, starring Jack Pickford. Directed by Wallace Worsley. The cast:

Chad.................................................. Jack Pickford
Margaret................................. Clara Horton
Melissa................................. Pauline Starke
Dan Dean................................. J. Park Jones
Harry Dean................................. Clark Marshall
Mrs. Dean................................. Edythe Chapman
Major Buford.......................... James Neill
General................................. R. D. McLean
Schoolmaster.............................. Dwight Crittenden
Cousin Lucy................................. Aileen Manning

"What does it say in the Scriptures," Margaret murmured, "what does it say—about loving—your enemies?"

mountain rudenesses, which told her more plainly than anything else of his utter recklessness. "No, M'liss! I was wrong—I kaint ever—be—a—gentleman—"

Then, in a tumbled flood of words, it was all out. The major had been kind, wonderful kind. He had treated him like kinfolk and told him he should have his chance for all the book learning he wanted. He had seemed to—to like him, somehow. Oh, and it was a grand place where he lived—fifteen rooms, each one bigger than the cabin, and black servants, and horses—they were moughty nice, the horses. Then there had been the folks next door—Dean, their name was, a terrible fancy man and woman, and two boys his age, and—and—

Chad's face grew scarlet in the firelight, and she saw that his hands were trembling.

"They was a girl, too—her name was Margaret," he stumb. "She had awful pretty hair, light and soft of sort and the color of sunshine—shad; a real lady she was, but she—she was powerful pleasant to me, and made me forget I wasn't anything but a mountain critter. We—we'd been riding in the park—once or twice. Then they found out!—his voice brooded "about me being a nobody, having no pappy that I knowed on. They'd thought I was some blood kin of the major—an' when they found I wasn't, they told me"—he choked, fought wrathfully with unmanly tears—"they done told me not to come to them; house no more—not to speak to—to Margaret—"

(Thirty-two)
The Farce University

By HARRISON HASKINS

The celluloid farce comedy seems to be the training school of the film star. “The farce university,” they call it in picturedom.

Consider Gloria Swanson, Clarine Seymour, Betty Compson, Alice Lake, Bebe Daniels and Mary Thurman. All graduated with honors from fast and furious farces.

We asked one of the biggest directors in the country to account for this seeming phenomena.

“Phenomena—nothing!” he exclaimed. “In farce comedy you are taught to put over your points with a ‘bang’—to accentuate with speed—to retain your poise while tons of water sweep by and a brick house tumbles about you. In a sentence, to have poise with pies.”

Which, if we may further pun, seems to hit it.

We put the same question to Gloria Swanson herself. She said almost the same thing.

“Acting in farce teaches you to slightly over-exaggerate to drive home things with a smash,” remarked Miss Swanson. “When the dramatic director gets you, he merely has to tone you down.

And it is much easier to tone down than to tone up some one who doesn’t know how to make his or her points. That is why you can more or less successfully step from film farce to film drama.”

Which explains why Miss Swanson only a short time ago was a player in Mack Sennett farces.

(Continued on page 87)
The Midnight Margarita

Margarita Fisher may be glimpsed at the left in what our fashion editor declares to be a substance of wash satin of a peach blow shade, inset and edged with cream-colored lace and boasting a plentiful accompaniment of bows, loops—and things.

At the left is a view of a Margarita Fisher dessous. It's orchid and old-rose georgette with satin ribbon in contrasting tones for edging.

At the right is a simple little nightie of peach blow satin, companion to the articles worn above.
Miss Fisher is observing herself—(can you blame her?)—in a dreamy robe de nuit of pink and blue georgette crepe with addenda of laces, ribbons and satin—er—budlets.

The negligee just above is of blue and orchid georgette with a lacy over-drape patterned in creamy-tinted fleurs-de-lis. The slippers are of pink satin, embroidered in silver Ceci Brunner roses and forget-me-nots.

If the fashion editor hadn't come to our rescue, words would have failed us in describing Miss Fisher in a combination of pink and blue chiffon, daintily dotted, embroidered, tuck ed and frilled. And—but here we pause.
Pell of Pell Manor

The first thing I asked Pell Trenton was the whyfore of his first name. By rights, I should have quizzed him concerning his stage and screen career, but when a man has a name that sounds as if it might be an abbreviation for "Pellingham" or "Pellerford," or something equally romantic, to say nothing of its being a great deal like "pal" and a bit like "pill," he may expect to be asked for an explanation, even tho the names are strictly personal affairs and as such are supposed to be exempt from cross-examination. And he wasn't the least bit offended. Indeed, he seemed pleased to talk about it.

"I've wondered why no interviewer ever asked me that," he beamed upon me. "Every one else does as soon as the law allows. I'm proud of it for various reasons, and it is my 'monicker' and not a stage name, as every one seems to think.

"I am a descendant of the first Lord Pell, who came over from England in 1600 and was given a grant of land in New York in what is now Westchester County. The eldest son has borne the name all down along the line—hence the cognomen for me."

They had told me at the Metro that I would find Mr. Trenton somewhere on the lot, wearing a kimono and a classic hair-cut, which was their more or less subtle way of telling me that he was playing in "The Willow Tree," an adaptation of an old Japanese legend, and that he made a romantic-looking hero.

When I first glimpsed him, he was wearing a gorgeous black kimono with gold dots, and he was standing near a half-moon bridge in a perfect Japanese garden—made for the occasion out of the prosaic Metro lot. While waiting for the camera-men to adjust reflecting screens and mirrors, he was en-

(Thirty-six)
gaged in the somewhat startling occupation of powdering his nose in public, while Viola Dana, metamorphosed into a dainty Nipponese maid with tiaraed black wig and butterfly kimono, was doing likewise. They sneered quite oblivious of each other's proximity until Director Otto shouted, "Action!" when they hastily put away their make-up boxes and stood very close to each other in the time-honored position for those in love.

"Camera!" called the director. "Run across the bridge, Vi—right after her, Pell—call to her, 'I'll catch you!' Run off after her—cut!"

Little Miss Dana hurried away to change her costume, and it was a rather weary but intensely romantic-looking Pell who led me over to the steps of the tea-house set for a chat between scenes.

"I didn't know whether I was going to get a minute off or not," he said, dabbing his face carefully with a handkerchief. "I am playing opposite Miss Dana in this picture, and many of the scenes are taken in this garden. There are only a few hours a day when the sun is right for shooting, so we have to take advantage of every minute when the light is good."

He has a deep, rich voice—baritone, I suppose you would call it, with that inflection which betokens at once a New Yorker and an actor. He has grey eyes that regard you alternately with twinkling humor and flattering sincerity, and his forehead is of that classic variety that in a mid-Victorian novel would be termed "brow," possibly with the adjective of "lofty" or "noble" before it. His hair is brown and has a slight wave that becomes a positive crinkle over the ears, and tho I'm sure he won't own up to this, the fact remains that he has a romantic face. You could visualize him as Launcelot or Francois Villon, or as the first Lord Pell of Pell Manor, in powdered wig and satin waistcoat.

"I enjoy working in 'The Willow Tree' immensely," he told me, when we got around to talking pictures instead of Pells. "It is an adaptation of the play that made such a success in New York, and I take the part of the English sculptor who falls in love with the little Japanese girl who pretends that she is the willow-tree image come to life.

"Let me show you thru the garden," he invited. "It is a real achievement—perfect in every detail." He helped me across a narrow little bridge that spanned an artificial canal, and we stopped a moment to watch the white ducks sunning themselves on the banks.

"At first the stream was full of gold-fish," he said, "but ducks are no respecters of movie props, and they ate them all the first day!"

The garden was indeed a miracle of realism, carpeted with soft green grass, filled with transplanted willow trees, cherry trees in full artificial

(Continued on page 78)
Meet "The Frog"

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

Those who saw Lon Chaney's remarkable character study of The Frog in George Loane Tucker's great play, "The Miracle Man," will not soon forget it.

All thru the horror of the early scenes, where as an underworld delinquent playing upon the sympathies of the slum sight-seekers with his faked paralysis, to his inspiring regeneration, not one false note was struck, and it remains as a unique study in sharp contrasts.

I was quite convinced that he must be a contortionist, and this was the first question that I asked him.

"I should say not," laughed Mr. Chaney, amused at the thought. "I am not even double-jointed. I figured it out that to throw the body back into position after twisting it as a paralytic, the first movements would be slow—and painful—with a quick jerk at the last, and with practice I mastered the trick.

"I'll confess that, with all my knowledge of make-up—and I have been character actor both in musical comedy and on the screen during my entire professional career—I had some difficulty in deciding just what to use for The Frog. In the first place, I planned to be a cripple, have a withered hand and a hump on my back, but when I discovered that I had to unfold twice before the camera, these three infirmities were, of course, impossible.

"Finally, after several sleepless nights and a number of experiments, I decided on—paralysis! I let my beard grow, and altogether I worked out a convincing make-up, horrible as it was.

"We spent twelve weeks making 'The Miracle Man,' and it was a wonderful experience, for Mr. Tucker was certainly inspired, and he inspired us until we were all living our parts every minute of the time. He works very quietly, directing every scene himself, and he went thru those underworld scenes relentlessly, with set jaw and cold eyes, while in the emotional moments he cried as hard as the rest of us.

"Character work is always interesting," continued Mr. Chaney. "In my last picture, 'Victory,' under Maurice Tourneur's direction, my role called for pockmarks, and I followed a Mexican, who was badly marked, all about the Plaza in Old Town for hours on a steamy afternoon. I wanted to see how they appeared on his face. Then I hunted up another Mexican to study the cut of his mustache.

"Recently, I played two totally different roles in Tourneur's production of 'Treasure Island.' One was a bloodthirsty pirate, the other Pew, the blind man. In every picture I learn a little more about human nature, for preparing a character role means studying people. I am ever on the watch for characteristics and peculiarities that I can use in my work."

Lon Chaney was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado. Both his parents are deaf and dumb, his mother from birth, his father since he was three. This is without doubt the secret of his remarkably expressive face, which mirrors every fleeting thought, for, of necessity, he early mastered the art of pantomime.

His maternal grandmother's four children being mutes, she founded

(Continued on page 81)
Jack Straw

Told in Story Form from the Paramount-Robert Warwick Photoplay

By FAITH SERVICE

Immediately upon their arrival in California the Jennings became the Parker-Jennings. This was but the beginning, but a very real beginning, of a series of satisfactions to Mrs. Jennings—er—Parker-Jennings. It was the only sort of satisfaction she had ever craved. The lack, heretofore, of these satisfactions had put the fretted lines about her mouth and the petulance in her eyes, which might, devoid of it, have been pretty. Once, they had been.

Money and the lack of money had been the scales on which Mrs. Jennings weighed her happiness and unhappiness, and, since up to the time of the oil findings, there had been rather a bad lack of it, the scales had weighed decidedly for unhappiness. She hadn’t been able to find it in any other way. Her husband didn’t give it to her. She felt that he had failed her. It was the only sort of failing she would have considered as such. His petty clerkship, his petty salary, the inevitable scrimping and scraping and piecing and patching, all had been irritants for which she had no counter and no inner resources to tap for her consoling.

Nor had her daughter been of much avail to her. Ethel was too different to be in any sense availing. She was too happy in the small things. She had too deep and serene a spirit of content. She loved too greatly and was too well satisfied with the petty clerkship and the correspondingly petty salary of her father. When things pinched too hard, as they did during her junior year at college, she left college and all the hopes it held forth to her and the friends she had made and the atmosphere she had worn with a high pride as a sort of garment and stayed at home and went to work in the town bank. More, she avowed her happiness in so doing. She was quite beyond her querulous mother and not at all comforting in her aloofness, or what her mother felt her aloofness. There was no kinship of spirit between the two.

When the miracle happened, when the California oil wells in which Mr. Jennings had once, long ago, foolishly, so they told him, invested, and which had, ever since, lain foolishly fallow, when they, all at once, gushed rivers of oil and, simultaneously, rivers of dollars into the stunned coffers of the impecunious Jenningses, the reactions were dissimilar and not without farce value. Not, either, without an element of pathos.

Mr. Jennings, worn by his petty clerkship, by the fretting of his petty salary, by the small recriminations and piled-up barbs and stings of the piled-up years, simply relapsed and asked to rest. What initiative he may once have possessed, which had been adequate, at least to the retaining of the clerkship, dropped from him. A chair in the sun, skimming the morning papers, an occasional light novel of the summer reading variety, the society and tender attentions of his daughter, who bolstered him up by frequent references to his foresight in the purchase of the oil wells, these were the things his millions brought to him.

To Ethel it meant simply a sort of surcease for her father. She took a deep and gratifying pleasure in watching him lie back and relax. For the rest, of course, it was a good deal to hear Mrs. Jennings change the tone of her complaints, but the complaints remained, only that they took, now, the form of aspirations
Things conspire. Mrs. Parker-Jennings' snobbery—Ambrose Holland's love of Mrs. Wanley; the clean-cut good looks of Jack Straw; all these things conspired together with the result that Ambrose Holland approached Jack Straw with a proposition.

The reluctant admiration for the persons so fortunately placed as to be able to indulge in snobbery. One of her first ambitions was to do to some other what had been done unto her. The victim was more or less non-important.

The victim happened, however, to be important to other minds if not to that of Mrs. Parker-Jennings. She was a young widow, Mrs. Wanley by name, with an adopted daughter and enough attractiveness to warrant her male support from some quarter or other. Probably rather arduous support. It came, in this instance, from one Ambrose Holland, who had one ambition in life, and that was to be the successor to the late lamented Wanley. What was resentful to Mrs.

probable impossible of achievement. She wanted, virulently, to break into society. For herself, Ethel had taken a sort of enjoyment in the struggle. She liked construction and she felt, when she left college and went to work, that she had done, in the way of character building, a constructive thing. Then, the way she had been managing things, the small income and all. It had been a game, played with realities, by an earnest gamester. It had had its value and also its fascination. The frills of life meant nothing to Ethel.

To Mrs. Jennings, as has been said, it meant being Mrs. Parker-Jennings.

It meant that as an outer symbol to cover multifarious other details, such as the buying, for instance, of exorbitant diamonds, unsuitable gowns and furs. It meant the trip de luxe to California, where the family had, perforce, to live in close proximity to the gushing oil wells and the operating company. It meant the leasing and furnishing and exceeding interior decorating of the most ornate mansion to be had. It meant, too, the opportunity to be a snob, altho, of course, Mrs. Parker-Jennings would not so have termed it.

She was one, however. Successfully, to her mind; disastrously in the eventuality, as such codes of conduct generally are. Mrs. Parker-Jennings had, herself, been snubbed. The "vile" memories of the snubs had remained. Remaining, too,
Wanley was resentful, in triplicate essence, to Holland, and he had the means and the power of retaliation. When Mrs. Parker-Jennings gave it forth that her daughter, Ethel, was not to associate with such penniless nobodies as the Wanleys, Holland swore revenge. That Ethel herself mourned over this cruelty in secret was not known to Mrs. Wanley. Which brings us to Jack Straw. Also, back to New York, to Jack Straw was an iceman, and this is a romance, despite the seeming disparity. He was an iceman, that is, at the time he first saw Ethel Jennings singing while she kneaded dough.

There was no ostensible reason why Jack Straw, who had roved the world in one capacity or another and had been and done many things, should fall, for the first time, in love with a young girl kneading dough and singing a popular song. Yet such is love. He did fall in love with her. Rather bally, even painfully. And he remained in love. If the oil wells had not pushed at an opotumous moment, he would have revealed his identity and his amour at once and the same time, but to the hearers of the Parker-Jenningses such an avowal would have seemed rather preposterous. Jack Straw knew that the millions would make no fundamental difference in Ethel. She was too firmly grounded and too finely poised. But he loved her, and he wanted her to have her chance. She hadn't really seen the world, save from her college dormitory and her kitchen window, and such views were, of necessity, limited. If she should see the world thru a mist of gold and still, some day, be able to turn to Jack Straw, such a gifting would be for time immeasurable.

So Jack Straw, with an aching heart, watched the Parker-Jenningses depart, and, a month later, covered the same ground himself. Before Ethel's departure, however, he permitted himself the daring to leave a note on the kitchen table asking her not to fall in love with anyone in California until he could meet her there. He signed it Jack Straw. He counted on the essential romance singing in her heart. All nice girls had romance in their hearts. They wouldn't be nice if they didn't have.

It was part of a nice girl's birthright, and dreams, too...

Of course, Ethel did dream. She dreamed a great deal. She liked the name, Jack Straw, and the handwriting and the spirit he gave to it all. She decided that it would not be very hard to wait. Dull hours were lightened by the funny little, appealing little thought of Jack Straw. How would he come to her? In what array? In shining panoply, or tattered rags? And would he bring love with him? And who was he, after all?

After all, and just at the time of Ethel's wondering, Jack Straw had become a waiter in a hotel nearby the Parker-Jenningses mansion. The Parker-Jenningses dined there quite frequently, being usually, owing to Mrs. Parker-Jenningses, without a cook. No doubt Jack Straw had had wind of this before he accepted and capably conducted his profession as waiter. It was something to be able to gaze upon Ethel, dining. To be able, now and again, ecstatically to serve her. It gave them, even tho she was serenely unaware, a bond. It gave him, too, the thrilling assurance that his note had struck a responsive. Ethel was waiting and watching for Jack Straw. But the time, Jack Straw believed, had not yet come. In the meantime, the greatest part of love is service...

Things conspire. Mrs. Parker-Jennings' snobbery, Ambrose Holland's love of Mrs. Wanley, the clean-cut good looks of Jack Straw—all these things conspired together with the result that Ambrose Holland approached Jack Straw with a proposition. It was to impersonate some titled person and allow himself to be introduced into the Parker-Jennings family. "The old bird," informed Holland, "will fall for it like a duck.

After that, for minutes without end, the world swirled by in flower scents and moon radiance and the star-strewn sky and kisses and low words. Love. She will literally hurl herself upon you. You can fall for the daughter... you see?"

"I see," said Jack Straw, and was speculative. He added, "It's not a question of money, with me, of course."

"Of course not," said Holland, hastily recognizing a sensibility and, evidently, the spirit of the adventurer for adventure's sake, since he could not know of Jack Straw's love for Ethel, nor yet that Jack Straw had seen, too frequently, Serif's, the free versifier, at the Parker-Jenningses' table, reading his verses to Ethel and expounding, no doubt with dire intent, his theories of free love. It was to circumvent Serif's that caused Jack Straw to adopt the pretentious title of the Archduke Sebastian and be thus presented to the Parker-Jenningses as the enraptured Parker-Jenningses as represented by Mrs. P.-J., and.
The papers carried gallant tales of him—the way he had hurled the poet, Serlo, into the lake . . .

a little later, by Ethel.

The causes of emotion were, as usual with this mother and daughter, largely variant.

To Mrs. Parker-Jennings the Archduke was the thing. To Ethel Jennings the man was the thing. Out of a world of men he came, quite suddenly, and there was no other man save him. Singularity uninvolved where her emotions were concerned, Ethel knew, without compromise, that she loved him. Sensing, with the same delicate perceptiveness, his response, she knew that he loved her. This, then, was the reason of her being. It became, with the advent of this love, a paradise of a world to live in, riotous, yet serene, with flowers and the sound of music, with color and rhythm and unimagined dreamings . . . a wonder-place!

One little rift in the clear lute of all this happiness was the recurrence of the note she had had before she left New York, signed, even as that first one, Jack Straw. She did not want to make this unknown person unhappy. Out of her own largesse she wanted to give, even as she was receiving.

On the night of the large reception Mrs. Parker-Jennings gave the Archduke Sebastian, Ethel met the guest of honor.
It was, after all, Jack Straw who saved her immediate skin. He persisted in his original idea of going thru with the reception and announcement as had been planned. The glory of it all, he maintained, would remain firmly in the thoughts of assembled society. The divulging of the hoax would come more easily afterward. In the meantime, something would have been established. There would be a comprehensive pity for Mrs. Parker-Jennings, not unmixed with awe at her splendid hostess-ship. Society was accustomed to being hoaxed. She would not be, because of this, beyond the pale. Mrs. Parker-Jennings, all but lost in her own esteem, seized none the less, at this granted reprieve.

The evening and Jack Straw were successful. Society seemed captivated, by the entertainment, by the Archduke and also by his prospective bride. They went away imbued with the charm, wit and gallantry of the man. The papers carried gallant tales of him; how he had written anonymously to Ethel Jennings for some months; the way he had hurled the poet, SeiIo, into the lake because he had expressed sentiments to Ethel which the Archduke considered inexplicable; the home he was going to give her; the almost-royalty of it all; the way the Archduke had disappeared some time ago from his kingdom and had thus and in this place revealed himself. It was a charming romance.

Ethel Jennings read it and was able to smile over it. Was even glad that she had been, as she was, tested. She loved him. She knew that now. That he was “just Jack Straw” made, miraculously even to her, no kind of conceivable difference. He was the man for whom she had been waiting, the man who had kist her into an acceptance of life and living, there in the conservatory, the radiant being who had led her into the High Court of Love. The mere matter of who he was was no matter at all.

The matter of who he was seemed, however, to admit of various doubts and complications. One of the features of the reception, indeed, had been the arrival of the Ambassador of Pokerania, native kingdom of the supposed Archduke. Those in the secret supposed that it was the short-sightedness of the Ambassador which caused him to, apparently, acknowledge the Archduke Sebastian.

When, on the following morning, he called upon the Archduke at the Jennings home, he found the luggage of that young man being hurled upon the front lawns, to the complete demolition of the flower-beds, and the young man himself in the extreme eventuality of following said luggage. He was informed by an irate Mrs. P.-J. that this was no Archduke, but a waiter in the hotel nearby, an impostor and the cause of her immediate downfall, just when victory had been so near.

The Ambassador amazed them all. He pooh-poohed her statement with some show of outraged dignity himself. The young man, he claimed, was indeed the missing Archduke who, some years before, had been very ill and had evidently wandered away while suffering from some sort of amnesia. The Ambassador had proofs of identification, many photographs and other things, the surveying of which brought back to Jack Straw that man he had been when, fifteen years before, he had set surreptitiously forth upon his wanderings.

Mrs. Parker-Jennings knew, in that moment, what it was to faint from joy. She took pleasure in the faint. Ethel knew, still again, what it means to love. The outer manifestations of the state in life of Jack Straw passed over her, wholly non-essential. She told him that she had quite lost track of which of the two he might be, Jack Straw or the Archduke Sebastian. He said, loving her, that it didn’t matter. And she agreed with him.

“There’s only one identity worth while for me,” he told her, and she, within his arms, whispered, “And what is that?”

“The man you love,” he said, “the man . . . you . . . love.”

"There's only one identity worth while for me," he told her, "the man you love."
A delightful and thrilling romantic melodrama is "The Purple Mask," now at the Booth Theater. Leo Ditrichstein is the picturesque star, playing a royalist brigand of the Napoleonic days, while Lily Cahill is a charming heroine.

Left, Doris Ferguson, one of stageland's beauties, now appearing in "As You Were".

Ralph Herz and Ann Seymour are principals in the new Hammerstein musical comedy, "Always You".
in the Theater

At the right is a charming moment of Jane Cowl's quaint play, "Smilin' Through." Henry Stephenson appears opposite Miss Cowl.

Photograph below by Apeda

At the lower left are Henry Miller and Marzalo Gillmore in "The Famous Mrs. Fair," one of the season's hits at the Henry Miller Theater.

Photograph by Abbe

Above are Otis Skinner and Ruth Rose in Mr. Skinner's new play, "Pietro," running at the Criterion Theater.

Photograph by Apeda
Juanita Hansen, Pathé serial star, is one of screenland's mermaids. Juanita doesn't merely pose along the sands. She swims with the best of them.
Juanita Rising from the Sea

At the left Juanita is doing her best to out Mack Sennett, the famous Sennett beauties of the California coast. And Juanita is doing very well, thank you.

It's a sad, sad tale, mates. Miss Hansen is showing just how emotional and prayerful she can be, upon occasion.
Zena’s Zenith
By C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

"San! How do ye get that way?"
It was an officer who growled the anthem. As Anthony Paul Kelly was so fond of describing his nautical rank and appearance last year—a C-O-P, who thuswise addressed Zena and me.

"Why, Mr. Policeman," pouted Zena, deputizing, "what do you mean?"
"What do I mean?" He dramatically swept his club along the landscape of New Jersey. "There! What do you mean?"

Zena and I peered thru the glass of the coupe. A line of thirty or forty machines purred impatiently and were honk-konking their temperament. Thirty or forty machines—and Zena, who had arrived in the little boat new Hudson but a moment before, headed the pageant!

"Oh, Mr. Policeman," continued Zena the débutante, "I'm so tired. I've been working at the studio all day. And I do want to get home." Tears glistened. Ingenue disconsolation prevailed.

Rome has fallen. So has Sevetti. And Enright's bluecoats are not impervious to charm. "All right, then. You can fight with the others on the ferry."

Zena threw her in first. She crushed the claxon and laughed into the thirty or forty claxons shrieking behind, and prepared to lead the file aboard. "Dear Mr. Policeman, thank you so much!" she bade him an adieu.

"There ain't much nourishment in that," he groaned, but Zena and I had already settled in front of the Fort Lee.

"I absolutely could not have waited until all those other cars got aboard," Zena sighed. Relief and wafited suspense illuminated her eyes. "I'm going to the theater tonight and I'll die if I miss that show."

"Which show?"

"I don't know exactly which, but I told mother to get tickets for 'The Crimson Alibi,' 'At 9:45,' 'A Voice in the Dark' or 'Those Who Walk in Darkness.' I'll enjoy any of them, so it doesn't make much difference. I'm crazy about mystery plays."

"You don't get much time for the theater, do you?"

"I should say I don't. We've had to work late so often on 'Piccadilly Jim' that by the time I did get home I was afraid to take a tubbing for fear I'd fall asleep therein. But one thing nice about being with the people of 'Piccadilly' is that we are all as young and as strong for holidays as for work!" Owen Moore made it a rule that we would never have to keep shop on Saturday night, and Wesley Ruggles, a peach, tho a director, was only happy, too, to pass."

Manhattan slowly shifted its skyline as we sailed nearer. Manhattan is marvelous at all times, but especially exquisite under the (Continued on page 60)
The Celluloid Critic
The Newest Photoplays in Review
By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
Pen impressions by NORMAN JACOBSEN

Out of a dull month in the cinema stands Irvin Willat's visualization of the Gouverneur Morris story, "Behind the Door." We say this not from approval of the thesis of Mr. Morris' tale, but from appreciation of a well-knit scenario, skillfully directed and played with a fine vigor.

"Behind the Door," (Paramount), is an opus in brutality—an intermezzo in gory revenge. Mr. Morris asks: What would you do if you saw your wife taken prisoner by a bestial captain of a German submarine who left you adrift in the open sea? Mr. Morris' hero, being a taxidermist, pleasantly decides to skin the Hun officer alive and, when chance later throws the U-boat in the path of his scout ship, he carries out his revenge, at least in part. But not quite, for the ex-taxidermist sighs, "I swore I would skin him alive, but he died on me—damn him!"

It isn't an appealing tale, this filming of brutal vengeance. There is too much of the material side of life in every photoplay, too little of the sweetnesses, the sacrifices, the really heroic things of the every day. "Behind the Door" is a gaily epic in war hysteria, but it is admirably done.

Mr. Willat has superbly handled a number of difficult moments, notably the shelling and sinking of the submarine. He has evolved another remarkably powerful scene, wherein the American wrings the sordid story from the German officer. Hohart Bosworth is decidely strong in this rôle, over-playing but occasionally a rôle that would be maudlin in most any other hands. Jane Novak is excellent as the wife sacrificed to war. Let us pause to note the uniformly human playing of Miss Novak in all her rôles, but particularly in this. Wallace Beery, too, is striking as the U-boat commander.

Again is Alla Nazimova's vivid art submerged in "Stronger Than Death," (Metro), an adaptation of A. R. Wylie's novel of India, "The Hermit Doctor of Gaya." We do not know the merit of the original, but "Stronger Than Death" is draggy, labored and conventional. Nazimova plays an English dancer in the East, a young woman told by her physicians that another dance will mean death. But she meets the hermit doctor, who, single-handed, is fighting cholera, and, imbued with his sacrifice and in order to gain time that a native uprising may be forestalled, poses as a reincarnated vestal—and dances. The doctors are wrong, of course, for the dancer lives to gain happiness with her lover.

We do not know just who is to blame, but both the continuity and the direction shift the interest from Nazimova to Charles Bryant, who plays the self-sacrificing hermit physician. "Stronger Than Death" is but fair in the matter of Herbert Blache's direction and is too long and wandering in its telling. Mme. Nazimova's opportunities are slight.

Norma Talmadge appeared in
Above is Constance Talmadge in her newest vehicle, "Two Weeks," at the right is Mr. Jacobsen's idea of Charlie Ray in "Red Hot Dollars," and below, are Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle in "She Loves and Lies.”

Two contrasting photoplays: one a delightful but slight comedy, the other a vague and badly built melodrama.

"She Loves and Lies," (Select), is a light little tale—of a vivacious girl who poses as an elderly woman of wealth in order that she may marry the man of her choice. Then, as her real self, she actually wins his heart. When divorce seems to face the worried husband, she throws disguises aside—and he finds that he has fallen in love with his wife. The comedy is done with nice spontaneity by Director Chet Withey. Miss Talmadge is charming as the much-disguised heroine and Conway Tearle is a delightful foil.

On the other hand, Miss Talmadge's "A Daughter of Two Worlds," (First National), is far-fetched and impossible stuff, badly told in continuity and direction and but indifferently acted. This deals with the efforts of a girl of the underworld to find happiness in a higher strata of society. James Young, the director, has failed to clearly place his characters, has been inexpert in many of his scenes and, on the whole, has turned out an inferior and slow-moving melodrama. True, we doubt if any director could have done much with it.

Doug Fairbanks' latest, "When the Clouds Roll By," (United Artists), is at least a little different. Doug plays a superstitious chap who falls under the persuasions of a mysterious stranger—a man who turns out to be an escaped lunatic. Doug overcomes all obstacles, including a real flood. The climax finds Doug in a tree in the midst of the inundation. A house, with the heroine clinging to the roof, floats by. Splash!—and Doug is beside her. Then a church, with a parson astride the steeple, comes drifting by. The young couple succeed in maneuvering their house alongside the church—and the (Continued on page 103)
The Fortune Hunter

HENRY KELLOGG was flushed by the wine of the grape and the header wine of success. He could afford to be expansive, and he was. He eyed his friend and the sharer of his Park Avenue bed and board with a speculative as well as a kindly eye. Finally he said, "Don't be despondent, old man. You've always been successful in one line, at least."

Nathaniel Duncan didn't raise his head nor cease his nervous fiddling with a marinated cigarette. But he said, colorlessly, "What line?"

"Women," said Kellogg and shot him a glance.

"Oh, that . . ."

"It could be remunerative, y'know. I've a plan."

"Shoot!"

"Don't be so lifeless. One thing you've got to have is pep . . . your old-time pep. It's your asset. Your stock in trade. All you've got to do is be yourself."

"I can't cash in on that. You know that."

"No, I don't. The point is, that you have never been yourself. You've tried to be everybody but yourself, every kind of type. That's why you haven't succeeded. You need the chance of self-development. You can get that by . . ."

"By . . .?"

"By marriage."

"I'm damned if I do! I can't support myself. What the hell do you mean coming in here with a line of jibber like this? Can't you see I'm on my uppers for fair? Down and out? I'm in no mood for your bidden mirth. You've had a big success. I can see that. I can even be glad. But don't stand on the pinnacle of it and throw your fool cabbage-roses down at me. They . . . tonight they hurt."

Henry Kellogg shook his head. "You've got me as wrong as I've got you right, old man," he said; "actually, I'm in earnest. Here you are, college-bred, the son of a millionaire who, kindly enough, he thought, robbed you of incentive and consequently of initiative. Result, failure and discouragement. What he didn't rob you of, however, is your appearance, your charm for women—oh, a decent enough charm, I know that; in short, your personality. My plan is for you to go to some small town a safe distance from any city. The sort of town where a man like you would be Prince Charming come to flesh and blood, set all the hearts a-flutter, a thing of fairyland, you know . . . all that. I'll stake you all expenses and a wardrobe fit to knock the eyes out of fifty local belles, and all you have to do is . . . to marry the town heiress. There's always a town heiress. All you need to do, say, is . . . to be your father's son."

Nathaniel Duncan had one faculty. He realized a limit when a limit had been reached. Today he knew that he had reached one. He had had dreams, perhaps oddly. He had had ideals. He had even mused on love and the part it would play in his life; on marriage and the building up of a home. Of course, it would take love to do that. The plan Kellogg suggested placed the limit on that. He could marry the town heiress and he could bid farewell to his dreams of couleur de rose.

Well . . .

Beggars and choosers . . . he knew that old adage. And he knew that he was beggared. In all things save acquiescence which took, tonight, the form of obedience to the man in evening

(Fifty-one)
He knew, too, that the town paupers were Sam Graham and his daughter, Betty. That Sam was a pauper because his pockets had always leaked and his heart had overgrown, and that Betty was the caddiest lamb this side of the paved streets and loved nearly to the death in spite of her poverty by Radville.

Contrariwise, Nathaniel felt a glow when he heard of the impecunious Betty and her dad, and a cold, frigid little feeling when he heard the description of the gilded Josie. But that, he thought, was just him, his mushy nature.

He thought rather differently, tho, after he had met the heiress and likewise the grey-eyed, starry-faced pauper. He felt that his instincts had been right. He met them both in church, whence he was conducted, as a matter of course, by Hetty Carpenter, not without, on her part, an air of triumph. Kellogg had warned him that church would be part of the game in a small town, and he had rehearsed sanctimonious expressions which, he felt, he successfully executed. After all, there was a sort of glow to it. These simple folks, each one a part and parcel of the other's life, participant in their births, participant, too, in their deaths, offering their simple joint worship to an indisputable God. Things felt clearer, somehow.

After worship Hetty Carpenter, with the air of a convoy, presented him to Josie Lockwood. His heart sank, even while he knew it had no obvious reason for so doing. Josie was tall and slenderly made and golden-haired and with a certain sort of manner. She quite evidently knew her position and prestige in Radville, and just as evidently was deliberately not making use of it. There was a beyond-Radville cleverness to Josie. And yet . . . and yet . . . the chill, the frigidity, grew . . . Nathaniel could not seem to picture the stately Josie rearing up the edifices of his trampled little dreams . . .

Betty Graham, the town pauper, had a difference. He didn't know what it was, but he knew that it was. She wasn't so much of a "looker"; she didn't have airs and graces, her hair was blowing about under her wide straw hat, an old hat, but her mouth was frank, like a child's, and her eyes were frank, too, like early dew, and eager and expectant, and her little hand was warm and even eager. She invited Nathaniel home for supper, adding that there wouldn't be "much," and so did Josie Lockwood, adding no such thing, and Nathaniel went home with Betty Graham. Inwardly he groaned while something in his cardiac region sang, and was vindicated. It was, he knew, his lack of business acumen again attacking and conquering him.

It was an unforgettable supper. Bread and cheese, and the thought, at least, of kisses. Old Sam Graham talking inventive possibilities and speaking with gentle whimsy of the drug-shop. Betty hovering over them both, making the insufficient food manna to one of them at least.

"Rot!" said Nathaniel to himself, and gave himself a shake, but something within him denied the allegation and persisted in singing fantastic little tunes, all glad, all free, all promise-full.
Lots of things came from that first little supper. Nathaniel took a fancy, not only to Betty, but to Sam as well, with his dreaming impracticability, the broken hopes he had strewn all along his way, the thing he might have been and the thing he was. There was a bond.

Also, the drug-store promised things. Nathaniel felt that with these gentle, and dreamerish visionaries and his five hundred dollars something could be made of the store. Then, too, girls patronize soda fountains, particularly and especially when a tall young man with a pleasing personality dispenses the frappés, the vanilla and the nut sundae. The drug-store might be made to pay in more ways than one.

It did. Nathaniel bought syrups, bought fixtures, paid off old credits and stood, himself, behind the polished and newly ornamented fountain.

In the evenings, he and Sam worked over Sam's automatic soda fountain. He found a great deal that was good in it; and, as was the case with most of Sam's dreams and plans, that it had not been marketed properly and at once had found obscurity. He wrote to Kellogg about it, who was ever on the lookout for the new and the possible. He wrote, too, that he had an interest in the invention, that he believed in it and that he wished that Kellogg would "let him off." He insolently that he didn't care a awful lot for the town he was "a good sort, but—"

Kellogg wired back, "Nothing doing."

That same night Nathaniel escorted Josie home from the prayer meeting he made a habit of attending. On Josie's other side walked the all but displaced Roland, who had, before the advent of Nathaniel, been considered, and considered himself, the flashiest boy in town. To Roland, who really nurtured a passion for the stately Josie aside entirely from his mutilated pride, the presence of Nathaniel was insupportable. Before they reached the Lockwood mansion the thin skin of Roland Barnett was insufficient protection for the primitive passions always so near to the surface. He fell upon the surprised Nathaniel and they "had" it. Nathaniel conquered. He never knew why, unless it was because he had had such bully training at college and was, at the assault, red mad. Anyway, Josie screamed and the sheriff intervened, and when it was all over the conquering hero escorted Josie home and something—it may have been his turbulent blood of which she had been the emotions that rushed in upon him, and he had her against his heart and was kissing her. And then it occurred to him that he had just kist Josie Lockwood, and was pledged to her, and he dropped down on his knees with a groan and kist, not once, but many times, the frayed hem of her little cotton gown. He said that he was not worthy of her and many things along the same line, but love had made wise the heart of little Betty Graham, and she knew that men say such things in such an hour, and she smiled while the tears of her love glistened on his hair and caught the vagrant star gleams and held them . . .

It was very sweet . . .

The next day Nathaniel told Betty of his enforced engagement to Josie. He told her all about Kellogg, and how he, Nathaniel, had tried to beg off, and how Kellogg had refused him his plea and so he had had to go thru with it. Betty said her heart was broken and her tears came again, from the broken depths of her tenderness, and Nathaniel said his was, too, and they stared with the uncompromising eyes of youth into what they deemed to be uncompromising tragedy.

Dispensing sodas, sundae and other frivolities that another, Nathaniel felt as tho he must be giving wormwood and gall in the glass receptacles. His soda fountain popularity cost him dearly that day. His smiles, he felt, were so many self-victories achieved from the very spirit of bitterness.

The following day dropped the Damoclean sword, so to speak. Henry Kellogg arrived in town, having received from Nathaniel a sketch of Sam Graham's invention. He was, he said, interested. Nathaniel presented Betty. After a bit, when they were alone, Kellogg gave Nathaniel a quick look. "Betty is the reason, yes?" he asked.

"Reason for what?" asked Nathaniel, dourly.

"For your—let us call it begging off."

"Yes. Yes, you may as well know it, I love her."

"Really?"

"Really and truly."

"What makes you so certain?"

"You are certain when love comes. You just know. I cant explain."

"You dont need to, Nat. I do release you. I think I understand."

"You . . .?"

"I've seen Betty. She's real. Awfully
real. I can imagine. She would break your heart. Also, she'll make you, more, even, than the heiress. And you do love her. Betty is real. Go to it."

Occasionally the law intervenes in a sense of liberation. It did, as it happened, for Nathaniel Duncan. He had been wandering about Radville, the day after his talk with Kellogg, too dispirited to go to the store, too dispirited to seek out Josie and put it up to her, not daring to face the soft, the terrible temptation of Betty. Some one, he feared, was going to get hurt in this mix-up, and he didn't want anyone to. Not Josie, who was, after all, a good enough sort according to her lights, and not, oh, not Betty . . .

In stepped the law.

Back, it seemed, in the place in New York last graced by Nathaniel's presence in the capacity of a clerk, money had been missing.

The thief had escaped, not without, however, being seen and described given. The man described had boarded a train going in the direction of Radville. The police had picked up the clues and the thievery was traced to the amazed Nathaniel.

An hour or two or three before he was aware of the fact, all of Radville knew that Nathaniel Duncan was a plain, ordinary thief, who had stolen from his employer and had fled to hide his crime and himself in poor, innocent Radville.

Nathaniel himself, however, confronted suddenly, by Josie Lockwood, her father, the winking sheriff, who, loathing the bonds of matrimony, thought this an opportunity to release Nathaniel, did not deny the allegation. He admitted, quite solemnly, to being a thief. He didn't say of what. He expressed no surprise. He had understood the sheriff. Formally, then and there, Josie released him, or rather, dismissed him with hauteur and scorn. She was last seen by Nathaniel sobbing away her outrage in the consolatory arms of Roland.

In the Grahams' back yard that night, or that twilight, Nathaniel sought out Betty and told her the whole truth. "It was a rush, dear heart," he said, "and of course, Josie will know that it was when she learns that the real thief has been caught; but it did give her a chance to prove whether, or no her heart was involved, and you see it wasn't. If it had been . . . well, she would have stuck anyway, wouldn't she, Betty?"

"Yes," said Betty.

"Love is like that, isn't it?" went on Nathaniel. "Real love, you know: it persists, anyway, all the time, doesn't it?"

"Oh, yes," whispered Betty.

"Then everything's all right," said Nathaniel, coming closer; "the invention is going to go . . . Kellogg. God love him, will make it, and there will be money and the store will thrive and you and I . . . and I and you . . . I love to say it, darling, you and I . . ."

But Betty was in his arms and he could not speak for the kisses on his mouth.
The Ambitious Miss Eddy
By ELIZABETH PELTRET

I've played dozens of love scenes," said Helen Eddy, whose work with George Beban, with Sessue Hayakawa and more recently in the King Vidor production, "The Turn of the Road," has given her a place in screen circles peculiarly her own, "but," she went on, "I've never had a real love affair in my life." Probably it is this that makes Helen Eddy so different from other young girls of her age.

The game of hearts that interests them more than anything else has no interest for her at all. She doesn't talk about it with the keen relish most girls do. She regards love as an important ingredient in the making of a play, she said. We had been discussing the necessity, or lack of necessity, of an actress having some basis of actual experience as a foundation for her characterizations. "But I don't think it is at all important for any player to experience any emotion of a part in reality. Of course, you have to realize these emotions in your imagination, and that would argue some basis of experience—at some time."

"Then you believe in reincarnation?"
"Yes; it seems to me the best explanation of everything. After all, isn't it not only possible but probable that I have taken up the broken thread of an interrupted work, that I have had much of the experience necessary for this work and that it alone will be sufficient for me now?"

We were sitting in the front room of her home on Van Ness Avenue in Hollywood, where she lives with her father and mother. (Other members of the family are three very lively and very affectionate puppies.)

One's first impression of Helen Eddy is of surprise—that she should be so much taller than she appears on the screen. Her brown eyes are rather round in shape and have in them something of the fatalism of the Oriental. She is an indefatigable worker. When she is not at the studio she is usually studying or rehearsing a part in some production of the Hollywood Community Players. Her voice is deep, well cultivated and of splendid scope and power. Her hair is a glossy black. She was, you will remember, a remarkable Italian in her work with George Beban. It is interesting to note that in a recent picture with Sessue Hayakawa she appears just as characteristically Chinese.

Helen Eddy is a fatalist. She feels that in training herself to become an actress she is (Continued on page 86)
The Fame and Fortune Contest for 1920

We were, to say the least, delighted with the results of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest. Thereby we verified our theory that the world in general, and America in particular, are still well supplied with cinema possibilities, both upon the public and upon the private sides. Our two-reel feature "A Dream of Fair Women," which is now being shown throughout the country, presenting the winners and honor roll beauties, is proof of our success. The flattering offers received by win-ners and honor roll girls alike show how highly producers regard the opinion of our judges. Hence we take great pleasure in presenting our bigger and better Fame and Fortune Contest for 1920.

In connection with the contest now in progress we shall produce a Five-Reel Feature drama for the honor roll beauties, work upon which is already under way. The story has been selected, and it is strong, picturesque, unique and original, presenting unusual opportunities for many players of various types. To the members of its cast who measure up to possi-bilities, this production will give unusual publicity and promi-nence, since the drama, aside from being a product of the greatest campaign of its kind, would stand well alone upon its own histrionic merits.

Those contestants whose pictures appear promising will be communicated with at once, and they may—depending upon ability—be offered a part in this five-part play immediately. While we are now starting production, the play will not be completed till the late fall, since as a special feature it is to contain the test scenes taken of the honor roll girls at Roslyn, N. Y.

This opportunity is not limited to youth and beauty alone, for there are several character types needed, both male and female, some of whom are to play big parts. We suggest that any contestant wishing to apply for one of these parts so state on the entrance coupon, as well as by letter accompanying photos.

There are several points to be considered in the choice of photographs. First, do not submit photos that lie. Choose an artistic portrait that shows you up to the best advantage, but never one that conceals really visible defects. A false photo may win a place on the honor roll, but a feat so accom-plished will only make keener your disappointment at rejection when you in person appear before the judges. So be per-fectly honest with your picture; it will pay in the long run. Furthermore, we must have at least one straight photograph. There is no objection to an extra tinted photo, but our main concern is how you will show up on the screen, whose sole colors are black and white. Then, too, if you should win a place on the honor roll a tinted picture could not be reproduced. There is no limit to the number of pictures that may be sent in; in fact, if you fail to succeed at the first attempt, it might be well to recall that anything worth while is worth repeated efforts.

It will be well to here review the salient features of the rules and regulations governing the contest. In the first place, we must have regular photographs, not snapshots or post-cards; and any request to this effect necessary entrance coupon is pasted upon the back of each picture. Bear in mind when entering the contest that under no conditions will any photo be returned. Another important point, while a little previous stage or screen experience is allowable, no one may enter who has already played prominent parts; this contest is for amateurs only. Both sexes and all nationalities are eligible and there is no age limit; in short, any one other than well-known actors and actresses may compete.

All four winners in the 1919 contest were girls, simply because the latent Romances of the screen were so utterly indifferent. There is just as great demand in pictures for men as there is for women, and this demand ranges from the "handsome and dashing" juvenile to the character parts. So, men of America, rouse yourselves, and show to the "femin. of the species" that you are as deadly as she when it comes to silver-sheet possibilities.

And, finally, we cannot answer all letters in regard to this contest. Obviously, it would be utterly impossible to answer all of the hundreds that pour in daily; hence we will answer none. The announcements in the Motion Picture Magazine, Classic and Shadowland will cover every phase of the rules and regulations governing the contest. We shall also publish special articles on the subject from time to time.

Remember, this is the opportu-nity of a lifetime; for to the winners is a place among the bright lights of the stage. We guarantee an engagement and will give to each of the winners two years' publicity. This will consist of cover portraits, pictures in the gallery, special articles and interviews of prominent writers—publicity that cannot be bought at any price! Hence we can promise that at the end of two years the winners will—to a degree depending upon the artistry of their work—be known thru- out the civilized world. In other words, we can, thru the power of publicity, place an amateur possessing unusual screen possibilities in a position of prominence such as could not be attained thru single-handed efforts except after a long and arduous struggle. This we guarantee.

This feature of the contest is invaluable to the winners. True, we have artists of the screen who began at the bottom and worked up step by step—and we admire them all the more for it—but it took years of struggling against fearful odds. On the other hand, think of what we are offering you. Thru our three magazines we bridge this great gap of obscurity and insignificance and immediately place you in the position which your abilities demand. Why linger at the foot of the ladder indefinitely if you have within your power the means of covering many unessential rungs at a single bound?

So here's to Fame and Fortune! We shall put over the contest and its results with feature production with characteristic energy and enthusiasm. Your success is now up to you. Meet us half-way in the beginning, and if you possess sufficient screen possibilities we can give you the opportunity to make a place among the great artists of the silver sheet.

In connection with the showing of "A Dream of Fair Women," local theaters will conduct contests under the patron- age of our magazines, the winners in which will be placed on our honor roll. If your manager has not heard about this, tell him to write to Murray W. Garsson, Foundation Film Corp oration, 1600 Broadway, New York City, for details and literature. Announcements also in current issues of our publications.
Every Day People Judge You by Your Nails

Have they the beauty they so easily can gain?

"How beautifully turned out, how correct," you thought—until you caught a glimpse of her nails.

Then, "Shocking!" you said to yourself.

And that one glimpse of her carelessly groomed hands left an impression that you never forgot.

Do you realize how easy it is to keep your nails lovely—so lovely that they lend you that assurance which comes from the knowledge that even the most critical eye can find nothing but immaculate perfection?

The secret of beautiful nails lies in the care of the cuticle. This is the most important part of a manicure. The more you cut the cuticle the faster it grows. It becomes tough, thick, and hangnails appear.

You can keep your nails lovely without injuring the cuticle.

Cutex is a harmless cuticle remover. Applied to the cuticle, it keeps the base of the nail smooth, firm, crescent-like.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it into the bottle of Cutex and work it around the base of the nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Instantly the dry cuticle is softened. Wash the hands, pushing back the cuticle with a towel. The surplus cuticle will disappear, leaving a firm, even, slender nail base.

If you like snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails directly from the tube. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For an especially brilliant, lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cutex Cake or Powder polish.

If your cuticle has a tendency to dry and grow coarse, apply a bit of Cutex Cold Cream each night. This cream was especially prepared to keep the hands and cuticle soft and fine. Give yourself this manicure regularly. Make it as much of a habit as keeping your shoes shined. It is true that one Cutex manicure makes your nails look lovely; but you cannot keep them well groomed by irregular care. Give your nails a Cutex manicure regularly.

Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are 35 cents. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent bottles. You can get Cutex in any drug or department store in the United States, Canada and in any chemist shop in England.

A manicure set for 20 cents

For twenty cents we will send you the Midget Manicure Set containing enough of the Cutex preparations for at least six manicures. Use the coupon below. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 903, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

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Conducted by F. J. S.

The goal of all screen producers — having a "two-page spread" advertisement in The Saturday Evening Post.

Now that Metro is doing Ibanez's "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," some one suggests that the title roles ought to be played by Bill Hart, Tom Mix, Harry Carey and Texas Guinan.

Our Makers' Dozen
Picking the twelve directorial leaders is no easy task. But here is Double Exposure's list:

David Griffith
Cecil De Mille
Thomas Ince
Mack Sennett
King Vidor
George Loane Tucker
—and Hobart Henley if he makes another "Gay Old Dog."

Conservation of Superlative Note
Selznick announces the acquisition of that Pollyanna philosopher, Herbert Kaufman, as "the greatest mind on earth."

Marshall Neilan
George Fitzmaurice
Maurice Tourneur
Allan Dwan
Mrs. Sidney Drew

When "Yankee Doodle in Berlin" crossed to England it became "Tommy Atkins in Berlin." And the British ads comment upon "the bonny bathing belles" and that the police have "plenty to do controlling the queues."

Publicity suggestions—Why doesn't Thomas Ince pose for a photograph while shaking hands with some notable studio visitor?

Isn't man ever satisfied? Here is Mary Thurman being sued for divorce?

(Continued on page 89)
$100 Down Brings This Ladies' 3-Piece Outfit

Smart, Lace Trimmed, Handsome
Serge Skirt, Voile Waist, Flounced Petticoat

This useful, fashionable ladies' outfit sent to you on approval for only $1.00 down. If you decide to keep it, pay in small monthly sums. If, for any reason whatever, you decide to send the outfit back your money will be returned immediately. To get this bargain you must act at once. The offer is limited.

Skirt — Fine quality wool mixed Serge, both attractive and serviceable. The usual shaped belt and pocket. Entire lower half of skirt is enlivened with rows of facings, finished with a full length tailored fold and h emotions. Colors—Navy Blue or Black. Belt 24 to 36, length 24 to 40.

Waist — White Voile with shapely collar and waist-front, enlivened with insertions of lace and dainty embroidery. Full length sleeves and pockets, dainty cuff effect. Color—White only. Bust 24 to 36.

Petticoat — Black Satin, with facings and pockets of Entire lower half of skirt is enlivened with rows of facings and buttons. Entire lower half of skirt is enlivened with rows of facings, finished with a full length tailored fold and h emotions. Colors—Navy Blue or Black. Belt 24 to 36, length 24 to 40.

Serge Skirt, Voile Waist, Flounced Petticoat

When ordering be sure to give color of skirt wanted, also bust, hip, and length measurements.

Order by No. S-32. Terms $1.00 with coupon, $2.00 monthly, total $12.95.

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Order Now

Send this coupon. All clothing material is very scarce. We have only a limited quantity of these outfits. Don't be too late. Mail the coupon today with a $1.00 P.O. order or a dollar bill. Remember, you take no risk. Send coupon now.

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Charlie Chaplin as Hamlet
Mary Pickford as Cleopatra
Theda Bara as Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm
Fatty Arbuckle as Romeo
Fay Tincher as Juliet
Pauline Frederick as the Ugly Duckling
Jack Pickford as Athello
Charles Ray as Iago
Douglas Fairbanks as the Little Lame Prince
Dorothy Gish as Alice Sit-by-the-fire
William S. Hart as Prince Charming
Eugene O'Brien as Old Scrooge
Olga Petrova as Cinderella
Nazimova as the Quaker Girl
Mary Miles Minter as Katherine the Shrew
Kitty Gordon as the Lady
Marion Davies as Topsy
Lillian Gish as Thais
Marguerite Clark as Salome
And we dare any one of them to try it!

EMPTINESS
By Barbara Hollis
My soul went out to the soul of the moon,
As she rode thron her studded sky;
There was no one else in the earth or air—
There were only the moon and I.

I traveled far in that mystic land,
Out over the broad years,
That crosses the River of Time and Space
With its ripples of smiles and tears.

I passed the Gateway of Hopes Long Dead,
With the Arch that is built out of Dreams;
And walked thru the Valley of Things undone
By the mortals who basked in her beams.

I, too, felt the spell of her magic rays,
But the joy from my heart had fled;
And I turned away with a bitter sigh—
For the soul of the moon was dead.

M. BROWN QUALIFIES
By Walter E. Mair
James De Lanley Sterling Brown
(Classic mug hut hopeless bean!)
Dreamed of Fate had left him down
For a future on the screen.

So he journeyed to the Coast,
(Rather logical at that!)
But he dwindled to a ghost,
Looking 'round for "something fat."

Desperate at length he grew—
(Ah, Los Angeles was cruel!)
For out J. D. L. S. knew
Fate was smiling as the mule

Smiles upon its inchoate:
(Pause we now to drop a tear!)
Plunged he 'neath a jumby-bus,
Broke a nose, tore off an ear.

* * *

Later on, that visage rare
(Ah, the murderous extra-line!) He displayed; someone yelled "There
"Is the type we're after: fine!"

Steady work from that day on!
(Viva, J. D. L. S. Brown!) Crooked-nosed, with beauty gone.
As a ham he scooped the town.

Morals, friend? Well, him, let's see—
(Moral market's mighty slack!)
Why, oh, yes—it seems to be—
"Always keep on coming back!"

A HOPELESS CASE
By Vera Macbeth Jones
Brown wished to be very emphatic
When he spoke of a friend quite erratic,
Who spent all his days
At the movie-plays;
So he called him a hopeless FANatic!

ZENA'S ZENITH
(Continued from page 48)
iridescence of sunset. The west was aglow, and the windows we approached gleamed like orange lanterns behind a veil of rose chiffon. I looked at Miss Keefe, in her black velvet toque, and her squirrel-trimmed suit. Orchids lent an extra tint to the picture that I sensed she so completely harmonized.

Manhattan spells expectation. And Manhattan at twilight spells fulfillment. Zena Keefe, sitting beside me, vibrant, alive to influence, keen to interpret, spelled expectation— and fulfillment ... and expectation all over again.

Zena comes from San Francisco, where at an early age she became a vaudeville artist. Mrs. Keefe recognized that the only way to gain development is to go after it. So Mother Keefe and Baby Keefe rolled up their tent-flaps and went on circuit tour.

Zena laughs now. "At every different town we visited, I was enrolled in a new school. I'm not the least bit sorry that I didn't get the academic training in one particular school, because, now that I look back"—which isn't so awkward, awkwardly far—"I think the course laid out for me did much more good. The rules were few. Tersely, I believe I was drilled to work and play, as much at one as at the other and—enjoy both."

The primer of "Never to Be Bored" is as innate in Zena Keefe as A-B-C. She claims that working as she did when a child has not taken away her youth but, if anything, has shot it out ahead, preceding her. All the work that she did then has been balanced by all the play she can afford today. She says this, but Zena makes me feel sure that when she slept, even, she giggled, and when she wept, if ever—she is not the weeping-willow sort—she'd jazz her sobbs into oblivion. Zena may some day catch up to her kidhood, but she will never entirely grasp it so that it can absorb.

Zena may be of the footsteps, but, like all compensations that are true to Emerson, Zena is essentially an outdoor girl. When she told me that skiing and riding and skating were her middle names, and I found it a happy surprise, Zena smiled, "Yes, indeed! I may look fragile, but if I bend over I won't break my back." The one expectation of her heart not yet fulfilled is to—fly!

Zena let 'er out again, and this time whizzed past the freshmen. "I wish some kind fan would give me an aeroplane for Christmas," she whispered to the wind.

Mae, Mary and Matrimony
(Continued from page 17)
plained papa, with super-fatherly calm. "Never cries—never. It's all the way you bring them up. Start them right and they go right."

Which we jotted down in our notebook for possible future reference.

(Sixty)
PROPER Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use

**WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**

This clear, pure, and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up.

You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

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How to Obtain Beautiful, Rich, Long, Eyelashes and Brows!

EVERY WOMAN should be the rightful owner of beautiful eyes, the essentials of which are: First: Long, rich eyelashes; and Second: Well-cared-for eyebrows. No matter what color your eyes may be—gray, brown or blue—ill they are shaded by thick, silky lashes, and well-shaped brows, their charm is greatly accentuated.

Nowadays, no one needs to be the discontented possessor of short, thin, uneven brows and lashes; you can greatly assist Nature by simply applying a little of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier at night. This scientific preparation nourishes the eyebrows and eyelashes, causing them to become gradually thick and lustrous, imparting sparkling expression to the eyes, and added charm to the face.

M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier, which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless; it is not a greasy, sticky salve, but a clean, nicely-perfumed liquid, in a cut glass bottle with glass stopper and applicator. The cut represents actual size of bottle. The active principle of this valuable article is a rare and expensive organic concentration which is unequaled for the purpose of stimulating and strengthening the particular follicles which produce rich, dark eyelashes.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY

Upon receipt of $5 in stamps, coin or Money Order, I will send you postpaid, in plain wrapper, a bottle of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier together with my copyrighted booklet on Beauty Hints. (Sixty-two)

A Doll’s Apartment
(Continued from page 25)

must do a great deal of atoning. Also, they have a kiddie with them. Six years old. Of the masculine gender, I inquired.

The kiddie is Olive’s brother’s boy. Last summer the mother died and Olive adopted the small nephew. Just at present he is going to school in Tarrytown. At the date of the play he was expecting him the following day to come to New York, while she bought for him a velvet suit and a fur outercoat.

"He wants an aeroplane for Christmas," she informed me, with seriousness at the behest; "the only thing that bothers him is how it is going to manage to get thru these windows. I explained to him that Santa will manage it somehow, that he is quite marvelous as a manager. I don’t know just what I can get by way of an aeroplane, but of course I shall get some sort of a thing that flies."

All told, the young Jack Pickfords were going to make a high and festive occasion of Yuletide. That very morning Olive had been buying Jack’s gift, consisting of a set of black pearls for evening wear, at Tiffany’s, and there was also a resplendent lounging robe of sumptuous silk, and then it was only the first part of December. I should think the aeroplane not the only unlikely thing to wedge into one apartment. Olive laughingly remarked that her mother says she and Jack spend all their salaries giving one another presents.

"He’s always sending me something and then I send him something back," Olive said. "You see, we have to bridge the distance in some way. At first I just couldn’t get used to the idea of living this way, but I suppose one gets used to anything, given time. When we were together we used to use up the time fighting over things. I’d say, ‘You’re out with this guy one evening, and he’d come back at me in the same way, and we’d have a lively time of it, but we’re over that now. We know that we cant sit home by the fireside all the time just because we cannot be together.’"

She went on to observe that there was not, in screen work, however, much of any time to sit by the fireside or elsewhere. She worked, she said, with a pretty little air of distraction, night and day, and when she was supposed to have a week off to attend to such necessities as shopping for household and for Christmas, there were all sorts of retakes and other summoning things.

She would love, she said, to go on the stage, but for the next two years or more she will do as she is doing now . . . for the present . . . Thus is it gorgeous to be gorgeously young and be able thus to dicker with the passing of the young years . . .

As I was leaving she showed me thru the hole of the apartment and told me, with the pretty pride of possession, of what she was doing, intended to do, with every nook and corner. One feature of (Continued on page 101)
Fifth Avenue Styles — Direct from the Maker — Saves $5 to $10!
Send Today For Your Free Copy of
THE HAMILTON CATALOG FOR SPRING 1920

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These are not the usual "mail-order styles." They are the very same garments we are showing in our five-story Fifth Avenue building—the same frocks the best-dressed women in New York are buying by hundreds. Every one is new, smart, and distinctive—just the sort of garment you've longed for.

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DRESSES, $9.95 up
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THE OBJECT of this advertisement is to have YOU send for our catalog. No need to write a letter. A postcard will do it. Send it TODAY!

BE CURIOUS! Even if there is nothing you need just now—get this beautiful book anyway and enjoy the latest Fifth Avenue styles. Remember, it's FREE!

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New York, U.S.A.
After the Dance

THE woman who dances, or who engages in any form of exercise, knows the value of having a complexion which retains its delicate loveliness throughout the glow of her exertion.

Nature intended that your skin should remain smooth and fresh despite the free flowing of the blood that comes from exhilaration, and Resinol Soap is nature’s agent for preserving the soft natural bloom of your skin.

Resinol Soap is an unusually pure and cleansing toilet soap with qualities that soothe and heal irritations of the skin’s texture. It is the soap for you if you are resolved not to permit skin imperfections to interfere with your social and business success.

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Resinol Soap

Trial free. Dept. 8-E, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
**MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC**

**Marjorie Daw: A Real Girl**

(Continued from page 21)

my make-up, for every one teased me about my fat legs. You see, I wore woolen stockings and flat-heeled sandals, and I guess they did look big.

"I played with Susse Hayakawa in 'The Jaguar’s Claws,’ and it was while making this picture up in Montana that I learnt to ride horseback. I had the widest time on that trip, for it was my first experience going away on location, and there were many Indians, and I was thrilled every minute.

"Then I was Betty Warren in 'The Warrorns of Virginia,’ and fell madly in love with Blanche Sweet, with her charm and lovely poise.

"At the time Geraldine Farrar made 'Joan the Woman’ I was studying geography and history, and was so thrilled to be a part of that fascinating period of French history that I read book after book on the subject and became a walking encyclopedia on Jeanne d’Arc.

"My first grown-up part was in 'The Chorus Lady,’ with Wallace Reid. I wore my hair up, and I know aged years trying to be emotional at the right time, for I didn’t know what it was all about. After this I was glad enough to be a little side-woman with Charlotte Walker in 'Out of Darkness.’ I remember what a blow it was, tho, when she told me that I must wait until I had lived before I could hope to play tragedy, for I was just beginning to feel the urge toward ‘heavy stuff.’ Then, when Theda Bara came along, I decided I must be a vamp, the greatest of them all, and now, I want to be a good comedienne. I absolutely refuse to be called an ingenue. I’m not one!” And Marjorie’s big eyes flashed a bit of defiance at this much overworked term.

"Perhaps it was during my two years with Douglas Fairbanks as his leading woman that I learnt the real power of comedy. He has a tremendous vitality and so much pep, thoroly enjoying his work. One important thing I learnt from him was never to go on a set in a listless mood, no matter how one may feel. He puts his whole heart into every scene, and it makes me a little homesick to think there is another girl in my place, for I loved, to work with Douglas.”

Marjorie’s reminiscences are necessarily rather limited, for it was only eighteen years ago that she was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado.

When she was eight she came to California with her mother and brother, Chandler, who is three years her junior. Marjorie and Chandler are all alone in the world now, for the little mother passed away two years ago, and the absolute devotion and remarkable “chumminess” existing between the two is a secret known only to her and sister. They are a favorite topic among their friends. With an older girl friend they play at housekeeping in a pretty little bungalow in Hollywood.

Tho Chandler had gained some prominence in the picture world, they have (Continued on page 101)

($6.50 an)
A Gorgeous Beauty with Star-Like Eyes

GLORIA SWANSON—one of the world’s most beautiful screen stars—is fully aware of the fact that beautiful eyes make a beautiful face, because she, as well as all other stars of stage and screen, and society’s favorite beauties, spare no pains to add to the charm of their eyes, by means of long, silky, luxuriant Eyelashes and well-formed Eyebrows, Nature’s perfect frames for “The windows of the soul” the EYES. What hundreds of thousands of women are doing, you can do—make your eyes beautiful, give them a deep, soulful expression with the aid of beautiful Eyelashes and Eyebrows if you will simply apply a little

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nightly. You will be amazed and delighted with results obtained, so, why not start this transformation at once? “LASH-BROW-IN” is a pure, delicately scented cream, which nourishes and promotes the growth of the Eyelashes and Eyebrows in a natural manner. Guaranteed absolutely harmless. Used and endorsed by beautiful women everywhere.

Generous Size 50c, at Your Dealer’s or send direct, prepaid, in plain wrappers, on receipt of price.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4305-73 Grand Boulevard, Chicago, Ill.
THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unflagging and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genie have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so now. Don’t lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

**First Prize**
Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records. Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

**Second Prize**
Moviette Camera and three packages of films (value $65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip—your camera trip—pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

**Third Prize**
Corona Typewriter with case (value $70); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one’s study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

**Fourth Prize**
Sheaffer “Giftie” Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil; in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot be put out of order. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

**Fifth Prize**
Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

**Sixth Prize**
Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no leaks to forget.

**Seventh Prize**
Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

**Eighth Prize**
Same as Seventh Prize.

**Ninth Prize**
Marble nickel-plated pocket axe is of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.
THE NEAR PICKFORD
By Walter E. Maie

When a studio was built next door to Blomstein's,
And Reha was born soon after,
With hair that curled so naturally,
And soulful eyes thatrolled,
And everything......
They said Art had been, so-to-speak,
The predominating, prenatal
Predestining influence........

Reha grew up.
So did the hair that curled so naturally,
And the soulful eyes, which waxed more
Inexpressible; She became more screenish every day...
And everything......
But somehow, alackaday,
Reha is only a cold-cream demonstrator.
And the Blomsteins do not live luxuriously
In a million-dollar home, where
Down among the sheltering palms.

So we think that the good Lord must have put
Almost all the elements into little Reha
Of a wondrous second Mary Pickford,
Excepting only—the necessary soul o' the odd sod.

Which, of course, is Heaven's fault......
Not Reha's.

SCREEN MAGIC
By Ethel Hope

Out from the cold and the whirling snow;
He came at close of day;
Lured by the warmth and the rosy glow,
Lured by the tones of the music love,
Where pictoriedom held sway.

Fair were the scenes that before him went;
He watched as one entranced;
Feeling his heart growing more content;
Feeling himself far less worn and spent,
And his heart's joy enhanced.

Into the cold and the whirling snow;
He trailed the crowds at last;
Deep in his soul was the summer's glow;
Deep in his eyes a glad light shone low.
As on his way he passed.

IMPRISONED
By Betty Earle

Like a leaf I would turn and turn in the
sunlight,
Enlarging my shadow in my own way.
Baring the flaming green of my soul to all
who would understand,
And to all who would understand, baring the
wan underneath of my soul.

But they have bound me tight, tight:
All the tendrils, the minions, the moans.
They have pressed me between white walls
that breathe no escape.
And when the stars lean over the night, I cannot
answer;
And when the wind pulses low, I cannot re-

THE TRAGEDY OF HUMOR
By La Touche Hancock

Everybody's still,
Everybody's solemn,
Papa's got to fill
The daily comic column!
Mother doesn't dare
To ask him for money;
Silence everywhere,
Papa's being funny!
Sister cannot sing
To amuse the folks;
Peace o'er everything,
Papa's making jokes!
Anxious, quiet, sad,
All around we sit;
Isn't it bad?
Papa is a wit?

Scotch and Seltzer
(Continued from page 23)
hand-carved rum-chest given him by his
uncle, an old Nantucket whaler, to a set of
beauty opium pipes regaled him by a
Chinese smuggler. He has every variety of
vases, dinner-plate, platter; a dozen
different varieties of period furniture
from Jacobin to Stickley; several original
canvases—one of Rembrandt's.

And then, he has a sister, who is his
secretary, and a charming mother, who

speaks with a semi-Southern accent and

whom Norm worships.

And he, who is the typical sophisti-
cated man of today, the romancer who
is a romancer without being a vampire,
is, about his sister, unquestionably the
most solicitous being I've ever seen.

Miss Kerry is eighteen and beautiful,
the one of those rare flowers whose
petals have as yet to be singed by the
bright lights. Norm says that he's glad
she's not what is generally known as
'sophisticated'.

"I'm afraid it's a very great drawback
these days," he remarked, "altho I
wouldn't have siss any other way for
worlds. A fellow, when he only has one
little sister, places his every hope in her.
He wants her to be like his mother.
What he himself does, affects him alone;
it must never reflect upon others."

In 1910 Kerry had an appointment to
Annapolis. Some how or other, he
changed his mind about being a naval
officer and enrolled in St. John's College,
the arts and science branch of the
University of Maryland, to learn about
the world.

But college got on his nerves. He,
like many other young progressives has
found, discovered that one today lives in
a commercial era that has swept away
the dust of ancient Rome and Greece;
that has put the practical note into aff-
fairs of education. In fact, Kerry says
that to him a worldly education was
worth twice that gleaned from fifty-
seven varieties of 'ologies and 'onomies.'

He became associated with his father
in the cattle business and journeyed to
Latin America to purchase hides and
d effected. Later he returned to this
country and rode the range in the West. It
was there that he met Art Acord, with whom
he eventually journeyed to Los Angeles,
where he became a salesman of anything
from real estate to cuffed-lints.

One day, two years ago, he journeyed to
the Brunton studio to sell Paul Eng-
strum, one of the proprietors, some paint.
As he walked across the lot he was ac-
Counted by a casting director. Bessie
Barriscale's leading man, it seemed,
had suddenly become temperamental and
"walked off the set" while the company
was "shooting" a nearby park. Blonde
Bessie, stranded, had sent in an S. O. S.
for a leading man. The casting director
liked Norm's looks, dragged him into the
office, and after a few minutes later Kerry
was in a company car, speeding to Griffin-
Park and wondering what all that
writing in a contract meant.

(Continued on page 70)

(Sto-sixty-eight)
Mabel Normand
in "Pinto"

A rag and a bone and a pair of leather "chaps" seem to have all those old chaps hypnotized. Mabel is surely an old man's darling; but then, we don't notice that any young men are indifferent to her charms, either.

Goldwyn Picture
Scotch and Seltzer
(Continued from page 68)

Shortly afterward he joined the British forces, but was rejected because of an injury received in training. Returning to the country, he recuperated and, incidentally, made a few more pictures. He then signed up for service with Uncle Sam, and was on his way to Buffalo, N. Y., to report, when he met Constance Talmadge on the train. The tank corps, however, was more important than the camera. He proceeded to his training camp and later was commissioned. And then the war finished itself!

But, nevertheless, he was destined to play opposite Connie Talmadge and, when his contract expired, to be signed by Alan Dwan as the star of Mayflower Corporation to play the handsome, mainly young engineer-hero of Richard Harding Davis’ “Soldiers of Fortune.”

And, as an actor, Kerry is surely lacking in one attribute—conceit. Everybody calls him Norm, and he refuses to take himself seriously. For if you do, he says, everybody else will take you seriously; if you don’t, your mistakes are going to be overlooked and you’re going to get by. All of which makes the movies for him more a pleasure than a business.

“And you’re quite sure that you want to get married as soon as I get out of the house?” I queried, in parting, for I know so many married actors and I’ve personally viewed three contracts signed by the weaker half of the family.

“Never,” he echoed. “Another drink? Good Scotch, this, eh?”

“Absolutely!” And, as I have said before, the better the Scotch, the more apt it is to find itself in seltzer.

BLEEDING HEARTS

By Faith Service

He sent no gift of roses... lover’s greetings, no lace-patterned, dainty silverenceroker; just this... a tiny sheaf of bleeding hearts because our hearts were broken.

He sent no flowering thing, nor joyous song; he swore that his love was true and blue; just bleeding hearts because his heart had bled. Ah, me, mine bleeds anew!

He sent no sweet confessions, gaily riboned, no tender missive, things all lovers say; but this... a locked sheaf of bleeding hearts On All-Hearts Day.

THE MOVIE VILLAIN

By Ted Olson

Not of the chap with the rakish air
And the manner coxing and debonair;
Nor yet of the ruffian of darkest dye
With the unshaved jaw and the lowering eye;
Nor still of him whose receding chin
Bears subtle witness to secret sin;
The girl is steeped to his eyes in crime,
For none of them do I weave this rime.

The villain of whom I tell is seen
Not in the light of the silver screen;
He’s the one who stumbles in front of you,
Stamps on your feet and ruins your view,
Pours himself in the nearest chair.
Poisons with garlic the suffering air,
And favors you and the rest of the crowd.
By reading the titles half aloud.

ROMANCE

By Charlotte Becker

“Two was once upon a time” and “Far away”—
What charm the word, familiar phrases hold.
Of mystery and magic, and of old,
Enchanting places; courtiers brave and gay.
And lovely ladies, swept by dainty May,
Whose beauty and quaintness man and woman May
Lift us one brief moment from the gold
And glimmer of the world’s drab workaday.

Again we tread romance’s fair domains.
Thru pathways sweet with rose and lavender,
Led by the fragrance of young memories stirs,
Back to the glamour of the leafy lanes.
And gardens hedged with patterned box and lime.

Of “Far away” and “Once upon a time.”

WHENEVER YOU SING

By Walter Pulitzer

A thousand fancies come and go,
Rare orchids’ mid the daisies grow,
Sweet voices ring across the snow,
Or seas in whose silver flow—

Whene’er you sing!

Blue mountains rear their crests on high,
Kings sit alone, ‘tis beauty, so,
Palm trees pierce the forest to the sky,
Processions, torch-lit, pass me by—

Whene’er you sing!

Life’s sordid cares of e’ry day
Are overpowered and shut away.
All unrestrained the fancies play
From glad to sad, from sad to gay—

Whene’er you sing!

But I must add, O maiden, fair—
My views your father does not share.
The room he’ll leave, the door he’ll slam.
And right our kindred he swear, “Oh, d—a-n,”

Whene’er you sing!

DIRGE

By Faith Service

Out of my broken heart I’ll make a song,
Aureate with psalmistry—blood-stained with blood.
Binding love’s shattered limbs—cradling love’s head—
Closing love’s mused mouth, stricken and red.

There where a sickly moon rides o’er her dead,
There must I lay it—love’s crimsoned
But on the Silversonic, memoried and dear—
Rises love flowering, homing, and near...
6-Piece Set
Fumed Solid Oak

A Room Full of Furniture

Send only $2.00 and we will ship you this handsome 6-piece library set. Only $2.00 down, then $2.90 a month, or only $33.90 in all. A positively staggering value and one of the biggest bargains we have ever offered. Look at the massive set, clip the coupon below and have it shipped no approval. Then see for yourself what a beautiful set it is. If you do not like it, return it to us and we will return your money. All you have to do is to send the coupon with $2.00. This magnificent library set is not shown in our regular catalog. The value is so wonderful and the demand is great that there aren't enough to go around, so send today—sure. Either have set sent for you to see, or tell us to mail catalog.

This superb, six-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout, finished in rich dull waxed, brown fumed oak. Large arm rocking and arm chair are 30 inches high, seats 17 x 19 inches. 4-wing rocking and combination chair are 38 inches high, seats 17 x 17 inches. All four pieces are padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table has 14 x 14-inch lip, with enemy magazine shelf below, and beautifully designed legs of similar oak.

Ends, Jardinere and measure 34 x 24 x 19 inches, subject to your approval. One C. O. D. Shipped knocked down so as to save you as much as one-half of the freight charges. Easy to set up. Shipping weight about 330 pounds. Offer by No. S571A. Send $2.00 cash with order or $2.90 monthly. Price: $32.90.

No discount for cash.

Act Now—While This Special Offer Lasts

Don't wait a day longer. Sit down today and send in the coupon for this 6-piece fumed Solid Oak Library Set. For a limited time only we are able to offer you this stupendous bargain. Prices, as you know, on everything are going up, up, up. It is impossible to tell just what day it will be necessary for us to increase the price of this wonderful fumed Solid Oak Library Set. So act, and act quick. Fill out the coupon and send it to us with the first small payment and we will ship you this wonderful 6-piece fumed Solid Oak Library Set. Pieces not sold separately.

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National free $2.00. Ship special order
made to your order in Library Sets. I
am to be used in all free trial. I keep the
order. I will pay you $2.00 monthly on
the 1st of each month for the entire
amount of the order and you are to return my money and any freight charges paid.

6-Piece Library Set, No. S571A. $13.90.

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Send:

If you only want catalog put X in proper box below
1. Furniture, Stoves and Jewelry
2. Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing

Seventy-one
That Would Buy 100 Dishes

Of Supreme Food—Quaker Oats

Consider that—the steak for an average family meal would serve 100 dishes of the food of foods.

Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish. One egg would buy five dishes. One chop would buy twelve dishes, based on prices at this writing.

You can serve ten breakfasts of Quaker Oats for about the cost of serving one with meat or eggs or fish.

Saves 90% on Your Breakfast

But the true way to measure foods is by nutrition. The calory—the energy unit—is used for this comparison.

Quaker Oats yield 1810 calories per pound, while round steak yields 890 and eggs 635.

This is the cost per 1000 calories in some necessary foods at this writing:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cost Per 1000 Calories</th>
<th>Quaker Oats</th>
<th>Average Meats</th>
<th>Average Fish</th>
<th>Hen’s Eggs</th>
<th>Vegetables</th>
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<td>5½c</td>
<td>45c</td>
<td>50c</td>
<td>70c</td>
<td>11c to 75c</td>
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So Quaker Oats, compared with average meat foods, saves some 90 per cent on a breakfast.

And the oat is the supreme food. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness.

It is rich in elements which growing children need. As a vim-food it has age-old fame.

Make Quaker Oats your basic breakfast. Start the day well-fed. Use this saving to bring your average food cost down.

Quaker Oats

Flaked from Queen Grains Only

Serve Quaker Oats for its delightful flavor. It is flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavy oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. Yet it costs no extra price.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South
Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come

(Continued from page 32)

with wild schemes. If it meant the overturning of the world, the reaching up to pluck stars down from the sky, she would gladly do her best for the sake of bringing the light back to his eyes.

Of course, Major Buford discovered the runaway after a search, the seeking took several weeks, and, of course, he insisted that he should come back to Lexington with him. "Hold up your head, my boy! Show 'em you don't care a damn what anybody thinks!" he roared.

"By gad, I thought you had more spirit!" But secretly he rejoiced in his proud old heart at the boy's stubborn pride.

It took argument to overcome it. It took Caleb's reinforcements, Melissa's pleading. But perhaps more potent than any of these things was the unseen urging of a sunny-haired vision in a black velvet riding-habit, who seemed to whisper earnestly, "Chad, come back! We'll go riding again together. Wait and see!"

So Chad once again turned his face from the mountains to the Valley of Disillusion, but before he went he kist Melissa good-by—kist her as he might have kist his mother, with frank, boyish lips, careless and passionate. "You've been moughty good to me, Meliss. I reckon I won't forget it ever," he said. She held his head a moment between her small, hard hands and looked in his eyes. Hope had rekindled the fires of his youth, and they flared high and splendid—torch of a conqueror.

"Good-by, Chad," said Melissa, and smiled so that he would not know her agony. "Good-by, boy."

Again she thought, watching him go into the morning distance, "I shall never see him again."

Yet you were wrong, Meliss—one more—one more—

In the valley time passed on winged feet, the time it takes to make a boy into a man, to make a gold-haired girl into a woman. The major adopted Chad legally. He was as proud of him as he was of his own name, and that is saying much. For, to the major, birth was the only necessary virtue, not to be a gentleman the only unforgivable sin. Sometimes he would stand long beside Chad's bed and look down into the lean, cleanly cut face, with its hollowed temples and proud lips, with faded, questing old eyes.

"The Buford chin," he would mutter irriably, "and the Davidson nose. There's blood in you, boy—blood, and I'm damned if I don't believe it's Buford blood, too! Chadwick Buford was a rover and a waster, but he was a gentleman, and you're a gentleman's son."

But he never spoke of this to Chad. Indeed, he did everything possible to make the boy proud of his ancestorless state. "Every line has a beginning," he told him, tartly. "You shall found a line, my boy—a line of Bufords and gentlemen."

The kindly forgetfulness of time had dimmed Chad's offense of birth in the
CLASSIC

eyes of the Deans. When he returned home from college, tall, slimly built and handsome in a dark, grave, eager fashion, Mr. Dean himself unbent far enough to call upon him and publicly invite him to his home. The Dean boys, noisy young blades of his years, greeted him with the careless democracy of youth, and Margaret, grown straight and slim as a candle with a flame of gold above her vivid, flashing face, danced and rode with him as she danced and rode with the young Olivers and Carters and Blackburns, and the dandified youths from Richmond who came to visit at her father's house.

“She's good to me because she just can't help being good to everybody,” said Chad, quietly, to the major. “I hope I'm not quite such a cad as to take any hopes from that, sir.”

“Apoth! ’' snorted the major, grandly, bristling, as he always did, like an old turkey cock when anything concerning Chad's desirability came in question.

“Pooh! Don't be so dumb humble! I hate humble men. Believe in yourself! If you do that you're fit to marry a princess of the blood! Pooh! The girl's no fool! Don't treat her like one.”

But Chad shook his dark head gravely and turned the subject. He was put to it these days to keep Margaret Dean's dazzling face, the light, crisp rustle of her garments, the scent of her, diffused by every movement, the need of her out of his thoughts, as a man of honor should, who had nothing to offer her but a borrowed name. Youth was hot in him, aching, tormenting, giving him no peace. He grew a bit thin, more than a bit white and worn with the struggle those days, and the old major was anxious.

“By gad! There's spirit for you! Eating his damfool heart out for that girl and she'd fall into his arms if he asked her! But he won't ask, confound his devilish pride—he'll die before he asks her! Still something must be done—can't have the boy wasting to a shadder before my face and eyes!”

So the major, muttering, puffing with the pride that was in him. What it was that must be done he did not say, and, in fact, could not guess. Certainly nothing was further from his thoughts than what did happen. One day in early autumn, Chad Buford strode into the house, with thunderous face, and flung his riding-crop upon the table. His voice when he spoke to his guardian was high and shaking like that of a man at the breaking point of nerves.

“I'm going away, sir—to China—Egypt—Bombay—anywhere so long as it's far enough!” he cried, and rested his forehead on his arms, folded upon the mantel. “I've got to go—if it isn't already too late.”

“And by that, Chad?” asked the major, very softly. “By that you mean—”

“I mean,” said Chad, in a stifled voice, “if I haven't already made her love me—me—a beggar from Nowhere! But it all happened so quickly.” He groaned and shook from head to foot. “Her horse

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BEWARE OF THE LITTLE FLAWS THAT MAKE ONE HOMELY

It is so easy to let your skin acquire bad traits

A LITTLE roughness, a little shine, a little cloudiness of skin, and one’s looks are gone! It is so easy, too, to let your skin acquire these bad little traits unless you know just how to avoid them.

Wind and cold whip the moisture out of your skin—leave it dry and tense. Then follow roughening and chapping. Skin specialists say that one can protect

the skin by applying a softening and soothing cream always before venturing out. Never omit this.

Of course, you can’t apply a cold cream before going out. It makes your face too oily. Lightly touch your face and hands with Pond’s Vanishing Cream, which is made precisely for this daytime and evening use. This leaves your face smooth and protects it from the weather. Do this every time you go out.

DOES the powder keep coming off your face, leaving you all shiny and embarrassed?

Before you powder, take a bit of Pond’s Vanishing Cream and rub it lightly into the skin. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened. Now powder as usual and don’t think of it again. The powder will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. There is not a bit of oil in Pond’s Vanishing Cream, so it cannot reappear in a miserable glinten.

WHEN your face is tense from a long, hard day, yet you want to “look beautiful,” remember that the cool, fragrant touch of Pond’s Vanishing Cream smoothed over the face and neck, will instantly bring it new freshness. Do this before you go to a dance.

BEWARE of allowing your skin to cloud up and lose its clearness. When this happens, it is because minute particles of dust have worked their way too deep into the pores to be removed by ordinary bathing. It takes a cold cream with a good oil base to remove this deeply lodged dust.

Before you go to bed and whenever you have been especially exposed to dust, rub Pond’s Cold Cream into the pores of

the skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will say: “How could so much dust have gotten into my pores!” Do this regularly and you will be rewarded by a clear, fresh skin.

Why your skin needs two kinds of cream

Every skin needs two creams. Do not forget that the cream which you use for daytime and evening is especially made without oil so that it cannot reappear in a shine. This is Pond’s Vanishing Cream. It cannot make your face shiny even for a moment. It is based on an ingredient prescribed by physicians for its softening effect. Use it for protection from cold, for a powder foundation, for freshening the skin at a moment’s notice.

But for cleansing the skin and for massage it is the cream with an oil base which you need—Pond’s Cold Cream. Use it nightly before retiring, and whenever you have been exposed to dust and dirt.

Neither cream will encourage the growth of hair on the face.

Stop at the drug store or at any department store and buy a jar or a tube of each cream. See how much it improves your skin.

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The maiden gazed with pensive eyes To where the stars were twinkling; She did not notice that the moon Was positively winking.

For she was lost in Leda's stream— In plain prose, she was thinking Of all the intoxicating draughts Of love her soul was drinking!

The paper clasped within her hand Had verses written on it, Full of her raptured lover's vows, And, as the moonbeams shone, it seemed just as if the rays were sent To let the maiden con it; And so and again; and yet again She read his precious sonnet!

"Ah! how my sweetheart's passion burns!" She cried. "Yes, now I know it, Here every sentence speaks his love, Just as his actions show it!" But Venus sighed, and Cupid grinned, And Eros cried, "Oh, blow it!""Twas written for a dollar by That advertising poet."

BALLADE OF PROFITeERS
By Charlotte Becker

Mike gets two dollars every hour For helping with the cows and hay; And, grinning as worn housewives cover, Amanda's asking five a day.

Pat's coming untold wealth, they say, At jobbing with a wrench and screw; The garbage men for taxis pay— But what is left for me and you?

The peas and beans and eggs and flour Whose prices cause our souls to strain, Bestow upon the grocer dower For limonades and real gem's airy.

And, if objections we betray Anent the butcher's bill for stew, Then his "Not givin' it away"— But what is left for me and you?

Warm frocks of wool or velvet tower Above our possible sphere, And furs! 'Twould make old Cressus sour Had he such mandates to obey.

Bricklayers' wives may still be gay And in their garb of latest hue Adorn the restaurant or play— But what is left for me and you?

To drive a moving-van or dray, And earn a goodly revenue So we our daily needs alay— Is all that's left for me and you!

HUMORS OF AMERICAN TRAVEL
By Walter Pultizer

The agent of a well-known insurance company in New York was on his way to Chicago, and the train stopping at one of the wayside stations, he got out for refreshments. Walking up to a porter, he asked: "Will my bag be safe here?"

"Sure, if you'll put a card on it," replied the dark-eyed man. The traveller hunted thru his pockets for a card with his name on it, but without success. He had found an old pack of playing cards, and scribbling his name across one of them, he laid it on the bag. . . Coming back from the refreshment room he found his bag missing.

"Porter, some one has taken my bag!" he cried.

The porter chuckled. "Say, mister, that was certainly a foolish thing you did."

"Why, what did I do?"

"You laid a King of Hearts on that bag and a chap just picked it up there and put an ace on it and took it away!"

Moral: Always carry a card-case with you.

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ONLY a chemist should mix a depilatory, then it is sure to be safe. Unlike pastes and powders which must be mixed by the user, DeMiracle is a liquid just the right strength for instant use. It never deteriorates. DeMiracle is more economical because there is no waste. It is the quickest, most cleanly and simple to apply.

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This method is an absolute science of voice culture. It develops Na-
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Pell of Pell Manor
(Continued from page 57)

bloom, Oriental pergolas, quaint pagoda-shaped bird-houses, stone storks and fantastically cut shrubbery. At one end of the lawn was the house, and a view beyond, by the way, of Mr. Trenton pointed out, was built by the studio carpenters, in tiers like the seats of a circus, and covered with green shavings to simulate grass. To the camera's eye the illusion was perfect. There was not an inch of the magic garden that did not look as if it had been born and educated in Japan.

We drove through the bamboo pergola, and Mr. Trenton talked about his work on stage and screen.

"I really started in to be a lawyer," he said, "but just as I was ready to take my examinations I took a notion that I would rather be an actor. Perhaps if I had had a great deal of trouble getting started my ardor would have been dampened, but I met with Julia Marlowe the first thing in 'The Goddess of Reason.' I stayed with her company until she married Mr. Sothen, and after that—well, I've had a checkered career. I've played everything from the stern father who shoves his erring daughter out into the paper snowstorm to the jealous husband in 'Pardon, Bedoom and Bath,' which was a hit with Julia Marlowe, and in my last stage appearance in New York. From 1910 to 1918 I played one hundred and fifty leading parts in stock companies in Salt Lake City, Bridgeport, New Haven and New York, and I was a juvenile in Herbert Blache's company—he is with Metro now, you know, and directed 'The Uplifters,' in which I played opposite Miss Allison.'

Somewhere we got around to talking about the war.

"Oh, yes, I enlisted," he said, "but I didn't get across—worse luck! I was in the officers' training camp at Palo Alto when the war flivered. I think I would have made a good soldier, too," he continued, a trifle wistfully, "but it's in the blood. All the Pells and Trentons have been military men, and I am what mother calls a 'double son' of the Revolution, because two of my ancestors fought in that war, one as a Tory and one as a Colonial."

After being mustered out, Mr. Trenton took up picture work once more, having before his enlistment played with Mr. Pell in "Arcady" and with Clara Kimball Young in "The House of Glass." Since the war he has been with Metro, and has played opposite May Allison in "The Uplifters," "Fair and Warner" and is now Viola Dana's leading man for "The Willow Tree."

"I knew it would do me good to get away from the studio cut, and so I came up to Massachusetts and started working on that movie, and it's very good, and I'm very glad I'm here," he said, "but I would have been glad to have gone home and been in the Civil War."

As we drove through the bamboo pergola, I asked him how he came to be in the studio. A tall, dark salesman, he informed me, that the studio was under the management of his old friend and schoolmate, Mr. Pell of Pell Manor.
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All dermatites, from Ointment Sand to Tablets, Simple cases free of "Bottle, Dept. B. Boston."
Meet "The Frog"
(Continued from page 38)

the State Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, in Colorado Springs. His mother had always been interested in dramatics, and even after her marriage she continued to direct and be stage manager of all the entertainments given at the institution, and Lon was barely three when he began appearing in charades and pantomime sketches.

At the age of twelve, he was property boy at a local theater for twenty-five cents a night. At eighteen he started into the theatrical business in earnest and with his brother, who was twenty-three, he opened a stock musical comedy company, producing all the Gilbert and Sullivan operas. Lon played the comedy roles and arranged the dancing acts, for he had become a skillful dancer, tho never having had a lesson.

They played the entire season at the Grand Opera House, then toured the State, after which they sold the company to the leading tenor, and Mr. Chaney continued with them as master of transportation, wardrobe mistress and comedian, all for the enormous sum of twelve dollars per week.

"Lots of high-sounding titles, but little money," he laughed. "But will you believe me when I tell you that I saved four dollars every week?"

"Tho I played in musical comedy for years, I knew nothing of music and couldn't sing a note, but a comedian has much liberty in this line and can always get by with reciting his songs and adding a little dancing to the number. The only dramatic role I ever played was Gaspard in 'Chimes of Normandy.'"

About 1909, Mr. Chaney came to Los Angeles and appeared in tabloid musical comedy, later joining Ferris Hartman's stock company, playing in a number of such operas as "A Knight for a Day" and "The Time, the Place and the Girl" at the Lyceum Theater in Los Angeles.

Lon Chaney's next step was to become the producer of Kolb and Dill, those popular funmakers of the stage. He also acted and danced in the plays. It was on tour that he met Lee Moran, who, having identified himself with the motion pictures a year or so before, was enthusiastic over their possibilities, and on his return to Los Angeles he called on Mr. Moran at the studio.

"You can guess the remainder of the story," Mr. Chaney went on. "I soon succumbed, and my first work was with Allen Curtis, at Universal, in a regular slapstick comedy. Then I played a strong character role, a hunchback fisherman, one of those rough exteriors but with a heart of gold, sketched by Jeanie MacPherson. Tho only a two-reeler, it went big, while I made the discovery that the screen was more interesting than the stage. I wouldn't go back for worlds. This work afforded a broader scope, a chance for splendid character acting, and I like the idea of a different role with every picture."
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Mr. Chaney is a quiet, home-loving man, choosing to spend his leisure in his beautiful little bungalow in Hollywood with his wife, a charming, vivacious Italian woman, and his twelve-year-old son. His father and mother, and also a brother, lately returned from overseas, live nearby, and family reunions are frequent.

Recalling that he had directed Jack Kerrigan at one time, I asked Mr. Chaney if he would like to give up acting and take up the megaphone.

"Oh, no," was his quick response; "I like acting too well for that. An arrangement that would suit me perfectly would be co-directing and acting. My ambition is to become the greatest character man and heavy on the screen.

"Every moment of human life is drama, usually melodrama, gripping and stirring. It is the story of struggle—the fall and the regeneration, the quarrel and the making up, light and shade, sometimes a deeper shadow and a little brighter light, but always interesting, always vital.

"One must study to distinguish just the shadings between the rogue, or villain, and the hero, for after all, it is the mental viewpoint that counts, and its subtle influence permeates the entire action.”

As I listened to his words I realized that simplicity and sincerity, intensity and force were the qualities that have made his characters true human beings, and again I recalled his expressive face, bravely smiling thru the tears, as he said "Keep the big smile working overtime,” in the climax of “The Miracle Man.”

SONG OF THE TOILER

By Ethel Hope

Day after day I sit up in my dreary tenement,
And hour by hour my mind tries to fly,
To earn the money only that it may again be spent—
There’s rent to pay and food and clothes to buy.

’Tis off that I grow weary of the dingy streets and walls
And long for wind-swept fields and skies of blue;
While all my starved and yearning soul for joy and beauty calls—
For once far fairer scenes than this I knew.

But yester-night I chanced to go to watch the pictures play
In fleeting, fairy fashion on the screen. I saw—I scarce believe it yet—the ocean foam and spray
And stately ships that plowed their way between.

I saw old-fashioned gardens quaint, where lilies tall and fair,
And gorgeous poppies nodded in the sun;
I saw the guilder-roses bending in the summer air
Which blew away their petals, one by one.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The huge machines whirl noisily; the room is filled with din;
Without, there is the ceaseless noise and strife;
But thru my happy memory a host of pictures spin,
Where sea and ships and summer-time are rife.

(Eighty-two)
Train for a High-Salaried Hotel Position in Spare Time!

By our interesting and wonderfully complete home-study Course in hotel work, you can easily and quickly qualify for a high-salaried hotel position. This fascinating business has expanded to America's FOURTH largest industry. There is a great scarcity of trained hotel executives today! Hundreds of big-paying positions are standing open right this minute! Get into this delightful business and earn from $50 to $125 a week—board and room included! Scores of our students are making even more. Person-to-person instructions given you. CLIFFORD LEWIS, one of America's foremost hotel experts.

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-Oliver Crane, Manager, Country Club, Chevy Chase, Washington, D. C.

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ETHEL CLAYTON FOREVER.

—Greetings, friends, and I hope we can get back on schedule time from now on. I hope you will be patient with me, and I'll do my best to make up for lost time. There is no Triangle Film Co.—at least they are not producing. Harold Harri—Harr—Harr—^—Chaplin can be reached at Los Angeles, Calif. No.

ETHEL M. P.—Your first letter, is it? Well, come on. Ralph Graves married? Nay, nay! Yes, Dorothy Dalton is playing at the Century Theater, New York City. Of course Emily Stevens is still in the ring—she is playing in "The Sacred Flame," Somehow or other that girl likes fire.

LITTLE MISS ZEALANDA.—Yes, and some of the American people were their lives as they were going to have plenty of others to utilize. Why, Tom Forman has signed a contract with Lasky for ten years. He's taking some directing, too. No, child, I don't conceal my age because I might receive mash notes from admirers. I'm honest to goodness 28, I'll write me again, enjoyed yours immensely.

WARWICK ARMER.—Right you are, Alice joy is playing in "Slaves of Pride." Jack Dempsey, the pugilist, is playing in the Pathé serial, "Dead or Alive," produced in Los Angeles. Of course, I live alone. You think I ought to have a boy, but I'm not married yet. You see, others are being made any more. Butlers are like poets, they have to be born that way, but when a child is born nowadays, he is expected to become president—never a butler.

ALMA MATA.—I'll do anything to help you. Why don't you send a stamped addressed envelope, chiseled with your name, Yes, Roscoe Arbuckle is with Lasky playing in The Round-Up. Edward Earle will be leading part in "The Law of the Yukon," released thru Mayflower. Oh, I don't mind when they complain. More people make complaints than ever make a living. Sure, run in again. JENNY.—You ask me why I raised a beard. Well, it was this way, Jennie. The women insisted upon sending me so many ties, so self-defense I raised a beard. Now you have me in a secret. No, you need cry no more, Eugene O'Brien is not married, Dorothy Davenport, Mrs. Wallace Reid, is playing in "The Fighting Chance" with Conrad Nagel and Anna Nilsson, Los Angeles, of course.

ALMA S.—So you have a new ermine scarf. Fit for the queen, I'll say. Did you know that ermine was nothing but the winter skin of the common stoat. The animal turns white in snow time, all but the very tip of its tail, which remains black. Malej Julienne Scott, Tom Forman, Irving Cummings and Roscoe Arbuckle all playing in "The Round-Up," directed by Harold Forman. I shall have to see that was some round-up—all star cast, too. So long, Alma.

DOMAÇD.—No, I never get angry. When I feel that I want to. That's a wonderful joke of yours—you say a bloter is not the real thing, it's just a take off. True, a bloter does not blot—simply absorbs the superfluous ink. Why, Jack Dempsey is living in Pannie Ward's former home in Los Angeles. Jack Sherrill will return to the stage soon.

L. G.—Well, Mary Pickford is 26, and Eltie Ferguson—well, she sang in the chorus of "Belle of New York" twenty years back, so which is older? Yes, Lillian Barrmore is playing in "The Copperhead," a famous stage play, for Paramount. Blanche Sweet in Bret Harte's "Fighting Cressy."

KEWPIE D.—You bet I like kewpies. I like the "splash me kewpies." Sorry I haven't her name. You probably read it in one of the newspapers, there's only about 60,000 newspapers in the world. Dolores Cassinelli is playing in "The Web of Deceit." Leah Baird in "The Capitol."

FREDERICK W. K.—You win, you win. My error. You say I was all wrong when I said "Neither Constance Talmadge nor Harrison Ford," I cannot accept. The last time I rode on that road I asked the man back of me a question. He could not answer, but he said he had been riding on that road all his life. I then suggested he must have gotten on just before I did. I don't see why they put cow-catchers on the Erie engines. They ought to put them on the rear. I don't think it's the slightest danger of an Erie train ever overtaking a cow, but that is to prevent a cow from walking in the rear car and chewing somebody up! No, that is not the case. But the slightest danger of an Erie train ever overtaking a cow, but that is to prevent a cow from walking in the rear car and chewing somebody up! No, that is not the case.

FREDERICK W. K.—Thank you for your invitation to spend my vacation with you at Sparta, but since it is on the Erie R. R. I cannot accept. The last time I rode on that road I asked the man back of me a question. He could not answer, but he said he had been riding on that road all his life. I then suggested he must have gotten on just before I did. I don't see why they put cow-catchers on the Erie engines. They ought to put them on the rear. I don't think it's the slightest danger of an Erie train ever overtaking a cow, but that is to prevent a cow from walking in the rear car and chewing somebody up! No, that is not the case.

POLLYANNA.—The explanation of the phrase "mother tongue" is that, at home, father has nothing to say. 318 W, 48th St is Norma Talmadge's address. No, I have no jokes on the telephone service. It's no joke, believe me. Telephone service was furnished to residences in the fall of 1879 and during that year there were sixteen telephones in New York City residences and five in Brooklyn residences. No, I didn't live in Brooklyn then, I lived in hopes, and I had plenty of neighbors.

HARRY A. J.—No, Kathryn Williams is playing just the same. Bebe Daniels is in Los Angeles, Calif.

WALLACE L.—It isn't the way you look at other girls that spoils you with your sweetheart, but the way they look at you. Eltie Ferguson born in New York, 1883. So have you been floating around the Fort Lee studios for eighteen months and can't get in. Hooray, 12 is on, but, I am positive. Leonard Wood did not get across, but his friends are now trying to put him over.

HELEN P. G.—You refer to "The Canterville Ghost," isn't it? It is the first great English port. Geoffrey Chaucer. You say the stadium High School is in Tacoma and not in Seattle, and that Mildred Davis is from Tacoma. Now vermiss.

(Continued on page 95)

(Eighty-four)
Shadows Cast Before

Some seer with a far vision has said that coming events cast their shadows before. A Modern, especially an editorial Modern, might well say that such is the case with coming Magazines—they cast their shadows before. SHADOWLAND is just this—a COMING Magazine. SHADOWLAND does just this. It lives in the Today and it promises richly, artistically, colorfully, literally for Tomorrow. This is the Age of Progress and SHADOWLAND is the many-toned note striking, striving to strike, the harmony of the Age, the ultra-perfect Chord.

SHADOWLAND wishes to be in many lives just that—a perfect chord. A perfect chord means a perfect blending of many things and that, again, is what SHADOWLAND aspires to. To something, may we say, just a little bit finer, a little bit higher, a little bit more fraught with dreams and dreaming than we, the great Most of Us, get in our Little Everyday. Like a Shadow it will move in the trend of our daily lives yet leaving a Substance behind.

There is no one of us who, consciously or subconsciously or unconsciously, does not love and reach out for the color of things, the pulse of things, the rhythm of things. There is no one of us who would not, if we could, 'broider the drab cloth of the mundane with a shimmering Thread of Gold. Perhaps, being blest, with more than one shimmering thread. SHADOWLAND would like to be at least one of these shimmering threads.

It would like to be a simile to the rainbow seen at the end of a grey day.

It would like to be as a song heard faintly, clearly, by a weary heart.

It would like to induce a smile where a tear had been before.

It would like to give an hour of forgetfulness with the turning of its pages where such forgetfulness might be grateful balm.

It would like to be a friend, felt as a friendly hand.

It would like to be a light, a guide, under no obscuring bushel of adversity.

It would like to be and it aims to be a bit of real beauty, intrinsic, like a small glimpse of depthless blue seen thru rifted clouds.

To this end it has striven and still more mightily will strive.

It will strive for Color and for Counsel.

It will strive for Wisdom and for Wit.

And it has been written in many a book of the Ancients that to those among us who mightily strive will be awarded the green sprays of the young Laurel.

We of SHADOWLAND ask for the laurels of many friendships and the beliefs thereof!

Your Hair Needs Danderine

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggily or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

Portraits of Your Favorites

TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become worldwide famous?

The publishers of the two leading motion picture monthly, the Motion Picture Magazine and Motion Picture Classic, have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5½" x 8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproduction, and are artistic, attractive and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, and you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends may see them often.

These portraits are not for sale. They can be secured only by subscribing to the Motion Picture Magazine or Motion Picture Classic for one year, and then they will be sent free.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford
Margarette Clark
Douglas Fairbanks
Charlie Chaplin
William S. Hart
Wallace Reid
Pearl White
Anita Stewart
Theda Bara
Francis X. Bushman
Earle Williams
William Farnum
Charles Ray
Norma Talmadge
Cowper White
Mary Miles Minter
Clara Kimball Young
Alice Joyce
Vivian Martin
Pauline Frederick
Billo Burke
Madge Kennedy
Elise Ferguson
Tom Moore

You will want either the Magazine or Classic, or both, during the coming year. Subscribe now and get a set of these portraits. It will cost you less for the magazine than to buy them by the month at your dealer's. Send in your order today and we will mail the portraits at once.

M. P. PUBLISHING CO.
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
The Ambitious Miss Eddy (Continued from page 55)

fulfilling her destiny, and not her destiny alone, but the destiny of another Helen Eddy, whose career in this incarnation ended when hers began.

This Helen Eddy, at one time a famous teacher of elocution, was her grandmother and constant companion during the impressionable years of her childhood. Helen's mother, (every one calls Miss Eddy Helen), was very ill, when the grandmother took the little girl and brought her to California, so her grandmother's influence was the first and the strongest Helen ever knew. It is with her today to an even greater extent than when her grandmother lived.

So, while it impressed me as being unusual, it was quite natural that she should have asked me to write this story about her grandmother.

The grandmother's favorite color was lavender, and the color alone is enough to bring back to Helen Eddy vivid memories of days spent at Mission Inn, at Riverside, California, when she was a little girl. "This was," she said, "before they raised the rent there." Of course, it was a fashionable place, but not the pauper resort that it is today. The first time she ever got was from her grandmother, for whistling in the dining-room of the Mission Inn.

"She was so very beautiful," said Helen Eddy. "Her hair was white, soft and wavy, and her face was very sweet and gentle. She had lost her voice. I never knew her when she could talk above a whisper, but that whisper was beautiful in tone. She read and recited to me constantly. I knew 'The Rhyme of the Ancient Mariner' before I was seven years old. Among her pupils was Margaret Illington—and Margaret Illington was the first actress that I ever met in person."

This was not until some years after her grandmother died. Helen Eddy had been going to a dramatic school in Los Angeles for some years and appearing in the Los Angeles theaters occasionally, when such appearances did not interfere with her grammar school work. The first of these appearances was at the Burbank when she was about fourteen and was in support of Margaret Illington.

Grandmother knew Clara Morris very well, and she used to give me readings showing Miss Morris conception of many a famous rôle. She used to talk to me of the history of the stage, too, long before I was old enough to understand."

So you see all of Helen Eddy's training was for the speaking stage and, tho her work for the screen is always sincere and conscientious, she is still looking forward to the career originally planned. She went on the screen by accident, anyhow, or at least it seemed that way. It all happened when she was a high school student at Manual Arts, a school that saw the early training of many another moving picture player.

High school days gave Helen the de-
sire to write plays as well as act in them. She became the official stage director of many a production. From writing plays she began writing scenarios and from writing scenarios she began trying to sell them. It was in this way she met Captain Melville, head of the Lubin studios. Captain Melville did not buy a scenario, but her long training, first under her grandmother and then at a dramatic school, had given her a bearing that he recognized. She was a remarkable type, he saw, a type that would either be a great success or a flat failure. He offered her a place with his company, not as a scenario writer, but as an actress, and she accepted. Her first picture was "The Twig Is Bent." This was in San Diego. She remained there for six months, playing a little bit of everything. In Los Angeles again, she applied for work with the Morosco Company. She became George Beban's leading woman, and in order to look more thoroly the Italian, she bobbed her hair, to the very great distress of her family. Her first Beban picture was "Passquale," followed by "His Sweetheart," "The Marcellini Millions," "The Cook of Canyon Camp" and "One More American." Now she is a free-lance, and so great is the call for her services that she is frequently compelled to make two pictures at once, as when she did a heavy, tragic role with Hayakawa mornings and broad farce with Bryant Washburn afternoons. She appeared in "The Man Beneath" and "The Illustrious Prince" with Hayakawa. Her latest role is with Mary Pickford in "Pollyanna."

The Farce University
(Continued from page 33)

Also why Miss Lake was only recently playing opposite the round "Fatty" Arbuckle.

Why Betty Compson was also aiding the avoidous Arbuckle a few short months ago.

Why Bebe Daniels stepped from Harold Lloyd to Cecil De Mille's studio.

And why Mary Thurman deserted the Sennett bathing squad for Art.

The Metro powers-that-be consider Miss Lake the discovery of the screen season. But before Miss Lake became a foil for the heavy Mr. Arbuckle, she had serious screen leavings. A Brooklyn girl, she started at old Vitagraph. After that she was at Universal. Then came her excursion into farce with Sennett, Christie and Arbuckle, all of which apparently brought her ability to a head.

Mary Thurman was just an unknown bathing beauty on the Sennett beach when a shrewd press agent "discovered" that she was an all-round athlete. Then Mary leaped into fame overnight. All the time, however, she was obtaining valuable training. Like every other member of the Sennett seagoing squad, she had dramatic leavings, and her farce experience seems to have started her well on the road to success.

David Griffith took Clarine Seymour from Christie and Toto, (Pathé), comedians.

(Continued on page 102)

---

**Bubble Grains At Bedtime**

**Foods Easy to Digest**

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are not for breakfasts only. Serve them for luncheons and suppers. Float in every bowl of milk.

These are bubble grains, airy, crisp and toasted, puffed to eight times normal size. No other dainty in existence makes the milk dish so enticing.

**Every Food Cell Blasted**

Consider Puffed Wheat. Here is whole wheat made delightful, both in texture and in taste.

Under Prof. Anderson's process, every food cell is exploded. Digestion is made easy and complete.

It supplies whole-wheat nutrition. It does not tax the stomach. It makes milk inviting, and every child should drink a pint a day.

Serve as a breakfast dainty. Mix with your fruits. But don't forget that Puffed Grains also form the ideal bedtime dish.

Puffed Grains are the greatest of grain foods and the most enticing. Serve all three kinds. Let children revel in them.

---

**Puffed Wheat Puffed Rice Corn Puffs**

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

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**A New Pancake Delight**

Now we make a pancake flour mixed with ground Puffed Rice. It makes fluffy pancakes with a nut-like taste—the finest pancakes ever served. The flour is self-raisimg. Simply add milk or water. Ask your grocer for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour and you'll have a new delight.

---

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers
Reel Realities

What is being done towards preserving the motion picture records of our country's participation in the great war? These priceless films should be placed in some kind of national film repository, probably in the Smithsonian Institute in Washington, and measures made for the preservation and renewal of these films as long as may be possible. Steps have already been taken along this line in France and the idea has been taken up in England. Indeed, the movement has been given wide comment throughout British film circles.

Preserving War Films

In each allied country much money has been spent on commissioning painters to record now historical battle scenes, but little real effort seems to have been made towards preserving the actual film records of these events. Says the London Kinephotograph anent the subject:

"Surely we do not want the American film version of what occurred to be the only one that is seen. Even if it were necessary to take fresh copies of the films every few years, the expense would be quite justified and more than compensated by the money-earning value of the films. There are many other films which might be added to the National Repository, notably the films of famous people, living or dead, and the big historical subjects, but for the moment we are confining this inquiry to official war films, the preservation of which it is necessary to take prompt steps to insure. On the general question, our view is that the directors of the National Repository would invite all producing companies to present copies of worthy subjects for preservation, and we are certain that all producers would regard such an invitation as an honor. How much time must elapse before we see the National Film Repository founded?"

Public Questions on the Screen

Until the government recently asked the film world to cooperate during the war and again only recently in combating Bolshevnik influences, the idea seemed pretty thoroly rooted that the film should not enter the field of public discussion. The motion picture was an entertainment, it was reasoned, and not a means of public debate. Why? As well rate the newspaper and magazine as light reading and cast aside their vast power to present and discuss current questions.

The possibilities of the silversheet are beyond our present horizon. But surely the canvas will embrace things of vital import to us today. The motion picture can do more to explain, teach and develop humanity than any other agent. Consequently we disagree with the famous T. P. O'Connor when he says, at a meeting of the British Kinema Commission of Inquiry:

"We would not allow films showing a dispute between capital and labor or seating on such lines. You see a department like ours, if we took these things on, would have a very large and a very delicate issue to decide, and we are not anxious to add to our responsibilities. We exist mainly, almost exclusively, for the cinema theater alone, for the amusement of the public, and for the profit of the proprietor or the owner of the film."

In other words, the cinema is a business, not a debating circle.

Kinema Theaters in China

Albert Nachbaur states in the Chinese-French Journal de Pekin that there are only fifty-seven cinemas for the four hundred million inhabitants of China. And, he adds, it is not the patrons who are lacking.

"The Chinaman, curious, artistic, and a loiterer, adores the kinema; but in order to make it popular there must be touring undertakings, a special wagon on each of the principal railways." Weekly shows could be held in the theaters and halls. With regard to films, at present, he states, Pathé and Gaumont are represented in China. "All the rest are American."

Consider the vast possibilities in China for Louis Selznick and his electric signs.

Foreign Film Activities

Pavlova is now doing a film play in Rome with Rimich, the Italian king of the screen. Her entire ballet appears with her. Reports from Spain, by the way, indicate that Italian productions are returning to favor there, supplanting American photoplays. This is largely because the Italian pictures are much cheaper than our own.

Paris is about to see Griffith's "Broken Blossoms" under the title of "Les Lys Brisés."

Restricting British Theater Building

The building of theaters in England is about to be seriously restricted, at least. The British Ministry of Health will soon take steps to impose drastic restrictions upon the building of cinema theaters until the government housing scheme has yielded more tangible results, it is said. At the moment the cabinet is considering whether it would not be advisable to prohibit the erection of cinema buildings altogether, for a definite period, but the present indications are that the less drastic course of imposing restrictions may be decided upon. It is impossible to say more at the moment beyond the fact that, if restrictions are decided upon, these would operate under a system of licenses. Such licenses would be granted only in such districts where no housing schemes are in progress.
I Teach Piano
A Funny Way

So people said when I first started in 1891. But now, after over twenty-five years of steady growth, I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. I make the skilled players of the piano or organ in quarter the usual time at quarter the usual cost.

To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a paradox. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates in any part of the world. There isn't a state in the Union that doesn't contain a score or more skilled players of the piano or organ who obtained their entire training from me under my method.

Investigate by writing for my 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ." I will be happy to state the number of my students in every state, and will answer all inquiries. It is a method that has been tested and proven in thousands of cases.

WANTED
A successor to the term, "superfeature." Wire any publicity department, collect.

Our selection for screenland's beauty brigade:
Bull Montana
Lon Chaney

ONE PAIR PUTTIES, PREPAID
"What prize will you give to the first director who omits a bathroom scene?" asks a classic reader.

While we are on the subject of popular trends in the celluloid plays, what about the present striving for boudoir daring after the fashion of the footlight dramas? Listen to this announcement of a Connie Talmadge production: "Just naughty enough to be nice." In it Connie wears, so the press agent declares, a "filmy costume made of moonbeams and midnight witcheries."

Just now the celluloid drama is undergoing an epidemic of desert island plays. Note the recent Norma Talmadge effort, "Victory," "Male and Female," et al. And the great Griffith is coming along with another. Which raises the question, who would you rather be desert-islanded with? And Griffith seems to have satisfactorily answered the question in his production with Cutie Beautiful.

And while we're on the subject of Griffith, the publicity prize of 1919 goes to the director's recent "lost at sea" epis ode. We understand that one California director is so pleased at Griffith "making" the front pages with a dinky little trading steamer that he contemplates wrecking an ocean liner.

The critic who remarked that Dorothy Dalton is a revelation in "Aphrodite," said something.

NEWS NOTES TO BE PUBLISHED IN 1920
Mary Pickford is again sued by Mrs. Corn Wilkening.
Producers announce a revolutionary method of releasing pictures.
I. C. Bally, the big screen magnate, says that the surface of the industry has barely been scratched.
William Hart announces his early retirement.
Big amalgamation of directors startles screen world.

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Double Exposures
(Continued from page 58)
Big Dramatic Moments of Month
Gloria Swanson's boudoir in "Male and Female."
Bebe Daniels as Vice in "Everywoman."
Mae Murray in "On with the Dance."

Louis Burston, prex of Burston Films, Inc., announces that the motion picture ranks second to the printing press in moulding public opinion. Boy, page Christopher Columbus!

Dr. Quinn at His Piano—From the famous sketch of Dr. Charles J. Quinn at the St. Louis Exposition.

I Teach Piano
A Funny Way

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William Hart announces his early retirement.
Big amalgamation of directors startles screen world.
Gladys Coburn, the leading woman of William Fox productions, hails from Paducah, Ky., also the birthplace of Irvin Cobb. None of her people had ever been on the stage. But Gladys decided to be an actress and secured a small part in "Too Many Cooks," the stage comedy. After "Too Many Cooks," came an engagement with Julian Eltinge in "The Crinoline Girl." Right thereafter Miss Coburn startled Paducah by joining the Ziegfeld Follies. She made her celluloid debut in "The Primitive Call," and has been attracting attention recently with William Farnum.
Fame and Fortune Contest

Having successfully produced the two-reel feature, "A Dream of Fair Women," which is now being shown throughout the country, presenting the honor roll beauties and winners of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest, we now take pleasure in announcing our plans for the 1920 contest. We shall produce a Five-Reel feature drama for the honor roll contestants, and we shall start on this immediately. The story has already been selected, and it is a strong, unique, original and picturesque one, affording fine opportunities for many players of different types.

Those contestants whose pictures appear to us to be very promising will be communicated with at once, and they may be offered parts in this great play immediately. While we are now starting production, the play will not be completed until late in the fall, and it will include the test scenes of the honor roll beauties, which will be taken at Roslyn. In this picture we can use a few persons other than young and pretty girls, for we shall need several character types, both male and female. All contestants who wish to apply for one of these parts will kindly so state on their entrance coupon, or in a letter accompanying photo.

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Have a complexion that stands the most critical gaze. Win the admiration that only the bloom of youth can win, by using

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The new shade Carmen Brunette has proved so popular we know you would like to try it. So send us your name and address and we will send you a free sample in the shade of your choice. Don't delay, write today.

Stafford-Miller Company
St. Louis, Mo.
Priscilla Dean, the popular Universal star, is apparently a lover of pets, judging from all photographic indications. Priscilla, by the way, is growing in popularity with that critical bird, the photoplay fan.
H. H. H. H.  
Human Hobart Henley  
(Continued from page 28)  

"The business end of it is the trouble," he said, "the retarding factor. Not mentioning any names, I know, from personal experience, that a director may be working on a picture and conditions on a certain day may not be entirely desirable. There may be friction, which is unavoidable occasion, and consequently, very few scenes will be shot. Perhaps late in the day, the power-that-be will come in and inquire where many scenes have been taken. You tell him and he is aghast. He tells you, in no very measured terms, how much he knows should be produced per diem, per hour. Just as the taking films were so much grinding out of sausage meat, so many pounds to the hour, on an endless schedule. This has been the condition a great many of us have been up against. It has been a money-making proposition and art has had to stand by. These things considered, and their quite probable elimination also considered, I should say that the screen is a great art. It has every possible reason to be."  

I mentioned, with an ear to the argument, the loss of the speaking voice, so rich an asset on the stage.  

Mr. Henley waived it as of no import, even to be considered as an advantage. He suggested that I, or anybody, sit thru, in one evening, two or three stage plays. Contrariwise, he suggested sitting thru two, three, even four photoplays. The former would be, he said, exhausting, even abnormal. The latter would be quite in order, is even done, and without any instance of fatigue. One sense in pictures, the aural sense, is completely at rest. Witnessing a stage play all the senses are called into play.  

I asked him whether he had any particular mission in directing pictures, any specific message he wished to give. He disclaimed this with a smile and a shrug. Just something human, he said, something that people, all the people everywhere, where might see and go away, feeling kindlier, feeling happier and more tolerant, the one of the other, than they had felt before. To present life, not as we would like to have it, but as it is. Illusions are all right as a pique now and again, but dangerous as steady diet.  

One of his ideas, which seems to me interesting, is his selection of themes. He takes only what appeals to him as human, whether anything falls to the general rule of a screen play. He takes only what appeals to him as that fine thing akin to tears and likewise akin to laughter, which makes the whole world kin. He believes, with Kipling, that Julia O'Grady and the Colonel's lady are sisters under the skin and that, fundamentally, the deepest source of tears and the most hidden founts of laughter are one and the same.  

Another idea is that of using, in his pictures, non-professionals almost entirely. If he believes that a person fits the part, he engages him to play the
part. It makes no difference whether he has or has not ever played before. It makes no difference where he comes from nor what he does. He might see a man walking along the street and think to himself, "That is my John Smith." He would approach that man and put it up to him. Almost always, he says, they are splendid. Of course, he uses discrimination. If a person looks so utterly the type as the persons Mr. Heryel selects look, they are certain to have at least some inside qualities to tally with their outer seeming. Upon that he relies and, almost always, rightly.

When I talked with him he was near to the end of directing "Skin Deep," the main if not the only characters being two old maids, sisters, to whom, after long years and many dreams foregone, a legacy is left ... their reactions ... And to watch him handle the two characters was a joy and a bit of artistry ... Just as tender ... just as beguiling ... just as coaxy-and-come-on-ny-now as tho he were, in reality, inducing emotions in two old, quaint ladies dear to his heart. He has that manner, anyway.

He loves the work he is doing because, he says, he is at last expressing himself. He is doing, is going to do, the sort of thing he has always wanted to do. And he believes that the highest form of reward possible for any work is the satisfaction of your own creative instinct, the knowledge of your own fulfillment. He has his finger on the human pulse and counts the beat.

LOCHINVAR UP-TO-DATE

By Sophie E. Redford

Young Lochy, balloonist, came out of the fog. In his Q-2, he was flying near.

He had smiled all the way thru a forty-mile gale,
As he thought out his plan and hereby hangs the tale.

For a champ with a little 8-cylinder car,
Was to wed the fair Helen of Young Lochinvar!

His blimp was maneuvering 90 an hour,
For his gondola carried 800 horse-power,
But he slackened his propellers when coming in view.

Of the home of fair Helen on Fifth Avenue,
He circled the heavens above her and poof!
Landed softly on top of her old daddy's roof!
He slipped down the fire escape, not to alarm
The guests at the wedding—he meant them no harm.

But had he been found there without an excuse,
They might have mistaken the Ace for the deuce!

He looked at the crowd as he sat on his perch,
And just as they started to go to the church.
He jumped thru the window and picked up the bride.
And carried her out with a strong manly stride.

The bridegroom right after him hollering
"Stop!"
Onward they scrambled till over the top.
When Lochinvar landed the bridegroom, alas!
A few cubic inches of hydrogen gas.
Then buckling a belt on his lady's slim waist,
He gave her a coat and some goggles in haste.
For her relatives hitherto standing aloft
Were now on their way en famille to the roof.
And the language was not a polite parole mais.
That was heard at that moment on Fifth Avenue.

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Thousands of new faces needed for this attractive and profitable profession. Beauty or experience not necessary. All types required. We cooperate directly with big movie directors whose endorsements of our service are published in the handsome illustrated booklet, "The New Road To Film Fame." Send 10 cents today for this booklet and questionnaire. It explains plan fully and contains letters from famous film stars. If you have any desire to get in the movies, send for this book today. It may be your first step to film fame and fortune. Screen Casting Directors Service, Dept. B-1, Wilmington, Delaware.

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No money—no reference. Just the coupon brings the wonderful Tifinite Gem—bracelet or rings. Scarf Pin or Le Vallerio. Pay $1.60 on arrival. Wear it 10 days free. If satisfied, keep bracelet at rate of $1 per month. Otherwise return article and we will refund the price. Send $15 to Le Vallerio to wear free for 10 days.

TIFINITE GEM CO.
199 E. 59th St.
New York City.

April-May Magazine

The Motion Picture Magazine has always stood for all that is best upon the Silverscreen.

It is interested in new things, new people, new plays, new ideas.

Better than ever, brighter, gayer, more intimate is the April-May number. The very prettiest, the very smartest girls are there. The handsomest of men grace its pages.

If you would have an intelligent knowledge of what is what and who is who in the world of the movies, read the April-May Motion Picture Magazine.

Among other things it will contain:

A bright, intimate story of Ethel Clayton, illustrated with beautiful home pictures.

Faith Service visited the new Griffith studios recently and saw Lillian Gish directing her sister Dorothy—and in a vivid word-picture tells you all about it.

There will be fictionalized stories of the best photoplays featuring Viola Dana, Norma Talmadge and Wallace Reid.

Motion Picture Magazine
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.
The Movie Encyclopedia
(Continued from page 84)

Android—Bon jour. Why don't you go up to Fort Lee, N. J., to get the pictures? That's just a myth. Progress consists in discovering one's deliciousness, just as a bird melts its worn-out feathers to make room for fresh ones. Betty Blythe and Mahlon Hamilton are in the picture.

M. R. P. D.—All of the people you mention will be interviewed sooner or later. Be patient.

Helen A. C.—You failed to send the where-withal. And, oh, boy, that's necessary.

Joseph W.—No, I didn't mind the cold weather this winter. Had all my feet out, and I was comfortable in my hall room. Surely, I drink buttermilk. Vola Vale is with Metro in Bert Lytell's company. Good company, too.

Richard Bartolems Admiree—Thanks, the manner of the giving makes the real value of the gift. Yes, you don't want much at any. You know Socrates said, "He who has the fewest wants is nearest to the gods."

"Bryant Washburn is playing in "Too Much Johnson." Warren Kragin is in "Live Spares."" Marie Matzen—"Alice Brady is playing in "Forever After" and also on the screen.

Doris W.—Beau Hayakawa is about 31 years old. Douglas Fairbanks has been in pictures for about five years. Your critics remind me of Lord Bacon, who, when he cut his hair, in the rain, would remove his hat to let the shower come upon his head, and say that he seemed to feel the spirit of the universe upon him. Dorothy Gish and Owen Moore in "Betty of Greystone."

Dorothy M., Brooklyn—No, we never published "The Spite Bride."

Virginia C.—You want interviews with the players and their wives. I'm afraid a good many of them would prefer not to have their wives present. Your illustration reminds me of Lord Bacon, who, when he cut his hair, in the rain, would remove his hat to let the shower come upon his head, and say that he seemed to feel the spirit of the universe upon him. Dorothy Gish and Owen Moore in "Betty of Greystone."

ETHEL H.—Have no list of addresses of players.

Does K.—Why didn't you sign your name and address?

Henry H. D.—No, I don't know whether Gloria Swanson can speak Polish. I have never spoken to her in that language. Olive Tell is with Jans Pictures, Inc., 729 7th Ave., N. Y.

June C.—Yes, Viola Dana has bobbed hair. Yes, we have to have them. Foods and obstinate people make lawyers rich. And knowledge directs practice, yet practical knowledge, so there are. Run in and we will debate it some day.

Leona T.—My all in one breath. You want Nazimova on the cover, more about Zaza Pitts, and an interview with Lila Lee. You think Dorothy Gish is great in comedy, and Marie Dressler is most vulnerable. And you don't like Betty Blythe. You say I remind you of a mirror, because I reflect. Most gracious lady, I thank you.

Texas Blue B.—Well, I'll try to be kind to you. Jack Pickford is playing with Goldwyn. He might send you his picture if you write him. Yes, I thank you for the.

W. J. Wright—Yes, Louise Lovely is still playing opposite William Farnum, Fox Company, Los Angeles, Cal. I didn't care for "Wings of the Morning." Cant say that I liked her in it.

Lois C.—Do you really mean that? No, I have never tried a fireless cooker, but I have had lots of experience with a cookstove. I prepare a good many of my meals. You want to see Grace Cunard back again. Grace, the silversheet is paging you.

(Continued on page 96)
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one of America's well-known composers, the author of many song successes, such as "Medley Tonight in Diplomand." "I'd Be Glad You Should Have Me," "When I Dream of Old Erin," and others of which run into millions of copies. Send on any many as you wish. Don't Delay. Get Busy—Quick.

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Doris B.—Surely I like to know what you think of these magazines. We'll do all we can to give you what you want. Yes, it would be as much as we have been encouraged with ourselves as we are with other people. Oh, of course, Harry T. Moore is with Virginia. Yes, his next picture is "The Darkest Hour," but most of Harry's hours are bright. You know he's a star.

WALLACE REED FAN.—You say in part, “If you are really 79 old, be quick about answering.” Yes, child, it's vice versa now, the old experience having done the young. Henry Walthall played in "Coffin." Louise Claiburn played in "The Lone Wolf's Daughter."

EMIL GIRI.—You want information about Ellen Cassidy. Well, she's Irish, and she has a Catholic name, and she probably likes the color of green—particularly on payday.

O. L. L. A.—Yes, yes. Why, Famous Players have bought "Aphrodite," now playing in New York, and in which Dorothy Dalton is making a hit. It will be produced in pictures soon. Louise Foss and N. H. I. don't use a cane—only the inform and aged do that, not to mention dudes.

MISNERNA.—Why, John Purrouggs says that animals experiment on the life of their young, but not over the death of a member of their flock or tribe. Death itself seems to have meaning to them.

Francis Burtman and Beverly Bayne played in "The Master Thief" in Los Angeles. They do say that Washington seldom smiled, but the same cannot be said of Laugh-a-geday.

MILLICENT.—Hobart Bosworth is the star in "Behind the Door," directed by Thomas Ince. Louis Glum fell and sprained her ankle when making the final scene of "Six.

APHRODITE.—Of course I compose on the typewriter and, like Kipling, use an Underwood. My greatest pleasure in life is to write early and oil it. I can do better on this machine without the trouble of thought. I just start something at the first line, pull the paper in and go. I write around the park. When I come back I find an answer of any desired length completed and the machine flushed and happy for modestly for me applause. Believe that, and I'll tell you another. Douglas Fairbanks in "When the Clouds Roll By.

Elaine Hammerstein in "Greater Than Fame."

MRS. JAMES DE B.—Glad to hear from the mothers as well as the children. Shirley Mason was born in Brooklyn, 1904, but she has grown up. She has light hair, grey eyes, and plays the piano beautifully. No, I never boast of my ancestors. I have a tree around here some place. But it's rather a sad fact that the ancestors of a great many men who boast of their coats-of-arms, had no coats to either their arms or their backs. You mean Mitchell Lewis in "The First of His People."

Come in some time, and I will be glad to chat with you.

THURSA.—Don't cry, little girl, don't cry. Washing your eyes with tears may be disappointing for the moment, but it clears the vision afterwards. Delaware, Alaska, Nevada and Wyoming have the least picture theaters of all States in the U. S. A.

C. E. Y. PL. —Your parents more of a letter to the editor, but I like to hear what you have to say about the magazines. Yes, I have heard that aristmice, like divorce, is the little period a "divorce" between the marriages. Get thee behind me, Satan.

MIRIAM H.—Your wish will be satisfied soon. Richard Barthelmess has been interviewed by Alain. If you don't change your opinions you never will enlarge your knowledge.

JACKIE.—Betty Blythe was born in Los Angeles, April 24, 1901. She has dark hair and comely complexion. She weighs 145, 5 ft. 8½ ins. No, I have never met her. Glad to hear from you; write soon more.

TWO TO, TOO ENTHUSIASTIC.—Address Elsie Ferguson, 920 W. 32nd Street, Los Angeles, Calif. to the care of Paramount, New York City.

"Unpardonable Sin" has been released for some time now. The maiden name of Mrs. George Washington was Martha Dandridge.
MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

WILLIAM DUNCAN ADAMS—Write the players you mention in charge of their company, Los Angeles, Cal. Yes, there must be something fascinating in the scheme of getting others to do our intellectual labor for us, to attempt to fill up our minds as if they were jars. Wouldn't that jar you? Clara Young in "The Forbidden Woman."

MONTÉE BLUE writes that on account of change of address he wants his friends to know that several hundred requests for photos were neglected. Address him Lasky Studio, Hollywood, Cal. Let's hear from you again, Monté.

DIZZIE DOT. Yes, and a drop of ink will make malicious think, if wisely directed. Dorothy Daltton and William Desmond in "A Gamble in Souls." Speaking of suffragettes did you know that more than 14,000 women in suffrage states will be privileged to vote for President next year, even if the Federal suffrage amendment is not carried? I'm out of politics. No, I don't think I will accept the nomination for President. But, of course, if they can't find anybody else, the nomination was forced upon me, I might ask the editor to give me a four years' vacation and try it. C. E. C.—May MacAvoY in "The Woman Under Oath." You write a clever letter. As somebody has said, some men are always making spurious remarks about any man who succeeds. They seem to think that the door of success will open to them if they do enough knocking. Madame Petrov is not playing in pictures, but she is the most popular vaudeville artist in the world.

ROSSI G.—Yes, Richard Barthelmess, Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, N. Y. You say I was good in "Broken Blossoms," but whoever saw a Chinaman with a dimple in his chin! Shucks! A Chinaman with a dimple is a better Chinaman.

JEEB G.—Florence Turner has been making comedies at Universal and Maurice Costello makes occasional appearances at Vitagraph.

HARRY K. S.—I don't whether the actresses you mention will carry on a correspondence with you. You know they work all day the same as the rest of us.

CANAD.—There is nothing being said about Mary Pickford retiring from the screen. Come, you must not think that of Eugene O'Brien.

MIRIT Y.—That's one thing, don't believe in rumors. Theda Bara is very much alive. So you noticed a careless mistake in "Her Kingdom of Dreams." You say the envelope when handed to Miss Waterson had no stamp in it, and when she opened it, it was all stamped, addressed and everything. And you wish Natâmovitch would give up smoking. When she sees this and learns her desires she will no doubt promptly desist.

PORTY.—No, Dorothy Gish does not wear a wig when not playing. What do you think I am, a human geography? Texas was much larger before it was annexed to the U. S. in 1845. Please look up your own geography. You advise me not to throw my old gaiters in the hack alley because then they would become all-gaiters. I deny the allegation and defy the all-gaiter.

INQUIET.—Norma Talmadge was born in 1897 at Niagara Falls. She has brown eyes, is 5 feet 2, and weighs 110. Mrs. Charlie Chaplin in "The Infernal Secret." Ben Wilson, who Nevada Gerber was the girl in "Mystery Ship." Why, I should say the reason for the lack of development in the Alaskan forests is because of the dampness. Sit down and write me again, Inquis, and I'll do my best.

A. L. G.—Touching on a subject of which I know little but what the "Skyscraper" was probably derived from the Cebic "uisgebeatha" (water of life), which was contracted to "uiskebeatha" and still later to whiskey. It's selling today for $8.00 a fifth and try selling it even for that! Zena Keefe in "The Woman God Sent," a Selznick.

TOREY.—Yes, you say some of the players have shady reputations, who said so? In order to preserve an unsplotted reputation, you have got to look out that nobody spots you. Everybody is free to give his opinion except lawyers—they sell theirs.
Gossip of the Pacific Coast

By FRITZ REMONT

LOS ANGELES, (Special).—It's a well-established fact that when any one wants to raise funds for charitable purposes, the motion picture field is combed for contributors, first of all. At Chan's Auditorium, just before the holidays, the Los Angeles Examiner arranged a monster benefit, at which nearly everybody tried to insert a bit, with the effect of keeping us out of bed until 2 a.m. Sunday morning.

Ben Alexander aroused a loud outburst of amusement by playing different bits from his camera, with Charlie Murray as chief actor. His instructions, coupled with much delightful semaphoring and facial maneuvering, made one of the hits of the evening. The genial Mr. Murray had been billed to tell funny stories, but introduced himself by saying that he knew more "stag" stories than any other sort and that, if the ladies would retire from the audience, he would be pleased to entertain the menfolk.

One of Cecil De Mille's playlets was produced with telling effect. Bebe Daniels sang lovely ballads, Mary Miles Minter told anecdotes and—oh, well, what's the use? Everybody was there and saw and conquered.

Gloria Swanson, the adored of many swains, has gone another bit. She is off on her honeymoon with Herbert K. Sborn, who is with Equity Films Corporation. This is Miss Swanson's second venture, although she is only starting to tick off her twenties. She will continue her screen career, having several years' contract with Famous Players-Lasky Company to fulfil.

Conrad Nagel is starting as a star on the same lot, doing "The Fighting Chance," Robert W. Chambers exciting novel, under Charles Maigne, who has but lately arrived also.

The lot at Vine and Selma streets, Hollywood, looks rather lively, with eleven companies working hard. Uncle George Melford is now a feature director, and several new directors have been added to the list, among those being Major Warwick and Lois Wilson, who is making her first appearance opposite the soldier-star. Miss Wilson looks about sixteen now; she keeps getting younger and prettier and is one of the best-loved girls at the studio. It was just about two days before Christmas, a frightfully warm spell that we had, and Lois was sauntering about, package-laden, awfully excited over the exchange of gifts. She wore a sheer little frock of some lace-trimmed buff material, and was made up for the afternoon scenes with the Major.

I saw Wanda Hawley in a blue suit and ditto turban, looking exactly like one of those blonde "Baby Vamps" the studios are selling nowadays. She is playing opposite Bryant Washburn this time, in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," which James Cruze is directing.
Ethel Clayton was buying Oregon holly wreaths, having carefully sorted thru a lot of spruce and pine circles, which did not appeal to her fastidious taste. She's done "Young Mrs. Winthrop," under Walter Edmunds, formerly with Connie Talmadge, and will start on "A Lady in Love"—and Ethel is—but only with her work.

Mary Anderson planned to remember everybody at the Selig studio with gifts—at least those who work with her and looked entitled behind piles of small boxes and strands of ribbons looped for safe-keeping about her neck. Mary said that she wished we had a theater like the one Seattle boasts, which has a second-floor balcony where one may dance to rest one's self while waiting for seats in the motion picture auditorium. She hates to stand in line, and with Los Angeles crowded to the bursting point with tourists, one cannot get a seat anywhere without holding down a bit of paving on Broadway for an hour or so first.

Mitchell Leison, the wonderful designer for the Famous Players-Lasky studio, whose entering gowns for Gloria Swanson have been shown on living models at our local theaters many times, is back from New York, where he had carte blanche for the buying of rare laces and materials. Howard Higin, who designs the luxurious sets used by the De Mille, has also returned recently. He's an architect as well as connoisseur of furniture and draperies, china and bric-a-brac, so it's no wonder his sets are "chemically pure" in every respect.

I met Irving Cummings sauntering up Vine Street with Junior, who is surely the image of his Par—with the same big brown eyes and "sortacurly" lax, only Junior is hatless and his fond parent wears a giant Stetson. They do say that Mrs. Cummings is the most delightful woman! That this is one of the happiest marriages in Filmland. It's no wonder Mr. Cummings had the top button of his sports shirt thrown wide to the December zephyrs, for any man should be chaste over a handsome infant like Junior.

Over on Wilshire Boulevard, I bumped into "Mother" Sylvia Ashton, who was dropping in on the Donald MacDonalds for afternoon tea. The latter have just bought the next to their handsome home, and Mrs. MacDonald, artist that she is, has designed marvelous improvements, for the garden will now be double size, and one part will be devoted to a sunken garden, adjoining the cute Japanese tea-garden, where so many lovely hours have been spent in entertaining friends with the only amber beverage now available in Hollywood.

William Stowell, whose tragic death cast a lot of gloom over the photoplayers, left seventeen thousand dollars, his only surviving relative being an elderly aunt. Lillian Leighton, who is always mothering some one on the screen, is still taking care of Mr. Stowell's books, birds and other pets, not to mention the treasures he collected in the last few years. She

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VA N T
I

UutU Stonehousc, Ruth Roland, and Frankie Mann.

Vanita Makes Beauty
blemishes, eliminates wrinkles.
glorious fresh
complexion.
and watch your face grow

'irinishes

gives

a

Try it
young again.

handed out to that bright little gossoon.
I met her shopping for a chic wardrobe,
and judging by the wrinkle on her pretty

Improves the Figure

C.

PARK HUMPHREYS

4865 Hazel Ave.

Philadelphia

Gray Hair Ended
In

From

4 to 8

Days

Science has discovered the way for restoring gray hair to its
natural color.
It
is

Miss Moore was out on location at the
San Juan Capisf ano Mission,
half-way between Los Angeles and .San
Diego, and sent lots of snapshots to her
studio friends from that interesting resort. San Juan was pretty well destroyed
by an earthquake in 1812, and only part
of the mission has been restored, altho
the beautiful and quaint old cloister garden still offers splendid "shots" for the

offered
|i

.

Mary

to
T.

if^ Scientific
|,'4>

At San Francisco, I saw a preview of
the first Australian film offered in our
markets, and many were the Los Angeles brokers and producers who had
run up to see it.
The story is a dialect poem by C. J.
Dennis, considered the greatest writer of
dialect poems in any language today.
rif "The .Sentimental Bloke"
simple, but it is .sympathetic, allows of
much legitimate comedy and gives charming glimpses of Australian scenery.
flash-back of scenes from "Romeo and

A

Juliet," with subtitles in verse

women

in

Goldman's
Hair Color
And wo-

Restorer.
men use this scientific
restorer
color
hair
with the same free-

dom

they do powder.

Simply
comb Mary
Goldman's through the hair. In from 4 to
days every gray hair will be gone.

overheard a conversation between
two iTien later. The one with a wealthy
voice and a rotund personality was say-

am afraid of it we're not strong
for dialect stuff in the LT. S. A., because
we're not apt to understand it."
The other replied, "I dont see that at
all, for in each case the action follows
the subtitle in dialect so closely that a
man must be an ignoramus not to catch
the drift of the verse."
ing, "I

Hair Color Restorer

This Test Convinces
Pend the coupon for a trial tiottle and our
Be sure and give the exact
upeclal comb.
color of your hair. Try It on a lock of hair.
Compare the results and the pleasure of uslni;
with the old way. Send In the coupon now.

MART

T.

GOLDMAV

1573 Goldman Bide.
Accept H" Imit'itiuna—S'jld

^t. Taul, ^linn.
Vrug^jisto Evcruwhcrc

till

GoMman, IS72 OoldlMn BU^ St. Pwil.MInn,
send me youf fne trial b-jltlo of Mar? T.
Goldman's Hair Color KtstorL-r with special comb.
1 am not oblit^ated in any way by accepting this free
Mary

T.

PltTL^e

offer.

The natura]

black

color of
jet black

medium brown

my

hair

dark brown
light

Nome
Street

Co

is

Town...
Slat*

brown

;

"You're talking
from the standpoint of critic and newspaper man Lm talking for Lizzie and
.Sallie, et al., who cant even read ordinary English."
Then both laughed as the newspaper
answered,

—

inan recited dramatically,

kored for

Romeo
Scientific

supposedly

recited by "The Bloke," is one of the
funniest things in this comedy.

first

!'

'at

coot, 'at

"

'Ow

I

ong-

barmy goat named

"

these excited attention because
the ladies were of such high caste that
they were distinguished by having diamonds inset in their noses, one on either
visitors,

I'^vidently

side.

Vou have just come in from your clay's
work. Vou :ire mentally exhausted. Life is
deadly in its monotony, and you flop down
in a chair and gaze stupidly at the blank
wall of your existence before you.
Your hand gropes

A
and
First

young

touches a maga-

streets,

Methodist

Sixth
of the
a good

former home
Church, and

up

it

will

you stare

at the

a moment.
In the arch
from j-our reading lamp,
name Sh.xdowland. You

repeat

slowl}-,

again and again, in a sort

of Hght coming

of

it

lialf-whispcr.

Slowly vague thoughts

begin to form in your mind.

Half-devel-

from the inside world
of tlie mind's eye, creep into your memory.
You set sail for the Land of Romance, that
misty Land of Long Ago.
oped

visions, pictures

—

Again you say it and
Shadowland
shadow pictures appear before you. You
remember the long evenings before the firelight when you were a child.
Y^ou sat on
grandfather's knee and gazed fearfully over
his shoulder to where the long, grotesque

shadows towered from

fluor to ceiling.

You remember when

a boy, coming home
from some fellow-playmate's
house, across the empty lots which looked
so threatening and full of mysterious
shadows. How frightened you were, yimr
at night

late

only compaiiion being >-our shadov.' running
of you and causing strange
thuughts and terror to trouble your mind.

alongside

You remember

the great discovery that

two shadows could be one. That moonlight night when, holding her in your arms,
you saw the single shadow on the grass.

You

sigh with regret

— for

Shadowland

is

Memory.
*

You

*

*

turn the pages of the magazine and,

the immortal Alice, j-ou begin at the

like

beginning, go on to the end, and then stop.
Regret leaves you. Y'our mind becomes stimulated, for Romance is with you still, but
in another form.
Your pulse quickens at
the sight of so much Beauty ^>'Our sense
of humor is touched by the wit of the
writers, and your mind appreciates the

—

cleverness

of

the

You become

articles.

more and more absorbed.
worth

world and its
and you

while,

Slfidoii'land

is

Fatigue vantroubles are again
content

are

— for

Life!

Fcbruarv Shadowland
zine de luxe.

It

v:\\\

be a maga-

will treat vividly of the

best in art, the stage, screen, music, litera-

ture and kindred arts.
best

stories,

articles

It

will

have the

and interviews that
beauty and its charm

can be obtained. Its
gladden the heart of everj'

will

member

of

the family.

SHADOWLAND

ladies.
itself at

you pick

be distracted for

they dont have gumshoe
peace of mind

queer sight presents
Hill

for the cigarcts

It

with the faint hope that your mind

in India to disturb the

of the

idly

Half-despairingly,

zine.

ishes; the

Wilfred Lucas directed the photoplay,
so it's with a good deal of interest that
we viewed it, at all events.
A party of Indian princesses and
princes visited the Lasky studio, and
while it's not unusual to have foreign

men

"TTAe ^iiCagazine of ^M^agazines"

or pipe (or knitting).

celebrated

The

Shadowland

much puzzled about her

face, she's very

"trousseau."

I

En<iorsed by every lady who tries it as
a facial or bust massage cream.
Seventy-five cents for a full month's
Siiliply. or tliree months for $J.

8

vated to sjiecial honors, and is doing an
eight-reel feature, the biggest thing ever

is

leading moving picture stars have praised Vamta.
newest, most delightful toilet preparation, including

T.

—

The theme

Man>
\W-

kid,"
they all tell me, very goodhearted, frank and unspoiled
and it's
been almost impossible for Miss Leighton
to believe that he really wont return to
claim his trinkets and pets.
Colleen Moore has been suddenly ele-

camera.

S77.50.

No money

had received so many interesting letters
from Mr. Stovvell, who was a "great big

175

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St.,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

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(One hundred)


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393
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CROCK
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Pell
of
Pell
Manor
(Continued
from
page
78)
from
the
pergola,
"but
I
would
like
to
know
about
your
hobbies—what
you
do
outside
of
pictures."
For
some
reason
he
seemed
much
embarrassed.
"I—er—oh,
I
ride
horseback,
and—do
you
really
want
to
know?"
Of
course,
I
did.
He
was
so
mysterious
about
it
I
thought
it
must
be
dueling
or
moonshining.
"I
play
poker!"
he
confided,
in
a
stage
whisper.
"So
do
I!"
I
responded,
in
the
same
tone,
and
we
shook
on
it.
"I've
always
thought,"
he
added,
in
hurried
confidence,
"that
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fondness
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part
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the
Mystic
Shrine
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in
'The
Man
of
Mystic
Shrine.'
You
remember,
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was
a
poker
devotee.
The
casting
director
tells
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positively
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such
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case.
But
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from
me
to
contradict
Pell
of
Pell
Manor.

The
Little
Shepherd
of
Kingdom
Come
(Continued
from
page
80)
get
the
last
four
years,
and
remember
the
four
days
before
them—or
are
we
still
enemies,
my
dear—oh,
my
dear?"
She
sank
down
upon
the
couch,
and
one
slim
hand
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invitation
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damask
beside
her.
He
came,
hesitant,
not
daring
to
hope,
sat
down,
white
with
her
dear
nearness,
and
then
he
saw
that
she
was
smiling
with
wet
eyes.
"What
does
it
say
in
the
Scriptures,"
Maggie
murmured,
"what
does
it
say—
about
loving—your
enemies?"

The
Farce
University
(Continued
from
page
87)
dies
for
his
company.
Like
Miss
Lake,
she
is
a
Brooklyn
girl.
Gloria
Swanson
started
in
filmed
George
Ade
fables
with
Essanay
in
Chicago,
drifting
to
the
Keystone
and
Sennett
forces—and
Cecil
De
Mille
found
her.
Bebe
Daniels
was
a
stage
kiddie
and
literally
grew
up
behind
the
footlights.
She
started
her
film
work
with
the
Har-
old
Lloyd
forces
and—presto!—De
Mille
seized
her.
Betty
Compson
played
in
vaudeville
and
stock
companies
before
she
tried
the
films
with
the
Al
Christie
forces.
Then
came
the
Arbuckle
comedies
and
her
discovery
by
George
Loane
Tucker
for
"The
Miracle
Man."
Yes,
it's
a
big
year
for
comédienes.

Movie
Encyclopedia
S.—Thanks
for
the
lock
and
key.
You
say
it
is
the
key
to
your
heart.
Entirely
unnec-
essary—love
laughs
at
a
locksmith.
EUGENIE
S.—Yes,
some
of
the
players
write
to
their
admirers,
but
it
is
asking
a
lot
of
them
to
respond
regularly.
OLGA
17.—Greetings,
dear
child!
You
say
it
makes
you
beautifully
sad
and
fills
you
with
longing
to
think
back
on
the
olden
days
when
you
wrote
to
me
so
regularly.
Do
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and
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me
soon.

The
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Beware
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March,
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Beware
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the
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—and
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the
thousand
and
one
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places,
the
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number
of
SHADOWLAND,
"The
Magazine
of
Magazines."

You
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SHADOWLAND
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 repay
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the
March
issue.

We
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M. P. Publishing
Co.
175
Duffield
Street,
Brooklyn,
N.Y.
The Celluloid Critic
(Continued from page 50)

knot is tied. The way a healthy young chap falls beneath the spell of the madman forms an unpleasant vein running thru an otherwise high-spirited comic romance. You will at least sense this vaguely when you see the comedy.

"Should a Woman Tell?" (Metro), is clatrap melodrama of the most obvious sort, dealing with one of those super- innocent cuties who is wrung out by a rich

TO MARY PICKFORD:
It would not be quite fair to write a cold, calm criticism of "Pollyanna." Because it would not tell half that is in my heart.

Way back in the minds of all of us are dreams—the dreams we started with, the dreams that came to grief when wé encountered life as it is. You have the ability—indeed, we should say genius—to stir those latent memories, to sweep back the years, to give us faith again.

How well you have succeeded in "Pollyanna"! The calm, critical side of our brain tells us that it is a sugar-coated view of life as it isn’t and never was, but the dream-side of us stirs—and awakens.

What, then, of criticism? You have given us a golden flash into something intangible, never to be attained perhaps, but sacred, far inside our hearts. You have made us forget the realities of today.

If we ever reach the point where you fail to touch us, Mary Pickford, we will know that our ideals have gone, that our heart is empty, that ashes have taken the place of our memories. May that never be!

We know—our critical self keeps repeating it—that you never did a finer, better sustained or an infinitely more subtle bit of playing of childhood than your Pollyanna. That the tear was never so close to the smile. But it is the soul beneath this histrionic dexterity that we feel. You are eternal youth, with its dream cities of high hopes.

We need you, Mary Pickford—and more "Pollyannas."

THE CELLULOID CRITIC.

and unscrupulous youth and who goes thru reeds and reeds of hectic emotions. "Should a woman tell?" is supposed to be the problem facing the cutie when she weds a very upright young chap. "Should a Woman Tell?" is exceedingly mediocrity. The direction is uninspired, save for a rather well done shipwreck. The one redeeming feature is the rather promising work of the new Metro star, Alice Lake, who seems a sort of mingling of Alice Brady, Norma Talmadge and half a dozen other celluloid luminaries.
WORTH A MILLION DOLLARS
But It Doesn’t Cost a Cent
to enter

1920 Fame and Fortune Contest

Just as easy as sitting on the magic carpet and wishing yourself a place on the screen. This is open to everybody—ladies and gentlemen. It doesn’t matter who you are, what your nationality is, how old or how young you are, married or single, fat or thin, or where you live. All you must possess is charm of manner, grace of movement or some personal charm or beauty.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND

will give two years’ publicity to the winner. This means your portrait in colors on our magazine covers that claim a circulation of nearly a million copies monthly; interviews, special articles, pictures,—in other words, publicity that cannot be bought at any price. The magazine claims that in two years the winner will be standing on the ladder of success in the motion picture world. Can you afford to pass this up?

RULES FOR THE CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted. The coupon must be from either The Motion Picture Magazine, Classic or Shadowland, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Postal-card pictures and snap-shots not accepted. Tinted photos cannot be reproduced in magazine.

Photos will not be returned to the owner.

Contestants should not write a letter accompanying photo requiring a reply. Thousands of photos will be received and it will be impossible to answer each one. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.

Photos should be mailed to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffyfield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.

The contest is open to everybody, no age limit, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage roles.

Contest closes Aug. 1, 1920.

CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

Name.................................................................
Address.............................................................(street)
.............................................................(city).............................................................(state)

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any..........................................................

When born........................................Birthplace........................................Eyes (color)........................................

Hair (color)..........................................................Complexion........................................

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

“Red Hot Dollars,” (Paramount), isn’t much as a story, but it is vivified and humanized by Charlie Ray, as a young machinist who saves the life of his employer and is rewarded by being adopted into the family. Then, of course, he settles a feud between his foster father and the grandfather of his sweetheart. Charles Malle makes this dear old Scotchman stand out and Gladys George is effective as his daughter. Ray was never better than in “Red Hot Dollars.” What a vitally real person he is!

“The Beauty Market,” starring the breathlessly beautiful Katherine MacDonald, is another story wherein the society girl of fine sensibilities is just about to sell herself in marriage when the rugged chap happens along and teaches her that the real thing is “to cook and scrub and love.” Every time this kind of story ends we experience a period of worry for the hero, knowing that the fair butterfly heroine is going to become an awful flivver as a cook. But one should really look no further than the final fade-out. Miss MacDonald is the heroine, Roy Stewart is the strenuous hero, and we liked and disliked him in alternating moments, while Kathleen Kirkham gives an able,—and finely subtle,—performance of a weak society hanger-on.

An unpleasant tinge overhangs “The Woman in the Suitcase,” (Paramount), Endi Bennett’s latest vehicle. This is due to the story itself, revolving around the efforts of a girl of refined home who tries to overcome her father’s secret weakness for a very blonde young woman by meeting the v. b. y. w. in her own sordid world. At the same time, the story holds the interest.

Albert Ray and Elinor Fair have certain possibilities, but they are not strongly manifest in “This Pan Alley,” (Fox). Briefly, it is a story of a young chap who writes a song hit and then loses his head. The play has the usual Fox subtitles; i.e., laboral attempts at humor. Still worse is Peggy Hyland’s “The Web of Chance,” (Fox). This even has the unforgivable fault of bad photography.


Let us turn for the moment to comedies. Fatty Arbuckle, (Paramount), shows a decided improvement. His “The Garage” is the funniest farce of the month. Not a little of this merit is due to “Buster” Keaton.

Harold Lloyd has been slipping a bit. His “From Hand to Mouth” and “Captain Kidd’s Kids” were rather weak. The former has Bebe Daniels’ successor, Mildred Davis, who appears pleasantly youthful and promising. Mack Sennett has not turned out a brilliant burlesque in quite some time. The Sunshine and Universal comedies continue as fearful as of yore.

(One hundred and four)
Humor is raised to the nth degree in Pathé Comedies. Joyous, care-free laughter bubbles out of audiences at the mere thought of Pathé Comedy stars. No propaganda, no social problem, but just clean fun and the high spirits of youth!

Harold Lloyd, who for four years has been teaching the hard-to-make-laugh how to laugh, is presented in a hilarious two reel comedy every month, produced by that master hand, Hal Roach.

Mrs. Sidney Drew, who is known wherever live people who have not forgotten to smile, is presenting John Cumberland, famous star of the stage, in two reel comedies, one each month.

"Bringing Up Father," the famous George McManus creation, has now been brought to the screen in two reel comedies, one every month, produced by the Christie Film Company.

"Rolin Comedies," each of one reel length, for four years favorites with the public, featuring "Snub" Pollard and "Sunshine Sammy," the cunning little darky, are shown weekly by a theatre in your vicinity.

Ask your favorite theatre when!

Pathé Exchange, Inc., 25 W. 45th St., New York
The Burlington

21 Jewels

This superb 21-Jewel, thin model Burlington is sold to you direct at the rock-bottom price. This masterpiece of watch manufacture has twenty-one jewels of Sapphires and Rubies. It is adjusted to position, adjusted to temperature, and adjusted to isochronism. Send the coupon today for free book on watches.

$350 a Month

You pay only this small amount each month for this masterpiece, sold to you at the direct rock-bottom price, the lowest price at which a Burlington is sold.

Burlington Watch Co., Dept. 1273
19th St. and Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
338 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Can.

Send this Coupon for Watch Book

Please send me (without obligation and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your cash or $3.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name

Address

Burlington Watch Co.
10th St. and Marshall Blvd.,
Dept. 1273, Chicago, Ill.

You do not pay a cent until you see the watch. Send the coupon today for this great book on watches, and full information of the $3.50 a month offer. Don’t delay.

The William O. Hewitt Press, 61-67 Navy St., Brooklyn, N.Y.
Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?
Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?
Is it RICHARD BARTHELMES or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a “crush” on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and Motion Picture Classic—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, worldwide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read Shadowland, the Magazine and Classic.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on June 30, 1920.
2. There will be seven ballots as follows:
   - December: 1919 ballot
   - January: 1920 ballot
   - February: 1920 ballot
   - March: 1920 ballot
   - April: 1920 ballot
   - May: 1920 ballot
   - June: 1920 ballot
3. The result of each month’s ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for Shadowland every month, and the same for Motion Picture Magazine and yet again the same for Classic. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name: ........................................
Street: ......................................
City: .........................................
State: .......................................
Country: ....................................
(Dated) ....................................

Class Number 2

Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with votes.

Name: ........................................
Street: ......................................
City: .........................................
State: .......................................
Country: ....................................
(Dated) ....................................

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.
JUST as the Egyptian Princess of 3,000 years ago bequeathed a heritage of beauty to the modern girl, so did she also hand down knowledge of the surest way to keep it.

She knew that Palm and Olive Oils were mild, beneficial, natural cleansers, as soothing in their action as a lotion. A crude combination was all she could command – today she would use Palmolive.

For the mild, soothing, profuse lather of Palmolive soap, so smooth and creamy, embodies this oldest beauty secret.

Palmolive beautifies while it cleanses because it contains the same rare oils used as both cleanser and lotion in ancient Egypt.

Palmolive may be had wherever soap is sold and supplied by popular hotels in guestroom size.

Send 25c in stamps for Palmolette Case containing miniature packages of 7 Palmolive requisites.

Address The Palmolive Company (Advertising Department) Milwaukee, Wis., U.S.A.

The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.
Adorable

Deltah

PERLES

The Final Expression
of Pearl Loveliness

Offered by Jewelers
up to $500 the Necklace

L. Heller & Son Inc.

PARIS & NEW YORK
Established over a quarter of a century

ETHEL CLAYTON
A Stenographer's Advice On Typewriter Buying
How to Save $43

THE young lady who suggested this advertisement convinced the writer that too few people realize that the Oliver Typewriter has the usual keyboard. A definite propaganda, she insisted, had been spread to lead people to believe that the arrangement of letters on the Oliver keyboard was different, and therefore difficult.

This advertisement is to set people right. It should be understood once and for all that the Oliver has the same universal arrangement of letters as all standard typewriters. And it has improvements and simplifications not found elsewhere. Several hundred thousand stenographers use the Oliver daily.

The young lady brought up another point. She said many people might think that the new $57 Oliver is a second-hand or rebuilt machine of an earlier model.

But note that this advertisement is signed by The Oliver Typewriter Company itself. This is a guarantee that the $57 Oliver is the exact model formerly priced at $100. Not a change has been made. It is a new machine. The latest product of our factory.

How We Both Save
The entire saving of $43 comes from our new sales methods.

During the war we learned that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous, expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous, costly sales methods. You benefit by these savings.

Among the Large Users Are
United States Steel Corporation
Mountgomery Ward & Company
Pennsylvania Railroad
Lord & Thomas
Columbia Graphophone Co.
Bethlehem Steel Company
National Clock & Suit Co.
New York Edison Company
National City Bank of New York

Mail Today—Don't Delay

Over 800,000 Olivets have been sold. It is used by the big concerns, as listed below.

This Oliver Nine is a 20-year development. If any typewriter is worth $100, it is this, our latest and best model.

Free Trial
We ship an Oliver Nine to you for five days free trial. If you decide to keep it, pay us at the rate of $3 per month. If you return it, we even refund the transportation charges.

What could be fairer, simpler? You may order an Oliver Nine for free trial direct from this advertisement. It does not place you under the slightest obligation to keep it.

Used machines accepted in exchange at fair valuation.

Or, you may ask for our free book entitled, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." This amazing book exposes the old way of selling and tells where the $43 used to go.

Read the two-way coupon—then mail it today. Note how simple the whole plan is—how you deal direct with the manufacturer.

Canadian Price, $72

The OLIVER Typewriter Company
1454 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Mail Today—Don't Delay

(Top)
Know before you Pay

NOT all motion pictures are good. Neither are all books, all music, all paintings.

You have to use judgment in selecting your motion picture entertainment.

Sounds difficult. But it's not.

Just make sure before you buy your ticket that it's a Paramount Picture.

If it is—go in! It's good.

That's the secret of buying your motion picture entertainment right. A motion picture can't be paramount unless it's—Paramount.

The name Paramount is the binding guarantee personally to you from Famous Players-Lasky Corporation that the picture is right.

No need to take chances when you can know before you pay!

Paramount Pictures

Latest Paramount Artcraft Features—Released to May 1st

Headlined in
"The Case of the Missing Jewel" by F. E. Burnet
"Huckleberry Finn" by Mark Twain
"The Best of Clan<br />A William S. Hart Production

Paramount-Argo Pictures
Paramount-Mack Sennett comedies
Paramount-DeMille comedies
Paramount Short Subjects
Paramount Magazine
Issued Weekly
(within text)
Content of Motion Picture Classic

The Girl on the Cover

(Painted by Leo Sielke, Jr., from a copyright photograph by Lunõres.)

An appropriate Easter cover girl is Dolores Cassinelli, who comes from Italy, the land of sunshine and flowers. Altho she was born in Italy, Miss Cassinelli was brought to this country at an early age and she is really a typical American girl.

Although she has fine looks and an accomplished musician, Miss Cassinelli is a screen star of unusual attainments. She has been popular in the films since the days of Essanay.

Rotogravure Gallery of Players. Full page studies of Florence Vidor, Dorothy Dalton, Bebe Daniels, Coleen Moore and Leatrice Joy ........................................... 11-15

The Pulse of the Photoplay. Jesse L. Lasky discusses the trend of public taste in motion pictures. Frederick James Smith 16

A Joyful Miss Joy. Leatrice Joy, the happy go lucky girl is a pretty daughter of old Dixie. Maude S. Cheatham 18

When "Mickey" Walked. How Nellie worked her way up from a Buffalo factory's night shift. Elizabeth Pellet 20

Miss Mason Managers. Shirley successfully reconciles stardom with being a little housewife. Truman B. Handy 22

Milady of the Fan. The interesting story of pretty Francelina Billington, who has just reached stardom. Emma-Lindsay Squier 24

Jack Jekyll and Barrymore Hyde. Glyphs of the screen adaptation of the famous Stevenson story. 26

Gentle Jane. How Jane Novak divides her time between the studios, her husband, and her daughter. Maude S. Cheatham 27

The Sporting Duchess. The new Alice Joyce photoplay. 28

Pretty Polly. Pauline Starke graduated from pigtails to screen featuring in three years. Fritz Remant 34

Merry May. Miss Allison at home. 36

Bonnie Mary. How beautiful Mary MacLaren made her way from the Winter Garden chorus to stardom. Elizabeth Pellet 38

Two Cinema Players from Foreign shores. The picturesque careers of a Russian and a Danish star. Lillian Montanye 40

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Subscription, $2.50 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico, and Philippiines; in Canada, $3.00 a year; in foreign countries, $3.50. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. One and two cent stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC • • • 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

This magazine, published monthly, comes out on the 15th. Its older sister, the Motion PICTURE MAGAZINE, comes out on the first of every month. Shadowland appears on the 23rd of each month.
Aster—Pay Baintner in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem inconsequential, but the affection is happy and surprising enough. Has all the ingredients of good drama.

Booth—"The Purple Mask," with Leo Dirichlet, is a pathetic drama of the days of the First Consulate in France; tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainments. Mr. Dirichlet is delightful as the royalist, the Purple Mask; Brandon Tynan is admirable as the republican agent, Brisqued. Perhaps the most lusty heroine in the Booth Co.'s repertory, Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl stand out.

Broderhurst—"Smlin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective, drama which permits to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a kind Irish girl, while also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smlin' Through" will evoke your smiles and tears.

Casino—"The Little Whopper." Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal splendidly heads the cast, which also has palates Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

Central—"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Sam Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sires of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.

Cort—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see if you have never else on the New York. John Dinkwater's play is a song of humor, literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American, no matter how much you have ascended, and Frank McGlyn, a discovery, is a brilliant Lincoln.

Comedy—"My Lady Friends." Highly amusing entertainment adapted from a Continental farce. Much of the humor is due to the able work of Clifton Crawford in the role of the gallant young publisher of Bibles whose efforts to spend money get him into all sorts of difficulties. June Walker scores in Mr. Crawford's support.

Century—"Aphrodite." Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louys' exotic novel of ancient Alexandria. Miss O'Neill plays the part that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal role of the Gallienne companion. Christopher and Miss Moore are an attraction, which is admirable in the principal male role.

Eltinge—"Breakfast in Bed," with Florence Moore. A three-act farce satirizing movies with vaudeville's lady's, Miss Moore, working very hard to put it over.

Empire—"Declasse," with Ethel Barrymore. The pick of the things. This season is this clever play by Zoe Akins. Whether or not it has the basis of truth, it is brilliantly written and is well played by Miss Barrymore.

Forty-fourth Street—"Look Who's Here," with Cecil Lean. A passable musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Lean and Clarence Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

Globe—"Apple Blossoms." The ambitious and much heralded opus of Fritz Kreisler and Charles W. Pfeiffer, who have done a splendid setting. An offering far above the musical average. John Charles Thomas sings admirably, Wilda Bennett is an attractive heroine and the orchestra and chorus are up to their usual fine performances.

Harris—"Wedding Bells." A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

Hippodrome—"Happy Days." Big and spectacular production typical of the Hippodrome. The diving girls are again a feature, disposing in the huge "Hip" tank.

Huntington's delightful comedy, built about the way a returned soldier reunited a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.


Marlow—"The Cat Bird," with John Drew. A leisurely little play by Rupert Hughes, dealing with an elderly ecologist who straightens out the romances of several people who for a time felt they were his. Miss Drew returns to the New York stage after an absence of a season, and the character of the ecologist. A suave evening's amusement.

Morse—"Sacred and Profane Love," with Elsie Ferguson. An absorbing—if loosely conceived—drama based upon the return of Miss Ferguson to the speaking stage. It is the story of the remarkable love of a keenly mental authoress for a musical genius that spans the gulf between the two. Miss Ferguson has many admirable moments and Jose Ruben contributes some brilliant playing as the drag wright.

Nore Bayes—"My Golden Girl." A passable musical entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorus girl, Jeanette Dietrich, scores the hit of the season.

Thirty-ninth Street Theater—"Scandal," Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constable Talmage played on the screen. Frank Lauder and Charles Bennett have the leading roles in the excellent footlight production.

Winter Garden—"The Passing Show of 1919." A hackneyed variety show in which the famous runaway gets plenty of use. The revue presents a number of travesties upon current attractions, particularly colorless being that of "The Jest" Charles Winninger doing a clever burlesque of Lionel Barrymore.

ON TOUR

"The Frielities of 1920."—G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson's girl revue. Lively, speedy musical show with a large measure of vulgarity, but the cast includes the Kouns Sisters, Henry Lewis and the beautiful Doris Lloyd.

"After Dinner." A typical Hammerstein musical show with Irene Franklin, the brilliant mistress of the character song, and Ralph Her兹 featured.

"One Act in Rome."—With Lorette Taylor, J. Hartley Manners has furnished his wife with a colorful and picturesque character of a de luxe fortune teller in "One Act in Rome." The play itself is but a pallid melodramatic background for the big role. This, however, is so vividly written and so vividly played that it makes the "Night in Rome" into the ultra-interesting class.

"The Royal Vagabond."—A Cohanized opera comic in every sense of the words. A tuneful entertainment and the charm of this American humor. Also tinkling music.

"The Girl in the Limonade."—A decidedly daring boudoir farce by Wilson Collison and Averill Rice, the cast includes the Kouns Sisters, Henry Lewis and Elsie Ferguson. The heroine is invaded by every member of the cast during the progress of the evening. John Cumberland is very funny and Doris Kenyon fresh from Chicago, is both pretty and pleasant as the heroine.

"Civilian Clothes."—A delightful comedy to please everybody. Brand new idea and cleverly worked out. Thurston Hall in the title role shares the honors with beautiful Olive Tell. Support excellent.

(Continued on page 8)
Learn To Talk Convincingly
—and the World is at Your Feet

WHY can one man sell where another fails? Why can one man literally carry an audience off its feet, while another, speaking on the same subject, makes little or no impression? Why can one man get the sought-after job when another better qualified is turned down? Why does everyone “believe in” one man and have no confidence in another who really has just as much ability? The thing that counts is

Not Only WHAT You Say
But HOW You Say It

The world is full of splendid merchandise that doesn’t move—“order takers” who should be salesmen—political ideas that meet continual defeat—good men earning less, much less, than they’re worth; all because so few know how to use that God-given faculty of speech which is one of man’s greatest weapons.

Let Me Teach You

I can teach you how to carry conviction—how to make what you say have the effect you want it to, whether you talk to sell, to convince or to entertain. I can enable you to overcome timidity—give you confidence in yourself, develop your personality, improve your memory.

I can show you the art of brevity, the value of silence. Instead of being funny at the wrong time, I can suggest when and how to use humor with telling effect. Do you know the knack of making oral reports to superiors? Do you know the right and wrong way of presenting complaints, estimates, and to issue orders?

One can show you how to answer complaints, how to ask the bank for a loan, how to ask for an extension on your note. Another valuable lesson I teach is how—instead of antagonizing people when they disagree with you, you may swing them around to your way of thinking in a pleasant sort of way. You will learn the best way to get things done—the secrets of diplomacy.

Results in One Evening

Now one of the remarkable things about my method is that it requires little study and time.

Thousands Have Benefited

Among the enthusiastic students of my Course are thousands of prominent men in all walks of life—they include business men, preachers, lawyers, teachers, physicians, bankers, etc., etc.

Frederick Hunk Law

The ability to talk convincingly will win you promotions. It is one of the secrets of closing big deals.

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You send no money. Just mail the coupon and, all charges prepaid, you will receive the Course—you are under no obligation whatever—and if you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you get it—you will owe nothing.

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Occupation

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Continued from page 6)

"Nightie Night."—Described by the program as a "tale of love, mystery, and
mystery," "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verse,
ginger and some daring. There are scenes of laughter.

The Magic Melody."—A musical play
proceeds with an ingredient of Willy Pogany setting. Charles Turrell, Julia
Dean, Earl Benham and Carmel Myers, the last two well known to the screen, head the
cast.

Elise Janis and "her gang."—Lively entertain-
ment built about the experiences of the A. E. Gang. The script is by Miss Janis, who
shines with decided brightness.

A pleasant entertainment.

The Princess of the Cross and rose in Shakes-
pearean repertoire.—These artists represent the best traditions of our theater and their
revivals of "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," and
"The Taming of the Shrew" are distinguished in every
sense of the word.

"Sereno."—A pleasant musical entertain-
ment. Dorothy Mackave is pleasantly cast.

"The Better Ole."—The Coburn production
of the musical comedy based upon Bruce
Bernsfield's new immortal cartoon creation, Old Bill. Miss Willardization of Bill is still as remarkable as ever.

"A Lonely Romeo."—With Lew Fields. A
light touch, given by the original group of
Francis Cameron, who is developing remarkably,
.is the bright figure of "A Lonely Romeo," while Mr. Fields is his humorous self. There's a

in his character.

"Chin Chin Chew."—An opulent and beauti-
ful musical extravaganza based upon the
American Chinese. Wm. Hanchar's brand of
Thieves. Dazzling series of sensational
pictures. "Chin Chin Chew" is presented this
year with an entirely new edition and new cos-
tumes.

Marjorie, Lila, Lina is very effective as the
rober sheik and Eugene Cowles makes the
role of step-father stand out. George Rosely
plays the young lover admirably.

"La La Lucille."—Musical comedy built
around the efforts of a loving couple to ar-
range a divorce. It stands out as a matron and the Thieves.

"I John Ferguson."—A vigorous drama that
compares favorably with anything of the kind
that New York has seen for years. Beautifully
staged and acted. Masterpieces of this kind
should be liberally patronized to encourage
others.

George White's "Scandals," "Scandals of 1917."—All
sorts and varieties of madcap make for a
lack of story or humor. The real star is
pianist little Ann Pennington—who seductive
a little jazzer as ever shimmied on Broadway.

Then there's the lively dancing of Mr. W. H.
Mr. himself.

"Friendly Enemies."—This is the record-
breaking comedy of the New York season,
with Louis Mann in his original role.

"Three Wise Fools."—Austen Strong's
human little drama of three crusty old
bachelors who are helped by a team of
women who are subsequently rejuvenated.
Melodrama with a heart thr. Helen Menken gives
a striking performance. Among the others
is Frank Lake, while Claude Gillingwater is a
delightful ugly Tedd Findley.

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Your theater will show "A Modern Salome," a colorful Twentieth Century version of the romantic tale of King Herod, Salome and St. John the Baptist, conceived and directed by Leonce Perret from the famous play "Salome," by Oscar Wilde, distributed by METRO Pictures Corporation.

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Contest Rules

All essays must be submitted by August 15, 1920. Essays must be less than 500 words long and must be submitted thru your local exhibitor.

Answer the Following Questions:

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?"

The judges of the Hope Hampton Prize Contest are:

Mr. Eugene V. Brewer, editor and publisher of "Motion Picture Magazine," "Motion Picture Classic" and "Shadowland."

Mr. Burns Mantle, dramatic critic of the New York "Evening Mail" and contributor to "Photoplay Magazine."

Mr. Penrhyn Stanlaws, one of the foremost artists of America.

Anyone who sees or reads the story of this great picture may participate in this contest. You can get the story from the exhibitor in your city who shows "A Modern Salome"
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FLORENCE VIDOR

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DOROTHY DALTON

Altho Miss Dalton is the talk of New York in the pagan spectacle, "Aphrodite," she is still devoting at least a portion of her interests to motion pictures, dividing her time between the theater and the studio.
Miss Daniels stepped from screen farce to drama so recently that the event is still being talked about. Miss Daniels was Harold Lloyd’s charming foil in dozens of Pathé film comedies.
COLEEN MOORE

Born in Michigan, Miss Moore was educated in a convent in Florida. D. W. Griffith gave Miss Moore her first opportunity in a Bobbie Harron drama and she has advanced steadily ever since.
LEATRICE JOY

Miss Joy lives up to her name in being an optical joy. On another page you will find an interesting little chat with this pretty New Orleans maid.
No one should know the pulse of the motion picture public better than Jesse Lasky, first vice-president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, and unquestionably one of the cinema's biggest powers.

The photoplay, as developed by the Lasky organization, may well be described as art harnessed to business. The screen drama is very nearly produced according to a mathematical formula. To make picture plays in this fashion one must know the public taste—and know it accurately.

The Famous Players-Lasky Corporation believes it has solved this. It secures regular reports from every exhibitor it supplies with picture plays, and these reports are supposed to embody the opinions of the audience, as well as the box-office result.

"The real—the vital—development of the photoplay," says Mr. Lasky, "is the steadily increasing success of the film drama which, minus a star, scores on its own merit. The public is showing a confidence in the producer or director unheard of two years ago. For instance, consider the present drawing power of Cecil de Mille.

"There are several distinct trends to the photoplay of 1920. One is towards comedy. But, to be successful, the comedy, however light, must have a theme—an idea. This may be almost anything—the high cost of living, the extravagance of modern woman, the relation of husband and wife—but the idea must be beneath the laugh. 'Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave' was an interesting example. Again, the fast-developing popularity of Wallace Reid in comedies of this type. Reid was always more or less a favorite, but since he has turned to comedy, he has developed by leaps and bounds.

"Again, the public of 1920 will now accept the drama with a moral, provided it is entertaining. 'Everywoman' was a preachment, but it was pleasant, and it has been well received across country."
An Interview With Jesse L. Lasky
By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

"Another trend is the extraordinary success of a film play like 'Huckleberry Finn.' The public wants direct, human, close-to-the-soil stuff. There is no question of that. We are so certain that we have delegated William de Mille to center upon this style of production."

Mr. Lasky turned to answer the telephone. In a two-minute conversation he practically engaged a new star. Then he returned to our interview.

"Another trend is the extraordinary success of a film play like 'Huckleberry Finn.' The public wants direct, human, close-to-the-soil stuff. There is no question of that. We are so certain that we have delegated William de Mille to center upon this style of production."

Mr. Lasky paused. And, catching our breath, we turned the subject towards the actor.

"The trend there," he answered, "is clearly towards the dramatic man or woman and away from the becurled ingénue. The old-fashioned ingénue has passed. No one can ever make another Mary Pickford. Miss Pickford was the exception. She has an ability amounting to genius, along with tremendous technical resources. She is, in fact, an emotional actress with the exterior of an ingénue. There will never be another Mary Pickford, and any one who attempts to produce another is doomed to failure."

The conversation switched back to the photoplay story. "The sex theme," went on Mr. Lasky, "is steadily receiving (Continued on page 64)"
A Joyful Miss Joy

"Mother had selected the name Beatrice for me; it means—Blessing, you know, but it seems there were many Beatrices, so taking the alphabet she went down the lines seeking another first letter. Coming to L, which stands for Love, she decided that was the one, so I became Leatrice, to her, a combination of Blessing and Love."

"And with Joy added, what a wonderfully happy name you have," I said, watching her lovely, sensitive face with its delicate shadings of thought.

"Oh, isn't it? I love it and find it a constant inspiration," she responded, joyfully. "Anyway, I'm so happy, and here I am playing the role of an unhappy wife in this new film, 'Just a Wife.' Imagine being unhappy in all these lovely clothes, to say nothing of the family heirlooms in jewels!"

She was indeed an alluring picture in her dinner gown of lovely shades of apricot, the brocaded velvet and tissue clinging to the straight, girlish form. There is a poetic charm, an elusive delicacy, about this young beauty which seems to enfold her in a glimmer of romance. Her hair is dark, as are her eyes, which are far apart and very wide open, and altogether, she combines the brilliant qualities of which stars are made.

"This stately business, trains, and grown-up

Leatrice Joy is born in New Orleans, and is the ideal type of that most fascinating bit of femininity, a daughter of the Old South.

All thru the family, on both sides, flows the French blood of old Bordeaux, which was transplanted into this country three generations ago and its warmth and glow has been tenderly fostered under the Louisiana blue skies.

Her voice is soft and very melodious and she speaks slowly, lingering over her words, and when she says "dear," there is a caress in each slurred letter, while her "Yes, sah" is deference itself.

"Don't lose it," I exclaimed, speaking aloud my thought.

"Love what?" and the wide eyes looked interested.

"That accent!" I replied.

"Oh, dear, I can't, I have tried, for everyone laughs at me, but my tongue gets all tangled up when I try to talk like you Northerners," and her happy, girlish laugh caused everyone on the set to turn toward our corner with a smile.

"Yes, there is a real reason why it is Leatrice instead of Beatrice," replied Miss Joy, when I remarked on her unusual name.
action is a little new," she confided, "and I have a wild desire to sit on my foot or slide across the floor. It is a great part, tho, and Roy Stewart is a wonderful husband," she added mischievously, as Mr. Stewart sauntered across the set looking very impressive in his correct evening clothes.

"I am a Southern girl in this picture," Leatrice went on, gaily, "and the other day when I was married I wore mother's real lace wedding veil and felt so proud and romantic."

"And some day, I suppose, you'll be wearing this veil at your own wedding," I said.

"I hope so, but it must be a far away day, for I am too much interested in my work to let anything interfere. I had a hard, stiff climb and would never be willing to give up until I reach the heights. Somehow, I do not believe that careers and love go hand in hand, both are too absorbing, so I say, please let love stay away from me for a while!"

"Anyway, I am not thinking about such things. Mother spoils me and it would be very hard for me to find a man who would be as devoted. We are very happy together in our little bungalow in Hollywood and are great stay-at-homes.

"I have just been selected to play the lead

Leatrice Joy plays her first real dramatic rôle in George Loane Tucker's "Ladies Must Live," and she has been selected to play the lead in the Selznick production, "Blind Youth" in the next Selznick picture, 'Blind Youth'; isn't that wonderful?" and Leatrice sighed, rapturously, "So many beautiful things are happening and every one is so lovely to me. I believe the secret of it all is that happiness depends on our own thoughts. The first thing I say to myself every morning is that the day is beautiful and everything and everybody in it, and that I reflect only happiness and joy and contentment! We all have our own perfect place and nothing can take it from us. Why, the orange blossom doesn't fret and worry, fearing that the—the—the watermelon will usurp its place!" And we both laughed at the simile, even while grasping the tremendous import of her sweet thought.

When Leatrice was a little girl down in the big house in New Orleans, she used to array herself in her mother's hats and pretty dresses and plait 'lady,' before the mirror in the reception hall, and so the first desire for dramatic work began to unfold.

One morning in 1916 she read in the paper that the Nola Film Company had been organized in New Orleans and they wished to secure a native daughter for their leading roles. Leatrice decided to answer the advertisement. The test was a little scene in which she was to weep. That very morning she had received a letter from her father, who was in El Paso for his health, and with this in her mind, the tears came readily enough and she put a touch of appealing pathos into her acting that so impressed the manager that she was instantly engaged.

(Continued on page 72)
When "Micky" Walked

Of course, any one who knows Marshall Neilan will tell you that he can find something amusing about almost anything that has happened, is happening or that he can imagine as happening in the future!

He "kids" all the time, at the studio and away from it, and his people "kid" back at him and call him "Micky" and apparently all but worship him.

Think over a few of the pictures you have seen that were made under his direction. There were "Amarilly of Clothesline Alley," "Stella Maris," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" and "Daddy Long Legs," with Mary Pickford as the star; "Mice and Men," in which he also played the lead; "Freckles"; "Hit-the-Trail Holliday"; and, more recently, "In Old Kentucky," with Anita Stewart.

Weren't they all characterized by little humorous and human touches undoubtedly brain children of the

Marshall Neilan worked his way up from the bottom. At fifteen he worked on a night shift in a Buffalo machine shop. At twenty he was in a Los Angeles stock company. A little later he was leading man at old Biograph.

There was a time when Marshall Neilan belonged to a sort of club which was called by the others working in a certain machine shop in Buffalo, N. Y., "the beer squad." "We," he said, referring to "the beer squad," "used to work eleven hours a day, or rather a night, for we began at eight in the evening and worked until seven the next morning. You can imagine us as we looked, tired and grimy; in a word, all in. But just as sure as we quit work, we used to walk to our rooms, fully two miles away. And why do you think we did it? To buy beer with the nickel! I used to write a little note for myself—he was only fifteen years old at the time—'Please give this boy five cents worth of beer,' and sign it 'Mrs. ___.' He looked thoroly amused at the recollection.

And now "Micky" is one of the most famous directors of moving pictures in the world. Cause and effect? Perhaps. In order to be really great one must be really human.

If a man has never known "ups and downs"; if he has kept, as we used to say in English class in school, the even tenor of his way, then his work must necessarily prove as calm and comparatively uninteresting as his life.

But frequently there is too much said about the early struggles of the successful. One is likely to forget that as soon as they are over with, these struggles are, as a rule, a source of unlimited material and endless amusement.
director? They were, and there you have "Micky."

No wonder that he doesn't have to walk any more! Naturally, he has a handsome car and, if he wants anything to drink, like tea or orange-juice, (you see, the times have changed), he can drive to the "Ship" at Venice and have it more expensively than any inexperienced person would think possible.

I saw him in his office at the temporary studio of the Marshall Neilan Productions, on the day after his return to Los Angeles from Portland, Oregon, where he had gone with the purpose of shooting scenes for "The River's End."

As a director, "Micky" Neilan has tried his hand at everything from "Ham and Bud" comedies up. He has a remarkable sense of humor and "kids" all the time. The studio folk "kid" back—and everyone worships "Micky."

He had taken his company up there with the intention of staying five weeks, but had returned almost at once, without shooting a single scene. "What was the trouble," I asked, "the weather?"

"Yes; it started to rain the day we got there. I knew from previous experience that it would probably continue indefinitely, so I decided it would be best for us to come back. The joke was on me. We received a report that the weather had cleared the day after we left!"

Luck like that would have given some producers an awful grouch. Neilan laughed and lit a cigarette. (Continued on page 70)
Miss Mason Manages

wistfully, "when you haven't your own home. I feel so unsettled here in California, where mother and sister and I are living in furnished apartments. Nothing our own, no associations. Nothing you'll regret leaving behind you when you move. And we move so often!"

Which is the style in Hollywood. Everybody is continually moving into everybody else's house. The picture colonists, not being interested in moss, are more or less rolling stones.

But Miss Mason, when you speak of such things to her, shakes her head after the manner of a fascinating sub-deb, and sighs.

"I do so love a home. One's husband, you know, must be considered, and mine is a believer in solid comfort. Berney is such a good husband. I never want another."

The horoscope some time ago told Shirley that she is

She's a petite creature, hair bobbed à la Irene Castle. Nineteen, a star, and the wife of a great, big, black-haired boy whom she adores and to whom she not infrequently talks baby talk, and whose judgment in all matters is quite final—as far as she is concerned.

There's everything about her that makes one think Shirley Mason is a child—a child of the Eugene Field type, whose philosophy, happiness, is, as Field has said, more beautiful than human knowledge teaches. Her clear, grey-blue eyes search you wonderingly when she is perplexed, and when she smiles her lips part like two petals of a rosebud opening in the sunlight.

It happened that when I saw her at her home in a fashionable Hollywood hostelry, into which she and her family were just moving, Shirley was heartbroken because she, perforce, had to take her dog and cat to the hospital to board. The hostelry is typically Hollywood; it allows no cats nor dogs, altho the bars have been let down and movie actors are permitted residence.

"That's just it," she said,

Shirley Mason is the wife of a great, big black-haired boy whom she adores. They're the happiest couple imaginable. "Berney is such a good husband," confides Shirley. "I never want another"
And Shirley, At That, Isn't Old Enough to Vote

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

going to live to be eighty-two years old. Horrors! What's she going to do with herself after she's seventy-five?
Merely look after Perney, and anticipate the eighty-second summer. She remarks, naively, that she won't be useful any more, and, therefore—

"And just what would you do if a vamp walked in and tried to steal Perney?" I queried.

"Scratch her eyes out!" vociferously.

And then, perhaps, I suggested, she is wont to "vamp" him herself at times, to kind of exercise a variety of exorcism—just merely to pique his interest.

"Certainly," she remarked, nonchalantly, smiling, blushing, "everybody does. Every woman has some time or other wanted to do a little vamping. I vamp Perney by trying to look my prettiest, to wear the things he'll like to see, to do the things he'll enjoy, and to think the things that he thinks."

And she's quite certain that if Lew Cody came around he would find her un receptive to his chicken-hawkerie, for, she swears, she wouldn't know how to act under such circumstances and she'd be so fussed that she'd say exactly the thing that would spoil the aforesaid Mr. Cody's train of thought.

"And," she interposed as a sort of postlude, "I'm terribly interested in Perney, and one man is quite enough."

She's what the horoscope has termed a "twain"—a dual soul—one interested in affairs of home, the other engrossed in an avocation. Only in Shirley's case the avocation has proved to be a vocation. And the horoscope has proclaimed her lucky days the third, fifth, sixth and eighth of each month, with Wednesday each week predominating. Her best letters are B, C, H and D, and as she held the chart in front of me, telling me its innumerable indescribable signs, of half of which she herself doesn't know the meaning, she clapped her hands as a sudden thought struck her.

"Lucky letters, B and D. Why, those are Perney's initials: Perney Durning! I never thought of that before. Isn't a horoscope wonderful?"

"Perhaps his middle initial is C or H?" ventured yours truly.

"Oh, no," she sighed; "it's J. Joseph,

(Continued on page 73)

Shirley Mason is a sister of Viola Dana. "I've always been a tomboy, while Viola hasn't," she says. "When I was young I always played with the boys."

(Twenty-three)
They told me out at Universal studio to interview Francelia Billington about her Japanese fans, so I did; that is, I asked her to let me see her collection. Instead of complying with my request, she burst out laughing.

"That's a studio joke," she apologized, sobering.

"Then you haven't any collection?" I asked, a trifle tartly, mentally hoping that a certain publicity man would choke on his demi-tasse.

"Oh, yes—yes, indeed," she hastily assured me, "but they're all in Japan—they aren't that kind of fans, you see," she hurried on, disregarding grammatical niceties. "They're people... you know, picture fans."

I forgave the Universal P. M., and we sat down to chat. Miss Billington has a home in Glendale, near Los Angeles, with a mother who looks young enough to be her sister, a sister, Wanda, who is a trifle older than she, and a white Spitz dog which answers to the name of "Mutts" and which is very much a part of the family. She was wearing a creation—it really was that—of grey chiffon, with loose, flattery sleeves and a deep collar of cream. Her hair is lighter than you would expect from her pictures, and her eyes are either grey or hazel—it's hard to tell which—and she smiles with a quirk, showing lovely white teeth and wholesome little laugh lines at the corners of her mouth.

I suppose you know without my telling you that she was Eric Von Stheim's leading woman in his much talked over feature, "Blind Husband" and has been made since that time, a Universal star heading her own公司。But to return to the fans—Japanese variety!

"It's a funny thing," said Francelia, setting herself into the corner of a couch piled high with comfortable pillows, "but it seems that in Japan I am very popular. I'm sure I don't know why," she added, frankly. "I'm not a raving beauty... I think they must be partial to blondes, not having any of them in that country. But the fact remains that two-thirds of my mail comes from Japan, with the most extravagant praise for my work and flowery compliments for my 'heaven-flower beauty,' as they call it. Recently I won the popularity contest over there, and since then the whole studio force has joked me about my collection of Japanese 'fans.'"

At my request, Francelia's mother went upstairs to look for some of the letters and gifts which her talented daughter receives from the Flowery Kingdom. And, while waiting, we talked shop—pictures, directors, titles and ambitions.

"I suppose you commenced as an extra girl?" I asked, confidently, but the fair Francelia shook her head and almost blushed.

"No, I didn't," she confessed, apologetically.

"I'd like to say I had, but the truth is that I began my career in pictures as a leading woman. I was fairly pushed into the movies. If I had had to stand around in the hot sun for just one day, waiting for a casting

Photograph © by Shirley Blanc, L. A.
By EMMA-LINDSAY SQUIER

director to 'cast' his eye on me, I’d probably be selling ribbons or teaching school, but believe me, I would not be in pictures!

Did you ever hear a movie star talk like that? I never did. They always tell, and truthfully, too, I suppose, of their heart-breaking struggles for “bits” in pictures and for recognition of their talents. Naturally, I asked for further details—any one would.

“It happened when I was seventeen years old—that was five years ago,” she said, by which you will notice she is one of screendom’s beauties who can afford to tell her real age.

“George Melford, who was then a director at the Kalem Company, in Glendale, and Mrs. Melford lived near us. Mrs. Melford was always trying to get me to go over to the studio for a test. But I considered being in movies a sort of disgrace and wouldn’t go. And then one day, when I was up at her house, Mr. Melford came in with the announcement that Alice Joyce was leaving Kalem. He said to me, ‘I’ve got to

have a leading woman, Francelia, and you look
a bit like Alice Joyce; come over to the studio tomorrow for a test.’ Well, you might imagine

that I would have been delighted, but I wasn’t. I went over because mother made me go, and when they offered me thirty-five dollars a week to play

leads opposite Carlyle Blackwell, I simply couldn’t resist. Wasn’t I a mercenary little wretch? Not one thought of art, mind you—just money! But those first weeks that I worked were very unpleasant ones for me. I hoped that my school friends wouldn’t find out that I was a ‘movie actress,’ and I fairly sneaked to the studio for fear some one I knew would recognize me. Naturally, I got over that and began to like the work for its own sake.

“I did leads for Universal two years ago, then was with American for a year, playing opposite

William Russell, and now I’m back at Universal, being featured. My latest picture is called ‘The Day She Paid’—doesn’t that sound lurid?” She continued, “It’s a picturization of Fanny Hurst’s story, ‘Oats for the Woman.’

“I think it’s a shame to spoil a logical situation

by an artificial finale that takes the punch out of

the picture. I know the exhibitors say that the public demands them—but do they? Look at

‘Broken Blossoms’—could anything have been

more tragic than that ending? And now that

Griffith has made the plunge, I suppose we’ll have a regular orgy of sob fade-outs.”

And then Mother Billington returned with a big box full of letters, pieces of silk, hand-painted

(Continued on page 78)
Jack Barrymore has just completed a screen version of Robert Louis Stevenson's classic, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," for Paramount-Artcraft. Here are contrasting studies of Barrymore in the dual character. Martha Mansfield is the Millicent
Gentle Jane

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

Watching pretty Jane Novak in her appealing rôles as heroine in the romantic pictures of William Hart, Hobart Bosworth, Lewis Stone, Sessue Hayakawa, Tom Mix, and a score or more of our leading film stars, she appears to be a mere slip of a girl with no more vitally serious thought in her little head than the adventures depicted on the screen.

This is Jane Novak! The other one is a happy, contented housewife, fluttering about her lovely home in Hollywood, for in real life she is Mrs. Frank Newburg, and there is an adorable two-year-old daughter, Virginia.

Domesticity and careers present no unusual combination in these days of woman's freedom, yet, somehow, I had never thought of Jane as sewing, cooking, or caring for a baby! "How do you do it?" I asked, as she rescued Ginny from a tumble on her head.

Jane laughed. "The responsibility came so gradually that I learnt as I went along. It all works out beautifully except when I have to be away from home on location. I have been out of the city five of the past six months. A terrible thing happened when I came home the other day after spending seven weeks in Portland. Ginny didn't know me and it broke my heart!" and Jane's soft voice ended in a wail as she hugged the baby close in her arms.

"I spoil her when I am home and the nurse is so distressed because I do not insist on the regular hours she has been following. Oh, dear, I know I ought, but it is such fun to let her do as she pleases," and while the lenient blue eyes beamed upon the two-year-old, I quite understood how impossible it would be for the gentle Jane to become a disciplinarian.

Gentle! This is indeed the one word which describes Jane Novak! Tho she is very sweet, refreshingly genuine, absolutely unspoiled, alluringly feminine, with a serenity that remains ever unruffled, yet it is this gentleness that stands out above every other quality when one thinks of her.

Jane was born in St. Louis, her father being a newspaper man in that city. She early made her appearance in a stock company, which was something of a family affair, being composed of two uncles, two aunts, and a half a dozen cousins. This was followed by a short experience in vaudeville and musical comedy, always in St. Louis, however, for her mother would never permit her to leave the home.
Ann was seventeen when she made her first train trip, all alone, crossing the country to Los Angeles to join her aunt, Ann Schaefer, who had been playing with the Vitagraph Company for several years.

On the very morning of her arrival, Jane was introduced to Mr. Newburg, and, after a romantic courtship extending over two years, they were married in a little vine-covered church in Santa Monica, on May 25, 1915, the bride being just nineteen.

Mr. Newburg has given up his screen work and is secretary and treasurer of the Actors' Association, as well as his wife's business manager, for Jane confesses that she knows nothing of business, letting "Hubby" attend to all these worries.

"My first picture was a little comedy with Ruth Roland," said Jane, "and from the first I loved the work. I believe there is a little angel following me around for so many nice things are always happening. Of course, I hope to be a star some day, that is what I am working for, but I have been so fortunate in playing leading roles with many splendid actors who are fine men as well. This is an education and an invaluable training.

"I have been with William Hart in a

Jane Novak was seventeen when she crossed the continent to join her aunt, Ann Schaefer, then a Vitagraph actress. At nineteen she was married in a little vine-covered church in Santa Monica. Jane's first picture was a comedy with Ruth Roland.

Photographs by Hoover Art Co., L. A.

number of his pictures and he is such a true artist himself that you can not help gaining much. Oh, he is a dreadful tease and I have an exciting time when I am working with him.

"Coming down from Sacramento the other day our company was in the diner and they were all teasing me. Finally, I took a rose I had been wearing and threw it at Mr. Hart. It landed on his plate and he declared I had started a rough house, so, to get even, he poured a whole glass of ice-water down my back," and Jane shivered as she laughed.

"Several years ago I made four pictures with Hobart Bosworth and I was very glad to be with (Continued on page 65)"
The Sporting Duchess

Fictionized from the Alice Joyce-Vitagraph Photoplay

By FAITH SERVICE

Muriel, Duchess of Desborough, was sporting in more ways than one. She was sporting in her instincts as well as her tastes. She loved her husband, her son, horses and fair play. Chiefly, fair play. Her blood ran thru her veins according to the best form, and bluely. She maintained traditions. She expected the same of others. She expected happiness, too. She was one of the serene souls who, giving serenity to the world, expect serenity to be given back again. Her years were tranquil, well ordered, charming . . . That is, until the Duke of Desborough "ran across" some old friends in London and planned to have them for a week-end at Desborough.

"I knew them in India," he explained to his Duchess. "Mostyn and Mrs. Delmaine and most of the others. I know them—rather well. One does, y'know, in India." He added, with what Muriel reconsidered apparent irrelevance later on, "the rainy season, don't you know?"

From the beginning she did not like Mostyn. He was dissipated, and he had unpleasant eyes. They shifted like oily waters. She not only did not like him, but felt a fear of him, which annoyed her. Grotesque fears were hysteria, and the Duchess had a fine contempt for hysteria.

She did not like Mrs. Delmaine, either, but she felt, as one woman to another, a kind of pity for her. There were ghosts in her eyes—sad—sad and restless. Dead things stirred and would not let her be. It was evident that Mrs. Delmaine had been exceedingly unhappy.

The fact that her husband had known her in India meant very little to Muriel. No doubt the Duke had known a great many women in India and elsewhere. Muriel was not the type to question pasts, which certainly belonged to their owners. The present, so that it had dignity and security, was all she asked.

It was the present that Mostyn and Mrs. Delmaine, who, in the Indian days, had been more than friends to the Duke of Desborough, wished to ferment. They had
reasons ... Mostyn had got, at cards, on the race-track and one way or another, Desborough into debt. Badly into debt. The one way out for Desborough was his horse, "Clipstone," winning the Derby. If Mostyn should foreclose before the Derby, there would be few vestiges of dignity possible, then, for the Duke and Duchess. Mostyn had another reason. He was the sort of a man who always would have another reason, and the other reason, in some form or other, would be a woman. He had looked upon Muriel, and from the introduction he had conceived for her an obsession. That she was cold, aloof, unattainable were but so many gos. Neither did it make, to him, very much difference how he attained his desire. His desire, in itself, was all that mattered.

Mrs. Delmaine was a willing conspirator. She had taken her discard hard, when it came to the matter of Desborough. It had been unforgettable, for some strange reason she had never been able to fathom. Perhaps—the mouth quirked bitterly at this thought—perhaps she had loved him. Who could tell? Love, or a lesser thing, it had hurt her past forgiveness. It had bred, first an intolerable pain, then bitterness, arid and consuming, then the desire for a personal vengeance which might measure back to him some meed of the pain she had known. Mostyn seemed a sort of answer to a great many blasphemous prayers.

Mrs. Delmaine was not as subtle as she might have been. She had got, it seemed, beyond that stage. Pain is a bad thing for shades and nuances, especially when a woman has turned the shadiest thirties and has known emotional thumb-screws. She was not, at any event, subtle enough for the Duchess, who was very subtle indeed and far cleverer than she might have been credited with being by a casual observer.

She fainted in Desborough's arms, just in time for Muriel to see him bending over her. She maintained the faint, coming out of it badly and mumuring something amnut times like these in Indian days ... she added a little, intimate Indian proudly. He felt, in that hour, that he wanted, more than anything else, to hold his head high, to step proudly. He told her so. There was a silence between them, and he knew that she could not ask him any question, but that her heart was wondering. He felt that the part of pride called for a breach ... "A long while ago," he said, taking her hand, which met his touch firmly, "a long time ago—in India—Mrs. Delmaine meant—meant something to me. Muriel, in the way a woman does mean something to a man—at times. It passed away, with me. Completely. It was a closed incident. It has been, until her appearance here, absent from my most subconscious thoughts. Of course, her coming was a breach ... horrible ... Mostyn did not tell me, when I met them all in town, that he was bringing her here to stay ... just for tea ... I am no end sorry, Muriel. I wouldn't tarnish a single hair of your head ... or the boy's. You know that. You do, don't you, my dear?"

"Yes," said Muriel; "yes ... of course. You know, it is instinct or tradition, or just the sense of possession, which is—rather a grilling thing ... but—well, there's a certain pain to—a—thing like this, of course. Not that I don't understand. Not that I . . . I believe I do."

"I don't want you to," whispered the Duke, holding her very close; "I don't want you to, sweetheart, and yet I . . . oh, I adore you because you do."

It was upon this scene that Mostyn entered, unobtrusively, and noted that the original plan had failed. The Duchess was being sporting.

The only thing to do was to change the target of attack. Since Muriel was so awfully sporting, the logical quarry was Desborough himself. Men and the jealousy of men were more easily inflamed. Mrs. Delmaine said that she thought she could pierce the armored pride. Leave it to her, she told Mostyn.

It was an easy rôle for Mrs. Delmaine, that of sympathy...
It was upon this scene that Mostyn entered, unobtrusively. The Duchess was being sporting.

(Thirty-one)
conscience. He would let her see what Mostyn could do for her. Women—half! There was Mrs. Delmaine... and there was Muriel. Opposite poles, he would have said, and yet here they were, meeting on common ground. Would, one day, the same sad, restless ghosts haunt Muriel's dark eyes because of things still poignant, still unforgettable.

Desborough never believed, tho, as he and Leigh, Mostyn's friend, traveled up to town that he was going to discover anything more than a well-covered trip for the purpose, perhaps, of talking and planning. He was essentially shocked and horrified when, breaking into Muriel's room at her hotel, he discovered her, white and dishevelled, with Mostyn, scarlet and, so it seemed to the blurred vision of Desborough, satirically triumphant. Muriel's cry of "Tony... you've come in time!" reached him as thru the roaring of many turbulent and outraged waters. He felt that Muriel was using the power of Desborough... and on him. She should have known better. Here, now, for the first time in her life, she was being crude, was being cheap. The sporting blood he had been so proud of, and so sure of, had run out of her veins. She had suffered profanation. She could never be the same. Desborough needed a pedestal for the woman to whom he gave his adoration. It was the toppled pedestal that had sent Mrs. Delmaine crashing to the earth.

The house party at Desborough broke up that night. Mrs. Delmaine returned to London and the rather vague obscurity in which she kept herself enshrouded. Mostyn, dropping all pretense of friendship for Desborough, foreclosed on Desborough's stables, thus losing "Clipstone" and his attendant for the Duke. Harold, their little son, ill over the loss of his mother, whom he had worshiped, was removed to a sanitarium in London and the merry wags who call themselves the Fates had full tilt and sway.

Muriel, of them all, outraged and misjudged as she had been, maintained a certain balance. In the death of her heart, in the very heart of her pain, she felt a sympathy for the Duke, for what he must in every way be suffering. She even felt a sense of pity for a poor man, harried by the beasts within him. She felt, for herself, that things must come straight again. She believed, still, that the world paid back in like coin. She felt that, entwined, she could wait.

She could, but the Duke's fortunes could not. With the loss of "Clipstone," he had lost his chance of rehabilitation. With his pride torn from him as well as his wife, Muriel trembled for him. He had not much of the constructive quality, the livable Desborough. He needed fortification of one sort or another. Muriel grew desperate. At the same time she learnt, or the suspicion was given her, that the Duke was directly responsible for the flight of Mary Aymer. Also, that he was seeing and seeking consolation in Mrs. Delmaine. There grew in Muriel the belief that, if she could save him financially, he might still make of his life something of the thing he wanted. She loved him enough to love herself a great deal less. It was this hope that led her to consent to an engagement with Lord Streathfield upon the day her divorce decree was granted. Streathfield was a nice boy. He was clean and he had adored her. She would be giving him happiness, and he—well, he would give her his consolatory presence and he would buy "Clipstone" for her, so that she might return him to the Desborough stables and win the Derby race for the Desborough glory. Streathfield, for a young man, and one very much in love, had few illusions...

He had learnt that the greatest illusion of all comes when you think, once and for all, that you have done with illusions. The only illusion to cling to is the rather facing one of reality. He had come up against that one; for the first time in his life, when he knew that he loved Muriel. He had come up against it rather hard. But he did love her. In the light of his love for her he knew that he'd only wanted other women, for himself, never for them. He learnt that love is sacrifice and service, there being no limits to either one of these.

If he could give to her, even in so small a measure as to give her comfort after all the discomfort she had known, he knew that he would achieve what must be for him her pinnacle of happiness. If he could take the droop from her slender shoulders, the shadows from her dark, dear eyes, the depression from her wistful mouth... just to lift these ghosts from her... would be enough... this learnt Streathfield, was love... The first step was to buy "Clipstone" and allow her to feel that thru the horse and a won race the fortune so dear, so inevitably dear, to her heart, was restored...

"Clipstone" did win the Derby race. He won it in spite of foul play on the part of the opposing jockey. He won it because the judges played exceedingly fair and reversed the numbers, having disqualified the opposing "King of Trumps" for the foul. The Desborough debt was cleared.
After the race Muriel went to her little son at the sanatorium, where, once a week, she was permitted to see him.

After the race several other persons went there, too. They all seemed to be impelled.

First it was Desborough. Muriel's heart contracted at the sight of his tense face, taut and drawn in spite of the victory. It contracted with a pain, a pain for him, when he ordered her from their son's room. She knew because she was what she was that his suffering, reacting on her, was torturing him even more terribly. She had learnt a great many things since Mostyn and Mrs. Delmaine had been their week-end guests...a great many things about men and women, and passion and despair. And also, about love.

She had learnt how to temper justice with mercy and how to leaven despair with the divine ingredient of hope. She had come to believe that, of all vital things, the most vital of these is love, and that it will, because it must, win through. Other things make no difference, springing, as they do, more or less extraneously, from the fundamental fact.

It had been so with her. She loved the Duke, not because she didn't know him: not because he harbored an illusion which the house party and the incidents thereto had torn from her, but because she did know him, and knowing all was forgiving all. She loved him as she loved their son, who, being wise, might, too, at times be foolish, yet in both guises be the same essential being. It was this love that had directed her every move, that had enabled her to stay away from him, to retreat when he seemed to wish it, knowing that if his love for her were of the same inherent quality as hers for him he must inevitably come back to her, and that if it were not, she could not do with a lesser thing.

Young Leigh was with Desborough and back of them was Streatham, who had come for her. In the midst of Desborough's denunciation, Leigh was speaking. He was admitting that he had given false testimony at the trial of Muriel and Desborough for divorce. He had been "bought" by Mostyn and Mrs. Delmaine. He admitted, too, that he had helped Mostyn foster Desborough's suspicions and, further, that it was he who had suggested to Muriel that Desborough was responsible for Mary Aylmer. The responsibility of that, he added, belonged to Mostyn. He concluded, miserably, that it was "pretty slimy."

Desborough, more gravely than was his wont, acknowledged that it was.

"You know what the need of money is," muttered Leigh. "It is a regular grindstone on your very soul. I had one once, and then..." He looked over to where Muriel, very white and straight, was standing by her son, her patient hands touching his hair, her eyes compassionate and Madonna-like. "I couldn't go on," he said, indicating Muriel, "with her...as she is..."

There was a silence in which, between all of them, assent breathed and a tacit acknowledgment of the sporting duchess. Then the boy went on, as though some coiling thing was untwisting itself from his inner consciousness. "It's the other sort of person," he intoned, rather nasally, "the Mostyns and the Delmaines, little, mean sort of people, violating, pandering sort of people. Petty jealousies, old grudges, and all that. Mostyn and I Mostyn was mucking about in the mud, reaching for a star to drag down into it, and Mrs. Delmaine—well, we know her type. They seem to keep recurring...anyway, they kept at me, the two of them kept and kept at me, suggesting, offering, bribing, threatening...they knew a chap's weak points, those two, and they attacked 'em...they made me do it...I can swear to that...it was weak in me, but they played on that weakness...oh, they played right enough..."

The Duchess intervened, kindly. She said it was quite all right. She said that so courageous an acknowledgment was a thorou's vindication. She said that they all forgave him, and more, understood. It was, she added, quite all right, and turned her head that she might not see the tears standing forth in the lad's eyes...

It was Streatham who saved the day. He went over to Murial, white in the gathering gloom, and took her soft hand in his. "Steer straight, Muriel," he said, tenderly, "and don't think of me. You love Desborough and I know now that you belong to him. He knows it, too. Be happy. Please be happy. You've made me so...and that will hold. Good-by."

A month later Muriel was again at Desborough. Tony sitting very close to her; their small son, roses beginning to show in his cheeks again, safe in his nursery with Mary, also safe.

"Do you remember," Desborough was saying, "that Streatham said that you belonged to me? Do you?"

"Yes, dear."

"Do you know—it's so? You do. Deeper than all outer things, a truth like that exists. We belong, you and I. We have, we can have, no separate entities."

Muriel took his head between her hands and held it close.

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### THE SPORTING DUCHESS

Told in story form from the scenario of Lucien Hullah based upon the play of Augustus Harris, Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. Produced by Vitagraph, starring Alice Joyce. Directed by George Terwilliger. The cast:

- Murial, Duchess of Desborough: Alice Joyce
- Douglas, Duke of Desborough: Percy Marmont
- Major-General Mostyn: G. V. Seyffertistz
- Mrs. Delmaine: Mrs. Delmaine
- Captain Nyrian Streatham: Delmaine
- Captain Nyrian Streatham: Lionel Pope
- Captain Nyrian Streatham: John Galsworthy
- Harold, the Duke's son: Dan Comfort

(Third scene)
I saw her first three years ago, a sad little wisp of a thing, with a pigtail, down-drooping lip corners and a shabby frock, with shoes too large for the tiny Cinderella feet. At the time, Pauline Starke was doing school in company with Mildred Harris Chaplin, Georgie Stone, Violet Radcliffe and other very small fry.

Polly Starke and Mildred Harris were the oldest scholars, and both were in the gauche, schoolgirl age when attending the Majestic-Reliance school, where one teacher disseminated knowledge to all grades.

It was necessity that drove Pauline to the movies, for at the time her mother was wardrobe mistress at the Reliance studio and Pauline’s future looked none too bright.

A few days later, in a physician’s office, I met mother and daughter, and pretty Polly looked positively older than she does now. You see, at that time she had to put on age in order to hold the opportunity to make good on the screen. With her hair dressed high and a ridiculously long skirt, the little girl sat on a stiff-backed settee and talked very seriously to me while her mother had a treatment.

Then directors began to see in her another Mae Murray and—presto!—success was hers.

Necessity drove Pauline Starke to the movies. Her mother was wardrobe mistress at the Reliance studio and Polly’s future looked none too bright. Then directors began to see in her another Mae Murray and—presto!—success was hers.

Pretty Polly

I thought her all too serious, too weighted with responsibilities, and was glad to hear that she had found an opening at the old Triangle, in Culver City, when the famous Griffith plant closed down.

The two years that followed saw Pauline Starke a featured player with her name in electric lights. One began to
By FRITZI REMONT

taking the public's attention away from horror and death by substituting comedy-drama for tearful photoplays, put Polly on her mettle. It was in "Until They Get Me" that Pauline did a daring jump, a "Fairbanks' drop" into space, landing on a horse's back and galloping away in great style.

So it was with a good deal of curiosity that I rang the upstairs bell of a two-family flat house, conscious that a pretty little face was peeping out of the second front window. It wasn't a minute before tripping steps came down the stairway and Pauline welcomed me to the home she and her mother have occupied for the past three months.

I couldn't believe my eyes! It would take more than ordinary persuasion to make one swallow the fact that Polly's mother is her senior by nineteen years. And Polly herself! Bless me, the child is younger now than when she sat on the school-bench. Her hair is modishly arranged, parted on one side, with ear-warmer which are mighty becoming and make one think her hair is bobbed.

Pauline Starke doesn't photograph "true," either in private sittings or on the screen. She's not the sad-faced wight one expects to find. She's blest with the sweetest little face, a bit whimsical, droll, wistful—but optimistic, full of the enjoyment of a healthy, young life. Her nineteenth birthday was celebrated in January, 1920. She's a slim girl, and her feet haven't grown any bigger in the three years aforesaid, even tho clothed in comfortable cozy-toes, put on because she'd worked so hard all day in tight pumps that the exquisite luxury of a pink satin boudoir slipper appealed strongly.

Now that she doesn't have to look old, Polly is looking childishly young. Her mother looks about six years older than she; both have the fine, fair skin, soft, dark hair worn off the face, and thoughtful eyes. Mrs. Starke is keeping every (Continued on page 66)

The real Pauline Starke is not the sad-faced Injured Innocent one expects to find. She has a sweet face, is a bit whimsical, droll and wistful, but, most of all, she loves life with a healthy enjoyment. She has just celebrated her nineteenth birthday

(Thirty-five)
May Allison comes pretty near being the screen's most beautiful comédienne—if she actually isn't. She has the piquancy of the Billie Burke of ten years ago plus the beauty of —— but words fail us.

Below is a boudoir glimpse of Miss Allison and at the right, is May as she appears ready for her morning gallop.
Merry May

Above is another chic boudoir study of May Allison and, left, are May and her valuable pet wolfhound.
Mary MacLaren was stage-struck, like many girls. At fifteen she went into the Winter Garden chorus. Then she came to California with a letter of introduction to Lois Weber. That started her celluloid career.

I arrived at Mary MacLaren's home a few minutes ahead of the time stated for the appointment, only to be told by the maid that Miss MacLaren had gone out, left no word for me, and did not say when she would return. While I was waiting to speak with her mother, she came driving up.

My first impression of this pretty, yellow-haired, blue-eyed girl, who sat waiting for me to "start something," was one of wholesomeness. I could see no trace of paint or powder on her clear, fresh skin, and when she talked her clear and pleasant voice seemed to match the rest of her. She had no affectations, no striving for effect. It seemed impossible to realize that this young girl became a screen star in her early teens, was then the center of a bitter legal fight over her services. She is so unspoiled, so utterly unlike what I expected to find her.

It was evident that she had had difficulty in interviews. She seemed to have something like the self-consciousness with which most of us sit to a photographer. She was her simple confession.

And so we proceeded, not to have an interview, but just an intimate chat about work and life and books and other things, during which I mentioned casually, "You are Kathleen MacDonnell's sister."

"Yes," she replied, "I am the youngest of three of us, but I was the first on the screen." This with just a touch of pride.

"Did you try hard for it?"

"No," she answered, "I deserve no credit. I was given a letter of introduction to Lois Weber and she put me to work immediately." We were interrupted by her mother. "Excuse me," she said, and then, "Mary, did you bring the piece of lace insertion that I asked you to get?"

"Yes, mamma," was the reply. "I'll bring it to you." And she did so. She had seated herself when her mother exclaimed, "Why this is only half an inch wide! Didn't you look at the note? I wrote upon it an inch and a half wide. How did you come to make such a mistake?"

"You know, mamma, I haven't been feeling very well lately," was her excuse.

"I can't possibly use this. You will have to go back and get me another piece."

Which goes to show that, altho a star, Mary is still rebuked by her mother, as any other girl of nineteen years.

Mary MacLaren paid a warm tribute to Lois Weber's great directorial ability. She explained that she had signed a new contract with Universal after the courts nullified the first one, in order to retain the right to continue the use of her screen name.

The living-room of her pretty and typical California bungalow on Manhattan Place, convenient to Hollywood, is furnished simply but in good taste. It extends the entire width of the bungalow, but is not so large that it could not be heated by a little fire in the grate on the coolest California morning. I sat on the lounge, and opposite me, on the wall, was a Maxfield Parrish print. As I entered my eyes were filled with the beauty.
By ELIZABETH PELTRET

of several bunches of beautiful red roses.

The whirr of an aeroplane was heard overhead, and it brought out the fact that Mary's sister, Miriam, was to be married in a few days to H. Clyde Palsey, who was a member of the famous Lafayette Escadrille, and a description of battle in the clouds of Raoul Layberry, the famous ace.

"I have no yearning for aviation; I prefer to stick to terra firma," said Mary, "altho I do know it isn't any safer. I have had three ears smashed up for me in as many years." (One of these accidents brought her to the border-line of life. She was unconscious for sixteen hours and in bed several weeks.) "One peculiar result of this accident," she said, "is that since my recovery I have abandoned, altogether, horseback riding and surf bathing, two of my favorite recreations, while it has not had the least effect on my automobiling, and I think it must also be responsible for my disinclination for air riding."

"What was there in your life before your screen experience?" I asked.

"Nothing extraordinary," she replied. "Like most girls in their early teens, I was...

Once Miss MacLaren lived with relatives in the West Virginia hills. When her present contract expires she plans to go to England and Scotland to visit the homes of her Scotch ancestors...
Two Cinema Players

By LILLI

"When one has lost all that counts and is still young, and must live on, there is only one thing to do—make the best of what is left. That I am trying to do."

It was eleven o'clock on a Sunday morning. A big house—just off New York's famous avenue—a big room, dull green and tan, hangings of old rose—Madame Halina Bruzovna in a richly upholstered chair, her feet resting upon a Bokhara prayer rug that sank heavily into grey pile.

Would it were possible to tell her tragic story as she told it to me, slowly, hesitatingly, carefully, in pretty, broken English, and to picture her mobile, sensitive face, the appeal of her dark eyes, the indescribable grace of gesture of her beautiful hands as she turned to her watchful secretary when the right word would not quite come.

Bruzovna began her stage career more than eight years ago. Her repertoire consists of comedies and dramas of Russian, French, English and Polish authors, Kintermacker, Wilde, Bernstein, Gorky, Tolstoi, etc. She is known not only in Poland, her native country, but all over Europe, in Australia, even Africa, as the stage and movie queen of Poland.

"The Dancer," a popular Broadway production a year or two ago, is one of the plays in which Madame Bruzovna scored a wonderful success. It ran six months at the State Theater in Warsaw, following which Madame formed a company of fifteen people and went on tour.

When war broke out in Europe, she happened to be in Berlin and, before she could get out of the country, was taken prisoner. Finally, thru the intervention of friends, she was allowed to go to Switzerland, leaving her trunks, her jewels in Berlin. During her sojourn in Switzerland she could not buy even a change of linen, as there was not enough clothing for the old and the children.

Anxious to reach her native town, Warsaw, she was compelled to journey all over Europe, thru France, England, Norway and Russia, before she reached Poland, where, until war closed the theaters, she continued her stage career.

In California there had lived for twelve years young Ostoya, Polish by birth, American by environment, but loving Poland with the intense love that all Poles have for their native land. When Europe was plunged into war, he, with many other loyal countrymen, hastened to his country's need.

In Warsaw, young Ostoya met his talented young countrywoman, Madame Bruzovna, and greatly admired her. The admiration and esteem were mutual, and soon they were married. When Major Ostoya, later one of the most famous of Polish commanders, was called to the battlefront, Madame donned a soldier's uniform, shouldered a gun and went with him as a soldier in the Polish army. Twice she fought in the front-line trenches. With her husband she was stationed in Warsaw during the crisis of the Polish struggle. After she left the army she became a Red Cross nurse, serving for eight months directly behind the firing-line. One of her choicest possessions is a medal given her by the late Czar of Russia when he was at Warsaw and was shown about Red Cross headquarters by Madame Bruzovna, who speaks Russian fluently. The medal is an old one, struck by the first Romanoff Czar centuries ago. When Nicholas presented the medal to Madame he said: "This

Mme. Halina Bruzovna has come to American films from Russia, where she served as a soldier in the Polish army in order to be near her husband, a major

(Essex)
From Foreign Shores

Helen Gammeltoft came to this country from Copenhagen, where she was a favorite in Danish film plays. In the center is a glimpse of Miss Gammeltoft in a screen drama, "The Little Chauffeur," with Nicolay Johansen.

medal, cast by the first Romanoff, is presented to you for your distinguished service by the last Romanoff." These prophetic words were uttered just a month before he lost his throne.

In connection with her stage work in Warsaw, the young Polish artiste had played many leads for the Sphinx-Warsaw Film Company, so, besides active service as soldier and nurse, madame was called upon many times to play leading roles in films that were shown all over Europe during the war, many of them being taken at the front.

And then, the war over, Major Ostoya was killed at Danzig by the Bolsheviki.

"It was so very hard," said Madame Bruzonova. "We had gone thru the war together—never very far apart—and so happy—even tho we were facing—yes, living, strange things, terrible things, outrageous things. Always, when we had time, we planned our future—after the war. My husband wanted to bring me to America and put me on the stage. He tried to teach me English, but always I liked best to talk to him in Polish.

"And now he is gone. I have the cap he wore when last I saw him alive—his pictures, a few snapshots of both of us taken on the very few days we spent 'hONEYMOONING' in Poland. That is all, and I am here—because he wanted me to come.

"I have been here four months. I am trying hard to learn to speak English perfectly, because Mr. Shubert, Mr. Belasco, say they will put me on the stage when I have English right. Americans—have been very kind. They told me about pictures and, because I cannot bear to be idle and because it takes much money to live in America, and many 'MARKS' I brought from Poland to make one American dollar—I work in pictures.

"At Selznick studio we made 'The Faded Butterfly.' It is very interesting and very different from making films in Europe. Over there we made all pictures out of doors. Here, we make them in a studio with big lights.

"I like the country—the people—the work I do. Sometimes it seems like a dream—my life. Sometimes, when I think—it seems I must be sixty—so much I have lived. But—when one has lost all that counts and is still young and must live on—there is only one thing to do—make the best of what is left. That I am trying to do."

"Do I look so much like a vamp—a home-wrecker?" queried Helen Gammeltoft, Scandinavian film star and songstress, gazing earnestly up at us. "Please tell me."

She did not, we decided, and said so emphatically. She is strikingly beautiful, with a sensitive face, masses of hair that shine like burnished copper against the old-blue of the chair in which she was seated, and an appealing personality that is bound to set the male heart beating faster—but "vampish"—no, we wouldn't say that.

Miss Gammeltoft was born in Copenhagen. She had an inherited passion for music, a consuming zeal for the study of it. As she grew older music was always to her the voice that she best loved and understood.

To sing in opera was her ambition, but the impatient urge of youth and a tempting offer decided her to accept a shorter cut to a career, and at the age of seventeen she made her stage début in musical comedy at the Gaiety Theater in London.

It was during her popularity as a music-hall favorite that her (Continued on page 68)
A new photoplay discovery, Nancy Deaver, is just bursting upon the silversheet horizon. She first appears in Mayflower's "The Law of the Yukon." Note her taking ways at the left.
A short time ago it came to my ears that a great many people, tourists and such like, had written, and even sold, stories about Judy of Rogue’s Harbor. It made me rather indignant and accomplished the even greater feat of making me think . . . for I felt, justifiably, that not one person among them knew as much of Judy as I did, being there, as I was, during the summer when the drama of her young years came to its predestined climax. Not any one of them knew Teddy, or the Governor, or poor, tragic Ollie, or the Lady of the Roses, with her white hair and her unforgettable eyes. It made, all of it, a deep impression upon me at the time, unfolding before me, as it did, and then I went away and there came obliterating years, and not until I read a recently published story obviously with Judy as a theme did memories come back to me . . . fragmentary . . . here and there . . . vivid here and there . . . sweet and sad . . .

The first glimpse I had of Judy, for instance, was with Denny. Just at that time it would have been impossible to see her without Denny. The two were continually together . . . and it gave me a sort of pleasurable pain, compounded of estheticism and sheer love of form and beauty, to see the lovely girl, approaching womanhood on sure, steady feet, guided, as it were, by the fragile little boy whose protectress and confidante she was.

There was probably nothing particularly arresting about Judy to the casual observer, save for the flowerlike beauty and tinting of gold and sea-shell pink and forget-me-not blue, which were her eyes. She was not brilliant. She was even quantitatively illiterate most of the time. But she had, if I may so express it, the all-pervasive quality of love, and it seemed to beam from her tender eyes, shine from her white brow, touch her lips with just the difference that made her unforgettable. At least, she has been unforgettable to me . . .

I have always been touched, in one sensibility or another, by contrasts, and the contrast of Judy to her surroundings, to the people about her, was what first diverted my attention from—well, myself at the time—to her. The cottage, with its unkempt exterior, its rather obvious little “fixings” done, all too plainly, by a woman’s hands; the old man with the sullen eyes and the perpetual pipe, at the window; the tragic-looking girl about Judy’s own age, but as different as two creatures of the same sex and the same general lineaments could well be: the cowering child, Denny, and the coarse farmer, Jim, who was, it seemed to me, hovering, and always ominously, in the immediate background.

There were, I thought, strange elements mixing and contending there. There was storm brewing . . . and of all things, I did not want to see the little girl with the love potentiality in her face in any sense victimized.

I grew to know the Lady of the Roses. I think I came to want to know her at first because of Judy. After a while I wanted to keep on knowing her because of herself. She had an exquisite gentleness that, just at first, I had mistaken for a silkiness I am not
Jim, it seemed, was hovering, always ominously, in the background... and, Judy shuddered to us, wanted to "get married with me" partial to. But after a short time I came to know that the gentleness was a philosophy acquired piece by piece and bit by bit, often with fingers that bled, and, always, with a heart that ached. It was the martyred way in which she had draped the shrine of faded dreams and locked away desires.

She told me that Judy was unalloyed youth and love. "The loveliest thing," she added, "that ever God thought of, after roses. Once upon a time..."

I had to prompt her, but she shook her head and made a little gesture with her hands as tho she were closing the door on a room she had vowed to leave unprofaned.

"We make a great mistake," she told me, "in talking of old hurts. We think for easement, but we get revivification. I never speak of dead things... not hopes... nor hurts..."

And so, of course, I did not touch upon the theme again. But, often, seeing her with Judy, I pictured her as a woman who had loved very greatly and whose dearest hope had been to cradle a child in her arms, the child of the man she had so loved. I came to think of her like that, wearing the immitations of a great renunciation.

I didn't know, until Judy brought Denny to the Lady of the Roses to keep, just how matters stood at the little hut, but in Rogue's Harbor. Judy was shocked, that night, out of her usual timidity, never without its accompaniment of a fastidious dignity.

Grandpap, it evolved from Judy's tremulous lips and fingers, was lovely as you can think when he was sleeping. Then, it seemed, he had dreams, gentle-appearing dreams, and his half-opened eyes were kind, his mouth lost its ugly twist and became tolerant and all his ferocity fell from him even as an ill-fitting cloak might fall. He seemed, Judy thought, to be his real self. It was characteristic of Judy that she would believe more really in the gentle self of dreams than the coarse one of awakening. Judy was like that.

"He has been getting," Judy told us, "worse and worse of late... when he was awake. He had threatened her and he had actually hit Ollie. Also, he had sided with Jim Shuckles, who, Judy shuddered to us, wanted to "get married with me." As a climax, he had about done for Denny, on whom, most frequently and most disastrously, he vented his unbridled brute rages. This night had been the end. Denny, Judy had thought, was done for. He could stay no longer in Rogue's Harbor if he were to stay on earth at all.

"I thought," she ended, with her wide eyes on the calm eyes of the Lady of the Roses, "that he could kinder stay with you a bit till I... till I c'n make plans. I'm going to do something for Denny. He ain't going back to grandpap, not ever. If you can..." She ended on rather a wistful note and waited.

The Lady of the Roses had taken Denny's bruised little body into her arms and was soothing him with whispers and with touch. The calm of her eyes was momentarily touched. Her lips moved and I heard her say, "Not like... and yet..."

Then she smiled up at Judy. "Of course I shall keep him," she said; "it will be charming for me. He shall have lots of bread and milk and sunshine and roses and love, and these are the things, and all the things, a child requires. I shall give him... oh, gladly! And he shall watch me sew, by lamp-light, and when you come, Judy, to try on the frock I am making you we will have Denny as audience and critic-in-general."

It seems to me now, on looking back, that two or three uneventful weeks went by, with the exceptions of the daily brawls at the hut in Rogue's Harbor. They, I knew, were daily. They were as much a part of the atmosphere as the smell of the salt, mud and sand, the clam-shells drying in the sun, the
salt winds breathing over the marshes, the smell of the ships and the feel of the shifting fogs. It all, somehow, blended into the place, and only Judy stood forth, penetrating the miasmas like a pale shaft of purest gold.

It came to me then that Governor Kingsland, then Governor of the State, was spending his summer in the next town, as was his wont, and that he came quite frequently to Rogue's Harbor and quite frequently talked with Judy. At the time I did not connect the Governor and his visits with anything in any sense out of the usual. He was a busy old man, I thought, if I thought at all, with fancies, with dreams... to which, no doubt, the child with her sunny hair and her sunny eyes and her naiveté, made whimsical, made tenderish appeal.

Still later it came to me, in divers ways, and finally thru the Lady of the Roses, that the Governor's grandson, Teddy, had met Judy and that he seemed to share the family leaning.

I came into closer touch with the whole when Teddy began to meet Judy at the cottage of the Lady of the Roses.

"They've been meeting in the woods," she told me, "and by the lakeside, and when and where they could. I think it better if they come here. They must be alone, of course; that is their right. But there are alonenesses and alonenesses. I think it is better if I am here, an abiding presence."

I thought of what a mother she might have made if life had not been denying, watching her, as I did, mothering Denny and standing apart from Judy, infinitely wise.

It was mere an idyll than a love, all along. Judy, with her child's face and child's loyalties and woman's instincts; Teddy, with his chivalry and his fresh-from-the-warness and his growing, deepening, first unconscious and then very frankly conscious love... it was an idyll against which the brutalities of Jim and poor Ollie seemed bestially insulting.

It was, perhaps, merely again, the matter of contrast. Judy was an idiol, a thing of dreams and dream-desires, and Teddy loved her; responded to her, in just that way.

Ollie, poor creature, was just an exponent, and a very un-tutored, very uncontrolled, very cross one, of sex, of her sex. There was a man, and there was a woman, and there was a child; there was a marriage, or there was not a marriage, according to Ollie, and there were no shades, no complexities pro or con. There ran thru her, partly because of her sex, no doubt, a certain dull and even dread persistency called loyalty, and an equally dull bewilderment and helplessness: when she discovered no such trait in the man from whom she had daily, too, expected it—Jim. It was not Jim Shuckles, so much, who looked after Ollie now, with that light in his eyes; it was the father of Jim Shuckles' impending child... and Ollie's world was awry, with no possibility within her horizon of adjustment.

It has come to me frequently since, and specifically in connec tion with Judy, that love, the essence of love, must be a con structive element, Judy was a builder. Her whole impulse was one to rear things, and, always, toward the clouds... She had the quality of patience, too.

She must have had, because, as it evolved afterward, after the day of the Governor's narrowly averted death, and her own heroism, heroically displayed, she had been fighting all sorts of almost insuperable elements, having to bring to bear upon them the wisdom of a woman and the wit of an adventuress.

It is an ill wind, so saith an ancient proverb, and the day of the assault on the Governor's life and Judy's saving of the same had the effect of the heavy mists of Rogue's Harbor lifting and revealing the hulls and the masts of the many ships, secret and otherwise, at rest in that same harbor, veritably Rogue's Harbor.

It revealed, primarily, the fact that there was, without a doubt, some sort of secret organization in the town operating anarchistically. It must have come to Judy on that occasion that Jim Shuckles was a part of it. The ideas connected by some sort of natural inference, called, easily, instinct. Jim just was that sort of person. And, by natural inference, too, it must have come to Judy that this very connection was to be some sort of a means of saving Ollie, whose poor tragedy was growing daily in the lives of all of them. Judy had that instinct, exclusively a woman's.

It made Teddy know how much he loved her, too. When he saw her swinging at the head of the maddened horses to stop them on their mad career, he knew that life and death were duelling and that the life at stake was the breath of his own.

It didn't make any difference who she was, or what her relationship to the queer people at the hut at Rogue's Harbor was. She was Judy. He was Teddy.

"They've been meeting in the woods," she told me. "And by the lakeside, and when and where they could. They must always be alone..."
Teddy and Judy walked in the garden of roses just as they came to their most perfect bloom, and whispered to one another, the old-as-the-world vows.

And the answer was two-in-one. It made the Governor reveal things hidden too long. It gave back... but this is how it happened...

Two nights after the attack on the Governor's life another attack was planned by Jim Shuckles and his fellows. The Governor, already incapacitated, was to be spirited away. The whole party was to be disrupted. Power, in short, was to be shifted. The plans took place in the barn at Rogue's Harbor, and poor Ollie, ever, these days, on the lone trail of Jim, overheard them. She told them all to Judy, because, primarily, she told everything to Judy. Judy made her plans, and, herself, she made the Governor from his house, to a boat, and thence to the cottage of the Lady of the Roses, to whom, somehow or other, Judy felt all who were weary, or sick, in danger or in doubt, should essentially go.

When the Governor recovered from his stupor and beheld the Lady of the Roses, he gave a sort of cry, a terrible sort of cry that yet held a strange, paradoxical relief. It was as tho a soul long tormented was facing an ultimate, most exquisite torment before some sort of a Nirvana.

"I've felt that this would come to me for a long while," he said. "I told my son only yesterday that I could not give him more money for his senatorial campaign because the money— is not mine to give. Has never been mine to give. It..."

He looked up into the serene face of the Lady of the Roses and the slow tears gathered in his eyes. "I hate to take from you once more," he said, brokenly, "the serenity you must have gained at such a cost. But I am taking it this time, I know, only to give it, in some measure, back to you again. My dear, when your husband went away so many years ago and did not return—when you returned alone and I had to account to you for the moneys that had been entrusted to me and the child left in my house—I lied."

The Lady of the Roses started violently. Her lips formed the word "child." Involuntarily, Judy moved closer to her. Teddy, in the background, was watching his grandfather with an absorption, half fascinated, half terrorized.

"I lied," the Governor was saying, thru taut lips; "the temptation overcame me, and I fell. It sounds so. I know. There is no alleviating circumstance. There is no possible condoning. I was young. Shallow. I did not know what I was saying to Judy and what we mean by pain. I had not known grief nor death, nor love, nor any of these things. The years bring these. It took a great many to bring them to me. I told you that the money was gone and the child was dead. I made it seem real beyond all shadow of a doubt. You went away at once. Later, when penitence came to me, I could not find you. You seemed to have vanished from the general surface of the earth..."

"I had," murmured the Lady of the Roses, and all the battle with pain made intolerable her face, so that the Governor turned from it with a groan.

"There is no expiation," he said; "I know that. I cannot, no matter how bitter my sorrow, give you back your lost years. I cannot give you back your baby. I can give you back your little girl. She is here. Judy. I gave her to her grandfather (Continued on page 75)"
That Irishman From Paris

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

An Irishman from Paris—and with a French accent! Which seems to describe George Fitzmaurice, the director.

For Fitzmaurice was born in the Parisian capital of true Irish folk from the south of the little green isle. Wanderers, they had made their home in Paris. It was early decided to train young Fitzmaurice for the diplomatic service—that goal of the Continental youth—but the future director decided differently.

Art beckoned and Fitzmaurice decided to be a painter. He studied and was graduated from the famous Julien School in Paris. Oddly, two years after Fitzmaurice left, Lionel Barrymore came to the same place to study art.

Fitzmaurice found it impossible to pin himself down to pigments and brushes, and the next year found him in the Far East. "It was far from an artistic career that I fell into," laughs Fitzmaurice in telling it. "I became a salesman for cotton, jute, hemp and other Eastern products, and for five years I lived in India, with visits to China, Japan and Egypt to break the monotony.

"Then I wandered back to Occidental civilization and the movies. Six years ago I invaded pictures with Pathé, and I have been directing ever since. That's the whole story."

Fitzmaurice doesn't tell his own tale very well. Beneath the bare outline, we suspect, scores of colorful adventures—but Fitzmaurice simply will not talk of himself.

Oddly, this variegated career seems to have been an admirable preparation for the screen. For Fitzmaurice owes his remarkable ability to attain beautiful pictures—admirable in light, shade and grouping—to his early training as a painter, just as Maurice Tourner owes his skill in the same field to the same source. Fitzmaurice's ability to create atmosphere—as in Elsie Ferguson's "Witness for the Defense"—may well be traced to his wanderings thru Eastern lands. To this add the director's natural Irish imagination trained in French channels.

Fitzmaurice himself believes that diplomacy is one of the chief requirements of a director, for, as he says, "stars and players require delicate handling." We ask if there is a better diplomatic combination than Irish and French?

Fitzmaurice is an interesting observer of the screen. He talked vividly of David Griffith, particularly of the beauty of scene attained in "Broken Blossoms"; of Maurice Tourner and his rare skill as a painter of the cinema; of George Loane Tucker and his disregard for everything in favor of the story; of Cecil de Mille and his theatrical viewpoint; and of King Vidor, that new figure on the photoplay horizon. Of them all, Fitzmaurice talked frankly and with singular discernment.

"We have been making fine strides in artistic photography," he remarked. "Today bad camera work is unforgivable. The next step is the story."

The director believes that a star is something of an essential to a big drama. "A star—and, by a star, I mean a player made competent by long training—is of infinite value as an organ to interpret. The star is an instrument upon which the intelligent director plays. As a director attains prominence it becomes necessary to subordinate the star, with the result that the featured director must use new and unstarred—indeed, frequently untried—material. Naturally, this presents added difficulties. If a player does particularly well, he or she immediately slips away to stardom. This happened recently, for instance, with Constance Binney and Violet Heming. The road of the featured director is not easy, despite the apparent ease of some directors, as Griffith and Tucker, to project their ideas into young players."

En passant, it is interesting to note the camaraderie of Fitzmaurice and his wife, known to the scenario world as Ouida Bergere. "We work together on every production," explains the director. "I owe a lot to our team work."

(Continued on page 83)
Aladdin in

Demonstrating how difficult—and atmospheric—settings are created right in the studio.

The director needed a London street of the period of 1860. Presto! The studio Aladdin came into action and the street was constructed on the spot within a few hours.

The street was correct down to the finest detail. Even the pavement blocks were built of wood and painstakingly nailed to the floor.
These two settings were built in Famous Players-Lasky studios, "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" in the East, and "The Round-Up" in the West.

Out at the Lasky studio the director said casually to his studio aid: "I need a ranch house in the morning—get busy!" Herewith is the adobe house in three stages.

It wasn't easy, but a little thing like reproducing a section of the South-West doesn't cause the modern studio staff to pause.
The Celluloid Critic

Sophisticated and searching is the photoplay of 1920. Franker and franker does it become each month in dealing with that eternal theme—sex. The picture puritan may lift his trembling hands in horror, but we see the photoplay as in its adolescent period. The screen drama has been growing and, with a mighty hurrah, it has just discovered sex.

What a shock Cecil de Mille’s latest silken orchidrama, “Why Change Your Wife?,” (Paramount), would have caused but two short years ago. Not that this latest ruthless cinema invasion of the sacred domain of they-lived-happily-ever-after will not provoke comment. It will—decisively. For De Mille starts intimately in a bath, with labored safety-razoring and wifey trying to button her dress unaideD, and zips briskly thru matrimonial boredom, divorce, marriage to a pretty gown model, another case of domestic ennui, a second divorce and remarriage to wife No. 1. Remember De Mille’s “Why Change Your Husband?,” in which he pointed the moral that divorce is rather a waste of time, since all men eat onions, forget to shave and doze off to sleep directly after dinner? Here he reverses the sex of his moral and shows that all wives— But we pause. Mr. de Mille makes his point with more adroit grace. He says, in brief, wives should learn when to be wives and when to be sweethearts.

We verily believe “Why Change Your Wife?” to be Mr. de Mille’s best film contribution. It is done with all the director’s luxuriousness of method. It has been very smoothly constructed by William de Mille and gilded with subtitles of excellent expression. Moreover, it is admirably played. Thomas Meighan is mere man to the life as the husband of humanly shifting affections, while Gloria Swanson sounds a deeper note than heretofore as the first wife. Bebe Daniels reveals a subtlety new to her screen playing as the mannequin who dazzles the bored spouse.

Turn from the De Mille opus in divorce and marriage to George Fitzmaurice’s production of “On With the Dance,” (Paramount), a de luxe excursion into the gilded sordidness of Manhattan. This presents a new Mae Murray, Miss Murray has long been a film luminary of decided piquancy, but her dramatic ability has hardly extended above the knees. Here she is both piquant and dramatic, thanks to Mr. Fitzmaurice.

“On With the Dance” dashes thru mismated marriages, a murder, an international trial and divorce. Miss Murray has the role of a bizarre little Russian; a pagan who lives for the moment, a butterfly of shallow emo-
tions, yet understandable, even lovable, in her frailties. Unthinkingly she brings down the crime upon her head. The idea is that the girl, Sonia, rises for a second to greatness of soul, when she goes upon the witness stand and, to save the husband who no longer cares, deliberately lies away her name and every dream.

Ouida Bergere has transformed Michael Morton's stage play into a most effective film drama. Mr. Fitzmaurice has given it a superb screening. Aside from the dramatic effectiveness, he achieved a remarkable series of screen pictures. Here is the best silverscreen light, shade and balance since "Broken Blossoms." The cabaret scenes, with Miss Murray as the chief charmer, are finely done.

Besides developing a most remarkable dramatic note in Miss Murray, Mr. Fitzmaurice selected a capital cast, with Alma Tell shining as a human, well-bred girl of society and David Powell furnishing excellent playing as the distraught and unhappy husband of the shabby Sonia. This photoplay—sweeping from the midnight cabarets, where bored, jaded New York amuses itself, to its ultimate finale outside the Criminal Courts Building, crowded with photographers of the yellow journals—stamps Mr. Fitzmaurice as a director of the very first rank.

Marshall Neilan's first independent production, James Oliver Curwood's story of the Canadian mounted police, "The River's End," is likely to be very popular, because it is an effectively built melodrama. Basically, it plays havoc with the probabilities and falls down in an even casual examination. Death overtakes a police officer after he has pursued and captured his man in the Arctic Circle. The captive, who by one of those remarkable coincidences, looks exactly like his captor, assumes the uniform and personality of the dead man and returns to civilization. There he meets his "sister" and falls in love with her. A very happy conclusion is ultimately reached, of course. What? The hero wasn't really guilty of the crime? Of course not. A death-bed confession of the real murderer solves everything.

Lewis Stone does the two roles—of captor and captive—with fine virility. A corking performance it is. Marjorie Daw is cute—a typical screen heroine. Mr. Neilan had a well-knit continuity to work with, but he deserves credit in keeping a high note of suspense and mystery throughout. "The River's End," with all its weaknesses, holds you.

The early Arctic Circle scenes do not impress us, but Mr. Neilan has done some brilliant double-exposure work—the best we can recall—in his scenes with Mr. Stone.

Little Shirley Mason came into prominence in two productions: Maurice Tourneur's visualization of Stevenson's immortal tale of adventure (Continued on page 108.)
A Bigger Fame and Fortune Contest

Eleanor Stahl of New York  Winnie Rowley of Brooklyn

Above, Dolly Davis of Chicago and left, Marie Zorka of Vancouver, B.C.  Above, Irene Snow of Erie, Pa., and, right, Ione White of San Antonio, Texas

This new Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920 has started off with a bang.

Already an avalanche of photographs of beautiful women and handsome men are swamp ing the office and a special staff is kept busy every day checking them up.

They come from all parts of the world—from Australia, New Zealand and other far distant lands. The interest aroused by the success of the last contest has brought gratifying results.

It should be remembered that the winners of this contest get the same guarantee that was promised the winners of the last (Continued on page 80)
THE DANCIN' FOOL

Fictionized by permission from the scenario of Clara Kennedy based upon Henry Payson Dowd's story. Produced by Famous Players-Arcaf, starring Wallace Reid. The cast:

Sylvester Tibble ... Wallace Reid
Juni B. ... Bebe Daniels
Enoch Jones ... Raymond Hatton
Meeks ... Willis Marks
McCannan ... George B. Williams
Ma B. ... Sylvia Ashton
Eklus ... Carlos San Martin
Gaines ... W. H. Brown
Harkins ... Tully Marshall
Dorothy Harkins ... Ruth Ashby
Tom Reed ... Ernest Joy

otherwise, a jug factory in the gold-paved city of New York. The mere fact that Uncle Enoch had had the commercial wizardry to go to New York in the first place commended him to 'Ves, who was surrounded, otherwise, by farm-abiding relatives, rather horribly content.

It should be Uncle Enoch, a fortune and jugs!

There was little or no poesy to Sylvester Tibble. Uncle Enoch did not appear to him in any light other than the maker of a salable and highly utilitarian article, upon which could be hooked and fastened the brimming zeals, the enthusiastic ideas of a hitherto unappreciated Tibble. That is, he had no poesy when he left the dear old farm ... later ... but that is later . . .

Uncle Enoch, approached by the all but unknown nephew, ruddy, exuberant, immensely cordial, did not, at first blush, nor second, either, share the cordiality. He was making jugs in his own way, selling them in his own way, saving his income in his own way. That it was an antiquated way bothered him not at all. It was his way, and he was of the vast majority to whom that is wholly and pleasingly sufficient.

To begin with, he did not believe in sweeping out an office in which one only worked. Sanitation in a factory where jugs
were turned forth was "new-fangled." There seemed, however, on the first day of young Tibble's arrival, to be no help for the sweeping, at least. Uncle Enoch, obscured by the clouds of the dust of considerable antiquity, stood by and watched, making grim and, as he feared within him, futile resolutions to make quick work of this young upstart who had had the ill grace to be his sister's child and then foist the undesirable relationship upon an old man. This, then, was what the cartoons meant by pokes at one's relatives... Enoch understood...

After the sweeping, Sylvester straddled a desk, neatly dusted and oiled by the hand recently self-released from the ploughshare, and faced Enoch, still inhaling heavily of dust. Sylvester began to talk.

"This is only the beginning," he said, and got the old gentleman a chair in time to prevent the floor from receiving his complete collapse. Sylvester persisted. "This isn't all, just the beginning," he repeated. "You see, Uncle Enoch, I've ideas. You've jugs and a force to turn 'em out. I've ideas, and the ideas have to do with selling the jugs. You're not selling 'em. I know that. Comparative statistics prove that. How can you? You're not up to date. You're letting every other competitor you've got, and you've got 'em by the fourscore, put things over on you. You're the gimp horse in the race. You're dead from the eyes up. You've got a crêpe on your efficiency. You're stale. You haven't even got a telephone—I've ordered one installed. You haven't even got typewriters. I've rectified that—ordered half a dozen. You haven't got adding machines, nor stenographers, nor dictaphones, nor the proper operating staff. I've taken care of that, too. When these details are installed I'll go out on the road for you and see what's wrong with the out-of-town trade. Something is—that's flat. You're not getting the orders the Mills Jug Company is getting. You're not getting half the orders the New Time Jug people are taking in, nor making one quarter of the profits out of what you do sell. You're on a freight and you're being done in the bargain. You leave it all to little 'Yes.'

Young Tibble smiled, by way of encouragement.

Uncle Enoch was beyond the smile and quite beyond encouragement. He didn't know his Ibsen or he might have bewailed, very lustily, the fact of the "younger generation knocking at my door." He did assimilate the heresies of telephones, dictaphones, stenographers and such like twentieth century contraptions. All the troubles known to men came from just these ambiguous and wholly distrustful sources. His father had not done business in such a fashion up in Jaytown, Pa.

Did this young radical suppose that just because Enoch Jones had come to the city of New York he had forsaken the ways of his forefathers, the honest, God-fearing ways? Did he? Because, if he did, he would learn... he would...

In a voice that quavered, Uncle Enoch bade the undesirable relative to be gone, to be completely and, for Uncle Enoch, profanely gone. In a word, he consigned Sylvester Tibble to a most thoro annihilation.

Sylvester Tibble had not swept for nothing. He had not come to New York for nothing. He had not picked upon Uncle Enoch Jones for nothing. He had come to stay.

He told Uncle Enoch so, without ire and even with a certain patience. He bore with him; that was manifest. He had come that morning, unheralded and certainly unmasked, and Uncle Enoch had been there, among the dust and jugs, for nigh onto half a century, but that was an inconsiderable part of the whole, which was the renovation of the Jones Jug Factory and the innovation of the fortunes of Sylvester Tibble.

Promising, with unnecessary kindliness and forethought, to report promptly for work in the morning and observing that he would now go forth to seek a night's lodging, the son of the sister of Enoch Jones fared forth.

Not at once, however, to seek a night's lodging. Reading efficiency manuals and economics and the Laws and By-Laws of

The people who lounged...
Commercialism was not all the reading young Tibble had done in his clean-swept room at the home farm. He had read, too, of the cabarets of New York, the dancing girls, the wine and laughter and lure. He had read, approvingly. One of the things he had come to New York for was to dance and to laugh and to live. He had mapped it all out. He would seek love as he would seek his fortune, applying principles of efficiency and system.

Of course, it did not happen to him as he had planned it—love. Almost always this is so, of others than Sylvester Tibble. It happened to him suddenly, with an almost violent abruptness. It happened to him deliciously and accidentally, and like this:

The first cabaret he saw he went into, and the first cabaret happened to be rather a rough sort of place known familiarly as McGammon's. The attraction at McGammon's happened, that season and that fateful night, to be Junie Budd, a very young thing with limbs like a flying dryad's and a face like the name she bore. She was very young and very sweet and very untouched, and the gods had surely kissed her pink, arched feet and put that abandon of grace into the curves of her body. Sylvester, not being poetical until still later, did not note these details as details. He did note, however, that the music—or was it something more?—quickened the pulse of his heart almost unbearably, that he felt oddly short of breath and that there was a dizziness in his head and a coldness in his hands heretofore unknown to him. He tried his efficiency formulas and they fell flat. He tried to think of Uncle Enoch and the jug outfit and tomorrow's regimen and found that all he could see was a pair of limbs, flying and fleet and sweet; all he could hear was the hula-hula of the music. It was uncommonly queer.

Then the thing itself happened. Junie Budd stopped dancing. There was a commotion above which her voice rose, clear as a bell, resentful, full of tears. Sylvester knew what one did then. His head cleared and he made the platform upon which they danced with a bound. Junie's partner, it seemed, had kist her, full upon the mouth, and this was in no sense a part of the program. Junie was "pertikeler," and "What would Ma Budd say?" was the hue and cry. To emphasize her point she was rubbing savagely at the pink, assaulted mouth, and Sylvester found himself considering, with the queer new undercurrent of thinking he had developed in the past fifteen minutes, that that pink, hurt mouth was the loveliest thing he had ever seen; lovelier, even than the pink anemones in the woods at home with the first of the spring.

The thing to be done was to dispose with two fists of the unspeakable villain who had done the more than unspeakable wrong and, this done, with dispatch, and being nothing very new to McGammon's, the music was resumed. Junie signified "Ves didn't quite know how, that she wouldn't at all mind dancing with him." Ves had never done much dancing before, but all that mattered to him was the face of Junie Budd, and he fell in love with her then and there, and the people who lounged about McGammon's that night looked on at the dawning of first love, of young love, of love when love is new, and knew that their hearts beat in their breasts with a different rhythm, knew that their eyes filled with unconscious and uncalled for tears, knew that they wanted to see this over and over again, and again, so that they might walk forth into the greyness of the unlovely street and never see the greyness nor mind the unloveliness; but they did not know why. They did tell McGammon what they wanted, tho, in various ways and with various reasons, and they told it so variously and so emphatically that McGammon made Junie and 'Ves a joint proposition to take immediate effect and Junie and 'Ves accepted.

They did not quite know, themselves, what had happened to them that night. It had come so strangely, so unexpectedly, so keenly and sweetly. They knew that they wanted to be together; that they could not bear to part. They knew that they were happy when they were dancing together and inexplicably sad when their arms fell asunder and the music ebbed low. They knew that they did not see just as they had seen before; that there was a different meaning than there had been the day before. They did not know quite yet that it was love.
That night Junie took 'Ves home with her and introduced him, palpitantly, to Ma Budd. Ma took roomers and was willing, having a vacancy, to include Sylvester Tibble, "with references." Sylvester was efficient enough to have equipped himself with these. He had foreseen almost all contingencies save the entirely marvelous one of falling in love—and, of all marvelous persons, with Junie Budd! To think that he should have picked out Junie Budd! It was, he knew, with a reverent and deep conviction, nothing less than a dispensation from heaven.

Late that night poesy entered the soul of Sylvester Tibble and he inscribed his first perfervid sonnet to "Beautiful Junie Budd."

In the morning he knew that he was in love.

So did she.

Before they danced, that same evening, at McGammon's he told her of his love, and she admitted hers, and the mutual confession ended in the first kiss and the promise of the finest engagement ring in the town.

On the way home from McGammon's 'Ves told Junie all about Uncle Enoch and the jug factory and the reforms he was instituting and was going to institute in order, altruistically enough, to make Uncle Enoch and the jugs efficient and, quite incidentally, to make the gold and glittering fortune of one Sylvester Tibble. Junie Budd listened and believed. The jugs and the efficiency principles were all rather vague, but, outstanding and startling, was the great fact of the greatness of Sylvester Tibble. It was, to her, a manifest fact, and she told him so. Further proof of his greatness consisted in the fact that he put the idea of greatness modestly from him—it was nothing much, he guessed, to come fresh from a farm and place factories and factory owners and labor situations and out-of-town trades upon a speedy efficiency basis . . . nothing much as he could see—it was just him, that was all . . . just Sylvester Tibble. He happened, wonderfully or otherwise, to be made like that.

Perhaps the world was hungry, after the war, for the lighter flowers of lighter things. Perhaps it was just the inborn desire everywhere to see young love and young life winged on dancing feet. Whatever the reason, Junie Budd and 'Ves danced their way to fame. Once again 'Ves burst bonds. McGammon's could not hold them once the tales of their lightsome steps became noised abroad. Offers came in and they danced, finally and triumphantly, in the Garden of Roses, the most famous and the most exclusive of the popular cabarets.

Junie would have been content just to dance and love, but there was a real sense of commercialism in Sylvester. "They want us because we're so damned young," he told Junie, "and so much in love. Both these things show, honey-girl. That's what the people are coming to see. That's what they want, even tho they haven't the sense to name it. That wont last—the youth part of it—and they wont want to see the love part when the youth part isn't there. Then . . . where will we be? We wont save money at this rate. People living this sort of life just don't, just can't. And, anyway . . . I dont want to have you keep on dancing for other folks to see . . . I want you to dance over green lawns and wild flowers . . . in the morning . . . in the moonlight . . . for me . . . alone . . . honey . . ."

"Why . . . why, 'Ves," whispered Junie Budd, resting her young, pink face against his sleeve, "I . . . I didn't know you were a poet . . . too . . ."

"I'm not," said 'Ves.

"But . . . just now . . ." "I'm a lover . . . that's why . . ."

'Ves danced at night and by day he persisted in his thankless job of modernizing the down-sliding Jones Jug Factory. He
fired the star salesman when he found that he had been looting the firm via his much-inflated expense account, and he managed, with much effort and a great deal of abuse, to smuggle in the typewriters and the telephones. The stenographers were still in abeyance, owing to a slight consideration for the apoplectic tendencies of Uncle Enoch.

Then, one night, after dancing at the Garden of Roses, he met James Harkins, a jug manufacturer, and his extremely up-to-date and talkative sister, Dorothy. Harkins was willing to talk, and from the talk of both of them Ves gleaned his great idea for merchandizing the Jones Jug. It meant a trip on the road and, before the trip, it meant a great many talks with the Harkines, both brother and sister, to accumulate data and gain information. It meant, analogously, seeing considerably less of Junie Buddha, who simply could not talk jugs nor get the ins and outs of efficiency. Seeing less of Junie Budd meant an aching loneliness to Ves, but it meant to Junie, Dorothy Harkins. She had always suspected that Ves was far too wonderful a person to have loved her, and now this commanding young woman, with the statistics of jugs at her very fingertips, was going to prove the horrid fact to Ves himself. Junie skidded completely away on the idea. She told Ves she was certain of it. She told him not to mind her; her heart could break, but her feet should go on dancing . . . and dancing . . . and dancing . . . forever and ever and . . . at which juncture her poignant conquested her and she went out her heartbreak and gave him back his ring and sent him forth on his trip, puzzled, distraught, more, however, than feverishly anxious to make good that he might dazzle Junie’s baby blue eyes with a more than magnificent diamond. She was a child, God bless her, a baby, and as a child and a baby bright things should be dangled before her to bring her back to his heart . . . in the meantime . . . there were the jugs . . .

It took Ves two months to do what he wanted to do, and when he returned to New York it was spring again and it was night-time . . . such a time and such a night as the first one upon which he had met Junie Budd and danced with . . . and loved her . . . and made a host of people to dream while their lips grew wistful and their eyes grew dim with tears . . .

He had not heard from Junie since the night she had sobbed out her farewell to him, but she had said, then, that she would keep on dancing and dancing . . . forever and ever . . . and so he sought her in the Garden of Roses.

She was dancing there, but, he saw at once, not as she had danced before . . . with him. There was life in her young grace, but the love had gone from the life and the pulse from the flesh. And the people, too, they were sipping their wine . . . smoking . . . only casually . . . only occasionally did their eyes rest on the girl and man dancing on the stage . . . Ves heard one man say, “Curious she used to get you like a heartache that you wanted to keep on feeling . . . Not now . . . deader than a door-nail. Management’s to canthem, I hear.”

This was too much for Ves. It was too much for him to look on at his dancing dryad with all the fervors gone from her pretty limbs.

He made the stage as he had made it once before, months ago, seized her in his arms and gave the assembled crowd the lute and lilt they had missed, not knowing why . . . And they hadn’t forgotten him. They hadn’t forgotten her. They hadn’t forgotten the pair of them together. They didn’t know that the quick gasp of her breath, the exultant leap of her young body, the ecstatic sway and song of them was because she hadn’t known . . . because her heart had been breaking . . . because young love had come to her again . . . made the world a dream new . . . they knew they were getting what they wanted, and they told the young couple so with cheers and cries and welcomes and bravos . . .

There was one table on the floor silent in the midst of the general hubbub. Grouped about that table were the Har-kines, brother (Continued on page 79)
To our way of thinking, the big cinema moment of the late winter occurred when a certain movie magnate signed up a certain internationally famous author. When the author had affixed his signature to the document, the producer genially slapped him on the back and said encouragingly: 

"I have faith in you—I'm sure you'll make good!"

We'd give a month's salary for a close-up of the famous one's face.

**WHY WE ARE GOING TO TAKE A VACATION IN CALIFORNIA**

(The managing editor's telephone speaks)

"I've got a great scenario here—wheredya think I can sell it?"

"Are Wesley Barry's freckles real or are they only painted on?"

"Do you know a chap named Jenks? He works in a studio in Fort Lee."

"Is Pearl White really married?"

"Say—got a job for an interviewer—I wanna meet some of the stars."

"Can you tell me the name of a picture I saw last year? It had the cutest little dog in it."

"Can you use a picture of an awfully pretty girl I know? She's crazy to go in the movies—and a picture'd help."

"Do you buy scenarios? I've just written one for Nazimova."

"I sent in an article yesterday. How'd you like it? What'll you pay me if you take it?"

"Can I have the picture of Mary Pickford you ran in your April issue of last year?"

"Where does Dick Barthelmess live? I'm a great friend of a cousin of his."

"Thanks for that interview you ran with Mary Jones. I want you to have lunch with me some day."

"We've just put in a motion picture machine in our church. Will you get us some free films for it? We'd like to have 'Broken Blossoms' for next Wednesday night."

"You didn't use a bit of my press stuff in your last issues. Do ya wanna get me canned?"

"What do you do with all your pictures after you get thru with them?"

"Say, will you use a picture of Lew Cody? I think he's the dearest thing."

"You cut my article all to blazes. You're a cold-hearted editor, you are."

**DOUBLE EXPOSURES**

Conducted by F. J. S.

**GROWTH**

By Barbara Hollis

I've grown away from you I know, I tried to take you too; But you cried out, "Come back to me!" And that I cannot do.

I hoped it might not matter, dear, Till in your grieving eyes I saw that you were lost to me— Would it be otherwise?

Life holds its compensations—true— A crown for every cross; Yet can the sad sweet joy of growth Make up for bitter loss?

**LOST KISSES**

By Elsahor Hammond

You kiss me, and the sea wind blew away The kiss and lost it in the whirling spray. A nautilus came drifting in from sea— It was your kiss blown back to me.

You kiss me where the summer breezes pass; We lost the kiss among the wind-blown grass, And as we laughed, we saw it flutter by— A little yellow butterflies.

And once beneath a sky of amethyst Almost your lips touched mine, almost we kist. The night wind stole the kiss and tossed it far— It blossomed as a little star.

(Above, from Christie comedies)

In "The Motion Picture Classic's" début as a principal player in Cecil de Mille's "Why Change Your Wife?"

**BIG MOMENTS OF THE MONTH**

When Bebe Daniels adjusts the sofa victrola in "Why Change Your Wife?"

The moonlight swim of Connie Talmadge in "Two Weeks."

Mae Murray's cabaret moments in "On With the Dance."

Our idea of far-fetched comparisons occurs in a recent Lewis J. Selznick advertisement, which compares the quality of Selznick productions to the quality which "impresses you on every hand in the stately mansion of George Washington at Mount Vernon." Pretty soon some ambitious press agent is going to compare somebody else's pictures to Grant's Tomb.

The "piquant photoplay" is still striving for notice. A recent Constance Talmadge comedy carries this advertising line: "A tale of wild men and wild women in a wild city." A picture of an elderly gentleman examining a cutie's right shoulder-blade carries this message: "Ye gods! The old fossil thinks he's a singer!" And the advertising man sums it all up in this choice phrase: "What if it does make 'em blush—your theater is dark!"

With the recluse "Blue Bird" philosopher, Maeterlinck, "supervising productions" at the Goldwyn coast studios; the "Follyanna" writer, Doc Cronin, dashing off a super-feature, Art (capital A, please), has certainly entered the scenario end of the business with a vengeance.

**DID YOU NOTICE**

The Motion Picture Classic's début as a principal player in Cecil de Mille's "Why Change Your Wife?"
At Every Move of Your Hand—Your Nails are Conspicuous

You jot down a memorandum—instantly eyes are attracted to your hands. Instantly a judgment of you is formed, based upon the appearance of your nails.

Eyes follow a moving object automatically; follow it as inevitably as they blink when something suddenly flies towards them. This is why they are so often fastened on your finger tips.

Notice today and count the number of times someone glances at your nails.

People no longer excuse unsightly hands. For it is generally known that nowadays well-kept nails are simply a matter of a little care.

However busy you might be, however hard you use your hands, you need never be ashamed of your finger nails. It requires only a few minutes of the right kind of care once or twice a week to keep them in perfect condition. But be sure it is the right kind of care.

The safe and satisfactory method of caring for the cuticle is softening and wiping away. This is easily done by the use of Cutex, the pure liquid cuticle remover.

The simple Cutex method of manicuring takes less time than the old painful cutting of the cuticle, and it is absolutely harmless. Cutex Nail White and Nail Polish complete a perfect manicure.

You will be astonished at the wonderful results from one Cutex manicure. Repeated once or twice a week, it will keep your nails in perfect condition.

Cutex can be obtained at every drug store or department store in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35c.

Six complete manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with two dimes; we will send you the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, not as large as our standard set, but containing enough of the Cutex preparations for at least six complete manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 906, 200 Mountain St., Montreal.

Mail this coupon with two dimes today.

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 905, 114 West 17th Street, New York City

Name

Street and Number

City and State
Pretty Polly
(Continued from page 35)

photograph ever taken of her daughter, because she wants them all to gaze upon and dream and croon over when Pauline leaves for a home of her own.

That did look as if Polly had expectations matrimonial. I asked her about it first thing.

The girl laughed merrily. "I dont want to marry until I am twenty-five, its such fun to live and work and travel about. But a fortune-teller told me I would marry next year—and I’m awfully excited about that."

A cynical visitor happened to be there and withered Polly's orange-blossom hopes with the cold wind of mistrust and disappointment.

"I hope you fare better than I do!" quoth the mere male. "Two fortune-tellers told me I would marry very young, and at the end of twenty years I'm still doing monologs!"

"She might not have understood her business," answered pretty Polly, helpfully.

"There isn't anything I love quite so much to do as to dance," went on Pauline. "But I ruined my lovely new ball-gown—just think, my very first ballgown—"

"Pauline, I cant think how you managed to do it," interrupted her mother. "Then, explantorily, "Pauline went to her first big ball this month—the direction ball. She wore a débutante frock, American Beauty velvet, very simply made—not one of those mutton looking décolletés, but—"

"Why, mother, you know it hasn't a thing but shoulder-straps. You're beginning to describe it as if it had a high neck," chimed in Polly.

"I dont know how it is that young girls now think of nothing but clothes— I get so sick of hearing clothes, clothes, a vulgar and Pauline's vagaries nearly drive her tailor crazy. He always says, "Pauline, you know what you want, but you never know how hard it is to make it your way—you drive me insane!" Mrs. Starke sighed in a motherly sort of fashion.

"You should see my trick frock—for the street!" Pauline didn't wait for a second invitation when I begged her to show it off.

Miss Starke is very original. She designs everything she wears. Moreover, she wont study fashion books, even when the tailor flourishes them hopefully under her straight little nose.

"I think Pauline may be quite a designer after a while," continued Mrs. Starke, while Polly dove headfirst into her clothes closets. "Just now everything she does seems freakish to me. I dont see any particular reason for turning the world topsy-turvy the way she does, there are so many pretty fashions in the windows and books."

"Here is my trick skirt—see, I wrap myself into it this way." I dont wonder the tailor gets excited. The skirt begins as a semi-circle, slopes off into a long point, and wraps twice around the slim hips to form a double overskirt, with drop underneath, and just one little tape holds the lower part together with a snap fastener. Skirt edges and coat are finished with binding of black leather. A bright little vest, fastening in the back, adds color to the blue suit.

"You didn't finish telling me about the ruined ball dress," I reminded.

"Oh, to be sure. Jack Pickford and I were doing all sorts of exhibition dancing, and I think the knees of his black trousers must have interfered with my velvet skirt, for it shows long black streaks, like dye.

"I had a perfectly thrilling experience today. Jack had his new aeroplane on the lot and, when I said some day I wanted to go up in it, he proposed my going right off with his pilot. I couldn't do stunts, because they wont let you do that unless the owner goes along."

Pauline drives her mother out to Cullen yesterday. Shes doing Melissa in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come"—not much of a part, but a full-in until her own feature is produced at the Goldwyn plant.

Before that, she played the younger sister in "Eyes of Youth," but much of the rôle was cut out owing to the enormous amount of film consumed. In "Soldiers of Fortune," under Alan Dine and Polly PAGE does. Then she is showing in "Broken Butterfly," and Maurice Tourneurs direction, and "The Life Line," which forces her to be mother to a four-year-old daughter, a part opposite to the screen Lottario, Lew Cody. Pauline has had to weep thru so many of these abandoned girl stories—always she is the Injured Innocent.

"Will you keep on with that sort of stuff?"

"I like best to play the part of the very poor little girl who works hard, or meets somebody, and who gets very wealthy and is happy forever after," said Pauline Starke, enthusiastically. That's natural, of course, for Pauline's own life has been a development of the chrysalis into a beautiful butterfly—a shedding of limitations and achievement of home, fortune and many friends. Her home is really beautiful. There are soft chairs, much mulberry-colored velvet, lots of cushions, all showing up well against the grey rug. Mahogany catches high-lights from the various gas-heating devices, one being an open grate with gas-logs. There are very odd lamps with subdued shades, not a glaring light anywhere, and the canary cage has a ruffled arrangement of dark green silk like the window drapes. The canary is Polly's only pet, and he fights her viciously, to her immense gratification and mirthfulness. However, he does sing night and day, which is all a canary is supposed to do.

Pauline herself is never quiet. She
(Continued on page 62)
HOW TO FIGHT THE LITTLE FOES WHICH WORK TO MAR YOUR SKIN

YOUR complexion is surrounded by enemies—There is that inward enemy that shines the face. There is the tricky breeze that dries and dulls the unprotected skin. There is dust that clogs the pores.

Be always on your guard against their wiles.

EXPOSURE to wind, sunlight and dust coarsens your skin. Skin specialists say that you can protect your complexion from this injury by applying a protective cream before every outing.

Of course you cannot apply a cold cream before going out—cold cream leaves your face too oily.

Lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It is made precisely for daytime and evening use. It has not a bit of oil in it, so it cannot make your face shine.

In this way you can keep your face appealingly soft and smooth no matter how much time you spend out of doors.

YOU never can tell when that treacherous enemy, an ugly glister, will creep upon you unawares and make you look your worst.

This cannot happen if you powder in such a way that it will last.

The same greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream makes the powder stay on

YOUR SKIN NEEDS TWO CREAMS

Every skin needs two creams. For daytime and evening a cream specially made without oil, so that it cannot reappear in shine. This is Pond's Vanishing Cream. It has no oil and cannot make your face shiny even for a moment. It is based on an ingredient which is prescribed by world famous physicians for its softening effect. Use it for protection from the weather, for a powder foundation and for freshening the skin at a moment's notice.

On the other hand, for cleansing, for supplying a lack of oil, and for massage, Pond's Cold Cream should be used. Its formula was worked out to supply just the amount of oil required to give it the fullest cleansing power, and just the smoothness to work well into the skin.

Neither of these creams will foster the growth of hair on the face.

FREE SAMPLE TUBES

Mail this Coupon

POND'S Extract Company, 137 N. HUDSON ST., N. Y.

Please send me the items checked
Sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
Sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount
A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name
Street
City State

(Please print)

You cannot expect too much of powder. The right powder foundation is essential if you are to stay powdered. For this you cannot use a cold cream. The oil in it soon comes out in a worse glister than ever.

Before powdering rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream on your face. Then notice how smoothly the powder goes on, how natural it looks. It will stay on indefinitely. Until you wash your face it cannot shine again.

DUST is a subtle enemy. When your skin grows dull, loses its clearness, it is simply an announcement that the pores have become clogged deep down with tiny particles of dust.

To remove these, vanishing cream is not enough! Only a cream with a good oil base will suffice.

Before you go to bed and after a train or motor trip, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores and wipe it off. It contains just enough oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly cleanse them. You will be shocked at yourself when you see how much dirt you were harboring.

When you go downtown, stop at the drug store or any department store and buy a jar or a tube of each cream. You need never again fear the little flaws that ruin one's appearance.
Look Your Best at Easter

TIME has proved the merit and marked superiority of Daggett & Ramsdell's Perfect Cold Cream. In its class, it compares with gold, because it is the accepted standard. So pronounced is the preference in favor of D & R Perfect Cold Cream that practically no dealer with proper regard for his customer's expressed desire would attempt to hand you a "just as good." He knows that the Red Band of Honor on every carton of

DAGGETT & RAMSDELL'S
PERFECT COLD CREAM
"The Kind That Keeps"

is firmly fixed in the mind's eye of discriminating women, even if they have only tried this toilet necessity but once—so impressive and apparent is its quality and purity. To massage your face, hands, arms and neck every day with D & R Perfect Cold Cream will ensure your having a soft, smooth skin and a complexion that radiates charm and youth. In tubes and jars, 6c to $1.50.


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Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacturing Company of Monocriclalide of Salicyllic Acid

 Pretty Polly

(Continued from page 60)

has a way of standing, stork-like, on one foot, or swaying on both feet—crossed! Again, she'll rock in a perfectly straight chair—and always it is the essence of graceful movement.

"Dont tell anybody I swim—for I dont!" she burst in, suddenly. "They are always talking about how the girls swim, and I dont want anybody to think I'm trying to put something over, for I cant swim a single stroke and I dont want to!"

I crossed my heart—let these words bear witness to the truth.

"What sort of man do you want to marry?" Pauline's ideas are so original one wants to draw her out further.

"I want—" Polly reached over for the figs stuffed with walnuts before she felt fortified to answer the momentous question. "I want a man with personality now—strong personality. I used to dream of a handsome man, but Ive seen too many good-looking men, and played with too many, to care about their faces any more. Im after intelligence and character—that's the only thing that lasts."

"That looks as if you were turning from leading men to directors," shot in the cynical visitor again.

"Perhaps," closed pretty Polly, laconically.

Bonnie Mary

(Continued from page 39)

interest that makes almost all of us eager to peep into a chamber of horrors.

"One of the great events of my life," she remarked, "was when I made a long visit to an aunt, who lived in her old Colonial home in a wild portion of West Virginia, on the trail which the pioneers traveled on their way westward to colonize Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois. I was very fond of our history, especially of the struggles with the Indians. My aunt did not allow me to associate with the neighbors, who were mountaineers of the feudist type, so I used to wander around, fancying myself in the scenes of these combats between the whites and the redmen. She had a large library, and I would cuddle up in it when I was tired of tramping and explore the bookshelves. It was there that I made the acquaintance of Becky Sharp and the people of Dickens. The latter attracted me the most."

I was especially fond of 'The Tale of Two Cities' and 'Bleak House.' Next February, when my contract with Universal is at an end, I intend to visit Europe and see all the Dickens landmarks and explore the abiding places of my Scotch ancestors. I feel that the rest will do me a lot of good, and when I return I will be able to go back to my screen work with new zest."

Her most famous picture was "Shoes," made under the direction of Lois Weber. Some of her more recent pictures are "Rouge and Riches," "Bonnie, Bonnie Lassie" and "Petal on the Current." The last, (her favorite), from a story by Edna Ferber.
How famous Movie stars
Keep their Hair Beautiful

Proper Shampooing is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.
Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes it brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO.

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle no matter how often you use it.
Two or three teaspoonfuls will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which rinses out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil. The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage. You can get WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A four ounce bottle will last for months.

Be sure to get WATKINS. If it hasn't the Signature, it isn't MULSIFIED.
The Pulse of the Photoplay Public

(Continued from page 17)

more attention as audiences develop. That is natural, for sex, playing a big part in real life, must necessarily play a big part in our dramas. That sex has stood out in our biggest recent successes, 'The Miracle Man,' 'Male and Female,' 'Everywoman' and our new film production, 'On With the Dance.'

"Our public does not want a morbid story. Every film playing tending towards the over-dramatic, the brutal or the depressing shows poor box-office returns."

We questioned Mr. Lasky upon the happy ending. "It is necessary," he answered. "The audience out in front of the screen centers its interest in the hero or heroine and unconsciously roots all evening for its favorite. If the story comes out unsatisfactorily, the audience feels an intense personal injury. No, the happy ending is a requisite. The charge is made that the spoken drama is truer to life in this respect, but if you go carefully over the fool-proof success stories, you will find them capped with happy endings, but few exceptions. "One thing I want to make clear: I do not, by any manner of means, believe that the death-knell of the star has rung. But we can now have good pictures without a star, for our audiences have developed. Today the screen and stage stand upon an equal footing in this matter."

Mr. Lasky briefly disposed of the so-called menace of the foreign photoplay. "The foreign-made drama can never cope with our own photoplay, because its makers have not the public's taste. Their work is temperamentally and even racially unsuited to us.

"We have been studying England carefully. Indeed, our plans to produce in Britain were intended entirely to bring us closer to the English public, for we could find far better places to make pictures. On the whole, we have learnt that British and American tastes are very much alike. The English audience likes society plays very much. On the other hand, its taste in comedy runs the shoestring, while over here we have been steadily tending towards a higher type of comedy."

Again Mr. Lasky paused. "I want to add one thing," he went on. "We hear a great deal of change and unrest among the personnel of picturedom. Stars and directors are ever shifting and ever starting their own companies. I have watched them and they all come face to face with one great fact—that there is an element in photoplay-making not often considered. That is the studio organization behind the picture—the art director, the scenario editor, the research department, the casting director, and all the rest. Back of every good picture must be a fine organization. That is why stars slump in popularity and directors fall off in workmanship when they try to go it alone. And they continue to fall down until they build up an adequate staff."

(Continued on page 83)
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"It was the proudest moment of my life, when I saw my song on sale at the local music stores," said one of our writers.

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Our composer, Edouard Hesselberg, will write the music, and we will have the complete song printed according to our SPECIAL PLAN.

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received his musical education at the Moscow Royal Conservatory of Music, Moscow, Russia. After perfecting himself under Rubinstein, he began a brilliant concert career, appearing with such world famous artists as Sembrich, Nordica and de Reszke. He has played before and received valuable decorations from the former Czar of Russia, the present King of Italy, and other Royal families. He is an interpretative artist of rare and distinguished ability as pianist and composer. Among his greatest song successes are "If I Were a Rose," of which over a million copies have been sold. His latest song, "America, My Country," the new national hymn, is now in its fourth edition. Our writers are indeed fortunate in securing the services of this great musician.

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and make no mistake about it. There is a golden opportunity offered people who can furnish real "words for a song." Popularity follows a successful song writer. If you are in earnest, read over a few of the popular songs—study the words and the way they are written.

Every magazine and every newspaper is filled with ideas for a song. Just use your imagination. Select any subject—love—patriotism—home—mother—sweetheart. Tell the story in simple language in two verses and chorus, and then send it to us. We will examine it without charge. If our Lyric Editor finds your words contain an idea for a song, we will offer you the benefit of our service. REMEMBER, YOU INCUR NO OBLIGATION IN SENDING US A POEM FOR INSPECTION. GET YOUR LETTER INTO THE MAIL BEFORE ANOTHER DAY PASSES WHO KNOWS—YOU MAY BE THE "SONG WRITER OF TOMORROW."

THIEVES
By Barbara Hollis

I am in sympathy with thieves,
Condemn them less and less.
If I can forgive them anything—
Their weakness I can guess.

For in my life the stolen things
Seem far the sweetest yet;
As I look back upon the days—
I never shall forget.

A stolen hour—a stolen word;
A stolen kiss from you;
I am in sympathy with thieves—
Whatever they may do.

(Sixty-Five)
Gossip of the Pacific Coast

BY FRITZI REMONT

LOS ANGELES, (Special)—Springtime and sunshine, pretty girls and new clothes, and Kathleen Kirkham in just the right mood for a luncheon to celebrate the coming of new things and the feminine reminiscing over the old.

At her home on Delaware Avenue, Miss Kirkham entertained us beautifully, the special honoree being her married sister from the Middle West. The mahogany and table were set, saving for Cluny lace doilies and a delightfully springy centerpiece. A tiny pond holding some Japanese toys, a real one-inch goldfish, an infinitesimal turtle that never should have left home and mother, and spanned by a tiny bridge, proved highly attractive.

The place cards were hand-painted Japanese figures, mounted on tiny boxes holding salted nuts, and each guest received a favor of a tea-camomile of dark wood, hand-painted, ribbon-tied, holding orange pekoe tea. Two Japanese figures stood near the pond, swinging lanterns filled with incense. The rooms were decorated with peach and plum-blossoms, and flowery vines and roses "butted in" at the windows, as Kathleen put it.

I was delighted to meet an old-time friend, Nell Craig, who has signed up the best contract she ever had. She's been reducing, so that her svelte and graceful figure was simply lost in the wonderful molasses coat which she had donned for driving.

Colleen Moore has begged a few hours off from the Haworth studio; having worked all day and night before the luncheon she was able to get only a few hours' sleep before the luncheon. She is the cutest kidde, drives a Hudson roadster, but is planning to buy a larger car for her "family," since her mother and brother of school age have come to stay.

The Moores have been occupying an apartment, but Colleen says she simply must get a big house now. Her hat was a very flower-basket of wild blossoms, and her new taffeta frock, with its bonnet fahps, one of the prettiest creations this spring.

And, by the way, you never tasted such luscious light biscuits as those Kathleen serves. She calls them "Mrs. Washington biscuit," and I am sorry that lack of space forbids my giving you the recipe— but you might ask her for it when bidding for a photograph.

She was looking charming in one of those super-cute frocks which are so becoming to Kathleen. The frock was black taffeta, with fine lace about the square and elbow-sleeves touched off by little net undersleeves about four inches wide. Miss Kirkham's sister is almost like enough to be a twin, and their mother, as usual, did the honors, for she keeps house for busy Kathleen. A couple of capable colored girls made perfect table service possible.

Emma-Lindsay Squier, whose stories we all enjoy so much, wore a cute blue taffeta, very ruffled, offset by dainty neck and cuff adornments. Margaret Ettinger

(Continued on page 82)
Ethel Clayton’s Wonderful Eyelashes—
long and curling—form a charming fringe for her eyes and give them that
wistful appeal which adds so greatly to her facial beauty and attractiveness.
Beautiful Eyelashes and well-formed Eyebrows—how wonderfully they bring
out the natural beauty of the eyes! They are now within the reach of all
women who will just apply a little

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circles, as well as stage and screen stars, use and enthusiastically recommend
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growth of Eyelashes and Eyebrows making them long, thick and luxuriant. *Why not you?*

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GIRL"—same as at left—on every package, and thus avoid disappointments.

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Greatest of Popularity Contests

The new popularity contest of Shadowland, The Motion Picture Magazine and The Motion Picture Classic is going merrily on. Hundreds of votes are arriving daily. They come from the East and West, from New Zealand, Australia, from almost every country in the world. Many letters accompany the votes and all concede this contest to be the best, the most impartial, the most rousing contest that has ever been conducted in the interest of the players.

The contest is a joy to all participants because not only are they boosting their favorites and adding to the popularity of the players, but also they have a chance to win one of the splendid prizes depicted on another page of this issue.

The contest is running another six weeks, or until June 1st. You still have a chance of casting three votes in each class for your choice of the most popular player. We know that our readers are intelligent and discerning critics and that their opinion as to the player who combines the greatest number of characteristics that go to make popularity is of supreme importance in the field of motion pictures. Therefore we are counting on you. A special staff of workers are kept busy counting and sorting the classes of votes that are coming in by thousands. Here are the results to the time of going to press:

Among the women stars, Mary Pickford leads with 9,487 votes, Norma Talmadge with 6,843 and Pearl White with 1,243.

Among the male stars, Richard Barthelmess is first with 2,210 votes, Wallace Reid with 2,892 and William S. Hart with 1,453.

Two Cinema Players from Foreign Shores,

(Continued from page 41)

striking beauty attracted the attention of a well-known artist. She consented to pose for him and later this poster, "Beauty and the Beast," won an international prize.

It was in London, also, that the Danish beauty made her film debut, appearing in "The Seventh Commandment" with Gladys Cooper and the late James Welsh. She had many flattering film offers, but by this time she had become homesick that she returned to her home in Copenhagen.

From the music-halls to Ibsen plays seems like an impossible accomplishment, but that's exactly what this versatile young artist did, proving, also, that sometimes a prophet (or artist) has honor in his own country, for in her native city she scored a big success in these famous plays. Following this, she further demonstrated her versatility by achieving a brilliant record as a vaudeville artist, especially in Stockholm and Gottemburg.

Back in Copenhagen again, she was offered splendid opportunities with the Nordisk Film Company. She played in some of the most popular roles, then took impersonations, which she liked very much. Then, the managers decided that she was to continue her career as a screen vampire and outlined a particularly sensational program for her.

"I simply couldn't do it," she said; "I decided to come to America, where they have plenty of vampires and are not looking for more. I dont want to be a woman with a past, a raging, hissing, impossible vampire creature condemned to eternal sinning. I want to play straight, dramatic parts—something requiring brains, intelligence, a chance to grow—roles that will make people love, not hate me—so I packed my grip—and here I am.

"And—if I can get what I want, I'll go back to Copenhagen—to the stage—but not to vamping!"

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One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written mostly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another pupil earned over $1,900 before completing her first course. Another, a busy wife and mother, is averaging $175 a month by herself alone.

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(Thirty-eight)
"The Proudest Moment of Our Lives Had Come!"

"We sat before the fire place, Mary and I, with Betty perched on the arm of the big chair. It was our first evening in our own home! There were two glistening tears in Mary's eyes, yet a smile was on her lips. I knew what she was thinking.

"Five years before we had started bravely out together! The first month had taught us the old, old lesson that two cannot live as cheaply as one. I had left school in the grades to go to work and my all too thin pay envelope was a weekly reminder of my lack of training. In a year Betty came—three months to feed now. Meanwhile living costs were soaring. Only my salary and I were standing still.

"Then one night Mary came to me. 'Jim', she said, 'why don't you go to school again—right here at home? You can put in an hour or two after supper each night while I sew. Learn to do some one thing. You'll make good—I know you will.'

"Well, we talked it over and that very night I wrote to Scranton. A few days later I had taken a course in the work I was in. It was surprising how rapidly the mysteries of our business became clear to me—took on a new fascination. In a little while an opening came. I was ready for it and was promoted—with an increase. Then I was advanced again. There was money enough to even lay a little aside. So it went.

"And now the fondest dream of all has come true. We have a real home of our own with the little comforts and luxuries Mary had always longed for, a little place, as she says, that 'Betty can be proud to grow up in.'

"I look back now in pity at those first blind stumbling years. Each evening after supper the doors of opportunity had swung wide and I had passed them by. How grateful I am that Mary helped me to see that night the golden hours that lay within.'

In city, town and country all over America there are men with happy families and prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools come to them in the hours after supper and prepare for bigger work at better pay. More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have advanced themselves through spare time study with the I. C. S. Over one hundred thousand right now are turning their evenings to profit. Hundreds are starting every day.

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When “Mickey” Walked
(Continued from page 21)

“...and then I'll hire one and let him stick around for a while. It would keep me amused.”

“A sort of court jester?”

“Yes.”

“We had some fun on that trip, tho,” he went on, characteristically.

It seemed that when the company reached Oakland he found that his grip had been left in San Francisco and sent his secretary back for it. By the time the secretary had arrived the company had left Oakland. He took the next train. They would have connected all right except that Neilan decided to stop at a little way-station for Thanksgiving dinner. Then instead of remaining in Portland, the company came back immediately, with the result that, tho “Mickey” took both his secretary and his grip along, he didn’t see either of them until he got back home again.

This pleased a friend of Neilan’s who had gone along just for fun, came down with a bad cold. This gave “Mickey” an idea for livening up a dull moment of the trip. He decided to invent an epidemic of the “flu.” He made a number of “flu” masks and ordered every one to wear them, but there were (intentionally) not enough to go around. Those who didn’t get masks were thoroughly sorry, the others, onto the joke, had a good laugh.

“Gracious!” you exclaim, “doesn’t he ever take anything seriously?”

Of course, no one ever asked him this question, but if they did, his answer would probably be, “Yes, I’m always very serious when I am directing ants or goldfish.”

Why should he be serious? Successful, twenty-eight years old and handsome—what more could any one want?

Marshall Neilan was born in Los Angeles, California, in 1891. He was about twenty years old when he joined a stock company in San Francisco, helping to form the mob in mob scenes. Within a few months, however, he was made the juvenile lead.

“All of that has been said so often,” he remarked, plaintively.

“Yes, he was with Griffith; a leading man with the ‘old’ Biograph. He was also with Kalem, Universal, Selig, American and Famous Players. He has been leading man for Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark and Blanche Sweet.

As a director, he has tried his hand at everything from the W. K. Ham and Bud comedies to the somber feature, “The Unpardonable Sin.”

Nichols, actor and director at the head of his own company, he is one of the “Big Six” association of directors just formed, which includes, besides Marshall Neilan, George Loane Tucker, producer of “The Miracle Man,” Maurice Tourner, Mack Sennett, Thomas H. Ince and Alan Dwan, a formidable combination which, it is rumored, will later become affiliated with the “Big Four,” Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin and D. W. Griffith, so that in this regard this Marshall Neilan would soon nothing.

All during our conversation there were innumerable things to be done... he was casting for his next picture... this association was just being formed... he had about fifty appointments...

With all of his “kidding” and his innate love of fun, you would never forget that he is doing big things and has heavy responsibilities. He isn’t always laughing. Sometimes he looks quite serious. His brown eyes are large and his long, thick lashes, that turn up just a little at the ends, would be the envy of almost any young girl in the world. So, too, his thick, wavy brown hair.

I mentioned the “dog stuff” in “Stella Maris.” If you saw the picture, you cannot fail to remember how, after the dog had been in the little dog away, he was shown haunted by his conscience, having a little vision of his own.

“I’ve always liked to believe that animals, and especially dogs, think, and that one might be troubled by his conscience in quite the same way as a human being,” said Neilan. “You know the expression of the cat that has eaten the canary, and examples of the thoughtfulness of horses are unending. I hold these things were quite possible. Why, even goldfish...”

This brought to mind a story about him which has been going the rounds in Hollywood for some time. It seems that there was a big goldfish in a bowl at Lasky’s that would “go crazy” every time he heard “Mickey’s” voice. Whether this was caused by fondness for “Mickey” or sensitiveness to sound vibration, no one seems to know. But anyhow, the fact remains that it has caused him to be very generally referred to as the greatest director of fish in the world.

Seriously, his fondness for animals, like his fondness for children, is one of his outstanding characteristics.

“I’ve thought,” he said, in conclusion, “of a good stunt for Wes next picture.”

He was referring to little Wesley Barry, the twelve-year-old boy who is his protege. When you call him “Mickey” thinks has unbounded promise. “Wes’s father sends him to ‘rush the growler’ with a pitcher, and every time he goes, Wes breaks the pitcher. Finally the old man, who isn’t particularly squeamish, tells him that from then on he can get the beer in a hot-water bag.”

So you see Marshall Neilan has what the novelists call a “usable past.”

\begin{SquigglyJava}
\textbf{anton's Anxious Adder—Thanks. Look up June 1916 issue for her chat. I know, but if you were to hand the woman who has a history she will wonder just how much you do know.}
\end{SquigglyJava}

\begin{SquigglyJava}
\textbf{Conchita—I’m in a much gayer Spanish in speech, but oh, you couldn’t! Yes, that’s my real self up above. You think I have “devilish eyes.” But love is a tyrant that spares no one.
(Seventy)
\end{SquigglyJava}
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P. Furniture, Rugs and Stores P. Men's, Women's and Children's Clothing.
A Joyful Miss Joy
(Continued from page 19)

Several pictures were made under this banner and then Miss Joy journeyed up to New York where she made one picture under Maurice Tourneur, later going to Jacksonville to appear in the Paramount one-reel comedies.

Comedies were all right for a time, but she longed for dramatic work, so persuading her mother to accompany her, she came to Los Angeles where there were more opportunities.

"Oh, I was lucky," declared Leatrice, "for at once I was given the part of Toby, the Southern girl in 'The Dollar Bid,' with Jack Kerrigan; then I played the ingenue in William Farnum's 'The Man Hunter.'"

"I guess each experience mellows and prepares us for the next. My father passed away while I was making 'The Right of Way,' and it was terribly hard to go thru those death scenes.

"Since coming to pictures Leatrice has been cast in a series of Southern girl roles in which she could portray her own sweet, girlish self, and it was not until she played the lead in George Loane Tucker's new picture, 'Ladies Must Live,' that she had the chance to play a truly dramatic role. Mr. Tucker predicts that this young girl will win her laurels as a dramatic actress and suggested that she change her name, declaring that Joy was not suitable for a future Fanny Davenport. After much consideration, Leatrice decided she couldn't sacrifice Joy, even for art, and will take the name with her even to the very heights of a dramatic and emotional success.

"In her dressing-room there is a much-used copy of Emerson's essays which this little Southern girl reads daily, gaining help from its high philosophy. Turning the leaves of this book I found a little poem dedicated to her mother and then I discovered that it was as a poetess that she first dreamed of finding her place in the artist world.

"Thus the sweet thought expressed in rhyme, I glimpsed a depth, tenderness and power, which promises great moments in Leatrice Joy's screen portrayals.

Hereafter
By Barbara Hollis

When finally I in death shall lie,
My hope will be to dream of thee—
To find in deep untroubled sleep
Fond memories awaiting me.

For naught I crave beyond the grave—

Nor greater bliss in Heaven than this:
To dream of thee—thy smile to see—
To keep the memory of thy kiss.

Screen Rhymes
By Vera Macbeth Jones

There was a little girl,
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead;
And it must have been the curl
That helped to star the girl—
For really her acting was horrid.

There was a movie star
Who lived in a hotel;
Her press agent told me—
So it must be true.
CLASSIC

Miss Mason Manages
(Continued from page 23)

it stands for. I always forget that, because I don't like the name Joseph, do you?"

And when I mentioned the fact to her, Shirley remarked that she had completely forgotten that Joseph is a perfectly revered saint, whom all adorers must respect. The name has a sort of history, don't you know.

"Yes, and so this Luke," she countered. "That's the sign that we must retain a name we don't like, isn't it?"

And speaking of names reminds me. Shirley's real name is Leonie Fligrath, and, although she'd like very much to have kept the Leonie, she frankly says that the letters comprising Fligrath would never look well in electricity!

She's one of three sisters, one of whom is Viola, who started the other, Edna, at present a quite popular English connoisseur in London. Everybody in Hollywood fully believes that Viola sets the style for sister Shirley. She does, in some respects, because, as Miss Mason remarks, "she knows so much more about things than I do."

But there's a particular advantage about being young. One can sit on the town and play with one's cat or one's dog without setting the town tongues to wagging. And one can dress in pinny and Peter Pans without creating the impression that she's a female nut. And one can sing if she wants to sing. In fact, one doesn't have to be taken seriously at all times.

"When I was young," Shirley goes on to say, "I used to buy the oldest-looking hats and gowns, and wear all of Viola's clothes, because I wanted to look more grown up. Now I'm all over that. Every girl passes thru that stage when she wants to look more sophisticated than her mother."

She and Viola look so much alike that it's difficult to tell them apart. The fatal beauty was nearly disastrous two years ago, when she was married to Bernay, because, at the crucial moment, the minister nearly wed Viola to Shirley's husband-to-be.

"And when I first came to Hollywood, I was just after Viola's husband, John Collins, had died of influenza. Viola wasn't seen in public much, and when I entered out I got all the sympathy, because people mistook me for my sister."

But I've always been a tomboy, while Viola hasn't. When I was young I always played with the boys. Girls were so catty. And I have an idea that I must have worn kid gloves, although it didn't matter whether or not they had fingers. Just so they were gloves. Oh, when I was young, we had the best time! Steal strawberries! Once I nearly got arrested."

This when-I-was-young talk amused me greatly. Shirley, sitting opposite me, her little black velvet dress, with lace collar and elbow-length sleeves, portrayed the quintessence of youth. Impulsively I inquired her age. Nineteen.
They work naturally and form no habit

They work naturally and form no habit

They work naturally and form no habit

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Shirley's start in pictures was a case of hard work and long waiting until she should get a "call" from the Edison studio, which was near the Flugrath home in the Bronx, New York. She was understudying sister Viola in "The Poor Little Rich Girl" and had a great deal of time to herself. Her mother thought of the flickers and registered her at the studio, where Harry Beaumont and Mary Fuller and Marc MacDermott were starring. Finally, both she and Viola were given "kid" parts, meanwhile continuing their legitimate work, when Shirley (Continued on page 76)
The Final Touch

Have a complexion that stands the most critical gaze—a skin radiantly beautiful in sunlight or under the glare of bright, artificial light. Win the admiration that only a complexion which bespeaks the bloom of youth can gain, by using

CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER

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Trial Offer The new shade Carmen Brunette has proved so popular we know you would like to try it. So send 12 cents to cover postage and packing and we will send you a púrse size box with two or three weeks’ supply. Or you’ll send any other shade preferred.

Stafford-Miller Co. St. Louis, Missouri

Miss Mason Manages
(Continued from page 74)

ley played Peter in the Frohman production of “Passersby.”

At length he went with the Kleine-Selig-Edison-Essanay combination as a star in “The Tell Tale Step,” “Lady of the Photograph,” “The Apple-tree Girl,” etc., and finally with McClure’s serial, “The Seven Deadly Sins” in which she starred in the “Passion” episode. She was next won to the Famous Players fold, as their youngest ingenue. Under that contract she made perhaps six plays, among them “The Winning Girl” and “The Final Close-up.” On the expiration of the contract, Miss Mason rested in Hollywood for several months and at length signed with Maurice Tourneur for the ingénue part in “Treasure Island.”

Now, however, she has the distinction of being William Fox’s newest star, who is to gleam in a series of stories that deal with the innermost life, thoughts and actions of a sub-debutante.

“What is your philosophy?” I asked, concluding.

“Simply to be happy,” she rejoined. “Be happy, make everybody else happy and stay young. One is dead an awfully long time, isn’t he, and I believe in getting the fullest enjoyment out of life, which, for me, is bounded on the north by mother, on the south by Viola, on the east by Berney and on the west by my cat and dog. And since both of the latter are languishing in boarding-school, it looks as if I’m minus a place for the setting sun of my hopes, which I’m cut out to entertain till I’m 82 years old and can’t eat nothin’ but bananas!”

And Shirley, who isn’t old enough to vote, mimicked an old lady of the toothless stage and told me she wasn’t going to live long—only eighty-two!

THE STUFF THAT PLOTS ARE MADE OF

DIRECTOR (during the disagreement)—Who are you, anyway?

SCENARIO WRITER—Me? Why, I’m the guy that discovered the coin in coincidence!

SHE WASN’T FRIVOLOUS

“The ‘leading lady’ of this company didn’t want to work today because it is hot, whereupon the director got angry and told her not to be so frivolous.”

“What did she do then? Go to work?”

“Yes, she went to work and dismissed him.”

HER EASTER SIN

By Walter Pulitizer

The wife before her husband stood,
As if for his inspection,
All newly gownned, and on her head
An Easterish confection.

She cried, “I was such a bargain, dear—
The price you’d never guess;
It cost but eighty dollars, and
It can’t be bought for less.”

“What, eighty for that thing,” he cried,
And simply boiled within;
“extravagance like that is—well—
It’s shameful—it’s a sin!”

The lady, ready with retort
And nothing daunted, said,
“Oh, well, at least the sin will be
Upon my own fair head!”

(Seventy-six)
Why Teeth Glisten
Millions of Them Now

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You see glistening teeth in every circle now. For millions of teeth are being cleaned in a new way. They are not only whiter, but cleaner and safer. And leading dentists everywhere are adopting this method's adoption.

A ten-day test, which costs you nothing, will show what it means to you.

To end the film
The purpose is to end the film—the cause of most tooth troubles.

Film is that viscous coat which you feel with your tongue. It is ever-present, ever-forming. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

It is that film-coat which discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve film. So brushing has left much of it intact. Millions of well-brushed teeth, on this account, dis-

color and decay. Few people escape tooth troubles, and it is largely because of that film.

Now a combatant
Dental science, knowing these facts, has long sought a film combatant. It has now been found. Convincing clinical and laboratory tests have proved it beyond question.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this tooth paste in all ways meets modern requirements. Millions of people have already tried it, and the results you see on every hand show what it means to teeth.

The vital facts
Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

But pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. So this method long seemed barred. Now science has found a harmless activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

Pepsodent accomplishes two other great results. But its all-important quality is this action on the film.

Mark the results in ten days
One cannot question the Pepsodent effects. They are too conspicuous.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Compare the results with results you get now. Then read the reasons for them. After such a test, neither you nor yours will be content with old methods of teeth cleaning. Cut out the coupon now.

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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to


dentists everywhere. In three great ways it meets modern requirements. Druggists supply the large tubes.
Like Nut Bubbles
Yet It's Whole Wheat Puffed

There lies the fascination of Puffed Wheat. The grains are light and airy—puffed to eight times normal size. They almost melt away.

An hour of fearful heat has given them a taste like toasted nuts. Yet they are whole wheat. Every food cell is exploded so digestion is easy and complete.

They supply whole-wheat nutrition as no other food can do. In lesser ways of cooking, the outer wheat coats pass largely undigested.

Dozens of Delights

The three Puffed Grains with their different flavors offer dozens of delights.

They are not for breakfast only. Every home finds countless uses for these nut-like, flimsy grains.

Remember These Three

Puffed Wheat in milk is the utmost in a food. With every food cell broken it is easy to digest.

For luncheons, suppers and at bedtime there is nothing to compare with this dish.

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs mixed with fruit adds a delicious blend. It adds what a light and dainty crust adds to shortcake or to pie.

Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs, crisped and lightly buttered, become a food confection.

Have a dish ready when the children come from school. They will eat them like peanuts or popcorn. And they take the place of foods less healthful, less easy to digest.

Millions of children are now enjoying Puffed Grains, but not half of them get enough.

Every home should keep all three Puffed Grains on hand.

Puffed Wheat  Puffed Rice  Corn Puffs
Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

To Make Royal Pancakes

Our food experts have worked for years to make an ideal pancake mixture. Now it is ready—with Puffed Rice Flour mixed in it. The ground Puffed Rice makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like taste. You can make the finest pancakes ever tasted with Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. Add just milk or water, for the flour is self-raising. Order a package now.

Milady of the Fan
(Continued from page 25)

posters and cleverly carved toys—all from far-off Japan.

"Isn't it sweet of them to like me so well?" Francelia said, gratefully. "But the way they express their admiration—you must read some of their letters!"

One Oriental epistle was on a long strip of thin rice paper, in verse form, and with delicately painted flowers outlining the edge. Another was inscribed on silk, and commenced, "Miss Billington, dear sir—Japanese fans. It seems, do not believe in expressing their admiration merely in words. Almost all of them sent material tokens of their esteem, ranging from expensive kimono's to postal coupons which could be exchanged for stamps. Many of them sent their pictures, and two girl admirers of flapper age sent photographs in their "swimming suits," tho' how they would be able to navigate in the water was a problem which Francelia and I gave up.

We recommend it to the attention of the Sennett bathing beauties.

It must not be supposed that Miss Billington's popularity is limited to Japan. Her work with Kalem, American and Universal is widely and favorably known, and her emotional role in "Blind Husband" gave her even greater opportunities to display her talents. This role, indeed, again brought her strongly into the screen limelight and attracted unusual interest.

"Oh, just one more letter before you go!" Francelia urged, with the unexpected little quirk of the mouth that comes when she smiles. "It's the prize of my 'fan' collection, and if you can tell me what it's about, I'll give you one of these posters.

I got the poster, but I didn't win it. Francelia was generous enough to me to have it anyway. Do you think you could have won it? This is what the letter said:

"Dear, F. Billington—Double to say that I can't well be versed in composing an English. But these sort letters is taken your interesting, I think. I am writing for you that I am very glad. Then I have taken your beautiful photograph by your kindness. I am very fond the autograph of the famous actress. But, generally person are giving me by print. You are very kindness man.

"I am thankful your truth heart; and I am longing to preserves your envelope with the photo."

"Now Miss. Much to my regret then your photo was not so clear. I am very regret what a beautiful itself."

"If you have a good kind. Please heard me to my request and send me another delightful one. I think you shall be to send it for me. Excuse me Miss. I am so unreasonable to propose. But I am fond your truth. Then I have to make application to you."

"Now I am out for you some of the nishikie (picture print). These picture is famous in our country. And my writing picture with it.

"And some of the bamboo's pen for you. And a little lovely doll with it. Use to play."

"Don't wait to write me of your health and present condition. Good grant that every succeeding year may bring you continued prosperity."

"Believe me. "Hidoshii. Shigawa."

"MOTION PICTURE"
The Dancin' Fool
(Continued from page 57)
and sister, and Uncle Enoch Jones, con-
temptuous of what had gone before, vociferously disgusted at that "dancin' fool," as he anathematized his nephew.

Harkins did not gainsay the anathema. He had been trying, while Ves was on the road, to beguile Enoch Jones into selling the business. Enoch had not been wholly unwilling. He had felt, since the innovation of his nephew and his methods, like an atom taken in hand by a cyclone, and he wasn't at all certain as to where he might be cyclonically deposited. The thing was going down-hill, he had to admit that, and Sylvester, blame him! was running up expenses something fearful, and so far, he hadn't seen any of the efficient results so glibly predicted. All he had seen were a lot of new-fangled contrap-
tions and their bills to do work heretofore done by honest hands, and a "dancin' fool" smirkin' and grinnin' down at a bunch of fool people with some slip of a thing hangin' to his arm... efficiency... bah!... He didn't very much care for the talkative Harkines, but they offered him a fair price for the business he had built up, painfully, by hand, only to have it ridic-
culed, bandied about, jested and torn asunder by the "dancin' fool" (his sister had given birth to... and he was tired... his head hummed with the worry and the change... he was old and these other people... other methods were new... cruelly new... Better to take the price they were kind enough to give him and go back to where this young upstart had but recently come from. Then, drat him, if he wanted to make jugs, let him go there... for the enterprising Harkins.

He was thinking these things when Ves came up to him, grinnin', and begged him to go back to the office; he wanted to have a talk with him. He told him to take the Harkines along, too, if he cared to. He would get Junie and follow up. Uncle Enoch said, with in-
test, that he did care to take the Hark-
ines along, and, when Ves arrived, half an hour after the others, he found Uncle Enoch almost in the act of transferring the Jones Jug Factory to the Harkins interests.

He called Uncle Enoch Jones a few hard but understandable names and pro-
duced from every pocket his wearing apparel boasted contracts secured by him on his trip big enough and solid enough and soaring enough to make the Jones Jugs famous. The dust of antiquity was not too thick in the eyes of Enoch Jones to miss figures. He considered them, while back of the enigmatic specs a glint and a glimmer began to grow. Finally, "Facts," he said, "is facts, and figgers is figgers. Mr. Harkins, I have recons-isidered."

After the all but unmarked retreat of the Harkines and the reluctantly, the

(Continued on page 83)

("And then, through a beautiful actress, I discovered home Electric Massage!

"THIS stage beauty, a radi-
ant, youthful woman who has been famous for years, con-
fided to me that electric mas-
sage is the one daily luxury that she insists on having. As a matter of fact she told me that this is not a luxury but an abso-
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come body blemishes. Don't the experiences of these other women prove to you that you, too, can re-create your skin, your hair, your youthful con-
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Such beautiful women as Grace Davison, Corinne Griff-
ith, Evelyn Gosnell, photoplay stars shown below, and scores of others, use and endorse the Star Electric Massage Vi-
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The Star Electric Massage Vibrator
For use in your own home

(Coast Davison
Corinne Griff
Helen Gosnell
(Seventy-nine)
The Best Thing in Life
By ELIZABETH PELTRET

It was just before luncheon, when we were sitting in the garden, that Kipling's "Jungle Book" got mixed up with Jack Gilbert's first interview.

This was strange, because we hadn't been talking about books at all.

On the contrary, we had been talking about moving pictures and Maurice Tourneur and ham sandwiches and milk and Maurice Tourneur. With Jack Gilbert, just at present, all conversational roads lead to Maurice Tourneur. He may begin by mentioning his own efforts towards putting on flesh, but he will invariably end by telling you that Maurice Tourneur is a god.

We tried to get into the studio cafetera, but it was crowded to the doors.

"Let's walk around for a while," suggested Gilbert.

The sun had broken thru the fog only about an hour before and the Goldwyn studio garden was at its best. Shrubs and ferns and, further away, eucalyptus trees, made spots of comparative darkness to relieve the glare on the white buildings and the glass-encased stages.

"Pretty," remarked my companion, appreciatively. We seated ourselves where the sun was warmest.

"You write stories, don't you?" I asked.

"Yes; I was in the scenario department of the Gibraltar Company, but it blew up just about the time I got well started. Then I made a resolution to write a story a day for the purpose of improving my mind. After about five days, I decided to quit that and take up foreign languages."

"What foreign languages did you learn?"

He laughed and traced a circle in the garden path with his cane.

"Actors," he said, "are like monkeys. Did you ever read Kipling's 'Jungle Book'? Yes? Then you know how monkeys are. They play with one thing for a while until they get tired of it, then they let it go and jump to something else. And imitative; the only way an actor can improve his work is by watching some other actor. When a John Barrymore picture comes to town, I go to see it five or six times. But just as a monkey, no matter what he may pick up and drop, sticks to his trees, so an actor sticks to his work. He can't help it; it's second (Continued on page 84)
Beverly Travers
in "The Fear Woman"

Beverly, the charming girl in white, is doing wonderful work. She has a natural dramatic ability coupled with beauty and personality, and we look for her to go far in the film world.

Goldwyn Picture

Los Angeles, Calif.
May 1, 1919.

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I enclose 6 two cent stamps in return for which send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram’s Milkweed Cream, Rouge, Face Powder, Zodonta Tooth Powder and Ingram’s Perfume in Guest Room sizes.
Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(Continued from page 66)

represented the Studio Girls' Club and drove over in her little brown Scripps-Booth.

They are keeping Helen Eddy, of the Club, very busy at the Hollywood Community Theater, besides her work with Mr. Beban. Helen is so versatile and has such a fine voice that delivery of her lines is always listened to with great pleasure.

The Southern Pacific station was crowded one afternoon as I dropped in to bid farewell to a friend departing on the Ootl. The Christy company producing "Bringing Up Father" was occupying a hollow square at two of the exit gates and an audience five deep stood along the outer edges of the square. Funny Johnny Ray was tagged out in a top-hat garnished with a bright-blue ribbon and three ditto buttons, and as the echoes are very noticeable at the terminal station, everything he said was carried for hundreds of feet. A train dispatcher had nothing on Mr. Ray! The tourists are entranced whenever they happen to witness a free show like this. It's funny to hear their comments.

The Herald-CrISP is reporting "Held by the Enemy," and there are more people in Northern and Southern uniform and crépe hair mustaches ambling up and down Vine Street at luncheon time than you could imagine. It reminds me of that old panorama of Gettysburg. It is drear to see the "dead" men arise when the noon whistle blows. They've an attendent out there who smells thick mud over the counterances, hands and clothing of the hundreds of extras employed at five dollars per diem. 'Tis very realistic. The women in hoop-skirts have a difficult time getting luncheon at the small nearby café, but the leading players manage to stuff themselves into cars and drive over to the Boulevard, where there are some good light lunch places and French cafés.

Gloria Swanson always drives over, because she's particularly fond of toasted bread with chicken en mayonnaise as a filling, and the waiter knows to the fraction of an inch how she likes the bread cut. Ethel Clayton has a lot of extras, too, and the Lasky lot is a busy place this spring, every company working overtime.

I noticed Wally Reid in a gorgeous blue silk lounging robe summing himself at noon in front of the enclosed stage and enjoying the society of fat Walter Hiers, who is called "The Soft-Drink Kid." Mr. Hiers is always telling jokes, singing, or otherwise amusing not only stars but extras. He was wearing gaiters with inset rubber, and is playing in "Held by the Enemy." He's under a five-year Lasky contract now, and looks as if he were quite lot-broken and at home on Vine Street. There's one thing about genial Walter, he is big enough to find himself, and his merry chirs give away his whereabouts, anyway.

Monte Blue is wearing tortoise-shell goggles offstage. That pair of spectacles gives Monte a sort of sentimental, poetic air. One expects to hear him burst forth into limericks—he's quite a hand at jingles, be it known. Raymond Hatton, beloved on the Lasky lot, has become a Goldwyn feature player. Nobody begrudges Ray his good fortune, for he's worked steadily for advancement, even playing bit parts in some of the larger productions for Mr. de Mille, just to give proper characterization to what would have been a minor part in less capable hands.

Herbert Heyes has taken this town by storm in "Civilian Clothes," which has run steadily for nine months at the Morosco Theater, Los Angeles. Not long ago, Clyde Fillmore told me, when stepping out of the aforesaid clothes into a Lasky contract, that he thought Heyes would be the best Sam McGinnis of them all. The local papers are raving over Mr. Heyes' conception of the part, altho they fairly admit that both ThurstoN Hall and Clyde Fillmore seemed incapable of improvement, so well did they play their parts.

Priscilla Dean has really wed Wheeler Oakman, a former stock company man here. They were married in February, at a "wedding within a wedding" on the Universal lot. She's as saucy a bride as you'd wish to see—always up to pranks.

Lincoln's Birthday was famous for the Wally Reid ball at the Hotel Alexandrida, heralded in advance by sky-bombs dropped by Lieut. Shirley J. Short. Viola Dana was patroness, escorted by Lieut. Locklear, whose plane was donated for the cloud-massaging acts. I asked Vi if she were engaged to the leftenant, and she answered, most emphatically, "If you value your life, repeat not that question!" They do say on the lot that Viola sees red when quizzed on that subject.

What ever one goes, Edith Roberts is talked about, her movie colony predicts wonderful things for Miss Roberts. They say she's as clever as she is beautiful. She has had a fine cast for "The Daring Duchess," including Henry Woodward, Leota Lorraine, Stanhope Wheatcroft, formerly of the Morosco Theater, Harold Miller, Kathleen Kirkham and Ogden Crane. The next picture, "A Blissful Life," will be a sequel of Clara Louise Burcham's famous novel, "Jewel," for nowadays stories dealing with metaphysical healing are very good money-makers. Tommy Meighan told me that you can buy a ouija board in New York on short notice, that the wave of psychic phenomena has struck not only that skeptical money-making burg, but every little hamlet throughout the country. Nearly everybody in the studio is interested, and lots of the girls have crystals, ideographs, Julb boards—or something like that.

Eugenie Forde, who supports Mrs. Hayakawa in "A Tokio Siren," was

(Continued on page 87)

(Eighty-two)
That Irishman From Paris  
(Continued from page 47)

Fitzmaurice has just attained the distinction of producing for Paramount-Arteam, in his own name. "George Fitzmaurice Productions," they are called, for the director has followed the footsteps of other notable makers of play-plays. This shows that reward comes surely in the world of the cinema.

The Pulse of the Photoplay Public  
(Continued from page 64)

Mr. Lasky picked up an exhibitor's report. "The pulse of the public beats in this," he smiled, and then he concluded: "It would be folly to say that we lead our audiences, just as it would be equally ludicrous to say that they lead us. We are finding our way together."

The Dancin' Fool  
(Continued from page 79)

humorously, the unwittingly tender and conciliatory good-night of Uncle Enoch, Junie Budd and Sylvester were alone. "Will you marry a 'dancin' fool,' Junie?" the young lover asked, "and—

and the present partner and future owner of the Jones Jugs, Incorporated . . . will you?"

"I'll marry you," whispered Junie, "just you . . . like you were . . . that first night . . . when you came and found me . . . and I didn't know . . . and didn't care . . . who you were, so long . . ."

"So long . . .?"

"So long as you . . . as you held me close . . . and . . . and loved me . . . 'dancin' fool' . . ."

"SHOOT TODAY!"

By WALTER E. Mair

Peep o' day in January;
Winds that were so long contrary
Drift to sleep, and all their fretting
Hardly seems worth while forgetting.
(Some one breathes into my ear
That a picture-day is here.)

Drowsy dawn in January,
And the tender stars unsway
Taunt their rising lord and master,
While he threatens their disaster;
(Ah, what is it seems so good?
Nature's in a melting mood?)

Wondrous morn in January!
'Twas but yesterday that Mary
Went of mother, courts and lawing;
But . . . today, the ice is thawing.
(Is it Mary turns to say
"Shooting-light is great today?")

Happy morn in January!

NOT A GENUINE HERO

She saw him coming; the welcoming light in her eyes and the tender smile on her lips made her more beautiful than the roses, pansies and morning-glories that grew all around her. He saw her watching for him, and waved as he hastened thru the pasture.

Then—then it happened. The bright glow died out of her azure orbs; she gave a quick little gasp and keeled over into a convenient bed of skunk cabbages.

Instead of lightly vaulting over the fence, he had opened the gate and walked in, just as you or I would do.
The Best Thing in Life
(Continued from page 80)

nature to him or he wouldn't be an actor.

All of this was said lightly, and then he added, with boyish seriousness, that his work is his life; that he'd rather die than do anything else; that he would a thousand times rather die than not succeed in it!

He is very serious, is Jack Gilbert, and very young; in some ways younger even than his twenty-three years. He played you will remember, the part of a fourteen-year-old boy in Mary Pickford's "Heart of the Hills." But since then he has added five pounds of breadth to his five eleven of height, with the promise of more from the physical instructor of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, where he lives. Also, he played you want (his first role of that sort), in "Should a Woman Tell?" with Alice Lake, and the strongly sympathetic part of the puritanical garden boy in the George Loane Tucker picture, "Ladies Must Live."

On the day I saw him he'd just signed a two-year contract with Tourneur and he was, said, in the seventh heaven, happier than he ever been in his life before. A direction contract once bought his freedom...it meant everything, he said, absolutely everything, to be with the right one, and Tourneur could bring out the best there was in you! He would praise you to the sky when you did anything well and perhaps break a chair over your head when you did anything badly...Gilbert laughed.

"He wont let his people overact, tho," he went on, "and he doesn't kill your enthusiasm. He let you do your best every minute, because you know that the work you are doing with him will live, that it means something. Did you see 'Victory'? Didn't he just take you to the South Sea Islands?"

Gilbert's eyes are dark-brown and have in them much of the romantic mysticism of the Celt. His feeling of hero-worship for Maurice Tourneur is real, quite the realtest thing imaginable, and one knows that Mr. Tourneur must be conscious of it and proud of it, too.

We left the garden and went to the cafeteria, where, neither of us being particularly hungry, Jack Gilbert had a piece of apple pie and I had a ham sandwich, and we both drank milk for the sake of the extra pounds it might add. "You must drink it very slowly," he advised.

He was born in Ogden, Utah. "Almost a Mormon," he remarked. His mother, Ida Adair, was a well-known stock actress. His father, Walter Gilbert, also an actor, is at present stage director of the Baker stock company at Portland, Oregon.

Jack, or, to give him his full name, John C. Gilbert, made his first profes-sional appearance at the ripe old age of six months, when, in company with Eddie Foy's oldest son, he crawled on the stage at the end of an act. It was at about this time that he began to dread the loneliness of Thanksgiving and Christmas. This is a feeling that belongs to all actors, an unfailing mark of the professional who is usually away from home, if he has one, and who has to give an extra performance into the bargain. However, the most vivid recollection of his childhood is of an incident that happened when he was about eight years old.

He and his father were "barnstorming" with a company playing some wild and woolly melodrama the name of which he has, of course, forgotten. In a little town in Arkansas they cleared a little something from the receipts and the manager, seeing his chance, left the company very suddenly, taking with him the little something. To make a bad matter worse, a cyclone came along in the middle of the night and blew away most of the town.

"We were stranded. My father and I had to go work washing dishes in a little railroad lunch-room to get money enough to get out!"

Those were early...very early...struggles. His screen career began with "Triangel Face," "Golden Rule Kate" and "The Mother Instinct."

He made "More Trouble" for Vitagraph, (no pun intended), and "Wedlock" for Paralta. His first picture for Maurice Tourneur was "The White Heather." When I saw him, they were just "shooting" "The Glory of Love." I almost forgot to say that a number of the scenarios he wrote were produced, one of them by Henry B. Walthall.

After lunch, we walked over to the stage and sat on the edge of the set, showing a wax-works exhibition in Paris, waiting for Jack Gilbert to be called.

"It is not a good thing," Gilbert remarked, "for an actor to marry outside the profession."

"Is it a good thing," I asked, "for an actor to marry at all?"

"Oh, yes! No man ever won great success unless he had a woman to help him. That is true not only of actors, but of all the big people of history!"

So, you see that Jack Gilbert is still looking forward to the best thing in life, a romance that will do its share towards making him famous.

OPPORTUNITY
By Charlotte Becker
Field led two wanderers to a shining place
Where ghosts of earth were waiting silently
And thus he spoke: "Choose each from this
dream-land.
A guiding-spirit for the years to be."

And one bent eagerly, and chose as his
A radiant being, fair and strong and wise;
Then, watching idly, answered this:
"Choose for me, Master, blinded are my eyes."

And Fate led to him who stood aside
With folded wings, and weary, joyless breath.
Then to the first, he said, "Life is thy guide."
And to the second murmured, "Thine is Death!"


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Mrs. Alta R. Wells, of the Apollo Concert Co.: "The Apollo Concert Co., of which I am a member, have now for nearly 3 years been using nothing but True-Tone instruments, and you may depend upon it that were your instruments not superior to others we would not have used them. Nothing but perfectly accurate instruments would fulfill our requirements."


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A Bigger Fame and Fortune Contest
(Continued from page 52)

contest: two years of the widest publicity in The Motion Picture Classic, The Motion Picture Magazine and Shadowland. This publicity includes special interviews in each of the magazines, cover portraits in colors, special pictures, articles by well-known writers, etc.

The Motion Picture Magazine, Shadowland and the Classic will secure an initial position with one of the prominent producing firms. The judges alone of this contest constitute a hall of fame. Each and every one of them stands pre-eminent in his or her particular line of endeavor. The list of these luminaries of the dramatic and photographic world will be published in a later issue. Watch for it.

This contest is open to every man, woman and child. There is no age limit or, indeed, limit of any kind. There are no residential boundaries, either. If you live between the North and South Poles and New York and Yokohama, in either direction, you are eligible to enter this contest.

Of special interest to those who enter this contest is the announcement that a five-reel drama is now being produced. The honor roll winners will appear in this, as well as the winner or winners of The Fame and Fortune Contest. If this chance to make a mark in the film world interests you, fill out the coupon you will find on the bottom of another page of this issue and send it to us, together with the best photograph you have or can have made, and let the famous judges decide whether you have something in you that the picture lovers all over the world are looking for.

The attractive women who have so far sent us their names and pictures for this contest still outnumber by far the men who have entered. It should be remembered that this contest is open to both men and women—so women as well as men again urge our masculine readers who have film stardom aspirations to send us their names and pictures.

We are sure that there are many men among our readers who have these aspirations and have only waited their chance to appear before the lens. Here is your opportunity. Send your photographs to us and they will receive the same consideration from the judges as do those of the fairer sex.

Those entrants who finally make the honor roll are to be congratulated, since the test is very severe. The judges give a careful and painstaking as well as fair and impartial consideration of the claims and photographs of the entrants and those who are picked are therefore the most nearly perfect entrants for each period.

A word or two about "A Dream of Fair Women," the two-reel feature which brought before the searchlight of the motion picture world the twenty-five (Continued on page 95)

(Eighty-eights)
SOMERELSE in America this year, scores of new science-fiction and mystery writers will be developed. (For the motion picture industry must have a continuous supply of good, new story-ideas if it is to survive.)

Most of these new playwrights will be men and women who never wrote a line for publication. They will be people who felt and good ideas for stories, who are willing, during spare hours, to learn how picture directors want their stories told. Producers will pay them $100 and $500 each for clever comedies, and $250 to $2,000 each for five-reel dramatic scripts. They will pay more prices because they must have stories 95% of book material is unsuited to their need, and as yet not enough people are writing for the screen to supply the demand.

There is plenty of proof that producers really do pay the prices stated above. For they are buying these playwrights paying handsomely to be people who have taught to write for the screen people who never saw a motion picture story written by a professional writer.

Gossip of the Pacific Coast (Continued from page 82)

married again in February. She has sold her house on Bronson Avenue, right near Victoria Mix's home, and bought a larger and more beautiful mansion not very far from the old place, for I don't know what Vicky would do without her mother. Those two enjoy shopping together as few mothers and daughters do. Both have exquisite taste and the means to gratify their longing for pretties.

Lee Moran and Eddie Lyons are a pair of cut-ups offstage. When Mr. Moran was laid up with flu, Mr. Lyons continued making scenes in which his partner did not appear according to the script. Upon Lee's return, Eddie said, joyfully, "Glad to have you back, Lee; heard you were dead!" Lee grinned, winked one eye and said, "Heard the same rumor, Eddie, but knew it was a lie, minute I heard it."

Mary Miles Minter will stand as godmother to Juliet Shelby Whitney, her namesake, on Easter Day, at the famous Mission Inn, Riverside, California. Charlotte Whitney, baby's mother, lives with the Shelbys, since Mary's secretary must be constantly on hand to direct her publicity, answer fan letters and post photographs. Margaret Shelby has an excellent part in Mary's new picture. On April 1st, Mary's eighteenth birthday was celebrated, and she comes of age in California, aloha according to the terms of her late father, who was born in New York, she is not of age, "pictorially speaking," until 1923, when she will be twenty-one.

Miss Minter takes herself very seriously. She is quite a reader and has a talent for writing, and I'm expecting to see her name on a scenario or novel before her thirty and when she has tired of acting.

Winifred Westover, at last report, was dictating about the unavailability of salary in the Swedish motion picture concern which starts her for a year abroad. It seems that Winifred wanted the salary paid in American coin, while the promoters wanted to pay her the contract salary in Swedish currency, which would have meant a considerable loss when exchanged. Cablegrams have been sent by all concerned and, as a long-distance disagreement of this sort is rather expensive, we all await the outcome with considerable interest.

The winner of the Fame and Fortune Contest in our magazines is hard at work on the Universal lot. Virginia Brown Paire has adopted the "U" manequier, even including a vicious horse which she's learning to "stick by."

THE BURDEN
By Brtty Earle
There was a vast pale sobbing once that leapt
And swelled to anguish as on a sea
When the mid-drenched rocks the white hands blindly swept.
And then at last a strength came quietly.
So stand I like a shadow, without trace
Of grieving left; only solitude;
And in the cool the night is all my face,
And over all the stars I bend and brood.
curtain, a bit of gold pasteboard for a crown, she danced, sang and gestured—and created for herself a land of make-believe, a world that none of her family or ancestors, so far as any one knew, had ever dreamed of.

By the time Ellen was fifteen she knew quite definitely that she was going to be an actress. She was not abnormal, unusual in any way. In reality and habit she was like the girl friends with whom she walked arm-in-arm under the old elms of the quaint little city. But deep under every inherited habit there was something that would not be suppressed.

One evening at supper she announced herself: “Mother, grandmother, I have decided that I will not always sing in church; I am going to be an actress!” Had she announced her intention of being a plumber, a butcher, an anarchist, her family could have been no more astonished, more hopelessly bewildered.

Helplessly they searched the family tree to see if they could spy out the branch that had handed down this perverse inclination. For their Ellen to sing in church for a consideration had been bad (Continued on page 90)
THINK for a moment what a big part the tone of your voice plays in your life! How many times after hearing a person's voice have you remarked—"Oh, I don't trust him," or "How tiresome she is," or "What a nerve-racking experience it is to hear his voice." And so it is with you.

People are either attracted or repulsed by your voice. If you are a man—well, you've got a great deal to your future business and social success if people can't say that of you like that man's voice, so strong, deep, and mellow that it just rings sincerity. If you are a woman—it means much to you if people can say, "What a sweet, cultured voice she has—it's a real pleasure to listen to her." Every man or woman in business or social life, every singer or public speaker, every one whoutters, stammers, or lisps, can now, through a wonderful new method of voice culture, gain this splendid power—a perfect voice of success-compelling, friend-winning force.

Make Your Voice Perfect

A perfect voice can now be yours. Eugene Feuchtinger, A.M., the famous voice culturist, has proven that any voice can be made perfect. No matter if your voice is weak in speaking, harsh and grating, stammering, or lisping—Eugene Feuchtinger's amazing new system will make it perfect.

A few minutes each day in silent practice soon gives you the perfect singing voice or speaking voice that will open the door to numberless social or business opportunities. Within an amazingly short time you will notice the difference in your voice—it will be reaching that beautiful tone and richness of volume which you have so often admired in others.

Wonderful New Method

A poor voice is a tremendous handicap in business and social life. Wherever you go, the impression you make on others depends upon your voice. If your voice is weak, indistinct, shrill, harsh or hollow, you cannot be judged at your best—cannot realize your full measure of success and popularity. Whether you use your voice for singing or public speaking, or whether you use it only in the everyday course of your business and social life, you cannot afford the constant handicap of a voice of inferior quality and power. Yet not one person in a hundred knows how to use the voice properly! Nearly everyone has one or more serious faults in his or her voice. The trouble is that scarcely anyone knows how to control the vocal organs which produce the voice. Unless you know the fundamental principles of this control, no amount of practice or exercises of the ordinary kind will make your voice perfect.

But now the secret of a perfect voice can be yours. A wonderful new method enables anyone to quickly develop a voice of surpassing beauty. In an amazingly short time you can have a wider range of tones, more volume, more resonance. A rich, vibrant voice that everyone will admire is easily obtainable through the wonderful scientific method of Eugene Feuchtinger, the famous voice culturist. His remarkable, exclusive method has received the endorsement of European operatic singers, of eminent public speakers, of men and women in every walk of life. Here are just a few of the delighted expressions of opinions he has received:

Pittsburgh, Pa.
Mrs. Thomas E. Marshall: I want to write you a few lines to tell you of the wonderful benefits I have received from your method of voice production after only a few lessons.

I was quite discouraged until I began to study with you. Now I am delighted with my daily improvement, for your method is precisely what you claim—"valid." No fault can escape your pupils and all vocal defects are corrected by your ability. I am preparing to take up professional work again in a very short time and feel that the strength and brilliance which your voice has acquired, will help me to achieve the success for which we are all striving.

In conclusion I may say that I have studied under some of the most celebrated teachers and have used many methods that did not hold materiality, for unlike your method they were not based upon actual science.

SAMUEL HARDIN CHURCH, JR.

Chicago, Illinois
Mr. and Mrs. Feuchtinger: No doubt you are wondering whether I feel any gratitude for the marvelous results which you and your system have brought about in my voice.

As you know, I have had vocal training before, but the results were indifferent. My voice in four months under your system has blossomed out in a way that has been absolutely astonishing, and delighted me—but subjecting me to the criticism of all who have heard me since. My voice has developed a 'radiant' style of expression and every time I sing, comments express that commendation.

To say that I am satisfied, doesn't express my satisfaction at all. I am simply wild with delight. You certainly have the most correct method of voice development. Believe me ever, Your grateful pupil.

MATILDA A. SCHMITT.

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Ellen From Tennessee (Continued from page 88)

enough, but she had the gift of song, readily used, it might help others and it was not unbecoming a gentleman. But she never sang.

Quietly but persistently, Ellen sought to overcome parental objections. She studied, she sang in church, in concerts, she took part in school entertainments, she attended the theater whenever possible and she bided her time. Finally a theatrical manager and friend of the family advised her to come to New York and her mother, still unrecalled and secretly hoping that the New York managers would have none of them, came with her.

But alas for maternal hopes! The very first day in New York, thru a lawyer friend whom Mrs. Cassity had known for years, Florez Ziegfeld saw the beautiful young Southern girl, noted her grace, her charm, and signed her for "The Follies." During her career with "The Follies" her face was the model for more than a dozen Clarence B. Underwood covers and a well-known photographer won several prizes with art studies of Miss Cassity. Finally she left "The Follies" to sing in "Words and Music" with Raymond Hitchcock. Following this, she had the opportunity to understudy the leading role in "Pals First," later going on tour as leading woman.

And then, unfortunately, Miss Cassity was obliged to undergo a severe operation on her throat that resulted in the weakening of her voice. So she decided to accept one of the many flattering offers for screen work.

"I could still dance," she says, "and sing songs but I felt that it would be best to give my voice a rest and try pictures. I am so glad that I did and have no idea now of going back to the stage, but, of course, one never knows.

"While I found the stage interesting, I find the pictures even more so. The stage was, to me, a veritable land of make-believe. But the pictures are more than that. There are a series of wonderful adventures—even day is different from the one before. Not that it isn’t hard work, it is. One has to be on the alert every minute. One’s physical endurance is put to the test very often, and often there are real dangers to encounter—as, for instance, when we were making ‘Checkers’ and a piece of glass cut my eye, causing me to suffer tortures, even endangering my eyestalk. All the same, I had a wonderful time making ‘Checkers.’

"Just now I am co-starring with Herbert Ravlinson in ‘Passers-By,’ produced and directed by J. Stuart Blackton, and I want to say that it is a great opportunity to work with Mr. Blackton, who is a gentleman—i.e., one of the day and is consideration itself.

"My favorite parts and hobbies and ambitions? I like drama best, with plenty of action—also light comedy. Am
Why do women weep?
Why do men chuckle?

Why does the whole audience clutch their hands and strain their eyes?

REMEMBER how the fat man ha ha'd right out and got the audience giggling and the old lady laughed until the tears ran down her cheeks. What a wonderful picture that was!

And last week even the gruff old bachelor had red eyes when the lights went on. You felt as though you had lost your own sister when Melissy died.

All the way home you discussed the story.

Why do you enjoy this picture or that one so much? Have you ever stopped to think why?

First it was such a human story.

And the star was so sweet in the part. You always did like her. All the characters seemed just like the real people.

And the scenes—real rooms in real houses. The outdoor pictures were like a vacation for you—out in the open—daisy fields, sunshine, mountains, deserts.

Perhaps you didn’t notice the photography, you were so interested in the story, but you will remember how clear it was—how beautiful the lighting.

These are the things you will always find in a Goldwyn picture. Interesting stories—your favorite star—beautiful settings—perfect photography. Goldwyn combines them all. When you see a Goldwyn picture you forget your troubles—you forget the baby’s croup and the cook’s leaving.

You come home feeling as fine as though you’d had an outing.

Never miss a Goldwyn picture. They are the ones you know you will enjoy.

GOLDWYN PICTURES
"That picture," said Lloyd Hughes, "did a lot toward making me realize how much depends upon the way you look at things."

A good illustration of how much depends upon the way you look at things is the story of Lloyd Hughes' own boyhood. Nothing unusual about it; nothing at all. His life was the same as that of innumerable other youngsters. But he looked at the world thru rose-colored glasses and so, at twenty-one, he has found a rose-colored world.

"When I was a kid," he said, "I used to stay around theaters as much as I could. I always liked them. I was stage-struck even then!"

This was when he began delivering papers after school. He used to make plays for himself, imitating the people he met on his route, and later he did the same thing when he got his first job during a school vacation.

"I was a butcher boy," he said, "and that position gave me more material."

(Continued on page 94)
Do You Know How Rich You Are?

Do You Realize that Your Photoplay Ideas, if Brought to Life Upon the Screen, Might Make You Wealthy?

No matter what your profession, vocation or trade, be it lawyer, teacher, doctor, newspaper-man, engineer, editor, advertising writer, accountant, clerk, stenographer, salesman, or telephone girl, etc., you have ideas for Photoplays which, if put into proper form, as we can teach you to do, may be worth anywhere from $500 to $5000 each.

A PROFESSION OPEN TO ALL

Photoplay writing is a profession of the first rank, from the standpoint of enormous earnings, and yet it is open to "unknowns" and persons with previous writing experience, to a degree which no other profession is. It is not limited to "Geniuses" and so called "Born Writers"; no one has a monopoly of it. We are bringing forward a new army of photoplay writers, recruited from the ordinary walk of life, and they are producing screen plays of amazing quality. Producers, Artists and Directors are searching for the man or woman who can contribute a fresh note or new idea, and are ready to reward them handsomely.

ADRIAN JOHNSON FORMULATES SYSTEM

The profession of photoplay writing has been brought to your very desk. Adrian Johnson, the master scenarist of the entire profession, whose name you see, almost weekly, thrown upon the screen, has composed 500 of the most interesting, original, and artful scenes which he has produced. He tells us that the sums received from these screen adaptations have been far beyond his most sanguine expectations. A graduate in the school of "known" authors, he has learned the science of screen writing to a teachable, learnable system of simplicity and accuracy. The person of average intelligence can master and put it to practical application. His system covers the basic rules of photoplay writing which experienced writers invariably follow and which beginners must know to get their material in required form. It comprises 26 lessons, 2 model scenarios, 40 of his successful productions, to study, imitate, and adapt for your Scripts. A Dictionary of "Studio Language," the very words, terms, phases and expressions used among Artists, Directors and Producers, besides a wealth of necessary, inspirational and developmental material gleaned from the personal experiences of this famous writer, in his meteoric rise from an "unknown" to the highest pinnacle of success in this profession. With this material at hand, you know when your script is in need of professional detailing, and that they will reach the producers in condition to invite reading and not rejection.

That remarkable photoplay, "The Miracle of Love," starring the brilliant young star, Miss Lucy Cotton, "April Folly," with Miss Marion Davies, and "Cheaters," Mr. Johnson's latest three successes, are now being shown from coast to coast. Mr. Johnson has written 300 additional produced photoplays.

ADVISORY AND SALES BOARDS

Mr. Johnson heads the Advisory Board which reads, critiques and suggests the necessary improvements to make your script saleable. Our Sales Department exists on commissions earned by the sale of successful scripts. It is an expert organization with entire to all producers, artists and directors who buy plays, and it is eager to receive a saleable script as you are to write one. So unqualified is our confidence in our System, and the service we provide, that the complete system is sent you on approval, allowing you several days to decide whether it can teach you photoplay writing.

SEND NO MONEY

A "FASCINATING CAREER" it is the name of an interesting book that is absolutely free to you, for the asking. It tells what the famous artists and directors shown here think of our System. The Adrian Johnson Photoplay System, 3rd Floor, Am. Theatre Bldg., New York City.

A QUINTETTE OF FAMOUS DIRECTORS WHO ENDORSE THIS SYSTEM

EDMUND JOE "Mother of Men"

TOM YERDE "Porker Hunter"

R. WILLIAM NEIL "You and Two"

F. H. GRIFFITH "O. Henry Stories"

GEORGE D. BAKER "Cheese Buns"

NINE STARS

LENOY COTTON "Miracle of Love"

OATHNER CALVERT "Romance of Uncertainty"

LEON RAUPH "The Captain"

CARLTON BLOCHWELL "The Romantic"

SYLVIA ORR "Linda's Love"

EMILY WHEELER "Miss Johnson's Cruise"
Lloyd Hughes  

(Continued from page 92)

I saw him at his home on Coronado Street, Los Angeles. It is an attractive bungalow, painted green, with a wide lawn and plenty of flowers, as pretty and homelike a place as any one could find in a long day's journey. Here he lives with his mother, father and two brothers. One brother is eleven and the other seventeen years old. His father is a locomotive engineer, and Lloyd's earliest ambition, the only one he had before he thought of being an actor, was to follow in his father's footsteps. This was in Arizona, where he lived on a ranch near Bisbee, close to the Mexican border. Incidentally, he has lived almost all over Arizona. During school months, the monitory of life in Bisbee was broken by forbidden swims in the reservoir and regular pitched battles with little Mexicans—the sort of life out of which Ham Garland made literature.

When his family came to Los Angeles, Lloyd went to work for a wholesale hardware company as a salesman. Now there is plenty of romance in the wholesale hardware business—after you have left it. While he did it, however, there is plenty of work. The salesman contains everything from a needle to railroad iron. In addition to his regular work he went to a dramatic school and memorized a part in a play every week. He must have worked and studied all of the time. He saved a large portion of his wages from week to week and at last quit and started in doing extra work at the studios. This was about two years ago. A great deal of work came his way. There were even occasional bits and small parts, but these were few. He has certainly worked very hard to bring his ship to port. It only remains to see if he will work equally hard unloading its cargo. Unless one has an unusual character, success at such an early age is often fatal to continued success later on. Lloyd Hughes does not seem to face this danger. He is a sincere, earnest boy, tall, conscious of the aegits still above him. It is certain he will go far.

His first part was in a two-reel comedy-drama with King Vidor. This part led to an engagement with the American Film Company at Santa Barbara to play a juvenile lead with Margarita Fisher. From there, he came back to Los Angeles and worked at Universal City as the Third Brother with Dorothy Phillips in Allen Holubar's "The Heart of Humanity."

"After that," said Lloyd, "came 'The Turn of the Road.' The rest, I suppose, you know."

He started to work with Enid Bennett and when the picture was half finished he was given a two-year contract by Thomas Ince. He was recently loaned to Paramount for the making of one picture with Vivian Martin. Asked what advice he would give to the screen aspirant, (the screen aspirant always wants advice, you know), he said:

(Continued on page 106)
A Bigger Fame and Fortune Contest

(Continued from page 86)

American beauties who were on the honor roll of our 1919 contest. You can have this feature run in your local theater if you will communicate with Murray W. Garssou, Foundation Film Corp., 1600 Broadway, New York, who is presenting this film.

The second honor roll winners are:

Erin Davis, who lives at 17 W. 44th Street, New York City. She has yet to appear before the footlights or the camera. She was born in Russia. She is 5 feet 2 inches in height and weighs 110 pounds. She is of a fair complexion and has a head of dark-brown hair. Her eyes are of the ocean depths, for they are green-blue.

Ione M. White, 415 Frasch Street, San Antonio, Texas, is a Dixie girl with blue-great and golden hair, weighing 106 pounds and being just one-quarter of an inch short of five feet. She has had some amateur experience on the stage and screen.

Dolly Davis is a native Windy City girl, living at 1536 W. Chicago Avenue, Chicago, III. She is a gold-haired, blue-eyed maid and is 5 feet 2 inches in height and weighs 98 pounds. She has had no professional stage or screen experience as yet.

Irene Anna Snow is a native of Erie, Pa., living at 308 E. 12th Street. She has hazel eyes and medium brown hair, is 5 feet 3 inches in height and weighs 120 pounds. She has not yet graced the screen or the footlights.

Marie Protich Zorka, of the golden-brown hair and dark-brown eyes, is a native of Frisco. At present she is living at the Rivion Apartments, 777 Barratt Street, Vancouver, B. C., and she has made several public appearances as an eccentric and classical dancer. She has the clear olive complexion of Southern Europe and is 5 feet 6 inches tall and weighs 122 pounds.

Winnie Charlotte Rowley is a native of New York’s greatest borough and lives at 427 Dean Street, Brooklyn. She is blessed with a combination of light-brown hair and blue eyes. She is just two inches over five feet and weighs 115 pounds. Up to the present neither stage nor screen has had the pleasure of her appearance.

Here are a few things to remember in connection with this contest:

It has been decided that August 1st will be the closing date of the Fame and Fortune Contest.

Never give up trying to get on the honor roll. If you do not succeed at first, try again.

Please do not send hand-colored portraits.

A Résumé of the Fame and Fortune Contest, Past and Present

So many of our readers have written to us asking for information about the

(Continued on page 97)

Copyright, Lamplre.

Miss Helen Chadwick, versatile screen star, now acting under the name of Melvyn Moore of Cookstown Film Company, says:

"Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing sketch in old stories and plays with ease, as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, 'Well, I'm not a writer,' but I will tell you in as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write? Why don't you write?'

Listen! A wonderful free book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about a Starting New Easy Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "The Wonder Book for Writers," shows how to tell stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold, how many don’t dream they can write, suddenly find it out. How the Scenario Kings and the Story Queens live and work. How bright men and women, without any special experience, learn to tell their own amaze that their simplest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for plays and stories. How one man's imagination may provide an endless gold mine of ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers get their names into print. How to tell if you are a writer. How to develop your "story fancy," weave clever stories and unique, interesting realistic stories your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure.

This surprising book is absolutely free. No charge, No obligation. Your copy is waiting for you. Write for it now. Get it. It's yours. You can pour your whole soul into this magic new enthusiasm that has come into your life—story and play writing. The lure of the money, the luxury of all it will fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have no noble, absorbing, money-making new profession! And all in your spare time, without interfering with your regular job. Who says you can't make "easy money" with your brain? Who says you can't turn your thoughts into cash? Who says you can't turn your thoughts into cash? Who says you can't turn your thoughts into cash?

So why waste any more time wondering, wishing, waiting? Simply fill out the coupon below—you're not losing anything, you're getting it absolutely free. A book that may prove the Book of Your Destiny. A Magic Book through which men and women, young and old, may learn to tear their spare hours into cash!

Let your letter in the mail before you sleep tonight. Who knows—it may mean for you the Dawn of a New Tomorrow! Just address The Authors’ Press, Dept. 104, Auburn, N. Y.

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City and State:
Everybody has the ability to draw. True, some have it more than others—but that is because it has been developed. Just as you have been taught to read and write, you can be taught to draw. It is simply a question of the proper training. Stick at a routine job, wasting your life away, when there is a crying demand for trained illustrators—cartoonists— comic designers? Our wonderful NEW METHOD of teaching art by mail has qualified hundreds of our students for high-salaried positions. Under our instruction, your underdeveloped ability will flow forth in streams of saleable pictures, and you will have

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That is what many of our students are now getting for one drawing! Many, after completing this wonderful course, have even started in at $50 a week! Others even before the student has finished his course, he has made more than enough through the sale of his drawings to pay for his tuition. Why? Because he learned to draw under the personal supervision of one of the country's foremost commercial artists—Will A. Chandler! The Chandler method does away with all superficial technique and enabling any student to produce work of the very finest quality. Its aim is the development of a personal style. The program is planned in the same way as the regular art school. It brings the principles of successful drawing and illustration directly to fundamentals in a course of instruction that in no way duplicates the studies of the student, but under all the conditions of instruction right in your own home, and for just a few cents a day of your spare time is all that is required. Our valuable book How to Become an Artist contains full particulars about our course. Send for it today! It's FREE!

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Please send me, without cost or obligation on my part, a copy of your book "How to Become an Artist."

Name
Address

Tony's Advertiser—Hold on to what you have rather than reach for that you cannot get. Oh, yes, I have met Antonio Moreno. In fact, lunched with him in New York, and Alla Nazimova has signed up for two more years with Metro.

Chatterbox.—Remember, if you want to be answered in The Classic, be sure to write Classic at the top of your letter. Grace Darling has joined Goldwyn for three years. She is in Los Angeles.

A Good Fellow. Shake! I like a regular fellow. And a lot of my readers are regular. No, I couldn't call June Caprice a decided blonde. In fact, she hasn't decided yet. Claire Whitney played leading parts opposite House Peters in "You Never Know Your Luck," produced by Sunset Pictures.

Adelaide M.—If you mean in book form, get into touch with Brentano, Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Old New Hampshire.—Yes, Harold Lockwood has appeared on the speaking stage. Some say he has gone Magazines. Both leads of "Forever After," Conrad Nagel and Alice Brady, married inside of a month, but not to each other.

Method S.—haven't heard of Marguerite Courtoit doing cabaret work. May Allison is out in Los Angeles, and Elise Ferguson is back in Hollywood. Our sailing ship, the black scarf in memory of sailors who have died in previous wars. The wide, flaring trousers are a matter of adaptability to conditions. In sailing, they roll them up to the knees when scrubbing decks.

Verena B.—You've got the right idea there! Call again.

Which Mabel do you refer to? But, after all, life is at best full of dangers, and both of us ever get out of it all right. The answer is simple. Our skating days are ended. Our sailing ship, the black scarf in memory of sailors who have died in previous wars. The wide, flaring trousers are a matter of adaptability to conditions. In sailing, they roll them up to the knees when scrubbing decks.

Norma Talmadge Forever.—Sure thing Wanda Hawley played opposite Dono Fairbanks, also opposite Bill Hart. William Shaw had the lead in "Secret Service Sam." The magazine you mention is out of business now. "Safety Curtain" was not published in our magazine.

Buckskin Bill.—Hello, Bill! Well, I reckon the Amazon dungeons is the largest amount of water in any river in the world, and the St. Lawrence sure. Rose Tapley is doing special exhibit work for Paramount. Ruth Roland is in Los Angeles now. You refer to Ann Forrest.

S. T. H.—This is out of my line, but when my mahogany desk becomes stained from dampness, I wipe it with a polish made of one tablespoonful of turpentine and three tablespoonsful of linseed oil to a quart of boiling oil. Not inflammable. Tyrone Power is now in Canada. Lionel Atwell is to play opposite Florence Lawrence. I don't know if Theda Bara showed any special signs of talent before becoming an actress. Hardly think the real and true information is obtainable. She started with Fox.

Three Sisters.—Yes, it is true Betty Gray, of Biograph and Vitagraph fame, recently died. Frank Lanning is playing for Robertson.


Connie.—Oh, so you like the snappy answers I give? What snappy thing can I say to you about Seagram? No relation. You want an interview with Constance Binney. Write Nazimova, Metro Studio, Los Angeles, Calif. Surely you can be my friend, why not?

Sara H.—You say movies will never be the same to you until Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien play together and Connie Talmadge and Harrison Ford play together. This thing must be fixed up somehow, so the movies will be the same to you.

Also, I want to see Harrison Ford. He seems to be in great demand today. Oh yes, X-rays have been used to tell ages. Some of them girls had better keep away from the X-ray man. When Chatterton a-r-r-a-w, and Belle Bennett are playing in stock in San Francisco.

Esther M. F.—A good game to play is to take photographs of the moving picture players and tick them to the wall, numbered, and give prizes for those who guess the most correctly. Conway Tearle is now in the West. Wallace MacDonald is out in Los Angeles.

Butcher.—I beg his Royal Highness' pardon. King George's birthday is on June 3d, and not on the 5th, as I said. No, never saw the man.

Flop-Flop.—Why don't you send for a list of film manufacturers?

Carrere Dot; Sie Hopkins; T. M. P.; Jane C.; Fl-Fli; Susie G.; Margaretta, N.W., and Lillian F.—Please see above for yours, and don't fail to write again.

Mary Jane.—Glad to hear from you. You say a "perfectly good man getting only $50 a week." How do you know I am perfectly good? How can I be perfect and good too? Broncho Billy has given up the picture business. What's new?

Circus.—You should have entered your picture in the Fame and Fortune Contest. The editor didn't think its safe for me with all the new entries coming in, so she sent me on a vacation. We had some exciting times here.

H. B. Stanford.—Yes, write to the players direct.

Cascart.—So that's your name, is it? Yes, I have heard orators get up and say they didn't have anything to say and then talk endlessly, and can't tell me why they thought they had. Your letter was so interesting I am going to quote a paragraph. You say "I knew a little girl six years old, who was sick for four years, and finally died." She recently died, and every evening her mother used to have to tell her some story in which Mary Pickford played. She was told of Mary Pickford, and she often wept over the fact that Mary Pickford didn't play in new ones every day. Ruth finally passed away one evening just as her mother finished telling her a new story of Mary?"

Reader.—All right, but be sure to sign your name and address next time. And I shall greet you a "brae ouvert. Viola Dana is out West."

(Ninety-nine)
I Teach Piano
A Funny Way

So people said when I first started in 1891. But now, after over twenty-five years of steady growth, I have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. I make them skilled players of the piano or organ in quarter the usual time at quarter the usual cost.

To persons who have not previously heard of my method, this may seem a pretty bold statement. But I will gladly convince you of its accuracy by referring you to any number of my graduates, from any part of the world. There isn't a state in the Union that doesn't contain a score or more skilled players of the piano or organ who obtained their entire training from me by mail.

Investigate by writing for my new booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ."

My way of teaching piano or organ is entirely different from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent entirely away from the keyboard—learning something about Harmony and The Law of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of finger gymnastics. When you do go to the keyboard, you accomplish twice as much, because you understand what you are doing. Within your lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are entirely unknown to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, as you are doing your exercises, every movement of your hands at the keyboard. You actually see the fingers move. Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot always be accurate—you have the correct models before you during the entire continuity of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can

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How to Do Everything in Wrestling—Champion's series. 56 pages. 27 illustrations. Free. Write today, and get this book at no cost to you. A short course in Practical and Scientific Wrestling—stamina, speed, power, endurance, skill, and artistry: The Modern way to win any match. Written by a World Champion. Get it now, and turn yourself into a champion wrestler. Send today, and read our excellent free literature.
THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genius have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so now. Don't lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

**First Prize**
Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathé, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a ball and disc cut record. A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

**Second Prize**
Morette Camera and three packages of film (value $55). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip — your canoe trip — in pictures — pictures of your family or friends — living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

**Third Prize**
Corona Typewriter with case (value $50); an all-around portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

**Fourth Prize**
Sheaffer "Gift" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Can not blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

**Fifth Prize**
Bristol steel Casting Rod gauge guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

**Sixth Prize**
Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

**Seventh Prize**
Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

**Eighth Prize**
Same as Seventh Prize.

**Ninth Prize**
Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.
Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?
Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELIS FERGUSON?
Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMova or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

Shadowland, Motion Picture Magazine, and Motion Picture Classic—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, worldwide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read Shadowland, the Magazine and Classic.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1920, and will close on June 30, 1920.
2. There will be seven ballots as follows:
   - December 1920 ballot
   - January 1920 ballot
   - February 1920 ballot
   - March 1920 ballot
   - April 1920 ballot
   - May 1920 ballot
   - June 1920 ballot
3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for Shadowland every month, and the same for Motion Picture Magazine and yet again the same for Classic.
   Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1
Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
175 Duftield Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

I consider ___________________________ the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name_____________________________
Street_____________________________
City______________________________
State____________________________
Country__________________________
(Dated)__________________________

Class Number 2
Shadowland, Magazine and Classic:
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I believe that ___________________________ will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with ________ votes.

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Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.
One Chop Will Buy
12 Dishes
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Save 90%
And Serve Vastly Better Breakfasts

One dollar spent for Quaker Oats buys about as much nutrition as $10 buys in meat and fish and eggs.

So a Quaker Oats breakfast, compared with a meat breakfast, saves you some 90 per cent.

And in oats you get the supreme food,
You get an ideal food—almost a complete food.
You get a food which, measured by calories, is twice as nutritious as round steak.
And you get the needed minerals.

What $1 Buys

Note how much $1 buys in Quaker Oats. It will serve a hundred breakfasts.

That same $1 in some other foods will buy you only ten breakfasts.

Then compare by calories—the energy measure of food value. That's the way foods should be figured. You buy them for nutrition.

Here is what $1 buys in calories at this writing in some necessary foods:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>ingredient</th>
<th>calories per dollar</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Quaker Oats</td>
<td>18,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average Mears</td>
<td>2,200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Average Fish</td>
<td>2,000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hen's Eggs</td>
<td>1,400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Broilers</td>
<td>600</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

One needs variety in food, regardless of the cost. But the basic breakfast should be Quaker Oats.
That is the food which everybody needs. And its trifling cost will average up your food bills.

Quaker Oats
With That Exquisite Flavor

Get Quaker Oats to make this dish delicious. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, flavory oats.

15c and 35c per Package
Except in the Far West and South
Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

From Chorus to Characters
The Story of Wallace Beery
By FRITZI REMONT

There was a time in the life of Wallace Beery when he hustled trunks for a living in Ringling Brothers' Circus. Long trunks and tiny trunks, unruly trunks and tractable trunks came under his supervision, but instead of carrying make-up and tarlatan skirts, ringmaster's high hat and Prince Albert, jockey's caps and scarlet coats, clown's super-tall "bonnets" and Pierrots, those trunks were usually loaded with peanuts and hay.

Having departed from school hurriedly and with great vexation of spirit, young Wally joined a circus and was initiated in the art of elephant training. That was the start of his dramatic career. He handled the biggest "effalunt" in captivity, old "Twenty-Six," on whom circus-going kiddies lavished special tidbits. "Twenty-Six" and Wally grew to be fast friends and baby elephants grew into husky stunt artists under Mr. Beery's tutelage.

Later, discovering an excellent basso profundo within his well-developed chest, a basso which could hold its own above the din and roar of sideshows and ear-splitting band music, Mr. Beery decided that comic opera would be the right channel for his talents. He had been a good mimic always, and it wasn't difficult to obtain a hearing with producers of musical mirth.

So those of you who have seen "Floradora," "The Prince of Pilsen," "The Burgomaster" and dozens of other stage entertainments may dig up the old programs and there discover Wallace Beery listed in the merry, merry.

His real opportunity arrived as understudy to Raymond Hitchcock. Finally Beery was given his chance. He sang the title part, put over the "business" until the house was in a riot, and awoke next day to find himself famous. It's happened before, of course, but, nevertheless, it thrilled Mr. Beery and fired his ambitions. He advanced rapidly, played a season with Sir Henry Irving, and a lead with Margaret Illington, did a character part in Orrin Johnson's company, and finally took the highroad to pictures.

For seven years Mr. Beery has been doing unusual characterizations. His first real screen hit, however, came with "The Unpardonable Sin," in which he played the German officer.

"I owe a great deal to Mr. Neilan and Miss Sweet," said Mr. Beery. "You should have seen the man-hunt going on for a suitable type. Every one was suggesting that Mr. Neilan should send to New York for some 'high-light' of the stage or screen. I had called on him at his suggestion, and was finally given the part, altho I was really not well known, having played a great deal in stock up to that time. I studied the part carefully..."
THE MISSOURI WALTZ

Little Lessons That Mean Fortunes to Those Who Learn Them—History Repeats and Fame Is Achieved—An Old Story Retold

During the summer of 1914 John Valentian Eppel, who leads the Eppel Dance Orchestra at Oskaloosa, was a visitor down in the Ozark Mountains of Missouri, and while there he heard the natives humming a bit of a waltz tune that was a part of their very life. He brought it forth and tried it out as a dance offering. It was a waltz and the wise people all said that a waltz was impossible—that people wanted nothing but the fox trot or a one-step; but that is the way people generally say and do when a good thing is about to start on its onward march.

Frederick Knight Logan took that little theme and arranged it for the piano. He then tried to sell it to the Barnhouse Publishing Co., of Oskaloosa, Ia. And, by the way, one real reason why Barnhouse just naturally turned it down was found in the fact that this same Frederick Knight Logan also lived at Oskaloosa.

Young Logan found that it was quite easy to compose music, but it wasn't so easy to sell it to a publisher. So he proceeded to publish it himself. That was in 1914. He first got out the arrangement for a piano, then he put it out for eleven parts and piano as an orchestra; then as a full orchestra. It was later arranged as a band number. By that time this young local venturer found himself swamped with orders, and he had about worn out the family wheelbarrow transporting his output to the post-office, so one day he got on the train and came to Chicago, determined to find a real publisher.

Of course the usual thing happened. The big city publishers pronounced it too cheap; it was really musically rotten to all of them—except F. J. A. Foster. That insatiable, pushing plugger soon had his judgment rewarded with orders. The more orders he received the more advice he also received, most of which was to the effect that he had picked a fliver.

Ask your dealer to show you how many ways the "Missouri Waltz" has been published; see if you can find any sort of arrangement that it hasn't been put thru; see if your player piano doesn't offer it in a half dozen different styles, then run it down and see how many different kinds of talking machine records you would have to buy if you would own one of each kind. These household necessities have the "Missouri Waltz" in every conceivable style, from its own original instrument, the mouth organ, to a symphony orchestra record. Grand opera stars and cabaret singers, soloists and choristers have all taken a trial at presenting this number. More than 2,000,000 records have been made of the "Missouri Waltz."

Not long ago we were sitting in at a little confab discussing music and its relation to the lyceum and chautauqua movement when a cablegram was received by the publisher, asking for 100,000 copies of this same international favorite and with it the sales rights for the German-speaking countries.

Yes, the "Missouri Waltz" is an international affair. Not simply because F. J. A. Foster holds an international copyright on it, but because the people all over the world sing it, play it and listen to it. More than a million copies have been sold abroad, and it is still raging.

This is more than mere boost for a song for the "Missouri Waltz" does not need boosting—to boost it is like attempting to paint the lily. What we have written is for those who want to learn the lessons that this wonderful success has to teach.

Don't think that Frederick Knight Logan grabbed this success right out of the air. He worked for it. He earned it. It didn't come to him—he went after it. For years he worked to prepare for his service. Those who saw his mother at the convention and saw her efficient help, saw the talented, inspirational assistance that she rendered, didn't need any one to demonstrate that song poem with words that tell of the "lingerings moments divine" that animate her work and her very life as she collaborates with her talented son in the work that has made Frederick Knight Logan, "The Waltz King" of our day.

"Reprinted from The Billboard Feb. 14, 1920"
Lift Corns out with Fingers

A few drops of Freezone loosen corns so they peel off

Apply a few drops of Freezone upon a tender, aching corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft corns, also corns between the toes and hardened calluses. Freezone does not irritate the surrounding skin. You feel no pain when applying it or afterward. A small bottle of Freezone costs but a few cents at drug stores anywhere.

The Edward Wesley Co., Cincinnati, O.

Wanted: Screen Faces for the Movies
Thousands of All Types Needed—Beauty or Experience Not Necessary

For the first time in the history of moving pictures it is now possible for screen aspirants everywhere to get consideration from the big film directors. No matter where you live or whether you are considered good looking, we get your photographs before the directors, many of whom are in urgent need of new "screen-faces."

We do not teach "movie" acting. Ralph Ince, famous Selznick director, says: "There are many young girls who could make good in the movies. I will be very glad to take advantage of your services." Marshall Neilan, known everywhere for his 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 crop of film stars will be needed at once to supply the insistent demand."

With the assistance of famous directors and motion picture stars we have prepared a printed guide, "The New Road to Film Fame," just off the press, which tells you what to do and gives full directions.

It also contains endorsements of our service from famous people, statements from directors, portraits of celebrated stars and direct advice to you from Molton-Kirk.

Remember that salaries in this profession are big—that beauty plays but a small part—that experience is not necessary—and that thousands of all types will be needed to meet the tremendously growing demand. Send ten cents (Postage or Coin) to cover postage and wrapping this new guide. Get it at once—it may start you on the road to fame and fortune. Address: Screen Casting Directors Service, Dept. B-2, Wilmington, Delaware.

If you are not satisfied with your desire to get into the movies, please do not send for this printed guide.

(One hundred and two)
A Résumé of the Fame and Fortune Contest, Past and Present
(Continued from page 97)

A famous in-

rice Toumend, Samuel Lumiere, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

In September, 1919, the judges announ-

anced twenty-five honor roll beauties and asked them to New York for the making of final test scenes. Twenty-two responded promptly and arrived at the offices of our magazines on the appointed date, whence they were taken in automobiles to the country estate of Mr. Brewster, president and editor-in-chief of our three publications, at Roslyn, Long Island. Under the direction of Wilfrid North, the well-known motion picture director, the test scenes were made of the young ladies on that date and also on the following day. When these pictures were developed, printed and shown to the judges it was decided to spend two more days making test pictures of some of these twenty-

four young ladies, and also of some others who had since appeared. It was also decided to write a scenario in which the young ladies would appear. Miss Gladys Hall, of our editorial staff, wrote the scenario, entitled "A Dream of Fair Women," suggested by Tennyson's poem, and Mr. North and some of the judges made a cast from this list of twenty-five young ladies. The play was completed in due course.

Nearly five thousand feet of film were taken, out of which about twenty-one hundred feet were selected and put thru the usual course of printing, cutting, titling, etc. Then a meeting of the judges was called to see the finished product. Some of the judges were unable to be present and photographs of the young ladies were sent to them. The result was that the following young ladies were selected as winners:

Miss Blanche McGarrity, San Antonio, Texas; Miss Virginia Brown, New York City; Miss Anetha Getwell, Chicago, Ill.; and Miss Anita Booth, Reading, Pa.

We had agreed to give the winners of the contest two years' publicity in our publications and to secure for them a contract with some good producing company. At the time the contest closed we expected there would be only one winner, but the result was that we had four to look after.

Miss McGarrity found it necessary to return to her home in Texas and decided not to accept a contract for the present. Miss Brown, who was only fifteen years old, was placed with the Universal Film Company under a contract which was approved by the Supreme Court. She was paid for a salary of $75.00 a week to begin with and ending at $750.00 a week. Miss Getwell was promptly placed with the American Cinema Corporation at $150.00 a week. She has also received other offers. Miss Booth received several offers and at the present writing is playing with Ralph Ince and is receiving $250.00 a week.
Science Has Discovered How to End Gray Hair

Don't hesitate. Before your stay in Washington, get a 33-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

Your Hair Needs Danderine

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 33-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

DURATEX GUARANTEED SHIRTS
INSURED FOR 6 MONTHS' WEAR
Fine percale coat style shirts, assorted stripes, laundered or stiff cuffs. Neat and dressy.
Introductory Offer
Send $1.50 and receive shirts postpaid or send $1.40 and pay 10 cents postage when received. Order today, state size.

MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED
You take no risk. Duratex catalog of guaranteed furnishings free. GOODELL & CO., 511 DURATEX BLDG., NEW YORK

The POLICE KEY is as serviceable as a whole bunch of ordinary keys; opens almost everything; every house owner should have one. Send postpaid on receipt of 20 cents; three for 50 cents. Safety Key Holder free with every key.

SHARPE MFG. CO., Paterson, N. J.

MUSIC TAUGHT FREE in your home

She can teach Triangle LIKE this quickly

PIANO, ORGAN, VIOLIN, MANDOLIN, GUITAR, HORN, etc.
Examines and instructs students. One hour weekly; 25 cents per hour. Lessons given at home or in studio.
Colors no extra. No special apparatus or instruments required. Enlarges voices, strengthens and trains voices for speech or song. Easiest method extant. Successful, flexible. For boys and girls.

AMERICAN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, 723 Lakeview Building, CHICAGO.

Xtabazin
Famous French Depilatory Powder
FOR REMOVING HAIR

MADE THE SLEEVELESS GOWN POSSIBLE

A delicately perfumed powder. Removes hair in 5 minutes. Leaves skin smooth, white.
For arms, limbs, face, $2.00 and $1.00 at dealers in U. S.; outside of U. S., 75c and 50c.

Send 10c for trial sample and booklet. Address HALL & RUCKEL, 101 Waverly Place, N. Y. C.

We also wish to add that among the near-winners there were several who have also been successfully placed. Albert E. Smith, president of the Vitagraph Company, said that he would take four of the young ladies at a salary of thirty dollars a week, but at this writing none has accepted.

Miss Fay Brennan, of Washington, D. C., has been playing with a company which is producing in Washington; Miss Lanessa Carroll has been doing small parts for Goldwyn and other companies. Miss Helen Lee Worthing has been playing at the New Capitol Theater in New York City. Miss Margaret Falconer has been playing in Ziegfeld's Midnight Frolic in New York City, and also several others have been doing small parts here and there.

On the other hand, quite a number of the twenty-five were found to be not quite the types that are now required on the screen, and they returned to their homes, perhaps discouraged. They learnt that beauty and grace are not all that the screen requires, and that some of the most beautiful girls do not screen well, while many girls who are not so beautiful do. We have also learnt that it is impossible to pick winners from mere photographs.

In some cases the Editorial Committee, acting for the judges, wrote to the contestants advising them to call at our offices, if convenient, and many did so. In some of these cases the decision was favorable.

This year we have adopted the system of having a moving picture camera on hand, and as the contestants appear and pass the preliminary tests, they are put before the camera and a test picture is made to see how they photograph. If the committee thinks the contestant is not eligible, a test picture is not made of her, but her picture remains in the contest, nevertheless. Even if she does not pass the preliminary inspection, she still has a chance of winning the contest. With all the experience of ten years, and all of our accumulated knowledge of stars, present and gone, we do not expect to have a verdict which will bear the test of the final review. It is obviously impossible to make a test of every one that comes. This would require a hundred cameras and operators and would involve an expense of many thousands of dollars. Only those who seem "to have everything" are accepted for test scenes.

This year making a five-ree feature in which will be embodied the test scenes of the twenty-five honor roll beauties. This picture will be a drama, and it calls for a number of characters other than the contestants themselves; hence we are making test scenes of girls, boys, young men and young women, and even of much older people in order to see if they will fit into the cast. Before this contest year we expect to have a classified list of screen possibilities of all types and ages. We shall make this list available for the producing companies.

(Continued on page 106)

(One hundred and four)
$1.00 Down Brings This

Ladies’ 3-Piece Outfit

Smart Silk Poplin Skirt
Handsome Lace Trimmed Petticoat
Voile Waist

We will send you this useful, fashionable ladies’ outfit on approval for only $1.00 down. If you decide to keep it, pay in small monthly sums. If for any reason whatever you decide to send the outfit back your money will be returned instantly. We are offering this bargain only for a limited time. Send the coupon today.

Skirt: Fine quality, genuine Jacquard worsted. The unique belt effect is trimmed with buttons and the attractive shaped pockets are trimmed with laces and lace. Colors, Navy Blue and Black. Sizes 22 to 40. Length 38 to 40.

Waist: White Voile, having collar and flounce enlivened with insertions of lace and delicate embroidery. Made with full-length sleeves. Colors, White only. Bust sizes 28 to 34.

Petticoat: Fine quality Black Satin with flounces, enlivened with portions of accordion pleating. Black only. When ordering be sure to give color of skirt wanted also bust, belt, hip and length measurements.

Order by No. S-30. Terms $1.00 with coupon, $1.85 monthly. Total $11.95.

6 Months To Pay

Think of it. This handsome 3-piece outfit only costs you 6 cents a day. Order now on our liberal terms. No need to pay cash down to get the latest styles and amazing values in anything you wish to wear. We trust honest people no matter where they live. No penny charge for the credit. No discount for cash. All business men use their credit. Live years.

Order Now

Send this coupon. All clothing material is very scarce. We have only a limited quantity of these outfits. First come, first served. Mail the coupon today with a $1.00 F.O. order or a dollar bill. Remember, you take no risk. Send the coupon now.

Elmer Richards Co.
W. 35th Street
Dept. 1554, Chicago

Elmer Richards Co.
Dept. 1554
West 35th St.
Chicago

I enclose $1.00. Please send the Ladies’ 3 Piece Outfit No. S-30.

Color of Skirt:....... Belt:....... Length:....... Bust size:....... Hip:....... Length:.......

If for any reason I wish to return the outfit after examination I may do so and every cent I have paid will be returned instantly without question. Otherwise, I will pay the advertised price, $11.95, on your terms of $1.00 with coupon, balance $1.85 monthly.

Name:........................................

Address:........................................

(One hundred and five)
A Résumé of the Fame and Fortune Contest, Past and Present
(Continued from page 104)
and we hope in this way to find motion picture employment for many who would otherwise find no means of securing it. We are confident that the contest last year has produced at least two stars who will become internationally known, admired and classed with any ten stars that might now be mentioned. If we accomplish no more than this, we believe that our work has been well done. This year we intend to do still more, and there seems to be no limit to the possibilities.

As to the play which we produced, "A Dream of Fair Women," it is now on the market. All theaters in the United States will be able to show it. If you want to see it all you have to do is to ask your exhibitor for it. If he does not know where he can get it, tell him to write to or telegraph Murray W. Garsson, 1600 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. It is a two-reel picture of decided beauty and interest. You will see in it some very pretty girls and some excellent acting on the part of young girls who had never before been before a motion picture camera. You will see a few whom you may not think beautiful but who possess screen personality. However, we want you to see this little play and judge for yourself.

You will be doing a favor to your neighbors or distant friends by telling them about it so that they may enter the contest themselves or tell others. As the poet says, "Many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its fragrance on the desert air," but with the Fame and Fortune Contest running there is no excuse for any undiscovered Mary Pickford to say that she never had a chance.

Lloyd Hughes
(Continued from page 94)
"My brother wants to go on the screen—the brother that is seventeen—and I don't know what to tell him. I'm sure not that I want him to break in as an extra man. Only too often it is a case of once an extra man, always an extra man. The directors put you in that class and are afraid to take a chance on you for fear you'll spoil the picture. But, on the other hand, the continuous extra work accustoms you to different methods of direction and you lose all feeling of self-consciousness before the camera. Then, too, if you do get anything you appreciate it and don't let it drop in a hurry."

Which goes to show that he is a very wise young man.

But the most serious thing of all is—a girl! He didn't mention her name, of course, but he left no doubt as to her existence. However, he's not married yet, not even engaged—officially. And so, ladies, cheer up! There may be many girls before one finally proves fatal!

Don't Let Your Right Eye Know What Your Left Is Doing
By FRITZ REMONT

There was a time in the life of Bernard Turpin, popularly known by the nickname which consisted of a certain alarm clock—Ben—when his crossed eyes meant a tragedy. Now he has these same eyes insured for ten thousand dollars against their becoming un-crossed.

Almost every story ever written about Ben has given a different cause for his ability to see everything double save a pay-check. He had waited for us before confessing the truth. Here it is. While playing Happy Hooligan for three years, he had to look cross-eyed nightly for from ten to twelve minutes (not to mention the daily matinées), and one morning he awoke to the mutinous shaver and discovered just had been turned to earnest.

"If I'd been handsome, I'd have been a dramatic actor right along, but with these eyes wished on me I had to find something to do that would keep me in a permanent job," he said. "I didn't know the ropes in the old days of pictures, so when Essanay offered me twenty dollars a week, I thought I was on the way to Paradise. You see, I'd never earned more than twenty-five on the vaudeville circuits. I used to do everything from mapping floors to camera-grinding for scene-numbers. Anything to stay on that lot and earn a regular salary.

Then the mash notes began coming my way. Sure, I have had them—only they are worse now, but that might be because I have a business manager and an income," he added, as he noted the peculiar look in my eye, which I tried in vain to conceal.

"I'm from old New Orleans, a Frenchman, all right. I began to act on the streets on amateur nights, in little sideshows. About the time I was seventeen I got married and went into vaudeville. It didn't take—the marriage, I mean, and as for the other, that didn't put me on easy street by any means. When I was thirty-two I did it again—marriage, I mean, and if I wasn't happier in spite of my facial handicap—or maybe because of it—I couldn't stand it, that's all."

Ben Turpin, like most comedians, is a better tragedian than many who are cast in heavy lines of straight drama. He is a comedian by birth, for France is the nation of mimics, and yet, if outward appearance allowed, he would probably be lustrating in the tragic rôle of Hamlet.

"I really owe all I am—Charlie Chaplin and Mack Sennett," said Mr. Turpin. "The very first time I met Charlie Chaplin, he laughed for two hours, couldn't act at all. They told him to straighten up and get to business, but he said, 'I can't—that chap's blank expression has me laughing so I Can't' (Continued on page 114)
The Beauty of the Screen, whose gowns are the latest creations of Paris modistes and whose hats are the marvel of millinery art.

Watch your theatre for

Katherine MacDonald.  
The American Beauty  
in "Passion's Playground"


A First National Attraction
Seeing the Pictures You Like

It's mighty important, these days, to see only the kind of pictures you like—especially when considering the wide range you have to choose from. You probably make your selection by choosing certain brands of pictures or by following your favorite players. You do this because then you can be sure of seeing exactly the kind of pictures you like to see. You know beforehand which brand of picture stands for the very best or which star plays in only the best pictures.

And that's the safest way to choose a movie magazine. By selecting one which has been longest in building and which has the largest following.

Motion Picture Magazine has been elected "First, Finest and Foremost," 495,000 movie fans did the electing. The May magazine will be over one-half million. Here are some of the articles to be featured—

A real heart-to-heart talk with Geraldine Farrar, operatic star and movie queen, beautifully illustrated, by Adele Whitely Fletcher.

Jimmy Morrison, the same Jimmy of old, comes back to us in a realistic chat by Gladys Hall.

Evelyn Martin, "Peg o' My Heart" of the speaking stage, is chatted by Lillian Montanye.

There is an article of unusual interest with unusual illustrations, entitled "Cinema Relations," by Truman B. Handy.

There is chat and gossip, the latest reviews of the silversheet, splendid fictionalizations, including "The Stolen Kiss," featuring Constance Binney.

The cover is from a painting by Evelyn Martin.

The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 51)

ture, "Treasure Island," (Paramount), and a little circus romance, "Her Elephant Man," (Fox).

Mr. Tourneur succeeded in catching a fair measure of Stevenson's rollicking spirit of a devil-may-care in the filming of his merry tale of pirates, buried gold and that boy of boys, Jim Hawkins. Mr. Tourneur followed the lead of a recent stage production in casting a girl for the role of Jim. There is no love element in "Treasure Island" and, psychologically, the presentation of a girl serves consciously to help fill this dramatic want. We rather like Miss Mason's mock boyishness. Tourneur's deftness of photography and screen picture is at its very best in "Treasure Island."

Miss Mason's "Her Elephant Man" really deserves little comment. It is simply a very crude and claptap melodrama of circus life, with the little star as a bareback rider. Miss Mason gives a pleasant performance, but the single other thing we can now recall about "Her Elephant Man" is a fairly well done cyclone which wrecks the tent show.

Turning to weightier things, we pause before Lionel Barrymore's "The Copperhead," (Paramount), based upon Augustus Thomas' drama of a simple farmer who suffers every possible loss and indignity that he may serve the North as a spy thru the Civil War.

We were not particularly impressed with Charles Maigne's direction, which seemed to lack accent and gradation. Nor with the loose scenario. Moreover, Mr. Thomas' play, to our viewpoint, is a gloomy presentation of a rather futile sort of patriotism. We cannot reconcile our mind to the thought that the great Humanitarian, Lincoln, conceived and directed such a ghastly sacrifice.

We admit the force of Lionel Barrymore's playing as Lem Shanks, but Doris Rankin seems weak as "Ma" Shanks. And the ex-waifer who essays Lincoln is quite awful. Briefly, "The Copperhead" is very drab.

Speaking of Lincoln, Ralph Ince did the Emancipator in a two-part special, "The Land of Opportunity." (Selznick). Flashing back to Lincoln and an incident of his early campaigning days, this purports to hit at so-called Bolshevism, now believed to menace America. In the old Vitagraph era Mr. Ince seemed to us an admirable and graphic Lincoln. Not so now. Moreover, this two-reeler is but passably done.

While on the subject of two-reel productions, let us consider Mrs. Sidney Drew's celluloiding of Julian Street's "The Charming Mrs. Chase," in which she advances the theory that the quest of thrills after thirty is too much trouble for any sort of satisfaction. With fine and characteristic touches of subtlety, Mrs. Drew paints the gradual interest of a placidly satisfied husband in a charming "other woman," his lame search for romance, and his return to his home and comfortable chair with a sigh of relief. John Cumberland is delightfully the recent hubby. There are a hundred and one little touches to lift the mild little comedy into the unusual and again stamp Mrs. Drew as a leader of the human cinema school. But one thing we deny Mrs. Drew and Mr. Street. That is the theory that thrills are missing after thirty. We're just over the thirty mark and we don't believe it—not yet.

"Huck Finn," (Paramount), William D. Taylor's screening of Mark Twain's epic of boyhood, disappointed us, too. The scenario attempted to crowd too much of Twain into the photoplay, with the result that the film version is episodic and jumpy. There is a sickening effort to make the freckled Huck into a sentimentalist. But, with it all, Lewis Sargent does excellent work. His Huck Finn is a spontaneous and commendable bit of playing.

Allan Dwan's second independent production, "The Luck of the Irish," constructed from a Harold McGrath story, seems rather conventional in handling. It is a picturesque tale, a romance between a plumber and a pretty schoolteacher extending all round the world. But, for all that, it runs in time-worn grooves with the usual rich waster villain, a freckled boy for comic relief, and so on. We approve of James Kirkwood as the pipe expert hero, but Anna Q. Nilsson lacks sincerity as the cause of all the trouble and happiness.

"The 13th Commandment," (Paramount), with Ethel Clayton starred, is a sermon preaching the text, "Thou shalt not spend more than thou earnest." It runs along conventional lines. Miss Clayton deserves better material.

We found "Piccadilly Jim," (Selznick), which is screenically built for Owen Moore from the magazine story, by P. G. Wodehouse, to be fairly entertaining stuff. Piccadilly is a brash young American who gets into all sorts of scrapes, but manages to solve the difficulties of others and win the girl of his choice. We like Moore as Piccadilly, and a fine bit, of the spoiled child, "Oggie" Pett, is done by Reginald Shefield. Zena Keefe does not, however, arouse our interest as the girl of the story.

Constance Talmadge is advancing once more. She plays with a delightful buoyancy in "Two Weeks," adapted from an Anthony Wharton play "At the Bar." It is structurally weak, being another invasion of a bachelor Eden by a sprightly young woman, but Miss Talmadge invests it with sparkle and high humor. Conway Tearle is an excellent foil. George Fawcett makes his bit stand out vividly; indeed, he well nigh runs away with the whole comedy. Sydney A. Franklin's direction lacks incisiveness in places, but, on the whole, he has done rather well.

(Continued on page 110)
How You Can Have a Charming Personality

To Women! Dear Friends of My Sex—Truly, I have good reason to be one of the happiest women in the world. For every mail brings me so many letters of appreciation. If you were in my place, you would be delighted to know that you were a real help to so many, to feel that you could be a sort of fairy godmother to someone in need of just the kind of knowledge you had stored up and just the kind of sympathy you have in your heart.

Oh, the letters! How I love them all. They fairly brim with appreciation and friendship for the good things they attribute to me. I am once more a little woman in Allentown. I remember the first time she wrote me. Such a pathetic little letter, it was, a sign from beginning to end, mingling with a sort of forlorn hope that I, Juliette Fara, might be able to help her.

Yes, to help her. To show her how she might attain success, how she might throw aside the mantle of a gray, uninteresting and even regretful personality and be just what the Creator intended her to be, a glorious, magnetic little woman radiating charm and personality, captivating hearts of men and women alike with a new found power sparkling with the attraction that draws friends like a magnet, engenders admiration, respect, and all the other things in life worth having.

That's what my little friend wanted and that is what all of us want. Now she writes and tells me that she has attained the desire of her heart, and that she now feels to me that she owns the credit of her success. Can you blame me for being elated and happy?

But here is a new story to me. I have dedicated my life to helping women overcome their imperfections, my whole being is wrapped up in a desire to enable you, dear Reader, as well as others of my sex, to attain the success that comes to those who will acquire the exquisite and charming ways of the French woman, whose fame has spread far and wide. The woman who holds in her hand the destiny of her country, and yet the French woman is an art and a science to be cultivated just as one would learn to play the piano or sing. What secrets have been revealed to me! What amazing things I have found in the French woman's treasure box of personality! There was Mademoiselle Polaire, for instance, one of the most fascinating little bits of femininity I ever knew. Beautiful! Dear me! But Mademoiselle Polaire was positively useless of feature. But people raved over her.

But Mademoiselle Polaire had personality, shes understood the very things that I would like to teach to those who are far from being ugly, you—an American Girl—equipped, in other words, in the whole world is equipped, to cultivate a charming personality, to use the secrets I am ready to impart to you so that you can be just the wonderful, admiration-compelling woman you would like to be.

How often have you wished you could reach out your arms and draw close to your heart the devotion, the luxury of life, the tender love that you see others enjoying? How often have you ceased to wonder who was so appreciably happy in the shelter of a wonderful home and perfect love, the woman with scores of admirers at her feet, or another with an enviable position?

You have wondered why, gifted to no particular degree of beauty, form, or endowments with but ordinary intellect, you, an American Girl—equipped, in other words, in the whole world is equipped, to cultivate a charming personality, to use the secrets I am ready to impart to you so that you can be just the wonderful, admiration-compelling woman you would like to be.

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The Celluloid Critic
(Continued from page 108)

Wallace Reid has another spirited and amusing comedy in "Double Speed," (Paramount). Reid plays a harmo- numous young millionaire. Speed Car, who starts across the continent by automobile, has his car stolen, lands in Los Angeles as a hobo and gets a job as The Girl's chauffeur. Reid is clean-cut and likeable, as usual, and Wanda Hawley is a pretty reward for Speed Car's tribulations.

Wills Rogers' "Water, Water, Everywhere," (Goldwyn), does not measure up to his previous comedy, "Jubilo." Indeed, this is slow and frequently dull. Rogers plays a big-hearted cowboy who sacrifices his own secret love for a young woman in aiding the reform of the man of her heart, a young doctor who is a victim of drink. Irene Rich lends an ingratiating characterization.

A certain warmth of spirit and the pungent odor of Cumberland pines permeates "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," (Goldwyn). Jack Pickford depicts the hero of John Fox, Jr.'s, widely read novel of the nameless lad who finds a name, a manhood and a love in the fiery test of the Civil War. As the primitive hero of the forests, young Pickford does well, but, to us, he falls distinctly short of the Fox heroic in the wartime moments. Yet, on the whole, it is a pleasant picture. Clara Horton is as beclouded a blonde cutie as any young movie hero might hope to find, but Pauline Stark has been ill-advised as to facial make-up as the wistful mountain girl, Melissa. Dwight Critenden stands out as the village schoolmaster. Wallace Worsley's direction is adequate, particularly in the choice of fine scenic locations.

Several Ford's nery young hero, Torchy, has reached the screen in the person of Johnny Hines. The first of the series, (Master Films), is not particularly inspired. Hines seems too old for the boyish hero, we regret to report.

Ellen From Tennessee
(Continued from page 90)

not crazy about 'adventurous parts', but can do whatever I'm given to do, as I have not as yet developed temperament. And my hobbies are horseback riding, of course—every Southern girl can ride; it's a part of her education, but the principal hobby is my mother. She has been such a dear and came around so beautifully when she realized that I was desperately in earnest about wanting to succeed in my profession. She has stayed with me in New York and even journeyed to the coast with me. She's not just a mother—she's a pal.

"And ambitions? Well, seriously, to make the very best of myself and, even tho I never become a great star, so-call'd, to do something that will stand out—to do a picture that will make people remember because of some part I played, whether great or small."

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(OOne hundred and ten)
Our "Young Visitors"

By FAITH SERVICE

Not so very long ago we had three distinguished young visitors for luncheon at No. 175 Duftield Street, Brooklyn. I use the term "young" advisedly. The three were Dorothy Gish, Lillian Gish and Mother Gish. "Mother," said Lillian, speaking of some recently taken family photographs, "is the beauty of the family" . . .

It is said by a very great many authorities on the diverse subject that Art is Realism. If this be so, the quintessence of Art can be handed sans dispute, to Dorothy and Lillian Gish. Lillian is, in real life, the origin and source of her wistful screen prototypes. She is gentle; she is finely, gently intelligent; she is resourceful. There is to her an appealing personal charm even as the charm she gives us screenically.

Dorothy is Dorothy. She has humor. She has verve. She has "pep" and action. One is never certain what her next move will be, nor her next speech. Probably she is not quite certain herself. Mother Gish regards "The Little Disturber" with something of apprehension. We found no ostentation and no flurry of excitement at that luncheon. It would not be supposed that young visitors of fame were with us. Lillian asked questions, for the most part. And Dorothy lamented the fact that she plays in comedies when she had much, much rather play in drama, and lamented, still further, the fact that she had to work at all. "I never," she said, "crack a smile in between pictures. I couldn't be induced to."

Lillian, quietly, with the little air she has of one apart, observed that the ruling characteristic of human nature is to long to do the things one is not doing and for which one is not fit. She herself, she said, would much prefer to write.

At the time of their luncheon with us they were house-hunting in Westchester county, to be near the new Griffith studio. We asked them what manner of home they were seeking and they informed us that it was to be a farm. Dorothy interpolated that a cow was to be the first object of their search. She couldn't, she said, conceive of what they would ever do with a cow. Now, chickens, a dog, cats, pigeons, even pigs . . . but a cow . . . We gathered that Dorothy has a probably wholesome fear of cows and we delicately suggested the same.

"Mother is the only brave one in the family," agreed Dorothy with equanimity. "We had a burglary scare in California, and Lillian and I nearly died of fright — under the bedclothes — gooseflesh and all that. Mother, on the contrary, sat straight up in bed, levelling a pistol at the door thru which her grimly intended victim was to come. She ac-

(Continued on page 118)

One hundred and eleven
Mary Pickford has been divorced from her husband, Owen Moore. The decree was granted by Judge Lanogen at Minden, Nev., on March 1, on the grounds of desertion.

Alice Joyce was married to James B. Regan, Jr., son of James B. Regan, proprietor of the Knickerbocker Hotel, one of the biggest New York hostleries, on March 6th. The marriage took place at the Church of the Holy Innocents, New York, the ceremony being performed by the pastor, Rev. Thomas Lynch, Mr. Regan is a graduate of Yale, class of 1915, and he served in both the British and American armies in the recent war. Miss Joyce was previously married to Tom Moore, brother of Owen and Matt Moore.

Realart announces Wanda Hawley as its new star.

King W. Vidor's first release on the First National program is "The Family Honor," Florence Vidor being featured.

Adolph Zukor, president of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, sailed on the Imperator on March 8th for Europe. So did William A. Brady.

Mrs. Sidney Drew has been visiting on the coast.

Sylvia Breamer has joined the Mayflower forces. She is to have the leading role in Robert W. Chambers' "Athalia." Sydney A. Franklin is directing.

Corinne Griffith has signed a new Vitagraph contract for another three years.

Winchell Smith, the playwright, has joined the Metro staff of scenario writers at Hollywood, Cal.

Myron Selznick has signed Arline Pretty as lead for his production of Willard Mack's "The Prince of Pines."

During early March Pearl White and her William Fox company worked on the production of "The Tiger's Cub" at Port Henry, N. Y., with a temperature of 35° below zero, Thomas Carrigan was leading man.

Marcus Loew, who now owns 100 per cent of the Metro Film Corporation, announces that the Metro will greatly increase the number and quality of its productions. From fifty to seventy-five productions will be released during the coming year and a $2,000,000 studio built on Long Island. The Loew interests are now building forty theaters.

Conway Tearle is to be starred by Nat Spitzer. The productions are to be made at the Bull's Eye California studios.

(One hundred and twelve)
The Old Canoe—Moonlight—and Us Two

Isn't it easy to bring to mind the cozy scene? The swish of limpid waters; subdued voices; the seductive harmony of stringed instruments—lilting notes—dreamy—elusive—soothing as a sweetheart's touch—crashing chords and syncopation, the spontaneous expression of the tingling joy of life and youth. Honestly, whether it be in the memory or but half-acknowledged hope, don't you thrill with the sweet intimacy of that cooling, moon-lit, music-caressed solitude?

But listen to a secret: It isn't the canoe—nor the moon, nor the water that plants the thrills in our hearts. It is the MUSIC—the lingering melodies that haunt us with thoughts of happy hours. And 'tis the same in any setting. Summer's shady nooks; snuggly evenings of early Fall; Winter's cheery firesides—always and everywhere the music of the good old Gibsons seems to furnish the indefinable "something" that just naturally eliminates formality, makes hearts brighter, friendships more dear, and love the sweeter, and fills memory's storehouse with precious thoughts. This is the secret, but really there is no secret at all, for anyone can own and play a GIBSON.

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Dont Let Your Right Eye Know What Your Left Is Doing
(Continued from page 106)

Can't stop. If you want me to work—get him out of here.'

"At that time I was getting twenty-five and Charlie was drawing twelve, fifty!"

I gave a pretty good imitation of Ben's famous blank expression at this remark.

Mr. Turpin settled his eyes on a couple of figures in the carpet and continued, unmoved. "Twelve hundred and fifty a week!" he said slowly. "I've thought that a slight prevarication if I hadn't seen a check or two in the past year?"

"The next day Broncho Bullets Anderson came to me and offered a contract for two years at twenty-five per week. Nothing to worry about, he couldn't disfigure me—I couldn't quit—and always a steady living for twenty-four months, hot or cold, stormy or sunshine!"

"I reached for a pen with my fingers shaking. 'Where?' I said. Broncho Bullets pointed to a line near the bottom of the page, and it was all I could do to see it with my right eye. The left was off the job looking far into the future. Just for fun, I swirled the penholder around like a man getting ready to write fancy cards. Then I wrote—just as firm—Bernard Turpin! That settled me for two years—we worked at Niles, upper California."

"Then at last it dawned on me that I had sold myself for a mess of pottage. I began to hear of salaries. I discovered that I had made more than three million for the Essanay—actually cleared that much on my pictures... and I was living on a clerk's salary. We had hard work in those days—slapstick of the rough edge."

"How do you manage to look so blank when you know a piece of pie is coming at you, or that ice-cream is going down your back?"

"Never anticipate anything.""How can you help anticipating when you just know it is coming?" we persisted.

"Just don't—that's all. Think of nothing, keep your mind an absolute blank—or you can't look blank, of course. I didn't mind the custards or soft soap or soot and flour so much in the good old slapstick days," he said, "but cold ice cream running up the back is something that you cannot forget in a hurry. I'm glad those days are over. We're depending more on expression and funny situations now."

"You are a scream in 'Salome vs. Shenandoah,'" we hurried to say.

"I don't like it—and I don't like the public appearance I make as John the Baptist. I consider it sacrilegious—even if it is a travesty on the Thea Bara play. I was brought up better than that," concluded Mr. Turpin, soberly and sadly, and if you ever want to know just how sad he can look, go and see one of his comedies. Ben turns out a picture about eleven times a year. He is a hard worker, and even when he is not featured in a Sennett comedy, he is usually "run in" for an extra bit.

A few months ago, he lost four of his best front teeth, because a man who was to kick him in the chest "lost his bearings and zinned too high." Ben has been in the hospital thirty times for operations or breaks, occasioned by rough comedy. Such is the life of a comedian.

"When did you begin to think yourself worth more than twenty-five dollars a week?" we asked, wishing to lead the conversation back safely to Mr. Turpin's intrinsic value.

"I was playing with Charlie Chaplin in 'A Night Out,' and it was like co-starring plus getting an extra's wages. When we had finished two reels, Charlie said we were going out on a location on Monday. This was Friday. I said, 'I'm not going a step unless I get five hundred dollars in cash—no checks for mine!'

There were two more reels and I made up my mind I'd quit pictures or earn what I thought I was worth. He coaxed and talked—but I said it was five hundred or nothing. He told me I must be ready to go on Monday at eight a.m. I said, 'Not on your life. I stay right here unless I get the price in cash.'"

"Monday he did not start. He finally offered three hundred, but I told him curfew would not ring that night. The Tuesday he offered five, but I thought, no, then five hundred pretty little bones were placed in my willing hands, and from that time on I considered myself a motion picture actor—and a fixture, including my eyes."

Now Turpin owns his home, drives his own seven-passenger Studebaker and is a member of the Elks.

"Yes, I guess I'm getting popular," admitted Mr. Turpin, without vanity. He is one of the most matter-of-fact individuals who ever faced a hard fall. Surprises believe not "until his vain young life. "One lady fan—she's married, too—wrote and asked me for one of my most cross-eyed pictures to hang in her bedroom, for she says that when she and her husband quarrel, she feels cheered up right afterwards if she can go and laugh at my picture. That's doing good in the world, ain't it?"

And, as to Ben's famous mustache, he let me into a deep-dyed secret. The first one he ever wore was cut off the end of his own toupee! He almost had the style patented, he avered, but finally decided that while other men might imitate his "crepe hair" appendage, they never could hope to attain the elusiveness of ten-thousand-dollar eyes, so now a wigmaker has a steady contract to make these waterfall effects by the hundred.

And, like the immortal Pope, Bernard Turpin believes in "Mr. and Mrs." in their pretty eyes may roll; charms strike the sight—but "merit wins the soul" of film fans everywhere.

(One hundred and fourteen)
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THEATRICAL


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The man who succeeds today is not the man who waits for opportunity to come to him, but he begins by first preparing himself, and once prepared he finds himself surrounded by open doors.

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Are you waiting for opportunity to find you, or are you preparing yourself to meet opportunity when it comes? The American College of Literary Arts and Crafts is giving you the chance to prepare yourself for something bigger and better than the present position you have. By installment payments and during your leisure time you can study right in your own home.

We Believe in Everybody Who Believes in Himself

American College of Literary Arts and Crafts

175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Reel Realities

At last the Church has actively enlisted the motion picture. This spring sees the Interchurch World Movement, the new cooperative organization formed by most of the Protestant denominations of the United States and Canada, using films to put the needs of the world before the country.

During the winter an expedition, numbering the Rev. A. V. Casselman, E. Lloyd Sheldon and Harry Keepers, sailed from San Francisco to film interesting things of the Far East. At about the same time another expedition, numbering Willard Price, editor of World Outlook, and Horace D. Ashton, departed from New York for North Africa and the Near East.

These two expeditions were sent out by the Interchurch World Movement in cooperation with the Educational Films Corporation. These represent, as pointed out by the Educational Film Magazine, the first sincere attempt of the Church to film the work of missions in foreign lands and to obtain unusual pictures of interest in this particular field. The expeditions will thus obtain two groups of films. The first, covering mission work and activities, will be later shown in churches. The second, to be released under the title, "World Outlook on the Screen," will be shown in motion picture theaters. Some 100,000 feet of film will be obtained in all.

This second group of motion pictures will delve into odd bits of strange lands never seen by tourists. Thus, for instance, they will touch upon the life of the women of the East as affected by modern progress. Again, they will reveal how the world war has brought civilization to the Arab and Bedouin in lonely desert spots.

The Far Eastern expedition sailed on the Persia on December 21st, and eight months will be spent in India, Burma, China, Japan and Korea. The Rev. Casselman is a widely known missionary leader. Mr. Sheldon is well known as an author, playwright and scenario writer. Mr. Keepers is the camera-man of the expedition. It will interest Motion Picture Classic readers to know that he was the camera-man responsible for the prize picture, "A Dream of Fair Women," now being shown throughout the country and made under the direction of Wilfrid North.

The other expedition will visit Egypt, Algeria, Turkey, Syria, Armenia, Palestine and parts of Italy. Mr. Price has attained prominence as an editor and Mr. Ashton is one of the best known photographers and motion picture men of two hemispheres. He is a fellow of the American Geographical Society and a member of the New York Academy of sciences.

Judging from British and Continental film publications, a certain steady falling off in sales of American photoplays is manifesting itself in England, Italy and Spain.

Indeed, in England the threat has been made of a high protective tariff on films. But this is hardly probable. American products are already heralded by choice films of British, Italian, Scandinavian and even German make.

Many German films have piled up during the war and German manufacturers are trying to find a market for them everywhere. These make their appeal because they are workmanlike and cheap. British producers are distinctly worried over the situation. Can the ill-nourished infant British production face this added competition, they ask. A movement is on foot to force the printing of the country of origin upon each and every film. This is to prevent the camouflaging of German films as Dutch, Swedish, Norwegian and Danish.

The rivalry between American and British films goes merrily on in England. Just now they are pointing with interest to the fact that, in the year 1918, there was a fall of 3,500,000 feet in the export of American film to England. Also that, in December, 1919, Britain exported films to an amount two and one-half times as great as the corresponding month of 1918. Yet The London Kinematograph sums up the matter clearly when it asks British screen men to drop the idea that Americans dislike British products and seek to prevent their importation. "Let the British film maker drop the habit of appealing for 'equal treatment' from America until he has established his ability to give equal value, . . . The British producer who first achieves success on this firm basis of equality will, we venture to think, laugh heartily at the pitiful attempts occasionally made today to picture him as a hard-luck case touch. A certain resentment turns thru British comments upon American productions. With some truth we must admit they protest the "naive faith of some American producers that one soldier of the United States is worth a few dozen of any other country."

Yet David Griffith's "Broken Blossoms" appears to have scored a triumph in London. The Daily Mail said:

"The whole production is filled with the spark of genius which raises it above any film drama yet made and opens a new road for the expression of the highest dramatic art on the screen."

And The Sunday Telegram said: "It is in every sense a masterpiece. David Wark Griffith has no equal. Others may emulate, but they never manage to get quite the same case touch. "Broken Blossoms" will be one of the big things of the year."
As sure as you are a foot high
you will like this Camel Turkish and Domestic blend!

YOU will prefer Camels smooth, delightful blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos to either kind smoked straight! It gives you an entirely new idea of cigarette enjoyment.

Camels never tire your taste no matter how liberally you smoke. They are always appetizing—and satisfying, because they have a desirable, mellow body.

Camels leave no unpleasant cigarette aftertaste nor unpleasant cigarette odor. In fact, every angle you get on Camels is so different from any other cigarette that you will be won as you were never won before!

That’s why we say frankly—compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price! We know the answer.
Lumber shortages—a virtual famine of lumber—exists in many parts of the country. Reports indicate it is impossible even now to get material for certain needs. Stocks were never as low as they are now. The demand is greater as it is now. This MEANS STILL HIGHER LUMBER PRICES. It means that prices will go upward rapidly—that it will possibly take $150 in six months or a year to be able to buy the lumber you need. Will you be forced to pay these prices? Will your need for a home in six months cost you a 50% or 100% penalty?

Four Greatest Forests—Aladdin Lumber Yards

The Aladdin lumber yards are the four greatest lumber yards of the United States. Each one has sufficient supply of lumber to meet the needs of the country for many years. The possible lumber famine predicted by the government has not yet developed. Even though every Aladdin Home manufactured in 1929 will be shipped quickly and efficiently from the Aladdin lumber yards, there is a sufficient supply on hand to meet every demand necessary. The enormous demand for homes will soon fill the Aladdin lumber yards to the utmost, so one order will possibly be too late to get. Every message to every builder is contained in the Aladdin catalog. It is the message to the world from the manufacturer to the homebuilding organization. Send today for this 160-Page Book, No. 251.

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Wichita, Kans.; Denver, Colo.; St. Louis, Mo.; Kansas City, Mo.; San Antonio, Tex.; Los Angeles, Cal.; Portland, Ore.; Seattle, Wash.; New Orleans, La.; Atlanta, Ga.; Cleveland, Ohio; Cincinnati, Ohio; Detroit, Mich.; Boston, Mass.; Philadelphia, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; New York City; and other principal cities.

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She who possesses a beautiful complexion is a beautiful woman.

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Obtain a cleansed, clear, soft, velvety skin, freed from imperfections and chapping by using

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You Can Have the

STRONG ARMS

Powerful Back, Chest, Military Shoulders, Shapely Legs and a Healthy Stomach

All of the above can be obtained by following the simple instruction given in this book. Simple physical exercises that will develop and tone the muscles of the body will develop and tone the muscles of the body. Send for FREE COPIES, B.M. Studio 128, 177 West 42nd Street, New York City.

Remember:

All advertising in Motion Picture Classic is guaranteed by the M. P. Pub. Co.

ONE MILLION DOLLARS A YEAR

Motion Picture Classic is being made by several persons in the Motion Picture Industry.

One Hundred Dollars a Year

is being made by thousands of persons in the Motion Picture Industry.

Hundres of Thousands of People are asking every day such questions as these:

How can I get into the Motion Picture business?

Can I become a photogapher?

Can I become a director?

Can I become financially interested in Motion Pictures?

Can I write for Motion Pictures?

Have I a "Motion Picture Face"?

Is the training I am receiving under these conditions providing me with the means for making money?

If I have the talent and ability to become a picture star, how can I get a start?

These are questions that have been repeatedly unanswered. But they can be answered. Those who want to become motion picture artists are greatly benefited by this book, "How to Get Into the Motion Picture Business and Make Money." It is written by an experienced motion picture artist, and is a practical guide to all artists, actors, actresses, directors, producers, etc. It is a complete training ground for all who wish to enter the motion picture business, and is a valuable guide to any one who desires to become a motion picture artist.

Motion Picture Classic, 10th Edition, 1930

The NATIONAL MOTION PICTURE INSTITUTE

315 Broadway, New York City

125-127-129 Flatbush Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of your book, "How to Get Into the Motion Picture Business and Make Money," and enclose 5 cents in stamps for mailing.

THE NATIONAL MOTION PICTURE INSTITUTE

Address:

OUR "YOUNG VISITORS"

(Continued from page 111)

ually fired a shot, altho it didn't make the mark. The burglar, however, was frightened away. I told mother that she had the heart of a murderer."

The Editorial Staff shook with a sort of composite mirth. It would be hard to suppose a murderer's heart in a Gish breast. There is something about each one of them, even to the more earthly Dorothy, suggestive, reminiscent of lavender and old lace, of quaint customs, of a certain tradition lingered forth on a spirit of potpourri and moments. It is the aroma of these things which they have brought with them to a hitherto less lovely medium of expression. They are, each one of them, whimsically characteristic. They have, individually and together, an atmospheric charm, from Mother Gish, who is but a slightly-grown-old Lillian, to Lillian herself, slender and perfect to Dorothy, sparkling and keen and young.

They are quite utterly unprofessional in their manner, in their point of view, in their bearing and talk. They might never have seen the inside of a studio. There are none of the earmarks. Probably there are no two girls more perfectly themselves. They have given a great deal and borrowed nothing. They do not talk of their work, if they can gracefully avoid it. They do not speak of their ambitions, nor of their successes, past, present or future. There is about them a fine reticence. They love their mother, their home and the best artistic expression of the work they are doing. These things come naturally to them and they express them naturally.

After they had been regretfully ushered out by Mr. Brewster and the rest of us, we asked each other the inevitable question, "What do you think?" One of the stars had taken luncheon with us at our more modern Round Table—"What do you think?" we wanted to know—and we all thought the same. Lillian was as we had thought she would be, must be, from her portrayals on the silver screen, humorous, lovable, vivacious, "regular."

Mother Gish is the mother of the two, an eminently satisfactory arrangement, pro and con.

For these young visitors the house of the Big Three is ever open, the arms of the Editorial Staff the same, and the table ever round, with a capacity for being rounder!

LU LIV HITCHCOCK—What do you mean by accusing my head of being fluffy and shaky?

You come in some day and I’ll let you stroke it. So, your brother thinks I’m a regular "peacheron." I don’t know what that is, but tell your brother I agree with him. And just tell that brother of yours he’s got me wrong with the ladies. Yes, I sure do admire Charlie Ray. So you like Tamar Lane’s stuff in the Magazine. Yes, he’s almost as bright as I am. Write again.
THE GREAT
1920 FAME AND FORTUNE
CONTEST

Are you beautiful?
Do you possess charm?
Do you think yourself a potential Mary Pickford or Theda Bara?
Does your environment make it impossible for you to act, but not to dream?
Do you live in a make-believe world all your own, far removed from the dull reality of your daily life?
Do you dream of fame and fortune and all the big things of life? Do you long for a fairy godmother who will some day touch you with her magic wand—and like Cinderella-of-the-ashes, transform you from a dull, drab cocoon into a beautiful butterfly?

The New Fame and Fortune Contest

Is the fairy godmother of all the movie fans of the country. By the magic power of the press, she will seek you out, no matter how small your hiding place. She will open up to you a new world—a new vista of life with all its wonderful gifts! Thru the power of the greatest motion picture publications, The Motion Picture Magazine, The Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland, the golden opportunity of your life is offered to you. Remember the old adage which, tho it may bore you by its familiarity, yet carries the force of a great truth—Opportunity knocks but once!

Go to your photographer. Have him make a photo of you which will be you.
Send it in as early as possible.
It may interest you to know that a great five-reel feature drama has been written and will be produced in connection with The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920. The Honor Roll girls will all appear in this picture.

“A Dream of Fair Women”

Which brought the twenty-five Honor Roll girls of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest before the eyes of the world, has been completed and you may see this wonderfully interesting picture in your own home town! If the manager of your home town theater has not already secured this film for exhibition, tell him to get in touch with Murray W. Garsson, Foundation Film Corp., 1600 Broadway, New York. See it! It will give you an idea of what you will be doing if you are one of the Honor Roll winners.

RULES FOR THE CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted. The coupon must be from either The Motion Picture Magazine, Classic or Shadowland, or a similar coupon of your own making.
Postal card pictures and snap-shots not accepted. Tinted photographs cannot be reproduced in magazine.
Photos will NOT be returned to the owner.
Photographs should be mailed to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 DuSable St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.
The contest is open to every man or woman, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage roles. There is no age limit.
Contest closes Aug. 1, 1920.

CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

Name..............................................................
Address..............................................................(street)
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Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any...

When born..............................................................Birthplace..............................................................Eyes (color)
Hair (color)..............................................................Complexion

Would you like to take part in the Five-Reel Feature Drama?..............
Portraits of Your Favorites
TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

What is a home without pictures, especially of those one likes or admires? How they brighten up bare walls and lend a touch of human sympathy, alike to the homes of the rich and poor!

And what could better serve the purpose of decoration for the homes of motion picture enthusiasts than portraits of the great film stars, who have become world-wide famous?

The publishers of the three leading motion picture monthlies, the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland, have accordingly prepared at great expense, especially for their subscribers, an unusually fine set of portraits of twenty-four of the leading players.

These portraits are 5½" x 8" in size, just right for framing, printed in rich brown tones by rotogravure, a process especially adapted to portrait reproduction, and are artistic, accurate and high-grade in every way.

You will like these portraits, and you will enjoy picking out your favorites. You will delight in framing them to be hung where you and your friends may see them often.

LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford
Marguerite Clark
Douglas Fairbanks
Charlie Chaplin
William S. Hart
Wallace Reid
Pearl White
Anita Stewart
Theda Bara
Francis X. Bushman
Earle Williams
William Parnum
Charles Ray
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Mary Miles Minter
Clara Kimball Young
Alice Joyce
Vivian Martin
Pauline Frederick
Billie Burke
Madye Kennedy
Elsie Ferguson
Tom Moore

These portraits are not for sale. They can be secured only by subscribing to the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic or Shadowland for one year, and then they will be sent free.

You will want the Magazine, Classic, Shadowland, or all three during the coming year. Subscribe now and get a set of these portraits. It will cost you less than to buy them by the month at your dealer's. Send in your order today and we will mail the portraits at once.

MOTION PICTURE PUBLISHING CO.
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Date:...

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Clientes: Kindly enter my subscription to the Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic or Shadowland. Send me at once a set of the twenty-four players' portraits.

Enclosed find $....... in payment.

Name:...

Address:...

YOU CAN GET INTO THE MOVIES IF YOU WANT TO

May you're all ready now, but don't know exactly how to go about it, or maybe there's a few technicalities unfinished or overlooked; or possibly there's a whole lot you don't know and need to know.

In any case, we are in a position to offer you sound suggestions. Cut out the coupon below, and enclose 5c for postage for our booklet "CAN I GET INTO THE MOVIES?" Then you judge!

National Motion Picture Institute
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Regarding Delays

As we have announced before, the great printers' strike in New York interfered seriously with the publication and distribution of every periodical that was printed in and around New York City. Many publications went bankrupt, and several have not yet recovered from the catastrophe. Every one of them has suffered immeasurably.

Not only did the strike mean several months' delay in getting out the magazines, but it meant a terrible confusion in every editorial office.

Those publishers who tried to get their magazines out in spite of the strike, adopted various methods, among which was the sending of one piece of work out of town and another piece of work to another town, and still another part of the publication to some other place or to be done by some other printer. Some of this matter was lost, other parts were printed to be had in the end could not be used, and the working machinery of every editorial office was sadly disrupted.

On the top of this came blizzards with their accompanying traffic obstructions, and for weeks it was impossible to mail the printed magazines from the printers to the post-offices. Those blizzards and freight congestions in other parts of the country, which further delayed matters. It never rains but it pours, and to add to our troubles, came the announcement that there was a serious shortage of paper in the world, necessitating the cutting down of supplies to various publishers. It is certain that some publications must go out of existence, and it is well known that we, the newspapers and magazines have been compelled to cut down the size of their edition or the number of pages.

But now, since the strike is over and the winter also, the sun shines once more and we emerge from the maze of difficulties more hopeful than ever.

Unless something unforeseen occurs, our three magazines will be published on time hereafter, and the contents will be superior. We have taken up the missing threads of various departments and now have them well in hand. Those readers who have been lenient with our shortcomings and patient with us for the numerous delays in getting their magazines, have our warmest thanks and gratitude. We are hopeful of things to come in the future, and we can see no reason why we shall not be able to give you finer magazines than ever, and give them to you on the very day that we promise them.

MOTION PICTURE PUBLISHING CO.

Stars Needed

Any exhibitor will tell you that there are not enough stars. Good stars are scarce, and they are nearly all tied up with contracts with a very few companies. New companies are forming every day and they require stars. This makes the demand greater than the supply. The producers have been objecting to the High Cost of Stars, and the exhibitors are complaining of the high Cost of Films. Some have even gone so far as to state that the Star System must go. But there will always be a demand for stars and when there are enough stars to supply the demand there will be a better feeling all around and the film industry will advance and prosper. Again, it is evident that many of our well-known stars are passing out—some retiring of their own accord, and some losing their popularity and drawing power. It is quite clear, therefore, that we must have more stars. Where are they to come from? We maintain that there is no better way to discover new stars than in the Film and Fortune Contest, which is conducted every year by the three leading magazines—Motion Picture Magazine, Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland. This being true, it should be warmly supported by producers, exhibitors and public alike.

(One hundred and twenty)
"An exciting story, please!"
How many times have those words been spoken over the desk at the Public Library!

Exciting stories! How much in demand they are with the readers of the popular magazines! The love for them is universal; it begins and ends with no one class or creed.

Pathé Motion Picture Serials are always exciting; they are written, produced and acted for the great public that wishes to be lifted for a little while from the hum-drum facts of everyday life. They are thrilling, entertaining and always clean. There is a motion picture theater in your vicinity that shows Pathé serials; it will be easy to find it!


Coming: "Trailed by Three" with Frances Mann and Stuart Holmes; George B. Seitz in "Pirate Gold," (with Marguerite Courtot) and others.

Pathé Exchange, Inc.,
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The Burlington

21 Jewels

This superb 21-jewel thin Burlington is sold to you direct at the rock-bottom price. This masterpiece of watch manufacture has twenty-one Jewels of Sapphires and Rubies. It is adjusted to position, adjusted to temperature, and adjusted to isochronism. Send the coupon today for free book on watches.

$350 a Month

You pay only this small amount each month for this masterpiece, sold to you at the direct rock-bottom price, the lowest price at which a Burlington is sold.

Burlington Watch Co., Dept. 1275
19th St. and Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
333 Portage Avenue Winnipeg, Can.

Please send me (without obligation and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your cash or $3.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name: ____________________________

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You do not pay a cent until you see the watch. Send the coupon today for this great book on watches, and full information of the $3.50 a month offer. Don't Delay.

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This fragrance enriches the entire series which includes:

- Breath Pastilles
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- Eye Brow Pencil
- Extract
- Face Powder
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- Hair Tonic
- Lip Rouge
- Liquid Soap
- Nail Polishes
- Powder (Solid)
- Sachet Powder
- Shampoo
- Talcum Powder
- Tissue Cream
- Toilet Water
- Tooth Paste
- Vanity Case

The New 35¢ Size

Mary Garden

Rigaud's

Rigaud
16 Rue de la Paix
PARIS
Conspicuous Nose Pores
How to reduce them

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

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

Notice the improvement the very first treatment makes—a promise of what the steady use of Woodbury's Facial Soap will do. But do not expect to change completely, in a week a condition resulting from long continued exposure and neglect. Use this treatment persistently. It will gradually reduce the enlarged pores and make them inconspicuous.

Begin TONIGHT the treatment your skin needs

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

In the booklet which is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, you will find complete treatments for the commoner skin troubles, including Conspicuous Nose Pores, Blackheads, Skin Ilemishes, Oily Skin and Shiny Nose, Coarsened Skin, Tender Skin, Sluggish Skin, etc.
Adorable Deltah PERLES
The Final Expression of Pearl Loveliness
Offered by Jewelers up to $500 the Necklace
L. Heller & Son Inc
PARIS NEW YORK
Established over a quarter of a century

ETHEL CLAYTON
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$350 a Month

You pay only this small amount each month for this masterpiece, sold to you at the direct rock-bottom price, the lowest price at which a Burlington is sold.

Send this Coupon for Watch Book

You do not pay a cent until you see the watch. Send the coupon today for this great book on watches, and full information of the $3.50 a month offer. Don't delay.

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Please send me (without obligation and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your cash or $3.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

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(Three)
Some of the Latest Paramount Arctraft Features Listed Alphabetically

John Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"
Directed by John S. Robertson

"The Copperhead"
With Lionel Barrymore
Directed by Charles Marquis

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

George H. Melford's Production
"The Sea Wolf"

William D. Taylor's Production
"Huckleberry Finn"

Maurice Tourneur's Production
"Treasure Island"

George Loane Tucker's Production
"The Miracle Man"

And remember that any Paramount Arctraft Picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read.

Illustration by Norman Rockwell

"Four please"-

A family affair:
That's the way to get the most out of Paramount Pictures.

Multiply the pleasure by sharing it!
Good entertainment logic, and happy logic, too.
You can see it illustrated by smiling faces at any box office where money paid buys a view of Pictures that are Paramount!

Know before you pay.
Make sure it's a Paramount. Then "four, please" is right.

Paramount Pictures
The July Motion Picture Magazine!

Some ten or twelve years ago a small periodical, hiding its trident under a cover photograph of Thomas A. Edison, went forth on its first journey, to plunge into a very indifferent world. The trip could be easily compared to the first trip made by the brain-child of Robert Fulton.

This humble instrument of literature was more other than The Motion Pictures Magazine, the same magazine of today—and yet not quite the same, for the growth of its popularity has been remarkable—and the style sometimes been rough and the sailing uncertain, it has weathered all storms, arriving in port as the greatest magazine of its kind.

You think this a rash statement, perhaps? Get the July number and judge for yourself!

The cover is the latest portrait of Miss Blanche McCarthy, a winner of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1919. There is also an interview with this newly arrived motion picture star.

Wonder what a studio mail clerk thinks about her? Especially when he has to stagger daily under the carloads of movie fan letters.

In the Confessions of a Studio Mail Clerk, by Blanche McCarthy, the new sidelights on this all-important subject will be told.

Bert Lottell is seen thru the fascinated eyes of Elizabeth Petter McCue, pretty nice to be an interviewer, says Elizabeth.

Brides are always interesting in the honeymoon stage. Sometimes the bride happens to be Alice Joyce, the bright star of Vitagraph—well, just have to read what Gladys Hall has to say about it in that interview, this week, with Alice Ord.

And the new novelizations—and the new pictures of all the popular stars! And the latest California gossip told by "one who knows."

The Motion Picture Magazine
175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.
Stage Plays That Are Worth While
(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in your vicinity.)

Azter—Fay Fainter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a marvelous love story here. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Belasco—"The Son-Daughter," with Lenore Ulric. Delightful play, with a highly colored Chinese melodrama with the vivid Miss Ulric. One of the best hits of the season.

Brooks—"The Purple Mask," with Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic melodrama of the days of the First Consul in France; tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the most elaborate productions of the season. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as the royster, the Purple Mask; Brandon Tyman is admirable as the rectifying officer. Mrs. Hrppert; Lily Cahill is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl stand out.

Bruce—"Smilin' Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is one of the most magnificent Irish girls and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. Smilin' Through will evince the spirit of the ages.

Casino—"My Golden Girl." A passable musical entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorine girl, Jeannette Dietrich, score the picture. A weak point, with a pleasant chorus and effective incidental music.

Central—"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Sam Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various characters. Misses Tenney is also fine. Slightly dull.

Century—"Floradora." The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show which opened the Century is a charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's handling of the show. Then, of course, there is the famous "sexette." Here is a revival that really revives.

Cort—"Arahamb Lincoln." You should see the production South of Wall Street. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" is a lovely play to make you an American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank Mc Glenn, a discovery, is a brilliant Lincoln.

Comedy—"My Lady Friends." Highly amusing entertainment adapted from a Continental farce. Much of the humor is due to the able creation of Misses Boyd and Boyd, who are the guileless young publisher of Bibles whose efforts to spend money get him into all sorts of difficulties. June Walkcr scores in Mr. Crawley's support.

Elaine—"Breakfast in Bed," with Florence Moore. A rather amusing farce satirizing the movies, with vanucllev's lady, Miss Moore, working very hard to put it over.

Empire—"Décisssse," with Ethel Barrymore. One of the big things of the dramatic season is this winning play by Zelma Stewart. Whether or not it has the basis of truth, it is brilliantly written and is well played by Miss Barrymore.

 Forty-Fourth Street—"The Storm." A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen MacKellar is admirable as the poignant French-Catholic girl.

Globe—"Apple Blossoms." The ambitious and much heralded operetta of Fritz Kreisler and Victor Jacobi plus colorful Joseph Urban sets and clever dance. Above all, it is a good story. John Charles Thomas sings admirably. Willa Benedict is an attractive heroine and Florence Shirley lends a poignant personality to the proceedings.

Horric—"Three Showers." A musical comedy of Dixie, staged by the Colonnus, who produced "The Better Ole." Rather dull and not very inspired. Miss Wheaton is the featured star, along with the cast.

Hippodrome—"Happy Days." Big and spectacular production typical of the Hippodrome. Miss McVicker is sensational and the production is as fine as usual.

Hudson—"Clarence." Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a reticent and sensible woman furnishes a reasonably American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Hunter and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve. Miss McVicker is as talented as she is colorful in this bacal soccer entertainment based upon Joseph C. Lincoln's familiar Cape Cod stories. Harry Bernard is featured in a gentle, whimsical characterization.

Little Theater—"Beyond the Horizon," by Eugene O'Neill. This powerful drama was produced at a series of special matinees and has proved so successful that it won a theater all its own. A gripping study of a human being crushed by environment, told with compelling force. The settings and costumes lift it into the realm of the exquisite. Intelligently written and put together, too.

Moresco—"Sacred and Profane Love," with Elsie Ferguson and the grave drama by Arnold Bennett which makes the return of Miss Ferguson to the speaking stage. It is the story of the remarkable love of a young and colorful musician who slips into the slough of drugs. Miss Ferguson has many admirable moments and Jose Ruben contributes some brilliant playing in this production.

New Amsterdam Roof—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments produced in any part of the world. Mlle. Spangler, a Parisian favorite, is now in the cast of the two revues. Mary Hay stands out and the entertainers include Fanny Brice, George White, Ethel Jackson, and all her old favorites. The tutelage of Dorothy Dix is apparent and Carl Hyson contribute some delightful dance intermediates.

Playhouse—"The Wonderful Thing," by Morley. Dreamy and poetic comedy that is a sort of poesy-stricken but blue-blooded English family into which Jeanne Eagels comes as a wealthy heiress and begins to make an American. Pleasant drama.

Republic—"The Sign on the Door." A very good melodrama which boasts many instances of the unexpected—and Marjorie Rambeau in highly emotional supporting role.

Staduim—"The Blue Flame," with Theda Bara. A lurid melodrama with the famous Theda in the dual role of an ingénue with and without a footlight. A thrilling box-office attraction which contains Talmaio played on the screen. Franchise Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading roles in the excellent footage produced.

Winter Garden—"The Passing Show of 1919." A typical garish show in which the principal item is the famous "Passing Show" which presents a number of tristances upon current attractions, particularly colorful being that of "The Jest," with Charles Winninger doing a clever trick and Lionel Barrymore. (Continued on page 8)
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 have you prepared for that?"

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 now a lot more things than that, before the evening is over.

And he did.

And as he 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 me, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" When he asked this, I learned later, when he picked from the crowd the sixties, he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he mentioned 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 names, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates, and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

* * * * 

When I met Mr. Roth—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowed 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, places, 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 names and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them.

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

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

Broadway, and one of the most famous trial lawyers in New York:

"May I take occasion to state that I regard your service in giving this system to the world as a public benefaction. The wonderful simplicity of the method, and the ease with which its principles can be acquired, especially appeal to me. I may add that I already had occasion to test the effectiveness of the first two lessons in the preparation for trial of an important action in which I am about to engage."

Mr. McManus didn't put it a bit too strong. The Roth course is priceless! I can absolutely count on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

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

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

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knewings. Now I can talk my fill of lightening most any fact I want right at the instant I need it. I no longer think of a hair trigger" memory belonged only to the broadcasting group. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only learns what to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after grooping 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 can't remember" or do so much! or "I forgot 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 B. J. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter that I saw last week:

"Here is the whole thing in a nutshell: Mr. Roth has a very remarkable Memory Course. It is simple and easy as falling off a log. Yet with a day of practice anyone I don't care who—can improve his Memory 10 per cent in a week and 1,000 per cent in six months."

My advice to you is don't waste any money on anything else. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you can get. Your dividends in increased power will be enormous. Victor Jones.

"Mr. Jones has chosen the story form for this account of his experience and that of others with the Roth Memory Course, he has said only facts that are known personally to the President of the Independent Corporation, who thereby verifies the accuracy of Mr. Jones' story in all particulars."

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 easily it is to double, to triple, your memory power free of charge, you will be sent all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, the fee of $10.00 is all as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, and offer only $5.00 more for the same no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

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You may send me the Course or Courses checked below. Within five days after receipt I will either remit them or send you $5 for each in full. Postage except as noted:

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By Edward E. Frain.
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Independent World Course ($10.00).
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CLEARS THE COMPLEXION
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Gives the skin a velvety softness and youthful texture.
It can now take these treatments yourself by a simple application of this wonderful preparation.
In a few minutes after applied you feel the perfect sensation that assures you of its work of youthful restoration. It lifts out the lines.
Boncilla Beautifier is more than a skin treatment. It acts on the muscles and tissues of the face, giving a firmness and Youngness in place of any stagnation of the skin or tissues of the face. It also returns the circulation of the blood in the face, giving it a renewed freshness, clear, radiant glow of health.
You will note the improvement from the first treatment. Use twice a week until you get the face free from lines and other imperfections, then occasionally to keep it so.
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CHESTER MUSIC CO., 220 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Continued from page 6)

ON TOUR

"Manon's Affair."—Rachel Butler's admirably written comedy—a study of that deadly human specie, the hypochondriac who fancies herself suffering from all sorts of ills. Done with distinction and fine discernment. Its St. Leon scores more than its mere 14 characters. The cast are: Ethel Shannon, Robert Edeson, Katherine Kaelred and George Le Guerre.

"The Little Whapper."—Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Sìgal pleasantlv heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Browne, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. F. Ferguson.

"The Cat Bird," with John Drew.—A likely little play by Rupert Hughes, dealing with an elderly egologist who straightens out the mistakes of several people according to the principles derived from his studies among the flowers and insects. Mr. Drew returns to the New York stage after two years as the ecologist. A stave evening's amusement.

"Wedding Bells."—A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Marga- ret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

"Aphrodite."—Highly colored and lavish production of a drama based upon Pierre Louys' exotic novel of the same name. Su- perbly staged adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, a beauty of the stage, takes the principal role of the Gallician courtesan, Chrysis, and scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male role.

"Angels."—Music of 1924. G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson's gift is more lively, speedy musical show with a large measure of vul- garity, but many pretty girls.

"The Royal Vagabond."—A Coahanned opera comedy in every sense of the word. A successfull operetta plus Cohen speed, pep and brash American humor. Also tinkling music.

"The Girl in the Limelight."—A decidedly bonbon farce by Wilson Collison and Avery Hopwood, in which a pink and white bed is invaded by every member of the cast during the progress of the evening. John Dunmore is very funny and Doris Kenyon, fresh from the screen, is both pretty and pleasant as the heroine.

"Nightie Night."—Described by the program as a "play opus," this "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing. It has plenty of verse, ginger and some daring. There are scores of laughs. Heading the adequate cast are Francis Byrne, Suzanne Willa, Malcolm Dun- can and Dorothy Mortimer.

"The Magic Melody."—A "romantic musical play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Peggy setting. Purcell, Julia Dean, Earl Benham and Carmel Myers, the last two well known to the cast, head the cast.

Elkie Janis and "her gang."—Lively entertain- ment built on the experiences of the A. E. F. on the other side. Well put together by Miss Janis, who shines with decided bright- ness. A pleasant entertainment.

E. H. Sothern and Julia Marmore in Shake- spearean repertoire. These artists represent the best traditions of the theater and their renditions of the 'Twelfth Night,' "Hamlet," and "The Taming of the Shrew" are distinguished in every sense of the word.

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Straightleg Garters

Remarkable invention—Combination bow- supporter and garter. Made in straight and slightly bowed styles, in three, four, and five yard lengths, for all styles of trousers, harms or padded gams; just an indispensable accessory for the modern fashion. A complete garter, straight and slightly bowed, made in a large variety of colors. Write for free booklet, mailed in plain envelope.

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"I wouldn't take a silver dollar for it," said H. L. WATSON, Paterson, N. J.

"It is worth its weight in gold!"—FREDERICK W. WILLIAMS, Jr., Castle, Va.

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"It contains a gold mine of information and facts. I have the book, and I think it is possible to set forth as a guide how to start your Photoplay writing in such a way as to assured success."—GORDON MATHEWS, MONTEREY, CAN.

I read your Irving System some time ago. It is a remarkable thing. I have never learned anything by story and play writing except from your book. ALFRED HORTO, NIAGARA FALLS, N. Y.

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"When I first saw your book I was working in a shop for $3.50 a week. I had been working with my hands. I desired my ability would enable me to get a better job. My brotherated to the System, that I spent for your Easy Method, which I have learned in 2 years of newspaper work. H. B. HANSON, FREDERICK, MARYLAND.

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Keep your skin fine in texture

"A SKIN like a child's!"—but do you realize what makes a child's skin so beautiful? More than anything else it is the exquisitely smooth, fine texture which men and women alike so often lose in later life.

Examine your face in a strong light. Do the pores seem to be growing enlarged? If so, your skin is not functioning properly—the pores are not contracting and expanding as they should.

To restore your skin to healthy, normal activity and give it back the fine, smooth texture it should have, begin tonight to give it this special treatment:

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

Special treatments for each different skin condition are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Get a cake today and begin using your treatment tonight. A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment or for general cleansing use. Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada.

The famous treatment for blackheads

A PPLY hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth, work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing the face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. To remove blackheads already formed, substitute a flesh brush for the washcloth in the treatment above. Then protect the fingers with a handkerchief and press out the blackheads.

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If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 905 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.
Dick Barthelmess has been on the screen since 1916, when he made his début in Herbert Brenon's "War Brides" with Nazimova. It was not until last year that he scored his big hit—as the Yellow Man of "Broken Blossoms," a characterization which bids fair to be as lasting in favor as Walthall's famous Little Colonel.
MADGE KENNEDY

Ever since Madge Kennedy stepped to the silversheet from footlight farce comedy, she has been a popular favorite. Miss Kennedy is one of the foremost Goldwyn stars.
Betty Blythe is one of the most beautiful of the cinema stars. She made her first hit in Vitagraph's "Over the Top" and since has been contributing many interesting characterizations to the films.
RUTH ROLAND

The motion picture serial has no more popular exponent than Ruth Roland, the favorite Pathé star. Life is just one thrill after another for Miss Roland.
MISS CLARKE

Miss Clarke is a cinema newcomer. She scored in William Farnum's "If We Were King," and has a leading rôle in Doris Keane's "Romance." Miss Clarke has unusual beauty and charm.
Betty Compson says her career really started over a year ago, with her role in "The Miracle Man." "Before that," she says, "I had drifted along aimlessly and without particular ambition. Life was an adventure—and that was all. I never thought of tomorrow. Nobody in particular gave me a second thought. I didn't myself."

B. C. 1920

Meaning Betty Compson Becomes a Star this Year

... beach at Waikiki or some such spot, altho, in truth, our cold was abating. What cold could do otherwise before Miss Compson? For she is—here we find ourselves weeks later still groping for a vivid enough adjective—dazzlingly beautiful. Which is hackneyed, but true.

The cinema camera has never caught the real Compson beauty. A slender, elusive, delicate sort it is, quite Elsie Fergusonish.

All this we enthusiastically conceded to Miss Compson. "Very nice—for a tired editor with chills," she admitted.

Firmly removing our gaze from the Compson profile, we asked the first-aid query of all interviewers: "Your hopes, your real dreams, all that sort of thing, please."

"Betty Compson's career really began slightly over a year ago," she started impersonally. "Before that I had rather drifted along aimlessly and without particular ambition."

...
"I started as a kid in vaudeville and I played a violin in endless theaters. My youth, (we smiled at the youthful Miss Compson's use of the word), "was just one railway station, hotel hall-room and dreary dressing-room after another. It was a livelihood—life was an adventure—and that was all I never thought of tomorrow."

"Then I tried pictures. I gained a little place for myself on the screen. Those were the days when I played in comedies with Roscoe Arbuckle and others. But I never quite struck five. Nobody in particular gave me a second thought. I didn't myself."

"One day I came to George Loane Tucker, who was seeking a girl for 'The Miracle Man.' I was tired and discouraged—"I guess I looked the rôle. Anyway, Mr. Tucker gave it to me."

"From that moment dates my career, whatever it may be. The character interested me and I fairly lived it during the making of the photoplay. Then, for the first time, I felt ambitious and I began to try." Miss Compson smiled whimsically. "I hadn't read much of particular value before, but I began with a vengeance. I have put my months to good use, I think, for in that time I have read most of Wells, much of Shaw and nearly everything of the younger English authors." Miss Compson paused.

"The world is really just beginning to unfold. I was a dull outsider before—now—well, it's nice."

"Looking backward," we queried, "what impresses you most?"

"You must feel your rôles to succeed on the screen," says Miss Compson. "I am positive that Norma Talmadge sinks herself into her parts; that Mary Pickford forgets her identity; that Elsie Ferguson feels her film moods. Sincerity must be there"
LEAVE it to the movies to bring forth a new variety of sand witch—a lovely damsel of youth and beauty and perfection of form, who looks so intrinsically luscious that Eastern producers of musical revues have changed their standard of ladies of the ensemble. Indeed, they are now judging chorus aspirants by the mack-sennetian rules and regulations the silent stage formally “adopted” at least two years ago as being the dernier cri of feminine pulchritude.

In days more or less gone by pictures used to pick their pippins from the stage choruses. Witness Kay Laurel, the delectable Olive Thomas and the lily-white Marion Davies. But, having plucked from the stage tree a half dozen lemons—frizzly blonde ladees with as many wrinkles as a palm-leaf fan—to every one real peach, experts on the subject of cinematic saccharinity decreed that: (1), innocent belles between the ages of fifteen and eighteen are those best calculated to set on fire the masculine hearts in the movie audiences; (2), cuddly blondes are the most desirable, most marriageable objects on earth; (3), demure brunettes with dimpled knees and a healthy smile are the lineal progeny of the famous Mrs. Venus, and, (4), that Titian-haired sorceresses—the kind rapturous poets have raved over as cavorting about in sylvan dells while moonbeams bathe...

Above, Vera Steadman, the sea-going belle of Fox comedies, and, very much at the right, Dorothy DeVore of the Christie forces. Miss DeVore is the tiniest girl in comedies, being just five feet one. Miss Steadman is one of the best divers and swimmers in the films.

(Eighteen)
Where the Stars of the Low-and-Behold Comedies Come From

their white-white skin in silver hues—are quite the very best means of making the mere men of the country want to leave home.

And it is no use denying that Mr. Mack Sennett was the first to put the sin into cinema. And, to be even more explicit and perhaps a bit more infinite, as the French say, it behooves us to admit that Mr. Sennett had his finger jolly well placed on the public pulse when he ordained Miss Sweet Sixteen as the vestal virgin of his comedy temple.

And, inasmuch as Sennettism is more or less indigenous to the California soil, he jacked his "decorative background" from the beaches. Being a mere male myself,

I hereby confess that I am wont to get considerable "kick" out of the screen picture of Marie Prevost in her one-piece bathing-suit. And this, I assure you, is precisely the reason that the movies have stepped forward with their bevy of beautiful bathers.

The sand witches in question must have large quantities of "pep"—and, moreover, their figures must be as perfectly proportionate as that of the Venus of Milo. No angles nor sharp corners for the wind to whistle around.

Brains aren’t an absolutely necessary adjunct. Nevertheless, they’re always a help, and if a present-day bathing girl chances to possess them she stands an equal chance of achieving the good fortune—and, incidentally, the gowns—acquired by Gloria Swanson.

Every feminine visitor to the Sennett, Fox-Sunshine, Rolin, Christie or other studios making particular use of the decorative feminine background is carried back to her boarding-school days. The dormitory dressing rooms where the
girls hold forth are precisely like the boudoirs at a socially exclusive finishing school. The walls are covered with the usual feminine assortment of Art, chocolates are on the chairs and gum under the window-sills, ouija boards are on the dressing-table and the spirit of Youth permeates everywhere.

Impression has it that the average comedy beauty is a peculiar variety of fish; a creature who spends the totality of her waking hours in the studio swimming pool, and who eats, sleeps, talks and dreams of—water.

Fact is, the majority of the girls can't swim, and nine out of every ten have never had their feet wet by the splashing ocean.

A very poetical male once wrote that the New York chorus girl is an exotic flower—an orchid which blooms for an hour and then fades. At any rate, she's a distinctive creature who thrives peculiarly under lights—on Broadway after theater hour. The movies' midday frolickers, on the other hand, have a clause in their contract which makes them liable to dismissal if they're caught out in public later than ten o'clock on week-day nights. Being a camera subject, a girl has to have a "photographic" face—one that will not look like the bird's-eye view of a plowed field.

In addition, she must have qualities that make her individual and different from the average run of females. In other words, she just "is" or she "isn't." If you can lose a girl in a crowd she has no chance on the screen. If her personality does not stand out among other personalities, she simply can't qualify.

Provided she has passed the acid test, she is required to report each morning at 8:30. With another girl she shares one of the aforementioned dressing-rooms. She must exercise; she can't get fat. If walking won't turn the trick, the studio matron requires her to don a gym suit and take a "workout" on a vacant stage. Or perhaps she has to roll.

Stage chorus girls have of the foregoing routine, plus: rehearsals at eleven; lunch; performance at two; rest and dinner; evening show at eight—plenty of one-two-three-kick exercises. No chance to get hefty.

None of the successful contemporary comedy girls—Phillis Haver, Marjorie Payne, of Christie's; Marie Prevost, Peggy Davis, Vera Steadman, Bessie True, of Sunshine; Norma Cantero, Harriet Hammond—have ever had stage experience. The majority have come to the studio directly from school. None have ever seen a theatrical agency, and nearly all have been brought to the attention of the producers by other girls on the "lot."

One girl invites a pal to visit the studio and together they go giggling to interview the manager. Some day the pal is employed in a mob scene. If she "is," she is regularly added to the company, and it is not infrequently that she develops real talent. More than one current first-magnitude star got her start in the swimming tank.

In the beginning, an anxious mother usually accompanies the newcomer. Seeing her cherub (Continued on page 70)
The Cost of the Modern Photoplay

By HARRISON HASKINS

NOWADAYS, when motion picture profits and losses are reckoned in millions, few stop to consider the actual cost of production. From a few hundred dollars the cost of filming a regular release photoplay has climbed from the $30,000 of a year or so ago to $40,000 or $60,000, while a feature production easily runs up to from $125,000 to $150,000.

No director is more competent to discuss studio costs than Allan Dwan, who is essentially a business-man director. "I smile when directors talk loudly of art," says Dwan. "I look upon a photoplay in the making as a commercial product, and endeavor to create a picture that will make the broadest entertainment appeal."

It was then that Dwan began detailing production costs. "The average standard release—such as the products of the Famous Players-Lasky, Metro and other concerns—runs above (Continued on page 79)"
The Human Photoplay

A large photographed copy of the Vidor creed hangs over the desk in King Vidor's private study. It dominates the room, even as its lofty principles dominate the life and work of this young director and producer, who has fearlessly broken down many of the cherished traditions in his endeavor to bring better films, with better themes, into motion pictures.

The first time I met King Vidor was in the flush of the phenomenal success following the showing of his initial picture, "The Turn in the Road," and, tho he was pleased and happy over the praise showered upon his work and the honors it brought him, he had not lost his head nor his sane balance. I met him again a year later, when, having backed up this success by several pictures of rare merit, he had demonstrated that his first effort was no accident, but the result of keen judgment guided by an absorbing ideal.

He was still unspoiled, eager and boyish, with a little more confidence, perhaps, but sincerely viewing his past achievements merely as the finger pointing to greater work yet to be accomplished.

After all, an ideal is the most prac-
The Vidor Idea
By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

uplifting thought that will help, I shall be happy. Life can be excitement and thrills and still be human, or it can be all of this and not be human if it is too far removed from daily experience, too much toward types and exceptions, and so narrowed in its application that only the few can understand."

"Going back to 'The Turn in the Road,'" I prompted, recalling that marvelously human film that had sent its vital message into the hearts of many.

"Well, in that picture," began Mr. Vidor, "I had this idea in mind—how can I make it so real, so true, that it will hit home; in other words, make it so universally human that every one who sees it will get the thought and be with the characters as they work out the story, for emotions tend to unite humanity thru the sharing of sympathies!"

"With this hope before me, I laid the scenes in a small town, introduced several incidents that would touch any neighborhood and selected characters of everyday folks whom all know.

"In watching motion picture audiences I have noticed that during what I call the human scenes, they are interested and intense, while during the romantic episodes their attention is frequently diverted."

"Then you don't consider the love story an essential ingredient?" I asked, amazed at this iconoclastic suggestion.

Center, the Vidor in their new car, and, below, little Suzanne gets her first taste of motion picture direction. Ben Alexander appears with Mr. and Mrs. Vidor

A Creek and a Pledge

I believe in the motion picture that carries a message to humanity.

I believe in the picture that will help humanity to free itself from the shackles of fear and suffering that have so long bound it with iron chains.

I will not knowingly produce a picture that contains anything I do not believe to be absolutely true to human nature, anything that could injure anyone or anything unclean in thought or action.

Nor will I deliberately portray anything to cause fright, suggest fear, glorify mischief, condone cruelty or extenuate malice.

I will never picture evil or wrong except to prove the fallacy of its lure.

So long as I direct pictures I will make only those founded upon the principle of right, and I will endeavor to draw upon the inexhaustible source of good for my stories, my guidance and my inspiration.

King W. Vidor.

"Not what is termed the juvenile love interest, unless it uplifts the theme," he replied, laughing at my surprise. "In the many letters I received from young people regarding 'The Turn in the Road,' few of them mentioned the love story; it was the struggle toward the light that interested them, and many spoke of the help it had afforded, which all goes to show the trend of thought in the audiences of today.

"In my last picture, 'The Family Honor,' it is the love of a sister for her two brothers and her unswerving loyalty which is the theme, the love story being wholly secondary; while in 'The Jack-Knife Man,' by Ellis Parker Butler, my next film, there are no young people in the cast, except a four-year-old boy, and the story is woven around the devotion of an old man for this child.

"Romance on the screen is usually too vividly portrayed, too obvious, too highly colored to be natural and so lacks interest. It is the simple story, simply told, in simple surroundings with which all are familiar, and with characters like themselves, such as they can understand, that has what we call the universal appeal with an audience.

"For instance, the majority of people are not handsome, and in their hearts they haven't the sympathy with those who are, and a handsome hero, like Wallace Reid, has more to overcome in reaching his audience than does a plainer man. Will Rogers made one of his clever remarks when he said, 'Guess they put me in motion pictures so all the homely birds will feel good—there are so many of us!'

"What is the most important element in the successful photoplay?" I questioned, finding Mr. (Continued on page 75)
as a son, a dear and devoted one, and—"We're all so happy!" added the little wife, with a new and sweetly serious note in her voice.

Miss Dean is a stunning-looking girl, with her slim young figure, dancing black eyes, rosy cheeks and a radiant smile that shows her merry good humor as well as her pretty teeth.

She is still the "Wildcat," oh, dear yes, irresistible and irresistible in her vivacity and gay spirits. Her name and her piquant face may be flashing all over the world, but she is not a bit "up-stage," nor the least spoiled—just a democratic, generous "good fellow." She had a jolly "Hello!" for every one who chanced to pass our bench, whether it was her director, Tod Browning, or Erich von Stroheim, the maker and builder of "Blind Husbands," an elderly-electrician or a property boy in faded overalls.

"Sure," laughed Priscilla, when I spoke of this. "They are all good scouts; I like 'em and I believe they all like me. They treat me to candy and I play games with them—we are just kids together out here."

"Sometimes I try to be gentle and demure," she exclaimed, gaily, "but what's the use! I just can't be quiet; I must be up and doing every minute, and I'm all over the place, teasing and joking every one."

"I don't see how he ever did it!" I said, watching the eager little face beneath the drooping hat.

"Who did what?" demanded Priscilla, briskly.

"Wheeler Oakman—" I began.

"Oh-h!" she interrupted, laughing. "Well, Mae Murray introduced us a long time ago when he was her leading man, but we immediately forgot all about each other. He was in service fourteen months, in France, too, and one afternoon after he returned I met him on the street, but we just spoke and passed on."

The great romance has come to the little "Wildcat of Paris," and recently Priscilla Dean and Wheeler Oakman slipped away and were quietly married!

It is still a dead secret, but as Priscilla and I talked it all over, sitting on a wooden bench under the huge pepper trees in the Universal studio grounds, I reminded her that these love stories will leak out eventually, so she consented to my announcing the interesting news.

No one knew of their plans except Mary, as Priscilla calls her mother and best pal, and, of course, Mary went along, and tho her heart was a little heavy at the thought of sharing her daughter's life with another, she had already accepted Wheeler.
By MARY KEENE

When my picture, 'The Virgin of Stamboul,' came along, Wheeler was cast as leading man, and that's when it began. It just grew and grew until, when we went on location up at Oxnard and were working awfully hard on our desert scenes, he proposed to me. He bet that we would be married within the year, and bet we wouldn't, but—you see—I lost. Really, this is the first serious love affair I ever had. There wasn't any use waiting, so I just up and married without any fuss or excitement.

"We are planning to build a little white colonial bungalow in Hollywood. Wheeler is crazy about a home, and I am domestic, too, or I can cook and wash dishes and scrub and, that is more, I am glad that I know how. We're already scrapping about the dogs—that we won't! Wheeler wants a bulldog and I want a wire-haired terrier. Isn't that a peaceful combination?"

"We both love to entertain our friends with formal dinners and suppers, and we like to win and play tennis and dance and ride horseback, but neither of us can see golf—looks a lot of walking around with nothing doing. We're picture fans, too, and our chief sport is following serials—we like the rills!" and the little star's con- gious giggle made several smile they passed us.

Priscilla Dean was born in New York city and at an early age went to the stage with her mother, May Preston-Dean. When she was four she was playing in "Rip Van Winkle," with the great Joseph Jefferson, and she also played with that other actor, James A.

Below is a view of Miss Dean in her new picture, "The Virgin of Stamboul," The Wildcat of Paris is still her favorite rôle. "I like wild parts," she says, "the wilder the better."

Hearne, in "Shore Acres" and "Hearts of Oak."

At fourteen she did a song-and-dance act—it was toe dancing, too—at the opening season of the Folies Bergère in New York, and later made a hit with Harry Pilcer in his famous whirlwind dance.

Then came a period of stage work and pictures, mixed, and four years ago she came to Los Angeles to play comedy for the National.

"You remember that the company busted," recalled Priscilla, cheerfully, "and I was stranded, without a nickel. I met a man connected with the Buick agency, and he suggested that I try for the coming Ascot beauty contest. He had the car dolled up in gay cretonne, and I wore a simple little summer dress, while Dorothy Dalton, Edna Goodrich and the other contestants were all beautifully gowned. I was lucky, tho, for the crowd was with me right from the start and I won the first prize. A little later I won a bathing-suit prize at Venice and, as this had given me much publicity, Universal made me leading woman for Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran in their (Continued on page 78)
Two interesting close-ups—and a long shot—of Carmen Phillips' eyes. Carmen has distinguished herself as a fil-em vampire. You can judge for yourself upon studying the Phillips optics.

Photograph by Wittel

Those Vampire Eyes!
The MAN WHO KILLED

Told in story form from the George
Fitzmaurice-Mae Murray Photoplay

By DOROTHY DONNELL

GLORIA, Lady Falkland, had been
dead five years, but, unfortunately, they do not bury women
whose bodies are still able to move
about, and eat and drink and breathe.
So she carried her dead heart about
with her, sequestered under her beau-
tiful breasts, and looked out at the
world with dead, beautiful eyes that
never wept, never smiled, even
when she gazed down into the face
of her little son.

Lady Falkland never looked at
Archie without the terror of seeing
something of his father in the soft
baby curves of him, without fear of
some vague hint of the cold cruelty,
malice and cynicism that had mur-
dered her girlish hopes beginning to
show in the rosy baby flesh. After
all, he was his child as well as hers.

Yet it was the boy who had kept
her in Constantinople these last
hideous years, enduring all Sir
Archibald’s slights, insults, indiscre-
tions, because not to endure them
would have meant disgrace for the
boy and possibly separation from
him. Constantinople, with its hard
glare of brassy sun, its heartless
gaiety of color on house-top and in
market square, its senseless, soulless
laughter that jangled discordantly on
alien ears—she hated the place—
until even the powers of hating had
become dulled.

Tonight, muffled in moonlight, it
lay along the Hellespont a dream
city, with frail minarets and towers
like fingers pointing upward. The
waters under the prow of her skiff
were blue and tipped with little light
golden flames, the air was clean and
scentless upon her forehead, robbed
of the heavy, sickly odors of the day.
It might have been a breath out of the greenness of other springs long ago in England, so long ago that they seemed to her sometimes like a thing she had dreamed and wakened from.

The boatman, a muffled shape in the prow, began to sing a native chant, but the soul of his passenger was far away. There is something about beauty that leads the thoughts toward some beautiful thing, and Gloria was back again, six years back, in Sussex with the white hawthorn hedges, like ghost flowers, all about them, and a nightingale setting the moon to silver music and a man's hands touching hers, reverently, as an acolyte his shrine, a man's voice throbbing in her ears. "I love you, Gloria—oh, I love you—"

It had been her beautiful moment and she had let it be taken from her, stolen, cast contemptuously aside to wither even like one of those tender, budding hawthorn sprays. Love! Bah! A word for babies and fools, they had told her. A penniless girl could not afford love when she might have marriage with one of the great men of her country, a lord, wealthy, too—come, come, be sensible!

The clear wind of the Sussex downs. The oak and little thatched cottages and hedges and a deep voice that faltered over foolish words—"I love you, Gloria—" The hawthorn blossoms that would never bloom for her again—

"Oh," said Lady Falkland aloud, with a little broken laugh of pity, "she was so very young, and she believed so many things, and she put her hand out trustingly to life," for it seemed to the disillusioned woman in the skiff that the girl who had worn a white gown in the Sussex dusk was some one else who had lived and died a long time ago. Surely she was not one with the flouted, scorned creature who had sickened at the shame of sitting at the table where her husband and his mistress made wanton love before her face and crept out here into the dusk for a merciful moment of respite.

The slender boat shell moved silently thru the water, leaving a ribbon of golden ripples behind. The woman sat quite motionless, brooding, her white hands folded lightly in her lap. And suddenly she knew that she did not care any longer what he did or how he insulted her wifehood or what the insolent, ruddy Lady Edith, with her painted lips and hard gliter of rings, plotted against her. The dead do not feel shame, cannot be humiliated, and she was wholly dead of heart at last.

The cry that rose to her lips now was not of fear, the frail boat staggered under the impact of the other skiff that had materialized without warning out of the shadows. "Dick!" said Lady Falkland. "Dick!" and held out her hands with a beautiful, simple gesture to the man who stared incredulously down at her from the other boat. In the prows the two Turks quarreled fiercely over the mishap and the blame thereof. The city lay very far away, and the present, while the two travelers from the past touched hands in greeting.

"God, but you haven't changed, Gloria," swore Richard Loring, and then the moon looked out from her face veil of cloud and fell mercilessly upon the lifted face of Lady Falkland and the words died on his lips. Beautiful still, with hollows where there had been curves, shadows where there had been light, and her eyes—the man gave a stifled groan. "Gloria! What has he done to you?"

"He has only killed me, Richard," smiled the woman, in self-mockery, "killed the heart of me. He would do that, you know, where it would be kinder to kill my body. I'm not the Gloria you knew. I'm her ghost. But I keep right on living. I'm so dreadfully healthy, Richard. It's—rather a shame."

He shook. She felt him even across the space that separated them. Perhaps her soul was closer, I do not know
But at once, because she was a woman, and women spare those whom they love, she changed her tone, began to speak lightly of conventional things. How did it happen, she asked, that he was here in the East, when she had supposed him in London? Her tone shook, speaking the name, and he sensed something of the awful exile of her soul.

Less tactful than she—men always prefer the fundamentals—he answered her briefly. He was an attaché to the Consul, very lately arrived—yes, yes, every one she knew was well in England when he left. But she, he stammered, he had heard things—gossip—idle reports—"And now," he said, suddenly violent, "now I know they're true! That beast! Yes, I must say it, Gloria—that's what he is; no man could treat a woman so, a woman like you, so little, and sweet and breakable . . . ."

The boatsmen, from anathemas had progressed to amenities and were now become bosom friends, embracing, to the peril of their craft. Lady Falkland stirred suddenly and looked about her with startled eyes. "It's late. I must go back." She was all at once a hunted thing. "If he finds me gone—you see, he's so anxious to find something he can use—"

"Use?" Loring repeated thickly. "You don't mean—"

She nodded dully. "He wants a divorce. Lady Edith—he would marry her if he could, but I wont ask for one. For the boy's sake. And so—he's watching—for a chance to sue me. He's even chosen the man—a Russian prince with great, thick, red lips. You see, I have to be"—she laughed, breathlessly—"careful. I couldn't lose Archie, you know. He's the only thing I've got in all the world."

"You've got me, Gloria," the man in the other skiff said, very low. "In the dim light his eyes burned down into hers with a clean, clear flame. "—I—haven't changed. I never shall. Some men are like that—they want only one woman and you're my woman. It's something stronger than we are, stronger than life, even. It's drawn us together again after all these years, and it will keep on drawing us until there is no more parting. I don't know how. I just know it's so. Look at me, Gloria. Don't you believe it, too?"

She shook her head. "I'm dead, I tell you! Can you raise the dead, Richard? There's nothing left here," her hands touched her breast, "nothing but ashes . . . ."

But that night, within her own chamber, behind the locked door, she knelt for a long time, while the sleepy maid nodded in her corner, wondering why the God of the white race required such endless prayers. But Lady Falkland was not praying, or if she prayed, it was with strange words. "After all these years, and I so changed. Am I still beautiful, I wonder? I haven't looked into a mirror for so long, but he sneers at me and says no man could be expected to be faithful to such a scrappy thing!"

The thin stuff of her negligé slipped back from her outflung arms, showing their wasted beauty. She had been rather a plump girl, all firm, rosy curves and dimples. The worn beauty of her lifted face was stamped with horror. "Let me stay dead, God!" Lady Falkland prayed. "Living means suffering, and I'm so tired. So tired of feeling—too tired even to love. Let me stay dead, please, God!"

Sir Archibald Falkland was very cordial to the new attaché at the consulate, a trifle too cordial. Robert Loring, seething at the thought of the wrongs a certain woman had suffered at the hands of this stout, jovial, effusive person, could hardly restrain a savage desire to plunge . . . .

"Let me stay dead, God," Lady Falkland prayed. "Living means suffering—and I'm so tired. So tired of feeling—too tired even to live."

(Twenty-nine)
his fingers into the flabby flesh of his throat. But if he was to help Gloria, it could not be by such direct methods, and so he accepted Falkland's invitation to call at his house. "A man falls heir to his wife's old friends, eh, Loring?" and presently he went.

The woman who came to meet him, one thin hand on the shoulder of a little four-year-old lad, was the colorless Lady Falkland that all Constantinople knew. Light hair dragged back from her forehead, all her careful gowning not quite concealing her pitiful lack of flesh. She gave him a cold, nervous hand. "You should not have come," she quivered. "Oh, I wish you had not come! Of course, he asked you, but he..."
means something dreadful. I can always tell, because then he's almost kind to me."

It was a shameful thing to see how she shrank and trembled at the thought of her husband, and how the little boy looked uneasy about him and drew closer to her. It made Richard Loring physically sick when he thought what long tutelage had schooled them in this fear. "Glory," he said, when, after a short, formal call he stood in the hall taking his leave, "I can't stand this. Why don't you end it? Leave him, go back to England! There's no law that can compel a woman to endure what you have to endure!"

"No, but there's a law that would take my baby away from me if I left him," Lady Falkland reminded him, "and so I shall stay. And I shall endure whatever I must, even if it's more than I've had to bear before. But it will be easier if you don't come any more. I'm afraid, Richard, afraid—"

"Not of me, surely, dear?" he asked her. And she shook her head, smiling painfully.

"I'm afraid of—myself," Lady Falkland whispered.

That night Sir Archibald was very drunk indeed. So drunk that he was quite amorous toward his wife, and in horror of his caresses she fled to a small pavilion on the lawn where she had fitted up a little room, a refuge when he made merry with his chosen intimates in the house, as he frequently pleased to do. Lady Edith laughed at his discomfiture. "When a man finds he has a rival," she sneered, "it adds attractions even to a wife, eh, Archie? My word, you were quite taken with Lady Bones tonight! Quite touching to see such husbandly devotion."

The man grew sullen under her glances, then flared to fury. "Damn her!" he fumed. "I won't stand her virtuous airs any longer. As for Loring, what do you think I invited him here for, if it wasn't to get her where I want her? I'll be rid of her— but I'll keep the boy. She'll whine and whimper to him, and by and by she'll send for him, and then—"

"And then?" Lady Edith fawned, leaning her rheumy beauty to him. "Then, Archie, old boy, what about me?"

He leered at her with rheumy eyes. He liked 'em a good armful, with plenty of color. "Then I'm damned if I don't marry you, Edie," he promised, "if we're still friends."

The woman got up restlessly and moved to the window to hide a frown. If, they were still friends! The longer that milk-faced fool hung on to him, the less her chances, for she knew well that her lord's affections were fickle as the wind. She leaned her forehead against the glass, staring out into the night, which was torn apart violently now and again with jagged splinters of lightning, and, so staring, uttered a cry of delight.

"Would you call it grounds for divorce," she pointed triumphantly,

"if a married woman receives a Russian prince in her bedroom at this hour?"

Sir Archibald was at her side in an instant, peering with the face of an eager devil into the thick dark. When, for an instant it lifted, he saw thru the window of the pavilion his wife struggling desperately in the arms of the unsavory Prince Stanislaus de Cernarce, whom he had brought to the house a month before in the hopes of this very thing.

"Call the servants. We must have witnesses!" he directed. "I'll go confront them! Give herself damn' virtuous airs, will she?"

The eyes of the two of them, had man, bad woman, met, and the woman, because she was a woman, had an instant's compunction. "He's a beast—and she hates him... it isn't sporty...

"Dont you give yourself virtuous airs!" Sir Archibald snarled. "She could have sued me years ago, and she wouldn't, just out of spite. Keep out of this, Edie—it's just as much your advantage as mine."

In the pavilion, from which the Prince had incontinent fled at the first sign of approaching footsteps, the husband and wife faced one another, the woman clenching

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Alec Francis, Pioneer

Alec Budd Francis was born in London, England, and originally destined for the law. But the law did not appeal to him. He liked the idea of presenting an argument to a jury, but that was the only thing he did like; all the rest was drudgery. However, he did his best for a while in order to please his father, who was a prominent barrister, and then, one day, fully convinced that he would not gain greatness there, he left the paternal office to embark on the career he had chosen for himself. You are right—he became an actor.

Now, it is probable that but for his extreme sensitiveness, the very sensitiveness that made him dislike the law, he would be a favorite of the London stage today. Certainly he would never have been a pioneer in moving pictures. His success was too great for him to have left the stage in time.

He was with the Kendals for two seasons and appeared in "The Solicitor," which ran for 365 nights in London. This was followed by two more big successes, "The Barrister" and "The Guardsman."

He became very elated, he told me, and asked ridiculously big salaries. And then, he said, the managers decided to punish him for thinking himself indispensable by dispensing with him entirely.

He seems to have reacted to outside events with characteristic intensity. Apparently, he was always too elated or overly cast down. It did not occur to him that this misfortune might be temporary. He had been given such an intoxicating draught of great success that, when the cup was taken away from him, it must have seemed like the end of the world.

He didn't go into detail. He simply said that he walked the streets for hours and then enlisted in a regiment bound for British East India.

"I suppose that I had some idea of punishing myself," he said. He told me that he does not believe anything happens in life which is not according to a perfect plan and necessary to human development.

He left the army convinced that he was very much the better in every way for his experience. He had grown to love India, and South Africa, too, where he also served. In England, again, he found that his entire viewpoint of life had changed. The confinement of his once dearly beloved profession was quite unendurable to him. He had

Alec Francis has had an adventurous career. He served in the British army in British East India. Long stage years preceded his screen début, which was with Vitagraph.
By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

become imbued with the spirit of "The Empire Builders," so he left the stage again and went to Canada to make his fortune.

"I did every kind of work that I could do," he said, "from running a ranch to nursing in a hospital."

But the fortune did not materialize. It took him several years to work off his restlessness. Finally, however, after wandering a long way around, he came back to the place from which he started—the stage. But it was the New York stage; he has never returned to England.

Alec Francis is now one of the mainstays of the Goldwyn dramatic personnel. Sometime or other he plans to return to his first love—the stage—for just one production. After that it will be the films again.

He was married while he was on tour with a production named "Comin' Thru the Rye." His wife was a member of the same company.

His first screen appearance was with Vitagraph. He was with Florence Turner in the first two-reeler ever made, "Auld Lang Syne." From Vitagraph he went to World, starring in the first screen production of "Alias Jimmy Valentine," which was directed by Maurice Tourneur. Of his Goldwyn pictures those that come most readily to mind are, "The Face in the Dark," "The Cinderella Man," "The Flame of the Desert," "The Street Called Straight" and "Earthbound," a spiritualistic picture from the story by Basil King.

You must imagine him as I saw him at the Goldwyn studio in Culver City. He was sitting erect in a straight-backed chair, one hand clasped over the other, resting on the curved handle of a light-colored cane. He wore a fawn-colored overcoat. His hair is grey, his skin very fair and his eyes a peculiarly intense, "electric" blue.

I amused myself by imagining that I was seeing him in his own house. I could easily fancy myself writing, "The place is marked throughout with an elusive atmosphere of the Orient. This is all the more peculiar because the colors are subdued and the furniture arranged with British nicety."

I don't know whether this would be the case or not. He told me that he loves the Orient. I have said that he impressed me as being a mystic. He also impressed me as being a man with a very highly developed sense of order.

"I have been house-hunting all week," he said. "It seems quite impossible to find a place to live in. My wife and I are alone, (my step-children are both married), but we want a

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I might add, Seena seen mentally, too, were it not for the cumbersome fact that said addi-

tion would make a cumbersome title, and meaning must go by the board when such a point is at

stake. Hence . . .

The setting was the Biltmore, on a Saturday afternoon at tea-time. Scenically, the value

of this depends upon one's point of view.

The background was the spiralling cigarette smoke, grey-blue, which added to the dull gold of Seena's hair, and there was Hawaiian music, against which she did vociferously protest, and also, there were coffee and considerable French pastry. There is something exceedingly clean-cut about the indubitable beauty of Seena. She moves well, too, and she has a charming carriage. She has a rather indolent air and a detached manner, and yet you find, upon after-contemplation, that she has said a great many things which must, necessarily, have come from a fund of thought and feeling. She is unostentatious to a degree. If she is subtle she conceals it, and yet her simplicity is ultra rather than simple.

It would seem super-discriminating to cavil at the necessity of stopping at the Biltmore, yet Seena was so cavilling. Not, however, exclusively at the Biltmore, but at living in New York City generally. "I feel as tho I

cant breathe, as tho I will choke," she lamented. "People in prison must have the same feeling—as if
great walls are closing in on them. I miss the blue skies and the open spaces acutely. I could never

stand life in a city. And the crowds! It's so different in Los Angeles. It's so homey. Like one big

family. Here, you could die of sheer loneliness and there would be no one who would necessarily know

nor care. It's a city of strangers. Of course, I do enjoy the café life and seeing the theaters and all

that sort of thing, temporarily. But I could never stand it, day by day. I know that. Being born in

the West, I suppose . . .

"I like to do Western pictures, too," she went on, "the kind I have done with Bill Hart. I had much,
much rather do that type of work than the slinky society lady variety. There's something to a Western

picture; something every one cant do. Anybody can do the drawing-room stuff. I like to ride and shoot

and throw up my hat. I can do it, so why not? It has real life in it."

The Biltmore, and the French pastries and Seena, satin-clad and fur-enveloped . . . the far

plains and Bill Hart and the cold muzzle
of a Colt and Seena dashing about on a mustang... rather a far stretch of the imagination, but, (this we say modestly), we have an elastic imagination and a great credulity, and we 'ave seen what we 'ave seen!

Seena was here, she knew not whether temporarily or no, it seemed. She was, at the time we talked, just free-lancing, but future plans were more or less in abeyance and pending further consideration. Then, too, there were stage plans. She was quite electric when I asked her whether she would like the stage. "I would be crazy about it!" she declared.

It being a few days prior to the arrival of the Yuletide saint, the conversation ran to said arrival and to the wee generation to whom the arrival looms so importantly. "There is going to be,", said Seena, not without wistfulness, "some sort of gathering of the kiddies at the Grand Central Palace on Christmas Day. I am going down there to play with them for a while, since I can't be with Patricia. (Patricia, be it said, is three-year-old Patricia Walsh and a very important part, indeed, of Seena, viewed scenically or any other way.)" "I haven't dared to break the news to them at home," said Seena, "that I will not be with them Christmas Day. We're an awfully chummy family, mother, my sister, Mr. Walsh, my brother and the baby and I. I've been sending all sorts of vague telegrams in an effort to break the ice, but I haven't dared to attempt the final word yet. It's hard to be away, tho, on Christmas Day. I never have before."

We spoke of the general irreconcilability of the woman who, so especially in this day and age, is endeavoring to be at once professional and domestic, to combine the child and the career.

Seena admits to puzzlement. The two, she thinks, are, really, irreconcilable; and yet, paradoxically, no woman reaches a high stage of personal development, and hence a high stage of artistic development, until she has known the possession of a child. "I," said Seena, "never knew anything until I had Patricia. I don't know much now," she added, with a pretty depreciation, "but I knew even less before."

"Perhaps," she said, thoughtfully, after a little, "the very struggle between the personal and the professional, the child and the career is part, a very large part, of the development.

It is hard, but... I don't know..." She shrugged her shoulders and laughed. "One thing I do know," she said, with a glance which took in the pleasant dalliance of the room, "I could never do nothing. I would rather be rushed to death than to be idle. That would be to me the one thing I never could stand. I don't see how it's done."

Seena believes in laughter. Lots of it. For all sorts of things, physical and mental. No physician, she thinks, can do for you what laughter can do, mere feeling. "I was so depressed a couple of hours ago," she told me, "that I didn't think I should be able to say three connected words, and then, about an hour ago Clarine Seymour came in and we just sat up in my room and laughed and laughed and kidded away like two-year-olds, and now I feel like one. The depression is gone. I don't know any one I have more fun with than I do with Clarine, anyway."

Seena is a sort of an illustration of the impossibility of East

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SHE claims the distinction of being the only Italian screen artist, and is proud that this is true. She is proud, too, of the fact that she is an Italian, that she was born in the land of sunshine and blue skies, of music and song, of a race with the subtle charm of older civilization and culture than ours—poets, artists, thinkers—of the race that is ready to "kiss or kill," a hot-blooded, warm-hearted people, with the keen sense of justice that quickly recognizes and seeks to right a wrong.

It was Caruso who gave to his young countrywoman the title, "The Cameo Girl," and the name has clung. Not because Caruso gave it, but because Dolores Cassinelli is, in truth, a cameo girl—and far more beautiful in reality than she is on the screen. She has the splendid glow, the sparkle, the effervescence of champagne. One sees in her pure, clear-cut profile, her Madonna-perfect face, the wistfulness, the immortal faith of youth; in the flame of her dark eyes the magic of deathless romance. Love, wisdom, comedy, tragedy—are all combined in her.

The interview was accomplished in a restaurant—if a place so unusual and interesting can be called by that commonplace name—on one of New York's cross streets. I fancy that few New Yorkers, aside from Metropolitan artists, a certain class of "professionals" and their friends, know of its existence. One does not enter—one is admitted at a ring of the bell, volubly greeted in Italian and politely conducted up a wide flight of stairs to rooms that must have been, in days of yore, the scene of many notable gatherings, a place where the elite, the favored few, entertained—and were entertained. A place of charm and dignity, with its many quaintly fashioned old chandeliers, high arched doorways, long mirrors, bare polished floors, tables gleaming with napery and silver at which were gathered interesting and congenial groups.

We were a party of four, Miss Cassinelli, her mother, a friend, myself. While Mrs. Cassinelli was giving her attention to the menu, Dolores was holding court. From this table and that came artists from the Metropolitan stage, from the concert stage, a few from the speaking stage, to greet her, speaking always in soft, liquid, eager tones, their mother tongue. Listening to the inconsequent chatter, the gay laughter, the manifest compli-
Cassinelli

ONTANYE

tment, one could picture Dolores Cassinelli in her own Italy. A court with vivid flowers blooming, the tinkle of a fountain, olive-skinned swains adoring a dark, vivacious girl picturesquely garbed, behind one small ear a deep red rose.

And then, with a wave of a slender hand, she dismissed her cavaliers and turned to me, a thoroughly modern American girl, delightfully girlish in her grey jersey frock, with its glorified vest of old rose.

Over the delicious Italian dinner I marvelled at her perfect English. "I speak French and Spanish, too," she said. "Languages come easily when one begins young. Of course, I like my own language best of all and love to speak it. But I have tried very hard to perfect myself in English, because I came to America when a mere child and it is really my home. I like the people immensely. They have been more than kind to me. Americans are, perhaps, more cold, more reserved than my people, but it's merely a difference in temperament. Italians are more demonstrative, warmer-hearted," gazing appreciatively at the groups of apparently carefree diners about us. "Americans are just as kind at heart—but they are always so busy. They cannot spend so much time on little things because they are doing so many big things—and one can't do everything."

And you?" I inquired of Mrs. Cassinelli.

"Yes," she said, emphatically, "America has been kind. Dolores is really an American. She was educated, grew up here. She has not been back to Italy. I have been back many times, but here I shall be most of the time, because Dolores needs me. I am her manager and attend to all business.

"I, too, have had many offers to act in pictures, but," with a deprecatory shrug, "I have no desire and no time. It is all I can do to look after Dolores—not that she is hard to manage," she said, looking across the table at her daughter, and one saw in the glance they exchanged that they are the most understanding of friends.

Dolores Cassinelli has had a varied career. As she grew up, her abiding love for music, which is one of the characteristics of her race, grew apace with her, and at an early age she began her career upon the concert stage. While doing concert work

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Here are the first scenes from Theda Bara's new stage play, "The Blue Flame." Miss Bara has temporarily deserted the films to star in this exotic drama under the management of A. H. Woods. Theater records have been smashed everywhere—rather indicating an uncommon interest on the part of the public in the famous cinema siren. Donald Gallagher appears with Miss Bara in the scene at the right.
By OLIVE CAREW

"SHE says," moaned John Weems, "she says she's going to get a divorce. My God, what shall I do?"

"Let her get it and thank your lucky stars," But Reginald Jay did not say this aloud. He was too much perturbed at the prospect evoked by his friend—blonde Constance, a trifle inclined to stoutness, more than a trifle romantic, free and husbandless, preying upon whom she willed! In spite of the testimony of his mirror and of ladies' eyes, Jay was a modest young man, but even modesty could not blind him to the fact that Constance had been very tender that night in the Forest of Arden. He groaned aloud, and the afflicted husband echoed the groan.

"Yes, think of it! To lose that peerless woman, and all because of a terrible mistake. Oh, why did I ever show that woman over your property? Why did I ever go into that infamous roadhouse to telephone? Why did I fire that chauffeur? And some men can take chorus girls to Palm Beach and get away with it by calling it a business trip!"

John Weems, president of the Weems Patent Clothes Wringer Co., ("Ring out the old, wring in the new," Pat. 1900), was not built for tragedy. A movie director would have cast him in the rôle of the prosperous banker or the successful business man. He was stoutish, baldish, with a mind that worked like ticker-tape and conversation flavorful of the Wall Street Journal, but tonight he was undoubtedly moved.

Chalmers, the detective, was inclined to take a more cheerful view of the situation. "Come, come! She's only got two witnesses, seeing as how the lady in the case has disappeared. Lor' love you, sometimes we have to fix up a dozen! The chauffeur won't count for much. He was sore at being fired and, anyhow, juries don't take much to chauffeurs since the taxi fares has went up. That leaves this gentleman here—"

"I'll lie," Reginald Jay declared, "like a gentleman."

"That won't do, sir," The detective shook his head sagely. "The question is, can you lie like a liar?"

"The court will ask you," moaned Weems, "what you were doing yourself at Fender's Place at one o'clock in the morning, and what will you say then?"

Reginald thought deeply. "I might say," he suggested, "that I was attacked by redskins from the bushes, or bitten by a rabid Bolshevik, or I stopped to buy a postage stamp to mail a letter to my maiden aunt. Or I could say that I was afraid of the night air, or that I felt an attack of

Young Jay started, paled perceptibly at a vision of Constance, coy and determined, piloting him up the aisle to the strains of Mendelssohn—what was it she had called him—Orlando? Yes, that was it, her Orlando!
“On the whole,” the doctor mused, “I think I shall prescribe a nurse for you. An ornamental nurse...”

“My Gawd!” the detective groaned. “It’s no use! We can’t trust you on the stand or you’ll end by gettin’ Mr. Weems hung! You’ll have to fade, that’s all, afore the process servers get you.”

“Fade?” Jay repeated vaguely. “I’m sorry, but I don’t just—”

“Vamoose! Skip! Beat it! Make your getaway!” the detective snapped. “Without your testimony the lady can’t get the goods on her husband, and seeing he was doing you a favor by carrying the lady around—and here he winked with the eye farthest from Weems—it’s up to you to take a little trip to Canada till the whole thing blows over.”

Reginald Jay opened his lips, but the shrill pealing of the door-bell interrupted him. When he returned, he carried a legal-looking paper which brought a disgusted “Hell!” from Chalmers. “Too late! Y’ can’t leave the State now!”

Weems collapsed heavily on the davenport. His flabby cheeks quivered, a small, forlorn tear trickled down the side of his nose.

“My Constance! Married for four years and I’ve been faithful to her—never hired a stenographer under fifty, even. And if she gets a divorce she’ll marry some other man—”

Young Jay started, paled perceptibly as a vision was vouchsafed him of Constance, coy and determined, piloting him up the aisle to the triumphant strains of Mendelssohn. What was it she had called him while they wandered thru the darkness that night, trying to find the inn—Orlando? Yes, that was it, her Orlando! “I—I might commit suicide, I suppose!” he cried. “That would be better than getting married!”

“You mean than getting divorced,” Weems corrected him. He sat up suddenly on the couch, a pale gleam of hope flickering in his watery gaze. “Look here; couldn’t you be sick? Sick-a-bed? Out of your head? Forbidden to testify under the doctor’s orders? Jay, you must do it! It’s my only hope—”

Reginald Jay considered. Bed for an indefinite stay was bad enough, but Constance was worse. It was his only hope, too. “I’d prefer the flu to the flu,” he ventured, with ghastly humor, “but you provide the doctor and I’ll provide the corpse—or—that is, the patient. And perhaps”—hopefully, as one determined to see the bright side of things—perhaps my case will be desperate enough to call for a dose of Green River every hour or so.”

It was a very sick man who lay, groaning dismally, the next morning when Chalmers ushered in two small and weedy gentlemen, equipped with black bags and tall silk hats, and introduced them cheerily as “Doctor Widner and Dr. Flexner, who will attend to your case.”

Under cover of a groan, Jay pulled the detective down. “Doctors?” he whispered. “Real M.D.’s?”

Chalmers grinned. “X.D.’s—nearly doctors,” he reassured him. “The Van Dyke beards and the hats are props, m’boy. They understand the situation, and have no objections to a...”
well patient, provided the fee is all right. Doctors, I wish you would make an examination of this gentleman."

The doctors opened their bags and drew out sundry impressive-looking implements that caused Jay to turn pale and start to shiver, only to be forced back upon the pillows, while Messrs. Widner and Flexner listened solemnly at his chest, took his temperature, counted his pulse and wagged their heads mournfully. "Very serious, very. My dear fellow, your life depends on your remaining in bed for two weeks at least, without seeing any callers."

Wing Chow, the impassive butler, was called in and given instructions to admit no one. An official-looking chart was hung over the bed, the shades were drawn and a large bottle and a spoon arranged on the stand beside the bed. Chumbers, other officials, were excused by these realistic arrangements, shook hands with Jay feelingly. "Good-by, old man, and if worst comes to worst, God bless you!"

The patient's smile was painful. "Do you know a nice, kind-hearted undertaker?"

"Leave that to us," Dr. Flexner assured him cheerily; "we'll attend to all those little details."

Left alone in the dimbed bedroom, Reginald was forced to admit that he did have a queerish feeling—in his heart, it was, or perhaps his lungs. Come to think of it, his grandfather had died of Bright's disease, and a great-uncle had passed away of Bright's disease at the age of ninety-two. The more he reflected, the worse he felt. He hadn't a single grandfather or grandmother left—in fact, nearly all his ancestors had died from something or other. There had been a surprising amount of mortality among them...

He groaned with real feeling, and then groaned again with still more feeling. For the door had been unceremoniously flung open and Constance Weems burst plumply into the room. "Reginald Jay!" she accused him; then, in a softened tone, "Orlando, how could you treat your Rosalind so?"

"The sick man gave a really brilliant imitation of one in the last throes of dissolution. "Very—sick," he trailed out, and sank beneath the bed-clothes; "think—going to—die—"

"Nonsense!" The irritation got the upper hand in the lady's voice, giving it the pleasing quality of a nutmeg grater. "You know as well as I do that it's all a put-up job to cheat me out of a divorce. But if you and my husband think for one moment that I'm going to be stopped by child's play like this, you'll find you're very much mistaken!"

Reginald Jay spoke pleadingly, "Have a heart! I'm really ill. It—it came on me suddenly."

Mrs. Weems sniffed, then drew out a handkerchief bedewed with delicate scent and dabbed at her eyes. "It's because I have a heart that I want to be free. Have you forgotten our Forest of Arden? Orlando! Orlando! My heart is fluttering like a bird—a little, tender homing-bird that would fly to its own nest!"

"Help! I'm dying!" moaned Reginald, and, as if in answer, the door opened to admit Dr. Widner, followed by the apologetic Wing Chow.

"I no can help ee! Lady velly bigger than me. I say no can come in. She say go-to-hellee!"

"I am sorry, madam," bowed the doctor, "but this gentleman cannot be disturbed. A very serious case of—hem—post-mortem anterior metabolism, with complications. Quietness is essential. Wing Chow will keep you informed as to his progress," and the amazing little man actually succeeded in bowing the lady out and closing and bolting the door behind her. Jay sat up in bed and shook hands with him.

"You're a wonder! A moment more and she'd have got her divorce and married me!" he exclaimed, wiping his dewed brow. "Some women rob the cradle, and some rob the grave. My God, I'd stay in bed a year to keep my old friend Weems safely married!"

"On the whole," the doctor mused, "on the whole, I think I shall prescribe a nurse for you. An—ornamental nurse," he hastened to add, at signs of explosion, "one whom it will not hurt the eyes of an invalid to look upon."

There are compensations to everything, even to sickness. Nurse Durant was such a compensation. She had a neat little figure which the prim blue uniform set off to perfection; she

"There, there!" cooed Nurse Durant, smoothing his forehead, quite professionally, of course; "you mustn't get excited"
Late one evening the resourceful Constance appeared to reiterate her plea that he recover and help to free her from a man who could never understand her soul-needs. He muttered and showed signs of being nervous. "I have brought you your trunk," he said, "and plastered over your face! And she would skip, tho she weighs fifty pounds too much, now she's trying to get a divorce from her husband because I happened to meet him."

"No, that's not true," the man said. "I was a roadhouse man in the West."

"I know," said Constance. "You think you're a big man, but you're not."

"I was a millionaire," he said. "I had a great fortune."

"You're not," said Constance. "You're a fraud."

"I was a great man," he said. "But now I'm nothing."

"You're not," said Constance. "You're nothing."
as Jay was on the point of fainting away she plumped plumply into the clothes hamper and drew the cover down, concealing all but one peroxide curl. At the same moment the door burst open and Weems flung himself in, quite purple with some emotion, which he immediately proceeded to explain:

"I've got the evidence!" He waved a small pink slip of note-paper threateningly. "A letter in her own hand, beginning 'My Own Orlando,' and now, as soon as I find who the fellow is, I'll start a counter suit—what's the matter, Jay?"

For his friend had choked alarmingly, and now sat up among his pillows, regarding the clothes hamper, which was swaying violently to and fro in a very odd manner indeed. Luckily, Weems was too full of his own grievance to notice. "Yes, sir," he declared, violently, "I'm on the track of Orlando right now, and when I find him—" He brought his fist down on the lid of the hamper by way of emphasis.

"Wing!" called Jay, faintly, "Wing Chow!" And as the Chinaman appeared sleepily in the doorway he pointed to the hamper. "Take the laundry basket out into the other room. The man will be here for it tomorrow morning, and it's always well to be forewarned. Take it out! And keep it out—don't let it get back in here!"

Doctors Flexner and Widner wore a distinctly worried look as they entered the sick chamber the next morning and silently laid upon the bed a court order that Dr. Macklyn, the prominent physician, should he allowed to examine one Reginald Jay on behalf of Mrs. Constance Weems, who claimed that he was not sick enough to claim exemption from testifying in her divorce suit.

"There's just one thing to be done," Flexner observed, gloomily, to Widner, across the prone form of the patient, "and we'll have to do it or go to jail."

"Certainly," agreed his co-practitioner, "and the sooner the better. That Macklyn may be here at any moment."

They then both regarded Jay with an expression that caused lively foreboding in that gentleman's mind. "What do you mean?"

he asked irritably.

"Which would you prefer to have?" Flexner inquired, as he opened his case, removed several small vials and a hypodermic needle and held them one after the other, to the light. "Now, we can give you a beautiful case of cholera, or perhaps you'd prefer leprosy? Or a touch of Asiatic fever? Come, come; choose and be quick about it! You can't expect us to go to jail because you aren't really sick. Be reasonable!"

"I'll be da—" Jay began, but the appearance of Nurse Duncan changed the expletive to "switched." She was bearing the breakfast tray and looked puzzled.

"Dr. Richard Macklyn is outside," she said. "What can he want? Do you know?"

"Then you've got a case for life"—she kist her—"for I have the best medical authority that my case is incurable!"

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Finally gives up his life in a battle with natives, and the waster, stirred by his ideals and religious faith, becomes regenerated in the love of the island maid.

This clash of untrammeled passions and age-old conventions is not new, of course, but at least we expected Griffith to weave it into a human fabric. But "The Idol Dancer" never approaches reality anywhere and is merely bald melodrama working up to the inevitable Griffith chase, this time a boatload of natives, led by the beachcomber, racing back to the village in order to save it from headhunters. These savages, by the way, live up to Griffith tradition by spending hours battering away at the missionary's door.

Clarine Seymour is the island girl and as piquant a figure as ever we hope to see celluloided. No such half-caste girl ever existed on a tropical island, but why quibble at reality? Richard Barthelmess is effective as the derelict beachcomber, if rather youthful for a waster of such experiences as the subtitles paint. And Creighton Hale handles his role of the tubercular lad from the States very well. Here and there are "Griffith touches," but "The Idol Dancer" is a distinct disappointment.

Clarine Seymour is the island girl in "The Idol Dancer," and as piquant a figure as ever we hope to see celluloided. Below, Dorothy Gish in "Mary Ellen Comes to Town"
The Newest Photoplays in Review
By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

We rate the Metro visualization of Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way" as the best thing created by that organization since Alla Nazimova's unforgettable "Revelation." It is a tragic story, and Metro went at least a step in the right direction by preparing two endings. One presents the novel as the author saw it and the other offers it as motion picture producers imagine audiences demand it. The production is admirable as to consistent continuity plus direct and sincere handling. And Bert Lytell contributes one of the best characterizations of the year as that arch-cynic, Charley Steele. Another fine bit of work is that of Gibson Gowland as Joe Portugais.

John Barrymore's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," (Paramount), will likely be an unforgettable thing in the minds of those who see it. For Barrymore makes the Robert Louis Stevenson creation a ghoulish thing of nightmares. True, he idealizes Jekyll into a poetic and melancholy youth of classic profile and lacy waistcoats. But his Hyde is a terrible being, with the most ghastly make-up we ever recall seeing in the films. Memories of the bent and gloating Hyde, loping thru the London fogs, will haunt your dreams. The film adaptation isn't the original story of Stevenson, since all sorts of things, from the addition of feminine interest, have been done with it, yet it is a finely workmanlike piece of screen-craft. Out of the cast stands a vivid figure of the London depths, played in remarkable fashion by one Nita Naldi. You will hear more of Miss Naldi, or we miss our guess. Martha Mansfield makes a rather pretty figure as Dr. Jekyll's sweetheart.

Universal apparently spent a small fortune upon "The Virgin of Stamboul" as a super-vehicle for Priscilla Dean. It is all about the desperate tribulations of a pretty beggar girl of Constantinople who is desired by a villainous sheik, a gentleman who apparently cares nothing for the H. C. of L. in combating harem overhead expenses. Then, too, the girl is beloved by an American soldier of fortune. We give you one guess as to who wins. But it doesn't happen until scores of camels and horses chase each other across the Sahara, endless extras walk up and down the streets of Stamboul and a desert city "in the direction of Mecca" is stormed. (Continued on page 101)
A Rose in the Bud

By BARBARA ALLEN

Every time I have seen Virginia Brown Faire—and I have seen her often and under many widely varying conditions—I think of a rose. Not of a deep red rose, nor of a white or pale yellow rose—rather of a pink rose, delicate and fragile, not full blown, but in the bud.

Virginia is the essence of girlishness—still in her teens, she has not stopped to question why. She is fortunate in having a mother who is a pal and a father who takes his pleasure in making her happy. If she has weighed the world it has not been to find it wanting—and yet she is not selfish thru the things which have come to her. There has been an element of wisdom in the love which she has known.

Before signing her Universal contract and leaving for California, she came often to the magazine offices, and there has been no more welcome visitor. Her utter naturalness and the lack of any desire upon her part to impress went so far as to impress even the office-loy—that, in itself, is superlative. And there is no one who knows her who is not delighted over her good fortune—there could be no greater test of sincerity of feeling.

“How did I feel when I learnt I was one of the contest winners?” she reiterated. “Why, very happy. At first it seemed too good to be true, and when Universal offered me the five years’ contract and the generous salary—well, I just didn’t know any one could be so happy.”

Her mother was with her and she told me that Virginia had left school this term, because they knew she could not accept any offer and keep up with her class at school. She was in the first year at high.

“Virginia will not give up her studies, however,” she told me. “She is fond of them, in the first place, and we realize that the wider her knowledge, the more conversant she is in different subjects, the better her work will be. She is particularly fond of French and literature, but there will be other subjects as well. One of the first things we’ll attend to when we reach California is securing a good tutor.”

I asked Virginia if she liked picture work.

“I love it,” she answered, and I have come to know that Virginia loves many things. She loves dancing, swimming and

Virginia Brown Faire is one of the four winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1919. She is now at Universal City doing special productions under a remarkable contract which has five years to run.
Impressions of Virginia Brown Faire

horseback riding—and she loves people. Perhaps that is why people love her, for there is no more mutual thing than love. Love begets love.

"I expect it will be ever so much nicer now, working with one company and knowing just what I will be required to do from day to day," she said. "I have done just a little motion picture work, you know—not very much, but I love it," and she smiled a Virginiaesque smile.

Virginia Brown Faire loves dancing, swimming and horseback riding. All of which comes in good stead in her motion picture work. Readers of THE CLASSIC should watch for her forthcoming Universal appearances.

On this day she was thinking of the new frocks it would be necessary to take to California with her, and, like every other girl in her 'teens the world over, she was quite absorbed in the question.

"I'm having the prettiest new evening dress," she said, happily. "It is maize color, of chiffon and, very opale. Do you think gold cloth slippers would be prettiest with it?"

I thought so, and into my mind there came a picture of Virginia at her first party in the movie colony at Hollywood. In her shy little way she will be as charming as the most brilliant star—no one will be lovelier than our little Virginia in her delicate yellow frock, with her black curls pinned upon her pretty head and her skin like rose-tinted ivory. I wish that I might see her.

The next time I saw her the metamorphosis was quite complete—tangibly, of course; intangibly it was non-existent. She has taken the family name of Faire and hereafter we will know her as Virginia Faire. Her contract with Universal had been sealed, signed and delivered—she stood on the brink of stardom. But with it all she was the same little girl who entered the contest—shy, modest and appealingly winsome, supremely happy in honors which had come to her, most appreciative of all that had been done for her, but entirely lacking in any pose or affectation.

(Continued on page 86)
What the Fame

We are a link in the great chain of the motion picture industry. We are a medium of expression between the silversheet, with all that lies behind it; i.e., the producer, the director, the scenario, the star, and the spectator. Daily the gigantic force of the screen grows in strength and, as a part of this new world-power, we realize its possibilities.

We firmly believe that the motion picture industry is—as all great industries should be—a field open to all. We know that the opportunity in this particular field is greater than that of any other industry of its size. Why? Because it is practically new. It is the youngest of world industries. It is the second largest and most powerful!

As a medium of expression between the silversheet and the spectator, we are trying to strengthen the connecting chain as much as possible. Last year we inaugurated a Fame and Fortune Contest. At the conclusion of this contest we launched four winners upon a career of unlimited possibility; four young women who would otherwise have never been given an opportunity to show their talent.

The results of last year's contest were so unusual as to make us decide upon a repetition of the contest. We were able to profit largely by our experience and to map...
and Fortune Contest Means

out a course which would tend to place the new venture on a higher scale. After much thought and deliberation, we decided upon the following plans for our new 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest:

First of all, the contest is open to every one, male and female, the only limitation being previous professional experience. Secondly, we have decided to produce a five-reel feature drama, the scenario for which has already been secured, and in which all the members of the final honor roll and, of course, the winners will take part.

Thirdly, for the final winners of the contest, we shall procure contracts with leading motion picture companies—and shall launch each winner with a two-year publicity campaign, thru our three magazines, THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND.

It is a source of great pleasure to us to know that we have been the means of serving our readers, as well as the screen profession. This feeling has caused us to back the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest with all enthusiasm, and we intend that it shall surpass in every way any previous contest of its kind.

(Continued on page 88)

Top, Thelma Goeddel of Pittsburgh, Pa.; center, Anna Kelley of Brooklyn, N. Y.; lower left, Hazel D. Reeves from Chicago, Ill.; and, lower right, Alva Ansley of Washington, D. C.
Warwick at Home

Herewith are three glimpses of Robert Warwick, the Paramount-Artcraft star, at home in his California bungalow. Mamma Warwick presides over the Warwick domicile.
The First Complete Tabulation of Leading Candidates

The Greatest of Popularity Contests

The popularity contest is booming. The intense interest manifested by votes and letters from Canada, South America, Australia and New Zealand, as well as from nearly every town and city in America, is an inspiration to our editorial offices and is blazing the way for a greater popularity for our stars than ever before enjoyed by them.

Our readers are both intelligent and discerning and, in the letters received, it is interesting to note the reasons set forth for choosing their favorites. Most of the feminine stars are chosen for their beauty, or because of a certain appeal, but the male characters are chosen for their rugged strength or for their fun-loving proclivities. With or without reason, every movie fan has one or more favorites.

The interest is twofold, too, for not only does the reader have the opportunity of boosting the player who has given them the most happy hours, each reader also has the opportunity of winning one of the splendid prizes depicted and described in detail on another page.

The representative number of votes. Here is the result of the contest at the time that this issue of the magazine went to press:

Feminine stars: Mary Pickford, 13,160; Pearl White, 10,481; Norma Talmadge, 9,875; Nazimova, 4,002; Viola Dana, 2,851; Constance Talmadge, 2,247; Elsie Ferguson, 1,450; Shirley Mason, 1,247; Lillian Gish, 1,150; Theda Bara, 1,057; Dorothy Gish, 981; Ruth Roland, 981; May Allison, 900; Mary Miles Minter, 900; Anita Stewart, 900; Marguerite Clark, 870; Marie Osborne, 750; Irene Castle, 647; Geraldine Farrar, 603; Mildred Davis, 550; Margaret Fisher, 550; Olive Thomas, 550; Gloria Swanson, 550; Pauline Frederick, 523; Marie Prevost, 518; Ethel Clayton, 451; Vivian Martin, 451; Mae Murray, 450; Marie Walcamp, 447; June Caprice, 489; Priscilla Dean, 489; Madame Petrova, 489; Dorothy Dalton, 356; Rebe Daniels, 356; Alice Joyce, 313; Juanita Hansen, 216; Alice Brady, 212.

(Continued on page 80)

Charles Ray—Indiana. Tandem bicycles. boiled dinners. Correspondence schools. Boys that can't dance

Mary Pickford—The Princess in the fairy story. Maypoles. The doll at the top of the Christmas tree. White kittens


Miss Fazenda is more than a farce comedienne as the accompanying impressions show. We know of no one who can paint as vivid a picture with a half dozen words as Miss Fazenda. The Mack Sennett comedienne really wrote these and she will contribute more to forthcoming issues of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC


Norma Talmadge—Poppies in wheat fields. Dinner by candle-light. Scents of jasmine on an evening breeze. Sables

Pauline Frederick—Agate. Reincarnation of a gypsy queen. "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray". Lamplight thru the fog

William Farnum—Hamlet of the north woods. A cello. Logging camps. Painting of a lion


Ben Turpin—Mark Antony in caricature. Court jesters. East Side manikins. Horseradish

Dorothy Gish—Young America. Hallooween. Middy blouses. Ice-cream sodas. Skipping-ropes and swings


Photograph by Sarony

Photograph by Sarony

Photograph by Campbell

Photograph by Campbell

Photograph by Sarony

Photograph by Sarony

Photograph by Sarony

Photograph by Sarony

Photograph by Sarony

Photograph by Sarony

Photograph by Sarony

Photograph by Sarony
"And so," finished Peyton, "the Prince Chap went away and left the Be-u-tiful Princess spinning the mantle for his Glad Returning in her Faithful Tower."

Claudia's rapt eyes held a certain puzzlement. "If he loved his Be-u-tiful Princess so much," she said, in her eight-year-old treble, "and she loved her Prince Chap so much, why did he go away? People who love like to stay close, I think."

Peyton sighed and shook his head. "All around Love, my child," he said, "there are the Briers of Necessity. The Be-u-tiful Princess had to have silken sandals for her milk-white feet and a mantle of true blue for her slender shoulders and a cap of moonshine and stardust for her golden head. The Prince Chap had neither gold nor precious stones, and so he had to go out among the briers and brambles and find the fortune to lay at his ladye's feet. He is still searching. Child, very sad at heart sometimes and often sore of foot. But when he is most tired and most sad, when the way seems the roughest and longest, he thinks of his truly blue Princess in her Tower of Faithfulness and his way is made glad again . . . and he can shut his eyes . . . and dream . . ."

"That's loving . . ." said the child, in an awed little whisper. "Oh, Prince Chap, I hope, some day, I will be a Princess in a Tower of Faithfulness waiting for my Prince Chap to come down the path of the Moon."

Peyton leaned over and kissed her. The little lovely touches of womanhood were becoming perceptible even now, he thought. And the thought brought an ache to his heart.

Two things happened to little Claudia when she was eight and a half. Two productive things, which, in their effects, were to remain with her and tinge all her years. One was that she learnt that fairy tales are, almost always, true. At any rate, the fairy story which had delighted her bedtime hour since first her mother had given her, as God was taking her, to Peyton, was true. The
Prince Chāp was her “Daddy” Peyton and the mythical, golden-haired Princess Alice in her Tower of Faithfulness was a lovely lady named Alice Travers, who lived in a distant country called, rather pleasantly, California. The lovely lady had a father with many millions and lived in a palace set among showering roses. It was all as beautiful as the fairy tale, Peyton told her, one lonely twilight hour when waiting and pain had made him take the child as confidante for the love that was gnawing away his resistance.

But it wasn't a fairy tale... Claudia could not quite explain why, but it made it different. It made it all very different. Suddenly, she didn't want to hear about it any more. Not any more, ever. She didn't want Peyton to be the Prince Chāp and she didn't want the Princess with the shining hair to be the lovely lady in her garden of showering roses in that land called California.

Of course, she didn't know it, but with the merging of the fairy tale into a reality of pain, jealousy was born in her... The second thing was the arrival, in person, of the lovely lady. That, as may be imagined, was a most tremendous happening.

Claudia had been reading Grimm's, quite alone, in the window seat. Peyton was out for the afternoon, but had promised to take her to supper and the play later on. They did things like that, the lonely man and the fanciful child. Sometimes some of the other sculptors and artists in the building went along. Claudia was the Queen of them all. They had, each and every one of them, known her beautiful mother when, in the heyday of her youth and beauty, she had made them rapturous, artistically, by posing for them. Then, each and every one of them, accepted her little girl as a sacred trust, even tho she had chosen to give her into the specific keeping of Peyton.

It had been just about twilight. Claudia loved to read fairy tales at twilight. Peyton had very solemnly assured her that none of these tales could ever, ever come alive.

There had come a rap at the door, very gently... Claudia had called “Come!” very dulcetly, too. And then the door had swung open and Claudia had known at once that the lovely lady was before her. Her first instinct, too, was one of a fierce little pain. S'pose and s'pose the lovely lady had come to take Peyton home with her to that land called California, where, Claudia knew, he had been as a little boy...? S'pose and s'pose she should take him away from her...? A pain, unchildlike in its bitterness, stabbed her small and loudly thumping heart.

There was something unfriendly, almost distrustful in the way the lovely lady came into the room and over to the window seat, from which, with difficulty, Claudia managed to rise and bow.

"Are you," the lady said, in a tone as thumpy-sounding as Claudia's heart, "are you... Mr. Peyton's little... girl?"

"Yes," said the child, for the first time, inadequate. The lovely lady dropped into the chair Claudia held out for her.

"I have come a long way," she said, "to find out."

"Didn't you know," Claudia said, "about me?"

"I had heard," the lady said, "things..." 

(Fifty-four)
silence, then, "What do you call him, my dear?" she asked.
"Daddy, of course," said Claudia, adding, "that is, when I
don't call him Prince Chap."

The lady didn't answer, and Claudia took the silence to be
an invitation. "You see," she said, entertainingly, "Daddy
tells me a fairy story, or he used to tell me a fairy story, and
it was all about a Be-u-tiful Princess who sat in a Tower of
Faithfulness spinning a mantle for his Glad Returning. He
used to tell it to me most every evening, just about now. It
helped him when he was sad. Then, one day, he was sadder
than ever, and he told me that it wasn't a fairy story at all;
The Prince Chap was himself and the Princess was ..."
Claudia paused and caught her breath ... "The Princess was
make-believe," she said. It didn't seem the thing to do to tell
the lady with the cold eyes that the Prince Chap wove the
twilight with the bright jewels of his radiant love for her. The
Prince Chap, it came to Claudia, had been wrong. It had
been the wrong sort of fairy tale... it had had the wrong
sort of Princess...

Alice Travers was staring into a space greyer than any
space she had ever known before. Grey, and thronged, too,
with the ugly images the past few years had brought to her,
ever since Bill Peyton had gone away to win fame and fortune,
and hadn't won it ... suspicions nurtured to growth by her
father, by her aunt, by Helmer, the man with the millions who
wanted to marry her ... suspicions she had made up her
mind to accept or to lay into the dust where she had hoped
against hope they might belong. She found her voice and said,
rather than asked:
"Your... your daddy loved your mother, didn't he?"
"Of course," said the child, with fierce partisanship she felt
for the dead she had loved; "everybody loved my mother. Daddy
didn't, often, that hers was a face to 'launch a thousand
ships and burn the topless towers of Illiunt.' Course, indeed,
his did love her."

"Of course..." said Alice Travers. Claudia thought she
had the disagreeablest laugh she had ever heard. It didn't go
at all with a dream of a lovely lady, whose voice should be as
a tinkling bell.

After the laugh, Peyton came in. When he saw Alice,
Claudia hid her small, troubled face in her hands. There was
such a glory on it. "I didn't know," thought the
child, "he was waiting like that...

Then she heard Alice say words like "suspi-
cions" and "honor" and "tests for me" and then
the word "honor again,
reiterated several times. It sifted into her small intelligence
that the word honor had, somehow, to do with her. More
clearly she got the fact that it had to do with Peyton's sending
her, Claudia, away. If he kept her with him the lovely lady
would know that he had no honor. If Claudia stayed, the
lovely lady would go away... definitely... forever...

"You must accept my word of honor," Claudia heard Pey-
ton say, his voice all stiff with an intolerable ache: "it must
be enough for you, Alice... oh, my dear..."

That last, thought Claudia, must melt the ice away from
the coldest blue eyes, must warm to a fierce tenderness the
most hidden heart.

"I will not be made a laughing-stock," Alice was saying,
"for any living man. That is what you would do with me.
You would have me take to my bosom the living token of your
infidelity. You are mad."

"I have been," the man said; he added, "dreamers are
always mad, I guess... they build castles made of hopes and
span the very heavens with bridges of their own tears."

"Will you send the child away?" The woman's voice was
becoming tense, impatient.

"I will not."

"Do you love her better than you do me?"

"I love her better than this thing you ask me to do for you."

"Then it is good-by. Forever, you understand?"

"I understand. You have made me."

"Very well. Good-by."

"Good-by, dear."

Claudia crept into his arms, there on the old window seat
where he had spun for her the fabric of her young imagina-
tion. She closed her slender little arms about him and held
him in a vis. After a great while, his tears fell on her hair
and hung there, emblematic. "She didn't care enough,
Claudia," he said.

"She didn't know how," said the child, and kissed him fiercely
on his eyes, his hair and on his listless hands.

At Christmas time there came a box of toys for Claudia,
gaudy affairs, and a note for Peyton announcing the marriage
of Alice Travers to Robert Helmer.

The years never effaced for Claudia the memory of Peyton

"I will not be made a la-
ing-stock," Alice was saying,
"for any living man. That
is what you would do with
me. You would have me
take to my bosom the living
token of your infidelity. You
are mad."
playing kid games with her, zestfully, with his heart, hurt to death, in his eyes.

Claudia had a tenacious memory or the memory of Alice would never have persisted, because she was twenty before she saw or ever heard of her again.

She was a very beautiful twenty, too, with dreams in her eyes and tenderness in her fingertips. She was so very beautiful, indeed, and there were so many broken hearts attributed to her that gossip began to wag its finger at the menage of Peyton and herself, unchaperoned. Peyton, instantaneously alert, engaged a housekeeper. Claudia, instantaneously enraged, protested. "It's absurd!" she stormed. "I've taken care of you all these years, capably, if I do say so. We are happy just as we are, just the two of us, you and I. We never have needed another living soul. We are complete. Now here you go, blundering, and destroy the whole thing. You bring a woman into our home and pay her wages. Daddy dear, how could you?"

Peyton explained, with what discrimination he could, and Claudia never called him daddy again.

She never did because she never again felt the same as she had before that window-seat talk when Peyton tried to tell her that the little girl was grown up, that he was not her daddy, nor any sort of blood relation, and that the world... well, the world... and Claudia understood...

She understood a great many other things, too. She understood, for instance, the breaking hurt in Peyton's heart the years had never wholly swept away. She understood what it means when a woman loves a man, or a man loves a woman, and there is no way out. She understood why she had never been able to love the Earl of Huntington or any of the other nice boys who had come to Peyton's studio and sued for her favors. She had never been able to because...

She understood why she...
had mothered Peyton so all these years, why she had suffered when she had learnt, years ago, that the fairy story of the Prince Chap was not a fairy story at all, and why, when Alice had gone away, she had been able to take the broken man into her arms and kiss him and soothe him as a woman might have done.

All these things had been possible because she had loved him. Because she loved him now. Because she must always love him so long as he was he and she was she and the world revolved about them. She was made for this.

It made everything rather different, of course. Painfully, delightfully different. It made their tête-à-tête teas together stolen paradises. It made Peyton's occasional calls elsewhere, without her, intolerable hours. It made the memory of Alice, still visible in his eyes, an aching dreariness. It made a touch a thrill... a word a sacrament... it gave a fever to her veins, flinging a violence of roses into her cheeks... a brilliance almost supernatural into her eyes...

It made the coming of Alice into their lives again a cup she could not pass and dared not drain.

Claudia learnt a great deal about love after the meeting with Alice. She learnt that part of love which is renunciation. She grew so greatly that she could find peace in the thought of Peyton winning his peace at last after his suffering years.

The night after their meeting Peyton and Alice took a long stroll. They were at a summer hotel, and Peyton had Claudine not to wait up for them. She didn't, but she waited in bed with a heart as cold as ice until their footsteps and their whispered good-nights sent the hot tears flooding down her face.

"Prince Chap," she murmured in the honeyed darkness, "please let me be glad when you are glad... you have been sorry like this so long... and I have been sorry like this only for a little, little time. You have borne it, and so will I. But oh, my darling, if it could have been me... if it could have been me..."

The next morning, at the breakfast-table, Peyton told her all about it. It was a habit of theirs to tell each other everything. The habit had precluded, all their lives together, any sort of shred of misunderstanding arising between them.

There was, there had always been, only glad, confident morning in their mutual tie.

"Alice is a widow," Peyton said; "she has been for nearly five years. I... you see, Claudia honey, it has been a long while with both of us. Flames abate, even such a flame as there was between us. We think, Alice and I, that there could be no one thing in all the world so fascinating as to set up those ashes, revive that flame, make those dear dead dreams live, lovely things again. We are going to try together to win back our youth, the love of our youth."

"It would be beautiful," said Claudia; "you... you might even build... again... the Tower of Faithfulness and..."

(Continued on page 85)
THAT POPULAR PHRASE, "WON OVER BY THE FILMS," NOW READS "WON OVER BY THE STAGE."

"THE VIRGIN OF STAMBULL" HAS DESTROYED OUR DESIRE TO EVER VISIT CONSTANTINOPLE. THE ARCHITECTURE OF THE CITY IS JUST LIKE THAT OF EVERY MOVIE THEATER WE'VE EVER BEEN IN.

OUR IDEA OF A 100°-IN-THE-SHADE COMBINATION: LEW CODY AND BETTY BLYTHE. YET THE PRESS STORY READS THAT MISS BLYTHE IS TO APPEAR "IN THE LATE LEW CODY PICTURE."

THese AMERICANIZATION FILMS—PREACHING THE LESSON OF AMERICA—WILL BE A FINE THING—IF ONLY SOME OF THE MOVIE MAGNATES THEMSELVES SEE 'EM.

BIG SCREEN MOMENT OF THE MONTH
Cutie Beautiful in the hula-hula moments of "THE IDOL DANCER."

UNIVERSAL HAS ENGAGED A "PLOT DOCTOR," WHICH OPENS THE WAY FOR:
Scenario surgeons.
Photoplay physicians.
Philm pharmacists.
Drama druggists, etc.

NOW WE HAVE AN EPIDEMIC OF RURAL DRAMAS ABOUT TO DESCEND UPON US. WITNESS DAVID GRIFFITH'S "WAY DOWN EAST" AND METRO'S "SHORE ACRES." WATCH 'EM COME.

ANOTHER PREDICTION: WATCH FOR STUDIOS TO BE BUILT IN CUBA.

JUST WHEN ALL THE MOVIE PRODUCERS START ON THEIR SPRING EXODUS TO EUROPE, ALBERT E. SMITH, PRESIDENT OF VITAGRAPH, COMES BACK TO AMERICA. HE'S VISITING IN LOS ANGELES AFTER NINE MONTHS IN BROOKLYN.

SUGGESTION TO PRODUCERS—WHY NOT PRODUCE A STORY TOUCHING UPON PROHIBITION?

YEH, DIVORCE IS IN THE AIR IN FILMLAND. THE CONTINUITY SEEMS TO BE ALL WRONG. HAROLD, ALL WRONG.

SO RETELE S ARE IN ORDER.

DO THE SPIRITS GIVE A RAP?

ANNA EVA FAY, WHO HAS STARRED AS A FORTUNE-TELLER FOR LO, THESE MANY YEARS, IS INVAADING THE FILM WORLD, MAKING A PHOTOPLAY DEALING WITH "PSYCHIC PHENOMENA." A SCENARIOIST IS NOW DOING THE SCRIPT WITH THE AID OF A OUTJA BOARD.

LOUISE GLAUM'S NEW DI-

OUR IDEAL SCREEN STOCK COMPANY
All the producers are organizing stock companies these days. Here's our idea of a perfect organization:

LEADS—CHARLES RAY, RICHARD BARTHELMESS—NAZIMOV, ELISIE FERGUSON, Lillian Gish.

SECONDS—CONWAY TWEARL, THOMAS MEIGHAN—JANE NOVAK, ALMA TELL.

HEARTS—DAVID POWELL, ANTONIO MORENO—FRANCIS CAZENOVE, BETTY COMSON, BEBE DANIEL.

CHARACTERS—HOBBART BOSWORTH, GEORGE FAWEET, MARY ALDEN, EUGENIE BESERER.

JUVENILES—DOUGLAS MACLENN, DOROTHY GISH, CLARISSE SEYMOUR.

OTHERS—WALLACE BEERY, AL CHANEY.

DIRECTORS—SUPERVISION, DAVID GRIFFITH; COMBINATION, GEORGE LOANE TROJECK; ADVISORY, MRS. SIDNEY DREW AND KING VIDOR; LIGHTING, MAURICE TURNEUR AND GEORGE FITZMAURICE; CHOICE OF SETTING AND LOCATION, MR. TURNEUR

RECTOR, A. LINCOLN HARRI, CLAIMS—PRIOR TO HIS SCREEN DEBUT—TO HAVE BEEN THE FIRST MAN "TO INTRODUCE THE REFINED CABARET." WILL SOMEONE PLEASE EXPLAIN THIS FOR US?

SOME ONE IS ALWAYS TAKING THE JOY OUT OF LIFE. JUST WHEN FRANCIS X. BUSHNELL ANNOUNCES HIS PERMANENT RETIREMENT FROM THE SCREEN, SOME ONE ELSE ANNOUNCES THE FILM DEBUT OF FRANCIS X.'S SON.

IF BAD NEWS INTERESTS YOU AT ALL, YOU WILL BE ABSORBED TO LEARN THAT A NEW COMPANY HAS BEEN ORGANIZED TO FILM FAVORITE POEMS. THEY'RE STARTING WITH ONE BASED UPON ELLA WHEELER WILCOX'S LINES, "LAUGH AND THE WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU."

SOME DAY WE HOPE TO READ AN INTERVIEW WITH A FEMININE STAR IN WHICH THERE IS NO MENTION OF:
CHASSE-LOUNGES.
BLUE CHINTZ.
THEIR MOTHERS.
RAVISHING GOWNS.
SAINT'S DEFINITION OF LOVE.

DITTO OF MARRIAGE.
IT'S JUST A HOPE, Y' UNDERSTAND, JUST A HOPE.

DOWN IN WASHINGTON THE RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATIONS HAVE PUT UP A HUGE ELECTRIC SIGN, ASKING THE CITY TO COME TO GOD, OR WORDS TO THAT EFFECT. MAYBE LOUIS SELZNICK IS GOING TO HAVE SOME ELECTRIC SIGN COMPETITION, AFTER ALL.

SICILIAN BRIGANDS RECENTLY KIDNAPPED A MOTION PICTURE DIRECTOR. THEY RETURNED HIM AT ONCE, UPON DISCOVERING HIS OCCUPATION. THEY HAVE TO DRAW THE LINE SOMEWHERE.

COMBINATIONS WE'D LIKE TO SEE:
BEN TURPIN AND NAZIMOV.

BIG CINEMA PSYCHOLOGICAL MOMENT OF THE MONTH:
OLIVE THOMAS IN PAJAMAS IN "FOOTLIGHTS AND SHADOWS."

JOBS WE'D LIKE TO HAVE:
CAMERA-MAN AT THE MACK SENNETT STUDIOS.

DITTO AT THE CHRISTIE STUDIOS.
Do you realize how often eyes are fastened on your nails?

Are you willing to be judged by their appearance?

You gesture freely as you talk to him. His eyes follow your moving finger tips. What are his impressions? Men are especially sensitive to little deficiencies in a woman’s appearance. Many men habitually judge a woman by the condition of her hands. The impression given by carelessly manicured nails is a hard thing to overcome. Wherever you go you are being silently appraised by your nails. Lovely hands, smooth, even nails immediately suggest a background of refinement. Perhaps you find it is not possible to have a professional manicurist care for your nails regularly. Yet when you try to manicure them yourself you find you cannot keep the cuticle smooth. The more you cut it the worse it grows.

The most important part of your manicure is the care of the cuticle. To cut it with scissors or to bruise it with a sharp instrument invites trouble. The skin about the nail is sure to grow tough, uneven, to cause roughness, hangnails. When you cut the overgrown cuticle, you inevitably cut the live skin. As it heals, the skin is left thick and ragged. There is danger also of injuring the sensitive nail root, which is only one-twelfth inch below the surface.

It is possible to keep the cuticle thin, smooth, evenly shaped without cutting it. Your hands and nails can be so lovely you will be proud to have them noticed.

Cutex will soften the cuticle and keep it in good condition—it will dry up the hangnails and rough places. In a very short time you will find that your nails are as lovely as you have always wished.

Follow the directions under the illustrations. Once or twice a week, depending on how fast your cuticle grows, give your nails this quick manicure. The consciousness of flawless nails will add greatly to your poise—your general charm.

You can get Cutex at any drug or department store in the United States and Canada, and any chemist’s shop in England. Cutex Cuticle Remover comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are 35c each.

Six complete manicures for 20 cents

Send the coupon below and 20 cents for the Introductory Manicure Set. This is not as large as the Standard sets, but it contains enough of the Cutex preparations for at least six manicures. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, 129, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal, Canada.

MAIL THIS COUPON AND TWO TIMES TODAY TO
NORTHAM WARREN, 956, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

Name:________________________________________

Street:________________________________________

City:__________ State:__________

(Fifty-nine)
The Pride of

By ELIZABETH

ANNETTE KELLERMAN

said she will never,

A

so long as she lives,

said she will never,

get over her fear of pov-

erity. She told me this

one afternoon as we sat

in comfortable rock-

ing-chairs on the lawn in

front of a big, typically

california house in South

Pasadena that she has

rented for the season.

She took this house be-

cause, with its broad

lawn and orange and

lemon groves, and situa-

ted as it is on the top of

a hill from which she can

see miles of open country,

it is as far removed from

the atmosphere of the the-

era as tho it were in a

different world.

"I remember one period

in London, when I was

trying to get my first en-
gagement," she said, and

you would have guessed

from her expression that

distance has not greatly

softened the memory.

"My father had heart dis-

ease and we were desper-

ately poor. We got

lodging in King's Cross

for one pound, (five dol-

lars), a week, which

included meals for us both.

My room was in a garret,

where the ceiling was so low

that I couldn't stand up

straight. I used to comb my

hair kneeling in front of the

bed. One thing I have al-

ways been thankful for is

that my father never saw that

room. He was unable to

climb the stairs. It was at

that time that I began to be

afraid of the poorhouse.

The very thought of it was

unbearable. It comes back to me now, some-
times, and at the moment I am able to think of all

sorts of things that might happen to send

me there! And then, at other times, I am

glad that I had that experience; I think that

it is a good thing." Undoubtedly she feels

that this was the principal motive power that

drove her on to success, a success that her

father never lived to see.

"Do you think that he knows about it?" I

asked, and she answered, "Yes, I am certain

that he does." She paused. "It is a curious

thing" she went on, "I've felt somehow . . ."

She finished her sentence with a gesture which

clearly meant "that I've had help."

The thing that would impress you most

about Annette Kellerman is, of course, her

tremendous vitality. Her clothes were de-

signed for comfort and
gave no least hint of per-

fect figure; a figure which

has repeatedly been said

to be the most perfect in

the world . . . she wore

withe cotton stockings

and broad-toed, low-

heeled shoes. She has a

frank, comradely way of

shaking hands. Her voice

is the voice of a sports-

woman, hearty and free

from affectation. There

is never a moment in

which she appears to be

self-conscious of her

fame.

As a little girl, Annette

Kellerman was an almost

hopeless cripple. "I had

to wear iron braces on

both my legs," she said.

"These extended to the

hips and hurt me hor-

ribly." In addition to

this, she was told that

there was very little hope

for her ultimate recovery.

She was sensitive, timid,

above all, afraid of the

water. But her father, a

typical Australian, was

resolved that she should

learn to swim, and she

did, very slowly, she says,

but very thoroly. This

was in Sydney, New

South Wales, where she

was born and spent her childhood.

Little by little she felt her

crippled limbs growing stronger

until, at last, there came a day

when she was able to discard

her braces entirely. With

returning health came a new

confidence and, by the time she

was thirteen years old, she

became so proficient a swimmer

that she was given an engage-

ment at exhibition swimming with a salary of five pounds,

(£25.00), a week, which

attracted a great deal of atten-

tion.

Soon she began making rec-

ords with her two, five and ten-
mile swims, and her family

talked things over and decided

that there would be more op-

portunity for her in some big

city, preferably London. So

she and her father left Sydney,

promising to send for the

family with the first dawn of

prosperity. But for a while it

looked as tho the prosperity

was never going to materialize.

(Continued on page 80)

(Sixty)
Poise and Charm

These are usually possessed by the woman who knows that in the careful execution of her toilet, she has left no opportunity for slighting comment. Every detail has had attention—particularly her complexion.

She is equally at ease in the witching candle light of the tea room and the bright sun-light of the busy street because she knows that her skin is smooth, soft—delicately lovely.

RESINOL SOAP is often found among the toilet requisites of such a woman, because it refreshes and invigorates while it lessens the tendency to oiliness, roughness, blotches, chapping and other blemishes. Try it today not only for your complexion but for your bath.

At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.  
Trial cake free on request.  
Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL SOAP cannot be excelled for the man with a tender skin.
There is always something fresh and charming and never-to-come-again about a beginning of anything. Stevenson said something or other very apt and very lovely concerning a first sunset, a first love, the incomparableness of both of these. He might, just as truly, have said the same of the first of a career, especially when that career is the silversheet and is being embarked upon by a young girl with tawny-colored hair, a gentle manner and starry eyes. There is something wholly inspirational, a trifle wistful and very sweet in such an inception. There is so much resonant optimism, so much grave earnestness, so much of the first and tender fruitage of the young success. There is an atmosphere about it of a young bride, a new baby, all the fresh things of life and living. There is so much of hope and faith. Success, full-blown, has never that delicate bloom of success still glimpsed in its entirety upon some dim horizon.

Alice Calhoun had the air, the night I talked with her and with her mother, who is also her best friend, in their apartment on upper Riverside Drive, of a child standing, expectant and delighted, on tiptoes looking into a shop window, marvelously filled. There was about her the unsaid thought, "This is too good to be true."

What she really did say, however, not once, but many times, almost, indeed, the theme of our talk was, "People are too good to be true."

Hers is a grateful as well as an eager little heart. The sunshine of chivalry, of a helping hand, of kind words and encouraging praise falls upon receptive soil, anxious to give back again all and more than it has received.

"Everybody has been so kind," she said. "I think movie people are the most understanding, the most open-hearted, the kindest people in the whole world. I haven't been disappointed in a single one of them, nor in a single thing about the work. I love every bit of it. When I first began going to pictures—remember, mother?—you used to say that you always knew where to look for me after school—in the nearest picture house—Maurice Costello was my hero. I used to say that I was going to marry him when I grew up. I never dreamed in my wildest dreams, tho', that I would ever play in a picture with him. And then, just the other day, down at Vitagraph, I did. I played in a picture with him. It seemed almost too good to be true. And he is just as dear and nice as I thought, courteous and thoughtful and considerate. Vitagraph seems just like another home to me and all the Vitagraph people are like sort of an extension of my own family."

"Would you ever leave?" I wanted to know, realizing that the word "ever" is a little word to the very young.

Miss Calhoun made a small dissenting gesture. A very clean, real sort of loyalty is hers. There is, one perceives, a steel-trueness both in the chiseling of her fine features and the chiseling of her keen young spirit. "I wouldn't want to, I know," she said, "and I certainly never will until I have proven to them that the faith they have placed in me has been justified. They have all said, in so many words, 'Go ahead. We know you can do it,' and I want, more than anything else in the world, to show them that I can do it before I ever leave, even if I ever do then."

"How did it all begin?" I asked.

"Accidentally, in a way," laughed Alice. "Mother and I had just come to New York from Cleveland and were looking for an apartment. We happened, while looking, to run into Frederick A. Thompson, who had an apartment he wanted to lease, or something of the sort, in the very house we were in. While we were all talking together he kept looking at me, and suddenly he said, 'You would screen well, do you know that?'"

"I, of course, just gasped. It was as tho he had put his hand right on my secret dream and dragged it out into the light of day. I guess my eyes told him better than my lips that, of all the things in the world, that very thing was the thing I wanted most to do. I must have 'registered,'"

(Continued on page 83)
Your skin needs

Different kinds of Care at Different Times

YOUR skin is not a piece of fabric that can always be cared for in the same way. It is a living thing which has different needs at different times.

Before an outing, for example, your skin needs a special kind of care

When you go out, rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream into your skin. It disappears instantly, leaving your face soft and smooth. There is no oil in Pond's Vanishing Cream, so it never reappears in a wretched greasy shine—and it gives your skin the protection it needs from the coarsening caused by dust, wind and sun.

Then, about powdering—do not expect powder to stay on for hours without a powder base.

Before you powder rub a tiny bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face. Instantly it will disappear, leaving the skin softened. Now see how smoothly the powder goes on, how natural it looks. It will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. Because it is without oil, Pond's Vanishing Cream can never reappear in a shine.

At night, before retiring, is the occasion when your skin should have a special kind of cleansing. Only with a good oil cream can the dust that has worked into the pores be removed. Before retiring give your face a thorough cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream. It has just the amount of oil to make it best adapted to cleansing the skin and clearing up the clogged pores.

Watch out for the times when your face looks lined and your skin lacking in vitality. These are the times you need massage. Pond's Cold Cream is made exactly the consistency to work well into the pores and give a perfect massage.

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Please send me, free, the items checked:
A free sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A free sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Instead of the free samples, I desire the larger samples checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:
A 5c sample of Pond's Vanishing Cream
A 5c sample of Pond's Cold Cream

Name:
Street:
City State:

(Sixty-three)
During her recent visit to New York, Louise Glaum posed in two negligée creations of Bonwit Teller and Company. Above, is a costume of antique cashmere of Indian design and colorings; while, at the left is an Oriental creation of georgette, in Arabian design and modernized head-dress.
Lady Mary

"the fashionable fragrance"

Fashionable

because its delightful fragrance is a mark of distinction in fine homes.
Confessed Calumny
Warner Oland Tells His Secrets of Screen Villainy
By TRUMAN B. HANDY

This is a series of confessions!

We who concoct fascinating fripperies of the cinematic constellation for the daily papers aren't prone to be startled. In other words, we only too often fail to register a thrill. And, moreover, only too often we've heard how all bad screen villains—the kind that pursue the movie cuties unto the very last reel; the sort of men whom mothers warn their daughters to stay away from—are fond husbands and devoted daddies to a baker's dozen of progeny; how Papa Bluebeard dotingly prepares the evening meal while friend wife whispers honeyed harmonies into his ever-ready ear. And all that—i.e., how all film had men are home-growing saints in real life. It's gotten to be an old, old story and a sad tale.

Hence, I hesitate to state that Warner Oland, the wickedest of 'em all, is strictly a home product. Such is the case. Sad, but true. How very interesting it would be were we to see Mr. Oland surrounded by a den of vampires, or hatching a plot to dig up his neighbor's favorite rosebushes! What a thrill we would get were we to observe him in the act of choking his wife or of raising hell with his flock of domestics! And how interestingly intricate would it be were we to have definite proof that he was footing a scheme to turn his peaceful home town, Glendale, into a seething hell-hole of anarchy!

As it is, we are forced to record that said gentleman of the voracious viciousness was actually and ostensibly observed to as we announce that Mr. Oland speaks perfect English in a soft, semi-Southern drawl. And has never even slapped his mother-in-law, the very charming Mrs. Shearn, one of those real, old-time, genuine women who have received advancing years gracefully!

The profession of wreaking screen havoc is one peculiar unto itself, we learn as we hold conversation with him who gave us cold chills when we saw him as the Japanese Baron Somebody in "Patria." Of course, you are always good friends with the leading lady whom the script requires you to calumnize. And, besides, you always feel ashamed of yourself when you have to bind and gag the helpless hero, whom you know in real life to have a wife and seven children to support.

And somehow or other you never can quite get over kicking yourself for having (Continued on page 76)
4 Great Special Bargains

Misses' Poplin Sport Suit
A charming sport suit of merino wool, with waistline in a stylish novelty effect in the color. More than a half dozen colors to choose from. Separate coat, pinafore, or blouson in any color wanted. Suitable for winter weather. For $1.00 more, can be made with white poplin. Available in the following colors: Blue, Black, and Red. Size 3 to 30, Ladies, Sizes 18 to 40. Men's sizes in all colors.

Send for $1.00 Down
Order by No. 3-77. Be sure to give size and color. $1.00 down, $1.95 monthly. Total $1.95.

6 Months To Pay

Dainty Voile Dress
This beautiful dress is an original design by the very latest fashion. The novel skirt has overblouse tone with many rows of ruffles and pin tucks. Outer panel of skirt richly and attractively trimmed with ruffles. Waist harmonies with skirt, having many buttons and ruffles. Color: Navy, Black, and White. Price: $1.00.

Send the Coupon
Don't delay. We only have a limited number of these special bargains. Don't be too late. Send the coupon now with a $1.00 P.G. order or a dollar bill. You can take no risk. Money back instantly if you ask for it. Send the coupon now.

Sent for $1.00 Down
Order by No. 3-62. Terms $1.00 with coupon. $1.00 monthly. Total $1.00.

Elmer Richards Co.
Dept. A155 W. 35th St., Chicago

Dainty Voile Dress
This beautiful dress is an original design by the very latest fashion. The novel skirt has overblouse tone with many rows of ruffles and pin tucks. Outer panel of skirt richly and attractively trimmed with ruffles. Waist harmonies with skirt, having many buttons and ruffles. Color: Navy, Black, and White. Price: $1.00.

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Flowered Voile Dress
An excellent, serviceable dress of superior quality. Self only. Vent is of white organza pleated trimming. Handmade collar and cuffs finished with ruffling around belt of solid material. Color: Navy, Blue, and White. Size 3 to 30. Be sure to give size.

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Elmer Richards Co.
Dept. A155 W. 35th St., Chicago
The Man Who Killed
(Continued from page 31)

about her the garment, almost torn from her body by the lust of her husband's hireling. She read in his hard, pitiless glance that she was beaten at last in her gallant, desperate game. knew that no words she could say would save her, and yet said them, with trembling lips that strove for control, with fearful, agonizing earnestness, with piteous, futile little efforts to appeal to his pity, his old affection. His pity! As well might she have struggled to stop the lightning flashes with her small, naked hands.

"Look, at yourself!" he sneered, indicating her uncovered limbs, her torn, disheveled hair. "A likely story! You— and he called her a vile name that streaked her face like a white whip-lash.

She covered from him, and from the vision of the future his words evoked, a divorced woman, stained with public shame, driven out of her husband's house to drift in dubious and always more dubious circles in provincial towns upon the Continent, the butt of whispers, the prey of adventuring men...

And suddenly she began to shriek in a shrill, tearing, senseless way. She was a cornered animal, bereft of human-sight, save that her shrieks took the form of words. "God! Oh, God! Don't let him! Don't let him! Oh! Oh! Please, God!"

He choked the cries with great, cruel hands. "Don't be a damn fool. There's no one to hear you, no one who would care if he did—"

"And there," said a new voice, in an odd, breathless fashion, "there's where you're mistaken, my friend! I heard, and I—care. Take your hands off her or I'll be delighted to kill you, you horrid!"

Richard Loring advanced from the threshold, very white and quite ridiculously a man, with his great shoulders squared, his hands clenched into sledge-hammers. Sir Archibald made a mistake. He pointed derisively at the shaking figure of the woman, crouched against the wall. He laughed. And Richard Loring sprang toward him, knocking the lamp over as he sprang.

Clutching her torn gown about her, Lady Falkland fled from the pavilion into the storm, and thru a back way to the house and her own rooms, where she fell in a swoon upon the floor. And afterward, with only the maid to watch over her, she fought a humdrum desperate, darling fights all night long.

The finding of Sir Archibald Falkland's bruised body in the disordered pavilion the following morning set all Constantinoopie buzzing. The mystery was not who could have wished to kill him, but which one of the many who had cause to wish to kill him had finally accomplished the deed. It was Lady Edith, distraught over the ruin of her plans, who accused her rival, the wife of the dead man.

"Ask Lady Falkland where she was!" she clammed. "Ask the servants who saw them quarreling in the pavilion! Ask her maid how her mistress came in last night!"

The obvious absurdity of accusing the frail little woman who lay raving upstairs in the flaming clutch of fever was slightly mitigated by the fact that the woman's face was bruised and torn, it was plain what had caused the baronet's death was the thrust of a knife which was found beside the body and which Lady Edith instantly identified as belonging to the wife. Within three hours Lady Falkland had been publicly accused of the murder of her husband, and in spite of the fact that she was too ill to be lifted from her bed, the trial was begun in the library of the Falkland mansion.

It had hardly begun when a servant came, soft-footed, to the side of the Marshal, a stout, kindly, conservative Englishman, and whispered to him that some one wished to speak to him outside. In the hall, Richard Loring, haggard with shamelessness but dressed immaculately and very calm, rose up to meet him.

"I have been told," he spoke, slowly, as he testing each word, "that Lady Falkland has been accused of the murder of her husband. Is that true?"

The Marshal nodded, regretful but tremendously official. "And she is very ill, too, poor lady. But one mustn't let pity interfere with the law. The trial is even now proceeding within, and the testimony of the servants seems conclusive. No doubt she had cause. I have heard stories, really beastly stories, but what can one do? The law—hem—the law must be preserved."

"Then you shall try another prisoner," Loring said, jaw set in a grim line, "for it was I who killed the degenerate beast who was torturing her. That is, I had the honor of contributing greatly to the hapless result, altho it was a greater honor than who turned his own knife against him in the struggle. I refer to the Lord, who always had great reverence for women."

The Marshal chewed his straw-colored mustache in dire perplexity. "H—m! Most extraordinary! Two murderers, and you say he was—h—m—torturing her?"

"He was taunting her with the threat that he was going to shame her publicly for the lustful attack made on her by a man in his pay," Richard Loring did not raise his voice, but the low words seemed to fill the hall with hodie clamor. The Marshal, a family man with two young daughters, writhed visibly. "I happen to love the lady. I have loved her for seven years. But if I had been a perfect stranger, I could have done no less than I did, and still call myself a man."

The Marshal walked the hall in deep dejection. "H—m! But there must be an accused. It is obvious there must be an
A Scientific Hair Color Restorer

Science has discovered a way for restoring gray hair to its natural color. This Color Restorer is pure and clean, and it does not interfere with shampooing, nor with curling or dressing as usual, and positively will not fade. Simply comb it through the hair, and in from 4 to 8 days every gray hair will be gone.

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The Hawaiian Guitar

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SAVE YOUR BODY
Conserve Your Health and Efficiency First

"I Would Not Part With It For $10,000"
So write an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm" says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.

The Natural Body Brace

Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN and MEN. Develops erect, graceful figure. Brings mental relief, comfort, ability to stand, bear up against stress, makes one both physically and mentally healthy. Comfortable and easy to wear. KEEP YOURSELF FIT. Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our real world testimonials.

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at home in spare time as you would in actual practice. Men and women in great demand for permanent positions as mechanical draftsmen. Our comprehensive Home Study Course qualifies you to secure and hold one of these desirable positions. No previous training is necessary to become a practical, mechanical draftsmen by our successful method of home instruction. We have hundreds of successful graduates now holding good positions.

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Many of our graduates have reached high salaries rapidly owing to their practical training. They have been able to earn salaries at the rate of $2,600 the first year. Usual pay of draftsmen is $35.00 to $100 a week. Advance- ment is rapid.

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Training for Authorship
How to write, what to write, and where to sell.

Dr. E. Sanfierwein

for many years editor of Lipprint's Magazine, and a staff of literary experts. Constructive criticism. Frank, honest, helpful advice. Read teachings.

One pupil has received over $5,000 for stories and articles written nearly in spare time—"play work," he calls it. Another pupil reported over $2,000 before completing her first course. Another, a deaf and dumb mother, is averaging over $75 a month by her own writing alone.

There is no other institution or agency doing so much for writers, young or old. The university recognizes this, for over 100 of its students are members of the English Register. The university is composed of higher institutions studying in our Literary Department. The editors recognize this, for they are constantly recommending our courses.

We publish The Writer's Library, 12 volume, bound in blue cloth. We also publish The Writer's Directory, 150 pages, bound in blue cloth. We publish The Writer's Library, 12 volume, bound in blue cloth. These books are packed in a canvas leatherette portfolio and mailed free.

The Home Correspondence School
Dept. 112, Springfield, Mass.

for the first time in a one-piece bathing-suit before the camera, mother clucks and spatters and follows daughter around the picture castle with a bellowing cat and watchful eye. But the life she sees and the routine of hard work is so decidedly humdrum that she promptly retires, completely at ease as to the pitfalls and snares in the wake of a virtuous flower, satisfied to let the matron put arnica on bruised knees and to see that the wardrobe mistress keeps her in the requisite low-and-behold attire.

The various companies making use of this fortified feminine "atmosphere" differ in their handling of the girls. In the first place, requirements of production differ. Sennett's beauties, such as Philip Haver and Harriet Hammond, are the languid, gracile type of girl, replete with eyelashes and soulful eyes. Hampton Del Ruth, when he selects girls for Sunshine comedies, never wants a girl who is not at least five feet five inches in height. His system of weights and measures is meticulous, as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Height</th>
<th>Weight</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5 ft. 1 in.</td>
<td>105 lbs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 ft. 2 in.</td>
<td>110 lbs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 ft. 3 in.</td>
<td>115 lbs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 ft. 4 in.</td>
<td>120 lbs.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5 ft. 5 in.</td>
<td>125 lbs.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Questions relative to height and weight are the first asked at any studio. No experience is necessary. The majority of the producers prefer to get girls unspoiled by any idea of technique or tricks. When a girl comes to Del Ruth with the intention that she is a second Mary Pickford, he promptly disillusion her.

Both Sennett and Christie, while they use girls in the ensemble, insist upon the beauty being brainy enough to understand the fundamentals of acting, insomuch as the background has to be decorative enough to play a principal part in the picture. Phillips Haver, for instance, could never have been the beauty in "Salome vs. Sheneandoah" if she had not possessed both beauty and histrionic ability. Nor could Marie Prevost have appeared in "Vain Doodle in Berlin" had she not manipulated her grey matter as well as her shapely legs.

"I got a girl," remarked Al Christie, proprietor of the comedies, "who had not a particularly good figure, but a very winsome smile. I figured that I could use her. We could cover up her underpinning and play up her teeth.

Christie prefers to get girls with experience, insomuch as each dance or necessity must be able to do a certain amount of legitimate dramatic comedy. He will consider no girl applicant more than five feet six inches in height. His girls are slightly different from those at the Sennett and Fox studios, because they generally play "dressed-up" parts and are more apt to appear in afternoon tea-gowns than in a bathing-suit, altho one of the Christie beauties, Vera Steadman, a former bathing-beauty, whoaver the scenario editor can find a suitable excuse for it.

But Vera, too, is required to thespianize—to use facial expression as well as a beautiful figure to "put her over." Helen Darling, another of the Christie flock, is a former dancer, chosen for the comedies chiefly because she is graceful and can walk thru a door without giving the impression that she's all left feet. Dorothy DeVore, perhaps the tiniest girl on the screen, is five feet one inch tall, a former singer in a Los Angeles café. She is a good type, because she has a bright, snappy personality. Marjorie Payne, on the other hand, is taller and of more languid aspect. She is the winner of a national magazine beauty contest and has a wistful, Mona Lisa face. Florence Gilbert was picked particularly for her face, as a type opposite to Miss DeVore's. Miss Gilbert is almost the fluzzy blonde type and is possessed of a lovely oval face. Peggy Davis, on the other hand, is the vivacious, sprightly, medium-sized brunnette forelere.

On the Sunshine lot, Dorothy Lee represents the terspichorean coterie of mirthmaids. She, like Dorothy DeVore, is small and extremely vivacious, with a snappy personality. Norma Castro, a large-eyed, beautiful Italian girl, is possessed of perhaps the most beautiful shoulders in comedy, while Bessie True, a brunnette with light-blue eyes, was selected particularly because of her knees and ankles. Lillian Hackett's feet are the smallest on the "lot," while Dorothy Terry's arms, hands and shoulders are proclaimed ideal.

The lovely, dreamy, blonde Phillips Haver is the ideal girl on the Sennett lot, experts have testified. Miss Haver has deep, baby-blue eyes and lips that form a natural pout. Her arms and hands are slender and her fingers are tapering, and her legs are as perfectly formed as those of a young child. Marie Prevost is her exact counterfeit, with a live-wire, sprightly manner and a "mickey" personality that has proved extremely attractive to thousands of film "fans."

Only one girl in 10,000 can qualify for the movies' decorative background. So says Mack Sennett, the originator of the mid-day frolic in front of the camera—the Ziegfeld of the films!

It was only a few years ago that Sennett conceived his idea of the feminine atmosphere, inspired by the success of musical revues thru their attractive chorus. Bathing-suited for the movie maids were the most natural garb imaginable, and the California beaches furnished exclusive, original locale.

(Continued on page 73)
FORTUNE'S GOLDEN APPLES

3,000

OFFERED TO THE FILM FANS OF AMERICA BY

HOPE HAMPTON

the dazzling star of

"A Modern Salome"

Distributed by METRO

—brush up on your history!
—whet your critical faculties!
—sharpen your eye for beauty!
—exercise your descriptive powers!

Then Answer These Questions:

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"?

WIN THESE CASH PRIZES

1st Prize—$1,000.
2nd Prize—$500.
3rd Prizes—5 winners at $100 each.
4th Prizes—10 winners at $50 each.
5th Prizes—20 winners at $25 each.

The judges guarantee the contest:
Mr. Burns Mantie, dramatic critic of the N. Y. Eve. Mail and contributor to Photoplay Magazine.
Mr. Paul Stanlaws, one of the foremost artists of America.

YOU can be among the 37 prize-winners.
Your exhibitor will help you.
Give him your essay.
Just apply a few drops of this snowy white, daintily scented lotion night and morning, and after exposure, as directed. Hinds Cream softens, cleanses and relieves the tiny pores of dangerous germs, alleviates irritation, soothes and roughness, and gives Nature an honest chance to restore the velvety, pure, fresh and colorful complexion of youth.

SAMPLES: Be sure to enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope, and a 25c donation, for each sample you desire. You can't test Hinds Cream for money, but we can't test it for you. Attractive Wean-end and Box Free. Hinds Cream Tablets Normatics are selling throughout the world. Mailled postage to U.S.A. from laboratory is absolutely free.

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**KILL THE HAIR ROOT**

As long as you can you will never be the worst from growing again. Easy to use. Injections. No pain. Buy free new set of instructions with every box of peels.

**FREE Diamond Ring Offer**

Just to advertise our famous Hawaiian Diaz oxide—diachloride—the greatest discovery in the world, it has been very successful. We will send absolutely free this 14k gold ring, set with a 1-ct. Hawaiian dia. It is value $500. Send postpaid.

KRAUTH & REED
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Masonic Temple, Chicago

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**How to Obtain Beautiful, Rich, Long, Eyelashes and Brows!**

**EVERY WOMAN** should be the rightful owner of beautiful eyes, the essentials of every well-dressed woman. Don't matter what color your eyes may be—gray, brown or blue—if they are shaded by thick, silky lashes and well-shaped brows, their charm is greatly increased.

There is no need to be the dissatisfied owner of short, thin, uneven brows and lashes: you can greatly assist Nature by simply applying a little of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier at night. This scientific preparation increases the eyebrows and eyelashes; causing them to become gradually thick and lustrous, imparting sparkling expression to the eyes and added charm to the face.

**M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier,** which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless; and is a great help in the care of your face by a quick and easy application of the unique, non-irritating liquid. It is contained in a 1-oz. bottle with glass stopper and applicator. The cut represents actual size of bottle. The active principle of this valuable article is in rare and exquisite organic combination which is unequalled as a stimulating and strengthening the particular follicles which produce rich, dark eyelashes.

**MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY**

Upon request and inspection, we will refund the full amount of the purchase price. The following preparations are of highest standard and well recommended:

- **M. T.'s Nature's Beauty Cream,** a wrinkle eradicator, 50c. for 1 oz.
- **M. T.'s Prickly Cream,** for stubborn freckles and tan, 1 oz.
- **M. T.'s Mitered Quinol, The Incomparable Vanishing Cream,** 75c.

**M. TRILEY, Toilet Articles Dept. 30, Binghamton, N.Y.**
The Mid-Day Frock
(Continued from page 70)

It was, as Sennett says, a mere adventure at the time, but with the passing of years a precedent has been established. The original coterie of bathing beauties has risen to heights of stardom—Gloria Swanson, Mary Pickfords, Anita Stewart, Pearl White, etc. Both male and female STARS are all here in CLASSE POSES. By mail postpaid 15 cents. Stamps or Check.

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Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath the slab, scumbled, flaked or spudded complexion is our foil to look upon. Mercerized Wax gently abrades the oil-smeared surface skin, revealing the tawny, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women with greater expectations of their appearances. Have you tried it?

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48 Photos of Movie Stars
reproduced in halftone. On card stock, suitable for framing. Ar- booth, Brun, Chaplin, Pickford, Anita Stewart, Pearl White, etc. Both male and female STARS are all here in CLASSY POSES. By mail postpaid 15 cents. Stamps or Check.

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Fashion says the use of DEL-ATE
is necessary so long as it is a serviceable brown and sheer fabrics for clothes are worn. Present theories of movement, unimportant baste, modest elegance and correct style. This is why...

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Delate is an old and well known scientific preparation for the quick, safe and certain removal of hairy growths, brown spots, no matter how thick or stubborn. After application the skin is close, firm and healthy, with no pain or discontent.

Beauty specialists recommend Delate for removal of stubborn hairs from face, neck or arms.

THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACAL CO.
Dept. LK, 339 S. Webster Ave., Chicago, Ill.

(Seventy-three)
to ask them I am sure they will be only too happy to answer.”

“Humph!” Dr. Macklyn opened his case and drew forth a clinical thermometer, squinted at it and shoved it into Jay’s unwilling mouth. “Don’t want answers. Want facts. Very different things. Humph!”

Jay’s eyes met, out an agonized S. O. S. over the glass tube, and the nurse answered it by slipping a piece of ice from the tumbler on the tray between his lips as she stooped to smooth the pillow. The doctor removed the tube, glanced at it once contemptuously, once incredulously, and uttered an exclamation. “My God! The man has no temperature! He ought to be dead!”

He shook the thermometer and reinserted it. Again Jay sent out his wireless and again was answered when Nurse Durant slid a bit of smoking-hot muffin into his mouth, as she drew up the blankets about his chin.

“Heavens alive!” muttered the amazed doctor. “It’s gone up to 105 in two minutes. This is terrible!”

He drew out his stethoscope and applied it to the portion of pajama front beneath which Jay’s heart beat normally and in perfect health. Nurse Durant did not hesitate. She saw her duty and did it. Stooping over the doctor’s head, she implanted a kiss upon Jay’s forehead!

“Powers that be!” howled the doctor. “The fellow’s heart is speeding away like an express train. He won’t last the day out. It’s a wonder to me he’s still alive!”

From the doorway came a shrill scream. “She did it! I saw her kiss him! Oh, Orlando! Orlando! You have broken my heart!” Constance Weems wailed. At the same instant her husband’s bulky form shot by her and to the bed, where his brawny hand lifted the invalid by the collar-band and shook him violently.

“Orlando! So you’re Orlando!” yelled John Weems. “Well, what do you mean by making love to my wife, eh?”

“I didn’t make love to her!” Jay gasped. “I wouldn’t make love to her if she was the last woman on earth!”

This did not tend to placate the infuriated husband. “You wouldn’t? I’d like to know why not? She’s a woman any man would want to make love to! What do you mean by insulting her?”

A soft voice fell across his rage like cool water. Nurse Durant, very trim and demure in her blue starched uniform, had taken one of Reginald Jay’s hands with the most charming blush in the world. “He means,” she explained, “that I’ve agreed to see that he doesn’t make love to any other woman, no matter how much he’d like to! Isn’t that it, Reggie dear?”

Already the two fake doctors had slipped unostentatiously away. The specialist, scowling fiercely over his glasses, snapped his case to the stethoscope. “Love-sick! Humph! That accounts for the symptoms!” he growled. “Some day some doctor is going to win everlasting fame and the gratitude of his sex by inventing an antidote. But this case is incurable. Humph! Good-day!”

Her dreams of romance receding, Constance turned her glance upon her husband. After all, a husband, even a close-mouthed one, was preferable to nothing. She cast herself into his arms with a shrill wail, “John! John! Have you come back to me, my ownest own?”

In this feminine manner did she take the ground out from under his feet and put him once and for all indubitably in the wrong, abjectly in the proper masculine place of begging for forgiveness for her sins. And so together they went away, and lived forever after, but whether happily or not the reader must decide on the grounds and evidence presented in this tale.

And Nurse Duncan and her patient were left to themselves. “Dearest,” he began tentatively, and, when nothing happened, “Darlingest,” he cried, rapturously, “you’ve made me the happiest man in the world.”

“A nurse has to do her duty,” said Nurse Durant, coldly, but it was noticeable that she did not draw perceptibly away. And correctly interpreting this, Reginald Jay arose from his sick-bed and took her in his arms to the scandal of the prim little cap atop the brown curls.

Then you’ve got a case for life”—he kissed her—“for I have the best medical authority that my case is incurable!”

B. C. 1920

(Continued from page 17)

You cannot portray emotions for others if you cannot study and analyze these emotions. And you have to have some gray matter to do that,” Miss Compson smiled and added, “That’s why I’m reading furiously.”

“And beauty—is that needed?” we reminded.

“Perhaps,” responded Miss Compson, “of a kind.

“If one had both?” we insisted.

“Gracious,” Miss Compson said, “you go right home and do something about that cold.”

DOLLS

By Charlotte Becker

I love them just as much today
As when, a dreamy little girl,
I decked them out in remnants gay,
And proudly smoothed each mussied curl.
And, up and down the busy street
The people that I do not know,
The faces of the dolls repeat,
In toyshops of the long ago.
I long to take each lovely one
And set them in some make-believe.
Quaint games, where they’d have heaps of fun
In thrilling stories that I’d weave.
And all the ugly ones I want
So very nice a time to give.
That they’ll forget the jibes that taunt,
And find how good life is to live.

(Seventy-four)
The Human Photoplay

Vidor's vigorous ideas intensely interesting.

"The theme," he replied promptly; "the underlying reason for the picture being made. I try to look at a picture as one, in which all the elements are well balanced and work together harmoniously, but the big idea must be there!"

Artificiality comes when there is no longer a fresh and urgent impetus, but this young man—he is only twenty-six—seems to have an inexhaustible supply of visions which promises to stimulate his pictures for some time to come.

In all human endeavor is the element of the unexpected which comes to thwart the best laid calculations; this, of course, creates the plot, and is the whole difficulty in the right way that concerns King Vidor.

It was as a schoolboy down in Galveston, Texas, that Mr. Vidor first decided he wanted to direct motion pictures, and after many disappointments and struggles, during which he was learning much, he finally reached his goal, creating a veritable sensation with his first production, "The Turn in the Road," and he is considered one of the principal possibilities of the screen.

"I am now with the First National," he told me, happily, "and they are affording me a greater opportunity and more freedom than I have ever had, and with my new studio, which is being built, I hope to make my pictures reach the highest standard."

A few years ago little Suzanne could only gurgle delightfully at me, for she had been a Christmas gift to the Vidors and was but a few months old. Now she is a regular chatterbox, and I predict she will be a comedienne, with her twinkling eyes and merriment. And she should be, for her pretty mother, Florence Vidor, who is her husband's leading woman, has been in the play world, and King Vidor believes there should be an equal amount of drama and comedy in each film.

"Comedy," he told me, "serves to make people forget their troubles and gives them a chance to see life in its true perspective. Much of the worry of the world comes from trying to plan ahead. There is no past, no future, only the present, and if we are striving for the right, all our needs will be met at the proper time!"

Who knows but the name of King Vidor will prove a pivotal one, by reason of what he will accomplish and of his far-reaching influence on the motion picture art itself!

Sappo—Church bells were first suggested by Paulinus, an Italian bishop, and were introduced into the ceremonies by dressing away their rings and ticking the air of devils." (from page 25)

Paul Schofield

A year ago he was a special corres- pondent. He studied the Palmetto Plan. Today he is under contract as a free lance writer with Thos. H. Ince Studios.

HOW many times in the last few years have you felt that you could write a better plot for a story than some you have seen in the motion picture theatres? Well, perhaps you could. At least there are many people who could. And producers want you to make the attempt. For there has been a big change in motion pictures in the last few years. People don't go for the novelty of the plot. They want a good plot. A scene with fat women rolling down hill no longer packs a theatre. The star is no longer able to create a plot story to success.

But at the present time producers cannot get enough good stories. Over $5,000 are needed each year, 95% of book material is not suited to the screen. And at present there are simply not enough men and women writers to supply the demand, even though incredibly expensive are being paid. More must be trained. If you have a spark of creative imagination, if you have any story ideas, the opportunity is golden.

The Palmer Photoplay Corporation makes no extravagant claims. It merely points to the fact that it has developed through Correspondence, People from all walks of life—mothers with children to support, ministers, clerks, magazine writers who failed where others tried for the screen. In short, we have demonstrated that anyone with good ideas can write photoplays, once he has learned the fundamentals. $2,000 for a Story Not Uncommon

Producers now pay $100 to $500 for a clever comedy; $225 to $2,000 for a five- reelection manuscript.

One of our students, formerly a student, sold his first story for $2,000. The recent success of Douglas Fairbanks, "His Majesty the American," and the play, "Live Spur," in which J. W. L. was enlivened, was both written by Palmer students. James Kendrick of Texas has sold six stories since enrolling less than a year ago.

Many of the members have taken staff positions in studios, four in one studio alone.

Not a Tideseous Course of Study

Most of our successful students begin to sell their photoplays a few months after enrolling. Palmer students decide to work on your manuscript almost immediately. We teach by direct example.

We furnish you with the Palmer Handbook with cross references to scenarios that have been produced.

We give you a glossary of story terms and phrases. In short, we bring the studio to you.

Then you begin the real work with our Advisory Service Bureau. This Bureau gives you personal, constructive criticisms of your manuscripts—free and unlimited for a year. Every critic in this Bureau is an experienced photoplay writer.

Special Contributors

Included in the Palmer Course is a series of lectures by twelve leading figures in the motion picture industry. They cover every technical phase of motion picture production. You can call your credits from them that they are contributed by such nota bles as Frank Lloyd and Clarence Badger, Goldwyn directors; Jeanne MacPherson, noted Lasky scenario writer; Col. Jasper Ewing Brady, of Metro's scenario staff; Denison Clift, Fox scenario editor; George Seban, celebrated actor and producer; Al E. Christie, president Christie Film Co., Hugh McClung, expert cinematographer, etc. etc.

Our Marketing Bureau, headed by Mrs. Kate Corbey, formerly photoplaywright for Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, helps you sell your work. In constant touch with the studios, she knows their needs. When members do desire, she submits their plays to Directors and Scenario Editors in person.

SOLD For This Book and Investigate

For those who are really interested in this great new opportunity, we have prepared "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing," which lays before you the Palmer Course and service in greater detail.

If you have any story-telling ability, owe it to yourself to write for this book.

Remember that many photoplaywrights have never written a line for periodicals. Literary ability is not what is wanted. Producers want outline plots written from a knowledge of their specific needs. A simple story with one good new thought is enough.

There is one peculiar thing to remember about the Palmer Course. Unlike any other course in special training, one single successful effort immediately pays you for all your work.

In this new uncrowded field success is rapid. The need is growing greater every day. Never were rewards greater and quicker than in the new art. At least investigate. Mail the coupon.

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Department of Education

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kicked up such a cinematic rumpus over a package of mere blank writing paper, which the scenario has designated as the million-dollar plans of an imaginary movie mine.

All this from Oland, as he continues fleeing "Toots" for the leaping dan- druff!

Mr. Oland, as I have said, resides in the peaceful suburb of Glendale, twenty minutes by Cadillac (this is a perfectly free gratis ad) from Los Angeles. His house is precisely like any other com- fortable abode, with a piano, victrola, hot-and-cold running water, Jap boy, flower-garden and various other com- forts of home. You step into a spacio- sus sun-parlor, and you are confronted by an unfinished oil painting on an easel.

Does Mr. Oland paint? This you ask breathlessly.

No, Mr. Oland does not paint, you learn, but Mrs. Oland does. Your glance at the piano and not a ballade of Mons, sorgsky thereon. Another disappoint- ment! Mr. Oland does not play, neither does he sing. It is Mrs. Oland who is thusly accomplished. You see a large- sized box of Murads, (another free ad), reposing temptingly on a mission oak table in the sun-parlor. Still another heartache, because you, being a writer, are plebeian and inhale the aroma of Vir- ginia's purest weed, rather than that of Turkey-on-the-Hudson.

The thrilliest bit of dirty work Oland ever did on the screen was when he nearly pushed Pearl White off a fast-moving box-car. Of course, the afore- said box-car wasn't going fast, but the camera made it look as if it simply burned up the track. And the camera box was nailed onto the hind end, some three feet below the hindmost man's height, escaping and the dazed heroine posi- tively insisted upon following him by climbing over the roof of the moving train.

The director wanted him to kick her in the face—gently, of course, but, never- theless, to implant a healthy boot in the center of her proboscis.

"I really couldn't do that," Oland con- fessed. "Miss White was such a nice girl. And then the director coyly sug- gested that I step on her hands as they clench their roof of the car. And I just couldn't bring myself to do that, either. And so we compromised by my pounding her lily-white fingers gently with my fist, and she, suffering only the exquisite agony capable of screen hero- ines, dropped to the camera-stand three feet below!"

And it was in "The Witness for the Defense" that he had to choke Elsie Ferguson! Actually choked her!

"How did she feel?" I inquired, gasps punctuating my breathing spells.

"Oh," draveled Oland, languidly, "she just thought of it as a dramatic situation and told me to be rough with her for the sake of art."

"And you?" again from breathless me.

"Oh, I'd been married to her seven years in the story, and while Elsie is a charming girl, the scenario writer in- sisted that I'd had enough of her. And I choked her lovingly, gleatingly. It was a good scene and we didn't have to do a retake."

"The result?"

"Miss Ferguson merely had to retire to her dressing-room to again make up her neck so that we could continue the day's labors."

"It's the first time in his life he ever mistreated a woman!" Mrs. Oland in- sisted, indignant. "The things they have him do! No wonder he gets tempera- mental after he's worked on a picture for months."

But hearken! I haven't told the half of it.

"My pet trick," added Oland, "when making pictures prey went to tell the hiding- place of his wife and daughter. Camera-man takes a close-up, and the public shudderingly shivers, 'How awful!'

"You know, I never really hit them in pictures. I generally plan all the screen dirty work, and my 'adherents' put in the actual punches. If I do hit them, I'm ever so gentle. Why should I want, merely because I'm the heavy, to hurt them? They never get a chance to come back at me, and—well, my conscience always fails me."

This screen villainy is commencing to be a fad with our subject. He eats and sleeps shakily, slyly, thinking up new dastardly tricks to play on the members of his company on the morrow.

But what he wants to do is to play the part of a farmer! He has a farm in Massachusetts and it is to him that he will retire to rest in and Mrs. Oland and two of his most intimate friends and both to collaborate in translating Strindberg, twelve volumes of which have been thus far anglicised by the Olands.

You'd think, from seeing Oland on the screen, that he is a Japanese and, from hearing him talk, that he's English. Wrong again. He was born in the northern part of Sweden, of Swedish-Russian parents. America claimed him at an early age, but, nevertheless, he's wholeheartedly in love with the literature of Bjorkman, Hauptmann, Strindberg, Sudermann and other Norsemen, and when he's not too busy villainy you'll likely find him working on English translations of their works.

And he has, for years, been intensely interested in the little-theater movement. In fact, when he produced and played in Strindberg's "The Father," his own translation, some years ago at the now defunct Berkeley Theater, New York, the presentation was the forerunner of the art-theater wave in this country.

Originally he was to have been a grand opera baritone. Fate later sent him to the Boston School of Expression, where he became interested in the drama while

(Continued on page 82)
Radiant Beauty Quickly Yours!

Simple, Delightful Treatments Right In Your Own Home

The fascinating charm of a lovely, youthful blemish-free skin may be yours through the magic of this wonderful discovery! There is no longer any need to envy the perfect complexion—no longer any need to endure the embarrassment and discomfort of a clouded or blemished skin. Vi-Rex Violet Rays bring beauty in a simple, enjoyable manner through the power of soothing, pleasant treatments in your own home.

Beauty is largely a matter of health—no amount of skilfully applied rouge and powder can counteract the allurement of a clear, unblemished complexion. Violet Rays bring beauty by building health first. Gentle currents of ultra violet light penetrate every cell of the skin and through the marvelous tonic effect of this new discovery you may thus obtain lasting, vibrant health and beauty. You will be amazed at the splendid, quick results obtained from the remarkable Vi-Rex Violet Ray.

VITALITY

The Violet Rays send a stream of mild, tingling currents through every part and organ, vita-lizing and invigorating every cell. It acts like the refreshing efforts of a sunny bath—and leaves you feeling exhilarated and positive, full of bounding health and buoyant energy.

BEAUTY

Violet Rays purify the scalp and stimulate hair growth—a wonderful aid to beauty. Removed externa,Avodons, blackheads, desquamating the skin a smooth, fine texture, free from blemishes and ailments.

MAGIC-LIKE

TREATMENT FOR:

This is only a partial list of the many ailments that can be treated successfully with Violet Rays right in your own home:

- Asthma
- Barley's Itch
- Boils
- Blackheads
- Blisters
- Colds
- Cataracts
- Chickenpox
- Corns
- Constipation
- Dermatitis
- Earache
- Eczema
- Eye Diseases
- Falls
- Fever
- Headache

Gout
- Inflammation
- Lambagos
- Nervousness
- Nervitis
- Nephritis
- Obesity
- Paralysis
- Piles
- Photophobia
- Pulmonary
- Skin Diseases
- Sores
- Sprains
- Toothache
- Whooping Cough

VIOLET RAYS

The Amazing New Source of Health, Energy and Beauty

Vi-REX VIOLET RAYS are effective for a host of disorders and ailments. Physicians in all parts of the country are adding this scientific outfit to their equipment and recommending its use to their patients. Beauty specialists have long realized its efficiency for inducing a clear and healthful skin. Until recently expense prohibited the use of this remarkable health-building force in private homes. Now the practical, inexpensive Vi-Rex Violet Ray Machine enables everyone to enjoy the benefits of this marvelous treatment at home.

The operation of the outfit is simplicity itself. Current from your electric light socket is transformed into an effective healing agent as pleasant to the senses as a ray of spring sunshine. It may be used on the very young and the very old without the slightest discomfort. No shocks or jolts—just a soft, steady ray of violet light filled with an abundance of health and energy. (Special equipment is supplied to you at a trifling cost if electric current is not available.)

20 HOME TREATMENTS FREE

You don't have to take any risk in giving Vi-Rex Violet Rays a trial. Take 20 treatments in your own home. Use this marvelous machine morning and night for ten days. If you do not find quick relief—if you do not feel better, sleep better, look better, send it back and you will not be out one penny. This special offer is now open, but it may be withdrawn at any time, so act quickly!

Write for Free Book and Trial Offer

Write today for our free booklet describing the wonderful Vi-Rex outfit in complete detail, and particulars of our liberal 20-day trial offer. Find out how Violet Rays will help you. Read what hundreds of users say about the Vi-Rex and astonishing results which have been obtained. Learn why it is the most economical and practical machine of its kind available. You may use it to gain health, vitality, beauty! There is no limit to its beneficial powers. Mail the coupon or send a postal. Do it now.

VI-REX ELECTRIC CO.

328 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Get your Vi-Rex Violet Ray Machine at 25 cents a day. It is a real machine. It is effective. It is obtained through its power of penetration—not through manipulation of surface muscles. No feeling of smarting or exhaustion after use—only a comforting, agreeable sense of relief.

(VI-REX)

VI-REX ELECTRIC CO.

Dept. 136

328 W. Madison St., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me without cost or obligation your free Book describing your wonderful Violet Ray Machine.

Name

Address

City

State

(Seventy-seven)
Romance Comes to Priscilla
(Continued from page 25)
comedy. They are two fine boys, and comedy is good training, for it teaches you to think and act fast—that's why I like it. After I began doing heavier work I had to keep slowing down the speed all the time.

"Of course, my favorite rôle was the Wildcat of Paris—I loved her. She was a regular spitfire; laughing or crying, she was full of pep, never quiet a minute. Anyway, I like wild parts—the wilder, the better!"

Miss Dean went on to tell me about "The Virgin of Stamboul," a seven-reeler by H. H. Van Loan, which proved to be her romance picture, culminating, as it did, in her marriage to Mr. Oakman in real life as well as on the screen.

"I lost pounds making that picture," declared the little star, solemnly, "for we worked so hard, and all night long many times. Tod Browning has directed me in nearly all my pictures, and he understands me so thoroly that we have to do little rehearsing. That helps a lot. Funny how things happen—he and my mother used to play in the same company on the stage, and I have known him always.

"My next picture, 'False Colors,' in which I play dual rôles, a naughty French actress and an American girl, will afford the first chance I have had to wear gorgeous clothes before the camera, and I'm having a beautiful time designing them. They're mostly of satin—all shimmery and very long and snaky! Can't you see me swishing around in them? For my personal wardrobe I prefer plain, trim suits and sport tops, and always of the quietest colors. Surprising, isn't it?"

As we watched the animated panorama of studio life which the noon hour brings, Priscilla confided that the lure of the stage still holds her and that she never sees a musical comedy without wanting to jump on the stage and take part in the singing and dancing. Of course, she is still so young that many new triumphs on both screen and stage await her. Already several overtures have been made by big producers to induce her to bring her fascinating type of madcap personality to the stage. However, her contract with Universal still holds good, and the present—her devoted husband—is absorbing her thoughts, for, after all, before the actress is the woman, and Priscilla Dean is at all times essentially feminine.

HILLS
By Betty Earle
The patient hills wait also.
I lasso them with my loneliness; the far away clench them close and closer.
A heart I yield to them with human heartbeats.
I plume their leaves to manifold whispers; I expose my soul to their wandering pathways;
I weave in shadows the pattern of my gloom.
Together now we face the morn of soul, the wind's low urge, the solitary star's blue quietude.
Yet feel no loneliness; only a kindred faith.
Because we wait together.
The Cost of the Modern Photoplay

(Continued from page 21)

This is one reason why Quaker Oats will often cut breakfast cost ninety per cent.

Quaker Oats is only 7 per cent water. It yields 1810 calories of food per pound. Many costly foods are largely water. Note this table.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Percentage of water</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>In Quaker Oats</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In hen's eggs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In oysters</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In tomatoes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In potatoes</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

The high cost of water

This is one reason why Quaker Oats will often cut breakfast cost ninety per cent.

Quaker Oats is only 7 per cent water. It yields 1810 calories of food per pound. Many costly foods are largely water. Note this table.

| In water          | 7% |
| In Quaker Oats    | 65% |
| In hen's eggs     | 89% |
| In oysters        | 86% |
| In tomatoes       | 62% |

The cost of your breakfasts

Here is what a breakfast serving costs in some necessary foods at this writing:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Cost per serving</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Dish of Quaker Oats</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Serving of meat</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Serving of fish</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lamb chops</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two eggs</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

In cost per 1,000 calories—the energy measure of food value—they will average ten times Quaker Oats.

Quaker Oats is the greatest food that you can serve at breakfast. It is nearly the ideal food—almost a complete food. Young folks need it as food for growth—older folks for vim-food.

Yet it costs only one cent per dish.

Serve the costlier foods at other meals. Start the day on this one-cent dish of the greatest food that grows.

Quaker Oats

World-famed for its flavor

Quaker Oats dominate because of the flavor. They are flaked from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, floury oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. You get this extra flavor without extra price when you ask for Quaker Oats.

15c and 35c per Package

Except in the Far West and South

Packed in Sealed Round Packages with Removable Cover

Seventy-nine
The Pride of the Anzacs.
(Continued from page 60)

"We were always poor," she said, "and those days in London were terrible! We went from manager to manager, but none of them would take a chance on me or pay any attention to the records I had made in Australia. Whenever any one asked our address we used to avoid giving it by saying that we were expecting to move as soon as we could find a suitable place. Of course, anything was better than admitting that we lived in King's Cross!"

At last, when they had only one halfpenny left, she got her chance. The London Daily Mirror offered to back her if she would enter the Channel swimming contest. It was explained to her that she would have to remain in the water long enough to make a showing—at least three hours, and the longer she stayed after that the more money she would get. She suffered from nausea, but whenever she was tempted to give up she reminded herself that the longer she stuck the more she would get, and thinking of that single halfpenny, which was all her worldly wealth, she remained in the water for six and a half hours. (On another occasion, when she attempted to swim the Channel, she remained in the contest for ten and a half hours and got three-quarters of the way across, a record for a woman.) For her first attempt she was given thirty pounds ($150). But it was not until some time afterward that she began to make a steady income. The real incentive of her many record-breaking endurance swims was her very great horror of extinction. The following year she and her father came to America, and she gave swimming exhibitions at White City Park in Chicago. They charged ten cents admission and gave fifty-five performances a week. Her first vaudeville engagement was at a salary of $300 a week. Her popularity was so tremendous, however, that her salary grew to $1,200 and she worked for two years in the Keith theaters without taking a day's vacation. But she was denied the joy of sharing prosperity with her father as they had shared their poverty. This was her greatest regret.

At this point, Mr. Sullivan, her husband, came up to ask if she wouldn't like to see the exercise room. It was a perfect little "gym," converted from a screened porch in the back of the house, overlooking the orange grove. This "gym" is large enough and equipped in such a way that she can practice her golf and tennis strokes with ease. She continues to keep in practice with her ballet dancing and tight-rope walking; in fact, with everything that serves to keep her fit.

After a conversation with Annette Kellerman one carries away an impression of bulldog tenacity of purpose, almost awesome in its intensity.

"Tennis means more to me right now than anything else," she said. "I am never so happy as when the Bundys or Mary Browne tell me that I have played my game well."

Tom and May Sutton Bundy, Mary and Nat Browne are her nearest friends. "Isn't it odd," Annette Kellerman went on, "how, when you really want to do a thing, the importance of it seems to grow and grow until nothing else matters at all? For instance, I spent hours and hours trying to learn how to walk a ball. There wasn't any particular use in my knowing, how to walk a ball, but I kept on with it until I could do it quite easily. Of course, it will come in handy now."

We had returned to our favorite spot on the lawn where the sun was warmest.

"No more fairy stories?" I queried, referring to her recent arrangement with Sol Lesser under which she will make moving pictures with her own company which will be exploited and controlled by him.

"Not for a while at least," she answered. "You know, the way this arrangement came about was that I made some one-reel educational pictures on how a woman could keep healthy. I showed these to Mr. Lesser and he liked them so well that he made me this offer to do five-reel comedy-dramas in which I will play a modern athletic girl. I think that it will be something really new!"

The Greatest of Popularity Contests
(Continued from page 51)

Male stars: William S. Hart, 5,982; Richard Barthelmess, 4,821; Wallace Reid, 4,624; Douglas Fairbanks, 3,829; Eugene O'Brien, 2,317; William Farnum, 2,019; Charles Ray, 1,752; Douglas Leavens, 1,546; J. Warren Kerrigan, 1,503; Tom Mix, 1,207; Charles Chaplin, 1,050; William Russell, 911; Tom Moore, 816; Kenneth Harlan, 700; Antonio Moreno, 700; George Walsh, 700; Harry Northrup, 515; Harrison Ford, 447; Ralph Graves, 447; Louis Remusson, 359; Elmer Dyer, 358; Bert Lyttel, 358; Thomas Meighan, 341; Rodney LaRocque, 325.

The Cost of the Modern Photoplay
(Continued from page 79)

"The district between Fifty-ninth and Forty-second streets, wherein lie all the big New York movie houses, is a land of jaded, cynical theatergoers," he maintains. "Their opinion isn't worth anything as a criterion to judge a photoplay's reception by the country at large. They care nothing for the staple realities; they want something to stir their blase appetites. Hence the enthusiastic reception of 'Broken Blossoms' and the lukewarm reception of 'The Miracle Man' was received in New York. Producers are coming to avoid New York for film premieres."

Which we submit as Mr. Dwan's opinion—and manifestly not our own.

(Eighty)
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 all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without personality, it is almost impossible for her to make friends, or get on 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 to 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 a very large bit of the scene. 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 ethereal. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

You may have all those attractive qualities that men adore in women without the mannerisms of a competent Franco-American journalist that "American girls are too 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 am successful and probably known to you by peroration through my activities on the Fashohrg St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman gibing in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the Juliette Fara whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere friend, but I speak of YOU and for YOU.

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, while the American girls were more provincial in their relations. 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 French friends.

"Were you born that way?" I would often ask some charming woman.

And they slyly told me that "personality," as we know it here in America, is not a gift, that it is studied and acquired by French women just as they would learn to cook, or sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. This excludes the reader. There are numerous real secrets for developing your personality. In France, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and there were opportunities for our sex is restricted, those who wish to win husbands, do not have the choice and must think in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charming personality. Without knowing the art of being charming, one cannot hope to succeed in life.

How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young army men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to me, for I know how alluring are the French girls. But why could I help cherishing the truth in the assertion of a competent Franco-American journalist that "American girls are too 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 am successful and probably known to you by peroration through my activities on the Fashohrg St. Honoré can tell you in all candor, as one woman gibing in another, that these French secrets of personality have been a very important factor in the successes of mine. But it is not my tendency to boast of myself, the Juliette Fara whom I want you to feel that you already know as your sincere 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 power.

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 I 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 delightfully and charmingly daring, perfectly natural and comfortable in the presence of others. I can show you how to bring out charms which you do not even dream you possess.

Uncouth Boldness—or Taciturn Audacity

If you are an assured woman, the kind that suffers from too much formality, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to become justly and gracefully, to throw away the false, false facade 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 unbecomingness or misjudgment 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 vigorous and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and good cheer and now 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 unbelievably and uniformly in her a sense of true importance of appearance in personality, to make her understand in the ways of women of the world, or to make the most of her talent and taste. You really need counseling that dressing to show yourself to advantage, is a real art, and one that you know you will always be under a disadvantage.

For Married Women

I can take the man who knows that secret of secrets which married French women know that enables them to hold the men's admiration and fidelity of their men. How the selfish spirit in a man is to be overcome so ingeniously that he does not know what you are accomplishing until some day he awakens 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 unaccompanied. There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a tiresome course of married life for one that is essentially ideal. And this power lies within you, my dear Madam.

Acquire Your Life's Victory

What we call personality is made up of a number of little things. It is not something that is vague and indescribable. Personality, charm, good looks, winsomeness and success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets, you know the rules, and put them into practice, you can be charming, you can have an appealing personality. Don't think you must be born that way. Don't even think it to have to wait until you are old, because the secrets of charm that I have collated and transcribed in these pages are the most fascinating book you have ever read.

Once you have mastered the secrets I have revealed—there is no kind of second nature to you. When you notice the improvement in your appearance, from inside outward, you will find that your home problems seem to solve themselves, how innumerable little things lead into big ones, and life gets to be a daily pleasure, and more and more for you, you will decide to put more and more of the methods I have put into practice in order to obtain still more of life's rewards.

No Fad—the Success of Ages

I am well enough known by the public not to be taken as advertising a new idea, but in a plain and straightforward way I have put into my course on the cultivation of personality is just practical and I could go on to tell you more and more about this truly remarkable course, but the space here allows me to put some important secrets for you into an inspiring book called "FOG." I am positive that I can make your life a Gentlewoman Institute, will send it to you entirely free.

My advice to you is to send for the free book "FOG." If you want to spend the least of effort and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a lovely and winning personality.

Mail the Coupon for Free Book

Important

To obtain Madame Fara's little book "FOG," free, you may fill out the coupon and send in: or you may write by letter or postcard requesting it. Address as below:

GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE

615 West 43d Street

102-H, New York, N. Y.

(Eighty-one)
Confessed Calumny
(Continued from page 76)
studyng for a chair of oratory. One day he was persuaded to see E. J. Morgan for "extra" work in the latter's production of Hall Caine's "The Christian," merely for training in stage technique. The stage manager wanted a man to sing the baritone solo, “Jesus of Nazareth,” and luck would have it that Oland could fill the bill. Result? A year on tour with "The Christian" company, in which he subsequently played a prominent part. After this came a two-year engagement with Peer Gynt in "The Eternal City" and repertoire, followed by a season with Sothern and Marlowe in repertoire. The next season saw him playing Peer Gynt with Hilda England, the Swedish actress—a year before Richard Mansfield appeared in the celebrated role. Closing, he went for a year with Nazimova, her second year in America, at the old Bijou in New York, in Ibsen's "The Master-builder," in which he played Ragnar, the idealistic youth, and in "A Doll's House," where he was first Kroghstad and later the male lead.
And, a few weeks ago in Hollywood, he saw Nazimova for the first time in years as she was emerging from a picture theater.
"Ah, Mr. Oland," she said, "do you remember when you used to be the boy in my play? Now you are the villain!"
When in the Nazimova engagement, he went to Williams College to produce plays for the institution and the Cap and Bells dramatic society. Which he did alternately for three seasons, meanwhile appearing in a production of Edgar Allan Woolf's "House of the Vampire" and one with Helen Ware in "The Price."
Following the latter he put on his own production of "The Father," and followed this with supereding Robert Hilliard in "A Fool There Was" for two years. And ultimately he played the villainous chief of the Okran in "The Yellow Ticket."
It was then pictures claimed him for the heavy with Theda Bara in "Sin." He did three more with her and others with Fox, at length joining Olga Petrova's company. Other stars he has played with included Clara Kimball Young and Kitty Gordon at the World studio; Mrs. Verona Coste in "Patria," "Convent of 903" and "The Marriage Client"; Pearl White in "The Fatal Ring" and "The Lightning Raider"; Doralinna in "The Nautilus"; Fannie Ward in "The Yellow Ticket"; and Olga on "The Witness for the Defense" and "The Avalanche." And now he is deep in calumny in a Pathé serial, "The Third Eye," of which he is the star.
And when serialing is finished and he gets a vacation, Oland and Mrs. Oland will retire to their Massachusetts farm, where Mrs. Oland will put onto canvas the beauties of nature, where Warner—"Jack," as she calls him—will callous his hands chopping wood and coaxing the rich, warm milk from his herd of good old New England cows.
The Home-Made Girl
(Continued from page 62)

because he said to me, 'Come to the studio and I'll give you a chance.' And I went ... and that began it.

'I'm the most fortunate as well as the happiest girl in all the world. No one else, it seems to me, ever had so beautiful a beginning, so kind a start. I only want to deserve it, that's all—and work and work and work as hard as I can. I can hardly wait to get to the studio in the morning, and I don't care if I ever leave at night. I like to play all sorts of roles for the love of the experience, but I think the things I like best will be the character parts that go right into the hearts of the people and make them go away just a little bit happier, even if they don't quite know why.'

"What did mother think of all this?" I asked of the smiling woman, rocking in her chair nearby, who had helped "Sister," as she called her young daughter, with here and there a sympathetic or a reminiscent mood. There was, it was tenderly evident, a great bond between the two.

"There was a great deal of opposition for Sister at first," her mother said; "not one in the family had ever done such a thing before, and I suppose we had the prejudice of the more or less uninformed layman against the stage and what we thought it stood for. Her brother, too, was aghast when he first saw her on the screen. We hadn't dared to tell him by word of mouth, and it wasn't until he saw her in How Could You, Caroline? the first picture she did, with Mr. Thompson, that he knew anything about it. He was outraged. Wrote and said, in part, 'Mother, what can you be thinking of? But now, with the kindness Alice has been the recipient of, and her own interest in her work and perhaps, too, his better understanding of the whole, he has become a very fond and assiduous fan of Alice herself.'

"I think," interpolated Alice, in her gentle little way, "that he really has had a throw-back to our kiddie days in Cleveland, when we played theater in the garage and charged the children of the neighborhood admission to watch us, or rather hear us, declaim."

"It's always been acting with Alice," said Alice's mother.

Then Alice served home-made grape-juice and home-made cookies and fancy little cakes and promised, upon my manifest delight in the delicacies, to invite me some night to a wholly home-cooked dinner. Alice is a home-made girl. One knows that. What she gives to the world via the screen will have had its root in the sincerity bred of home-life and home-love, of a mother who has been first of all a comrade and a friend, by her own natural domestic and womanly tendencies, practical in their demonstrations.

There is nothing in her charming head nor save these things of the work and the home she loves with a sort of a blent

(Continued on page 88)

At summer camp or town house, whether the water is hard or soft, careful girls agree that the most easily used and effective hair cleanser is——

CANTHROX
SHAMPOO

which gives such massy fluffiness that the hair appears much heavier than it really is, while each strand is left with a silky brightness and softness that makes doing up the hair a pleasure.

It is so easy to use and so effective that it has been for years the favorite of all who wish to bring out the natural beauty of their hair. Canthrox, the hair beautifying shampoo, rapidly softens and entirely removes all dandruff, excess oil and dirt.

For Sale at All Druuggists
It costs about three (3) cents a shampoo. No good hair wash costs less; none is more easily used. A few minutes is all that is needed for your complete shampoo.

Free Trial Offer To show the merits of Canthrox and to prove that it is in all ways the most effective hair wash, we send one perfect shampoo free to any address in the United States.

H. S. PETERSON & CO., Dept. 136, 214 W. Kinzie St., Chicago, Ill.

"DON'T SHOUT"

"I fear you. I can bear now as well as anybody." HE WENT THE MORLEY PHONE.

"I've a punk in my ear now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right."

"The Morley Phone for the DEAF is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes, forming comfortableness, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it."

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 792, 225 S. 16th Street, Phila.

LEARN HOW TO WRITE PHOTOPLAYS

You Have a Beautiful Face

BUT YOUR NOSE?

I N this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. PERHAPS NO ONE TO SEE YOU LOOKING OTHERWISE; IT WILL INJURE YOUR WELFARE! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new nose-shaper "Trudox" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. It is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist. 1059 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y.
The Blue Bird Alights on the Silversheet

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

coming has created a stir in the film colony, for the Belgian poet is probably the most brilliant and distinguished of the many literary lights who have fallen under the lure of the motion picture.

Before settling down to work he will spend some time studying the cinema art, and already he is deeply interested in the vast possibilities for theme development on the screen.

Genial and charming, with a serenity born of quiet hours spent in contemplation, he talked freely regarding his plans, but as he frequently reverted to French and spoke very rapidly, I was often left far behind except when Mr. Russell smilingly would halt the poet’s flow of enthusiasm while he interpreted the conversation.

When I asked what phase of the picture building interested him most, Mr. Maeterlinck wrinkled his brow and, turning to Mr. Russell, inquired the meaning of phase. Then followed a debate between the two while the word was fully explained.

Returning to my question, he replied, “The plot or story. I find there will have to be an entire transposition of method, for previously the author has rendered thought thru the image or force of words, allowing the spec-

(Continued on page 89)

Top, Maurice Maeterlinck, the Belgian poet-dramatist and philosopher; center, the Maeterlincks outside their lovely home on the Palisades in Santa Monica, where they are spending their honeymoon among the roses; below, the little bride who looks like a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl, proving the theory that mi(gh)te makes right, while their friends, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Russell, of Monte Carlo, enjoy the performance

(Eighty-four)
The Prince Chap
(Continued from page 57)
wear upon your shoulders the mantle of your Glad Returning.

Peyton stared ahead of him, and something saddened the curve of his mouth. "No," he said, "there was no Tower of Faithfulness... ever, you see... and the returning is not a glad one... it is not even a returning... it is just a chance meeting... of a woman and a man who, very long ago, played at love together... and, somehow, lost..."

"Love never loses, dear," said Claudia, in her little-mother voice, "not when love is real. And if it isn't real..." She paused, while her young eyes clouded over with an immemorial pain...

"If it isn't..." prompted Peyton, and found himself thinking, "How young she is, how young and how lovely..."

"It isn't," the girl said, "why then, it doesn't very much matter, anyway, does it?... no matter, how much may seem to..."

To Claudia, just at first, looking on, it seemed as tho Alice and Peyton must be succeeding, if only because they were so much together. They did, too, all the things they must have done in the fairy-tale days... and they danced and swam and read the books they had read then and talked and took long, rambling walks... and it seemed to Claudia, too, just at the first, that she couldn't possibly not conceivably stand it. Any day, now, the miracle would occur and Peyton would come to her with his shuttered heart all whole and well and all his dreams come true within his eyes.

Then, just a little later, she decided to stay on and take care of him. He looked so tired, so sort of haggled and wearied. He never looked like that, she knew, when he and she played about together. His eyes had a light in them, even over the broken pieces, and his voice had a sort of Glad Returning ring... it came to her, suddenly, that they were trying, trying desperately, not to capture that which had eluded them, but to revive that which was coldly dead, which, even more, had never been warmly living... they were trying to instill into a corpse the revivifying breath of life, where life had never been... and if they should, each of them, know this, abandon the dream for futile, turn, each one, to face a new horizon, why then...

After that Claudia determined to fight. Why should she sit by, all palpitant with life, while the bleached bones of a bygone structure struggled weakly for re-election? She, who had gifts to give... largesse... prodigal red roses.

It was woman to woman between them, then... youth fighting precedent... desires fighting dreams... and after a week more Alice, rather abruptly, left.

The morning following her departure Peyton breakfasted with Claudia. He had always told her everything and he
A mere touch will end it—
So with corns

A spot on your hand is ended with a touch of soap. You don’t cover it and keep it.

A touch of Blue-jay ends a corn, as easily and surely. Then why pare and coddle corns, and let them stay for years?

Millions of people nowadays end all corns in this way:

They drop on liquid Blue-jay or apply a Blue-jay plaster.

The ache stops. The toe from that moment is comfortable. And shortly the entire corn loosens and comes out.

The method was perfected in this world-famed laboratory. It is gentle, scientific, sure. It is now the recognized, the model way of dealing with a corn.

It means to those who know it a lifetime without corns.

It you let corns spoil happy hours, you should learn the folly of it. Try Blue-jay tonight. Your druggist sells it.

Blue-jay

Plaster or Liquid

The Scientific Corn Ender

BAUER & BLACK Chicago New York Toronto
Makers of Sterile Surgical Dressings and Allied Products

A Rose in the Bud

(Continued from page 47)

The staff of the magazines had journeyed out to the Grand Central Station to see her and her mother off for sunny California. It seemed fitting, somehow, that she should go there, for California is the land of roses—it would naturally be kind to this little rosebud.

Friends and officials of the Universal Company were gathered about, and she was showered with flowers, baskets of fruit and books and candy. But when “Toodles,” her little white dog, ensconced in his traveling basket, set up a howl, apparently anything but pleased at the prospect of his trip across the continent, she knelt down and tried to soothe him, quite oblivious of everything else.

The station master, who, by virtue of being a movie fan, had permitted the party to go thru the gates, a thing ordinarily tabooed, asked her how she felt about the honors thrust upon her.

“I love it. Wouldn’t you?” asked Virginia, with her shy little smile.

And Mr. Station Master can probably be numbered as her first fan.

Later, on the platform of the train, they posed her for the flashlights.

“Please let my flowers show,” said Virginia.

All too soon came the familiar sound, “A-L-A-b-o-a-r-d!”

Slowly the Century Limited pulled out.

On the platform stood Virginia and her mumdear, arm in arm.

“Good-by! Good-by!” she smiled, waving her tiny white-gloved hand.

Virginia had started on her journey to stardom—metlinks she will not find it a very long journey.

Make room for the cinema firmament for a new and brightly shining star—Virginia Faire!

(Eighty-six)
110 Piece Dinner Set

Amazing value. This offer breaks all bargain records. In each piece the highest type of color harmony and exquisite design has been attained. The entire set is in the popular colonial shape, decorated with that emblem of happiness, the bluebird, whose varied hues blend wonderfully with the perfectly natural colorings of the flowers in pink, green and lavender. His lovely blue bordering on each piece. Each piece is fired in the glaze and guaranteed not to crack or craze. Then, too, that splendid Old English finish is applied to the clay even before it is fired. This finish permeates and gives to the piece the indestructible glaze of rich snowflake white. This wonderful dinner set can be yours for only $1.00 down and $2.70 monthly. Price, in all, $29.95. Complete satisfaction guaranteed.

Send the Coupon

Easy Payments  Open an Account with us. Receive monthly payments same as cash or credit. No discount for cash. We do not sell to dealers. Also available from your nearest dealer. No C.O.D. 

30 Days’ Trial  Send for it. If not satisfied return the entire set our expense within 30 days and we pay your freight both ways. 

Free Catalog  Send for it. Showing designs of porcelain, jewelry, etc. A small child's wearing apparel, send the coupon today—NOW.

Along with $1.00 to us now. Have this 110-Piece Bluebird Dinner Set shipped on 30 days’ trial. We will also send our big Bargain Catalog listing thousands of amazing bargains. Only a small first payment and balance in monthly payments for anything you want. Send the coupon today. Right NOW!

Straus & Schram, Dept. A155, W. 35th St., Chicago

Famous Bluebird Design

A Complete Service—110 Pieces

This essential set consisting of 11 dinner plates, 11 1/2 soup plates, 7 1/2 fruit plates, 7 1/2 bread and butter plates, 1 bread plate, 11 1/2 dinner cups, 11 1/2 coffee cups, 7 1/2 coffee cups, 12 sugar bowls, 12 creamers, 7 teapots, 7 coffee pots, 17 1/2 dinner glasses, 17 1/2 water glasses, 17 1/2 coffee glasses, 17 1/2 tea glasses, 17 1/2 juice glasses, 17 1/2 milk glasses, 17 1/2 soda glasses, 17 1/2 salt and pepper shakers, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 creamers, 17 1/2 coffee pots, 17 1/2 tea pots, 17 1/2 sugar bowls, 17 1/2 credit, and we are no exchange or charge being applied. With ordinary care it will last a lifetime. Weight 29.95 pounds. 

What the Fame and Fortune Contest Means

(Continued from page 49)

And perhaps the most interesting fact which we gathered from the overflow of pictures was that they came from all parts of the country. Some from the crowded cities, others from small middle-western towns and others from rural districts where the coming of the old, slow, plodding mail, bearing the postman and his precious burden of Uncle Sam’s mail, is watched for with eagerness and expectation.

From 101 Travella Blvd., East End, Pittsburgh, Pa., there comes the portrait of Thelma Goeddel, who has never had any stage or screen experience and who faces a very pleased world with blue eyes, golden-brown hair and very fair complexion.

Anna Kelly, of 284 Clinton Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., is the possessor of a large number of huge golden curls. With fair skin and dark blue eyes, she easily deserves a place on the honor roll list.

Chicago has blown us Hazel D. Reeves, of 3972 Ellis Avenue, who has never had any previous stage or screen experience and whose hazel eyes and auburn hair frame a face which 'tis not very difficult to gaze upon.

The home of Alva Ansley, who has played in amateur plays and who swims and dances, is at 217 Pennsylvania Avenue, N. W., Washington, D. C. She possesses naturally curly hair of light-brown, blue eyes and fair complexion.

A girl of Manhattan is Kay Bardine, of 1324 St. Nicholas Avenue, who has studied voice with Mario Salvini, and who is a classic and eccentric dancer of no mean talent. With very fair complexion and dark-blue eyes, this little blonde is no mean competitor of the Fame and Fortune Contest.

Again Brooklyn, N. Y., comes to the front with its allotment of beauty in the person of Gertrude Crossman, of 87 Woodruff Avenue, who has done extra work in pictures and who has dark-grey eyes, light-brown hair and fair skin.

All the way from 423 Twenty-third Avenue, South, Seattle, Washington, does America Chedister send in her photograph. Her eyes are a dark grey-green, which shine under a mass of light golden-brown hair.

The Home-Made Girl

(Continued from page 83)

and eager impartiality. It is "mother" and the "Vitagraph." These are the two names constantly on her lips.

She has her first doll, too. I asked her whether she played with it yet. "I don't actually play with her," she said, "but I love her just as I always did, and I like to see her in my room when I come home at night."

And so there is a fund of tenderness, too, from which, with the mellowing of youth, many of the fragrant, lovable things of the artistry which is best may come.

Alice at dawning...
The Blue Bird Alights on the Silversheet
(Continued from page 84)
tator's mind to form the picture, while now the picture must serve to interpret the thought without words."

"That spiritual quality that has always dominated your writings—can it be transferred to the screen?" I questioned.

After studying the red roses in a tall vase beside him for a moment, he said, "I hope and believe this will be possible. Already some success has followed efforts in this direction. It is not so difficult to express the finer thought in your picture as it is for the public to grasp it."

"The producer says, we want a play that is unusual, different, better; then when the author brings it to him, he reads it, shakes his head and remarks that it is too far away—what do you say?—too high over their heads. So we must develop the thought of the audience gradually, step by step. Therefore, the first thing to do is to select a theme that will appeal to all. It may have a strong material side, but in its treatment the spiritual significance must be retained."

"Do I like California?" and Mr. Mae- terlinck laughed boyishly at my foolish question. "How can I help it when I am given such a royal welcome? Here, near the ocean, it reminds me of my home in Nice, only it is warmer. Your season is perhaps six weeks ahead of ours."

"Oh, this prohibition! No more is there pleasure in one's meals—all attraction is gone. In France I have perhaps, one, two glasses of red or white wine, not much—but just enough to bring joy. The Latin countries use light wine and beer, and there is no harm in them. The American banquet consists only of speeches and a glass of water, and sometimes I have gone to four in one day—it is indeed very sad." Smilingly, he shrugged his broad shoulders.

On the following day Maurice Maeterlinck and his party visited the Goldwyn studio, and as they drove thru the imposing entrance he declared that it made him think of a great exhibition. He was surprised to find the studio built on such an artistic as well as elaborate scale.

The first point that seemed to arrest the author's attention as he watched a scene from Rupert Hughes' "Scratch My Back," in which Helene Chadwick was depicting the frenzy of fear of a man who was threatening her, were the strains of music coming from an orchestra hidden behind the set. The fine psychology of emotional upbuilding with the aid of music, and also of certain colors used in the set, interested him greatly.

Mme. Maeterlinck, who looks like a fourteen-year-old schoolgirl, danced about in an ecstasy of enthusiasm. She is hoping to play in her husband's new picture and is to have a test made within a few days. She said, "This would be my..." (Continued on page 94)

(Eighty-nine)
home to “the wife.” When Mr. Ogle is not ogling for the camera, he’s right by his own hearthstone enjoying domesticity to the utmost. Perhaps it is because he has to be at the studio so much of the time that he is so keen on home comforts in the few hours left at his disposal.

Just lately, for instance, Mr. Ogle took his beauty sleep in the dressing-room, in a sort of catch-as-catch-can manner. He was doing “Treasure Island” for Mr. Tourneur and working at nights with Jimmy Cruze in “Hawthorne, U. S. A.” The part of the one-legged Stevenson rogue, Long John Silver, was a particularly trying rôle in the Tourneur production; in fact, the most difficult characterization from the physical standpoint yet essayed.

Mr. Ogle’s left leg was strapped up behind, then the foot strapped again to the right thigh, and with loose trousers the illusion was perfectly preserved. As much of the acting was done on a rough boat, tossed about by gentle currents in the Pacific and only one crutch was utilized, Charles Ogle says he was just about crippled in reality when night came.

“But—everybody was so kind. Two of the boys would strap and unstrap me, and massage my numb muscles into action again. We’ve gone over the rushes of ‘Treasure Island’ carefully, and I defy any one to find two legs on Long John Silver,” said Mr. Ogle.

(Continued on page 93)
Maybe you will be as fortunate as Miss Virginia Faire. She is now a star! And one year ago, she was just a regular movie fan herself;—going often to the movies, and only dreaming about an opportunity to get on the screen.

Her opportunity came with the Fame and Fortune Contest, which was conducted by The Motion Picture Magazine, The Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland last year. Miss Faire, together with hundreds of others, grasped at the chance. Knowing that she had a perfectly fair and equal chance to win, she entered the contest. There were four winners instead of one,—Miss Faire being one of the four.

They have all signed up with large companies. Their salaries are well up in five figures. Their pictures have appeared in all the magazines and newspapers with write-ups, etc.

You have precisely the same opportunity now. If you have confidence in yourself, or believe that you could make good on the screen, fill out the coupon below, and paste it on the back of your photograph and mail it in immediately.

RULES FOR THE CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted. The coupon must be from The Motion Picture Magazine, Classic, or Shadowland, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Postal-card pictures and snap-shots not accepted. Tinted photos cannot be reproduced in magazine.

Photos will not be returned to the owner.

Contestants should not write a letter accompanying photo requiring a reply. Thousands of photos will be received and it will be impossible to answer each one. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.

Photos should be mailed to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.

The contest is open to everybody, no age limit, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage roles.

Contest closes Aug. 1, 1920.
Hello, friends! Once more we meet in the month of flowers and sunshine, after the severe snowstorms of winter. We are now back on schedule time, and if you don't get your answer when you should be, you are entitled to register a great big "kick."

**Soldier's Sweetheart.**—I hope you're true to him. So your favorites are Sessue Hayakawa, Louis Bernison and Hallam Cooley. No, I haven't tried it yet, but I understand the Mexicans have been making whisky from cactus. It ought to have a sting to it. Cleo Madison, Universal Co., in "The Radium Mystery."

**The Movie Fable.**—You seem to think that the face is the most valuable requisite for a motion picture actress, yet Mack Sennett and the editor of the CLASSIC seem to prefer pedetals. Of course, Mary Pickford is a New York hotel man, but I think Billie Burke is nicely curly. Billie Burke is married. One child. Is that all?

**Lily May.**—Glad to hear you enjoy the department in Shadowland. You know, he's kinda uppish on himself now since he became a papa not so long ago. Monte Blue is notmarried and he's in Los Angeles. King Bagott is to play opposite Mary Allson in "The Chester.". Yes, come in again any time.

**Miss V. Saunders, Washington, D.C.**—Address Pearl White, Fox Company, Fort Lee, N. J.

**Gertrude T. E.**—So you are writing scripts. Did you read where Sir James Barrie has made over $100,000 out of one play alone? Encouraging, isn't it? Valeska Suratt is not playing in pictures now. Virginia Rich is back and she is playing in "Would You Forgive?" (Fox).

**Lydia N.**—I don't know that player's salary and wouldn't tell if I did, unless it was public property. Don't believe all you read about salaries. The printer, and sometimes the publicity man, add a figure by mistake, and 100 is made to read 1000. Yes, Mary Pickford will answer you if you write for. Don't know how you can see her acting in a scene unless you go to California.

**Viola Dana Admire.**—So you don't believe that I am nearly 80 and that I get only $9.50 a week, and hence prefer to believe me a liar. Alas, alas! No, you have me wrong—there's nothing wrong about me. Yes, it is true. I am 100 and is about the age when most young girls want to become actresses. Ask dad; he knows.


**Naomi.**—You say Herpicide is an excellent hair tonic and want me to try it. Why burden myself with a lot of hair to brush and take care of? If you write direct to our Circulation Department, they will be glad to supply you with back issues. Keep up the good work; you're a mighty clever writer.

**A. N. Yank.**—You were very bright. The religious Russians do not eat pike because of the sanctity conferred on the dove in the Scriptures. The most perfect lover on the screen? Bless your heart. I'm no judge of such things. Wait until I get down to Virginia Lee Corbin and I'll be able to tell. English, you know. Yes, I liked John Cumberland in "The Gay Old Dog." It was very well done, and I see how the ending could have been different.

**U. Die I. Bury.**—Undertakers. Say, what's this all about? You're right, I haven't shaved since I brought one from you. Well, the whiskers came in mighty handy this past winter, except on occasions when they b ore fleas. You want more of Constance Tal- madge in the CLASSIC and Classic. Come to think of it, you're right.

**Patty.**—Why don't you diet? Yes, Elliott Dexter is married to Marie Doro. May All- son, Los Angeles, Cal. —Metro, of course.

**M. I. Welcome.**—You just bet you are. Yes, it is true; Alice Joyce is married again. She married a New York hotel man. Perhaps your mon- ent is playing opposite Billie Burke in "Away Goes Prudence."

**S. M.**—Just take this little tip—the excesses of youth are drafts on our old age, payable with interest, and sometimes they are payable at sight. From one who knows. Yes, Charles Pathé is still alive.

**Mrs. E. Dr. M.**—Thanks a lot for the fee. I'll do all I can for you.

**M. T. Garrett.**—There are others! Why is this thus? You say the reason telephone girls are called operators is because they cut you off in the middle of a conversation. More air!

**Mrs. H. Rosebrier.**—Well, yes, it walk very erect, having been straightened by circumstances. Did you think I was old and bent? Will Rogers, Goldwyn Co., Los Angeles, Cal. Well, I don't have to worry about an income tax. That's one thing nice about this job, and one reason why I have refused better offers.


**Bell Bel.**—Bessie Love is not married, and Tony Moreno at Vitagraph Co., Los Angeles, Cal. —Bell.

**Neil from Florida.**—Eugene O'Brien, in viewing Niagara, called it "The Pride of Dixter." That pride certainly has a tremendous fall. Yes, I have been to Niagara—but not what you mean. Fritzi Brunette is playing with Warren Kerrigan, Rosemary Thelby and Constance Courtenay in "The Lost Angel." Sessue Hayakawa is married. You want D. W. Griffith to produce another "Broken Blossoms." All right.

**Brown Eve.**—Your letter was true, all right. You know words from the mouth die in the ears, but words from the heart stay there. Yes, Charlie Ray is with Arthur S. Kane Pictures Corp., 452 Fifth Ave., New York. He is coming to New York soon.

(Ninety-two)
Laundry Buttons and Grease-Paint!

(Continued from page 90)

"Don't you think that the study of law aided you in dissecting character, in analysis and expression?" we asked.

"Oh, I'm sure of it. You see, I studied for the ministry, because father was an oratorical preacher and dead against the stage. However, my college days gave me plenty of work in theatricals, and so I finally followed the natural bent and took to the boards.

"For fifteen years I acted--out with road companies or at home in stock. After the first few years of acting, and to please my mother, I finished college. I studied law and practiced with my brother--and I know that in those early days I was really acting for the jury, watching what effect my words or gestures had on them.

"But I returned to the stage--and later came back to the law office. I was a regular Klaxon and Erlanger pay-roller. Perhaps you remember 'The Blue Mouse'? We did 'Father and Son' also. And I had a good part in Rex Beach's 'The Spoilers.' For three years I traveled with Chauncey Olcott, and also I again practiced law, it never had any allurement for me after tasting the excitement relative to creating living, pulsating beings of the imagination. So after some years of stage life, I became interested in pictures in 1909 and have been at them ever since."

I had been told that Mr. Ogle makes his first visit in the morning to the offices of the Famous Players-Lasky, there to bury his expressive nose in the stock report of the daily paper. So I ventured another question.

"Do you make a hobby of dabbling in stocks?"

"Well, it's not a fad—I don't like fads. I suppose you might call it a hobby, 'oom, hoom,'" (Charles has a habit of saying "oom-hoom" in place of the generally accepted affirmative, and it makes one think of a fat, happy bumble-bee burying its proboscis in a particularly luscious blossom!), "for I have not only invested conservatively—very conservatively—but have had about six hundred students."

"Students? What sort of students?"

We had not heard of any financial school of the sort around these parts.

"'Oom, hoom; students in investing money carefully. I've tipped off at least that many on this and other lots. You see, I never advise anything—either from the legal standpoint or from my own observation, study and experience—unless I am sure it is very safe. I haven't done anything with oil stocks, for instance. If I were to invest, I should simply take Standard Oil stock and be satisfied with the returns. There are some who make a fortune out of oil—but you'll find thousands who have lost everything in wildcatting."

"Just this morning a chap called and had a lot of the boys excited over oil and tried to interest me. I won't say I never lost a cent on stocks, but the losses

June Mornings

Bubble grains on berries

Mix these airy, flimsy bubbles in every dish of berries. Use Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. The blend is delightful. It adds what crust adds to a shortcake.

At breakfast, also, serve with cream and sugar—any of these fragile, fascinating grains.

June Evenings

Whole wheat
steam exploded

For suppers, float Puffed Wheat in milk. That means whole wheat with every food cell blasted. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size.

They seem like tidbits, but every flaky globule is a grain of wheat made easy to digest.

June Afternoons

Airy, nut-like confections

For hungry children, crisp and douse with melted butter. Then Puffed Grains become nut-like confections, to be eaten like peanuts or popcorn.

Use also like nut-meats as a garnish on ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups.

Puffed Wheat
Puffed Rice
Corn Puffs
Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers

(Ninety-three)
Don't Be a Sickly Grouch!

Nobody loves a grouch. Nobody likes to meet him in the street, do business with him or have him around. And if you develop a grouch if your internal machinery is running wrong, if dyspepsia or silliness make your life miserable; if headaches and backaches take the kick out of you; if constipation is poisoning your blood and beclouding your brain. Get Rid of Your Ailments

You are only half a man when you stagger along under such handicaps; you can't win out, you can't make a success of anything; you are bound to be a failure—you know it, your wife knows it, and all your friends know it. Don't lay it on your stomach, or liver or lungs—build up a MAN again; turn over a leaf and live life as Nature meant it should be lived.

STRONGFORTISM Will Show You How

Strongfortism is Nature's way, and there isn't the slightest doubt in the world that she can build you up and bring you back to strength and the enjoyment of living life again, if you give her half a chance.

Strongfortism has salvaged thousands of human wrecks; has put vigor, vitality, hope, happiness into men who felt they were hopelessly down and out. It has helped them to free themselves from the handicaps that held them back, and are pressing against them today.

Remember, Strongfortism is Nature's way, the one sure way: no drug store dope or patent medicine—just giving Nature a chance to dispel your ills and build you up. Send name, address, age, sex, and packing and I'll mail you a copy at once. SEND TODAY, using coupon below, indicating your ailment thereon.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
1264 Strongfort Institute
NEWARK, N. J.

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Newark, N. J.

Send Free My Free Book

"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy" tells you all about Strongfortism. It tells you how I became the strongest man in the world by practicing it, and how every part of the world has free itself from the handicaps that held them back, and are pressing against them today.

Remember, Strongfortism is Nature's way, the one sure way: no drug store dope or patent medicine—just giving Nature a chance to dispel your ills and build you up. Send name, address, age, sex, and packing and I'll mail you a copy at once. SEND TODAY, using coupon below, indicating your ailment thereon.

The Blue Bird Alights on the Silversheet (Continued from page 89)

ideal of stage life—acting out in the open—the hills for the setting, the audience—the world.

The little bride is called Selysette by her husband in memory of the artistic portrayal of her role in his famous play, "Agivaine and the Lady," in Paris.

We are on our honeymoon," she confided demurely, clapping a huge bouquet of roses in her arms. "I think California is the land of 'The Blue Bird,' and I do not like to think of the time that we may leave—after a while."

With this new romance in his life, who can doubt that the famous poet-philosopher, Maurice Maeterlinck, in his sheltered nook among the roses and with the rhythm of the great Pacific in his ears, will produce an inspirational masterpiece which may mark a new era in the ever rising tide of the art of the motion picture.

Learn How to Write Short Stories

There is big demand for short stories. Plays and features articles. You can learn how to write at home in the privacy of your own room in the seven week's course now being given by the American Academy of Letters and Sciences. Practical instruction. modern methods. 150 students already enrolled. Steady sales. Send eight cents for the sample lesson. Write today.

American Academy of Letters and Sciences. 219 West 44th St., New York City.
The new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unerring and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so now. Don't lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

**FIRST PRIZE**
Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathe, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record. A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

**SECOND PRIZE**
Monet Camera and three packages of film (value $65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip—your camera trip—in pictures—pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

**THIRD PRIZE**
Corona Typewriter with case (value $50) an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one’s study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

**FOURTH PRIZE**
Sheaffer “Gifted” Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

**FIFTH PRIZE**

**SIXTH PRIZE**
Loudelin, Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

**SEVENTH PRIZE**
Star Vibrator, handomely finished in nicke plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

**EIGHTH PRIZE**
Same as Seventh Prize.

**NINTH PRIZE**
Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.
Greatest of All Popularity Contests
Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?
Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?
Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own ideal. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

SHADOWLAND, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide-awake and well-informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read SHADOWLAND, the MAGAZINE, and CLASSIC.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2, provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on September 30, 1920.

2. There will be two ballots as follows:

   December 1919 ballot
   January 1920 ballot
   February 1920 ballot
   March 1920 ballot
   April 1920 ballot
   May 1920 ballot
   June 1920 ballot
   July 1920 ballot
   August 1920 ballot
   September 1920 ballot

3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.

4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.

5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereto shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send one vote in each class for SHADOWLAND every month, and the same for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and for CLASSIC. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1
SHADOWLAND, MAGAZINE and CLASSIC:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider .........................
the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name ..............................
Street ...........................
City ................................
State ................................
Country ...........................
(Dated) ............................

Class Number 2
SHADOWLAND, MAGAZINE and CLASSIC:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that ....................... will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with ....... votes.

Name ..............................
Street ...........................
City ................................
State ................................
Country ...........................
(Dated) ............................

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.
Reel Realities

Mary and Doug, here are our sincerest and deepest congratulations!

The announcement that the honeymooners will make a tour of Europe, doing a photoplay or two en route, arouses all sorts of fancies.

Here is an event well calculated to stir the imagination, for the coming of the two will be unparalleled in history. We can already see Little Mary, almost defied by the cinema, being received by royalty, (what royalty the war has left behind), moving thru crowded streets, for Doug and Mary are known and loved in every land, and are being feted as no one has ever been.

A picturesque honeymoon, indeed.

Not so long ago theatrical producers used to weep and gnash their teeth when their stars "lowered their prestige" by going into the lowly movies. Who would pay two dollars to see a player after being able to observe her for a quarter or less, they reasoned, to say that Harold Lloyd, for instance, is as popular as any feature star of the cinema, with possibly an exception or two. Remember the way the late Sidney Drew was beloved? On every side these days we see the short comedy, which Mr. and Mrs. Drew so ably pioneered, making splendid advances.

And now London, just as did New York, welcomes "The Miracle Man," following the hit of David Griffith's "Broken Blossoms." There is no doubt that these two productions stand out as milestones in American film progress.

George Loane Tucker is acclaimed as one of the great directors of the cinema. It is interesting to note the enthusiasm of the London press over Betty Compson.

More than 50,000 miles of motion picture film were exported from the United States in the calendar year 1919, or enough to stretch more than twice around the world at the equator, says the New York National City Bank in a circular just issued. To be exact, says the New York City Bank, in a discussion of this growing feature of our export trade. the films exported aggregated $73,270,120 linear feet, of which the exposed film was 153,237,260 feet and the unexposed film 120,041,012 feet; the value of the exposed film being $8,066,723, or an average of 5.5c per foot, and of the unexposed film $2,680,000, or an average of 2.2c per foot.

This is by far the largest total, says the bank's statement, of motion picture films exported in a single year, whether measured by quantity or value. In 1918 the total length of films exported was only 151,000,000 feet; in 1917, 166,000,000; 1916, 125,000,000; in 1915, 199,000,000,000, and in the year prior to the war, 1913, 146,000,000. It was only in

(Continued on page 100)
Isn't it a joy to throw away that old and shabby winter suit you've been wearing so long that you felt it had become a part of you? Isn't it a g-r-r-rand and glorious feeling to see how everybody turns around to look at you as you pass, and to know that they are all admiring—and, perhaps, envying you a little? We know just how you feel, for we, too, are coming out in our new spring suit—and it's great to shake off the troublesome clothes of the past winter—all full of patches made by the printers' strike, and the paper shortage, and the late schedules.

We have a stunning new cover for our June number of SHADOWLAND, and the latest thing in pictures, and the newest stories about every one on the stage and screen that you like. It will be the best and most interesting number ever issued.

There's Walter Pritchard Eaton's first contribution to SHADOWLAND. One of the foremost writers of the day, he offers a brilliant article on the theater.

Adolph Bolm, Master of Terpsichore, tells Frederick James Smith, in an unusual interview, of the development of the dance in America.

Have you ever thought of the political power of the cinema? Lynde Denig, in his "Will Motion Pictures Elect a President?" gives you much food for meditation.

There are the wonderful color plates of the most popular stars; very clever reviews of the plays and cinema features for the month; the latest offerings of fashion from Paris; the newest novelizations; and, as an added feather in our cap, we have made arrangements with all the leading photographers of America for first use of their best work!

The publication date of the June Shadowland is May 23

SHADOWLAND
175 DUFFIELD ST., BROOKLYN, N.Y.
Reel Realities
(Continued from page 98)
1912 that this class of exports was considered of sufficient importance to justify a separate statement in the record of exports, the total for that year being 62,241,000 feet, valued at $75,502,000. The value of the films exported since the beginning of 1912 is nearly $60,000,000.

A very large proportion in the earlier years went in the unexposed form for use in making photographs in other parts of the world. At present, as above indicated, considerably over one-half, (153,000,000 feet), of the films exported are of the "exposed" class—those films bearing photographs made in the United States—while considerably less than one-half, (120,000,000 feet), are blank films for use in making pictures in other parts of the world.

These 52,000 miles of motion picture films exported in 1919 went to all parts of the world. While the details of 1919 distribution are not known, those of 1918 show that motion picture films of the "exposed" class ready for presentation on the screen went to no less than fifty-three countries and colonies of the world. Thirty-three per cent. went to Europe, 29 per cent. to North America, exclusive of the United States; 14 per cent. to South America, 14 per cent. to Oceania, a little over 7 per cent. to Asia, and 3 per cent. to Africa. Of the unexposed films, of course, a very large proportion went to Europe, 85 per cent., in fact, while the remaining 15 per cent. was distributed to the North American countries other than the United States, Asia, Oceania and South America.

While our exports of motion picture film have mounted, the importations have quite naturally declined, the total number of feet imported in the calendar year 1919 having been but 17,000,000 feet against 26,000,000 in 1918 and 76,000,000 in 1917, which was the high record. The importations of films from foreign countries were the same.

The average import price of the exposed film was about 5.5c per foot as against 5.3c per foot of the exposed film exported. Of the 153,000,000 feet of exposed film exported in 1919, 39,000,000 feet went to the United Kingdom, 15,000,000 to Canada, 13,000,000 to Australia, 9,000,000 to France, 7,000,000 to Argentina and nearly 6,000,000 to Brazil. The other countries for which a fair distribution of the exposed "ready to use" films is quite similar to that of the films in use in the United States, probably three-fourths being photoplays and the remainder travelogs, "news service" and comedies.

While no exact figures are available on the amount of films now produced in the United States, says The New York Morning Telegraph, an estimate, based upon the known quantity exported, suggests that the entire domestic production nearly exceeds 2,000,000,000 feet, with a value of approximately $75,000,000 per annum when "exposed" and ready for use in the project machines.
The Celluloid Critic
(Continued from page 45)

No, "The Virgin of Stamboul" is not particularly impressive. It is too long for one thing. The direction of T. H. Browning is cumbersome and H. H. Van Loan's story but trite melodrama. It does, however, reveal the effect of the shimmie upon Turkish life. Miss Dean nowhere achieves the note of spontaneity.

Charles Ray can invest any screen opus, no matter how banal, with the life of reality, which, to our way of thinking, closely approaches something popularly called genius.

Consider "Alarm Clock Andy," (Paramount), the romance of a bashful clerk who develops into a success. It is obviously a made-to-order story, by Agnes Johnston, but Ray takes it, gilds it here and there with sincerity, and—lo and behold! The thing seems a human document in which the tear is close to the smile. Jerome Storm has directed the theme adequately.

Constance Talmadge makes "In Search of a Sinner," (First National), a piquant and highly diverting comedy. John Emerson and Anita Loos have cleverly adapted Charlotte Thompson's story to the films, giving it a tinge of the risqué. Miss Talmadge seems to be centering upon this note of late. We do not say this in a spirit of censure, for she has the verve to dash with the lightness of thistledown over thin ice thru which most other screen comedienne would crash disastrously.

"In Search of a Sinner" presents a young widow, one Georgianna Chadbourne, who has been so bored by her first and very moral husband that, upon his demise, she sets out to find a wild man. When her quest thru New York unearthed just one possibility and all sorts of difficulties ensue, Georgianna realizes that wickedness doesn't pay and is quite glad to accept the possibility, even tho he turns out to be a head of the Purity League. David Kirkman's direction is spirited and Rockcliffe Fellowes at least looks that coven of the Purity League.

"Mary's Ankle," (Paramount), was adapted from May Tully's stage farce, for the use of Douglas MacLean and Doris May. A youthful trio, headed by a young doctor in search of patients, is in desperate financial straits. Finally the near-physician sends out wedding announcements in the hope of drawing down a check from his wealthy uncle and possibly salable gifts from here and there. Then a young lady arrives identically the same name as that of the fictitious bride sprains her ankle in front of his office. Thus begin the complications. It is very broad slapstick farce of the footlight type and not comparable to the MacLean-May gem, "23 1/2 Hours Leave." When will movie producers discover that stage farces do not lend themselves to the screen?

If it were not for the fact that Dorothy Gish is the star of "Mary Ellen Comes to Town," (Paramount), we'd say something rude about it.

(One hundred and one)
Your Hair Needs "Danderine"

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don't let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggly or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 35-cent bottle of delightful "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying "Danderine" to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

Behind the Screen

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks were married in Los Angeles, Cal., on Sunday, March 28th, by the Rev. J. Whitcomb Brougher, pastor of the Temple Baptist Church. Robert Fairbanks, a brother of the bridegroom, was best man, and Marjorie Daw was bridesmaid.

John Barrymore's sudden illness—a nervous breakdown—caused the abrupt termination of his engagement in "Richard III" in New York. The revival had scored a sensational success. Mr. Barrymore's illness is said to have been caused by his hard work while rehearsing "Richard III" and doing the film production of "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Billie Burke has postponed her stage revival of "The School for Scandal," in which William Faversham was to have appeared, and will devote her time to the photoplay.

Agnes Ayres is to be starred by Albert A. Kaufman.


Constance Talmadge has secured the film rights to the stage success, "Wedding Bells."

Realart's first starring vehicle for Wanda Hawley is a film version of Jerome K. Jerome's "Miss Hobbs," originally played behind the footlights by Annie Russell.

C. Gardner Sullivan, Thomas H. Ince's scenarist-in-chief, has departed on his world tour. Genoa is the first stop.

Thomas Meighan is back on the coast, making a film adaptation of Leonard Merrick's "Conrad in Quest of His Youth" for Paramount.

Ethel Clayton has renewed her Famous Players-Lasky contract. She will make two pictures in London.

Jack Mulhall has been signed under a long-term contract by Paramount-Artcraft.

The Andrew J. Callaghan Productions, Inc., is to star Bessie Love, her first picture being Charles Tenney Jackson's "The Midlanders."

Myron Selznick has signed Louise Huff as one of his stars.

J. Stuart Blackton is doing a story of spiritualism, "The House of the Tolling Bell," by Edith Sessions Tupper. The cast is headed by Myra McAvoy and Bruce Gordon.

Tsuru Aoki is visiting in Japan.
Pacific Coast Gossip

BY FRITZI REMONT

LOS ANGELES, CAL., (Special)—One of the very best rascals in the film world is William Duncan. Unlike most Scotchmen, Bill is a good talker and loves to swap anecdotes on the lot.

He related an amusing incident of his early experiences in pictures. Before going on the stage, Mr. Duncan was an exponent for the Bernarr MacFadden exerisers, as well as a good boxer. His younger brother had put on the gloves while in his teens and become a lightweight champion. Thru Bill’s early associations, he was able to put his brother “next,” and the youngster soon became engaged for well-advertised bouts.

Mr. Duncan’s parents were orthodox Scotch, adverse to publicity and quite upset over William’s theatrical experiences. One day, the newspaper held glowing accounts of the younger Duncan’s successful fight, as well as of William’s serial. The family read the paper and silently laid it down for Father Duncan to peruse at night. There would be no use in hiding it, for the elder Duncan would merely buy another copy and scold over the careless ness of women who mislaid the publication.

That evening, Father Duncan read his paper after dinner as usual. He said nothing for an hour or so, then suddenly turned to his wife. “Mistress Duncan, don’t ye think we should be proud of our bairns? I think we should praise the guid Lord daily for gi’in us sic a fine family. It’s not many that be blessed with lads and lassies like ours—nought but d— prize-fighters and actors!”

Some years have passed since that sarcastic outburst, and now that William Duncan is famous thru serials, his father is a first-nighter every week to see the current episodes. His son has just signed a new contract with Vitagraph and reluctantly Father Duncan admits that after all there is “some gui’d in play-acting.”

Wandering over the Famous Players-Lasky stages, I happened on “Bob” Warwick’s set. He is doing “Hunting Trouble,” which is an adaptation of “The Man from Blankley’s,” and is supported by the nineteen-year-old Bebe Daniels.

Of course, Bebe and her stunning evening gown got me. She was wearing a combination of white satin, silver lace, handsome jewels, high-piled coiffure with Spanish combs and silver slippers. As we gossiped, Miss Daniels’ jewels attracted attention. One of the men asserted that he could tell the difference between the imitations and her own valuable pins, rings and bracelets, all worn at one time. She laughingly defied him.

She was wearing a long bar pin of diamonds and platinum right over another of different pattern. I happened to view a safety catch under the lower pin, so decided on its worth at once.

“Oh, I forgot that would give me away!” Bebe Daniels laughed, merrily.

(One hundred and three)
Do you seek a way to remove hair without slightest danger to skin or complexion?

**Science** has finally solved the problem of removing hair without slightest danger to the skin or complexion.

This with NEET, a definite creation, as harmless and mild as your favorite cold cream! You merely spread it on and then rinse it off with clear water. That's all; the hair will be gone, rinsed away, and the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white.

Old methods, the unwomanly blade and severe chemicals, have given way to this remarkable preparation which is already the accepted method of well-groomed women in every metropolitan center from New York to San Francisco. Obtain your supply today.

At all drug and department stores, or, driven by mail upon receipt of price: 50c or three times the quantity $1.00.

**Neet**

**The Non-instant Depilatory**

MAIL THIS COUPON

HANNIBAL PHARMACAL CO. 60-1 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

For the enclosed 50c send NEET to $1.00

NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE

**I bet you can't tell these bracelets apart!** I couldn't, but the connoisseur guessed correctly. The rings baffled us all. Every imitation was perfect, and we finally had to be shown. She had worn the real jewels, lest they be stolen if left in her dressing-room, so fans will have an opportunity to judge for themselves when Bebe's next release appears. The little string of real pearls she wears constantly was a parting gift from the Robina studio folks.

Running over to the Christie studio, I found that Chic Sale is now doing "The Smart Alec," by Irvin Cobb, a "Salute to Post" story. Mr. Sale has a vaudeville reputation which is national, so, with Colleen Moore playing leads, the comedy drama should make a hit. There is a new star in the shape of Lucile Rulcy, a seventeen-year-old recruited from the Famous Players. Strange to say, "Smiling Bill" Parsons' comedies will be finished by "Smiling Bill" Jones, said to be a former English grand opera singer. Billie Rhodes has been resting, but has resumed production, now that the Lenten season has passed. A big photograph of the late "Smiling Bill" Parsons hangs over the mantel at the National studio sitting-room, and it seems as if the jolly husband of Billie must come back any day. It has been very hard for the little star alone, and so her absence from the screen is due to her inability to settle down to work since her bereavement.

Henry Walthall, of the National, has been playing at the Community Theater, Hollywood, in a one-act play based on the life of Napoleon.

**APOLOGIA**

By Charlotte Becker

Alto I garnered no wealth nor fame,
Nor played a hero's gallant part,
Nor bore a sage's honored name,
Nor any place in song or art:

Not all unworthy have I proved,
Life of her joy should make me free—
For I have suffered, I have loved,
And one good woman has loved me.

**THE STORM**

By Charlotte Becker

The East Wind rides to war tonight—
I hear his eager steeds,
With rustling panoplies girded,
Come plunging thru the reeds.

Deep in the wood, where Captain Oak Commands the valiant trees,
The fearsome little primrose folk Are crouching on their knees.

The gaunt weeds hide in ambush
Behind the garden wall,
The hollyhocks sore afraid
 lest Major Sunflower fall.

**NOW**

Now, hark, the battle has begun—
The East Wind's trumpets blow,
And soldier branches, one by one,
Fall on the ground below.

The hollyhocks drop thick and fast,
Their petals stained and torn,
Where Major Sunflower breathes his last,
Of all his glory shorn.

And overhead the doleful sky
Is weeping tears of rain,
Because the flowers that shattered lie
Will never bloom again!
Humor is raised to the nth degree in Pathé Comedies. Joyous, care-free laughter bubbles out of audiences at the mere thought of Pathé Comedy stars. No propaganda, no social problem, but just clean fun and the high spirits of youth.

Harold Lloyd, who for four years has been teaching the hard-to-make-laugh how to laugh, is presented in a hilarious two-reel comedy every month, produced by that master hand, Hal Roach.

Mrs. Sidney Drew, who is known wherever live people who have not forgotten to smile, is presenting John Camberland, famous star of the stage, in two reel comedies, one each month.

"Bringing Up Father," the famous George M. Cohan creation, has now been brought to the screen in two-reel comedies, one every month, produced by the Christie Film Company.

"Rolin Comedies," each of one reel length, for four years favorites with the public, featuring "Snub" Pollard and "Sunshine Sammy," the cunning little darky, are shown weekly by a theatre in your vicinity.

Ask your favorite theatre when.

Pathé Exchange, Inc., 25 W. 46th St., New York
Rest assured—

Sleep in Style!

Faultless

Pajamas and Night Shirts

"The NIGHTwear of a Nation!"

E. ROSENFELD & CO. MAKERS. BALTO. NEW YORK - CHICAGO.
INSURE THEIR HAPPINESS

Make Their Tomorrows as Free From Care as Their Todays.

A Prudential Monthly Income Policy

is the Rainbow After the Storm.

On the First Day of Every Month a Prudential Check Can be Put into the Hands of Those You Love.

Hundreds of American Homes Know This Day as

PRUDENTIAL DAY
THE NATIONAL PAY DAY

Your Life and Memory Can be Made a Constant Benediction to Those You Leave Behind.

Insure in

The Prudential
INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA
Incorporated under the Laws of the State of New Jersey
How washing your face makes rouge and powder harmless

YOU should not blame your skin imperfections on the rouge and powder you may use. Modern cosmetics are usually harmless enough if applied to a clean skin. It is only by leaving them on—one application over another—that the damage is done.

Then they combine with dirt, oil secretions and perspiration in an impervious coat. This clogs and poisons the delicate network of pores and glands we call the skin. Coarse texture and ugly blotches are the result.

Wash your face thoroughly once a day with a pure, mild soap and you needn't fear rouge and powder.

Most actresses know this secret, which keeps their complexions fresh, clear and young in spite of the make-up used. It is really the oldest of beauty secrets, discovered by Cleopatra.

But—it all depends on the soap

If you say “but soap is too harsh for my skin,” you either haven't found the right soap, or have used it the wrong way. This essential cleanliness must be obtained with a mild, soothing cleanser, such as is yours in Palmolive. And the way you use it must be governed by the kind of complexion you have.

For this modern combination of the palm and olive oils Cleopatra used as cleansing is as bland as a lotion. Its profuse creamy lather leaves the skin soft, supple and smooth.

Yet, while money can't buy a more satisfactory facial soap, the price of Palmolive keeps it within reach of all.

Why isn't Palmolive expensive?

Manufactured in small quantities it would be. Palm and olive oils are costly and come from overseas.

Enormous production and factories working night and day—ingredients ordered in gigantic volume—is what reduces production cost.

Thus we are able to keep the price of Palmolive to a very moderate sum—no more than ordinary toilet soaps.

You can therefore afford to use Palmolive for every toilet purpose. Keep it on the washstand for the sake of smooth white hands. Use it for bathing—it is the luxury bath soap.

Sold everywhere by leading dealers.

Made by

The Palmolive Company, Milwaukee, U. S. A.

The Palmolive Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ont.

Two kinds of faces to wash

For an oily skin

For a dry skin

When the skin is inclined to oiliness wash thoroughly with Palmolive. Use warm water for the initial cleansing, close with cold. Apply a little Palmolive cold cream, removing all surplus.

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How You Can Have a Charming Personality

To Women!

Dear Friends of my Sex!

Truly, I have good reason to be one of the happiest women in the world. For every mail brings me so many letters of appreciation. If you were in my place, you would be delighted to know that you were a real help to so many, to feel that you could be a sort of fairy godmother to someone in need of just the kind of knowledge you had shared up and that the kind of sympathy you have in your heart.

Oh, the letters! How I love them all. They are the whole being wrapped up in a desire to enable you, dear Reader, to acquire the feminine success that comes to those who will acquire it, and the fame which are, so necessary, if we women are to achieve the feminine success so dear to our heart.

Perhaps you know that I spent years of my life in Paris, studying, analyzing the captivating, winning personality of the French woman, who seems to possess it in every step she takes. She grabs the hand of her country and becomes its shoe. She revives the power of attraction, an art and a science to be cultivated just as one would learn to play the piano or sing. What secrets have been revealed to me? What amazing things have I found in the French woman's treasure box of personality?

There was Mademoiselle Polaire, for instance, one of the most fascinating little bits of femininity I ever knew. How beautiful! Dear me, not Mademoiselle Polaire was positively a cycle of feature. But people raved over her.

But Mademoiselle Polaire had personality, she understood the very things that I would like to teach you women are far from being ugly, you—an American Girl—equipped! So to other girl in the whole world is equipped, to cultivate a charming personality, to use the secrets I am ready to impart to you so that you can be just the wonderful, admiration-compelling woman you would like to be.

How often have you wished you could reach out your arms and draw close to your heart the devotion, the luxuries of life, the tender love that you see others enjoying? How often have you envied the woman who seemed so supremely happy in the shelter of a wonderful home and perfect love, the woman with scores of admirers at her feet, or another with an enviable position?

You have wondered why, gifted to no particular degree with beauty of either face or form, or endowed with extraordinary intellect or education—why some women attain their desires so easily.

I will answer you. They have personality, the winsome charm that all women can have, given they know secrets.

Now, dear Reader, I do not want to seclude the fact that mysterious, but you who wish to acquire winning personality should know the secrets which I am about to impart to you. If I were to whisper in your ear, to tell you confidentially, how to become a woman, how I have achieved my success, and how I have helped to win the hearts of so many of my sisters achieve theirs.

How many women there are who in some way or other find it desirable and even necessary to use every bit of honest persuasion they can summon to control the love and hold the interest of the men of their hearts? Sometimes they win over the thoughtful, indifferent or erring ones by weeping or argument. But more often do they fail when they do not understand the true secret of winning personality for women.

Yes, if they only knew. If they would but work with head and heart instead of only the latter, using the knowledge, the secrets which would make the task so easy, the results so wonderful and everlasting. How I have longed to go to these women and say: 'Let me teach you,' instead of which I must stand by and wait the time they must realize that I have what they want.

Of course, there are all types of women in the world. Among those who have yet to attain a charming personality is the boor, aggressive, rather forward or, rather—forlorn, the woman who is too shy and retiring. If one of these sisterscá, human family—should come to me and ask for help, I could help. As the beautiful butterfly instinctively seeks the honey comb so should you emerge from the darkness and obscurity with a new found power at your command, with the alluringly beautiful personality of a woman whose hand is firmly on the throttle of her own destiny.

I want to make you seek after by both means, by working both day and night to be the real center around which revolves every social function you attend. I want you to rise in business and make yourself so independent that you can choose your own pathway through life, while living the life of the man of your heart, dispensing your troubles like fog before the bright sunshines. How often have I learned, to share with me the secrets of a woman.

But this is not all I have to tell you. I would like to know better and have you know me better. So far I suggest that you write for a little book into which I have written some of the wonderful secrets I know.

Juliette Fara

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To be able to pick a good show every time is magic—until you know how. But millions are doing it right along, experiencing this luxury of being certain. How? Simply by looking for the key word in the theatres' advertising—the brand name, Paramount. No theatre that has the entertainment-sense to book Paramount Pictures lacks the advertising-sense to mention it.

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"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"

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Contents of Motion Picture Classic

Vol. X

JULY, 1920

No. 5

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

(Painted by Leo Seibel, Jr., from a Still Photograph.)

The silversheet has no more promising young star than Constance Bennett, who first came to the films in Maurice Tourneur's production of "Sporting Life."

While Miss Bennett owes her cinema discovery to Mr. Tourneur, she had an unusual measure of stage experience crowded into her two or three years behind the footlights. She first attracted attention as a dancer in the musical comedy, "Oh, Lady, Lady!" After that she came screen fame and finally stardom with Realart.

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Subscription, $3.50 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico, and Philippines; in Canada, $3.50 a year; in foreign countries, $3.50. Single copies, 25 cents, postage prepaid. One and two-cent stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Astor.—Fair Painter in "East Is West." The story of a quaint little Chinese maid who falls in love with a young American. Racial barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising finish. Has all the ingredients of popular drama.

Belasco.—"The Son-Daughter," with Lenore Ulric, George Scarborough and David Belasco's highly colored Chinese melodramas with the vivid Miss Ulric. One of the big hits of the season.

Bijou.—"The Ouija Board." Crane Wilbur's thriller built around spiritualism. Real spooks invade a fake séance, solve a murder mystery and greatly amuse you. Guaranteed to keep you on edge. Excellent cast includes George Gaul, Howard Lang and Edward Ellis.


Broadhurst.—"Smilin' Through." with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective, drama which purports to show how those who have gone before have cleared the way for the present generation. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smilin' Through" is tuneful and sure-fire.

Casino.—"Betty, Be Good." Lively summer musical show with a tuneful score by Hugo Riesenfeld, the director of the Rivoli, Knit and Cameo. A charming melody which Josephine Whittell is the life of the entertainment. Frank Crumit scores and Worthington Romaine makes his rôle stand out.

Central.—"As You Will." with Irene Bordoni and her company. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sires of history. Pleasant music and a pleasing cast. The production is a capital one.

Century.—"Florodora." The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing of "Oh! you Old Fools" and George H. Hassel's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous " sextette." Here is a revival to rewrite the book.

Cort.—"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else on the New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement. Few, if any, have written so well to put in the rôle of Abe Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McElory is a brilliant Lincoln.

Comedy.—"My Lady Friends." Highly amusing entertainment adapted from a Continental farce. Much of the humor is due to the able work of Clifton Crawford in the rôle of Billy, the gallant young publisher of Bild. The result is that his efforts to spend money get him into all sorts of difficulties. June Walker scores in Mr. Crumit's production.

Eltinge.—"Martineau." A colorful romantic tragedy of the French West Indies, revolving around the exotic Belles Africaines—mulatto belles—of a certain part of the tropics, the women poetized by Lafcadio Hearn. The part includes Josephine Victor, Vincent Coleman, Arthur Hohl and Emmett Corrigan.

Forty-Eighth Street.—"The Storm." A well-acted "spine-chiller." A hurricane in the Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen MacKellar is admirable as the piquant French-Canadian heroine.

Forty-Fourth Street.—"Look Whim Here," with Carmen Zapata in a musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Leon and Oscar Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

Henry Miller's Theater.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." Able drama dealing with the problem of Uncle Togo. Skilfully written by James Forbes, with unusual playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margalo Gilmore.

Hudson.—"Clarence," Booth Tarkington's delightful comedy, built about the way a returned soldier remade a disturbed but typically American household. Superb performances by Alfred Lunt, Glenn Miller and Helen Hayes give the comedy a fine verve.

Little Theater.—"Beyond the Horizon," by Eugene O'Neill. This powerful drama was produced at a series of matinees and proves its worth, as it used to do for that other theater all of its own. A gripping study of a human being crushed by environment, told with compelling force. One of the biggest native dramas of the season. Richard Bennett leads a remarkable cast.

Lyric.—"What's In a Name?" The most beautiful musical entertainment, with the possible exception of "Oklahoma," yet seen on Broadway. Colorful new art stage designs, remarkable use of lights and gorgeous costumes lift this into the realm of the exquisite. Interestingly written and put together, too.

New Amsterdam Roof.—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere else. Mlle. Germaine has just made her début in the cast of the two revues. Mary Hay stands out and the entertainers include Fannie Brice, Carl Randall and W. C. Fields.

Nora Bayes Theater.—"Lassie." A charming and humorous little musical comedy of Scotland and London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cush- ing's "Kitty Mackay." Tessa Kosta sings pleasingly and is an exceptionally bright actress. Bert Tomes are prominent. Dorothy Dickinson and Carl Hyson contribute some delightful dance interludes.

Playhouse.—"The Wonderful Thing." A human play built around a poverty-stricken but blue-blooded English family into which Jeanne Eagles comes as a wealthy heiress and wife of the estate owner's son.

Plymouth.—"Three Showers." A musical comedy of Dixie, staged by the Cubans, who produced "The Better Ole." Rather dull and not very inspired. Anna Wheaton is the featured soloist.

Thirty-Ninth Street Theater.—"Scandal." Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francline Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading roles in the excellent footlight production.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1919." A typical girly garden show in which the famous runway gets plenty of use. The present interest in attractiveness upon current attractions, particularly colorful being that of "The Jest," with Charles Winninger doing a clever burlesque of Lionel Barrymore.

ON TOUR

"The Purple Mask" with Leo Dritschke, A stirring, romantic melodrama of the days of the 1st Consulat in France; tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainments of the season. Mr. Dritschke is delightful as the royalist brigand, the Purple Mask; Brandon Tynan is admirable as "the villainous hero," Cleve; Lily Calhii is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl stand out.

"The Sign on the Door."—A very good melodrama which boasts many instances of the unexpected success. Written by Marjorie Ramboux in highly emotional scenes.

"The Blue Flame," with Theda Bara. A lurid melodrama with the famous Theda in the dual rôle of an ingénue with and without a soul. It is breaking box-office records, proving that every one wants to see Miss Bara "in person."

(Continued on page 8)
In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

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 anybody write a story? Why is it that so many of our most successful writers are "self-taught"? Did the Creator give you a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer? 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 give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. To one and all, inexpertly, 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. Your Imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it, the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple "how." A little study, a little patience, and the confidence, and the things that look hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a finer education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at school. They may get the principles there, but they really learn to write from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, setting all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirling vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents, forever providing you with material, a world of thoughts happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Think! If you went to a fire, or saw an accident, you could conduct yourself about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if Writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?" Who says you can't?

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"The time will come," writes the authenticity quoted above, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenarists, magazine and newspaper writers—coming, they are coming—coming a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers 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 even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, working on tables, working in order to make a living! This has been the golden rule of the Irving System for years. With this volume before him, the writer, you should be able to build storytellers or playwrights that will fill a small world. The best treatise of its kind I have ever read in 15 years of newspapers and literary work—H. FUHR, Writer, Brownsville, Pa.

"When I first saw your ad I was working for a store as a clerk, for $5 a week. Always having had a strong desire to write and make a living by my pen, I was greatly interested in your System. I read your book, and after a number of incomplete sketches following the plot, or teaching schools in the rural districts, and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework—yes, you play—laugh—but these are the Writers of Tomorrow.

"For writing isn't only for geniuses as most people think. Try it myself, before the Irving System gave me a story-writing faculty just as He did the greatest writer? 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 give up in despair, and that ends it. They're through. They never try again. To one and all, inexpertly, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination free rein, they might have astonished the world!

The Authors' Press, Dept. 144, Auburn, N. Y.
Stage Plays That Are Worth While
(Continued from page 6)

"My Golden Girl."—A possible musical entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorus girl, Jeanette Dietrich, scores the hit of the show.

"Shavings."—A pleasant bucolic entertainment based upon Joseph C. Lincoln's familiar Cape Cod stories. Harry Beresford is featured in a genteel, whimsical characterization.

"Manana's Affair."—Rachel Butler's admirably written comedy—a study of that deadly human species, the hypochondriac who fancies himself suffering from all sorts of ills. Done with distinction and fine discernment. Ida St. Leon scores and important members of the cast are: Effie Shannon, Robert E. Fraser, Katherine Kaelred and George Le Guerre.

"The Little Whopper."—Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal pleasantly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Brown, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardsons and W. J. Ferguson.

"Wedding Bells."—A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.


"The Frivolities of 1920."—G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson's girl revue. Lively, speedy musical show with a large measure of vulgarity, but many pretty girls.

"The Royal Vagabond."—A Cohanian opera comique in every sense of the words. A tuneful operetta plus Cohan speed, pep and brash American humor.

"The Girl in the Limousine."—A decidedly daring bon-bon farce by Wilson Gilson and Avery Hopwood, in which a pink and white bed is invaded by every member of the cast during the progress of the evening. John Cumberle is very funny and Doris Kenyon, fresh from the screen, is both pretty and pleasant as the heroine.

"Nightie Night."—Described by the program as a "wide awake farce," "Nightie Night" lives up to its billing by the plenty of very good gags and some daring. There are scores of laughs. Heading the very adequate cast are Francis Byrnes, Suzanne Willa, Malcolm Duncan and Dorothy Mottermore.

"The Magic Melody."—A "romantic musical play" with a tuneful score and a picturesque Willy Fogany setting. Charles Purcell, Julia Dean, Earl Benham and Carmel Myers, the last two well known to the screen, head the cast.

Elsie Janis and "her gang."—Lively entertainment built about the experiences of the A. E. F. on the other side. Well put together by Miss Janis, who shines with decided brightness. A pleasing and wholesome show. E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe in Shakespearean repertoire.—These artists represent the best traditions of our theater and their revivals of "Twelfth Night," "Hamlet," and "The Taming of the Shrew" are distinguished in every sense of the word.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Loew's Metropolitan, Brooklyn.—Feature. Photoplays and vaudeville.

Capitol.—Photoplay features plus a de luxe program. Superb theater.

Rivoli.—De luxe photoplays with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.
You Will Admit That This Is a Rare Opportunity!

You have often thought of what you would do if you could only have the chance.

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The Fame and Fortune Contest being held by The Motion Picture Magazine, The Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland is offering you the realization of your dreams.

It brought success to four young ladies last year; it brought them country-wide publicity thru their appearance in "A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN," a two-reel feature produced for the purpose of testing their histrionic ability. This feature, which is being released by the Fine Arts Pictures, Inc., of 130 West 46th Street, New York City, proved so interesting that it has been sold to every State in the Union.

"LOVE'S REDEMPTION" is the title of the five-reel feature play that is being produced by us, which will include many of the contestants of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. Blanche McGarity, winner of last year's contest, has been chosen to play the leading part of "Peggy." Dorian Romero has been selected as the "heavy," and he has a big and strong part to play. Edward Chalmers, Alfred L. Rigali, Mrs. Mayer, Bunty Manly and Erminie Gagnon have also been assigned parts. Among the distinguished men who will probably take part in the play are Edwin Markham, the great poet; Hudson Maxim, the famous inventor, and Judge Frederick E. Crane of the Court of Appeals of New York State. Most of the scenes will be filmed in and around the Brewster place at Roslyn, L. I., and the making of the picture will be continued well into September. Each issue of every one of our several publications will hereafter contain interesting news of the progress of the play.

Put yourself to the test. You have exactly the same chance to make good as any of the very best known stars on the screen today have. Send in your photograph and let us decide whether or not you have screen possibilities.

RULES FOR 1920 CONTESTANTS

Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted, or a similar coupon of your own making.

Postal-card pictures, tinted photographs and snapshots not accepted. Photographs will not be returned to the owner.

Contestants should not write letters regarding the contest, as it will be impossible to answer them. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.

Photos should be mailed to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. Send as many as you like.

The contest is open to every one, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.

Contest closes August 1, 1920.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

Name.................................................. (street)
Address............................................. (city)............................................. (state)
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any..........................................
When born........................................ Birthplace..........................................
Eyes (color).......................... Hair (color)..........................................
Complexion........................................
Do you want to take part in the Five-Reel Feature Drama?......
The Possibilities in every Woman's Face

The soft, appealing charm of a fresh, lovely skin—of course, you want it. Every girl does. Every girl wants to be attractive, lovable, admired—

And unless your skin is right, nothing is right. Haven’t you often felt that? What use to wear the prettiest frock, if your skin is pale and lifeless, marred by blackheads or ugly blemishes?

You can make your skin so noticeably soft, so exquisitely fresh and clear, that at first glance it will awaken admiration and delight. By studying it—learning its possibilities—then giving it every day the kind of care that suits its particular needs, you, too, can win the charm of “a skin you love to touch.”

Is your skin pale, sallow, lifeless? Begin tonight to give it the special steam treatment and see how quickly you can rouse it to freshness and color.

One or two nights a week fill your wash-bowl full of hot water—almost boiling hot. Bend over the top of the bowl and cover your head and the basin with a heavy bath towel, so that no steam can escape. Steam your face for thirty seconds.

Now lather a hot cloth with Woodbury’s Facial Soap. With this, wash your face thoroughly, rubbing the lather well into your skin with an upward and outward motion. Then rinse your face well, first with warm water, then with cold, and finish by rubbing it for thirty seconds with a piece of ice. Dry carefully.

The other nights of the week wash your face thoroughly in the Woodbury way, with Woodbury’s Facial Soap and warm water, ending with a dash of cold water.

**A special treatment for each different type of skin**

This is only one of the famous Woodbury treatments for the care of the skin. You will find special treatments for each different skin condition in the little booklet that is wrapped around each cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap.

Get a cake to day—begin, tonight, the treatment your skin needs. Woodbury’s Facial Soap is on sale at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. A 25 cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use.

**“Your treatment for one week”**

A beautiful little set of the Woodbury facial preparations sent to you for 25 cents.

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury’s facial preparations, containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

You will find, first the little booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch,” telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury’s Cold Cream and Facial Powder, with directions telling you just how they should be used. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 907 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

*If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 507 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.*
Photograph by Maurice Goldberg

ALMA RUBENS, International Star.
LOUISE GLAUM

You would never guess what Miss Glaum's pet hobby is. Well, to relieve the suspense, it is raising chickens! Nevertheless, she has vamped her way into stardom, and her latest picture, "Sex," has caused quite a flutter in filmland.
CHRISTINE MAYO

Now of Goldwyn, but who has recently been seen in that five-reel comedy of Marshall Nielen's, "Dont Ever Marry." Miss Mayo gave an unusual characterization a much-hackneyed semi-vampire in this feature.
To be known as "The Sunshine Girl" is quite a pleasant thing, don't you think? But to be able to fulfill an obligation of this sort is something of an achievement. Miss Caprice has been working under the direction of Albert Capellani in her most recent pictures.
MAY ALLISON

One of the stars on the Metro banner, Miss Allison's ability as a comédienne is as unusual as her blonde beauty. She has just completed "Held in Trust," in which she is said to have done her best work.
Bashful Bobbie

Bobbie Harron is soon to be a star. We are violating no confidences in telling, we believe. When the unassuming Bobbie goes into the electric lights it will be the ultimate step in a singular career. For Bobbie has never sought success in the films.

Dame Fortune has literally pounded upon the Harron doors and, finding no response, climbed in a window. Harron has no profound silver-screen ambition.

Do not misunderstand us. Harron does not look down upon the photoplay. He does not belittle the films. He is not unforgetful of their favor. Far from it. “Harron isn’t a typical actor,” some one who knows him well told us. “He is a regular boy. He will go to a football or a baseball game and have just as keen an interest about it as about a scene at the studio. He will be just as absorbed over the mechanism of an automobile as over the script of his next picture. Probably much more. Harron has too many interests to be what you call an actor. An actor has only one interest—himself.”

Harron takes himself far from seriously. They tell an interesting story at the Griffith studios anent this quality. The press agent had put over a publicity stunt about Harron and, armed with the newspaper clipping, came in triumph to show it. Harron took the clipping. The back of it caught his eye and he began laughing over a comic story of a police court case. Finishing it, he calmly dropped the clipping and walked back before the camera. Never a thought about himself!

Harron is a difficult subject to interview. He simply wont talk about Bobbie Harron. And yet his story is a fascinating one—for he is a veritable prodigy of the photoplay.

Years ago—we wont be too exact—but it was before the film play of today, Griffith was a struggling playwright-actor who had never heard of the Biograph studio, then located at No. 11 East 14th Street.

Harron was a student at St. Joseph Parochial School close by. The

Above, a new portrait of Bobbie Harron and, right, a glimpse of Bobbie clamming on the beach close to the Griffith Mamaroneck studios. When Harron becomes a star he will stand unique in the cinema world. He has never sought success—it literally came to him uninvited.
Biograph Company secured its minor employees by applying to the academy. In the course of events, Harron and a lad named Jimmie Smith were sent over to the Biograph studio by the good fathers. That was in 1907. They went to work in the film cutting room. Jimmie Smith is now Griffith’s chief cutter.

Harron moved on to doing all sorts of odd jobs around the studio. Acting, however, was far from his thoughts.

“Then Griffith came,” he says. “I remember those first days very well. At the start, he wrote scenarios and played as an extra. Then he developed to ‘heavies’ under the direction of Wallace McCutcheon’s father, at that time a Biograph director. Soon he was given a chance to direct and, with his first picture, *The Adventures of Dolly,* he established himself. That first picture was staged up near City Island, not far from the new Griffith Mamaroneck studios.”

From the entrance of Griffith, fortune began to shape Harron’s career. He was literally pushed into success. “That boy,” as they called Bobbie, was pressed into service in tiny roles. Lillian Gish once told us that her earliest memory of Bobbie was of a queer lad acting a bit and devoting the rest of the day to sweeping up and doing odd chores around the Fourteenth Street studio.

Thus it comes about that a mere boy can speak like a white whiskered patriarch about the screen’s palmy days. For instance, he remembers when he “delivered films to a man named Loew running a little place over on Second Avenue.” The man named Loew turned out to be Marcus Loew.

He remembers one decidedly interesting incident. It seems that the outer portals of the old Biograph studio were then guarded by an iron-willed feminine tartar who never relented an inch.

One day, David Griffith was coming down the studio steps when he heard the dragon saying in sugary tones, “But, honey, I can’t!” Griffith paused in amazement and listened. Then another and very girlish voice—protested. “How is he ever going to know whether or not he wants me when he isn’t allowed to see me?” And then the dragon responded: “Well, dearie, I’ll do what I can.”

Right then and there Griffith says he decided to engage the unknown.

(Continued on page 71)
Players of Yesteryear

unusual beauty, marvelously
gowned and displaying the bril-
liancy and charm of a fairy tale.
Glorious ladies and handsome
courtiers of dashing animation
danced and flirted and loved and
sighed to the silent strains of
a half-hidden orchestra.
The most glorious of all the
glorious ladies and the most
dashing of all the courtiers faded
slowly from sight, clasped in each
other's arms and gazing most
deeply into each other's eyes.
'The End' was written—and
then—the blank white screen.
A faint click almost broke the
heavy silence and still the figure of
the man in the armchair sat quietly,
his head resting on his hand.
The last word in motion picture pro-
duction had just been reviewed,
and another leaf had been added to the laurel-wreath of
fame which he wore as the great director.
The room was still in darkness as a shadowy figure
slipped noiselessly behind
the armchair and softly
closed the door on the luxu-
rious projection-room and
on the back of the man who
sat lost in the maze of the
road which leads back into
the past. He gazed long
and deeply upon the white sheet,
and suddenly the tiny shutter
of memory clicked in his

The room was dark; here and
there the dimly white figure of
a marble statuette, the polished
corner of a mahogany chair, and a
soft fold of velvet curtain, glim-
mered in the half-light. A white
screen reflected the high-light at
the back of the room. A deep
silence of thick, luxurious carpets,
of heavy draperies, of perfect un-
derstanding between the inanimate
and animate objects of the room,
quieted the tense nerves of the man
seated in the armchair. Silently he
gazed upon the screen before him,
and to an invisible observer there
could be seen a sort of puzzled,
half-wistful, half-humorous look in
the deep-set eyes.
On the large, white sheet there
moved in a magnificently furnished
queen's drawing-room figures of
brain, and he looked upon a curious picture which now appeared on the screen.

There was a small group of quaintly garbed people moving stiffly about a room so ludicrous in its attempt to imitate with pasteboard, paper-mâché and tinsel the splendor of a queen's drawing-room that it brought the tears of laughter to his eyes. He saw himself, made up as a senile old man, tho at that time he had staggered under the mighty weight of twenty-five years; dashing to and fro on the set, acting, directing and reading from his own manuscript, all at once.

Another picture from the camera of memory flickered across the screen: he saw himself at his desk, writing far into the night, and yet on the following morning, bright and early, he would be down at the studio and standing before the heads of the company would read his scenario, receiving their approval or disapproval. If the scenario was at all passable, instructions would be given him to start that day the picture which was to be finished the same afternoon, it being an established rule that all pictures must be finished by the afternoon of the same day on which they were started. It was almost incredible! Where on earth had be been able to find all the energy necessary for the work that he had been able to accomplish in those days? Seven and eight costume and make-up changes during the day; trying out new and strangely awkward aspirations for the recently created ladder of fame; directing the scene, which creaked both in its acting and in its furniture.

A smile crept into the corner of the tired mouth. There appeared a title on the screen of his memory. It read, "Five Minutes to Twelve," and he remembered that it held the record for being the shortest picture that had ever been
made; it only covered one hundred and fifty feet of film, and living up to its title, by twelve the showing of it was finished.

He recalled one bright morning when he had hurried across the crowded studio to a large open window and had called out some directions to a group of more or less indifferent carpenters down in the yard who were building Solomon’s Temple for the last set, which had to be taken that afternoon. As he turned quickly back, he knocked down a small, dark-eyed child who wore a heavy pigtail of hair down her back.
LEWIS S. STONE has two little girls, one eleven and the other three, and neither one of these children has ever been inside a theater, either to see a play or a moving picture.

"Because," said Stone, "I don't believe in it! I want them to be children while they can. There is time enough for them to learn the things plays will teach them. I want them to grow up as children should grow up, wholesomely interested in their lessons and their games and free from foolish notions. My oldest girl sometimes takes part in little school plays. But she knows nothing of the real theater, and I have nothing about the house that could suggest it to her."

We were standing on a stage at the Goldwyn studio, at Culver City, and Stone wore the costume of John for the first episode of "Milestones." He had just finished a delicate little love scene with Mary Alden as Rose, and now, oddly at variance with her hoop skirts and the quaint house-furnishings of two generations ago, Rose sat gracefully in an old-fashioned armchair and puffed at a Melachrino, while her lover sat on a carpenter's "horse" and smoked Fati-mas. It was, perhaps, a sort of all-this-is-in-the-family tone that is in every way delightful. Little remarks, made jokingly, that have no meaning whatever unless an outsider hears them, when they suddenly become absurdly important. But to the players themselves scarcely anything is real. It is all a little game they are playing with themselves and with each other. Some even drift so far away from reality that they lose touch with it entirely. Others, more wise, tie themselves to something so genuine that the breath of artificiality can never touch it.

This is what Stone has done in keeping the theater out of his home. Otherwise, he would inevitably see his profession become the principal interest in the lives of his two little girls. He would never, for an instant, be away from its atmosphere ... nor would they ... and he would hear talk about it constantly. He knows because he himself came from a theatrical family.

"I was born to the profession," he said.

Lewis Stone is a man of medium height, with greenish brown eyes and brown hair. His voice has a splendid tone, naturally resonant and entirely free from "staginess." His walk, however, a graceful, perfectly even stride, gives evidence of his profession. He is of Scotch-English ancestry. This, perhaps, accounts for the stern, grim expression he is able to assume so well.

"Actually, I have a very cheerful disposition," he said. "In spite of my tin-pan exterior."

He has two houses, one in Los Angeles and the other at Venice. Whenever he finishes work early, he goes to the beach.
Katherine MacDonald, A.B.

I was looking over fan mail in the publicity office of the Katherine MacDonald studio, waiting for some one to ascertain if the lovely star was on the lot, and among the envelopes whose postmarks I perused was one addressed to "Miss Katherine MacDonald, A.B."

"Ah, the fair Katherine is a college graduate, and this letter is from a classmate," I Sherlocked to myself, and so sure was I of the accuracy of my deductions that almost the first question I asked of Miss MacDonald, whom I found dressed in negligée in the semi-privacy of an elaborate bedroom set, was, "And where did you take your degree of A.B.?"

Miss MacDonald looked blank. She denied having taken such a thing.

"But it was on a letter!" I insisted. "Right after your name, the initials, 'A.B.'"

The beautiful Katherine—she's exactly the kind of a girl that Shakespeare would have called "my bonny Kate"—threw back her head and laughed merrily and unaffectedly. And the line of her throat when she did it!

"Oh, that!" she said, sobering enough to explain her outburst of mirth; "that was from a Japanese fan. You know, they use my pictures with a rose and the slogan of 'The American Beauty.' My Japanese admirers seem to think it's an honorary title, so they use the initials after my name."

I wanted to tell her that the Japanese were evidently a

people of rare discernment, but I didn't want to gush. Interviewers are supposed to be blase and beauty-proof, but I defy any one to look upon the perfect oval of Katherine's countenance, with its serious eyes of grey shaded by the longest and thickest lashes imaginable, a mouth shaped like Eros' bow, for the subjugation of human hearts, and not get a thrill somewhere deep in the left ventricle. Even in the hideous glare of the deceitful Klieg lights she was beautiful. My own face, as I was acutely conscious, was a dyspeptic green, set off with purple lips and magenta eyes. But hers, protected from the spiteful lights by a coating of cosmetic, was a creamy white, and her grey eyes were only deepened in color. Her hair, which is soft and brown, fell about her face in enchanting little waves and lay caressingly on her shoulders in unpremeditated curls. When she turned her face in a certain way, I caught a fleeting resemblance to her sister, Mary McLaren.

"I hope you don't mind my receiving you in my boudoir," she shivered, as she gathered her negligée closer around her and huddled up by a tiny gas stove which was doing its best to dispel the chilly atmosphere of an un-California-like day, while the studio electricians shifted lights on the set.

"We are making 'The Guests of Hercules,'" she went on, tucking a satin-shod foot under her for warmth, "and this is one of the guest rooms of the ancestral castle which is willed to me."

Her voice I noticed, had none of the inflections or broad as which characterize so many screen stars—whether h,
nature or cultivation I am not prepared to say. There is a quiet sincerity about her, an absolute naturalness; that precludes any idea of pose. In fact, she gives you the impression that she is what she is and that if you do not like her it makes not the slightest bit of difference. I found her attitude refreshing and altogether charming.

"Pictures?" she echoed, as I broached the time-worn but necessary question as to how she "got in."

"Well, to tell the truth, I was pushed in. I never had the slightest idea of going into the movies; in fact, I considered them quite common and altogether unattractive. Of course, I was interested in Mary's work, but for myself—why, I was going to be a school-teacher." She finished with a reminiscent smile.

"That's hard luck for some school," I observed, but she shook her head and gazed into the fire.

"Oh, I don't know—maybe I'd have failed miserably as a teacher. One never knows. But anyway, I came West to straighten out some legal tangles for Mary, and stayed to keep house with her and her mother. The manager of the old Horsey studio asked me if I wouldn't work in some pictures, and he offered me thirty dollars a week. Well, I had nothing else to do, so I started in. For many weeks I played 'atmosphere' bits and held up the back curtain while the real actors emoted in front, but the studio was rather poorly equipped with help, so I was a sort of general property woman. I helped 'dress' the sets, arranged the flowers for all of them, and when extra 'props' were needed, I'd take my car and run over to the house and bring back a load of vases, rugs, curtains and everything you could think of."

I could not help looking about the ultra-modern studio with its elaborate sets, perfect in construction and detail, and reflecting that they were for her very own productions. From thirty a week to umpty-steen thousand a week—well, the Lord must love the Scotch as well as the Irish. Katherine is Scotch.

"Then Mr. Lincoln offered me one hundred a week to play opposite him in his comedies," she went on. "Of course, it sounded like an immense amount of money, but Mary advised me if I was going to start in pictures, not to break in thru the comedy route. (That was before Gloria Swanson and the rest of the comedy queens broke into drama)," she explained parenthetically. "So I turned down the offer and took a part in Mary's company. I did parts of no special importance for some time, and my first lead was with Douglas Fairbanks in 'Heedin' South.' I also played with him in 'Mr. Fixit,' and did two pictures with William Hart, 'Riddle Gawne' and 'Shark Monroe.' "I never thought I'd have my own company," she smiled, glancing around the studio with a pardonable pride, "but I have—and it's like a dream. I'm afraid I'll wake up."

The first feature in which Katherine MacDonald made her producer's bow to the public was "The Thunderbolt," and the next were "The Beauty Market" and "The Turning Point." (Continued on page 72)
The ingenue affecting the coy pose on the pedestal is a Sennett newcomer, Peggy Floyd. She is just making her first appearances in seagoing farces.

The young lady introducing the new style in musical attire at the left, is Ruth King, still another new Sennett erface. Ruth just loves her daily music exercise.

Photographs by Abbe

The "Classic" Visits

Abbe, exclusive photographer has caught some unusual
“You’re making a mistake!” chorused the flushed femininities after having showered Janie Wakeman with all the extraordinaries in the way of aluminum they had found purchasable if not practicable; “a terr-i-ble mistake,” they intoned.

“Not me!” snapped Janie Wakeman. She had a snappy way, had Janie.

“He’s a devil with the ladies!” went on the chief mourners, dolorously.

“He’ll have a devil for a wife,” came back Janie, with pursed lips; “that’ll cure him.”

“Not Jack . . . there was the blonde down at the beach summer before last . . . he had a fierce time over that. She”—the fair informant lowered her voice meaningly—“she was married!”

“Old stuff!” said Janie.

“There was the girl on the Pullman car,” suggested still another: “her father stepped in . . .”

“There was the girl who waits on the table in Wild’s,” vouchedsafe another; “Jack can’t eat there any longer. Oh, no, darling, you’ll have a fearful life, simply fearful!”

“All this,” observed Janie, stirring her chocolate coolly, “was before my time and does not concern me.”

“But, Janie,” they protested, en masse, “what makes you suppose you will be any different than the others? He is a flirt. He’s fickle. He’s inconstant and unsteady. Everybody says so.”

“Everybody,” said Janie, “does not have to marry him. Nor, I might add, has he married everybody. I am the first. I shall be the last. All that is necessary, my dears, is efficiency in the marital relationship. I am young, but oh, how I am wise,” she added, softly, “when it comes to Jack.” She said, aloud, “Jack shall neither break my heart nor my home. Wait and see!”

They waited. Then they waited some more. It was unbelievable. Jack Valentine had never been known to walk a straight line on the street when a pretty girl was on the other side. After his marriage to Janie he seemed to be of the nature of a sleep-walker; his eyes were fixed. It was magic, they said.

Janie took it calmly and rather irritatingly to many of her prenuptial well-wishers. She had the air of “I told you so!” Some went so far as to say that they pitied poor, dear Jack . . . his home life must be something awful! They began to remember the autocracy of Janie with her humble parents. After Janie’s advent, it was recalled, the parents, well-meaning always, had had little if anything to say. Of course, they had seemed to like it, but then, they had been parents . . . that is different . . .

The well-wishers had to admit to an idyllic state. There was every sign. Janie in her pretty room, en negligére, waiting for Jack to run in for early tea . . . which he always did.

Janie undoing her husband’s shoe, petulantly pretty. Janie on her husband’s knee before the open fire. The pictures were complete.

When the first difficulty came the well-wishers were wholly in the dark. That was Janie’s way.

Jack came home for supper one evening half an hour late. He entered with

“Everybody,” said Janie, “does not have to marry him. Nor, I might add, has he married everybody. I am the first. I shall be the last. All that is necessary in the marital relationship is efficiency.”
The well-wishers had to admit to an idyllic state. The well-wishers had to admit to an idyllic state. There was every sign. Janie in her pretty room, ennegligee, waiting for Jack to run in for early tea, which he always did...glib excuses and many kisses. He was greeted by an apparition that made his amative blood congeal. His wife, his Janie, stood on the threshold of the living-room and her blue eyes blazed in her head like twin coals. She was sobbing hot, indignant tears and her small fists were beating the air in a thorough efficient sort of manner.

"Dont you dare...d-d-dont you d-d-dare!" she stuttered, effectively. "I saw you! I did! You w-wretch! You...oh, you! No, dont speak, dont dare to speak. You'll lie. I know you'll lie. Of course, you will. You always do...husbands always do, I mean. I feel it coming. You'll say that the subway was held up, or you were held up...at the office, or...or something of the sort. You say it all...no, it isn't so...no, I wont stop talking. I've only just begun. I saw you, I tell you. I saw you. With my own eyes. O-o-o-o-h!"

Jack waved a limp hand. It was no use.

"I was on top of a Fifth Avenue bus," stormed Janie, "riding along and thinking how I'd get down pretty soon and buy you some ties I saw in Bubl's. Then, all at once, I saw you go up to a girl on the avenue, a blonde girl, John T. Valentine, and help her into a taxicab. A taxicab, mind you! You know you did. DONT tell me. As if I didn't know what a taxicab means! Havent I been in one?"

"E-r-r-r-r...a-a-a-a-a..."

"John Valentine, if you say another word I'll hurt every single bit of bric-a-brac in this miserable, violated, desecrated, once-holy house at your infidel head. I will! You just dare to come in here and talk to me like that, to my very face! Oh, you brazen thing, you...you..."

Janie choked, but waved her fists fiercely to caution the ghastly John to a complete silence.

"You got in after her," she went on, "and I got down and got into another taxi and followed you. You took her to her very door, and at that door, you...you..."

Something between a groan, a sob and a whine emanated from the nearly collapsed Valentine. He swayed weakly and rested his palm on the nearest support.

"You kist her," shrieked Janie, "you did! Before my eyes! Kist her! I call heaven to witness if a false wretch ever lived or breathed! I call on all the gods! I am wronged! I am a wronged woman! Heavens!" Janie gave three tremendous sobs, then she, too, crumpled up and fell into the chair behind her. "John T. Valentine," she said, "what are you going to do?"

John T. Valentine made a desperate endeavor to appear as tho he filled at least some portion of his clothing. During the tirade he seemed perceptibly to have wilted. He felt of his collar, of his hair, even ran his fingers over the outline of his features to make certain they had not altered; then he said, with great adequacy, "Janet, you know I love you."

This produced an emotional Niagara, terrific in its onslaught, to the eye and to the ear. Another hour and Janie demanded, albeit more weakly, "John T. Valentine, what are you going to do?"

John T. Valentine crept over to the couch upon which the sharer of his bosom was, by now, drooping. He tentatively touched the hem of her flowing garment. The night was creeping on apace. He was cowed; he was subdued; he was convinced that he had trod down and splintered the ten commandments and that, no doubt, he would have done damage to ten more had there been that number; but he was also sleepy and he knew that he hated with a frightful and bloodthirsty vengeance the blonde on the Avenue who had seemed to him, at that moment, unable to carry her suitcase, and to whom, probably because she was blonde, he had tendered his assistance, and he knew as clearly that he was violently sleepy and that he adored Janie. "If she could know these things, too!"

(Twenty-fifth)
He began to tell her. He began to conjure up their imminent and tender past.

The result was horrific. It produced dolor not unmixed with temper and resulted, all told, in four smashed vases, rather jolly vases at that; the complete destruction of the family album, with all the grandmas and grandpas; three pictures; two glass trifles and various carefully selected books. With each crash Janie would wail, "You've broken my heart, you have! You have, you've broken my heart!" until John T. felt, with a shudder thru his spine, that he could hear the agonizing splintering of Janie's beloved and agonized little heart.

He suffered.

Around morning they fell asleep.

The result was breakfast at noon, with considerable marmalade, a chastened husband, a weepy but picturesquely forgiving little bride.

Of course, a second honeymoon ensued. It was altogether blissful. It had a savor the original one had not. They had, they knew, suffered together and had "come thru." Jack had sinned, had strayed from the fold. It gave him, Janie half admitted it, very secretly, to herself, a sort of glamor, a new, if dangerous, garment of illusion. Janie, on the other hand, had felt, given. In reality, she had fallen asleep, but psawh! What is reality when one is twenty and very much in love?

There followed another interlude.

"Have you ever," said everybody, "known such an ideal couple as the Jack Valentines? They were made for one another."

Then, abruptly, it became known that Janie Valentine had gone home to mother. Had picked up every belonging she owned and gone clean back.

That was all that did become known. Janie was mum. She took her efficiency and her silence into her father's business offices and proceeded to be successful. The only mail she did not read were the letters she received in John's handwriting. These she tore up into little, vicious bits, lit a match and completely removed from being. The only "phone messages she did not personally receive were those made by John. These she either did not receive at all or transferred to another line upon recognition of the voice.

Gossip said that Janie Valentine had "changed." There was a little glint in her eyes that had not been there before. There was a slight tightening of her mouth. When she walked, now and then her shoulders drooped as tho she were carrying a burden; ever so slightly; very too much for her strength.

When she awoke in the mornings her pillow was always damp. No one but Janie knew that.

It had all been about a manicure girl. A rather opulent creature with a hearty laugh.

Janie had been in the habit of having the girl come to the house to do her nails every Saturday morning. One day Jack suggested that he rather needed a manicure himself. Janie suggested that her Mabel do them for him. Jack assented. After the first manicure, Jack took to having them as regularly as Janie. At first, Janie was unsuspicuous. Jack had been, since the taxi cab catastrophe, so completely uxorious. Then, one day, while he was being "done," Janie had caught a look in his eyes. It was the old battle light. At once she was on her guard.

Jack was a transparent person. The next time he had an appointment for a manicure, Janie had occasion to go out . . . for a while . . . When she returned, rather suddenly and very quietly, her husband was not being . . . manicured . . .

One hour later, to the minute, Janie went home to mother.

This time, her methods were very different.

There was no weeping, no wailing, no gnashing of teeth. There was no reviling, no accusations, no protestations. Jack wished, tragically, that there were. Just silence. Grim silence. Glacial. Totally unforgiving. Her small, white face . . . how stern! Her hurried, yet precise preparations, how final! Jack bit his manicure away and cursed the fragile sex! His advances, hispleas, his self-condemnations were met with a frigid aloofness, not so sad as it was sweet, nor so sweet as it was sad. Jack was minded of the lines, "But, sweet, for me, no more of you, not while I live, not tho I die, good-night, good-by!"

His soul was swept and scarred and seared by a knowledge, a revelation, of his torrential love for Janie! God, how he loved her! It ached!

Janie became exceedingly businesslike. She took to wearing severe-looking garments and talking like a professor. The Janie undoing her husband's shoe, petulantly pretty. Janie on her husband's knee before the open fire. The pictures were complete.
worse her heartache and the danger her pillow in the morning; the more she talked and the more severe she grew. Her parents led a rather terrible life. They had always been somewhat in awe of Janie, single; now that she was come home in her new state, she was truly terrible. They had not an inkling of the quaking heart within the firmly girded breast.

It took John T., two months to gain admission to the rather important place Janie had made for herself in her father's importing house. He had, finally, to see her by appointment.

It was an ordeal he did not soon forget.

Janie talked to him as his grandmother might have talked, as some remote and distant great-aunt might have talked to a foolish nephew who had foolishly strayed from the safe and beaten way. She didn't talk one bit like his Janie, who had lain, with tumbled curls and love-flushed face, within his cradling arms. He had to focus his vision and pinch himself to make sure this new Janie was also his old Janie, the Janie he loved.

"...are the paths of righteousness which, alone, bring peace and eventual happiness," Janie was ending up. She had been going it in such a wise for the better part of an hour.

Jack gulped mightily. He had not many resources, had Jack. He was lovable, but not subtle. If, now, he could only have taken the terribly stern young person and cuddled her and kissed her absurd frown away and called her oogly-googly and such like familiar-sounding things, he could have won out. He was, he felt, deprived of his weapons and left defenseless. He could only say, with thinly shredded adequacy, "Janie, I...I love you!" Under the stern appraisement of her eyes his own fell and he fidgeted.

"Love, young man," said Janie, "is a science. It should be treated as such. One does not toy with science—the one toy, inadvertently, with a high explosive. Love, young man, is such an one. Love...

"Oh, Janie," burst forth Jack, "Janie...please...remember. Janie, that's all I ask of you. Just sit there for five, for ten minutes, and remember. Remember just as hard as ever you can. Our first meeting, Janie, our second, our...our third. You do remember our third, don't you, dar...er...dint you, Janie? We took a walk...we...we didn't keep on walking...you do, Janie, I see it in your face...then, that night, you kist the ring I slipped on your hand...you were all...well, go on, Janie, just for five minutes."

After precisely three and three-quarter minutes Janie had crumpled in her official chair, the crisp attire was flooded with tears and there was none of Janie to be seen at all. She was completely engulfed by John.

An hour after that she had severed her business connections, dispensed with home and mother and was hussily rehabilitating herself in her husband's home.

There was, of course, a third honeymoon. There would have had to be. They had become a man and a woman of sorrows. They conducted themselves as such. It was tinged with melancholy, this third honeymoon. There was much talk of the frailty of human nature and, on Janie's part at least, very much talk indeed of the consummate greatness of a woman's enduring and all-forgiving love.

Still, Jack knew, it had been a capitulation on Janie's part. He was only human. He began to give himself airs and, as it were, to look about him. He began to believe that he was, after all, Janie's taunts and threats, the master in his own domain. Twice now, with just a little coaxing, Janie had crept back into the fold. She probably always would.
Jack began to strut about. He felt more like other men. His wife, so he attitudinized, was only a woman...tish, tosh!

He attitudinized in such a manner for six weeks. One day, presto, change! he found himself a bachelor again. He had a habit of doing. His Janie was gone off. This time she did not do so temperate a thing as to make it home and mother. She went off, vaguely, but she might, from her sinister notes, have gone 'most anywhere.

Jack had the most hideous nightmares. Now, at last, he had gone and done it. This—this was beyond expectation! He thought of his Janie in all sorts of terrible situations, almost always with a blond woman with a Greek-goddess torso and melting eyes. He had done it this time.

He took to wearing flowing ties and affecting a tragic air. He wrote to the general delivery address: Janie had left him the most impassioned, the most desperate, the most suicidal notes. He soared as neither Janie nor he had ever supposed he could soar before. He even quoted poetry and finally got so bad that he composed some. He took to playing the piano and hinted at the harp. At this, Janie came home.

Of course, a fourth honeymoon ensued.

On this occasion Jack adopted the attitude, or felt it—who knows—of the desperate lover. He languished at his lady's feet and mooned into her eyes. They talked of their past and of the more than earthly things their love had become, that it should lead them, as it did, thru the still waters and the dark valleys unto, as always, each other's arms...

They impressed upon each other the fact that this was the ultimate reconciliation, inasmuch as only those who had been thru the fires of the crucible of love could really know its deepest meaning. They pledged each other thru the medium of beautiful, fervently sounding phrases, prodigally borrowed for the occasion from the "six best sellers" of the day. They outdid each other; capped each other's highest-flown phrases without even the faintest semblance of a blush.

"Love like ours," chanted Jack, cured and cowed, "has never been..." "

Janie nodded, solemnly. "Love like ours," she repeated, fixing him with her eyes, "has never been..."

Above them, the ancient moon sailed thru the ancient sky.
"It all depends upon the husband," laughed Miss Bennett, when I spoke of this. "You see, Fred happened to be the right one and I happened to know it before I said 'yes!'"

"Oh, no; it depends upon the wife," gaily challenged Mr. Niblo, smiling at her. "So I refused to accept Enid's 'no,' and she had to say 'yes!'"

"Seriously, it depends upon both husband and wife," went on Miss Bennett, looking like a little girl as she curled up in the corner of the big davenport. "No one's life is complete without love, and marriage should so enrich one's nature that a new dramatic power and a deeper sympathy would be developed thru great happiness. Fred and I share both our work and our play; in fact, we have an absolute understanding and, after all, that is the only basis for a happy marriage, whether there is a career or not."

We were sitting in the drawing-room of the Niblos' beautiful home, situated on a palm-shaded avenue in picturesque Beverly Hills, which lies midway between the ocean and Los Angeles. It is here they are found whenever the duties at the Ince studio will permit, for they have successfully incorporated

An ideal married life is that of Enid Bennett and Fred Niblo. "You see, Fred happened to be the right one and I happened to know it before I said 'yes!"" says Miss Bennett. At the bottom are Mr. and Mrs. Niblo in their library.

Photograph, left, by Evans

The popular little screen star, Enid Bennett, and her director husband, Fred Niblo, have solved the great problem of how to combine careers and marriage, making a success of both.

In this day of unrest and confusion it is a joy to find a couple so thoroly congenial and happy in each other as are the Niblos. Their tastes and ambitions are essentially the same, while both seem endowed with a definite optimism that keeps their lives moving along peaceful paths. In their quiet, wholesome married life there is nothing of the theatrical or ultra-pretentious, only an atmosphere of good fellowship, of ideal companionship.
By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

their own artistic and hospitable ideas, and it is a real home where they spend their leisure in resting, studying and entertaining their friends.

As she talked, I found myself watching the little star's expressive face, with its delicate coloring, deep blue eyes and lovely blonde hair. She suggests a refined womanliness which gives her a distinct charm.

"I came from a great big country, but a wee little town, for I was born in York, Western Australia," said Miss Bennett, a little later, over tea and cinnamon toast. "Rather a coincidence that Fred was born in York, too, but York, Nebraska, U. S. A., and, much to our chagrin, both Yorks are so small that they are absolutely unknown.

"I went on the stage as soon as I finished school, and I'm sure that I played in every town and hamlet in our country. Among my first important roles was Modesty in the big production of 'Everywoman,' over there. Mr. Niblo came to Australia, presenting a repertoire of American comedies, and for three years I played in his company. Later, I realized that the opportunities at home were limited, so I made a bold dash for the front and came to the United States. I am glad I came, for happiness and success have reached me here." And the blue eyes smiled into the glowing fire.

"My first engagement was most fortunate, for I was with Otis Skinner in 'Cock o' the Walk' for a whole year. He is wonderful, and every one in his company receives their full worth!"

While appearing with Mr. Skinner, Thomas Ince met Miss Bennett and, seeing her possibilities, he engaged her to play in his pictures, with such success that she is now one of this producer's brightest stars.

Then, two years ago, after a romantic courtship, Fred Niblo came West to marry Miss Bennett and found her in the middle of a picture. While waiting for its completion, Mr. Ince (Continued on page 67)
Summer in the New York Theater

At the upper left appears Helen MacKellar, one of the best of our younger actresses, who is featured in the melodrama of the Northwest, "The Storm," at the 48th Street Theater; at the left is pretty Marcella Swanson, an attractive member of the sextette of "Florodora," now revived at the Century; and, above, Ernest Torrence and Louise Groody, principals in "The Night Boat," the Dillingham musical show at the Liberty Theater.
Irene Bordoni is a fascinating figure in the charming and amusing musical entertainment, "As You Were." At the lower right she appears in her Ninon song, while above, is seen the Watteau chorus in the same number.

Alice Eis is a popular dancing headliner in the Keith varieties.
Shorty

Gertrude, became a stage child almost before he could walk. In 1900, he was a stock actor at the Liberty Stock, in Oakland, California, where he played prattling little girls and stage infants in long clothes, a thing he hated.

To be truly appreciated, Antrim Short should be heard. He is inimitably droll, a born mimic and farceur, quick as a flash at repartee, with a mobile mouth.

"Some one said, Aha, the kid is clever—let us take him to New York that he may be appreciated!" So mother packed the family jewels, meaning Gertie and me, into a tourist car and came to the city of big happenings and miserable failures.

"I had some seasons with Tom Jefferson—regular tank shows. What I don't know about ten, twenty, thirty houses isn't worth chronicling," continued the lively Mr. Short, as he tried gymnastics on a swivel-chair. "Regular tank shows, I said, and they were. We carried a tank for the

Antrim Short is a cousin of Blanche Sweet. He made his screen debut at old Biograph when he was a member of the company, although he had been on the stage from a kid. At that, he's just eighteen.

Photographs by Keary

Eal consciousness and acting were simultaneous with Antrim Short. In fact, his mother says he was born acting.

Antrim was always up to tricks. When his name is mentioned nowadays in cinema circles, people begin to smile and tell you that he is "the cutest kid in the game, a sure comer!" He is as full of life and boyish nonsense as if he still were a schoolboy—and fearless! Whew! About the first story I heard of him was the way he frightened the folks at Metro studio by swooping around in his airship, shooting sparrows and limes off the telegraph wires in front of the new administration buildings.

Being a generous soul, Antrim Short invited some of the clerical force up for a ride, but, with one accord, they pleaded "important business," and one timid individual said his life insurance policy had not yet arrived from New York.

This chat really should be Short and Sweet, for Antrim is first cousin to Blanche Sweet and has appeared with her frequently on stage and screen. His present release with Miss Sweet is in "Fighting Cressy" and, having watched his clever work during the "shooting," I looked with a pleasurable thrill for the first showing.

What he hasn't essayed in his young life! As I said, he was born acting and, with sister
water scenes, which were very thrilling. I was in 'Salvation Nell' with Minnie Maddern Fiske, being three seasons on the road with her. Gertrude went over to Mary Mavoring, and mother traveled with her, while father held the slipper over me as our paths separated. Fond parent act, and all that, you see.

"Then the idea of pictures struck us very hard. They were making camera-photoplays then, and during a summer season I worked in two 'talkies.' That was before David Griffith began to show the possibilities of the screen."

"The Biograph followed, because Blanche Sweet, who's my first cousin, was with Griffith. I had two months of the movies, then we moved to San Antonio, Texas, and—"

"You must have seen a lot of our country at a very early age," we interrupted, rudely.

"Yep, followed old motto—see America first—one hundred per cent. stuff, youthful patriotism and so on," laughed Antrim, gaily. Then, continuing modestly, "But there's a deal I've not yet seen. Anyway, where was I? Oh, yes, in San Antonio. Let's see—why registering great surprise and delight at a brilliant discovery—"

Antrim Short, despite his youth, has had worlds of cinema experience, principally with Metro and Universal. He's something of a crack aviator on the side, making flights three times a week. At the left is a glimpse of Mr. Short in "Please Get Married" with Viola Dana.

"That will be eighteen years the eighteenth day of this month. Watch your step, Shorty; you're growing ancient."

Such shiny blue eyes as he has! It's no wonder they look for his hide-and-go-seek smiles. There is an attraction about this unspoiled, wholesome American boy, born of his broadminded outlook, which gets over on the screen every time.

"At last I came to California with the Biograph. Wilfred Lucas directing. Then back to the New York Biograph. I returned to Mr. Morosco's stock, playing at the old Belasco, Los Angeles, and Gertrude had a similar engagement. Later she played at the Alcazar in 'Frisco. I was cast in 'Mother' with Emma Dunn, with whom I'm now doing 'Old Lady Thirty-One'—it's great to renew old friendships. Helen Leslie had me playing opposite her, and I also did the juvenile in 'The Littlest Rebel' for months and months.

"When the Biograph returned West, I worked with them two years, then left to free-lance, as they were going to New York."

The boy did a season in stock at Universal, then

(Continued on page 68)
Screen Impressions

By LOUISE FAZENDA

ALMA RUBENS—A red lily—Messages d'amour in an old prayer book—Rubies—Moonbeams on the Alhambra

MAY ALLISON—Corn-flowers and daffodils—Turquoise—Sunshine after rain—White rabbits

MARY MILES MINTER—Dickens' Little Nell—Daisies—Lavender and old lace—Valentines

VIOLA DANA—Johnny Jump-Ups—Peter Pan—A baby cloud against a purple mountain—Wisteria

OLIVE THOMAS—Forty-second Street and Broadway—"Lalla Rookh"—Pink satin and pearls—Mignonette

ENID BENNETT—Easter lilies—Mendelssohn's "Spring Song"—White moths—St. Cecilia

EUGENE O'BRIEN—Sir Walter Raleigh—The Barcarolle from "Tales of Hoffman"—Old rose drawing-room

TOM MEIGHAN—Gorse-covered moors—A shepherd on a lonely hill—Shamrocks in Central Park

CLARINE SEYMOUR—Fireflies—Night, the scent of orange blossoms and thrumming ukuleles—Bloom of apricot
For the Soul of Raphael

Told in story form from the Clara Kimball Young Photoplay

By DOROTHY DONELLL

The Arteagas had land and gold and jewels, great ranches sweeping to the far foot-hills, money to buy drink and velvet jackets and jewels wherewith to adorn their proud ladies so that they flashed in a multicolored and cold flame. The last of the Arteagas had today won a jewel, more precious than emeralds and diamonds.

Marta Estevan, slim and white as one of the candles she had burned before the Virgin's shrine, sat in the great chamber while the maids arrayed her for her marriage with Raphael Arteaga, the bridegroom whom she had seen once only, and then red-eyed, purple of face, reeking of the wine he had drunk in honor of his convent bride whom his mother was bringing from the Sisters of the Holy Heartbreak that afternoon.

"Yesterday," Marta murmured, wonderfully, "how strange! I have lived a long time since then." She thought of her shrinking disgust at the vinous kisses of her fiancée, of old Doña Luisa's burst of anger at the sight of the slim golden slipper under the refectory table, and then the terrible sequel.

Marta shuddered so that one of the girls who sat twisting the veil of the Arteagas above her soft, straight, high-piled hair felt the movement and crossed herself. Mary pity a bride who shudders upon her wedding day! Yet, per Dios, she did not wonder that the poor white lamb feared that black wolf, Raphael. She could tell her tales—

But Marta was not thinking of Raphael. Instead, her brain kept repeating over and over the words that she had whispered after Doña Luisa's stiffening lips in that room of death where the red light of the sunset lay like an angry stain across the counterpane but could not tinge that cold gray face with its glow. "I swear by the Holy Cross and the Sufferings of Our Lord to stand guard over the soul of Raphael while he lives!" A cold wind, with the dank odor of open graves, seemed to blow across her, tho the room was stifling with the odor of roses and lilies, and again she shuddered.

"See, the bride is ready!" the Mexican girls cried, fluttering away like a flock of gaudy parakeets, to admire their work, "but," they whispered, "she is pale—pale as a corpse! Perhaps, who knows, her heart is dead for another—"

Raphael, handsome as a great, black, full-blooded animal, gaudily arrayed in a suit of wine-colored velvet and wearing a huge ring on one finger that flashed with a hard light in the sun, strode up and down the colonnade of his ranch-house, awaiting his bride. A gratified smile twisted one red lip-corner, despite the fact that his mother lay in state within the darkened room in which he had been born. She was dead, but one must die when one is old, of a certainty—when one is young—ah! One lives! Lives hard, hotly—drinking deep of the wine of pleasure.

The smile grew broader. He was remembering Marta, the convent girl who had stepped from the cloisters into his arms, untaught of the meaning of life or of love—a flower unpicked, almost unseen. "Dios!" swore Raphael, licking his curving, glossy lips, "my mother was right. The Arteagas should choose women who have never been handled when they come to wed. The others—they are well enough for loving, but one wants to be sure of one's wife. And Marta has never even seen another man . . ."

Convent walls are high, convent walls are thick, but no walls have ever been built that can keep the eyes of a maid from those of a man. In her girl soul, on an altar among her saints, Marta had enshrined a face with blue eyes like the sky when the sun shines and skin as fair as the waxen faces of the images in the chapel. There had been only one moment for her to remember, a single flash of wonder in two meeting glances, a something that seemed to spring up laughing in her soul. But since
Her voice broke. "Today he marries a great lady like himself, and—and if I had not the weee one to care for I should want to die. Oh, Raphael—Raphael mio—"

then Marta had known what life could be.

The wedding-bells rang across the hacienda with a brassy sound, as tho they sang of the joy that would be hers with false tongues. She walked among the flowers and the faces, trembling thru all her small, slender frame, with look downcast and cold hands that were displeasing to the man who clasped them at the altar. He liked women with life in them, blood in their veins; women who could laugh loudly and swear a bit. This girl was strangely aloof. She made him feel too large, too clumsy. She reminded him of the chilly saints with their disdainful lips in the sacristy. Even before Marta had worn the name of Arteaga an hour her bridegroom was already looking at another woman, a tall, ripe, blonde thing—a tourist spending the summer in town who had come to the wedding from bald curiosity and who stayed to smile with eyes that held hot blue flames into the eyes of the handsome savage who had married the little grey nun.

From the noisy merriment of the wedding breakfast—the dead woman listening rigidly in that darkened chamber upstairs—Marta slipped away presently with a sense of escape; laid off her sheer gown and the lace veil, light as gossamer, that seemed so heavy a weight on her head. For a time she brooded alone, gazing down into the hot sunshine of the garden where the roses, steeped in the glare, swung like great censers, flinging off rich incense. Then, hearing an uncertain footstep on the stairs, she sprang to her feet with a sudden sense of suffocation—her husband—Raphael—

Almost without knowing what she did, she stepped thru the low windows to the balcony, ran along it to the steep stone stairs at the end and down. Then crouching in the shadows, the bride of an hour waited until her husband's wine-thickened voice had ceased to call her name. Along the gallery came other footsteps, light ones but dragging. Marta moved from her retreat and came face to face with an Indian girl, almost a child in years, whose slender body was bent sidewise under the weight of the heavy baby she carried on her hip.

There were tears rolling slowly down the olive cheeks, dripping on the stolid little face below, and as Marta looked the girl leaned heavily against the pillar and gave way to a low wailing in her own tongue.

"Is there anything I can do?" she asked her, gently. "You seem unhappy, suffering—"

"No, señorita," the girl answered humbly. She spoke the liquid Spanish gutturally but understandably. "No one can do anything for my baby or for me. Its father"—and she touched the tiny face with tender fingertips—"great gentleman. He love me once. Now he ride by and does not see me in the dust of his horse's feet. Today"—her voice broke—"today he marries a great lady like himself, and—and—if I had not the weee one to care for I should want to die. Oh, Raphael—Raphael mio—"

"Raphael!" Raphael's bride spoke the name in a voice that seemed very far away. She turned, held out her hands and sank to the stone pavement, a crumpled little figure amid the ruins of her life. They lifted her, carried her to her chamber and presently she opened her eyes and shuddered at the sight of the dark face bending over hers.

"Go away!" she begged him; "go away! I would I lay younger dead beside your mother before I had made that cruel pledge. The Indian girl is your real wife—for she has borne you a child—"

Raphael laughed, with great, square white teeth. "Pah!" he spat. "'Wife—that carrion wife to an Arteaga! You are insane, or a fool! Come, get control of yourself and come down in my guests."

Marta rose from her pillows. Her skin had the transparent look of a lily that has been broken. Her eyes were great dark bruises under the tumbled wealth of her hair. "Raphael Arteaga," she said quietly, "I have sworn an oath that your mother's soul carried up to God with her to guard your

(Forty)
soul while you lived. I shall keep that pledge, but I call on
God to witness that if you try to force me to be your wife, as
that Indian girl was your wife, I will kill myself with the
dagger that all the convent girls wear always here” and
she struck at her bosom with clenched hand.

In that moment, Raphael, bully and braggit that he was,
felt the cold touch of fear on his coward soul and turned
away and left the bride whom he would not own now or here-
after. But the golden-haired Americano was waiting below-
stairs, with the other guests, and there was plenty of wine,
and so he quite forgot his grievance—for the while.

And all the night after her wedding Marta knelt with the
moonlight bathing her feverish face like cold, clear water,
and prayed to the Virgin that she would teach her how to use
her broken life and give her the courage to forget the leaping
light in two sunny blue eyes.

The days thereafter were blurred, long, aimless stretches of
sunshine that made the eyelids ache, interrupted by velvety
black nights, smothering the flat ranchlands with sooty shadows.
Marta gradually, because she was young and strong and hope-
ful, even tho she thought that hope was forever gone, came to
accept her life, even to begin to fill it with little, gentle, useless
tasks. She gathered the roses in the garden, wove garlands of
daughter blooms for the chapel and embroidered altar cloths with
tiny, invisible stitches, to send to the convent in Mexico from
which she had come.

Raphael did not trouble her.
He was sullen in his manner to-
ward her, sneered at her tasks—but he did not claim any of
the rights she had denied him. On
her part, Marta made conscien-
tious efforts to fulfill her pledge
to the dead woman who had adopted her when she was a
child and placed her in the con-
vent to be reared for her son.
She saw to it that the table was
spread with the food he liked
that his silver spurs were always
polished until they struck out
sprays and that he drank no
more wine than she could help.
She prayed for him, too, in the
long, wakeful hours of the night,
that the good saints would touch
his soul and that he might be
saved from the fires of hell. Of
the other, whose face was as an
image with a candle burning be-
fore it, she tried not to think,
yet thought often, wondering
where he might be now and
whether he ever remembered her.
And then one strange day,
that ever afterward remained a
sacred one in her calendar of
life, Marta Arteaga looked out
of the window of the house of a
friend in the village, straight into
the eyes she had seen once only.

And all the night after her wed-
ing, Marta knelt with the moon-
light bathing her feverish face like
cold, clear water and prayed to
the Virgin that she would teach
her how to use her broken life

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And all the night after her wed-
ing, Marta knelt with the moon-
light bathing her feverish face like
cold, clear water and prayed to
the Virgin that she would teach
her how to use her broken life

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The next day Keith Bryton was brought, wounded well-nigh unto death, into the hacienda. A party of vaqueros had found him lying beneath his dead horse on the mountain trail.

She had a vision of their first and only meeting, she a big-eyed, grey-clad girl looking thru the open gate of the convent wonderingly at the unfamiliar world, at this tall, straight figure striding along the pavement as tho he owned the world. Then when he came opposite her he had stopped, as if she had called him, and looked at her, long—long—until old Sister Margaret had come up behind and snatched her in and swung the gate to, shutting him outside. She had had to do hard penance for her sin, but she had forgotten the penance and only remembered the wonder of the sin.

"I, too," Marta answered him now. "I have often prayed for you, señor, and prayed that the good God would let me see you again some day."

He laughed, a big, healthy sound. "Some day is here, Marta," he cried, "and so am I and you."

But she had drawn away, suddenly trembling. "I had forgotten," Marta whispered desolately, "I am married. I have taken a vow up to God; and for the first time since her darkened wedding day the slow, hopeless tears rolled down her cheeks. And, with a frightened movement like some wild thing, she turned and ran from the room. But deeper than the tears was the sound of singing, for she knew that she would see him again.

The next time was at the church. Marta, with Raphael beside her, felt his gaze before she dared look for him, but when at length she raised her dark, frightened eyes from her rosary, her heart leaped until she felt that her husband must be aware of its tumult. This time there was no chance for words, yet she went back to the hacienda with the sense of having listened to mad love-making. And that night she prayed to the Virgin that she might never see Keith again and that she might remember always her promise to Doña Luisa and to God.

The next morning she stood, waist deep in June, the great waving heads of the roses in the garden tossing their petals over her dark, uncovered hair, when Keith Bryton strode thru the wicket.

"I have come, Little Nun, to say good-by," he told her, standing before her in the sunshine that dazzled her eyes as she lifted them to his face; "I dont dare to stay any longer. It's too hard to be near you and still so far away. From the moment I saw you in the convent gate I've loved you, but I couldn't touch you then, and—his great hands clenched—"I cant touch you now."

Marta looked up at him, then down at the crimson rose by her hand. As long as she lived, the scent of red roses was to make her faint and dizzy as she was then. "She was an old woman, and she was dying," she said, as the pleading an excuse; "she had been good to me...". The words caught raggedly on a sob. She looked up at him again, pitifully. "You say—you love me. Then promise you will think of me every evening when the first star shines, and I will try to go on living. But if I thought you would forget—I should pray the Virgin to take me to Her, for I, too—I, too—"

"God bless you and keep you, Little Nun!" the man said huskily, and suddenly the roses blurred in the wind of his going and fell in a shower of bloody petals at her feet, and the world was empty and the saints had turned their faces away.

Across the fields Marta saw a fleck of black that was Raphael and a fleck of blue that was the habit of the American with golden hair, but they meant nothing to her mind, numb with its grief. They were very close together, these
Marta did not notice. He was gone. He was gone—

That night, as she was brushing her dark, thick hair, the door was flung suddenly open and her husband stood swaying on the threshold, his eyes, glazed with wine, resting covetously on her uncovered arms and neck.

"Damn it!" cried Raphael, "I've a right here—don't look so astonished! I married you, didn't I? And I'll be put off no longer with your pious talk."

He lurched toward her, smiling thru glistening lips. "You're—you're devilish pretty, Marta. Did you know it? C'mon, give 's a kiss! What? You hell-cat!"

He leaped backward as something flashed in her upraised hand. Her eyes, too, glittered with the hard light of the steel. "Keep away," warned Marta, in a low, tense voice. "I swore to your mother to marry you, but I didn't swear—anything more. And if you come nearer I'll kill you as certainly as I stand here hating you!"

They faced each other in silence, and again, as once before, the man's spirit yielded to hers. He laughed spitefully. "Have your own way! After all, why should I care? There are others who aren't quite so—particular—"

The next day Keith Bryton was brought, wounded wellnigh unto death, into the hacienda. A party of vaqueros had found him lying beneath his dead horse on the mountain trail, stripped even to the silver mounting of his harness by brigands. "He will die," mumbled the old physician, halding over the splendid chest of the wounded man to count the slow heart-beats; "nothing can save him."

"He will live!" Senora Arteaga flamed. "One thing can save him."

But she did not say that that one thing was love. In the days of terror that followed she seemed to keep Death at a distance with the bare strength of her beating hands. She literally fought for the life that was dearer to her than her own life. It was as tho she re-created him, until, one day in the late summer, he opened same eyes on a room filled with the clear wine of sunset, with a woman's face—or was it an angel's?—bending over him. "Marta," he whispered, "beloved—"

But she was gone. And tho he begged the old Mexican nurse who took her place for her, she came no more. The strain of the last weeks had almost sapped her. She was hardly able to walk in the garden, or even to make her daily pilgrimage to lay fresh blooms before the image of the Holy Mother in the chapel. But every evening when the first star twinkled out of the black blue overhead, she closed her eyes and said a little prayer for the man who was creeping back to life in the great ranch-house.

On a night of late August, sultry, throbbing with stars, she stood in the decaying garden and heard the voice of her husband beyond the wall, speaking passionately. "Your golden hair—a man could drown in it, cara mia! Have mercy! Tell me when you will go with me—"

And then, cold as ice, a woman's reply. "When you bring me the jewels you have promised, Raphael—the jewels of your house."

"Now! Within the moment!" the man cried hoarsely. "They are in her room, but I will get them if I have to draw the necklace around her throat and strangle her! Wait here! I'm mad for you, Anita—mad enough to waste thru blood to seize you in my arms!"

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The Climax

Evidently the possibilities of the contest have reached in many and various ways, the ears of the entire feminine contingent of the country, for there seems to be no village or county in all the land which hasn't been heard from. A peculiar fact attracts our attention—photographs of the prettiest girls frequently come from the most obscure places. More than once we are reminded of the poet's saying that "many a flower is born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air." This, of course, is the primary object of the contest. To give an opportunity to a girl who, shut away from the world and all that it offers, would otherwise have no chance at all ever to get away from her narrow enclosure. To offer to this girl, if she is one of the winners, every means by which she will arrive at the goal of success.

And not only have the contestants responded from every village and county throughout the country, but we have received pictures from our readers who desire to enter the contest from many foreign countries. This is, perhaps, what is the most interesting factor of the contest. The variety of types of beauty and charm is overwhelming. And not only is it the young girl who dreams about the glory of stardom, but there has been a number of entries from men and women beyond their first youth who desire to try their fortune and who feel that they may make good in the cinema world. This shows the increasing importance that is being attached to the cinema by old and young alike.

We are quite flattered with the results of the contest so far. As you doubtless know, the winners of the contest and also the members of the honor roll took part in a two-reel feature which was aptly named "A Dream of Fair Women," and which proved so successful a film that the Fine Arts Pictures, Inc., of 130 West 46th Street, New York City, has distributed it throughout the entire country. Encouraged by the

Above, Helen M. Bates of New York City; center, Pauline Anderson, also of New York City, and, below, Margaret Peggy Ford of Washington, D. C.
The Fame and Fortune Contest Reaches Its Most Interesting Point

success of this feature, we have decided to produce a five-reel drama.

"Love's Redemption" is the title of the five-reel feature play that is being produced by us, which will include many of the contestants of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. Blanche McGarity, winner of last year's contest, has been chosen to play the leading part of Peggy. Dorian Romero has been selected as the "heavy," and he has a big and strong part to play. Edward Chalmers, Alfred L. Rigali, Mrs. Mayer, Bunty Manly, Erminie Gagnon and Johanna Huschle have also been assigned parts. Among the distinguished men who will probably take part in the play are Edwin Markham, the great poet; Hudson Maxim, famous inventor; and Judge Frederick E. Crane of the Court of Appeals of New York State. Most of the scenes will be filmed in and around the Brewster place at Roslyn, L.I., and the taking will be continued well into September. Each issue of every one of our several publications will hereafter contain interesting news of the progress of the play.

The judges of the contest will be Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tournier, Samuel Lumiere, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

We have the privilege to announce the seventh honor roll winners of the Fame and Fortune Contest:

Martha Carleton Baker, 571 West 139th Street, New York City, has never had any professional experience. She has blue-grey eyes and brown hair. Her complexion is fair.

Top, Lady Gay Carrara of New Orleans, La.; center, Nan E. MacAllister of Baltimore, Md., and below, Martha Carleton Baker of New York City.

Another Manhattan beauty is Helen M. Bates of 430 West 119th Street. Miss Bates has appeared in amateur theatricals and is very unusual in appearance. She has blue eyes and dark-brown hair and a very fair complexion. From 2751 W. Lafayette Avenue, Baltimore, Md., comes a picture of Nan E. MacAllister, who has played minor roles on the screen. She is an English girl and has dark-brown eyes and hair, while her complexion is olive.

Pauline Anderson of 561 W. 141st Street, New York City, has blue eyes and dark-brown hair and fair complexion. She played a small role on the stage last season.

Margaret Peggy Ford, 312 C Street, N. W., Washington, D. C., has a fair complexion, blue eyes and dark-brown hair. Miss Ford has played small roles on the dramatic stage.

From P. O. Box 1428, New Orleans, La., comes a beautiful photograph of Lady Gay Carrara. This Dixie beauty has been playing a small role with the New Orleans French Opera Co. for two months. It is a well-known fact that New Orleans has many beautiful girls—Lady Gay Carrara proves this with her hazel eyes, dark-brown hair and fair complexion.
A Dreamer of Dreams

No one who saw Rex Beach's "The Girl from Outside" could forget "the Curly Kid." All the way thru the picture you felt Cullen Landis' sincerity, a sincerity that seemed to come out of the screen and grip you. "Why," you thought, "this kid is real; there is no pretense here." And when he stood, frightened and miserable, by the bed-side of the sick girl, he made you realize his misery as keenly as tho he were there in person in the place of his shadow.

He was, it seemed, Youth incarnate; impulsive, reckless and on fire with enthusiasm at every new discovery. And this is exactly the impression you get when you meet Cullen Landis in person. He is splendidly, boyishly alive to everything that is romantic in life.

There are people who believe that all day-dreaming is a waste of time. And then there are others who will tell you that all thoughts have an existence of their own, with power to help or harm their creator. That your success depends on your outlook on life and on the way you think more than on anything else. It is on this philosophy that Cullen Landis is molding his life.

"I have always had big dreams," he said; "even when I was property man I used to imagine my name in electric lights above the door of a theater." And now, at twenty-four, his dream seems well on the way to fulfillment. He is under a five-year contract with Goldwyn.

I saw him at the studio on a cold, rainy afternoon in late winter. We sat in one of the little upstairs office rooms. The rain beat an endless tattoo on the roof and occasionally was blown against the window-pane.

"I used to believe," he went on, "that thoughts were of no material help, but I have grown to look on such matters differently. I think now that my day dreams have helped me and that they are helping me every day. I know that having visions of a future makes me more careful with my work. Even when I get a part that I don't like, it is impossible for me not to do my best with it.

"There is a man, a Russian Jew, named Auerbach, who has talked with me a great deal about the importance of training my mind to he as mentally efficient as possible. He is one of the most brilliant men I have ever seen. He has been everywhere and he speaks half a dozen languages, among them Sanskrit. I think that he has had more influence on my life than any one else with the exception of Uncle Ed, (Edward Job-

Cullen Landis has worked at everything. He started in Nashville as a milkman and drifted to the coast. There he started at the bottom in the studios, worked up to property man, assistant director, and assistant camera-man to "stunt actor." Finally he landed as a regular player
By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

son, a much-loved character actor). Uncle Ed taught me how to be patient.

"I first met Uncle Ed at the Balboa studio in Long Beach. I was doing a little of everything then, driving a bus, running errands and minding the switchboard. He had lost a boy of about my age, and I suppose that is why he took an interest in me. I used to lose my patience with practically no provocation at all."

Cullen Landis is the romantic type of Irishman. His skin is pale, his eyes a deep blue and his hair black and wavy. He talks in a direct, matter-of-fact way, with just a slight edge to his voice to tell of his natural restlessness. He doesn't like cities. You would notice that his few gestures are always large ones and that they are upward and outward, away from himself.

When I saw him he had just returned to Los Angeles from his first visit to New York, which he made in company with his director, Victor Schertzinger, and Mrs. Schertzinger.

"I had a good time," he said, "but I didn't like New York, really. I like to have lots of room."

He lives in Long Beach, about twenty miles from Los Angeles. James Cullen Landis, to give him his full name, was born in Nashville, Tenn., in 1895. There it was that he got his first job. It was as a milkman, and he only kept it for a very short time. After that he bought a newspaper route and rose promptly at three o'clock every morning so that subscribers to The Nashville American would have no reason to complain of their service. He was so successful that he soon rose to the dignity of a regular position in the circulation department. He gave that up when, at the age of sixteen, he came to California.

"My first job here," he said, "was driving a sightseeing bus, so I am quite fitted to point out the beauties of Los Angeles to admiring friends." And then he began doing a little bit of everything at the Balboa studio in Long Beach.

No one can say that he didn't begin his career in moving pictures on the first rung of the ladder, or that he missed any rungs going up, even tho he is climbing so rapidly.

He was a property man, an assistant director, an assistant camera-man and, with it all, a "stunt" actor, but the type of stunt actor who never gets any credit. He was, in other words, a double for stars where the scenario required them to do a stunt so risky that the company

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The Celluloid Critic

Next month Mr. Smith will review the entire screen year, selecting the twenty leading photoplays of the twelve months and discussing in detail the progress—or lack of progress—of all the leading players and producing units. This annual review has been a classic feature for three years and is of unusual value as a record of cinema achievement.

We have long intended commenting at length upon Charles Ray and his unquestioned genius of the silversheet. Yet there is something so matter-of-fact, so everyday, so humbly devoid of the spectacular about Ray that each month we express our brief appreciation—and pass on.

Ray is deserving of much more. You and I have come to look upon his bashful, awkward, small-town boys as regular incidents of photoplay releases. Yet they are far more. Ray takes the most colorless sort of rôle and galvanizes it into life. There is nothing of the theater or studio about him. He is small-town youth—the sort of youth upon which America depends. He is a master player because he is able to reflect this so humorously, so tenderly, so sincerely. We know the customary phrase: "He is just playing himself." In answer, we say that Ray is the greatest of all artists, a player who projects himself into a rôle minus all the histrionic trappings and glodings of the actor. Great artists are the simplest. Witness Mary Pickford. Or Charlie Chaplin. Or Ray.

Ray is a genre player of genius. He is typically American. No mere heroic manikins are his screen creations. He turns the characters inside out and shows you the affectations, the weaknesses, the boyish foibles, the very thoughts of his creations, along with the outer shell.

Consider Ray’s latest vehicle, "Paris Green," (Paramount). Here he plays a country boy, just back from France and out of khaki, who finds that his sweetheart at home has not waited for him. Just when life seems greyest, along comes a little French girl he met during his forty-five minutes in Paris and to whom he gave his address "in case she ever needs it." With the aid of a French dictionary the boy finds the happiness he seeks.

A creaking skeleton of a story it is. But Ray makes you believe in it. If there is anything more human in recent pictures than his homecoming to the old homestead, we want to see it. Bert Woodruff makes the father stand out, altho he exaggerates the rôle, while Gertrude Claire is effective as the boy’s mother.

One other production of the month strongly impressed us. This was "Humoresque," (Paramount), a visualization of Fannie Hurst’s short story of a little Jewish boy who finds wealth and acclaim thru his genius in music, who gives up everything to go to France in the uniform of the land his parents adopted, and who returns with one arm crippled. In the end he recovers and his ability to play upon the public’s heartstrings via his violin returns. Miss Hurst writes with an unusual understanding of East Side life and the story offers innumerable opportunities for fine naturalistic direction.

Frank Borzage’s handling of the theme is
The Newest Photoplays in Review

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

unusual enough to make his future work of vivid interest to students of the photoplay. Here is another forerunner of the slice-of-life silent play of tomorrow. True, this striving for human detail becomes apparent here and there thru “Humoresque” and the play drags seriously at times. But, on the whole, it is far and away ahead of the average shallow melodramatic film drama.

The cutting of “Humoresque” is puzzling at times. For instance, there seems to be a deliberate effort to keep the featured player, Alma Rubens, in the background. As the young violinist’s sweetheart she should have been a vital link in the story. Here she is a mere inanimate lay figure. A character player, Vera Gordon, who contributes a singularly fine and well-rounded portrayal of the Jewish mother, walks away with the honors of “Humoresque.”

No mere silversheet shadow is this touching presentation of the immigrant woman whose son, by one of those odd freaks of genius, lifts her from a tenement room and a fire-escape landscape to Riverside Drive and limousines, but who never once loses her primitive faith, her store of mother-love, her unswerving faith. Dore Davidson, too, is excellent as the father. Gaston Glass is quite adequate as the boy.

David Graham Phillips always wrote vigorously. But his “The Cost” is too scattered a tale for a strong film story. Unless handled from a more naturalistic viewpoint than Director Harley Knoles produced it. Herein a young girl overrides the hopes of her parents and marries a young rounder. She soon discovers the downright moral worthlessness of the man and that she really loves another. But she drifts thru years of disillusionment and pain until the death of her husband opens the way to a belated sort of middle-aged happiness. There is really no climax, for Mr. Phillips’ characters are very human in their drifting.

Violet Heming is fairly sympathetic as the girl, while Ralph Kellard is actory as her unfortunate selection. “The Cost” is one of those photoplays in which the characters never really age, altho years dash by in the subtitles.

Somehow or other we find ourselves unable to take the very heroic heroines of William S. Hart very seriously. Somehow his de luxe dime novels never impress us as being a significant contribution to either life or literature. “The Toll Gate.” (Paramount), is an instance in point. “The Toll Gate” presents Hart as another kindly bad man, Black Deering, who once again encounters regeneration and a cutie at one and the same time. In this opus, Black Deering foregoes the ingenue and rides away alone thru the mountain “toll gate.” Hart is himself as the good bad man and Anna Q. Nilsson is an attractive figure as the heroine. We confess our disappointment in Marshall Neilan’s feature comedy, “Don’t Ever Marry.” (First National). For Neilan has a fresh Irish sense of humor. In “Don’t Ever Marry” he has taken a slender farce idea and tried to develop it into feature length. The result: a tiresome hour and a quarter with only occasional flashes of laughter. It concerns the efforts of a young

(Continued on page 94)
Gossip of the Pacific Coast

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

Los Angeles, (Special)—The back-to-the-stage movement is hitting the movies hard these days. That and the fact that the producers, such as Metro, Goldwyn, Lasky, et al., are having to pay upwards of dozens of thousands of dollars for star vehicles, such, for instance, as "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." After having been in pictures for some years, our cinema favorites are feeling the call to return to their first love, the stage, and one by one they are leaving the film Mecca.

Dorothy Dalton, of course, was the first to depart in order to star on Broadway in "Aphrodite." Theda Bara left the camera for "The Blue Flame," and now Bert Lytell has announced his intention of going back to the theater to hear his voice. Lytell has actually wanted to go back to the "legit" for some time. In fact, after each picture he'd say he was thru with films—temporarily—and that he wanted a chance to hear his own voice again en scene. But now, having finished "The Temple of Dawn," he has left for New York to make one more picture before the fatal appearance per se.

And even that champion little child-wife of the screen, Mildred Harris Chaplin, left the camera, very temporarily, however, for the speaking stage. She made her début here at the Little Theater in a very intricate farce, "Stick-a-Bed," and, even tho she looked beautiful in her stage dresses, her voice was not quite powerful enough. The premiere of "Stella," at the theaters, however, has put the bug into Mrs. Chaplin's ear; she says she'd really like to consider the stage seriously.

And, who knows? She's had a very good offer to do so. It seems, however, never, she's quite busy making a picture which is to be released under the more or less prosaic title of "Old Dad."

The Los Angeles film colony was plunged into sudden sadness over the news of Clarine Seymour's death. Miss Seymour was one of the best-liked members of cinema-land's younger set. A year ago, before she left for New York with the Griffith players, Miss Seymour was one of the brightest social lights here. Her sparkling personality was in evidence at all of the more exclusive dansants and teas, while her graceful dancing and genial good-fellowship won her a host of admirers. And, by the way, she was one of Eileen Percy's closest friends, and I believe, "stood up" with Eileen at her marriage to the son of Adolphus Busch. When word was received in New York of her death, a huge portrait of her which stood in the lobby of the Kinema Theater, at which her picture was showing, was draped in crepe and an especially written obituary was flashed on the screen immediately after the announcement of her name on "The Idol Dancer" cast sheet. For Los Angeles was her home, and it was here that she was filmed in the two productions which literally "made" her—"The Girl Who Stayed at Home" and "Scarlet Days."

Remember Tom Chatterton, who made such a startling impression a few seasons ago as a (Continued on page 73)
CLARINE SEYMOUR died at the Misericordia Hospital, New York, on Sunday evening, April 25, following an illness of only four days.

So spoke the cold, impersonal newspaper columns. Yet in those few lines lay a drama of real life—swift, flashing, tragic—of striving, of success close at hand, of death.

For the screen had no more promising young actress than Miss Seymour. Recall her pathetically brave little jazz girl in David Griffith’s “The Girl Who Stayed at Home.” And her piquant little Mexican girl in “Scarlet Days.” But, most of all, her half-caste girl of the tropics—vibrant with the love of life—in “The Idol Dancer.” Here Miss Seymour touched a new note—a note that meant quick stardom.

She was at work in Mr. Griffith’s visualization of “Way Down East” when the fatal ailment—intestinal trouble—asserted itself. An operation was found necessary. For five days she fought a brave fight against impossible odds—and then the end.

It is hard now to transcribe even a bit of our last talk with Miss Seymour, which was, indeed, her last interview. For the talk was so full of hope, of gladness, of dreams coming true.

Miss Seymour was born in Brooklyn, altho New Rochelle became her home town. Comparatively close by was the Thanhouser studio. It was inevitable that she should try for screen success. But an opening did not come easily. She went day after day for weeks before she was given a tiny rôle. Heartened by it, Miss Seymour kept on. Small rôles came now and then and finally she was offered a contract with the Rolin Company to play in Toto comedies.

Miss Seymour went to the coast, but a disagreement followed soon after. She sued, charging a broken contract, and won her case, altho not until she had played briefly with the (Continued on page 83)
Little Sister, Huh!

by TRUMAN B. HANDY

Inasmuch as Eva was leaving on the 5:30 train with the Bill Hart company for a location in northern California, the meager details of this interview were gleaned in a hasty and none-too-easily-ridden trip to the studio from the Novak bungalow in Hollywood.

Jane at the wheel of the aforesaid limo. Eva and yours truly in the back seat. Mrs. Novak, the girls’ mother, in the front seat with Jane—and all of us permeated with that atmosphere of hurry peculiar to the time previous to boat sailings and the flights from the city of motion picture companies and bank panics.

Eva, as I have bitherto noted, is a blonde—one of those pink-and-white creatures lovers of the aesthete rave about. Her ever-present smile is contagious, and echoed by the faint, wistful registration of sisterly appreciation as evidenced by sister Jane.

It impressed me that Eva is something of a vamp—one of those harmless kind a mere male simply can’t help adoring. I asked her if she thought she was sirenish.

“Don’t see why not,” she remarked perfunctorily. “Just because you happen to have a taffy thatch isn’t any sign that you can compete with your raven-locked sisters, is it?”

Quite so. Jane admitted it for Eva—and for herself. And she also volunteered the information, in response to my query, that Eva’s ambition is not to vamp; that, in fact, her little sister as yet seems to have manifested no particular ambition other than becoming as famous as Mary Pickford.

In Hollywood the pecu-
Eva Novak Refuses to Twinkle in Jane's Reflected Brilliance

lier ambition of every one of the photofamous seems to be "take off,"—weight in some cases and in others aviation. "Taking off," aviatorially speaking, may I explain, means to go up in a plane. Pauline Frederick has "taken off" considerably. So have Mary Pickford and those prime factors of the film colony, the Hayakawas. Eva, however, declares that she knows aviation wouldn't even give her a thrill. She's never figured on buying an aeroplane, nor even considered the matter of Locklearan vol-planing.

But, however, her ambitions are in themselves like aviation.

"They go in leaps and bounds," she announced.

"Um-hum," agreed Jane, laconically, "she makes up her mind sometimes that she's a mountaineer. After she's bought a new set of hiking attire, the streak's worn off and I use the stuff in a picture."

"I wouldn't!" exclaimed Eva, vehemently, a little bit ungrammatically, but, neverthe-

Miss Novak, the younger, has gone into the serious stuff for keeps. Temperamentally, she's been created for the emotional line. Physically—well, she should just be merely seen by Flo Ziegfeld! less, vehemently, "I adore the mountains. I'd rather be in the mountains than eat, so there!"

"Once in a while she gets ambitious to fix up the house," added Mrs. Novak. "She sends me out of the kitchen and insists upon cooking all the meals. She knows how to cook if she wants to."

At this juncture our little Eva in true younger-sisterly fashion, registered a protest.

"Jane," she said, "I have to follow you every place, and they say, 'Oh, there's Jane's sister!' It's an awful stigma to be the younger relative of somebody who's well known. I wish I were a boy—no, I don't, either. Boys always have shiny noses and want to fight."

But what is weighing very heavily on the younger Novak mind right now is her attempt to stabilize her memory. She forgets so many things she ought to remember, she declares, that she's simply got to do something.

"We get so used to not remembering that we just forget to remember. The studio writes everything down for us—what we wore in Scene 144 and even how we looked in a close-up. Now, ever since I first started—"

"Which wasn't so long ago," interrupted her sister. Precisely. She was a schoolgirl in St. Louis (Continued on page 70)
Double Exposures
Conducted By F. J. S.

The Ouija Speaks—

"Ouija!" said we the other night—we always consult our ouija board upon editorial matters of importance—"Ouija," we repeated, "how about it?"

Suddenly the ouija galvanized into movement, dragging our hands along.

"I'm here," it spelled, indicating that the spirit of Ab, the famous caveman-novelist and the Robert W. Chambers of the Stone Age, was at work. Ab, who is our spirit control, claims to have been the originator of the Cinderella type of story, (having dictated it to a stone mason in 80982 A.D.), and is consequently intensely interested in motion pictures.

"What," we asked profoundly, "will be the big photoplay developments of the coming year?"

The ouija glided to "No." Ab is whimsical like that.

"Sterling we repeated the query.

The ouija slowly began spelling out the psychic reply: "F-i-f-t-y-o-n-e b-l-o-o-n-d-e-e-i-n-g-e-a-ses w-i-l-l b-e s-t-a-r-r-e-d."

"Yes, yes," we prompted breathlessly.

"F-o-r t-y-s-a-c-h-t B-r-o-a-d-w-a-y f-a-i-l-u-r-e-s w-i-l-l b-e p-u-r-c-h-a-s-e-d f-o-r t-h-e m-o-v-i-e-s a-t a h-u-n-d-r-e-d t-h-o-u-s-a-n-d e-a-ch."

"Go on," we demanded.

"G-e-o-r-g-e J-e-a-n N-a-t-h-a-n w-i-l-l a-t-t-a-c-k t-h-e p-h-o-t-o-p-l-a-y."

"No, no!" we exclaimed, incredulously. The ouija went firmly to "Yes."

"W-i-l-l-i-a-m H-a-r-t w-i-l-l p-l-a-y a b-a-d m-a-n w-h-o r-e-f-o-r-m-s."

We noted the startling information.

"W-a-l-l-i-e K-e-i-d w-i-l-l b-e s-e-e-n a s a d-a-s-h-i-n-g m-o-t-o-r-i-s-t."

We started with surprise.

"C-h-a-r-l-e-s C-h-a-p-l-i-n w-i-l-l m-a-k-e a n-o-t-h-e-r p-i-c-t-u-r-e!"

We could no longer contain ourselves. Indeed, we expressed our incredulity in no mean language.

But the spirit Ab persisted.

"Y-o-u-n-e g-e-t-t-i-n g t-h-e r-i-g-h-t o-p-e-n t-h-e ouija was fairly speeding now.

"Are you positive?" we asked.

"Y-e-h," responded Ab. He often drops into colloquialisms like that.

We were just about to put several more significant questions when Ab interrupted.

"H-e-e-e-i-s w-h-e-e I f-a-f-e o-u-t," he spelled out. "I a-m o-f-f t-o t-h-e w-e-e-k-l-y m-e-e-t-i-n g o-f t-h-e A-n-t-i-S-p-i-r-i-t R-a-p-p-i-n g A-s-s-o-c-i-a-t-i-o-n. W-e a-r-e o-r-g-a-n-i-z-i-n g f-o-r a-n o-t-h-e-r h-o-u-r n-i-g-h-t."

Why? When a liner sinks, does the ocean seem to

(Continued on page 83}

(Fifty-four)
The Yellow Typhoon

Told in story form from the Anita Stewart Photoplay

By PEARL MALVERN

It was not until the glare of publicity had died and been
decently interred that Hilda could bear to speak of The Yellow
Typhoon. It was not until her own honeymoon was on
the wane, and life had assumed, once more, normal proportions,
a normal perspective. Then, one evening, before an open grate
she began to tell her husband of the twin sister, known to the
world, sinisterly, as The Yellow Typhoon. For, looking into
the flames, she had begun to see pictures and the impelling need
of speech descended upon her. She saw herself and Berta
at play, twin sisters, with, at first glance, no appreciable differ-
ance save the shade of hair. Her own the dark, sunlier brown
it still was, Berta’s a mop of belligerent yellow, which had given
to her face a curious stalking look, the look of prey. She
could recall little fragmentary odds and ends out of their child-
hood. Their mother saying, in a worn voice, “I am sure I
don’t know what will ever become of Berta!” Adding, al-
ways, “Hilda is so entirely different, it is difficult even for
me to believe that they are twins.” Or, vividly, Berta de-
m a n d i n g from her the
doll she must
c h e r e s h i:
the part she
most wished to play in her favorite game; the desk in school
she herself coveted: the share of candy, or fruit, always the
major share. Her own remonstrances, gradually weakening
under the insidious and generally terrifying threats Berta
would make . . . And then, as they grew apace, little by little,
the divergence of their interests, the intolerance of their mutual
points of view. It was all, seen now, in the still red glare of
the recent tragedies, painful in the extreme.

Still, she had always known that the story of The Yellow
Typhoon must some day be told, and to one so important
as the man at her side, in whose life The Yellow Typhoon had
dipped her vulture-like fingers before the end.

And so she began by sketching, in graphic hits, their twin
birth, their early apparent dissimilarity of character and dis-
position, the slow but very sure way in which Berta had broken
about her, and gentle and terrorized life.

“Mother gave us a complete absorption,” Hilda said; “she
had, she felt, failed personally in a great many ways. Her vital
hope was that we might alone, might shrive that failure. From
the beginning, I see it now, and mother, being so wise, must
have seen that from the first, Berta gave omen of her end. There
was I know not how, something wicked in Berta. Wicked is
the only word for it. The sort of wickedness that, in a woman
or a good man, congeals the blood, and in a bad man fires it.”

Mathison interpolated: “Hallowell wasn’t bad—”

Hilda nodded. She knew Mathison’s deep devotion for the
man who had been his friend as well as his chief. She savored
the resentment he must feel for The Yellow Typhoon because
of Hallowell. So many people dear to her had suffered because
of The Yellow Typhoon! Over that desecrated grave the
tears that dropped were said with self-pity.

“No, he wasn’t bad,” she said, gently, compassionately: “he
wasn’t. He was good. But I think, dear, that of all who
crossed her path in that way, he was the only good one. He
was a victim to her, then, untried capacities for evil. Some
of the fresh untouchedness of her youth must have lingered
in his heart, not of evil, but of good. She had a
great magnetism, Berta. Poor Hallowell felt that. And feel-
ing that, he was wilfully blind to the other potentialities. The
human animal is so frail when its emotions are aroused.”

Mathison turned to study the fire-etched profile. But there
was no substratum of meaning in Hilda’s words. She was
thinking solely of her sister and the havoc she had
wrought. She was thinking of the beautiful, cruel, forever-
unpowered hands, that had taken
so many lives and strangled
them at will; nothing more.

“But Hilda ran away with Hal-
lowell, as you know,” Hilda
went on more briskly; “and
two weeks thereafter a body
was found in the river dressed
in Berta’s clothes, wearing
Berta’s jewels, with Berta’s
light hair, and, what we could
see of her, a general resem-
bance to Berta in form and
feature. Hallowell had
dropped from the face of the
earth—and we identified the
body as Berta’s. Mother and
I surmised a tragedy, of de-
sertion, probably, or mere-
ly an outcome of one of
Berta’s horrible rages
when thwarted. Hallowell
had not

(Fifty-fif)
"I asked you more about The Yellow Typhoon, and you told me of the woman who had, at one time, some connection with Hallowell: who had run a large, a very notorious, a very horrible gambling house in the Orient and who had eloped with one of her patrons, a man called Lysgaard, after staking herself and her place against a priceless diamond necklace—losing. You told me that you did not doubt but that The Yellow Typhoon, having left on her transcontinental trip with Lysgaard, a lurid pathway, was in Manila for huge stakes. 'She has got,' you said, 'to slit her blood with hotter fevers than even the Orient, which she has lapped up, can supply. She has come here for the fevers. You told me other things, little things and big things, and in the telling you etched Berta as perfectly for me as tho you had presented her to me in the flesh. I felt faint, and showed it, and you thought that my being, as it were, found out, had caused the temporary illness. You should have known, dear, that it would take more than a tentative recognition to shake the aplomb of The Yellow Typhoon.'

"Still, she had always known that the story of The Yellow Typhoon must some day be told, and to one so important as the man at her side, in whose life The Yellow Typhoon had dipped her vulture-like fingers before the end handle her, we reasoned, and the suicide, in a moment of red rage, had been the result."

"It broke mother's heart. The thought of that unsanctified body preyed on her night and day. She got to the point where she forgot the woman, Berta, and kept harking back to the yellow-headed, beautiful baby whose worst fault was to rip the paper off the walls in a childish gust of passion, unrestrained. She kept holding her, in her imagination, or slipping her tiny undeveloped hands. Very soon after that, she died. Berta had killed her."

A log separated, split, fell apart, sending into the reduced light of the room a spray of angry gold, not unlike the vanished head of The Yellow Typhoon. The man and the woman, sensing it, shuddered."

"I began my work in the Washington headquarters of the secret Service," said Hilda; "I did the power, I believe, of hurling myself into obliteration of other things by work, more work, arduous, concentrated work. By work I lived, and by work I was able to preserve my sanity in the balance, if I had had time to think of those two lives of which I was so integral a part."

"After awhile the work of the Secret Service gripped me. I thrilled to it. every nerve. And... I made good at it, as you know.

Mathison squeezed the deliberately relaxed hand hanging over the side of her chair."

"There came my mission to Manila," said Hilda, "as protection for Hallowell on his anticipated trip home with the plans for rendering submarine warfare impossible. Do you remember that day?"

"Do I?" Mathison gave a short laugh. "Do you remember the things that I said to you? Oh, my child!"

"The most acute thing, of course," said Hilda, "was the fact you presented to me, indubitably, that Berta was alive. You said, so coldly, John, You hear a remarkable resemblance to The Yellow Typhoon, and you studied my credentials with even more than customary scrutiny as you spoke."

"I said, 'Why; what do you mean? Who is The Yellow Typhoon?' And then you told me of the yellow-haired woman with the cruel mouth and the defiant eyes who was suspected of being in Manila for no good purpose. 'We are of the impression,' you said to me, watching me with sort of lynx eyes, 'we are of the impression that The Yellow Typhoon is in Manila with the express purpose of becoming better acquainted with Mr. Hallowell's general plans.' How cleverly, and with what meaning you said..."
Mathison again interpolated: "And then, again, you showed your credentials from Headquarters at Washington, such bona fide credentials, and I recall thinking what honest hands you laid, what steady eyes, what a sweet, reliant mouth. I remember thinking of you as a woman who should not play big stakes, but for whom big stakes might well, might justifiably, be played. I recall a pang of pity that you were, in any capacity, right or wrong, involved in intrigue. We couldn't, of course, ignore your credentials, neither could we ignore the amazing resemblance to the woman who was causing us the uneasiness, and so we accepted your service . . . and waited . . ."

Hilda, tensely now, took up the thread. She knew that Mathison would hesitate to supply the piece that fitted in here.

"That night Hallowell found Lysgaard and Berta riding his trunk," she said, "and Berta . . . no, not Berta. The Yellow Typhoon. shot . . . and killed him . . . the man who had been her husband, whom she had ruined once . . . then deserted . . . she killed him. She got away, just before I arrived, too late for me to hold her back, soon enough for me to recognize her. When you appeared upon the scene there was Hallowell . . . dead . . . and there was I!"

There was a little silence. The split log dwindled to grey ash.

Mathison said, "My first thought was personal rather than professional. I was ashamed, but it was so. I thought, involuntarily, 'God, don't let her be guilty!'"

"You dear," said Hilda.

"Shall we go on with this?" asked Mathison, tenderly, "I am afraid it is too much for you. Is it necessary?"

Hilda nodded. "Yes," she said, "let's talk it out, get it, as it were, out of our systems, and then . . . then, perhaps, The Yellow Typhoon will lie still, will not be restless any longer, any longer insatiable . . . oh, I want her to rest; I want rest from her!"

She had a great magnetism, Berta. Poor Hallowell felt that. And, feeling that, he was wilfully blind to the other potentialities.

(Fifty-seven)
"We couldn't prove anything, of course," Mathison resumed, "but we couldn't prove anything either way, and there we were. I couldn't believe that you were The Yellow Typhoon, but neither could I deny the irresistible fact of likeness taken in conjunction with the uncanny circumstantial evidence piling up about you and against you. The next day we sailed, leaving poor Hallowell's last rites to be performed by strangers ... You had the stateroom next ours. I had secreted Hallowell's plans and was taking them to Washington ..."

"And all the while," broke in Hilda, unstably, "The Yellow Typhoon and Lysgaard were in the steerage, disguised, watching us ... how far gone Berta must have been, John, her own sister ... the man who had been her husband ... what a terrific way she must have gone!"

"Then the attempt on the way over." Mathison filled in the silence that seemed almost to palpitate between them with the strange personality of the dead girl. "And the way you, every time, dear, interviewed. And the fight I fought with myself! Against the fascination, the dear warm fascination you held for me, and my shrinking fear of your identity. If Berta had not been, in fact, your sister, dear, I should not be able to forgive myself. Since she was, I feel that my suspicion must necessarily be somewhat condoned. Small wonder that I thought as I did!"

"I used to feel sometimes," said Hilda, rather dreamily, "as tho', even now, Berta was holding from me the thing I wanted most even as she had done in childhood. I knew, too, on that sea voyage, dear. I knew so surely, so sweetly, with such a pang of pleasure and of pain. And I thought that the best and the worst of it would be that I would have to hang my knowledge to my breast, solitarily. I thought you could never care for me ... because of The Yellow Typhoon."

They sat in silence for awhile, and it almost seemed to them in that hushed hour as tho' the tumultuous, restless spirit of The Yellow Typhoon breathed between them—was it compassionately?

"Then we landed," whispered Hilda, "and I followed you to your hotel. I took the suite above you. I was not sure but I had every reason to believe that Berta and Lysgaard would also go to the same place. I had a twofold reason there for wishing you to reach Washington safely. My love of my country and my love of ... my man. I determined that no vigilance ever known should surpass mine. Waking and sleeping you should be under my surveillance. And you were. I knew that night, that red and terrible night, that the sounds I heard in your room beneath my own, were not the sounds you made in preparing for bed. I had come to know your every movement, dear. To anticipate, to follow. I had come to thrill to each sound you made after the key turned in your latch. On that night, things were different. There was no deliberate dropping of two shoes ... how I used to smile at the same deliberation, my own. There was no soft whispering following the short sharp shower in your bath. There was no shuffling and rustling of innumerable newspapers before the light was snapped out. I followed the régime that night ... and it was not the same."

"I knew it was The Yellow Typhoon at work. "My love of you formed for me, then, a sort of protective barrier against the thing I had to do. If it had not been you I was going to protect, perhaps to save, there might have come to me the chill that I was giving my own sister, my nearest of flesh and blood, over to the law. I might have been halted in my rigorous duty, for the sake of a softer tie. But that might nothing mattered—only you. I thought of your deep friendship for Hallowell—now dead. I thought of the courageous sea trip you had made, guarding those plans, his plans, with your life, for honor's sake. I thought of ... oh, love, forgive my heart talking to me in that hour ... I thought of
the moon-flooded nights at sea when your dear heart spoke, in your eyes, to me, and your dear mute mouth was still.

"There they were! Berta and Lysgaard, over your trunk, mumbling up your papers, throwing your things aside. Berta, my sister, and the man who was the aider and abetter of the crimes that were making her infamous... It was a bitter sort of moment, if it had not been for my love of you!"

"And you held them at bay," the man whispered, half inaudibly, "there, in the night, alone, splendidly, until I came with the police who had called me to the desk in order that I might disprove the lies Lysgaard had been spreading about me. The police were with me at a fortuitous moment. They saw The Yellow Typhoon and her mate. They caught them with the papers... and I think, dear, oh, I feel certain that after Lysgaard started the firing it was the police who shot them down. Your revolver and mine had nothing to do, Hilda, with the two who are no more.

"It is hard to evolve out of a chaos of shouts and groans and threats and pleas any sort of clear conception, and yet, oddly enough, something told me, some instinct, that I should know just what was transpiring, precisely what was transpiring. The same instinct told me that I should need it. After this is over, ran thru my mind, after this is over I shall need to make some sort of explanation. I think it must have been your valiant courage in holding your own flesh and blood at bay for the greater sake of a greater cause. That fired me, dear. The last doubt, too, had fallen from me. I saw the likeness and I saw the difference... I saw the same flesh and the same blood, the same features, the same lines, the color of The Yellow Typhoon that drove men mad for love of her and the spirit of a brooding Madonna in your eyes. I know that. An instinct deeper than I can fathom tells me that this is so. It is so. Dear...

"It is all over with her now, poor, passionate soul," Hilda murmured. "I hope she is at rest... she never was in life. I like to think that that little smile on her mouth was one of commiseration for all the pain she had caused on earth and one of hope for the salvation she was going to find in Heaven."

"Amen to that," said Mathison; hers was a consuming expiation.

The fire fell away and the room was in darkness. Mathison stooped over and replenished the logs. When he had done, the flames leaped forth again and fell athwart the walls in broad bands of scarlet and gold.

Hilda lifted her head with the old confidence, the old gladness. "And then," she said, "we took the plans to Washington and delivered them, just, I know, as Hallowell would have wished us to do. You were so still on that trip. You had seen The Yellow Typhoon. You knew the relationship that had so confused you with its likeness, yet still you kept silence..."

"I was so ashamed," whispered the man, "of my doubt of you... of you..."

"The committee commended you for your loyal services," his wife went on, "and then they asked you my identity. You turned to me, and I must have answered you with eyes and lips and touch, for you bowed and said: 'Gentlemen, my future wife!' and I said: 'Yes...'

"With the said Washingtonians not quite sure what it was all about, and I at a loss to reply... and then..."

"But you did," he said, "you did reply."

(I knew, too, on that sea voyage, dear. I knew so surely, so sweetly, with such a pang of pleasure and of pain.)
Emily Chichester has just come into prominence in Goldwyn productions. She scored something of a hit with Pauline Frederick in "The Woman in Room 13" and the discerning screen observers predict all sorts of good things for her.
Your hands express your real self. Be sure you manicure them the right way

How you can have hands as well groomed as these

The consciousness of un-becoming or unattractive clothes may hurt—but it cannot strike deep down as can the fear that you are judged wanting in real refinement. That you are judged unmistakably lacking in personal nicety.

How uncomfortable this fear can make you! How many times magnified any shortcoming which may cause it becomes in your own eyes!

Of all the indications of personal refinement the most significant, next to personal cleanliness, is well-kept nails. To many, ill-kept nails indicate more than carelessness, they indicate actual vulgarity.

A few minutes of the right kind of care, once or twice a week, will keep your nails and cuticle always exquisite. The most important part of the manicure is the care of the cuticle. You must never cut it, for cutting ruins the cuticle. But with the Cutex way you can always have perfect nails and cuticle.

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package). Dip it in the bottle of Cutex and work around the base of the nails. Then wash the hands, gently pushing back the cuticle with a towel. The surplus cuticle will disappear, leaving a firm, even, delicate base.

If you like snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nail. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. For an especially brilliant lasting polish, use Cutex Paste Polish first, then the Cutex Cake or Powder Polish.

If your cuticle has a tendency to dry or grow coarse, apply a bit of Cutex Cold Cream each night. This cream was especially prepared to keep the hands and cuticle soft and fine.

Give yourself a Cutex manicure regularly, once or twice a week, and you can have nails that you are always proud of.

Cutex is on sale at all drug and department stores. Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35 cents—the Cuticle Remover comes also in 65-cent bottles.

Six manicures for 20 cents
Mail this coupon below with 20c and we will send you a complete Introductory Manicure Set, not as large as our standard sets but containing enough of the Cutex products to give you at least 6 manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

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Mildred, Descendant of William

By FRANCES GRAY

just plastered with pictures of movie actresses, and I liked the ones who wore curls and ruffly dresses—like Mary Pickford and Viola Dana. So you can imagine how thrilled I was when I found I was going to play in the same cast with Miss Dana.

"We went to Washington to live when we first came out here from the East, and we came to California from Tacoma, Washington. But the Seattle newspapers claim that I'm from there, too. That's like the crook who said that Minneapolis and St. Paul were in an awful argument over where he came from. Only in his case Minneapolis said he was from St. Paul and St. Paul insisted that he was from Minneapolis.

"How did I happen to go into pictures?"

Photograph by Witter, L. A.

Mildred Davis, who plays opposite Harold Lloyd, is a descendant of William Penn, and she herself comes of a Quaker family. Although she is but nineteen, she has had much screen experience with Mutual, Metro, Bluebird and Pathé.
How Famous Movie Stars Keep their Hair Beautiful

PROPER SHAMPOOING is what makes beautiful hair. It brings out all the real life, lustre, natural wave and color, and makes it soft, fresh and luxuriant.

Your hair simply needs frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, but it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soap. The free alkali in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it. This is why leading motion picture stars, theatrical people and discriminating women use WATKINS MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO.

This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it. Two or three teaspoonsful will cleanse the hair and scalp thoroughly. Simply moisten the hair with water and rub it in. It makes an abundance of rich, creamy lather, which washes out easily, removing every particle of dust, dirt, dandruff and excess oil.

The hair dries quickly and evenly, and has the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is. It leaves the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to do up.

You can get MULSIFIED COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO at any drug store. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

Splendid for Children.
THE R. L. WATKINS CO.,
Cleveland, Ohio.
Lucky Wanda

Little blonde Miss Hawley is about the most fortunate girl in the cinema world. Almost unknown a year ago, she is now a screen star herself—shining in the Realart firmament.
It is recorded that to someone who once asked Whistler with what he mixed his colors to achieve such wonderful paintings, the artist replied with the single word, "Brains."

And if we were asked why it is that Pathé Features are so unfailingly good we should have to reply that it is because of the brains that collaborate in their making.

The best writers, the leading directors, the greatest stars, the most competent producers collaborate in their making and the result is—photoplays of real merit. Constructed with regard for the essentials of true drama, abounding in tense situations, unexpected episodes, striking conclusions, Pathé Features hold one's attention from start to finish—through their vivid portrayal of the impulses and emotions that make up life itself.

Pathé Features are the best achievements of today in screen entertainment. There is a Motion Picture Theatre in your vicinity that shows them. It will be easy for you to find it!

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Blanche Sweet in Beyond Viller's play, "The Boudoir Box," a Jesse B. Hampton production.


"His Struggle," from the play of Ignatius Thomae, an Edwin Carewe production.

"Dollar for Dollar," a Frank Kreig production.

Blanche Sweet in "Simple Souls," a Jesse B. Hampton production from John Heidt's novella.

"Sherry," from Eugene Barr; McMurtrie's famous book, an Edwin Lewis production.

"The Little Cafe," from the very successful play adapted from the French by F. M. E. McPherson, starring Max Linder.


Pathé Exchange, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York
Sidetracked
(Continued from page 21)

and fragrant as the Daintiest Perfume

Donté solves the problem. You apply Don'té to the skin with a little water, that's all. Don'té removes superfluous and undesirable hair, but also prevents its return, as it works under as well as on the skin. Don'té cleanses and softens the skin; it leaves it smooth and in perfect condition. Don'té is endorsed by leading practitioners.

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Spirit Guide Ouija Board

equipped with pencil for the purpose of writing messages on paper. OUIJA BOARD is available only through our agents. You can find these agents in every large city and county seat. They are listed in the phone book and marked "Spirit Guide Ouija Board Co.

Ouija Boards are not sold by mail. The person writing the message is seated at the board, and the pencil is held above the table. The pencil traces a line, and the person writing the message points to the letters as they are written. This is a very interesting and educational form of entertainment. It is a great way to pass the time and have fun with friends.

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The Ouija Board was first introduced in 1860 by the medium Mrs. Emma自动, but it was not until the 1920s that it gained popularity as a form of entertainment. The board consists of a flat surface with symbols or letters arranged in a circle. The medium places their hand on the board and moves it around while speaking a message. The board then the medium is able to use their hand to spell out the message. The Ouija Board is a fun and interesting way to pass the time and have fun with friends.

Illustrated Ouija Board, Commercial Artist, make big money. You can earn $25 to $100 a week and more Learning is fun in spare time under personal direction of Will H. Churchill, famous newspaper, magazine and advertising artist, 25 years experience. The Art of the Ouija Board, with step-by-step instructions, 200 pages, 150 illustrations, 60 cents. S. Knickerbocker Studios, 308 Quincy Rd, N.Y.C.

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made him an offer, and as he had become fascinated with this new art, he promptly accepted. So, instead of carrying his bride back to New York, as he had planned, he remained to direct her pictures and the successful combination of Bennett & Co., Inc., was effected!

"I came to stay two weeks and have remained two years," said Mr. Niblo. "I sent for my belongings, we bought this house, and for the first time in my life I have a real home."

"See what you got by marrying me!" teased Enid.

"The home is only the frame for the picture!" gaily retorted Fred, with his grandest bow.

"Fred's weakness is prowling about the book-stores, and he is on intimate terms with all the book-collectors in the vicinity," remarked Miss Bennett, as we entered the cozy library opening off the drawing-room.

"This room is the heart of the house, for this is where we really live," proudly announced Mr. Niblo. "Here we study our scripts, work out new bits and plan many of the scenes that finally reach the screen."

The mahogany book-cases lining the room contain an extensive and rare collection which is a veritable treasure-house and makes one long for unlimited hours in which to dip into its riches. Above the books are a number of autographed portraits of famous actors, suggesting many happy stage associations.

The third floor of the house is one long room, which they have merrily dubbed the Chamber of Horrors, for here are the remarkable souvenirs and relics which Mr. Niblo collected during his extensive foreign travels.

"Fred and I had such fun arranging these things," said Enid, as we examined the treasures, representing many nations, tribes and peoples, "for he told me the interesting story connected with each one and how and where he secured it."

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed. "How does he escape his grip?"

"Oh, he doesn't," began Enid. "He longs to be up and away whenever he hears of a boat-sailing."

"When we finish our contract we are going on a long, long trip," continued Mr. Niblo. "We will take our cameras and weave one or two reel stories against a background of travel. I was the first to take motion pictures into Africa, and I want to cover the same country again — with Enid."

At the far end of the room is a pool-table, and tho Miss Bennett admits that husband defeats her with tantalizing regularity, yet the lure will not be downed and they indulge in a spirited game every night after dinner.

"And your fads?" I asked the little star, as we returned to the drawing-room.

"I have none except — Fred!" she answered. "I love my work, my home, my garden and my two dogs — here they are now!"

(Maybelline

One of the many beautiful stage and screen stars, who use and highly recommend Maybelline BEAUTY AIDS.

Mae Murray

An Ideal, Harmless Preparation for Darkening
Eyelashes and Eyebrows

With the use of MAYBELLINE you can darken your eyelashes and make them appear much longer, thicker, and more luxuriant than they really are. It adds wonderfully to one's beauty, charm and attractiveness for the eyebrows and lashes to be darker than the natural color of the hair. Its use will make your eyes appear much larger and will give to them that deep, soft, sparkling expression which so fascinates everyone. Each box of MAYBELLINE contains mirror and brush for applying. Very simple to use, merely moisten brush with water, rub over cage of MAYBELLINE and apply. One box will last for months. Two shades: Black and Brown.

Lash-Brow-Ine

has long been recognized as the most beneficial preparation for nourishing and promoting the natural growth of the eyebrows and lashes. Stars of the stage, and screen, society beauties, and hundreds of thousands of women everywhere, use and recommend these greatest of all beauty aids — why not you? We guarantee you will be delighted, with these preparations, if not, the full price paid will be refunded.

Maybelline At Your Dealer's Lash-Brow-Ine
Price 75c
Price 50c

To avoid disappointment with imitations, always look for picture of "The Maybell Girl" — as below — which adorns every box of each preparation.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4305-73 Grand Blvd.,
Chicago

"The MAYBELL GIRL"

(Sixty-seven)
Shorty
(Continued from page 37)

almost two years with Harry Pollard, enjoying comedy, since humor appeals to
Antrim Short, and finally with Bob
Vignola, his close friend and a man
whom he fairly worships. I liked his
enthusiasm when describing Mr. Vignola.

“There will be a lot of good directors,
then, now that the country has gone dry,”
Mr. Short said, sagely.

With Vivian Martin, Antrim Short
appeared in “The Petticoat Pilot” and
“The Third Kiss,” later with Constance
Talmadge in “Romance and Arabella,”
and in a propaganda story which came
into being a little later, as the armistice
was declared—that was “The Yellow
Ticket,” you remember.

“With Bert Lytell, in ‘The Right of
Way,’ I play a good part. I like ‘em to
change from crooks to sweethearts,
drunken younger brothers to dudish
chappies with monocles, boys—like in
‘Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm’—and all
that stuff, you know,” he volunteered.

“You’re talking about Universal City,
get back home and to mother’s cooking,” he smiled cheerily
again. “Funny how we all hike again to
Universal, isn’t it? Well, you’re sure of
a square meal when you belong to that
outfit, anyway. I’m welcome at Daddy
Laemmle’s table any time—quite com-
forting too!”

“Do you fly often?” we ventured.

“Three times a week I go to Crescent
Junction and Wilshire Boulevard, to the
Mercury Field, and it’s the one big hobby
of my life—nothing on earth can compare
with flying,” answered the young
man, as he described enthusiastic circles
with his arms. “I am a speed-crank
and you can get up speed on earth.
I have to walk to the studio every
day, because I am so afraid of the speed
cops.”

“Automobile racing ought to suit you!”

“I want to awfully—I mean race. I
think there’s less danger of smash-ups in
the air than on the track, so, for my
part, the ship is good enough for speed.
Mother hasn’t much time for auto
races!”

“And I suppose you’re a very obedient
son?”

“I should say. Mother says I run a
very good average—as boys go.”

AN ORIENTAL LOVE SONG
By James Franklin Mullaney

Your aleness turns the light of day to dusk;
The sun that laughed to see you hides and
grieves;
Your garments hold their lavender and music.
And scent of saffron leaves.

When you are near, my heart was as cold
And sad as winter, sheep and chilly songs.
For happy sunlight kisses fields with gold—
The joyous poppy brings;

The fragrant fringed stars your glittering
hair,
And perfumes hours, and freely beautifies.
Your eyes reflect like pools of silence where
The louts, sleeping, dies.

As with a cord, thick-twisted, of bamboo,
My life is bound to yours till its last breath;
Even then my soul will rise and follow you
Across that stream called “Death.”

Lift Corns Out
With Fingers

A few drops of Frezone upon a touchy
corn or a callus. The soreness stops and shortly
the entire corn or callus loosens and can be lifted
off without a twinge of pain.

Freezone removes hard corns, soft
corns, also corns between the toes and
hardened calluses. Frezone does not
irritate the surrounding skin. You feel
no pain when applying it or afterward.

Women! Keep a tiny bottle of
Freezone on your dresser and never
let a corn ache twice.

Tiny bottle costs few cents
at drug stores—anywhere.

Select your own
subject—love, patriotism—
write what the heart dictates,
then submit your poem to us.
We write the music and guarantee publish-
er’s acceptance. Our leading composer is
Mr. Leo Friedman

one of America’s well-known musicians, the author
of many song successes, such as “Meet Me Tonight
in Dreamland,” “Let Me Call You Sweetheart,”
“When I Dream of Old Erin,” and others of
which millions of copies have been sold in many
languages as you wish. Don’t delay. Get Fingers—
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is necessary so long as
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are worn. It assists freedom of move-
ment, unattended brace, modestly elegance and
correct style. That is why
“they all use Delatone”

Delatone is an old and well known scient-
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quick, safe and certain
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thick or stubborn. After
application the skin is
clear, firm and beautiful,
with no pain or discol-
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mand Delatone for
re- enement of objectionable
hair from face, neck or
arms.

Delatone and Delatone
or any of our leading
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THE SHEFFIELD PHARMACEUTICAL CO.
Dept. 399, W. Wilson Ave., Chicago, Ill.

(Sixty-eight)
For the Soul of Raphael

(Continued from page 43)

Then the sound of his footsteps hurrying into the hacienda. Marta lifted her face to the sky. Perhaps—yonder Doña Luisa was peering down, reminding her of her vow—"to save the soul of Raphael—"

She stepped out into the moonlight, facing the hard look of the golden-haired American, "You do not love him—love saves. You would destroy him, body and soul," Marta said steadily. "I will not let you have his soul!"

"What are you going to do about it?" sneered the other woman, secure in the knowledge of her power. "You talk like a third-rate melodrama!"

Marta came close to her. Her eyes flashed, but her voice was low and controlled. "I have made a vow to the Mother of God to stand guard over the soul of Raphael."

A snarl behind them drew their eyes to the figure of Raphael Arteaga, face convulsed with anger, strange-colored fires flashing from the jewels he held in his hand. "You! I have had enough of you! Take your vow back to God!"

The golden-haired woman laughed softly. After all, marriage would be more of a triumph; then she screamed.

For a tall figure, head swathed in bandages, he stepped from the window and seized the arm raised above Marta's head. Raphael whirled, stumbled, tried to save himself and fell, the knife still in his hand. On the ground a shadowy figure writhed once or twice with a hiccupping sound and then lay quite still.

The golden-haired woman screamed again and began to laugh insanely as she bent over the dead thing that had been Raphael.

In the bright sunlight Marta and Keith Bryton faced one another. "A judgment of God," shuddered Marta, "a judgment—"

"Beloved!" Keith cried, "oh, beloved, thank God I came in time!" And he would have taken her into his arms, but she shook her head.

"Not—yet," she whispered; "we must not think of ourselves now." Her face, pure like that of some waxen saint in a sacristy, was turned upward to the sky, "Mother of Sorrows," prayed Marta, "intercede with Thy Son for the soul of Raphael—"

Movie Encyclopedia

LOUIS DARZILABLE—Yes, the Talmadge girls will write to you. That was a real octopus in "Girl of the Sea." Lillian Gish in "The Tiger Girl." It was originally called "The Lily and the Rose." How do you know whether or not Mary Pickford is afraid of toads? Ask her yourself.

J. M. H. Jr.—Don't know how you can get in touch with Dorothy Dalton unless you write to her personally. She is very busy, you know. Some one said they were going to put Aphrodite in overalls. No, I wasn't in that overall parade.

MARGUERITE—No, my name is that, and you can bribe me with either. You write a mighty clever letter. Alan Forrest is playing with Lottie Pickford. Surely Mary is a Canadian. Can't give you the name of the Minter picture taken in Ottawa.
"Yes," said Stone.
"Then read this!"
"This" proved to be the leading part in a melodrama named "Side-tracked."

Stone read it... cues and all.
"That will do," said Skannon.

He then explained that he had a company on the road, playing Canada, and that the manager was taking the place of the leading man who was too ill to finish the season. "When can you leave?" he added.

"I had been trying to find work for several weeks and was feeling somewhat at a loss as to what I should do," said Stone. "Here was a decision apparently made for me by heaven. I accepted, and joined the company at Belleville, Canada."

"At first, the company treated me royally. One by one they buttonholed me and told me how much they liked my work and how glad they were that I could finish the season with them. Then one by one they told me what theater I had been playing in when they had seen me and what type of part they were certain suited me best. At last, when I could stand it no longer, I got them all together and informed them that I had never been on the stage before in my life. After this, it was thumbs down. They treated me like the outsider I had announced myself to be."

There was a moment's pause.
"Do you think that luck is the biggest factor of success on the stage?" I asked.
"I think that it is an important factor of success not only on the stage, but everywhere," he said.

"Certainly an actor of no very great ability is often exceedingly successful because he has been given exactly the right part under the best possible conditions. But isn't the same thing true of non-professionals? How many men have been given credit for foresight and sagacity when, if the truth were known, all of the credit would be given to luck!"

After finishing his first season, Stone returned to New York, where he appeared in "Hunny" at the Hudson Theatre. He came West in 1906 and was leading man at the Delasco Theater in Los Angeles for six years. It was in 1907 that he married Margaret Langham, and she retired from the stage, never to return to it again. Her death occurred three years ago while Stone was at Plattsburg, training to "do his bit" in the world war. Some of Stone's best-known stage parts were in such plays as "The Bird of Paradise," with Laurette Taylor; "The Misleading Lady," "Inside the Lines," and, more recently, "Where Poppies Bloom," with Marjorie Rambeau.

Bashful Bobby
(Continued from page 17)

Any one who could have such an effect on the hardened door guardian must be unusual. And Griffith was right—for the unknown was little Mary Pickford.

Another story relates the way Mary Pickford brought the Gishes to the studio.

Lillian and Dorothy stood outside the office railing while Mary introduced them to Griffith. "Have you seen Mrs. Griffith," said the director, "when they're on that side of the fence you needn't worry—once they're on this side things may be different."

Whereat little Mary looked Griffith in the eye and said: "I'm not afraid of any one on either side of that fence!"

But to return to Harron himself. Bobbie has an odd sense of humor—a sort of quiet appreciation. Most of all, however, he loves formality. "Hey, Griff," is the way he launches his remarks to the man who stands at the forefront of the photoplay. Neither does Harron talk pro and con about the art of the screen. "Oh, this making of motion pictures," he remarks, when the word Art is drawn into the conversation. He hasn't been noticed in public. "I don't know what to do with my hands when people begin to look at me," he explains, inacuteness.

Imagine calling Bobbie Mr. Robert Harron!

When some one commented that Bobbie would be the last person in a crowd to be judged an actor, he sighed with genuine relief and said:

"Thank God!"

THE NAMBY-PAMBY OF A NUT;
DENTISTS
By F. P. Pilcher

Dentists were brought into the world to fill a long-felt want and other cavities at so much per day.

Dentistry always feels happiest when he is down in the mouth and it does not matter whose mouth he is down in.

The most comfortable for, while they can alter the face, they hate to face the altar. Dentists always like to hear a false set of voice.

Their favorite card game is "bridge."

They hate hypocrisy and admire an open countenance. The longer it is open the better they like it.

A dentist always likes to look you in the face and then charge you for it.

To put gold caps on teeth is his crowning glory and he enjoys it a bit when he knows that no charge can be made for capping the climax.

It is a well-known fact that dentistry has been practiced for many decades.

A dentist can stop the ache in your tooth even though the nerve is aching.

He is a drawing-room dentist and the detection of others immediately.

Dentists, as a rule, do not like college boys who are good at giving their respective college yells—they prefer poor roosters.

They are generally of good extraction.

A dentist's parlor could properly be referred to as a drawing-room parlor.

While most professions help the world generally, a dentist is always a drawback.

Most men in order to become successful need "push." A dentist needs "pull."

(Nevranyone)
Your Hair Needs “Danderine”

Save your hair and double its beauty. You can have lots of long, thick, strong, lustrous hair. Don’t let it stay lifeless, thin, scraggily or fading. Bring back its color, vigor and vitality. Get a 3¢-cent bottle of delightful “Danderine” at any drug or toilet counter to freshen your scalp; check dandruff and falling hair. Your hair needs stimulating, beautifying “Danderine” to restore its life, color, brightness, abundance. Hurry, Girls!

Write the Words For a Song

Write the words for a song. We revise song-poems, compose music for them, and guarantee to secure publication on a royalty basis by a New York music publisher. Our Lyric Editor and Chief Composer is a song-writer of national reputation and has written many big songs. Mail your song-poem on love, peace, victory or any other subject to us today. Poems submitted are examined free.

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“He Loved Her At First Sight”

Why? Because she had a satin skin. First impressions are lasting, so make them pleasing. Every one admires a satin skin in man or woman; it is captivating, irresistible, and the secret of a satin skin is hidden in Satin Skin Cream and Satin Skin Powder, the truest friends your skin can ever know. They do the things you most wish for, bring changes that add to your attractiveness. Your skin needs Satin Skin Powder to bring the blessing brought by Satin Skin Cream and Satin Skin Powder. Sold at the best toilet counters. There is no substitute for Satin, and it is not available to the public that is not satisfied. Seek the store that sells Satin.

How to Obtain Beautiful, Rich, Long, Eyelashes and Brows!

Every woman should be the rightful owner of beautiful eyes, the essentials of which are: First: Long, rich eyelashes; and Second: Well-colored eyebrows. No matter what color your eyes may be—gray, brown, blue—if they are shaded by thick, silky lashes, and well-shaped brows, their charm is greatly accentuated.

Nowadays, no one needs to be the dismayed possessor of short, thin, uneven brows and lashes; you can greatly assist Nature by simply applying a little of M. T.’s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier at night. This scientific preparation nourishes the eyelashes and eyebrows, causing them to become gradually thick and luscious, imparting sparkling expression to the eyes, and adding charm to the face.

M. T.’s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier, which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless; it is not a greasy, sticky salve, but a clean, nicely-perfumed cream, in a cut glass bottle with glass stopper and applicator. The colorless cream is perfect for daily use, and strengthens the particular follicles which produce rich, dark eyelashes.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY

Upon receipt of the impressions, I will send you postpaid, in plain wrapper, a bottle of M. T.’s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier together with my copyrighted booklet on Beauty Hints.

The following preparations are of highest standard and well recommended:

- M. T.’s Nature’s Beauty Cream, a wrinkle eradicator
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- M. T.’s Nature’s Beauty Cream, for stubborn freckles and tan

M. TRILETY, 1413 W. Binghamton, N. Y.

Katherine MacDonald, A.B.

(Continued from page 23)

In the one she is now making, “The Guests of Hercules,” she depicts a convent-bred girl of France, whose fortunes lead her to the hectic halls of Monte Carlo, where adventure, sorrow and guile waylay her, with love triumphant in the end.

“And what do you think?” she demanded, enthusiastically.

“The Prince of Monaco sent me a special invitation to bring my company over there and film the story in the halls of Monte Carlo itself, which, they tell me, have never been photographed.”

“And you are going, of course?” I urged, catching her enthusiasm and almost falling out of my chair in eagerness.

“Oh, no; I can’t. It would be too horribly expensive.”

Mother was crazy about the trip, and I think she got her things all packed in the expectation that I’d decide to go at the last minute. I’d have to take her along, you know—I’d spend every cent I have over the gambling tables if I didn’t have her to hold me down—but then, I’m not going.”

She finished with a sigh. “We took the Monte Carlo scenes at the Fairmont Hotel in San Francisco, and we inveigled all the guests into working in the picture. And they were wonderful!” she said, with conviction. “Many of them worked all night long, for several nights in succession—and they made it so much more realistic than it would have been with five-dollar-a-day extras.”

A studio pastry of some sort passed beside us and I asked Miss MacDonald what she desired for luncheon.

“Tea and a tooth-brush,” she replied promptly. “I lost mine this morning,” she added, to me, in explanation of her remarkable order.

Luncheon time reminded me that food as well as art had a place in Nature’s plan.

“Would you mind telling me,” I said, hesitatingly, as I rose to leave, “what kind of cold cream you use?”

She laughed again, unfazedly, but I paused, breathless, ready to jealously treasure forever the recipe of Katherine’s beauty.

“I know I ought to say some kind of imported cold cream,” she answered, a little ruefully, “but if you want the truth—”

In my excitement, I could feel my heart throbbing loudly—so loudly, in fact, that I was afraid I wouldn’t be able to hear the glorious secret.

I did! Indeed, yes! I leaned close.

“She loved me.”

“Well,” she confided, “I scrub my face and shampoo my hair with Life Buoy Bar soap—it costs five cents a cake and it was first recommended to me as fine for bathing dogs!”

So, gentle reader, I went out and bought a case of Life Buoy at five cents per cake. Of course, I haven’t the natural scenery to work on that Katherine MacDonald, A.B., has, but still—you never can tell. I’m hoping for the best.
Why Creams and Powders are Necessary

Science has proved that fifty percent of all skins are too dry; Twenty percent of all skins are dry or chapped; Ten percent of all skins are pimpled or covered with blackheads; All skins become darker, dryer, have a tendency to wrinkle and develop age spots unless nourished by proper creams and protected by the right powder.

How to Find the Cream You Need

Stand in a lighted room; examine your face carefully in a mirror; then study the chart.

The advice of Marinello Experts may be secured at our

Western Office: 1114 Malles Building, Chicago.
Eastern Office: 36th Fifth Avenue, New York.

Marinello Company

A beauty aid for every need.

Mildred, Descendant of William

(Continued from page 62)

To be perfectly frank, it was because I was offered thirty-five dollars a week to do child parts. At first my family was shocked, being Quakers, you know, but they finally let me do a picture for Mutual, called 'Little Miss Innocence.' I was so disappointed when I went to see it, because I was so ugly! I give you my word, I almost cried!

"All the actors treated me just like a child ... and, of course, I was," she smiled, (it seemed to me she should have said "am" instead of "was"). "And I had a wonderful time. I played with William Stowell, Bryant Washburn, Robert Gordon and Antrim Short. Mother always went with me to the studio and curled my hair, and every one teased me by saying "thee" and "thou" to me.

"The other girls at the studio laugh at me because I take such care of my health," she went on, with youthful seriousness. "I always go to bed early, because I know that nothing in the world spoils your looks quicker than late hours. When I have a caller I 'shoo' him out by eleven o'clock, (imagine, if you can, a six-foot Romeo being forcibly ejected by a diminutive Juliet of barely five feet), because I value my complexion more than I do anything else." "What do you do when you're not working at the studio?" I inquired.

"Why, I sew.

"Not really!" we interrupted, incredulously.

"Yes, I dressed dozens of dolls for the orphans' Christmas tree this year. You know Harold Lloyd was injured about two months ago by a hand-grenade which he thought was harmless, so we hasn't been able to do a thing until he is better. It's given me a nice long vacation, tho, and that's how I happened to have time to dress the dolls. Harold will be able to go to work in about two weeks, tho, so then it will be all work.

"I ride horseback, too," she continued, with naive pride, "so I'm just tickled to death that our next picture is going to be a Western. And I'll golf and study French," she added, as we complimented her versatility.

"I certainly don't believe in giving up your education just because you don't have time to go to school, do you?"

We agreed with her, but it would be hard to disagree with this magnetic young person on any point.

"But when do you find time to study?" we ventured.

"Oh, I take my books to the studio and study between scenes." (Think of trying to conjugate French verbs in the midst of the noise and bustle of a film studio!) "But that's not any worse," she added, "than trying to study with Jack in the room hurdlng chairs à la Dong Fairbanks!"

Jack, her small brother, was at that moment leading a parade across the lawn, composed of himself as Harold Lloyd and two playmates made up as Charlie Chaplin and "Fatty" Arbuckle.
The last corn

When you end your corn with Blue-jay, it will be the last corn you let grow.

You will know how to stop the pain. And how to quickly and completely end all corns.

There are millions who use Blue-jay now, and they never let a corn remain.

The new-day way

Blue-jay is the new-day way, the scientific method.

It was perfected in a laboratory world-famed for its surgical dressings.

It is supplanting the many treatments which are harsh and inefficient.

It has made paring as ridiculous as it is unsafe, for paring doesn't end corns.

Do this tonight:

Apply to a corn a Blue-jay plaster or the liquid Blue-jay—whichever you prefer.

Mark how the pain stops. Then wait a little and the corn will loosen and come out.

What that corn does all corns will do. Some 20 million corns a year are ended in this way.

Don't suffer corns. Don't have your feet disfigured. They can be ended almost as easily as a dirt-spot on your face. They are just as inexcusable.

Don't forget this. It means too much to you.

Ask your druggist for Blue-jay.

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50 to $150 A WEEK WRITING STORIES & PHOTO-PLAYS
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MOTION PICTURE

"Jackie nearly embarrasses me to death when we go to see one of my pictures," she continued. "He gets so worked up over seeing me on the screen that he shouts so everybody can hear, 'Mother, what's sister goin' to do next?'

"How do you make yourself cry before the camera?" we asked, hoping to learn some of the little secrets of the screen.

"Oh, that's the best thing I do," she laughed. "Just let them play some soft music on a violin, and they have to get a bucket to catch my tears. One day I sobbed so long and so hard that the camera-man got worried. I guess he thought there'd be a death in my family, or at least that I'd lost my job, because he patted me on the back and said, 'Little girl, what are you crying for?' I said, 'Nothing' and kept right on crying. He looked at me with his face a blank, as if to say, 'Well, women are certainly Chinese puzzles.'

"Of course, it's not always easy to do what they tell you," Mildred continued. "One time I was made to walk on the edge of a roof after the director had threatened and coerced me for an hour. I screamed, 'I won't, I won't!' all the time I was doing it."

"Do you ever want to go on the legitimate stage?" we asked.

"No," she answered, emphatically, "unless I get too old and wrinkled to play in pictures. Then," she said, "I'll make my living dancing on the legit."

"But don't you think if you were too old for pictures, you'd also be too old to dance?" we remonstrated.

"No, indeed! I'm keeping up my dancing now to this very reason," she assured me. Imagine a nineteen-year-old slip of a girl keeping "limbered up" against approaching old age!

When we left, she walked to the front gate with us, with her arm linked in ours. Standing on the front walk was little brother's brand new one-man-power automobile in bright blue splendor, where it had been abandoned for the more interesting diversion of a Chaplin-Lloyd-Ar buckle parade. Mildred pointed to it laughing; "Our new Stutz," she said, "Want to go for a ride?"

"Get away from our machine!" shouted young Jack, peremptorily calling the parade to a sudden halt in order to look after his property, interests, and mistaking our mild interest for covetousness.

"Nobody can ride in it but me and Charlie and Fatty!"

You see, a film star's little brother is no different from yours and mine. And far be it from us to try to crowd "Fatty" out of any seat, so we declined with thanks and left Mildred wending Jackie for his ruddy face, just like any big sister, and not a bit like a film star—or a descendant of William Penn.

THE WILDEST WEST

FLORA—My kid brother doesn't know whether to go to Texas or Arizona to learn to be a cowboy.

FAUSS—Send him to Los Angeles. There are more cowboys in the movies than anywhere else these days.
Gossip of the Pacific Coast
(Continued from page 50)

matinee idol with the old Broncho company? He's back again in pictures, supporting Enid Bennett in "The Incubus." Tom happened to be the first actor who ever donned evening attire for Thomas H. Ince. He hesitates in describing the detail of that eventful day, but he does say that his appearance in the pick-and-span regalia caused no little consternation among the free-and-easy Western "types" which infested Inceville when cow-joy and Indian thrillers were the big gag of the day and when soup-and-fish was looked upon as too elite and exclusive to ever make a hit on the screen!

And, speaking of Ince, one recalls that a coterie of New York chorus girls in William Rock's vaudeville revue which played at the Orpheum quite took the Ince studio by storm. Rock, Frances White's late partner, is an Angelena, quite a friend of Thomas H.'s. The girls were stunning, and even the feminine stars paid considerable attention to their clothes. After wandering about the studio for some time, two of the girls became confused and could not find their party. Seeing them standing helplessly near a "set," a stage-hand volunteered the information that Rock and the rest of his entourage were just over there behind a bank of Cooper Hewitts.

Both choristers stood unimpressed, and at length, one, turning to the stage-hand, remarked, haughtily:

"Speak plainer, please. We're stage ladies and can't understand yer furrin' lingo."

That good-looking younger brother of Anita Stewart, George, is making rapid strides to stardom, having been cast to play opposite Mildred Harris Chaplin in "Old Dad." George has only been out here a few months, but already has played important parts with both William Russell and Mary Miles Minter. His "pal" at this writing is "Buster" Collier, son of the famed Willie, who has come to Los Angeles on a vacation. George is working on a "set" adjoining his sister's at the studio. Anita is filming Kathleen Norris' magazine story, "Harriet and the Piper," which includes one of the most famous casts ever assembled in a picture. Ward Crane, remembered as the vile villain of "The Luck of the Irish," is the professional devil of virtue again, while Charles Richman is the leading man and Irving Cummings figures prominently. And Myrtle Stedman plays a vampire.

And, at the same studio, House Peters and Jane Novak are co-stars in an Alaskan tale by Curwood, which Edwin Carewe is producing. Really, these Alaskan dramas made in sunny California are extraordinary. They get the snow effect by sprinkling the stage with a concoction which smells like mothballs and nearly depopulates the studio, while the sledgedogs, which actually hailed from the...
A Dreamer of Dreams

(Continued from page 47)

wouldn’t take a chance of their being laid up, even if they wanted to take the chance themselves, which very frequently they did not. He quit doubing when he was given his first part in support of Jacky Saunders. He went from Balboa to Al Christie and then became a “free-lance.” He has been married for three years and has an eighteen-months-old baby girl.

“Is her hair curly?” I asked.

“Not as much so as we could wish. Her mother has beautiful hair—auburn—the baby is blonde.”

“One thing I am thankful for,” he said, “is that I cannot imagine myself being handed a part which would be entirely outside my experience in life. I’ve done a little bit of every kind of work. I’ve been in fairly comfortable circumstances and I’ve been completely against it.”

His worst experience of this kind was during the influenza epidemic only a year ago.

“I was free-lancing then,” he said, “and, like most actors, I used to spend everything I made as fast as I could make it. Then along came the flu and closed all the studios. I didn’t let my wife know how badly off we were. I simply suggested that she visit her mother while I spent several weeks in Los Angeles looking for some sort of engagement. Of course, there were no engagements to be had anywhere. I began to pawn things. The last to go was my dress-suit. I remember thinking, as I came out of that pawnshop, that if I did get an engagement I wouldn’t have anything to wear. But the studios remained closed and I lived for three weeks on oatmeal crust without any sugar or milk to make it more palatable.”

But there’s no more oatmeal mush ahead of Landis.

BALLADE OF INDIFFERENCE

By Charlotte Becker

The Phyllis changed grave moods to gay,
And Phoebe’s smile made sorrow flee,
The Amaryllis’ eyes of grey
And laughing mouth were good to see.

Thou Chloë dimpled merrily,
And Dolly’s glance once were dear,
They left my fickle heart-string-free—

What matter smiles of yesteryear?

The once when Gladys said me nay,
I sighed an hour at her decree;
The Soup scored scintillating wish to stay
And gave no heed unto my plea.

Thou sometimes Julia held the key
That bored my heart to hope and fear.
For these I write no elegy—
What matter woes of yesteryear?

The Audrey in her blithesome way
Would quip and jest with roguish glee,
And Alice made the dullest day
Glory bright with wit and jollity.

Who could have guessed it in
In cleverness that I might hear
Thou all were charming, I agree—
What matter words of yesteryear?

Dearest, you know I’d rather be
Discussing bread and kisses here—
Where other maidens mean naught to me—

What matter loves of yesteryear?
"^Anavk a An

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"

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or
of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address
inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of
this magazine.
Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end
of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear.
Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or
other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn.

I

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list

all

Just Agnes.

—Why dont you have some good
and send them

pictures taken

in to the

Fame

and Fortune Contest? There's no use talking
to you. because persons in love generally reMargaret
solve first and reason afterwards.
Shelby is playing opposite her sister in "Jenny
Be Good."
Mavove S. Why speak of the North Pole
Robert E. Peary, then a
this nice weather?
commander in the U. S. Navy, reached the
North Pole on April 6, 1909. He survived
the Arctic winters, but he could not survive
ours.
The U. S. Government raised him to
Rear-Admiral. Is Conway Tearle married?
Yes, to
Ha. ha. he, he, and likewise ho, ho
Adele Rowland.
Pearl White's Double. Yes, sure, come in
any time. You say you would be willing to
hide in an ashcau just to get a peep at Robert
Leonard. Very well, you have my permission,
but vou'll have to ask Mae Murray. Yes, May
Allison in "The Walk-Offs."
B. E. H.
No. Lewis J. Cody's name is not
pronounced like a fish. Both at Los Angeles,
Cal.
I think they would.
By all means enclose the quarter.
You say you have named

—

!

—

—

pet kitten "Tony Lew." after Tony
Moreno and Lew Cody. I'm sure the two
p-entlemen will feel higlily honored. You dont

your

like Tony in serials.
Neither do I. He should
be vamping in star dramas.
Figure it out for yourself. AcJ. T. B.

—

cording to "Elliott on Usury," one cent,
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per cent., compounded annuallv, on Jan. 1, 1895,

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610.070,OOU,000,UOU,000 spheres of gold the size
of our earth to pay the debt.

—

Red Rose. Good morning! Leave all cares
behind, ye who enter here. Monte Blue is in
Los Angeles now.
TooDLES.— I'm listening! Yes, and one half
of the world doesn't know how the other half
lives
until it comes out in the divorce courts.
Dot Gish is up at Mamaroneck, N. Y. It
would take up too much room to print the
cast of "Hearts of the World."
Send a
stamped, addressed envelope and I will send
it to you.
Mary Pickford's hair is real, and I

—

might add. her own.

—

Fagcaty Ann. So you think I am a pretty
good old scout. No. not old scout, for in spite
of my 79 winters. I am still a Boy Scout. Oh,
I still have my eye teeth and my wisdom teeth,
and several others.
King Vidor played in
"The Turn in the Road" and "The Family
Honor." He also produced "The Other Half"
and he is now producing "The Jack Knife
Man."
Little Brown-Eyed Vamp. Once and for

—

everybody join in the chorus. Richard
Barthelmess is not married.
You say you
have "wonderful limbs and a beautiful form"
in a bathing suit.
Page Mack Sennett. J.
Stuart Blackton produced "The House of the

all,

Tolling Bell."
F.

F.,

Milwaukee.

From two
"Trouble."

to

five

He's

—A

once famous

years.

always in

(Seventy-seven)

Al

St.

city.

John

trouble.

in

Mary

Miles Minter in "Jenny Be Good." "The More
Excellent Way" is an old Vitagraph. but just
being released with Anita Stewart.
Helen A. Yes, so long as our hearts pos-

—

our minds will foster delusions.
Harry Morey was in North Carolina. Blanche
Sweet in "Leona Goes a-Hunting." Robert
Ellis is directing.
Couldn't give you that cast
Takes up too much room.
here.
Alcide, Vancouver. Yes. send it in. Mary
Pickford and Harold Goodwin played in
sess desires,

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"Heart

of

the

Hills."

Universal

produced

"The Devil's Passkey." Please, please, do not
compare my energy with that of Niagara
They both
Falls, nor with perpetual motion.
did and will not finish till cendone.
LcoNEY. Write it in English. Reminds me
of Garibaldi, Italy's famous patriot, who once
wrote a novel which was published in six
languages, but never paid in any. Yes, Mary
Miles Minter in "Nurse Marjorie." The expression "A bird in the hand is worth two
in the bush" is from Don Quixote.
I'm sure
she will write you.
Movie Fan. Y'ou have Norma Talmadge's
correct address.
Be patient. She is a very
busy little lady.
Constance Binney, Realart
Pictures, 469 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. C.
Bessie
Love played in "The Midlanders."
Large. Thanks for the fee, old chappie
Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Chaplin are not Jewish.
Neither is Martha Mansfield, but Mr. Florenz
Ziegfeld and Mr. Joseph .Schenck are.
But
what difference does it make?
Sure write
again.
Pleasant company is always accepted.
Hugh M. B., Wildsville.— Little late, but
the best I could do.
You can reach Irene
Castle, Fort Lee, N. J.
little advice I had
given to me some 70 years ago Whenever
started before
turies after I

—

—

A

:

you make an "improvement" in any direction,
look out that you do not sacrifice more than
it is worth, in some other matter.
Jack Holt's Fan. Yes. it is true that
Clarine Seymour died on April 25th at the

b-)S

INSURE HAPPY DAYS
for those you Jove

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Prudential

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shine thru dark clouds.

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THE NATIONAL PAY-DAY
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You

an

Hospital, New York City, foloperation for intestinal trouble.

remember her

in "The Idol Dancer"
and on the cover of March Classic.
You
want to see more of Jack Holt. Ruth Roland
is still on the coast, but is expected East this
summer.
Kaki. Do you know, Kaki, you are a wise
little guy?
He who learns what is good and
embraces it, and what is bad and avoids it, is
as wise as Socrates who said it, and that's
you, my lad. Yes, Adele Rowland, now playing in "Irene" on Broadway, is Conway
Tearle's last wife.
Walter ilcGrail is not
married.
Dont believe all you hear. Constance Talmadge isn't married at this writing,
and is not likely to be at the next.
Miss Curiosity. You see our story is written from the scenario, and very often the
director changes the scenes and the scenario
is never corrected to conform to the scenes.
William Faversham is playing in "The Man
Who Lost Himself." Alice Lake is with
Western Metro. Los Angeles, Cal. Howard
Ralston was Jimmie.

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INSURANCE COMPANY OF AMElUtCA
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President

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Suieol Nex Jersey

HOME OFFICE


The Shamrock Girl

By FRITZI REMONT

LIKE a shuttle, weaving in and out, the fate line of Thelma Percy caused her earlier years to be spent in Ireland and America. Ireland, the birthplace of their mother, was the strongest attraction Eileen and Thelma knew. Mrs. Percy and the children were quite as well known in Dublin as New York, for the winters spent in the latter, hard at work, and the summers given over to flying trips to Erin’s Isle, won them many friends in both cities.

The Percy children really never had a childhood like other kiddies, at least so Thelma relates. "One day, mother was riding in a street-car in New York, with Eileen sitting beside her and holding me on her lap, when a gentleman moved across and begged mother to let Eileen pose for him, as he was a great artist. The next day found my sister at the studio, with mother and me looking on. And so it went on for

Thelma Percy, just turned sixteen, has been on the stage ever since she could barely walk. She is a Universal favorite, and is bending all her energy toward successful screen portrayals.

weeks and weeks, until the time when I was barely able to lisp and trot about, when a New York theatrical manager called at the atelier and saw us. He told mother we should be stage children—and the outcome of that interview was that we both went on the stage. We really never had time for play like other children, for I soon began to pose also, and at night we were back of the footlights.

"Our lives weren't eventful; our schooling was greatly inter-
we often changed much. It might have come from California. My mother was very regretful about it. She had loved me dearly. I was now a young girl, and she was very proud of me. She had always dreamed of me becoming a famous actress. People who had come to the theater to see her performances now flocked to see her daughter perform. This made her very happy.

"I wouldn't regret that—you have traveled so much that you have learnt much more than most girls of your age. Reading will do the rest, don't you think so?" I comforted the ambitious little soul.

"That is what mother always said. She told us to keep our eyes open, to study people, to remember what we saw at the art galleries and museums, and to make good use of every moment spent on trains or steamers. I really am in motion pictures just to please mother, for I love the stage life best of all."

"Mother passed away four years ago. She used to pray always that I could get into pictures so that I might not have to travel about alone after she was gone. Eileen had no difficulty in getting in, but you see, I was at the age when I had outgrown childhood and was unable to take little girl parts longer, for I had grown terribly fast! Could anything be worse than a fat little girl of twelve?"

"So after mother left us, and I was thirteen, my guardian put me in a private school back East, and I studied hard to catch up with other girls. Then, a year ago, I came here to live with Eileen, and I just simply walked into pictures. Mother's prayers must have made the way easy for me—I don't think mothers forget their children no matter where they are, do you?"

"And you played leads from the start, didn't you?"

"Yes, I guess it was the lucky shamrock that I always carry in my little locket which must have brought me so much good fortune—a lovely home with Eileen, new parents, the dearest little French bulldog, and all the new friends in California. Eileen's mother and father-in-law have simply adopted me—I'm their baby, they say. We didn't have time for play when we were young, but we are all making up for it now. Eileen's home is so jolly and lively." she finished.

"But your pictures look so much older than you, how do you manage that?"

"Oh, I've tried out make-ups over and over again. The directors would suggest something, or one of the players here, and I've changed a number of times. I think in all my photographs I look at least twenty now, for I changed my hairdressing to give me a grown-up air."

We had been talking about moods, for sundry girls strolled in to share our gos-

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siping hour. Several of them confessed to enjoying deep-dyed indigo spells. There were some who loved to irrigate the midnight pillow, others who thought it silly to weep, and so quite a discussion followed.

Thelma Percy listened interestingly. One of her charms is the sympathetic manner in which she shares one's confidences and agreements. When every one had added a personal bit, Miss Percy said, in her sweet contralto voice:

"When I am very happy, I am very quiet. When I am happiest, I cry. There is something very solemn about true happiness, I think."

We all stopped, amazed. I don't think any one had ever pigeonholed bliss in quite so original a fashion.

"Then when you are really sad, do you laugh?" It was a chorus of minds with but a single thought focused on what promised to be a contradictory mood.

"I may not laugh, but I smile. I don't like them to know when I am hurt," confessed the blonde beauty who had unbridled Susse Hayakawa in the very first photodrama she attempted.

And the queer part of it is, that her courage doesn't extend to stult acting. They are careful of the Shamrock Girl on the "U" lot; no daredevil riding feats or hard plunges are her share of the work. She swims, drives, plays tennis and enjoys long walks with her little dog; but she's not charmed with horsebacking.

Thelma's days are full of duties. She is not the sort of girl who would shirk any responsibility. The years of work, from the time she had her third birthday cake, have given her a serious trend of thought. At the end of each day she waits for the rushes of her picture; at night she visits motion pictures or the theater. She is studying plot construction, make-up—and that skillful—"You Taalmudic. She even goes to old runs of Norma's plays, and has enthroned that popular star as her model actress and the screen's highest art exponent.

"The bystanders on the "U" lot are a great help to me," broke in Thelma. "They don't bother us—oh, no. But sometimes they say things so worth while. The other day an older woman spoke to a young girl with her, and pointing to me, probably thinking I was not within earshot, said, 'How much better that little girl would look if she pushed her hair off her face.'

"I had never thought of that, but at the end of the day I tried out her idea and found she was right. In following scenes I wore my hair off the forehead, and everybody said that it looked so much improved. I think impartial observers are very helpful to the photoplayer. I'm often in receipt of very valuable advice from the fans. I don't like serials much, but they say that one becomes well known by appearing weekly, and I do know my fan letters are coming in stronger daily. I would like to do legitimate comedy."

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“For to behold, and for to see,
For to roam this world so wide—”

in search of the Great Unknown; in quest of life-around-the-corner; seeking the hidden mystery of life, and the beauty thereof!

Perhaps you hear the Call in the softness of a summer day. The Spirit of Wanderlust dances before you. You feel the fragrant mist of the out-of-doors; you peer into the mystery of unknown places.

Perhaps you are so situated that you are unable to answer the Call—you can only feel it tugging at your heart-strings. To you, SHADOWLAND, The Magazine Beautiful, comes like the magic carpet of the old fairy-tale. It transports you wheresoever you wish to go. You float on the White Sail of Imagery into unknown ports, haunting in their colorful romance, their vividness. It places the world in your hands, your fingers on the pulse of the world of Art, of Literature, of Drama, of Fashion.

We are quite proud of our August number of SHADOWLAND. The Magazine Beautiful, for it is replete with our best literary and artistic efforts. Among them a clever, whimsical review on current books by the incomparable Heywood Broun.

There is a beautiful playlet of reincarnation by Katherine Metcalf Roof.

The much discussed Theater Guild is brought before you in an interesting fashion by the pen of Frederick James Smith, and among the other articles of unusual interest are the "Reflections of a Gentle Cynic," by Lisa Ysaye Tarleau, and a humorous review of the theater season by Louis Raymond Reid.

SHADOWLAND

175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N.Y.

(Eighty-one)
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TWENTY-FOUR LEADING PLAYERS

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LIST OF SUBJECTS

Mary Pickford
Marguerite Clark
Douglas Fairbanks
Charles Chaplin
William S. Hart
Walter Reid
Pearl White
Anita Stewart

Theda Bara
Francis X. Bushman
Earle Williams
William Farnum
Charles Ray
Norma Talmadge
Constance Talmadge
Mary Miles Minter
Thelma Todd
Alice Joyce
Vivian Martin
Pauline Frederick
Bessie Barrs
Madge Kennedy
Elisie Fergusson
Tom Moore

Clara Kimball Young

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Players of Yesteryear
(Continued from page 20)

had worked for so earnestly, and the fifteen and twenty dollars per week the star players had valued so highly. A little girl, with a mass of golden curls and eager little face reflecting each passing thought, stood in line and held out her hand for her envelope containing her weekly salary of fifteen dollars. The pride and joy on the little face was delightful to behold. A check flashed across the screen. It was the little girl's weekly salary of today, and the face of the director grew slightly pale.

Hurray for they all have been in those days! How full of the joy of life! Obstacles were overthrown before they had really put in an appearance, and nothing had been too difficult to accomplish; with a company of one player and three directors, they were wont to produce anywhere from four to six pictures a week, and such pictures! With the audacity of youth, rushing in where angels feared to tread, they would blithely start about presenting before the public more or less authentic presentations of such plays as "Romeo and Juliet," "Rip Van Winkle," "Pickwick Papers," "Vanity Fair," "The Christian," "Thomas à Becket," "Abraham's Sacrifice," not to mention "The Love of John Ruskin" or "How Washington Crossed the Delaware," "Cardinal Wolsey" and "The Spanish Revolt of 1836." Nothing was beyond their reach! And how really greatly they had acted! Florence Turner, the first leading woman of any company, creating a sensation when her name appeared in conjunction with the name of the play, as if hitherto no actor or actress had ever been mentioned by any of the film companies. And the dashing Maurice Costello, the first of the matinee idols and the most popular man in all Christendom, his homage coming from all parts of the world. And then there was the older group, the pioneer players of the silversheet, consisting of Mrs. Mary Maurice, known as the "Sweet, old lady of the screen," and Van Dyke Brooke, William Shea and Charles Kent and many others who had grown to be dim shadows in the obliterating passage of time.

Many of these beloved comrades of youth's golden hours had died; many others had grown old and were scattered about the four corners of the earth. Some had disappeared completely; and some, the youngest members of the group, had now come into their own, and were world-famous.

A timid knock sounded on the door, and as a tired man stirs in his sleep, mutely protesting against disturbance, the wanderer on the Road of Memory came reluctantly back from his journey. A sigh slowly fell from his lips. He thought not upon the glory and wonder of his recent achievements, but as he rose to answer the knock and to enter again the world of realities, a suspicious brightness appeared in his eye, and his heart yearned over the gay phantom of Youth now vanishing around the Corner of the Past.
The Last Interview
(Continued from page 51)

Christie forces and secured her chance with Mr. Griffith.

Miss Seymour was a firm believer in luck.

"I was going down to San Diego on a motor trip with friends on the very
day Mr. Griffith sent for me. In fact, I
was just getting into the car when the
message came. I asked my friends to
drive by the Griffith studios, telling them
it would only take a few minutes to see
Mr. Griffith. Then, to my amazement,
he signed me on the spot and had me get
into make-up for my first scene. So I
went out and told my friends. That is
how Miss Seymour came to play in "The
Girl Who Stayed at Home."

Lucy again asserted itself when Mr. Griffith was filming "Scarlet Days."
The rôle of the little Mexican was not in the
original story at all. Mr. Griffith noted
Miss Seymour standing close by, watch-
ing some of the scenes, and he said, "Do
you want to play a bit in this picture?"

Miss Seymour jumped at the chance, and
the comedy scene, in which the fiery little
native girl bumps her head against that of
the goat, was devised. The episode
proved so amusing that Mr. Griffith
elaborated the rôle until it became the
best remembered character in the photo-
play.

Miss Seymour remained unaffected
and galish thru her first taste of success.

Never will we forget how she said:
"I want to go on working and learning for
a long time yet. Then if I am worth it.
I hope for stardom—like all the rest."

It wasn't to be. Yet film fans are
looking to keep a place in their heart of
hearts for "Cuteie Beautiful," who gave her
to the screen. How much that might
have been we can only guess. We do
know that she had won a place unique
upon the silversheet.

Double Exposures
(Continued from page 54)

enter the ship via the grand stairway?

Do directors always introduce a New
York scene with a glimpse of the metro-

dian sky-line?

And where do producers find the
wildly hilarious calabrets they show in
their New York night-life dramas?

Gosh, we hope the overall movement
doesn't hit the Mack Sennett studios!

The various magazines are selecting
the prettiest girls of the screen. Here's
our own particular nomination:

Harriet Hammond of the Sennett

forces.

Big Moments
Bebe Daniels in "The Dancin' Fool."

Producers aren't satisfied to release
the classics these days under the titles
the original authors selected. Here's the

(Continued on page 95)
Charles Miller slumped his big form down on the leather couch in the Realart projection room and inquired, politely, if he could smoke. He also apologized for the immense smoked glasses he was wearing and for his general appearance of all-in-ness.

"Have been working steadily thirty-six hours, cutting film," he said, "and I got mad about something this morning which always makes me sick. No, it's not temperament, it's temper—just as it is when the furnace man gets mad because clinkers clog up his grates. I was not brought up to believe in temperament. It's 'The Law of the Yukon' I'm cutting, you know. My first Mayflower production for Realart."

"And what do you think of it as far as you have gone?"

Charles Miller has been "in harness" all his life. After many years in stock, he played under the management of Charles Frohman, Charles Harris, David Belasco and others. He was a very popular matinée idol at one time, and will long be remembered for his portrayal of the hero in "The Great Divide." Center, Mr. Miller and June Elvidge in an off moment up at Port Henry—while filming "The Law of the Yukon."

"Sick and tired of it. Wish I had never to hear of it again," and then he relaxed, and his face became as the face of a mother who broods over a troublesome and best loved child. Weariness forgotten, the big voice and dominant personality that made him one of the best known characters of the speaking stage visualized for me the making of "The Law of the Yukon."

"Talk about the 'frozen North.' It was right there at Port Henry, N. Y., where we created our 'Alaskan village'; and while the blizzards worked suffering and financial loss in various..."
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MEXICAN DIAMONDS flash like emeralds, oil experts, stand team, yet sell for 1/8th the price. Few live agents wanted; all Ford run like a sample. Big profits, pleasant work. Write today. Mexican Diamond Imports Co., Lima, Ohio. Dept. 127.


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(Eighty-five)

MOVING PICTURE BUSINESS


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BE A SONGWRITER—You write the words and I will compose the music and guarantee publication. Among my great hits is "DEERBLIND." Submit poems on any subject. Related Music Company, 267 East 42nd St., New York.


WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We will write the music, publish and secure copyright. John H. Hesselberg, our chief composer, has to his credit the great hit "If I Were a New Man," and other famous songs. Submit poems on any subject. Send for our Song Writer's Guide and submit poems at once. Metropolitan Studios, 914 South Michigan Avenue, Dept. 145, Chicago, Illinois.

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VAUDEVILLE

DE LUXE motion picture theaters continue to be built throughout America. Each offers its feature photoplay, its symphony orchestra, its program of smaller pictures and its incidental musical interludes. The method of better class motion picture presentation has been standardized.

So it will continue for the present. But we foresee screen theaters devoted to various kinds of cinema entertainment, just as various kinds of theatrical entertainment have their differentiated audiences. There will be the smaller motion picture theater devoted to the thought photoplay, the larger house given over to the presentation of the film melodrama, possibly a home for screen comedy. One will know just the type of entertainment one is to see before one enters a theater. All this is still a fantastic bit of imagination, for the photoplay making is merely an industry—yet.

Photoplay producers are beginning to discover the advisability of aping the stage in reviving successful film plays. By reviving we do not mean merely re-releasing revised dramas with new captions.

Companies are purchasing screen plays from other concerns and presenting them in new form with new players. Some day we shall perhaps see "The Birth of a Nation" with a brand new cast, "The Miracle Man" re-done and "Broken Blossoms" reproduced. And, like theater old-timers, we will probably seize our cane, hobble to our feet and declare loudly that the new versions are not nearly so good as the originals—that the palmy days of the films have passed.

The theory that a screen star's average of popularity runs five years is stupid reasoning. There is no reason why players cannot grow old retaining the favor of their fans. Why not?

The photoplay is too young to point to any specific instances. Pioneers of cinema acting are still in their 'teens. Boys like Bobbie Harron can talk of the very first days of the photoplay from first-hand experiences.

The point is made that many favorites have flashed upon the screen, enjoyed their brief favor and disappeared. But there have been real reasons for each disappearance. Some of these favorites deliberately retired, some dissipated their abilities and some—let's whisper this—had no ability.

For centuries stage players have grown old while retaining their place in the affections of audiences. There are hundreds of instances. Why cannot motion picture stars do the same thing? Just as Ethel Barrymore played ingenuous co-respondently recently and is now portraying mature women of the world, so will Mary Pickford's art graduate and melo. Thirty years from now Miss Pickford, Charlie Chaplin and Charlie Ray should be as popular as they are today—if they wish to be. Their roles will be different, that's all.

Speaking of acting, the histrionic level is far in advance of ten years ago. Remember when a merely handsome hero was accepted, when any sort of film-lens cutie passed for feminine genius? The mankin-doll days have gone.

To be sure, movie producers still seize upon every bit of feminine charm and masculine ability that asserts itself above the cinema surface. Witness the quick stardom just accorded Richard Barthelmess, Bebe Daniels and Wanda Hawley. But the ultimate fate of a star rests with the audience. More than mere photographic appeal is necessary. Fans demand acting ability these days.

The organization of motion picture publicity men—the Associated Motion Picture Advertisers—has launched a movement to interest the newspapers of the country in the publication of screen news. They reason—and reason very logically—that newspapers devote page after page to sporting gossip when, at the present, but 75 per cent. of the masculine readers are actively interested in these columns. On the other hand, most newspapers publish absolutely nothing in the way of cinema information, although 98 per cent. of both masculine and feminine readers go to see pictures and are actively interested. Why?

It is because newspaper proprietors and editors do not comprehend the need and the demand. But it will come.

The frenzied era of the star has just ended. By this we do not mean that stars will cease to be. We do mean that the photoplay does not revolve around them as formerly.

The era of the director is here. It will probably go to the extreme of the previous star period.

The era of the author is dawning, indeed, if it has not already reached its high noon. Producers are paying up to $150,000 for stories. Thirty thousand is but an average screen price for a stage play or novel.

After these periods exhaust themselves and stars, directors and authors have retired to wealth and rest, we hope for the dawn of another era: that of the audience.

We are heartily wearied of hearing producers, stars, directors and scenarioists talking loudly and confidently of what the public wants. Too long the exhibitor has been a stone wall blocking the public on every side. The exhibitor must improve and he must take his audience into his confidence; the present powers-that-be in the film world must cease to think that the photoplay depends wholly upon them individually; and the audience must have an active voice—or we fear for the photoplay of, say, 1925.
The Motion Picture Magazine for August

Will supply the urgent need of a companion for the long afternoons of summer—

For the idle, languorous moments of intense heat—

For the daily siesta—

The hot nights—

For any of the periods of time in which the body is resting while the mind is wide-awake and keenly alert.

Every reader of this issue will be delighted with the interview which Adele Whitely Fletcher had with Alice Brady not so long ago. Alice has confided to Miss Fletcher her innermost thoughts upon certain interesting phases of life.

There have been so many demands for an interview with Monroe Salisbury that we had to wire our Elizabeth Peltret to see him at once. She did!

Jerome Lachenbrach has written an unusual article on the association and influence of music on the silversheet.

The gloriously vivid Doris Keane, heroine of "Romance," has been interviewed by Gladys Hall.

And the latest follower in the footsteps of the irresistible Anita, Eric von Stroheim, has been pinned down to a series of unique confessions by James Frederick.

It goes without saying that the novelizations will be the best to be had—and the photographs likewise.

The Motion Picture Magazine
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Gossip of the Pacific Coast (Continued from page 75)

region of the Yukon, puff and pant in the noontday sun and occasionally have to be cooled off in an ice-box.

Anita Stewart, on the completion of her next picture, is going to vacation for three months. Probably she'll journey to Palm Beach, Fla., for a rest, ending up in New York at dressmakers' establishments.

All the Metro stars got a thrill the other day when the daughter of a real ex-President visited them. She was Helen Taft, daughter of the famous Bill, who is herself president of Bryn Mawr College. She came in an effort to raise an endowment fund for her university and was royally entertained during her stay here. May Allison conducted her on a Cook's tour thru the studio, while Viola Dana hurriedly picked a bunch of daisies—Bryn Mawr's flower—and presented it to Miss Taft. It was Miss Taft's first glimpse of a picture studio.

It pays to be vamped! At least, it paid Roselyn Talsy $250 for one day's experience with Lew Cody. There was a full part in the Cody story, "The Butterfly Man," which was for an experienced leading lady. Miss Thelby had journeyed to the studio to see a friend. Cody was wondering whom he could get for the "reunion" experience and Roselyn said she'd play the part—which she did at the rate of $50 a kiss.

The widely read story, "The Jackknife Man," by Ellis Parker Butler, has been filmed by King Vidor.

Page a proflite! Louise Glaum has driven 'em so successfully away from Culver City that there isn't one to be found. Reason? Overalls! By the simple expedient of making the matter of attire a civic function, Miss Glaum has thrown a bombshell into the proflite ranks. Last week the studio threw a bombshell into the community in general when she appeared at luncheon one day clad in overalls. Chief in her support of the mode were James Kirkwood, her leading man; Wesley Ruggles, her director; Joseph Kilgour, and even J. Parker Read, Jr., producer of the Glaum plays. It started quite a fad, and now Mildred Normand asserts that she's gonna wear overalls, too.

Cecil B. de Mille has given us "Something to Think About"—a new picture, different from anything he has ever done before—and also a chance, once again, to view Elliott Dexter. Dexter has been ill and off the screen for more than a year. Nobody seemed to forget him, however, for his "fan" mail deluged the studio continually at the rate of 2,000 letters a week. In the new De Mille picture no one would ever know that Elliott has been an invalid. He's as handsome as ever and the screen love he makes to Gloria Swanson is quite as ardent as of yore.

Everybody is either just going to make a trip to Europe or has just returned from Europe. Anna Q. Nilsson will bid
Motor-Cycle Mabel

One of Mabel Normand's pet hobbies is motor-cycling and she spends all her spare time away from the Goldwyn studios upon her trusty Indian.

"The continuity of this machine is all wrong," mutters Miss Normand. "Let's give it a close-up... Here's where I fade out to the book of instructions!"

Stunts mean nothing in Miss Normand's life. Isn't she a graduate of film farce, where one took one's life in one's hand—as it were—every day in the week?
Those Pretty Teeth
No Cloudy Film-Coat on Them
This is How Millions Now Get Them

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

Millions of people have found the way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth. This is to urge that you accept a ten-day test. See how it changes your teeth, then decide about it by the visible results.

They fight film
Modern research shows that the cause of most tooth troubles is a viscous film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve it. So brushing has left much of it intact. And night and day, on countless teeth, it may do a ceaseless damage.

It is this film-coat which discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So few escape the troubles caused by film.

The way to end it
Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat film. Able authorities have proved its efficiency by clinical and laboratory tests. Now leading dentists everywhere advise it.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And this new-day tooth paste, in all ways, complies with modern dental requirements.

To make it known quickly to the millions who need it, a 10-Day Tube is being sent to everyone who asks.

Based on pepsin
The film is albuminous matter. So Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The object is to dissolve the film, then to constantly combat it.

Pepsin long seemed impossible. It must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But dental science has now found a harmless activating method. Now pepsin can be every day applied, and forced by the brush where the film goes.

It complies with all modern requirements. So in three great ways this dentifrice surpasses all the former methods. Now every family should at once find out how much this method means.

The results are quick and apparent
Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears.

Pepsodent needs no argument. You will see the results when you try it. And the book we send explains the reason for them.

Compare your teeth now with your teeth in ten days. The facts will be a revelation to you. Decide by those results then between the old ways and the new. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 572, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
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The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant, combining two other newly-recognized essentials. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere. Druggists supply the large tubes.

(Eighty-nine)
THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genii have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so now. Don't lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

**FIRST PRIZE**

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathé, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record. A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

**SECOND PRIZE**

Movie Camera and three packages of films (value $63). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. Think of the possibilities during your vacation trip—your camera trip—in pictures—pictures of your family or friends—living pictures that you can project at any time in your home. A priceless record of your life.

**THIRD PRIZE**

Corona Typewriter with case (value $59); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. It is trim and symmetrical and does not give one's study the atmosphere of a business office. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

**FOURTH PRIZE**

Sheaffer "Giltie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or leak. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

**FIFTH PRIZE**

Bristol steel Casting Rod agate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Packed in box and can be easily put in traveling bag.

**SIXTH PRIZE**

Loughlin Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no leaks to forget.

**SEVENTH PRIZE**

Star Vibrator, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three attachments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

**EIGHTH PRIZE**

Same as Seventh Prize.

**NINTH PRIZE**

Marble nickel-plated pocket axe are of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.
Man alive—
Listen!

You can smoke Camels till the cows come home without tiring your taste!

Camels bring to you every joy you ever looked for in a cigarette! They are so new to your taste, so delightful in their mellow mildness and flavor, and so refreshing, you will marvel that so much enjoyment could be put into a cigarette!

To the most fastidious smoker, Camels are a revelation!

Camels quality is as unusual as Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos which you will prefer to either kind of tobacco smoked straight! No matter how liberally you smoke, Camels never will tire your taste!

You will marvel at Camels smooth “body” And, your delight will also be keen when you realize Camels leave no unpleasant cigarettey aftertaste nor unpleasant cigarettey odor!

For your own personal proof, compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price.

Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents; or ten packages (200 cigarettes) in a glassine-paper-covered carton. We strongly recommend this carton for home or office supply or when you travel.

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
Winston-Salem, N. C.
Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?

Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a “crush” on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

SHADOWLAND, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, world-wide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide awake and well informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read SHADOWLAND, the MAGAZINE and CLASSIC.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on September 30, 1920.

2. There will be ten ballots as follows:

   December 1919 ballot
   January 1920 ballot
   February 1920 ballot
   March 1920 ballot
   April 1920 ballot
   May 1920 ballot
   June 1920 ballot
   July 1920 ballot
   August 1920 ballot
   September 1920 ballot

3. The result of each month’s ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.

4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.

5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for SHADOWLAND every month, and the same for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and yet again the same for CLASSIC. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

SHADOWLAND, MAGAZINE and CLASSIC:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name: ________________________________
Street: ______________________________
City: ________________________________
State: ________________________________
Country: ______________________________
(Dated) ______________________________

Class Number 2

SHADOWLAND, MAGAZINE and CLASSIC:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with ....... votes.

Name: ________________________________
Street: ______________________________
City: ________________________________
State: ________________________________
Country: ______________________________
(Dated) ______________________________

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.
"From Within—Without"

Continued from page 84

cities they were certainly of incalculable value to us in obtaining the Yukon effects we wanted for our picture. We left orders to be called when a storm broke at night and every one would tumble out with enthusiasm, and what wonderful shots of driving storms we did get! Our village was snowed under at one time and we had considerable trouble with the lights. We were up there three months—seventy of us, most of the time in Port Henry’s solitary hotel. It is usually a fact that such an experience tries the nerves at the breaking point. But we didn’t have a bit of trouble. We were just a big happy family and got along much better than most families!

"And the townspeople—they were more interested in us than we were in ourselves. They entertained us in their homes and clubs. They extended us every assistance and cooperation and when we left, the Chamber of Commerce sent us a letter telling us how pleasant an experience it had been to have us there. I found many types among the natives, too, for the extras I needed in the picture. I used them in the court-room scenes and in the many dance-hall scenes. They made exactly the right atmosphere, and they didn’t act all over the place either!"

"The story, you know, is based for a theme on those lines of Robert W. Service’s immortal poem:

"This is the Law of the Yukon, that only the strong shall thrive;
That surely the weak shall perish, and only the fit survive.
Dissolute, damned and despairing, crumbled and palled and slain,
This is the Will of the Yukon—Lord, how she makes it plain!"

"It’s a powerful story," said Charles Miller, reflectively, "and, thanks to our wonderful camera men and the cooperation of our splendid company, I don’t think anything just like it has ever been caught for the camera before."

Charles Miller has been "in harness," as he expresses it, all his life. He began his career in stock, continuing for many years, playing every role from comedy and character parts to leads, and was (alas he did not tell me) one of the popular matinée idols of his day. After his stock experience, he played under the management of Charles Frohman, Charles Harris, David Belasco and other big managers. He is singularly reticent about speaking of his success on the speaking stage, but did admit that "The Great Divide," in which he was starred, was his favorite of all the plays in which he appeared. Following his acting experience he became a stage director of note, having directed many of our best-known stage artists.

Five years ago, he entered the motion picture field. The first year he acted in pictures, playing a part in "Civilization" and one or two other pictures. "Not that I wanted to be a screen actor," he said, "I wanted to direct but how could I direct pictures until I had first acted in them?"

(Ninety-two)
June Mornings

Bubble grains on berries

Mix these airy, flimsy bubbles in every dish of berries. Use Puffed Rice or Corn Puffs. The blend is delightful. It adds what crust adds to a shortcake.

At breakfast, also, serve with cream and sugar—any of these fragile, fascinating grains.

June Evenings

Whole wheat

steam exploded

For suppers, float Puffed Wheat in milk. That means whole wheat with every food cell blasted. The grains are puffed to eight times normal size.

They seem like tidbits, but every flaky globule is a grain of wheat made easy to digest.

June Afternoons

Airy, nut-like confections

For hungry children, crisp and douse with melted butter. Then Puffed Grains become nut-like confections, to be eaten like peanuts or popcorn.

Use also like nut-meats as a garnish on ice cream. Use as wafers in your soups.

Puffed Wheat

Puffed Rice

Corn Puffs

Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

(Continued on page 95)
The Cellularoid Critic
(Continued from page 49)

We are still waiting for Nazimova to equal her unforgettable "Revelation." We can easily understand why she has not. She needs a strong restraining hand—a producer or director with courage and will enough to apply her genius in the right sort of stories. At present she is running rampant.

Geraldine Farrar, being a most popular operatic Carmen, must needs go on playing fiery Spanish cigarette girls in the films. In "The Woman and the Puppet," (Goldwyn), she flirts with a concetid fop who is adulated by less desirous señoritas, taunts him and snaps her fingers in his face until, enraged, he develops into a caveman. Then she slaps him face—and no mild slaps are they—until the tears come. After which she willingly gives him her lips. We must admit that the audience which observed "The Woman and the Puppet" with us laughed outright at Lou-Tellegen as the lover. It has no sympathy for the sickly sentimentalism which is being written to literally—as well as figuratively—kiss the sex. We must write in our mind, "The Woman and the Puppet" is weak screen stuff.

Scenarioists seem to be fascinated by the idea that the ocean bottom is studded with treasure as a result of U-boat activities in the recent war. "Below the Surface" and "Terror Island," (both Paramounts), revolve around the identical idea.

The first concerns the machinations of a scoundrel and his paramour, who plot to win over a daring young diver that they may use him to recover some of this lost treasure. The diver retains his faith in the adventureress even after her mysterious death in a steamship disaster. But, after he looks thru a porthole of the sunken vessel and sees the woman dead in the arms of the villain, he realizes all, and after the proper period of brain fever, comes back to the village mad. He has loved her still and she is a young woman who was foolish enough to pin her faith in pies rather than rouge.

We call "Below the Surface" unpleasant stuff. That is, unpleasant without any real reason for existing; i.e., pointing a cinema moral.

"Terror Island" exploits Houdini. It is a five-reel drama done with that deep insight into life displayed by a constructor of serial thrills. In other words, it is a series of palpably absurd incidents intended to be ultra-startling. It isn't.

Bert Lytell does not equal his splendid work in "The Right of Way" with his portrayal of the reformed safe opener in "Alias Jimmy Valentine." (Metro). Of course, you remember the stage Valentine, whose nerves were attuned so sensibly that he could open any safe by sandpapering his fingertips and rummaging them over the vault knobs. Lytell, who is steadily advancing, makes a highly likable Jimmy and Voila Vale is a pleasant (Ninety-four)
Deafness

Perfect hearing is now being restored in every condition of deafness or defective hearing from causes such as Catarhal Deafness, Relaxed or Sunken Drums, Thickened Drums, Reverted and Hissing Sounds, Perforated, Whiskers, and Partially Destroyed Drums, Discharge from Ears, etc.

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FOREVER—AND A DAY

Summer clouds in an azure sky rest awhile and float away. The summer moon gleams only 'til the dawn is born again. Summer blossoms blow today and bow their heads tomorrow. But "Gifs that Last," like the love they betoken, endure forever.

Authority: National Jewelers' Publicity Association

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"From Within—Without"

(Continued from page 93)

are going to teach the great masses of people. They are going to bring the best of everything within reach of these people. That's why I'm glad that so many of our great stage artists are coming to the screen. And the screen is becoming our greatest educational factor. Strange, isn't it? It amused, when we remember that in some communities only a few years ago picture houses were not considered respectable. And now, the very churches are installing projection machines and giving over one or more services a week for the showing of motion pictures—and they are installed in our colleges for the purpose of teaching different subjects—great, isn't it, and a glorious monument to the determination and courage of the few men who saw the vision and followed it?"
Gossip of the Pacific Coast

(Continued from page 87)

us farewell for several months when she leaves New York in June for her native Sweden. Miss Nilsson has not seen her parents in nearly a dozen years, due to the war and everything, and as soon as she finishes playing opposite Hobart Bosworth in "Bucko McAlistor," she's going to skip to New York. When Anna Q. came to America she did so with the intention of becoming a school-teacher. But Fate, however, cast her as Penhryn Stanlaws model, and an offer of forty dollars a week persuaded her to join a company of Kalem players. In Sweden she'll be considerably fed, inasmuch as she is the only one of her countrymen who has ever registered a decided success on the English "speaking" stage or screen, and while abroad she will make two pictures at a reputed salary of $40,000 a production.

And a letter received from piquant Tsuru Aoki informs me that she is sojourning happily in her native Japan. She left Los Angeles immediately after completing her Universal contract. Susue Hayakawa, her husband, was to have accompanied her, but a new contract interfered and Miss Aoki left, accompanied only by her maid. She stopped off for a week in Honolulu, enjoyed its attractions and at length proceeded to Yokohama, her home. Her uncle there, Iso Kawai, is a theatrical producer. He tried to induce Miss Aoki to sign with his company, but she declined, insisting as she is to be back in Hollywood by October to start work under a new, fat contract.

Pauline Frederick has left Goldwyn. She has definitely broken into the field of the independent producers, even selecting her own stories and directing herself.

There is a move on foot in Hollywood to start a tennis club exclusively for motion picture celebrities. It is being made by Shirley Mason, who is a tennis enthusiast herself, and who has offered the names courts at her new home to the charter members of the organization. These include Viola Dana, her sister, Bernard Durning, Ward Crane, Alice Lake, Anna Q. Nilsson, Buster Keaton, (who, by the way, is Metro's new comedy star), Rex Ingram and Lottie Pickford. Shirley's plan is eventually to have the film folk erect a handsome club-house in Hollywood and restrict its guest privileges exclusively to those "in the profession"—sort of place, you know, where the film famous can go without being stared at.

A premonition that her former fiancé, who had been reported killed in the war, would return to her, came true recently when Sylvia Breamer greeted Lieut. F. C. Leavenworth, the army intelligence corps man, on his arrival in Los Angeles. The officer was gassed in action and believed killed. Not long ago Miss Breamer had a dream which told her she would come back to her. Three weeks later she appeared. Miss Breamer journeyed West to play the title rôle in "Athalie," and having finished, is working in a picture for Mayflower.

Priscilla Dean got arrested shortly after the new no-auto-parking ordinance went into effect in town. Under the new law it seems that you can't park your car in the downtown district more than two minutes. Priscilla went into a theater to see herself in "The Virgin of Stamboul," and when she went to start her car she found it tagged. No, it wasn't a surprise to her, inasmuch as it was prearranged by her press agent for a vintage newspaper story.

And the marriages! Of course, now that Mrs. Mary Preston Dean, mother of the sparkling Priscilla, has announced it formally, the marriage of Miss Dean to Wheeler Oakman, her leading man in "The Virgin of Stamboul," has ceased to be an item of local gossip. But Priscilla isn't by any means the only film star to come to marriage. Betty Blythe suddenly issued invitations to her wedding to Paul Scardon, who has been brought West by Goldwyn to direct the Arnold Bennett photoplay, "Milestones." The wedding was solemnized quietly at the Church of the Angels in Garvanza with less than a hundred close friends of the bride and groom being present. Miss Blythe, since she came to Los Angeles to assume the lead in "The Silver Horde," has been one of the reigning favorites at the studios. She only recently finished the lead opposite Lew Cody in "The Mischief Man" and at present writing is starring in "Nomads of the North," another James Oliver Curwood story, for First National Exhibitors' Circuit. She has, in addition, signed a contract with Fox to play the title rôle in a spectacular production of "The Queen of Sheba." Her marriage, she asserts, will in no way tend toward her retirement from the screen.

Another marriage, which surprised everybody was that of Jack Perrin, Universal serial star, and petite Josephine Hill, for some time a comedy star with the "U" and later the little wife in Metro's "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." Easterners are journeying West to work before the camera. Wyndham Standing and his wife are nicely domiciled at an Ocean Park hotel, while Raymond McKeel has journeyed from New York to again opposite Shirley Mason at Fox. McKeel played Shirley's third several years ago in a series of her early pictures at Edison and the meeting of the two on the lot was something like the reunion of brother and sister.

Monroe Salisbury, that prime emotional star, who seemed connected some time ago with Universal, is back on the screen as the star of his own productions. His company is administering at Brunton's on a spectacular magazine story which McKeel wanted to produce, but didn't, and Salisbury has stated to me that he intends giving every member of his cast quite as much opportunity in the story as himself will have.

(Ninety-seve)
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Photographed by Oliver Marsh
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The new superfine Colgate Talc—Florent (Flowers of the Orient)—has a perfume that is delightfully different. The novel color—just off the white—is as original and charming as the be-flowered box in which Florent comes to lady’s dressing table. Cha Ming is equally delightful, with its subtle suggestion of the Far East.
A noted New York beauty expert recently made the remark that "no woman will ever be able to rub beauty into her skin as if by magic." Yet there are many, many of the fair sex who seem to disregard this really scientific advice.

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Stage and screen women have long since recognized the true merits of electric massage. They do not grow old and unattractive prematurely. Many of them—Corinne Griffith, Martha Hedman, Olive Telt, Gladys Leslie, Evelyn Gosnell, Helen MacKellar, Irene Boyle and scores of others—rely upon The Star Electric Massage Vibrator.

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"EVERYWOMAN"
Directed by George H. Melford
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A William S. Hart Production

GEORGE H. MELFORD'S
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"THE SEA WOLF"

WILLIAM D. TAYLOR'S
Production
"HUCKLEBERRY FINN"

DINNER'S over, and the cool
of the evening calls you out.
Whither-away? To the theatre
that is showing a Paramount
Picture, of course.

There's where everybody is.
There's where the flame of
romance burns bright.

There's where the dusk is a thrill
with pleasure and the whole world
sails in view.

Every night is a big night if you
only pick them right,
—PARAMOUNT!
Shadowland
for August

SHADOWLAND is first and foremost a magazine of beauty.

Its purpose and object in the world is to bring beauty to every household which it reaches. It believes wholeheartedly in the development of beauty, and the cultivation of all art. It feels that there is far too little appreciation of beauty in this humdrum, prosaic world.

Therefore, it announces with much pleasure that the August issue is the best yet. Louis Raymond Reid reviews the past theatrical season in a whimsical, satirical article which will delight the reader.

There is a playlet of reincarnation by Katherine Metcalf Roof; "The Reflections of a Gentle Cynic," by Lisa Yasie Tarleau; a review of current fiction by the always-welcome Heywood Broun, and other articles by Benjamin De Casseres, Frederick James Smith, and others too numerous to mention.

You will remember the literature; you will want to frame the lovely photographs; you will not, we assure you, forget the August issue of SHADOWLAND in a hurry!

SHADOWLAND
175 DuSable Street  Brooklyn, N.Y.

BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS

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(Painted by Leo Sichte, Jr., from a Still Photograph.)

The most recent astronomical discovery to be observed on the silversheet is the blonde Wanda Hawley, who now shines with serce starry rays on the Kodalite banner.

When Miss Hawley first came to New York it was to sing and play accompaniments, but not long ago she lost her voice thru some throat trouble and turned her attention to the screen. Her unusual characteristics in Cecil De Mille's "Old Wives for New," and "We Can't Have Everything," as well as other photoplays, will long be remembered by all film-goers.

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

175 DuSable St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

This magazine, published monthly, comes on the 15th. Its sister edition, the Motion Picture Magazine, comes out on the first of every month. Shadowland appears on the 23rd of each month.
Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Author—Payten, in "East Is West." This is a picture of a young Chinese girl who falls in love with a young American. Radical barriers seem insurmountable, but there is a happy and surprising ending. Has all the ingredients of popular success.
Belasco—"The Son-Daughter," with Lenore Utice. George Scarborough and David Belasco's highly colored Chinese melodrama with the rival Miss Utice. One of the big hits of the season.
Cicero—"Betty, Be Good." Lively summer musical show by Elsie H. W. Riesefeld, the director of the Rivoli, Rialto and Criterion screen theaters. Josephine Whittell is the life of the entertainment. Frank C. Richman, shooting an off-Broadway Rolim makes its role stand out.
Central—"As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Sam Bernard. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various siren's of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effective aid.
Century—"Floradora." The much-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of two years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is "Floradora!" Here is a revival that really revives.
Colgan's—"The Hotentot," with Willie Collier. Typical one-man farce with the inimitable young Collier, at his high point again. Tessa Routt sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent. Dorothy Dickson and Cornelia contribute some delightful dance interludes.

Playhouse—"The Wonderful Thing." A human play built upon a poverty-stricken but blue-blooded English type. Jeanne Eagles comes as a wealthy heiress and wife of the eldest son. Pleasant if conventional.

Shubert Theater—"Scandal." Cosmo Hamilton's daring drama which Constable Talma played on the screen. Frances Faringmore and Charles Cherry have the leading roles in the excellent follow-up production.

ON TOUR THIS AND NEXT SEASON

"The Purple Mask," with Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic melodrama of the days of the French Revolution. France, tense, colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainments of the season. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as the royalist brigand, the Mask, and Miss Blanche of Ray is as charming as the republican police agent, Brisquet; Lily Cahill is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster is worthy of the screen. "The Sign on the Door." A very good melodrama which boasts many instances of the unexpected—and Marjorie Rambeau in highly emotional scenes.

"Look Who's Here," with Cecil Lean. A passable musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Lean and Cleo Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

"Smiling Through," with Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a peasant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. "Smiling" Through will evoke your smiles and tears.

"The Quoib Board." Crane Willbur's thriller built around suspicion. Real spooks invade a fake séance, solve a murder mystery and prove oil of spirit keeps you on edge. Excellent cast includes George Gau, Howard Lang and Edward Ellis.

"Man's Affair."—Rachel Butler's admirable melodrama, a bold and daring human species, the hypochondriac who fancies himself suffering from all sorts of ills. Done with distinction and fine discretion. Ida St. Leon scores and important members of the cast are: Effie Shannon, Robert Edeson, Katherine Kaelrod and George Le Guerre.

(Continued on page 8)
The Fame and Fortune Contest
Speeds Ahead!

Some time ago we announced that there would be produced in conjunction with the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920, which was being held by The Motion Picture Magazine, The Motion Picture Classic, and Shadowland, a five-reel feature drama entitled "Love's Redemption."

This announcement has aroused the greatest interest among our readers and all those who contemplate entering the contest. The feature, a strong play of dramatic force, is now well under way, and the main scenes have already been filmed. Those appearing in the cast are as follows:

Edwin Markham, Hudson Maxim, Dr. Nichols.

IT'S A SURE WINNER
said the spectators who watched the first showing of some of the scenes in the projection-room.

The Final Honor Roll Members and the Winners
of the contest will have ample opportunity to prove whether or not they can act in this picture, for the scenes in which they appear will be filmed as soon as possible after the judges have named them.

All photographs mailed up to and including the date of August 1st, 1920, will be entered in the contest. Send in your photograph at once.

RULES FOR 1920 CONTESTANTS
Contestants shall submit one or more portraits. On the back of each photo an entrance coupon must be pasted, or a similar coupon of your own making.
Postal-card pictures, tinted photographs and snapshots not accepted. Photographs will not be returned to the owner.
Contestants should not write letters regarding the contest, as it will be impossible to answer them. All rules will be printed in all three magazines.
Photos should be mailed, pre-paid with sufficient postage, to CONTEST MANAGER, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N.Y. Send as many as you like.
The contest is open to every one, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage roles.
Contest closes August 1, 1920.

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
ENTRANCE COUPON

Name.......................................................... (street)
Address.................................................. (city) ........................................ (state)
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any...................
When born........................................... Birthplace..............................
Eyes (color).............................. Hair (color)..............................
Complexion.................................. Height..............................

(Seven)
Stage Plays That Are Worth While
(Continued from page 6)

"My Golden Key," a passable musical entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorus girl, Jeannette Dietrich, scores the hit of the show.

"The Little Whopper."—Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. Vivienne Segal splendidly heads the cast, which also numbers Harry C. Brown, with whom she does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

"Wedding Bells."—A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Wallace Eddinger. One of the things you should see.

"Aphrodite."—Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louys' exotic novel of ancient Alexandria. Superbly staged adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal role of the Galatian countess, Chrysis, and scores. McKay Morris is admirable in the principal male role.

"The Frivolities of 1920."—G. M. (Broncho Billy) Anderson's girl review. Lively, speedy musical show with a large measure of vulgarity, but many pretty girls.


LOCAL'S METROPOLITAN, BROOKLYN.—Feature photoplays and vaudeville.

COPITO.—Photoplay features plus a de luxe program. Superb theater.

REVOL.—De luxe photoplays with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

RALTO.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

STRAIN.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

THE NEWS MEN

By Walter E. Mair

We turn a cool, collected crank
When evenmen flee the furious Yank;
We scale the Himalayan peaks to snap a bunch of flowers.

Or, perching on a binnacle's tail,
We photograph the Airline Mail;
Then nonchalantly downward to "pan" old Gotham's towers.

It may be in Saskatchewan
We point our guns to shoot the moor.
Or in some Panamanian cove we coax the gentle shark.

We leapt atwara some skipper's neck
And focus on his vessel's wake,
Then right-about to catch a glimpse of spouters in the park.

We plumb the deep and dreary mines
And risk extensive trespass fines
To spot a locomotive sparking spurs from every wheel.

Perhaps we hie to gloomy grade
Where hells are made.

To get artistic studies of the Great Brazilian Etal!

We frame a strip of Mandalay,
Then take a little fly-away.

To where at sunrise utulates the Turkish muzzin,

Fingers in ears, we say amen!
Then hasten forth to crack again
A crew of Semangammis getting full o' miggergin.

Nay, friend, no gang for angel choirs
We sing with wings a-flying free!

And yet I have a notion, should you mount the golden stair,

You'd find a nosy movie guy
Evading Peter's watchful eye.

In hopes that yet some Newport damle might find admission there.

MOTION PICTURE

The Popular Popularity Contest

The Popularity Contest is still arousing universal interest. No part of the world is absent in representation. Votes are pouring in—hundreds of them—every day. Mary Pickford still leads the women with a large majority of votes. Wallace Reid heads the men with a not-so-large majority. Others are coming forward so rapidly that it is hard to make any predictions concerning the next report. If you happen to be in votes for your favorite player, there is still time in which to do so. All rules and regulations, together with a description of the useful and beautiful prizes are presented on another page, and here are the last-minute results of the contest at the time of going to press.

Mary Pickford, 49,600; Norma Talmadge, 29,851; Pearl White, 20,161; Mme. Nazimova, 11,748; Constance Talmadge, 6,907; Bebe Daniels, 4,748; Viola Dana, 3,555; Elsie Ferguson, 3,417; Lilian Gish, 2,801; Mary Miles Minter, 2,412; Biba Bara, 2,249; Dorothy Gish, 2,154; Ruth Roland, 2,017; Olive Thomas, 1,759; Shirley Mason, 1,519; Anita Steward, 1,506; Margaret Cheek, 1,451; May Allison, 1,412; Ethel Clayton, 1,359; Baby Jane Osborne, 1,206; Dorothy Dalton, 1,114; Gloria Swanson, 1,106; Irene Castle, 1,017; Marion Davies, 916; Pauline Frederick, 861; Geraldine Farrar, 854; Alice Joyce, 816; Ann Little, 747; Alice Lake, 712; Mae Murray, 701; Olga Petrova, 650; Margarita Fisher, 617; Katherine MacDonald, 604; Marie Prevost, 597; Alice Brady, 559; Priscilla Dean, 552; Wanda Hawley, 519; Edith Johnson, 512; Blanche Sweet, 506; June Caprice, 461; Madge Kennedy, 458; Vivian Martin, 452; Kathryn Williams, 446; Dolores Cassinelli, 421; Doris May, 416; Marie Walcamp, 408; Winifred Westover, 404; Juanita Hansen, 361; Catherine Connolly, 357; Billie Burke, 334; Violet Heming, 317; Doris Kenyon, 305; Gladys Leslie, 271; Ethel Wilson, 265; Dorothy Phillips, 254; Clara K. Young, 250; Mildred Davis, 231; Jean Page, 211; Enid Bennett, 175; Louise Glau, 167; Lila Lee, 167; Maie Marsh, 159; Eva Novak, 156; Fannie Ward, 154; Constance Binney, 144; Virginia Lee Corbin, 138; Betty Blythe, 131; Marjorie Daw, 127; Mary Garden, 121; Corinne Griffith, 116; Lee Williams, 116; Peggy Hyland, 114; Louise Lovely, 109; Mildred Reardon, 104; Mary Thurman, 104.

While the men players are vastly in the minority in the number of votes cast, yet the leaders are steadily holding their own: Wallace Reid, 19,954; William S. Hart, 16,321; Richard Barthelemy, 14,586; Douglas Fairbanks, 9,664; Emilio Pucci, 4,094; Victor Maçon, 3,814; Charles Ray, 3,401; J. Warren Kerrigan, 2,807; Tom Mix, 2,702; Charles Chaplin, 1,958; Douglas MacLean, 1,654; Thomas Meighan, 1,362; Rodney La Rocque, 1,358; Tom Moore, 1,346; William Duncan, 1,256; Kenneth Harlan, 1,116; Jack Pickford, 1,057; John Barrymore, 1,014; Ralph Graves, 1,009;
The Woman They Stoned

Two years before she had run away to join a traveling circus.

Now with an angry crowd at her back—driven out of her house—she beat upon her father’s door, calling for help. The old man—part of his narrow and bitter village—he too cursed her—and then the greater forces that we cannot understand—put forth a giant relentless hand. Father—and daughter—heartless crowd—all were—but why tell a story better told by

O. HENRY

And as fascinating as this, so are all his two hundred and seventy stories. Each and every story in the set of books is new and different—each with a new beginning—a new plot—a new ending—and so human—so full of fun—of pathos—of laughter—of tears.

He finds romance everywhere—around the corner—in the department store—in the shop—in the gutter—in the street car. He laughs when he preaches, and preaches when he laughs. He sees what no one else sees—but he sees what we have all subconsciously seen and makes us wonder why we never thought of it before.

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There are not enough of these sets to sell in our usual way, so we have decided that, to the first few hundred who secure the enclosed coupon, we will give—entirely free of charge—one of these sets.

Send No Money—Just the Coupon

It brings the whole twelve volumes of O. Henry, and the eight volumes of E. Phillips Oppenheim FREE. If both are not more than anything we can say of them, send them back at our expense. Otherwise 30 cents a week pays for the O. Henry—and the E. Phillips Oppenheim Stories are FREE. Send the coupon today. Remember: we have only a few hundred sets of E. Phillips Oppenheim left—just a remnant of a huge edition. The time to send for them is now—so you will get them at the coupon. Write in your name and address, tear it off and send it without obligation or expense.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS CO.
Publishers of the American Review of Reviews

(Continue)
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Is your skin exceptionally hard to take care of? Wind, dust, exposure; do they constantly irritate and roughen its delicate texture?

You can correct this extreme sensitivity. Every night use the following treatment:

Dip a soft washcloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Then rinse first with warm, then with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

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PEARL WHITE
World-famous Fox film star.
When she was a little girl in school, Anna Q. Nilsson often “cut” class to see her film favorites. Now she has gone back to prove to her girlhood friends in Sweden that sometimes dreams do come true.
ANN MAY

To be a leading lady in the celluloid world at the age of nineteen is something to wonder at; but to be the leading lady for Charles Ray convinces one that Ann May has walked off with the golden wheel of good fortune intact.
HARRISON FORD

Harrison Ford has weathered many celluloid storms, and judging from the popularity he enjoys, it is no wonder he looks as if he were singing out on the quarter-deck (or whatever you call it), "All's Well!"
ELLIOlT DElXER

One of the most popular of the screen stars, threatened with the appellation of "Matinée Idol," the career of Elliott Dexter was broken into by a severe illness a year ago. Now that he has quite recovered and returned to the screen, his faithful admirers eagerly await the release of Cecil de Mille's "Something to Think About," in which Mr. Dexter stars.
The Letters of Mary

It isn't every well-known, golden-curlcd motion picture star who can lay claim to any great literary distinction. Of course, there is no set reason why an actress of remarkable histromc ability shouldn't possess the great and glorious gift of literature—but just the same, it isn't being done—not often, anyway.

However, be that as it may, Mary Miles Minter, the eighteen-year-old screen wonder, is the golden (haired) exception in this case. Not content with winning the plaudits of an admiring public who watched her dramatic powers with awe, at the hoary age of eight, Miss Minter, while touring the country in "The Littlest Rebel," convinced her fond parents, and those of her friends who were privileged to enjoy her intimate secrets, that she possessed unusual literary ability. Her poems and her correspondence with her fond mother have been carefully preserved, evidently owing to unusual foresight.

Being a very imaginative young lady, her thoughts naturally were expressed thru the trusty form of poetry, and judging from the prolific results, she never labored under the handicap suffered by the immortal Tennyson—"I would that my tongue could utter the thoughts that arise in me," etc. She was observant and quickly formed her own opinions on the various important phases of existence. Most of these opinions were so terrific in their static dignity that few, if any, dared question them.

She spent most of her time traveling from one place to another—touring in "The Littlest Rebel"—and gathering vivid impressions of railway stations, dusty coaches, bad hotels and her theatrical companions. All thru this period she had as an inseparable companion a tiny dog whose name was "Tad," and as he is very often mentioned in her writings, we gather that probably all her viewpoints of life were poured into his innocent ears before they were written. She kept up a daily correspondence with her mother, and it is in this correspondence that we have discovered another Daisy Ashford.

She was evidently a very versatile young person. While she was undergoing all the hardships of theatrical life, (about which you will hear more later,) she decided that one name was entirely insufficient to express her individuality. So she assumed three, changing them whenever the fancy suited her, (not to mention the numerous pet names with which various members of the company and her friends labeled her). Her real name was Juliet Shelby—she decided upon the more unusual one of Virginia Houston Cary, and eventually, growing somewhat weary of this, she took unto herself the more euphonious one of Mary.
Miles Minter. The latter turned out to be the favorite, for she has adopted it for good.

Probably at the time she wrote so beautifully, Mary Miles Minter did not realize the powerful influence which the writings of the very young would have upon future literature. We are quite certain that her prophetic soul revealed no vision of Daisy Ashford. We might add that it was fortunate for all concerned that no one else foresaw the arrival of "The Young Visitors." Prefaced by a photograph of a smug-faced child who seemed to be saying, "After all, who was Will Shakespeare, anyway?" this small, innocent-looking volume dropped like a bomb upon the conservative head of literature, and, upsetting all past dignity and tradition, started a hilarious controversy between two nations which almost bordered upon the slapstick.

It became the chief topic of conversation in the subways, on the street, at dinner, in the clubs and even in the sacred precincts of the church. Between prayers, there could be heard the familiar stage whisper, "Don't you really think that Barrie wrote 'The Young Visitors'?" You were innocently introduced to a perfect stranger—before you had uttered the usual inane lie of being pleased to meet—the stranger would rudely interrupt you by eagerly inquiring, "I say, have you read 'The Young Visitors'?" And so it went, developing into an international joke, a playful dig in

(Continued on page 72)
Louise Huff is a bonbon bit of femininity who just isn't. She has very decided views upon life in general. She believes in reincarnation. "It is such a consistent, logical belief," she said. "Can you believe that the mind and personality of a Lincoln is lost to humanity? No, I believe that we go on developing spiritually with each existence." Of course, there is no tangible reason for connecting Miss Huff with the rather pleasant theory of reincarnation, except Miss Huff herself. She believes, and she lives quite thoroly, in reincarnation.

Miss Huff admitted to us that she had never confessed it before. One's inner religious beliefs are perilous things to talk about. "Yet it is such a consistent, logical belief," she confided. "Can you believe that the mind and personality of a Lincoln is lost to humanity? No, I believe that we go on developing spiritually with each existence.

"One does not admit one's real religious beliefs off-hand for fear of being misunderstood. I don't believe I have talked about them even to my relatives, which, of course, is not odd, since you confide less in relatives than in any one else. A prophet in his own land, you know." And Miss Huff smiled.

"I need my religious theory to sustain me," she went on. "Without religion I could not face the everyday things. Where would I obtain poise, resistance and new hopes?" Miss Huff paused. "I hope I will not be misunderstood. With so much interest in things psychic today, perhaps we are on the threshold of genuine spiritual discoveries. I do not mean the ouija board fever, but the investigations of men like Sir Oliver Lodge.

"Let me make a confession about Sir Oliver. I was walking along Fifth Avenue with a girl friend when we saw him pass in a carriage. I don't quite know how we had the courage, but we spoke to him. It seemed just the thing to do. He bowed in response in the most courtly fashion.

"Later that very day we saw him walking meditatively thru the crowded Hotel Biltmore lobby and we hurried to overtake him. Do you know, he remembered us? He was very dear
and kind and took
us aside to answer
all our questions.
We talked for an
hour. I never hope
to meet such a
tremendous mind again.
With men like Sir
Oliver Lodge be-
lieving in proof of
so-called psychic
phenomena, I am
sure we shall pull
aside the curtain of
the infinite."

Do not draw an
inaccurate picture
of Miss Huff. She
is not in the least
eccentric. A very
human little person
she is, with a very
evenly balanced
view of life. Per-
haps you conceive
her as fluffily femi-
nine, as ribboned
and becurled. Ac-
tually she has a
sweet and fragile
sort of sincerity.

Miss Huff can and
does use her mind.
She has very de-
cided views upon
things. These are
not the quickly ac-
quired ideas of
others, but come of
actual experience.
For Miss Huff—
youthful as she ap-
ppears and is—has
had her share of
dreaming and re-
dreaming. But from
it all she has built
anew. Her little
girl, Mary Louise, has grown to interesting childhood. And
Miss Huff but recently married again.

Now, marriages are things not to be mentioned in inter-
views with young and fluffy stars. But Miss Huff's marriage
is so vitally a part of her, of her development and her theory
of life, that we cannot neatly side-step its importance.

Miss Huff's views upon marriage are brief and to the point.
"There is nothing more dangerous than the early marriage," she
maintains. "What can be expected of a partnership hastily
entered into when the co-partners lack all perspective of life,
all knowledge of what it may bring them and all breadth of
judgment? One develops, the other does not and—divorce."

Miss Huff admitted she believes in love. But she would not
define it. "Unless it is the power to want another for his im-
perfections as well as his per-
fecions," she ventured. "A per-
fect marriage?" she repeated. "I
doubt its existence. Successful
marriage is a matter of marital
adjustments and concessions.
Possibly of relinquished dreams
and hopes."

We talked of the screen.
Here, too, Miss Huff is frank in
her beliefs. "Brains are not an
essential," she theorizes. "You
know filmdom from the inside and you know the percentage of

(Continued on page 74)
A Little Bit of Bohemia

There are people who have been made believers in the "iron hand of Fate" by their misfortunes. They look at life from dull, tired eyes, convinced that, for them, life can hold nothing but failure, regardless of how hard they try.

And then, again, there are people, fatalists, too, who so firmly believe that the future holds nothing but success for them that they absolutely refuse to take their misfortunes seriously. To this class belong the true Bohemians.

They trust the future so implicitly that they spend every penny they get as fast as they get it. Sometimes they can't spend it fast enough to suit themselves, so they give it away.

They don't care! They live for today, joyously permitting the past and the future to stay where the past and the future belong. It is with just such a group as this that Teddy Sampson spends her time. She is a Bohemian from Bohemiaville—which doesn't always mean Greenwich Village! On the contrary, in this case it means a bungalow court on Wilcox Avenue in Hollywood, and all around are fresh air and beautiful new houses and the most conventional of lawns and flowers and modern conveniences.

It is only in the arrangement of the houses that this court fails to be conventional. Instead of being placed in parallel rows facing each other, as is usual,
they form a triangle with the apex on a little hill. It is in this
bungalow, the highest of the bunch, that Teddy Sampson and
her chum, Rosemary Theby, keep house together. And such
a jolly house! Always the center of a laughing, kidding group
of very young people who are famous all over the world and
are confidently looking forward to becoming more famous.

In the beginning, this was going to be a nice, quiet interview
alone with Teddy Sampson in her little home ... and it was
quiet ... very much more quiet than usual. Teddy Sampson
said so. Only Viola Dana dropped in and Lieut. Orner Lock-
lear, the famous young aviator who jumps from one plane to
another in midair and does other daredevil stunts that make
those watching him gasp and exclaim, "He's as crazy as they
make 'em!" and Anna Q. Nilsson and Jack Dillon, the director,
and Mrs. Dillon. And when it was all over, I had a long talk
with Rosemary Theby, who drove me to the Christy studio in
her car. As for the bohemianism, that was only suggested by
a tone of light-hearted irresponsibility.

I arrived at a quarter of one, to find Teddy Sampson quite
by herself, which is really a matter for record. Pag Dow-
ling, of the Christy studio, who had also been asked for
lunch, had 'phoned that he couldn't come and Miss Theby
had gone to the Garson studio on the trail of a particularly
good part. So we made ourselves comfortable and, I sup-
pose because the day was particularly beautiful, talked
about Christmas, which had been particularly beautiful, too.

"I don't think that I have ever, in all my life, spent a
more perfect day than I spent last Christmas," Teddy
Sampson said. "It was perfect in every way! I didn't
get a single unwanted present. This"—exhibiting her jeweled
cigaret-holder—"from Lottie Pickford. And a vanity case
from Rosemary Theby, and a dozen pairs of gloves from
Viola Dana and a diamond-studded wrist-watch and a neck-
lace of real pearls ... the last, especially, something I have
wanted all my life." (There were other presents she showed
me too numerous to mention.)

"And now," she went on, "I am going to have a month's
vacation to spend with my people in New York."

Teddy Sampson is a native of New York, one of a family
of eight, all living. Her four brothers made enviable records
in the army. The youngest, Revere Sampson, entered the
French Foreign Legion in 1914 and has returned with the
Croix de Guerre and two palm-leaves.

"Yes, I certainly am proud of my brothers!" she said.

She was the only member of her family to choose the
theater as a profession. Her first appearance was in vaude-
ville with Gus Edwards when she was twelve years old. She
met with no opposition from her people.

"My father did not believe in parents trying to live their
children's lives for them," she said. "He always let us do
very much as we wanted to, only helping where he could." It
was D. W. Griffith who introduced her to the screen.

"And it was Mr. Griffith who introduced me to
my husband," she remarked, leading the way to the
dining-room. (She had decided that we had bet-
ter not wait for Miss Theby any longer.) It was
while we were enjoying a pineapple salad that she
told me the story of the romance. She is, you know
Mrs. Ford Sterling.

"I was at the Alexandria with Mr. Griffith and a
party," she said, "when Ford Sterling came in. He
was at that time at his height, and accustomed
to being treated

(Continued on
page 73)
"Some Boy, That Frenchman!"

By

ETHEL ROSEMAN

"If he can love like he can fight”—
and dodge interviewers—
"Oh—oh—oh!"

"Get Carpentier," said
the Big Chief. "He speaks
nothing but French, but, of
course, that won't make any
difference to you."

It would, but it didn't.

"What do you know

about him?" I queried the Robertson-
Cole publicity department between fran-
tic efforts to establish phone connection
with the Carpentier apartment at the
Biltmore. I figured that if I had a
handy vest-pocket edition of the fighter's
life, I might be able to understand his
answers to my questions.

"About Georges?" the department
asked.

"Have it your own way," I answered.

"He's some boy, that Frenchman!" the department chorused. "Good-
looking kid, too. Wait until you see the women fall for him."

"More history and less prophecy," I suggested, politely.

"He was born—say, who took the matches off my desk? Why don't you
buy a box of your own?—in Lens, France, twenty-six years ago. When he
was eight years old, he attracted the attention of Francois DesCamps, former
lightweight champion of France, at that time physical instructor of the Lens
gymnasium. Before many weeks had passed, the little blond Georges was
his prize pupil. DesCamps handed down to the little boxer all his science and

experience gained from many years in
the ring. When the boy was thirteen,
Georges Carpentier—did you get the 'père'? Pretty good for an Irishman. Yes?—
decided it was time Georges started to
work in the mines, which were the chief
source of the Lens industry.

"'How much will your son earn?' Des-
Camps inquired.

"'Two francs a day,' replied père.

"'I will pay it,' volunteered DesCamps,
'if you will give me complete control of
the boy.'"

"'Agreed,' said père and mère, so
Georges entered with enthusiasm into
training for the career in which Des-
Camps felt confident he would suc-
cceed—What's the matter? Can
you get suite 120 at the Biltmore?
Don't answer? Try again—At
fourteen he had his first profes-
sional fight with an opponent seven
years his senior."

"Of course, he won?"

"Surest thing you know. He
pulled down two hundred and fifty
bucks, too. It was more money
than his parents had ever seen to-
gether in one crowd and they
decided that as a career picker
DesCamps was all to the good.

(Continued on page 77)
"All Mankind Love a Lover!"

Strikes may come and governments may go—but the event which has caused more interest the whole world round than any other thing recently is the wedding of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. The lucky groom and happy bride good-naturedly pose for the benefit of the as-usual-inquisitive public.
These sub-sea pictures of Annette Kellermann were secured from a submarine diving bell, thru which the motion picture scenes were also “shot.”
Invading Davy Jones' Locker

Some of the first dramatic action pictures ever taken on the ocean floor

A remarkable picture is just above, showing Miss Kellermann approaching the surface. The sunlight rippling upon the water is shown as it appears from beneath.

These scenes, taken on the sea floor, will appear in the Sol Lesser production, "What Women Love"
The Low-Brow Playwright Speaks

Bayard Veiller, the playwright who now heads the Metro scenario staff, is an out-and-out materialist. He has no "illusions," as he terms them, regarding art as applied to the drama or motion pictures. Indeed, he declares that the function of the stage and screen is to entertain and not to educate. But he qualifies all his statements by describing himself frankly as a "low-brow."

Mr. Veiller interestingly compares playwriting and photoplaywriting. "The screen offers a far wider scope, but its technique is more tricky. This is because there is no set way of doing things, no real technique of tradition. In writing for the footlights you know just what you can and cannot do. Seemingly there is nothing you cannot do in the films. "Whether you write books, plays or scenarios, you must understand the same foundation, which is arousing and holding your audience's interest. That is why experienced writers or dramatists must necessarily make the best scenarioists. They know the basic principles.

"Today the technique of the screen is more and more aping the stage. John Emerson and Anita Loos continue to increase the amount of dialog in their stories for Constance Talmadge via subtitles. This is necessary to present light comedy on the screen. The pictures must literally illustrate the text. "Cecil de Mille uses a vast amount of titles to tell his sex themes. It is the only way to express thought — and these dramas are discussions of marital relations. You cannot debate in pantomime. Griffith has always tended toward the poetic caption."

We asked Mr. Veiller regarding future developments. "The technique trend tomorrow? I don't know enough about pictures to tell. I was really grabbed by my trousers and thrown into the game without having seen more than twelve pictures in my life. (Continued on page 80)"
Miss Hobbs

By FAITH SERVICE

Told in story form from the Wanda Hawley-Realart Photoplay

Miss Hobbs had bobbed hair and was a vegetarian. She had theories, fads and a passionate philosophy, which dealt, principally, with the total eclipse of the male sex in, at least, the Hobbsian sphere. "Man," she was wont to say to her two, friends first, disciples later, "man is a deterrent. We must, for our better evolution, dispense with man."

She would then relate horrible incidents in which man had served as instruments of some sort of torture. To the initiate the incidents would have savored of having been learned by rote, but the satellites would not so have abjured Miss Hobbs, whom they held in reverence and esteem.

Miss Hobbs was, indeed, estimable. The opulent legacy left her by an opulent aunt may, and may not, have had something to do with her estimability. Who can say? Too, it may have conduced to the furtherance, the successful furtherance, of her theories.

It takes a legacy (and an opulent one) to have acreage on which to disport one's unclad limbs, far from the saddening crowd, in the dewy hours of the dawning. It takes a legacy to pluck hothouse grapes from under sunlit glass and crush them beneath disdainful lips the while reviling the ways of man upon said dewy grass. It takes a very opulent legacy indeed to lure a wife away from a husband, a sweetheart from her love. Yet all these things Miss Hobbs did—and more.

She had an estate. She called it, probably, New Thought, or something grave and purposeful. It was her boast that she never did a thing without a purpose. She would disdain to.

The estate was a very beautiful one. and had a little lake, and a sudden brook, and a bit of idyllic woodland and all the requirements for a fadidist and two satellites to try out expensive theories.

She had two friends. One was called Beulah Hackett, a timid soul who had been married some three years to a "brute." Miss Hobbs thus indignantly named him. That he deserved the appellation I leave to you. He abjured bobbed hair—in her wife. He sneered at Greenwich Village, free verse, the new poets and all things pertaining and appertaining. He made rather conspicuous fun of Miss Hobbs, her horn-rimmed spectacles, her breakfasts of graham crackers and well water; all, indeed, save her legacy. He told her, supreme insult, that she might be "attractive to some man if she'd cut the comedy." For that last Miss Hobbs never forgave the lesser creature. As a sort of neat

MISS HOBBS

Fictionized from the scenario by Eleanor Harris from the play by Jerome K. Jerome. Produced by Realart. Directed by Donald Crip, starring Wanda Hawley. The cast:

Miss Hobbs..........................Wanda Hawley
Wolff Kingsearl........................Harrison Ford
Beulah Hackett........................Helen Jerome Eddy
Percy Hackett........................Jack Mulhall
George Jessop............................Walter Hiers
Millicent Forey........................Julianne Johnston
Alice Joy............................Emily Chichester
Mrs. Kingsearl......................Frances Raymond

(Twenty-seventy)
retaliation she was later able to persuade Beulah not to waste her precious, purposeful years with the "brute," but to come to New Thought with her, there to live replethly in the state of beautiful, natural self-sufficiency, which is every thinking woman's birthright and heritage. Miss Hobbs had conviction. She was able to spread it. She caught Beulah just after the "brute" had spoken his mind on a woman smoking Russian cigarettes in the company of other "unsexed beings" and the rest was easy—Beulah packed her bag and baggage, left a note on the pincushion and betook herself to the acreage of Miss Hobbs', there to discard domesticity, clothing, and reactionism at one, and almost, the same time.

Shortly thereafter, Miss Hobbs converted the second satellite. This was Millicent, a frail thing, and very much in love with one George Jessop, with whom she contemplated matr

money, Millicent was one with a plastic mind. She listened and learned from everyone with whom she came into even momentary contact. Invariably, when in Rome, she did as the Romans did.

Miss Hobbs was aware of this. She had always had a liking for Millicent, who had a mind of sorts when away from the sickening proximity of George Jessop. Now and then she had hinted to Millicent that she was committing a sort of personal hara-kiri in entering into the modern slave of marriage. "A bondage, my dear," Miss Hobbs would say, thru smoke rings; "a bondage that irks as all bondage does. Very well indeed for the hot polloi, very well indeed. But for thinking women, for self-sufficient women—never. A pity! So far no good." Then Miss Hobbs conceived the notion of inviting Millicent for a night at New Thought. Of course she wouldn't have said so, in so many words, but she had a sneaking notion that it would please Miss Hobbs' soul to display her really comely limbs in the dew at the dawning hour. Millicent would hardly be able to resist that.

Nor was she.

She spent the night at New Thought, during the waning hours of which Miss Hobbs and the thoroughly converted Beulah reviled man and the fetters, exulted the new woman, scoffed at marriage, groaned over the yoke. In the morning they consumed hothouse grapes in a few yards of gauze and much dew. Millicent was enchanted. She had never, she knew, looked so charming or felt so charming. To be sure, she wished George Jessop could have been witness of her triumphal limbs, but then, she had heard so much of self-sufficiency that she mocked at herself for a poor thing at the very thought. No doubt she would get used to the absence of George Jessop and, like Narcissus, be content with self-worship in the mirror of the sudden brook. She said something of the kind to Miss Hobbs, who heartily concurred. Said Miss Hobbs: "The last need of woman for her lesser complement, man, will be dispensed with when woman comes to recognize the fact that she can worship her own beauty much more adequately than can man. Why not?" Miss Hobbs always ended her introspective philosophizings with a tense "Why not?" to which there seemed to be no other answer than an affirmative. It was so in this case. After all, what more could George Jessop say of Millicent than Millicent, with the aid of the brook and no clothing, could say of herself. Then, too, self-praise could be so eminently satisfactory and unfailing. This was the ultimate argument in favor of a manless state. Millicent collapsed and allowed Miss Hobbs to send George Jessop word that Millicent had decided upon a celibate career. It is another story to tell, of the receipt of this intelligence by George.
It takes a legacy (and an opulent one) to lure a wife away from a husband, a sweetheart from her lover. Yet all this Miss Hobbs did ... and more on her estate which she probably called New Thought

the home of the brute for Beulah’s more personal belongings. In keeping with his habitual tactics the creature had dared to retain several of her most prized possessions. Beulah was timid and knew the potency of the brute. Miss Hobbs volunteered.

Wolff Kingssearl happened to be at the house awaiting the torn return of the brute. Miss Hobbs, seeing him, told him, haughtily, that she was the maid of Miss Hobbs, but Wolff, being versed in feminine tactics, knew that he was gazung upon Miss Hobbs. Knew it, and longed to gaze indefinitely. Knew it, and felt, suddenly, that he could not have his fill of gazing—

His heart beat to suffocation and his palms were moist. Miss Hobbs ... If he had not felt unaccountably serious he could have shrieked ... He’d let Miss Hobbs steal his wife any day, he thought, and half a dozen sweethearts ... Even the svelte blonde faded away from the active field and it was, again, and this time, rather definitely, without a tenant. For, be it said, Miss Hobbs was rounded and fair. Her hair was a baby gold and escaped “in tendrils,” as the novelists would say. Her eyes were blue, May-time blue, and implored—at times. Her mouth—but I cannot say what I mean about her mouth. She had a voice—oh, you know—

Wild thoughts, like wild geese, wave patterns in Wolff Kingssearl’s mind.

What to do? Here he had gone and fallen in love! Really in love. And with Miss Hobbs, to whom man was not. 

What to do? Caveman tactics he would resent, repudiate. They would disgust her more effete mentality. Her philosophy, seeing clearly, would know them for what they were and cast them forth into a sea of oblivion. At which thought Wolff Kingssearl shuddered. Sentimentality she would laugh at. He thought he could hear that laughter—like the tinkling of thin ice. 

What to do? Where to appeal? In the next
In the morning they consumed hothouse grapes clad in a few yards of gauze and much dew. Millicent was enchanted. She had never, she knew, looked so charming, or felt so charming with a pang of wonder, that she was, whatever her theories, efficiency, definiteness, a woman. She was that, inescapably. And women were primarily the mothers of men. That was sound reasoning. Appeal to the mother, the mother-pity, in the most theoretical breast and you've struck the richest vein in the component make-up of the other sex. If there were no pity—but Miss Hobbs did not have those eyes, that mouth, that voice, those hands for nothing.

Wolff had one talent. He could play a piano. He could play a piano and make it speak for him. He had done it before on many memorable occasions, and always successfully. There had been the specific instance of the little Lalita—but that is another, and a different sort of story... He tried it now. He played Chopin. He could.

He played, and as (Continued on page 70)

room he could hear Miss Hobbs packing. Packing Beulah's things. She was doing it very definitely, very efficiently. Of course, she would. It occurred to Wolff, there was a little silence then the mummer over the keys replied, rather feebly, "I have heart trouble... rather badly, I... I'm a piano tuner—by profession"
Mermaid Marjorie

Exclusive Pictures Taken for the Classic by Abbe

Marjorie Daw, the piquant little Marshall Neilan player, was caught on the edge of the Pacific by Mr. Abbe. How can the sad sea waves be sad—with Marjorie in view?

The stretch of the vast Pacific, the glistening sands, a Japanese umbrella, the sleepy roar of the waves—and Marjorie. Could one ask for more on a summer day?
La Bella Sevilla

SIGHTSEEERS from all over the globe knew her—the Spanish dancer at the San Diego Exposition. Daughter of one of the oldest and most distinguished Spanish families resident in California, Beatrice Dominguez, the girl whose eyes sparkled like Burgundy, whose graceful interpretation of the folk-songs charmed thousands, has come to stay in motion pictures.

But it was not without a struggle. Her relatives wished Beatrice to become a doctor or lawyer; there had been no player-folk or dancers of professional tendencies in a long line of ancestry. Frank Dominguez, nationally known as a criminal lawyer of Los Angeles, and whom the girl calls quaintly "my second uncle," since he is grand-uncle to her, would gladly have seen her enter the law.

Dancing was in the blood of her race. Mrs. Dominguez, born in old Sevilla, never had a dancing lesson in her life—she simply danced—danced her way into the heart of a lad in the old country who brought her to California and the life of the great ranchos which covered thousands of acres. Beatrice learnt to dance from her mother, and from her, too, she inherited the priceless mantillas, combs, jewelry and embroidered shawls which she wears.

"You see," said Miss Dominguez, "Spanish dances are all symbolical. One cannot buy the music for them; it is given from one to another. One has visitors—they dance, sing, play the guitar—I say to them, 'Oh, how beautiful is that melody, how I like it!' They say to me, 'You may copy the music if you wish.' In that way, I have about thirty dances. My mother arranges the dances—always she has danced! Myself, I was educated in Sacred Heart Convent for five years—my three older sisters who have married well and who have never worked," (this with an air of conscious pride), "spent most of their lives there. My younger sister has been in a few
pictures, but she does not like the life. I would not have her work at anything else—and since she is company for my mother, she does not work at all.

"We were born in San Bernardino, where it is much more Spanish than in Los Angeles now. I dislike the great, bustling crowds on the streets here, so unlike the old town of Los Angeles, or the Spanish section of San Diego, as my mother describes them."

"How did you happen to take the name of 'La Bella Sevilla'?" you asked. Miss Dominguez pronounced that "La Bella Sayveeah" in faultless Castilian. She apologized for her pronunciation, since so much Spanish is spoken in her home that she has quite as much accent as a newly arrived Sevillan señorita.

"It was to do my mother's birthplace honor," she replied quickly. "The name proved a detriment when I used it for registration at the studios. I did not realize that at the time. Always—after I left San Diego, and had danced at the Mission Inn in Riverside—I wished to act. I called at some studios and did not say that I was the première dancer of Balboa Park. I simply registered as 'La Bella Sevilla.' Mr. O. H. Davis who was a vice-president of the Exposition, was appointed general manager of Universal. One day, when I called there, he suggested that I use my own name, because directors were rather afraid to employ a dancer because they reasoned that she could not act. I was baptized 'Beatriz,' but at the studios they have turned that into the American 'Beatrice.'"

Señorita Dominguez is true to racial type—social but aloof, proud yet gracious, always distinguished by that graceful dignity which one associates with her race.

Miss Dominguez has just finished sittings—or should one say "standings"? for pictures depicting prehistoric cave-dwellers. Here her work precluded leaving the Angel City. Beatrice posed at the studio. Later, thru double photography, Zion Canyon, Utah, backgrounds were printed in. Hundreds of photographs had been submitted showing models who wished to have the honor of a showing for the New York Art Exhibition; this country was combed from coast to coast before La Bella Sevilla was chosen.

A startling photograph of the little dancer is called "The Kill," presenting a cave-woman with one foot firmly planted on the head of a wildcat she has just dispatched with a bone club.

Very beautiful is this young señorita. Remarkable eyebrows, wide at the nose, tapering off to delicately sharpened points, give individuality to her face. A large, generous mouth shaped to a Cupid's bow gives a coquettish air. Eyes with the velvet depths of black pansies change with every emotion. Beatrice's hands are fascinating—photographers are always featuring those beautifully tapered fingers. She wears an odd ring nearly one hundred and ten links.

(Continued on page 66)
His Happy Rôle

just to show you what a dutiful wife I am, I'll try to find those pictures.

For a moment after she left us, Mr. Washburn and I smiled at each other as we listened to the click of the little French heels flying down the wide hall, keeping time with the gay, lilting tune she hummed.

It doesn't take very long to discover the two big interests in Bryant Washburn's life—his home and his work. When he is not at the Lasky studio, making those merry farcical comedies which we all so much enjoy, he is at his home a few blocks distant, with his pretty wife, the adorable four-year-old Sonny, whose real name is Franklin Bryant Washburn IV, and the new baby, named for Mr. Washburn's great-uncle, Dwight Ludlow Moody, the famous evangelist.

"You can imagine, with the religious strain so prominent in the family, that I received little encouragement in my desire for a stage career," said Mr. Washburn. "After leaving school, you know, I grew up in Chicago. I dubbed around at a lot of things, even sold insurance, but my heart wasn't in the work. One day my chance came. I put on a dress suit and became head usher in a local theater, and I felt that I was on my way.

"Not long after this I met George Fawcett, and he asked me if I would like a small part in his play, 'The Great John..."
By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

Ganton. Would I? Well! You should have seen me prancing onto the stage all dressed up in sport flannels, carrying a tennis racket—at last an actor! The thrills this brought me meant much more than the dollar I received for each performance.

At the end of the season, Mrs. Washburn joined a stock company and later went to New York. After a few ups and downs, mostly the latter, and being broke, he signed with Essanay to make pictures, more as a means of getting back to Chicago than as a step upward in his career. This was ten years ago, and he has been in motion pictures ever since—seven years with Essanay, a short period with Pathé and the remainder of the time as a Paramount-Arcaft star.

Mrs. Washburn came flitting back to the drawing-room with the stills, and for half an hour we laughed over the pictures of Bryant, slim and terribly serious, in fearful make-up and grotesque costumes.

"The first time I ever saw him," began Mrs. Washburn, with her characteristic impetuosity, "was at a neighborhood movie, and I kept saying to a girl friend, 'Can he be a real Italian?' Not long after this I went over to Essanay as an 'extra' and Bryant was the first one I saw. Of course, I recognized him, and how I feasted my eyes, for he looked good to me, even if he did wear a green coat and an awful tie. I shall never forget that tie." And she sighed tragically.

"Do you remember how skinny you were? No double chins then,"

Photograph by Northland Studio

Once upon a time he used to be a cinema villain—and because of his influence over the feminine contingent throughout the country, a philanthropic director turned him into the hero of the play. Above, another portrait of Mr. Washburn; center, capping a flowery tribute to his wife with a bouquet of words; and, below, the happy family out riding with Sonny as driver

she added, saucily.

"Never mind; when I get fat I'll do nice old men roles," Bryant retorted. "I was making forty-five a week," he went on, cheerfully, "when we met, and with an unexpected raise of ten dollars we decided we could be married. Every one predicted this would hopelessly ruin my career and I was urged to at least keep it quiet. This didn't suit me. I wanted the world to know I had won Mabel and I was determined to be married and publicly, too. On the contrary, I believe it helped my popularity from the start. You would be surprised to know how many romantic girls write that they are glad I acknowledge my marriage and how they enjoy hearing about the family.

"It is the dear old ladies, tho, that are my special pride, for they write wonderful letters, saying I remind them of their sons or the sons they might have had, and it tickles me to pieces.

"I often wonder if any one realizes how much these fan letters help and encourage us who are working before the camera, for it is

(Continued on page 68)
A Daughter of Neptune

Irene Rich lifted herself out of the surf long enough to shout, "Isn't it great! Wish I could go on swimming forever and ever. Here is where one forgets all worry and trouble," and, with a gay laugh, she plunged into a huge breaker and was lost in the mass of green-and-white spray.

An hour earlier, Irene had said, "It's between pictures and I have a whole day to myself. Let's go down to the ocean for a swim."

"Let's," I responded, "and we can interview en route."

Quickly preparing a little picnic lunch, and gathering together our bathing-suits, we were soon motoring westward in her comfy sedan.

It was a gorgeous morning. Blue sky, bluer ocean, with its dazzling white-crested waves, the exhilarating salt air, all made one glad just to be alive.

We found an exclusive stretch of beach, with only sea-gulls as spectators, and here we splashed and rode breakers, while Irene, in the role of a water nymph, furnished a little exhibition of marvelous skill as she swam far out into the ocean with firm, clean strokes.

"I have always known how to swim—can't remember when I didn't."

Blanche Ring, the well-known theatrical star, gave Irene a letter of introduction to the Lasky studio two years ago—and on the strength of it she got a part as the nurse in "Stella Maria." The part was a tiny one—that is, when you looked again, Irene was gone.

Now look where she is! Above, a photographic study of Miss Rich, and, right, as a water nymph on California sands.

she told me, raising her voice above the ocean's roar. "It was while living in Honolulu, however, that I became so expert. Why, I almost lived in the water. It is wonderful over there. Duke Kahanamoku, the Hawaiian who has won so many honors in the Stockholm Olympic games, taught me to ride the surf boards. That is absolutely the most fascinating thing in the world, with its breathless sensations, for you seem to go a mile a minute; of course, you do go as fast as the waves, and, oh, it is thrilling!"
Miss Rich has been steadily advancing in motion pictures, and has recently won distinct applause for her splendid work as leading woman in Will Rogers' late successes. She is pretty, of that sweet, wholesome feminine type that is so appealing. She is slender, graceful and magnetic, with an active mind in close touch with the vital currents of the life of today.

Resting on the sand in the warm sunshine, she told me of the steps that have marked the way, so far, in her career.

"I have always acted, mentally—do you know what I mean? Whenever I saw a play I found myself submerged in the rôle I particularly admired, following it thru all the scenes, so you see, I am now only making a reality of my dream-acting." And Miss Rich laughed lightly. Too bad the camera cannot catch that silvery laugh.

"Several years ago," she continued, "I became acquainted with Blanche Ring, and I told her of my ambition to get into motion pictures. She's a darling, you know, always doing things for people, so she gave me a letter to the production manager at the Lasky studio, and he, in turn, introduced me to the casting director, who put me in 'Stella Maris' as a nurse. Really, it was just

Irene in two equally successful roles: center, as a mermaid, while in lower left and upper right she improves the art of her costumer atmosphere, for I could see myself only between blinks when the picture was shown. I was happy, tho, for it was a beginning. That was two years ago last November, so I feel I have made some progress."

After "Stella Maris" there followed a series of pictures in which Irene played wee bits, sometimes very wee indeed. Then, one fine day, it really happened—she made the jump from extra to leading woman. Dustin Farnum was the star, and that in itself was good luck, for think of being even the screen beloved of "Dusty" and the heroine of his thrilling Western dramas.

After this, things moved rapidly; she played opposite to Frank Keenan in "Todd of His Times," and made several pictures with William Farnum, Earle Williams, Gladys Brockwell and Louise Glaum.

"All this was such splendid experience," went on Miss Rich, "and after playing in a couple of Goldwyn films, I signed with them for two years, and it is a very happy association. I made three plays with Will Rogers as his leading woman—'Water, Water, Everywhere', 'The Strange Boarder' and 'Jes' Call Me Jim.' I was sorry that I didn't fit the type for his new picture, for he is so wonderful to work with. They don't make men like him very often. All his pictures are clean and wholesome—he positively couldn't play any other. In 'Jes' Call Me Jim' there is a beautiful theme, and Mr. Rogers is just himself. I hope there will be others like it. His wife is just as sincere and real as he, and they are about the happiest couple I have ever seen. There are four cunning (Continued on page 69)
The Human Ray

Charles Ray is the most popular portrayer of American adolescent youth—"with all of its shy, awkward appeal, its tenderness and whimsicality—on the screen. Right, Charles gazes up at the skeleton framework of his new studio being built at Hollywood. Top, left, Charles still leans on his father for support. Center, going over a scenario with Rob-Wagner of S. E. P. fame, and below, "Whiskers" waits patiently while his master pays close attention to his eighteen-year-old continuity writer, Isobel Johnson.
"Yes or No"

Told in story form from the Norma Talmadge—First National Photoplay

By OLGA SHAW

False works so obscurely, so irre relevantly, say some of the modernistic philosophies, that it makes little, if any, difference which way one takes when one comes to a turning of the road; the destinations being identically the same. Now and then, there are individual cases disproving—for instance, I am minded of Margaret Vane and Minnie Berry. Analogous, poles apart, one when life pressed upon her saying yes, the other saying no.

Margaret was a type, a rather commonplace type, if one might term a person with the outer seeming of an exotic commonplace. She was much like an extravagant rose, fragrant and beautiful, but to be had in great varieties. The essence of her being was possessed of similarity. Her life was made up, principally, of money and what money can buy: of balls and teas and men and the admiration of men; of indifferent, anemic novels, sex plays and vaguely picturesque charities. She never took off her glove when it became necessary for her to shake hands with life. She didn’t know anything about contact. She didn’t dream, either, because dreaming is, of all things, the most real. She just flitted, and if the flitting palled upon her, as it necessarily and frequently did, she took it out on the person nearest at hand, petulantly imagining that it was the fault of that person. The person happened to be Donald Vane, her husband.

With the perfect inconsequenticality of the human emotion, Donald Vane loved the hothouse rose he had married. He loved her beauty and he did dream and he injected his own dreams into her, subcutaneously, and they sufficed him. He thought it quite reasonable that she should sleep half the day, dance half the night, flirt the few waking hours she spent, adorn her sumptuous person in the ultra-fruit of the mills and looms and charge it up to him. To make the payment of the charges possible he toiled night and day, and when it became no longer possible for him to supply these things with the toil of his brain and brawn be supplied them with his nerve forces. In the course of time his physician told him that he had gone past a limit. “You’re on thin ice,” he said; “you’d better tell your wife and ask her to curtail and both of you live more simply... the pace that kills, my lad...”

Donald Vane shook his head. His physician noted, with a fatherly pang, that there was gray showing in the bright gold. “I don’t want to worry her,” he said; “I especially don’t want to worry her. She—she has such a good time. It’s what I work for.”

Donald worked harder than ever. Margaret flitted harder than ever. And when she had time to think about it, she lamented the fact that she was a “neglected wife,” that her husband gave his, all to his work, and took a certain doeful pleasure in the evidently greater appreciation of other men. “Donald,” she decided, “was always rather

(Thirteen)
dense, rather uninteresting. He is just a machine with no finer sensibilities."

Even when he died she did not suspect that his sensibilities had killed him.

She thought it was failure of the heart. That was, his physician decided, the kindest thing to call it. He thought of some lines of Kipling's:

"Maybe they used him too much at the start.
Maybe Fate's weight on his heart.""}

His death followed, almost immediately, the huge ball given by Margaret. She had really worried herself to death over that

Things had been so hard, the children ailing actually sick, not enough good milk, not enough to pay the doctor's bill, the rent behind, coal going up, Minnie herself with a back-ache, and almost discouraged

ball. It was to be a brilliant affair, with the young and popular Vanes at something of their ascendency. At the very last moment Donald telephoned that he would be delayed at the office—imperative work—and could not be present.

Margaret had been white with fury. She had told him over the wire, the most venomous things she could think of. He had said, disgraced her, humiliated her, made her a laughing-stock. An affair like the ball, and her husband missing—"at the office"—flimsy, absurd excuse!

Donald had been patient, exasperatingly patient. The fact of the matter was, he had had that day another warning from his physician

At first it was just like a breath of salt air, that and nothing more, to have Ted come in with his laughter, his hint of outside things, the tales he told, the things he did
to avoid excitement at any cost, that if he wished to continue treading the mill of his domestic expenditures he must be apart, undisturbed, without noise or commotion. That the ball might be painlessly paid for, as it were, Donald remained away.

Putting up the receiver he had thought, a little wearily, that the excitement of Margaret's injustice was almost worse than the excitement of the ball would have been.

It was on the night of the ball that the affair with Paul Derreck began in good earnest. Paul was an old suitor of Margaret's. He was, incidentally, an old hand at an old game. When Margaret, sore to fury over Donald's imagined neglect of her, poured forth her woes she found Derreck an almost tender listener. His sympathy was as suave as oil, as gentle as silk, as unassuming as a mother's. He said that he "understood." He spoke of a rare spirit. He spoke of loneliness, of lives like ships, passing one another, unhailed... the pity of it... he spoke of contacts, of might-have-beens... he called Margaret "little girl" and "beautiful child." He left her with a craving for more of his talk, for his reassurances.

What she craved she had made a habit of getting. She saw more and more of Paul Derreck. The small, warm comforting of his understanding kindled and grew into a flame. And so, when he asked her to give up everything and come away with him, to another land, another life, she had no stamina of refusal.

She said "Yes."

The same night she told Donald of her decision. "I can't stand your neglect," she explained: "you neither appreciate me nor understand me. I am going away with Paul."

That same night, also, Donald Vane died.

Minnie Berry was also a commonplace type, at least to the outward eye. She was a sort of ragged sailor by the wayside, getting along with the sun when it shone, with the rain when it fell, with the winds when they blew—and they customarily did. She gave little fragrance, and the beauty she was dowered with rarely shone forth from suds and steam and the fumes of dreary cooking. Yet within there was an essential aroma.

Ever since she could remember, life had been more or less the same for Minnie. Her mother had had many children and, with each one, increasingly bad health. The burdens had thereupon fallen to Minnie, and she, being Minnie, had accepted them. After awhile some of them married, some got jobs, her mother died, her father lived on in a sort of proto-plasmic state, and then Jack Berry had come along. There had been a brief period of illusion, spent, mostly, in the movies or at Coney Island. Then marriage. A further and briefer period of illusion, and then the children, drudgery, poverty, the same reiterated thing which had composed the whole of her existence. The illusion, had, perforce, to be put away. There was too much work for very much dreaming. Which was well, for, unlike Margaret Vane, the chances were great that Minnie Berry would have dreamed. But now and then, in brief, snatched intervals, her youth and the prerogatives of her youth would raise their stunted heads and put forth faint, feeble cries for the sustenance of sun and air and recognition. Color and poesy and promise had been so dwarfed, so brief.

It was, therefore, not impossible to understand the temptation that Ted Leach began to possess for the work-worn woman, who was still hardly more than a girl.

Ted was a chauffeur who boarded with the Berrys, with the record of a more or less reckless life. Attractive, particularly to Minnie, chained to her endless toil, her endless worries, her endless disappointments and setbacks. First, it was just like a breath of salt air, that and nothing more, to have Ted come in with his laughter, his hint of outside things, the tales he told, the things he did. Then, it grew more personal. Minnie, unheedful of the meaning, began to put away the wash-tub before it should be time for Ted to return at night. The one period of idleness in her day would be the fifteen minutes of attention she gave Ted when he came in. With Jack, her husband, it was dull and different. Jack never seemed to want to talk to her—never seemed to care to tell her anything, or, in fact, to have anything to tell. He didn't find her good fun any more. She knew this, but didn't resent

(Forty-one)
Derreck, with the contempt he invariably showed for melodramas or the loss of poise, wrenched the thing out of her hand, and then handed it back, telling her to kill herself if she wished to kill anyone.

or a flower or a few candies. Ted did all these things. After awhile Ted seemed to the girl a sort of glowing bar of light across the drabness of her days, the meaning of her worries and the fears for herself, for Jack, for her children. He was something to turn to when other things pressed too heavily.

He encouraged her about Jack, too, about his inventions. Said he would make good, sure as fate! He was awfully nice and kind about everything. Best of all, it made Minnie know that she was still young, still attractive, that everything glamorous and wonderful need not be over. Somehow, she grew to need the stimulus of it, even tho she never swerved in her innermost heart from Jack, from the children she worshipped and brooded over. He had been boarding with them for nearly six months before the real temptation came. Things had been so hard, the children ailing, actually sick, not enough good milk, not enough to pay the doctor's bill, the rent behind, coal going up; Minnie herself was backachy and almost discouraged. Jack toiling stupidly, it seemed now, stupidly and endlessly, at the invention that never "invented."

If it hadn't been for Ted—Minnie grew to shudder at the mere idea of losing Ted. The touch of his hand had grown to be the thing that made her day a day.

One of the days Ted came to her and told her that all the past six months had been a game he had played because he loved her.couldn't bear to see her working so, killin' herself, it was; he wanted her to quit the whole business, to come away with him. He could make money, he always had been able to, he would, for her. She could have things... pretty things... sleep, too, rest and books and auto rides, everything she had been going without. He had to say it... he had to have her... he... He came over to her and held out his arms. His eyes were ablaze and his voice shook. Drabness took hold of Minnie's soul; drabness and this other thing, this pulse-shaking, shameful thing... shameful, yes... he didn't love her... not soberly... not in a way that counted... Jack, working, the children, the children... she would go on, because she must, she must... She said, "No!" Then she said it again, "No, No, No!" She was struggling in his arms, still crying "No!" when Jack came in.

Twelve months. Margaret Vane living alone, in her country home, very much alone. People have a habit of dropping off, after the manner of leaves when the summer of contentment is fled. Margaret found that the many guests she had entertained had been entertained by her very much more for the sake of Donald than for the sake of her own society. Nor did they take kindly to Paul Derreck.

Paul had not married her. For a time after Donald's death he had played the role of very ardent lover. Whenever she had, tentatively, suggested marriage he had professed surprise at her eagerness as "had taste," "So quick," he had said. She had replied that she didn't see that it made any difference—their union was so, in fact. He had been vague. He had kept on being vague. His ardor still persisted—after a fashion. It was a fashion that brought the brand of shame to Margaret's face. She knew now what manner of love the man was offering her.

After awhile she grew desperate. Donald—dead. Loyal, hard-working, honest Donald, who had married, protected her, spun a cocoon of fine silk about her, revered her. And Paul—

(Forty-two)
for whom she felt this insistent, deathly passion that gnawed at her, with redness and remorse, and would not let her be.

She had few resources. For all her super-sophistication, Margaret, like most unthinking, untrospective souls, was a primitive. She had only a limited measure of retaliation.

She had never been unhappier before. She simply could not accept unhappiness, either philosophically or otherwise. A year after Donald's death she asked Paul Derreck, bluntly, what he intended to do. "I have all but lost caste everywhere," she told him; "my husband died because of this. I am heart-broken, and I am desperate. I advise you to think this thing over."

Derreck gave his light laugh. "There is nothing whatever to think, Margaret," he said; "I intend doing—nothing. Really, now, why should I?"

The newspapers bore varied accounts of the final tragedy, but the facts of the case were that Margaret, growing hysterical, produced a revolver and threatened to shoot if he did not reconsider and right her miserable state by marrying her. Derreck, with the contempt he invariably showed for melodrama or the loss of poise, wrenched the thing out of her hand and then handed it back, telling her to kill herself if she wished to kill anyone.

She did.

She must have lain in that darkening room for a long while after he had left. She must have thought, and for the first bitter time, strange, pitiable thoughts. Perhaps she prayed, to Donald, to God, to Heaven, to the lover who had left her, before she put the bullet thru her brain. Who knows—who knows?

Margaret, when life pressed upon her, had said "Yes."

Twelve months. Minnie Berry and Jack and the children in a little cottage, a sort of semi-bungalow, unpretentious but thoroughly comfortable, in the woody part of New Jersey. After the apparently ceaseless efforts the washing machine had turned out successfully and there was a steady sun coming in from its wise commercialization. The children, healthy and happy, going to school, flowers growing, hope reborn, love, guarded, still burning upon the tended hearth . . .

Minnie, when life had pressed upon her, had said "No."

The bruise on their lives which there might have been, had the dint of poverty equaled the dent of Minnie's morale, was passed over as an obscurring spot might pass over the sun. Minnie looked back on it now, and shuddered to think that the day could ever have been drab enough for her to pause on such a brink. The children . . . Jack . . . this peace . . . this well-earned peace . . .

She had never, she felt, been taught to meet things. She had just been a haphazard person, drawing on peradventurous resources for her courage to do or dare. She had it . . . or she did not have it. With the children it would be different . . . she, by reason of her moments of temptation, would make it different. There would be no game of blindman's buff for them to play . . .
The Screen Year in Review

A

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\textit{Harold Lloyd}'s comedies.
3. "Jubilo."
4. "Behind the Door."
10. "The Six Best Cellars."

Our biggest disappointment of the year lies in the fact that David Wark Griffith has contributed nothing material to the screen during the twelve months. For the first time in three years he fails to head our list of best photoplays. Just now, when the photoplay needs a courageous leader more than ever before, he has failed to follow his epic of Lime-

house, "Broken Blossoms," with any-

thing worthy of himself. "The Idol

Dancer," a trite chase melodrama of the
tropics, came nearest in points of poetry
and beauty, but it fell a thousand miles
short. Griffith had his biggest theme in "The

Great Question," dealing with the psychic
problem of the existence of future life, but he lost
his subject in a maze of stale melodrama.

"Scarlet Days" belonged to the old Biograph
period of Southwest romantic melodrama.

Actually the most important development of
the year has been the splitting of the
screen world into two factions: indepen-
dents and—but what shall we term
the others? Without question, Wall

Street interests are bringing the
bigger producing organizations
together in what may develop
into a gigantic combine, control-
ling the film theaters of America,
or possibly the world. There are
indications everywhere of this
movement. While this
has been under way,
the photoplay world
has seen a steady
breaking away of the
bigger forces and the

\begin{itemize}
\item 1. "The Miracle Man."
\item 2. "The Gay Old Dog."
\item 3. "Alice's Adventures in Wonderland."
\item 4. "Why Change Your Wife?"
\item 5. "On With the Dance."
\item 6. "Male and Female."
\item 7. "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."
\item 8. "23½ Hours' Leave."
\item 9. "Humoresque."
\item 10. Mrs. Drew's "After Thirty" stories.
\end{itemize}
formation of independent organizations. This has manifested itself in the United Artists, the Associated Producers, etc. It is very clear that business interests cannot easily tie the hands of artistic development on the silversheet.

But to return to our selection. But six were original stories written for the screen and eleven were photoplays in which there were no stars.

Here let us register another disappointment. King Vidor, who, since he produced "The Turn in the Road," last year, seems to us the most promising single force in films, did not repeat himself. Yet we have not lost faith in this young crusader for the close-to-the-soil drama.

Cecil B. Mille continued along his luxurious primrose path of sex and divorce. There is no questioning the popularity of this director, whose eye is that of the theater and not of the sympathetic observer of life. Lavish and picturesque is his style, but the human note of tomorrow is not there. Then, too, De Mille is running rife in boudoir neglect. His dramas are...
As we talked, the gay cretonne curtains swayed in the soft breeze, heavy with the fragrance from orchards across the road. To the north, the lengthening shadows were beginning to touch the Hollywood mountains, and over the whole scene brooded the peace and quiet of the late afternoon.

"These twenty-eight pages contain all the action for a picture," remarked William Hart, flipping the closely written pages he held in his hand. "This makes the fourth original scenario I have written since July. The Toll Gate' being the first to be filmed. I had that story in my mind for many months before I had the time to make it. I believe a story written especially for the screen starts out with fifty per cent. in its favor. The technique of plot-building is different in novels and pictures, tho many authors have not yet recognized this fact. In writing a book you begin immediately to work away from screen requirements; I enjoy building and working up my stories, but I'll admit that it requires hard work on my part and I dig at it many hours before getting results.

"Genius? Nonsense! There is no such thing. That is the most abused word in the whole language. People who accomplish things grind for them. That is all the genius I have—is the determination to stick until you succeed.' and the great exponent of Western screen drama flashed one of his rare but hearty smiles across the room at me.

Mr. Hart's study in his little green studio among the Hollywood orchards is crammed with treasures dear to his heart. With boyish enthusiasm he showed me his splendid collection of firearms, explaining the intricate workings of guns and rifles. There are several rare horseshair lariats decorating the walls, while saddles, chaps, and many Indian curios, gifts from the star's devoted primitive friends, fill the room.

Putting the treasures back into their places, Mr. Hart remarked, wistfully, "Seems a great pity to me that the three most romantic and picturesque elements of this great country—the Indian, the hardy frontiersman, the buffalo—must give way to the march of civilization. I am wondering if the exchange pays.'

Watching his sensitive face as he spoke, I think I came nearer comprehending the love he bears his West than ever before.

It is always interesting to consider the influences that have combined to make a man what he is. The case of William Hart presents an especially alluring study, for the tall, lean figure and keen features are familiar to a million picture fans throughout the world, the man himself is little known. This is perhaps due to a pronounced natural reserve,

"There have been three vital influences in my life," says William Hart. "My father, the West, and the Sioux Indians." And it is perhaps the development of these three influences which make the romance of Bill Hart so thoroughly convincing.
and yet once included among his acquaintances, the charm and warmth of his winning nature is irresistible. The somber eyes, with their hint of a ceaseless search of ideals, when illuminated with a cordial smile, invites the sincere homage that is showered upon him.

With this thought in mind, as we resumed our seats by the open windows, I asked the question, "What have been the vital influences in your life?"

"There have been three," came the quick reply, "my father, the West and the Sioux Indians. My mother was just—mother, that says it all; I worshipped her!"

"Suppose you had been reared in a small pastoral English village"—his father was English—"instead of the Dakota prairies, what do you suppose you would have been today?"

"So different—so vastly different that the two of us would not have a single thought in common. There is no question that environment is a powerful force," answered Mr. Hart. "Fate seemed to play with me, for it afforded the two elements necessary for me to produce the kind of pictures I want. First, there was the thorough knowledge of the West, gleaned during those impressionable years of youth. Then came sixteen years of active stage training under the greatest theatrical directors of the day. So I feel I came to the screen fully equipped for my work, and I am always grateful to the public who have believed in the West as I know it and am trying to present it."

"How about the new home?" I asked, presently, for he and his sister, Mary, have recently moved into a pretty little English cottage. "Your sister told me that when she inquired how you wanted your bedroom furnished, you replied, 'An iron bed, an Indian rug, that's all!'"

"Sure, what else do I need?" and Mr. Hart laughed, jovially.

"For the love of Mike, what does a man want with a lot of fuzzy things lying around? To tell you the truth, I never feel comfortable in lavish surroundings. Mind you, tho, that isn't a real home; it is merely an abiding-place for Mary and me until my dream comes true. Want me to tell you about that?"

Lighting a fresh cigar and leaning back in his chair, Mr. Hart proceeded to reveal his secret dreams for the future.

"I was fifteen when we left Dakota. Tho I was a big hulk of a lad, I remember how I clung to my father's hand—there was a wonderful bond of affection between us—and as the train pulled out, I asked, 'Dad, when are we coming back?' and he replied, 'Only God knows, son.'

"You see, I was leaving the only home I had ever known and, in my little-boy heart, the only home I wanted. Well, I'm a man now, but my heart hasn't changed. Always, always, my big desire has been to come back—to build the home I have dreamed of—here in the West.

"Now, with that wish ever in my mind and knowing that I am soon to leave motion pictures, I am constantly forming plans and building air castles as to just what that home shall be—oh, it is great fun.

"It is, of course, to be a ranch out in the big open, far removed from railroads and civilization. I want to transform some great desert waste and give it water—watch the soil become fertile—watch the trees grow. I want to see green pastures take the place of cactus and sage-bush, and I want to see herds of cattle"
Do you remember, when you were a kid, the intense excitement of the games you used to play? Do you remember an especially thrilling game in which one of the crowd hid in a secret hiding-place, and the object of the game was to discover this place, and as you drew nearer and nearer to it, some one would call out, "You're getting warmer!" The contestants are beginning to feel that way now.

This copy of the Motion Picture Classic will not reach your hands until the fifteenth day of July. On the first day of August, the Fame and Fortune Contest, which has been a unique feature in the history of our three magazines, The Motion Picture Magazine, The Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland, will come to a close, and as shortly after August first as possible, the winners of the contest will be announced. Once again we will be starting off on the road to success the fortunate contestants who have

Top, Hilda B. Crawford, Philadelphia, Penna.; center, Dallas Huntley, Des Moines, Iowa; below, George Sheldon Smith, Hollywood, Calif.

The Turning Point

Justly won their place as contest winners.

Between July fifteen and August first lies a span of some fifteen days, in which space of time, if you have not already done so, ample opportunity is given for you to go to your photographer and have some pictures made and sent in to us. All photographs mailed before and on August first will be accepted as entries in the contest.

This will be your last notification from the Motion Picture Classic. In our next number (the September issue), while it will be impossible to announce the winners, owing to the great amount of work involved in the final selection from the thousands of photographs, nevertheless, we shall publish several pictures of some of the leading contestants.

We ask your immediate cooperation. If you have considered entering the contest, if you have thought over it, hesitated, decided to do so, and then hesitated again, we urge your quick response to this the last call for photographs, for any photograph mailed after August first will not be entered in the contest.

We are quite sure that at this writing most of our readers have seen the two-reel feature, "A Dream of Fair Women," which we produced last year, and in which the winners and final honor roll members of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest appeared. This picture was especially constructed for the purpose of giving

Photograph by Gableucks

Photograph by Dickerson

Photograph by Empire Studio
The Closing of the Fame and Fortune Contest Draws Near

direct and immediate opportunity to the contestant to prove their acting ability. It created so much interest, however, that it was turned over to the Fine Art Pictures, Inc., of 130 West 46th Street, New York City, and it has been released in practically every State throughout the country. If you have not already seen this picture, get your exhibitor to communicate with the above company, and it will be shown at your home town theater.

This two-reel feature will give you some idea of what we are going to do for the winners of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. We have already started production on a five-reel drama in which the winners and honor roll members of this year's contest will appear.

"Love's Redemption" is the title of the picture, and the story is a strong, gripping one, dealing with the shadows and high lights of life. People of worldwide notability will appear in it; two of them being Edwin Markham, the beloved veteran poet, of international fame, and Hudson Maxim, the great inventor.

Blanche McGarity and Anetha Getwell, two of the winners of the 1919 Fame and Fortune Contest, have been cast for strong parts in the picture, and some of the others who have also been assigned roles are Dorian Romero, Edward Chalmers, Erminie Gagnon, William Castro, Seymour Panish, Alfred Rigali, the Schwinn twins, Mrs. E. Mayer, Titus Cello, Clarence W. Linton, Lynne M. Berry, Dorothy L. Taylor, Arthur W. Tuthill, Joseph F. Murtough, Wm. R. Talmadge and Ruth Higgins.

Most of the scenes will be filmed in and around the Brewster estate at Roslyn, L. I., and the taking will be continued well into September. Each issue of every one of our several publications will hereafter contain interesting news of the progress of the play.

We feel assured that this feature will be unique and unusual in every respect, and there will be no expense spared.

The direction will be of the best, and the play is a strong drama with a very unusual plot which will hold the attention all the way thru.

And the greatest attraction it can have for our readers is that it is being produced especially for them and will number many of them in the cast.

We are, not without reason, proud of our list of judges who will decide the winners. These will include such world-famous personages as Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Perova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lummis, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster.

This month's honor roll is as follows:

From 2103 Pine Street, Philadelphia, Pa., comes a photograph of the very-easily-regarded Hilda B. Crawford. Miss Crawford has chestnut brown hair, blue eyes and a fair complexion.

Dallas Huntley hails from 25 Maury Street, Des Moines, Iowa. She (Continued on page 79)
Summer Behind the Footlights

Above is a dramatic scene from "Martinique," the picturesque tragedy of the West Indies, with Helen Blair and Josephine Victor. At the upper right appear Eva LaGallienne and Sidney Blackmer in the charming comedy of New York in the early '70's, "Not So Long Ago." At the right are two of the prettiest "Florodora" sextette girls, Dana Sykes and Fay Evelyn.
High Lowe!

By GLADYS HALL

You would like Edmund Lowe. He is the good fellow sort, with a genial smile and a genial hand-shake, and a most hospitable dressing-room, in personal welcome and in point of refreshment, liquidations and otherwise.

He is obviously in love with life, too, which is always pleasant and more or less inspirational. He’s in love with work, in love with love, rather chummy, so to speak, with the world in general.

But—there are other, more profound, less easily taken-account-of reasons for liking Mr. Lowe. To begin with:

He is a philosopher, with a philosophy beyond his years, which are not multitudinous.

I was talking the other day, with a very famous, a very popular actor of the speaking stage, past, so to speak, the first flush. He told me that age brings with it, as its chief compensation, a philosophy of acceptance. In other words, after youth we cease to rebel against the “sorry state of things.”

We fold our hands, compose our features and learn to smile. Mr. Lowe has a philosophy of acceptance more.

He appears to be merely fun-making. He appears to be merely working, with no thought of the morrow. He appears to be in and of today, sufficient unto itself.

He is doing, has done, and will do considerable thinking. He has a clear and reasonable mental equipment. He is not subject to illusions, still less delusions. In the vernacular, he knows what he is doing.

We spoke of old age. I imagined it would hold terrors for this man so vividly young. “Do you dread it?” I asked. “Don’t you hate it?” I felt sort of surgical, sort of vivisectional, as I put the questions.

“Why hate it or dread it?” he asked, with calm. “It comes. We all know that. We can’t do anything about it, one way or the other. Why not accept it gracefully, make the most of it, as we should make the most of this, live it in its own way, with its own peculiar flavors, even as we live youth. Why rebel? Waste of energy.”

“What shall you do?” I persisted. “When age comes, and all this is out of the picture?”

“I shall step out, too,” he said, “from the foreground to the background. I shall do it, I hope, without undue fuss and flurry. I shall give myself in the meantime, tho, a great deal to relive, a great deal to remember. I want want to be participating—Nature takes care of that. But I shall want to be remembering, vividly, happily, fully. I shall not want (Continued on page 76)
Overalls
Capture the Sennett Studio

Special photographs taken for The Classic by Abbe

The overall movement has hit the famous sea-going beauty battalion of the Mack Sennett beaches. Here with Irene Tyner, a new Sennett find, reveals just how she intends to meet the H. C. of L. What chance, we ask, has the H. C. of L. against opposition like this?
Marooned Hearts

By
DOROTHY DONNELL

Pointed pettishly—"It's hard to have one's only proposal interrupted by—p-pills! Oh, dear! I wish Paul was a banker or a broker or something pleasant—or I wouldn't mind having him be a doctor if he'd have an office on Park Avenue, all French grey and silver, with a pretty, starchy nurse in uniform to open the door—not too pretty, of course—"

The moving flecks of red and white across the course meant the guests of Mrs. Ainsworth's house party strolling houseward across the links; the far sounds of Merriment, Marion decided, sensitively, meant that they were laughing at her unmanned plight.

She felt quite dangerous at the thought of the golden afternoon already beginning to fade into the limbo of the might-have-been with none of its hopes realized because some dirty little newsboy had been inconsiderate enough to break his leg or some totally uninteresting clerk's wife had taken this opportunity to have a baby.

"When I marry Paul," she declared, so vindictively that the startled grasshopper fell headlong off the golf-bag into the clover. "I shall see that he doesn't neglect me for his nasty old patients, but—till I'm married, I don't see what I'm going to do—"

In the dusty distance the blunt nose of a Rolls-Royce roadster had appeared. Marion sprang to her feet, angry with herself for the absurd thrill of joy that shot thru her at the nearness of him. According to the rules of the game that a woman is supposed to follow, she should not let the man she wants suspect her heart, but keep him, rather, guessing until the final surrender. "He's coming!" cried her heart. "What else matters? We are above the need of rules, he and I. There is no trickery about our love!"

Told in story form from the Selznick photoplay

MARION AINSWORTH was, in the flesh, precisely what society reporters mean when they write the words, "one of the season's larks." Very charming flesh it was, too, pink and sweetly curved, and like warm soft velvet—so one suspected—to the touch. Any one of a dozen eligibles would have been at her tiny, three double-A slippers—if it hadn't been for Paul Carrington."

"On dit," hinted the gossip sheets. "Lucky girl!" sighed the other debutantes, still worried with the necessity of getting engaged their first season. "She might have done better," grumbled the dozen, seeking confirmation from their mirrors. "How did that little featherhead ever attract a serious young surgeon like Paul?"

Mrs. Ainsworth took the whole affair for granted and absolutely threw her, so Marion bewailed, at Dr. Carrington's sleek, dark, well-shaped head. And yet—the proposal was still forthcoming! Of course, Marion was not in any doubts about Paul's feeling toward her, being able to read the unwritten language of eyes, hands that trembled as they touched her in the dance, tho they were steady enough in the operating room, but still it remained a fact that the momentous words were still to be said and heard. It was, she decided, apparently addressing a brightgreen grasshopper sitting on the golf-bag beside her, simply too ridiculous for anything and provoking, too.

"He would have—have—well, he would have in another moment when we were sitting in the conservatory at the Nutleys' dinner-dance last Friday," she told the grasshopper, plaintively, "and then, right in the middle of the most interesting part, that old message had to come from the hospital! And he forget what he was saying! I must say"—the red lips

(Fifty three)
A discreet cough at her elbow warned her that there were other people in the world, unfortunately. The butler bowed. "I beg your pardon, Miss Ainsworth; I thought that possibly Dr. Carrington had arrived. A telephone message has just come for him."

Marion felt her joy punctured by the swift stab of suspicion. "Give me the message, Parker." She read the slip of paper he handed her, with tightening throat, cast a swift glance at the approaching car and made her decision. "I will give it to Dr. Carrington, Parker—you need not wait. And you may say to whoever was 'phoning that the message has been delivered."

"I don't care!" she justified herself, as she crumpled the paper into her pocket and turned to meet the car, "I need him worse than anybody else! There are plenty of surgeons who can perform operations, but there's only one surgeon who can propose to me!"

Another moment and all thought of the troublesome bit of paper in the sweater pocket was swallowed up in the high tide of joy that washed over her spirit with the clasp of Paul Carrington's strong, slender hands, the glance of his grey eyes.

"I thought..." she laughed, a trifle breathlessly, as they turned back to the car, "that perhaps you didn't care especially for tea. And in that case I might be induced to show you our view. You'd have to see it sometime, anyway. Mamma is very proud of the view and always drags our guests up the mountain to see it, quite as tho she were directly responsible for it."

"I am afraid," Dr. Carrington smiled down at her, "I am very much afraid that I shant see—the view. But I'd love to have you show it to me."

The top of the mountain was quite deserted, save for chattering squirrels and birds, querulous over the trespass into their ancient domain. The pine trees' breath was like incense poured from some swinging censor, and before them the world and the fulness thereof. And there, without interruption, the words Marion had longed for were said, and answered satisfactorily in the way they should be answered, his lips, awed yet eager, pressed upon her lips, quivering and shy.

Afterward they sat long in silence, looking away at the valley, gilded with the late afternoon light, seeing the world with new eyes, as those just born might see it. "And to think," Paul said presently, with a great sigh of content, "to think that I almost missed this. There's a very sad case I've been watching—" he felt her repugnance—"I don't worry, dear; I'm not going to bring the poor fellow into our afternoon, only if he'd had a degree more temperature this morning I'd have had to have stayed and operated."

Marion moved uneasily. It seemed to her that she could feel the weight of the bit of paper in her pocket. "I believe," she accused him, "that you care more about your work than you do about me."

He answered gravely, tenderly, but he did not, as she had wanted him to deny. "My work is me, Marion, the best part of me, the worthiest. It's as much a part of me as my hands or my eyes. If you care for me, you must care for my profession and not be jealous of it." His eyes rested on the bright head, the winsome beauty of her, and he grew all lover. And so the afternoon slipped away.

A merry group on the terrace of Woodwool hailed the late comers with significant strains of "Here Comes the Bride," rendered upon Bobby Shannon's ukulele. Mrs. Ainsworth, exquisite, a composite tribute to her maid, her modiste and corsetiere, moved to meet them and read confession in their...
faces. A mother feels hardly less triumph than her daughter at such a moment. It is in a subtle way, a delicate compliment to her to love her child. She took Paul's hands in hers, kissed him on the forehead and drew Marion to her side. "Friends," she smiled, "I am delighted that you should be the first to share our happiness."

"I beg your pardon, doctor, but this telegram came an hour ago, sir."

Paul took it indifferently, but his face changed as he read its brief message. "Have waited an hour since I telephoned. If you do not arrive by five, I must operate myself. Patient sinking fast. Do not understand your delay, since servant explicitly said 'phone message had been delivered."

Face stern, the doctor whirled upon the waiting Parker. "What did you mean by saying you delivered a telephone message to me? Some terrible blunder has been made and a man's life may be the price of it."

The butler forgot discretion for a panic-stirring instant. There was that in Paul Carrington's face that would not he lied to. "Miss Mrs. Ainsworth—she said for me to say it had been delivered," he stammered in the appalled silence. "I gave the message to her—I saw her read it.—"

"Parker!" Mrs. Ainsworth spoke sharply, conscious of her daughter's white silence. "Go into the house at once!"

"Yes, madam," bowed the wretched man, and went, leaving utter rout behind. None of these well-bred men and women had been trained for such a crisis. It simply appalled them, depriving them of the power to move away, or even to avert their eyes from the two most vitally concerned.

"Marion," Paul Carrington said, the tinkle of ice in his tone. "Is that true? Did you take a message for me—and keep it from me, a message asking me to return to town and perform an operation?"

She made an effort at nonchalance, even laughing in a high-pitched fashion. "Certainly! There are plenty of surgeons who can look after the patients for one afternoon. It's absurd for you to make a slave of yourself this way—I thought you needed a holiday and so I gave you one. That's all."

"All!" echoed the man, heavily, "all!" He turned abruptly and, without a backward glance, strode down the steps to his car, leaped

(Fifty-five)
"How strong you are," marveled the woman soul. "I was fighting for you," answered the man. He held out his arms and unquestioningly she went into them.

"A doctor is nothing more or less than a slave," finally said Mrs. Ainsworth, smiling with stiff lips. "Poor, dear Paul lets his patients tyrannize over him shamefully." She took her daughter's arm gaily, but with a sharp pinch of warning. "I do believe it's getting hotter, if that's possible. Shall we go in and have a little music? If Senator Russian would be so obliging to us."

In the grim purities of the hospital operating room an hour later, Paul Carrington, dusty, disheveled, grey of face under his grime, faced the jury of his peers, the old Dr. Matthews, who had believed in him and his future, the two young interns who had admired, envied and secretly been jealous of his success.

All three wore the white aprons and rubber gloves of their recent task, and there were angry stains on the senior surgeon's gown. A nurse, who had been clearing away the instruments, gave a quick look at the four grim faces and discreetly disappeared.

"Well, Carrington," Dr. Matthews said slowly, "you're a trifle—late. The patient waited for you rather longer than he should have waited, and"—he met the woman's imploring eyes mercilessly—"he died under ether. It was a pity that we interrupted your game of bridge, after all."

"Dont!" Paul begged hoarsely. He sank down upon a chair, not from volition, but because he could not hold himself upright, and sat, staring down at his working hands.

"They told us you got our telephone. The younger intern did not attempt to conceal his scorn. "Perhaps you would care to explain? Or were your society friends more interesting than an intestinal tumor?"

It was incredible that they (Continued on page 87)

(Fifteen-sixty)

MAROONED HEARTS
Scenario by Lewis Allen Browne. Produced by Selznick Pictures. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast:
Marion Ainsworth, Zena Keefe
Dr. Paul Carrington, Conway Tearle
Mrs. Ainsworth, Ids Darling
Peter Harkins, Tom Blake
Cyrus Carter, Eric Mayne
Dr. Matthews, George Backus
Confession

We always go to see Alla Nazimova with the same old anticipation and we always come away with the same old disappointment. Miss Nazimova has the rare ability to suggest a rare ability. We detest rural dramas with overdrawn country folk. Because we were raised in the country and realize they aren't overdrawn.

We would walk miles to see Charlie Ray in anything and the same distance to see Marie Prevost in—er—anything.

We adore Jane Novak on the screen, but flappers catch our eye in real life. On the other hand, we can't stand flappers in the films.

We refuse to consider Mary Pickford except in terms of superlatives.

We know May Allison has a sense of humor, even if she is a dazzling blonde.

We wish we could understand the popularity of Priscilla Dean.

Bebe Daniels entertains us mightily on the silversheet, but we would put our bank roll such as it is--in our inner waistcoat pocket if we met a Bebe Daniels in real life. And we'd hasten to accelerate our locomotion, too.

Harold Lloyd, Charles Murray and Ben Turpin are our favorite comedians, but we will come to blows with anyone who intimates Charlie Chaplin isn't funny.

We are strong for delicate, subtle comedy theoretically, but we have a secret failing for Mack Sennett and his bathing squad.

Everybody worships the dramatic beauty of Katherine MacDonald, but we have an unadulterated admiration for Harriet Hammond.

We will sit thru anything Elsie Ferguson does on the screen and revel in it.

We know that Gloria Swanson would probably be arrested in real life if she dressed as she does in the De Mille pictures, but we refuse to admit it. Gloria is the kind of person we'd rob a bank for.

We're sick of seeing celluloid life revolve around sixteen-year-old cuties. Yet we swear by Marjorie Daw.

These days, if a movie producer puts over a screen hit, he becomes a master; if he puts over two hits, he is a genius, and if—But nobody has.

Judging from Cecil de Mille's recent opus, "Why Change Your Wife?" the biggest motive in modern life is neglect. And love?—it's a mere matter of discriminating purchases.

Speaking of Cecil de Mille, somebody has just gone him one better by producing "Why Change Your Mother-in-law?"

Tell It With Tobacco

1 fat man + 1 big cigar = 1 politician,
1 chaise longue + 1 cigarette = 1 vampire.
1 cowboy + 1 bag of Bull Durham = 1 Bill Hart.
1 character actor + 1 cigar butt = 1 Theodore Roberts.
1 set of whiskers + 1 corn cob pipe = 1 rural drama.
1 dapper gent + 1 cigarette in an amber holder = 1 Lew Cody.
1 derby + 1 tensely gripped cigar = 1 detective.
Etc., etc.

Griffith does believe in realism. Hasn't he just added (Mary) Hay to his cast of "Way Down East"?

Big Dramatic Moment of the Month

Mae Bush in her Ivory soap moments of "The Devil's Passkey."

Mack Sennett is going to produce a stage revue built around his famous bathing girls. We hereby apply for seats for the premiere, be it in Los Angeles or New York.

(Continued on page 95)
A New Twinkler

Agnes Ayres was wearing a cunning little frock of pink-and-white gingham, a glorified gingham, softer and lovelier than silk, a big, droopy hat and white, round-toed pumps, and she looked exactly what she is, a wholesome girl.

We found a seat near a big palm, and the fragrance of orange-blossoms and roses filled the air while the morning sun shone warm and soft.

"This is about the first moment of leisure I have had in five weeks," laughed Miss Ayres, "and I feel like a kitten. I like to sit and blink at the sun, thinking how good the world is to me.

"I've been so busy getting to where I am that really I have not thought much about the steps that brought me here," Miss Ayres told me, quite seriously. "Only an impelling desire to accomplish something really worth while in pictures has ever urged me on.

"Funny," she continued, "how we get started on our careers. Both father and mother were always interested in amateur theatricals, and at one time mother, who gave promise of being a second Maggie Mitchell, slipped away from home and, going to Cairo, Illinois, was about to join a theatrical company when her mother promptly took her home and that ended her career. Perhaps that broken girlish dream has made her more lenient in letting me try my wings. She has always been so wonderful, standing right back of me in everything, and such a comfort. You see, I'm a real mother's girl."

Miss Ayres declares that she had never given the stage any special thought until one fateful day when she visited the Essanay studio--the family lived in Chicago--and a director asked if she didn't want to be in a picture. This sounded like such a lucky break that she answered yes, and the next minute Agnes Ayres became a part of a mob-scene in a Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne film.

So this is the way it all began. She photographed so well that they immediately gave her a place in the studio stock company, and all that summer she played tiny bits in the George Ade comedies which were being filmed. By this time, she confesses, she had the "bug," and when New York, the great Mecca, beckoned, she responded. There she went with the Mutual Film Company, making five pictures with Marjorie Rambeau and one with Nance O'Neil under Frank Powell's direction. Then came Vitagraph and the O. Henry stories.

It was as the original O. Henry girl that Miss Ayres first won recognition, and in the twenty-five pictures she made she succeeded in giving the characters that real and very human touch, with the spirited gaiety or quiet pathos with which the author had invested them.

For two years she free-lanced and early in the winter came to Hollywood to head the cast for the Famous Players-Lasky production of "Held by the Enemy." It was during this time that Mr. Kaufman became interested in

Agnes Ayres, with her classic beauty and distinctive feminine charm, is the latest twinkler to have registered, for she is to be starred under the management of Albert A. Kaufman.
her ability and screen possibilities, signing her as his second star, the Allan Holubar-Dorothy Phillips combination being already under his wing.

"A new studio is being built for us over on Sunset Boulevard," Miss Ayres told me, enthusiastically, "and I am to have my own company and, oh, everything is going to be wonderful. I am doing a picture for Marshall Neilan before making the first one for Agnes Ayres, and I'm thoroughly enjoying it. Micky is great to work with, for his good humor and lively spirits keep things humming and he will sacrifice anything for a good laugh.

"In this picture I play the role of a girl who owns a newspaper, and we took some night scenes at the Los Angeles Examiner last week. It was quite thrilling—those great presses—they seemed to be alive."

A mocking-bird poised on a palm nearby was practicing some new trills, and we listened to the sweet notes while we enjoyed the beauty of the scene before us.

"It is all so glorious here, how I love it!" Miss Ayres spoke softly, lest we frighten Mr. Mockery. "Of course, I am fond of New York; I had my first chance there and, too, it means theaters. I do miss them, yet here I am really living. You see, I have been shut up in hotels and apartments for so long that it is positively heavenly to be living in a vine-covered bungalow in the midst of a rose-garden. I had a great time finding just what I wanted, for I was bolder than ten little bees about then, learning to drive my car and working hard at the studio. Now that mother is here, all my worries are over."

Hugging her devoted companion, a lively toy Boston terrier, "Skook," with his fine markings and button tail, the star declared that he had never lived a real dog's life before—now, he has a whole big garden in which to bury choice bones.

"We have accumulated a lot of live stock," remarked Miss Ayres, between "Skook's" playful barks. "There are twelve rabbits, seven chickens, with six eggs each evening for me to find—it's the best fun! Then there are two Persian kittens only a few months old and a mamma cat we call 'Maeu-Sha.'

"There was a time when I thought emotional and dramatic roles were my forte." She had again settled down to the demands of an interview. "But I am beginning to prefer comedy dramas. They are so interesting and it requires much skill and finesse to steer such a play safely along. I like to study my story, visualize the scenes and then plan my costumes. So much, oh, so very much depends upon the clothes, for there is no doubt of their psychological effect both upon the actors and the audience.

"I remember once while working on an O. Henry story, the girl was poor, and I insisted on wearing an old pair of shoes all run down (Continued on page 71)
From Shorthand to Stardom

BY ETHEL ROSEMON

The war did it. If there had been no war, there would have been no Liberty Bonds and Estelle Taylor would now be teaching in Wilmington, Del., with no opportunity to act.

The new star sat in the new dressing-room of Mr. Fox's new studio over on Tenth Avenue and discussed this new experience, this ascension to stardom. It's a long step from a secretarial school in Wilmington, Del., to a featured player with a large picture corporation, especially when one has to walk the streets of a Methodist ancestry, but Estelle took it like a trained athlete. The exercise has left her natural and unspoiled and in possession of the good sense that promises to keep her that way until the final reel of the picture.

"It's queer how a person plans and dreams for years and then something that she wants to do most in the whole world, and thinks about the thing she wants to do most in the whole world, and then something that looks like a big step, and then she decides to do it. "One more day," she began, thoughtfully. "There was that nervous breakdown. Now, if you've ever had one you realize that you don't put a 'Welcome' on the door-mat for it. I was attending a secretarial school, studying all the tautalizing dots and dashes and the funny little curlicues when it came my way. I wasn't very cheerful at the interruption. I was anxious to master the art of making a long conversation short and get thru. I had a goal, a secret one, that lay miles and miles beyond being some nice man's nice secretary, and I was impatient of the delay in my progress toward it.

"However, when the physician and the family began to discuss the necessity of a change of surroundings and occupation, I saw the reason for my 'temporarily discontinued' career. I began to speak—timidly at first, but more boldly as time went on—of the restorative qualities of a course at a dramatic school. I was very fond of children, and thru that my parents saw a solution of the problem. They would send me to a dramatic school in New York and when I had completed the course I could hang out my shingle and transfer my learning to the neighbors' children. That was the picture that painted itself upon the family vision. A far different landscape was hanging in my own private gallery, but the only thing that really mattered was that I was to have an opportunity to prepare for the work I was born loving.

"It was smooth sailing while I was at the school, for my checks came regularly. Instead of returning home with the shingle under my arm on finishing the course, I announced my

(Continued on page 75)
Your nails tell strangers all about you

How you can keep them always well groomed

It is not only palmists who read your character by your hands. Wherever you go—whenever you appear in public, strangers are judging you by the appearance of your hands and nails. Some people do so unconsciously. To many it is the one sure key to a person's standing.

Carelessly manicured nails cannot be hidden. The loveliest gown, the most charming manner cannot affect the impression they give.

But there is a way to correct that impression. Your nails can be as lovely as anyone's with very little effort. A few minutes of the right kind of care, once or twice a week, is all that is necessary.

But it must be the right kind of care. Many of the most neglected looking nails are really not neglected; they are badly manicured. The cuticle is ragged and overgrown because it has been cut. The more you cut the cuticle the worse it looks. It grows thicker and thicker, the skin heals in little scars and hangnails form.

With Cutex, the liquid cuticle remover, you can keep your cuticle smooth and unbroken, the nails always lovely.

With a bit of cotton wrapped about an orange stick and dipped in Cutex, work around each nail base. Then wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle with a towel.

For clean, white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White under the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

To keep the cuticle soft and pliable so that you need not manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night on retiring.

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Gossip of the Pacific Coast

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

LOS ANGELES, CAL. (Special)—Olga Petrova's opening at the Orpheum vaudeville house here was not as ambitious as perhaps it might have been, because nearly half of the film colony has either been away on location or in New York, Australia, France and other parts of the world.

The Orpheum's first-night backed a number of the picture stars who generally occupy the bald-headed rows on that eventful evening. In a second-tier box I noticed Thomas Holding and his wife, while Carter de Haven, Al Christie and Teddy Sampson sat in the pit. Petrova's dressing-room was blanked with flowers sent her by film players.

Can you possibly imagine a picture colony minus nearly one-half of its picture celebrities? It's a paradox, but decidedly the case here. Blame it all on spring fever. Hollywood is practically deserted. The emigration is only temporary, however, because the stars all have contracts calling for their work in the West.

One Sunday morning a whole trainload left the Santa Fe station for New York. All the screen-American friends were domiciled in one car. There were Bert Lytell and his wife; Gloria Swanson's husband, Herbert S. Somborn; Clara Kimball Young; Harry Gordon; Jack Dillon, the director; and June Mathis, Metro's scenarioist-in-chief. Preceding them by a week was Sasue Hayakawa, who left Los Angeles to arrange final details for his new company. But Sasue felt the need of hurrying back to attend to details relative to the building of his new $200,000 studio.

That one-time matinee idol of the films, Wilfred Lucas, and his wife Jess Meredith, left some time ago to join a company in Australia. They will be abroad a year. Which reminds me that Arthur Shirley, remembered as the hero of "The Fall of a Nation," has also gone to the antipodes to organize his own company. And William Duncan is about to hire himself and company to South America to make a serial, while Anna Q. Nilsson has been packing her trunks preparing to sail for her native Sweden. Tsara Aoki is in Japan, but is expected back shortly. Rosemary Tholby has been in New York now for weeks. Antonio Moreno and his company have been in the Northwest, serialing, while Hobart Bosworth and his company have been "shooting" scenes for "Bucko McAlister" in the Santa Cruz Islands and around San Francisco Bay for the past month. Mabel Normand's company was in the northern California metropolis, too, for a number of weeks, doing scenes for "Rosa Alvaro," while Will Rogers and his troupe have been in Arizona.

And Universal City has been practically depopulated, with producing companies scattered all over California "on location." Edith Roberts, doing a South Sea Island story called "Marama," was at Monterey; Harry Carey has been at Victorville, near Death Valley, for a yarn to be known as "Fighting Jolts." Frank Mayo has been at Big Bear Lake; Art Acord has been in Yosemite, while Jacques Jaccard, producing a series of Northwest Mounted Police stories featuring Virginia Faire and Leonard Cheshire, has been away in a far-distant canyon for weeks. And, to make things more intricate, Priscilla Dean has been finding life these days just one personal appearance after another with her film, "The Voices of Shanghai," San Francisco saw her. So did San Diego and Santa Barbara.

With the building of his new studio, King W. Vidor has developed most staggering plans. For a month now he has been negotiating the purchase of a flock of famed stories, among them Clare Kummer's "Continued on page 82"

(Thirty Two)
In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don’t Know It!

This is the startling assertion made by one of the highest-paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible that there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven’t found it out? Well, consider again what we have just written about a story. Why can’t anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that only another of the hundred million people we know wouldn’t have? Today somebody sells a story or a novel. Today he dives like a bee feet above the earth and counts on, or running spindles in factories, sewing over sewing machines, or doing homework. Yes, you may laugh but these are the Writers of Tomorrow.

For a story 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 unprepared to 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 them, they simply give up in despair, and that ends it. They’re wrong. Try again. Why not try again. Yet it, 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. One thing is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy after the mind grasps the simple “know how.” A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they really learn to write from the great wide open boundless Book of Humanity. Yet, seeing all around you, everyday, every hour, every minute, in the whirl of life, the drop of water, the splash and yet-get at Life in even your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and play, a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these is the seed of a story wide, open boundless Book of Humanity. Yet, seeing all around you, everyday, every hour, every minute, in the whirl of life, the drop of water, the splash and yet-get at Life in even your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and play, a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these is the seed of a story wide, open boundless Book of Humanity.

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A. S. HINDS, 236 West Street, Portland, Maine
years old, a circlet carrying a dark topaz. This heirloom has been inherited from a great-grandmother, and each girl of the family wears it until she marries. When Beatrice Dominguez changes her surname, this ring will go to her younger sister, and then to the oldest daughter of her oldest sister.

"Yes, she replied in answer to a query anent her precious heirlooms, "my comb and mantilla," (oh, how she shuns maln

ture, with that swift upward sweep of those black eyes, like California cherries, and quite as if she were viewing her own headress critically!), "are from my mother's mother. My shawls are from Spain also; one is aged one hundred and eight, the other seventy years. I like best that picture taken of me at the Universal studio, for they have such a clever photographer, so patient he is in posing one.

"The background for my favorite picture was beautiful. Everywhere flowers were painted, and deep cerise silk cushions were there to be nestled in. I wore my handsome shawl of white with red flowers and mantilla, and the corned beads from my mother's family, and oh, yes, the gay fan from Sevilla. It was so bright, that picture, I wish it could be seen in colors."

The sparkling vitality of this girl immediately impresses one. I well remem

ber how crowds watched her dancing at San Diego, how they pelted her with flowers and gifts, for of all the quarter she was unembowed queen. She has received so many letters since that time, for the tourists did not forget La Bella Sevilla after leaving the coast.

We spoke of her career, a quite modest one so far, Beatrice thinks. She did "The Moon Riders" and a serial with Art Averd, until that lively young man broke me up three places and held my production for the past three months. Mildred Moore was compelled to bleach her hair to play opposite Miss Dominguez, since a wig would have been unfeasible for serial work, where rough-riding and hard stunts are the rule.

"Do you indulge in sports, Miss Dominguez?"

"Oh, yes I swim, ride, shoot—anything but drive a car. My mother is afraid I am too excitable and enthusiastic and that I might have an accident—so we have a chauffeur."

Now, isn't that a bit of old Spain in itself? Imagine riding a horse down all sorts of rocky canyons, over rough roads, fording rocky rivers—and then balancing at the modern innovation, the motor car!

One evening, the audience at the Su

perba Theater, Los Angeles, was charmed to see Beatrice and Dominguez play before the film presentation. She does a great deal of charity dancing and took part in the "League of Nations" entertainment at Whittier, California.

"I wish they had cast you as Lascia," I murmured. "She is the very incarn-
tion of that wild, jealous, ardent creation of John Boyle O'Reilly."

"Almost I was cast for the part. The director wanted me, and the management agreed, but then it was found that I was a trifle too tall, so it fell thru. I was so eager for the part. I wish so much to do Carmen some day, too.

"You see, Americans try to play the part of a Spanish girl, and they slouch—is that what you call it? They drop the shoulders and sink in the chin. No Spanish girl ever does that. She is very proud, her head is held far back, her shoulders are very straight even when she dances, never does she stoop forward or bend carelessly. She has carriage—you know what I mean?"

"Coquetry isn't really intentional with Spanish people, is it? It seems spontaneous." When one has lived in a city of Spanish inhabitants for eight years, it is quite patent that the desire to please the opposite sex and pride of family, coupled with self-respect, are responsible for the arts and wiles of the attractive señoritas.

"Once at the studios they say to me, 'Beatrice, again you vamp!' Bah, how I detest that—so vulgar a word. Never do I wish to hear it applied to me. I shake my head—and then they say to me. 'Well, perhaps not consciously, but you can't help it.' They think that if one's eyes dance and the mouth smiles, and one is happy—it must be vamping. Spanish people do not think of that.

"Why, even to her death, my mother's mother had that attractiveness. She lived to be one hundred and two years old.

"Yes, and the father of my mother lived to be almost one hundred and five years old, enjoying life with us until the last. He simply fell asleep," she concluded.

"Have you been playing chiefly Spanish parts?"

"Really, the first time I appeared before the camera was when Douglas Fairbanks came to the Exposition and filmed 'The Americano.' You remember, the Spanish dancers were featured in that. Then I had my picture taken with Mr. Fairbanks many times—he is so funny, that Mr. Fairbanks. Don't you love him?"

"Tired Miss Dominguez is delightfully direct, and yet she is subtle, elusive, so that one finds it difficult not to stare at her changing expression.

"I was spared the task of making a confession. She went on, gaily, 'I wish I could do 'The Bird of Paradise'—at the studio Mr. Howard is trying to arrange for that; he wants so much to have me play Luana.'"

"Once I played opposite handsome Wallace Reid, too, in 'The Goose with the Golden Egg,'" came the softly smiled title. "Now I have been in 'The Beach Comber,' and I love that part very much. It will be released soon. I played a good rôle with Mr. Salish—he is so big and kind, I enjoy so much to work with him."

(More tomorrow)
A woman's charm

See how white teeth enhance it

Countless women have found a way to whiter, safer teeth. You meet them everywhere. A new method of teeth cleaning is now widely employed, and anyone who watches can see the results of it.

This is to ask that you test it. Watch the results for ten days, then judge for yourself if you need it.

The tooth wrecker

Millions find that well-brushed teeth discolor and decay. Tartar forms, and often pyorrhea starts.

Most of those troubles are now traced to film. To that viscid coat which you feel with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste cannot dissolve it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

It is the film-coat that discolors—not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. All these troubles have been constantly increasing.

Now a new method

Dental science, after years of searching, has found a way to combat this film. Able authorities have amply proved its efficiency. Now leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

A new tooth paste has been perfected to meet every modern requirement. The name is Pepsodent. And this film combatant is embodied in it.

Sent to all who ask

A ten-day tube of Pepsodent is sent to all who ask. Thus millions have already proved it. If you have not, write for that tube today.

Pepsodent is based on pepsin, the digestant of albumin. The film is albuminaceous matter. The object of Pepsodent is to dissolve it, then to day by day combat it.

This method long seemed impossible. Pepsin must be activated, and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has discovered a harmless activating method, so active pepsin can be every day applied.

The results are quick and apparent. They argue for themselves, and a book we send explains all reasons for them.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Judge by the clear results between the old ways and the new. Do this now, for it is most important. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

Pepsodent

The New-Day Dentifrice

The scientific film combatant now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by druggists in large tubes.

BITS OF BLUE

By La Touche Hancock

Down among the heather
Harebells bloom between;
Thru the cloudy weather
Amurfre breaks are seen.
Liste'n then, ye weary,
Learn life's lesson true,
Not a day so dreary
But has "bits of blue."

For the runner falling
In the race of life,
For the soldier paling,
In its weary strife,
Better are the chances,
Brighter is the view;
If some loved one's glances
Lead their "bits of blue."

Every word of healing
Spoken to the sad,
Every kindly feeling
For the heart that's sad,
Help to others given,
Friendship ever true—
These are dreams from heaven,
Little "bits of blue."

(Stirred seven.)
His Happy Rôle

(Continued from page 35)

the only applause we receive, the only way we have of knowing just what people like or do not like. The best publicity a motion picture actor can have is his work, for it is the public who make stars, and you can't fool them; they know what they want and insist on having it too.

Remembering that Mr. Washburn's popularity has outlived many of his early contemporaries, it must be that his wholesome methods have pleased the public who, after all, may not be as fickle as sometimes rated, but as this star says, they merely know what they want.

"How did you happen to turn to comedy?" I asked, glancing at those funny stills.

"It is really Mabel's fault," and Mr. Washburn smiled at his wife. "She had selected several of my best stories, and when she found 'Skinny's Dress Suit,' we were both wild about it. Essanay couldn't see it. I had not specialized on comedy and they were afraid to try one. We were so sure it was the right thing however, that I finally guaranteed the cost of production. Well, we made it and it went over."

"Oh, isn't he modest!" cried Mrs. Washburn. "Why, it went with a bang! Made him a star, too, and I was so proud."

"There is nothing like a good laugh," observed Bryant.

Glancing thru the open window, I saw Sonny and his chum, Bob White, who is George Beban's small son, playing on the lawn. "Does he enjoy your pictures?" I asked, nodding toward the child.

"Oh, yes, tho he's not always as appreciative as he might be," chuckled the father. "Last week we took him to see one of my recent films and, after watching several scenes, he remarked, in a loud, penetrating whisper, 'All right now let's have Mutt and Jeff.'"

The Washburn home is unusual, its artistic decorations and furnishings bearing the unmistakable touch of true home lovers.

"Buying furniture is Bryant's hobby," teased Mabel. "Even in the first year of our marriage every time we managed to get a few hundred dollars ahead, Bryant would see a wonderful piece of furniture, or a gem of a rare book, and away would go our savings. He hasn't outgrown the habit, either, for he just found that chair," nodding toward a lovely quaint thing of the Italian Renaissance with cushions of gorgeous tapestry, "and that lamp," pointing to a stunning floor lamp of wrought-iron in exquisite design.

"Why should I?" replied the star, his eyes lingering on his treasures with the appraising joy of the true connoisseur.

"Building a home is our principal delight, this is where we live, this is where I gain inspiration for my work."

This is "The Maybell Girl," whose picture is famous throughout the world. Look for it on every box of genuine "MAYBELLINE" and "LASH-BROW-IN.

Maybelline

Darkens Eyebrows and Lashes

making them appear much longer, thicker, and more luxuriant than they really are. Easily applied and perfectly harmless. Shades, black and brown.

Lash-Brow-Ine

a pure, harmless cream, applied nightly, aids Nature in a marvelous way in nourishing and promoting the growth of the Eyebrows and Lashes.

Dark, luxuriant Eyelashes and well formed Eyebrows—how wonderfully they bring out the deep, soulful expression of the eyes, adding great charm and beauty to any face. These famous Maybell Beauty Aids are used and recommended by Stars of the stage and screen and beautiful women everywhere. Why not you?

"Maybelline" At your dealer's or direct from us Price 75 Cents "Lash-Brow-Ine" Price 50 Cents

To avoid disappointment with imitations, always look for the picture of "THE MAYBELL GIRL"—same as appears in this advertisement—on each box of each preparation. We guarantee you will be delighted, or we will refund price upon request. Tear out this ad now so you will not forget the offer.

Maybell Laboratories,

4305-67 Grand Blvd., Chicago
A Daughter of Neptune
(Continued from page 37)

kiddies, too. Little Jimmy was in 'The Strange Boarder' and 'Jes' Call Me Jim,' and he is so like his father that it is really funny."

There is no foolish temperament about Irene Rich. She is just a normal girl, giving her best to the work and hoping some day; when she is ready for it, that her big chance will come.

"I like to play good, womanly characters," she confided, "and perhaps in this way I can help the world a little; motion pictures are such a tremendous force in molding thought."

Irene was born in Buffalo, New York, and was educated at St. Margaret's Seminary. Not one of all the family connections had ever been on the stage.

"I'm just an odd chip," she laughed. "My desire never became definitely formulated; it all seemed to belong to another existence, until I finally made my break. We all work better under pressure, we must have a big incentive to drive us on so that we do not count the disappointments."

"I went to a fortune-teller the other day with some friends, and she told me that I would reach the heights in my work and then—I would give it all up. Can you imagine anything so silly? Why, I'll never give it up. I hope some day to go on the stage and—oh, I have so many ambitions," and the sweet voice trailed away wistfully.

Watching the blue ocean blend into the bluer sky, Miss Rich told me about the pretty bungalow in Hollywood which she has just bought.

"Mother is with me and we're very happy. She's so wonderful, my very best pal. We have developed a marvelous teamwork with my fan mail. She addresses the envelopes and autographs each picture. It is such fun to receive letters from all over the world and brings me so much encouragement. Sometimes it seems too funny for words to think that I, Irene Rich, am of enough importance in motion pictures to be receiving letters!" And again came the little laugh, with a whimsical note this time.

"We're very quiet, mother and I," she went on. "My greatest pleasure comes with my work and my flowers. Oh, my roses are beautiful, so sturdy and gorgeous. Most of them are red—I adore red roses. If I hadn't gone into this work I believe I would have been a landscape gardener. It would be interesting to make bare ground bloom into lovely gardens."

"That is one of the fascinations about motion pictures. Studying my role, which at first is just a lifeless written script, and then building it into a real woman with a heart and a soul."

"It's been a heavenly day," finally sighed Irene contentedly, as we turned for a farewell look at the ocean before starting on the return trip to the city. "Who wouldn't be happy just to be alive and working and hoping in such a wonderful old world!"

(Continued)
he had suspected, perhaps hoped, Miss Hobbs listened. She would have to take

Because she was surprised, a weakness she

would have theoretically admitted. She

listened, secondly, because she loved

music, good music, Chopin above all

music. She listened for quite ten min-

utes, ten minutes in which odd little

breakages occurred in her cardiac region,

and then there was a sudden, discord-

ant, terrible crash of heavy hands fall-

ing happily upon the keys. There was

nothing else for Miss Hobbs to do. She

burst in upon the rendition of Chopin

to find his great length, his huge, almost

nameless frame, sprawled across the

keyboard.

Miss Hobbs was, she hoped, humani-
tarian. It was a weakness, she used to

preach, to assume poses. She was

definitely humanitarian even when that

humanitarianism was called upon in be-

half of man. She made an inadequate

attempt to shake the recumbent shoul-

der. "What is the matter with you?"

she asked; then, quite apart from her own

volition, impulsively, "Detectably!" She

would have said, she added, "Who are

you?"

There was a little silence: then the

nummer over the keys replied, rather

feebly, "I have heart trouble—rather

badly; I—am a piano tuner—by pro-

fession."

Miss Hobbs looked at him with some

aspirity. "Isn't it curious," she enunci-

ated clearly, "for a—piano tuner, how-

ever estimable, to play Chopin—like

that."

The nummer, his hand still clutched

to his heart, shook his head, warily. "I

don't know that it is," he said: "even a

piano tuner may be the tomb of dead

hopes. I am. Once, before my—my af-
thecion overcame me, I had a dream. It

was to be a concert pianist. Ah, I

dreamed rarely—then. But my heart—

my heart—" Overcome, the would-be

concertist swooned again, and this time

it necessitated Miss Hobbs' holding

the manly frame to her breast until such
time as she could ease him to the floor,

get water, otherwise, and rather tenderly

revive him. She was surprised, again, at

the little waves of sensation that kept

recurring and receding within her. What

was it? She would have to make her uncer-

tain, several hours for meditation and reflec-

tion when she should have reached the

same precipice of New Thought again.

It was as she had always known—man was

deterron. She should be packing—but

heart trouble—after all, man is a fellow

creature, even tho inferior a one.

It was still more surprising to Miss

Hobbs to find that Beal's things neatly

piled, returning to New Thought did not

hold out so inviting a charm as

heretofore. This disturbing—Chopin,

reflected Miss Hobbs, firmly domining

the horned horns, had always had power to

upset her. She must be more careful.

She detected feminine reactions to mas-
culine talent.

Before she left, still clinging to her rob-

of Miss Hobbs' mail, she had promised

the "piano tuner" to "walk out" with

him on the following Thursday. She did

did, she convinced herself, in the

interest of materia medica. She must

tell not the satellites. There were some

abstract interests in which even they

had not looked. Doubless, the "piano

tuner" would be one of them.

The "piano tuner," watching the

rounded figure down the street, chuckled,

drew forth his note-book, chuckled

again and inscribed therein, "Bet Percy

Hackett and George Jessop a dinner for

three that I kiss Miss Hobbs within a

month."

The day before the Thursday outing,

Miss Hobbs received a rather wobbly

note: informing her that the piano tuner

"will how" to go to the beach for the good

of his fast failing health. If he might
dare to hope that he... He spoke of the

resuscitating effect her presence would

have upon an otherwise doomed man. Miss

Hobbs was, above all, a humanitarian.

She went to the beach. She took a

heart specialist with her, and Wolff Kings-

earl had been a literal case when the emi-

nent man entered with Miss Hobbs. It

was only by dint of the most strenuous

maneuvering and because the specialist

happened to be, also, a sentimentalist

that the day was saved and the eminent

specialist departed with a fat chuckle

and a fatter check from the well-lined

Kingsearl pocket.

Later in the day, just when things

were going most sweepingly and Miss

Hobbs' humanitarianism was rising more

and more rapidly to the fore of her

other theories, there arrived upon the

arid scene Wolff Kingsearl's mother and

little Miss Alice Joy, the young lady

selected by a foresaid mother as a satis-

factory and amenable daughter-in-law.

Mrs. Kingsearl had never heard any-

thing that she cared to hear about Miss

Hobbs. She was, she had heard tell, a

'strangminded woman,' and Mrs. Kings-

earl being nothing of the sort, the idea of

being brought into daily contact, not to

say combat, with such an exponent of their

joint sex did not appeal to her. When

Wolff Kingsearl and his small mother

stood the little game he was playing, and

which he had induced the specialist to be

party to, he found his mother adamant.

She had Miss Joy with her, and she had

some strength of mind. She told "Miss

Hobbs' maid" that she had no idea why

her son was masquerading in such an

idiotic fashion. She was going on, to

t her way of thinking, eccentric, but a

piano tuner—really..." Miss Hobbs thought

the same. "Really..." Wolff Kingsearl—millionaire,

sportsman, clubman and much discussed

man about town! Why had he played

this game? What was his idea? In the

(Seventy)
course of the day Miss Hobbs discovered a notebook, in the sand, where they had been sitting, and in the notebook the inscription, "Rev. Perley Hack- t, etc., etc., et al.

Miss Hobbs, did, then, a most soul-destroying, theory-destroying thing. She kept. She sobbed. She literally cried, huge, bewildered baby-blue-eyed tears. It got so bad she had to retreat to the farthest corner of the suddenly lumpy-shanked beach to have it out. There, till sobbing, bobbed away, her tears, her spectacles discarded, Wolff Kingscourt sound her. He took her in his arms. Struggling thru her haze brain came the aspasing thought that she couldn't help—she was so weak. She kist her. "I now, I don't unless you wanted me, darling," he told her, between many "of course I knew that. And I don't know you, you see. I thought—b—but what do you matter what I thought—then? Before I knew you? I didn't begin to think—then. Or feel. Or live—or love." He kist her again, and felt two arms twined about him, and lips crush back upon his own. He gave a little, hilarious laugh, "Oh, Miss Hobbs... Miss Hobbs," she said.

The satellites returned the next day in the bed and board of维生素

A New Twinkler

(Continued from page 59)

It takes but a moment—to mark the career of your choice, sign your name, clip out and mail.

Yet that simple act has started more than two million men and women toward success. In city, town and country all over the world men are living contented lives in happy, prosperous homes—because they clipped this coupon.

In every line of business and industry, in shops, stores, offices, factories, in mines and on railroads, men are holding important positions and receiving splendid salaries—because they clipped this coupon.

Clerks have become sales, advertising and business managers, mechanics have become foremen, superintendents and engineers, carpenters have become architects and contractors, men and boys have risen from nothing at all to places of responsibility—because they clipped this coupon.

You have seen it in almost every magazine you have looked at for years. And while you have been passing it by more than ten thousand men and women each month have been making it their first stepping stone to real success in life.

"Will you still turn away from opportunity? Can you still go on, putting in your days at the same grind, getting the same pay envelope with the same insufficent sum, trying to keep up the constant fight against a soothing cost of living, when such a little thing can be the means of changing your whole life?

You can have the position you want in the work you like best, a salary that will give you and your family the home, the comforts, the little luxuries you would like them to have. No matter what your age, your occupation, your education, or your means—you can do it!

2 All we ask is the chance to prove it. That's all, isn't it? Then mark and mail this coupon. There's no obligation and not a penny of cost. It's a little thing that takes but a moment, but it's the most important thing you can do today. Do it now!

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### ATHLETES

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The Antiseptic, Healing Powder to take into your shoes and sprinkle into the foot-bath, because it takes the irritation from the sores on your feet, and makes walking a delight. Shrink Allen's Foot-Ease into your shoes in the morning and makes a difference in your comfort during the entire day. The government supply 1,000,000,000 units of Powder for the Forces to the troops during the war. It is sure to get Allen's Foot-Ease. It reaches everywhere. Sample Free by mail. Address Allen's Foot-Ease, Le Roy, N. Y.
The Letters of Mary
(Continued from page 17)

the ribs—a snowball hurled with the perfect aim of a child at the silk top-hats of Uncle Sam and John Bull.

All this resulted in a new factor which presented itself in every respectable household. It began to dawn upon the public that truly it was a wise parent who knew his own child. After the weary passage of two-score years, man had accumulated a small store of knowledge at the cost of much sad experience. Along comes a child of seven or eight and calmly lays before him a more thorough knowledge of life—and its issues. We gape for breath!

Mary Miles Minter, in a letter to her mother, written while she was looking forward to her eighth birthday, writes the following poem, presenting her viewpoint on religion:

" Went to Church last night,
Gee! What a terrible flight.
The minister Preached—
And with his hands heaven Reached—
Declared all were bad—
Bless me! How very sad!"

Volumes have been written about the stage, but to us it seems that there is absolutely nothing left to be told after reading what Miss Minter had to say about it when she was seven, in her poem, "Theatrical Life."

She seemed to come to conclusions very quickly, and having grasped the knowledge that certain factors made up the mystery called life, she calmly proceeded to take them for granted and in a matter-of-fact way included them in her daily existence. All this tended to a certain aplomb which somehow almost overcomes one. You stand awed before the iconoclastic manner in which she treats the emotions. Her poem, "Reminding, or a Chinese Puzzle," will serve to convince you that you, with your grey hair, have gotten no farther with the solution of life:

REMINING
or
A CHINESE PUZZLE

Life reminds me of a Chinese puzzle.
And if you don't look sharp
You'll get into a muddle.
It will grip you, and bind you
And often remind you,
That Temptation is many
Good things, scarcely any.
But what right has a man,
To grab all he can,
And then not content,
But on more greed he is bent
Till he is full to the brim
With his folly and sin.
And thus, the Hand of Fate proclaims—
Too late—too late.

There is no denying the fact that if motion pictures had not happened along at this time, Miss Minter might have developed into one of the shining lights of literature. We feel sure of it. However, there is an old saying that—er—er—murder will out—and we have a sneaking hope that some day when the golden hair is tired of being curled and the Klieg lights have lost their purple fascination, Mary Miles Minter will again take up the pen—and perhaps another Mr. Salteena will be created.
A Little Bit of Bohemia
(Continued from page 21)
very, very respectfully. He was blase, up-stage, I thought, and I was even more cocky and independent than I am now. When we were introduced he asked me to come over to the studio and see him. I had heard that he wanted a leading woman, but I told him indifferently that I would when I could find the time. Of course, when I got home I told my chum all about it (she was living with a sister of Mrs. Marshall Neilan), and she was wildly excited. But I didn't go until three days later.

"He continued to act in a rather abash way, as tho he felt himself superior. Towards the last of our conversation, he asked me if I would go to dinner with him the next evening. I said, 'All right,' as I had nothing else to do, but that perhaps he had better call me on the phone in the morning and make sure. He looked absolutely stunned. 'In other words,' he remarked, 'you won't go with me if you find something else to do that you like better,' and I answered, 'Natu rally.'"

But they became firm friends. He would call for her every morning and take her to her chum by Majestic, and take her home evenings. Each found that the other possessed a keen sense of humor and that there were a great many things at which they could laugh together. They were married at a little church in San Diego, where they had gone with a crowd of film people to see the opening of the exposition.

Chops were just being brought on when we heard a prodigous barking, followed by a joyous cowboy yell—E-e-e-e—and Rosemary Thely burst into the room. She rushed over to her chum and hugged her. "I've got it!" she said. The daintiest part! In 'Michael and His Lost Angels' with Conway Tearle she had added that she was going to get a certain very tiny, very expensive wrist-watch that she had been wanting for some time. She had pulled off her hat and joined us at table, but she was too excited about her new prize to think of anything else, even eating. After luncheon Mr. and Mrs. Dillon dropped in. 

"By the way," said Mrs. Dillon, "Is it true that Viola Dana is married to Ormer Locklear?"

"No!" the chums exclaimed together, and Teddy added, "It's only a press story."

It was at this psychological moment that many "feetsteps" were heard on the front porch.

"Who is there?" called Teddy. "Mr. and Mrs. Locklear," came the answer, and the announcement was greeted with a storm of laughter.

It was not only "Mr. and Mrs. Locklear" who entered, but Anna Q. Nilsson as well. For a while the conversation turned on a little bit of everything. Miss Nilsson seemed to have congratulated everybody on the exquisite work that she did as Ruth in "The Luck of the Irish." Viola Dana told of how, that morning, she had called Maxwell Karger on the telephone and, when the girl in his office...
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In this case both arc brunettes, and they
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"Room

Acne Cream

— for

pimples

and blackheads.
Astringent Cream

Little Wife," "Our Honeymoon's Happy"
and "Good-Night, Judge."

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and shiny noses.
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protection, before cxf>osure.

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and bleaching.

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been established by use in
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of women.
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/'age 19)

thinking done. That is not intended as a
personal inference about any one.
Of
course, there are very real peo|>le in jiicturedom who do- very real thinking I'ud
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But it is a truth thai the
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Sometimes

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this is accidental,

"The other day
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TALCUM

sometimes deliberate.
a feminine interviewer

The most

me and

and healthful of all powder

she was genuinely surprised to find me, as she expressed it. a business-like tailor-maile girl,
when she had expected to discover me
curled up fluffily upon a chaise longue
with a box of candy.
The films have
created a certain sugary personality for
me, giving me the mental status of Booth
Tarkington's 'baby-talk lady' in his Billy
in to see

it is an ideal face, skin, baby
and dusting powder. Convenient
and economical, it takes the place
of other perfumes for the person.
A few grains sufficient. One ol
the indispensable Cuticura Toilet Trio for keeping the skin
clear, sweet and healthy.

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stories."

frankly admitted the injustice.
"I do not definitely know just what
.sort of roles are mapped out for me,"
she went on, discussing her new .Selznick

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Soap. Ointment and Talcum 25c everywhere.
Sample each free by mail. Address post -card;
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Marinello Toilet Prepara*

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starring contract.
"I would like to do
the sincere, close-to-life sort of drama,
but I rather think I am to do piquant and
frothy, Connie Talmadge sort of comedy.

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Drug

(Continued from

Baxter

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intention of going on the stage if the managers would let me. Then I found
my supply was cut off suddenly but effi-
ciently. Now, of course, managers may
admire ambition and that sort of thing,
but they are slow to discover star stuff
in a wan, starving actress, so it was
"Good-by, Liberty Bonds," or "Good-by,
Career." The bonds were an accumula-
tion of birthday and Christmas gifts, and
I hated to part with them, but I did, one
by one. I couldn't take my time about
finding an engagement, either, for Lib-
erty Bonds, even the best intentioned
ones, won hold out forever. It was a
race between the bonds and me—and I
won," she concluded with a smile of
triumph.

Her first engagement was with "Come
On, Charlie," and Charlie came on for
sixteen weeks. Then some one sug-
gested pictures and Miss Taylor started
the rounds of the studios. Her début on
the screen was as a double for one of the
Paramount stars. This was followed
shortly by engagements with the World
and Vitagraph and leads in "The Star
Rover" and "The Return of Tarzan," and
finally the step that was the turning
point in her career, her selection to sup-
port William Farnum in "The Adven-
turer."

"Mr. Farnum gave me so many valu-
able suggestions and really brought me
to Mr. Fox's notice," Miss Taylor said.
"I feel that I owe this opportunity to
him."

Next came the lead in "When New
York Sleeps," in which she was working
when I called upon her.

Of course, Washington's Birthday,
Fourth of July and even Christmas come
to Wilmington, Delaware, just as they
do to other communities, but any one
will tell you that the really big day of
the year is when a Fox release brings
Estelle to town. Then every seat in the
theater is filled with a proud audience
that boasts in no low whisper:
"I knew her when—"

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MOBILE ENCYCLOPEDIA

J. H. P.—No, I am not insured. I've saved
up enough to buy me, but I have no insur-
ance. Insurance sellers, please look the
other way. Insurance is an effort to discount
dead and destroy. Build up your own insurance
surplus by right living, simple eating and
plenty of sleep and exercise. You'll find, too,
that your enjoyment of things is less forced
with good health and spirits back of you. Yes,
he is a director. Florence Reed is not mar-
rried.

ROCHESTER—You must have the eyes of
Argus to see so many virtues in this depart-
ment. William Farnum is playing in "The
Orphan." Your three favorites among the
men are Eugene O'Brien, Richard Barh-
ness and Thomas Meighan, and among the
girls, Norma and Constance Talmadge and
Viola Dana. You choose well. Etheline Ham-
erstein remains with Selznick for seven
more years.

Irish—Thank you, Irish. William Duncan
played in "Smashing Barriers." Darrell Fox
will play opposite May Allison in "Held in
Trust," Metro. That's it. The eternal exclu-
sion for man is, "I!" The eternal interro-
gatory for woman is, "He!" Write me
again.

(Seventy-five)
High Lowe
(Continued from page 51)

undone things, lost opportunities, work or play foregone. I shall have a farm, I hope, the wide country about me. It will be a mild sort of fun. Why not?
I said that I couldn’t imagine it.
He said, “Why bother to? It comes. Take it easily. Bring on the next!”
I asked him, he seemed so serene, whether he was self-confident.

“Sufficiently so,” he said; “too much is bad. Worse than too little.”

“Isn’t it indispensible”? I inquired, “in your work? I always thought so.”

“Too much is bad,” he reiterated; “immediately we become self-confident to any set degree we cease to grow. We know it all. Our work stands still because we become rigid. We cannot be taught. We cannot absorb, and that is fatal. A great many in this profession and in others would still be lighting the skies if they had not become too much inflated in their own esteem... and blase. Self-confidence does not make for work. And work is the ingredient of success.”

I asked him whether he liked his role in “The Son-Daughter.”

I found that he did—for two reasons, chiefly: the wigs and Confucius.

He had, it seemed, studied both. He evinced a great admiration for Confucius. If it had been a week-end instead of an hour’s interview, I might have come away a Confucianist professed. Only lack of time and setting circumscribed the outpouring of the Confucian doctrine.

The wigs—the wigs he wears as the young prince in “The Son-Daughter”—were more easily explained, being visible. He handled them with reverent hands, showing how even the pseudo forehead is attached so that the blending may be super-perfect. He took a deep and loving pride in those wigs.

A day or so later I saw Mr. Lowe at a musical comedy. He was having a ripping sort of time. I thought of Confucius and the philosophy of acceptance, and smiled—corroboratively. He has, I reasoned further, the very fullest sense of the philosophy of acceptance—it embraces comedy as well as tragedy, age as well as youth, the movies as well as the stage, wigs, Confucius, good sherry and interviewers!

MEMORIALS
By Charlotte Becker

The songs men make today shall reach Eves which they do not dream of yet, And with sweet, sweet, and music teach Souls yet unborn life’s alphabet.

The croads may totter, grave reliefs, Like withered blossoms, fall away; The beauties fade to ancient dricks And prophets change from day to day:

The wars may scourge the nation’s mists
And kings and kingdoms rise and fall, Sheltered within a myriad A lyric shall outlast them in

(Oseventy-six)
Georges kept on fighting and winning until he became champion at every weight, from paper to heavy. As soon as he began to earn real money, he started to invest a large part of it in educating himself. When you talked to him you'd find out what an intelligent chap he is—Carpentier went out for the day? Gee, but that's luck for you! Come over to the studio tonight. They're going to stage a fight. No women allowed, but, then, you don't count.

"Thanks," I replied, as I took my departure.

If you want to get all the men together in one place, advertise a fight. Uncle Sam tried it and Robertson-Cole followed suit. When I arrived at Fort Lee that night, I found the huge Solax studio packed to the doors. Men suspended themselves from the roof, draped themselves over neighboring church steeples and supported themselves upon telegraph poles and telephone wires. Carpenter, the European champion, was to fight, and the dream fighters for miles around assembled for the event. Of course, it was only a hanging picture box in which Director Adolc took pains to explain that the villain would be victorious for a few rounds and then Justice, in the form of the hero, would triumph, and, whoo, we would see how champions really do it.

After a few moments' waiting, Carpenter entered the ring, and the great audience, from roof to telephone wires, stood on its feet and cheered. He was not my preconceived picture of a fighter as he stood there bowing his thanks. He was not the stage and screen idea of a Frenchman, either. Had he applied for an engagement in that rôle, many directors I know would have shaken their heads and exclaimed:

"Not the type, not the type! Nothing like it."

He is blond, decidedly so, with hair that seems to find no inducement to stray from the straight and narrow, with blue eyes, a very blue-blue—so the publicity department informed me. I could not distinguish spots of color from my particular beam. When he removed his bathrobe and stood there in his fighting togs, an explanation of envy and admiration went up from that assembly of men. Translated, it meant, "Some boy, that Frenchman!" In another instant, Director Adolc took the whistle and Georges started to fight. As the former had predicted, his opponent, Herbert Barratt, knocked him out in the first few rounds.

"Ah, this fight's fixed," a newcomer to my beam murmured in disgust.

Thru it all the champion was like a young race-horse straining to keep himself within bounds, longing for the signal to start in earnest. The wild feints he thrust at the air came thick and fast, and when it was Virtue's turn to triumph he made short work of the villain.

"Hang around," the publicity department advised, noting the adeptness with which I had clung to my beam. "Maybe you can catch him before he leaves."

So I hung, this time around the champion's dressing-room door. I saw stars of the ring pass over the threshold, and still I continued to hang. A few aons later a blond boy in a grey business suit appeared. I made a wild dash in his direction.

"Come, Georgette," the blond boy called, as I clutched the air.

I turned just in time to see an answering smile in the eyes of pretty Georgette Carpenter, who had come to this country, a bride, just a few weeks before, and, lo, the Carpenter family had disappeared somewhere in Fort Lee.

"Gus Wilson, his trainer, says you may talk to him at nine o'clock tomorrow morning at the Biltmore," the publicity department whispered in my ear.

We were there on the dot, the department and I.

"Tell me about Carpenter and the war," I suggested, while we were waiting for suite 120 to answer.

"He was in it for four years," the department answered. "He was fulfilling some fight contracts in England when it broke out. He hurried back to France and entered the air service. Of course, he started doing stunts immediately. He didn't win his medals, tho, as quickly as some chops. The commander wanted to be sure there would be no room for an accusation of partiality to the young aviator, the favorite of France. One night, the commander, was watching a fight away up in the sky between a French plane and two German planes.

"'When that fighter comes down—whoever he is,' said, indicating the distant dot, 'we'll decorate him.'"

"When the French plane landed he found that the dot was none other than Georges Carpenter."

"For about a year Georges was on sick leave and acted as a physical instructor to the men in the back of the lines."

"Word from suite 120. Mr. Carpenter will be sleeping until ten o'clock, then he must go out immediately. Otherwise, he would gladly see you. If you will return at six this evening—"

At six I was again at the Biltmore, armed with a letter from Robertson-Cole purporting that I had no designs upon the young fighter's life or upon the Biltmore's silverware. This time I succeeded in invading suite 120. From my position in the tiny outer reception-room I heard sport topics passed back and forth by male voices in the adjoining apartment. Presently Trainer Wilson and Manager Des-Camps indicated that they were at my service. In the other room, could discern, "as thru a glass, darkly," young Georges reading the fight news. I threw a question into the air. It landed somewhere in the suite. Mr. Wilson caught it and translated it to Mr. Des-Camps. He listened and then smiled. I waited. I tried again—the same result.

(Continued on page 79)
The Celluloid Critic's Selection of the Ten Best Photoplays

1. "Cabraia."
2. "Judith of Bethulia."
3. "The Birth of a Nation."
4. "Intolerance."
5. "Broken Blossoms."
8. "Shoulder Arms."
9. "Revelation."
10. "Pollyanna."

(Not in order of importance)

The Screen Year in Review

(Continued from page 45)

The season's histrionic level has been singularly high. First of all, we place Betty Compson's superb playing of the greedy and sensuous Rose of "The Miracle Man," the underworld girl whose spirit finally awakens. Here was a vibrant and human portrayal worthy of the highest praise. Mary Pickford's dear and touching Pollyanna wrung our hearts. Shall we ever forget the moment when she steps from her wheelchair and walks?

There were other admirable performances. John Cumberland's lonely and sacrificing Jimmy Dodd in "The Gay Old Dog" was splendid in its subtlety. Charles Ray invested a half-dozen inconsequential plays with life thru his matchless sincerity. Bert Lytell was excellent as the arch-cynic, Charles Steel, in "The Right of Way." John Barrymore contributed a flashing and haunting performance in the ghoulish "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Then, too, we might mention several of Thomas Meighan's characterizations. Striking, also, were Vera Gordon's lovable Jewish mother in "Humoresque;" poor little Clarine Seymour's piquant half-caste girl, Fie with the love of life, in "The Idol Dancer;" Mae Murray's beguiling Russian in "On With the Dance;" Mae Busch's playing of the grisette in "The Devil's Passkey;" Myrtle Stedman's sincere Cherry Melotte in "The Silver Horde;" Noah Beery's well-thought-out characterization of "The Sea Wolf;" Lon Chaney's remarkable character work in "The Miracle Man" and "Victory." Gibbon Gowland's primitive French-Canadian in "The Right of Way" and Lewis Stone's dual playing in "The River's End." Also we would add Hedda Hopper's playing in "The Man Who Lost Himself."

Probably the biggest individual advance of the year—at least in the item of popularity—was registered by Harold Lloyd, whose farces have hit a high average. Lloyd is rapidly overtaking Chaplin. Walte Reid has been growing steadily in favor, now that he is devoting himself entirely to swift-moving comedy. Charles Ray has lifted himself to the acting leadership of the drama, this in the face of fearful vehicles. Richard Barthelmess is fast developing along the lines of romanticism—and he is now a star. Thomas Meighan made steady progress all year.

Of the feminine contingent, Clarine Seymour seemed most promising, just when she entered the field. Wanda Hawley, Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels and one or two other promising younger folk of the previous year already have their names in stellar electric lights. Constance Binney, to our way of thinking, bids fair to achieve limitless popularity if she guides her celluloid career carefully.

Here a few words about the cinema leaders are in order. Mary Pickford did her finest work since "Stella Maris" with "Pollyanna." Douglas Fairbanks is still young America's idol. Charles Chaplin did nothing in particular all year. Here is comic genius going to waste. Please, Mr. Chaplin, do something about Charlie! William S. Hart is still the reforming bad man. His nearest above-the-average vehicle was "Wagon Tracks," at least atmospheric of frontier days.

Norma Talmadge has had one namby-pamby character after another all year. Right now she should be at the zenith of her career. We repeat our words of last year with added emphasis. Miss Talmadge needs real dramatic material or—How long can she maintain his present popularity if she persists in milk-and-water vehicles? Nazimova has done nothing distinctive all year. Here is an instance of temperament running wild. We have well-nigh given up hope of ever seeing another "Revelation."

Now for specific comments upon the various releasing organizations:

Famous Players-Lasky still easily maintain far and away the best average in general workmanship. The once so popular Marguerite Clark seems to be voluntarily dropping from sight, having deliberately chosen retirement. Elsie Ferguson, sometimes lacking stories and other times failing to have sympathetic direction, has gone backward rather than ahead. Her best vehicle was "The Witness for the Defence," well done by George Fitzmaurice. Charlie Ray was steadily handed inane scripts, but he triumphed thru his own unique ability. Wallace Reid is at last getting the right sort of stuff. Dorothy Gish's bright and boisterous comedy methods did a lot to overcome fearful material. Dorothy Dalton continues her way thru wittily emotionalism, minus her old clinging appeal. Ethel Clayton is still the victim of the scenario department. Robert War- wick, no longer a F. P. L. star, apparently is "waxing cool." violet Heming as yet has not established herself at all definitely. Bryant Washburn sud-}

(Continued on page 88)

(Seventy-eighth)
``Some Boy, That Frenchman!'' 
(Continued from page 77)

Finally, I plunged desperately into the details furnished by the department. I repeated the story of the champion instructor's paying the boy's daily wages to Pére Carpentier, only to learn that there was some mistake, that the latter had always cooperated in the boy's training. Another good human interest touch switched onto a busy line.

``Ask him about his bride, Madame Carpentier,'' I pleaded. ``How, when and where did he meet her? Was it a childhood or a wartime romance? Was she a traitor?"

But my ``French in Twenty Lessons'' was already repeating my question.

``He says he would rather not discuss his private life,'' was the answer.

``No, no, gentlemen; I appreciate the honor, but I really can't accept Mr. Carpentier's croix de guerre or his military medal. Yes, yes, I shall be delighted to drop in at the Carpentier Villa, Lens, France, for lunch some morning, the Big Chief can spare me from the office.''

With that I cast another lingering look at the blond back of George's blond head and exited with the other members of the chorus, smiling.

The Turning Point
(Continued from page 49)

has brown hair and grey eyes, while her complexion is fair.

Good-looking enough to cause a flutter among the feminine contestants is George Sheldon Smith, of 5612 Fountain Avenue, Hollywood, California. George has had some stock experience and has played small bits in pictures. He has black hair, brown eyes and olive complexion.

Ella Gernert Maxwell, of 22 E. 48th Street, New York City, is a Ziegfeld Follies beauty, with black hair, blue eyes and very fair complexion.

Madeleine M. Glass, Box 532, Toronto, Canada, has had a small amount of stock and film experience. She is a very pretty blonde with dark-blue eyes.

A Swedish beauty now living at 50 Cathedral Place, New York City, is Jean Selkirk. Miss Selkirk has had some vaudeville experience. Her hair is a natural golden blonde, her eyes are dark blue and her complexion is fair.

THE MOVIE ENCYCLOPEDIA

Elizabeth R., Wash.—You ask if Olga Petrova ever played on the screen with Richard Barthelmess. They both appeared in the opening scene of ``A Dream of Fair Women.'' That's all. Madame Petrova is expected back in pictures. We hope she comes back.

Canadian Admirer.—You say you like the CLASSIC better than the MAGAZINE because we have had Blanche Sweet, Grace Cunard and Mabel Normand on the cover. You want Grace Cunard back in a serial. She is playing in a two-reel western. Remember how she could ride a horse? So you think Chaplin ought to change his make-up now. I don't know, Easter Walters was Hilda in ``The Tiger's Trail.''

Rose S. Bremerston.—You are right, my mistake. I stand corrected. Thanks for all the good things you say about me.

(Seventy-nine)
The Charm and Influence of Music

In all the world, nothing can equal music for its universal charm with boys and girls, men and women. Its influence is toward clean, wholesome, enlivening companionship.

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If you are considering going in, read our booklet on “How can I Get Into the Movies?” It discusses the methods used by new players and there’s a raft of good suggestions in it.

Send 5c, postage money, for the booklet and get started before the fall rush.

We will also incluse our new price list (greatly reduced) of our courses in Motion Picture acting.

NATIONAL M. P. INSTITUTE

The Low-Brow Playwright Speaks

(Continued from page 26)

I did not know a continuity from a fishing-pole.

“I foresee the steady lessening of the director’s importance and the steady ascendency of the author. Of course, these writers must learn the technical details of scenario building. It will not be necessary for him to work out a complete continuity, but he should be able to take the finished script and point out every weakness.

“The successful dramatist can quickly master this. What director except the two or three leaders, perhaps—knows more of audience psychology than James Forbes or Winchell Smith. The technique of laughter, for instance, is just the same on the screen, depending upon the sudden turn from grave to gay, or the familiar developed situation.

“Stage farces do not adapt to the films for the reason that they are too fast. The screen demands a simple story without involved characters.

“The other hand, the success of a footlight farce depends upon swift movement, the ramification of a plot and clever dialog or characterization. The most valuable stage laugh comes from a quirk of character.

“In the films there seems to be no time to develop characterization. Just as in a rapidly moving stage melodrama, there is no time for sidelong, character phrasing or tricks of manner.

“To my way of thinking, one of the two greatest weaknesses of the present-day photoplay is the lack of clearness of characterization. No one seems to have thought it necessary. Of course, the brevity of a photoplay makes this difficult. But it is becoming steadily more necessary. The plays that live on the screen are the ones possessing clear-cut characterizations.

“You know the fundamental question that the scenarist must ask himself is the same that the playwright puts to himself, ‘Will they believe it?’ Both of them must lay their story foundations so that the audience will travel with the characters, feeling their emotions and reactions. Then the audience will believe. The only way to achieve this is by clearly drawn characterizations, so human that folk out front will say, ‘Why, I know him’.

“The other great weakness of the 1920 photoplay is the slowing up of the story thru close-ups and unnecessary shots. The close-up should be used rarely—only to accent. I know the close-up is the safeguard of the incompetent director, for the cutting man can use it to bridge over all sorts of slips and gaps. I also know that stars demand close-ups. But stars are not so awfully important in the films nowadays and they are steadily growing less important. I know a lot of players will resent that statement, but I believe it.”

Mr. Veiller does not think that the thought picture will ever be popular.

“Where is the audience for the thought

(Motion Picture)
drama in our spoken theater? I honestly believe a good play has very small chance of success in America. The success this season and last of such plays as 'Abraham Lincoln,' 'John Ferguson' and 'Jane Clegg' I attribute to the American reaction against the conventional stage piece. Americans are not mentally suited for the propaganda or slow-moving psychoanalysis stage drama. It is possible abroad—in older countries—but here the theater is a thing of amusement and not of education. If our playgoers complain, they have but themselves to blame. Today there is plainly no definite place for the intellectual drama in this country. Some excellent plays have succeeded in New York. But what happens when they start out from the metropolis? 'John Ferguson' wilted away after a couple of weeks in Boston, Philadelphia and Chicago.

"No, I am sure the theater is just an amusement for Americans. I believe the same thing is absolutely true of the screen. But, of course, I am a very low-brow person. To me the ideal motion picture play—or spoken drama—is one possessing a measure of beauty and speed with a consistently told story."

Mr. Veiller discussed the widely expressed fear that the screen is gripping the stage and sapping its vitality. He insists that the fact that stage producers are now only presenting plays which they can sell to the screen. This, they reason, will turn the stage into a sort of foundry for melodramas adaptable to the films. Mr. Veiller disposes of this fear briefly.

"There is no question that the average stage producer can now operate without a single possibility of loss entering into his calculations," he says. "If a play fails on Broadway, he can sell it to the screen for at least the amount he lost upon it in footlight form. On the other hand, if it succeeds, he can sell it for a high price, even as much as $100,000."

"But, remember, if stage producers present only plays of a certain movie mold, they will quickly court failure on the spoken stage. No sane-minded manager is going to do that. He will produce the thing that will succeed behind the footlights, knowing that the films will take it for a high price and adapt it anyway."

THE SCENE IS CHANGED
By La Touche Hancock

Dew wet.
We met.
"Love, love,"
The dove.
Did coo—
We two!
The place.
Its grace.
All by.
Seems dead.
Today.
And gray.
"Grief, grief,"
Each leaf.
Doth sigh,
As I.
Lie prone.
Alone!

(Written)
Gossip of the Pacific Coast
(Continued from page 62)

play, "A Successful Calamity." In addition, he has loaned his wife, Florence Vidor, to Thomas H. Ince to play opposite Lewis Stone in "Beau Reuel." And there have been persistent rumors that Vidor is to do that high-speed comedy of Winchell Smith and John Golden, "Turn to the Right," which, considering that Vidor has pledged himself to manufacture only four films a year, is bound to keep him more or less actively engaged.

Another famous stage success that has been photo-ized is "The Henrietta," and William H. Crane was selected by Metro as the logical star. The famous actor is now wed to picture-making and has finished a second production, called "The Shepheard." And, by the way, Mary Allison's first appearance on the screen was in the Famous Players production of "David Harum" with Mr. Crane. Now she's a first-magnitude star, and Mr. Crane is working on the same lot with her. You simply ought to see them eating lunch together in the studio cafeteria!

But what has created more public interest perhaps than anything else happening lately in the film colony was the contest conducted by Thomas H. Ince in conjunction with a local newspaper. The idea, as worked out, was to secure new types for the Ince pictures—to have readers of the daily appear at the studio for screen tests. Ten persons were selected. Ince has said that he will give them the fateful opportunity before the camera. Whether or not they make stars remains to be seen, but the entire scheme occupied so much space in the newspaper that even blasé, movie-saturated Los Angeles got up and took notice.

And speaking of Ince reminds me that the co-star team of Douglas MacLean and Doris May have split professionally. MacLean is now starring in his own right, and I haven't been able to find out what Miss May is going to do. At any rate, Mac's initial starring vehicle is a yarn to be known as "The Yankee Vagabond," which has something to do with barnyards, country life and fancy chickens.

And Maurice Tourneur has a new leading lady—Barbara Bedford. Miss Bedford is a delightful, wholesome sort of girl, who looks so much like Priscilla Dean that she is continually being mistaken for "The Virgin of Stamboul" heroine. Whereby hangs a tale. For months she was an "extra" on the Universal lot. She wandered back to the exotic Frenchman's bird. He liked her intelligence and looks, made a screen test of her, signed her for three years and now the public publicity man is working overtime to get her picture into the papers. Such is the leap to stardom—and such, may I add, is the good fortune of but one of about every twenty thousand screen honor aspirants.
Bill Hart's Dream Home
(Continued from page 47)
contentedly grazing over those pastures.
"Being practical, I am making an ex-
nhastive study of irrigation as the
means to the end of realizing all this. I
love Dakota, the land of my boyhood, but
the long, cruel winters cause so much
suffering among the cattle, I couldn't
stand that, so I am turning my eyes
toward the Southwest. Here the one
difficulty is lack of water, but irrigation
solves that."
"And you must be cattle?" I asked.
"Oh, yes, absolutely; that is part of
the big 'dream.' There is just one draw-
back to that business, tho," and the ser-
ious eyes looked squarely into mine. "I
know very well that when I have watched
a herd of cattle grow until they have be-
come splendid specimens of beef—that I
will never be able to part with them—to
think of having them killed," and the
big-hearted man laughed a little ruefully.
"Seriously, will you ever be able
to give up motion pictures?" My question
was prompted by a glance around the
little study, which bore silent witness to
the many triumphs of this film idol who
has blazed an artistic trail by establishing
a true type of Western character. He
has portrayed the rugged life of a dra-
matic hero in the country's develop-
ment which is now fast disappearing,
and thereby causing his pictures, those
splendid pictorial studies, to be viewed
in the light of historical episodes.
"Absolutely," and Mr. Hart's reply
was emphatic. "Not that I do not ap-
preciate them; in fact, that is the very
reason I am giving them up. When a
man has put every ounce of energy,
every thought center into his work for
over twenty years, you must realize that
he cannot keep it up forever—I'm going
to quit while the quitting is good. This
is not alone for my own benefit, but for
the very thing I try to represent—the
virile West. If I were to let up in my
efforts, that which has been my life work
would suffer, and I know nature too well
not to know that it will demand a price.
"There will be many interests to fill
my time. Probably Sister Mary and I
shall both write. She is such a very
wonderful woman. Her well-trained
mind has the keenest sense of dramatic
values. I have always considered her
my best critic, confident that she really
knew. 'We're great pals, too," and he
beamed upon the portrait above his desk.
So William Hart is cheerfully plan-
ing a future—with his dream ranch—a
desert waste reclaimed thru irrigation—
his real home—his herds of cattle—and
his pen!

The Movie Encyclopedia

Violet Feathers—You have a wrong idea
of me. Words are but shadows, and one can
not tell whether a man is black or white from
his shadow. The Answer Man you refer to is
hot and hard in all, but a young lad. I
would not thus give away on her if her de-
partment was not deliberately copied after
mine. Oh yes, I am living in my hall room
as peaceful as ever. These recent profiters
cant touch me. Billie Burke will play in "A
School for Scoundrels" next season on the stage.

The Motion Picture Magazine

175 DUFFIELD ST. BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Chet Withey: Builder of Romance

By

FAITH SERVICE

tic searchings of the Chatham, is heard to observe plaintively that she had 'phoned Mr. Withey at Mamaroneck eight times that very day. She hadn't been able to reach him any one of the eight times, but then . . . Responsively, the patient interviewer with the Christian martyr air is heard to reply that she might have expected this sort of thing from a star . . . but from a director . . . She concludes, with a sigh, that she supposed he has temperament. The P. A. remarks that she never would have thought it, he has always acted so normal . . . but then . . .

At about nine-thirty, rather limp, the P. A. and the interviewer drift into the dining-room. Disconsolately, they order scallops, the while the P. A., with grim intent, supplies the interviewer with some sort of article by Director Withey on the dignity of the films. Between scallops, the interviewer perused the dignified article on the subject of dignity. And between reiterated trips to the 'phone booth the wild-eyed P. A. supplied fragmentary bits of informative knowledge anent Mr. Withey.

"At present," she said, "he is directing 'Romance,' with Doris Keane. He is most enthusiastic

(Continued on page 86)

Chet Withey began his career as an actor, usually playing villains, then he began to write photo-plays and play in them. He did this for two years at the Griffith studio in Hollywood, and there his loyalty and real ability came to the fore, and direction was the inevitable next step. Above, Mr. Withey, himself, Center, directing Doris Keane in "Romance," and below, going over the script with Norma Talmadge and Conway Tearle in "She Loves and Lies"

We hesitated for some time as to whether the following had best be narrated to a gaping and incredulous public in the form of a one-act play, a treatise, a diary, a lamentation or a psalm. In any of these directions there were possibilities apparent.

The time was eight-thirty of a mild evening in early April. The place was the lobby of the Hotel Chatham, and the characters participating, or supposed to be participating, were a wild-eyed P. A., an interviewer with a patient smile and the general attitude of I-am-used-to-this-sort-of-thing, and a young and rising director conspicuous by his absence.

The wild-eyed P. A., in between fran-
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Chet Withey, Builder of Romance

(Continued from page 84)

over this and over Miss Keane. He began, you know, as an actor, usually playing villains, but once, he tells this with great pride, playing the role of a Father Superior of the Franciscan Order. Then he began to write photoplays and play in them. He did this for two years at the Griffith Studios and there, and there his loyalty and his real ability came to the fore, as such things do, and direction was the inevitable next step.

The phrase "next step" then suggested the "phone booth again to the P. A., and when she returned it was with a beati-

ful countenance to inform me that I had "got" him and that he would be right over. He has an apartment in town, you see," she explained, "besides his home in Westchester. It's only around the corner. He'll be here at once."

What with the record just partially supplied me and the dignified article, et al., I expected a reverend person with many theories and much demeanor. Well ...

Before the arrival, however, (which by the way, was not "at once"), I gleaned the further arresting knowledge that Mr. Withey co-authored with Roy Summerville in writing "The Devil's Needle," featuring Norma Talmadge and Tully Marshall; that he directed the "Old Folks at Home," starring Sir Herbert Beerbohm-Tree; and "On the Quiet," with John Barrymore, and "She Loves and Lies," another Norma Talmadge release. "He just keeps rising," supplied, informatively, the persistent P. A.

Yes, assented the fortified interviewer.

It seems that he dors keep rising.

He had just arisen from bed.

"I suppose I should have a story ready," observed Mr. Withey, with a smile of sardonicism, subsiding into the vacant chair and ordering beef and salad and coffee with considerable gusto; "I suppose I should be ready with the glb recital of the woes of a director, the many appointments, the endless details accounting for my delay. I know that I owe an apology. I make one. However, I am naturally vivacious, and I am bound to state that I fell asleep and was getting along quite nicely when Miss Livingstone here called me up."

(Sickly smile from Miss Livingstone.)

"Or you might have put it down to temperament," I suggested; "that covers a multitude of things."

"But I have none," objected Mr. Withey, simplifying, rather belligerently looking down his hair; "I have none. I was just asleep." He added, "I still am."

"Promising field for an interview," said, hopefully.

"Not at all," he remarked, agreeably. "We'll just sit tonight. Interview some other time." Hence, I, too, being veracious, feel bound to remark that this is not Mr. Chet Withey's idea of an interview.

However, being conscientious, and having come all the way from Long Island for the express purpose of the interview, I was not to be wholly gain-said. Still, it was difficult, with a humorously inclined person, to get a profound slumber, eating a young and healthy meal, wholly undisturbed. I beheld the image of the dignity of the "film," as expounded by himself. Here, I thought, is a line.

"What," I suggested, hopefully, "would you suggest to further uplift the dignity of the screen?"

"My resignation," he said, promptly.

Later on, going to the Long Island station in Mr. Withey's car, there was a word or two exchanged.

We had been talking about the recent attack on the screen by George Jean Nathan in a current issue of Smart Set. Said Mr. Withey, with the vein of light sardonicism that flicks without cutting through his entire talk, "Of course, Mr. Nathan is bigger than the whole of the motion picture industry. This being the way that I just agree with him and let it go at that?"

Speaking in a graver tone, he said, "Part of the attack is quite doubtless true. There is the trite saying about the good and the bad in all things. The screen is too• plentiful to escape its share of gross. However, the worst thing in the world is destructive criticism. To my mind, there is no such thing. If criticism is destructive, then it is not criticism. We cannot tear down unless we can build up a better, a different thing, in replacement."

I asked him if he felt the worth-while-ness of the thing he was doing. He said, "Absolutely. More, it is the only thing I could do. I feel with the pictures something like what an architect, or one of a group of architects, must feel with some tremendous building. We can only do our little part, day by day, week by week, the best and stoutest we know how. Then we, in our turn, must give way to another shift of workers to carry on our yet unfinished task. One man can only be a part of so gigantic an enterprise, an art, but each man, in his appointed place, can give his uttermost, as he sees it. That is what I am trying to do."

If it had not been for the sardonicism, this nicely tempered humor, the semi-mocking self-kind touch of comprehension, I would have been moved to remark what a worthy young man I felt that that would not quite apply still, on the other hand, what would so many things. I felt that to Mr. Withey no one attribute could be appended with conclusion. Like and with life he keeps growing and growing, and will not stay labeled ... obviously, this will have to be a case of a series of consecutive talks that we may keep pace.

(Late on Saturday night.)
Marooned Hearts  
(Continued from page 56)  
should believe that he deliberately shirked his duty for a moment’s pleasure. Anger that they should dare to believe such a thing of him prompted his reply, “No! I have nothing to say!” And then he re-
membered Marion. Marion’s wretched selfishness—and the fact that Marion must be protected from her own act. Quixotic? Yes, but Paul Carrington was not the man to hide behind a woman’s skirts. And so he sat silent until all but the old doctor who had loved him had gone.

Paul! I can’t believe it of you! You don’t realize what this means!”

“I realize, all right.” The young surgeon thrust his thumbs down in a significant gesture. “I’m done for—here. I shall go away, as far as a ship will carry me”—his grey face quivered with ghastly mirth—“where society will no longer tempt me. To the Jarvis Islands, probably, where I shall go on with my experiments on gland tissues—I shall simply disappear—alone.”

An orderly stood hesitant in the doorway. “Peg pardon, Dr. Carrington, but Miss Ainsworth is calling you. She says it’s very important.”

With a hard look in his grey eyes that gave them the gleam of one of the steel knives in the case, Paul Carrington re-
plied, “Tell the lady that I am occupied,” he spoke deliberately, “tell her that I expect to be occupied whenever she calls.”

The world’s memory is short—luckily, for most of us. A day’s wonder, a night’s gossiping, and it turns to some other, fresher happening. It wishes only the very latest thing in broken hearts.

At the end of a twelvemonth only a few people so much as remembered that there had been a promising young surgeon named Carrington, whose career had been untimely ruined by an unfortunate scandal.

Dr. Matthews was one of those who remembered. Sometimes, as he bent over a particularly desperate operation, the thought would flash to his brain of the slender, steel-strong fingers that had dropped their tools so recklessly. “But there was more to it than we knew,” he insisted stubbornly, when other doctors sneered at the “Society Sawbones,” “and he’ll redeem himself yet—if he’s still alive.”

If he was still alive! It was this thought that beat at Marion Ainsworth’s brain like pounding fists, and made her look, as her dear friends whispered among themselves, positively haggard.

“If she doesn’t marry soon, she will not be able to make a decent match,” they murmured, “but I think her mother will be able to land Bob Carter.”

It was wholly due to the silent, inces-
sant pressure of Mrs. Ainsworth’s will, with its hurtful impact on her bruised spirit, that Marion finally consented to become engaged to young Carter, a pleasant-ly wealthy, averagely personable.

(Continued on page 91)
The Screen Year in Review
(Continued from page 78)
She’s doing nicely, thank you. Anita Stewart seems to slip more and more with each production. Micky Neilan's productions fluctuated, from the well-sustained Arctic Circle melodrama, "The River's End," to the awful farce, "Please Don't Marry." We have commented elsewhere upon her First National stars and productions.

Goldwyn—Racial changes are going on here. Of all the "eminent author" stuff emanating from these studios, we like the Rex Beach productions best. Gerty Farrar and Pauline Frederick have ceased to be Goldwyners. Tom Moore, Madge Kennedy and Mabel Normand continue unevenly. Jack Pickford is spending money lavishly but without particular effect. Goldwyn is wasting Will Rogers in conventional melodramas.

Give him a chance, as in "Jubilo," and watch him burn up the road. Going back to the trio we just mentioned, Tom Moore is slightly bettering his average of 1919. Miss Normand is retrograding. The early "Edgar" short juvenile comedies of Booth Tarkington's promise something delightful.

Vitagraph—Who's somebody doing something about stories and directors there? Vitagraph apparently refuses to believe that the photoplay has advanced since 1915. Alice Joyce and Corinne Griffith continue to be wasted in features and Tony Moreno, the most picturesque of all male film stars, is buried in serials. They allowed the promising Gladys Leslie to depart after manhandling her career. Earl Williams and Harry Morye are still present. Vitagraph certainly needs a far-seeing and vigorous directorial hand to lead it out of its cobwebby retreat.

Pathé—Serials seem to be the piece de resistance here as before. We pass on hastily, for our endurance balks at serials. The best things on the Pathé program have been the Harold Lloyd farces and Mrs. Drew's comedies, vastly dissimilar, but each admirable in its individual field. We have spoken anent "The Gay Old Dog." Blanche Sweet is waning.

Fox—We hear that changes are under way here and that the trend will be away from melodrama. Pearl White's first Fox feature, "The Miracle," has not yet been released. Shake-ups have been regular events until apparently only a star or two remain.

Roberson-Cole—This organization seems to be handicapped by various things, including a difficulty in getting into the leading theaters. Sessue Hayakawa is easily its ablest star.

Cosmopolitan—All interest is centered in Marion Davies. What makes us resolve that it is not difficult—or shall we say impossible?—is to manufacture a star. Alma Rubens has had little opportunity thus far.

Universal—Erich Von Stroheim's productions are the biggest factors by all odds. The other one big "U" production, "The Virgin of Stamboul," will make lots of money, but it is inconsequential from a literary or directorial standpoint. We fail to see Priscilla Dean. Of the numerous other "U" stars we cannot talk authoritatively.

United—The stellar fever seems to be breaking up the Griffith family. Lillian Gish is going a-starring. Bobbie Har-ron and Dick Barthelmes are becoming stars. Who will be the Griffith players of the coming year? Other United stars and productions are mentioned elsewhere.

Hedkinson—As presented in "Sex" and other vehicles, Louise Glaum is not the seductive siren of Triangle days. Doris Kenyon is pretty and pleasant to look upon. J. Warren Kerrigan is quite the same, altho practically minimal interest.

Realart—We are betting on Constance Binney. Mary Miles Minter is doing her best, but Will Rogers approaches Mary Pickford. That's definite. Alice Brady is a plugger. Allan Dwan's productions have been workmanlike, but not meteoric anywhere.

Many screen stars seem to have been absent most of the year. Theda Bara has been devoting herself to stage work. So has Alice Brady. Dorothy Phillips has done nothing since leaving Universal. Mae Marsh is back before the Cooper-Hewitts, but her first vehicle is yet to be released. The same refers to Bessie Love.

We pause to consider film farce. We have been noting our enthusiasm regarding Harold Lloyd. "Fatty" Arbuckle has been improving. The Sennett comedies continue along their own way. Charles Murray stirs our risibilities as possibly no else does. And there's not two ways of looking at Ben Turpin's natural comedy. The Christie comedies are ambitious but purposeless. And William Fox's Sunshine comedies—ye gods! Words fail us!

The Celluloid Critic
The Month's Photoplays in Review
By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH
"Romance," (United Artists), Chet Withey's screen adaptation of Edward Sheldon's drama, appealed to us strongly. To our way of thinking, Mr. Sheldon penned one of the most noteworthy love plays of the last two or three decades when he wrote this vibrant story of Rita Cavallini, the gay little opera diva, and Tom Armstrong, the young rector of St. Giles in New York's picturesque sixties. We can understand where "Romance" may fail to completely capture or hold the average audience. Mr. Withey and the scenarist, Will Hastings, lacking physical action, have played too much upon the one string of passionate emotionalism. It is possible to do this behind the footlights, where dialog vivifies and personalities lend variety and color. A great film director might well be able to plumb the emotional and mental depths—but Mr. Withey is not yet a great director. Frequently in "Romance" he slips into the obviously theatrical. But let us give him credit for facing unusual difficulties in making "Romance."

To our way of thinking, the screen version of Mr. Sheldon's drama succeeds because of the basic strength of the story—the vivisection of human passion with an uncannily searching and sympathetic eye. We admit that the celluloid "Romance" stirred us and held us, despite its film limitations. Yet we did miss the superb Sheldon dialog.

As, for instance, the diva's pagan definition of love: "I tell you what love is! Love is de anger, de fights, de scenes—a deep-down thirst to drench another's blood—Love is a beast dat feed all t'ru de night an' when de morning come—Love dies!"

And again: "Yesterday—it is a dream we've 'ave forget. Tomorrow—'jus' de 'ope of some great 'appiness—some joy dat never come! Before, behin', all clouds an' stars an' shadow—noddings, noddings is reely de leetle meemeete dat we call today!"

We tremendously admire Doris Keane's performance as Cavallini. She has been extremely well handled photographically, via soft focus, careful posing and so on. The diva—this "gleaming little hummingbird," with her bewitching mannerisms and her infinite charm—is a superb role, and Miss Keane gives it the silversheet almost as effectively as she has been doing for some years on the stage. We neither liked nor disliked Basil Sydney's playing of the impassioned Tom Armstrong, but we found Norman Trevor's portrayal of the worldly and understanding Cornelius Van Tuyll to be most praiseworthy.

How we regret that Griffith did not make "Romance."

Erich Von Stroheim has duplicated his adroitly built story of intrigue in the Alps, "Blind Husbands," with another screen story study in intrigue, this time in picturesque Paris at lilac-time. Mr. Von Stroheim calls his newest contribution "The Devil's Passkey," (Universal).

The present tale, written by the Bar- ones de Meyer and the director himself, revolves around the extravagant wife of a moderately well-to-do American playwright residing in Paris. The woman falls into the meshes of a fashionable dressmaker, one Renee Malot, who lives upon the weaknesses of her sex. When the bills reach huge proportions, Mme. Malot suggests an interesting American, an army captain, as the solution of the financial difficulties. Malot, it seems, maintains a de luxe suite of rooms where such difficulties are adjusted. However, nothing wrong ensues, altho the story gets into a Parisian scandal weekly and—here is the dramatic twist—the playwright husband hits upon it as a promising plot. His play scores, while all Paris laughs at his innocent use of scandal about his own wife. The whole thing narrowly misses tragedy.

(Continued on page 96)

(Eighty-eight)
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Gossip of the Eastern Studios

“The Griffith studio family seems to be breaking up,” began the Gossip, as he leaned back in his porch chair and studied the sun-nin moon. “Lillian Gish is to be starred by the Frohman Amusement Corporation at $4,500 a week. Bobbi Harron is already at work upon his first star production, to be released thru Metro, and Dick Barthes becomes a star, too, as soon as he finishes work in ‘Way Down East.’

“That always comes with development and progress,” sighed the Philosopher, studying the glow of his cigar.

“Of course, they will all keep on working under the Griffith eye, making their pictures at the Mamaroneck studios, but the old ensemble will be gone,” went on the Gossip. “Harron is now working with Chet Withey as director. Meanwhile, Griffith seems to have a find in little Mary Hay, who succeeded to poor ‘Cutie Beautiful’s rôle in ‘Way Down East.’ Miss Hay was in the Ziegfeld Midnight Follies, but she has given up that work to devote her entire time to the films. They do say, you know, that Miss Hay and Barthes are to be married in the autumn.”

The Philosopher smiled.

“Griffith is hard at work on ‘Way Down East’,” rambled the Gossip. “It is said that it will cost him around $750,000 before he finishes. Only the other day he used his biggest set since the Babylonian scenes of ‘Intolerance.’ It was a huge reproduction of a Smart ballroom. And he has two almost complete villages built, one on Long Island and the other on the Mamaroneck property. They tell me that Creighton Hale plays a comedy character in ‘Way Down East’ and that he is going to make a big hit.

‘Players take surprising turns under Griffith’s direction,’ remarked the Philosopher.

“Griffith has just bought back the production originally called ‘Black Beach’ from First National for $400,000,” the Gossip went on. “They say he is going to use it as part of his repertoire at a New York theater in the fall. It will be called ‘The Gamest Girl.’ They say that Carol Dempster makes a remarkable hit in it, so great that members of the First National call her the biggest find in five years.”

“Speaking of family dissolutions,” remarked the Philosopher, “what about the division of the De Mille organization?”

“Yes, indeed,” answered the Gossip. “Bebe Daniels is now a Realart star and is being billed as the ‘good little bad girl.’ They’re going to present her in a series of baby vampire roles. Gloria Swanson has just signed as a Famous Players-Idea star, and her salary has jumped from around $600 to something like $1,250. And Thomas Meighan, of course, is already a starrer.”

“One thing really touched me,” said the Philosopher, “and that is the people who have welcomed Doug and Mary on their honeymoon. I’m mighty glad.”

“Great, wasn’t it?” smiled the Gossip. “All the way across country, people in every village, town and city turned out to welcome them. Maybe their stay in New York at the Ritz wasn’t one round of royal welcomes. Why, their appearances on the streets were the signals for veritable riots. Police reserves had to be called out to get them out of Wall Street one day and, when they went to the theater, the audiences stopped watching the play.”

“It must have touched their hearts,” said the Philosopher, softly. “Surely they deserve happiness. Think of all they have done for others on the screen!”

“I see that Theda Bara has gone to Europe for a rest,” went on the Gossip. “They say she’s to have a new play when she returns and New York will see her again next fall behind the footlights. This trip is her first real rest. Her sister is making the trip with her.

“Speaking of trips abroad,” continued the Gossip, “reminds me that Mamie Talmadge and Natalie Talmadge are now on the other side, and they say that Norma and Constance are going over, along with Dorothy Gish. Maybe they’re going to do a picture or two or three, who knows? I hear that Norma may revive ‘The Garden of Allah’ very soon on the screen. You remember that it was done a long time ago. Anyway, the revival is being talked about.”

“I would like to see Norma Talmadge in a big drama,” sighed the Philosopher. “She surely needs better material.”

“It’s hard to get, tho, these days,” laughed the Gossip. “Look at the way they’re all frantically searching. King Vidor’s father and manager, Charles Vidor, was in New York for weeks recently looking for stories. They do say that King Vidor may do Winchell Smith’s ‘Turn to the Right.’”

The Philosopher’s interest was aroused. “Vidor is the most promising director on the screen,” he said. “You interest me very much, for no one could do ‘Turn to the Right’ better than he.”

“Micky Neilan has been in New York,” the Gossip ran on. “Bert Lytell is here. Going to do a stage play this fall, he is keeping up his screen work. Madge Kennedy is going to return, at least temporarily, to the footlights. You, of course, have heard that Al H. Woods, who presented Miss Bara on the stage, made an offer to Bill Hart, which was rejected. Bill is going to retire from acting, they say.”

Personally, I can’t think of anything more interesting than the return to New York of Carole Lombard. I can’t interrupt the Philosopher. “There is a man to whom the whole industry owes a great deal—and who isn’t half appreciated by (Continued on page 95)

(Ninety)
Marooned Hearts—(Continued from page 87)

In the long weeks that followed she saw no sign of relenting. He built her, as he had promised, a hut, and, as he had promised, he drew a fine between their worlds. On the one side he worked silently over his retorts and glass slides, apparently not seeing her, never speaking; his face a grim, grey mask hiding his thoughts from her wistful, searching gaze. If she could have known them, they might have gone far toward easing the pain that lay always under her heart. Frivolous she had been, thoughtless and selfish, but she had loved this man, and now that she had lost him she was like one who, having lost life, still remains forlornly alive.

And he? The glass slides under his fingers were meaningless now. He still thought that he hated her and raved against her in his diary, yet her slim loveliness would not let him be. He dreamed, tossing on his restless bed, of the cool softness of her lips. He turned his eyes resolutely away from the sight of her, clad in a woven garment of reeds and drifiting, light as sea-foam on the beach—and she saw her always before him.

What the end might have been there is no guessing, but the sailor with the pochmarked face played god of the machine. For days he had hidden like a wild beast in the jungle growth, watching, with hot eyes of desire, the white wonder of Marion’s body dipping, morning and evening, in a sheltered pocket of the sea. Since his heart had drifted ashore and landed him marvelously near the woman he had craved, he had been waiting for his moment, and presently he thought that it had come. But he had not reckoned on Paul.

In the white glare of the tropic noon-tide the two men fought, while the woman watched breathlessly, as it was in the beginning. The sand beneath their blazing feet was trodden red when at last Carrington flung the other to full length on the beach, and stood above him, bruised, bleeding, exultant. “Get to your boat,” he told the cringing creature at his feet, contemptuously, “and steer away from this island. If you try to crawl back here I’ll kill you! You’ll probably drown, but I warn you that’s better than what I would do to you!”

The sailor did not try to rise. He squirmed away on his back with a world-abject thing of fear, like a monstrous black slug, leaving two for whom, strangely, the world was changed. The past had slipped from them like discarded garments and their naked souls stood face to face.

“How strong you are!” marveled the woman soul.

“Not strong enough for you,” answered the man. He held out his arms, and unquestioningly she let him into them, and the world followed time into the limbo of things that were not, and there were only themselves under the sky, themselves and the murmurous mother sea.

(Continued on page 95)
THE new Popularity Contest, unusual and entertaining, is already the object of great interest — unfailing and rife. If you have entered it or have read the announcements which have appeared, and will appear, from time to time, containing the rules and regulations, you know it is actually a double contest—a contest in which both the public and players are equally interested.

The prizes depicted above and below were selected after much careful thought and attention and each one is destined to make some one happier, from the beautiful Crescent phonograph which suggests a twilight hour with the gems musical genius have given to the world, to the Marble nickel-plated axe which brings to mind a jolly time in some invitingly green woodland.

Perhaps you have not yet decided to enter the contest—if not do so now. Don't lose an opportunity of enjoying the unique entertainment it affords or of capturing one of the lovely and useful awards.

**FIRST PRIZE**

Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $160). Plays all makes of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathé, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record. A Crescent owner can enjoy a repertoire of the greatest opera singers, popular songs, dance music or anything that is turned out of the disc record. The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

**SECOND PRIZE**

Sheaffer "Giftie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp-Point Pencil, in a handsome plush-lined box. Gold-filled, warranted twenty years. Cannot blot or fade. A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

**THIRD PRIZE**

Bristol steel Casting Rod spate guide, cork grip, strong and durable. Fitted in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

**FOURTH PRIZE**

Sharpener— four blades, high quality, one large, two small, a perfect sharpener for all kinds of pencils, no matter how short.

**FIFTH PRIZE**

Fountain Pen, fine nib, left or right hand.

**SIXTH PRIZE**

Fourth Prize

**SEVENTH PRIZE**

Fifth Prize

**EIGHTH PRIZE**

Sixth Prize

**NINTH PRIZE**

Seventh and Eighth Prizes
Greatest of All Popularity Contests

Unique Competition in Which the Voters Share in the Prizes

WHO IS THE ONE GREAT STAR OF THE SCREEN?

Is it CHARLIE CHAPLIN or ELSIE FERGUSON?
Is it RICHARD BARTHELMESS or WILLIAM S. HART?

Concerning this matter there is great difference of opinion. Every fan, in fact, has his own idol. The Wall street broker swears by MARY PICKFORD; his wife thinks TOM MIX is the best actor the cinema has produced; the office boy has a "crush" on THEDA BARA and the stenographer collects photographs of DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS.

What do you think? If you had a vote would you give it to NAZIMOVA or to LILLIAN GISH? Would you vote for a man or a woman or for little BEN ALEXANDER?

SHADOWLAND, MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC—the three great magazines of the Motion Picture world—have decided to refer this question to their readers by taking a popular, worldwide vote. In regard to matters concerning the stage and theater their audience is the most intelligent and discerning; the most wide awake and well informed in the world today. If any picture patrons can pick out the leading star, it will be those who read SHADOWLAND, the MAGAZINE and CLASSIC.

The coupons will show you how to enter your own name and the name of your favorite player. But you may vote on an ordinary sheet of paper in Class Number 2 provided you make the ballot the same size and follow the wording of this coupon. We prefer the printed coupons for uniformity and convenience in counting.

There will be prizes for voters and prizes for stars.

Votes registered in Class Number 1 will probably be cast by favor. Votes registered in Class Number 2 will call for a wide knowledge of the Motion Picture business, keen powers of perception and skill at detecting the trend of popular favor. You cannot guess the winner offhand.

RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. The contest began on December 1, 1919, and will close on September 20, 1920.
2. There will be ten ballots as follows:
   - December 1919 ballot
   - January 1920 ballot
   - February 1920 ballot
   - March 1920 ballot
   - April 1920 ballot
   - May 1920 ballot
   - June 1920 ballot
   - July 1920 ballot
   - August 1920 ballot
   - September 1920 ballot
3. The result of each month's ballot will be published in each one of our magazines the second month following such ballot.
4. No votes will be received prior to the opening date or after the date of closing.
5. Each person entering the contest and observing the rules thereof shall have the privilege of voting once in each class, each month, for each one of our magazines. You may send us one vote in each class for SHADOWLAND every month, and the same for MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and yet again the same for CLASSIC. Thus, you will have three votes in Class No. 1 each month, and three votes in Class No. 2 each month.

Class Number 1

SHADOWLAND, MAGAZINE and CLASSIC:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I consider __________________________ the most popular player in the entire field of Motion Pictures.

Name __________________________
Street __________________________
City __________________________
State __________________________
Country __________________________
(Dated) __________________________

Class Number 2

SHADOWLAND, MAGAZINE and CLASSIC:
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I believe that __________________________ will win the Big Three Popularity Contest with _______ votes.

Name __________________________
Street __________________________
City __________________________
State __________________________
Country __________________________
(Dated) __________________________

Remember! This is the greatest player contest in history.
David L.—Thanks, chappie, for the fee. Viola Dana’s husband passed away recently. They both changed their name, but they are still the same. Write him. Long before he is half spent before we know what it is. It is a hard nut to crack and very few of us get out of it alive.

H. L. M.—Don’t forget that theatrical life is fantastic and unreal. Elsie Ferguson is playing in “Sacred and Profane Love” at the Thorenos Theater, New York City. Alice Joyce with Eastern Vitagraph, Brooklyn, and George Walsh with Fox, New York City. June Caprice is about 21; Lila Lee, 17; Lilian Gish, 24, and Dorothy Gish, 22. All old ladies, you see.

Jon B., Bay City.—No, m’dear, I do not do up my hair in curl-apparaters as Lord Byron did. Look me over above and tell me—do you see any hair? You want to see Elliott Dexter and Gloria Swanson play together. I’ll try and arrange that. Your pet dog is married. No, no, Madeline Travers is not Peggy Hyland’s sister. Oh, you’re welcome.

A Trial Packet

Hair toilet preparations to cure or improve your complexion. Castor geranium oil, 50 cents, the most potent will be $1.00. Every woman wants a nice healthy skin and youthful appearance, but it is easy to accomplish if you follow the advice of the Nourishing Alvéta skin food and delicate soothing cold cream, which is exclusively made by the highest class professional and private trade. The packet contains a booklet giving full instructions and facts.

ALVÉTA Toilet Preparations

Take according to your complexion, for a month established use among some of the most exclusive clients.

A Jar Alvéta—Nourishing Ultra luxury skin food.
A Jar Alvéta—Antique Liquid Cream.
A Jar Alvéta—Pure Toilet Powder removes perspiration and odor.
A Jar Alvéta—Bath Powder stimulates and purifies the skin.
A Box Alvéta—Delicately tinted face powder and puff.
A Box French Rosettes.

$1.50 Introductory Price
Packet Offer

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Send Money Order for $1.50 Packet Sent Post Prepaid

FROM IMPORTER TO YOU GREAT SAVINGS

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$1.00 per Dozen

Prepaid everywhere. Identify the same as you buy at 3 for 50 cents. Buy direct and save the jobbers’ and retailers’ profit. Satisfaction guaranteed; or money refunded.

Gray and White $2.00 per dozen.

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C O L - B R O W

Brings out their full beauty; harmless; will not run. Colors: Black, Brown, Light Brown, Brown, Red, Black, Black. 

HAIR SPECIALTY CO., Dept. B, 24 E. 21st St., New York
Double Exposures
(Continued from page 57)
The Big Events of the Cinema Year
1. Mae Murray's — pedal extremities in "On With the Dance."
2. Eugene O'Brien's left eyebrow in "The Perfect Lover."
4. Bebe Daniels and her victrola in "Why Change Your Wife?"
5. Gloria Swanson's morning plunge in "Male and Female."
6. Constance Talmadge's depiction of Annette Kellerman in "Two Weeks."

"Women!" reads an advertisement on "The Devil's Passkey." "What does Von Stroheim know about women? Too much — the women think. That's why they love him and hate him — and pack the house to the fire limits." It's sure the day of the he-vampire.

Our Political Choice
We don't care particularly who gets elected this year, as long as it isn't a Democrat. But we are very particular about the next cabinet. Here's our idea:
Secretary of State — Charles Murray
Secretary of the Navy — Mack Sennett
Secretary of Agriculture — Charles Ray
Postmaster-General — Lew Cody
Attorney-General — Ben Turpin*
Secretary of the Interior — Fatty Arbuckle
Secretary of the Treasury — Mamma Pickford
Secretary of Commerce — Lewis J. Selznick
Secretary of Labor — Will Rogers
Secretary of War — Bull Montana

*He could see both sides of every legal question.

Gossip of the Eastern Studios
(Continued from page 90)
the industry, it seems to me. Yet, when the Capitol Theater failed to get over in a big way, they have to call him back to New York to save it. And, in one night, he turned the biggest movie house in the world into a success. Interesting, isn't it?" "You bet," responded the Gossip. "Why, Rothapfel originated the present de luxe way of showing photoplays. He's done more for the motion picture than any half-dozen producers, except Griffith."
"True," said the Philosopher. "But you know the old proverb about the lack of appreciation in one's own land!"

Marooned Hearts
(Continued from page 91)
Afterward they spoke brokenly..."You have forgiven me?" "Yes! — Have you forgiven me? — I was wrong"—"And I... "I love you, I always have, always shall!" — "Kiss me again."
"If we should stay here always, would it matter — now?" — "The man, and she answered, head on his breast, dreamily, "It would not matter — so long as it were together..."

(Ninety-five)

Only for ladies who end corns
Dainty shoes are only for those who end corns.
The way is simple, quick and easy, and is sure. Millions of people employ it.
Apply Blue-jay, the liquid or the plaster. That touch will stop the pain.
Then wait a little and the corn will loosen and come out.
Then why does anybody suffer corns?
Just because they don't know. They pare corns and keep them. Or they pad them. Or they use a treatment harsh and ineffective.
Blue-jay is scientific. It is not only a laboratory, but also a scientific laboratory created. Year after year, it is keeping millions entirely free from corns. Perhaps half the corns that start are now ended by it.
Ask your druggist for Blue-jay. Learn tonight how much it means to you.

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Plaster or Liquid
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Read that announcement on page seven of this issue?

SAVE YOUR BODY
Conserve Your Health and Efficiency First
"I Would Not Part With It For $10,000"
So writes an enthusiastic, grateful customer. "Worth more than a farm" says another. In like manner testify over 100,000 people who have worn it.
The Natural Body Brace
Overcomes WEAKNESS and ORGANIC AILMENTS of WOMEN and MEN, develops erect, graceful figure. Brings mental relief, comfort, ability to do things, health and strength.
Wear It 30 Days Free at Our Expense
Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking; relieves and supports misplaced internal organs; reduces enlarged abdomen; strengthens back, corrects stooping shoulders; strengthens legs, check and knee; relieves backache, neurasthenia, sciatica, etc. KEEP YOURSELF FIT. Write today for illustrated booklet, measurement blank, etc., and read our very liberal proposition.

HOWARD C. RASH, Pres. Natural Body Brace Co., 326 Rash Bldg., Salina, Kansas

For Boys and Girls Also
when the dramatist learns the truth, but he comes in time to realize that he loves— and needs— his butterfly wife despite everything.

Mr. Von Stroheim presents his story with a Continental observation of men and manners, a dexterous camera sense and the same directorial skillfulness that lifted "Blind Husbands" into the unusual. As yet, Mr. Von Stroheim's characters—in the main— do not have the breath of life. Just one, "Le Devil's Passkey" really lives. It is the cocotte, Odero, realized with fine Parisian verve and piquancy by Mae Bush. Her Odero is as French as La Vie Parisienne. Sam de Grasse and Una Trevlyn are adequate as the American husband and wife, Clyde Fillmore is the army officer who wavers humanly between the good and the bad, and Maud George is Alme Malot. The Paris atmosphere is admirably attainted and maintained.

Rabelaisian in its humor is "Scratch My Back," (Goldwyn), written and adapted for the screen by Rupert Hughes. The hero is a rich young chap who always does what he wants to. Oberying that impulse, he leans over at the opera and scratches the decolleté back of a young woman who is too polite to do it herself. Forthwith his adventures begin, for the object of his unique attention not only does not resent it, but selects him to save her from the machinations of a blackmailer. Just to show his originality, Mr. Hughes has the hero enter and leave a bachelor. The story itself is not particularly humorous, but it is very shrewdly adapted to the screen, and possesses delightful subtiles, captions which "kidd" the action without hurting the story. The result is something new in film technique—a sort of after-dinner story told with dry celluloid humor. T. Roy Barnes, a former "nut" comedian in the varieties, stands out of "Scratch My Back" like a house afire. You'll hear more on the screen of this Barnes, or we miss our guess.

William Faversham is making his return to the screen in "The Man Who Lost Himself," (Selznick). This story of a British nobleman and a penniless American who look exactly alike, suggests "The Masquerader." The Englishman is in the grip of creditors and blackmailers, and he contemplates suicide. Leaving certain secrets behind, he returns to England. The newcomer solves all the difficulties—except the earl's wife. Loves enter here and— But why tell the dénouement? "The Man Who Lost Himself" held our interest very well. Mr. Faversham does distinguished work, too distinguished, perhaps, to suggest a down-and-out American suddenly thrust into an entirely new shoes. We have touched the role here and there with a deft comic hand, which leads us to speculate upon Mr. Faversham's film possibilities in high comedy. Hedda Hopper contributes a genuinely fine performance as the wife, a well-bred, worldly and understanding woman. At last a heroine who possesses something more besides "pangs!" George D. Baker's direction is very workmanlike.

"The Sea Wolf," (Paramount), as revived with Noah Beery in Hobart Bosworth's original role of Jack London's caveman of the North Pacific, struck us as being 'way above the average. If you are not familiar with London's virile and tragic tale of "Wolf," Larsen, seal-hunter, and schooner skipper, you should be. Here is an unusual and primitive type of man in combat with the mind.

We want to congratulate Mr. Beery upon his performance as the Sea Wolf. A mighty good bit of work it is, carefully and skillfully shaded. Mabel Juliene Scott and Tom Forman are satisfactory as the two sons of the rich stranded aboard "Wolf's" hulkship.

"The Flapper," (Selznick), Frances Marion's boarding-school opus, than in any vehicle we have yet observed her. Miss Marion endeavor to hit a feminine "Seventeen," satirizing girlhood adolescence as Booth Tarkington did with callow boyhood. The trouble here is that the picture is entirely too long for its story and, again, that the director mistakes burlesque for satire. The tale frequently becomes preposterous. The crook element, for instance, is dragged in by the ears and does not ring true. The plot? The kid romance of two young people in adjoining boarding and military schools. Rather weak.

Will Rogers' latest, "Yes I Call Me Jim," (Goldwyn), is quite fearful. Here Rogers tries to pantomimize a trite old melodrama, with the result that his human and humorous qualities are engulled. Thru a conspiracy, an inventor is kept in a wretched asylum cell. How he is rescued and restored to health by Jim, (played by Rogers), forms the theme, such as it is. We like Irene Rich as the girl of the drama. The director, Clarence Badger, gives no credit for an audience's imagination. And, judging from the eternal flashbacks, he thinks they cannot remember, either.

"The Silver Horde," (Goldwyn), based upon Rex Beach's romance of the salmon industry in Alaska, sounds a healthy outdoor note. We are quite sure it will interest you. "The Silver Horde" concerns the efforts of the salmon-cannery men to win the same valuable river property at any cost. But the plotters are foiled and, when the silver salmon horde sweep up the Kalvik River, the fighters win their battle. Myrtle Stedman stands out of "The Silver Horde" thru her splendid performance as Cherry Melotte, Rex Beach's fascinating heroine of the Northland. Betty Bronson is effective as a blonde. Frank Lloyd's direction is praiseworthy.

Anita Stewart did not at all interest us in "The Yellow Typhoon," (First National), based upon Harold MacGrath's romance of twin sisters, one brunette and fearfully good, the other blonde...
and—well!—Miss Stewart plays them both, the golden-haired adventuress, Bertha, alias "The Yellow Typhoon," and the dark-tressed Hilda, who serves Uncle Sam in the secret service. Miss Stewart cannot remotely suggest MacGrath's siren of the lovely looks. As for the story, it is the veriest piffle.

Bryant Washburn has another amusing comedy in "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," (Paramount), nowhere near as good as "The Six Best Cellars," but possessing its charms. Adapted from the well-known stage farce, it revolves around the efforts of a young husband to explain his all-night absence from home. He has been innocently locked up on a department store roof with a feminine customer—but he doesn't dare own up to this. All sorts of complications result, of course. Wanda Hawley is an excellent foil as the wife.

Breezy and entertaining is "The Danein Pool," (Paramount), in which the redoubtable Wallie Reid plays a jug salesman by day and a cabaret dancer by night. No doubt you read the story in a recent issue of THE CLASS. Believe Daniels lends colorful aid as Junie Budd, "Ves' Tibble's dancing partner. Reid isn't always spontaneous in this comedy, for, in the early scenes, he is required to play a homespun lad from the hinterlands. If there is one thing Reid can do—it's this. The hay-seed atmosphere here exists only in the "B'gosh!" subtitles.

As a screen story, Zane Grey's "Riders of the Dawn," (Hodkinson), based upon his "Desert of Wheat," is a gallop and the beaten track. It deals with the wheat farmers of the Middle West, the so-called destructive machinations of the I. W. W., (altho they are at no time called by name), and the ultimate triumph of a returned soldier-farmer over the evil element. Roy Stewart is the stalwart hero. A passable playplot.

We looked forward with unusual interest to seeing Louise Glau in her latest, "Sex," (Hodkinson), recently released. Louise is a siren, so shall ye reap, seems to be the thesis, for the vamps, played by Miss Glau, wins a married man away from his happy home. But, when a rich youth appears on the horizon, she tosses her married—and-about-to-be-divorced admirer aside. She herself marries and, lo and behold, another adventuress lures him off. Thus is the scheme paid off in her own wills. Married life, according to the Hodkinson designers, and the De Mille dramas, seems to be just one darned vampire after another. Which we rather doubt. "Sex," by the way, paints a picture of New York night life such as it is supposed to be and isn't, a maze of mad parties, with chorines dancing upon tables, youthful millionaires drinking—whisper—champagne from flasks, etc.

"Sex" may cause a gasp or two in the provinces, but it is really pretty dull screen fare.

"A Modern Saloon," (Metro), with one Hope Hampton, comes pretty near meeting our idea of the worst picture of the celluloid year.

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(Ninety-eight)
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Your favorite screen and stage stars use and enthusiastically endorse the Star Vibrator as an indispensable aid to health, as well as to beauty! Try the "Star" for your hair and scalp; fatigue; nervous headaches; insomnia; sore, stiff muscles; rheumatism, etc. For sale and demonstrated free at drug, department, and electrical-goods stores. Or direct from us if not at your local dealer's. Price $5 complete (in Canada, $7.50). Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 216, Torrington, Conn. We also make The Star Massage Shower Spray, the ideal way to bathe. Get one. $5 complete.

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Directed by George H. Melford
With All Star Cast

GEORGE FITZMAURICE'S Production
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Paramount Pictures
Love on the Mexican Border

Sweetly she smiled into the eyes of both, kisses he took from both—the ruddy American and the dark-skinned Mexican. And in the strong arms of the man from the North, she was not sure whether for the moment she forgot that Pedro would soon be there? Her punishment? Men of the North laugh coldly and pass on, but the Southern girls below the Río Grande loves, as he hates, with a singleness that knows no mercy. On this erring woman, going so gaily to her fate, O. Henry could look with excuse and pity, as he did on the weaknesses of women always, everywhere, for he knew their small shoulders bear burdens that would break the backs of men.

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Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)

Booth—“Not So Long Ago.” A fragrant and charming little comedy by a newcomer, Arthur Richman; telling a story of picturesque New York in the early 'seventies. Prettily and daintily played by Eva Le Gallienne, Sidney Blackmer and an excellent cast.

Century—“Florodora.” The musical comedy-hall-heralded revival of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Pantages’ singing stands out vividly and George Hassell’s humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous “sextette.” Here is a revival that really revives.


Cohan’s—“The Hottentot.” With Willie Colier. Typical one-man farce, with a few intelligible words. Ann Andrews lends pleasant assistance. Full of laughs. Cohan and Harris—“Honey Girl.” Lightly musical comedy built about the brisk race-track comedy formula. “This has speed and humor—as well as an excellent cast.

Cort.—“Abraham Lincoln.” If you should see this hit of the evening on the New York stage. John Drinkwater’s play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, which makes the Gents’ Friday night a success. “Abraham Lincoln” cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlynn is a brilliant Lincoln. Friday-Day Show—“The Storm.” A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen McKellar is a wonder to remember as the piquant French Canadian heroine.

Garrick.—“Jane Clegg.” St. John Ervine’s powerful drama, presented at the Garrick Guild, has been acclaimed all season. A drama, but brilliant tale of middle-class English life. Superbly acted by the best ensemble in New York. Henry Miller’s Theater—“The Famous Mrs. Fair.” Able drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skillfully written by James Forbes, with unusual playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margalo Gilmore.

Little—“Foot-Lose.” With Emily Stevens, Norman Trevor and O. P. Heggie. Zoe Akins’ well-done modernization of the old melodrama, “Forget-Me-Not.” Tallulah Bankhead scores in a difficult role. New York Roof—Ziegfeld 9 o’clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainments unlike anything to be found anywhere. Here, too, are the most beautiful girls in all New York.

Nora Boyes Theater—“Lassie.” A charming and pleasantly tuneful little musical comedy, with the old story of the Lassie in the picturesque scenes. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing’s “Kitty MacKay.” Tessa Kongs shines brightly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Botting are conspicuous. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson contribute some delightful dance interludes.

Odeon.—“Cinderella on Broadway.” Typical summer girl entertainment designed for the tired business man. The extravaganzas this year is based upon its many adventures. Gingko McDonald, girls, passable music, attractive costumes and a little humor.

ON TOUR THIS AND NEXT SEASON


“Scandal.”—Cosimo Hamilton’s daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Francis Lederer and Charles Chequer are the leading roles in the excellent footlight production.

“As You Were.” With Irene Bordoni and Dick Bernard. A delightful musical revue in which Miss Bordoni dazzles as the various sirens of history. Pleasant music and a pleasant chorus lend effect to “The Merry Mask.” With Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic melodrama of the days of the First Consulate in France, with color and historical accuracy. One of the best evening entertainments of the season. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as the royalist brigand, the Purple Mask; Mrs. Ditrichstein as his devotedimate as the French police agent, Brisquet; Lily Cahill is a charming heroine, and Boots Wooster makes her bit of a peasant girl come out. 

“The Singing Game.”—Very good melodrama which boasts many instances of the unexpected—and Marjorie Rambeau in highly emotional scenes.

“Lock, Stock, and Bill.”—With Cecil Lean. A pleasant musical entertainment which entertains when Mr. Lean and Cleo Mayfield hold the center of the stage.

“Mrs. Gallou.”—With Jane Cowl. An odd, but effective drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and watch over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurred fifty years before. “Smilin’ Through” will evoke your smiles and tears.

“The Oujo Board.”—Crane Wilbur’s thriller, built around spiritism. Real spooks invade a fake séance, solve a murder, and help solve the mystery. Guaranteed to keep you on edge. Excellent cast includes George Gaul, Howard Lang and Edward Ellis.

“My Cousin the Cakewalk.”—A black and tan entertainment with a score by Victor Herbert. A chorus girl, Jeannette Dietrich, scores the hit of the show.

“Able plea for bicultural entertainment based upon Joseph C. Lincoln’s familiar Cape Cod stories. Harry Beresford is featured in a gentle, wise humor, but versatile character, plays the hero. Guaranteed to keep you on edge. Excellent cast includes George Gaul, Howard Lang and Edward Ellis.

“The Little Whopper.”—Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Friml. The story is an excellent one, and this production matches the best in London. The cast, which also numbers Harry C. Brownie, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.

“Weapon for the World.”—A bright and highly amusing comedy by Salisbury Field. Admirably written and charmingly played by Margaret Lawrence and Howard Eddinger. One of the few plays you should see.

“Apbhodie.”—Highly colored and lavish presentation of a drama based upon Pierre Louys. Capano.”

Superbly staged adaptation of the play that caused a sensation in Paris. Dorothy Dalton, the screen star, returns to the stage in the principal role of the heroine. The stars are Louis Lamont, Patricia Ellis and Leslie Howard. Miss Lamont is a standout in her role.

“The Fortune of 1920.”—G. M. (Brouch and Billy) Anderson’s girl revue. Lively, speedy musical show with a large measure of vulgar- ity, but many pretty girls.

“Twilight.”—A Cohenized operetta in comic style.ler’s N. Y. and Loew’s American Roof.


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(Seven)
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Mary Pickford, 75,306; Norma Talmadge, 40,112; Pearl White, 20,558; Mme. Nazimova, 14,419; Constance Talmadge, 8,302; Debe Daniell, 4,941; Dolores Costello, 4,941; Alice Minne- ter, 4,331; Elisie Ferguson, 4,299; Theda Bara, 3,342; Lilian Gish, 3,303; Dorothy Gish, 3,177; Ruth Roland, 3,123; Marguerite Clark, 2,714; Anita Stewart, 2,530; Clara Bow, 2,474; Molly Allen, 2,146; Olive Thomas, 2,059; Shirley Mason, 1,917; Dorothy Dalton, 1,421; Baby Marie Osborne, 1,342; Dolly Little, 1,221; Pauline Frederick, 1,223; Gloria Swanson, 1,211; Olga Petrova, 1,173; Irene Castle, 1,115; Geraldine Farrar, 1,081; Alice Joyce, 1,002; Alice Lake, 998; Marion Davies, 1,096; Wanda Hawley, 883; Alice Brady, 801; Edith Johnson, 783; Katherine MacDonald, 729; Doris May, 720; Marie Prevost, 715; Margarita Fisher, 660; Priscilla Dean, 638; Vivian Martin, 571; Blanche Sweet, 568; Phylis Haver, 511; June Caprice, 476; Betty Compson, 462; Lillian Roth, 458; Novak, 460; Kathryn Williams, 459; Clara K. Young, 447; Dolores Cassinelli, 438; Gladys Leslie, 384; Marie Walcopp, 422; Winifred Westover, 425; Florence, 376; Helen Hansen, 370; Eva Novak, 355; Billie Burke, 351; Mildred Davis, 339; Corinne Griffith, 331; Violet Killingsworth, 329; Elizabeth Mitchell, 328; End Bennett, 291; Marjorie Daw, 289; Margarete de La Motte, 284; Lila Lee, 227; Dorothy Phillips, 271; Mildred Reardon, 268; Betty Bijelonic, 262; Betty Blyden, 251; Dorothy Hyland, 257; Bessie Love, 235; Mae Marsh, 232; Jean Paige, 220; Constance Binney, 192; Helen Parrish, 188; Louise Glenn, 183; Myrna Loy, 179; Mary Thurman, 169; Fannie Ward, 166; Virginia Lee Corbin, 151; Mary Garden, 144; Louise lovely, 143; Marguerite Marsha, 139; Carmel Myers, 137; Helen Fercy, 135; Catharine Calvert, 83; Lina Cavacieli, 80; Grace Cunard, 78; Helene Chadwick, 71; Louise Fa- dey, 64; Betty Gordon, 64; Mollie King, 59; Lois Wilson, 51.

Wallace Reid, 26,005; William S. Hart, 24,809; Richard Barthelmess, 19,217; Douglas Fairbanks, 11,501; Eugene O'Brien, 7,414; Will Rogers, 6,421; William S. Hart, 6,421; Warren Kerrigan, 3,916; Tom Mix, 3,464; Charles Chaplin, 2,521; Thomas Meighan, 2,108; William Russell, 2,055; Gaston Glass, 1,985; Douglas MacLean, 1,940; Harry C. Lon- don, 1,661; Tom Moore, 1,642; Ralph Graves, 1,584; Owen Moore, 1,580; Kenneth Harlan, 1,534; John Barrymore, 1,529; Jack Pickford, 1,529; Rodney La Roque, 1,463; Bert Lytell, 1,430; Antonio Moreno, 1,319; Harrison Ford, 1,202; Harry Northrup, 1,167; Earl Williams, 1,084; Elmer Clifton, 1,061; Lin Carter, 931; George Walsh, 919; Lewis Stone, 857; Eddy Polo, 72; Robert Harren, 70; Robert War-wick, 70; Harold Lloyd, 70; Marshall Nel- lon, 70; Louis Bennisson, 66; Conway Tearle, 64; Lon Chaney, 64; Tom Forman, 63; Ed- die Lyons, 61; Bryant Washburn, 60; Harry Carey, 53; Wesley Mirror Salls, 53; Cullen Bur- ley, 48; George Fawcett, 46; Henry G. Self, 46; Webster Campbell, 44; Theodore Roberts, 46; Robert Armstrong, 46; Hor- kawn, 46; Creighton Hale, 34; Monte Blue, 34; Robert Gordon, 33; Jack Holt, 33; Emory Johnson, 33; Percy Marmont, 32; D. W. Griffith, 32; Lionel Barrymore, 29; Ethel Clayton, 29; Albert Ray, 26; Sunshine Sammy, 26; Mil- ton Siels, 26; Fatty Arbuckle, 26; Lew Cody, 26; Raymond Hatton, 26; David Powell, 25; Will Rogers, 25; Percy Marmont, 19; Marshall Hamilton, 17; Frank Keenan, 16; Charles Meredith, 16; Henry B. Walthall, 15; Jack Hennings, 15; William Huber, 11; King Baggot, 8; Nigel Barrie, 7; Lionel Barrymore, 65; Cecil B. de Mille, 63; Harry Depp, 61; Francis Ford, 61; Edward Earle, 60; Cullen Landis, 58; Elmo Lincoln, 54; Louis- Tellegen, 51; Neal Hart, 47.

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(Nine)
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MONROE SALISBURY

Motion Picture Classic
DOROTHY DALTON

The beauteous Dorothy Dalton, who, last winter, proved that she was just as good an exponent of the legitimate drama as she was of the silversheet, has gone back to the screen, and is now again at work over at the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.
HARRIETT HAMMOND

Mack Sennett, the Flo Ziegfeld of the screen, has no priz beauty of whom he is more proud than the blonde Harriett Hammond. Miss Hammond is an example of such unusual pulchritude, that the chains she wears across her shoulder are entirely unnecessary for the enslavement of her beholders.
MILDRED HARRIS CHAPLIN

Mildred Harris Chaplin is fast developing into one of the few real girl stars of filmdom. She completely subjugged the Prince of Wales when he recently visited California, and is one of the most popular of the shadow-players.
A star over-night is the past history of Doris May, the better-half of the Douglas MacLean-Doris May combination, which has so successfully ridden the top waves of popularity lately. Miss May is the kind of girl who makes you think, no matter how blasé you may be, that after all this old world has some things in it which are real all the way thru.
**“Bessie, Love”**

Chaperon and perfect propriety were lurking in the immediate background.

I found Bessie Love in her dressing-room, fastening at the neck a suit cut in a girlish fashion with a bolero jacket and a skirt sufficiently tight for her to feel that it was restraining; for later, she pulled it up over her knees, with a laughingly apologetic "You don't care?" and sat tailor-fashion on the edge of a chaise-longue in one corner of the room.

She had just finished making some tests of costume and make-up for "The Old Curiosity Shop." She came towards the door, one hand holding in place the still unfastened blouse and the other extended in the customary greeting.

I was surprised that she should be so small; smaller by far than she looks to be on the screen. Her hair is dark yellow and very fine. You would notice her broad forehead and large, oval-shaped eyes the more strongly for the slenderness of her face from her temples to her slightly rounded chin. Her eyes and cheeks still

---

Her name is Juanita Horton, but they call her Bessie, Love, just like that, as tho it were written with a comma. Or sometimes they pronounce it Bessie Love, as tho it were all one word, with the accent on the last syllable. But, however they may say it, they say it all. No one ever thinks of abbreviating it to Bessie.

She's Bessie, Love, to her father and mother, her aunts and uncles, and even her cousins, many of whom she has never seen.

If her name is to be abbreviated, they will tell you, let it be abbreviated to Love; "Miss Love" for strangers. One fancies that the masculine stranger, at least, must have an irresistible desire to take her hand and say, "Little girl, let me protect you," this in spite of capable-looking eyes that, most unmistakably, have strength of character behind them.

Bessie Love is not weak. Tiny, she is, delicate and appealing in appearance, but not weak. She makes you think almost irresistibly of Riley's "An Old Sweetheart of Mine"; not so much of any particular verse as of the entire poem and the spirit of it.

You will remember that in the beginning he spoke of spicing the good a trifle with a little dust of harm, and then in the end there proved not to be any harm at all? Bessie Love reminds one of that.

You can imagine her as being slightly unconventional, but you would also feel quite certain that a
showed the traces of a make-up hastily removed, making her look, somehow or other, like a mischievous elf from a Maxfield Parrish picture.

"I believe," she said, "in, as nearly as possible, absolute realism when it comes to getting atmosphere for a picture. When we were making 'The Sawdust Ring,' I spent three weeks with a circus. The first few days I enjoyed, but after that I grew dreadfully tired. We were always on the go, moving all the time, and it wasn't very pleasant to get up and catch trains at any old hour of the night as a regular thing.

"And it was rather funny, too. I dreaded going, because I thought, in a vague way, the same thing of circus people that some from the outside seem to think of the people of the screen. Of course, when I mentioned this to professional friends, I was laughed at. They explained that there is more devotion to the family shown among circus people than in any other class, and I found it so. I grew to love some of the 'cooch' dancers... they were the dearest girls...

Miss Love was featured as a "Griffith find," played opposite Bill Hart in her second picture, "The Aryan"; was with Douglas Fairbanks in her "next two, 'The Good-Bad Man' and "Reggie Mixes In"—and in her fifth picture, "Sister of Six," she became a star.

"And now we are going to London on location for the exteriors of 'The Old Curiosity Shop.' We'll probably have to come back here for the interiors; I've heard that the studios in England are impossible!"

Having spent almost her entire life in Los Angeles, Bessie Love has seen comparatively little of the world outside the Western city. But, unlike most professionals, she loves to write letters, and she has carried on an extensive correspondence with numerous friends, relatives, fans and exhibitors. She did not make her first visit to New York until she was an established star.

"But I found that I had friends, not only in New York, but all along the way," she said.

"Of course, most of them knew me very much better than I knew them... isn't it peculiar how well you grow to know people from just seeing them on the screen?"

"In connection with that, an exhibitor, visiting here, told me rather an amusing thing. He said that he had been showing Bill Hart's pictures in his theater for so long that Bill Hart became to him the most familiar figure in the world. And then, several days ago, he came face to face with Bill in the lobby of the Alexandria.

"'Do you know, I was absolutely offended with him for a moment because he hadn't recognized me,' said this exhibitor.

(Continued on page 86)
The Photoplay of the Proletariat

By HARRISON HASKINS

You who saw "Humoresque" know with what understanding and sympathy Frank Borzage, the director, presented the "other half" of New York's Ghetto tenements. And no doubt you wondered just where Borzage obtained his singular insight into the real selves of the city's sordid cliff-dwellers.

The answer is simple.

Borzage himself came up from poverty. One of fourteen children, his father a laborer, Borzage fought his way to success against seemingly insurmountable odds. He worked as a hod-carrier, he labored in a mine, he was a member of a railway grading gang, in turn. But all the time that something—that divine fire of ambition—was burning inside.

Let us return to the beginning. Borzage's father is Italian, his mother Swiss. He was born in Salt Lake City. At twelve, necessity forced him to leave school and become one of the bread-winners of the large and struggling family.

The lad's first labors centered around a building gang, for he worked with his father. Then he became a worker in the Silver King mine. All the time he had one thing in mind—he wanted to be an actor! Just where he gained this idea is one of those inexplicable twists of humanity.

Since the beginning of all things, the most powerful cry of humanity has been "of the people and for the people." Frank Borzage believes this fact to be the greatest force in the motion picture industry—and intends to devote all his energy to genre portrayals of the movies. Left and below, Borzage directing "Humoresque"
The Menace of the Movies

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Is a great Wall Street colossus rearing itself in motion pictures—a colossus that will be blind to progress, initiative and all that is artistic? So believes Whitman Bennett, now an independent photoplay producer, but for years a foremost cog in that huge film machine, the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation.

Believing this, Mr. Bennett has withdrawn from the citadel and cast his fortunes with the independents. His reasons form a vastly illuminating glimpse into the modern making of the silent drama.

"The making of motion pictures is rapidly reaching the point where it will be dominated by one organization, just as the theatrical world was once held in the hands of Klaw and Erlanger, Charles Frohman and other leaders of the 'Syndicate.' As yet this film organization constitutes no out-and-out menace to photoplay progress. Remember that the old stage syndicate did not begin to obstruct dramatic progress until it absolutely controlled the country's theaters. Then its greed asserted itself.

"I believe this motion picture combine will number the Famous Players, Goldwyn and Metro forces. I do not place the blame on any of the leaders of these companies, such as Richard Rowland or Jesse Lasky, whom I highly re-

Photo by White Studio

"The making of motion pictures is rapidly reaching the point where it will be dominated by one organization, just as the theatrical world was once held in the hands of Klaw and Erlanger, Charles Frohman and other leaders of the 'Syndicate,'" says Whitman Bennett who has cast his fortunes with the independent producers. At the top and bottom are scenes from Mr. Bennett's first production, starring Lionel Barrymore.

spect. But Wall Street interests have been slowly seeping in and acquiring control.

"Wall Street is always a little slow. Remember that it was the film pioneers who went out and secured the money to bring pictures to their present level. They worked up the credit and hacking. Then Wall Street began to take notice, to study the business and to 'get in.' Right now I believe the opinion in the Street is that 'the motion picture business is cooked and ready to eat.'

"Wall Street capital has never been necessary. Enough money passed thr u the country's box- offices to support the industry, if properly handled. Extravagance, mismanagement and business errors, coupled with over-ambition, have brought Wall Street into the field. The result is that the men who fought all these years for the best in pictures are being crowded out. Affiliations of and interests of Kuhn Loeb, the Morgans and the Duponts will control the photoplay.

"The outcome is self-evident. It is the difference between the showman and the speculator. Money interests are out to get the most out of the business with an outlay held to minimum. What does Wall Street care for art—for the progress of the photoplay?

"The screen, like the stage, is a segregated artistic business. It has never and it can never thrive commercialized. You cannot take your audience behind the scenes and let it see the wheels working and still be successful.

(Continued on page 104)
The Joyous Pagan

The blonde pagan! It sounds like one of Berta Ruck's novels or a Universal picture, but in reality it's a description of Josephine Hill. For that tiny person, eighteen in years, but eighty in wisdom, has evolved a philosophy and a religion all her own. It first manifested itself to me in the tip-tiltedness of Josephine's nose, which caught my attention immediately upon our meeting.

"But it was just good luck that I had that kind of a nose!" declared Josephine—and thereby hangs a tale—the tale of the aforementioned philosophy.

Upon a pedestal in a corner of the room reposed a curious carving. It was a small idol, apparently, a cross between a Biliken and a Buddha, hewn from ivory. And when my eyes were not engaged with Josephine's nose, they were hovering about that strange image. She noticed it, of course, and her mouth crinkled up into a delighted little smile.

"That," she explained, "is Korsukan, my god of luck. Every morning when I get up and every evening before I go to bed, I bow before him! Isn't that funny?" She giggled at her own caprice—and yet, was it a caprice? As I learned more of this strange god, I began to suspect that his solitary worshiper had discovered a page from the Book of Wisdom.

But I had not come to discuss newborn philosophies; rather to unearth the life story of this new light in the cinema heavens. Her marriage with Jack Perrin, the Universal star, was the talk of the day. I could scarcely believe that the tiny girl before me was a wife.

"But now, I suppose, you bow before a greater power—the god Husband?" I suggested.

"Indeed. I do not!" Her eyes widened indignantly. "We've been married only three days, and he has left me already!"

"Oh!" I began to suspect that I had said something unfortunate.

"But I cant really blame him," she continued hastily. "It's the awful company he's in! There was a distinct break in her voice. I mentally belabored myself for having ventured into matrimonial subjects and prayed for a return to safe ground.

"They've sent him on location way off in the mountains!" she finished.

I gasped with relief and hurriedly switched the conversation back to Korsukan, the god of luck.

"Long ago, when I was a very little girl indeed," she replied in answer to my questions, "mother used to tell me that there was a little fairy named Korsukan, who would always help me out of difficulties if I would only repeat his name to myself a number of times—Korsu-kan, Korsu-kan—course-you-can. Do you see? And I always found that if I said Korsukan enough, I always could!"

"But the image itself?" I enquired. "Where did that come from?"

"Oh. I had that made when I found that Korsukan came thru every time. It was the decent thing to do, dont you think?" She looked at me rather anxiously.

I nodded gravely.

"And when it came time for me to make my own living, I found that my little god was quite as faithful as ever. For a long time I traveled with father and mother on the vaudeville circuits, doing baby rôles. But when I got big"—she flushed a little when she saw me glance at her feet; they barely touched the floor as she sat in the big rocking-chair!—"I wanted to go by myself. Mother was a little worried by the idea. I think she was afraid I couldn't succeed. But I just said Korsukan over and over and went to see Gus Edwards. He was very nice to

Josephine Hill has a remarkable philosophy all her own, in which a tiny idol, a cross between a Biliken and a Buddha, figures rather prominently. His name is Korsukan—and when Josephine wants anything very badly, she repeats the idol's name several times—and gets her wish. Try it yourself, and see what happens.

Photo by Freulich, L. A.

(Twenty,
me, and when I left I had been engaged to play a part in his famous 'School-days' troupe! I played with him for many months and finally, when Lila Lee left to enter the movies, I took her part, that of 'Cuddles.' It was lots of fun." She smiled happily at the memory.

"But how did you happen to enter pictures?" I asked.

"Oh, I got to thinking about it when Lila left. And when things turned out so nicely for her I felt even more eager to try it. I felt kind of doubtful inside, but Korshun said yes."

"The first man I went to see was Edgar Lewis. He was looking for a leading lady for 'Love and the Law.' I determined to hit high and so I walked in and asked for the part. When I saw all the other girls who were there, I felt a little weak, but that darned heathen god kept insisting. I put up a good argument and when the afternoon was over, all were eliminated but myself and one other. The only great difference between us was the fact that her nose was Grecian while mine was 'pug.' Mr. Lewis couldn't make up his mind, so he called his wife. For some reason, she came out strong for the pug. So you see, I won by a nose."

Mrs. Lewis was speedily justified in her choice. Josephine outdid herself. But she was still in the East when the picture was completed, and California, the movie center, was three thousand miles away. So she declined all offers, packed her bag, and in two weeks was searching for a home in Hollywood. She was engaged by Universal and for a time played two-reel Westerns opposite Neal Burns, and later Jack Perrin. She built up an enormous following among the cowboys and ranchers. (Continued on page 80)

Miss Hill's recent marriage with Jack Perrin, the Universal star, was the talk of the day. It was extremely difficult for ye interviewer to believe that the tiny girl on the chair, her feet escaping the floor by a space of several inches, was a wife. Just to the left; you will not fail to notice that our heroine is a real fisherman in every sense of the word, tho we wonder what sort of fish she can hope to catch in this exact spot, unless it be a mud turtle.

Left, Josephine in a somewhat difficult situation in her most recent Metro success, "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," in which, as leading woman, she gives an unusually clever characterization.

(Twenty one)
Another Pickford Star

represents the spirit of eternal Youth, he has taken on the way of a man.

We who recall his splendid work in "Tom Sawyer," with its roguishness and whimsical charm, fervently hope this boyish quality will ever abide with him.

"That was a great story," he remarked, when he spoke of it. "I became so attached to Tom that I was downright sorry when it was finished. I think that it will be refilmed every ten years, for it will always delight because of its youthful experiences. I only hope that the next Tom Sawyer will enjoy making the picture as much as I did. I didn't have a chance for much play of that kind when I was a

We were all there, Mary Pickford, Mrs. Pickford, Jack Pickford and myself. Now, I thought, this will be a fine time to interview Jack, for he is very diffident when it comes to talking about himself and has a clever way of sidestepping questions, but, with his mother and sister present there would be little chance for this.

Now, the most noticeable characteristic of this young actor is his contagious laugh.

Beginning deep in his throat as a chuckle, it ripplingly ascends the scale, striking each jolly tone, and I am willing to wager that no one could possibly resist its boyish merriment. His speaking voice is unusually soft, with a little drawl suggestive of the South. However, he was born far from the Mason and Dixon line, away up in Toronto, Canada.

Jack is the baby of the Pickford family, Mary being three years his senior, Lottie two. He was less than a year old when his father died, and he followed his sisters onto the stage as soon as he could walk.

Admitting that the process of growing up requires some time, there is frequently one year when the transition seems very marked and the boy suddenly becomes a man. Jack Pickford has just passed thru this kind of a year and, tho he still

At the right is a glimpse of Jack Pickford in "Tom Sawyer" and across the page, in "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." Jack is the youngest of the Pickfords, three years younger than Mary. He went on the stage as soon as he could walk.

(Twenty-two)
By

MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

kid, so I threw myself into the work and had all the fun I could to make up for what I had missed.

Jack's career in motion pictures began at the age of twelve, when he trotted along with sister Mary into the old Biograph studio in New York and stood around, solemn-eyed, hoping someone would notice him. Of course, in those days there were few roles for him, and he became general utility man of the company, playing messenger and newsboy and helping out in all the "mob" scenes. During his years before the camera he has played with most of the film luminaries. He was with Marguerite Clark in her first picture, "Wildflower," and again in "Little Sister of José."

He played with his famous sister in "Fanchon, the Cricket," and cheerfully remarked that, "Mary and I stage a real rough-and-tumble fight in that picture, and we didn't stop when the camera did, either, but went right on, rolling over and over down the hill until we landed in a nice little stream. Do you remember that, Mecca de Shush?" he asked, using his own little pet name for Mary.

"Do I?" echoed Mary, with emphasis, and sister and brother laughed gaily at the recollection.

It was in "Little Peppina," as Miss Pickford's foster-brother, and as her brother in "The Girl of Yesterday," that Jack had his first important roles.

Then came that series of youthful romances in which he and dainty Louise Huff won all hearts as they rollicked thru film after film. Now he is no longer rated as Mary Pickford's clever brother, for he has signed with the Goldwyn Company and is being starred in the boyish sort of stories in which he excels.

"We've just finished a corking picture, 'Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come,'" Jack told us. "In the beginning I am a crude mountain boy, and you know how I always like those roles. The story covers a period of about ten years and so furnishes a lot of variety and contrasts, and we had some mighty interesting scenes. Gee, I thought we would never finish up! You wouldn't believe so many things could happen (Continued on page 82)
I wish that I might, with some authoritative marshalling of facts, give the contra-distinctive values of silk as silk and cotton as cotton, the better to illustrate the great descriptive value of my title. Not, however, being scientifically informed beyond the rather general, third-grammar-grade knowledge that cotton grows in the Southland and is picturesquely picked by hand by transplanted Africans, and that silk is fearfully and wonderfully spun by delicate and specially nurtured worms, I must be content to repeat that I employ the title illustratively, I might say symbolically, because I think of silk as something lustrous and smooth, something resilient yet firm, exquisitely fine, pleasing to the eye, to the touch, to the general sensibilities, something with a super-elegance. And of cotton as the firmer texture, the durability making the delicate resilience possible, the sturdiness and substance without which the bloom of super-elegance is but evanescent, not really lasting nor worth the having, a more basic quality ... 

Perfectly, to my mind, does this contrasting title describe to me Lucy Cotton, within whose slender, equipoised person the contrast becomes at once a blend, subtle, yet firmly knit.

Cotton and silk are conscious products. They are the results of growth, of tending, of a planned and ordered development.

what she has done, is doing, hopes to do, you would have to know Lucy Cotton's mother. You would have to talk with her mother. If you gained nothing more—and what you didn't gain would quite certainly be your own lack—you would come away with a wider conception of the possibilities of motherhood than the one, wide enough at its least, we think of in the everyday.

"Lucy," her mother told me, over caviar and coffee in a remote corner of the Biltmore, "is the projection of my early thoughts and desires. I have always been interested in the stage and, before I was married, had my own personal aspirations in that direction, but those were the days of implicit filial obedience and my father's mandate to the contrary was final to me. When I married, however, I determined that if ever I had a daughter who showed the slightest inclination for dramatic work, everything possible should be done to cultivate and to develop that tendency, and so when my three little girls came along and Lucy, particularly, began to give little hints in her unconscious way, I began at once a consistent preparation.

"I tried, first of all, to instil into her, into all of them, the miracle of self-development, that which comes from within. The balanced, poised, full expression of the individuality."

Lucy interpolated softly, "And there is nothing so wonderful," she said, "as to feel yourself growing, day by day, broad-

Photograph by Bachrach

The Silken Cotton

They mean something. They are intended to mean something. There is thought back of them; there is care put into them. They have a definite mission, a definite fulfilment to attain, and from them stabilities take shape and form, and dreams are spun ... 

Lucy Cotton, if I may employ the simile, is a conscious product. Her rise into recognition and acclaim has not been mere happenstance, chance, brought about by some lucky turn of the wheel, by her pretty face, by a box of tricks. She is the conscious product not only of her own careful work and play, but also of her mother's hopes and plans and the wise execution of both of these. Lucy Cotton and her mother have been building ever since Lucy, very tiny, pirouetted before a mirror in a manner that, tho the forecast was long, suggested to her discerning mother

an atmosphere of footlights and Cooper-Hewitts ... since there were no Cooper-Hewitts, we will ascribe that to interviewer's license.

To really know and appreciate Lucy Cotton and

Lucy Cotton was born in Houston, Texas. She came to New York and studied under Theodore Ursula Ervine at Carnegie Hall. She made her first distinct hit in "The Quaker Girl"

(Twenty-four)
enning, learning, fulfilling yourself. Of course, some day, I hope to marry, to have children of my own. I think every real woman does—that is a part, a great part of the development of the whole. But for the present I want just self-expression, the best that I can give. I want to perfect in so far as perfection is possible this stage of me before I pass on to the next."

Lucy’s mother took up the thread, in her grey eyes a whimsical reminiscence, tender yet not devoid of humor. "I tried to bring them up in a world of poetry," she said, "I read to them a great deal—Longfellow, all of the poets, fairy-tales, myths and legends. I tried to have them live a life of the imagination, a sort of mental fairyland, seeing the beautiful in all things, believing in the beautiful in all things. Just by way of illustration, I recall an amusing little incident that occurred when all three children had the measles. A caller came one afternoon and Lucy was left with her alone in the drawing-room while I was momentarily called away. When I returned I found the caller removing traces of recent mirth. Lucy had informed her, she told me between gasps, that the little red spots on her face and hands and other visible portions were ‘red flowers growing on me.’"

"We lived in Houston, Texas, you know—Lucy was born there—and, of course, she went to school, dancing school, studied music, did all the usual things a little girl does do. Later she studied for the stage under Alma McDowell, and then, when we felt that Houston had no more to offer us in the way of advantages for advancement, we gave up our home there and came to New York. Here, Lucy studied under Theodora Ursula Ervne at Carnegie Hall and then began to have her practical experience, the stage itself. ‘Most everybody knows about Lucy Cotton and, logical consequence, ‘most everybody knows what she has done."

"One of the things I love most to do," Lucy said to me, in her effective, delicately modulated tones, "is to give credit to everyone who has helped me on my way. I never forget any one of them or any one of the things they do for me. Everyone has been, oh, so nice. Ariadne Holmes Edwards, for instance, was responsible for my introduction to Ina Claire, which was my first success, the opening door . . . Miss Edwards, by the way, has written, among other songs, ‘God Bless You, My Dear,’ sung by De Luca . . . and after that it has just been a series, one thing after another, not just from my coming to New York, but from the beginning—the beginning of mother’s planning and my working—and I have worked. The first night I took Ina Claire’s part in ‘The Quaker Girl,’ for instance, so many people asked me if I suffered very much from stage-fright. I hadn’t a vestige of it. I was prepared, you see. That is what training, self-development, conscious preparation does for one, for anyone. I believe it was the happiest night of my whole life. I just felt that here, at last, I was doing the thing I had been born to do, the thing I had worked and planned to do, and I was glad. One isn’t frightened when one is as happy as I was then."

"And I am happy in pictures—I have been fortunate in being cast happily. I love to give the touch of poetry, half illusion and half fact. The atmosphere of great loves and

(Continued on page 73)
The Youngest Movie Magnate

Myron Selznick Is Just Twenty-One

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Myron Selznick is just twenty-one. Which makes him by long odds the youngest magnate in the screen world. While other young men of his age are freshmen and sophomores at college, with their business début some years ahead, Selznick is guiding every detail of the destinies of a big producing organization, which, incidentally, he created himself.

Because the young Mr. Selznick is a son of Lewis J. Selznick, it is commonly assumed that he is but a juvenile figurehead for his father. Nothing could be further from the truth. Myron Selznick really directs every item of the production of Selznick Pictures. In other words, the making of Olive Thomas, Elaine Hammerstein, Louise Huff, William Faversham, Eugene O'Brien and Owen Moore productions. "And I am going to take on two or three more stars this year," he adds.

It is interesting to note the daily routine of the youthful Myron Selznick.

At 10 o'clock he arrives by motor at (Continued on page 80)
The World and His Wife

By

FAITH SERVICE

Fictionized from the Cosmopolitan Photoplay

The World and his Wife must talk. There is no help for it. What is more, when they have exhausted fact, they will dip into fiction, and he who listens may profit more or less, but just so long as there is talk, just so long are there ears to receive the talk and so it goes.

When Feodora became betrothed to Don Julian of Seville, the World told his Wife that it was a "money match." Don Julian is too old, the tongues tattled, too old for the beautiful Feodora. She should have a lover young as a sickle moon, and slender, with a guitar in his hand and songs upon his mouth. Feodora is making a mistake. She is not following the dictates of her maiden heart. No good will come of it. His Wife echoed back the World's gossip. No good will come of it, she predicted. She might have added, "So let us keep on talking, Don World, and see what may be seen."

As usual, the World and his Wife were wrong. Long, long before Don Julian told the beautiful Feodora of his love for her she had entertained a high and holy passion for him. The dreams she had dreamed of the prayers she had offered up... the beads she had told... watching, many times, his tall figure riding past the courtyard of her home. She had never dared to think that he would turn the eye of his fancy upon her.

It had been a rather beautiful love, tender, deep, or would have been if the World and his Wife had quieted their tongues and let the matter rest.

It began with an act of humanity on the part of Don Julian. Don Seville had been his oldest and dearest friend. When he came to die, some few months after the marriage of Julian and Feodora, he begged Don Julian to keep an eye on his only son, Ernesto. "He shall come to us," Julian promised; "you need have no fear for his future. I give you my oath."

Ernesto came to live at the Casa Granda. At first he was deep in the dregs of his sorrow for the father who had been more than father to him. In his sorrow Feodora ministered to him, for his sake, but more for Don Julian's, who implored her to give the boy her tenderness for his wound's sake. After that she continued her talks and walks with him, her rides and moonlight strolls, because he told her of a vast book world in which he had moved and had his being since first he could remember anything, and Feodora, avid, but not overly informed, drank in the strange atmospheres, the enchanted places and peoples, and seemed to expand with the far-off perfumes, the vibrations of other hearts. Don Julian, watching, was, at first, content. He loved Feodora with the love that was content to have her have the desires of her heart. He perceived that it was not Ernesto to whom she listened, but the things of which he told her. And he knew, or thought he knew, that Feodora loved him. If, now and then, it came to him that Feodora and Ernesto were mutually young, that their blood heat dizzily in their veins, while his, Don Julian's, was slowing down, he remembered, too, the vows Feodora had made him on their wedding morn, the passion in her voice, the pulses in her lips. Such things do not lie. Facts might speak, but the instinct of a
plained of headache and did not go for his usual ride. It seemed to him, then, that the tracing forearm of Feodora lingered overlong on the difficult page, until that of Ernesto came to meet it. When, later, they strolled away together, he thought their shoulders touched and did not pull away, and it hurt him, for the first time, that they did not insist, demand that he accompany them. He seemed to himself, too, to be cumbersome and ungraciously. The slim height of Feodora gave him an unaccountable pang. He was a dotard! Listening to the paltry suspicions of his brother and his wife, who had never had nor ever would anything better to spread than slander. Ernesto was his father's son, the sword blade, cleanly kept, of honor. And Feodora... why, Feodora was... Don Julian leaned back and closed his eyes against the piercing sweetness of that Feodora was to him, the vivid flower of his heart...

But after that Don Julian went no more to ride when the afternoon readings took place, and when Ernesto and Feodora rode or walked he did not wave them jovial farewell, but watched them, thru wistful, half shut eyes... They wore their mantles of innocence securely or shame would have made them see the pain his heart was nurturing.

The ripper beginning came when Don Alvarez, a supposed friend of the three, remarked to Don Julian one afternoon at their club that he had seen Ernesto and Feodora riding in the morning. "These young people," he said, with a sneer, "ride solitary paths, it seems to me, and linger overlong, Don Julian, for friends on literary pilgrimages bent."

It may have been the way he felt, but on the way home it seemed to Don Julian that Ernesto was no longer his young friend, his father's son and their good comrade, but the venomous enemy that lay ready to snatch from him the flower of his heart. Youth spoke to him with its many beguiling tongues. He had been a blind fool... solitary paths... duality... what flowers had they picked, those twain, on what sequestered paths... who knew?

When he had reached the house his rage and fear and roused suspicion had all but consumed him. It was not tempered by sight of Ernesto playing a guitar, lazily, while Feodora lay at full length in a hammock and hummed a low, accompanying tune. They loved, he told himself, insanely; they loved, the young two of them, and he, Julian, was left outside, barred away from them, alone and cold... With his tempiies hammering and his tongue twice its habitual size, he told Ernesto that he was a wife robber, a snake in the grass, a knife in the back, a menace, a curse. "I give you my trust," he snarled, beside himself at sight of the bewildered young faces; "I give you my trust, a sacred thing between man and man, and that is not enough for you... you take my wife, too. Steal her—thief! Low-down, damnable thief!"

"Julian!" Feodora's voice was anguished, shocked, too incredulous, but Julian did not, would not hear that...
You lie, Don Julian," Ernesto said, "and I think you know it. I think you will know it when those red mists of other tongues have passed away. You were my father's friend. You have been until this hour, my good friend. You are an older man. The least and the most I can do for you, Don Julian, is to leave this country."

If the wagging tongue of the World had given Ernesto time to make good his departure, the ensuing events would be embryonic happenings, but one of the essentials of tongue-wagging is the amazing inopportuneness with which it operates. Ernesto was dining alone at his club. Like most keenly sensitive, imaginative persons, he was suffering, not so much at the thought of separation from Feodora as at the injustice dealt him by his life-long friend. Far, so far that no malice could be imputed, beneath all other thoughts, Feodora's darkly lovely face kept recurring to him as it had never recur to him before. A melancholy seeped thru him and his eyes burned with unshed tears. It was strange to him, the whole of it. Feodora... why, it was absurd. And yet, these recurrences of her image... the tones of her voice... the sudden and somehow stinging memory of her ineffably tender palm laid on his arm... memories... how infinitely are they more potent to disturb than facts! For memories are numbered not among the quick, but among the dead... who, being dead, still live.

"The melancholy lover broods alone." At first Ernesto did not hear the mocking voice nor so much as sense the fact that Don Alvarez was addressing himself to him. A little later, and with infinite implication, it was repeated. "The melancholy lover broods alone..."

The blood pounded in Ernesto's head. Don Julian was on matter... he had housed him and fed him and his suspicions were not without their basis in a possible suffering. But Don Alvarez, knowing nothing, caring less, spattering his noiseless mud on the spotless robes of Feodora... the image of her face shone brightly before him, and he did not know what he had done when he had knocked Don Alvarez down and challenged him to a duel. The duel would be a fatal one to Ernesto. The solitary scholar and poet had no more chance than a wisp of straw before the adroitness, the skilled professionalism of Don Alvarez. It would have been laughable had not the matters of life and death been

The motives that actuate the great deeds of man and men are obscurely conceived. Julian gave no motive for deliberately insulting Don Alvarez and thus taking Ernesto's place in the duel.
If he could only go, take his far trip before the duel. If, after the affair were settled, Ernesto were gone, the gape might soon be healed, things might then go on as tho this storm had never been. People would forget, with the spur to their remembering gone. Gone...the word hit, unawares, on her consciousness and stayed there, and chilled her...She shook it off. She had become used to Ernesto, to their talks and walks, to his way of doing things, to the worlds he had opened up for her mental and imaginative exploration. And still, gone... If she could only see him, beg him to flee the place, leave it all as it had been...

There was no other motive in her seeking him out in his rooms and making her plea. “For all of us,” she said. His somber eyes had somehow warned her against the more personal “for me.” There were plans to make...and they had, always, so much to say to one another. There had probably, they had often remarked, never been two persons with so great a mental fund, the one for the other. When they were together, time fled by them, noiselessly, unheeded. It was so on this day. They had been sitting in separate corners of the room. Ernesto was telling of what his new life would probably be in South America, the readjustments he would have to make, the way in which he would make them. He spoke of the severance of ties, the tug at the heart because of the association of places and people. There had been nothing said of the Thee and Me. Into this scene Don Julian was carried, all but mortally wounded. Don Alvarez was dead.

There was a horrible scene enacted in the dim room, the first shades of night dropping down on the colorful city without, the hush of night stealing on, the three white-faced, hurt people in the laden room.

Julian had seen with his own eyes. He needed, he said, no further proof than this. Feodora, in Ernesto’s rooms. Lovers...while he, her husband, had been defending the honor of the twain of them with his own life. It was a grim jest, he said. It came of a man with the flush of youth gone playing the fool of love. The velvet fingers of the heart were powerful to strangulation. He had waited all this time to gather the vivid flower that was piercing him to death with hidden thorns. The bitterness of his pain and hurt was laid upon them in a venomous flood that could not be abated. Feodora knelt by him and wept over him and bathed his wounds with her tenderest ministrations. Ernesto forgot the pride of his manhood and outrage and pleaded with him. The World and his Wife had talked over-all. The seed of suspicion had grown until its fungous growth had conquered the man.

In the morning Ernesto came, for the last time, to the Casa. Don Julian was unable to see him and he asked for Feodora. “There is only one thing for me to do, Feodora,” he told her, “and that is to end the miserable life that has been the cause of the turmoil—my own.”

Feodora cried out, “What good could that do? It would cause more heart-break! It would be an open admission of something so dreadful you had to die to cover it. Oh, Ernesto, I pray you, do not think of such a thing! The sunlight will come into this again, will come to us again. Julian will—”

What Julian willed was never known. There was a mad rush as of some infuriated animal on the stairs; and Don Julian, red with his wounds and his rage, was upon them. The devastating names he called them, the anathema he hurled was but half heard. There was a mad rush as of some infuriated animal on the stairs; and Don Julian, red with his wounds and his rage, was upon them. The devastating names he called them, the anathema he hurled was but half heard.

(Thirty)
half heard. The blood he had outraged choked his throat and within an hour after the scene he was dead.

An hour later still Don Severo and the worthy Doña Mercedes had turned the offending pair out upon the streets.

"You are murderers," they denounced them, "and of what besides we will spare you the details. Let us see no more of you in my poor brother's home."

"From the beginning," they added, with a venom that increased and gained in momentum as it went along, "from the beginning of his mad, his idiotic infatuation for you, Doña Fendora, he was a lost soul, a gone man. We said among ourselves the day he married you that he was ending his life as a man. We knew that it is folly for a strong man such as he to give the greatness of himself to a girl with nothing but dreaming, the folly of dreaming in her eyes and entanglement in her hair. You were not a meet mate for such as he, who had arrived at the ripe time of life when love had ceased to be a toy and had become the sum and substance of his daily life.

"You were a snare to him. You were a snare and a delusion. The first youth to come along with pretty words and nimble feet you fell for, as the young pale grass is mowed by the first slender sickle. We use the language your poet lover used. And from the day he came, my brother's death was set. We said it among ourselves. You used his love of you to blindfold him. You laughed into his eyes, but you sobbed against the breast of Ernesto—and sobs are more potent than laughter . . ."

"It . . . all this is not so. . . ."

"Be still, popinjay! It is so. It is so much so that my brother's body lies chilling in that darkened room and outside this door is summer and sunlight—moonlight presently—and you—you and your lover are going forth to meet it. Just this much it is so, and what is more so? Tell me that. Out with you, out upon you. You are the infamous, cruel pair of you, and may love smite your hearts even as you have used it to smite him!"

The long hours of the night Fendora and Ernesto spent in wandering over the countryside, talking in strained, hushed tones of the conspiracies of fate and

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THE WORLD AND HIS WIFE

Fictionized from the scenario of Frances Marion, adapted from the screen version of the original by Charles Frederick Nirdlinger, founded on the dramatic verse by Jose Escher-garoy. Produced by Cosmopolitan Productions, for release thru Famous Players-Lasky. Directed by Robert G. Vignola.

The cast:
Fendora..........................Alma Rubens
Don Julian........................Montagu Love
Don Severo.......................Pedro de Cordoba
Don Alvarez.....................Charles Gerard
Ernesto............................Gaston Glass
Captain Townsend..............Byron Russell
Don Julian's Friend............Peter Barbier
Don Alvarez' Friends..........Leon Gendron
Ernesto's Father...............Vincent Macchia
Ernesto's Mother..............Mrs. Allan Walker
Old Nurse........................Ray Allen

The world awoke and with the awakening of the world came an awakening in their hearts, triumphant over Death, triumphant over Life—Victorious!
It was Monday—indigo Monday.

I had run out of gas on the way to the Rolin studio at Culver City, been browbeaten by a motor cop when I tried to make up for lost time and had been severely criticized by the studio watchman for parking my car in front of the gate. Therefore I wasn't in a fit mood to interview Beatrice La Plante; I felt like asking the routine questions regarding age, disposition, favorite picture and leading man, and let it go at that, grousing my way home-ward at twenty miles an hour to avoid further difficulties with the speed cop.

But, scarcely had I entered the confines of the studio when, from a long gallery above, came a throaty voice that spoke in clipped, childlike sentences, and down the staircase flashed a small figure bundled from head to foot in a crimson bathrobe. Two amazingly large brown eyes, a piquant nose and apple-red lips were framed by a fluff of bobbed hair, and before I could speak, two tiny hands had one of mine, and Beatrice was telling me, all in a breath—her English fascinatedly sprinkled with French cadences and idioms—that she was so glad I had come—would I come up to the dressing-room while she did her make-up?—“Mon dieu!” she was smothering in the bathrobe—had I seen her pictures with Hayakawa, and did I ever see such damhot weather?

I followed her up the stairs to her dressing-room, done in grey and blue. The indigo shade of the day had already given way to a lighter hue. I defy any-
will talk while I grease-paint the face—n'est-ce pas?"
I said we would, and while I was thinking what I wanted to ask first, she forestalled me, talking with her lips, her eyebrows, her shoulders, and occasionally gesticulating with a stick of "fleshing" with which she was plastering her cheeks.

"You want to know am I French," she said positively. "Everyone ask that. But yes, I am born in Paris, in 1900, at eight o'clock in the morning—I do not remember about it, but they tell me I was there!" The audacious brown eyes dared me to dispute it.

"And in France I was not an actress. I was in school—and very strict school, too. I was not naughty Parisienne—until I came to America. People here like to think French girl as 'oo-la-la' kind—is it not?"
I admitted it mostly was, but Beatrice had plunged into her story once more, pausing now and then in the middle of a word to critically examine her make-up in the mirror, or to exchange the grease-paint stick for an eyebrow pencil.
"I came over to America..."
Ann o' the Vikings

By way of paradox, a wag of the studios nicknamed Ann Kroman "The Melancholy Dane," for when Ann weeps the work is so thoroughly done that onlookers furiously fish for handkerchiefs.

Tom Moore had a way of making Ann laugh just when she was supposed to be at her wackiest, but one day when I happened on to Stage 4 at Goldwyn, the little Danish girl had her revenge. She had withstood the engaging, genial Irish smile of Mr. Moore and, clasped in his arms, was doing her "scene" so thoroughly that the sympathetic star forgot everything but Ann's seeming suffering; and the very next thing was a close-up of Tom Moore with big tears dribbling down his cheeks—a thing not written in the script at all!

Since that time, Tom Moore hasn't attempted to make Ann spoil rehearsals.

Oh, I forgot—you were wondering how Ann Kroman came to be named Ann Forrest, weren't you?

It was down at the bottom of Grand Canyon. William Farnum looked over the five-foot-two of blonde, fluffy leading lady from Scandinavia and thought ponderously of the many mispronunciations of her inherited cognomen. Then William the Conqueror spoke boldly.

"Ann, you should have a name that people can remember and pronounce. I'm going to give you that name and"—looking about the scenery carefully for inspiration, then up at Bright Angel Trail, and the great trees silhouetted against the sapphire and amethyst veils far above them—"I herewith christen you 'Ann Forrest!'

Eight years ago Ann was going to school in Denmark, her birthplace, and learning English and French rapidly. She speaks without accent, in deep alto tones, entrancing in quality. Visitors never can believe that the voice they hear from the distance belongs to a little girl like Ann.

When Mr. Kroman lost a fortune abroad, the family decided to emigrate as it was trying—in a country where caste rules strongly—to be half poor. The parents, with five children, came to Tacoma, Washington, and two and one half years ago, Ann began her screen career. She lost over eight months of that

Ann Forrest first became interested in pictures in her native city in Denmark, where old Broncho Billy pictures were shown. She would attend with her schoolmates, and often wished that she might act. Now her friends are all interested in her success.
By
FRITZI REMONT

time, however, because of a wonderful visit
in New York, sightseeing, studying pictures,
going to theatrical performances, attending
lectures and shopping until her eyes were
dazzled with the splendors of Fifth Avenue.

Ann’s eyes are deep baby blue—sparkling
with the ice-crystals of her north
country—remarkable eyes, always elusive
and subtle in expression. She has a perfect
snow-maiden complexion and uses no make-
up off-stage and very little on. Her spun-
gold hair is wavy, but she wails that it is a
trifle darker since she came to sunny Cali-
ifornia, which with its alkali waters does have
a tendency to change the shade. Mahlon
Hamilton happened along while we chatted
and said: "Ann, you’re the first real blonde
I have known. I never saw such baby-gold
hair as yours before!"

Saucy, sparkling Ann, who speaks Eng-
lish so rapidly that one has difficulty in fol-
lowing her, laughed back with a flash of

Photograph by Evans, L.A.

Ann speaks four lan-
guages fluently, has a
talent for writing, and
is to study voice cul-
ture as soon as time
permits. She’s a very
melancholy Dane when
really blue—but that
happens so seldom that
one’s impression of
Miss Forrest is of a
wonderfully magnetic
personality set in a
beautiful exterior

Photograph by Woodbury, L.A.

perfect teeth. "Yes—now!
But I may have to come
to the battle yet!" That
little accent on “battle” was
about the only Scandinavian
touch I had noticed.

Ann Forrest’s family
life is ideal. The parents
are young still, having
married at nineteen. Two
of the boys were studying
architecture when they
were called to the great
war, and served almost three years without injury.
Now they are in the production end of the film in-
dustry, having decided that this would offer greater
opportunities than the rather dull field of architecture
in a country where bungalows are supreme.

One of Ann’s sisters has a very lovely contralto
voice, so Miss Forrest is paying for her musical edu-
cation in Los Angeles. Later, Mabel will go to New
York to study under the best masters. The third
sister is a school-girl.

"We have the best times at home," said Miss For-
est. "At night, when we all assemble for dinner, we
are a tremendous hungry family, for we are all
healthy and young, including daddy and mother. We
can voraciously, almost silently for twenty minutes—
for all of us have worked hard all day. Then some
one begins to relate something—another follows—
daddy draws us out, mother makes comments—and so

(Continued on page 78)
Kathleen Kirkham is securely anchored to the affairs of every-day life by a husband who is six feet two inches tall and every inch a business man.

This doesn't mean that Kathleen is overly inclined to flightiness. Far be it from me to suggest such a thing! There is about her an air of capability that you would notice the instant you met her. She is five feet eight inches tall, graceful, well-groomed. The sort of actress who would carefully plan her effects rather than leave them to the inspiration of the moment.

She thinks, and to some purpose. If all goes well she will be producing at the head of her own company before this appears in print. At this writing she is negotiating with two big distributing firms, neither of which I am at liberty to name.

At first there seemed to be much difficulty about her getting a suitable story.

"No one wants to take too many chances on a new star," she said, "but still we felt that we had to have a good story—and good stories come high. At last, one night, when I couldn't sleep from worrying about it, a story came to me in complete continuity. Not just a scene, or a suggestion for a climax, which is the way stories have come to me before, but a perfect story; I could almost see the action, scene by scene, from beginning to end."

It was a godsend, she added, a sort of miracle. (Of course, that was inspiration.) Those who have read the story say that there are two feminine parts in it of almost equal strength and that the story is unusual as well as dramatic. (Who was it said that when an actor can write at all, he can write well?)

No, you would not call Kathleen Kirkham flighty, but you would not call her phlegmatic, either. As a matter of fact, she is a very feminine young artist, delighting in her work, but easily discouraged, for the moment, at any breath of adverse criticism, no matter from whom it comes.

"I think," she went on, "that I will take up writing as a profession as soon as I leave the screen." She has promised herself that she will leave the
By
ELIZABETH PELTRET

screen when she is thirty years old. "But I don't know whether I could do it or not! Sometimes I think that I haven't the patience. I would rather write short stories than scenarios, and I know that I would never write a novel. It seems to me that I would have to dash off a story in a single night, not stopping until I had finished it, or I would never finish it at all. With stories running into four and five thousand words, as nearly all of them seem to, that would be difficult, to say the least!" she finished, with a laugh.

But I was telling you about her anchor.

The W. H. Woodruffs, as Kathleen Kirkham and her husband are spoken of in the society columns of the Los Angeles papers, live in a pretty, artistic eleven-room house on the outskirts of Los Angeles. Kathleen Kirkham is very proud of her home, and well she may be. The only trouble is that they are situated directly between two aviation fields.

"I do hope," said Kathleen Kirkham, "that some one will invent a muffler for aeroplanes soon! But that isn't the worst! You can never be sure that some reckless driver isn't going to come into your house by way of the roof."

With them are Kathleen's mother and father, the latter a successful artist and photographer, and the two children of a sister who is dead. A little boy eight years old and a little girl six whom their actress-aunt is taking care of as if they were her own. Mr. Woodruff is in the marine insurance business—a professional pessimist, as it were.

"It is his business to find faults in what appears to be a perfect chain," his wife said, "and so, when I get overly enthusiastic and start ballooning towards the sky, he calmly pulls me back to earth again." She is, by the way, only twenty-four years old.

Another member of her family of whom she is very proud is Mitchell Leisin, now designing sets and costumes at Lasky's. He is a cousin of hers, still in his very early twenties, and he came West at her suggestion with the idea (Continued on page 74)
“Herb”!

How do you say it in your language, "callin' or kant?"

It was the first thing thirteen-year-old Herbert Rawlinson asked of the first person he met when he landed in America. He learnt that it was "kant" and it's never been "callin' since.

At a neighboring table in the Algonquin, a bespattered gentleman had just ordered, mid-sized unintelligible "haws" and "hems," "callin'-ishly" from Leon.

By

C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

trellised cottage that had an immense open fireplace, and gravel paths weaving a design outside thru the green. He did remember the gravel paths! And the hedges! (I prayed it would not be the duty of Leon to clear our table and note the architectural attempts.) But "Clovevilly" was visited only at year-ends, as he'd been sent across the Channel to school in France. Oh, yes, there was (Continued on page 76)

the head waiter. "I have no use for any one who has lived in this country for a number of years and still persists in bean-ing 'been' and sade-ing 'said'!" Rawlinson wasn't contemptuous, but outraged.

His father was a Britisher. His mother very strikingly resembled the present Queen. He was born in England himself. And yet one does not come in contact with him without thinking—"A Yankee, thru and thru!" A whole-heartedness, youthful enthusiasm, sincere enthusiasm, definite enthusiasm—these mark at once his vibrant personality.

"Perhaps it's because I'm not a sentimentalist, I can't be, concerning England. It would be hypocritical. There really weren't any home ties."

And then he went on to tell me, in a straightforward manner, without superlatives or emotion influencing one way or the other, that there are two sisters whom he has never seen who are now in Australia; and a brother he can hardly recall; the governor had been a very busy real estate business man; and mother, whose head of close-cropped, mischievous ringlets had just been brought to mind, was never exceptionally robust. Of course, there was an attachment to the memory of "Clovevilly." (he began to sketch the outline on the cloth), a charming, ivy-per-
Little Miss Rebellion

By
DOROTHY DONNELL

Told in story form from the Dorothy Gish-Paramount Photoplay

HER Grace the Grand Duchess Maria Louise sat at luncheon, a very small island totally surrounded by very large flunkies whose chests seemed made for the purpose of wearing gold braid. The picture of the Grand Duchess taken for Sunday supplements and souvenir post-cards showed her as a stately young person in eight yards of satin train and wearing a crown haughtily; but with the train laid away in camphor, and the crown at the imperial jeweler's for repairs, (she had flung it to the floor in a temper), the most noticeable thing about Her Grace at present was her scowl.

In one less exalted by birth, such a scowl would not have been remarkable, but Maria Louise had nothing to scowl about, as Jennings, the English gormlessness, often pointed out in her maddeningly reasonable way. "Her Sublime Grace," Jennings would drone, "is most fortunate indeed. Has she not lands, jewels, a summer and a winter palace and, above all—blood?" (It was positively gruesome how Jennings gloated over this item!) "And she has but to issue an order and it is fulfilled, if, of course, it is suited to Her Sublime Grace's royal position," the latter hurriedly added in view of the fact that Maria Louise's latest wish to have a hurdy-gurdy and its performer added to the court retinue, had most emphatically not been fulfilled.

To which her sublime charge had retorted most unroyally and concisely, "Piffle!" Despite all urging, she persisted in using English rather than her own tongue, because of its greater opportunity for picturesque expressions of this kind.

Now, the Grand Duchess, as we have said, sat at luncheon, and scowled over the dainty food served upon china of ethereal translucence, and drew small devils upon the priceless napery with the point of her restless fork. She looked gloomily at the wooden retainers, whose greatest pride was not to show the faintest symptom of being human; she looked about the great room, hung with tapestries, smothered in velvet and carved oak; she looked down at her plate, with the royal arms of Transmania stamped on it in gold, and—

"Oh, damn!" sighed the Duchess, drearily.

The shocked retainers pretended not to have heard this terrible lapse of royal decorum, but Jennings, at the farther end of the table, humbly below the salt, was so grieved that the tip of her bleak, spinsterly nose became empurpled. "Oh, Your Grace!" she moaned. "Such an expression! In all my connections with the nobility—and they have not been few—I do
The Grand Duchess sat at luncheon and scowled. She looked gloomily at the wooden retainers, whose greatest pride was not to show the faintest symptom of being human. Not recalling hearing such a phrase, altho His Exalted Highness, the Prince of Rutabagia, at moments of extreme irritation, used sometimes to remark, "Tut! Tut!"

"Not strong enough," Maria Louise rebelled, "I'm not irritated, Jennings; I'm something much worse—I'm bored. Just think, out there, she flung out a reckless arm toward the window, "beyond that ten-foot wall, life is going on, and I'm not there to see it! Just because I happened to be born on the wrong side of that fence. I have to live with a lot of rusty armor and moth-eaten tapestries and never, never have any fun!"

"Fun—oh, Your Grace!" the governess spoke the plebeian word with loathing, folding her outraged lips tightly about her bluish-china teeth. "A Duchess must not desire fun; she must be above such common things; she must remember that her great-great-great-grandfather was a King!"

Maria Louise arose with what, in a less blue-blooded young woman, would have been called a pout, and passed out of the dining salon between rows of motionless footmen. She found a moment's amusement in wondering what would happen if she should suddenly shout "Boo!" at them; then grey lassitude descending upon her. Listlessly she allowed her ladies-in-waiting to assist her into her riding habit, which, in spite of impeccable cut and tailoring, gave her slim little figure the appearance of a rather rowdyish hoy; she allowed the First Groom of the Royal Stables to help her mount her staid horse, which was quite aware of his place as bearer of a Sublime Grace and moved with the circumspect self-consciousness of a steed on a stained glass window.

The retinue left the palace gates, turned down the Mall and entered the Royal Park. The rebellion smouldering under the black curls of the small Grand Duchess flared higher into seething flame. Always, every pleasant day since she was able to sit upon a horse, she had ridden at precisely the same hour along precisely the same dull, uninteresting avenue, to be stared at by owl-eyed tourists, clutching Baedeckers and huzzaed by the populace with stereotyped cheers, like the chorus in a musical comedy. On either side small wooded paths beckoned her imagination into the realms of romance and adventure, but, being a poor, unfortunate Grand Duchess, she must ride past them—

The thread of Maria Louise's ruminations broke off with a snap. Under the hanging branches of one of these by-paths she saw something that held her fascinated gaze—a small, knock-kneed donkey, ridden by a loutish youth whose long legs dragged upon the ground on either side. She cast a quick glance around, tugging on the reins—no, Graf Schmidt was engrossed in looking haughty, and Graf Oppe was occupied in his own activities.

"Quick!" she panted, sliding to the ground and laying violent hands upon the bewildered owner of the donkey. "I want that donkey! I never rode on one before, and I'll never have a chance to again. Hold my horse, and if any one asks where I am, tell them I've run away."

Sheer amazement at her impudence led the donkey to carry the Grand Duchess some distance before he knew exactly what was going on, then he stopped. Stopped with such suddenness that the Duchess shot neatly over his head, reached wildly for his ears and missed them, and landed in a very unroyal position indeed, facing him, upon the ground. They regarded each other appraisingly. Maria Louise's chin grew grim. She arose laboriously. In the long line of her progenitors was one Knight Geoffrey of the Iron Will, who, it was legended, fought with a dragon and overcame. Knight Geoffrey looked out of her dark, defiant young eyes now, as stealthily she approached the donkey. "I'm going to ride you," she declared; "you can't do that to me again."

It was five minutes before this long-eared dragon knew that
it was overcome. In that time the Grand Duchess had assumed many odd positions, sometimes sitting facing his head, sometimes his tail, but she had hung on. Her hair was loosened from its royal braids, and hung about her crimson cheeks in little-girl tresses, her habit was torn and mud-splattered and her knees, when she descended from a thoroly hked little donkey, gave unexpectedly and wobbled her into a fallen tree- trunk, where she sat panting, laughing, gloriously alive, but she was happy.

"I wont go back—ever!" she cried, "or not for years and years, till I'm old and too tired to play. I'll——"

A howl of pain from around the bend of the path brought her back to reality; they had found her horse; they were beating the poor, clownish lout because he couldn't or wouldn't tell them where she had disappeared. Maria Louise rose, the smile slipping sidewise on lips that quivered, but she did not hesitate. "Noblesse oblige—drat noblesse!" she murmured, as she moved reluctantly back toward the old life she had escaped from for a few stolen moments. It was a muddy, bedraggled little figure who faced her retinue furiously, tossing her wild, dark hair from her flaming eyes, every one of her few inches a Grand Duchess.

"Stop! This instant, cowards! Or I'll have you flogged—flogged——"

They quailed before her red wrath, like serfs listening to their liege lord, and none of them—Maria Louise least of all—realized the absurdity of her words. Then, head held high despite the derby askew upon it, the small Duchess swung upon her horse and led her stricken retinue into the bridle path beside the Mall. Grafin Schmidt no longer arranged her doughty features into an expression of hauteur; the Gräfin Oppe looked distinctly worried. Presently, as they passed a squad of American doughboys swinging hilariously along to the refrain. "Say, darkies, have you seen de massa wif de mustache on his face?" Grafin Schmidt leaned toward her companion.

"Did you see him stare at Her Grace—the one in front?" she trembled. "Did you see him look at Her Sublime Highness precisely as tho she were a girl instead of royally?"

"I saw," nodded Grafin Oppe, her double chins agitated; "that is what democracy does! It destroys one's respect for one's betters!"

"See! He is saluting her! He touches his cap! He smiles—he actually smiles at Her Serenity!" The good Grafin rocked in her saddle at the sight of such sacrilege. "And she—did you see her?"

"I saw," nodded her friend, dolorously. "The Grand Duchess is very young. He was not bad looking, either, and he did not seem to know that the glance of a common soldier into the eyes of royalty is an insult. But what is the world coming to when such things may be?"

After the affair of the donkey, Maria Louise found herself more closely hedged in by ceremonies than before. Her Prime Minister, a stout man with a mighty mustache, at which he continually tugged, hinted that it was time to considering the question of a husband for her, and brought her a portfolio of portraits of marriageable Dukes and Princes, varying from the stripling heir to the tiny kingdom of Monarcho, a chinless youth of seventeen with weak eyes and five wilted blond hairs upon his lip, to the thrice widowed old Duke of Priscovia, bald as a roe's egg and a great-grandfather.

"Any of these," he tugged, "would be a suitable consort for Her Gracious Grace. Her Sublimity is nearly eighteen; it is time for her to consider her—h'm—her duty to the state——"

But Maria Louise hung the portfolio furiously to the floor and stamped one small foot. "I will not grow up, do you hear," she stormed, "not until I have at least had a chance to be young! And as for a husband, when I marry—and she colored gloriously—" it will be for love, and love only."

"Where did Her Grace get such plebeian notions?" despairsed faithful Jennings. "Love! What has that to do with marriage for a Duchess? I am sure she never learned of such heresy from me!"

Sitting sullenly in her splendid chamber, the little Duchess felt as tho life were closing in on her relentlessly. Today she might defy them, tomorrow—but in the end they would have their way, for they had the past with them, and tradition, and what small white girl soul is brave enough to oppose these? Her heart beat madly; her breast rose on the swell of a cry, "I must have something to remember—aftwards,

The tale of how the Grand Duchess of Transmania, Hereditary Countess of Blatski, had run away from her palace to play baseball with a dozen American doughboys, ran like quicksilver thru the courts of Europe and almost lifted the crown from scandalized royal scalps. Another atrocity! Would the horrors of war never cease? What next?

(40-one)
make his characters live. The old river man of Fred Turner, for instance, is a finely limned creation, so real that nowhere does it seem like acting. Florence Vidor appears but briefly, yet her moments with Mr. Turner are among the vital ones of "The Jack-Knife Man." There are photographic moments in the visualization that are veritable camera lyrics.

"Suds," (United Artists), Mary Pickford's newest screen vehicle, left us rather cold. It is a drab tragedy told largely in terms of Keystone comedy. Based upon a whimsical stage comedy, "'Op o' Me Thumb," written by Frederick Fenn and Richard Bryce, it is a tragic story of a London laundry slavey—a pathetic little drudge who weaves a weird romance around a shirt left by a mysterious stranger. The tale lifts her to imaginary happiness—until the idealized stranger calls for his shirt. With her dream gone, the end of "Suds" finds the shabby little slavey sobbing out her heart on the laundry steps as the other workers hurry away upon a holiday.

This is one of two endings. The other—the happy dénouement—shows the slavey finding happiness in the love of a faithful laundry driver. We did not see this ending.

**King Vidor** has proved himself again. Mr. Vidor it was who startled the celluloid world somewhat over a year ago with his "The Turn in the Road," which, despite certain weaknesses, revealed its producer as possessing a singularly human touch.

Being sure of his ability, we have waited for Mr. Vidor to do something bigger.

The bigger thing has occurred—Ellis Parker Butler's "The Jack-Knife Man," (First National). Here is a gently drawn little genre study, finely conceived and done with admirable workmanship and an excellently restrained sympathy.

Briefly, "The Jack-Knife Man" is simply the tale of two old men's love for a baby. One is a quaint old fellow living a solitary existence on an old river boat. The other is a derelict hobo. The baby is the daughter of a cast-off town girl removed by death from the sordid depths.

Oddly, there is a compelling grip to the fragile fabric of this story—to the little jealousies and hopes and dreams of the old men for the child as they drift aimlessly in their battered river-going hank. In the end, busybodies take the child away from them, but—

We will not relate the story, because we want you to see it with a fresh viewpoint. "The Jack-Knife Man" is worthy of your attention, for it belongs to the photoplay school of tomorrow. No pasteboard melodramatic characters, no machine-made plot development, no trite methods of screen telling are here. For Mr. Vidor—we are sure of this now—is just finding himself and before long he is going to turn out a big and human celluloid document. Indeed, "The Jack-Knife Man" in itself is a splendid thing.

Mr. Vidor touches the heart in scores of places. And he

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*Top, Mary Pickford as the romantic slavey, Amanda, in "Suds," which is a drab tragedy told in terms of Keystone Comedy. Center, Douglas MacLean, in the hands of the village vampire in "Let's Be Fashionable." Below, a scene from J. Stuart Blackton's "Passers-By," with Herbert Rawlinson and Louiszita Valentine.*
The Newest Photoplays in Review
By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

At first glance, "Suds" might seem to be a grey and shadowy tragedy, but in reality it is told with broad slapstick humor. There is, for instance, an episode where the slavey takes an old cart-horse out of the rain up to her second-story tenement room. Aside from this, there are all sorts of comic incidents in the laundry basement.

Personally, we do not believe "Suds" will make the broad appeal of the more popular Mary Pickford vehicles. It runs too strongly in the single key of droll farce. Not that Miss Pickford does not give a very carefully drawn portrayal of the slavey. No other feminine star would hide herself beneath the fearful makeup of Amanda. And only once does she discard the dirt and grime of the laundry drudge, in the brief flashes of the slavey's imaginary romance built around the shirt. Nowhere, however, does she achieve the poignancy of her Pollyanna. We liked Harold Goodwin's playing of the slender role of the laundry driver.

Douglas Fairbanks topped any of his recent productions with the whirlwind, "The Mollycoddle," (United Artists). Here may be found thrills, adventure and a swiftly moving background. Richard Marshall starts off as a spineless individual—until he meets The Girl at Monte Carlo. By the time he has pursued her across the ocean as a stowaway and fought his way across the desert of the Southwest, he is as strenuous a hero as any maid could desire. The whole thing ends in a terrific fight in a Hopi cliff village. The hero leaps from a high ledge upon the villain in a tree, and the struggle continues as they drop, tier by tier, thru the adobe cliff lots until, on the crest of a landslide, they plunge into river rapids at the bottom. It is as startling a fight as you will ever see on the screen. And if there is a funnier scene than Doug's adventures in the villain's fish-house, we would like to observe it.

In a sentence, "The Mollycoddle" is a winner. Doug has turned out but two or three better comedy melodramas in his whole celluloid career.

After observing Dorothy Gish's "Remodeling Her Husband," (Paramount), we are confident that Lillian Gish could easily develop into a director of fine originality. This is the little comedy drama in which Miss Lillian directed her sister last winter.

It is the old, old opus of the bride who sets out to cure her hubby of his flirtatious tendencies. Of course, as soon as he feels that he is losing his wife, he repents—and things end in reconciliation. There are dozens of touches in which one can recognize the delicate and gently lyric hand of Lillian Gish, such as the delicious moment where Dorothy, as the angry Jane Wakefield, hurries thru the park and demonstrates how she can attract masculine attention. Dorothy Gish lends her inimitable humor to the proceedings, but Lillian is the real star, even if she does not once appear on the silver sheet.

Charles Ray gives another superbly human performance in "Horner Comes Home," (Paramount), another tale which would be conventional plus in any other hands. Once again he plays a country lad who goes to the city to (Continued on page 91)
Like a throng of eager spectators at the finish of a race, our readers crowd against the fence and anxiously await the outcome of the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920, which has been running in The Motion Picture Classic, The Motion Picture Magazine and Shadowland for some time past. The contest closed on the first day of August, 1920, and everyone interested in it—and that is saying thousands of people from coast to coast—await the decision of the judges with much anticipation.

The judges, consisting of Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumière, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brewster, will meet the honor roll members of the contest at the Long Island estate of Eugene V. Brewster and will watch the contestants while they are given a thorough camera test. The lucky winners will then be chosen, and, as soon after as possible, the announcement will
The Honor Roll Winners For August

be made in all three of our publications as to the outcome.

To the winners there will be given every opportunity to gain screen fame and fortune. They will immediately step into international fame by reason of the publicity given them in all of our publications. This will include interviews with the winners and pictures which will not only appear in our publications, but will also appear in all the leading newspapers and periodicals throughout the country. The winners will be launched on their careers under the most auspicious occasion possible.

Not only the winners of the contest, but the final honor roll members will be given an immediate opportunity to show how much screen talent they possess, for there is being produced in connection with the Fame and Fortune Contest a five-reel feature drama entitled "Love's Redemption." The story is one of the triumph of love over vice, and there seems no doubt of its being a dramatic success, for no expense is being spared in the production of this play. The cast will be one of unusual merit, including the following well-known people:

Edwin Markham, the world-famous poet; Hudson Maxim, the famous inventor; Dr. Carroll Leja Nichols.

Octavia Handworth, the popular film player, who has recently been absent from the screen, has been engaged to play one of the leading roles, and we are quite sure that her return to the silversheet will be an event of great interest to all film lovers.

(Continued on page 48)
Montagu Love is a hero to his valet. I have tried for three weeks to get away from that outstanding fact that I might, as per my mission, expatiate on his Shakespearian plans, ideas, ideals, beliefs, etc.—I went there for said Shakespearian purpose. I came back with the opening paragraph (see above) howling in my cerebellum. It will not be gainsaid. Nor do I need, perchance, if I get out of my system via the Underwood, it will let me be, and I can then get on to the Bard of Avon as expounded by Mr. Love.

I talked with Mr. Love at his apartment. In the room with us besides books, two photographs of small boys and a fireplace, was a dinner-table set for six, rose-shaded candelabra and all. A dinner party was impending. Hovering over Mr. Love, lighting his cigarette, supplying his sundry needs, even to occasional gaps in our conversation, was Victor. Victor is the last word of the opening paragraph. (See above.)

Some years ago, it seems, Mr. Love rescued him from a street accident and took him to his home. The accident left Victor crippled and devoted. His devotion was charming and very real. Wherever Mr. Love moved, there the eyes of Victor followed, wistful and adoring. Whenever Mr. Love said a humorous thing, a reflection of the humor touched Victor’s sensitive mouth. Before Mr. Love could utter a behest, the nimble fingers and swift foresight of Victor had supplied it. There is poetry in such an adoration. There is psychology. There is so much of psychology that your personality

Mr. Love reads, breathes, inhales and exhales William Shakespeare. He is an enthusiast on him for the stage—and also for the screen. He has studied Shakespeare as, probably, no other actor ever has, or will.

Interviewer would need go no further than Victor to take the measure of the man. Such being the case, let us consider the measure of Montagu Love taken and pass on to the next.

The “next” is the Bard of Avon, again (or yet) in the limelight. If his stones—I mean bones—he disturbed by such apparent flippantly, let him observe that in this day and age frail, flaunting poppies grow on sacred graves.

Mr. Love reads, breathes, inhales and exhales William Shakespeare. He is an enthusiast on him for the stage. He is also an enthusiast on him for—something new is about to hurt upon you—for the screen.

He ought to know. He has studied Shakespeare as, probably, no other actor ever has or will. He has studied him in sections and in toto. And what is more, he has played him, all of him.

I asked him what made him believe that Shakespeare would “go” on the screen.

He had a diversity of reasons for his belief. Among them:

“I know he would be wonderful for the screen,” he said; “in the first place, he was himself, first of all, before he was anything else, an actor. He wrote plays with a capital ‘P,’ and his plays were pictures, surcharged with color, with rhythm, with action and emotion. These are all picture qualities. The screen requires the story first of all. It requires characterization. It requires situations. Shakespeare knew all there is to know about all three. He knew all there, is to know about the presentation of all three. Think for a moment of ‘The Merchant of Venice’ or ‘Othello.’ Every line is a word picture. Every paragraph is a situation. Every character is a character. There isn’t a person in the cast who wouldn’t have a definite opportunity. There is some controversy on the subject because of the fact that the Shakespearian plays are costume plays. That is, of course, footless. Consider ‘The Birth of a Nation’ or ‘Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.’

Photo by A. K. Kersdylk, Cape Town

(Forty-eight)
Consciously, I've believed that Shakespeare on the screen would be successful. I am not egotistical, but I have studied my job and I've never been wrong in my judgment of a play for the screen. I'm willing to back my judgment now. Shakespeare is a pretty sound bet, you know."

I reminded Mr. Love that he had been called the Mansfield of the screen, and I asked him whether he had any objections, for the reason that Mansfield was essentially a character actor.

Said Mr. Love, "What difference does it make what one plays when one is an actor, first of all, and 'all the world's a stage'? I love every form of acting, whether it be stage, screen or pantomime. I get something, and I hope I give some-

Montagu Love has been called the Mansfield of the screen, and has played a wide and varied rôle of characters. All the way from the rôle of Rasputin to that of a roughneck, he has never lost sight of his goal, and that is the portrayal of Shakespearian characters on the silver-sheet.

The specialist in Shakespeare plus a hero to his valet.
The Dauntless Anita

By
LILLIAN MONTANYE

There is a tradition to the effect that Southern women are the clinging vine variety—sweet, lovable, accomplished, ornaments to the home and society, but unaggressive, not given to asserting themselves, unambitious so far as fame and glory for themselves are concerned, a bit mystified at the trend of modern women toward careers and economic independence—things that their mothers and grandmothers would have considered entirely out of the sphere of a gentlewoman. But slowly and surely Southern women are breaking the shell of tradition or environment or whatever it is. They are going in for suffrage, careers, independence. For instance, there is Anita Booth.

She was born in Virginia, on an old estate that has been in the family "always," she says. There's a big old Colonial house with wide verandas surrounded by well-kept grounds, conventional flower-beds with old-fashioned posies and tall trees with sweeping branches that hold in their massive trunks the secrets of centuries. There is a typical Dixie father. There was, until a few years ago, an idolized mother—a real Southern gentlewoman. There was a family of happy girls and boys.

Anita, the youngest of the family, was educated in Wash-
ington, D. C., at a day school that permitted her to return each night to the home she so much loved. Despite her environment—a female ancestry that has been "ladies" for generations—there was none of the clinging vine about Anita. She must have been born with a clear perspective, because, sub-consciously, she saw things clearly, herself included, and knew what she wanted—and being the youngest of the family and of beguiling personality, she usually got it.

During her school days in Washington she attended the theater frequently, always carefully chaperoned. Critically she watched the characters live the story on the stage, in her heart, feeling that she could do it quite as well, and decided that, more than anything else, she wanted to be an actress. But, she knew that she could not at once shake off the old traditions and she bided her time. Then the mother died, the family scattered here and there, as families will, the father retired from his business of coffee exporter, and, leaving the old home for a time, he and Anita made their home in Washington.

It happened that last summer, when The Fame and Fortune Contest conducted by The Motion Picture Magazine, The Motion Picture Classic and Shadowland was nearing its end, Anita Booth saw the announcement and "just for fun" sent in a photograph. It was most favorably received, but too late for the honor roll, even too late for publication in one of the magazines, but, with twenty-four other girls, Miss Booth received an invitation to come to New York for a test before the camera. The letter followed her to

(Continued on page 70)
Above, Alma Tell, as the persecuted heroine of "The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox," based upon David Graham Phillips' posthumous novel. Right, Norman Trevor and Emily Stevens, in Zoe Akins' "Foot-Loose," based upon the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not."

Upper right, Eva Le Gallienne as she appears in "Not So Long Ago," the charming comedy of New York in the seventies.

Mid-Summer Theater Days
"H as it ever occurred to you," asks a correspondent, "just how sharply differentiated are the leading directors' methods of attack?"

"Take Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet," for instance. D. W. Griffith would probably show the maid of Verona hiding in a cupboard to escape her brutal father and later on there would be a chase to prevent the lovers from taking the fatal poison. Cecil de Mille would feature a startling scene in Juliet's boudoir, and he would probably give historical flashbacks to various famous lovers of history. He'd probably call it "Why Change Your Poison.

"George Fitzmaurice would do the whole thing with glorious light and shade photography and with Mae Murray as a new type of Verona cutie. King Vidor, on the other hand, would humanize every incident. He'd probably center upon the nurse and her love for Juliet. The Bard of Avon's passion would be transformed into spiritual uplift.

"But if Mary Pickford ever tried it, no doubt she'd do the thing as a sort of dual role, playing Juliet along with a slavey in the Capulet kitchen. But if Doug tried it! There would be a land-slide, a flood and an earthquake to enliven the proceedings. No doubt Bull Montana would play the friar.

"Probably they'd make two endings. Of course, there would have to be happy conclusion for the exhibitors who firmly believe their audiences 'don't want no sad endings.' Probably they'd change the title, too. Can you imagine an exhibitor hooking a film with two peoples' names as a title?

"It's a great life, if you don't weaken."

things we're interested in seeing:

"Way Down East."
Bette Compson's first starring picture.

Charlie Ray's "45 Minutes from Broadway."

King Vidor's next.
The forthcoming Fitzmaurice-Murray production.

We note that Georges Carpentier, the French puglist, saw his picture, "The Wonder Man," in his own Pullman, en route across country. We envy Georges. Fancy being able to sleep comfortably at a photoplay—and yet be getting somewhere.

The White House seems to suddenly have become a movie theater de luxe.

By next year we predict that both houses of Congress will have symphony orchestras and feature pictures. Imagine the trade papers. "The Senate is now playing Paramount Pictures exclusively" or "Metro production now feature House of Representatives program."

THE HIGHER ED

The Educational Films Corporation has started releasing bathing-girl comedies.

The screen has received its ultimate uplift: The Nick Carter stories are being filmed.

À Bas La Passion

The state board of censors of Pennsylvania insisted upon changing the title of Louise Glau's "Sex" to "Sex Crushed to Earth." What are they going to do with:

"Madonnas and Men"
"The Restless Sex"
"The Inferior Sex"
"Passion's Playground"
"Sick-a-Bed"
"The Mother of His Children"
"The Virgin of Stamboul"
"Body and Soul?

A ROAD

By Le Baron Cooke

Oh, shaded road beside the sea,
You billy, winding ways I know;
And why you wander wild and free
So near the ebb's rise and flow,
Where white-winged crafts sail to and fro
Your lowered sail with joy is filled,
And undisturbed your peace by strife;
On every hand your fields are filled
With trustful songs of simple life,
Where hearts of sacrifice are rife.
O sea-kist road, your sacred charm
Succumbs to all that man portraies;
Let here no hand destroy the calm
That streams like music thru your ways,
Where dark-eyed poets chant you lay.

At last the dream of every press agent is realized. In Allan Dwan's "A Splendid Hazard," a prima donna's jewel-box is actually rifled.

OUR FAVORITE MOMENT OF THE MONTH

Dorothy Gish's flirtatious promenade thru the park in "Remodeling a Husband."

(Fifty-two)
We live in a world of strangers. So near each other that arm touches arm, yet an invisible wall separates us from those who might be our friends, our patrons—perhaps our loves. Its name is Convention. Some braver souls dare to scale this wall, but for most of us it is a barrier impassable. Eye meets eye, quickening with a message from soul to soul, but the lips are silent, and we pass—strangers.

Eve de Merincourt was thinking of a man, and it was not of the man whose engagement to her was to be announced that night. She did not know what his name was, indeed, or anything at all about him, save the important fact that he was tall and young, and that for one moment of spring-tide wonder he had gazed into her eyes thru the iron bars of the convent gate. Then Sister Marie, the pretty nun, had come quickly and hurried Eve away, but she had not scolded her, and her grey eyes, under the soft folds of her veil, had been misted with tears.

Six months ago, and she remembered him as tho she had seen him every day since, as perhaps she had. A thinnish young face, a trifle grim; thick, strongly growing hair and a way of walking like young Sir Galahad, he was the illustration of her secret girl-dreams. The fact that he had been shabbily dressed she had not noticed at all. He might be, for all she knew, a butcher boy, a poet or a tramp. What was the difference to eighteen, so long as he was tall and strong and vibrantly a man?

And now she was going to be married! She felt like one in a troubled dream when she thought of the jumbled whirl of events in the last two months, since her father had sent for her at the convent to meet the man he had chosen for her. Eve laughed aloud when she pictured Henri Caron as she had seen him that first night, fat, in spite of desperate corseting, scented, pinkly bald, with red-rimmed little eyes that had yellow whites and looked at her in a way that made her feel ashamed and strangely naked.

"He's a horrid little sausage," she had written Hilda that night, "but he's rich, and daddy says we can have everything in the world we want. So I'm engaged. He kist my hand and put a ring on it, a diamond. It's lovely, brighter than the altar, with all the candles lighted, but the kiss was horrid. I shall slap him if he ever does it again. He has a beautiful face to slap..."

Eve de Merincourt looked down at her diamond cloudily. It would be nice to be rich, for richness meant fur coats and pink silk underclothes and an automobile and breakfast in bed, and all the candy one
The shoulder of her dress ripped with a jagged sound and she felt avid lips on her neck and arm wanted; and being poor meant unpleasant things like scrubbing floors. Daddy had said that they would be very, very poor unless she married the little fat Frenchman who had made millions out of the war with his aeroplane factory. She did not want to be poor. But she did not want to marry Henri Caron, either, for she suspected that marriage would give him a right to kiss her hand and would take away her right to object. She didn't know exactly what being married was, of course—they didn't speak of such things in the convent. All the same, there had been stray hints—a newspaper blown across the wall; a book of poems one of the girls had smuggled in. There was one poem Eve had read and reread, feeling the heart beneath her young bosom pounding furiously, she did not know why—

"To be a sweetness more desired than spring—
A bodily beauty more acceptable than the wild rose tree's wreath that crowns the fell—"

No. She was quite sure there was something about marriage that meant that that detestable little man with the yellow eyes could kiss her—and she simply couldn't bear that! Now, when she heard the sound of her father's steps on the threshold, she turned and flung herself upon him, trembling. "Daddy! I—I don't want to marry an old, fat, dreadful man. I would rather have a young, thin husband. Please, please find me one. There was a man like that I saw once beyond the convent gate—"

Jacques de Merincourt was horrified. The very notion that she should have looked at a man without an introduction drew down his lip-corners, brought his thin, conventional brows together. "My child!" he exclaimed gravely, "a stranger—one does not marry strangers! Henri is my friend. He has courted you properly and you have given your word. All is as it should be. Trust your father to do what is best for you." He did not finish, "and for himself"; he preferred not to admit that.

Drawing the long velvet folds behind her that she might lean her throbbing forehead against the cool glass. And, leaning so, she looked into the face of the Stranger Man for the second time.

He was standing on the sidewalk, beneath the window, with a curious look of waiting, as tho he had expected her. The dark was all around him, except for his face, lifted, faintly smiling. Her lips parted. Her father had called him a stranger. "Absurd! Why, she knew him better than she did Henri, even if she had not spoken; she knew him better than—"

"Ah, here you are, cherie!" her betrothed was purring in her ear; "they've gone in to supper—I've been looking for you everywhere. Naughty to run away from its Henri!"

The curtain fell across the black square of the window, like a relentless hand pushing her back from her glimpse of life. She felt as if she must scream, must struggle in the soft, strangled net of fate closing about her, but the futility of it all kept her silent. What, after all, could she say—that she had seen a passer-by in the street whose eyes had spoken to her eyes? That she would leave all her safe past, her conventional present, her golden future gladly to go out into the unknown dark with him? Her father was right—they were strangers. Strangers!

"Your neck was made for a man to kiss!" Caron's voice had thickened. She looked at him wonderingly, with a stirring of fright as she saw his congested face and the glitter in his tired, watery eyes. Suddenly her heart's thudding almost suffocated her. She began to creep away from him with piteous precaution, like some little hunted animal, but with a short bark of laughter he was holding her in his stubby, muscular arms. "Don't play with me, Eve! I've got a right to you. I'm tired of having only the tips of your fingers—"

The shoulder of her dress ripped with a jagged sound and she felt avid lips on her neck and arm. In the convent she had dreamed of hell, and the dream had been no more dreadful than this struggle against his animal strength and lust.

(Fifty-four)
Five moments later a man, standing drearily by the water-front, staring down into its muddy lethal stream, saw a wild little figure in torn lace and crushed net flounces running along the quay. His thoughts were paralyzed, but instinct acted. She screamed insanely once, twice, when he reached her, and tried to spring, but he dragged her back. He had never felt anyone tremble as she trembled now against him, and then she lifted her white, hunted face and for the third time their eyes met.

"I thought you were—that man!" she panted, clinging convulsively. "I didn't know—you see—what he wanted, and when—I found out, I knew I would rather die. Oh, much rather!"

He drew a slow breath. Two derelicts of life, brought together almost at the point of shipwreck by the tides, the dark, strong, silent tides of fate that move resistlessly. In the last two months these tides had tossed him hither and yon in sport, from the depths of despair and poverty, to sudden, undreamed-of riches, thence down into the depths again—of self-loathing and broken nerves and the sick desire to escape himself. There must be some meaning to it all, when the one girl he had ever really looked at had broken thru the bars of the convent and come across the months into his arms!

"Eve!" They had neither of them noticed that a limousine had drawn up behind him and two men leaped out, until the older of them laid authoritative hands on the girl, and the other, glaring, pushed her rescuer away.

"All this excitement has been too much for you! Come home, my darling, and you shall rest. It's nerves. Caron—a totally inexperienced girl suddenly brought face to face with the facts of life. But she'll come around—he patient with her!"

"I shall be patience itself, mon cher Jacques!" the shorter man assured him, as they led the shuddering, speechless girl away between them, "she is worth waiting for——"

The Strange Man looked after them, seeing instead of two gentlemen in conventional evening clothes helping a girl into a costly car, two satyrs dragging their victim in triumph between them. Then the great machine sprang forward into the night and was gone. But the Strange Man did not return to his fixed, morbid questioning of the water. He had no idea of dying now. As long as that girl was on earth, he could not leave it. Preposterous, of course! A stranger—but he knew that he had not seen the last of her; that, once again, under some sky, beside some far waters, they would stand together as now, and then——

"And then," he said aloud to the night, opening his arms violently, "then I shall be what I was when I first saw her. I shall go away, to some empty place, and win back what I have lost these last accursed weeks. When I see her again I shall be a man, and that time I shall not let her go!"

If Jacques de Merincourt had expected hysterics, stubbornness, defiance from his daughter, he was surprised by her attitude, after she had recovered from the first shock of the night's experiences. Something seemed to have gone from her.

He groaned. "God!" said Richard to the sea, "how am I going to stand this seven months longer? It's asking too much of a man!"

(Fifty-five)
about her waist, touching the buckle reassuringly. But she was in no hurry. Three hours more of the sunlight and the strong, fresh air in her face, and then—she would keep the tryst she had made...

Two days later a pretty young nun, face seamed with crying, fluttered like a frightened grey moth into Jacques de Merincourt's complacent (Continued on page 68)

She tried to break away and run to him, and turning, they looked into the muzzle of his leveled revolver, and into two eyes loaded with trouble puzzlingly. But her beauty was left unharmed and she was very gentle, very humble, making no plea when he urged a hastened marriage. Indeed, she seemed to desire it, for some unexplained reason of her own. There was only one wish that she expressed, and that was that immediately after the ceremony Caron would take her on a honeymoon in one of his fast-traveling passenger aeroplanes to a famous winter resort on the coast of Florida.

On the morning of her wedding day, Eve wrote a note and mailed it. Afterward she was almost gay and there was not a trace of shrinking when Henri Caron put his ring on her finger, not even when he kissed her and called her, greedily, "My wife." Jacques de Merincourt, with a fat check in his pocket and peace in his heart, watched the bridal couple ascend smoothly into the sky and presently disappear into the blue void, and felt that, all things considered, he had put in the best day's work of his life. To be sure, Eve did not seem to care for the man she had married, and, as a matter of truth, Henri Caron might be a trifle passe and emotionally frayed, but tush! No well-brought-up girl would even think of her probable predecessors in her husband's arms. After a short while, he would doubtless leave her to herself; she would have position, money—and independence. What more can a wife desire? No, no; he had done his parental best for Eve, of a certainty.

In the seat of the flying car the bride, smiling with strange fixity, looked down, looked up, looked away. She did not glance at the squat figure at her side. In the panoply of flying gear Henri Caron was even more repulsive than before. His goggles gave him the aspect of some giant beetle; his voice came to her ears, thin and squeaking, above the roar of the exhaust. "At this rate, in three hours we'll sight the coast! And then—the honeymoon begins!"

Her smile deepened. Stealthily one hand went to the belt

She lifted her face to him, rosy with the new day, and the new joy within her soul. "Perhaps you can," she whispered, "but I can't, Dickie"
Photoplasmic Peregrinations

By LOUISE GLAUM

Being the first of a series of literary rambles thru the Hollywood screen colony

I am sure there are no more interesting streets in the world than Broadway, New York, Chicago's Michigan Boulevard and the Hollywood Boulevard of Los Angeles, where all the motion picture folk promenade o' nights.

It is a picturesque boulevard, this Via Cinema, as it might be called.

Here the business man from Los Angeles or the visiting millionaire from Kansas City who happens to be sojourning in Pasadena have full opportunity to see picturedom en famille, so to speak.

From the contents of the mass of "fan" correspondence which reaches me at the studio, it would seem that, had each motion picture devotee an Aladdin's lamp, he and she would wish themselves at once upon this pathway of the famous, and yet Hollywood Boulevard might be said to represent disillusionment to the layman, for along this highway one can see Charlie Ray, with the youthful Mrs. Ray in the Ray supermobile, and write the folks at home that now he knows for sure that Charlie is married, et cetera, and immediately Oskosh or Gallup will be inundated with a saline flood from the tear-ducts of "eligible femininity."

Here, again, one will see Charlie Chaplin in his off-stage role, (so well known to the screen colony), of the melancholy Dane.

He will see Anita Stewart, Enid Bennett, Jack (J. Warren) Kerrigan and Wallie Reid, with Mrs. Reid and the Reid Kiddie, hobnobbing on terms of delightful intimacy.

Now, some people have told me that the public consider the moving picture star possessed of an extreme hauteur and a quite regal self-consideration. This, I assure you, dear readers, is not a fact. Maybe I am disillusioning you in telling you this. On the other hand, perhaps I am doing my profession a great service in relating to you the human qualities of the people who make up the screen colony in Los Angeles. For here in Hollywood, one discovers the Bohemianism of the West. The screen colony is not only the exclusive quartier of motion picture players—it also embraces the allied arts and professions, for screen artists are really the most gregarious animals in the world, and the most democratic at heart.

Before I wrote this article, the editor of this publication seemed to be interested in my story of the way the public's silversheet favorites live, and so in our rambles thru Hollywood, I am going to try to give you an intimate glimpse of the real.

(Continued on page 91)

(Fifty-seven)
"I'm so happy and pleased that the critics seem to like my rôle of Grace Goodwright in 'The Devil's Passkey,'" said Una Trevelyon and smiled contentedly.

"That was the second picture I ever made, the first being a small bit with Bessie Barriscale. One day I went out to the Universal studio to see the casting director, and the instant he saw me he exclaimed, 'You're just the girl.' He sent for Erich von Stroheim, and when he came in he took one long look and repeated the remark with emphasis, 'You're just the girl.' It seems they had been looking for a certain type—I was the type—so they signed me then and there to play the leading rôle in Von's second big production.

"If I climb to the heights of film fame," she continued, merrily, "it will be thru a vale of tears, for in this play I wept for fifteen solid weeks. Really, I became so depressed that I would wake up in the middle of the night, sobbing bitterly. It was a splendid part, tho', sweet and sympathetic, for, you see, the trouble was caused thru no direct fault of mine and I could easily throw myself into it.

"After all the misunderstanding and misery, there is a pretty ending—with a bright new hope—the scene being at dawn. We tried for six weeks to catch the sun at just the right place for that final scene.

"Detail is Erich von Stroheim's first, second and last name," went on Miss Trevelyon. "Why, he even took me along when he selected the furniture, colors and perfumes to be used in my boudoir sets—to insure the personal touch!

"He is very temperamental—how we used to clash—our two strong wills!" and Una laughed in memory of frequent tilts. "However, I fully appreciate all I learnt from him," she went on, seriously, "for Von makes you work. He expects you to throw yourself into the rehearsals as completely as if the camera was going, and by the time I had gone thru the action several times I became so imbued with the spirit of the scene that I hardly realized that I was acting a part—I was actually living it.

"Following 'The Devil's Passkey,' I made a picture with Lois Weber, 'What Men Want.' In the rôle of Renee, I played a dope-fiend, a vicious sort of girl, and had some strong dramatic moments. It is always easier to do a big scene than one requiring less emotion—somehow you urge

Una Trevelyon was born of English parents, in English waters, on an English boat. She is a graduate of Ward-Belmont College of Nashville, Tenn., but after her graduation, she ran away from home and came to New York.
By
MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

yourself on when there is a demand for a crashing, thrilling situation."

Una Trevelyn was born of English parents, in English waters, on an English boat, and is a daughter of the United Kingdom, tho she has never set foot on English soil. Her father, being a younger son of the well-known Trevelyns, decided to answer the call of wider opportunities offered by the United States, and it was a few hours after her parents had set sail for this country that Una's arrival in this world occurred.

After remaining in New York for a short period, the family went on down to Memphis, Tennessee, where they established their home.

Una spent her school-days at the exclusive Southern college, Ward-Belmont, in Nashville, where she was graduated. All this time, deep within her heart, stirred the ambition for a stage career.

Tho reared in the strictest home atmosphere, where the theater was never mentioned, Una says that her mother has often told her that when she was a wee girlie she was always acting. Whenever she was corrected, the child would stage a big, emotional scene, the mother knowing all the time that Una herself was conscious that she was acting.

Miss Trevelyn first joined a stock company which was playing in Sioux City, and, after that, "just happened" into pictures, by reason of the fact that she was ordered West on account of her health.

Several times during the summer vacations, Miss Trevelyn dabbled a little with local stock companies, but the family's opposition was so pronounced that she realized she must seek fame at a distance, so, after graduating, she ran away to New York.

"Odd thing, to look back on one's first steps," mused Una, one afternoon as she told me the story over a cup of tea in the cool tea-room at the Alexandria Hotel. "Before I had a chance to become discouraged in New York, I met a chap I had known at home, and he introduced me to a friend who was forming a stock company to take out to Sioux City. Well, I fibbed a little about my experience, and he promptly signed me.

"After I had settled down in Sioux City, thinking everything was lovely and wondering how I should break the news at home, the family found me thru detectives—you see, I was still under age. This served to make me more determined than ever, and at Detroit I eluded the detective who was taking me home and went on to New York. There I reached mother by 'phone and tried to make her see my side of the question.

(Continued on page 96)
"My Irish Molly-O"

By

ELIZABETH PELTRET

Have you ever imagined what it would be like to meet a girl out of a popular Irish song? If you have, it was probably with an inner feeling that no such thing could ever happen, which is, of course, all wrong. For instance, take Molly Malone.

You would know that she was a girl out of a song the instant you looked at her. She is a tiny girl... about five feet small, you would guess... with fine, thick, bobbed hair, which is often in rebellious disorder, and large, expressive brown eyes. And she has all the qualities portrayed in those songs, too! Impulsive, sometimes to the point of being headstrong, and warm-hearted and sincere and plucky and lovable. She has a way of looking up at you that makes you want to grab and hug her, it is so reminiscent of a very serious six-year-old child. But to get to my story:

She had not expected to work that week but was called to the studio on the day of our appointment just too late to let me know, so I arrived to find her not at home.

"I can tell you all about her," her mother suggested, hopefully. I said that I was afraid that that wouldn't do, but we chatted for a while, anyway, before I left to go to the studio.

But luck was with me. Just as I was leaving the bungalow court, where she lives, I met Molly Malone and we turned back to the house.

"I didn't have my week's vacation after all," she said, "I've been working all morning." She was without a hat and the long mauve cape that she wore accentuated her girlishness.

I was suddenly impressed with the suitability of that bungalow court as a place for her to live. Standing at the entrance of it as we were, it looked more like a toy village than anything else.

There are seventy quaint little houses, all exactly alike, from the number of stairs leading to each front door to the width of each tiny square of lawn, all set facing a narrow court with a fountain in the center of it. Inside, these little bungalows are as cozy and pretty as you could ask for.

"The," said Molly Malone, "there is too much figured stuff." One of her many ambitions is to become an interior decorator. She has a great many books on the subject and she really studies them and talks about them with lively interest. For instance, she described her ideal room. It would be done in French grey with hangings of flame, soft lights and a flame-colored sofa-cushion on a grey lounge.

"I think that makes the prettiest color combination imaginable," she said.

So, you see, her childishness is only skin deep. (Continued on page 88)
How to keep your nails fashionably manicured

This season's fashions are built to display the hands

B RILLIANT fans to permit a graceful motion of a perfect hand. Sleeveless gowns that lead the eye down the slender arm to rest on the finger tips. These and a dozen other pretty fancies this season are especially designed to display the hand.

Never before have hands been so conspicuous. Never before have women given so much thought to their care.

The chief beauty of the hands is the nails. The cuticle must be slender, even, firm. It is unpardonable this year not to have perfectly kept nails and cuticle.

Fortunately, it is no longer hard to keep the nails lovely.

An easy, quick, safe way has been discovered for manicuring your nails! A way which thousands of women are using regularly.

With fifteen or twenty minutes given regularly each week to this simple, scientific method of caring for your nails, you can keep them always exquisite.

Cutting the cuticle leaves a ragged, irregular edge. The more you cut it, the more rapidly the cuticle grows — the rougher and more uneven it becomes.

With a bit of cotton wrapped around the end of an orange stick and dipped in Cutex work gently around the base of the nail. Now wash your hands, and, as you dry them, push the cuticle back.

For snowy white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. To keep the cuticle soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night.

Cutex is on sale at drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemists' shops in England. Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish, and Cold Cream are each 35 cents. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent bottles.

Six manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with 20 cents and we will send you the Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, containing enough of the Cutex products for six manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 909, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Mail this coupon and 2 dimes today to Northam Warren.

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(Sixty-one)
Pacific is the most proper and fitting title for anything and everything pertaining to the West Coast studios. That is, on the surface... Peace, the perpetual sun and a layer of dust reign supreme. Desultory stage hands whack at a solitary nail, the safety-pin of tremendous structures, as if it mattered not at all whether tomorrow came or went. In the yards hundreds and hundreds of automobiles are parked, a slight layer of yellow dust soiling even the most pretentious, as if, indeed, they had waited here long and long forgotten their claims to speed.

On the stages themselves a few actors are being measured for proper camera focus; directors stroll around; a Sabbath quiet envelops the gardens where motion pictures are grown. A peaceful lethargy seems to enfold the studios in a benignant calm: the peace of the Pacific.

Out here I miss the hurry of New York—so far I have knocked down ten persons on the Los Angeles sidewalks in my mad endeavor to create a little speed. Here time and tide wait for every man—and tomorrow will do as well as today.

And yet under this brooding calm, great things are happening... enormous plans are being formulated. The King is dying, long live the King—for in these peaceful Pacific places, new stars are being born—new geniuses being given a chance.

And speaking of chances, another erstwhile comedy queen is about to come into her own under the magic of De Mille management. Ora Carew is the latest pretty bathing girl to park her bathing-suit in moth-balls forever and aye—having just affixed her name to a contract by which she becomes William de Mille's leading woman. Her first picture under the direction of Mr. de Mille will be "His Friend and His Wife," adapted from Cosmo Hamilton's novel.

And while speaking of the De Millers, Cecil, that wonderful exponent of silken lure, has chosen Forrest Stanley to succeed Thomas Meighan and Elliott Dexter, as his leading man. Both of these splendid players have graduated to stardom, you know.

Yesterday, while discussing the addition of Stanley to his forces, Mr. de Mille said, "He has youth, intelligence, ability and the sort of experience which I am certain will combine to place him speedily in the forefront of screen players."

What picture Cecil de Mille will make next is not yet ascertained. He has two stories, one by Jeanie MacPherson and the other by Hector Turnbull, both of which he will film, with the question of precedence the only one now to be determined. One is a satire and the other a spectacle—and it all depends upon Mr. de Mille's mood which he selects to make first.

The most active person out at the Metro studios these days is the doorkeeper. It matters not how often I journey to the other end of Los Angeles for the express purpose of visiting the Metro stars, each and every time he eyes me with distrust; nay, more... every one of his muscles quivers, as he jumps up and down madly in his wild desire to throw me out. And always just in time, the publicity department comes to my rescue and I am permitted to pass.

(Continued on page 94)
How to overcome the havoc wrought by sun, wind and dust

THE exposure of the skin to summer weather often inflicts deep, permanent injury on the delicate cells of the skin.

Repeated sunburn over-stimulates the oil glands and gives the skin a greater tendency to shine. Wind coarsens the texture of the complexion. Dust works deep into the pores and irritates them.

However, with a little intelligent care you can overcome these ill effects.

TO overcome the tendency to shine caused by sunburn, you must counteract the over-secretion of oil. This oil may be absorbed and discouraged by constant contact with a good face powder. But to bring results you must apply the powder in such a way that it will stay on the face.

If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. For this a special cream is needed, a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear. Pond’s Vanishing Cream does just this. It is made entirely without oil. The moment you apply it, it vanishes, never to reappear. Before you powder apply just a little Pond’s Vanishing Cream. It holds the powder to the face twice as long as ever before and prevents it from shining.

THE coarseness due to the wind may be gradually overcome by the use of a special greaseless cream during the day, to soften the skin and protect it from further injury.

Pond’s Vanishing Cream contains an ingredient famous for years for its softening effects. Before every outing, apply a bit of Pond’s Vanishing Cream. It will protect your skin and gradually make it finer in texture.

DUST is the worst enemy of your skin. It quickly works deep into the pores and darkens and irritates them. To restore clear color to the skin, you must give the pores a deep cleansing with an entirely different cream—a cream with an oil base. Pond’s Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to work deep into the pores and thoroughly cleanse them.

Before you go to bed cleanse the face with Pond’s Cold Cream. In a few weeks, your skin will be clearer in color, finer in texture.

Stop today at any drug or department store and get a jar or tube of these creams. Every normal skin needs both. You will be surprised to discover how quickly they will enable you to overcome the injury of sun, wind and dust.

POND’S Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream

One without any oil and one with an oil base.
Gossip of the Eastern Studios

Eastern screen interests now seem to center in David Wark Griffith's forthcoming film repertoire season at a New York playhouse to be named later. Mr. Griffith's seasons are now annual events—and things to be looked toward to. Recall that his last season at Cohan's Theater produced "Broken Blossoms."

This year Mr. Griffith will start, some time late in August probably, with "Way Down East," which he has been shooting since before last Christmas. The total footage ran to between 600,000 and 700,000 feet, and, at this writing, the cutting has brought it down to 20,000 feet, or 26 reels. As the production will, it is expected, be released in eight reels, Mr. Griffith still has quite a task ahead of him. Prominent in the cast are Lillian Gish, Dick Barthelness, Mary Hay, Creighton Hale, Burr McIntosh, Kate Bruce and others of prominence.

Another feature of Mr. Griffith's repertoire season will be "The Love Flower," originally produced as "Black Beach" and the production which the director bought back from First National to elaborate and enlarge. Carol Dempster has the leading role.

Bobbie Harron is doing nicely with his individual productions, made at the Griffith Mamaroneck studios and which are to be released thru Metro. The first of the star series is "Coincidence," directed by Chet Withey. June Walker, who scored last season on the stage in "My Lady Friends," with the late Clifton Crawford, is leading woman.

Film fans will be interested to know that Betty Compson's new pictures, beginning with "Prisoners of Love," will be released thru Goldwyn channels. Miss Compson is the young actress who scored sensationally in "The Miracle Man."

Bessie Love has been visiting in New York. Ethel Clayton has been in the metropolis, too, prior to departing for Europe.

By the way, nearly every American star will be on the Continent or in the Orient before the year is over, it seems. Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks and Theda Bara are in England, The Talmadges and Dorothy Gish plan to tour Europe. Elsie Ferguson has gone to Japan.

The first seal of the new Motion Picture-Theatrical Association of the World was awarded to "Suds," Mary Pickford's latest vehicle. The presentation was made on the stage of the Strand Theater, New York, on June 27th, by Frank Bacon, secretary of the organization. As Mary was absent in London, the gift of the replica in gold of the seal was accepted on her behalf by her mother, Mrs. Charlotte Pickford.

Realart announces its newest star to be Justine Johnson, well known to the stage. Her first picture will be George Scarborougts's "Moonlight and Honey-suckle."

(Sixty-four)
A Strenuous Game-then

DELIIGHTFULLY COOLING RESINOL SOAP

Because it contains the soothing, healing Resinol properties, Resinol Soap is unusually qualified to stimulate and refresh your burning, tired skin. Even if used with a cold shower its lather is generous and pleasingly fragrant.

Besides being soothing and cooling, Resinol Soap is an ideal skin cleanser. It lessens the tendency to enlarged pores, by ridding them of impurities, and it relieves excessive oiliness and redness, while it in no way injures the skin's texture.

Resinol Soap allays the inflammation of sunburn, and is a valuable aid to the woman who wishes to keep her complexion unharmed through summer's heat.

At all drug and toilet goods counters

Resinol Soap
Mystery Girl.—Why, I began my career as a very little boy. "Love's Redemption" is the name of the play that we are producing. Yes, on the New Amsterdam Roof, 42nd Street, New York. They are "the most". I know that "me Thumb" has been changed to "Suds." Yes, I know that many of the women and children of Sixty-six-eaters. Me for Sians if the h. c. I keeps up.

Adelaide A.—There's no fool like the old maid, they tell me. So you liked Cullen Land—t, and Adair, P. H. for Mayflower, Elaine Hammerstein in "The Shadow of Rosalie Bynes, "

Tennessee.—You say, "Why be so hard-hearted? Why not publish a full-page picture of yourself in Shadowland—if you really want to help the magazine along—so all your admirers will see just how handsome you really are?" Boy, oh boy! Do you want me to ruin the Brewer Publications? Peggy Hyland is in England now. No, she is not married. Yes, we have a special subscription price for all. Let me hear from you again.

W. S. E. W.—I know for a fact that what you write about Mary Pickford is not true. A lie has no legs and cannot stand without many other lies to help it, but it can run fearfully fast and catch a lot of ground. Rudolph Cameron is Anita Stewart's husband. William Russell and Frances Belfort in Shim Bas are back. Gertrude P.—Ruth Roland, Hollywood, Cal., will reach her.

Inquisitive Jess.—Had some time trying to decipher your English? You ask, "Who is the greatest motion picture person on the field?" Pretty hard. Give me another field. Dustin Farim who played in "The Square Man," "Camel Kirby" and "The Little Rebel" on the stage.

Gertrude B.—My, it took me some time to wade thru pages and pages of green ink. You can write to the Blackton Productions, 25 W. 45th Street, New York City. Oh, thanks, awfully! I can return the compliment. Human beings who reside in crystallized domiciles should not project geological specimens. Give me? Send on some more green ink, Gertrude B., and then exchange names with "Irish."

A Southern Brunette.—Your first letter? Welcome to the sanitarium. We have three dogs now, Corot, Rauger and Zorko. Shop isn't with us any more. Yes, I have framed pictures of the players on my walls. I'm a regular movie fan. Yes, I have been in love. You say it is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. Not so. It is a misfortune for a woman never to be loved, but it is a humiliating calamity to be loved no more. Nees pa?

Tom Mac.—Thanks for yours, write me again.

Annoying Bill.—Sorry, but I can't give you any information about Lientg Locklear, who played in "The Great Air Robbery." I understand he is quite smitten with Viola Dana, but there may be nothing to it. Yes, your questions are a little out of my line. I have no air-line.

Lillian R.—No, no, Norma Talmadge does not live at the studio on 48th Street. She has a real home of her own. I think it is true that actresses who cry easily are the best actresses. They are "the most." It is also true that widows who cry easily are the first to marry again. There is nothing like a light weather for transplanting! Wow! Bring on the fan! Viola Dana in "Dangerous to Men." Not to me, Viola.

Four Bells.—That's what you get for staying on the stage. You say that if white men would ever acquire the shine on your nose, you would be in 10 cents every day. Why should you not be just as proud of a shine on your nose as you are of a shine on your shoes? Samuel Lumière and Charles Albin are our official photographers. Shadowland is 35 cents.

Dede Marble.—I am quite sure you have the wrong Marion Davies.

Pickford Baby—Mrs. Osborne played in "Baby's Diplomacy," "Tears and Smiles," "The Little Diplomat," "Sawdust Doll," and "The Evidence." You will see Wesley Barry playing leads when he grows up. Surely a girl living in Canada may join the Fame and Fortune Contest. Why not?

Jack Yes, I like your stage name. You ought to have your hat. I have been thinking seriously of doing it. King Baggot played opposite May Allison in "The Chester." The Stalkers.—The ghost walks around here every two weeks. You know why they call it that name? Because it makes our spirits rise. Yes, to your Constance Talmadge question. She has been in here lots of times—we all love her.

Classical.—Milton Sills is in California now. Estelle—Sent and see is right.

Sunshine.—Pauline Frederick is released from her Goldwyn contract. Her last two pictures are "Roads of Destiny" and "Madam X." Anita Stewart is playing in "Harry and the Piper," Irving Cummings and Charles Richman in the cast. Perhaps we admire a beautiful soul more than a beautiful face, but we adore sun after rain after sun.

Fairbanks.—Thanks for the clipping. It wasn't reviewed as severely as that in the East.

Blue Eyes.—Honestly, if Norma Talmadge corresponded with all the people who asked me that question today you would never see her on the screen, because she would have to spend all her time writing. Have a heart, girls, and boys, too; you expect too much of the average.

Dana, and that Amos guy's wife.—Good luck to you, girls, and remember your oath at the altar. Obey!

Lila Lee Fan.—I am not sure whether Mary Miles Minter has a brother in Los Angeles, but I doubt it very much. Ralph Graves is not married. Yes, this seems to be a very Disorders world of ours. Some are over-worked, some do not have to work, some are being worked by those who do not have to work, and some who want to work, can't find work.

(Sixty-six)
Right care means plenty of good looking hair

Men and women both should have it—but many do not

It is really surprising that men and women so commonly permit their hair to lose its good looks and actually to fall out in unsightly quantities. Men's hair becomes disagreeably oily and stringy and gets thinner and thinner. Women suffer with falling hair and dandruff. Their hair loses its life, beauty and luxuriance.

All this can be easily prevented. Plain neglect is the cause. No more care than is given the teeth will assure abundant, vigorous, beautiful hair if the care is wisely directed.

Simple directions

Regularly, two or three times a week, apply "La Creole" Hair Tonic, using the balls of the fingers to rub it into the scalp with a rotary motion. "La Creole" tonic stimulates the scalp circulation, supplies the hair roots with the nourishment needed for a beautiful, vigorous growth of hair.

Scientific endorsement

Scientific authorities endorse "La Creole." No other hair tonic we know of possesses such distinction. No other possesses such merit.

An important ingredient is "Eu-resol," recognized by the Council of the American Medical Association for the treatment of dandruff and unhealthy scalp conditions. Scientific tests and actual use both prove the results. "La Creole" Hair Tonic brings in the new beauty and health of your hair.

Use this superior shampoo

At last the ideal shampoo has arrived. It has been long sought. "La Creole" Liquid Shampoo is a recently achieved formula based on long experience and now added to the list of "La Creole" products. It brings a combination of stimulating and cleansing qualities never before attained in a shampoo.

Its base is a mentholized cocoanut oil—an absolutely distinctive formula never before attempted. It is standardized by our laboratory processes to assure uniform high quality because cocoanut oil varies in quality unless so treated. The unvarying superiority of "La Creole" is thus assured. Its delightful stimulating, cleansing effects are immediately noticeable.

At regular intervals, every ten days or two weeks, the hair should be washed thoroughly with this superior shampoo.

It keeps the glands and pores of the scalp glowing with clean health and vigor to function properly.

It makes the hair soft, lustrous and fluffy. It puts hair and scalp in ideal condition. After its use added benefits follow from the unfailing application of "La Creole" Hair Tonic.

For gray hair

For hair that has grown gray, gray streaked or faded "La Creole" Hair Dressing is prepared. It is a treatment for the gradual restoration of the hair's natural color—lightest brown to deepest black, whatever the natural color was—in from three to six weeks. It must not be confused with common dyes. It does not give the hair a dyed look, it cannot stain the scalp and there is nothing to wash or rub off. Refinement approves its use. Guaranteed to bring back the hair's color or money refunded.

All La Creole preparations are noted for their excellence.

At Drug Stores and Toilet Counters
"La Creole" Hair Tonic, 75c
"La Creole" Liquid Shampoo, 50c
"La Creole" Hair Dressing, $1.00

If your dealer can't supply you, write us direct. We will see that you are supplied.

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317 Tenth Street, Memphis, Tenn.
presence and laid a crumpled letter in his hand. He read it and went ghostly white. "When you read this, I shall be beyond your reach and his. You have chosen a husband for me, but I have the right to choose for myself, and the only husband I shall have is Death. That is why I asked for the aeroplane. It will be very easy to loosen the buckle of the safety belt. Good-bye, daddy. Forgive me, but I couldn't. He would want to kiss me, he would say he had a right—and it is far easier to die. Eve, he held her, three telegraphic reports, search parties, newspaper sob-stories and finally forgetting. Jacques had a crepe band sewed about his coat-sleeve and cashed his large check mournfully. Another candle burned on the concert altar and the world wagged on its way. But on a small, deserted island many miles off the coast of Florida, the story that was begun with the meeting of the two men, fell silent. The grate went on to another chapter, as it was meant to go on from the beginning of the world. Richard Bedell, voluntary exile, had deliberately destroyed the boat that brought him to this wild, unvisited spot, knowing that until his year of regeneration was over and his friends had come to find him, as they had promised, he would see no other human soul. But man cannot get away from fate, tho he travel to the ends of the earth, and so, one sparkling morning, he had come out of the hut he had constructed for himself, his dog at heel, to find that he had a visitor who had fallen from the very skies. In a crumpled heap under the tree which contained the fragments of the aeroplane, Eve lay as she was asleep. As he bent over her she stirred drowsily and her eyes unclosed. His heart leaped as she looked up into his face, then sank like a stone, for her gaze was shallow and empty and placidly unremembering. The shock of the fall had left her beautiful body miraculously intact, but had taken her mind away! It was a cruel jest of fate. Somewhere in the limitless void, he could imagine peals of cosmic mirth, mocking them. Eve found herself in a puzzling world. The puzzle was not why or how she came to be there. That seemed quite natural. She accepted Richard, the hut, the island contentedly, but she could not understand why he would not let her do the things she wanted to do. There was the matter of clothes. She found that the ones that she wore, heavy, clumsy things, that gave her a strange sort of fear when she looked down at them. So at night, when she was alone in the hut and Richard was sleeping in a shelter of boughs outside, she took them off and was pleased and delighted to discover charming, soft things underneath. But when she ran to him in the morning, clapping her hands with pleasure in her self, he behaved very strangely and even, she thought, almost unladylike. He told her, with his back turned, to put on her clothes, and she answered, triumphant that she had burned them because they were noisy. Then he found a pair of rough trousers and dressed her in them, rather clumsily, because his fingers fumbled queerly over the task. She saw that he was angry and her lips quivered. "Eve didn't mean to be naughty," she begged, "but why is it so strange to wear pretty things instead of ugly things?" He groaned at that, "God!" said Richard in a despairing voice. "How am I going to stand this seven months longer? It's asking too much of a man!" She was frightened. She climbed upon the rock beside him and kissed him with the open, careless lips of a child. He looked at her with suffering eyes, bent his head and clenched his hands at his sides. When he lifted it at last there were tears in beads on his forehead, but he was smiling. "Eve!" he said, in a tired voice. "Mustn't do that, dear. That's naughty, too. Now let's go fishing! I'll let you hold the rod." The days drifted away into eternity, the suns rose in opal and amethyst, set in crimson and purple, the moons grew red and swollen beyond the mass-heaved horizon. Richard Bedell felt the old strength and pride of renow manhood setting in a strong tide thru his veins. Three years in the Flanders trenches, two months of discouraging search for work, two more months of unbridled dissipation had added years, but fierce physical toil, hewing of trees, the matching of his body against the elements and Nature subdued them off again. Then it all Eve was ever-present, running barefoot on the sands, dancing with little dances, singing formless songs, laughing the laugh of a three-year-old child with the ripe, fervid, glowing lips of a woman. She was a hell made to give forth rich, vibrant music, but, thru an invisible law, forced to tinkle instead. She was made for the dear offices of love, and yet she could only be pitied and prolonged. It was a situation to test the mettle of a philosopher, and at twenty-eight a man does not live on the dry crusts of philosophy. But Richard savored himself and kept his guardianship untarnished by a single word or act that might reveal the pent human hungers within him. And then, one night, six months after the week in which the splintered aeroplane had pitched out of the sky upon his island, Richard awoke, his ears ringing with the echo of a scream. He listened, grooping for the loaded Colt which he kept always at his side. Thru the crevices of his shelter he saw a light in the hut beyond and struggling shadow thru the single window across its face. The two men in the hut were too intent upon their business to hear the sound.
Every time Sid Smith makes a stroke of his pen, millions of people laugh and every laugh means money for the man who creates it. Andy and Min earn big money for him every day.

In this weary old world, everyone from childhood to old age wants to be made to laugh, and men who succeed at this are highly paid for it. By capitalizing their humorous ideas and drafting ability, cartoonists like Briggs, Fox, King, and Smith make $10,000 to $100,000 a year. You may have ideas that are equally good. Let Federal training give you the skill to put them on paper.

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(Sixty-nine)
Atlantic City, where she and her father were spending a few weeks. "That I was surprised at the invitation is expressing it mildly," she said, "but I persuaded daddy to let me come to New York to see what it was about.

She arrived late one afternoon and was conducted at once to the editorial sanctum, a pink-cheeked, starry-eyed, radiant-eyed editor. The editor was, obviously interested.

"You must come out to Roslyn tomorrow with the other girls for a test," he said.

"I shall be delighted," said Anita.

"But I must go back to Atlantic City tonight and explain to daddy and get some clothes. I brought nothing with me."

"But you can't possibly go to Atlantic City and get back in time. Cars for Roslyn will leave the offices promptly at nine."

"Oh, yes, I can," she said confidently.

"See if I don't!"

"Arriving at the offices next morning, we found girls, girls, girls. Girls blonde and dark—Girls merry and taciturn. Girls confident and apprehensive as to what the day might bring forth. And, seated quietly in one corner, but with a personality so magnetic that all eyes were attracted to her, was Anita Booth.

"How did you get here?" we wanted to know.

"I flew," she said calmly.

"You what?"

"I flew over in an aeroplane. It was the only way there was to get here and—just I had to come. So, last night when I got back to Atlantic City, I made arrangements and—I flew back this morning. It didn't take long."

And that's Anita Booth—as we met her—as we have found her, always practical, self-reliant, splendid in her young and unvarnished ambitions.

At Mr. Brewster's estate at Roslyn, Long Island, that day, Anita Booth was in high favor with the contestants, the newspaper men, the celebrities gathered there for the momentous occasion. She was friendly, confident, alert, nothing escaped her. She knew nothing of the mysteries of make-up but was anxious to learn. She posed before the camera, alone and in groups of girls. She telephoned her father at Atlantic City for permission to stay over another day. She stayed. She did her individual bit and she went back to daddy.

Many weeks passed, and one day there breezed into our midst Anita Booth, chic, smiling, all Babiana captivating. She had come to say "How do you do and thank you." When it was officially announced to her that she had been chosen one of the winners of the contest, she cried. Not because she was one of the winners—of course not—but because she was glad and happy and, most of all, surprised.

And then the powers that be told her that in accordance with the plans and promises of the Brewster Publications a position would be secured for her. It might take some time—it probably would. But she was not to worry. A "job," and a good one, would be hers in time.

"That's perfectly wonderful of you," said Anita, and I cant 'ell you how much I appreciate it—but I came back to New York two weeks after the contest closed and got myself a job. In fact, I have already finished one picture with Selznick and am soon to begin another!" And she had, and she did—and then she did more, playing opposite Ralph Ince in "The Law Bringers" and "The Isle of Pines." She also did a picture with Elaine Hammerstein—a rather vapid part which she didn't like a bit, she says, and now we hear that she is playing a stage engagement with a stock company for "experience and discipline."

"You see," she confided to me recently, "daddy is quite willing now that I take a chance at doing what I want to do. He knows my heart is set on making a success on the stage and screen, and I think he really likes my pluck. He enjoys going about with me and will be with me a great deal. He likes New York, especially in the operatic season. That's where I get my love for music. Opera is my favorite pastime, you know. Last winter, when I was working so hard at the studio, making those terrible trips to Fort Lee in the storm and sleet, I would hurry home and dress for the opera instead of going to bed as I should have done. But daddy says that good music is "rest for the body and food for the soul" and he is right. Isn't it funny how things come about? I, Anita Booth, country born and bred, here in New York and actually acting—or trying to—in pictures!"

"And do you think the Fame and Fortune Contest really started you upon your career?"

"Well, it may have hurried it up somewhat, but sooner or later I should have started," said the dauntless Anita.

---

**.motion picture**

**The Dauntless Anita**

(Continued from page 50)
Beatrice from Paree
(Continued from page 33)
the quick, decisive movements characteristic of her.
"Anyway, I picked up some little English, and thought of pictures. I had
exactly one hundred dollars, and I thought until that was gone—I should
have a worry—so Gloria Swanson and I took a house—it cost eighty-five dollars a
month—can you imagine that?—and I
got down to three dollars by the clock.
"Gloria introduced me to C. B. de Mille, but he didn't like me—couldn't see
me for dust"—she emphasized with a
candor typically Gallic and a slang typically
American—"but I got in the Mad-
laine Traverse picture, 'Rose of the
West,' and then Bill Desmond engaged
me for 'Dangerous Waters.'
"Then I had my first real chance with
Sessue Hayakawa in 'The Beggar Prince,'
and after that I was featured in 'The
Stranger.'"
"And now?" I queried, as she drew
breath.
Her tip-tilted nose wrinkled slightly.
"I have a contract with Pathé for one-
reel comedies," she said briefly.
"They tell me it is good experience," she
added, with a resigned shrug of a
'slim shoulder. "And no doubt that is the
truth; but I want to try, to make the
emotion—to make big name for myself—and
then I can push off barns and hide
under tiger-skins—can you heat it?"
I sympathized, but Beatrice's lightning-
change mind was already on another
subject.
"When you describe me," she said ear-
nestly, "don't say my eyes are like deep
pools of muddy water or that my lips
are like Cupid's bow—just say that when
God made curly hair, He left me out; I
have to put it up in curling kids at night,
and I feel like I sleep on marbles."
Her plaint was real enough, but there
was a glint of laughter in her eyes. It is
impossible for her to take anything ser-
iously—even "sleeping on marbles."
As a matter of fact, I hadn't had time
to consider whether she was beautiful or
not. Her startling brown eyes, which
are by turns naive as a child's and sar-
donic as those of a woman of the
world, her flexible eyebrows, which move
with every change of expression, her lips
turned up slightly at the corners as if she
were forever on the verge of a laugh—
perhaps at your expense—her whole
vivid personality, combined with an
amazing frankness and a delightful sense
of humor, entirely captivate one and put
the question of mere beauty into the
mental background. Her English
vocabulary has been acquired from a hun-
dred sources, not all of them pedantic.
She catches up every slang phrase with
the avidity of a child and swears upon
occasion with utmost naiveté.
"Now, I am ready for my costume," she
pronounced, flashing a last critical
look at herself in the mirror. "There is
not much of it—i am a model in this pic-

(Continued on page 75)
THE SECRET REVEALED

Did you ever look at a beautiful flower and try to fathom its
beauty and fragrance?
Did you ever see women, returned from seaside and moun-
tain, still retaining their wonderful flowerlike complexion,
even after the tan of the hot summer suns and the rough
winds and dust of Fall, and wonder what was their secret?
This beauty and fragrance of the flower is the secret of
Mother Nature, but the charm of a Wonderful Velvet Skin
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The secret is yours for the asking. Just drop
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as anybody."
"Oh, With
the
MORLEY.
I've a pair in my ears now, but
they are invisible. I would not know
I had them in myself, only that I
hear all right."
"The Morley Phonos for
DEAF
us in the ears that places see
the ears, invisible, com-
fortable, washable and harm-
less. Anyone can adjust it.

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Send $100 For
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MOTION PICTURE

Little Miss Rebellion
(Continued from page 43)

mechanical dolls worked by strings as far as he was concerned. He left the
theater, hopeless but hungry. Youth may suffer, but it is fed and at the
window of the nearest white-tiled eating place he stopped, staring with unbeliev-
ing eyes. For there, before the griddle,
struggling with a spreading puddle of
pancake batter, stood a small, boy-slen-
der figure with masses of dark hair es-
caping untidily from under the cocky
little cook's cap.
Richard dived thru the revolving door
so tempestuously that he sent the stout,
respectable citizen in the next compart-
ment reeling in a disreputable manner
along the pavement. Unheedimg the ef-
forts of a blonde beauty to lead him to a
seat, he leaped the brass rail by the
griddle and treated an enthralled audi-
ence of homegoing theater patrons to the
interesting spectacle of a young man
taking the cook in his arms while the
batter blackened merrily around him.
A few moments later, however, it did occur
to Richard that there was something odd
and perhaps uncalled for in his attitude
and he released Maria Louise. "Why,
what—who—when?" he babbled. "To
—in New York—working in a hashery,
Grand Duchess—"
"Not any longer, Richard!" Maria
Louise smiled sadly. "Then the sadness
vanished. "Do you now the reason I am
in New York, Richard? Because—since the
day so long ago you told me it was when
you lived."

Another total eclipse of the cook was
threatened, but an interruption in the
shape of an irate manager intervened.
"Wha's all this?" he bellowed.
"Comin' in here an' burnin' up my grid-
dle. D'y want me to call a cop?"

Richard drew himself up splendidly.
So far as he knew, his great-grand-
father was no king, but a butcher in Keokuk, Iowa, but he spoke
as royalty might address a menace.
"That will do, my good fellow! The
young lady is no longer in your employ.
Maria Louise, take off that apron and
cap and get on your things. I am going
to take you home."

And Maria Louise, entrapped at be-
orderd alone, as all women, whether
Duchesses or waitresses, are entrapped when they find a man who
bullies them, obeyed.

There is no doubt that the distances
New York are great, and that the ser-
vice is not all it should be, so even
admitting this, it does seem a trifle
odd that it should have taken Richard
and his little ex-German Duchess
six hours to go from Forty-second Street
To Forty-second Street.

This is one of the little sitting-room of Maria Louise's dis-
like little flat, they found a stoutish Ger-
man, with a drooping and dispirited ar-
tache, shivering, an alarm clock set
midnight in one hand.
"Poor Arne will insist on coming
for me every night," Maria Louise
plained, as they gazed down at the

"Now only 10¢"
Prime Minister. "I think the dear old fellow feels it very bitterly because I don't wear a crown to work. He is old, Richard, and he doesn't understand the new world. Come, let us wake him and tell him the news."

When the ex-Prime Minister saw the joy in his ex-Duchess' face, he sprang up and brought his tired old body sharply to salute. "You have had good news," he asked breathlessly. "You are going to be Grand Duchess again?"

"I have better news than that, Papa Amour." Maria Luisa laughed, and drew Richard close to her side. "I am going to marry Richard tomorrow as soon as the marriage takes place. I am the happiest girl in all the world!"

The glow of hope faded from the old man's countenance, but his eyes, upon the two radiant young faces before him, were resigned. It was unthinkable, but after all, so long as she was happy. He bowed, magnificently, from the waist. "It shall be as Your Sublime Highness desires," sighed the ex-Prime Minister.

The Silken Cotton

(Continued from page 25)

strong faiths and dreams... things such as 'The Broken Melody,' for instance."

I left Lucy Cotton and her mother with the happy sensation of having terra firma under my feet while my head was entangled with the softness of dreams. I felt that she was remarkable. I felt that she had achieved. She knows herself. She has made a study of herself. She is her own critic. She has allowed no outside influence to detract her or distract her. She has marked herself a pathway and she walks upon it, pasting only when and where she wills. She is gentle and she is firm; she is tender, yet one knows that she is strong. She loves her work, loves her family, her mother first and foremost, of course, her sisters and her one little nephew, who declares that he is going to marry you, Lucy, when I get big. His companionship, she said, in her silken-cotton way, 'means more to me than I can ever say. I get, oh, so much out of it.'

She gets something from everything. Lucy Cotton, something beautiful, because something in some way constructive. The garments of illusion have never dropped from her. The canid eyes from under the level brows still see in poor plain measures red flowers, growing...

Happy Lucy! Happy world! Amen!

THE NEW POETS
By Wight Field

In the old days, Rose here and there a giant tree, which thrust its shadow all the further centuries thro', but, save for those, the barren earth, aghast. Thirsted for beauty, as the centuries grew...

These new days, the oak gives place to humbler way-side trees. The thrill of life is felt in every clod. Now songs, like blossoms, spring to every breeze.

At last the common people talk with God!

(Seventy-three)
Tales

The Lashes Tell

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FASCINATING tales of coquetry, of humor, of intrigue, may be read in your eyes if they are shadowed by long dark lashes. Use LASHLUX. It is a wonderfully effective dressing cream applied after powdering, to darken the lashes and make them glossy and beautiful. LASHLUX supplies the natural oil absorbed by powder and cultivates long curling lashes. Makes eyebrows smooth and shapely.

Dark and Brown: also Colorless for use on retiring. Tiny brush with each dainty brown box 50c.

At drug stores and toilet goods counters, or direct from the makers. Address Ross Co., 27 East 23rd Street, N. Y.

Kathleen's Anchor

(Continued from page 37)

of becoming an actor. But the costumes he designed for "Male and Female" caused so much admiring comment that he has definitely decided to make designing his profession.

"I wanted to be a designer at one time," said Miss Kirkham, "and I think I would have made a really big success at it ... I certainly didn't have any great gift for the stage. Marshall Steadman once told me that I would never make an actress."

She feels that all her dramatic ability has been developed by work and experience. She has appeared in over thirty moving pictures, eleven of them made last year. In many of these she played the "heavy."

"I've been married to almost every character man on the screen," she said, "and I've been the mother of many a young girl who was really older than myself or, anyway, just one or two years younger.

"But really, I've had a very easy time—almost too easy a time. There used to be nights when I would actually pray that my parents would lose everything they had so that I would have to work for a living! That sounds terrible, I know, and yet there were times when I would refuse calls I really should have accepted. Afterwards, I would feel sorry about it and wish that I might be like some of the girls I knew, so poor that I would have to work whether I wanted to or not!

"But now I can see how my financial independence was really a protection. Unlike the girl who has to be careful of her job, I didn't have to take any insults from anybody—I could always quit. And in this, as in practically every other kind of work, it is true that nothing succeeds like success. The girl who looks as tho she doesn't need a position is generally the one who gets it."

Kathleen Kirkham was born in Menominee, Michigan, in 1893. As a little girl she was in stock for a while at Lakeside, Wisconsin. In the same company were Walter Long, now at Lasky's, and Matt Moore. She was also with Dustin Farnum in "The Squaw Man" and "The Virginian." Following a period of training in two Los Angeles dramatic schools, she started free-lancing around the studios.

"I have never played atmosphere, exactly," she said, "but I have never been under contract. I worked for quite a while at Universal and getting on very well, I thought, so I offered to sign a contract with them for as long as they liked, and they liked at a salary of $15.00 a week and they turned me down. This was only a little over four years ago.

"It was 'The Eyes of the World' that established me as a 'heavy,'" she went on, "and I don't regret it in the least! At that time there were only about five 'heavies' in Los Angeles and no end of work. Often I used to wish that there could be a little more competition so that
life would be more exciting. And then when a new girl would come up, I'd say to myself, 'Kathie, you'll have to look out now; you'll have to work a little harder!' and I loved it!

"And then I became a star, you know," she smiled, "at Balboa."

"How much did they pay you for?" I asked.

"Only two weeks! That was because I had made a rule never to wait more than a week for my salary. I've always said that if my salary wasn't ready for me on a Saturday night, I wouldn't go to work Monday morning.

"They weren't what you would call exceedingly good pictures. I remember one day I took my family to see one of them at a nickel theater on West Pico Street. There were six or seven murders in it. I played a sort of vampy character who had to faint in just about every scene.

"There she goes again!" the man in front of me said every time I fainted. But the funniest thing was my entrance!

It seems that some man in the audience drewl in a high voice, "Gawd, look who's here."

"After all," she remarked, thoughtfully, "I haven't gone ahead as rapidly as many of the girls I know and started with, but then, speed is only relative.

"That reminds me of a story my mother tells about her first automobile ride. It was in one of the first automobiles ever made and my mother was leaning back, enjoying the rapid motion and the feel of the wind in her face. Finally, overcome with curiosity, she leaned over and touched the driver.

"How fast do you think we are going?" she asked. And he answered in an awe-striking voice:

"'We're going fifteen if we're going a mile!"

Some of Miss Kirkham's pictures that come most readily to mind are the three she did with Douglas Fairbanks, "He Comes Up Smiling," "Modern Musketeer," and "Arizona." Others are "For Husbands Only," "Gay Lord Quey," "When Dawn Came," and, latest of all, Angelica in Screen Classics' "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath," the last named something new for her in that it is farce comedy.

Beatrice from Paree
(Continued from page 71)

ture, and I do a dance of seven veils— with six of them in the wash."

Sorry as I was to miss the dance of the seven-minus-six veils, I had to go back to town. But, you know, what a difference! It wasn't blue Monday at all, I discovered. The gateman apologized for his remarks, the car started without a cough, and on the way back to town I saw the motor cop, who waved his hand to me. Perhaps it wasn't all Beatrice's doings, but I'm not so sure. Anyway, I recommend her as a cure for the blues—even the Monday variety.

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Your teeth may also glisten

All statements approved by high dental authorities

Millions of teeth now glisten as they have not done before. You see them everywhere.

A new method of teeth cleaning has, in late years, come into very wide use. Thousands of dentists are urging it. Multitudes of people have proved it and adopted it. And every person is now offered a free ten-day test.

To combat the film

The purpose is to combat the film which causes most tooth troubles. Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. In the months between your dental cleanings it may do a ceaseless damage.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Very few escape

Very few people have escaped some of these tooth troubles, despite the daily brushing. The ordinary tooth paste does not dissolve film, so the tooth brush has left much of it intact.

Dental research has for many years sought a way to fight this film, and the way has now been found. Many clinical tests have amply proved its efficiency. And now leading dentists everywhere are urging its adoption.

The method is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And millions of people are now enjoying its benefits.

Sent to any one who asks

The Pepsodent results are quick and apparent. Everyone who sees them will desire them. So, to spread the facts, a 10-Day Tube is sent to anyone who asks.

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Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Do this now for few things are more important. The results may be life-long in extent. Cut out the coupon so you won't forget.

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Dept. 717, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
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Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

(Seventy five)
Herb!

(Continued from page 38)

another brother, Stanley. Stanley mingled with the English lads at the conservatoire, he with the French. Stanley was rather vague.

As a youngster, Master Rawlinson showed none of the signs of being the physical culture specimen he is now. His languid condition so worried the elders that, after completing his elementary course in French, the Isles lacking beneficial climate, a farm in Canada was designated for his future habitat. Arriving here, an adolescent, alone, without a mission other than to grow into sturdy manhood, his wonder at the vastness that was before him, his awe at the opportunities that awaited, culminated only in the greeting, "Where am I? Do your damnest. I'll do mine!"

That he was an actual farmer I do not conclude. All I could grasp from his unconnected, happy, rapid phrases, (Rawlinson doesn't talk in stories; he hasn't time, especially about himself), was the mention of fields and sunshine and ecstatic sensations of dogged fatigue which came at the end of perfect days. He couldn't have been a thorough harvester, because there were days he'd go to see and circuits in which he walked. In truth, one circus absorbed such vital interest that glowing, growing Herb forsook the hay for the sawdust and ran off with another chap to join the troupe.

That started it. Then came the lure of the stock companies. And one, of which he happened to be very much a part, ceased meandering for a while when it reached Los Angeles, long enough to give running picture director the chance to see Rawlinson and ask him if he'd ever thought of becoming cinematically entangled. Rawlinson hadn't thought, but he had a laugh. The figures finished were accepted by the M. P. D., that screen work would involve, choked Rawlinson's chuckle at its zenith. The comparison of the salaries of a stock company actor and a moving picture actor weren't odious, but serious. The minstrel band next week continued its tour without its popular juvenile.

That was quite a while ago. "Florodora" sextette can claim its originals, also the Klieg-light industry. If ever a boar is to be made, the director who spied Rawlinson need not only label himself a pioneer, but add the laurel of having vision. It's all right to start something and better to finish. But what is more wonderful—it shows in the careers of overnight stars—is to start and then come thru with this man's predictions materialized. The phenomenon is that he still is coming.

And no wonder. At this season's Lamb's Gambol, presented at the Metropolitan, the excitement of the evening was credited to him. Not once on the program did he appear, after a lengthy absence from the stage, but twice—in specialty numbers. It is good the first was scheduled when it was, an act, alone.
A face in the dark that brought $200

He never saw the girl again. One moment's glimpse was all he caught—the swift impression of a frightened-looking girl with staring eyes and a white face pressed to the rainy window pane.

The incident was nothing. But he carried home with him the memory of her face. He wondered what made her look like that, what sort of a girl she was.

Slowly an explanation took shape in his mind: details fell into place, and, one rainy night which reminded him of the other, he sat down and wrote: "The Girl in the First Floor Flat."

And he told the story for $200.

It didn't matter that the true explanation was far different; he had caught the glimpse—the hint—he needed, and his trained imagination had done the rest.

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How to develop a story from a commonplace incident; how to select the essential points; how to plan and lay them out; how to handle dialogue; how to tell the finished story and where—step by step the course of events is told. And at the end you will have written a story that is a story to the world, a story that is worth $200.

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Ann o’th’ Vikings

(Continued from page 35)

each evening we spend two hours or more at the dinner-table.

Ann was named after her grandmothers, great-grandmothers and—but, they are traced back to 1630 clearly—all Ann’s. Further back, she comes of a Viking strain. That gives her the courage, endurance and great love of all out-door work. She rides, swims, golfs, "tennis" (as she calls it), skates, shoots—and just a few weeks ago brought down her limit of wild ducks at Great Bear Lake, California.

"Next December, my parents and I go to Denmark for a real old-fashioned Christmas—with plenty of skating and home-baking and spicy trees, and the game we shall shoot, for daddy is a great sportsman, too."

Ann first became interested in pictures in her native city, where old Broncho Billy pictures were shown. She would attend with her schoolmates on Wednesdays and Saturdays, when pupils have half-holidays over there. Often she wished she might act—and now her friends are all intensely interested in her success. They go to see Ann’s plays, and can scarcely wait until she arrives in Denmark for the Yule festival.

"I’m afraid some young Dane will want to marry you and keep you over there now that you are famous,” I ventured.

“That’s what daddy is afraid of. He says they will spoil me. But I say: ‘No!’ I marry only an American. I love the old country, but not to live in any more—my parents feel the same about that. But I’ll tell you my ambition. I want to marry in America and have lots of children. I think all those who were raised in a big family, want big families of their own, don’t you? I didn’t, but that’s neither here nor there and far be it from me to spoil Ann’s idealism.

Miss Forrest has a prized trophy—the whip with which she was beaten in "Dangerous Days"—inscribed by every one connected with the production. Mary Roberts Rinehart cried at rehearsals—and some one thought her displeased or disappointed, but she said intensely: "Oh, no, I’m just crying over that dear child’s acting. She is the very embodiment of my little heroine." Mrs. Rinehart inscribed a copy of the book to Ann and wrote on the whip: "In memory of a very great piece of acting done by Miss Forrest."

Another inscription read: "From your brutal director. The scenario writer penned the words: ‘We always beat the thing we love.’"

Miss Forrest has a unique collection of film cut from every production in which she has appeared. One of the men on the lot has assembled these as she gets them and so now they may be run anytime Ann wants to see how she’s getting along. But mostly—

"Yes, mostly, I want to keep them for my grandchildren, and when I am an old lady in lavender and real lace, I want to show the little folks how their grandmother looked in her teens, when she played with handsome men—most of them long dead now!" Ann looked decidedly romantic. Perhaps she has cause to, for no longer is she to be forced to play ingenues. She has betrayed so versatile and adaptable a nature, such great histrionic development, that Ann Forrest henceforth will be cast as an emotional lead, playing characters from up-to-the-minute novels. Gouverneur Morris is to write a special story for her one of these days. He takes a keen interest in her work.

Miss Forrest cares nothing for clothes. She buys handsome frocks for her productions, but as garments, she loves them not. She is essentially feminine, slyly, but she’s courageous enough to do anything that a Diana would attempt. She was one of the first women to ascend in an aeroplane, having been up with Sivas Christopherson, a compatriot of hers, in Tacoma, about seven years ago. Ann drives a Stutz and has done her 75 miles an hour without facing a judge or parting with a fine.

She has played the part of a twelve-year-old child in "The Prince Chap," switched over to an abused little German girl in "Dangerous Days," played a lead in "The Rainbow Trail," with William Farnum, a thriller with Houdini, and is well on the way to celluloid heaven with its meteoric possibilities and special reservations for new stars.

Ann speaks four languages fluently, has a talent for writing and is to study voice culture as soon as time permits. She’s a very big fan of a new song of Barney Forrest’s really blue—but that happens so seldom that one’s only impression of Miss Forrest is that of a wonderfully magnetic, charming personality set in a beautiful exterior.

It’s not a bit difficult to know Ann Forrest. She is so cordial, well-read, entertaining and lovable that if a watchful wardrobe woman were not present on the upstairs tier of dressing-room row, one would easily outstay the time set by Dame Decorum.

So when the estimable matron strolled in with a huge bouquet of yellow roses, laburnums and heliotrope, saying "Miss Forrest, these just came off a set, will you take them home?" and plunged into a conversation about silver lace, beads and charmuse, I knew it was about time for me to stalk off like Hamlet’s ghost.

But the memory of a bewitching little face, with eyes like an aurora borealis and teeth like the snows of her native land, old acquainted with me for hours afterward . . . for, with sweet graciousness, Miss Forrest had pressed the flowers into my hand, saying: "You will enjoy those, I know, and I would love you to have them.”

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329 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
The Youngest Movie Magnate
(Continued from page 26)

his office in the Selznick Fort Lee studios.
Between ten and one o'clock he goes over the multitude of details of his production, scenario and business departments. He is here, there and everywhere; one moment conferring with a director on a stage, at another checking his production charts with a chief of that department.

At one o'clock he has lunch in his office.

Until six o'clock he handles further details.

At six o'clock he usually motors to his New York offices to glance over any problems that may arise there.

Then he goes home, most of the time with two or three scenarios under his arm.

He admits that he is so occupied with business all week that he finds little time to devote to scenario reading. He usually goes to the Gedney Farms in Westchester County over the week-end and there reads script after script.

It is interesting to note that Myron Selznick has more producing units working under his personal direction than any other man in the whole film field. Today his activities keep four studios in and near New York busy: the Selznick, the old Biograph, the Peerless and the Solax studios. Until recently he was producing on the coast also. But he came to the conclusion that the cross-country distance prevented intelligent and adequate team work.

Myron Selznick exhibits no particular pride over his achievements. He is a son of his father, that’s all. And his father is, as we have just related, Lewis J. Selznick, one of the screen world’s foremost sales organizers.

“I heard photoplays talked all my life,” smiles Myron Selznick. “I guess my father has marketed some fifty hundred pictures. What was more natural than that I should enter the game? My dad wanted me to go to college and I did—to Columbia for two months. But I couldn’t contain my restlessness any longer and I told my father I wanted him to give me a chance.

“He smiled—and I guess he decided to cure me. At least he put me to work the following morning in the film-examining room at World Film. The work-day began at seven A.M. and I received five dollars a week. It was a strenuous job, for it meant carefully looking over film in a dark room, watching for flaws and defects. At the end of a week I could hardly move my fingers, they had been so cut by film.

“I stuck,” laughed Myron. “Which rather sums up his character.” “Father moved me thru his purchasing and advertising departments. ‘You’ll learn the whole game,’ he grimly told me.

“Then business changes came about and father disposed of his interests. The post of managing Norma Talmadge’s studio was offered me. That instilled an idea. I wanted to carry on the name of Selznick. I resolved to produce and I signed Ollie Thomas. That’s all, for I have been steadily adding stars ever since.

“Please make it clear that I direct Selznick Pictures. Dad hasn’t been over to our studios twice in a year. True, I frequently talk over things at night with him, as is quite natural, but I manage my own companies in every sense of the word.

“My methods?” Myron Selznick paused. “Nothing more or less than to make entertaining photoplays and to build up and maintain the best organization with that end in view.”

Here we pause to note the youthful atmosphere of camaraderie about the Selznick studios. Nearly every one—from star to carpenter—is young. “I believe in youth,” says Myron, whose twenty-second birthday comes next October.

“We’re one big family and there is no red tape about our organization,” he went on. “Anyone can get to see me at any time. That’s why I have my office in my studio rather than in Times Square. We’re all working together, and I’m here to be seen.”

All of which is true. For instance, they have a baseball team at the studio and Myron plays short-stop upon it. There is nothing up-diamond about him, for chauffeurs and electricians who play with him talk to him forcibly and naturally about his playing without thinking of him as their employer. It’s all part of the spirit of the Selznick studios.

“I’ve made something like fifty productions so far,” Myron Selznick concluded. “I know their faults. But I’m learning and I think we are steadily working ahead. Anyway, it’s great fun!”

The Joyous Pagan
(Continued from page 21)

But Western pictures did not appeal to her as a permanent thing. After persistent requests, she was cast to play opposite Frank Mayo in “Burnt Wings.” Universal believed that they had discovered a star and offered her a five-year contract, with the assurance of an immediate twinkle. For various reasons, she refused. After that came the rôle of the innocently sinning wife in the Metro production, “Parlor, Bedroom and Bath.”

“So you see,” said Josephine, “I have done quite a bit, if I am only eighteen. Korsukán is a relentless slave-driver! I suppose that is very ungrateful.”

Her eyes wandered about the room. “I do wish Jack would come home,” she sighed.

“Did your heathen god have anything to do with bringing you Jack?” I enquired, somewhat rashly perhaps.

“Oh, indeed yes! When he first wanted to k—to hold my hand, he didn’t feel sure whether he could or not, so I just said, ‘Korsukán’—and he did!”

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Another Pickford Star
(Continued from page 23)
to delay us, and every day seemed a week to me, for I was afraid my trip East would be spoiled."

"How can you ever leave your aeroplane even for New York?" I asked, knowing that he spent every spare moment with his new six-thousand-dollar machine.

"Olive!" he replied, simply, but the tone spoke volumes, and I remembered that his wife, Olive, was still making her pictures in the East and he was planning a visit with her in New York.

"Jack is so reckless," sighed Mrs. Pickford, smiling fondly at the boy. "It frightens me to think of him flying. He comes over the studio and seems fairly to touch the telegraph poles."

"Nonsense, mother; I'm miles above them!" he spoke soothingly, while he winked mischievously at his sister.

"I believe I have always been battling his speed craze," went on Mrs. Pickford.

"Sure, mother, for it began a long time ago. When I first went into pictures I begged for a motor-cycle, but you told me you would never buy me one. You were so emphatic I knew you never would. I had to earn the money to buy it myself, but, by that time, I was all over my motor-cycle notion and bought a Stutz roadster. Only had it a couple of weeks when I had a terrible accident. We spun around four times, then landed in a heap, and, tho I crawled out unhurt, the car was a total wreck."

There have been many cars since then, each of a greater speed, but he longed for even a swifter machine and was among the first of the film colony to become interested in aeroplanes, now possessing one of his very own.

"If you hadn't followed your sister into pictures, what do you suppose you would have been?" I asked, watching him smooth his hair with both hands, one of his characteristic movements.

"Don't know," he replied cheerfully; "run a street-car, I guess."

"No, you would probably have been a baseball player," chimed in Mary. "He passed thru a serious attack of baseball fever."

"May be," assented Jack, easily. "I think the first ambition I ever had was when we were playing with Channcey O'cott. I wanted to be a stage carpenter. They gave me fifty cents a week for helping set the stage and I remember the big hammer I carried around in the hip pocket of my small trousers."

The Pickford family have had many interesting experiences, and they sat there for a couple of hours, while Jack and Mary recount their childhood pranks.

As we were leaving, Jack caught my hand, whispering anxiously, "You won't tell in all that stuff, will you?" He looked so like a little hoy as he stood in the open door, and there was a hint of Mary's wistful appeal in his dark eyes, so I promised.

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You know you ought not to read any more of Marjorie's letter—because you're almost sure what the rest of it is, and you wouldn't want everybody to read your letters, or pry into the intimate little memories and vague longings that are brought to your mind by this "picture."

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The Menace of the Movies  
(Continued from page 19)

"The effect of this huge growing film octopus is already evident. On every side you see the big forces—the leading directors and stars—withdrawal to 'go it alone.' Suppose that the coming combination could find it possible to substantially eliminate all outside production. How much of art would be left? Where would the photoplay be without its Griffiths, its Inces, its Neddas and its Pickfords?

"The result of such a colossus would be a similarity and sameness of product. That would be inevitable, since the productions would be decided upon by one body of men. Thus you would see the creation of two or three kinds of screen production and the loss of all artistic individuality.

"If such a film organization could grip the country, you would quickly see a falling off in quality. It is inevitable and human, if the theaters could be shackled and screen production dictated to audiences, that the whole thing would be brought down to the point of paying the biggest dividend. Do not forget how the theatrical syndicate gained such a grip and then demanded so high a percentage from stage producers and from theaters that artistic productions were well-nigh impossible.

"I know of what I speak. In my position with Famous Players-Lasky, I worked hand in hand for the very ideas which I am now fighting. Indeed, I created some of them. But I did not realize the menace of Wall Street:"

"I was, for instance, one of those to first instil the idea of producing stage plays, thereby controlling ultimate screen rights and getting all the profits from the outset. I know the attacks this scheme has attracted. But I see no menace in it—even from my present viewpoint. It is charged that it will bring a lowering of the stage's artistic level and that it will muddle our stage drama into melodrama, since motion picture producers will present only plays of action, these being fitted for later film purposes.

"Let me answer this specifically. I cannot see where the stage—man for man—is higher artistically than the screen. In answer to the direct charge, I say that film-footlight producers will bring a vitality to the stage by injecting action, while, at the same time, the screen will gain along the lines of the thought drama. I believe that both will be gainers.

"But to return to the menace, as I see it. The time is ripe for an independent movement and already it is appearing. The First National Exhibitors' Circuit is t'is one big organization as yet. This is a combination of exhibitors.

"The independent movement must come from the exhibitor. At present I find that certain far-sighted exhibitors and exhibitor organizations realize this in a measure. Unfortunately, the word independence to some people seems to mean a lack of organization. When we cast off from England, our colonies did not remain disorganized. They united for the common cause. Exhibitors must do likewise, if they wish to gain their independence—the right to have a say in those things in which they are concerned.

"I know the attacks that are made upon the exhibitor. It is customary to call him the weak link in the photoplay chain. But it isn't true in 1920. I have been studying the exhibitor at first-hand and I have observed his tremendous improvement. The old-type exhibitor is disappearing. Nowhere is this clearer than in the Middle West.

"The independent movement must come from the exhibitor. That is clear. The exhibitor must guarantee theaters to the producer, so that the producer, in turn, can be sure of a market and can guarantee artists and authors theaters in which they can secure a dignified representation. Today an independent producer could not sign a reputable star without being able to guarantee him a reputable channel of release.

"Thus the independent movement must start from the source of the photoplay. With exhibitors organized, the photoplay could in every sense of the word be independent of Wall Street. And in no other way can the photoplay advance."

SORROW-BIRD
By BETTY EADE

Late I heard the night-wing sighing, sighing.
Slipping thru the dim leaves, slipping white
dew.

Petal you listened; turned then, crying,
And all because a hurt bird struck its harp
for you.

And all because a wild bird wanting, wanting—
Lonely for the lost mate only robins know,
Thru the halls of anguish haunting, haunting,
Opened up its sorrow-heart and sobbed for you.

Blindly then you clutched me, hoping, hoping—
Leaping into glad arms, weeping, too;
Dimly as the night-wind lips reached, groping—
Wistfully the bird went but we never knew.

IDEALS
By VERA MACBETH JONES

He unraveled the star-glow strands from the
fabric of a dream,
Where were woven Life's ideals, as to eyes
Youth they seem,
And removed its shimmering glory where
Silver sheet lights gleam.

And it mirrored Hearts redeemed from the
stain of worldly mass,
And the bubble myth of Gain that is blown
at Honor's loss; And Achievement's height that's reached in
the shadow of a cross.

But the pen was vitriol dipped that the critic
used to play,
And the mocking crowds but came to see a
visionary's play:
Yet among the throng that came to scoff three
remained to pray.

For the soul of a Scarlet Woman writhed at
the birth of shame,
And a Renegade of Honor felt the acid-scar
of blame;
While a Hopeless One glimpsed afar the glow
of hope's bright flame.

(Eighty-four)
PaflieiComedies

Harold Lloyd—From Coast to Coast the Trail of His Comedies is Swept With Gales of Laughter!

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"Lloyd is the chief bulwark of the Strand (New York) program this week in "An Eastern Westerner," a two-reel comedy," says Variety, a leading theatrical magazine. "In this laughing delight not a foot is wasted from start to finish. One laugh chases another constantly up the throat. In short this issue is a capper and should continue Mr. Lloyd on the pleasant trail of ten thousand weeks, which is understood to be his speed."

"Astonishingly fresh and diverting."—N. Y. Tribune.

"Lloyd made a hit."—N. Y. Globe.

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"The man who discovered Harold Lloyd deserves a vote of thanks."—Minneapolis Tribune.

What so many have found to be astonishingly clever and diverting is worthy of special effort on your part to see; ask the manager of your theatre the days on which he shows a Harold Lloyd!

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The airy globules are crisp and toasted. They taste like nut-meats puffed. The morsels seem like fairy foods, almost too good to eat.

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Serve with cream and sugar. Mix with your berries. Float in every bowl of milk. Crisp and douse with melted butter for hungry children in the afternoon.

They are nothing but grain foods. The nutty flavor comes from toasting. The flimsy texture comes from steam explosions. The delights are all due to scientific methods.

Serve morning, noon and night in summer, between meals and at bedtime. The more children eat the better. What other food compares with whole grains puffed?

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<tr>
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<th>Corn Puffs</th>
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<td>Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour</td>
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The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers 3367

“Bessie, Love” (Continued from page 17)

“It was fully a minute before I realized that he had never seen me before in his life.”

It will be noticed that Bessie Love talks more like a “fan” than an actress and so she impresses one. She is an actress, of course, and a very clever actress, but she is essentially a product of the screen. She has never been on the stage nor very closely connected with the stage in her life. She could, I think, be described as Griffithian, tho in her case the Griffith mannerisms are softened and changed by her own personality.

“I just wanted to go on the screen thru having seen so many moving pictures in company with my father,” (a Los Angeles physician), she said. “My mother wasn’t at all interested in pictures at that time; the photography was bad and the flickering figures hurt her eyes. But they interested my father, as they did me, and we went often.

“I hadn’t the least idea how to go about getting on the screen, and it didn’t occur to me that there should be any particular difficulty. I decided to go and ask Mr. Griffith for work. It didn’t occur to me that there would be anything unusual in my asking for Mr. Griffith personally. I thought that it was the thing to do.

“Mr. Woods told me a funny thing just a little while ago. He said that Mr. Griffith had started to leave the studio, but stopped when he saw me talking to the gateman. He knew by my manner that I wanted work. He gave orders that if I asked for him, I was to be admitted and then went back to his office and waited for me!”

So the little “fan” was featured in her first picture as a “Griffith find”; played opposite Bill Hart in her second picture, “The Aryan”; was with Douglas Fairbanks in her next two, “The Good-Bad Man” and “Reggie Mixes In,” and in her fifth picture, “Sister of Six,” became a star.

Now her own name of Juanita Horton is almost forgotten, even by those who gave it to her. If you were to meet Mrs. Horton, she would probably tell you that she is “Bessie Love’s” mother. Bessie Love is as much Bessie Love at home as she is on the screen.

She has no brothers nor sisters, is not married, and lives with her father and mother in a pretty bungalow in Laurel Canyon.

Of all her achievements, I think Bessie Love is most proud of having succeeded in graduating from the Los Angeles high school last year.

“I left school when I started to work with Mr. Griffith,” she said, “but I wanted to finish so dreadfully, that with all the work I had to do, I didn’t neglect a study. And so, last year, I was able to show that I had completed my entire course and, after passing my examinations, graduated with the class.”

And there you have Bessie Love, the girl Griffith waited for.
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The Photoplay of the Proletariat

(Continued from page 18)

His fellow workers laughed at his oddity and made sport of his ambitions. But Borzage was determined and he saved every cent with this end in view. An advertisement of a dramatic school in Salt Lake City lured him to its doors and, when the man who conducted it told him that he was about to take all his pupils on tour, Borzage fell into the trap with enthusiasm.

"My mother wept, as all mothers do," said Borzage, reminiscently, "and my father was quite furious—but I went. At that dad came to the train and, as I boarded it, slipped a roll of money—fifty dollars—into my hand. When you stop to consider what fifty dollars meant to him, you can realize his sacrifice for something he could not understand.

"Of course, the company went broke, altho the manager borrowed my fifty. I had just enough money to get home and, without letting my father know, I slipped into my old bed.

"Early the next morning father pounded upon my door. I pretended to be asleep, but dad rattled my bed. 'I just got home,' said I, sitting up and rubbing my eyes. 'Yeh,' growled father. 'Get up! It's seven o'clock—time to go to work!' So I went back to mixing mortar.

"How the men did kid me! No gentle lidding, either. But I saved up again and tried another company. This time we stranded in Montana. I was broke and nearly starved to death. Finally a man gave me a job on a railroad grading gang in the hills, and that put me upon my feet. I went back to the stage and worked in endless stock companies, playing character parts—all sorts of roles, big and small. Eventually I landed in Los Angeles.

"I went to Thomas Ince—and, right here, I want to say that I owe everything to him. He looked at me and said, 'I'll put you on salary at twenty-five a week until I can find a leading man's part for you.' But I'm not a leading man,' I answered; 'I play character roles.' 'All wrong,' said Ince. 'You'll be a lead from now on.' And he made good, giving me my first film role in The Wrath of the Gods with Sessue Hayakawa and Tsuru Aoki. 'I went on and on from that point. I gained a lot of screen experience in acting. I went cone-directing, combining acting and directing, and went to the American studios. Then back with Ince at Triangle and next to doing specials for state rating. I tried to keep on acting and directing, but I finally realized that I couldn't do both—and do them well. So I decided that directing meant more to me. 'Humoresque' gave me my opportunity, that's all.

Some confusion exists regarding 'Humoresque.' The story of the New York Chetto, as written by Edna Ferber, ended with the departure of the young musician for France. Borzage wrote the screen story as it stands, altho it originally had a different ending. The genius of the violin returned with an artificial hand in the original celluloid version and the tale worked to an unusual climax. But the celluloid powers that be changed the story to its present "happy" dénouement.

Borzage's future will be a matter of distinct interest to the world of the cinema. "I intend to do stories of the people," he says. "I know the folk who go to motion pictures are interested most of all in the problems, the joys and the sorrows of their own daily life, and I hope to bring to the films a reflection of all this.

"Of one thing I am sure—the photoplay has been too far from the realities of life. Screen people haven't breathed with life. Their film experiences have been false and artificial adventures. I want to go beneath the surface of things. I think the photoplay of tomorrow lies in that direction."

Borzage speaks with sincerity. There is nothing of the artificial about him. The rugged directness which carried him from the Utah mines to success has not been lost in transit. He knows life and, unless something unforeseen shifts him from his course, he is going to bring it to the screen.

We asked Borzage about his dad. "What does he think of it all?" we queried.

The director laughed. "I guess it puzzles him. But he is happy, for I have the whole family comfortably fixed out in California. I guess he simply sits—and wonders."

"My Irish Molly-O"

(Continued from page 60)

after all. A psychologist might say that in all probability the color combination of French grey and flame expresses her nature; that she would incline to extremes of seriousness and gaiety. However that may be, she has plenty of Irish luck and Irish luck to carry her thru to the top o' the world."

Molly Malone was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1897.

"But I dont remember much about Denver," she said. The most vivid recollection of her childhood is of a visit she and her mother made to her uncle, who is chief metallurgist of the Van Ryn gold mine in South Africa. This was when she was about eleven years old. She was there for a year, and then her mother brought her to Los Angeles and she was given her first protracted taste of the discipline of school. Naturally, she didn't like it.

"I hated arithmetic and I was always wanting to do something differently from the way in which I was told to do it." So it was that as a student at Polytechnic High School she took six art periods and made up her mind to become an actress.

One day she was at the Vitagraph studio, talking with another girl who, like herself, was applying for work, when a man high in authority saw her and or-

(Continued on page 90)
Popularity Contest Awards

FIRST PRIZE
Crescent Phonograph, piano mahogany finish (value $125). Plays all makers of disc records: Victor, Columbia, Pathé, Edison, Emerson, etc., without the use of extra attachments or intricate adjustments; a simple turn of the sound-box is all that is necessary in changing from a lateral cut record to playing a hill and dale cut record.

The tone of the Crescent is full, round, deep and mellow. It has a large compartment for records.

SECOND PRIZE
Movette Camera and three packages of films (value $65). Compact, light, efficient, easily operated. A priceless record of your life.

THIRD PRIZE
Corona Typewriter with case (value $50); an all-round portable typewriter, light enough and small enough to be carried anywhere, and strong enough to stand any possible condition of travel. Fold it up and take it with you anywhere.

FOURTH PRIZE
Sheaffer "Girtie" Combination Set, consisting of a Sheaffer Fountain Pen and a Sheaffer Sharp Point Pencil, in a handsome plumb-lined box. Gold filled, nickel plated.

A beautiful and perfect writing instrument.

FIFTH PRIZE
Bristol steel Casting Rod game pole, cork grip, strong split-line. Packed in linen case. Can be easily put in traveling bag.

SIXTH PRIZE
Loothine Safety Self-Filling Fountain Pen. No extensions to remember, no locks to forget.

SEVENTH PRIZE
Gold-Filled, handsomely finished in nickel plate with three compartments. Alternating current. Excellent for massage. Use it in your own home.

EIGHTH PRIZE
Same as Seventh Prize.

NINTH PRIZE
Marble nickel-plated pocket axe of tool steel, carefully tempered and sharpened. Indispensable in camp or woods.
“My Irish Molly-O”  
(Continued from page 88)  

dered that a test be made of her. Her  
loveliness photographed perfectly and  
she was given a leading part in a picture,  
with a promise of a big contract if she  
should make good.  

(Yes, I know you have read that para-  
graph before. As a rule, it would go on  
to say that she was a success from her  
first moment before the camera.) But  
Molly Malone was not a success. On  
the contrary, she did what ninety-nine out  
of a hundred girls would do when sud-  
denly placed in a leading part without  
previous training. She very humbly and  
naturally tried. (As a rule, the stories  
of girls who become famous “overnight”  
are only half truths. If you look into  
the facts deeply enough, you will gener-  
ally find that months—perhaps years—of  
training have gone into the making of  
that “sudden” fame.)  

“After that,” said Molly Malone, “I  
went back to school again.”  

We sat on a chaise lounge with our  
feet tucked under us and a box of sweets  
conveniently within reach.  

“My next attempt to go on the screen,”  
she said, taking another piece of candy,  
“was at the very bottom of the ladder. I  
got into Lasky’s and just stayed around  
there, doing nothing in particular for  
eight months. I wasn’t given a part  
there at all. Then I played leading parts  
at Universal City.” (Among others, for  
George Cochrane and Harry Carey.)  

“I love drama and I want to go back  
to it some time. But, I realize how  
much the comedy training means. It  
gives you lightness, don’t you think?”  

She was quite serious. I, for one, expect  
to see her follow in the path of many  
another comedy favorite as, for instance,  
Betty Compson, Alice Lake and Gloria  
Swanson.  

After leaving Universal, she played  
leading parts for the late “Smiling Billy”  
Parsons. Like Alice Lake, she was lead-  
ing woman for Roscoe Arbuckle—“The  
Haysseed” and “The Garage” are two of  
the pictures that come most readily to  
mind—and she is being considered in  
Supreme Comedies, the first three being  
“Molly’s Millions,” “Molly’s Mumps” and  
“Artistic Temperament.” A fourth had  
not, at this writing, been named.  

I think I should have forgotten how  
very little and childish she looked if it  
had not been for an accident which might  
have come out of one of her own com-  
edies. On the day I saw her, she and her  
mother had just moved back to the court  
from Venice, where they had spent the  
summer. They had been unable to get  
the same cottage that they had last  
winter, and among other things wrong  
with the one they did get was the tele-  
phone, which was much, much too high  
for Molly to reach. It ran just as I  
was leaving, and her mother, who had  
answered it, called, “This is for you,  
Molly,” and hastily pushed a little box  
underneath for her to stand on. But  
the box wasn’t strong enough and Molly  
went thru it, skinning her nose on the  
edge of the ‘phone as she fell.
The Celluloid Critic
(Continued from page 45)
make his fortune. Two years later finds him still the thirteenth clerk in the em-
ploy of a prosperous firm. Homer de-
cides not to wait for future success, but
to go back to Mainesville with his three
dollars savings for a vacation. He elec-
trifies the old town into believing him a
millionaire by indulging in all sorts of
extravagances, from engaging the vil-
lage taxi for two weeks to occupying
his hotel suite. And, of course, he hits upon an idea which brings him
to sudden success and wins the vil-
lage belle away from the hotel owner's
surly son.
Mr. Ray invests the rôle with a hun-
dred and one subtle touches of humor
and humanness. Between Mr. Ray and
Jerome Storm's direction, "Homer Comes
Home" becomes decidedly likable.
In his classic Harris Haddon Chambers' "Passers-By" (Pathé), J. Stuart Blackton does two things better than he has ever done before. He catches the damp greyness of the foggy London streets better than he has ever captured any photoplay atmosphere be-
fore. And his camera work is better,
frequently being finely artistic. But it seems as if we note whole hearted in this moving drama of Chambers, in which a young bachelor invites three
passers-by into his rooms out of a
storm—and finds one of them to be his
sweetheart of years before. "Passers-
By" is not especially well cast, William
J. Ferguson, the sterling old character
comedian, simply running away with the
film as a whimsical old rogue of a valet.
Tom Moore gives a likeable celluloid
performance in Ben Ames Williams' "The
Great Accident," (Goldwyn). Moore
plays a harum-scarum youth who is
finally awakened when the great acci-
dent comes—i.e., when he is elected
mayor of his town as a practical joke.
The action moves thru a series of fear-
fully trite melodramatic incidents, but
Moore maintains a certain interest. Jane
Novak is an effective heroine.
Married Life" (First National), is a
five-reel Mack Sennett farce done in the
broadsheet slapstick fashion. We admit
our liking for two-reel Sennets, but, in
truth, this five-reeler bored us, altho
there are many ingeniously devised
laughs. "Married Life" is described as
a domestic satire, but in reality it merely
relates the episodic adventures of "a
man's man," played by the slant-eyed
Ben Turpin. The thing is ridiculously
amusing—at times. But two reels is
enough of this sort of thing.
Douglas MacLean and Doris May
have yet to duplicate their little comedy
classic, "23½ Hours' Leave." Their lat-
est, "Let's Be Fashionable," is a mild
comedy revolving around the efforts of
a loving young couple to ape the domestic
indifference of their suburban colony,
where every hubby is faithful to a wife—
of someone else's. You will find "Let's
Be Fashionable" fairly entertaining—and
little more.

To our way of thinking, Wanda Haw-
ley got off to a bad stellar start with
"Miss Hobbs," (Realart), remotely
based upon the old Jerome K. Jerome
comedy. It is the much-used idea of the
fair man-hater who is eventually won
ever to love. Here Miss Hobbs gives
herself a big hand in the dancing of the
morning dew, futuristic bungalows and
mannish garb, until the piano-tuner, alias
a rich youth in disguise, appears on the
horizon. Then fads are forgotten.
"Miss Hobbs" is piling stuff. More-
over, it forces the gently pretty Miss
Hawley into an affected, unreal and even
un sympathetic rôle for her starring
work. We thought Donald Crisp's direc-
tion rather unimaginative.

Photoplasmic Peregrinations
(Continued from page 57)
Here is a little incident that may illu-
minate you regarding one man who has
been for many years the idol of screen
fans the world over—Hobart Bosworth.
You remember, of course, his immortal
characterization of Jack London's "Sea
Wolf"—in the original production, of
course—and I am sure those of you who
saw him in "Behind the Door" will never
forget his vivid portrayal of Krug.
Hobart, good fellow that he is, drove
over to a little restaurant in Hollywood
the other day; he was in his overalls, be-
grimed and greasy, for he had been in-
ingering with his new machine. After
ordering breakfast, he was addressed by
the proprietor of the place, who evidently
did not recognize in Bosworth the fa-
vorite of millions of moving picturegoers.
"Want to make a little extra change?"
asked the restaurateur.
"What doing?" smiled Hobart.
"Well," the man explained, "I have a
leaky pipe in my cellar that needs repair-
ing. It will only take a few minutes to
fix it. I'll take you down right after
breakfast and show it to you."
Henry Kolker, the director, happened
to be passing Hobart's table and ex-
plained to the cafe owner that he was
talking to Hobart Bosworth, the famous
actor.
"My Lord!" ejaculated the fellow.
"How could I tell?" pointing to Bos-
worth's overalls.
"Don't you see the beautiful car out
there?" said Mr. Kolker. "That belongs
to—"
"Oh, well!" interrupted the abashed
proprietor. "Most every plumber has a
swell car these days, but, of course, if
Mr. Bosworth isn't a plumber, I won't
bother him any more about my pipe."
"Don't you believe it," roared Hobart,
thoroughly enjoying the situation. "I work
just as hard in my profession as any
plumber, even if I don't make so much
money as some of them. Come on, now!
Show me that pipe!"
And, would you believe it, here was
this great actor voluntarily playing
plumber, with the help of Mr. Kolker
and the restaurant man! And I under-
stand he fixed the pipe just as well as
any professional could have, too!
of his coming, or even to notice when he stood, dangerous as a taut trigger, upon the threshold. One, a smallish, stoutish man with a limp, uncurling jauntiness about him, had his hands on Eve's shoulders while he spoke down into her terror-twisted face gloatingly. "So you pretend you don't remember me, eh? Of course, a husband can't expect his wife—"

Eve screamed again. "'Wife!' she cried in a suffocated tone, like one coming out of ether. 'Wife! There was a man once called me that! I don't want to remember that!"

She tried to break away and run to him, and, turning, they looked into the muzzles of his leveled revolver and into two eyes loaded with trouble. The man holding Eve was disconcerted, but he did not release her. "I beg your pardon," he began, elaborately sarcastic, "if I'm intruding, but you see this lady you have been entertaining happens to be my wife. I am Henry Smith, and I happened on the morning of the day my machine broke a wing-brace and threw me into the ocean. A tramp coaster picked me up. It was bound for South America, and didn't boast a wireless. There was a revolution when we arrived, and for one reason and another, I was not able to make a search for Eve until very lately."

There was the ring of truth in his words; even Richard, hating him as he did, had to admit that. His revolver wavered, dropped to his side. He looked at Eve and she saw farewell in his gaze.

"Her father is waiting on my yacht yonder," the suave voice continued, enjoyingly. "Perhaps you will allow me to take my wife with me. We are very grateful, of course, for any services you may have rendered her, but a stranger's claims—"

"A stranger's!" Eve had torn herself free at last and stood by Richard Bedell's side, soft young bosom heaving. "Never! Something has happened—like waking out of a happy dream. I had forgotten—but now I remember everything! I remember that I wanted to die rather than be your wife! I even remember things that I dreamed these last months—and the man who did these things, kind, wonderful, tender things, is not a stranger! Oh, Dickie! Dickie! Why did I have to wake up?" She leaned to him, desolately, and very gently he patted her bowed head.

"He is right, I suppose," he said slowly: "he has the law and convention and all the vulgar habits of mankind on his side. I cant ask you to defy the whole world, Eve. There is nothing between us except—everything!"

They went out of the hut and to the cliff's edge, Richard walking beside the girl, who wept in long, silent sobs, but made no further plea. It was as tho the two were caught in the inexorable grip of some senseless but terribly powerful machine called civilization and felt themselves whirled into its crushing maw, helpless to save themselves. Henri Caron, watching the way her slender body leaned to the tall, straight figure at her side, thinking perhaps how she sheltered him, touched, felt himself swept by the bitter jest jealousy known to jealous mankind, that of the going for the coming, that of tired age for youth that can still feel and thrill, of surfeit for the old, undimmed wonder of desiring.

On the edge of the cliff, where Richard had cut a steep, ladder-like flight of steps down to the beach far below, he broke his lifelong habit and let his emotions control his will. Shaking with baffled fury at the savoredlessness of his triumph, he sprang to Eve's side and brutally flung her away from the other man. "If I thought—" he panted; "she seems infernally sorry to leave—if I thought—"

"I advise you," Richard spoke levelly, "not to think. All men aren't like yourself, Dickie. I knew even he whose notion of love might interpose itself like a drawn sword between his baser self and the dear honor of the woman he loved."

"A likely tale!" shrieked Caron, and lunged at him, blind with hate. The earth crumbled under his heel; for a single instant he reeled against the sky, clutching frenziedly at nothing, then pitched backward and was gone. Richard motioned the other man, a common seaman, toward Eve. "Take care of her," he directed briefly, and let himself down upon the stone ladder. When, long moments later, he reappeared, he spoke quietly. "There is nothing that can be done for him. Row out to the yacht at once and bring the others." Explain how Caron met his death. Tell her father that Mrs. Caron is here, safe and well."

Side by side they waited, while the sound of oars melted into the eternal monotone of the sea, while the stars faded and the east grew pale. They did not speak. There are things that can be said better without words.

Morning grew luminous all about them; the little, low sun had tips of flame. "Eve," the man said, at length, with a deep tremble in his voice and a deep awe, "Eve! Eve!"

"My man," she answered, and her voice was like a muted string. Below, across the morning sea a little boat raced fussily toward the shore, its motor barking like the voice of Custom baying at the Cosmos. But they did not hear or see. They rose and stood against the golden glory of the sky, alone in the universe.

"You have lost me three times, Dickie," she reminded him, tenderly chiding. "you wont let them take me away now?"

"Not even God could take you away from me now!" he cried, with the splendid insolence of young love, "not Life nor Death or any creature. I looked down at her, the new, strong lines of patience cutting deep down about his mouth."

(Ninety-two)
The Anniversary Number of Shadowland

The September issue of Shadowland is the anniversary number of this magazine. It is just one year old—merely an infant in arms as yet—but showing symptoms of prodigious strength and growing ability.

To show our gratitude for the many kindnesses received at the hands of our friends and readers, we have made this anniversary number the best and most beautiful one yet issued.

We have a story on the new Russian ballet by Oliver M. Sayler who has written several well-known books on the subject.

We have a humorous satire on the movies by the popular writer, Benjamin de Casseres; We have a prophetic forecast of the coming theater season; articles of unusual merit by Louis Raymond Reid, Frederick James Smith, Lisa Ysaye Tarleau, and other well-known writers;—the pictures have never been equalled; the color-photographs are of such beauty that you will have them framed,—and all in all, the September number will be one that you will read—and read again.

SHADOWLAND
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

Let Me Prove I Teach Piano
In Quarter Usual Time

Write for my free booklet, Ask for the names and addresses of accomplished players of piano or organ near you who obtained their entire training from me by mail. I have students in all parts of the world and scores in every state in the Union.

Although my way of teaching was laughed at when I first started in 1891, yet I now have far more students than were ever before taught by one man. Could I have made my way up against prejudice like this, year after year, for six or a quarter of a century, unless my method possessed REAL MERIT?

I’ll teach you piano in quarter the usual time and at quarter the usual cost. If you have not previously heard of my method this may seem like a pretty bold statement. But I will soon prove to you that it is not in any way exaggerated if you’ll simply send me your name and address on the coupon below.

My way of teaching piano or organ is entirely different from all others. Out of every four hours of study, one hour is spent entirely away from the keyboard—learning something about Harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to many teachers of the "night-school," who still think that learning piano is purely a problem of "finger gymnastics." When you go to the keyboard, you accomplish twice as much, because you understand what you are doing. Studying this way is a pleasure.

Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in all other keys as well.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are entirely unknown to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, saves away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its aid, Transposition—usually a "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating.

With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. You actually see the fingers move. Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot be always accurate—

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The Metro studio, like an extremely hardy weed, has grown and grown. Its roots stretch over acres and acres of dissimilar architecture. The newest sprout is its section of office buildings and dressing-rooms, which boast a fresh coat of white paint.

On the stage, I followed my ears instead of my nose, and by the wall of a violin found myself in a Klieg-lighted scenic hallway, where Winfred Greenwood, wearing a lovely clinging frock of dark blue beaded georgette, was “emoting” under the tutelage of Phil Rosen for a scene in “Are All Men Alfie?”

May Allison’s new starring picture.

Miss Allison, who is the most beloved person about the studio because of her cheerful disposition and her kindness to everyone, which extends even to the smallest extra and the studio dog, was removing her grease-paint in her ivory-and-blue dressing-room preparatory to departing to her beautiful new home in Beverly Hills.

Here I met Viola Dana for the first time—and if anyone can meet that tiny cut-up and not fall irresponsibly in love with her, I'd like to hear about it.

Miss Dana is about five feet tall—in her French heels—and the most irresponsible, mischievous, pert, tomboyish ticket I have ever seen. She was wearing a heavenly evening frock of jade-green velvet combined with green-and-gold brocade. She couldn’t resist spreading her trim little feet apart and dancing around to show me the pantaloon effect of the skirt as she pirouetted about; her bobbed locks flying, her rounded shoulders and small feet jasping, she reminded me of nothing in the world so much as a naughty little boy dressed up in sister’s best dress.

She told me, with a wave of her delectable arm, “I’ve been made up like this for the last three hours—supposed to start my new picture, ‘Blackmail’—and now they send ‘round word that they won’t need me today, I can go home—fine stuff, I’ll say!”

I called her attention to a new joke sprung recently by Roscoe Arbuckle when he was watching Lieutenant Locklear, noted airman, do his famous flying stunts above the Lasky studio.

“My word! How does he do it?" cried a lady visitor.

"Why," remarked "Patty," "Locklear wasn’t born! He was hatched!”

At my recital, Viola dramatically placed a hand over her heart.

"My word!" she said. "I get a real thrill every time I hear his name."

Miss Dana, you know, spends most of her spare time in the air with Lieutenant Locklear.

The Brunton studios are practically a gold mine these days. Because of their tremendous size and excellent facilities for making pictures, each new company that is formed trots over to Mr. Robert Brunton and rents space, offices, equipment.

Pacific Coast Paragraphs
(Continued from page 62)

The Brunton studios, which can handle smaller projects, is building a new studio which will be available soon. Here Mary Pickford makes her pictures—and I walked down the street which was built for "The Hoodlum"—remember, East Side, New York? It was silent and we- bergaged with dust and deserted—it seemed sad that its usefulnes was over and that the pusses who played down its alleys had long since departed.

Just around the corner from this deserted section I bumped into a street of Old Mexico—here gregy Mexicans, the real article, were playing Black Jack, or some game with cards, while they waited to be called to take part in Brunton’s new serial, “Double Adventure.”

A little farther on I was introduced to Josie Sedgwick. You will remember her principally for her splendid work opposite Will Rogers in “Jubilo.” Miss Sedgwick is a remarkable woman. One reason is that she doesn’t like to be called Josephine, her real name, but prefers the simpler one of Josie; another is that when I asked her about this new serial in which she is playing the lead, she said, “It’s ‘M’!”—to which I said, “I know!”

Miss Sedgwick admits that she is happy—contented! She enjoys acting in serials as well as in feature pictures, because she loves her work. She played also in the Jack Dempsey serial and praised him in glowing terms.

“He is a splendid fellow—every way,” she said.

On the Brunton stage, which boasts a surface of 39,000 square feet, scenes were being shot of Roy Stewart and George Fisher for “The Devil to Pay,” Brunton’s initial all-star production. Contrary to my expectations, Roy Stewart appeared to belong not at all to the wild West, but rather to the effete East. I can imagine him tea-ing at the Ritzy much more easily than parading the plains.

The greatest activity and expectation was being exercised over a set which prepares a year for Marion Davies, who is expected out here to film her next special feature, “Buried Treasure,” for Cosmopolitan Productions.

Here also the famous Mayflower pictures are being filmed. It was here that the last scenes for Robert Chambers’ story, “Athalie,” were shot, Syd Franklin’s special production, which has Rosemary Theby and Norman Kerry in the cast.

Speaking of the handsome Norman—he recently married an extremely charming Western heiress and is busy at present honeymooning. Nobody knows when he will return to work.

Betty Compton, who scored such a tremendous hit in “The Miracle Man,” has completed her first starring picture, which will be released this fall. Miss Compton plans to do six or eight pictures a year and her ambition is to have each screen play present a girl of abso- lutely different character.
The Motion Picture Magazine
For OCTOBER
BIGGER—
BETTER—
BRIGHTER—

than ever, the October issue of the Motion Picture Magazine will greet you, on the first day of September, with a grin of pride in its own merit, which will just border on the smirk of complacency. You're sceptical?

Well, as a teaser to your imagination, we want to tell you of a few things which will be in this boasting number:

Judging from the number of ex-bathing beauties who have developed into stars of the celluloid drama, it seems that salt-water comedy training, as studied under the tutelage of Mack Sennett, fits one perfectly for the more warmly clad rendition of drama. Like Gloria Swanson, Bebe Daniels et al., Mary Thurman has followed the instructions of Mr. Sennett—and now look at her. In the story which Hazel Simpson Naylor writes of Mary, we learn a good deal about the refining process of the beach.

The much-admired Rudyard Kipling once quoted, very sententiously, that the East was the East and the West was the West—and the two could never have anything in common. Well, just the other day Arthur Whiteley Fletcher decided to find out for himself how much significance lay in the Kipling remark—and returned with a story of an interview she had with Sessue Hayakawa—and all we shall say about it is that it is in the October issue of the Magazine.

The popular Irene Castle talks to Gladys Hall and Gladys tells you what she had to say in a very amusingly-written interview, illustrated with some beautiful portraits of the well-known dancer.

Girls, watch out for this number! Why? Because—Maude S. Cheatham, one of our coast correspondents, has cornered the heart-thrilling Wallie Reid in his own home, and in a very much-at-home mood.

There's a fictionization of "The Mollycoddle," Douglas Fairbanks' latest picture; there's new gossip of the players, new pictures, and, in other words—the October issue of The Motion Picture Magazine is a sure winner.

Order your copy in advance.

The Motion Picture Magazine
175 Duffield St. BROOKLYN, N. Y.
Temperamental Una
(Continued from page 59)

"Well, she just wouldn't see, insisting that I had disgraced the family and feeling that in some way she had been to blame—my father was no longer living—and so she came over to New York and took me home. Then began a series of arguments, but when she did at last realize that she could never turn me from my purpose, mother proved what a game sport she was by taking me back to Sioux City herself.

They gave me a hearty welcome and in a short time the audiences sent in petitions of Bay Wings, and I was there eight months and we put on a new play each week. Work! I slaved, and how that manager coached and drilled me for hours and hours. You see, I had really had so little experience and knew absolutely nothing about dramatic technique.

Una Trevelyn is a striking-looking girl, with very fair skin, blonde hair, and expressive eyes. She is slight, almost fragile, and one wonders where she keeps her all-indomitable spirit.

"Pictures? Oh, I just happened into them," and Miss Trevelyn grew thoughtful. "I had been with A. H. Woods for two years, playing the leading roles in 'Common Clay' and 'Cheating Cheaters' on tour, and was called to New York to be starred where I reached there I was a wreck, weighing only ninety-six pounds. The doctors decreed that I must go West immediately. That was a year ago, and I came to Los Angeles, where I gained from the first moment. I really that I must Mabel Normand a few weeks later, and she gasped, 'I heard you were dying! Why, you look fine!'

The big interest in her life is her twelve-year-old nephew, Everett, from whom she legally adopted four years ago when her mother, who had been the child's guardian, became seriously ill.

"When the courts gave him to me," Una spoke solemnly, "I mentally folded him in my arms and claimed him for my own—somehow I feel that my sister knows how dearly I love him. I have suffered for him, too; perhaps that is one reason, for of course, when he was four he was terribly burned, and I gave my own skin to be grafted on his leg, which saved it."

Everett is with her in Los Angeles and is a student at the Harvard Military School, and when her mother comes out this summer, she is planning to select a site and build a home. She wants a hillside, with winding roads, many flowering and tall trees for the mocking-birds to make their nests.

Miss Trevelyn is an expert golfer, having won the woman's Eastern championship four years ago at the Seacliff Club, Atlantic City, where the Trevelyns have a summer home. Theo she seldom plays, she can still make a splendid record. She is a motor enthusiast and her greatest little recreation is buying cars; she has had half a dozen during the past year.

The Home Stretch!
(Continued from page 47)

cause a flutter not only among the speculators of the contest, but also among the stars who have been occupying their celestial homes on the silversheet for some time.

We begin with:

Miss Juliette Compton, of 340 West 85th Street, New York City. She is a member of the 'What's In a Name?' company, Lyric Theater, and a Southernner by birth. Miss Compton is very unusual to look at. She has black hair, grey eyes and fair complexion.

A blonde, Miss Gladys Stetson, of 404 DeKalb Avenue. She is an eccentric dancer of no mean ability, having appeared with *Hitchy Koo,* and is the possessor of a pair of brown eyes, a mass of brown hair and a fair complexion.

The little blonde Westerner is Miss Al- lene Ray, of 2248 River Avenue, San Antonio, Texas. She has had some musical comedy experience as well as some screen experience. She has hazel eyes, golden blonde hair and fair skin.

Miss Mary Louise Lizare, of 502 W. Washington Street, Sandusky, Ohio, has never had any previous stage experience. She is a brunette with the brownest of eyes and the brownest of hair and a fair skin.

Altho we have never heard of Valiant, Oklahoma, we herewith wish to state that our ignorance is of much deeper import than we had thought, for from Valiant comes little Helen Trigg, who, while she has never had any stage or screen experience, is a contestant who causes one to sit up and take notice. Miss Trigg is a brunette with brown hair and large brown eyes that look out on a very pleased recipient, the world.

Miss Evelyn Yvonne Hughes, of 2916 Shady Avenue, McKeensport, Pa., is another honor roll member who bids fair to put up a good argument for the final honor awards. She has never been on the stage or screen, but a girl with blue-grey eyes, chestnut hair and fair complexion, who wants anything—stands a good chance of getting it.

From the sunny skies of California—or, to be more explicit and less poetical, from 141 West 45th Street, Los Angeles—comes this photograph of Miss Esther Marie Ritter, who desires motion picture fame and fortune. Miss Ritter has had no former stage or screen experience and is a brunette of the "Nut-Brown Maid" type, with black hair, olive skin and dark-brown eyes.

SAVAGE
By Barbara Hollis

You rescued me from the dust of the road
With your eyes so wise;
You eased my poor heart when the weight of
its load
Was most trying.

The road was a furnace a moment or two—
Then died after all, as all roads must do;
But love is immortal, and ever in you
My heart shall find rest—make its final abode:
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Ethel Clayton in
"A City Sparrow"
Ethel Clayton in
"Sins of Rosanne"
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"Humoresque"
A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Restless Sex"
Dorothy Dalton in
"Half An Hour"
Dorothy Dalton in
"A Romantic Adventure"
Cecil B. DeMille's Production
"Something to Think About"
Elsie Ferguson in
"Lady Rose's Daughter"
George Fitzmaurice's Production
"Idols of Clay"
George Fitzmaurice's Production
"The Right To Love"
Dorothy Gish in
"Little Miss Rebellion"
William S. Hart in
"The Cradle of Courage"
A Wm. S. Hart Production
*Douglas McLean in
"The Jailbird"
Thomas Meighan in
"Civilian Clothes"
George H. Melford's Production
"Behold My Wife!"
An All-Star Production
"Held By the Enemy"
*Charles Ray in
"An Old Fashioned Boy"
*Charles Ray in
"The Village Sleuth"
Wallace Reid in
"Temporarily Affairs" ("Always Audacious")
Wallace Reid in
"What's Your Hurry?"
Maurice Tourneur's Production
"Deep Waters"
Bryant Washburn in
"Burglar Proof"
Bryant Washburn in
"A Full House"

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CONTENTS OF

PICTURE CLASSIC

Vol. XI OCTOBER, 1920

No. 2

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Planted by Leo Slezak, Jr.

Louise Huff has long held a corner of the world of the moving picture world. She is a Southern girl by birth and came North to go on the stage. After three years of dramatic work she decided to go into pictures and joined the old Loew company, with whom she soon became leading lady.

She has since been starred by several companies and was a popular member of the Famous Players-Lasky Company forces. With her light, flirty face, her soulful eyes, and her youthful talent, she is one of the most promising personalities.

Rotogravure Gallery of Players. Full-page studies of

Richard Barthelmess, J. W. Johnston, Thomas

Holding, Marie Prevost, and Betty Blythe.

Carol and Her Car. The Griffith find, Carol Dempster, and her newest hobby.

That Youth from Second Avenue. Vincent Coleman

in a Broadway in one leap.

American Royalty Abroad. Mary and Doug in Europe.

How Young is Anne? If a woman is as old as she looks, Anne Cornell should still be "playing

Truman B. Handy.

In the Summer Revue. New York's dramatic refreshments for the hot-weather spell.

This, That and the Other Thing. Otherwise an interview with Bert Lytell.

Way Down East. Interesting fictionization of the

Griffith celluloid sensation of the year.

Mr. Teale on Ambition. Conway plays a strong role as the ambitious ruler of stars.

They Aren't Satisfied with the Pacific. Two Mack Sennett stars prefer marble pools.

Screen Impressions. Letter of a Leading Man to His Interviewer. The interview different—with Charles Meredith.

A Grown-Up Ingenue. Showing that as Betty Boulton—from the "cute" stage.

Parlor, Bedroom and Bath. The successful screen comedy hit told in story form.

Autumn à la Sennett. And They All Wept! Full many a tear was shed when

Richard Barthelmess married little Mary Hly.

The Celluloid Critic. The month's best photoplays in

Frederick James Smith.

The Convictions of Conrad. Mr. Nagle stalks the interviewer with his serious viewpoint on life.

Mr. Teale on Ambition. Conway plays a strong role as the ambitious ruler of stars.

Elizabeth Pelletri.

The Glass of Youth. Otherwise Gaston Glass, a French youth who at present stands in the limelight.

OPA Shaw.

Her First Interview. The very first time that Viora

Daniels ever faced an interviewer.

Mande Cahatn.

Athabas. Absorbing story version of the Mayflower

photoplay—Dorothy Donnell.

The Coming Collier. The serious-minded offspring of

William Collier tells of his ambitions.

C. Blythe Shortood.

Double Exposures

Conducted by F. J. S.

The Movie Encyclopedia. The Answer Man

84

This magazine, published monthly, comes out on the 15th. Its editor, the Motion Picture Magazine, comes out on the first of every month. Shadowland appears on the 23rd of each month.
Stage Plays That Are Worth While

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.)


Bijou.—"The Charm School." An appealing light comedy with music, based upon the famous Duke Miller book. Betty Hoehner inherits a young ladies' finishing school. Minnie Dupree runs away with the production as an old maid, and while James Sam Hardy and Marie Carroll are effective.

Broadhurst.—"Come, Sir." Amusing adaptation of the October Roy Roscoe negro stories which have been appearing in The Saturday Evening Post. All the characters are negroes played by white players. Scant of little depth. Arthur Lake is excellent as a shiftless darky. Gail Kane and Earle Fox play the colored lovers.


Cohan and Harris.—"Honey Girl." Lively musical comedy built about the brisk race-track comedy, "The Finish." To the tunes of speed and humor—well, as good as it can be expected.

Cohan.—"William Rock's "Silks and Satins." Another summer revue, but it will even appeal to the business man. Ernestine Myres, the dancer, stands out.

Curt.—"Abraham Lincoln." You could see this if you were in New York stage. John Drinkwater's play is a noteworthy literary and dramatic achievement, for he makes the Great American alive again. "Abraham" based upon the "Lincoln" of Collier, a shiftless darky. Gail Kane and Earle Fox play the colored lovers.

Globe.—"George White's Scandals of 1920." Lively and well thought out summer revue with lavish and swiftly changing scenes, plus many pretty girls. Paint succeeds stockings and tights in several numbers. Pennington is the star act. "Joe Yellow." Revue.

Cassino.—"LaCasse." A charming and pleasantly tuneful musical comedy of Spanish land and love. It cannot fail to make you a better American. Moreover, it is absorbing as a play. Frank McGlynn is a brilliant Lincoln. Fultoff.—"Scandals of 1919." Another typical farce built on a series of misunderstandings, a divorced couple try to hide their first wedding from their new marriage alliances. Rather light and amusing. Roland Young is excellent.

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Theatre Magazine.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair." A hit drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skillfully written by James Forbes, with musical playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margalo Gilmore.

Little.—"Foot-Loose," with Emily Stevens, Norman Trevor and George Lindsley. Joe Atkins dances. Dorothy Dickson and Carl Hyson contribute some delightful dance interludes.

Amsterdam Roof—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revue. Colorful entertainments. Clever arrangements with dance and music.

Amsterdam Roof—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revue. Colorful entertainments. Clever arrangements with dance and music.

Theater Guild.—This year this series is based upon the fairy adventures of Cinderella. A mass of music, attractive costumes and a little humor. Supersbly acted by the best ensemble in New York.

The Hotspot," withville Collier. Typical onomatopoeic fare with the inimitable farceur, Collier, at his best. Full of laughs.

Floradora.—The much-heralded revival of the widely popular French-French farce. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Harris' comic divining is inimitable. There is the famous "sextette." Here is a revival that really reives.

Pleasure.—A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire. Helen MacKellar is admirable as the piquant French-Canadian heroine.

The Fall and Rise of Susan Lenox.—Weak adaptation of the great Graham Phillips novel. Alna Tell in the stern rôle of Susan Lenox. Hamilton's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen. Frances Larrimore and Charles Cherry have the leading roles in the excellent football production.

As You Were," with Irene Bordoni and Dick Barker. A delightful musical show in which Miss Bordoni plays all the variations of the past thirty years.

"The Purple Mask," with Leo Ditrichstein. A stirring, romantic operetta of the days of the old West. Colorful and highly interesting. One of the best evening's entertainments of the season. Mr. Ditrichstein is delightful as a woody of the old West, and Mrs. Lenox is a good girl stand out.

The Sign on the Door."—A very good melo-drama which boasts many instances of the unexpected—and Marjorie Rambeau in highly emotional rôle.

"Look Who's Here," with Cecil Lean. A passionate musical entertainment that entertains when Mr. Lean and Cees Mayfield hold the entire cast.

"Simul Thru" With Jane Cowl. An odd but effective drama which purports to show how those who have gone before influence and wax over our lives. Miss Cowl is exceedingly good as a piquant Irish girl and also as a spirit maid whose death occurs forty-five years after. "Simul Thru" will evoke your smiles and tears.

"The Union Board"—Grande Wilbur's thriller built around spiritism. Regardless of the mystery and the plots, the shows is a success and a thrilling one. "The Little Whapper."—Lively and amusing musical comedy with tuneful score by Rudolf Prinl. Vivienne Segal pleasantly holds the cast, while Lita Dee, who does excellent work, Mildred Richardson and W. J. Ferguson.


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Not that all girls are unhappy who work in stores, but she—the dreamer of higher things. She wanted more out of life than the grey, humdrum existence. Why should success be a thing OTHERS could attain and not she? She had two good hands and a brain—she was intelligent, observing, and though not a genius, surely, she had herself, she could learn to write stories as good as hundreds she had seen.

One day her sweet-faced mother noticed a small advertisement in a magazine. It said: "Free to writers—this wonderful book.Tells How to Write Plays and Stories." Her, Dorothy dear, said Mrs. Dean, "here is something about writing stories and plays. Here's a concern offering a free book on the subject. Why not get it? See what they can do for you? You never can tell—maybe you really can learn how to write the way you've dreamed so long, and just think how wonderful that would be?"

The Authors' Press has this young woman's letter on file. She wrote for our free book—and the picture above tells the happy sequel.

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(Seven)
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Here are the results at the time of going to press:

Mary Pickford, 92,636; Norma Talmadge, 51,387; Pearl White, 31,422; Miss Nazimova, 16,263; Constance Talmadge, 9,487; Delia Daniels, 6,406; Mary Miles Minter, 5,285; Viola Dana, 5,004; Ebbie Ferguson, 4,855; Lillian Gish, 4,746; Theda Bara, 4,469; Mary Pickford, 4,164; Dorothy Gish, 3,857; Anna St. G., 3,812; Marguerite Clark, 3,595; Ethyl Clayton, 3,320; Mr. Evans, 3,202; Dorothy Dalton, 2,303; Ola Petrieva, 2,024; Shirley Mason, 1,928; Pauline Frederick, 1,361; Gloria Swanson, 1,547; Irene Castle, 1,526; Marie Oshman, 1,525; Geraldine Farrar, 1,451; Wanda Hawley, 1,305; Ann Little, 1,206; Alice Brady, 1,254; Marie Prevost, 1,213; Edith Johnson, 1,075; Alice Lake, 1,000; Pauline Lord, 974; Marion Davies, 934; Bluebee Sweet, 921; Mae Murray, 899; Priscilla Dean, 890; Kath- 

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**Strong Nerves**

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*Ten*
RICHARD BARTHELMESS
As David Barilett in the much-anticipated D. W. Griffith version of "Way Down East."
J. W. JOHNSTON

One of the popular leading men of the cinema since the early days of the old Eclair. Mr. Johnston has appeared opposite nearly every feminine star of note. He is now playing in Jack Noble's forthcoming production, "Cardigan."
THOMAS HOLDING

With an unusual theatrical background, composed of years of experience with the most famous English players, Mr. Holding has been winning popular favor with his screen work for Universal.
While so many ex-bathing beauties have been weaned over to the dramatic side of the silver screen, little Marie Prevost still continues to uphold the pulchritudinous traditions of the well-known Mack Sennett studios,—and with "half-an-eye," we should say she's doing very well, indeed!
BETTY BLYTHE

Each month we vow not to print another portrait of Betty, but by the time we get ready to go to press, and her newest pictures are before us, somehow or other we weaken. Remember, we are only human! Miss Blythe recently created quite a flutter among film-lovers as a foil for the wiles of the irresistible Lew Cody.
Carol Dempster has been a Griffith player for two years. Mr. Griffith has unusual faith in her and he has been allowing her to develop slowly under his tutelage—to gather technique and atmosphere without forcing, as it were. We can understand the Griffith faith in Miss Dempster after meeting her. She can think. She talks crisply and unaffectedly. Her viewpoint is fresh and girlish. She is ambitious. But, most of all, she is untouched by things theatrical—or shall we say Cinematic.

Miss Dempster was born in Duluth, Minnesota. Her father was a Great Lakes captain. "From him I get my love of the water," Miss Dempster told us, as we sat on the porch of the Griffith studio at Mamaroneck, overlooking the Sound. A sloop was drifting picturesquely thru the grey haze oceanward. I couldn't live without the restlessness and placidity of it.

"We moved to California when I was four," went on Miss Dempster. "There was nothing as mentioned purchase, a Chandler coupé.

Miss Dempster has been a Griffith player for two years, but in that time she has appeared in but three productions: "The Girl Who Stayed at Home," "Scarlet Days" and the much-talked-about Griffith photoplay, "The Love Flower," not yet released. Mr. Griffith has unusual faith in Miss Dempster and interesting about that period. Just the usual school girlhood.

"Then the dance idea hit me. I wanted to be an interpreter of the classic muse. Probably the athletic side of it appealed to me. You see, I'm an outdoor girl. That's why I love motoring. Now, my car——"

"Yes, go on," we reminded.

"Well, I became a pupil of Ruth St. Denis at her studio estate, Denishawn, in California," continued Miss Dempster. "I studied with Miss St. Denis for a year and a half. That was in 1916 and 1917.

"Of course, I intended to seriously follow the dance. With seven other girls, I was going on tour with Miss St. Denis and mother was going along as chaperon. Included in the eight were two now rather well-known dancers, Florence Andrews, now known as Florence O'Denishawn, and Ada Forman.

"I have often read that Mr. Griffith first saw me during the production of 'Intolerance,' when he used the St. Denis ballet
in the Babylonian scenes. In reality I first met Mr. Griffith when he came to visit our classes and to watch us work. Miss Andrews and I did play bits in 'Intolerance'—and very inconsequential bits they were. I didn’t think then that I would be a Griffith player, with a car earned upon my own salary, but—"

"You were just about to explain how Mr. Griffith discovered you," we ruthlessly interrupted.

Miss Dempster went on. "Mother’s sudden illness prevented my tour with Miss St. Denis and I obtained my opportunity with Mr. Griffith. He first used me in 'The Girl Who Stayed at Home,' but I was new and crude to the screen. My make-up was not even passable. I was a bit better used to the films when I had my chance in 'Scarlet Days.' The story of 'The Love Flower' appealed to me when I heard it first, and I was delighted when Mr. Griffith gave me the opportunity to do it."

"The Love Flower" was done by Mr. Griffith at the time he made his nearly ill-fated trip to Bermuda last winter and at the same time "The Idol Dancer" was filmed. "The Love Flower" was first called "Black Beach" and was to be released by Mr. Griffith some time ago. But the story appealed to the producer and he purchased it back from the First National Exhibitors’ Circuit, to which it had been turned over. Upon the conclusion of "Way Down East," Mr. Griffith set about shooting new scenes and completely rebuilding the production.

"I like 'The Love Flower,'" continued Miss Dempster, "because it gives me a human rôle. I do not want to just be an ingénue. They are very sweet and pleasant to the eye, I know, but I want to mean something more. I hope I can always do regular girls—the healthy kind. I have no lyric qualities and I would be angry if anyone said I was cute."

There are not many Carol Dempsters in the realm of the silversheet, we admit. She has, for instance, been devoting a large part of her time recently to becoming a highly proficient swimmer. That is, all the time she had not given her car.

(Continued on page 83)
That Youth From Second Avenue

wouldn't sound like hyperbole, which has no place in a tale concerning him, I should say excessively, and certainly, surprisingly, young. His extreme youth impressed me first of all, to the exclusion of other things. I found out, by dexterous inquiry, that his years number twenty-four.

He bears a resemblance to many of the photographs of Rupert Brooke, in a certain sensitiveness, a certain expression. There is, too, a marked likeness, especially photographically, to John Barrymore. Incidentally, Mr. Coleman has an immense admiration for Mr. Barrymore, particularly for the lack of ostentation with which he bears himself personally. "He is a very great artist," said the younger man.

I asked Mr. Coleman what he thought of the subject of artists being born rather than made, or vice versa. He said that he thought artists were born and that then it resolved itself into a question of finding one's self. "To me," he said, "that seems to be the all-important thing.

I asked him about himself in this particular. "Was there any motivating impulse theaterward?" I wanted to know.

"I had an uncle," Mr. Coleman said, telling me his name, "who was quite a famous Shake-
spearan actor in his time, but all I can recall
his telling about in my extreme youth were
the hardships of stage life. Of course, he was
at his prime in the days when everything was
made just as hard for an actor as things could
well be. He narrated dismal horrors of one-
night stands, lack of funds, lack of engage-
ments, blasted hopes and blighted ambitions,
and he was rather successful than unsuccessful,
at that. Somehow, I wasn't daunted; on the
contrary, I believe my appetite, or my natural
inclination, was augmented. Still, I hardly
believe I can attribute my desire directly to
my uncle, either, unless subconsciously...
for farther back than his remembered talks,
when I was the tiniest sort of a chap, not more
than four or five, I used to play theater.
Playing theater consisted of a wooden stage I
had my father build for me and a number of
wooden spools representing the actors. These
spools I would move back and forth, speaking
for each one in turn. It was an endless and
a tireless pastime. Later on, reciting in front
of people took the place of the stage and the
wooden spools. I think I never had the diffi-
cence so many children have. In fact, when-
ever we had company, I was quite insistent
upon taking the floor and delivering myself of

Vincent Coleman
acting last season in
"Martinique," the
Broadway success,
and his recent pic-
tures with Con-
stance Talmadge,
mark him as a youth
of unusual ability

some sort of ad-
dress. My father,
who was daunted
by his brother's
dreary tales of
stage life, did all
he could at this stage of the game to dis-
courage me. He began to recognize the
force and seriousness of my ever-growing
passion for the theater. After I had re-
cited something I especially liked and be-
lieved I had done especially well, he would
draw me aside and say, "That was awful,
Vincent, perfectly awful. I wouldn't try
it again if I were you.'

"When I was twelve I began to corral the
children of the neighborhood and stage what
I thought to be elaborate productions.
That same year, a memorable year for me,
my uncle, who saw, no doubt, being of the
stage himself, that I was predestined, pre-
sented me with his trunks, three in all, of
Shakespearean costumes. You can imagine
the riches these were to me! I immediately
induced my next-door neighbor, who was
the possessor of a rather good camera, to
photograph me in the different characters,
and I posed all over the place. With the

(Continued on page 86)
American Royalty Abroad

Top, Doug and Mary coming down the gang-plank at Southampton. Right, British fans break thru the dock lines to welcome the stars.
When Doug and Mary Visited Europe

Doug and Mary bow to the thousands from their railway carriage

Top, the honeymooners reach Waterloo Station, London. Left, Doug saves Mary from the crowds at the Queen Alexandra Rose Festival in London

(Twenty-one)
How Young Is Anne?

Sarah in the acting line. A few, I will confess, have whispered that they’re in the game only for the money, and they don’t care a whoop for a seat in the Hall of Fame—but I’ve always discovered that these are the ones who pay good money to personal press agents.

The ages? Well, they differ, but I’ve never yet heard of a screen actress who will admit to being more than twenty-four.

And the marriage part of it? Screen stars, in the ultimate, are just as human as their unstarred brethren. They’re all more or less anxious to have a home and family, altho—and I must confess again!—marriages in the cinema colony are not always guaranteed to last. But, then what of it?

All this preamble—this innocuous piffle—is merely an introduction to the very newest Universal star, a tiny little mite of a girl who’s almost as much like the beloved Mae M. rsh as M. M. is like herself. For Anne Cornwall, when you corner her on the “set” or sit opposite her at luncheon, just merely laughs when you pop the four introductory lines at her—largely, more or less, to get acquainted—and says that she is prepared to advance only such information regarding herself as all the Mary Pickfords and Charlie Rays before her have already advanced.

Around the studio, the diminutive Anne is just as normal as any girl could be. Stardom hasn’t affected her a bit. She stands on stage-corners talking to extras and property men, and even allows the supernumerary kiddies to sit on her lap... quite unheard-of procedure from a real star.

Just what do you like to do? What is your ambition? How old are you? And whom would you marry?

The foregoing, you will admit, are more or less direct questions. But, being an interviewer, the foregoing are the questions you always think to ask the motion picture celebs when you journey into their native haunts to put them on paper for any such publication as

The Classic.

And, the funny part of it is, you nearly always get the same answer to every query from every celeb you meet. It’s always the penchant of a screen star to be either literary or athletic; to be a motor enthusiast or a baseball fan; to be domestic and cook and sew, or to be an ideal hubby or wife.

Ambitions run along the same track. All the photo-famous whom I’ve ever met always wish to be still more famous. Within them is a burning desire to out-Bernhardt...
By
TRUMAN B. HANDY

Miss Cornwall is, I will admit, a trifle "different." She has an infectious smile, a spontaneous little way of saying witty things. She's not the typically ingénue type, but a girl whose very self-consciousness and record of theatrical achievements prove that this new little five-foot sparkler has, as the vulgarians say, a lot under her hat beside her ears.

Her ambition is—and always was—to make a name for herself in theatricals. In fact, about three years ago she left a very comfortable home in the East to go into the chorus ranks of the musical comedy, "Oh, Lady, Lady!" And her ambition now is to do as good work on the screen as she possibly can, to make all the money she possibly can and to be as well liked as is possible.

When I lunched with her in the stuffy little commissary across the road from the Universal studios, she wore a plain, dark-blue organdy with one of those trick rolled collars. Her hair was done up rather high on her head, to make her, said Miss Cornwall, as tall as possible. She hates being little, and when Charles Hertzman, the "U's" publicity man and, by chance, an old, old friend of the Cornwall family, kidded her about her diminutiveness, Anne pertly stuck out her tongue at him.

What impressed me most about her is her extreme similarity to Mae Marsh. She has the same sort of wistful smile, the same way of arching her eyebrows, the same sad-happy little chirp in her voice, the same somewhat nervous way of tugging at her handkerchief. She's more sprightly, however, than the famed little "screen sister," and not so pensive. She's never met Miss Marsh, but she thinks her "perfectly adorable."

And not that she'd care to imitate her, either, because Anne doesn't care to imitate anybody. Ingénues—and she admits being one—are so stereotyped, she declares. Finding something new and yet cute for an ingénue to do is like looking for violets in December. Awfully difficult! And yet, because she was young and could do pretty nearly as I pleased, so far as health was concerned, I'd hate to look in the glass and realize that I wasn't so fresh-looking as of yore. I think I'd cry. Then I'd spoil my make-up and get bawled out by the director. And I do so hate to be bawled out!"

Anne Cornwall always had wanted to go on the stage. So one day, she got herself a job as a chorus girl and learned to dance. She danced and sang for two seasons until she went into pictures with Alice Brady. Her portrayal of the ingénue rôle in "The Copperhead" with Lionel Barrymore established her

a girl's small, she hasn't any chance of being anything else than a flapper.

"When I get old," went on Anne, thoughtfully, "I hope that I'll have money—enough not to have to work. I'd hate to be a screen mother and always be reminded of the time when I

was young and could do pretty nearly as I pleased, so far as health was concerned. I'd hate to look in the glass and realize that I wasn't so fresh-looking as of yore. I think I'd cry. Then I'd spoil my make-up and get bawled out by the director. And I do so hate to be bawled out!"

No one would ever think of bawling out Miss Cornwall. Around the studio she's just as normal as any of the girls who survey soup in the hash-house. Stardom hasn't affected her a bit. She stands on stage-corridors, talking to extras and property men, and even allows the supernumerary kiddies to sit in her lap—quite unheard-of procedure from a real star.

All her life she's wanted to be an a tress. Finally the desire got so burning that she couldn't stand it any longer. She simply announced that she was going to try her luck in the chorus, got herself a job and learnt to dance. Her first season was in the New York ensemble. Next season saw her doing a small singing and dancing bit in another musical comedy, "Oh, Look!" in which the Dolly Sisters and Harry Fox were featured. And then one day she

(Continued on page 71)
Left, Rosie Quinn, one of the favorites of the Century Roof revue

Above, Cissie Sewell in "Honey Girl"

Below, Beatrice Darling, another Century Roof beauty

Photo by Old Masters Studios

In the Summer Revues

Photo by Alfred Cheney Johnston

(Twenty-four)
This, That and the Other Thing

By FAITH SERVICE

"This," said Bert Lytell, over the honeydews and iced tea we had been consuming at the Claridge, "is not an interview—surely?"

"What's in a name?" I said. "I must write something."

"But what can you write?" he persisted. "We have been talking about blonde ingenues, custard pies—and me."

"I came to talk about you," I agreed affably, "and, as for the rest of it, we have been exceedingly catholic in our range of subjects. If I remember rightly, we have touched upon the aforementioned blonde ingenues, custard pies, free love, prohibition, of course, work in the scheme-of-things, entire, love in the same scheme and—"

"And have arrived—where?" he asked.

"Do you," I said, "believe that the average person does 'arrive' so very definitely anywhere. Do you, for instance, have tabulated and set ideas and philosophies on this, on that, on the other thing?"

"No, I don't," he said, candidly: "I am

The only worth-while persons in the world, be they men or women, are the persons who are doing things, creating things, getting somewhere, fired by an idealism," says Bert Lytell—and we quite agree with him. Mr. Lytell answers the requirements of a "worth-while" person perfectly extremely undecided about almost everything. So are most of us, admittedly or otherwise. With the many avenues there are to the many thoughts it could not thoughtfully be otherwise. I have come to one conclusion, however, one and one only—that I know absolutely nothing about anything—with one exception. I do believe that I am beginning—and only beginning—to learn something about my work. I am beginning to learn something about myself in connection with that work. I am beginning to discover what it is I want to do and how it is I want to do it. That is a very great stride."

"Tell me," I said, "more specifically, I mean."

"Well, in the first place, loving my work as I do, I believe that it is the greatest thing in life. What is man without work? I believe, for the matter of that, that work is the greatest thing in the life of all men. It is the really great thing, taken from more than the purely commercial or professional aspect. It is the great thing from a social valuation."

"Social?" Pictures of humming studios, dusty locations, strenuous continuity desks, etc., etc., presented themselves to my dreiseristically realistic mind.
"Social, certainly. You know, the only worthwhile persons in the world, be they men or women, are the persons who are doing things, creating things, getting somewhere or at least imbued with the belief that they are, fired by an idealism, how formless does not matter in the splendor of the person. The dilettante—the society 'bud'—the professional do-nothing—what are they? What can they give? The creators of something or other are the persons I want to be with, anyone wants to be with. Theirs is the magnetism, theirs the charm. This holds almost more than true of women. As a man emerges from the high-school stage, (when almost anything does, so long as the eye is somewhat beguiled), he becomes discriminating, as it were. The thing that matters, then, in a woman, is whether or no she is a good sort; whether she is, not mentally attractive, or physically attractive, but temperamentally attractive. To my mind, 'temperamentally attractive' sums up the whole. I would rather talk with one woman a year than fit from tea to tea, and ingenue to ingenue. There is no stimulus in that sort of thing for me.

"You can't be with the doers of deeds if you are not of them. In that field, the fields of activity, like attracts like more than in any other province. A drone is almost terrifically eliminated.

"That's what I mean by the social, or contact, end of it.

"And then the work itself, the solidity of it, the satisfaction, the way it will stand by you when all things have failed. It is of you, you yourself, emanates from you, is wholly your own. It's a sort of bread and staff and cannot be overestimated."

"What specific thing do you want to do?" I asked.

"There's one specific thing I don't want to do—or be," he said, with one of his frequent lapses from gravity into ingenious humor, (I'd call it "boyish humor," only I stand in awe of one of the custard pies he has in store for certain of my species of the blonde variety).

"And that?" I prompted.

"A matinee idol. There is almost nothing I would not rather be than that."

He literally spat forth the words.

"I think you are infinitely more a villain," I vouched, with consummate tact.

He appeared to be comforted

(Continued on page 74)
'Way Down East

Fictionized from the D. W. Griffith Photoplay

By

GLADYS HALL

'I don't think I understand . . ." the girl shrank into the chair. Suddenly Sanderson's kisses had acquired a distaste for her, a shrinking of some super-sensitized fibers within her of which she had become, suddenly, aware.

The man laughed. How light his laughter was! No vibrancy, none of that timbre making laughter either sonorous or imbecile.

"What don't you understand, fledgling? You are here, with me. We are not married. The ceremony thru which your virtue dragged me was a mock ceremony, a sop to your scruples, that my hours of love might not be dimmed by reproachfulness. A reproachful woman is an abomination, probably to the Lord. Now, now I am being frank, truthful. We are not married, we never were. You are the timid country lass; I am the suave, mustachioed villain. I have roo-ned you!"

Anna put her fragile hands over her ears. Every added word was a stroke, hurting her. And when she stopped listening, memory assailed her—and that was worse. To a woman, memory is, no doubt, of all things, the most unbearable. Especially where her heart has been involved . . .

It had all been so sudden a tempest in so dreamful, so tranquil a life. She had gone, after her father's death, to her wealthy aunt's in Boston to borrow some money for a course she had planned to take. In a sense, it had not been borrowing. The dead man was solely responsible for his sister's affluence, and Anna was, by every moral right, entitled to, not bounty, but rightful heritage.

She had arrived in Boston at night, and when she arrived at her aunt's munificent residence a ball had been in progress. There had been introductions, among others, Lennox Sanderson. She had not realized how quaint a figure she had cut, or how, in the medley of perfumes and powders, boxed, hoaxed beauties, her fragile appeal had shone forth, bell-like, wistful, clear . . . Lennox Sanderson had lost his head. That he was in the habit of losing it and that it was a none too steady appendage to his six feet of svelte good looks was not conveyed to Anna's unenlightened perspective. She only knew, very simply, that he thrilled her when he bent over her and talked to her as the poets had written, the poets who had thrilled her, too, in her romantic garret, back home . . . So she had dreamed that, some day, a man would talk to her. She had dreamed, too, that he would bear the general manner of Lennox Sanderson.

When he asked her to marry him she gave him her heart, with a little, throaty "Yes."
He pleaded that his love was consuming, and that he feared obstacles, hence his whirlwind plan to carry her off, at once, and make her his own. The fact that her aunt had refused her the aid she asked; that she felt very much alone and very sad; and that Lennox Sanderson made her nerves dance like tiny wires when he came near her; these things together had urged her to go...

And then, after a fortnight, this...

"Do you understand now?" he was asking. He seemed to take, today, as keen, as thrilling a delight in probing the wound he had inflicted as he had, a short time ago, delighted in lulling her with the lights of his fervency.

"I don't see why..." Anna stared up at him. He had said her eyes were the blue of forget-me-nots. They were dimmed to grey today, with the tears she kept in her heart.

"My dear child, strive for some savoir-faire. Take the world as the world is. Men as men are. With so many women... butterflies... roses... exotics... surely you could not suppose a man of my type and taste would tie himself for the rest of his days to a field flower, however charming? Surely..."

But Anna did not hear him. She had fainted, and when she returned to consciousness, Lennox Sanderson, bag and baggage, had gone.

After her baby's birth, Anna sought the country, for work, for some sort of relief from all the dead things pressing in upon her, and about her...

The baby was dead... her faith was dead... her heart and all its bright romantic dreams was numbed... She felt, solely, a craving for the feel of cool grass, the smell of new flowers when the spring should be enough advanced, the heavy repletionness of midsummer in the country where fields and forests and gardens and homes were ripe and refugent.

The city ground her down like a monstrous heel. Even as it had, with literalness, ground her...

And then there was work. She had tried to find work. The only thing she could do, now, was some sort of housework. She and her father had lived very simply, out of preference. They had kept no help, and she had always been able to please him. He had been fastidious, too... Once, she had thought she might write, write verse. That had been when all her illusions were singing, gossamer-winged, in her heart. It was quite different now. Lennox Sanderson, sneering, mocking the sweetest gift she had had to give him... Her baby, dead... The dreary, endless months just passed... Yes, the country was best. The country—and work.

The Bartlett family were more or less known to Anna by hearsay. They had lived in a neighboring town, at one time. She had heard that they were a God-fearing, kindly sort of family, and when she applied and they agreed that she could be helpful, she felt an immense relief.

From the first she warmed to them. The Squire, with his ponderous voice, his ponderous, omnipresent Bible, his dire threats of the Law and the Prophets—and the twinkle in his eyes. Mother Bartlett, shrewd and comfortable. Kate Brewster, a cousin who lived with them. Merry, robin-like, jolly, with: a glow for the whole world and a solid sort of belief that the world held an answering glow for her. The "butterfly professor," who sort of gamboled about the fields with his scientific and acquisitive butterfly net and who cast, from his remote and vision-seeing eyes, sheep's glances at the buxom Kate. And David—

"I don't think I understand..." the girl shrank into the chair. Suddenly Sanderson's kisses had acquired a distaste for her, a shrinking of some supersensitized fibers within her of which she had become, suddenly, aware.

(Twenty-eight)
David was different. He was different from his family. He was different, Anna thought, in her newly grave, abstract sort of way, from the whole world as she had known it. He was practical. He was romantic. He was kindly. He was safe. There could be no harm in a life she thought, where the men were Davids.

If her baby had lived and had grown up to be a woman, she would have liked her to have had for a friend a man like David.

When she could not sleep at night because the past pressed against her with sharp, poisoned finger-tips, Anna would think of David's face, reassuring, infinitely steady, and she would be calmed...and sleep...

She did not think of it as being love.
She did not think of it because she felt so done, so dreary.

of all emotions. Love had been a blast from an evil-smelling furnace—it had seared her and then cast her forth—so much, so little for love. But David had not been seared. His had been a fine reserve and a high dreaming. Thus far in his simple, hard-working life no person had touched this reserve or pierced this isolated dreaming. It had taken Anna's delicate white face, her dream-hallowed, dream-emptied eyes, her uncertain, yet skilful white hands, her fragile body wherein she thought, dwelt a waxen white flower in lieu of a soul.

The Bartletts always had taken it for granted, after the matter-of-fact manner of such people, that David would, one convenient day, wed Kate Brewster. It was so obviously and and the mellifluous voice. Kate's interest in him was, to them, inconsequential. Blushes and tremors escaped them...Kate was a sensible, likely girl and meant for their David. So be it.

Certain persons, it would seem, move in certain circles. However divisible their interests, their hearts, their essential lives, their paths seem to twine and intertwine with an almost deliberate insistency.

Lennox Sanderson happened to have a country place almost adjoining the Bartlett farm.

He also happened to be occupying the place, which was an infrequent occurrence. He was occupying it for a twofold reason. The first was a sort of necessity. He had been hitting rather a desperate pace, in town. He wasn't as young as he had been. His physician had advised him...rest...perfect quiet...the usual routine. He had rested and had been quiet, and then he had seen Kate Brewster. After the first sight, he assured himself of a second, then a third, etc. The second time he beheld her with her Butterfly Man. They had been skimming over the fields together and Sanderson had not got a look at her eyes. They had been on the Butterfly Man, so he couldn't. If he had he might—might—have had the discrimination to back out. There was love shining with a glowing frankness in the eyes Kate turned to the lovable, whimsical Butterfly Man.
And then he had seen Kate Brewster. After the first sight he assured himself of a second, then a third, etc. The second time he beheld her with her Butterfly Man.

Later on, Sanderson made the acquaintance of the Bartletts. Kate was his motive. She gave him a freshened-up feeling. After the languid, orchidaceous growths he had been running about with in town—after Anna Moore, with her pallor and her forget-me-not eyes.

Like all small natures, he hated the persons he had hurt. He hated them unreasonably, and because he knew it to be unreasonable he hated them all the more. Anna he hated peculiarly. She disturbed him in the most primary ways. She came between him and his later amours. She came between him and food, between him and sleep. She was the motivating reason for his having to seek the farm. Whenever he saw a baby, he cursed.

The first day he went to the Bartlett farm he saw her. First, he could not be sure. It was as if across the bright gleam of a pearl an irreverent hand had drawn a veil. She wore black, too, and across the palpable invitation of her youth there had been an invasion...

The whole thing was abominable to him. He felt outraged and personally insulted. Besides, he had other fish to fry—what would the buoyant Kate Brewster think? Kate, with her unornished vision of men and things: What would young David think, the Squire, the Butterfly Man, if this girl's sordid tale got out among them? And it would. Inevitably, it would. Women could never keep a secret. A moment of hysteria, a touch of emotionalism... A small town, too... the gossips would ferret it forth. There was the Perkins person, Martha Perkins, who lived on the dregs of the sins of others... Martha would have it, assuredly. Already, no doubt, the slim, black-clad figure of Anna Moore, moving about with the wistful smile, the eyes, still blue, but hurt with her broken dreaming, already Martha upon these people. You must know the Squire's opinion of... of... well, of unconventionality in general. Especially with a young girl on the premises—a nd a young man. Where are your sensibilities, my good—er—Anna?"

Anna raised her hand. Because it quivered and she could...
not stop its quivering, she felt a loathing of herself. He, being he, would attribute the quivering to quite an erroneous well-spring.

"You," she managed, at length, "is it you who must go?"

"I? I? But, my dear girl, how absurd! I have a home here. I—I have interests here."

"So have I. I—I have to live."

"Of course, of course. That goes without saying. But not here. Not among this sort of people. Not—surely I do not have to be franker than I am?"

"You are here—among this sort of people—"

"That is quite different. I am a man. You have not, it seems, quite 'caught on' yet. There is the question, too, of desirability."

Anna set her small chin, and into her blue, forget-me-not eyes there crept something akin to steel.

David's face came before her, with its unquestioning tenderness, its calm, its ineffable assurance. "I am not going," she said, and was saved further dispute by the boisterous arrival of Kate Brewster, her Butterfly Man in tow.

Nevertheless, with the perspicacity of persons to whom mental sewerage is the everyday fare, Sanderson was right when he presupposed that Martha Perkins would "get a-hold of half of it—Anna's half."

"And love is the conqueror, and there is both a quick and a dead her eyelids fluttered under his breath; her hands stirred to meet his; her lips moved and uttered his name . . ."

Anna had been with the Bartletts for nearly a year—it would have been a year in the spring. During that time there had grown across the rough edges of her hurt a sort of healing peace. David had placed it there. His touch had been sweet and sure. Not once had he failed. His sensibilities were deliberately fine and unerringly true. The day before Martha Perkins' visit he had told Anna of his love for her. Sitting before the fire, she had dreamed the dream he sketched for her in the glowing of the coals—and had said good-bye to it. David was too sweet . . . too sweet . . . Like wants like . . . She, she who thru him had learnt love, real love, to come to him dragging the tatters and remnants of her griefs as offering . . .

"I wish that I could," she told him wistfully.

"Then you don't, dear?" he had asked, so softly.

He seemed, always, to know that she needed a gentle touch . . .

"Yes, I do." They dealt in simplicities, "I . . . but that isn't the part that matters . . . ."

"It is all that matters . . . Why, Anna, love . . ."

(Continued on page 78)
Mr. Tearle
On Ambition

The gentle art of interviewing holds many temptations, even for the most seasoned. One resists or succumbs according to one's individual resistive powers. I have just encountered an overwhelming temptation and, modestly enough, I may add, have resisted it.

I was tempted to call this interview "Who Took the Tea Out of Tearle?"

It is only fair to Mr. Tearle, to the gentle reader, not to mention myself, to again reiterate that I hazy resisted, not without, however, succumbing to the lesser evil of narrating the conquered Waterloo.

It all arose, the temptation and the victory, too, from a remark made by Mr. Tearle as we sat, and I sipped tea at Reisenweber's, where, for the past ten years, Mr. Tearle has stopped while in New York.

I had commenced my tea, having had reason to suppose, from a conflict of time, that Mr. Tearle was not going to appear. When he did, a bit out of breath, with rumpled hair and his wife reminding him that she had previously reminded him of this, I said, "Won't you join me?"

He replied that tea was one liquid he could never learn to imitate, and this despite the fact of having been bred in England. Just shows what the individual can do with environment.

"There are three things," he said, rather in the manner of a reverie, "that I cannot understand—tea, college men, and society girls."

I didn't care very much about the psychological aversion to tea, but college men... and society girls... I made inquiries.

"In England," he said, "all men are college men, so to speak. The term a college man, said, in America, with such a mark of differentiation, always amuses and rather puzzles me. It is the same with 'society girls.' What are 'society girls'? Which are they? How is one to know them? By what earmarks are they distinguishable? I fail to get the nice discrimination."

"Speaking of girls," I said, "what sort of girl do you prefer? Not to be so banal as to say blondes or brunettes; I mean the ambiguous society type, the—"

"Actresses," he cut in quickly. "I like actresses best. Just for the matter of that, as I like actors best. My wife often tells me that I should cultivate other people, people I know outside the profession. But I say, why should I bother with Conway Tearle is a radical departure from the usual run of film players. He refuses to sign a long-term contract because he cannot tolerate the bondage of such a contract. He dislikes, personally, the electric-sign rating of the stars, for, as he says, "I'd never know whether I were Conway Tearle or a breakfast fast food"
them? What can they do for me if they don’t interest me? Actors and actresses are mine own people. I know them because I have been of them for the past twenty-two years, (a give-away on my age, but I’m wonderfully well preserved, don’t you think?), and my family have been of the stage for God knows when. Knowing them I understand them, and, understanding them, I love them. That is all. What can I get from persons who do not interest me? Mutual interest is, it seems to me, the only coin of advantage in the human relationship.”

“Pictures?” I said, and paused suggestively. I surmised that the single word would open up a field of spoken thought. Mr. Tearle has a habit, a handsome habit, we admit, with obviousness, of sort of gazing into space and putting some naïve thought into words.

“At present,” he said, “I’m freelancing it. Selznick wants me to sign up, but no three-year contracts for mine. I’d hate the bondage, I’m afraid. Nor electric signs, either.” He added, “I’d never know whether I were Conway Tearle or a breakfast food. It would prove confusing.”

“But ambitions?” I persisted.

He said, irrelevantly, “I have a country place, and I get my pleasure there. That’s ambition, of a sort. Perhaps the truest. Of course, I

“I played Hamlet when I was eighteen. What ambition could I have now?” asked Mr. Tearle — and the interviewer, hardened by past experience, gasped with surprise that there existed a film player who had no desire to out-Herod Herod!

Otherwise——” He waved a disclaiming hand.

“How about financial ambitions?” I urged.

“I don’t know anything about them,” he said. “These Aladdin Lamp salaries are all out of my line. I’ve worked for my living and I’ve never had any mint poured into my pockets for so doing. I don’t know how they do it. I don’t know anything about it. Some one wrote an interview with me once and called it ‘Hard Luck Tearle’ — and that will tell you a story in itself. It’s like the Jekyll and Hyde episode—sheer hard luck plus hard work.”

There then appeared Mrs. Adele Rowland Tearle with announcement of the car and an impending date, and “Hard Luck Tearle” excused himself.
They Aren't Satisfied With the Pacific.

There's no pleasing these comedy bathing girls. No mere Pacific Ocean seems to meet their tastes. Teddy Sampson and Helen Darling, the two Christie cuties here caught in aquatic attire, insist upon a bathing pool—exclusive, shaded, marble-tiled and all that sort of thing.

We sort of suspect that Teddy—very much at the left of the right-hand picture—is about to push Helen into Mr. Bryan's favorite liquid. And Helen, we must admit, acts kind-of-reluctant-like. Maybe Helen doesn't approve of wa—but perish the thought.
Screen Impressions

By

LOUISE FAZENDA

LOUISE GLAUM—Robert Hichens' heroines—White lotus—Peacock feathers—Incense and myrrh—Smoke of opium—Futurism—Spider webs on a white rose

BEBE DANIELS—California poppies—Chime of old mission bells—"La Paloma"—Odor of crushed flowers in warm lanes

DORIS KEANE—Sunlight thru stained glass on marble—Miniatures—Magnolias—Pressed flowers—Minuets on the spinet

ETHEL CLAYTON—Young widows alone in Egypt—"Divoisons"—Dinner at Rector's—Palm Beach—White parasols on boardwalks

DOROTHY DALTON—Hollyhocks and peonies—Alexandria—Cleopatra on the Yukon—Waters of Lethe

SHIRLEY MASON—Raindrops on violets—An echo—Little girls in party dresses—"Madame Butterfly"

VIVIAN MARTIN—The first long skirt—Gardens on sunny mornings—A pink rose on a grey bonnet—Mauve

ROSCOE ARBUCKLE—Lollypops—Spanked babies—Blimps—The man in the moon

THEODORE ROBERTS—Southern Colonels reminiscing in mint beds—King Lear in a three-ring circus—"David Harum"—Lost collar buttons
Last week I went to the Talmadge studio to interview Charles Meredith, leading man for Constance Talmadge.
I did—so to speak.
That is
Charles Meredith is a very serious young man. He is a worker, and it was quite glaringly apparent to me, despite his regrets and his infallible courtesy, that his work comes first and his publicity second. Which is, after all, being the true devotional to the G.A.P. (Great American Public)

In other words, we had a few snatched words in between scenes and close-ups and stills and various other integral parts of an actor’s day in a studio. I would achieve a “Do you believe in the uplift of the—”

And he would say, “Well, now, I’ll tell you—” And then some stentorian voice would roar, “Mr. Meredith!” And there I would be, interrogatively suspended in mid-air.
This continued for three or four hours. It had something of the effect of a mental treadmill. Also an endurance test. When that petered out, I said, desperately, “Constance is waiting for you now. Mr. Meredith... I’ll tell you... you write me... write me a letter... just telling me, impressionistically, some of the things we have tried to enunciate, not to say elucidate, today.”

Mr. Meredith, looking rather worried, assented. “I’ll do that,” he promised; “I’m awfully sorry about today. I hope you won’t think—things go this way sometimes, you know—”
I left him still wearing the worried look. He is a conscientious person, you know.

Charles Meredith studied architecture in college, and it was while applying for a job to do the scenic “investiture” of a Broadway production that he was offered a good part for the stage, which began his professional career

Thirty-six
A few days later his letter came. It is now here, on my desk. It is written in green ink upon hotel stationery. It covers several pages and keeps all its promises. Because of these and other things, it tells something of him better than I could do. Here are a few excerpts:

First, he observes that for one of the "literati" to express themselves thru the medium of ink may be all very satisfactory and well, but... "As for an actor," he writes, "really interesting the public thru another medium than his chosen one—well, it is too much to expect." He adds, "As for one really saying what one thinks of any art popular in our present stage of civilization—well, it would be extremely easy to become as unpopular as Schopenhauer is with a debutante."

After a few further remarks anent the inability of himself in particular to present a picture of himself in words, (we admit the difficulty precedent, but not by achievement), he becomes agreeably autobiographical.

He says: "I have only done ten pictures, but have been very happy and fortunate in being with very fine and lovely people, and, of course, this made the last eleven months more than enjoyable. These satisfactory people are Marguerite Clark, Marjorie Wilson, Mr. King Vidor and his charming wife, Blanche Sweet, Mary Miles Minter, Constance Talmadge and the lovely Ethel Clayton."

"I like everyone else in the profession, perhaps, am looking forward to the time when I can be a part of an organization presenting pictures in which I might play, but in which I might also have a large part, such as selection of story, of director and organization and a sort of general interest and supervision of the entire production."

"As I spent a number of years in college, studying architecture, I feel I have a right as well as a desire to put my knowledge of this subject to some use. Also, I designed the scenic 'investiture' of a number of Broadway productions of a couple of years ago. That, in fact, is how I started in the profession. I went to an office in New York to inquire for a commission of this nature, and as I entered the 'man at the desk' exclaimed that I was just the type he wanted and offered me a good part at a too-generous salary—and here I am! After that engagement I played in various productions on Broadway for almost two years, culminating in the leading role in William Faversham's production of 'Allegiance' at the Marlowe theater. It has not been as long as I have been in college—Carnegie Institute of Technology at Pittsburgh—three years this June. There, now you have my long and interesting-to-no-one career, but I have enjoyed it, and especially the fine people with whom I have associated in the profession."

Mr. Meredith goes on to say that he feels the personal elements in the life of an artist should be given to the public only thru the work that artist does. It "tells," he says. He says: "Whether an actor should 'feel' the emotions he portrays has been an open question as long as there has been a theater, but there seems to be some agreement to the fact that he must be capable, at any rate, of experiencing these emotions to a considerable degree. The crux of the matter is not the fact of it, but the capability of it. Therefore, any innate refinement of, and sensitive reaction to, emotions in general could best be seen in an actor's work, provided his part were in any degree adequate to his skill."

There follows another plaint about the inadequacy of the written word in this specific instance, then Mr. Meredith launches bravely

(Continued on page 70)
A Grown-Up Ingénue

By

ELIZABETH PELTRET

So, being of a superstitious temperament, I sat quite still, near the Fifth Street entrance, and watched the crowds come and go, paying particular attention to those girls who were small and young and fluffy. This was more in the nature of a pastime than anything else, for she was to have me paged as soon as she came in.

There were a number of amusing false alarms. One I remember particularly—a girl wearing a bizarre little hat, made-up face, blouse practically sleeveless, skirt about two inches below her knees and stockings of so openwork a pattern that they looked more like a species of very wide cobweb than lace. A man sitting across from me looked at the stockings at the same time I did, our eyes met, and we both laughed. The girl went directly to a bell-boy, standing over against a post, and I waited to hear my name called. But she was looking for some one else, and I settled back in my chair again.

I was not surprised that Betty Bouton should be late. She was leaving for New York within the next two

(Continued on page 72)
Said the M. E. to the Town Tattler, "Polly, Reggie Irving is in trouble with his wife."

Said the Town Tattler to the M. E., "Heavens, they've just went and did it. What's the racket?"

"That's just it. There isn't any racket."

"You mean . . . ?"

"I mean that Angelica Irving was and is a sensation seeker. She married Reggie because, to the best of her fond belief, he was a devil. He turns out to be—a husband. Angelica is throwing fits."

Polly Hathaway, known as the Town Tattler, with a perfectly reputable reputation for doing and unearthing disreputable things, ele-

Then followed perfumed notes. The perfume was what might be described as violent. It assailed the nostrils in whatever part of the house one happened to be in, vated her perfect eyebrows. "What," she demanded, "and where do I figure in?"

The M. E. fixed her with a contemplative eye. "Cant you . . . er . . . write him up?"

he suggested. "Your colyum has given more than one man a scarlet aureole."

"But this—this must be all imagination. I demand an increase in salary. I have to manufacture the man's sins for him. Idiotic!"

Nevertheless, Polly got busy. After a bit of work the situation took hold of her imagination, and Polly was there with the imagination—especially when it came to scandals. The idea of Angelica wedding Reggie for the thrills he could give her, only to be confronted with the daily and nightly view of carpet-slippered respectability, was enough to prod her feminine sympathies. None knew better than she what life would be like without scandals. No doubt Angelica had been dutifully brought up. Polly had been. Such being the case, scandal in one form or another was her just meed and due.

Polly took pen in hand and waxed eloquent.

Result: the colylum called "The Tattler" of The Society News fairly blazoned innuendo, some of it none too veiled, anent the doings of the "debonair dilettante, Reggie Irving."

Reggie, in his slippers, feet slightly elevated above the ground, was astounded and indignant. He waved the paper at Angelica, his voice quavered, he denounced the iniquitous press and vowed he would institute libel proceedings, his face was very red and his hands pawed the air. Angelica was secretly ecstatic. Reggie, she thought, was acting perfectly guilty. After all, she had not been duped nor de-
If all "The Tattler" said were true... heavens, how had he accomplished so much in the past fortnight, home as he was practically all of the time. What a consummate villain must he be! The "debonair dilettante"... just what she had thought him! And he was hers! She regarded him with a thrill of pride in her own prowess. Not every woman could have so neatly caught and impaled this butterfly on the wing! Everywhere, no doubt, he had trodled upon the hearts of women... hers he had not been able to trample under foot. What romance it was to have this love of women for her very own, to bear his name, to introduce him to a languishing femininity as "my husband."

She thought of her own mother's domestic life. Her unimpeachable father! The endless monotony of home evenings, the dish-watery drabness of it! How had her mother endured it? Any woman could have held her father, could have caught him, in the first place. It took her, Angelica, to captivate the elusive, the captivating, the devilish Reggie. She wept aloud and decried him for his infidelities. It was her role. She must never let him know that, secretly, she gloated over his vices.

"But, darling," he was protesting, (still nervously, still earnestly, noted Angelica, thru the corner of her eye), "you know these are infamous lies. Why, I've been with you every minute. It's that damned Hathaway girl—always stirring the mud up somewhere. I know I'll go down to their offices tomorrow and force them to substantiate their statements. Worst of it is, there aren't any statements... just a lot of nasty implications a man 'd have to be a worm to wriggle out of. It's outrageous, that's what it is! It's...

Angelica went to bed with the men of a martyr and the heart of a seraph. She was happy! Reggie was a devil and he was making a devil's explanations.

Life would be just one thrill after another.

There followed perfumed notes. The perfume was what might be described as violent. It assailed the nostrils in whatever part of the house one happened to be in. Angelica took them to come from some exotic... a Peruvian, she thought most likely. Reggie hid them, rather obviously. Angelica thought. She almost always saw him hiding one with an air of ostentation. Probably, she comforted herself, he was more than customarily desperate over "this one"... hence the lack, or loss, of discretion. The matter required thought, and Angelica called in a handwriting expert. She made the most of it.

It gave her a magnificent opportunity to wear willowy negligees and wallow in eau de cologne. She also acquired a plaintive voice and found that reddening her eyes, ever so slightly, was not unbecoming. Angelica had never had so good a time.

The handwriting expert ruined it. He nearly ruined her life. To go further, he all but ruined the marital life of the pair. He informed Angelica, after much research and comparative study, that Reggie himself had written the perfumed notes. He added that he had probably perfumed them himself as well. Not a hauri, he said, would anoint letters like that.

Angelica's eyes were reddened in good earnest. Now, now indeed was she deceived, misled, made ridiculous. Here, while she had been living in thrilling proximity to a devil, there had dwelt by her side a sly angel, with not a liaison to do him credit and her proud. She could never condone him, who had never sinned. She could never forgive, with nothing to forgive. She could never pity her mother, whose own fatuous fate was worse. Diabolic! She had married a hypocrite, whose thin veneer of evil slipped from him and revealed a plaster saint.

Polly, doing her best in the column of "The Tattler," was unable to counteract the damage the handwriting expert had done. Angelica's faith in her spouse's evil ways was irretrievably shattered. She was again disconsolate. God knew where, now, she would seek the thrill Reggie had failed her in. Polly, admonished by the M. E., sensed the fact that it was her duty as a humanitarian and a sister in the sex to avert Angelica's probably direfully impeding fate.

Polly phoned Reggie. Polly had a way with her. She confirmed Reggie's worst suspicions in a way. She tones, "My boy," she said, "you've got to cut up, that's all there is about it. The safest thing for you to do, since you cannot seem to achieve anything that isn't said, is to do it with me. We—you and I—will beat it together. We'll go to a summer hotel. I know of no place better calculated to scandal and wisely suspicion. Take it from me. Also, I'll see that 'The Tattler' narrates the worst. You on?"

Reggie, rather palely, consented. He felt a certain faith in Polly Hathaway.

"We'll register as man and wife," pursued Polly, "and
Friend Wife will happen in upon—the register. It ought to last her for a while. It should pass by the summer months quite pleasantly for both of you. It will take you a month to break down her injured pride. It will take her another to grant her forgiveness. It will take another for the pair of you to mosh the thing over together. Still another will be consumed by a honeymoon of reconciliation. And there you are!

"I dont understand women," moaned Reggie.

"That's obvious," agreed Polly, briskly. "I dare say, however, that you will come to some sort of an understanding after you and I are—er—discovered."

Reggie had a sort of terrified thrill when he recalled some of the things he had heard about "newspaper women"—this newspaper woman in particular.

However, he did love Angelica ... and so ...

And so he let himself in for more than he had bargained for—more, also, than Polly herself had bargained for. He discovered in the very beginning that there was more than one marital complication extant. He further discovered that his fame had gone before him. Literally awaiting him on the front porch of the hotel they had selected was Nita Leslie, one of the members of the set in which he had been wont to move. Nita was a clingy, effusive young person, with what might be tactfully described, had she been literary or professional, as "temperament." Being neither, what possessed Nita was not nominated in the bond—save by her husband, and then none too delicately, as Nita tearfully explained upon Reggie's astounded bosom. Polly, watching from the window of "their" suite, chuckled. Angelica, she foresaw, would get her bargain full this time.

"Fred has been a perfect devil," Nita was explaining to Reggie: 'the last time it w-was a b-blonde chorus g-girl, I know it! The very worst variety.' ... and I said to mommer, and mommer said, 'Well, you would do it' ... and then I just got desperate, and it came to me that there is only o-one person to settle one's troubles in this vale of t-tears and t-that is one's self, and then I read about you in 'The Tattler', that perfectly frightful column in The Society News ... and it all came to me ... oh, Mister Irving!"

Reggie mopped a brow with a handkerchief. His voice had deserted him.

"What was it that—came to you?" he demanded.

Nita opened her eyes roundly. If, cogitated Reggie miserably, Angelica's sea-green eyes were not so persistently, so everlastingly before him, he, being a reasonable man with a pair of eyes of his own, would have conceded the really perfect baby blueness of Nita's. As it was ... damn it all ... why were women like Angelica thrust upon the earth to thus muddle up the cardiac regions, not to mention the cerebellum, of a man like he, Reggie?

"Why—ee," Nita was saying, "I read about your carryings on, and I heard someone say you were rather—well, indiscriminate, and I looked 'indiscriminate' up in the dictionary and I found it meant that you ran around with almost anybody, and then I heard that you were coming here, and, 'The Tattler'

inferred, 'not alone,' and I thought, 'No, I should say not. I'll go, too, and Reggie and I will go h—go to—you know, Mister Irving, he naughty together.' Nita smiled sweetly and wished the hero of her deviltries would not perspire so or look so perceptibly wilted. Reggie, at present, did not answer "The Tattler's" word pictures of him at all. Still, she might have known ... a pack of lies ... newspapers ...

"But, Mrs. Nita," spoke up Reggie, then, "how is all this er between you and me to to solve your husband?"

"He'll be jealous, of course," explained Nita; "he'll probably be so jealous he'll commit a murder or do some sweet, adorable thing like that, and then I'll know he really loves me. It's all quite simple."

"Yes, I see," said Reggie, putting the overworked handkerchief into play again, "yes, of course. It is. It is quite simple. Oh, very."

That evening Nita planned a party. By night Reggie had cunningly concluded that Nita was in reality the "Town Tattler," masquerading. No living woman, he averred, could be such a fool as Nita, so-called, had represented herself. He had heard, too, that the "Town Tattler" was rare at covering her tracks. She was, no doubt, covering them now.

The party was in progress in Reggie's room when Polly trailed in
Reggie found himself embracing Polly, when Angelica entered, accompanied by Nita's outraged and palpably murderous husband.

"I don't see how she can write," growled Reggie.

The party was in progress in Reggie's room when Polly trailed in, encountered with lingerie and other 'evidence' to scatter about "their room." Reggie had been having champagne, and the haunting quality of Angelica's too-green eyes had lost some of its poignancy. Polly was deuced attractive. It penetrated the haze in which he moved that she was the "Tattler." She had been clever enough to plan all this. He recognized her, remembered her voice now. He never had been good at voices, anyway. What did it all matter?... jolly time... pre' girls... 'specially Polly... He found himself embracing Polly, telling her she had wicked hair... wicked hands... was altogether the most heavenly little devil he had ever had the gr' goo' fortune to put his arms about... He loved brains, he said... she had 'em... a girl like her with brains... Lor'... ummmm!

Upon the "ummm" entered Angelica, accompanied by Nita's outraged and palpably murderous husband.

There was sincerity in the "ummm." No amount of explaining could ever explain that away, felt Angelica. She had a pang at the tableau. Not quite so pleasurable as some of the others had been. Polly's arms, for instance, were wound with a rather desperate intensity about Reggie's soft collar. She seemed to be playing up nobly to the "ummm."

Nita, in a corner, was weeping. She was declaring that Reggie Irving was a worse devil than he had ever been pictured. He had, she informed her husband and Reggie's wife, kissed her and tossed her away. "He's broken my heart," was her champagne-made moan, "the beast, the pig, the pirate... ooooh!"

This was all Fred Leslie needed. He had suspected the worst. This was "he worst." The notorious creature had not only lured his Nita to a shady summer hotel, kissed her, but he had thereupon thrown her in the discard and "taken up" with another woman, before Nita's very eyes. He had come to murder him. He would be exonerated under the unwritten law. This he had ascertained before making the trip. He would proceed to murder him on sight.

A chase ensued.

Reggie, or Reggie's champagne, or the fortuitous combination of the two, led him into the bedroom of a solitary sleeping woman. The woman thought her husband, who had these methods of home-coming at night, and held out her arms to him. They were ample arms and afforded a shelter, a screen. Reggie took to them. Hard upon the taking, her husband burst in upon them. The din and clatter caused by Nita, Polly, (on the track of her story), and Fred was increased by the clamor set up by the irate husband, who was observing what horror he called the gods to bear witness to.

In the midst of it all, Reggie disentangled himself from the ample arms and again made good his escape, to fall into the clutches of three house detectives, who loudly proclaimed that they were bound to arrest the notorious Reggie Irving.

"Your escapades, sir," they said in unison, "are enough to give any house a black eye. You are a disgrace to this respectable hostelry, to your...

(Continued on page 75)
Autumn à la Sennett

Some day a poet is going to immortalize the Mack Sennett bathing beach in autumn. Until then observers will have to confine themselves to cold, prosaic prose.
They certainly wept! All the feminine fans east of the
Pacific Coast and west of sixteen. For wasn’t Richard
Barthelmes—the adorable Yellow Man of “Broken Blossoms”—being married? Could anything be worse?

Of course, Dick didn’t think so. For he was marrying “his
ideal girl,” as he termed her, otherwise (as per the wedding
announcements), Mary Hay Caldwell.

The wedding took place, to be exact, on June 18th, at the
Church of the Heavenly Rest in New York. And, at the exact
hour, motion picture theaters in every part of the country
played a wedding march. In fact, no one had ever before
been so widely married.

In reality, Dick was married twice that week. The earlier
wedding was—whisper—to Lillian Gish. But it was only a
make-believe one for David Griffith’s “Way Down East.”
There was a big double wedding scene in this rural play and,
while Dick was being joined in cinema wedlock with Lillian,
Mary Hay was marrying Creighton Hale. You see, Mary was
also playing in “Way Down East.” The make-believe ceremony
created all sorts of merriment around the Griffith Mamaronock
studio, for the real wedding was to take place the day after.

The real one was very simple and formal.

No, Dick did not meet Mary in motion pictures. Their
“meeting” was the oddest on record. For Mary met Dick in
the Philippines, while Dick met Mary on the Ziegfeld roof.
You see, it was this way. Dick was a shadow character in a
Marguerite Clark photoplay when Mary first glimpsed him.
And Dick’s first saw Mary on the New Amsterdam roof, where
she was a member of the Ziegfeld revue.

Mrs. Barthelmes (née Hay) was only on the stage a year
or two. She is a daughter of
Colonel and Mrs. Frank Merrill
Caldwell. (Which explains
Mary’s aforementioned stay in
the Philippines.) She studied
dancing with Ruth St. Denis at
Denishawn in California and,
oddl'il, played a small role in
Griffith’s “Hearts of the World.”

(Continued on page 83)

Photograph by Gesler & Andrews. N.Y.
The Celluloid Critic

The Newest Photoplays in Review

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

The early summer dog days were not quite so dull as usual this year. Take Basil King's "Earthbound," (Goldwyn), for instance. This is going to cause discussion. It is going to be widely overrated. In reality, it is unusual. With the whole world delving more or less into the psychic, the motion picture has been slow to deal with it. David Griffith started in "The Great Question" and then lost courage. "Earthbound" dashes full length into the question.

Remember the story of "On With the Dance": two men and a woman, the murder, the subsequent trial and the regeneration of the woman's soul thru the way she saves the murderer by her testimony in open court. George Fitzmaurice treated the story from an emotional and wholly materialistic view-point.

Oddly, Mr. King's story has almost an identical groundwork, but the treatment is wholly from the spiritual angle. We see the spirit of the murdered man, at first defiant of God, moving thru the scenes of his earthly activities—a figure of hate. But, as he comes to realize the limitlessness of the other world, he brings about the woman's regeneration thru his unseen influence. Then, having adjusted two broken homes as best he can, he shakes off his earthbound shackles and moves on into the infinite—that is, via camera tricks, he walks over the tree-tops in the generally accepted direction of heaven.

Mr. King's story is not only a psychic one, but it preaches a certain doctrine of right living. The lives subsequently torn apart by murder are linked by a false and dangerous theory of life. "No God—no sin—no future life" has been the college creed of the two comrades, and Mr. King depicts how this destructive theory brings its inevitable disaster.

"Earthbound" was a tremendously difficult thing to visualize. We understand that T. Hays Hunter, the director, was months working it out at the Goldwyn coast studios. It was a vastly hard thing to show the spirit of the murdered man moving thru reel after reel and yet keep the right spiritual tempo. A false step anywhere would have meant a slip into the ridiculous. Sometimes Mr. Hunter lapsed into the banal and obvious, and sometimes the theatrical is baldly apparent, but, on the whole, it is an elusive thing rather well done.

"Earthbound" held our interest strongly. It is a vivid clash of human passions and the spiritual. It is not our province to debate Mr. King's psychic theories here. They command thought, whether or not you dismiss them as banal. And we believe that the average person will get a message of uplift from "Earthbound."

(Continued on page 88)
The Convictions of Conrad

At first, Conrad Nagel’s conversation was all of the house. They had rented it furnished and grown to love it so much that they bought it just as it stood. Of course, now that the house belonged to them, innumerable things were to be done. Certain uncomfortable, old-fashioned pieces of furniture that he said, reminded him of his childhood in Keokuk, Iowa, had to make way for furniture more modern and comfortable. New draperies were to be selected and the front porch was to be arranged so that they could almost live on it and still retain some privacy. Included in their plans were a vegetable garden for the back yard and more flowers for the front. One gathered that, as much as possible, they wished to do all this themselves. They are enjoying the romance, only too often denied newlyweds in the profession, of making their own home.

There would, in all probability, be fewer divorces, both in and out of the profession, if more young married people could start this way instead of as flat dwellers, moving around from place to place, with all the sense of irresponsibility towards each other and towards the community that comes from not having a thing to call their own.

Conrad Nagel is the incarnation of Youth in real life. He is impulsive, earnest and realizes keenly his responsibilities towards the world. He has not permitted his profession to absorb him to the exclusion of other interests.

Conrad Nagel suggested lunch at the Garden Court.

"Mrs. Nagel will be there, too," he said over the telephone.

But Mrs. Nagel couldn’t come, after all.

You see, they had just bought a house. Not a blatantly new house, but a big house with a "homey" air, such as a house only gets when it has been built for quite some time.

(The rose-bushes were bearing heavily. One especially, a red climber, on the side-front porch, was a riot of full-blown blooms. And there was a white bush, too, in the center of the front lawn, so covered with flowers that you could scarcely see the bush for the roses.)

We drove around to see the house after lunch.

"I won’t promise how Mrs. Nagel will look," her husband said on the way, but, from the tone of his voice, you would have felt quite certain that Mrs. Nagel could never look otherwise than perfectly adorable.

By this time, if you didn’t know it before, you have probably guessed that Conrad Nagel is married. He is. More than that, he is a newlywed, and not a bit ashamed of it.

His wife is a non-professional; a sincere, generous, conradely sort of girl, not beautiful, as beauty is known in Hollywood, but rather more than that—wholesome-looking. She has an exceedingly expressive face, large, dark eyes and dark hair. Conrad, on the contrary, is a blond. His hair is taffy-colored, his eyes blue and his complexion rather pale. He is six feet tall.

But if I am to begin at the beginning, which is the logical place at which to begin, I’ll have to get back to the Garden Court. We were seated at a little table near a French window overlooking the Hollywood hills. Luncheon began with a fruit cup, progressed thru lamb chops, French fried potatoes and string-beans, to strawberry parfait and coffee at the end.
The Conrad Nagels are not going to be like many young married people, spending every penny they get as fast as they get it with nothing to show for it after it is gone. Rather, they have the property-owning fever and are putting their surplus into real estate . . . and Los Angeles real estate at that. They discovered the West, literally, in a day, and loved it on discovery.

"It is really funny," he said, "that both of us should have become converted into Californians so suddenly. I think our house must he responsible, because I hated Los Angeles at first and made up my mind that we would go back to New York as soon as I could finish with Mayflower. (He was making "Athalie.") We even secured our reservations." He drew from his pocket two tickets for New York which, he remarked, he could probably sell to some one.

"Then we rented our house, the neighbors made us welcome and, before we had been there a week, the corner grocer knew us by name. Why, if your corner grocer called you by name in New York, you'd fall over from astonishment!

"Not only that, but we had room and freedom. You've no idea how strange it seems to look out of your window and see attractive lawns and flowers and know that friends and acquaintances are all around you, when you've been living cooped up in a New York apartment without even knowing the people next door."

Nevertheless, he had a clause inserted in the five-year contract which he recently signed with Famous Players-Lasky to the effect that he should make at least one picture a year in New York and that he may appear on the stage if he so desires.

"After all," he remarked, "one should keep in touch with the center of things."

Conrad Nagel played Youth in "Experience" for two years, and he certainly looks the incarnation of Youth in real life and acts it, too. He is impulsive, earnest, and realizes keenly his responsibilities towards the world. He has not yet permitted his profession to absorb him to the exclusion of other interests. On the contrary, he talks politics enthusiastically and his religion enters into his daily life and influences all he does. He says, quite frankly, that whatever success he has gotten, or may get, will be due to his faith.

"I do not think an artist has any more right to shirk responsibility towards the community in which he lives than has a man in any other walk of life," he said, emphatically. "For instance, take the matter of voting. I think that a man who has a vote and doesn't use it is as bad as the man who has a vote and sells it."

He is also, by the way, an advocate of total prohibition.

(Continued on page 74)
A Pictorial Avalanche

mailled after August first, there has been no let up in the receipt of photographs from all parts of the country. It would be rather interesting to our readers, we are quite sure, if they could drop in and see the editorial offices these days, literally snowed up under an avalanche of photographs.

Inasmuch as the most difficult part of the contest is the fair and impartial judgment on these same photographs, and the final selection of the honor roll winners from them by the judges, it is needless to say that quite some time is required in this selection. Despite the fact that we have announced in all three of our magazines that the final decision of the judges would be published just as quickly as possible, this has made no difference to all those interested in the contest, for daily the editorial offices receive overpowering barrage attacks of telephone calls, telegrams, special delivery letters, etc., all containing inquiries as to the outcome and all frantically desirous of knowing whether or not the sender has been made one of the winners.

We are quite ready to concede that it is extremely difficult for those interested in the contest to overcome their desire to know what the outcome of the contest is to be, but as we have stated before, the final announcement of the winners will be made just as soon as possible. The cultivation of patience is a meritorious occupation!

Every Sunday there has been a swarm of contestants out at the Brewster estate at Roslyn, Long Island, where a thorough camera test has been given every honor roll member and all others who were notified to appear.

Just as soon as the committee finish their laborious task of separating the wheat from the chaff among

Top, Dorothy Peabody, Berkeley Calif.; center, Marion Mac Donald, Syracuse, N. Y.; Lower left, Violet de Barros, New York City; and, lower right, Alameda Fowler, New York City

Photograph by Starr, N. Y.

Photograph by A. M. Annis

By the time this magazine goes to press the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920, which has been conducted by The Motion Picture Magazine, The Classic and Shadowland, will have been finally closed so far as the receipt of photographs is concerned. Altho there has been a definite warning issued in each one of our publications to the effect that no photographs will be entered in the contest which have been

Photograph © by Strausse Peyton

(Forty-eight)
the photographic mountain now looming before them, the final honor roll members will be selected, and from these final honor roll winners, and all of those who have already appeared in The Motion Picture Magazine, the Classic of Shadowland, there will be chosen those contestants who will be the fortunate winners of the contest.

The judges who will make this momentous decision are Mary Pickford, Mme. Olga Petrova, Howard Chandler Christy, Thomas Ince, J. Stuart Blackton, Maurice Tourneur, Samuel Lumiére, Carl Laemmle, Jesse Lasky, David Belasco, Blanche Bates and Eugene V. Brevieter.

The honor roll winners for this issue of the Classic are as follows:

Dorothy Peabody, 2622 College Ave., Berkeley, Cal., who has had some amateur dramatic experience, is a brunette, with brown eyes and light-brown hair.

Marion MacDonald, 102 Shonnard Street, Syracuse, N. Y., is a student of voice culture who has appeared in amateur theatricals. Miss MacDonald is the proud possessor of blue eyes and dark-brown hair, while her complexion is very fair.

Violet de Barros, 217 West 110th Street, New York City, has had some dramatic experience. She has green eyes, light-brown hair and fair complexion.

Almeda Fowler, 340 West 86th Street, New York City, has had some musical comedy experience. Miss Fowler has brown hair, hazel-colored eyes and fair complexion.

Florence Campbell, 44 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass., has never had any previous dramatic experience. Miss Campbell has brown hair and blue eyes.

Helen Richardson, P. O. Box 181, Los Angeles, Cal., has done some extra work with various film companies. Miss Richardson is a blonde with very dark-blue eyes.

Hazel Donnelly, 1228 Morris Avenue, New York City, is a member of the Ziegfeld "Follies." She has chestnut-brown hair and blue eyes.

We are quite sure that all of the contestants and their friends will be greatly interested to know that for some time past we have been receiving visits from the personal representatives of the very largest and most famous motion picture companies. These representatives are following the Fame and Fortune Contest with close attention, and have informed us that they are willing to take care of the future of one of the final winners.

This fact is of the utmost importance, and should add greatly to the enthusiasm among those who are taking part in the contest, for it means that the lucky winner who is selected by these men will be immediately signed up on a contract with a substantial salary, and the future film success of the one who is selected is practically assured.

Owing to the success of last year's contest, there were four final winners chosen instead of one, as was originally planned. Up to date, we find it impossible to state just what the number of winners for the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest will be, but this announcement will be made at the earliest moment.

The filming of the five-reel feature drama, "Love's Redemption," is progressing rapidly.
The Glass of Youth

By

OLGA SHAW

Whatever it may be, it is inherent and will not be marred or decreased by the inevitableness of his success.

He is the true artist. One feels that, or senses it, rather, in his own sensitiveness, to you, to impressions, to other persons.

Having been, or being, whatever the tense, no matter, the godson of Sarah Bernhardt has been, no doubt, a molding, a finely molding factor. I asked him about her, and his face lighted up with the fervor, the keen-edged interest a responsive person just naturally portrays for all truly great things of life, of art.

"She is a tremendous person," he said, with his still unflawed accent; "a great, a very great woman as well as artist. She gave me all my training and what I am, whatever I shall be, whatever there (Continued on page 90)

It was a sultry afternoon. Not that the sultriness or the time of day has much to do with it, save that the sultriness was forgotten in the quality of the ensuing talk, atmosphere in toto, etc., etc.

I went to a predirected address in one of the West 40's near th'Avenue, and rang a bell inscribed, neatly, "Barthelmes-Glass."

The former of the two names had, impulsively, a pencil mark thru it. The simple line denoted the fact that Barthelmes had flown to a new, a hymeneal nest.

I ascended some stairs and was admitted by a neat-appearing colored maid with a capable air, who directed me to an ample chair in the shaded living-room and told me that Mr. Glass would join me immediately.

In the brief interim, (he is not the sort to keep one waiting), I glanced about me. I couldn't help but suppose that this room had been the shrine of many dreams and ambitions, of many, many talks and introspections, of philosophies and intolerances and prejudices and the many-hued, many-colored faiths and unfaiths of youth. "Barthelmes-Glass" had had, no doubt, much of mutual sympathies and aims.

The room itself was comfortable and unobtrusive and in excellent taste. There was a piece or two of sculpture. There were books on low racks, one or two good prints, a huge desk, a huge couch, smoking conveniences, and thru a flutter of immaculate scarlet curtains a glimpse of an equipped kitchen showing the ingredients of a domestic menage.

Then Gaston Glass came hastily in.

I had an impression, (which remained), of sweet and enthusiastic youth. He seemed to be eager with hope, with ideals, with aspirations, with opinions. He was charmingly unassertive and delicately self-depreciatory. In his interest in himself, (and, of course, he has it, else he would not be an artist or a man), there was a delicacy of touch sans all irritation to the mere listener. It may be, I thought, the French birth and breeding of him.

Gaston Glass is the godson of Sarah Bernhardt, and it was from her that he received his dramatic training. He has only been in America a little more than a year and still possesses a charming French accent. His work in "Humoresque" has proved him to be a player of the first rank.
Her First Interview

By MAUDE CHEATHAM

They were having a party.
There were music and flowers and refreshments and everything.
The everything consisted chiefly in noise, for the laughter and merriment could be heard to the far corners of the Lasky lot, while everyone who could possibly slip away from his post was crowding about the set to enjoy the fun.
"There's Viora Daniel," they told me. "That little girl in pink over in the corner with Roscoe." Eagerly I looked at the point mentioned, interested to see this new feminine lead of the rotund comedian.

I saw a slip of a girl whose vivid, sparkling face was framed in dark curls which were caught up in a huge satin bow. The frilly skirts just touched the round, bare knees, while pink socks and Mary Janes completed her "little girl" costume.

A scene from "The Life of the Party," Irvin Cobb's humorous story, was being transferred to the screen, and Roscoe was in the act of pulling Viola about the set while the orchestra jazzed a merry tune and the camera clicked.

Fatty, or Roscoe, as he is called now that he is making feature comedies instead of the old two-reelers, was a scream in blue gingham rompers, a child's round hat a-top his solemn face and "cunning" socks that failed by half a yard or so to hide his battered and bruised knees. He must slapstick, and if not on the screen, it creeps in between acts and he tumbles about like a rubber ball. He is continually interpolating bits of hilarious comedy into his work—his strenuousness is remarkable—that keeps everyone in a roar, for there is no denying that Roscoe Arbuckle is just naturally funny at all times.

When the lunch hour was called, Viola and I started for her dressing-room. "Oh, look! There's Tommy Meighan. Isn't he adorable?" she exclaimed, grasping my hand, and we stopped to watch the handsome Thomas and Kathlyn Williams during a tender little scene in a Venetian garden.

"I've never met him," confided Viola, "but I've made up my mind that I am going to play with him some day. He is just my ideal of a hero," and she sighed romantically, even while her eyes danced.

"I remember I used to go and see Roscoe's films, and how I did enjoy them, but, of
course, I never once dreamed that I would ever be playing with him. It is all so wonderful—sometimes I wonder if I'll wake up and find it isn't true.'

It is indeed wonderful, and Viora Daniel, by her prettiness and promise, has made fast strides in the realm of motion pictures, for, after being in the Lasky stock company less than eight months, she was selected to play opposite Arbuckle.

"This is my first lead and my first interview—what shall I do?" she asked, happily, as we entered her dressing-room.

It was an Oriental shrine with gorgeous Chinese hangings, Chinese prints, and several good specimens of their art needlework adorning the walls, while the dressing-table was quaintly set with various treasures from the countries beyond the Pacific.

"I'm crazy about the Orient and I love every one of these things," she exclaimed, enthusingly. "My greatest joy is to prow! about the curio shops, and I know if I ever get to Japan or China I'll become light-fingered and probably be put into jail, for I'll never be able to control myself with all those lovely things.

"See, this is my good-luck feather," and very carefully she handed me a tiny, narrow, white feather. "It has an interesting story. The first picture I made was with Jack Gardner in 'So This Is America,' and we went some time up in Yellowstone Park. There was a Hawaiian there who used to go about with us, and when we left he promised to send me a rare gift from the island. Sure enough, he sent me three feathers. They are from some sacred bird that brings the owner good luck, and I touch this every morning before I go to work. I was so afraid something would happen to them that I tore them apart and keep one at home, one in my bankbook and one here at the studio. That makes it pretty safe, doesn't it?" and the smooth brow wrinkled in concern as she spoke.

"Oh, I'm terribly superstitious—that's my chief characteristic," and Viora laughed at the joke. "I look in the dream-book the first thing every morning and read the signs—and I have a hundred and one things that I do before I begin a new bit of work."

Glancing about the little room, I saw three dream-books, a volume of Kipling's poems and Laurence Hope's "Indra's Love-Lyrics."

"What is she, I thought, child or woman? For books are revealing, and this combination was decidedly unusual. Questioning her a little regarding the lyrics, which had been puzzle number one, I decided she was child—with a child's love of beauty and exquisite rhythm, with the romantic quality highly developed, which, of course, is in keeping with her emotional temperament.

Viora is a native daughter of California, having been born just eighteen years ago on a ranch near San Luis Obispo. Losing both father and mother while still a baby, she has but one relative, a brother, in the East. While attending the Ceur d'Vene College up in Idaho, she met a little girl fresh from Norway, Lorrie Larsen, who also is alone in the world, and these two have been the closest friends and chums ever since.

They have a pretty little bungalow up in Laurel Canyon, where they live all by themselves.

"The house is on the side of a hill, with a mountain stream running thru the garden. We have a balcony dining-room and, oh, it's (Continued on page 95)
People in Pinesport said that Athalie Greensleeve was "different"; some of them whispered that she was "queer-like in her head, seed things as warn't there to see." There were odd instances they could bring up to prove their contention, the time she sat on the tavern steps and told a posse of excited farmers that they would find the lost Higgs baby under a juniper bush on Blueberry Mountain; the time she warned old Bill Edwards not to go fishing, and he went, scoffing, and was drowned.

"The moon shone on her cradle out of a stormy sky," the old wives whispered; "her mother died the same month she was born. She's got the look o' the other world on her!"

Certainly Athalie, at eighteen, was not like the other, plump, noisy Pinesport damsels, with their red, hard cheeks and their big hands, always ready with a slap not too discouraging for the first sign of "freshness." She was rather unusually tall and slender, without being meager, and her oval face, with its amazingly large, luminous blue eyes and frame of soft brown hair, was only faintly tinted. But her white, beautifully cared-for hands could work as deftly as any hands, and her mouth, tho usually sweetly grave, could smile as it smiled now under Henry Laidlie's adoring gaze.

"Henry! You promised!" she reproached him, drawing back slightly from the great, importunate bulk of him into the syringa-scented shadow. "You know I told you two years ago that I wasn't the girl you would marry."

"You're usually right, Attie," the big fellow beside her on the porch said, grudgingly, "but I ain't willin' to leave this thing up to the spirits! It's too almighty important to me—t' both of us. I want you, dear—I've wanted you for years, an' I'll be good to you, Attie; I promise you that before my Maker. Now mother's died and the tavern's got to close. You can't stay here and there's nowhere for you to go. 'Sides, why should you go to traipsing over the earth, trying to earn enough to keep soul and body together, when I've got plenty, and I need you so?"

He was wily, big, earnest Henry, in appealing to her thru his lonely need, his forlorn, uncared-for state, but still she shook her head, dimly shining in the fragrant dusk.

"No, dear. I couldn't, truly. Why, Henry, we've been brother and sister, almost ever since we were children!"

"But not since we was grown," he countered; "you're too purty, Attie, so purty it makes me feel like being in church, somehow, looking at you. You wasn't made to take care of yourself, but for a man to take care of. Attie, say you'll let me take care o' you!"

But still she smiled, and shook her head, and suddenly he cried, with the violent tongue of a long-boarded jealousy, "Who is it, then? That city feller who was so sweet on you two years ago, and skipped out without even saying good-by? Day your father died, that was—I thought then all those tears you cried on my shoulder warn't for th' old man! Are you still thinkin' of him, Attie—when he didn't give you no right to think of him?"

The chair had stopped swaying. It was quite still for the space of an entire moment on the porch, then, tiredly, "Don't, please—speak of—him—" she controlled the tremble in her voice gallantly. "It is strange, Henry, when I can see so far ahead for most people, that I can't see into my own future at all, but I think—I have a queer certainty that I shall never marry."

Henry Laidlie made an uncouth noise; a sob, strangled fiercely. She saw the big, shaggy head twist downward against the low, white moon, then lift resolutely. "All right, dear,
he said, with a great breath, "whatever you say. I wont bother you again. And now, what are you going to do?"

"I'm going to New York," Athalie said slowly. The moon was full on her lifted face, and he saw that it wore the look of "differentness" he had learnt to dread and hate because it seemed to separate her so far from him. Her eyes were fixed upon something beyond reality, her lips moved stiffly as tho without her volition. "I—have work to do there. I don't know exactly what it will be, but I know that I must go."

Pineport folks shook their heads over her going. No need, they murmured, for 'Ous Greensleeve's girl to go away from home to earn her livin'. New York was no place for a female, except maybe once or twice a year to see the Hippodrome show or do a little shopping. There'd be no good come o' it—mark their words! And after a little, for lack of news of her, their tongues ceased to wag, and Athalie was forgotten, except by one big, silent man who had an irritating way of starting up sometimes out of a reverie and looking around him as tho he had heard a call, a way that exceedingly irritated his wife— for Henry Laidie allowed himself submissively to be married by one of the efficient, red-cheeked damsels of Pineport a year after Athalie went away.

When she took the train for the city on that afternoon in midsomers, it was as tho Athalie Greensleeve took the train out of the world, for it was another woman who got off in the Grand Central. In her four hours' journey she had gone over all possibilities and made her decision. She could not do anything which people would pay her for doing, except to "see clearly," to glimpse events as yet undreamed of. She had a childlike faith in her own powers. Not a single tainting suspicion of dishonesty troubled her—more often than not, she felt something akin to the exaltation of one who is "called to preach." God had given her a strange, very precious gift, and she must use it for Him. That was all. Very simple, surely!

She spent the first disillusioning, agonizing week in seeking a room, shuddering away from some of the women who answered her bell. Once she electrified a rouged shatter by bursting into tears. "No! no! Not that room! I couldn't—after what had happened there."

The woman turned ghostly under the purple paint. "How'd you know?" she muttered, with stiff lips. "You couldn't know!" But Athalie had gone, and the woman went in, covering as if from the menace of black, rushing wings.

Presently she found a dark, dingy front parlor on a once pretentious street, with a faded landlady who called her "child" and offered to make her a cup of tea. The room had belonged to a fortune-teller, and was hung with the cheap and tawdry stage setting of her profession, dusty, velvet draperies, Charts, and on a table stood a crystal like a drop of pure light in the dank, dreary room. "Madame La Rene had a very high-class clientele," the faded landlady assured her, in the whine that served for a voice, "but she drank up all she made, poor dear, and was took away toBedloes screaming something terrible. Are you a second—sighter, my dear?"

Athalie did not quite know what she was. For three days she sat in the terrible room, among its theatrical tinsel, with folded hands, waiting to be shown what she should do. On the morning of the fourth day there was a tap on the door and an old man, immaculately dressed, stood hesitating at the threshold. He stared down at her with ludicrous amazement at seeing such youth and loveliness in a place like this.

"Madame La Rene—but, good God! It's impossible!" he burst out finally. "I came here because I am so desperate that I am willing to plunge my hands into the vileness of professional charlatanism, but I must have come to the wrong place."

He was turning, but her soft voice called him back.

"You wanted to know about the children—yes!"

"You've heard?" He was actually panting with excitement. "Of course! They told me all mediums and star-gazers had a card catalog of the easy marks. Yes, I came about my grandchildren, who disappeared two years ago in this city. What can you tell me? But, of course, you can tell me nothing!"

"Only that—they are in Belgium."

Athalie spoke wildly, oddly, as if she repeated something whose meaning she could not guess. She moved to the table, stood staring down into the crystal. "At a convent—yes, a great stone building on a hill—near Brussels—"

She sank suddenly down at the table, passed her hand across her eyes and looked up at him blankly.

"What was I saying? I cant remem ber—only I seemed to see it all so clearly—"

Her words were the regulation cant.
of the mediums, to which he had grown accustomed, these disheartening days, but her eyes were different, like the purest water in the sun. Elisha Symes had not lived for seventy years without being able to judge people. He laid his hat methodically on the table, with a hand that trembled, and sat down opposite her. "Now, suppose you tell me about yourself," he suggested, trying to speak casually. When her soft voice faltered to silence presently, he leaned toward her. "Tell me, did you ever hear of a man named Dane?"

Athalie half rose. Her delicate face was twisted as with sudden pain. "Dane—he was an explorer? Yes, I knew him. He—he came to my father’s inn one summer with a friend—a friend of his, to shoot ducks. He told me he was going to Africa, and I told him—she touched her forehead with fingertips wearily—"I told him to be careful of the injury he would receive in his arm."

"The same man!" her visitor gave the effect of shouting, although it was his look that clamored, rather than his tone. "I had luncheon at the club with him yesterday, and he wore his right arm in a sling from the effects of a lion’s claws. He told me of you—said if anyone could help me, it would be little Athalie—"

The girl was swaying, hand at her throat. "Did he speak—of anyone else? Any friend? The—man who was with him that summer at Pineport?"

But Elisha Symes, unheeding, was intent upon his own affairs. After weary months of seeking, he had found; after days of doubting he believed! He went away from the dingy front parlor, after having his generous check gently refused. But he had exacted a promise that Athalie would let him find her better quarters, worthy of her great gift.

She was settled in these, a bit awed at the quiet luxury of the apartment which old Symes had leased for her before he set sail for Belgium. "I’m going to find my darlings. I know it!" he told her, "and I shall bring them to you as soon as I come back! Meanwhile, help others as you have helped me."

The news of the beautiful girl with the strange powers spread, and the charming grey-and-mahogany drawing-room on the Drive was filled with the curious, the anxious, the despairing. Sometimes it was a stout, elaborately upholstered woman with a Pekinese and a tale of missing jewels, sometimes a white-faced girl whose lips faltered out some sordid story of wrong and misery. Athalie made no pretense with them all. "I don’t know whether I can help you, but I will try," she told them, gently. "I can’t always see ahead. Sometimes there is a veil between..."

One day, Dane, the explorer, came and blithely renewed his acquaintance; his eyes, reddened by the suns and winds of strange, far places, watched her pale face with a sort of wonder. "You’re looking tired," he declared, as he was going; "too much seeing! You need a vacation. I’m having a house party at my lodge in the Adirondacks this week. I’ll expect you."

"Oh, no! I—I couldn’t," she began breathlessly; "I’m not—one of you. I’m only Athalie."

But he brushed her objections aside, in the ruthless way of a man who is used to denying difficulties. "Nonsense! Do you good—besides, I’m having someone you used to know—young Clive Bailey! That’s settled! Good-by till Saturday, Athalie."

It was the name that brought her, the name that she had shut away in her heart for four denied years, as a woman shuts away dried roses or other remembrances. There was a new beauty about her when she stepped into the hall of Dane’s great lodge and looked about the group gathered before the blazing fire. So a woman looks when she comes to meet love with outstretched hands.

Many of the visitors stared, hostilely; some whispered, for
So small..." the strange tone was saying yearningly, and Athalie held out her arms as a woman to a child, "so sweet! But it needs someone to love it! Babies must be loved or they die...

remembering. "You went without a word—after that kiss—— I saw you in Henry Laidlie's arms. What should I think?" "He was comforting me—my father had just died and we were like brother and sister."

While Dan's guests played bridge within the great room, Athalie and Clive walked the length of the piazza many times under a cold, winter moon that was like the corpse of the palpitant moon under which they had kist four years ago.

"I married Winifred because I wanted to forget that I had lost you," he told her, lips set in a white line, "and as soon as I had done it the thought of you came and lived with us. Whatever we said or did, you were there; it was as tho I had put another

her reputation had preceded her, and she was already labeled a curiosity. But there was one who anticipated the host's advance of greeting. Tall, lithe, with a teasing look about him as of a faun startled at finding himself in evening clothes, Clive Bailey had leaped to her, her name blazing on his lips, "Athalie! You—after all these years!"

An instant the huddled group of mortals, holding sickly, sticky cocktail glasses in jeweled fingers, had a blinding glimpse of what happens when the gods meet, the amazing simplicity of it, the blinding glory on their faces; then, being a woman, Athalie came back to earth first.

"Why, has it been so long as that? It's ungallant of you to remind me!" she smiled falsely up into his dulled face. "Captain Dan's tells me you've been too busy shooting lions to care for anything as tame as ducks!"

The group blinked, and began to chatter as tho to cover up something. A striking young woman with a dark, sullen prettiness which the arts of the masseuse and hair-dresser had coaxed into beauty, came up and took Clive proprietarily by the arm. Her chin was held just a fraction too high, her voice was a bit too sugary as she addressed him, "Clive, dear, do present me! A wife has so much in common with a man's old sweetheart..."

The surge of the sea was in Athalie's eyes as she heard his voice, infectionless, at a great distance, "Mrs. Bailey, Mrs. Laidlie—"

They call men gallant who perish without crying out on the battlefield, but there is no medal for the woman who comes bravely thru the agony of a moment like this without winning. Athalie laughed, quite gaily, quite naturally. "Oh, no, not Mrs. Anything," she corrected, "true Miss Greensleeve."

She caught the stricken look on Clive's face. Perhaps it gave her a strange comfort to feel her suffering was echoed in him.

It was bound to come, of course, the explanation, the futile into your rightful place. Marriage cant make it right for people to live together always, and my marriage is wrong—wicked and wrong!

"She—loves you?" Athalie asked, "that woman with the red hair and the red sparks in her eyes?"

"No! She never did," Clive groaned: "she wanted my name, and she will cling to it. We may as well face fact. She won't let me go, Athalie, and I can't stay. What are we going to do with the mess I've made of our lives?"

He was humble, like a sorry little boy, and she did not reproach him, tho she knew that he was right. It had been his blunder, his lack of faith that had made life for him regret, and, for her, remembrance. "We are going to do nothing," she told him quietly; "there is nothing we can do. I shall go on with my work. You will make Winifred as happy as you can, and we'll leave the rest to God."

"Your work!" he fumed. "I—yes, I hate your work. It takes you away where I cant follow. I'm so earthly, Athalie—men are creatures that live pretty close to the ground, and I cant substitute dreams and ideals for things I can touch. I—I want to touch you, Athalie—"

But he held his hands rigidly at his side, and only his glance kist her lifted face. Even in the days that followed, when he came to her grey-and-mahogany drawing-room again and again, because there was no strength in him to stay away, he never so much as laid a finger upon her hair, tho the want to do so shook his great frame piteously. After a bit she gave up begging him to stop coming. She lived such a strange, unworlly life among her crystals and visions that it did not even occur to her people could think unkindly of his coming. But Winifred read in their friendship the evil of her own suspicions, and, being an essentially practical young woman, determined to coin the situation to her own advantage.

"He's seeing that fake fortune-telling woman almost every day!" she told Arnold Wayne viciously, just after they had

(Fifty-six)
dined together at the Kitz, "and last night, what do you think? He actually came to me and asked me to release him! He said we weren't making each other happy—happy! I told him I was satisfied with my end of the bargain, and was living up to it she cast a glance at the handsome, cynical face opposite, almost eagerly "if—if you wanted it, too, Tony!"

Wayne lighted a cigarette before he answered. His eyes avoided hers. "Oh, come now, Winnie! I thought we'd argued that out long ago! Things are pretty comfortable as they are, what's the use of changing at this late day? It isn't as if there were any reason, you know."

"The light went out of the shallow eyes, like a blown candle, leaving them cold and dark and empty. "No, there's no reason—now," Winifred answered; fickle-sly beginning to draw on her gloves. Her face hardened. "You men make me sick! You think you can toss a woman aside whenever you're done with her, like an old shoe. But I'm not going to be tossed! And what's more, I'm going to drive that creature out of town!"

She was a vindictive woman, and she hated Clive because she was married to him and not to another. There was no one she could hurt except Athalie, and the pent rage of disappointed love and humiliation must find an outlet. So she went deliberately about the task of hurting Athalie. The newspapers were temporarily out of a sensation, the district attorney needed political backing, and the matter was really quite simple, after all. A test of Athalie's mediumistic power was demanded and arranged for, despite Clive's white anger.

"Let me take you out of this, dear!" he raged, while they waited for the others in the little drawing-room. "There's still time! What do we care for any one else in all the world? We'll go to Europe, to Italy, to Egypt, where we can't hear anything they say—come with me now, Athalie! Don't submit to this test! It will kill you—let me take you..."

But she put him aside, gently. "I am not afraid, Clive. I've never pretended anything. I've only tried to help people when I could. Whatever happens, I know—I know it will be all right."

"She faced the battery of cruel eyes with unsmiling simplicity. "What do you want of me?" she asked them, but she looked straight at Winifred's triumphant face. "How can I show you what you ask?"

"By telling us," Winifred answered vindictively, "something that has already happened, something that no one knows except the one whom it concerns. The future won't do for us. It can't be proved, and you will have to prove yourself, Madame Athalie!"

"Something—that is passed," the girl's tone was dreamy. Her gaze, still on the handsome. (Continued on page 94)
The Coming Collier

By
C. BLYTHE SHERWOOD

It was my first day in Hollywood—and, incidentally, my first day of sunshine. Months of slush and storm had passed since last I'd romped, a vagabond of the summertime, abandonedly in exercise and perspiration. A boy passed by in comfortably soiled flannels and a ditto sweater. He was swinging a dreadnaught driver.

"Is there a tennis court near here?" I asked.

"Indeed, in back of the hotel—nice and sunny, too. If you want to play, I'll be there with a friend of mine, and you can join us."

A mussed rush on the trunk followed, and a general scurry; and on the courts this chap offered that we double up. "Let's take the sunny side," he advised. "Sunburn will do you good."

"But your nose?" It was extravagantly peeling.

"What's a little grease-paint, more or less?" he repeated, and started the volley.

A few points, a few faults, a few games, the usual deuces and the usual darns, then, "Where do you come from, partner?"

"New York."

He dropped his racket. "Great Scott! Now we can form an Eastern club." He picked up his racket. "That's my country, too!"

Buster Collier, whose pictures used to run in all the magazines sitting on his father's knee, is now a player of great promise. Being the son of William Collier, one of our best-known comedians, Buster naturally displays a deep tendency to the serious side of life, and expects some day to become a great producer.

The young Mr. Carr opposing us, single-handed, was from Washington. For the moment, he didn't count at all.

"How's the new 'Midnight Frolic'?"

I told him and he served into the net twice.

"How's 'The Hottentot' going?"

I reported. He cut a gorgeous slam.

"Gee, it's great to meet someone who can talk your own language," and he suggested that we quit playing. Under the shade of a sheltering palm he continued, "How's Ed Wynn? Who's ahead for the Equity president? Have you seen Dick Barthelmess? He's one of my best pals. How's Mary Hay? Where's..."

"Say, Collier, I think I better be going. So long, old man," and our Washington victor, (the score was something like 50-40), disappeared.

"Collier?" I stared at him.

"Yes."

"Buster Collier, whose pictures used to run in all the magazines sitting on his father's knee?"

"The same."

"William Collier, Jr.?"

"No other."

"Oh, Lord!... (I had been playing such rotten tennis.)"

By fanning his racket, he brought me to... He was impatient to hear more. "Tell me..."

But when my voice returned, I managed to summon enough strength to inquire, "Why your mention before of grease-paint? What are you doing here?"

"What everybody else does—movies. I am under contract with...

(Continued on page 82)
Double Exposures
Conducted by F. J. S.

The Cinema Credo
(With all due apologies to Messrs. Menken and Vathan)
That every movie star either has a divorce or is getting one.
That vampires always burn incense around their homes.
That villains are always kind to their wives.
That leading men lead notorious lives.
That cinema kisses are never real.
That directors tear up their scenarios before "shooting" their first scenes.
That scenario editors steal every good plot that appears.
That directors always use megaphones and camera-men always wear their caps reversed.
That doubles always do all the daring stunts while the star sits in his limousine.
That interviewers always have gay times with the stars—said gay times being omitted from said interviews.
That home pictures of the stars are faked and that anybody's home is borrowed for the eminent one to pose in front of.
That Mack Sennett bathing girls can't actually swim.
That scenario writers never on any occasion read the novel from which they make their script adaptations.
That feminine stars go to bed at nine o'clock because any dissipation shows the next day.
That tears are always produced by onions or glycerine.
That a screen star cant walk down the street without drawing a crowd.

A FAREWELL
By John Hanlon
Harlequin and Columbine,
Hand in hand with yesterday,
Vanish o'er the sunset's rim,
Dancing all the way
Once love kindled at her laugh,
Maidens' eyes were soft for him.
Hearts were young then; now, alas,
Memories grow grey and dim
Harlequin and Columbine,
Uncrowned rulers of romance,
Fade like half-forgotten dreams,
Dying in their final dance.
But the world needs not nor cares—
Days of dreams are done for ay—
And the player folk pass on,
Hand in hand with yesterday.

That players really use the things they approve of in the magazine advertisements.
That stars never say the things credited to them in interviews.
That a star frequently changes the whole motion picture story around, if it doesn't suit her or somebody else gets a good chance.
That Griffith directs his pictures from notes written on his cuff and that he never uses a script.

The End of Summer
By Thelma Stillson
I never knew a dance could be
So sweet a thing before—
The viol's throbbing ecstasy,
The gleaming stretch of floor,
The little breeze whose melody
Crest thru the opened door—
Outside I knew were starlit skies
And summer's scented dusk,
But, gazing up, I found your eyes,
A fragrance sweet as musk
Upbore me into Paradise;
The world was but a husk
I never knew what fragile things
Life's fairest treasures are;
How fleet the wave whose passion flies—
Her beauty on the bar;
Our love, as frail as moon moth's wings,
Was dust upon a star.

Our Favorite Moments of the Month
A dull harem afternoon as depicted in "The Right to Love."
Mae Murray's robe de nuit in the same.
"What Do Women Love?" is the title of a new photoplay.
Take your choice!
And the desert island cuties still come.

If the cinema has produced anything more appealing than those close-ups of Lila Lee in the final moments of "The Prince Chap," we want to know about them.

Things We're Tired Of—
Close-ups of bottles of home brew exploding.

Allan Holubar, the director, contributes the following advice to extras attending a movie reproduction of a Ritz reception:
"Do not lift your dancing partner by her ears.
"Do not drag back your right leg in making a bow.
"Do not nudge your hostess in the ribs to attract her attention.
"Under no circumstances must men playing 'diplomats' engage in fist fights while the camera is clicking.
"Dowagers must not shoot craps with the property men; it interferes with their work.
"Dinner guests must not eat all the food until it is certain that a retake will not be necessary,"

Vera Stedman in Christie Comedies
Johnny Jones

By FRITZI REMONT

When told to stand for a "still," he looked about eagerly for a stick to whittle into some pet toy, and whipped out a tremendous jack-knife, the sort one gets as a gift when purchasing "American Boy" clothes. Johnny would make a fine magazine advertisement for ready-to-wears. He photographs beautifully, with his bright, big grey eyes, which are as alert as those of a squirrel, and his brown hair stays in place when he sticks it down with lots of snappy water, he admits.

There's no neglect of Johnny's education, for the Los Angeles school-board has set aside a number of teachers who look after the three R's for the studio kiddies. Johnny dotes on Sally Sykes, his schoolmarm at Goldwyn. Sounds like a

Johnny Jones, the Goldwyn boy-star, has been selected by Booth Tarkington for his "Edgar" comedies because he, (Johnny) is one hundred per cent American boy. That is to say, he is a well-behaved, scientifically inclined youth who adores fishing, horse-battles, chasing innocently-protesting cats, trudging back alleys—and the lavish expenditure of all his spare change for ice-cream sodas, which his leading lady, Lucille Ricksen, accepts most graciously.

stage name, doesn't it? Just the same, Miss Sally was born that way. There are not many in Johnny's regular class, but tho he's the oldest, he doesn't lord it over (Continued on page 76)
The Christie Studios follow an interesting and unusual custom in loaning their comedy players to various dramatic organizations. Following out this idea, Dorothy DeVore was recently "farmed out" to the Charlie Ray company. Now Miss DeVore is playing the leading role of Mary in "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway"
Pacific Coast Paragraphs

By HAZEL SHELLEY

Studios spring up as quickly in Hollywood as do dandelions in our best kept lawns back East. Especially now that almost every star and stardirector has his own studio, is one amazed at the increasing number and size of the shadow-stages.

Out on beautiful Santa Monica Boulevard is the Hollywood studio, very large and imposing and really charmingly encased in its light pink stucco exterior. Here Marshall Neilan is at work on his newest picture, and Dorothy Phillips and Allan Holubar started work on their first independent production, only to be interrupted by a severe cold which settled in Miss Phillips' throat and brought on a nasty attack of bronchitis.

Half a mile beyond is the Jesse D. Hampton studio, glistering in its white coat of stucco. Here the emotional Blanche Sweet is completing "That Girl Montana." H. B. Warner and William Desmond pictures are shot here also, but Warner was taking a fishing vacation with Mr. Hampton and William Desmond had been "loaned."

Still farther out is the new King Vidor studio, a quiet tan-and-brown structure furnished very tastefully. Mr. Vidor is anxiously awaiting just the right story before he begins another production. He has two stories on hand, but neither quite suits him. Meanwhile, Florence Vidor is emoting at the Ince studio.

Down on Sunset Boulevard is the rambling, ramshackle, green, wooden Haworth studio, which used to be the famous old Griffith studio; it is now fairly oozing Orientals of all sizes and ages who parade the streets during every momentary lull in the screen production of Otis Skinner's "Kismet," which Gasnier is producing there. And just opposite is the Charlie Ray studio.

Ray is a very serious worker, and for that reason objects to any visitors whatsoever. The other day I was made one of the fortunate exceptions, and when I slipped in on the banquet scene for "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway," I was very interested in seeing the charming Ray bent over a piano, playing the same tune over and over again, while he waited for some lights to be adjusted. It seems that he had to play the piano in the picture, so he took lessons and wasn't satisfied until he could play the exact piece correctly. Persistence is one of Ray's chief characteristics.

When the lights were repaired, he acted a scene at the table with Eugene Bisserer, that excellent actress. He has a way all his own of going over and over his comedy business until he attains the exact result he wishes.

In direct contrast to the slow, careful, painstaking manner of Ray is the quick, hearty method of Donald Macdonald, who is supporting Charles Ray in his "Forty-five Minutes from Broadway." Donald Macdonald is a native of Brooklyn; in fact, used to live opposite our very own editor, Mr. Brewster.

(Continued on page 92)
Why his downcast eyes spoiled her evening  
Has this ever happened to you?

What a good time she was having! Every minute she was growing more elated by her success. Her partner was absorbed in her conversation, charmed with her chic, enthralled by her beauty.

Little by little she grew conscious of other eyes. She glanced to the right. The man at her other side was gazing intently at her hand.

Quickly she doubled up her fingers. How long had he been staring at those nails? Had other people also noticed them?

Gone was her peace, her unconscious gaiety. Every eye seemed fastened on her rough cuticle — on that one wretched little hangnail. What a horrid evening!

You can never know when people are looking at your fingernails. Every day, often when you least suspect it, you are being judged by them. People no longer excuse ill-kept nails. They know that nowadays it is very easy to keep your nails lovely.

Thousands of busy women the country over are learning to look after their nails with the same regularity that they do their teeth and hair.

Fifteen minutes’ care, once or twice a week, will keep your nails looking always well groomed.

But do not cut your cuticle. The more it is cut, the thicker and tougher it grows — the more sore and unsightly it becomes.

You can keep your cuticle smooth, firm and even if you manicure your nails the right way. Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange-wood stick and dip it into the Cutex bottle. Then gently work the stick around the base of the nail, pushing back any dead cuticle. Wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle when drying them.

For snowy white nail tips apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

To keep the cuticle soft and pliable so that you do not need to manicure as often, apply Cutex Cold Cream at night.

You can get Cutex at all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemists’ shops in England. Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c and 65c bottles. Cutex Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream are each 35c.

Six manicures for 20 cents

Today send two dimes with the coupon below and we will mail you a complete Introductory Manicure Set large enough to last a month. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada address Northam Warren, Dept. 910, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.
Where the Brook and River Meet

By MAUDE S. CHEATHAM

The windows of Lila Lee's dressing-room at the Lasky studio in Hollywood open right into the pepper trees that line Vine Street. Here hundreds of mocking-birds build their nests while they spend their hours in joyful songs and carols.

"It is quite like 'Swiss Family Robinson,'" laughed Lila, "and we are all very chummy in our little world up among the trees. Hear those lovely notes!" and, breathlessly, we listened to the softly repeated tones with their pensive sweetness.

"No wonder they sing so beautifully," whispered Lila, "for they practice and practice—their patience seems infinite."

The dressing-room itself was a veritable garden, with its glowing pink walls and draperies, while the fragrance of roses from a huge bowl on the table furthered the illusion.

Then, there was Lila, looking like a lovely flower in a gorgeous pink negligee, its satin folds clinging to the slim, gossamer figure. Hattie, the efficient and popular colored hair-dresser of the studio, was diligently curling and twisting the long, dark hair into wonderful puffs and rolls, for Miss Lee explained she was scheduled to have some pictures taken and "had to be all dressed up."

"Of course, I like to dress up once in a while, but it's an awful nuisance," she cheerfully confided. "I always enjoy wearing gingham and calicoes in my pictures, they're so comfy."

"I loved Tweeny, my rôle in 'Male and Female,' the best of anything I have done," she went on. "That is the kind of character I like to play—something serious, but still comedy—do you know what I mean? You see, all the events meant everything in the world to me, yet they were funny to anyone else. Like Mary Pick... (Continued on page 80)"
Three common mistakes that mar the skin

Much homeliness is caused by three common little mistakes

FIRST of all many women powder the wrong way. Then they are troubled all the time with an ugly glisten.

If powdering is to be at all lasting, the thing to do is always to apply a powder base. For this a special cream is needed, a cream which disappears instantly and will not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream does just this. It is made entirely without oil. It vanishes the moment you apply it, never to reappear in an unpleasant shine. Before you powder, take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream on the tips of your fingers. Now powder, and don't think of it again. Pond's Vanishing Cream holds the powder fast to your face two or three times as long as ever before.

A SECOND mistake that many women make is failing to protect the complexion from the wind, sun and dust. Wind dries and roughens your skin; sunlight darkens and coarsens it; dust works into the pores and injures them. You can protect your skin from this injury by applying the right protective cream.

For this purpose, as for a powder base, of course you must have a cream that will disappear and not reappear. Pond's Vanishing Cream disappears instantly and will not crop out again in a hateful shine. It has a special softening ingredient which protects the skin. Before every outing lightly touch your face and hands with Pond's Vanishing Cream. It leaves your face smooth and protects it from wind, sun and dust.

BECAUSE you have learned to depend upon Pond's Vanishing Cream for a powder base and to protect the skin from the weather, do not make the mistake of forgetting the importance of cold cream. The very oil which makes cold cream impractical for use before going out is what the skin requires at other times. The pure cream, oil base, in Pond's Cold Cream, makes it the most perfect cleanser you have ever known. Before going to bed, cleanse your face with Cold Cream. You will be horrified to see how much dirt comes out. Do this regularly and your skin will be kept clear and free from dullness.

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(Sixty-five)
"Love's Redemption" in the Making

At the left is Dorian Romero in a character study as he appears in "Love's Redemption," while Blanche McGarity, who has the leading role, is to be seen at the right.

Edwin Markham, the poet, appears prominently in "Love's Redemption." Mr. Markham in a scene from the photodrama.

A group of famous Fortune contestants watching the filming of a scene from "Love's Redemption."
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Above, George Fitzmaurice directing Mae Murray and David Powell in a scene from "Idols of Clay," the much-expected Famous Players production. The scene is being filmed on the Florida coast. Center, Mme. Olga Petrova at her Great Neck, Long Island, home. Below, Creighton Hale as the Butterfly Professor, hiding from a prospective catch in "Way Down East".

Now that Mae Murray has finished her last George Fitzmaurice production, "Idols of Clay," and sailed for Europe, considerable interest centers in the next photoplay to be made by this master of light and shade. Its title has not yet been announced, but it is known that Dorothy Dickson, the dancer, has a leading role. Penrhyn Stanlaws, the artist, is again assisting Fitzmaurice on this production, which is being "shot" at the Fifty-seventh Street Famous Players studio in New York City.

Lillian Gish has started work upon her first Frohman Amusement Corporation production, and her initial screen effort away from the Griffith hand. Her first vehicle is an original story by Anthony Paul Kelly, although, for a time, she contemplated doing a romantic costume comedy. Miss Gish is working at the Biograph Bronx studio.

Out at the Griffith Mamaroneck studio Robbie Harron is busily at work on the Vance romance, "The Brass Bowl," with Elmer Clifton directing. This is his second Metro star production, and Gladys Hulette is returning to the screen as his leading woman. Chet Withey, who directed his first Metro vehicle, is leaving the Griffith staff. Mr. Griffith himself has been finishing "The Love Flower," with Carol Dempster and Richard Barthelmess in the leads. All interest here has centered in the Griffith repertoire season at the Forty-fourth Street Theater, where "Way Down East" had its première.

(Continued on page 82)
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.

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**NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY**

**Letter of a Leading Man to His Interviewer**

(Continued from page 37)

forth again, saying: "I should like to
take advantage of this opportunity to
state my opinion as regards photographs.
In the course of one's labors, one often
receive many requests from the most indulgent public for a photograph of one's self. Of course, one would like to comply with these kind requests, but what to do in my case, I don't know. I loathe photographs. I haven't had mine taken in years, except in my work. That I don't mind, for then one isn't one's self, properly speaking, but to a large extent one has assumed the personality of the role he happens to be playing... Or photographs that have an artistic substance, irrespective of being reproductions of one's features... these may be worth while, but one meets very few of them. The tragedy of the photograph is that only the features are reproduced, and the real person is entirely omitted. I have no photographs of my friends. I have better pictures of them merely by closing my eyes a moment and seeing them as I know them. If I am like my photographs, I dislike being reminded of the fact."

He concludes, (I mean almost concludes—there are two postscripts), by remarking, with rather masculine plainness, that he is sure he hasn't said anything interesting or clever, as one should in "this sort of thing," but that "perhaps it is your kind office to make living substance of even the driest old bones."

I don't know about the kind office, but then, neither do I know about the old bones... Mr. Meredith is a very stalwart, very robust, rather Herculean young man, and there is nothing of the shrinking violet about him, save the essential qualification of modesty, which he does seem to possess, quite largely.

The aforementioned postscripts are as follows: "I have just received a word which makes it look as tho I am going to have a sort of company of my own. It is really thrilling."

"The second observes, naively, "I think it looks terrible to say an actor loves music and literature and is kind to his mother, etc., even tho this is probably the case. The discerning know these things without being told; the others wouldn't understand anyhow—and there you are."

A third postscript is mine own. I accept the responsibility, tho I don't know why I should. When I talked, or endeavored to, with Mr. Meredith, he was a bridegroom of, I think, five weeks' standing, and one of the nicest things about him was that he admitted it with a blush and the very proudest smile. saying, hopefully, "Dont I look it?"

**EUREKA**

For three days he had been poring over a big book, oblivious to the world about him. Suddenly he gave a piercing cry of triumph. The movie press agent had discovered an adjective never before used by his rivals.

(Seventy)
How Young Is Anne?
(Continued from page, 23)

surprised her sisters in the chorus by anon-
ing her intention of "breaking into" pictures. She went to the World studios in the East and was cast in a very small part with Alice Brady. After that she went back to her school, danced some more, and got a call to be in another picture with Miss Brady. Almost everything Anne has ever done on the screen has been with her—until she played the ingénue rôle in "The Copperhead" with Lionel Barrymore.

That rôle, of course, established her. The Universal people saw her work and decided to "import" her to their West Coast studios. And there she was, working in one of those downtrodden-factory-girl parts in a story called "The Girl in the Rain" when I saw her.

One of her outstanding characteristics is her unpretentiousness, a somewhat unusual trait to find among the film-famous.

Her frank admission of her deficiencies is one of the most truly delightful things about her. She admitted that she bought a small car because she couldn't afford a more commodious one; that her "flat," as she styles her apartment, isn't done up in the most expensive luxury; that she hasn't a maid at the studio because she's not yet one of the screen's larger luminaries; that she's always more or less gripped with heart failure when she goes into the projection room to view the day's "truses" or film testing. She's, very much in apprehension lest she will do a "flop," as she terms a failure, and yet the one thought that buoyed up her hopes, she remarks, is that she can't absolutely "flop" until her contract expires—at least, she'll draw her salary until then.

She isn't very much interested in matrimony, altho every time she gets a "fan" letter from a man it gives her a thrill. Yet, when she is a bearded man, she says that they always treat her so like a child that it makes her furious!

It's Anne, this, and Anne that, Anne, have you your rubbers, and Anne, aren't you afraid that you'll catch cold?

All of which makes her think that if you're small, you must be a baby.

And all of which prompted me to ask the question, "How old is Anne?"

That Anne refuses to divulge. Her eyes sparkle, she laughs her infectious little chortle and shakes her head.

"Old enough to know better!" she said back. "And old enough not to tell my age."

But at that, with her natural chirpiness, her bird-like physical qualities—and the fact that she want eat certain things, among them rye bread, which children don't like—make a girl.

Anne is nineteen. I thought she was, but when I asked her, she shook her head and mumbled an ominous "No-o-o! Lots older."

But I asked Joe Martin, the monkey, and he shook his head "yes" and grinned his broadest. And Joe Martin is the wisest bird on the Universal lot.

He can even tell you what kind of perfume Priscilla Dean uses!

(Seven more)
days, she had told me over the telephone, and there were still a number of scenes to shoot for "The Mollycoddle," which she was making with Douglas Fairbanks.

The picture had been dragging on for an unconscionably long time, until the entire company were probably sick of death of it. Doug had broken a finger and so had been unable to work for several weeks. Then had come his marriage to Mary Pickford and the Nevada suit to declare the marriage illegal by annuling her divorce from Owen Moore. The entire profession was almost as indignant over this as were the principals. Thousands of people have gone to Nevada every year for no other reason than to get divorces and nothing said. But just because they are famous, Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks may not be allowed their happiness. This was the general tenor of the conversation whenever the subject was discussed, and it was being discussed everywhere. Undoubtedly, this notoriety played its part in delaying the Fairbanks production.

No, I wasn't in the least surprised that Betty Bottun should be late and I decided to wait for her as long as possible.

It was five minutes of four. For perhaps the ninth time, I glanced at the girl sitting next to me, a pretty girl with large, dark-brown eyes, set rather far apart, and chestnut-brown hair. She, too, was obviously waiting for some one who was very late. It occurred to me that a conversation with her might relieve the tedium.

"Tardy, I said, "Are you by any chance, Miss Bottun?" It was on the tip of my tongue to add, "I'm sorry, a chance resemblance," when she answered, "Yes, I am," and we shook hands, laughing. It seems that she had been there since ten minutes of three and had had me page four times! Ah, well, the carpenters had been making so much noise ... .

In the tea-room, we selected a little table against the wall, where we could talk undisturbed, and while the waiter was getting our tea and toast, "cut thin"—"That is a little trick I have learned here," she said. "If you order it cut thin, they have to make it fresh; otherwise you are as likely as not to get toast left over from breakfast."—I had a chance to really look at her for the first time.

She wore a dark-blue suit and her blouse was of a lighter shade of blue, lined with gingham. Her hair was blong-brown and neatly brushed and plaited. She wore modest, and her sister both took and, for that matter, still take, a keen and active interest in the woman's rights movement.

"I'm not much of a moving picture fan," she said, frankly, when we were discussing recent pictures.

She doesn't know how long she'll stick to the acting phase of the industry.

"I'd like to go into a scenario department and write continuity," she said, seriously.

"Because you are tired of acting," I asked.

"Not exactly! But I've been doing it for a year and a half, and I've never stayed so long with anything else in my life.

"I was in Morocco's play-reading department for a while. I've also been a probation officer, a social investigator for a psychological clinic and a secret service agent, the latter during the war.

"My first job was as an investigator for a charity organization in Jacksonville, Florida, at a salary of sixty-five dollars a month. It was a very large salary for a woman; every one in the office told me so. There was one man especially who didn't see how I could possibly be worth so much!

"And how we had to work! We even had dictaphones installed so that we could work on Sundays. It was just case after case of illness and poverty, until I would believe that there was nothing but misery in the world.

"I began my stage work by going to Sargent's dramatic school in New York, and my first part was with Nat Goodwin in "The Merchant of Venice," as Jessica. She smiled at the recollection. "I just rapped thru that part, without any knowledge of its traditions, just enjoying every moment of it! I shall probably never enjoy a part that much again."

"In the fall of "36 I played "Ann silly of Clothesline Alley" and a season of stock at the Shubert Theater in Newark, N. J. Her most recent stage appearance was with Bertila Kalich in "The Riddle—Woman."


"It was during the making of "Don't Ever Marry" that she married Arthur Jackson, whom she met in the Alexandria tea-room thru Rose Mullaney, a Los Angeles casting director.

"I've been married for three months," she said, "and I've scarcely seen my husband for as many days. He had to go to New York to write his new show, 'Scandal,' and I had to stay here and finish my work with Mr. Fairbanks. But I'm going to join him at last. I haven't any professional plans at all—just a great many ideas about marriage that I intend to put into effect at once.

"Doubtless, that was just a mood of the moment. I can hardly imagine her dropping the thread of her professional life, she appears much too ambitious for anything like that."

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The Convictions of Conrad
(Continued from page 47)

Conrad Nagel was born in Keokuk, Iowa, in 1890. His father is a composer of note and also dean of the Highland Park College of Des Moines, from which Nagel received his bachelor’s degree when he was seventeen years old. His mother, too, is a musician—a singer. Conrad Nagel drifted naturally to the stage. While in college, he was constantly producing plays and acting in them himself.

In athletics, he won several medals for sprinting. An interesting coincidence is that his first part on the professional stage was that of a sprinter. He was supposed to have fallen and had to come running on with a bad “cut” painted on his leg. Exactly the same sort of accident had happened to him in real life and the cut was painted over an actual scar.

His first professional engagement was with a stock company in Des Moines, of which Fay Bainter was also a member. Followed “The Natural Law,” “Experience,” “The Man Who Came Back” and “Forever After.” While he was appearing on the stage in New York he was also making pictures—a strenuous existence for any one who wants to try it, working all day and half the night into the bargain. Pictures he has made are “Little Women,” “The Lion and the Mouse,” with Alice Joyce, “Redhead,” with Alice Brady, “The Fighting Chance,” a Robert W. Chambers story, for Famous Players-Lasky, and “Athalie,” another Chambers story, for Mayflower.

Mrs. Nagel has made one appearance on the screen, because the director wanted just her type, but she does not expect to enter the profession.

This, That and the Other Thing
(Continued from page 26)

Incidentally, and this may carry more weight than even I am aware of, he admitted it.

“But the specific thing?”

“Oh—that. I’m looking for a play. In the market for a play. A speaking play, something with a character role—just so long as he waved expression on hands, indicative of the banishment of the aforementioned idol. “A play that will amuse, first of all,” he went on, seriously, “for, after all, that is what the theater is for; that is what life is for. A great play, to my mind, is a play that thrills, that makes the man or the woman watching it forget, even if for the moment, the burden that is pressing upon him or upon her; that makes that man or that woman feel a sort of flaming, sorrowful but wonderful contact and sympathy with the whole world of tears and laughter—and the great artist is the artist who makes that play alive; the purpose of it an animate, vital one. Forgetfulness with inspiration is the work the theater has to do and can do better than any other institution known to man, and to carry on that work is the gift given to every artist; to every man and woman in the drama.”

(Seventy-four)
We talked of a great many other things. Marriage, for instance. Mr. Lytell believes in the infinite possibilities of marriage. He thinks the very young marriage is the serious deterrent to successful consummations. The getting-in-effectual folk not knowing their own minds, how can the hardly more than adolescent be expected to? They can't be. And there you have it; have most of the tragedy, most of the divorce, most of the unhappiness. Not marriage, but the age of marriage is the point.

The rest of it must go under the titular heading. It leaves a great deal to the individual imagination, which is what every good writing should do, to be good, and which is what every man should do, to be interesting, and which is precisely what Mr. Lytell did, to be quite honest. And there you have it! Exert your imaginations and let them run riot! You won't go wrong and you probably won't go right, but as you won't know the difference in any case, it won't make any difference, and Mr. Lytell will still be the subject of your intensive wondering!

Parlor, Bedroom and Bath
(Continued from page 42)

county, to your state, to your country and to your God, sir. We arrest you in the name of a violated law which means order. Order! Sir!

There was a look from the onlookers. The sob was from one lone onlooker. Said onlooker was said wife. She crept from her sheltering corner. She wound loving, even passionate arms about the disruptible Reggie. She faced, disheveled, defiant, the officers of the law. the "Town Tattler," the Freddie Leslies, one or two others.

"He may," she said, with fine dramatic intonation, "be a disgrace to his county; his state, his country and his God. He is not a disgrace to his wife. His wife who loves him. His little wife who worships him. All, all!"

"Oh, d-a-r-i-n-g!" sobbed back Reggie and fell upon her neck.

The "Town Tattler" fell upon her trusty Waterman and wrote the witching hours away . . . and they all lived happily ever after.

Baffled
By Wright Field

I knew her in this quiet place
And gazed upon her calm, dead face,
Not knowing if this thing be real,
Or what I feel be vast relief.

I only know the tears I shed
Are for myself, not for the dead;
I only know, that, all my life,
Since, for some whim, you made me wife.

Your mind and heart were locked from me.
And tho I sought and sought the key,
I never found it, never knew
The secret: inner road to You!

Death levels all, they say, yet see,
Death has not brought you low for me,
I dare not say of you, "My own . . . ."

The same proud look is carved in stone
Upon your lips. You hold me still
Alone and waiting, at your will.
And secret still you hold from me,
Half smiling thus, inscrutably.

The path outside was dark and drear.
The inner road was sweet and near . . .
Yet, still denied the key by Fate.

Baffled, I knock o'er and the gate!

See These Results
Learn what clean teeth mean

All statements approved by high dental authorities

See the results of the new way of teeth cleaning. They are quick and decisive. You will know at once that they mean a lifetime of cleaner, safer teeth.

Millions of people employ it. And the glistening teeth seen everywhere show what it means. See what it means to you.

A film combatant

Most tooth troubles are now traced to film—so that viscous coat you feel. Film clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

The ordinary tooth paste does not end film. So the film remains—much of it—and may do a ceaseless damage. Nearly all people suffer from it, more or less.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. So, despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

New methods now

Dental science, after years of searching, has found new ways to fight film. All have been proved by many clinical tests. They are so efficient that leading dentists everywhere advise them.

These methods are combined now in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. It has brought a new era in teeth cleaning. This is the tooth paste we urge you to try.

Watch the new effects

The use of Pepsodent at once reveals many new effects.

One ingredient is pepsin. One multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling. One multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize mouth acids.

Two factors directly attack the films. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily cling.

Pepsodent is the new-day tooth paste, complying with all modern requirements. It does what never before was done. You should learn its benefits at once.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. Watch the teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

Every one in your family needs Pepsodent daily and a week will prove this to you. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent

The New Day Dentifrice

A scientific film combatant combined with two other modern requisites. Now advised by leading dentists everywhere and supplied by all druggists in large tubes.
Johnny Jones—(Continued from page 60)

Buddy Messinger, of "Aladin and the Wonderful Lamp," "Babes in the Wood" and "Jack and the Beanstalk" fame, you all remember little fat Buddy, and how funny he looked trying to chase villains in those entrancing fairy-tales?

The one distracting circumstance is that Luclile Bick-sen, who plays leads with Johnny Jones, is the object of adoration of both Johnny and Buddy. Of course, the star has a better chance, partly because he's older, and again because his pocket-money is about double that of Buddy—and you know the deadlier of the species, no matter how long ago, do love a spender.

Johnny has a mechanical turn of mind, acting is just a means to an end, he thinks. He is going to be a civil engineer when he grows up—at present twelve. Birthday candles are all that he can "blow out"—but he spends his spare time enjoying the mechanical toys which his father gives him in great profusion. He has all sorts of building arrangements and tools and reads scientific magazines with zest.

Johnny loves to draw, and one of the funny things I viewed was a cartoon they had discovered that morning, in which Johnny, as Edgar, is portrayed as a pugilistic-looking infant with wings and a halo that resembles a centipede more than anything else, taking orders from Mr. Hopper, who is saying "Nothing like it!"—a favorite expression of the director's when the children do not get his idea at rehearsals. They all done on their director, and no wonder, for he is play-fellow, story-teller and purveyor of sweet things.

Johnny is temperament, for all he's a lively lad. For instance, they had a violinist on the lot to purvey soft strains, the sort of cat-calls and woodland trills which were supposed to entice a new star.

Johnny Jones stood that sort of music for three days, then he said, impulsively, "Ay, say, Mr. Hopper, cant you cut that violin out? It makes me sick!"

Always obliging, the director got an accordionist, Charlie Fessia, who is brother to the famous vaudeville actor, and now Johnny enjoys doing emotional scenes and gets right into the action without difficulty.

There are some awfully cunning uniforms for Johnny Jones, one as the general, one as the President of the United States, in which garb he lays down the law to the Senate. They've built a little model of the White House just for Johnny Jones' new picture, and quite as much money and trouble have been expended on his sets as on any that Pauline Frederick might demand.

I saw them one day working on the Long Wharf at Santa Monica. The small village had turned out en masse to do honor to a great general's return with his soldiers. Johnny came marching home in his best new suit, preceded by the Santa Monica band of thirty pieces.

He wasn't keen about the gaping multitude, but he did enjoy that noisy band!

When I got a chance to talk to Johnny again, I said, "Wasn't that great? It must be lots of fun to wear a suit like that and pretend you're the biggest man in town?"

Johnny looked wistfully at Long Wharf, where boys and men stood mindfully fishing-poles for halibut and dog-sharks were a-plenty that day.

"Aw, gee, I'd give anything to cut this stuff and go fishing," he returned. Later there's a scene in which Johnny and Buddy are permitted to squat hoses on each other, and then the real joy of acting begins. No two boys ever had a grander time! The director, and helpers were drenched when they endeavored to separate the aquatic combatants finally.

Buddy Messinger laughed and chortled until his fat sides shook. "Saw, Skinny, didja getcher feet wet?" he shouted facetiously.

"Slim" is the joy of Johnny's existence. "Slim" is the property man, a real pal, an understanding sort of chap, about six-feet two as to height and one foot wide. Johnny took me aside seriously and said, "Did you ever hear the story of the nigger who described a skinny man? He said, 'His head is just a knot tied in his neck to keep his spine from slipping thru his body!' I always think 'Slim' looks that way—but he's just awful nice. . . . every other way. . . . and he may get fatter, you know."

"Slim" helps Johnny make up, walks about with powder-puff and lip-rouge, and, as Johnny says, "is just a second mamma to me—only I've got three mamas, one at home, 'Slim' here, and the one in the play."

Virginia Madison, Edgar's mother, is another who shows keen interest in the little brood. "Taking it altogether, it really is a wonder that Johnny is not spoiled. I just can't help loving him, he's so human and funny— and best with lots of common sense and good deportment. It would be a strange thing indeed to walk out of a door without having Johnny Jones rush ahead to open or close it for one. He is always finding chairs for standing onlookers, and doffs his cap in the most cavalier manner, so that I'm not surprised to find Lucelle showing a tiny preference for him."

Honestly, the best time Johnny ever had in pictures was when he and Buddy Messinger were allowed to chase a cat up a set alley while the camera registered. If that doesn't prove Johnny is one hundred per cent American boy, I don't know what would.

It was such a wild cat," said Johnny Jones, ruefully, "that the lead of running straight thru the alley to the back lot, as we wanted it to, the puss just beat it right up the fence and across into the cafeteria window—gee, wasn't that tough luck? Afterwards we had to get a nice, tame tabby-cat for the re-takes."

(Continued on page 74)
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Means you pay little more than wholesale prices. That's why Hamilton customers have always bought for less. Now with these further radical reductions our already low prices have been greatly reduced.

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It's Free! Even if there is nothing you need at present, just mail a post card with your name and address. Do it now! Thank you!
Johnny Jones—(Continued from page 60)

Buddy Messinger, of “Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp,” “Babes in the Wood” and “Jack and the Beanstalk” fame, you all remember little fat Buddy, and how funny he looked trying to chase villains in those entrancing fairy-tales?

The one distracting circumstance is that Lucille Ricksen, who plays leads with Johnny Jones, is the object of adoration both of Johnny and Buddy. Of course, the star has a better chance, partly because he’s older, and again because his pocket-money is about double that of Buddy’s—and you know the devilish of the species, no matter how they, do love a spender.

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And he may get fat later, you know.”

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Send for this beautiful Catalog——
It's Free! Even if there is nothing you need at present, just mail a post card with your name and address. Do it now! Thank you!
"Wont you please believe me, dear? Wont you ... wont you stop?"

He had kissed her hand and gone away.

After a little she crept away, too. The glow of the coals had grown so dull and cold.

The next day was the day of the blizzard. About dinner-time Martha Perkins "dropped around." It was one of her many—peculiarities. Lennox Sanderson did, too.

The family entirely collected about the usually genial board, yet somehow, on that night, it was not genial. There was not only a storm without ...

The soup had just been brought in when the asperity of hearing of Miss Perkins concealed and became a definite thing. Her puckered lips, her darting glances, each one holding so many ounces of actual venom; her outraged hair, each bristle rampantly erect; all:

At last:

"I must say, Squire Bartlett, that I, a God-fearing woman, believe in limits even to charity . . ."

There was a general stir about the table. Lennox Sanderson coughed, almost, it seemed, unnecessarily. It was obvious to even the unobservant that Anna Moore shrank against the back of her chair.

Then:

"That woman, there," the pitiless Miss Perkins went on, "is—has a past. She—she had a child." Whereat Miss Perkins gargled in her throat and retired in great confusion amongst the folds of her mammoth linen handkerchief.

Squire Bartlett brought his grizzled brows together. The atmosphere seemed to hang, for a period of minutes, thick, definite, suspended, then came the righteous thunders of his voice, ordering the "unchaste woman" into the turbulent night.

It seemed, to the stricken group at the table, almost as tho a wraith, a ghost, an unreality, were passing from them. She went so noiselessly, so unprotestingly, so vaguely and yet so definitely, that it did not seem as tho it could be she, delicate as had been, invariably, her presence among them. The door closed after her and a smock of wind and snow whistled and shrieked in the room for a second after she had gone.

The silence succeeded her. Then David rose and faced his father.

"I am going after her," he said. "I've already lost a part of my self-respect in sitting thru your denunciation of the woman I so love, You—"

Then, "athemis his father hurled at him, the implications, the threats of punishment in this life and hell in the hereafter, he did not hear.

The faces of Miss Perkins, Lennox Sanderson, Kate Brewster, her Butterfly Min, he did not see . . .

He heard only that wrathlike passing, saw only that veiled white face . . .

Four hours later he came upon her at the bend in the river, where the ice had
Johnny Jones

(Continued from page 76)

Does Johnny love to study? Sad confession, but Johnny does not. He would rather act than tackle the books—then go to college—later travel as civil engineer thru India and South America. With the joyful abandon of youth, with endless animal spirits and perfect digestive processes, he wants to let off steam and hasn’t the faintest idea at present that the four hated study hours daily with Sallie Sykes are stepping-stones to a scientific career.

So the only time I saw him scowl—altho he was too obedient and polite to actually demur—was when Miss Sallie pulled the small chairs about in a circle after recess and crooked one slim finger in a beckoning welcome to her corner of the stage.

Johnny turned to me for sympathy. “Did you ever hate spelling? I do. I love geography, specially about the unexplored countries—the kind Teddy used to visit—and ‘rithmetic, because an engineer has to learn estimating—but I can’t see what difference it makes how you spell a word as long as it sounds right, can you?” Johnny practices what he believes in and spells camera with three a’s.

Then he rushed off, whistling gaily—and when I turned to see why he’d faded so quickly, I noticed Buddy dropping into a chair beside Lucille, who was smiling her very sweetest.

LYRIC

By John Hanson

The ashes of my dreams I sift
To find a memory enchanted by pain, without a rift.
Some treasured ecstasy;
Sometimes the fragrance of a flower,
Bovant beneath the dew;
Sometimes the rapture of an hour
With silence, love, and you;
A sparkling silvered elfin face;
The echoes of a song;
An unfamiliar, smiling face
Amid a silvered throng;
But this I cherish thru the years,
In its charming can never die;
Your blue eyes clouded up with tears
That day we said good-bye.

(Sunday—nine)

But One Cent
Serves that dish of Quaker Oats

When you think of high food cost think also of Quaker Oats. One cent still serves a large dish of this food of foods.

Other breakfast dishes cost many times as much. Meats, eggs and fish, for the same calorie value, average nearly ten times the cost.

No price can buy a better food. The oat is the greatest food that grows. It is almost the ideal food in balance and completeness. Its fame is age-old as a body-builder and a vim-food.

Quaker Oats, whatever they cost, would be the proper breakfast. It is wise for everyone to start the day on oats. But the cost is a trifle. It means not only better feeding but a vastly lower food cost.

Quaker Oats should be your basic breakfast. It was always important, but never so much as now.

Cost Per 1,000 Calories

| Quaker Oats | 61/c |
| Average Meats | 45c |
| Average Fish | 50c |
| Hen’s Eggs | 60c |
| Vegetables | 11c to 75c |

Saves 35c a meal

Note the cost per calorie of some necessary foods, based on prices at this writing. The needed breakfast calories in Quaker Oats will cost the average family about 35 cents less than they cost in meat foods. The calorie is the energy unit used to measure food value.

Quaker Oats

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Serve the finest oat dish you can get. It costs no extra price. Quaker Oats is made from queen grains only—just the rich, plump, floury oats. We get but ten pounds from a bushel. So this brand is famed the world over for delightful flavor.

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Where the Brook and River Meet
(Continued from page 64)

lord's Pollyanna, in the scenes where she
was scolded and had such a hard time, they
were serious enough to her, but
amusing to the audience.

"Some day I want to play big, emo-
tional roles. I should like to be a second
Pauline Frederick. Wouldn't that be
wonderful? I say to myself, tho, when-
ever I begin dreaming, that I'll do what
I can do best and be satisfied in develop-
ing my own talents. So many girls ruin
their future careers by insisting on play-
ing roles which are absolutely unsuited
to them.

"See my mascot!) and Miss Lee
pointed to a rusty horseshoe hanging
over the door. "I found it here on the
lot and I wouldn't part with it for
worlds. I always say that I'm not super-
stitions, but I find there are three things
I can get away from: first, a good-luck
horseshoe; then, I like to see the new
moon over my right shoulder. Really, I
have noticed that if you do this your
whole month will be happier. Silly isn't
it? Then, I won't let anyone whistle in
my dressing-room; that is an old stage
superstition that still clings to me."

"There!" announced Hattie, pinning
up the last refractory curl and stepping
back to view her work. "It looks mighty
de and you are as sweet as a peach."

"You must be a favorite," I com-
mented, watching Hattie's admiration.

"Oh, no; not believe that. There's
only one favorite, and she's Gloria," (re-
ferring to the beautiful Gloria Swan-
son). "The rest of us merely strive for
second place," merrily chided Lila.

"Oh, go 'long now; you know I like
all my girls," chuckled the pleased
Hattie.

As Miss Lee slipped into a wonderful
frock of the new exaggerated hoop-skirt
model, made of lovely shades of yellow
satin and trimmed with banlocs of ostrich,
we chatted on many subjects.

I enjoyed watching this young girl,
who is fast winning a firm hold on the
hearts of picture fans. There is a child-
like frankness, a radiating sweet good-
humor and an innocent spirit of mis-
chievousness that are all very charming.
She is passing thru the fascinating
"growing-up" process, and alternating
flashes of the poised woman and the in-
genious girl keep one guessing.

"So many amusing things happen while
we are making pictures," Lila remarked,
"I remember that I ate six big slices of
bread and jam while we were trying to
perfect one scene in 'Male and Female,'
and I'll never be able to look at jam
again.

"I have just finished making 'The
Prince Chap,' William de Mille's first
special production, with Tommy Meighan,
and oh, I had a splendid part, and Tommy
is wonderful to work with. I am now
having a nice little rest—except when I
have to come over to the studio and doll-
up in finery to have pictures taken," and
Lila twirled gayly in front of the long
mirror to get a full view of her costume.

(Fin.)
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M. THILEY, Face Specialist, 1039 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.
The Coming Collier
(Continued from page 58)

Famous Players—Lasky and have just finished "Young America," to be called "The Boy." My next is with Oliver Thomas in "Nobody"—for fun! We're to be on the farm, rural, dirty, dishwater kids. T. P. L. is lending me to Selznick.

"What does your father say?"

"He's proud that I want to do something. Oh, he's a brick! He even helped me get up my contract. I must make good for him..."

"And mother," he added. "I'm the only one they have and the two of them bank an awful lot on me."

There is no doubt but that he feels his third responsibility. He intends to do big things for the name of Collier, not by it. He depends upon it for stimulus instead of support.

"The son believes his forte to be managing and producing rather than acting, although he has already appeared with his dad in a number of his hits, and at the profitable age of 18, he was starred in a play when he made his debut in "Caught in the Rain" by hiding under an umbrella and carrying it across the stage.

"I want to be in the business end of the theater. I am practical and commercial enough for that. I want to see a show. I want to cut out what I know doesn't belong and put in what I feel is lacking. My real desire is to get together musical comedies and present them on a colossal scale—in cooperation with my father."

The comradeship between the William Colliers and their son is one of the most unusual—not only of the theater, but of it. Juster realizes it, too, and claims his was an unusual childhood, because he was brought up in a 16th century. The three of them, (quoting Juster), have been "on the square"—always. They have not made unreasonable demands, or argued, or laid down doctrines, dogmas and decrees. There's the principle to "talk things over." He was never once commanded to "do this" and "you must not do that." but "do this because..." His mother has never wrangled with him, or doubted or mistrusted him. From the first he's stood and talked; he's been placed on his own and relied upon to do what is best for himself and them. His name has always evoked fidility. He cannot forget he's a J.B. and not only has something to live up to, but to carry out. For all his eighteen years of life.

The creed imbibed in him has been thoroughness. His father has persisted in whatever he learn, he learn diligently, from the beginning and all thru. It was that way when he was taught baseball, tennis, billiards, pool, and no doubt accounts for the golf father-and-son tournament the two of them won last spring. One winter, because of ill health, he had to stay away from school, so he went down to the Long Island home and finally occupied himself with becoming (Continued on page 104)

Eastern Studio Gossip
(Continued from page 68)

New York has had a number of visitors from the Coast recently. These included Lew Cody, the be-vamp, Maurice Tourneur was another. Mildred Harris Chaplin and Helene Chadwick are visitors. "Babs" Ruth, the home-run king of baseball, has signed with Kessel and Brandman to make a feature or two. The first, "Headin' Home," will be released just about world series time this fall.

Goldwyn signed only Broadway theater, the Astor, for the run of his special production, "Earthbound," which opened August 11th. And they say Allan Dwan may hire another to show his "The Scoffer."

Mme. Olga Petrova departed Europe after a brief vacation at her Great Neck, Long Island, home, following an Orpheum tour. Mme. Petrova, he noted, broke every previous vaudeville record to meet the "solar circuit." She's booked for a thirty-seven week's Keith tour next season. And still we hear rumors of a return to pictures.

Justine Johnstone has been busy, both in Florida and at the Famous Players Fifty-seventh Street studio in New York, on her first Reelart star vehicle, "Blackbirds." Jack Dillan is directing and William Boyd is playing the lead.

Hebert Hendrick, independent producer, offered for Europe on July 24th, taking along his bride, who was Corinne Barker, the actress.

Lowell Sherman, well known on the stage as a "heavy," has been signed by Famous Players. He is playing opposite Alce Brady. Recently he was doing "Way Down East" with D. W. Griffith, playing the villain who lures the fair heroine away from the farm. With the old independent producer, he is making one of the first features this season.

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(Continued on page 58)

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(Continued on page 58)

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(Continued on page 58)
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A TEXAS BLUE B.—Greetings. Everybody’s excited about election. You point with pride to the extract from Kipling which reads, “That lying, private that the pen is mightier than the sword.” Perhaps, in ages to come, history will note that the pen of President Wilson did more than any other pen in the Great War to bring all the swords in the universe. You can write to Blanche McGarity at this address, San Antonio, Texas.

Perry F. Simply suit pret. So you want an interview with Constance Talmadge soon. Ora Carew is playing in “His Friend and His Wife.” Yes, Pell Trenton is starring. You will find Helen Jerome Eddy in “The First Born” for Sesnie Hayakawa.

SWEET SIXTEEN. No, I am not angry. The then called me all vile names in Webster. Still she cannot raise my ire. With all thy faults, I love thee still, and the stiffer you are, the more I love you. I would advise you to write to the Griffith Studios for her photo. Thanks, but I take that aye weekly. Write me again.

ALAN M. R., BROOKLYN.—I have answered you.

H. M. P.—So you want more addresses of the players. Most of them change about so often that the address wouldn’t be correct when it appeared in print. California and New Mexico are the only states where a marriage license is not required.

WAXIA AND ANN.—I used to drink lemonade every day that I could not get buttermilk, but now I substitute grapefruit whenever I can afford it, because a grapefruit is nothing but a lemon that has grown fat and prosperous. You want to see more of Anna Q. Nilsson and Wanda Hawley. Nuff said!

G. T. R.—Don’t trust me with your secrets. A man who can be trusted with secrets can be trusted with anything, and it is usually not safe to trust a man who is getting $200 per. Theodore Roberts in “The Old Homestead.” Thomas Meighan in “The Frontier of the Stars.” Well again.

PERRY T. Thanks for the eun. I had a chow on you. No, indeed. So you live in a dull town and it is not Philadelphia. But just you don’t forget that happiness is the ability to remember. Remember the Blue Bird.

LIVER OF WALLY REE—Memory is what makes one young or old. Wallace Reid has a fine child, and “The Golden Fleece” was produced in February, 1917. Wallace Reid in “The Charm School” and Billie Burke in “The Frisks.” Mrs. Johnson—Sorry. No suitable name. My favorite player? That’s question. Thea Bara is yours. Nell Shipman in “Back to God’s Country.” You seem to be able to believe anything you wish. What a lucky creature! Eun Bennett in “Her Husband’s Friends.”

WANDA HAWLEY FAN. Oh, yes, I am a fine singer and have a fine range. I use it to get my breakfast on. You want Wanda Hawley on the coast. See the Classic for August, Ruth Roland in “Kith of the Rockies,” Bert Lytell in “A Message from Mars.”

THE GROVE.—Thanks, old chap. Mabel Normand is not dead. Irene Castle is 27 years old, and as to her salary—nobody knows, and nobody seems to care. You say I have a wit which Tostchonk would envy. Who’s he? Jeanette Hopper in “The Phantom Fox.” Write me your list of names.

ESTELLA E. B.—Why, of course, that’s Mary’s own hair. And it wasn’t, what’s wrong about it? Mary will continue in pictures. Some prominent English producer offered both Mary and Doug an enormous sum to play together in a picture, but they refused. Old戏es of great philosophers live under different conditions: Diogenes lived in a tub, Seneca in a palace, and I live in a hall room. Why, Marguerite Courtin in “Velvet Fingers” and “Pirate Gold.”

MARJORIE GOLDFINCH, 30 Falcon Avenue, West Adelphi, South America, wishes to write to some of our American girls.

AVANT A. I.—Well, here are just a few of the leading stage stars who have appeared in motion pictures: Sarah Bernhardt, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Lilian Russell, Lew Fields, Edwin Ailes, Tully Marshall, Robert Edeson, Elsie Janis, Cyril Scott, James J. Hackett, Betty Nansen, and Rose Goldblatt. No, Lilian Walker has not been with Vitagraph for some years. No, I don’t if Caruso will appear in pictures again.


FULMUN FAN.—I don’t know, try California. So you think H. B. Warner dresses in exquisite taste. You are a clothes observer. June Caprice was on the stage last. Sorry I can’t help you about the contest.

ELMHEURST.—Yes, things fly in pictures. At fifteen a girl wants fame; at twenty she wants wealth; at twenty-five she wants a Rolls Royce. Natalie Talmadge is about two years younger than Constance. Caruso’s voice is 5 feet 6 inches. Some of the players who are Jewish cannot be printed here. It is immaterial what one’s religion is.

HILLY.—Perhaps it was a slapstick comedy, and then anything is possible. Clara K. Young is not married now. Elsie Ferguson is also Conway Tearle. Sure, they all like it. I am in the ocean. Yes, there are several excursions up the Hudson. (Continued on page 87)

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(Eighty-five)
That Youth From Second Avenue
(Continued from page 19)
completed pictures under my arm, I visited one day and made a round of the motion picture studios. Shortly there
after I hunted my first job, I was on my
way! Nor family nor feud could stop me then!

"And you've never wavered in your
choice?"

"Never. Never once."

"You've been un-naturally successful
un-naturally young." I was thinking of
his playing last season in "Martinique"
and of his recent pictures with Constance
Talmadge; of his rehearsal at the time of
our talk for his new play to open the
next month.

"I've had my struggle," he told me.
"down to my last cent; not enough to
eat; no place to lay my head. I might
almost say; the gutter. And I'm glad.
I don't want ever to forget that side of
the ledger. I don't believe that I ever
will. Just as long as we do remember it
we preserve a balance; we hang on to
the happier today; we appreciate the
awards. It was a priceless experience."

I asked Mr. Coleman whether he in-
tended to keep on with both stage and
screen.

"I want to," he said; "I am anxious to
establish myself on the stage so definitely
that I may return to it at any time after
a lapse."

"What type of work?" I said, "in a
general sense?" -

"Oh," he said, "in a general sense... for
instance, or for instances, Otis Skinner,
the Barramores, Leo Ditrichstein,
William Gillette; once you have achieved
standards of that sort, nothing short of
death or general disability can take them from you."

"What of the screen?" I asked.

"The screen," he said, "is for the very
young; that is, importantly. After youth.
I want to do my best work on it now, but I want also, to have laid the cornerstone for all the years that are
coming after."

One feels, strongly, a sense of poten-
tial productivity in Mr. Coleman. He is
one of those from whom, reasonably, the
great may come. He is possessed of
youth, sensitiveness to a marked degree,
a passion for his work, for life, for the
things of today and tomorrow. He has
farsighted and common sense. He is un-
public, (illustration, to wit). He says
the feminine plays a large part in his very
young life. He believes in marrying in
his own profession, because of the ines-
timable bond of better understanding.
The query arises: What good fairy was
absent from his cradle of Second Avenue
at the surely auspicious christening?

DIFFIDENT
By GEORGE S. KREMMEL
A little breeze sighed,
And murmured, "I tried
To whisper your love in her ear;
But a blustering gale;
With grandiloquence,
Was holding her spellbound, I fear"

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"Ferd, They are Playing Your Song"

Imagine the thrill these words gave Mr. Ferdinand Hohnhorst, of Covington, Ky., as he stood on a crowded street, watching the great Peace Parade, when Meyer's Military Band came swinging along playing his song, "Uncle Sam, the Peaceful Fighting Man." But let him tell his story in his own words:

"Gentlemen—my song entitled 'Uncle Sam, the Peaceful Fighting Man,' that your Mr. Friedman composed and arranged for me, is making a great hit. In the Peace Parade at Latonia, Ky., Meyer's Military Band played my song three times, and we have now had it arranged for orchestras and quartets, and it is making a good impression everywhere. The Wooton Music Company, Cincinnati, Ohio, a concern manufacturing music rolls for player pianos, has taken up my song, and has already sold over a thousand of these rolls in Cincinnati alone, and are placing them in their bulletin for April, which will go to all the different cities.

"My song also has made a decided hit among school children, and has been introduced into several of the Cincinnati schools. Thanking you most kindly for the service you have rendered me, I remain,

Yours very truly, (Signed) Ferdinand Hohnhorst"

LEO FRIEDMAN, Our Composer

of whom Mr. Hohnhorst speaks so enthusiastically is one of America's most gifted composers and the author of many great song hits. Among his great successes are "Meet Me Tonight in Dreamland," the sales of which reached the enormous total of over two million copies. Others that reached into the million class were "Let Me Call You Sweetheart" and "When I Dream of Old Erin." Mr. Friedman writes music to words, that cause them to fairly throb with feeling and musical charm. He has been styled "America's Favorite Composer," and properly so, for his melodies have reached the hearts of millions of the American people, and made them sing.

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WE WRITE THE MUSIC AND GUARANTEE PUBLISHER'S ACCEPTANCE, SUBMIT US POEMS ON LOVE, PATRIOTISM, OR ANY OTHER SUBJECT WITH A HUMAN APPEAL. We make no charge for examination of poems, and you incur no obligation of any sort, when you send your poem in. If our Lyric Editor finds it contains a good idea for a song, he will tell you so. The criticism will be fair and valuable to ambitious song-writers.

WHY NOT SEND YOUR POEM TODAY AND LET US PASS ON IT, FREE OF ANY CHARGE OR OBLIGATION? You can never know what you can do till you try. MAKE A START TODAY.
The Celluloid Critic
(Continued from page 45)

There is an interesting cast. Wyndham Standing is the murdered one. Mahlon Hamilton is the murderer, Flore Revalles is the impulsive. Naomi Childers is the innocent wife of the murdered man, and Lawson Butts is a friend who acts as protagonist of the King creed. Thru him speaks the theory. Of this cast, we hand the larger portion of our praise to Miss Childers. Never before was she so warm and moving. Only once or twice did she lapse from a fine repression.

Somewhere or other, William de Mille's visualization of the Edward People drama, "The Prince Chaper," gave us a large measure of entertainment. Now, "The Prince Chaper" is not technically good. The lesser-known De Mille's direction is along cut-and-dried lines. The People story itself is basically as trite as the weekly comic journals and as far from actuality as a best seller. Yet the thing stands appealing and ingratiating, even if it isn't life.

How many times have gray-haired but distinguished guardians fallen in love with their pretty wards—in fiction and the drama? Here a young artist, loving and beloved by an American girl, goes off to London to study. There chance forces him to assume charge of a little motherless girl. The child grows up and love slowly blossoms. The faraway princess, of whom the artist has many times told the child, marries another, as faraway ladies often do, but the lonely artist does not quite believe that his ward can care for him—the prince chaper of her dream. But, of course, she does, and things end happily.

Out of "The Prince Chaper" stands little Lila Lee. We frequently felt it our critical duty to comment rather disparagingly upon Miss Lee when she was first thrust upon the screen as a star. But Miss Lee had the courage to go back to the very bottom and start anew. She has justified herself in "The Prince Chaper." Her playing of the girlish Claudia, just budding into life, is a charming and infinitely touching study of melting girl-womanhood. Anyone who can play so sympathetically is sure to go far.

We thought Thomas Meighan adequate as the artist, altho he does not suggest the prince chaper of our conception. Nor is Kathryn Morell right enough as the princess, but Charles Ogle does some excellent character work as an old servitor who follows the prince chaper to London.

On William de Mille's direction we have commented. Once he even permits the player who depicts the studio lady to go thru an elaborate pantomime indicating eviction when she tries to collect her bill. Suddenly she is missing—and yet "The Prince Chaper" stands as good entertainment.

Allan Dwan's "The Scoffer," (First National), is above the recent Dwan average. Here is a sort of combination of the spiritual uplift of "The Miracle Man" and the regeneration note of "The Right of Way." His wife having disappeared with another, and having been sent to prison unjustly convicted of an illegal operation, a young doctor, cursing God and man, goes off into the Northwestern lumber camps. He has resolved never again to aid man thru his science. How his cynicism gives way before the faith of a mountain girl and how he comes to save a little boy from death form the story. There is a picturesque scene in which misunderstanding lumbermen rob the cabin where he is performing an operation upon the boy. They destroy his lights before they understand. In desperation, the doctor calls upon God for aid, whereupon a bolt of lightning hits a hut nearby and the resultant flames provide the necessary illumination for the successful conclusion of the operation.

James Kirkwood is the cynical one who is redeemed. Somehow his cynicism seems too lightly shaded. One never quite believes him so lacking in godliness as the subtitles try to make us believe. Noah Beery really stands out as a drunken lumberjack who gets religion.

Marshall Neilan has blended Poe's "Murders of the Rue Morgue," the recent newspaper tales of transplanted monkey glands and a dash of journalistic romance, plus a serious view-point of life, in making his "Go and Get It." (First National).

Page your credentials when you go to see it. First of all, there is a wicked newspaper publisher who is trying to wreck his paper, owned by a rich young woman, so that he can buy it in with the help of the rival publisher. To do this he "phones" all his news stories to the rival and holds them out of his own paper. To the office comes a returned soldier-reporter and a young and pretty girl-news-gatherer.

At this time the city is startled by a series of murders. These, it develops, were committed by a monkey to whom a surgeon has transplanted the brain of an executed murderer. This is revealed as the film unfolds, but Neilan finds it necessary to send his hero-reporter leaping from aeroplane to aeroplane and from plane to speeding train before he lets him discover the same thing. Finally the boy gets his news heat, the unscrupulous publisher is unmanned, and everything ends happily for the girl reporter whom the young chap has come to love turns out to be the newspaper owner herself.

This sounds involved. But "Go and Get It" is involved. Indeed, it is almost "Intolerance" in its leaping from thread to thread. We doubt its wide success. To us it seems an elaborate effort to develop a thrill melodrama, and the effort is apparent all thru. Pat O'Malley is the fearless stunt reporter and Agnes Ayres is the pretty owner, but the real honors go to the young and freckled Wesley Barry, who burns up the produce—

(Continued on page 100)
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screenically, socially, professionally—every way.

Already, and notably, he has been in "Oh, You Women," with Louise Huff; "Let's Elope," with Marguerite Clark; "The Lost Battalion;" "Mothers of Men," with Claire Whitney; "Humoresque" and "The World and His Wife," with Alma Rubens; and "The Branded Woman," with Norma Talmadge. He is to do other pictures with Norma.

Previous to his picture work, Gaston Glass was a pilot in the French Air Service. He first came to this country, in fact, for the French Air Service.

I asked him what he thought was the difference between the theater in this country and in his own.

He said, "It is not so much a matter of study here. It is almost wholly a matter of recreation."

I asked him what made him prefer the pursuance of his art in this country rather than in his own.

He said, "Money—why not?"

Having no adequate answer to so essentially same a question, I gave none.

I asked him, further, what he thought of the American girls, comparatively.

He eschewed the query. "There is nothing comparative," he said, "about girls. I adore them—all." He added plaintively, "There is just one thing about the American girls. . . they all say the same thing to me . . . and I do not know how to take it. Maybe you will tell me. They say to me, Norma Talmadge, too, Don't lose your accent, or you will lose your personality. How shall I take a thing like that?"

He was quite plaintive and I had to laugh. "They all mean it in a complimentary sense," I said, with soothing reassurance, "of course . . . but . . . don't lose it!"

TENDER-HEARTED TILLIE
By Wright Field

She never could abide the sight of sorrow,
And other people's suffering made her wince;
She once cut off a worm's head in an apple,
And so she never peeled an apple since.

When baking day came 'round she thumbed
The kitchen,
The sight of pain she always tried to shirk—
She was so very, very tender-hearted.

She couldn't bear to see her mother work.

She kept her room religiously on Sunday.

Until the dinner on the table lay,

It hurt her so to see her mother cooking,

And serving meals upon the Sabbath day;
About the hammock on the front plaza.

On Monday mornings she would always lurk,

While mother on the back porch did the washing—

She couldn't bear to see her mother work!

'Twas bad enough to watch her parent bending

With aching back above the steaming tub,

Worse still to see her furrowed forehead sweating

When halls and floors she was compelled to scrub;

And when the day for mending and for ironing

Arrived, the sight she felt she'd have to shirk.

And so went shopping—tender-hearted Tillie

Just couldn't bear to see her mother work!

(Ninety-one)

CLASSIC

More Bubble Grains
Millions of dishes coming

Direct from the harvest fields we get the choicest wheat that grows. Then we seal the grains in guns, apply a fearful heat and explode them. They come out as bubble grains, flimsy and flaky—puffed to eight times normal size. Yet the grains remain shaped as they grew.

Every night of the coming year millions of children will enjoy this Puffed Wheat in their bowls of milk.

Three grains now exploded

Three grains are now puffed by Prof. Anderson’s process, and each has its own delights.

Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are whole grains. Corn Puffs are corn hearts puffed.

All are thin and airy—all have exquisite flavor. And every food cell is blasted for easy, complete digestion.

Serve all of them in all the ways you can, for no other form of grain food can compare with these.

For nutty, fluffy pancakes

Now we make a pancake flour mixed with ground Puffed Rice. It makes nut-like, fluffy pancakes—the finest ever tasted. The flour is self-raising, so the batter is made in a moment. Try this new dainty. Ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour.

The Quaker Oats Company
Sole Makers
Pacific Coast Paragraphs

(Continued from page 62)

long before either of them ever took any interest in pictures.

And, speaking of Ray, I met his father, who is visiting him at present, and I want to say right here and now that the older Ray, tall and handsome, would make a real rival for his son in the matinee girls' hearts did he ever wish to invade the silent drama.

One of the most interesting stories being told around Los Angeles these days is that of Tony's house. It seems that the handsome Antonio Moreno longed for a real home, a bungalow. So he went to work and bought a beautiful little place and hired the servants. Then came the task of getting servants, buying food and running the place generally. The servants imposed on Tony for special privileges and special hours, and they ate him out of house and home. Tony found that buying his own bacon wasn't so fascinating as he thought it would be, so he literally threw up his hands, sent the whole troop of parasitic servants packing, fired all his house, and said, "Good riddance."

Now Tony is back at the Athletic Club, bag and baggage, and perfectly content to let the other fellow take the responsibility. Even the men find that housekeeping isn't what it is cracked up to be.

Actually the most thrilling event of the month in Hollywood was staged when that daredevil aviator, Lieutenant Locklear, performed for his Fox feature. He arrived on the scene just in time to have a short talk with him before he went up in his aeroplane. His flying field is a flat valley almost surrounded by purple hills. Here a church had been built for the picture and a road wound past it. On either side of the road towers had been erected for the camera-men and directors. Locklear himself is a charming Texan, tall, boyish and sinewy, with a face that spoke of the meaning of physical fear. He was wearing a dinner suit for picture purposes and was as interested in whether his make-up was on straight as a child is with a new toy. Finally the signal was given that everything was ready and Lieutenant Locklear vaulted into his plane. He had his favorite pilot at the wheel, because he himself was to do the stunts. To make sure he was supposed to be pursuing a band of robbers in an automobile, down the road past the church sped the auto, and thru the air swooped the plane, then dipped down over the auto while Locklear climbed out on the wings and, hanging just out of reach of the propeller, shot at the robbers. A shudder ran thru the vast crowd of onlookers and people held their breath that he had balanced himself off along the wings and climbed back safely to his seat.

"Oh, that was nothing," he said when everybody oh'd and ah'd at him, on his landing, and he meant it.

Several times he performed the same death-defying stunt so that the camera would be sure and get it, and later he had to run the plane so that one of the wings knocked down the church steeple. None of us onlookers dared watch this exploit, so we'll have to go see the picture and find out what really happened. The next thing we knew he was back safe on the ground, a little out of breath and saying:

"Gee, this suit is a mess."

May Allison's sister, Mrs. Wright, was a delegate to the Democratic convention at San Francisco from Tennessee. At the close of the convention, almost every politician you ever heard of begged her to get him a permit to visit the Metro studio. Poor May didn't want for her sister's friends, but she says she was quite overcome, for each and every one of them wanted to know how they could get into the movies, (mainly in the business end).

Speaking of Metro, I saw Nazimova assist in directing a huge theater scene for her next picture, "Madame Peacock," the other day. Nazimova is another who wants to break new ground. She is working hard. Screens are placed all around it and huge placards inform one, "Madame Nazimova set. Absolutely no one allowed except those taking part." Being small, I slipped in where angels fear to tread. Over three hundred extras were playing audience in a theater scene. Madame Nazimova's newest undertaking is assisting in the direction of her own picture.

I talked to Wallace MacDonald in a remarkable duplication of Greenwich Village's "Pirates' Den." He was playing lead for May Allison in her new picture, "Are All Men Alike?" I tried very hard to get him to admit his marriage to Doris May, which all the film colony suspects, but he only smiled, denied it and then assured me that Miss May was quite the most wonderful girl he ever knew, but that in the scene was Wallace's younger brother. Wallace has just brought him out here from their home in Nova Scotia, and he is getting his start and practical training in that way. He is a good-looking young chap.

Another interesting young personage in Miss Allison's "Are All Men Alike?" is Henry Miller's young son. He looked very pallid and far from strong to me, but everyone raves about his histrionic ability.

Alice Lake was busily at work on "Body and Soul." She is a rather exotic little creature and a clever actress. She was wearing a black evening frock and carrying a blue ostrich fan in the cabaret scene that was being taken when I saw her, and in between shots she could scarcely keep from slimying the music of the orchestra was so lovely. Stuart Holmes is the wild, wild villain in this picture, and, a queer thing, the hero hadn't even been picked out at that time. Director Charles Widdick explained to me that all the work was the villain's and

(Continued on page 98)
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.

SOMEWHERE in America this year scores of new photoplaywrights must 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 hasn't thought while viewing some picture, "I have a better idea than that!" And who hasn't had the desire to 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 photoplays plots is an actual one—500 new ideas are needed. The great producers must have many for immediate production.

For 20,000,000 people are attending motion picture theatres daily, and they don't want the same plots twice. This, remember, is now the world's fourth largest industry, and is still its fastest growing one.

Producers are paying from $250 to $3000 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 can't 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 Thacher 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. Elijah, author of "Wagnered 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 reaches the technicality 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 caliber 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 Far- num, Frank Keenan, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew and many other stars.

This is the bureau 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.
malicious face of the other woman, grew fixed and far away. "There are mountains, white, with cold black shadows, and a hut among them—"

Winifred Bailey started, sat upright, and cast a quick, hunted look at the man beside her, Arnold Wayne. "What is she saying?" she whispered. "How does she know?"

"So small," the strange tone was saying yearningly, and Athalie held out her arms as a woman to a child, "so sweet! But it needs some one to love it! Babies must be loved or they die—"

"Stop her! She shall not—oh, my God!"

Arnold Wayne, his own face grey, jerked at Winifred's arm. "Sit down! Are you mad! She can't prove anything. It's all guesswork, I tell you!"

But Winifred did not heed or hear. Her wide eyes were turned toward the unseen figure before them, cradling emptiness in her arms. "She! Can you see! My baby! Our baby, Tony that I left in Switzerland! The old woman said she was dead, but—oh, I see her—plainly—and she slid, crumbling, down upon his shoulder. With sudden tenderness the man took her in his arms, as one who holds what is his own, and faced the room manfully."

"I don't know how she guessed our secret, friends," Wayne said slowly, "but by heaven, I'm glad! Bailey, it's the true Bailey. Winifred belongs to me, and I shall take her. You will have to give her freedom, and I'll marry her, as I should have married her five years ago!"

Pineport leaped up the news as a cat laps up the choicest cream. Athalie Greensleeve back, eh? And that city seller Bailey hanging around, looking like he didn't see nothing else in all the world 'cept her. Well, jest as we always said, the city wasn't no place—a gal—look how she's fell away! She ain't long for this world, that's certain..."

Clive Bailey was the only one who would not see that Athalie was very ill. She was full of brainless plans for the future, that they would enter upon together as soon as the legal formalities of the divorce were ended. He knelt beside her chair under the budding spring orchard and talked eagerly, passionately, as tho to drive away the very impetus of his words any fear. And Athalie listened, smiling faintly, saying little, tho her eyes, on his flushed, boyish face, were compassionate.

Then one day, he came and threw himself down on the grass by her chair and silently hid a paper on her lap. She read the first words of it, laid it aside, and their eyes met. "This afternoon?" he begged her, "and then—forever afterward, oh, my dear! my dear?"

"I think—I have been waiting for this," Athalie said faintly. "I couldn't—go until you had kissed me, Clive. And now you shall kiss me—good-by."

At that he gave a desolate cry, and, rising, flung back and forth under the pink boughs, defying God to take her away just when he had got her, begging..."
Her First Interview
(Continued from page 52)

heavenly! We did have a maid, but she thought it was too lonely. We never get lonely, do we, Lorrie?” and Viora squeezed her friend’s hand.

“She’s the settled one,” she continued. “Sometimes she has to sit on me, but I always mind her, don’t I?” and Viora beamed on Lorrie, while Lorrie beamed on Viora.

“What in the world would you have done if you hadn’t found each other?” I asked, for they seem such kiddies to be alone.

“Oh, I don’t know!” they exclaimed in unison, while Lorrie slipped from her chair into Viora’s lap and they hugged each other close.

“It was Lorrie that started this picture business,” began Viora. “I was away on a little visit, and when I came back I found Lorrie working as an extra here at the Lasky studio. Of course, I came right out to see about it. Lousie Goodstadt, the casting director, picked me out and gave me my chance. Everyone says, ‘My, how lucky you are,’ and I know they are right. I have been lucky, for you see, I just bumped into it, for, really, I was never even stage-struck.”

“Viora was going to be married—” began Lorrie.

“Yes,” sighed Viora, pensively, “but after I began in pictures I didn’t want to give them up, so I chose a career rather than a husband. I’ll only be twenty-three when my contract expires, and that will be plenty of time to marry. I want a whole family of children, too.”

The first thing Viora did was a small part with Robert Warwick in “The Fourteenth Man.” Then things began to happen so rapidly that she hardly had time to get her breath. She played the role of a widow in Bryant Washburn’s “The Sin of St. Anthony” so seriously that she went from a hundred and thirty pounds down to a hundred and twenty-three.

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To quickly introduce into every locality our beautiful TIFNITE GEMS, we will absolutely and positively send them out FREE and on trial for 10 days' wear. You simply pay only $4.50 on arrival, balance $3.00 per month if satisfactory. In appearance and by every test, these wonderful gems are so much like a diamond that even an expert can hardly tell the difference. But only 1000 sets are available on this plan. To take advantage of it, you must act quickly.

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To get the right size ring, cut a strip of heavy paper so that the ends exactly meet when drawn tightly around the second joint of finger on which you want to wear the ring. Be careful that the measuring paper fits snugly without overlapping, and measure at the second joint. Send the strip of paper with order coupon.

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Send me ring No. ______...on ten days' approval. I agree to pay $4.50 on arrival, and balance at rate of $3.00 per month. If not satisfactory, I will return same within ten days of your expense.

Name ________________
Address ____________________________
"We hike and ride so I'll never get fat," she remarked, serenely. "I used to ride in rodeos when I was a youngster on the ranch. Lorrie and I wear boy's clothes at home. The first time I met Roscoe I had on my hiking tags, and I guess he thought I was a little boy coming to work. And he and both girls indulged in a giggle-fest.

Roscoe is so funny, and a darling. In fact, the whole company are such fun, and they all help me in every way they can. I don't always know what to do, and Roscoe will say, 'Now, just what is it you want Miss Daniel to do in this scene?' and the director will explain it all over again.

"The greatest fun of all is receiving fan letters. I'm beginning to get them, have had twenty altogether. We get so excited when one comes. First I read it, then Lorrie reads it aloud. One came the other day from Illinois, and it spoke of me as a famous star. That tickled me. Oh, how I do prize them! Why, they are worth millions, and I know I shall never, never, never be bored with them."

While this embryo star loves comedy, she dreams of becoming an emotional actress. She adores Nazimova and worshipers Pauline Frederick, and she wants to play with Richard Barthelmess, too, some day. "He's so wonderful!" she exclaimed, which phrase means about everything to an enthusiastic, effervescent girlish point of view.

As we started back to the set, Viorea grew serious. "Did I say the right things? Was that the way to be interviewed?" which shows how unsupplied she is.

With her beauty, her vivid imagination, her sweet, girlish enthusiasms and hopes, Viorea Daniel promises to become a favorite twinkler.

FAIRY STORIES FOR FILM FANS

BY FRANK H. WILLIAMS

Once upon a time there was a star who objected to having his name appear in type larger than the names of the rest of the cast. Thereupon the comedy was produced in which there were no bathing girls nor slap-stick.

Once upon a time there was a large-sized town in which there wasn't a single girl who thought she looked like Mary Pickford. Once upon a time the screen version of a popular novel was produced just as the novel was written.

Once upon a time a screen star lived happily with his first and only wife. Once upon a time a motion picture cameraman actually felt that he couldn't have done any better than the director for whom he turned the crank.

Once upon a time a famous studio didn't receive a single letter from aspirants anxious to enter the movies, for an entire day.

Once upon a time in a big movie theater during an entire evening not a single person read a title out aloud.

Once upon a time a very beautiful girl who had a chance to go into the movies said she preferred to stay at home and marry the son of the corner butcher.

Once upon a time a great picture success was produced and the director, cameraman, scenarist, star, leading man, producer and everybody agreed that the entire credit for the production's success was due to the author of the story.

THE OCTOBER SHADOWLAND

Perhaps you feel that there is nothing left for you to discover in the way of the unusual in any of the magazines you may see on a newsstand. But you are wrong—

For after you have laughed over the drawings and comments of Wynn sent us from Paris;

After you have read the article by Oliver M. Sayler on the perfection of the cabaret in Russia;

After you have dreamed over the delicate beauty of the new poems by George O'Neil, that young prodigy of twenty-three who is hailed as the coming poet of America;

And after you have lived thru the one-act play called "Darnably Clever" by Glady's Hall and Dorothy Donnell, we feel that you will go on your way rejoicing that there is still one thing left in this humdrum state of affairs which is absolutely new; which is beautiful; which is, above all things, unusual.

Not that we mean to infer that the above is all the October Shadowland offers—not at all, for there are new portraits, new articles of current interest, and new color plates of new stars and other luminaries.

Shadowland

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Free Trial

Send now for the New Wurlitzer catalog and free trial blank. You may have any musical instrument known, with a complete musical outfit, for a week's trial at home. Return the instrument at our expense at the end of the week if you decide not to keep it.

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Pacific Coast Paragraphs

Continued from page 92

the hero only came in at the last second to save the "gal."

I met Earl Rodney, that good-looking leading man in Christie comedies, in Hollywood the other day. He was all broken up over the sudden death of his mother, and I wish to express here our own sincere sympathy for him in his bereavement.

Out at Vitagraph I found that serials and comedies are the rage. The reason is that they make nearly three times as great a profit on serials as on feature productions.

Jean Paige was just completing "Hidden Dangers." As we stood beside the Vitagraph swimming pool, I almost envied her the necessity of diving, but she assured me that the dangers encountered in serial making were really nerve-racking. They had been trying to get a picture of Joe Ryan saving her from drowning in a sewer pipe. Up to that time all that had been accomplished was the cutting-up of Mr. Ryan's head when he dived in three feet of water to "save" her. Miss Paige was eagerly anticipating three weeks' vacation in New York.

Our friend Antonio Moreno is also serialing, and this time he is directing himself in "The Veiled Mystery," while William Duncan and Edith Johnson have completed "The Silent Avenger" and are starting "The Wizard Spyglass."

And, by the way, while I was in the Vitagraph office word came thru that "Lady Fingers" had been purchased for Earle Williams' next production.

Vitagraph is spending a great deal of money on Larry Semon and his comedies. He is given carte blanche for his productions and writings, and acts and directs himself. He is as funny behind the camera as in front of it.

Rumor says that Charlie Chaplin's long absences from the screen have necessitated the arrival of a new comedian to fill his shoes, and Harold Lloyd and Larry Semon are spoken of as the only possibilities. Frankly, Harold Lloyd has already nearly topped him in the heart of the public. In all the large Western cities I have found Lloyd comedies advertised as the main attraction, ahead of the feature.

Besides Ann Forrest and Forrest Stanley, other members chosen for Cecil B. de Mille's new all-star cast include Clarence Burton, Ann May, Theodore Kosloff, Kathryn Williams, Theodore Roberts, Shannon Day and Bertram Johns. The picture is still tentatively called "The Other Wife."

Mildred Harris Chaplin is the recipient of an offer to star on the stage in New York from A. H. Woods. Whether she accepts or not, she intends to make her next first National picture in New York.

And, by the way, a bitter legal battle for the custody of Baby Marie Osborne, highest paid juvenile actress in the world, will probably mark the divorce suit and...
counter complaint of pretty Edythe Osborne and Leon T. Osborne. So far, all attempts at an adjustment out of court have failed.

Carlyle Blackwell, long a star in the early days, is now a leading man for Marion Davies.

The plans for producing the picture, "Foolish Wives," at Universal City, under the direction of Erich von Stroheim, called for too much attention to detail to suit Captain George W. Hazen, secret service agent for the Treasury Department, and consequently warrants were sworn out for the arrest of von Stroheim, Clarence E. Kiley of the Kiley Moore Engraving Company, Gleb de Vos, artist and designer employed in the art department of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, and three others, on charges of violating section 161 of the Federal penal code relating to counterfeiting money.

The extreme penalty for the offense charged against them is a fine of $5,000 or five years' imprisonment, or both, according to Captain Hazen.

"Moving picture producers have been flouting the counterfeiting laws for some time," said Captain Hazen. "We have warned them repeatedly and have confiscated counterfeit money from them on several occasions. There is no such thing as 'stage money.' Money is either real or counterfeit. We are going after motion picture people the same as we would any other violators of the law."

The scene of the picture, "Foolish Wives," is laid at Monte Carlo, and the script called for great quantities of French money. This, it is charged, the producers undertook to reproduce with too great accuracy of detail.

A get-together meeting between representatives of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce and motion picture producers recently resulted in a love-feast in which all grievances dissolved into thin air and a spirit of cooperation developed. The meeting was held following complaints that those interested in motion picture work had been discriminated against by Los Angeles merchants.

Bill Hart and I had an interesting confab out at his studio one hot day recently. Bill's greatest concern at present is his law suit against Thomas Ince, for as Bill puts it, "all the money they have in the world." So far, things look optimistic for Hart. Our great Westerner is really pleased with the picture he has just finished, called "The Testing Block," a story of the Sierras. Bill is writing his own stories these days, "The Crusade of Courage" being from his pen.

Chara Kimball Young is taking a two-weeks' rest before beginning work on another picture, the title of which has not yet been announced.

P.S.—I exceedingly regret to announce the receipt of a telegram notifying us of the death of Lieutenant Lock-

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Dead Men Tell No Tales

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Every woman should be the rightful owner of beautiful eyes, the essentials of which are: First: Long, rich eyelashes; and Second: Well-colored eyebrows. No matter what color your eyes may be—gray, brown or blue—if they are shaded by thick, silky lashes, and well-shaped brows, their charm is greatly accentuated.

Nowadays, no one needs to be the dissatisfied possessor of short, thin, uneven brows and lashes; you can greatly assist Nature by simply applying a little of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier at night. This scientific preparation nourishes the eyebrows and eyelashes, causing them to become gradually thick and lustrous, imparting sparkling expression to the eyes, and added charm to the face.

M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier, which has been successfully used by thousands, is guaranteed absolutely harmless: it is not a greasy, slippery salve, but a clean, nicely-perfumed liquid, in a cut glass bottle with glass stopper and applicator. The cut represents actual size of bottle. The active principle of this valuable article is a rare and expensive organic concentration which is unequalled for the purpose of stimulating and strengthening the particular follicles which produce rich, dark eyelashes.

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Upon receipt of the In-stamps, coin or Money Order, I will send you postpaid, in plain wrapper, a bottle of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier together with my copyrighted booklet on Beauty Hints.

The following preparations are of highest standard and well recommended:

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M. T.'s Depilatory to remove superfluous hair
M. T.'s Freckle Cream, for sunburned freckles and redness
M. T.'s Mintered Quinol, "The Incomparable Vainishing Cream"

M. TRILETY, Toilet Requirements, Dept. 30, Binghamton, N. Y.

The Celluloid Critic
(Continued from page 88)

The Right to Love, (Paramount), to be rife with the splendid direction and fine photography characteristic of this admired director, but Fitzmaurice has not duplicated his "On With the Dance," because he is a master of stern, trite, and hectic. Classic readers are familiar with it thru its appearance in these columns under its original title of "The Man Who Killed." Fitzmaurice, however, never evolved more singularly beautiful cinema moments than in this fetid Constantinople tale. Mae Murray is a colorful heroine, to say the least.

Robert Vignola's draggy screen adaptation of The World and His Wife," (Paramount), is a welcome addition to this roster of pointed up Announcements presented this as adapted from the play by Charles Frederic Nirdlinger, in turn based upon a "poem" by Jose Echegaray. Which, of course, is a fearful injustice to a vigorous Spanish playwright. Echegaray is a leader of the younger Spanish school of the drama.

"The World and His Wife" is a study in what the destructive power of gossip. Echegaray takes three people of Seville, a husband, a wife and another man, a young poet, and shows how, without a single real atom of wrong, they are wrecked upon the shoals of tittle-tattle. Echegaray told his tragic tale in terms of psychology. The theme has reached the screen in terms of obvious physical action. The whole opus becomes feverish melodrama. Vignola has failed in points of subtlety, atmosphere and shading.

The striving for Spanish atmosphere is plainly labored. And there are numerous slips, such as the moment when the unmarried Theodora comes down to the gate of her house to meet her affianced husband. No well-bred Spanish girl would do this.
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NO AMOUNT of love will ever atone for the crime you will commit, if you make some peace, trusting and combining with your villainous mate.

She Thinks You are a Man

She trusts, adores and loves what she THINKS you are—a real Man, mentally, morally and physically. She believes you to be a man who can look any other man in the eye and hold your ground. She believes you to be a man who can make your way in the world and give her the comforts she has a right to expect from her husband; and finally who will ultimately make her the mother of happy, healthy children, a blessing to you.

Put Your Past Behind You

What if you have led a gay life and now a big crop of small, weak, sickly children are born to you? Why, that's just the time to begin your life of usefulness. You have found out the secret of happiness in marriage, and with your mother's help and advice you will not be likely to make a mistake in another love affair.

Don't Be Discouraged

Nevver mind how far you have fallen; I don't care what your present condition is or what troubles you. I know I am the highest of all women, and I know I have been through it all. I am the woman who has the cure for all your troubles. I have found the secret of happiness in marriage, and I will teach you how to do it. If you will only come to me with your troubles, I will give you the cure for all your troubles. I will teach you how to be happy and how to live a happy life. I will teach you how to be a good wife and mother.

(Continued on page 104)

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(Continued on page 104)
The Movie Encyclopedia
(Continued from page 87)

K. K. K. K.—You say, "Ever since I first purchased a Classic, the very first one published, I haven't missed a number. I have decided to take the bull by the horns and sell the Classic as it is, and make myself a source of amusement to your staff." Welcome, and I am glad to know you. You can address all of those players at Los Angeles, Calif., and I am sure they will. Owen Moore is in New York playing for Schnick.

Just Jean.—Fat men are not always funny, nor thin men solemn. So, I'm not fat, been following the practice of "first to return my girlish figure. Virginia Faire is sixteen, and you can reach her at Universal Company, Universal City, Calif.

To R. K. K. J. K. C. M.—Yes, there is a limit to everything—even my patience. Go ahead, the Monroe Salisbury was born in New York. He studied art and music in and left for Hollywood. He has four children: Mrs. Fiske, John Drew, Nance O'Neil, and later in stock. Marion Hamilton is playing opposite Blanche Sweet.

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What every young man should know
Every young woman should know
What every young man should know

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(One hundred and three)

The Motion Picture Magazine for November

We're always on the lookout for something new. We
know our readers appreciate anything that's a little different.

We have to offer in the way of novelty—a one-act play
covering an interview recently had with Mary Pickford and
Doug Fairbanks on their return from Europe. Adele
Whitely Fletcher and Gladys Hall are the collaborators of
this play.

C. Blythe Sherwood, who
has gone to the coast, sends us an interesting story on
Blanche Sweet.

Douglas MacLean, now a
dar with Thomas Ince, has
been captured for a heart-to
heart talk by Hazel Simpson
Naylor. There are new por-
traits of Douglas which will
delight all of his feminine
admirers.

Maude Cheatham cornered
Ann Forrest and made her
tell of her plans with Cecil de
Mille. Ann, you will remem-
ber, has just been signed by
De Mille as his new leading
woman.

Betsy Bruce interviewed
Bryant Washburn just before
he sailed for Europe. She also
contributes an interesting chat
with the ever-increasing-in-
popularity Constance Binney.
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LONG dark lashes make your eyes deep and luminous. Use LASHLUX to stimulate the growth of sweeping lashes and to make the eyebrows fine and smooth. LASHLUX darkens the lashes immediately. Use a pencil with a satiny gloss. In addition it nourishes them. Dark, brown or colorless. Tiny brushes with each box. Ste at dealers or by mail.

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THE MOVIE ENCYCLOPEDIA
(Continued from page 102)

OLGA 17.—Bless you, my child. I fear you still have a feeling for Crane, because you write me on Crane's stationery. You say you are always with him. For this I have no friends! I'm with you, Olga, every time.


MISS LUTE.—Joe Emory is not married, Elsie Ferguson is to play in "Sacred and Profane Love" for the screen. Violet Heming in "The Project of Mr. Childs." We have some queens here too. Haven't the address of the Fairbanks twins.

SOFE VALDEZ.—You want Earl Fox to come back. If you do you any good to burden your troubles, go as far as you like, and if you can say a helpful thing I am yours to command. Douglas MacLean in "Lucid Intervals" and "Yancey Yollies." Ose.—You say you are 19 and you would love to be Tom Moore's mother. I don't get you. What of the sugar of a little lavender?—send you a bit of my heart for a souvenir? Nay, I can't spare a hair. What's in a name? Beardsley J. Green River, Ky.; Chiquito Mo.; Brandy, Va.; Port. Okla.; Sherry, Wis.; Brandwvne, W. Va.; Tank, Pa.; Booze, Tenn.; Drinker, Pa.; Vicky, M. Md. and Little.

PEANUTS.—So you want to see Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" on the screen. Yes, it would be a treat. You also say, "Is it true that Mary Pickford is going to retire? It makes me blue just to think of it. I don't care to live if I can't see sweet little Mary any more. Well, you will have her longer, because Mary is still with us. Do write me again.

CAROLLE, PHILIPPINE.—I have sent your letter on to Kenneth Harlan. Ashton Dohrhol in "The Girl in the Dark." Among the Hindus enormous sums are spent on cremation of the richer classes in sandowood. Of course, I want to hear from you again.

OYAMA.—Yours was indeed brilliant. I am afraid you are too tender to succeed on the rough journey of life. When you have a pain you insist that the whole world know about it, whereas a window may have many panes at once without making any fuss about it. Be like the window, Ta. ta.

BERNIE B.—Thanks for the fee. Raymond McKee is 28 years old. Nazimova—I don't know whether she would want to marry. Marriage is abroad. He is married and has a happy family. Yes, today would be sweet if we could kiss. I believe happiness is but unrequited pleasure.

KITTY K.—You say you always read our magazines, from the girl on the cover to the Palm Reader. Dear me, no, I cannot give you a list of the actors who are paying alimony. It would take a longer book than this. Although you may never have heard of Mame McManin in "His Friend and His Wife." and Sidney Chapin is to play in "The Hundred Million." He's just playing in that, not getting it.

EMILY T.—Thomas Meighan—is he is married.

REBECCA.—Write to the Talladge studio for that picture. Harrison Ford is to be married. "Peter Pan," "What Every Woman Knows," and "Little Minister," are to be produced soon.

EMMA C. H.—You say all the fortune-tellers tell you, you are made to be a movie star. Think of this. You can reach Virginis Faire at the Vauxhall, Hollywood, Cal. Emil Bennett in "I Wonder If" and "Inebrius." WALLACE RUD FAN.—Thanks immensely. You want more chatty stories about Wallace Reid. Cleveland is the fifth city in population of the U. S. That's going some, isn't it?

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

THE MOVIE ENCYCLOPEDIA
(Continued from page 102)

J. PATRICK BUNY.—I read with a great deal of interest your charring letter. I do hope you succeed as a story writer. Yes, women can vote for the Presidential elections and in a large number of other states. Lincoln was a Republican.

S. C. C.—And yours was a very interesting letter. Other women smoked to play in "Amos "Judd" from the novel by John Ames Mitchell. Fatty Arbuckle in "The Life of the Party." "The Traveling Salesman" and "Brewster's Millions." No, James Cagney. A. D. GIBBARD.—Sorry, but I can give you no information about Claire Seymour. The author "Pollyanna" was Eleanor Hodgeson Porter, a direct descendant of Governor William Bradford of the Mayflower. Yes, an affinity is a high-priced luxury since the cost.

F. O. B.—Charge it, please! Glad to meet you. I really don't know any star who would carry on with a correspondence with you. They are all very busy. Yes, that's true about Pearl. You should have enclosed a stamped, addressed envelope. Write me again some time.

DAVID H.; A LITTLE BONDE; NORMAN'S ADVERS; MRS. R. F. E.; R. C.; SWEET COOKY; RIVE; ETHEL M. F.; JUST MINIE; FAN TAYL; CLAIRE D.; LILIAN MECONIB; G. H.—I'm sorry we never heard elsewhere in this department. Better luck next time.

DANDEBER'S GIRL.—Yes, I certainly missed you. So you are seeing our Great Romantic West, W. R. Scott, W. R. Scott.

JACKIE STAR.—And your ambition is to seem face to face. No, I don't have a license to run this department. Perhaps I ought to have gold teeth and black on the screen. You can't tell the difference between artificial and real ones.

J. R. L. CHUMBLE.—Well, you call me old Sphinx. Then you say a stone face often hides a warm heart. I don't know which candidate I shall vote for, although I am nominally a Democratic Republican.

THE COMING COLLIER
(Continued from page 82)

interested in a neighboring garage. Consequently, there is no piece of automobile machinery he cannot analyze, or any species of car he cannot drive. He took up boxing that way, also—from the beginning; and because he didn't think he would want to finish college, he didn't start.

"I gave up the idea of college because these next four years are what count. At twenty-two I want to be definitely started—ahead—on my life's work, whatever it may develop to be."

THE CELLULOID CRITIC
(Continued from page 101)

winning his love. There are smiles in "The Perfect Woman," altho the story is pretty shallow.

This Harold Lloyd goes speeding along. His latest, "High and Dizzy," (Pathé), is made up of the oldest farce ingredients; i.e., humor based upon intoxication and sleep-walking, but Lloyd invests the whole fabric with such adroit by-play and such lively touches of fun that it is easily his best celluloid farce to date. It's a little bit in subdued slapstick. There is some trick sleep-walking along the high window-ledges of a hotel which will keep you gasping, no matter how much you know about camera faking.

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The NOVEMBER SHADOWLAND

LIKE the Horn of Plenty, SHADOWLAND for November offers a magazine replete with the finest in literary contributions; the most beautiful and artistic; the most interesting in the current affairs of our daily existence.

When you read the article by Walter Prichard Eaton, you will gain a new insight into the complicated character of the American playwright.

Everyone knows Heywood Broun, the sometimes sarcastic, but nearly always truthful dramatic critic of the New York Tribune. Mr. Broun offers a thoroughly enjoyable book review, which will delight our most fastidious readers.

Oliver M. Sayre is a well-known authority on the dramatic life of foreign countries. He has a story on the Japanese drama, which is one of the most absorbing articles in the magazine.

The photoplay of today and the photoplay of tomorrow are two entirely different things, says Frederick James Smith. We learn a good deal about it in an unusually interesting article.

Our own Wynn Holcomb has sent us a new lay-out of Parisian cartoons and pertinent paragraphs on things pertaining to Paris which will probably startle you.

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BREWSTER PUBLICATIONS

Contents of Motion Picture Classic

Vol. XI
NOVEMBER, 1920
No. 3

The Girl on the Cover
(Painted by Leo Stehle, Jr., from a photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston.)

Louise Glauk stands foremost at present in the popular film league. Miss Glauk made her debut on the stage as a member of a stock company in Chicago, and has been numbered among the leading women of the screen for the past four years.

When Louise is not breaking up cinema homes, and depicting the tragic side of life in the screen, she peacefully indulges in her real passion; i.e., the raising of chickens, and her chicken farm out on the coast is one of the most widely discussed cases in California.

Rotogravure Gallery of Players. Full-page studies of

Dough MacLean, Barbara Bedford, Mary Thurman, Eva Novak, and Elnor Fair...

What Time Is It? Asked Muriel Sterling, as she

granted a somewhat brief interview. Frederick James Smith

Enter Julio. Rudolph Valentino becomes the hero of...

The Four Horsemen...

Clyde the Mountains. Presenting the background of the blonde Myrtle Stedman...

With the Season's New Plays. Willow Goldbeck

That Swede From Ystad. No offense, but we mean...

Harrison Hastings

The Charm School. The latest feature picture of the ever charming "Wally" Reid told in story form...

Faith Sevitt

The Story of Flora Revales. A dance from the Russian Palace plays the silver screen.

Elizabeth Pettret

Aye, Aye Sir. Tom Forman is now a maker of players instead of soldiers...

Hazel Shelley

The Twentieth Marriage. Our out of twenty is up; to be a success, and here it is...

Elizabeth Pettret

The River Shannon's Namesake. Otherwise Shannon Day, the latest screen recruit from the Folliettes...

Emma Lindsey-Smyr

Screen Impressions. Holographic play... Louise Fazenda

Peaceful Valley. Interesting story version of Charles Ray's forthcoming feature film...

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The Amazing Interview. A somewhat unusual chat with a somewhat unusual girl, Marie Mosquini...

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to...

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

This magazine, published monthly, comes out on the 15th. Its older sister, the Motion Picture Magazine, comes out on the first of every month. Shadowland appears on the 23rd of each month.
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DEAD MEN TELL TALES

Stage Plays of Interest

Riders in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these spoken plays appear in their vicinity.

Bijou.—"The Charm School." An appealing light comedy with music, based upon Alice Duerr Miller's story of the handsome young boy who inherits a failing finishing school. Minnie Dupree runs away with the production as an old maid teacher, while James Gleason, Sam Hardy and Marie Carroll are effective in their parts.

Booth.—"Happy-Go-Lucky." Ran a long time in London as "Tilly of Bloomsbury." A typical British comedy by Ian Hay. O. P. Heggie runs away with the comedy as the ball's bibulous aid.

Broadhurst.—"Come Seven." An amusing adaptation of the Octavus Roy Cohen negro stories which have already hung in The Saturday Evening Post. All the characters are negroes, played by white players. Funny, but of little depth. Arthur Apilworth is excellent as a shiftless darky, Gail Kane and Earle Foxe play the colored lovers.

Cuarto.—"Honeydew." Beautiful musical entertainment by the lovely Etrem Zinhalist, the violinist. Allee Marguerite and Frank Gill score with their dancing.


Eltinge.—"Lady Godiva." About the most daring comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the boudoir zone to the Twilight Zone and the Orbiting Zone. A lot of its sketches are on thin ice, but smashes thru now and then. John Cumberland is admirable.

Empire.—"Call the Doctor." Jean Archibald's mas terd production of the English melodrama, "Way Down East." Splendid in many ways with many moving moments and the biggest—and most thrilling—chimera since the ride of the champion in "The Whole Scare."

Fulton.—"Scrambled Wives." Another typical farce built on a series of misunderstandings. A daring, strutting, comical farce for first wedding from their new marriage alliances. Rather bright and amusing. Roland Young is excellent.

Globe.—George White's "Scandals of 1920." Lively and well-thought-out musical revue with lavish and swiftly changing scenes, plus many pretty girls. Paint succeeds stockings—something which in New York is a last refuge for the abandoned by the public.

Greenwich Village Theater.—"Greenwich Village for the Unmarried," is a musical tour de force, as is typical of John Murray Anderson productions. Here is a musical entertainment with imagination and charm. James Reynolds has created some remarkable scenes and costumes and with the whole ensemble is vivid and colorful.

Henry Miller's Theater.—"The Famous Mrs. Fair," while drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Skillfully written by James Forbes, with unusual playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margalo Gilmore.

Hudson.—"Crooked Gamblers." A lively and thrilling comedy-melodrama of the financial district, in which a gallant young inventor of auto tires defeats the Wolf of Wall Street. Taylor Holmes starred.

Loew's.—First run with Emily Stevens. Zoe Ackin's well-done modernization of the old melodrama, "Forget-Me-Not." New Amsterdam Road—Ziegfeld 9 o'clock and midnight revues. Colorful entertainment with the top comics of the Pathé and RKO companies.

Plymouth.—"Little Old New York." Kibbs Johnson Young's delightful but fragile little romance of New York in 1862 with John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Peter Delmonico and Washington Irving among its characters. Genevieve Tobin runs away with the piece—and scores one of the biggest personal successes of many seasons. Here is a Miss who belongs in the limelight.

Republic.—"The Lady of the Lamp." A fanciful and highly colored fantasy by Earl Carroll. unittest about an opium dream which revolves around a tragic romance. An intimate scene in a dress or a restaurant is a certain charm is here. George Gail is admirable and Henry Herbert gives a remarkable portrayal of a sinister Manchu chieftain of centuries ago.

Selwyn.—"Tickle Me." An Arthur Hamerstein early autumn show with the amusing Frank Loesser's score. A tone musical and very personal characters. Likewise gorgeous costuming.

Winter Garden.—"Cinderella on Broadway." Typical summer-girl entertainment designed for the tired business man. The extravagant this year is based upon the fairy adventures of Cinderella. Plenty of girls, passable music, attractive costumes and a little humor.

ON TOUR

"Abraham Lincoln." You should see this if you see nothing else from the New York stage. John Dehner's playing is hearty and a very moving and achieved, for he makes the Great American live again. "Abraham Lincoln" cannot fail to make you a better American. It is a grand American play. Frank McGlynn is a brilliant Lincoln.

William Rock's "Silks and Satins." Another musical revue, but we doubt if it will ever approach the tired man. Ernestine Myers, the dancer, stands out.

"Honey Dew." Lively musical comedy built about the brisk race-track comedy, "Checkers." The girls, the music, and humor—as well as an excellent cast.

"Lassie." A charming and pleasantly tune-ful musical farce, located in London in the picturesque sixties. Based upon Catherine Chisholm Cushing's "Kitty Mackay," Tessa Kosta sings pleasantly and Mollie Pearson and Roland Bottomley are prominent.


"Once." Gore Vidal's "Court of Love" scene, is Ervin's powerful drama, presented by the Theater Guild, has been running in New York all season. A drab but brilliant tale of middle-class English life. "A Court of Love" is a typical one-man farce with the inimitable farcier, Collier, at his best. Full of laughs.

The musical revue of the widely popular musical show of some twenty years ago. Done with charm, distinction and humor. Eleanor Painter's singing stands out vividly and George Hassell's humor is highly diverting. Then, of course, there is the famous "sextette." Here is a revival that really redeems "The Storm." A well-told melodrama of the lonely Northwest with a remarkable stage effect of a forest fire.

"Passepartout." Ham mon's daring drama which Constance Talmadge played on the screen, June Walker and Charles Cherry have the leading roles.

Loew's N.Y. and Loew's American Roof.

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Rialto.—Photoplay program weekly.

Strand.—Select first-run photographs. Program changes every week.
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William S. Hart, 95,597; Wallace Reid, 56,245; Richard Barthelemy, 35,703; Dougars Fairbanks, 15,460; Eugene O'Brien, 10,592; William Thomas, Meighan, 9,652; Tom Mix, 6,479; Elliott Dexter, 6,441; J. Warren Kerrigan, 6,334; Charles Ray, 5,919; Bert Lahr, 5,333; George Arliss, 5,179; Gore Vidal, 4,705; William Russell, 3,819; Ralph Graves, 3,604; Harrison Ford, 3,627; Ben Alexander, 3,562; Antonio Moreno, 3,145; John Barrymore, 2,067; William Duncan, 2,855; Jack Pickford, 2,244; George Walsh, 2,208: Rodney La Roque, 2,191; Wallace Beery, 2,156; Charles Harbutt, 2,011; Edley Polo, 1,959; Harold Lloyd, 1,755; Owen Moore, 1,600; Harry Northrup, 1,547; Earle Williams, 1,519; Lloyd Hughes, 1,492; Robert Harron, 1,462; Marie Blue, 1,260; Robert Warvik, 1,110; Lewis Stone, 1,080; Jesse Hayakawa, 932; Percy Marmont, 889; Bryant Washburn, 875; Harry Haron, 836; Mourn, Salsbury, 789; Louis Benison, 771; William Desmond, 765; Marshal Neilan, 759; Charles Meredith, 743; Sunshine Sammy, 730; Len Cheaney, 680; King Vidor, 671; Albert Ray, 662; Tom Forman, 659; Eddie Lyons, 652; Francis MacDonald, 646; Wesley Hardy, 641; Ben Turpin, 635; Pernell, 587; George Fawcett, 588; Henry G. Soll, 586; Joe Ryan, 500; Webster Campbell, 494; David Powell, 490; Theodore Roberts, 484; Robert Kehrle, 481, James 44; Corbett, 462; Harry Moroy, 455; Jack Holt, 441; Creighton Hale, 416; Cullen landis, 396; Emory Johnson, 389; King Vidor, 380; Lee Moore, 379; Milton Mills, 363; Will Rogers, 358; Jack Dempsey, 348; Francis Ford, 336; Francis X. Bushman, 324; Patty Arquette, 317.

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DOUGLAS MacLEAN
The popular Thomas H. Ince star

Photograph by Evans, L. A.
BARBARA BEDFORD

The most recent of Maurice Tourneur’s “star-finds,” and one who is proving herself quite capable of achieving the success of Constance Binney, Faire Binney and Vivian Martin—the other Tourneur discoveries.
MARY THURMAN

Capitalizing her popularity, achieved as a Mack Sennett bathing beauty, Miss Thurman has turned her talent to the dramatic side of the silversheet, and is now appearing in Allan Dwan productions.
EVA NOVAK

Little sister Eva is following in the footsteps of Jane's success, and is now being starred by Universal, proving that sometimes there is more than one swan in a family.
ELINOR FAIR

Whose last name could be used first with the greatest ease, will appear opposite Otis Skinner in the forthcoming Robertson-Cole feature, "Kismet"
"What Time Is It?"
Asked Muriel

We have accomplished interviews under all sorts of trying circumstances. We have "helped" stars pick out gowns. We have motored into Westchester with 'em. We have dined, tea'd, Ziegfeld roofed, supped, lunched and—whisper—even breakfasted with them. Many times they have been in a hurry, but, to the best of our present disturbed recollection, nobody was ever quite in so much of a hurry as Muriel Ostriche.

The task of interviewing a cute ingenue—film ingenues are becoming more extinct every day—rather intrigued us and we were exactly on time at Miss Ostriche's uptown hotel.

Two minutes later—3:32 p.m. to be exact—Miss Ostriche appeared in the hotel reception-room. She had a tiny package in her hand.

"I'm awfully sorry," she began. "You see, I'd been planning to take a 4:10 train to the beach for the week-end and I thought our interview was to be earlier and—but I'll take a later train."

Of course, we knew that she really didn't want to take a later train. Also, we could not conscientiously upset the schedule of an ingenue.

So we asked a porter to summon a taxi.

"We'll interview you en route," we confided.

"That'll be wonderful," sighed Miss Ostriche, with something that we suspected sounded like relief. "Better start now before the taxi comes. Want a—er—pencil?"

"We never use 'em," said we, trying to maintain our editorial poise in the face of the Ostriche optics. "What about your traveling bag?"

Photograph © by Underwood & Underwood

Muriel Ostriche started in motion pictures at old Biograph and played in Eclair, Thanhouser and World Film productions. Now she is starring in a series of film plays being made by Arrow
"Don't need it," giggled Miss Ostriche. "I have everything here. (Indicating the tiny bundle.) Bet you can't guess the contents."

Our poise was slipping. Where on earth was the taxi?

"Guess," insisted Miss Ostriche.

We mopped our brow. "It's a hot day," we said, deftly changing the subject.

"A toothbrush and a nightie," continued Miss Ostriche remorselessly. "What do you think about that?"

But the taxi arrived before we were forced to commit ourselves.

(The scene changes to the interior of an open taxi.)

"Tell me the time and ask some questions!"

"3:51—and how did you get into pictures?"

"We'll make it—I'm a New York girl—Did you guess it?—Nobody ever does—Of course, I had the movie bug—Every girl has, some time or other—A boy who knew me at school, Christy Cabanne, was in pictures at the old Biograph studio and he asked me to come up for a try-out—My people objected—Furiously—What time is it?"

A French director at the old Eclair studio gave Miss Ostriche her first opportunity. The picture was half over before Muriel knew she was playing the leading rôle. At the left is a brand new studio dressing-room "snap" of Miss Ostriche

"3:56—and go on."

"We'll make it—I didn't know a thing about pictures, naturally—They asked me to do a scene—You know, for a test try-out—I was scared something awful—Do you know what one of the camera-men said?—What time is it?"

"3:59—what did he say?"

"Some lamps!—Funny, wasn't it—Of course, I didn't know what that sort of slang meant then—he was talking of my eyes, you know—What—"

"4:02—and we guessed it—and we don't blame him."

"We'll make it—Well, after the test Griffith came around and said, 'I don't know what we can do with her, she's too young to be made love to and too old not to. Tell her to come around tomorrow,'—But I told him I was going to school and could only work Saturdays and Sundays— I guess he was angry—Wh—"

"4:04—you'll make it!"

"I did a few extra parts at Biograph and then I applied at the old Eclair studio.—A

(Continued on page 70)
"WOMAN is incomprehensible," said Signor Valentino one day. "No man can fathom her. In fact, the man who boasts 'I know woman' is either a liar or an idiot."

"What about man—is he more easily understood?"

"Yes—he is more practical, more elemental. Man has no caprice; no whim. He is whole—definite."

Being very much a part of those upon whom he had just passed judgment, Valentino placed himself under his own stamp. "Definite," he said man was. "Yes—so, he himself is—in his extremes.

For just as it is simple to understand woman when one realizes she is a contradiction, and one makes allowances for her pros and cons, and one expects them—so, by the same code of perception, is the study of Rudolph Valentino less enigmatic.

Because one person could discuss Valentino and say, "What a care-free lad he is! Always joking, and romping, being serious only in his mania to dance and play. Give him a horse, a stretch of land, all day in which to tear over the countryside, and he is content."

And another person in speaking would offer: "That is what I call an ambitious young man. He is very determined to succeed, and doesn't lose a minute towards it. In his work he never slack. He gives his best in enthusiasm and most in time.

Rudolph Valentino is a youth from Italy who came to these shores in pursuit of scientific agriculture. Because of his unfamiliarity with the English language, he did not succeed and drifted into dancing where he attracted the attention of the leading dancers in America. His rôle as Julio in the film version of the famous Spanish novel, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," is one which demands the work of a great artist.

Opportunity won't be given the chance to knock more than once on his door."

It is also legitimate when one comments: "A sportsman! He does not tear over the country, but rides his animals judiciously. Rather than return hot and disheveled, manifesting all the signs of having had a great time, he brings his horse home warm, but carefully exercised."

And for those who know him best, it is not wrong when the opinion is that "Rudie is a lonesome soul. He isn't so much melancholy as pen- sive. He has many friends, and very few. Books are his..."
companions, and dreams, and memories. A night at home, alone, with these, he considers far better spent than jocularly abandoning himself to Bacchus and bacchanals."

His appearance, too, is untraditional. Either, to correspond with his virile physique, he should not be so aesthetically attuned, or to accord with his vigorous spirituality he should not be so immaculately groomed. One never thinks of an artist, or an appreciator of art, as being also an appreciator of cravats and imported eau de cologne. And when one is fastidious about one's menu, it is expected one would, to the exclusion of one's choice of opera.

Yet this phenomenal youth cannot relinquish his fidelity to Arthur Symons, D'Annunzio, Dante, Wilde, Fokine and Caruso, because of his adequate amount of interest in thoroughbreds, surf-bathing, Hart Schaffner and Marx, and Dardenella. He cares for both and will have both. A good piece of watermelon is as absorbing to him as a work of Rodin's. He can go one day to Shirley Blanc's to be photographed as a rigid, immobile, determined, stern mask. And the following afternoon he can drop in to have the camera catch him as illusive lambent, unsubstantially poetique.

Valentino with all his complexities, and because

Photographs by Shirley Blanc, L. A.

Altho he has made extraordinary progress in pictures, having played opposite Mae Murray, Dorothy Gish and Carmel Myers, Valentino does not want to stay here forever. He longs to go to South America, China, Japan, Egypt and India and to get to know these places of them, is normal. He has the indolence of Endymion who would dream; the reverence of Dante who would worship; the vitality of Don Juan who would woo; the extravagance of Don Quixote who would exaggerate; the courage of D'Artagnan who would dare; the restraint of Sordello who would court in deed; the desire of D'Annunzio who would achieve; the strength of Vulcan who would excel; and the philosophy of Omar whose "yesterday is dead and to-morrow never comes."

He resembles both Dick Barthelmess and Rod La Rocque. His accent is a composite of Leo Ditrichstein's, José Reuben's, and Pedro de Cordoba's.

Ideas are what he would offer; and diffidence, Spontaneity; and a total lack of response. Yet, he doesn't waver. He is, as he says man is, definite—for all his moods.

One would not dare call this fiber of his temperament, for to him, the word "temperament" is greatly misused: promiscuously thrown about. The genuine artist, he believes rather leaves that term to where it has become established—in the gutter. The artist recedes into his soul, and believes. His ego is not "I am," but "I know."

"There is an artistic temperament," Valentino claims. "It is a part of another much mishandled phrase, intellectuality."

(Continued on page 72)
Of course, she had to get Chicago out of her system or the city would have been calling her all the time. So she went back to the place she was born and studied for the stage, which, according to the laws of Romance, was the proper thing for a girl brought up in the mountains of Colorado to do. At any rate, Myrtle Stedman not only studied for the stage, but she went on the stage, becoming a prima donna in a very short time.

But the most impressionable period of her life had been spent in a mining camp about forty miles from Denver. There she had learnt horseback riding and, being at an altitude of 10,000 feet, she had naturally become proficient in the most difficult of mountain sports. She was a child of the snows, blonde and hardy as a Dane.

It was while she was appearing in comic opera in Chicago that she met Colonel Selig and he, needing a leading lady and hearing that she could ride horseback, immediately approached her with an offer.

"But," she protested, "I don't know anything about moving pictures."

"You can learn," he answered. "Why don't you come and visit us?"

"So," she said, in telling me about it, "I went to visit the studio. I saw the making of several scenes, but wasn't greatly tempted... I was afraid that I wouldn't be able to do the work. Then Colonel Selig showed me a beautiful thoroughbred horse. 'This horse' he said, 'will be yours if you join us. You can ride him all the time.'

"So it was that that decided me to leave comic opera for moving pictures."

You might call it persuaded by a horse...

"My first picture was called 'The Range-Riders,'" she went on, "and I was not the only member of the company making my début. A young man who had come the same morning was as strange to the screen as myself. I was introduced to Bobbie Harron, Kathlyn Williams and other famous 'pioneers' started theirs. Her work in the popular 'westerns' was unrivaled.
We were lunching together in a pretty little flat she recently rented in Hollywood. It is on top of a gently sloping hill and commands a lovely view of the surrounding country. For lunch, there was chicken, jellied, with mayonnaise, whole tomatoes icy cold, Saratoga chips, hot rolls, iced tea and sliced peaches, the whole especially designed to tempt appetites made indifferent by the heat outside.

We (Miss Stedman had thoughtfully called at my office to get me) had arrived to find the doorbell in the process of being repaired, not by the to-be-expected workmen, but by two portly, well-dressed ladies, the owners of the house.

"They own several houses," Miss Stedman whispered, "and whenever anything goes wrong, they insist on making the repairs themselves."

During luncheon, we could see them thru the slightly parted portieres that divided the dining from the sitting-room. One of the ladies stood on a stepladder, placed just inside the front door, and hammered from time to time, while the other held a kit of tools handy and tried the doorbell occasionally to see if it would work. At last it rang, and after making a few little repairs in the kitchen . . . it seemed that the ice-box drain needed attention . . . they left, shown out by Lucille, Miss Stedman's irrepressibly good-natured little negro maid, who rang the bell herself for good measure and then ran thru the room giggling.

(Continued on page 94)
Above, Blanche Yurka in "The Americans in France," which enjoyed but a brief New York run; right, Gail Kane and Charles Meyer in "Come Seven," the laughable comedy of negro life built about the Octavus Roy Cohen short stories; and, below, George Saul and Eileen Wilson in that colorful Chinese fantasy, "The Lady of the Lamp"
Season's New Plays

Right, Ann Pennington, the piquant star of "The Scandals of 1920," who is always a delightful musical comedy figure. Left, Sally Long, one of the prettiest members of the Century Promenade.

Photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston

Left, an amusing scene in "Ladies Night" in which Charles Ruggles and Edward Douglas, shown at the right, invade a Turkish Bath on ladies' night. Judith Voselli plays a movie vampire taking her daily exercise, much to the interest of Messrs. Ruggles and Douglas.

Photograph by White Studio
The Rise of Beatrice

and now I found her playing opposite Douglas MacL an. But I am running away with my story.

Beatrice is a southern girl. Texas is responsible for the sibilant drawl of her voice, the vibrant black of her eyes, the tiny suggestion of bravado that smolders constantly beneath her appearance of timidity.

A convent and a college are the two milestones that mark her pursuit of knowledge.

Beatrice is one of those girls who never tell you things. They always confide them. It is very agreeable.

"It is ten months since I had my first part— with Eddie Polo in an episode of his

A SOFT, cool hand in mine ... black eyes that flashed behind a veil ... a sigh ...

It was done so deftly!

It might have been a poem; but, alas, it was only the beginning of an interview—and in the conventional surroundings of the Ince studio.

Beatrice Burnham is either a great artist or a very little girl. It should have been easy to decide which ... if her shyness had not been so confoundedly bewitching! I wanted to believe and yet that soft catch in her breath ... It was done so perfectly. Almost too perfectly!

While I yet held her hand, she indicated the path that stretched away before us and disappeared into a maze of sets and stages and great swimming pools.

She barely breathed the words: "Perhaps a little walk ... Then I shall not be so nervous."

I watched her out of the corner of my eye. In scarlet hat and coat she made a vivid figure. The only vagueness was the blue veil that covered her face, that accentuated the whiteness of her skin and the sloe-black of her eyes. And her grace was not confined to her shyness. She walked beautifully—with the balance and sway of a reed in the wind.

I thought of the ragged mountain girl in "Bullet Proof." It was hard to realize that this was she. Remember talking with Harry Carey during the production and I recall his good-natured admission: "She's stealing the picture!"

I had often wondered what had become of her;
“Cyclone Smith” series. It all happened in the most wonderful way. I was on the Universal lot as a visitor. I had no intention then of ever attempting to get into pictures. But Jacques Jaccard saw me and dared me to take a screen test. I did, of course, and was a little bewildered by the result.”

She sighed retrospectively, leaving my imagination hanging limply in the air. That is what makes me doubt... her trick of always choosing the correct moment—just when you are waiting breathless upon her next word—for a sigh and a pause.

A great artist... a little girl...?

“What was the result,” I demanded.

“Oh, everyone got terribly excited. You see, I had had to cry and I cried so hard that they couldn’t believe it was acting. But when they saw that it was, I guess they thought they had discovered a second Bernhardt—for a moment. Eddie Polo—he seemed such a wonderfully famous man in those days!—declared that he wanted me for one of his episodes. He got me without much persuasion!”

We had talked ourselves around the circuit of the studio grounds and back to the long row of dressing-rooms. I noticed on a nearby door, in bright, fresh letters the name “Beatrice Burnham.” A glimpse of the room past the half-open door made it seem cool and inviting. She murmured a suggestion that we go in.

Once in, her confidence seemed to be restored, tho she sat erectly graceful, her hands still nervous, while she told me—no, confided—the story of her brief ten months in pictures. It was that test at Universal City that she regards as the start of her career. Two years ago she did one or two “bits” for different companies, but they were merely the summer larks of a school girl.

Universal realized that they had unearthed a discovery worth while and were determined to keep it for themselves, on their own terms. But they had reckoned without that bravado smoldering beneath, that bravado which, after all, proved to be an unquenchable courage.

“They were lovely,” she sighed. “They took me to dinners and sent me boxes of candy and even took me to the theater now and then. I wanted it to go on forever. I forgot all about the contract.”

She ventured a naïve little smile and glance.

“But it seems that they hadn’t. They were even a little exasperated when I at last said ‘No’ to them.”

There was an actual wonderment in her eyes!

It was my turn to sigh. I did.

Her career with Universal was as busy as it was brief. From the Polo pictures she went to wild animal comedies and thence to five-reel westerns. There is a hint of a playful destiny in the fact that tho she came unharmed thru the animal comedies with their inevitable lions and chimpanzees, her arm was badly lacerated by the treacherous teeth of a grouchy brute in “Bullet Proof.” She will carry the scars all her life.

In “Hitchin’ Post” with Frank Mayo she did the work that brought the offer of a five-year contract from Universal, the contract which she refused—after many dinners and a theater or two.

She went to Edgar Lewis and won a good part in “Lahoma.”

(Continued on page 76)
That Swede from Ystad
She Never Went Back

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

"The golden reward I had heard about in far-off Ystad proved to be pretty remote. The best I could get was posing for artists—at fifty cents an hour. I had a terrible time making all ends meet for many months. I call those my bakery days, for it was pretty stiff sledding and a dinner in a bakery restaurant was a de luxe event.

"It was then that I met Alice Joyce, who was also an artist's model. She landed with the old Kalem company and helped me get a hearing. I had her first director when I started, Keanu Buell.

"That was the beginning. I've been playing ever since before the camera. Four times I have had passage booked for home, but each time something unforeseen prevented. But I am going back to Sweden for a visit next spring.

"My people have not seen me—that is, in reality—for years. I only reached them recently on the screen. None of my older pictures were exported and it was not until 'Seven Keys to Baldpate' went across that they had a chance to see me on the screen. Right after that Ystad—and Astorp, where my folks now live—had a chance to see me in 'The Trail to Yesterday' and my pictures have been events there ever since, it seems. I suppose the little girls look

Photograph by Evans, L. A.

YOU can bet Ystad is mighty proud.
Isn't Anna Q. Nilsson a Ystadian—or whatever you call an inhabitant of that distant Swedish town?
Miss Nilsson really was born there. Indeed, she is a typical blonde viking. "I should have been a boy," she says. "In fact, I was raised with a regular boy's training. Dad, who was an army officer, had hoped for a boy but he did the next best thing. Six feet two, himself an all 'round athlete, he used to put me thru a daily routine of training from my earliest baby days. So I grew up to be able to perform all sorts of stunts.

"Back in those Ystad days I did not, of course, conceive of a movie career. I was to be a teacher. There was nothing much else for a girl to do in those days, save being a housewife. So I was sent to school with the idea of making myself a school ma'am.

"Teaching never did appeal to me, I must admit. I can remember how several girls came back to the town from America—wearing silks and velvets. That settled it, for I resolved to get to the fabled land of wealth in some way.

"Later, when an old friend of my father's married in New York and invited me to come over for a visit, I hastened to accept. Mentally, I told myself I was going to stay—at least until I became rich.

"So I came. I was their guest for months. Father kept asking me to return, but finally I wrote to him, 'I'm not coming back until I'm a millionaire,' and I started out to get some sort of employment.

Anna Q. Nilsson was born in Sweden. She is a typical blonde viking. "I was raised with a regular boy's training," she says, "Dad, who was an army officer, used to put me thru a daily routine of training from my earliest baby days. Here are several glimpses of Anna as an oarsman upon me as a sort of goddess of fortune, just as the silks and velvets of the old days set me to dreaming."

(Cont'd on page 70)
AUSTIN BEVANS was a bright young man. Most persons conceded him that. He had two outstanding characteristics so marked as to all but completely overshadow any others which he may have possessed. He was an excellent salesman and an excellent lover. Par excellence, in fact. Of the first, his specialty was automobiles and for the second, at the time of which I write, Susie Rolles.

Susie had an enterprising Mamma. An automobile salesman, however snappy, did not accord with Mamma's enterprise. Susie was her one branch and best bet, and she had basted greatly and rather expensively on Susie. The flavor of gasoline did not suit her.

She explained this to Susie at some length and to Austin with some asperity. Neither of them seemed to weigh her words very heavily. She had been all of seventeen years in instructing Susie that this world is ruled by Mammon. Susie was learning and Austin might be said to be her last line before stepping over into Mamma's Pet Beliefs.

Nevertheless, despite the fact that the course of love did not run smooth for Austin with Susie, the young man had a lot to thank the Rolles menage for. They were, he later admitted, eye-openers, the pair of them. In the caustic course of her harangues, Mamma Rolles had informed him that she hadn't raised her daughter to be a laborer...she inferred that matrimony with Mr. Bevans would result in nothing else than that.

"Women, my dear, good Austin," Mamma would say, "are made to charm. To charm—that is, or should be, the alpha and omega of their pilgrimage upon this earth. Women have no business in business, either commercial or professional—their business is to be charming—to be charming—"

Evidently, Mrs. Rolles did not conceive the possibility of her Susie being able to charm as Mrs. Austin Bevans.

On one memorable occasion Susie greeted him with flushed cheeks and dilated eyes.

"You must go at once," she said, with some excitement: "I've had the dickens of a row with Mamma. I—I hate to tell you, Austin, but she is very firm in her idea. Her—her idea is that you have neither birth, breeding nor prospects and I—and I—"

(The Charm School
Told in Story Form from the Wallace Reid—Famous Players' Photoplay

By FAITH SERVICE

AUSTIN BEVANS was a bright young man. Most persons conceded him that. He had two outstanding characteristics so marked as to all but completely overshadow any others which he may have possessed. He was an excellent salesman and an excellent lover. Par excellence, in fact. Of the first, his specialty was automobiles and for the second, at the time of which I write, Susie Rolles.

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Said Austin: "If you are not in sympathy with my unalterable ideas and ideals, Miss Hayes, you are at liberty to leave."

Austin laughed. "I must have been born," he insisted, "my logical mind tells me that. Breathing has an indecent sound to me. I refuse to discuss it. And as for prospects—he inflated his chest: 'we shall see——'."

There was a melodramatic flourish of hat, and he was gone. Susie wept a few carefully becoming tears and went forth in search of other fish to fry, and Austin repaired to his office, where he was duly notified that his services would no longer be required. The implication pointed to a lady. Without an undue share of perspicacity, Austin deduced that the lady was Susie. It would be unbecoming a hero to suggest that he cursed the House of Rolles roundly and well. Rather let it be inferred that he languished and repined——.

Occasionally life as an equitable equation presents itself. Along with his little blue ticket Austin found an ominous looking document bearing the anathema of coming from an attorney. He opened it to be informed that his Aunt Polly Bevans had passed on to the Other Side and had left behind her on this terrestrial plane her well-known Aunt Polly Bevans' School for Young Ladies, with fifty pupils, a cottage and ten acres of well-tended ground. The meat of the matter was the fact that the whole descended to Austin.

At first he was staggered, being normal. He was a good salesman—or had been, until his dismissal prickled the bright bubble of his confidence. He was a vivid lover, yet he had been ousted via the back door like any skulking Romeo. And with nothing to sell—and fifty maidens—wow! Then, like all valiant souls, he began to take stock of his experiences and determined to make them work for them. Susie was a product of a system of charm. Well—Susie would undoubtedly "get along." She would toil not, neither would she spin. She was a lily and her mission was to grow, exhaling the fragrance which was her nativity. The more perfectly she exhaled, the more perfectly would she justify her nativity— Not a bad thought— Who wanted college women, business women, professional women? Who wanted oracles, theorists, faddists, modernists? What did they profit a man? It was one thing to lose one's soul for the front-frou of a skirt. It was another and quite unnanly to lose one's mind for the firm tread of an Amazonian intellectual. In that respect, as in most others, Mrs. Rolles had been right. Austin was beginning, in sooth, to look upon her as his benefactress. Viewed from afar, Susie had the aspect of something to be saved from. Mamma Rolles had thrown him the life line. The result of the cogitation was the determination to perpetuate at least one of Mamma Rolles' theories. He, Austin Bevans, would take Aunt Polly's legacy, fifty pupils, acreage and all. He would remove the Acting Principal, so specified in the bond as "Miss Hayes" and institute himself. He would revolutionize the school and the fifty young ladies. They should be taught one creed—to charm. It should be called The Charm School and its aim would be to turn out upon the male population Loreleis with every faculty trained to its acme of perfection.

Preparatory college courses, business trainings and the like should be tabooed, ridiculed, relegated to limbo. To charm—to charm—to charm—this and this only should be the rite and the religion. It was a great idea! The world went mad over ideas. Austin exulted.

There would have to be money. Austin thought hard and hit upon the last victim to whom he had sold a car. This said victim happened to be Homer Johns, president of the Corn Exchange Bank and an unapproachable proposition, did not deter the apostle of the new Educational Creed. He went to him at once and demanded ten thousand dollars.

While Homer Johns was spluttering and struggling back to equilibrium, Austin was launching forth upon his project. He had a convincing vocabulary, had Austin. Also some gift of oratory, but he probably got what he had come for—more, because Homer Johns was fed up on the feminist movement than for any other reason. Wife, daughter and now granddaughter had gone the radical road in the Johns menage and the old man yearned for the gentler days of the toilers and spinless (not to say spine-less) woman. Here, he felt, was a young man with the right idea. A young man who might be preparing for a coming generation at least a few apostles of peace. He was for him.

"I'll go down with you," he said, "and look over the ground. It's bizarre—but it hits me right."

On the way down he disclosed the fact that he had a granddaughter at Aunt Polly Bevans' School. "She's been getting the same way as her mother and her grandmother," he complained, "and I am genuinely fond of the child. I do forget her little ways when she was a baby—she was the most cuddle-some baby ever born, I think, and it gives me a shock to see her and to hear her now, developing radical views and opinions, talking of a college career, the economic independence of woman, the evolution of this, that and the other thing. It sounds like iron coming from lips where pearls ought to be. I'd like to check her up. It would be worth ten thousand dollars to me to do just that. If you can, young man, consider the ten thousand as gift rather than a loan or an investment."

We may anticipate, but in accomplishing this end, Austin was helped by the fact that Elise Johns fell in love with him and promptly lost all economically independent aspirations. However, that is anticipating my story—— (Twenty-eight)
Elise may hardly be said to be alone. When the fifty young ladies witnessed the arrival of Homer Johns and Austin Bevans, they naturally, being pessimists, thought Homer Johns was the new principal. When Elise, still cuddlesome Austin thought, involuntarily, greeted the old gentleman as Grandad and Austin dawned upon them as their Principal, fifty hearts cracked like china and a cult was then and there established.

It was not all so soft, however. Austin found himself, in the first place, very much indeed "up against" Miss Hayes. Miss Hayes had been Acting Principal since the Will of God had removed Aunt Polly.

She believed vehemently in the Woman in Big Business, etc., etc. She maintained with a beef, iron and wine enunciation that this was the Day and Age of Specialization; that woman must meet the new demand of the new Era; that Austin was, like his sex, endeavoring to keep Woman, virile, unenlightened. She flatly denounced him as "shameless, archaic, insidious."

Said Austin: "If you are not in sympathy with my unalterable ideas and ideals, Miss Hayes, you are at liberty to leave."

The remark was, distinctly, a command.

Said Miss Hayes: "I have a three-year contract, Mr. Bevans. I am now entering upon the first of the three years. It is my pleasure as well as my duty to remain. I am a woman, Mr. Bevans."

"We are not disputing that, Miss Hayes," said Austin, and waived the question.

Let the woman rave, he thought. He would have exhaling lilies despite her. He was not without instinct and intuition. He had been there a week. A week had he been under the battery of fifty pairs of limpid, upraised eyes, blue, grey, sloe-black, leaf-brown, they met his with a sparkle, with a tremor, with a star—— No, he had nothing to fear from Miss Hayes. These young, fundamentally feminine things would be lilies or harder growths as he should will—— Their will to charm was there. His but to call it forth, perfect it, enhance it, give it into their hands to use, consciously, an invaluable weapon.

He had felt it as a mission when it first came to him. He felt it more so now—— now that he had seen Elise. Not that he admitted this to himself in so many words. He felt dif-
He felt differently about Elise, older and more protective. When he noted a flower on his desk every morning, and traced it to Elise, he felt ashamed. She was so young.

vinced were nefarious proceedings—Sally, with sisterly tact, had let fall all sorts of terrifying innuendos. Elise, in the so-called commission of the school's task of writing a daily, graceful, feminine note directed all of hers toward Austin, and they were asserted Sally, convincingly graceful, not to say feminine. Then, every day, a white gardenia found its fragrant way to the vase on the A.P.'s desk. It was unquestioned that Elise was responsible. Their eyes met and held, Sally narrated, even in class, like this.

When the Charm School disbanded in the early summer Elise presented Austin with four letters to cover the term of the vacation. Austin dared not let the child know what these meant to him. He looked upon her as a child. He had philandered so much, He knew what philandering means—or doesn’t mean. He dared not take her seriously. So many had taken him seriously who had no right to. He was sorry for all of that now. He hadn’t known, then, about heartache.

The day after the disbanding of the school, Austin was alone. In the evening Homer Johns was giving his granddaughter a dinner dance to which he was going, after that he thought he would run up to the mountains for some fishing and swimming before the fall term. After that the rest of the summer didn’t very much matter. He would carry his image with him and forget the rest of the world—tonight loomed large—

The morning mail brought him another notice from his lawyer. The same firm, who had announced to him the legacy of Aunt Polly Bevans' School, now announced that the real will had been found and that Aunt Polly had left her school, not to her "loving nephew," but to Miss Hayes. Austin whistled, then swore, then whistled again. He paid momentary tribute to the sorority of women. Then he was conscious of a sort of ethical relief. He felt that it had all been too much—for him and for the Young Ladies. He believed that he had done some little good—but those "grace-

(Continued on page 88)

(Thirty)
The Story of Flora Revalles

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

THIS is the story of a girl whose father built a railroad in Africa. Whether her inheritance from him has anything to do with the matter or not, it is hard to say, but time and space seem, somehow, to have no meaning to her. It is a difficult thing, the moralists will tell you, to gain fame if you keep moving all the time. And yet that is exactly what Flora Revalles is doing. She has the mental restlessness . . . and the determination, too . . . that her father must have had when he planned the laying-out of those tracks thru the jungles. She could never "sing for her own village" she must go out into the world . . . every corner of it . . . and sing for the world.

"I do not like long term contracts," she told me, "they keep one in the same place for so long a time. I hate to be tied down."

And this intense restlessness . . . a restlessness of the mind rather than of the body . . . is, I think, the most noticeably characteristic thing about her.

We were seated in a little alcove at the Beverly Hills hotel where she was staying during the production of the moving picture, "Earthbound" from the spiritualistic novel by Basil King, which marks her second appearance on the screen. Somewhere near, most probably in the dining-room, an orchestra played "Finiculi, Finicula."

The strains came to us softly. Portieres looped back lightly, hid us completely from the main lobby.

From the viewpoint of the lobby, this would doubtless have been voted a very regrettable thing, if they could have known. She looked so gorgeously vivid, did la Revalles, like sunlight on snow, you would have fancied, or if you are in the habit of associating people with jewels, like a rare emerald. And yet she wore no brilliant color, and few jewels, a long emrine scarf was thrown over her shoulders, her gown, her hat, her furs formed a color combination of black and white and silver. Only her lips were red. Her clear olive skin accentuated the darkness of her eyes and hair.

There are artists who claim to paint the souls of their subjects. She makes you feel that Leon Bakst could paint hers: vivid, gloriously colorful in contrasting shades of greens and blues and purples; a thing of beauty and restlessness and life.

"I think I must have been an animal at some time," she said, "I love them so. But not the house cats; no, I do not like cats. But I like the tigers."

(Continued on page 71)
The story of Tom Forman's development is inseparable from that of the war. When the bugle call to the great war was heard throughout the land, Tom Forman was one of the most popular of the young leading men of the silversheet. Unlike many entertainers, he waited neither for the draft nor an opportunity for facile service, but enlisted in the coast artillery two months after our entry into the great conflict.

"Cut out the war stuff," he ordered me; "every writer has sobbed over it in the magazines. I only did the best I could for the service."

But because Tom Forman's story is distinctly an after-the-war story, I must allude briefly to his service.

When he found that the coast artillery provided little opportunity for getting "over there," Tom Forman requested a transfer to the infantry. In this branch of the service he stood so high that he was one of the two in his company to be chosen to attend an officers' training camp. Here he won his commission as junior lieutenant and was put to training raw recruits. He was so anxious to get across that he worked them harder than did any of the other officers until he had the best trained men in the lot . . . and then, because he had trained them so well, they were sent abroad under the guidance of another leader and he was held over here. He had proved himself too valuable a trainer to be sent over there as cannon fodder.

Tom Forman was a junior lieutenant in the Infantry Corps during the war, and proved himself too valuable a trainer of raw recruits to be sent "over there." Before the war he had been a very popular player—but found himself almost forgotten by the fickle public on his return to the screen.

(Thirty-two)
When he heard he was to be held here, Tom Forman invaded the general's headquarters in high dudgeon. Twenty times he sought his commanding officer before he obtained an audience. Then he stated his grievance, he wanted to go to France.

"I've been training men for thirty years, and they are over there and I'm here, here because this is where my country needs me... I'm not complaining, why should you? Go back and train your men."

"Yes, sir," said Forman, and he went back to his uncouth camp and weary month after weary month he turned awkward lumberjacks and backwoodsmen into snappy soldiers, and he shipped batch after batch of them over there... and he read about their "snuffing out" in the papers, the soldiers he had made, and still he was held here to make new man material for German cannon to slaughter.

When the armistice was signed and he found himself again in Hollywood sitting on the side-lines of a picture studio with grease-paint on his face, waiting for some silk-shirted director to give him orders, he found a slow antipathy for the whole mockery of it stealing over him.

The woods and men, camp-fires and bugle calls, service and work, and now this—grease-paint!

Before his enlistment, Tom Forman was well on the way to stardom. His mail from fans and admirers had been the heaviest in the studio; when he returned he found he was practically forgotten. And he sat on the stage, once more dolled up, forgotten by the public, waiting, waiting for the other fellow to give him orders.

Then came his great rôle as the young soldier-husband in Cecil B. de Mille's "For Better or For Worse," one of the finest bits of silver screen (Continued on page 74)
No one could give an account of Edythe Chapman’s home life without describing the home life of James Neill also.

“We’ve been so long together,” said Miss Chapman, or rather, Mrs. Neill, “that we are almost like one person.”

Edythe Chapman and James Neill have been married for twenty-three years, and, tho they have been almost constantly on tour, they have been separated for only ten weeks, altogether, in that time.

But, notwithstanding their years of wandering, the first thing that impresses one about the Neills is the suggestion they give of perfect stability.

They belong, you would tell yourself, to the nobility of the theater. Some players treat their art rather as the newly rich treat their money; they must forever be making it evident. Not so the Neills.

Their art has been with them for a long time. It is part of themselves. They are not merely in the theater; they are of the theater and of all that is best in it. In their home and in their manner towards each other, you will find no suggestion of the mental turmoil that comes of making the pursuit of pleasure one’s principal aim; the continual hanging on to a youth that has faded. The Neills accept their added years—they are, I should say, somewhere in the late forties—in cheerful peace, and for this reason, they seem astoundingly young. I can imagine them thirty or forty years from now, still surrounded, as they are today, by the youth of the profession who love their work and sincerely respect its traditions.

This is as it should be. Everything about the Neills betrays their tender regard for tradition. In their house there is not one single picture that they bought themselves. Photographs and paintings alike, all have some sentimental association. So, too, with the pieces of furniture that they use.
and value the most. One chair Edythe Chapman has on the front porch was made in 1638 and was brought to America by her ancestor, William Jones, through whom she is directly descended from Oliver Cromwell. She is quite proud of belonging to the original "Jones" family, whose descendants may be numbered by thousands. She is a New Yorker by birth and her early traditions were all of the uncompromising mental strength and determination of the "Roundhead."

James Neill, on the contrary, is of Latin descent—Spanish and Irish. He was born in Savannah, Georgia, and while his wife's people were fighting under the Northern flag, his people fought for the Confederacy. His father and mother were enthusiastic devotees of the theater, and, far from discouraging him in his choice of a career, they were enthusiastic about it and have always been proud of him. He went to New York and began by playing small parts in road companies.

His first engagement, he remembers, was in a melodrama called "Only a Farmer's Daughter." Another early engagement was with a company playing "The Hoop of Gold," a melodrama in which he played the leading part and Julius Kahn, now Congressman from California and chairman of the military committee, played the heavy. It was during the run of this play that Kahn decided to quit the stage for politics. He and Neill were rooming together.

"I don't see the use of all this," said Kahn to Neill. "I'm going to quit."

"Why, you big fat-head," said Neill, affectionately, "what do you mean?"

"Just what I said," answered Kahn; "I'm going (Continued on page 80)
The River Shannon's Namesake

about "Where dear old Shannon's flowing, where the three-leaved shamrock grows"—and because of her Irish eyes and the winsome daintiness of her, they nicknamed her for the river whose praises she sang. That's how Shannon Day got her name.

"My real name is Sylvia," she confided, with a fetching frankness that is characteristic of her. "But I sang the Shannon song so often, and then artists had me pose as the river, and painted me for covers, that the girls at the Roof began calling me 'Shannon,' and pretty soon everyone was doing it—so I just adopted it for good."

I think the good old Irish river must have been highly pleased, for luck has trailed along in the wake of the little colleen who looks entirely Irish, but who is, as she admits laughingly, a strange mixture of English, Hungarian and Welsh, with a grandmother born in the County Cork to give her personality its Erin-Go-Bragh flavor. With no experience or pull, Shannon managed to induce Ziegfeld to give her a trial in the "Follies." She was just fifteen.

Because of her Irish eyes and the winsome daintiness of her, they nicknamed her for the river whose praises she used to sing nightly up at the "Midnight Frolic." That's how Shannon Day got her name.

When the river Shannon flowed into fame and melody, it couldn't have had any idea that very soon a wee broth of a girl was to be named for it.

If some promoter had given this river of Erin such an inkling, it might have had itself copyrighted, so that this same slip of a girl could not have stolen its name. But nothing of the sort happened; and in New York, amidst the whirl of pleasure and extravagance, crowds of people thronged nightly to the "Midnight Frolic," to hear a slip of a girl sing

Photograph by Clarence S. Bull
By
EMMA LINDSAY-SQUIER

then, and a success from the start. But one night she was singled out to do a little scene with Ned Weyburn. Ambition, with a capital "A," marked her then and there. After that nothing would do but she must have a fling at pictures.

"I was just a kid," this very apologetically, "and I figured out that if I was good enough to be singled out of thirty girls for a scene with Ned Weyburn, somebody would think I was good enough for pictures."

So out West she came and, of course, somebody saw her right away—a Ziegfeld "Follies" beauty isn't exactly inconspicuous, even in such a beauty mart as Los Angeles, and she was signed up to play leads in comedies with Fox. But homesickness and Broadway-longing finally pulled her Eastward.

"I was so silly," she admitted, her black-fringed eyes very solemn. "I didn't realize what an opportunity I was throwing away, so back I went to New York, and got into the 'Follies' again. I thought I'd love it, with mother in the East and everything, but the girls weren't so nice as they had been. Their attitude seemed to be, 'Well, you didn't make good, did you?' And, you know, I couldn't stand that, so I made up my mind to come out again and make good, if I died in the attempt. So here I am, and at first I had quite a hard time and lots of discouragements, because everyone offered me comedy jobs, and I was determined to succeed in drama—but I'm in to win, now; I'm years and years older than when I first came West."

"Just how old are you?" I wanted to know.

"Twenty!" was her impressive response, and I said, "Oh!" in a properly subdued tone.

After six months of "hoping and hanging around," Shannon Day got the part of the Baby Vamp with Jack Pickford in "The Man Who Had Everything." The rest was easy. Allan Holubar wanted her for "The Little Charmer" in his first feature, and now Cecil B. de Mille has signed her up for his forthcoming feature in which she plays the part of a married flirt.

(Continued on page 78)
Screen Impressions

By

LOUISE FAZENDA

LEW CODY—Palm Beach suits—Matinées—Ladies’ gloves in strange gentlemen’s pockets—Tea for two—Eau de lilac

JACK BARRYMORE—Lord Byron—Ivy-covered castles—Hamlet in a poker game

ALICE BRADY—Purple pansies—Silver spangles on black lace—Fireside at dusk—Colleens

MARIE PREVOST—Red silk “Annette-Kellermanns”—Fudge parties at boarding-school—Stutz roadsters—Canoeing on summer afternoons—Tam-o’-shanters

GERALDINE FARRAR—Valkyries and castanets—Ladies in a Greek frieze—Carmen and Sieglinde—Fleurs-de-lis on cloth of gold

ELSIE FERGUSON—White peacocks—Opening night of the Metropolitan—Sarah Bernhardt as a mannequin at Lucile—Diamond and pearl tiaras

BOBBY HARRON—“The Swannee River”—“Träumerei”—Corn fields at noon—Swimming pools—Lonesome little boys

RICHARD SARTHELMESS—A young Richelieu—The first proposal—Troubadours and lutes—Ruby intaglios
PEACEFUL VALLEY was an interlude. In the midst of crowded things and places it came, sweet-breathing and tranquil. It conjured relief to the mind and to the body. It was devoid of all harassment. It caused one to turn away from the red raptures and redder roses to the hollyhocks, the zinnias, the verbenas and friendly small pansies.

Its people had taken on its aspect. They, too, were sweet-breathing and tranquil. They moved gently along the placid streams of living. There was no ostentation. There was no friction. The birds seemed to sing with a certain unruffled happiness. The brooks murmured comfortably. The skies bent low and were kind.

Especially there were the Howes. Mrs. Howe. Her son Hosea. Her daughter Martha. Especially because they were essentially of Peaceful Valley and, almost always, had been. Their father and his father before him had tilled Perpendicular Farm with varying success, according to the seasons and the rains thereof. Mrs. Howe, too, had merely stepped from a neighboring farm to her husband’s hearthstone. Joint legends came down to Hosea and Martha. They knew nothing else.

There was one excitement, aside from dressing in one’s Sunday best and hearing the same minister drone forth the same sermons, typed and filed according to date and biblical significance. Seasonal sermons, as it were. By the time Hosea and Martha were ten, they could tell beforehand what the sermon was to be on, by figuring back...
a year, and by the time they were twelve they knew them word for word. The only fascination consisted in wondering what might happen in the event of a variation. They were devout and believed in miracles. But one never occurred.

The other excitement was the old-fashioned hotel on the other side of the Farm. It was run by Joatham, also old fashion. Its chief charm seemed to hold forth for insomnias. It looked sleepy and chronically sleepy. One could but sleep within its sun-baked, unstirring portals. Still, each summer there came to it from here and there strangers seeking one form or another of respite from routine.

Hosea and Martha had quite a list of fascinating recollections. Occasionally, there had been, in the Past, a boy or a girl unique and glamorous, giving Peaceful valley food for talk all thru the ensuing winter months. Winter was very rigorous in Peaceful valley. Joatham and his hotel were something in the nature of a charity.

The summer that Martha and Hosea were seventeen and eighteen proved to be memorable. Joatham had put a new coat of paint on the Hotel, which may have accounted for the unusually festive guests. The first Sunday in June brought the first one. Hosea was preparing for Church when a man, obviously a "city" stopped and asked for some water. En route to the well he impressed Hosea with the evidently important facts that his name was Ward Andrews, he hailed from the very nucleus of the City and that he was, modestly enough, of course, but taken all in all a most important, worth-while associating-with fellow. Hosea implicitly believed him. The flip of Ward Andrews' well-kept hand on the shoulder of his Sunday best suit made him quite angle with a new self-esteem. He felt a kinship with the magical circle outside Peaceful Valley of which he and Martha and Mrs. Howe often spoke with reverence.

Ward Andrews made a wry face when he drank the water. "Some taste!" he observed, wiping his mouth with a very large, lavender linen handkerchief. "Some taste, I'm here to tell you!"

Hosea said he believed it was good for you, the water. His father had told his mother so when she had first come to Perpendicular, a bride, and had, herself, objected to the water.

All this gave Ward Andrews a line of thought, but he maintained silence. It was his way.

Before he left he had met Martha. "You're buried alive here," he informed her, "you ought to get out and have a chance."

Hosea colored up. "We're savin' up to send her to college," he said, with a certain red-faced pride; "she did fine in school."

"Have you ever thought of selling the farm?" Andrews put the question carelessly.

Hosea nodded. "We have," he said, "if we can get our price. We'd do most anything to give Martha her chance. She deserves it. She's the bright one of the family. And mother'd like the city. She's often felt stifled, she says. Yes sir, we'd sell."

Andrews said a word or two more, invited Martha to ride with him in his car one day soon and sauntered off with a "See you in Church."

It was all very obvious, but Peaceful Valley was very simple, and its people were the same.

In the Howe pew there were, that same Sunday, two other persons seated. A kindly appearing elderly man and a sweetly appearing young girl. Hosea stumbled over the elderly man's feet and sat miserably, unable to keep his eyes from the delicately cut profile of the girl. His sister, Martha, had always formed for him his standard of beauty and sweetness. She still did. Yet he did not look at Martha during Church. He was able to keep his eyes away from Martha. He didn't ever wish he could touch the hem of Martha's skirt with his... his lips. Nor did he envision himself as Sir Walter Raleigh spreading forth his homespun suit for Martha's feet to tread upon.

The summer progressed. Hosea and Martha felt it to be a summer of which each day was scarlet-lettered.

(Forty)
All at once the world of women opened wide to Hosea and the light that never was on land or sea caused his eyes to dance in his head and his muscles to twitch and contract.

The girl, on her part, used her own eyes. She, too, found it impossible to concentrate on the ministerial presence, self-engrossed and certainly pompous as that presence was. Hosea had a clean brown sweep of cheek and chin, and long slim lines of suggested strength. His hair grew strongly on his head and his eyes were bright and kind. And the little girl beside him, too. How clovery and sweet she seemed to be. And the patient-faced, capable-handed woman. It was all very comfortable and... and different.

Virginia Rand led a lonely sort of life in the city. Her father, the doctor, did the best he could for her, but the best he could was a fashionable boarding-school, and there was a strain in Virginia's nature belonging as much to the Peaceful Valleys of the world as to the smart schools, the Avenue, the hotels at tea time. She felt a kinship and, more, a yearning for what these three represented, the strong young man, the blossoming girl, the mother of these twain.

She had a sense of humor, too, and she noted Hosea's discomfort and guessed, not without pleasure, what was the cause.

She gave a dollar to the collection, for instance, and so did he. The collector, a neighbor, stared at Hosea and wheezily inquired of him whether or no he would have any change. At Hosea's red-faced disclaimer his mother leaned over him and inquired as to his sanity and Martha's pink mouth literally fell agape.

The dog came in, too, and Hosea's embarrassment was only slightly lessened by the pleasure he felt when Virginia leaned over and made the animal secure between them. Hosea said, "thank you, miss," shyly, and from that moment the world became one woman, forever n' ever, amen.

New trails had opened in Peaceful Valley and lo, at their very feet lay the Garden of Dreaming, the World . . . . .

It was, certainly, a memorable Sunday.

In the afternoon Ward Andrews returned. In the car he had with him Dr. Rand and the pretty Virginia. He said they had been talking over a project of buying the farm. He did not add what they had been talking about. The matter of the fact was that Andrews had told the doctor he believed the water on Perpendicular possessed medicinal qualities. "We could," he told the physician, "buy up the place, for little or no cost, I believe. A sanitarium on a small scale built there and properly advertised would coin money. It's an odd location. Good elevation and the ho! pol! all fall for the spring water stuff."

Dr. Rand interpolated: "I believe you said there was..." he said.

Andrews cut in with a sharp affirmative. "Of course," he said, "there is medicinal quality to that water. Nothing ever tasted like that unless it had some good purpose, however obscure. I tell you, it's a find."

"We'll look into it," the physician said, "as you say, this location has advantages... golf links... all that sort of thing... quieting for the neurasthenics..."

Andrews clicked his lips on a swift affirmative. The doctor did not notice the crafty gleam unpleasantly lighting the younger man's eyes. By such slight omissions are the enormities precipitated.

The summer progressed. Hosea and Martha felt it to be a summer of which each day was scarlet-lettered. The farm had never been so difficult and yet, Hosea thought, the plow ran the more smoothly because, in the evening, he could don his festive Sunday black (no longer associated merely with the seasonal sermons) and go over to Jothams, there to sit
were Hosea and Luke to fill in... Luke being the boy from the neighboring farm whose dearest dream it had long been to have Martha promulgate her mother's early destiny... that is, to step down the road to his farm, change her headstone for his... Mrs. Howe liked Luke, and saw it all as she saw it, as it had been with her and the elder Hosea, the Peaceful Valley way...

Once or twice Luke, sharpened by the momentary pangs of his ungratified love, spoke to the mother of the danger he felt in Ward Andrews. The mother laughed at his fears. "Girls will be girls, Luke," she said, comfortably, "this bit of foolishness will make Martha all the more content to tend your home when she comes to it. Martha is uncommon commonsensical."

The dear, good woman had forgotten the running sap of May!

Occasionally Hosea and Martha would see Ward Andrews and Virginia in Andrews' car. The pangs they felt they would mutually assuage. "They're stopping at the same place," Hosea assured his sister, "it's only natural he'd spin her about a bit."

It seemed unnatural to Martha, but she didn't say so.

On one such occasion Martha and Hosea were walking to a lily pond dear to their childhood. The quiet, tree-rimmed place, odoorous and rank with the lilies and lily-pads, drew a sigh from Martha.

"When I look at this," she said, "I can understand how folks die for love. Elaine, you know, Hosey, and that lady way back in history, Lucretia, I think, who stabbed herself..."

"If I were to die of love I think I'd do it here among the lilies... wouldn't you?"

Hosea's sturdy normality rejected at once the morbid suggestion. Instinct told him that it was the glimpse they had had of Ward and Virginia in the motor rather than the lily pond that had given his sister her sad reverie. Somehow when he thought of Martha he lost some of his admiration for Ward Andrews. It was all planned for Luke. Things went as things were planned in Peaceful Valley.

Jothams broke up in early September. Old Jotham was (Continued on page 89)
To us there is always a tremendous personal significance to a David Wark Griffith première. It is as if our own hopes and dreams wavered in the balance. Just as we judge his productions by a standard all their own, we find ourselves consciously or unconsciously "rooting" for this singular leader of the silent drama. We want him to outdo himself. We want him to plant the standard of the photoplay at a new point of advance. All this because we know he deserves a big reward. First, as a daring and fearless film adventurer, the one man with the courage to pioneer. Second, because we know how sincerely he loves and lives his work. And third, for the positive genius he possesses, along with the limitations every genius owns.

This personal equation may or may not cloud our impressions of his work. For instance, we would like to record his newest super-production, "Way Down East," as a cinema triumph marking a new farthest north for the photoplay. Indeed, "Way Down East" is a commercial success—and, we believe, the greatest since his epic, "The Birth of a Nation." Again, he has achieved a thrill more stirring than anything that has moved across the silversheet since that electrical ride of the Ku Klux clausmen. And, better still, he has sounded a deep and (Continued on page 86)
Peter Pan Dana

As a rule, she is jolly, a gay comrade, a fearless child, demanding and getting out of life—everything.

But one of the reasons that she gets everything is because she isn't afraid to give. She isn't afraid of the world, of work or of anything on land or sea or in the air.

While she is naturally a baby doll, with the lure of a vampire and the heart of a child, she hates to be perpetually dressed up—and worrying about her looks. She is not really a "princess," for in her there is still a great deal of the primitive, a love of splashing in the ocean and running about without the shackles of hairpins and hats.

Dont mistake me, she doesn't pamper these desires; the Viola Dana that you see on the screen, beautifully costumed, pinkly manicured, perfectly groomed, dainty as a little princess, is the Viola Dana that you would see teeing at the Alexandria Hotel, dining at the Hollywood hotel where she lives, or attending the theater or swimming at Venice.

But those who know her best, know that she gets tired of always being dressed up, always on parade. The Viola Dana that I like best of

Viola Dana, a young veteran in pictures, simply loves her work. Her green eyes, with their long, entangled lashes, sparkle with enthusiasm whenever she contemplates doing something new. Just at present she wants drama, and her new picture will be "The Twin Cinderella," a drama after her own heart.

(Forty-four)
all is the Viola who is more proud of her sunburned shoulders and peeling nose, (from swimming at Venice), than she is of her choicest Parisian frock.

I could tell you many things about her moods; her most omnipresent one is a combination of pep and jazz and giggles. She is never bored, because she never has time to be. Often she makes good resolutions to shut herself alone in her room and read—but that is as far as it goes—she’s too afraid she might miss some fun, so out she trots, gaily and blithely, to “see what’s going on.” Recently her fan has been flying. Miss Dana was taught by that daredevil of the air, Lieutenant Locklear, who met a tragic death recently. She manipulates an aeroplane as “safely” as a man. At first she refused to run the plane, being content “just” to fly, but Locklear, determined that she should learn, signaled one day for her to take the helm. (I confess my ignorance of the specific term.) Viola—she can be stubborn—just shook her head and cuddled her small body more closely in the straps of the plane.

Some girls there are who can only be themselves in one phase of life—Viola Dana has a dual personality; when you see her daintily gowned, perfectly groomed, you think of her as a little princess. When you see her in her bathing suit, frolicking around in a shallow pool of water or about to leap from a high rock, (see snapshots on opposite page), you meet a tomboy of the jolliest variety. She sparkles with enthusiasm whenever she contemplates doing something new. Just at present she is sick of doing comedy, (she is a fickle little lady, as variable as the winds in her likes and dislikes). She wants drama...her new picture will be “The Twin Cinderella,” a drama.

She and her sister, Shirley Mason, are great pals; in fact, she is a great pal to anyone who is fortunate enough to have won her friendship.

She believes that marriage is a wonderful existence. She says this because her experience was so wonderful. Up until the time of his death, she and her husband worked together and played together. Theirs was a perfect companionship. “He spoiled me as if I were a child,” said Viola; “he never seemed able to realize that I had grown up.”

And no wonder, for Viola, like Peter Pan, will never grow up.

Then and there, three hundred feet in the air, Locklear let go completely of the apparatus.

“And I knew he wouldn’t take hold, so it was up to me,” recounts Viola.

Now she is as keen about driving an aeroplane as we ordinary mortals are about motoring.

Viola, a young veteran in pictures, simply loves her work. Her green eyes, with their long, tangled lashes...
GENTLE READER: This is the last monthly honor roll which the Classic will publish for the Fame and Fortune Contest of 1920. When the January issue of this magazine reaches your hands, you will gaze upon the photographs of the final winners of this contest, which has been unique in the history of motion pictures. The announcement of the winners will be accompanied by the publication of the final honor roll members; those taking part in the filming of the test scenes; photographs of the world-famous judges, and other items of universal interest to all who have been following the contest, and to the participants.

Not only were the editors of the three magazines, i.e., The Motion Picture Magazine, The Classic, and Shadowland, overwhelmingly surprised by the stir and excitement which the contest caused among the readers of these publications, but they were exceedingly gratified at the interest shown by the various well-known film companies throughout the country. These companies expressed themselves as desirous of signing up some of the winners on long term contracts, and of assuring the chosen ones of future screen success and fame.

Owing to this new ingredient, and because of the fact that the contest assumed so great a significance all over the country among movie fans, and particularly among our readers, the Brewster Publications have decided to start another contest immediately, profiting by the experience of this one, which is now being completed, and striving to make the new one as nearly perfect as possible.

This is the first official announcement of the new Fame and Fortune contest which will be conducted by the three magazines representing the Brewster Publications, and any of our readers or their friends may enter the contest. Photographs may be sent in without delay, and the first honor roll of the new contest will appear in the January issues of each one of our publications.

One of the most important features in connection with the contest of the past year is the five-reel feature drama entitled "Love's Redemption," which not only includes the Fame and Fortune con-
The Fame and Fortune Contest Closes in a Blaze of Glory

test, but is also an unusually interesting film which will stand apart in its unique story, its cast of internationally famous characters, its photography and direction. As this film-feature has developed into surprising perfection, another story is now in process and just as soon as the new Fame and Fortune Contest gets well under way, the production of the new story will begin.

"Love's Redemption" carries the Fame and Fortune contest winners, the scenes in which the judges make their final choice, and also gives the chosen ones an unusual opportunity to test their screen ability. This has now been completed, and is in the process of being cut and titled, and by the time this copy of the Classic reaches your hands, the five-reel feature drama will be ready for the exhibitors. If you have been at all interested in the contest in any way, you will be able to see this film at your home town theater. Tell the manager of your theater about it and he will be able to procure it for you.

The contest manager, and the editorial staff of the Brewer Publications have worked hard and late on the final outcome of the contest, but as two-thirds of the entries came pouring into the offices at the eleventh hour (despite the monthly warning to send in the photographs early) the delay in the announcement of the final winners lies in the hands of the laggards. It is a matter of physical impossibility to do three months' work in a week or so, and as the pictures began to pour in, daily increasing by thousands, just before the contest was to close, and even after the final date, the question of an immediate announcement as to the outcome became impossible. And so we ask your patience, and being human, we cannot close without saying, "We told you so."

The honor roll for this month is as follows:

Evelyn Ross, of 416 Fourth Street, Wallace, Idaho, is a young classical dancer who has done some amateur theatrical work. She has also held National and Pacific Coast swimming and diving titles, and is a blue-eyed, brown-haired miss with a fair complexion.

Miss Orpha Dunn, 212 Second Avenue, Seattle, Washington, is also a classical dancer, having studied under Ruth Staunton and Ted Shawn. For a period of two years during the war, Miss Dunn entertained the boys at the canteens, and also worked for charity. She is an unusual type, with dark blue eyes and blonde hair, while her fair skin puts the proverbial peaches and cream combination to shame.

Miss B. Markova, 2408 Broadway, New York City, has had no professional experience. She is a brunette.

Josephine Hubatka, 312 Williamson Street, Elizabeth, N. J., informs us that while she has never had any dramatic experience, she feels convinced that anyone with grey eyes, dark brown hair and fair complexion, can make good, and looking at Josephine's photograph, we feel inclined to agree with her.

Miss Evelyn Pouch, Hotel Avery, Washington and Avery Streets, Boston, Mass., is a very youthful entry of the type that should screen well. She has dark brown eyes, while her hair is blonde.

Virginia Lee Nicholson, 2620 North Charles Street, Baltimore, Md., is a little southern beauty who has appeared in several amateur theatrical productions in Baltimore. Miss Nicholson has studied pantomime.
Dorothy Makes Her Bow

diamond wrist-watches show any respect for interviewers, and so we nearly fainted with surprise as we entered the doorway of the hotel, for there was Dorothy waiting—and looking as if she had been waiting some time.

We made our way to the already crowded dining-room, stopping every other step so that Dorothy might return the cordial and friendly greeting of some friend, until spurred on by visions of our desk overflowing with work, we desperately seized her arm and firmly managed to get her seated in a corner of the dining-room.

She knew everyone. Everyone knew her. She

There is no more popular daughter of Terpsichore on the American stage than the dainty Dorothy Dickson. Her gay little feet are now scattering star-dust on the silver-sheet, and Dorothy's début in the forthcoming Famous Players-Lasky feature "Money Mad," is eagerly expected.

A Vivid little person, an oval face delicately pretty, a pair of dark grey eyes accented by the darker lines of the lashes and brows, a mass of soft, girlish hair; Dorothy greets you and most appreciatively you return a smiling greeting. A tiny figure, the suggestion of a wood-bird in her graceful movements, and you have a somewhat inadequate portrait of Dorothy Dickson, the most recent of all stage celebrities to join the rank and file of celluloid luminaries.

Flying in the face of that Providence which is supposed to guide the time of all movie stars and other celebrities, we arrived at the quiet little hotel on the west side of 44th street a few moments ahead of time to keep our luncheon engagement with Miss Dickson. Few and very far between are the stars whose
liked everyone she knew and they reciprocated. Q. E. D.
Dorothy is a lovable girl of many, many friends.

Unspoiled, eager with the rush of youth, expressing her artistry thru the magic of her gay little feet; she has danced her way into the hearts of many a blase audience.

And anyone who has ever seen Dorothy dance cherishes a beautiful memory.

"Of course, I'm nervous about my engagement with Famous Players. I feel exactly as I did the night I danced for the first time professionally. Literally scared to death.

I've wanted to do pictures for a long, long time, and I have had a good many offers. Something has always interfered up to the present. As a rule I couldn't sign any motion picture contract because of other contracts that prevented," she said in answer to my question.

As you know by this time, Dorothy is playing the leading role in "Money Mad," the forthcoming Famous Players-Lasky feature, directed by George Fitzmaurice. Stars of the silver-sheet who have essayed the leading role as their first appearance on the screen are in the minority. Dorothy has never faced a motion picture camera before, save for the making of a test.

"Famous Players have had me in mind for quite some time to do a picture for them, but they have been unable to get a suitable story. This one of 'Money Mad' sounds quite exciting. Ouida Bergere wrote the scenario, and the character of the girl is one which will give me an unusual chance to show whether or not I have any acting ability.

"I have been in town shopping frantically every day for a week because I have to wear some stunning clothes in this picture," she added. "And oh, I'm quite worn out before I begin. I simply hate to shop, don't you?" she asked.

Something in the wistful little smile caused me to wonder at the undertaking of so much work by one so fragile. She had just told me that last year when she and Carl Hyson were dancing to-

(Continued on page 84)
Pacific Coast Paragraphs

By HAZEL SHELLEY

They say that the past summer was the most sizzling this California Coast has known, but thru all the very warmest weather the studios and stars worked steadily and indefatigably. Practically every member of the coast colony, however, formed a habit of swimming, which looks as if it might continue all the year round. Most of the film folk prefer to take their daily dip at Crystal pier, Venice, and one sees every type of highly colored and highly priced motor-cars transporting our celluloid queens and kings to Crystal Pier when the day's work is done. Viola Dana, Shirley Mason and Ila Lee are only a few who go there daily.

Mary Thurman, however, prefers Long Beach, California. I watched her taking her swim one Sunday recently. Every man on the beach was raving about her as the most beautiful woman on the shore, while all the girls envied her, her snappy bathing suit and her—er—well, you know what Mary is famous for. No—she did not wear a one-piece suit, altho they are the rule out here. James Kirkwood also swims at Long Beach.

One of the most interesting parties ever staged at a motion picture studio took place at the Hollywood Studios when Marshall Neilan entertained three hundred Annapolis cadets who were out here for their summer cruise under Admiral Jones. All the midshipmen were per-

(Continued on page 104)
Gossip of the Eastern Studios

ROADWAY was startled on September first by a tragic accident which resulted in the death of Bobbie Harron, the Griffith star. Bobbie was taking a dress suit from a trunk in his room at the Hotel Seymour, New York, when the trunk cover fell and exploded a revolver which had been in one of the pockets. The bullet lodge in Harron's left chest. Bobbie was removed to Bellevue Hospital, where he lay until September 5 in a critical condition, making a game fight for life. Loss of blood was too great, however, and death resulted.

No player in the whole motion picture world was better beloved than Bobbie. He was a modest, charming and sincere boy whose hard work was just about to lead to great things. He leaves a place which will be very hard to fill. The tragic death was a particularly hard blow to David W. Griffith, for the producer and the young star had been friends and co-workers for years and were like brothers.

The shooting, of course, was wholly accidental. Harron was taking out a dress suit in preparation for the opening of the Griffith production, "Way Down East." The trunk had not been opened since its arrival from California, which explains the loaded revolver. Bobbie had carried it during the epidemic of robberies and hold-ups in California last Winter and had slipped it into his dress suit pocket, forgetting all about it.

Harron's death is a severe blow to the Griffith organization, following close upon the sudden death of Clarice Seymour, who, like Bobbie, died upon the doorstep of stardom. Harron had just completed one production, "Coincidence," for release thru Metro and was halfway thru his second, "The Brass Bowl," which was being directed by Elmer Clifton.

Speaking of the opening of "Way Down East," the production had a sensational premiere at the 44th Street Theater. The audience went wild (Cont'd on page 104)
Double Exposures
Conducted by F. J. S.

That all snow in the movies is really salt, all rain comes from a hose and that an aeroplane propeller supplies all wind.

That an outsider hasn’t a chance to sell a script and that any good submitted idea is immediately stolen by the scenario editor.

That producers make dinky little hired trains appear to navigate with a speed of the Twentieth Century Limited then trick camera work.

That the stars always order out all scenes in which any other player does good work.

That any American film star could appear in person anywhere from Siberia to Patagonia and immediately start a riot.

That directors pay at the rate of $15 for a lost eye, $10 for a broken leg and $5 for a broken arm in settling mob scene casualties.

That Charles Ray is so good because he doesn’t know a thing about acting tricks.

That wild animals are so doped for screen work that they do not know an actor from a camera.

That all night scenes are really taken in broad daylight.

Our Favorite Screen Moment of the Month
Carol Dempster as a deep sea diver in “The Love Flower.”

Along comes a filmicpep “Uncle Sam on Freedom Ridge,” which the advertising declares to have “all the pathos and heart gripping interest of The Music Master,” “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” “The Man Without a Country,” “Way Down East” and “Abraham Lincoln” forged into one intense and

The Classic
Has Secured a Remarkable Magazine Feature

Mrs. Pauline Bara, mother of the famous screen siren, has written her own story of Theda Bara’s childhood for The Classic.

This sensational article will be in the December Classic.

The British critics are protesting that the Turkish villain of “The Virgin of Stamboul” wears the garb of a Bedouin chief and that the American hero affects a helmet such as is worn by British Indian cavalrymen. Fie, fie! Mere details! Weren’t the clothes real?

Intimate Note

Somebody is Always Taking the Joy, etc.
Billy West is returning to the films via Joan Film Company.

And the press agent announces: “West is said to be a natural comedian who can provoke laughter in his own way.”

Yes, ye-e-es.

“Romance and misunderstanding” are announced to be the subjects of Wanda Hawley’s next vehicle. Quite a new theme, eh, what?

Our Idea of Nothing to Read
Mrs. Chaplin’s interviews in the metropolis newspapers amuse her domestic difficulties.

Photograph by Starr, L. A
The Branded Woman
Fictionized from the Norma Talmadge Photoplay

By DOROTHY DONNELL

MISS MILBURN, owner, president, and social sponsor of Milburn Hall, the most select boarding-school on the Hudson, where knowledge was indeed above price, or at least above the price of most people, surveyed the gathering on the lawn with a smile that would have been complacent on less learned lips.

"Graduation Day is, with me, a solemn occasion," she intoned to the circle of relatives, trustees and other guests gathered in a group of which she was the grey satin-and-pearl clad matriarch, "when I think of the young minds and hearts going out from this cloister of learning where it has been my privilege to protect and pattern them—where they have flowered, if I may say so—"

An admiring murmur permitted her to say so. She went on in guarded and resonant phrases whose sonorous intonations rolled across the lawn and reached the punch-bowl table to the ungodly glee of several of the flowered and their friends.

"Sophie's blowing her own horn again," giggled one fluffy unregenerate, "she's a great performer at that kind of music. I wonder why someone doesn't write words to go with it!"

"Thank Heaven I've heard her say 'young ladies strive always for sweetness and light' the last time!" sighed the languid girl whose diamond ring and bold, bright eyes contradicted the protestation of simplicity of her frilled organdie. "As soon as I get to town I'm going to have a permanent wave and go to see 'Under Mary's Bed'! And I'm going to make Mother buy me a low necked gown without any back to it—"

"My Aunt is going to let me come out in the fall," confided another, swinging her expensively engraved, expensively attained diploma disrespectfully by the ribbon, "and a season at Newport—"

Ruth Sawyer turned her wide, slow gaze from one to another, then her dark eyes went irresistibly up to the handsome boy-face at her side, like purple pansy blooms lifted to the sun. She was one of the few of the girls to whom the unsophistication of white organdie and sashes seemed to belong by divine right of youth and innocence. Her dark hair waved softly back from a low white forehead with none of the theatrical effect of the others. The sunlight lay on a pale, clear cheek, untouched with rouge or powder. The rest of the girls were full of nervous movement, restless gestures, shrill words, but Ruth was strangely silent, serene among them.
The girl colored sweetly but her eyes, meeting Billy Bolton's ardent gaze, were direct and candid as a child's. Young as he was, he realized that she was still living in a story-book land, half reality, half dreams, a Sleeping Princess whom he would awaken.

"Sweetheart!" whispered a voice in her ear, "let's get out of this mob. Just think we've been engaged a whole hour and you haven't given me one kiss yet!"

The girl colored sweetly but her eyes, meeting Billy Bolton's ardent ones, were direct and candid as a child's. Young as he was, he realized that she was still living in a story-book land, half reality, half dreams, a Sleeping Princess whom he could awaken.

They strolled a little apart from the chattering groups, but Ruth listened to him absently and when he drew her down beside him on a bench he saw that she was trembling. "I've been so happy here," she quivered with lips that trembled childishly, "I'm afraid, Billy—aafraid! It's like stepping off something—of course I'm silly! But somehow I never saw beyond today." "But if you love me, dearest," the boy flamed, and caught her hands awkwardly, "everything will be all right! It can't help being! As soon as we hear from your mother we'll be married. And we'll live with the Mater for a while, and I won't let any harm come to you—ever—"

They were very young, pitifully young. The wise old oak who listened must have sighed giddily, thinking of the love words which had heard since its acorn days, and how they had withered and blown away like its own leaves on the winds of change. And almost before these had been uttered, the wind which had been gathering for sixteen years came upon Ruth at last and the frail white bud of her girlhood shriveled under it.

The groups on the lawn were barely aware of the limousine when it first rolled up the curving drive, despite its lavender tinting and gold ornaments and the scrawling flaming moonogram D. H. on its doors. Milburn Hall was used to limousines, but it was distinctly not used to the kind of woman who stepped out of this one now, or the sort of man who followed her.

"I've come for her. I'm her mother," the jangling tone was plainly audible all over the lawn. On the far bench Ruth rose to her feet uncertainly, staring with wide eyes of horror, as one who looks upon some nightmare thing. She heard Billy's gasp, saw the rigid scorn of the others—and with her dark head high, she walked across the grass to that imperious figure and held out her hand. "Here I am—mother," she said clearly, "how—or do you know?"

The painted face opposite wrinkled into baggard mirth. The woman was handsome enough in her outrageous style, but when she smiled she was almost hideous. Traitorously the expression betrayed a thousand tiny wrinkles filled with caked powder. "An't you queer tho'" she shrilled, "ain't seen me for thirteen years and you say how do you know? Give us a kiss, cant you?"

The girl moved like an automaton, but she kissed the scarlet lips. A burning blush drowned her pallor. She turned to Miss Milburn, "I suppose—I had better go. You have been very good to me—"

Virtue spoke in an acid voice. "I understood from Alderman Grayson that your mother was living on her estate in Nice. Perhaps you can explain?"

"Explain nothing!" the newcomer said violently. "I guess my money was as good as anybody's! It happened to suit me to have Ruth here educate me, and I've done it, and kept my hands off the job. Now it happens to suit me to take her away with me and I'm going to do it too. I got a legal right—"

The group had moved away, leaving the grim Miss Milburn, the white girl and the red, vulgar woman together. The schoolhead drew a sharp breath, "I owe an apology to my other scholars and their friends," she said cuttingly. "at I must beg them to believe that I was wholly deceived—that this is as abhorrent a revelation to me as to them."

Morse frowned on the other woman's tongue, but Ruth forestalled it by laying a small icy hand on her mother's jeweled hand. "No! No—please," she implored with a sick attempt at obviously abashed, and carrying his flashy cane defiantly to cover it. The woman for her part made no pretense of disguise. She was rather terrible as she rustled up the walk with her gold-embroidered skirts swishing about her generously display ed ankles, her plumes, her jewelry; the heavy, exotic, costly scent she diffused.

Miss Milburn was, for a moment, stricken speechless. No such emergency had faced her during many staid, spotlessly respectable years of profiteering in theHighest.

The woman was not even doubting. No one could possibly have had a doubt about her. She gave herself away in every hard glance, in every stereotyped smile. Already the guests and the girls were whispering:

"Is Miss Ruth Sawyer here?" the woman asked loudly, confronting the quivering virtuous preceptors,
a smile, "let's gomother," she quivered all over at the word, "Miss Milburn will send my things on. We can talk about everything in the car."

The woman turned to her escort. "The nerve of some people!" she screamed. "Did you hear that old hold-up artist? Seems to me, "Velvet" Craft, you might show a little pep when your lady-friend is insulted—"

"Velvet" Craft! Some of the men guests—a highly respected church member, a father or two, the most pious of the trustees showed pitiful confusion, and furtively sneaked out of the circle. "Velvet" Craft, the manager of the most fashionable gambling hell in the city! Then this woman must be his partner, Dot Belmar, whose exploits were featured frequently in the police gazette, and who pursued her notorious career unmolested, due to a certain mysterious "pull" in the city administration. The white-ruffled girls watched their classmate move away beside the shameful phantoms with greedy eyes that had no glint of pity in them. At the car, Ruth left the older woman to hurry up the path to the dormitory. When she came down stairs a moment later, with her hat jammed down on her lovely dark head ruthlessly without a mirror's aid, she heard her name spoken.

"Ruth!" Billy Bolton groaned. "Ruth! Tell me it isn't so. Tell me that that—that woman isn't your mother—"

The girl looked at him steadily. He saw that the child-light was gone forevermore from her dark eyes.

"I suppose she is, Billy, she answered quietly, "I have not seen her since I was four. I didn't—remember— But now I know why I was afraid. So it's good-bye, Billy." She held out her hand.

"Ruth—I did love you—" that cruel past tense! "but—I suppose I'm a kid, but I can't! My Mater—that woman—God! It's beastly!" He shivered to the bottom step, sobbing wildly, but with the wisdom of women, she saw that his tears were washing away the cause of them, and that his loss would not matter to him long. She laid her hand on the shining head, as tenderly and understandingly as a mother might pat her little sorry child.

"Good-bye, Boy Dear," she said again, and was gone. And he heard the cough of the motor on the driveway.

Ruth Sawyer thought, as she sat beside the voluminous woman whom the name of mother fitted as incongruously as her dry, brittle, startlingly youthful hair, that she had plumbed the depths of humiliation and grief. Waves of Parfaite d'Amour stifled her, until she felt her thoughts whirling dizzily, with Craft's weasel face hobbling on them like a cork on waves. "There is nothing worse," she found herself saying over and over, "there couldn't be—"

Two hours later she could have laughed at her abysmal simplicity—did laugh, wildly, without reason, beating with small fists at the mirror that showed her the dreadful thing that wore her face, a shameless woman-creature with naked shoulders in a gown like sulphurous flames. The paid who had put the gown on her despite her struggles, an immense Amazon with arms like steel, brought her out of the rising tide of hysteria by pressing down on her thumb nails till the cold pain recalled her to herself.

"That's no good," the woman said levelly, "they all do it—at first. But you'll soon get used to it."

Ruth stared at her. Then she stood quiet. Strangely quiet. She did not speak at all during the moments that followed, when she went down the gilded staircase into the drawing-rooms, thru which wan—

Standing there in the sensual gown, Ruth lifted her nun's face to the man whom the papers agreed in naming the most corrupt and powerful politician in the city—and told him the whole story quite simply.
Then presently there was Douglas Courtenay and the new hope that stirred with the warm shine of his blue-grey eyes.

"I had a hunch," she said, gleamingly, "you can buy beauty over any drug store counter, but there’s something you can’t buy and that’s the manner. And you've got it. It set me back a good many cool thousands these last fifteen years, but it was worth it. I always play safe hunches—wait till Burke Whitlock sees you!"

She turned away, uneasy under the girl’s collected look. But in a moment she was back, leading a burly man who wore his evening clothes as carelessly as tho they were overalls. "Ruth isn’t acquainted yet," she told him significantly, "I’m expecting you and her to be good friends, Mr. Whitlock."

Somehow—Ruth did not quite know how it came—she was alone in a small room with this great, gross mass that peered at her under bristling yellow-white brows and breathed ster torously. "Come here!" he growled at last. People were accustomed to obey Boss Whitlock when he spoke in that tone. She came trembling, sporting a vague frightened smile—

And then she discovered that her idea of the Worst that Could Happen had been wrong. Quite absurdly wrong.

It was a small thing that saved her—the catching of her lower lip between her teeth. But Burke Whitlock’s mother had had the same trick. He was sixty years old and she had been dead fifty-five of them, but he remembered. He released Ruth and stepped backward, muttering. "Why you’re not the sort the Belmar woman recruits," he said present in vast surprise, "they fight—or swear, or laugh, You’re different."

Standing there in the solemn gown, Ruth lifted her aunt’s face to the man whom the papers agreed in naming the most corrupt and powerful politician in the city and told him the whole story quite simply, tho once her clear voice caught on a gasp when she told of the coming of the man she had not seen since she was a baby. "I'd say—It's here," she ended, and came to him swiftly, and touched his great hairy, glitteringly manicured paws, "but you won’t let her come? Oh, I'm so glad it happened to be you and not one of those others." It was not artificial, but sheer, clear white faith in him, and his will to save her. Threats had never availed with Boss Whitlock, nor vituperation nor argument, but here, astonishingly, stood one who believed in him, trusted him for something that he did not have.

"I’m the Great Lord Harry!" rasped Boss Whitlock, "I’ll take you away from that woman! I’ll—I’ll adopt you!" he stared down at her, small eyes watering with sentiment, "You’re the Red Thing—oddly, raymaced? I’m just a low-life, but there ain’t any harm can touch you if Burke Whitlock's around!"

Hereafter Ruth was to find out the truth of this, his boast. The weapon of his power was a knightly sword blade shielding her, but a sledge hammer which is, after all, just as efficacious. As Whitlock’s ward, she had a position of secure respect, money, leisure and a chance to forget, if forgetting were possible. But the one evening in the red salons of the House of Lost Hopes had left a soul hurt that was long in healing. She felt a sensitive horror of going out into the bright sunshine that meant recognition—

At the end of the year, Boss Whitlock retired from the leadership of his party machine. How much Ruth had to do with it even he did not guess, but there was a father-look in his little, red-rimmed eyes as he showed her the steamship tickets he had bought for them. "We’ll go over an’ holomoh with the toffs!" he told her jocfully, "an’ maybe we can fit you out with a title if we can find one reasonable." The tickets were dated for the next day. By such precipitate guile he got Ruth safely away without hearing of the long-deferred judgment that had
friend out Dot Belmar at last and sent her from her gomming-
tables and secret, perfume-sti-

ded rooms to prison for ten years.

With the vanishing of New York's smoky sky-line it
seemed to Ruth Sawyer that
she had left the secret dread
behind as well and were sail-
ing out into the clear, sun-shot
light of a new day. With

the scenes that followed even her
memory of it grew hazy and
unreal. As tho she had slept
feverishly one night, and
dreamed —

Then, presently there was
Douglas Courtenay and the
new hope that stirred with the
warm glance of his blue-grey eyes.
Even at Miss Millburn's, she
had not chatted of love as tho
She met it face to face now as
the neophyte might meet the
Miracle and when presently, he spoke
of making her his wife, she lay
there, still hours of the
night that followed, trembling and
awed at the beauty of life that
had come to her, as perhaps on
another night Mary of Bethany
lay and thought of the angel's
words.

Old Burke Whitlock stayed on
in Paris after her marriage, the
secretly his plebeian heart yearned
for Fourteenth Street, and Amer-
ian beef stew and the old rage
of battle that stirred healthily in
his veins when he read the attacks
of the opposition press. But still
he remained. Until Courtenay's
term as attache of the Amer-
ian Embassy was over, he would
wander listlessly thru the marble-
lined boulevards, eat of their hay-
thanish cooking.

"Maybe she'll need me yet," he
thought, with a flash of that pre-
science that had made him power-
ful. "I'm thinkin' that husband
of hers isn't man enough to stick
by if trouble should come."

He watched the beloved face
vigilantly but could read in it only
happiness and content. When at
the end of the year her baby
girl was born, Whitlock owned to
himself that his fears might be
groundless. A cablegram from
America told him of the death
of Dot Belmar and the
breaking-up of her busi-
ness. Courte-
ay was a de-
oted hus-
band, a rapt
father. "Still
I'm thinking
I'll stick
around a bit
longer," he
mused, stub-
bornly, shaking his grizzled
head, "I'll believe I'll git me
passport into the next world
from a frog-eating priest and
be sent to the furthest quarter of the Beyond!"

It was when her baby was
nearly six months old that the
Shadow fell across Ruth's joy.
When she looked up in the
Bois, startled to hear her old
name in this far land and meet
the burning, rapt eyes of
"Velvet" Craft, she felt as tho
an icy hand had squeezed her
heart. "What," she asked be-
tween labored breaths, "What
—do you—want?" For she
knew instinctively he had come
to Paris solely to meet her.

(Continued on page 08)
The Cinema Sport Girl

Hope Hampton, starring in productions at the head of her own motion picture organization, is a cinema star who really loves the open.

Miss Hampton is equally at home on the tennis courts and golf links, and she has found time to learn how to drive a hydroplane, as the lower snapshot indicates. Hope, however, is a believer in preparedness. Hence the bathing suit.

Photograph by Stagg, L.A.
But the Fellers Call Him Bill

By
LILLIAN MONTANYE

In the office of one of the potentates of Famous-Players studio a tall, well-groomed, smooth-haired, smooth-shaven man arose to greet me.

"Mr. William Boyd?" I ventured.

His cool, inscrutable grey eyes looked straight into mine for a moment then melted into unquestioning friendliness.

"Yes," he said—"But—I suppose you know Eugene Field's poem—"

Father calls me William, sister calls me Will—Mother calls me Willie—but the fellers call me Bill . . .

It's that way with me. I'm 'William' on the theater programs—but to my friends I am just plain 'Bill' or 'Billie.'"

There is a tremendous satisfaction always

Billie Boyd was twenty-three when he began his stage career, said beginning consisting of doing extra parts for which he received the munificent sum of one dollar. He is known as juvenile lead throughout the country. His last Broadway appearance was in "The Voice in the Dark," and he is now playing opposite Justine Johnston in her first Realart Picture, "Blackbirds"

in meeting a man who admits that he loves his chosen profession so much that he would not give it up or consider doing anything else—and tho he fell down over and over again he would just get up and, with quiet persistence, start all over again. Not that he talked a great deal about success or failure—Billie Boyd isn't that kind. He wears an armor of reserve, of imperviousness—something like a small boy who is afraid he will be caught showing off—a certain reticence, a saving in the use of words as tho he were afraid he might say too much—especially as applied to himself. But—in spite of his inscrutability, his apparent modesty—one knows that he is accustomed to getting what he wants. Not in any impulsive, unpremeditated or undeserved way—he is not the sort that would trust to luck. He would make up his mind what he wanted and go after it, and his dominating personality would put it across.

For instance, there was the beginning of his stage career. He was not stage struck to the venture—all-no-matter-what-happens extent. His father was a publisher of directories—Boyd's directors being well known at one time in New York and suburban cities. When William was thru college his father wanted him to enter the publishing business, which William did with apparent

(Continued on page 96)
The Amazing Interview

MARIÉ MOSQUINI was a terrible mistake. I thought, when I heard it, of jazz bands and popping corks, of Jersey lightning and New Jersey mosquitoes, of snapping, black eyes and daintily embossed profanity, of hysterical hands and a gay, seductive accent—and I hastened to the interview.

Marie should have been Priscilla, and a puritan. But, alas, her mother came from Bordeaux and her father from Milan; and so you must be content with Marie, and the fact that she almost became a nun—but not quite.

Let me prejudice you. She is charminingly gentle, and hers is not the innocence that betokens ignorance nor the Virtue that suggests smugness. Watching her on the screen, where she breaks “South” Pollard’s heart with merciless regularity, you’d never suspect a want of sophistication.

But if only I had been a cynic!

I should have taken that name, Marie Mosquini; toyed with it—politely, of course; woven a delicate satire about it and about the fresh simplicity of the girl who bore it; dissected it, giving each detail its measure of sweetened irony; and finally I should have solemnly declared it, and the girl, quite impossible.

But—I say it with a sigh—I am not a cynic; and I sat thru an entire noon hour of a hot August day humbly grateful that it was I who was giving Marie her first interview.

She didn’t quite know what to do with me, nor yet just what to say. But she managed to make me feel most inconceivably big and important. You’ve often read the expression in the papers “epoch-making.” I felt like that.

Marie’s history isn’t history at all. It is pure fantasy. It began sixteen years ago—she was four years old then, when she entered a convent situated in the paradoxical environment of Hollywood. For twelve years her life was colored by its dim, religious light and then she left it, but with the resolve to return within the year and become a nun!

Dame Fate is a great humorist; and poor Marie is too often her butt. She guided Marie to the office of the Rolin studio, introduced her to Hal Roach, and then, with an expectant grin, sat back to enjoy her handiwork.

Her anticipations were not in vain. Marie started as a stenographer in the studio office with no intention or desire to establish a closer connection with the screen; but the date she had set for her return to the convent found her playing the “vamp,” her first role, in “Lonesome Lake,” one of Harold Lloyd’s dim beginnings!

“I didn’t care for it particularly at first,” she confessed. “I went right back to my shorthand and stenog-raphy and probably would have been there today but for Mr. Roach. I owe everything to him.”
By
WILLIS GOLDBECK

I had been absorbing the details of her dressing-room, our council chamber on the upper floor of the new Rolin studio. Two Kewpie dolls in saucy dress and a group of holy pictures, side by side. Robert Service and Maxfield Parrish, blue cretonne and a riding crop, a framed quotation from Omar, beside a portrait of Harold Lloyd. Marie is amazing.

I asked that she tell me about herself—and she said she thought I was the ideal type of interviewer!

I got out my notebook and jotted that down.

And because I enjoyed her pink confusion when I asked her a point-blank question, I demanded to know her philosophy of life. I admit it was orthodox.

She looked startled for a moment and her eyes sought counsel of ceiling, walls, and floor.

"Well," she said, "I think that everything that happens is for the best—particularly Bebe Daniels who is my one and only girl friend."

She tendered me Bebe's photograph. A brief inscription testified to the new star's undying fealty.

Marie is of a composite type, with distinct suggestions of Norma Talmadge and Clarine Seymour. Her eyes are particularly interesting; large, and when they are not dreaming, brimming with mirth. But she has not the fire and verve that one might expect from such a parentage as hers. To the casual acquaintance she is an American, with the langor of the South in her veins.

Her ambitions, stirred at last by the recognition which is coming to her, are beginning to awaken. Whether her wholesomeness and sincerity can withstand the temptations of egotism and adulation remains to be seen. I for one do not doubt the outcome. She has been in the studio atmosphere long enough to separate the sheep from the goats, the sycophants from helpful friends.

"Last week I got one hundred fan letters," she said with a certain pride. "I feel so sorry for those poor, dear people who wrote them, for my name never appears on the screen and they had to address them to the girl who plays opposite "Snub" Pollard. But I adore them for their trouble!"

"Oh dear," she sighed, "these past two days have been wonderful. Last night Harold Lloyd took me for a ride.

(Continued on page 102)

(Sixty-one)
Tony Moreno is still disporting in Vitagraph serials, but we are looking forward to the day when he will launch forth in regular photo-plays, for the screen has no more colorful personality. At the left, Tony has posed in a neat little fireside tableau, nicely calculated to send feminine film fans' hearts skyrocketing. Just imagine a fireside, a banjo — and Tony!
The wrong and the right way to manicure

Cutting the cuticle is ruinous. When you cut the cuticle you leave little unprotected places all around the tender nail root. These become rough, sore and ragged; they grow unevenly and cause hangnails.

You should soften and remove surplus cuticle without cutting. Just apply a bit of Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, to the base of your nails, gently pressing back the cuticle.

The moment you use Cutex you realize how exactly it is what you have needed. It does away with all need for cutting, leaves a firm, smooth line at the base of your nails.

First file your nails. Then wrap a bit of cotton around an orange stick (both come in the Cutex package), dip it in Cutex, and work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle when drying them.

For snowy white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish.

To keep the cuticle particularly soft and pliable so that you need not manicure as often, apply a little Cutex Cold Cream at night on retiring.

Regularly, once or twice each week, give your nails a Cutex manicure. You will never again be bothered with coarse, overgrown cuticle or hangnails.

Cutex Cuticle Remover, Nail White, Nail Polish and Cold Cream come in 35 cent sizes. The Cuticle Remover comes also in 65 cent size. At all drug and department stores in the United States and Canada and at all chemists' shops in England.

Six manicures for 20 cents

Mail the coupon below with two dimes and we will send you a Cutex Introductory Manicure Set, large enough for six manicures. Send for this set today. Address Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, address Northam Warren, Dept. 911, 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

Mail this coupon with two dimes today

NORTHAM WARREN
Dept. 911, 114 West 17th Street, New York

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

Street and Number .............................

City ................. State ...........
Drama
On the Roof
of the World

Goldwyn sent Jack Pickford and his company to the top of Mt. Lowe for special scenes of his production, "Just Out of College." At the left Mr. Pickford and his director, Al Green, are examining the distant stretch of country, visible thru the low-hanging clouds.

In the circle Molly Malone is endeavoring to locate members of the company from a lower level of Mt. Lowe. At the right Irene Rich is using the horizon for a dressing-table.
Blustery Winds and the Complexion

WHAT is more invigorating than a walk or drive on a crisp, clear day in early autumn, when sharp winds bring a ruddy color to one's face, and stimulate the joy of living.

But these same keen winds produce other effects. They roughen and chap tender skin,—they catch up little particles of dust and lodge them in the tiny pores of the face, and trouble results. The natural oil of the skin combines with the dust and the complexion becomes blotched, gray-looking, and rough.

Prevent these conditions—help to keep your skin clear healthy and soft, by cleansing it with RESINOL SOAP. Let the pure, refreshing lather sink into the pores and rid them of lurking impurities.

But Resinol Soap is not only for those annoyed by complexion defects. It has been for years a favorite among women for daily use in the toilet and bath.

Sold by all druggists and at toilet goods counters. Let us send you a trial size cake. Dept. 13-G.
Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

RESINOL SHAVING STICK gives a creamy, non-drying lather which is alone sufficient to warrant its adoption by the discriminating man.
Zena Keefe is the newest Selznick star. Above, you may glimpse her in her new car and, below, she may be viewed entertaining her young boss, Myron Selznick, with the harp. One must be nice to one's boss, you know.
Little rules that help you look your best

Occasionally you meet girls who are beautiful without effort; but most lovely people are lovely because they know the rules. Here are a few simple ones, approved by skin specialists, which every woman would do well to follow.

**Never permit your face to look shiny**

*Powder*—Yes. Just enough powder to have that soft, natural look. And when you powder, do it to last.

The only way to make powder stay on is—not to put on an excessive amount—but to begin with the right powder base.

For this you need a cream which will not reappear in an unpleasant shine. Pond's Vanishing Cream does not contain a bit of oil. It disappears at once never to reappear. Before you powder take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—a tiny bit—on your finger tips. Rub it lightly into your face. Notice the instant smoothness it gives your skin. Now powder as usual. See how smoothly the powder goes on—how natural it looks. You will find that it will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. You need never again fear a shiny face.

**A rough skin a sign of carelessness**

To get out even in the milder weather of winter without protecting your skin is simply reckless; for wind and cold whip the moisture out of your skin and cause roughness.

Skin specialists say you can protect your skin from this injury by applying, before you go out, a cream which makes up for the moisture that the wind whips out. For protection, as for a powder base, you need a cream without oil. The same pure, greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream which you use as a base for powder, contains an ingredient famous for years for its softening, protective properties. Always before going out, smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face and hands. In this way the delicate texture of the skin will not suffer from exposure.

**Never let your skin look tired**

When you are tired, yet must look your best, you can bring your skin new freshness by applying a cream that is instantly absorbed by the weary skin. The instantly disappearing qualities of Pond's Vanishing Cream give it a remarkable effectiveness in bringing immediate freshness to your skin. Just a bit of it rubbed into the skin relieves in a moment the strained look around mouth and eyes and brings new transparency to your complexion.

---

**The bedtime cleansing that brings a clear skin. Never retire without it**

One of the chief reasons for a "muddy" look in the skin is the dust that gets lodged deep within the pores.

The only means of keeping the skin clear is to remove deep-seated dust. For this cleansing you need an entirely different cream from the one you use for a powder base, and protection. The right cream for cleansing is one prepared with an oil base. The formula for Pond's Cold Cream was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil to give it the highest cleansing power.

At night rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the face, neck and hands, and wipe it off with a soft cloth. Cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream regularly and you can keep your skin clear.

Mail this coupon today—Free sample tubes

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**POND'S**

**Cold Cream & Vanishing Cream**

One with an oil base and one without any oil
The Branded Woman  
(continued from page 57)

man said with a distinct effort to speak quietly. "We have had a visitor. When he left—she said she was tired and was going to bed."

"Was Craft then?" Whitlock burst out violently. "I had a hunch! But I didn't have it in time. What did he tell you?"

"Everything," said Douglas laconically. "I imagine you know it already. Don't you? About Ruth's mother? And—where you found her?"

Old Whitlock brought his fist jarring down on a fragile French table that gave out a splintering sound. "Yes! I know that you find the whitest lies in the dirtiest swamps!" he roared. "That's what I found—a white lily! If he said anything else he lied!"

A flash of hope lightened the heaviness of his look a moment, then died. "But she's paid him money—regularly. She admits it. And she's been to his rooms with it—regularly."

The two men stared at one another. Whitlock took a step forward, shaking a great, freckled fist in Courtenay's face. "I knew it! I knew you warn't a man enough to stand up for her! You've lived with her goin' on two years and still you don't know she's the Real Thing! You believe the first blackmailing scald-wag that comes along trying to dirty her name. Say! You'd ought to be beaten and I've a good mind to it."

"I've been a fool!" Douglas admitted. He passed a hand over his haggard face, "but it was like a bolt out of the sky. I never dreamed—you can see it might have been a shock! And then she was so quiet about it all—if she'd only screamed, only cried, but she just stood still and looked like a stone to the other."

"She's a thoroughbred!" the old man said proudly. "She wouldn't scream if you killed her. Dot Belmar's daughter? Well, the woman said she had proofs, but I'm not sure. I've got detectives working on it now. I never knew a ragweed to bear a rose myself."

"I've been a fool," Ruth's husband said again, ghastly. He went to the door leading into the bedroom, opened it, and gave an exclamation, "Ruth! Where are you? Ruth darling!" Suddenly he sprang into the inner room. There was the sound of overturned furniture. Slowly he appeared again in the doorway. "Gone! She's left a note—says she'll never see baby or me again to—bring shame to us."

He staggered and old Boss Whitlock caught him and held him while the awful story of a man's difficult sobbing filled the room.

A month later the two men, with a French nurse carrying the baby, stood on the forward deck of a steamer as it nosed its way up the familiar, crowded harbor to its Hoboken berth. The faces of both were cut with fresh lines of deepness and worry, but Whitlock's tone was aggressively cheery as the doctor denying fear he could aver the need for it. "We're on the same side of the water as Ruth, anyhow," he said, "only she got the boat ahead. There's no doubt about that, me boy. She's been there a matter of ten days. What can happen to her in ten days?"

"What can't happen?" growled Courtenay, leaning heavily on the rail. "A lovely thing like her—alone—frightened! God! And Craft was on the same boat—in the steerage. I don't dare to think—"

"Then quit thinking!" the old politician snapped. "we won't get anywhere by thinking. It's action we need. First off I'm going to see whether they've forgotten Boss Whitlock, and if not, we'll have the whole police force and half the town besides looking for her!"

Boss Whitlock was not forgotten. As he had boasted, the whole machinery of the city was set in motion to seek Ruth Courtenay, but for a whole month the search was unsuccessful. Douglas Courtenay paged his hotel hall, haggardly, old Whitlock beside him uttering bluff words of encouragement.

"She's not here—she's nowhere," the husband groaned. "The world's so big and she was so little. Besides—perhaps—she isn't in the world."

But Whitlock would not listen to that. "She's no quitter," he said stanchly, "we'll be finding her soon. I got a hunch."

Two days later a detective brought them word that a woman answering to the description was seen to enter a chop-suey joint on the lower East Side, but when he had followed her into the place she was nowhere to be found and the blank-eyed proprietor denied all knowledge of her. "The restaurant's a blind," the man told them yawning. "I got a tip a South American named Alvarez hangs out there and recruits girls for Brazil. Maybe we'd better raid the joint."

The few shabby patrons eating at the oilcloth-covered tables of Ah Sing's looked up apathetically as the group entered, then resumed their eating of the shmy chow main. The plain clothes men and Whitlock pushed by the chattering waiter into the murky regions of the kitchen, but Courtenay did not follow. The mirror over the fly-specked cigar case had shown him a sleek, rat-colored head that he knew. In six strides he was standing, looking down into the paling face of "Velvet" Craft.

"Where is she?" he said tensely. His hand lay on the table, quivering. There was murder in the steel-blue blaze of his eyes. Don't deny that you know. Show me the way to get to her or I'll choke the life out of you here and now!"

The man actually squealed with terror. He scrambled out of his chair and led the way to the hall, and up the dirty stairs into a region of tangled passageways. At the end of one he stopped, crouching against the wall. "I haven't done her no (continued on page 101)"
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THE FREEMAN PERFUME COMPANY
2507 Norwood Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio
"What Time Is It?" Asked Muriel
(Continued from page 17)

French director there gave me my first chance. I didn't know until the produc-
tion was half over that I was playing the leading role. Of course, I had to keep working every day and I had to give up school. My folks were furious," we interrupted. "It's 4:06. Two more blocks and you'll be at the Pennsylvania station."

"After that I worked at Thanhouser. World Film and now I'm making a series of pictures for Arrow.—You must see them?—I'm going to California to do several. I promise you'll see them?"

"Yes," we said rashly. "It's 4:08 and there's your station."

(Business of exiting rapidly from taxi and settling with driver who, naturally, has no change.)

At the train gate, Miss Osriche remarked to our gagging self. "Thanks awfully,—Hope you've got enough material."

We struggled for self-possession. "Don't lose that package, whatever you do," we begged.

The gate closed upon our interviewee. We turned and staggered into the station drug store.

"One Bron—er—one chocolate soda," said we hoarsely. From sheer force of habit we looked at our watch. It was 4:10. "You'll make it," we mumbled to the co—soda clerk.

"I am," said he, laconic-like.

That Swede from Ystad
(Continued from page 26)

Miss Nilsson smiled. A flashing smile it is, for she is dazzlingly blonde, something the motion picture camera does not always reveal.

Miss Nilsson has just finished William Locke's "Idols" under Raoul Walsh's direction. Before that, she was in Allan Dwan's "In the Heart of a Fool." And "The Fighting Chance" preceded "In the Heart of a Fool." A company all her own is in the offing. "I hope to make my own pictures, like all the rest," she says. "But I never count on things until they happen."

Miss Nilsson indulges in no superlatives about herself. She is not one of those players who comment loftily upon art. Indeed, we detect a sense of humor.

And a regular human being-ness. Which is something of a combination, coupled with the Nilsson blonde charm. Ystad surely has a right to be rather proud.

MOOD
By George S. Remmell

Morn.—and my soul's like an aspen tree,
Quiv'ring for the things to be;
Soaring, leaping.

Night.—and my soul's like a willow tree,
Silver-grey by a troubled sea;
Drooping, weeping.
The Man Who Wouldn't Stay Down

He was putting in long hours at monotonous unskilled work. His small pay scarcely lasted from one week to the next. Pleasures were few and far between and he couldn't save a cent.

He was down—but he wouldn't stay there! He saw other men promoted, and he made up his mind that what they could do he could do. Then he found the reason they were promoted was because they had special training—an expert knowledge of some one line. So he made up his mind that he would get that kind of training.

He marked and mailed to Scranton a coupon upward. He brought it just the information the training he needed right at home in the spent part of his spare time studying.

The first reward was not long in coming—an increase in salary. Then came another. Then he was made Foreman. Now he is Superintendent with an income that means independence and all the comforts and pleasures that make life worth living.

It just shows what a man with ambition can do. And this man is only one out of hundreds of thousands who have climbed the same steps to success with the help of the International Correspondence Schools.

What about you?

Are you satisfied merely to hang on where you are or would you too, like to have a real job and real money? It's entirely up to you. You don't have to stay down. You can climb to the position you want in the world you like best. Yes, you can! The I. C. S. is ready and anxious to come to you, wherever you are, with the very help you need.

Surely when you have an opportunity that means so much, you can't afford to let another priceless hour pass without at least finding out about it. And the way to do that is easy—without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, mark and mail this coupon.

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Just for writing to our famous Watchville, I "humbled" the greatest discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this $100 gold f. ring, act with a 1-20 Engraved diamond—beautfiful ring in a jeweled gold box. Pay $10. per month or charge $12.00 at any jeweler in our name. Only 50,000 given away. Send a money order, check, postcard, stamps, or cash.

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The Man Who Wouldn't Stay Down

The Story of Flora Revalles (Continued from page 31)

and there lions..." It is impossible to reproduce her accent in print. She has been speaking English for something over two years. Not a very long time, but she speaks it exceedingly well, only stressing her syllables evenly as one would in French and being noticeably careful about her diphthongs. And again she said:

"I do not like your Rocky Mountains. They are beautiful, yes; but so bleak and lonely! After you have been traveling thru them for two or three days you want to cry. But it is not so in the mountains in Switzerland. They are grand and majestic and they are not so lonely. There are villages around them and people and green things growing... Oh! I love Switzerland! I go there as much as possible. My mother is there, too; it is my home."

Flora Revalles was born in Switzerland, of French parents. So far as she knows, no member of her family has ever been in the United States before her. On the contrary, her mother was very much opposed to an artistic career for her. Her father was a well-known civil engineer. She had two brothers, the only one is living.

"I sang from the time I was a little girl," she said. "Even then, my music was my life. And I would want people to listen; that is much, true! And so I wanted to sing grand opera on the stage."

Remember that back of all this was the inheritance of her father and her consciousness of him, laying tracks for civilization in African jungles, surrounded by an alien people, wild beasts and the ever-present danger of some strange disease. She passed for an instant, frankly waiting for me to say something.

"And then?" I prompted.

"And then," she went on, "I went to Paris. It was for my brother; to visit him, you know. I decided to enter the Conservatoire. I knew that if I could do that, my mother would not oppose me any longer. She would realize that it meant the promise of a good career. So I went to a teacher and told him to coach me for the examinations. But to enter the Paris Conservatoire is not an easy thing. There were more than a hundred of us who took the examinations and only fifteen were chosen." Because she was among the fifteen, her mother withdrew all objections to the artistic career with the stage.

"I think that, in France, one works harder preparing for the stage than in this country," she went on. And then, skipping the intervening period, "I still had one year to study when the war broke out in 1914, the Conservatoire closed, and I returned to Switzerland." For a while it seemed that all thought of a career must be laid aside until the world was at peace again, but she kept on with her singing. She could hardly have done anything else; it had become a part of her life.

"One day I was singing at a friend's house in Geneva. The manager of the

(Seventy-one)
opera was a guest there. He heard me and offered me an engagement. I told him, 'but I have no repertoire.' In Paris one learns to sing first, then one gets a repertoire. So he gave me eight days to learn the role of Marguerite in Faust."

She had never even sung with an orchestra and they could not give her a single rehearsal. But when the opening night came she sang Marguerite, and so brilliantly that she was given a contract which she afterwards broke to join the Russian Ballet.

"Mr. Leon Bakst gave me two days to decide about joining the ballet. I accepted at once and thought a little about it afterwards. Of course, it meant a lawsuit for me. I had to pay the director of the opera in Geneva some few francs, but that was all right."

She feels that the art of the ballet is the highest, most perfect art of all.

She appeared with the Russian Ballet in London and Paris and came with it to New York on a tour of this country. From the pantomime of the ballet to the making of a morning picture was but a step and a step she was certain to take. She appeared as Messelin in the Maurice Tourneur production "Woman."

"That," she remarked, laughing, "was because M. Tourneur said that he did not know any other woman wicked enough for the part; which was . . . perhaps? . . . a compliment . . . ." She has a French woman's ability to say slightly startling things so that they feel they are without meaning.

"I have heard that people are often disappointed on seeing themselves for the first time on the screen. Now I . . . I was surprised that I should look so well. I did not know that I was so . . . what would you say?"

"Beautiful?"

"Yes, that is it," her voice was throaty with amusement. There is, of course, nothing of the ingénue about her.

"But then I am not petite nor blonde," she remarked, implying that she could easily play the ingénue if she thought that it would be becoming; and undoubtedly she could!

She walks with a peculiar little grace and her hands are beautiful and expressive beyond description. The occult has a very powerful attraction for her, but she has never had any personal experience in spiritism.

"But I believe in the existence of the spirit after what one calls death and in the possibility of communication. It is just a conviction I have . . . something I cannot explain . . . ." She is also a believer in the theory of reincarnation.

"So, it is very interesting; this moving picture 'Earthbound,' but when it is finished, I shall not appear in another moving picture right away; I shall go to London and take up my work again."

She walked with me to the door. It was a warm . . . an almost oppressively warm . . . night in late December. There are comparatively few lights around this hotel in the hills . . . Beverly Hills is

(Continued on page 97)
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HOWARD C. RASH, Pres., Natural Body Brace Co., 326 Rash Bldg., Salina, Kansas

"Aye, Aye, Sir!"

(Continued from page 33)
acting of the year, and what was the result, so far as Forman could see? One fan who by some chance had not forgiven him, wrote, "Oh, you mustn't take parts like that, showing your face all scarred and ugly."

Later on, when he did a couple of pretty-boy parts, ("which, heaven knows, I've outgrown," says Tom), several new fans wrote him and said, "There, that's the kind of part we like to see you take."

Is it strange, then, that Forman was flled with a disgust at pictures? A disgust which was nothing more nor less than a natural revulsion after all he had gone thru; to come down to playing pastel movie men who had nothing more difficult to do than to look handsome and stride from room to room to win back his fickle following.

It seemed unendurable discouraging, but the salary was attractive and better than could be made in anything else.

And then Mr. Lasky came to the rescue with an offer for him to direct, and Tom Forman is bringing all the patience and big, wonderful manhood that came to him. But there be the training camp to the building of pictures, and he is happily working in a comfortable brown sack suit, and he doesn't wear silk shirts all the time and he isn't worrying if his nice, rather wavy light hair isn't brushed sleekly from his temples, for he is again useful, again giving orders.

When you first meet Tom Forman and hear his slow drawl, you are apt to think he possesses that Texas laziness, but as you know him better you realize that this is but a facial calm, a surface lethargy.

He wants to make good pictures, pictures that are logical and feature human types; he doesn't want any sex stuff and he doesn't object to melodrama, providing it is honest melodrama. He is bringing to the screen a certain simple, genuine-ness, a big viewpoint, an easy-going-getthere method that has something in it of nature's slow but sure method of creating, and his one great, absorbing ambition is to hunt tiger in Siberia, and, when he is old, to retire to his ranch some thirty miles from Hollywood.

He loves hunting and fishing, dogs and ladies, and he says he would like nothing better than to dream away his life by a trout stream, and somehow, I can see a vision of Tom Forman, when he is old, sitting by an open fireplace in his ranch-house, with his arms full of grandbabies and his old dog, snuggling at his feet, and I can hear him draw out the story of how he made men for the great war and there will never be a mention of "When I was a great screen actor."

For Forman, is first of all, a wholesome man who discounts momentary compliments and completely lacks a swelled head.

Above everything else, Tom Forman is a comfortable man, and we may expect real stuff to come from his direction in pictures, the same as it did in the great war.
Enter Julio!
(Continued from page 19)

"I don't mean intelligence," he said, "I mean human intellectuality, possessing which the artist becomes more human than the ordinary mortal; not more tempestuous (temper-estuous)."

He has been here six years, having immigrated as a scientific agriculturist, but because of his ignorance of the language he was forced to work at what did not require a vocabulary. He was lonesome when he first came. He did not know anyone. He would go from restaurant to restaurant, finally becoming acquainted with two Austrians who spoke Italian.

They met every night; and he was introduced to their fair companions; and he wished he knew how to dance. One day they went for a holiday to the Bronx Zoo. Outside the monkey house, one of the officers started to tango. Young Rudolph was fascinated, and begged to learn the steps. He was given an immediate lesson, and that evening, back in the café, on the floor Bonnie Glass (Ben Ali Haggan's wife) spied him, and wanted him for her professional dancing partner.

For two years he went hungry (it is his word) for someone with whom he could talk, until one night, while performing in Philadelphia, with Joan Sawyer, he met after the party, John Fox, Jr. They talked—until 5 A.M. Mr. Fox asked Valentino his age. When he learnt it was only twenty-two he was astonished! He sent "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come" to the boy-foreigner and autographed the preface with "If you use your head as well as your feet, you soon will not have to use your feet." And Valentino never forgot!

He must have used his feet well, for Nijinsky asked him to give him a lesson in the tango—this from the premier dancer of the Bohem-Diaghileff Russian Ballet!

You'll see him dance the tango in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" in which Metro production he was allotted no less a role than Julio.

"I did not want to be labeled a professional dancer. That is why I gave it up. I was not a dancer, anyway. Nijinsky was a dancer. In what I was doing I had nothing to express."

Altho he has made extraordinary progress, having played opposite Mac Murray, Dorothy Gish, Carmel Myers, Madam Namara and with Eugene O'Brien, he does not want to stay here forever; nor does he desire to settle back home. His longing is to go to South America, China, Japan, Egypt and India, and to get to know those places.

Those who impress him most on the screen are Barrymore, Ferguson, Talmadge, and Nazimova. He is anxious to meet Hager and hear the author's opinion of his interpretation of "The Four Horsemen's" hero. "I was never so happy over any part before. I love it." Not a libertine, not a coward; just a boy with failings, hopes, human ness.

"All Right Then—I'll Go to Hell!"

"It was awful thoughts and awful words, but they were said and I let them stay said."

It had felt good to be all washed clean of sin and to be able to pray—but Huck couldn't tell on Old Jim no matter how sure it would make him of going to Heaven.

So he tore up the note and swore he would never reform again. He would steal Jim out of slavery, he would—and if he could think up anything worse, he'd do that too. As long as he was going to hell anyway, he might as well make it worth while.

Who ever knew the heart of a boy as does

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Harper & Brothers. Est. 1817
The Rise of Beatrix
(Continued from page 25)

It was her first taste of “real direction.” Her shyness stood her in good stead when she was seeking for something else. It was with more of a forlorn hope than aught else that she went to see Mr. Ince. When after a two-hour’s wait she finally reached the hair of the great man, she found that there were five other great men there too, all of whom began to stare at her intensely.

“It was perfectly awful,” declare—cr-confident Beatrix, rather breathless at the remembrance. “I just begged them not to look at me, and finally Mr. Ince made them all face the wall while he talked to me. Once Douglas MacLean, who was one of the five, turned around and hissed: ‘Just the girl for me,’ or something like that. I didn’t hear him. They told me afterward that I was busy untangling my fingers just then.

“There are only two things I remember clearly. One is Mr. Ince’s constantly repeated question, ‘But why didn’t you come to see me before?’ It seems to me that that was all he said.

“The other is the question of Douglas MacLean. After they had all filed solemnly out to decide whether they wanted me or not and then filed back again, he came over beside me and said, ‘We want you. May I look at you now?’

“I answered: ‘I guess so; but look quick!’”

She sighed.

“I don’t guess I can tell you any more,” she said softly.

I was loaded to go. I hadn’t decided her in my mind yet. It seemed to me that she was unique in a profession where sophistication has become a dogma. I was fascinated.

I bothered, and in bothering discovered that for seven years she had studied under Madame Rasche, ballerina of the Metropolitan Opera House… the secret of her undulant grace.

I had to go, but I went lingeringly. A great artist… a little girl…? The question recurred in my mind throughout the day; and the phrase “soft eyes and a sigh.”

COMPENSATION
By Charlotte Becker

When I was twenty I felt, oh, so old,
Each passing pleasure found me more false;
Life was as tasteless as a tale oft told,
And there was nothing new to do or say.

Now I am forty, I feel, oh, so young,
Each day I find amusing things to do,
And life seems like a fragrant garland flung
For me to savor each fresh scent and hue.

I wouldn’t be as old as youth again
If time consented to turn back the years;
I want to stay as young as age, and drain
Life’s utmost treasure, even unto tears.

(Seventy-six)
Keep the Luster
on your teeth—there's now a way

You know how teeth shine—how
clean they feel—after vigorous dental
cleaning. He removes the film which
makes teeth dingy.

There is now a way to every day
combat that film. Millions enjoy its
benefits. And a ten-day test will be
sent you for the asking.

The film does this:

Film is that viscous coat you feel.
It clings to teeth, enters crevices and
stays. The tooth brush used in old
ways leaves much of it intact. And
millions of teeth are wrecked by it.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not
the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar.
It holds food substance which fer-
mments and forms acid. It holds the
acid in contact with the teeth to cause
decay.

Germs breed by millions in it. And
they, with tartar, are the chief cause
of pyorrhea.

You must combat it

To save teeth and to keep them
white one must combat that film. Den-
tal science has for years been seeking
ways to do it.

Now efficient methods have been
found. Careful tests have proved them
beyond question. And leading den-
tsists everywhere are urging their daily
use.

The methods are combined in a
dentifrice called Pepsodent. And de-
sired results are now attained twice
daily by its use.

Acts in five ways

Pepsodent multiplies the starch di-
gestant in the saliva, to digest starch
deposits that cling. It multiplies the
alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize
the acids which cause tooth decay.

Two factors directly attack the film.
One of them keeps teeth so highly
polished that film cannot easily adhere.
Pepsin is another ingredient.

The object is to combat film daily,
also its baneful effects. And to mul-
tiply the natural tooth protectors.

You'll see and feel

You'll see and feel these good effects
and quickly know that Pepsodent is
doing what nothing else has done.

Send the coupon for the 10-Day
Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel
after using. Mark the absence of the
viscous film. See how teeth whiten as
the film-coat disappears. Let the clear
results show what this method means
to you and yours.

Millions of teeth now
glisten

Millions already use Pepsodent, large-
ly by dental advice. The results are
seen everywhere in cleaner, whiter
teeth. See them on your own teeth
and judge their good effects. Cut out
the coupon so you won't forget.

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Pat. Off.

The New-Day Dentifrice

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effects. Approved by authorities and now advised
by leading dentists everywhere. All druggists
supply the large tubes.

(Seventy-seven)
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The River Shannon's Namesake

(Continued from page 37)

has signed her up for his forthcoming feature, in which she plays a married flirt.

"And when my pictures hit New York—oh, goodie!" She drew a deep, ecstatic breath. "I want the people who knew me to say, 'Well, maybe after all she will make good!' People were so skeptical" she ended plaintively.

Sometimes, she admits, she gets horribly lonesome for the "Follies," the grease-paint, the gorgeous costumes and the chatter of the girls. Novelist, she confided, have the wrong idea of "chorus girls." They picture "stage-door Johnnies" forever hanging about, sending notes and flowers—oh, there were lots of flowers sent, she added, but no notes; that was an iron-clad rule set by Ziegfeld himself. If your admirer wanted to get into communication with you, he had to write a letter and trust it to Uncle Sam.

"Mr. Ziegfeld hates the movies because they take so many of his girls away," she went on. "Once, when I knew some picture people from California were out in front, I begged him to let me lead the feature song that evening so that they would notice me."

"Notice you and steal you for the movies, eh? He had demanded, and refused point-blank to allow such a thing.

Shannon looks like a great many different people; certain of her pictures look more like Mabel Normand than Mabel's own photographs do; her profile is like Mac Murray's and some of her expressions remind one of Jack Pickford. This Protean resemblance is excellent for publicity purposes, but Shannon doesn't like it.

"I want to reach the point where I will look just myself, and nobody else," she declared. "Anyone would be sympathetic with Shannon. There is a naiveté about her that is captivating and disarming. It may be real or it may be cultivated. Who cares?"

Of course, Shannon has lots of hobbies—she rides horseback, and admits a fondness for historical romances. And as for dancing—

"I keep in practice all the time. I don't ever expect to go on the stage again, but I might need the work in pictures, and besides, it's wonderful for the physique."

"In the 'Follies' I did lots of specialty dances and, in one of them, I was tossed about the stage like a bean-bag. When I came out here, 'Fatty' Arbuckle sent for me, saying I was the kind of girl he'd like to have play opposite him in comedies, because he could do anything with me—but I wouldn't take a chance—would you?"

I assured her most emphatically that I would—not! And after carefully surveying Shannon Day's petite prettiness, I was heartily glad that the round Roscoe had not made a bean-bag of her. I'm afraid that the river Shannon would have lost its namesake.
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The Twentieth Marriage
(Continued from page 35)

to quit. I'm not an especially good actor; that's the use of my going on when it looks as tho the best I can do is forty a week? I think it would be much better for me to drop it all and go to Congress.

"Why don't you drop it all and go to the White House?" Neill asked, sarcastically. "It would be about as easy.

But his roommate was in earnest.

"No," he said, seriously, "I'm going to Congress!"

And he did! He left the company and went to San Francisco, where, with his brother, he opened a hat store. Afterwards, he became an attorney, was sent to the legislature a few times, and then went to Congress from an Irish district because the leaders of that district had a row between themselves.

And again, Neill, on his first visit to the coast, was with the "Field by the Enemy" company which included in its cast such famous people as Henry Miller, Viola Allen, William Gillette, Melbourne MacDowell and George Fawcett.

However, it was not until Neill had completely served his apprenticeship and was the successful manager of his own company that he met Edythe Chapman.

The Neill Company was playing St. Paul when the engagement of Henrietta Crosman, as leading lady, terminated, and it became necessary to replace her with someone else.

"I was sent to Mr. Neill by an agency," said Edythe Chapman. "This was in 1897." she went on, "and I have never had to look for an engagement since.

Unlike her husband, Edythe Chapman was given a leading part in her first engagement, and has never played anything else.

"Until," she said, "we both grew too old for leading parts. Having our own company, we were able to be always together.

"Many players, now famous, were at different times members of the Neill Company. Elsie Janis spoke her first lines from their stage. Henrietta Crosman has already been mentioned as being with the company in its early days. Julia Arthur, Blanche Bates, Julita Dean, and Reginald Barker are others.

"I had very few 'early struggles,'" Edythe Chapman went on, "and those I had were all in getting started.

She attended The Lyceum School of Acting. Franklin H. Sargent was the head then, as now. Henry C. de Mille, famous playwright, and father of C. B. and William de Mille, David Belasco and Nelson Wheelcroft were members of the faculty. At that time Belasco was a teacher in the school at a very small salary.

"At the end of my first year," said Miss Chapman, "I found myself without money, and, worse, it seemed without any encouragement to continue. Franklin Sargent advised me not to go on. He said that he did not think I had talent

(Continued on page 82)
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Dorothy Makes Her Bow

(Continued from page 49)

gether, they appeared in three different places in one evening, something quite unheard of on the stage. Dancing at ten o’clock in one place, at half-past ten in another production, and at midnight appearing on the Century Roof, where by the way, Florenz Ziegfeld had previously managed Miss Dickson, advertising her as “the greatest dancing personality in the world.”

She has only been on the stage for three years. Previous to that, she lived the usual popular débutante’s life in Chicago. Her father, just before she was to have had her coming-out party, made some unfortunate investments in stocks, and Dorothy wrote one day to find that when she wanted anything, she could not have it. Nothing daunted, she determined to make her own money and this is the way she went about it. She and Carl Hyson, a boyhood friend who was in college at the time, had danced together very often at parties, and had always caused great enthusiasm and admiration because of their skill. One night they decided to take up a bet made by some friends that they could not win the dancing prize at Rector’s. It happened that on this particular evening, they had as their competitors, Maurice and Walton, (the famous dancing pair known all over the world), and two other professional couples who had become household names in Chicago because of their dancing ability.

All of Dorothy’s friends were present and there was much excitement when she and Carl started to dance. They received an ovation at the conclusion which caused the manager of the place to offer them a contract; and Dorothy accepted. It was while Dorothy and Carl were still dancing at Rector’s (which they did for about six months after the above happened) that Florenz Ziegfeld, the well-known connoisseur on feminine beauty happened to be in Chicago and while at Rector’s one evening saw Dorothy dance. He immediately offered her a contract, and brought her to New York where he starred her in a play at the Century Theater. She made a tremendous success in New York, and then on has appeared with increasing popularity in various Broadway successes. This season she has been featured in “Lassie,” one of the most popular plays in the radio, and has just left that company for a well-earned vacation before starting work with Famous Players.

“I know what a tremendous risk I am taking,” she said, apropos of its being her first venture in pictures, “but even if I do fail, I will at least have assured myself that I took the chance. I realize what a huge task I have set myself to do; very few people know anything about me outside of the big cities, and it is the movie fan that makes the movie star, I think. But perhaps if this picture turns out to my credit, then the people who will see it, and I hope to build up my
The Celluloid Critic
(Continued from page 43)

fine human note in fully a half dozen places—a human note that reaches out and plays upon your heart-strings.

“Way Down East,” as written by Lottie Blair Parker, was one of those perennially popular stage melodramas. This story of an innocent country girl, Anna Moore, who goes to the city, is wronged by a villainous city chap, becomes a mother after a mock marriage, seeks reformation in work upon a farm, is exused by gossips and turned out into a blinding New England blizzard, only to be saved by an honest young boy who loves her despite everything, was seemingly an obvious choice for the Okumah theater. Apparently, it bore no real relation to life anywhere.

We see the “Way Down East” of the stage differently. The old melodrama would not have gone out of year after year had it been entirely distinct from reality. Its background of homely New England life gave it the breath of life. With all its painted scenery and torn paper snow it was redolent of the soil. But, most of all, it carried a message. It presented the struggle of woman for equality in its way as vividly, as centuries before, Euripides did in his Medea. To the simple playgoer of the nineties, Anna Moore personified womanhood in its age-old struggle for recognition—against the man-made odds of decades. Not that we consider “Way Down East” for a moment as a thing of literary or dramatic value. It was a melodrama of fearful dialog and even more fearful construction. But a compelling message and a compelling background were there.

The sawdust and the wires become flesh and blood when transferred to the screen under Griffith’s hand, the canvas trees and calcium-lights transform to vast sweeps of landscape alive with summer sunshine, the torn paper to a bleak and whirling winter blizzard. “Way Down East” gains vastly upon its transfer from stage to film form, for the director endows his characters with a humanness they never possessed behind the footlights.

Griffith has taken his motion picture camera into the history of the persecuted Anna. The Parker opus started upon the arrival of the girl with her “past” at the Bartlett farm. Griffith moves back into Anna’s childhood and, step by step, shows her dazzled and destroying dip into the city and her disillusionment, along with the coming of her baby and its death. This portion of the cinema “Way Down East” to us is turgid and rather uninteresting, which seems to prove our theory that the stage “Way Down East” owes its success to its homely rural background and the vitality of its indirect—and even claptrap—feministic single standard argument.

Once Griffith definitely reaches the countryside in this feminine “Pilgrim’s Progress” his drama becomes alive with vigor. All the sweetness and fragrance (Continued on page 98)
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Singers!ゴールド・ソング! "If you're going to lose your heart to a Southern girl," those fifty pairs of laminated, igniting eyes, the flowers on their desk—no, they didn't do—they didn't do—it was just as well—He would tell Homer Johns about it that evening and then carry out his original plan of going away. He had resources, the pain at his heart might be a slight deterrent—but he had to figure that in.

And at the dance he told Homer Johns of his aunt's true bequest. He hadn't figured wrongly. Old Johns chuckled, said he thought it just as well, afo he would have to hunt around for a school for Elise and offered Austin a $25,000 a year job, which was promptly accepted.

"Run away for a month or two, young man," the older man advised, "before you tackle the new proposition. You look a bit as if you've been handed a blow beneath the belt."

"I have," Austin said.

It wasn't until later in the evening that Homer Johns discovered the blow beneath the belt to be Elise. Mrs. Rolles gave him, unwittingly, the information. "I hear," she said, "that young Austin Beavans is in love with one of his Charm School pupils. I am so glad. It relieves Sue's unhappiness, you understand?"

Johns drew his heavy brows together and smiled. "I've just given him a heavy job," he said, "that's a comrade, that young man. I should be tickled to death if his attentions were in the direction of one of my family. He's a comrade and he can be trusted. Two noble traits in man."

Mrs. Rolles sought out Sue. She was quite breathless.

"Encourage young Beavans," she said, hastily, "he's a protege of Homer Johns. That means a fortune. Give it out that you and he have long been engaged. Waste no time—most important!"

Sue gave it, with a nicely unerring instinct, to Elise. Elise believed it. We always do believe the worst about the one we love, so far beyond our reach does the Desired One appear.

Elise decided to vanish. It was the only thing left for her to do, she decided, with the radical departure of the very young.

The green earth should swallow her up. Oblivion was kind.

She left a note for Austin graphically describing her intent. Then, like Ibsen's Nora, she "went out into the night"—as far as Austin's car. The low-slung back tempted her. It would be so thrilling to sit there and watch proceedings. Who knows but what Austin might do something dramatic? Might even give chase. Her essential romance thrilled to the posh sensations. She waited—

In ten minutes Austin appeared. Her heart pounded, the whole of the universe was the terrific onslaught of her heart—it was like the roaring of many waters—

Then he was speaking to her. "Where were you going?" he said, but with the articulation of "where" she knew that he loved her.

(Eighty-eight)
My Secret of Teaching Piano

(Continued from page 12)

want to say that he had had all the labor he could well stand by Labor Day. On the last day of the vacation he had more than just a broken back. Hosea had been over all the musician's offering his dog to Virginia and helping her pack. She refused his dog, "because you love him so much, Hosea." While she was speaking, it came to her how much she loved his dog, honey name. "I'll be back next summer," she told him. "We'll have the same good old times ... they have been good, Hosea, haven't they? I've come to love your mother and Martha and nice Luke and ... all of Peaceful Valley.

Hosea didn't speak because he couldn't find courage or conviction to say what he wanted to, and he wasn't given to light talk.

It was going to be lonesome, but he and Martha would have lots to keep their tongues going this winter. He would plan a sensational crop for Perpindicular next summer and who knows but what their mother would soon be home and maybe, after a bit, the acting which Virginia had left him along, with the sweetness, would cease. He hoped so ... When he got home Martha was not there. Funny. For awhile longer he hung about, dreaming ... Deliberately, he gave himself this hour ... himself and Virginia. At sundown he would hunt up Martha. He didn't know why the lily pond suggested itself to him on this night, save that the facts of love and death are ever intertwined. He walked to it, with unease. It was undisturbed and the lilies, overburdened with ripe sweetness, breathed forth their dolorous breaths for the exquisite deception of his nostrils. He walked home.

At midnight of that night there was no Martha. He and Luke had scoured the countryside, given out alarms, done all their locality could do.

The next day his mother came home, and he had to tell her.

The paller of her face was like that of death.

That night he went to the city. He went blindly and he searched blindly. He hadn't ever realized the city. Every slim girl he saw he thought he saw Martha. Every vestige of distress was her distress. After he returned, baffled, bewildered, distraught.

The winter settled down on Peaceful Valley. Always, before, for Hosea it had been a cheery time of white snows, flashing sleds and scarlet mittens, peaceful evenings, Christmas greens and more than the usual goodies at table.

This winter the snow was like a pall, and there were no flashing sleds nor scarlet mittens.

For all Hosea and his mother, more work now than ever before, knew their Martha might have been under the blankets. Often, they hoped she might be. It would be kinder so.
Your hair is your fortune might well be said, for it is surely one of your most noticeable features of beauty.

CANTHROX
SHAMPOO

is always a source of gratification to the vast number of attractive women who have learned its virtues. The cooling, soothing influence of its fragrant, invigorating lather upon the sensitive scalp brings grateful relief to sufferers from itching and dandruff. It makes and keeps the hair attractive by developing the life, lustre and natural waviness through cleanliness. It is a favorite because it so rapidly softens and removes every particle of dirt, excess oil or dandruff, at the same time giving a fluidness that lends the appearance of massiness to the hair.

For Sale at All Drug Stores
No Good Hair Wash Costs Less

One reason for the great popularity of Canthrox is that it requires so little trouble or time to use it. You just apply the fragrant, invigorating lather thickly, rub thoroughly into the hair and scalp, rinse out carefully with clear, warm water, after which it dries quickly and easily.

11. S. PETERSON & CO., Dept. 117, 214 West Kinzie Street, Chicago, Ill.

Free Trial Offer
You ought, at least, to try Canthrox, since to prove its merits and to show in all ways that it is the most satisfactory hair cleanser, we send a perfect shampoo to any address upon receipt of two cents for postage.

Spring broke reluctantly. Early summer opened Jotham's. Ward Andrews had written several times saying he was prepared to take up the offer on the farm and Hosea had decided not to go in for too much in the way of crops. If the old place were sold his labor would be for naught. But he needed extra money. When old Jotham offered him a job as waterer he seized upon it.

His first evening was memorable. He came thru the door balancing his tray, more or less dexterously, and beheld Virginia. The tray met an instant collision with the floor. Over the debris Virginia laughed, and the few other guests laughed too. The red-faced boy and the merry girl were so palpably together.

After supper Hosea and Virginia sat on the porch rail together and she told him of her winter and her studies. Hosea told her of their sad winter, his mother's and his. Of Martha who had vanished from the earth.

"I'm doing this for the extra money, mostly on that account," he told her; "we've got to get trace of Martha, Mother and I. We'd not rest even in our graves if we never heard anything of her."

Virginia was tenderly compassionate. She laid her hand on his arm and stroked it a bit.

"I see so sorry . . . " she kept murmuring; "I'm so sorry . . . " Her sympathy was very sweet.


"Father's not marrying you, Ward," she told him, "and, personally, I couldn't. Just couldn't. I like you . . . but it has to be so different for . . . marriage. I . . . well, there's just no use."

Ward Andrews didn't accept defeat gracefully. He didn't tell her not to worry, it would be all right with him. He scolded and gave her understanding he felt himself misused.

Hosea was learning to accept . . . Perpendicular without Martha, dreams without Virginia. This, perhaps, was life. Life as it must be lived.

Then, one day in June, the old couple, from across the road broke in on the Howes, sitting more or less wistfully in the sunlight, and told how they had seen Martha a spell up the road, straggling along and a cryin' to herself. "Actin' up as queer," the old lady vouchedsafe.

Hosea wasted not a moment. His dull and weary brain made, miraculously, an instantaneous response.

The lily pond!

"If I were to die of love, I think I'd do it here among the lilies . . . here among the lilies . . . " she had said it.

She had gone down twice when Hosea caught the dank glint of her hair in the lazy ripple of the pool. The thick white of a lily baffled her curled fingertips.

He had her in his arms; had her, dripping, against his breast, before the sudden, scintiller water could touch her still face again.

In the front room Ward Andrews had
(Continued on page 92)
(Ninety)
20-Year Guaranteed Aluminum Set

Only $1 Down

An amazing value. Each piece is made of heavy gauge pressed sheet aluminum of a grade never offered at this price before. Seamless, not cast like ordinary aluminumware. Will not crack, chip or peal. Heats quickly. Polish can't wear off. As easy to clean as glassware. Cooks and bakes better than any other kitchenware. All pieces (except the plate) are highly polished, made of genuine Manganese aluminum, rust less hard, absolutely guaranteed for 20 years. Yours for only one dollar down—then $2.50 monthly. Price $23.90. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Everything in the Kitchen of Pure Aluminum

Combination tea kettle and double boiler (4 pieces), 5 quart size.
Stainless steel bodied, with a double boiler, 5 quart capacity. One
Kettle sizes coffee percolator (4 pieces), 6 cup size with welded
stands, dome cover, fully polished. 1 quart round bottom. Manganese
10½ inch wide and 6 inch high. Three pieces have choice of different sizes, including round or dark pot (4 pint capacity);
steak or pudding pan (1 pint capacity) pudding pan or
frying lens (4 pint capacity); any number of cups at a time;
steak pan or a steamed cup or party mold, deep
looking as well for an even, soft, cooking center. Perfectly made, corned or triangular, with
steam, with steam. The bottom has a special glassy and
cover, 2 bread pans, 1 lip with pan (9 quart capacity),
Casserole case and pot cover (4 pieces), lots of quart pans (4 pint capacity), combination case and
pot (11½ inch wide), a lip with pan (1 quart capacity),
Combination case and pot cover (4 pieces), lots of quart pans (4 pint capacity), 2 10-inch extra deep cake pans; 1 casserole with 2 ½
bottom, 1 ½ inch bottom, and 2 1/2 inch inside. Also a used as a
steamed cup. Shipping weight about ½ pounds.

All pieces (except the plates) are highly polished, made of genuine Manganese aluminum, extra hard, absolutely guaranteed for 20 years.

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42.50 monthly. Price, 27 pieces, $23.90.

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With $1.00 to us now. Have this 27-piece Aluminum Set shipped on 30 days' trial. We'll also send our Big Bargain Catalog listing thousands of amazing bargains. Only a small first payment and balance in monthly payments for anything you want. Send the coupon.

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Send for our Free Bargain Catalog

Send for it. Shown thousand good bargains in furniture, jewelry, clothes, etc., and men's and children's clothing.

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(Ninety-one)
The Wonders of a Puffed Grain

Each Puffed Wheat bubble is a whole grain puffed to eight times normal size. A hundred million steam explosions have occurred within it. Every food cell is exploded, so you see an airy, toasted morsel as flimsy as a snowflake.

Puffed rice is whole rice puffed in like way. Puffed Corn is broken corn puffed to raindrop size. The texture is enticing, the flavor is like nuts. The airy granules seem to melt away.

But think what they are

But these delightful bits are grain foods, fitted for digestion as grains never were before. Float the Puffed Wheat grains in milk and you have the greatest food in existence. Serve with cream and sugar, mix with fruit. Douse with melted butter for hungry-hour delights. Use like nut-meats on ice cream.

In all ways these Puffed Grains are like savory confections, yet they are supreme foods. Millions now enjoy them. Serve all three in all the ways you can. No other grain food can compare with them.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Puffed Wheat</th>
<th>Puffed Rice</th>
<th>Puffed Corn</th>
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<tr>
<td>Also Puffed Rice Pancake Flour</td>
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A pancake surprise

We now mix Puffed Rice flour in an ideal pancake blend. It makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nutlike taste. You will surprise your folks with the finest pancakes ever tasted when you use it. Ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. It is self raising—simply add milk or water.

The Quaker Oats Company

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Peaceful Valley

(Continued from page 90)

come with his option money. Somehow, they hadn't seemed to think he ever would.
With it right there, before them, with Luke in the room with Martha, swearing he wanted her at once, no matter what had befallen her, it didn't seem necessary to part with story old Perpendicular. It seemed hard and wholly undesirable. That winter had taught values.

Old Joatham saw how it was going. Saw that it didn't need to go. His hand was in his pocket when Luke opened Martha's door to come out and Martha, catching sight of Ward Andrews framed in the front door, emitted a piercing, unmistakable shriek of terror, of appalled recognition, of appeal.

Somehow it struck them all, simultaneously. Ward Andrews... the option... Martha and her disappearance... Hosen was upon him before Luke could get there and finally out of the chaos some sort of order was evolved.

Luke went back to Martha to still the incoherence of her reiterated "I got away from him... I got away from him... he never so much... I did... I did..."

Dr. Rand had Hosen by the hand. "I have been investigating this young man on the quiet for some time," he said, indicating what was left of Ward Andrews, "and he has borne the investigation. I have also been investigating your farm, Mrs. Howe. You and your son are to be congratulated as potential millionaires. The place is invaluable in mineral springs."

Outside the door Virginia had narrated Hosen. Her eyes were upon him, beseeching.

"Once you said," he imparted, "that you loved mother... and Martha... and Peaceful Valley... but you didn't mention..."

"You?" prompted Virginia, touching him, "you? Oh, darling, that was only because I was a traitor... I didn't care... And I wasn't sure about you. But I am now. I see it in your eyes..."

Hosen took her in his arms and kissed her. At once it was the natural, the only thing to do. At all once, too, Peaceful Valley was filled with an unearthly light as of a great glory and there was the sound of singing, heavenly sweet, and the summer louragened and filled the twilight with a million, million roses... and thru it all filtered Martha's thin little happy laugh. Dr. Rand's deep pleasant voice, their mother's triumphant, eager answers... the singing of their pulses... his and hers..."

THE IMPERISHABLE

By Charlotte Becker

Death may take to him the painter,
But his works to us belong;
He may steal from us the singer,
But he cannot seize the song.

And, tho he may take the lives that
Hold our sum of joy, yet he
Cannot rob us of the largess
Of a single memory.

(Ninety-two)
Importers Prices Direct On DIAMONDS

We are diamond importers. We buy direct from the cutters in Europe and sell direct to you by mail. In that way we eliminate brokers' profits and save you in many cases from 30% to 50% of retail prices on diamonds. This year we are able to offer more extraordinary values than at any time in our 42 years of business. Through the vastly increased buying power of the American dollar in Europe we were able to make large purchases far below market prices. We are giving customers the benefit of these big savings in the new 1921 Basch De Luxe Diamond Book. A copy is waiting for you free. Send the coupon today. Don't buy a diamond until you have had a chance to examine our wonderful money-saving offers. Just compare the amazingly low prices in our Diamond Book with retailers' prices and judge for yourself.

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Myrtle of the Mountains
(Continued from page 21)

"Funny little thing," said Miss Stedman, laughing in sympathy.

And then, just as we left the table and started for the living-room, the doorbell began to ring.

"What on earth?" she exclaimed . . . there was no one in sight. Still the bell rang, loudly, continuously, as though it were making up for lost time. After a protracted search it was discovered that the amateur electricians in the house had in some way connected the thing with the bell wiring. When the wires were left open the bell wouldn't ring at all, but with the door closed it rang all the time. The door was propped open, to keep it out of the noise, and we returned to the living-room and seated ourselves comfortably on a big davenport. We had been laughing heartily, that for a minute, conversation was impossible.

"Let's see; where were we?" said Miss Stedman, and then answering herself, "Oh, yes; at the Western after all. It's a mill door. When the wires were left open the bell wouldn't ring at all, but with the door closed it rang all the time. The door was propped open, to keep it out of the noise, and we returned to the living-room and seated ourselves comfortably on a big davenport. We had been laughing heartily, that for a minute, conversation was impossible."

There was, of course, the ever present possibility that someone would try and steal some of their stuff.

It was about five years ago that Myrtle Stedman left Chicago and Westerns for drama and California. She appeared as Saxon in Jack London's "Valley of the Moon," and was also in the first production of "Burning Daylight." It will be remembered that she was at Lasky's for a time playing with Hayakawa, Wallace Reid and many others.]

"I've had a trying week," I remarked, referring to some re-takes for "Sowing the Wind," in which she had been working at the Mayer studio. "Yes, I've been weeping steadily all the way thru this picture. It's an old 'Romance' play, you know—of course, they've brought it up-to-date."

"I didn't hope that I was going to do a Western next, but it seems that the picture was not the idea. We were told to do it. It's a mill story. However, it will be with Bill Hart and I'm delighted about that anyway!"

Myrtle Stedman has a frank, straightforward way of looking at you from clear blue eyes, a frank, straightforward hand-shake.

She has never lost her capacity for enthusiasm. She loves the theater and she can still watch a play or a picture uncritically, laughing at the right moments and crying at the right moments, too.

With all this, her work shows her to be a remarkably finished artist.

It is not to be wondered at, that Rex Beach, seeing her in New York, engaged her for the part of Cherry Melotte in "The Silver Horde." She was an ideal choice for the part.
How Every Woman Can Have A Winning Personality

Let Me Introduce Myself

DEAR READERS: I wish to tell you how to have a charming, winning personality because all my life I have seen that without it any woman labors under great handicaps. Without personality, it is impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and yes, even most a woman give up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to 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 it to a very large blot on the screen. And I have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of themselves, and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

There are certain factors that were distressing that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain conditions. I have seen women of every rank, of culture and natural beauty actually fail whereas other women make use of certain secrets, in certain personifications, a certain knack of looking right and an art you can save them delightfully. Nor, were they naturally lovely, before they knew the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were deplorably lack of balance they seemed to. They didn't do things by allowing their faces with cosmetics; they knew the true manner. And often the winning women were in the thirties, fifties, and even sixties. Yet they "called." You know what I mean. They drew others to them by subtle power.

Juliette Faro

which seemed to emanate from others. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease—as though you had been good, good friends for very long.

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generously endowed with this ability to fascinate than my friends of other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was assured to find that most of the women I met were enchanting. "Is French 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 they studied and acquired by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. This includes your lady reader. There are numerous royal secrets for developing your 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 or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, have no choice but to develop their charms in competition with others.

How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately the newspapers have been telling us that hundreds of thousands of our young men have taken French wives. It was no surprise to learn that the winning secrets are the French girls. Nor could I help concealing the truth in the baring of the winning French-American journalist that "American men are too unpractical.

To obtain Madame Faro's little book "How," free, you may fill out the coupon and send in; or you may write by letter or postcard requesting it. Address as below:

GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE

615 West 43rd St.
211-A, New York, N. Y.

(Nine-fifteen)

Important

Mail the Coupon for Free Book Rock

Free Book Coupon

Simply cut out this coupon, pin it to a sheet of paper, mail to us, with your name and address, and you will receive Juliette Faro's little book "How." Address as above:

GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE

615 West 43rd St. 211-A, New York, N. Y.

(With this coupon you may request a free book coupon for the French book "The Complete Guide to Winning Personality" by Juliette Faro.)

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married women should know. One of the secrets that enables them to hold the key, admiration and fidelity of their men. How self-sufficiency in a man is to be overcome. To realize, that dressing to show you are in no disadvantage. There is that kind of art and without that knowing you will always be under a disadvantage.

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 indefinable. Personality, charm, good looks, wonderful or not, are all success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets, if you put them into practice, you can be charming, not only to your parents but to your in-laws.

Once you have learned my lessons, you become a kind of second nature, so that you experience the improvement in your appearance, how you will be noticed by a man, and how you will be noticed by the man of your choice. Now I realize, that this is not the secret of attraction. It is not the trick of winning a man's heart. It is the secret of keeping a man's heart. More interesting than the most fascinating book you have ever read.

No Fad—the Success of Ages

I am well enough known by the public not to be advancing anything as a fad. It has been my life I have understood the value of plain commonsense, and practical methods. And what I have put into my course the cultivation of personality is just as practical as anything can be. I could go on to tell you more and more about it, because the secret is not necessary to the man of your choice, but the secret is not necessary to the man of your choice, but the Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just put the asking.

Juliette Faro
"But the Fellers Call Him Bill"

(Continued from page 59)

willfulness. He thought he wanted to go on the stage—but he was not sure, because he had not yet tried it—or anything else.

So he tried directories. But figures and detail work bored him. He was not interested in directories at all, he honestly tried to be. His father was disappointed—his mother, well known to the profession in this and other countries, did not want him to go on the stage.

Billie Boyd was twenty-three when he began his career—but he began by doing extra parts, receiving, sometimes, the innumerable sum of one dollar—fifty cents of which he handed over as a commission. But he had decided and there was no turning back. From these small beginnings he has advanced rapidly. Not only in all the principal cities of America, but in all the provinces he is known as a juvenile lead hero of drama or light comedy, in character parts. His last Broadway appearance was in "The Voice in the Dark" and he had just finished a long engagement in Chicago with "Poker Kanche," reaching New York just in time to begin work in the filming of "Blackbirds" in which he is appearing with Justine Johnson in her first Realart picture.

"And have you deserted the stage entirely?" I asked—knowing well what his answer would be, but wishing to get him to talk about himself.

"No indeed!" he said emphatically. "I am glad of the chance to do this picture because I have finished my stage engagement in Chicago and A. H. Woods who has practically signed me for the coming season was not quite decided about the pay I was to appear in. So I had time to do this and am enjoying it wonderfully. Funny business—" he commented. "Went to Florida week or so ago to take some scenes. And now, we are doing some scenes that come away ahead of those we took in Florida.

"I'm not used to that—and even tho' I know the story, it's a bit confusing. You see I have done only one picture before this—"Virtuous Wives" with Anita Stewart. But I hope it will develop that I can do more. I really like the work very much. Ten years ago," he said, reminisciently, "George Fitzmaurice tried to persuade me to go with him as a director. I could not see pictures at all at that time—and turned down his proposition.

"You might have made a big success as a director—as Mr. Fitzmaurice has done."

"No," he said decidedly. "I am an actor—and while some actors are good business men—I am not. And I believe a director of motion pictures should be both. As I see it, it's up to the director to make the picture both an artistic and business success. I might take care of the artistic end—but the financial end would be a big gamble. And I couldn't afford to take the stage. It's my job—I know. So I'll keep the faith—so to speak—and try to justify my choice of a profession. And Billie Boyd would.
more a series of estates than a town . . .
and the hotel is surrounded by wide
grounds. There seemed to be twice as
many stars in the sky as is usual and a
little new moon looked very brilliant
and very near. One felt as tho in the midst
of a stage setting, rather than a scene
of reality. There, she told me of a thrilling
experience which she had while in the
South of Russia. The anecdote deserves
a place here because it illustrates so well
the daring of her nature.

"I had been in Russia many times," she
said, "but never far from civilization. On
this occasion just a little stream separated
us from a Tartar village where the people
were wild and very cruel. We had been
warned, our party, but still I wanted to
cross that stream. It was so narrow one
could step across it quite easily.

"One day, I was out walking with a
friend and we decided to go just a little
way. We had hardly crossed the stream
when we were surrounded and made pris-
oners. I was never so afraid in all my
life. I was certain that they were going
to kill us. They made us prisoners for
some time, then they let us go. They said
that if ever we came back they would
\[.\]ertainly kill us!"

But she had her own way about
crossing the stream; she is that type of
woman.

Dorothy Makes Her Bow

(Continued from page 84)

popularity with each succeeding picture,
that is if I make good. I am not going
into this venture with any false illusions,
you may be certain. I sometimes think
that I should have worked in small parts,
gotten some experience before venturing
into being featured in pictures, but cir-
cumstances have forced me to act other-
wise, and I can only work and wait."

Miss Dickson is one of the most photo-
graphed girls in the country. Not an
issue of any of the popular magazines
seems complete without a photograph of
her. The dainty charm of her wistful
beauty lends itself with extreme aptitude
to the camera, and this is perhaps what
the powers that be over at the Famous
Players studio realized when they signed
Dorothy up with an interesting contract.

We lifted our glass of iced coffee
slowly, our thoughts busy with the many
gifts which the fairy good mothers had
showered upon this one girl-wonder.
Our eyes chanced to fall on the diamond
wrist watch she wore. Choking and putter-
ing, we came back to earth and gurgled
that we had to dash—"no idea it was so
late—Heavens! Much work to do."

"Can I drop you anywhere. I'm on my
way to finish my shopping," said Doro-
thy.

"No, thank you. Have to go by sub-
way. Many thanks just the same. Thanks
awfully. Good-bye! Good-luck!"

"Good-bye. See you soon, I hope," said Dorothy—and she will!

(Ninety-seventh)
of the country sweeps out from the silver-

sheet. There is the Bartlett kitchen, the

front of the New England family, there

is the Bartlett farmhouse porch, whereon

mother does her charming and father

reads his paper in the twilight of the de-

parting day, there are vast stretches of

day and daisy fields by summer and

frozen roads and snow-swept coun-

ty-side by winter. Mr. Griffith has caught

it all, from the gentle humor of the New

England June to the tiring sleigh ride

and barn dance days of December.

We do not mean that Griffith has been

entirely successful. He has permitted a

horrible overdrawing of rural comedy

characters, following in the footsteps of

the original stage version. How easy

it would have been to have stunned these

follks simply and honestly, to have pre-

sented them with homely sincerity. But

Griffith, we suspect, felt this not necessary to

meet popular taste. In our critical—

and perhaps impractical—way, we doubt

it. But, of course, we have no millions

at stake, waiting upon the film's success

or failure.

We have noted the big thrill of the

Griffith “Way Down East.” In the

stage version, the unhappy Anna merely

disappeared out of the door of the Bartlett

mansion into a flurry of fluttering paper.

Upon the Griffith screen she struggles

through a real blizzard until she falls un-

conscious into the midst of an ice jam.

Then upon the ice breaks and Anna is

carried upon a creaniong and steadily

dwindling ice cake towards the river falls.

The country lover dashes blindly to her

rescue and—leaping from one block ice

to another—reaches Anna's side as she

is about to be swept over the falls.

Beating her, he jumps from ice to ice to

ice floe until he reaches safety. This sounds

true in the narrative. In reality, he seems

two or three times to leap from an ice

cake just as it plunges over the roar-

ing cataract. We do not know how

Griffith accomplished it, but, as we have said,

this is unquestionably the biggest thrill since

that classic climax of “The Birth of a Nation.”

At the New York pre-

miere the audience actually leaped to its

feet and shouted as Anna, alias Lillian

Gish, was carried to safety, by David,

otherwise Dick Barthelmess.

Here let us give Miss Gish her due.

Her Anna Moore, a ghostly color-

less being once the stage, is one of the big-

gest things the cinema has ever revealed

—if it isn't the biggest. Right now we are

rather of the opinion that it tops every

histrionic performance of the past. It has

shocking moments, as in the hysteria of

the baby's death and again when the dis-

trouged girl bawls, a denunciation of

those who persecute her, but, best of

all it is a big, consistent and developing

performance. Anna literally grows from

wide-eyed girlhood to womanhood before

your eyes. Congratulations, Miss Gish!

Mr. Barthelmess is excellent as the

country lover. Fine, too, is Burr Mc-

Intosh's virile and unheeding old Puritan.

(Continued on page 100)
YOU get to smoking Camels because you appreciate their fine, refreshing flavor! And, you like them better all the time because they never tire your taste!

Camels quality makes Camels so appetizing, so continuously delightful. And, Camels expert blend of choice Turkish and choice Domestic tobaccos gives them that wonderful mildness and mellow body.

You have only to compare Camels with any cigarette in the world at any price to know personally that Camels are a revelation!

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Camels are sold everywhere in scientifically sealed packages of 20 cigarettes for 20 cents.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.
The Celluloid Critic
(Continued from page 98)

Squire Bartlett, incarnate representative of the New England conscience. He is the atmosphere of "Way Down East." Lowell Sherman is a vivid villain, Kate Bruce is sweet and moving as Mother Bartlett, Mary Hay has cute moments as a city educated farm maiden and Creighton Hale plays a butterfly-hunting scientist with line—and even subtle—touche of humor. But the rural comedy characters—horrors!

Mr. Griffith has achieved some unusual things here and there, but technically and dramatically. In the first named category comes the scene where he has dared to show the agonies of childbirth. Griffith has utilized the Brewster method of natural color photography for at least a half dozen scenes. Alongside the superb color of Bitzer's matchless photography it seems doubly crude. There are many notable moments photographically. One, which occurs in David's chase of the lost Anna, will cling to our memories. This is a fleeting glimpse of the boy caught in the whirlwind blizzard, framed by slewing fir trees against a haze of swirling snow.

A minor plaint can be made against the seeming confusion of time in the city and country scenes. Lucile and 1920 reign in the wicked metropolis, while the country is still in the nineties sentimentally.

Griffith came near greatness in "Way Down East." He fell short in two things, slowness in reaching the real theme of his novel, and a greater measure, in constantly tearing away the homely and tenderly developed atmosphere with such palpably overdrawn horse-play characters as Hi Holler, Seth Holcomb and Reuben Whipple. But "Way Down East" is so worth while that we predict an endless sort of popularity for it.

And, let us add, you will not forget Miss Ghish's performance. It is splendid in every sense of the word.

Each place necessitates brief reviews of the various current photoplays:

"The Love Flower."—D. W. Griffith's story of a man-hunt in the South Pacific. Griffith lost his theme in preying a romance between the pursued man's daughter and a young adventurer. Does not seem real anywhere but it establishes Carol Dempster as a cinema personality. Here is a young girl with charm, distinction and vivacity. Dick Barthelmess is not at his best.


"Lady Rose's Daughter."—Hugh Ford's visualization of the Mrs. Humphrey Ward novel. A study in inherited weakness. Bad continuity and inferior direction handling. Elsie Ferguson was never more unconvincing.

"45 Minutes From Broadway."—(Continued on page 101)
Gray Hair Disappears
In from 4 to 8 Days

A Scientific Discovery

Science has discovered a way to restore gray hair to its original natural color.

Not by old-time crude dyes so distasteful to dainty women.

But by a scientific hair color restorer.

Women have long been waiting for this discovery. All women want to end gray hair. Yet few have wanted to use greasy dyes.

Now women hesitate. Thousands have already used this scientific hair color restorer. And many more thousands are learning of its wonderful results.

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Mary T. Goldman's Scientific Hair Color Restorer is a pure, colorless liquid. You apply it yourself.

All that is necessary is to comb it through the hair. In 4 to 8 days your hair will have been restored to its natural color. It leaves the hair soft and fluffy. It will not fade or wash off.

Mary T. Goldman's
Scientific Hair Color Restorer

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Write the words for a song. We revise song-poems, compose music for them, and guarantee to secure publication on a royalty basis by a New York music publisher.

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How to Obtain Beautiful, Rich, Long, Eyelashes and Brows!

Every woman should be the rightful owner of beautiful eyes, the essentials of which are: First Long, rich eyelashes, and Second: Well-colored eyebrows. No matter what color your eyes may be—gray, brown or blue—if they are shaded by thick, rich, long, and well-shaped brows, their charm is greatly accentuated.

Nowadays, no one needs to be the disinherited princess of short, thin, uneven brows and lashes; you can greatly assist Nature by simply applying a little of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier at night. This scientific preparation nourishes the eyebrows and eyelashes, causing them to become gradually thick and lustrous, imparting sparkling ex- eptional beauty to the eyes, and added charm to the face.

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Upon receipt of the bottle in stamps, fill in Money Order, and we will send you postpaid, in plain wrapper, a bottle of M. T.'s Eyelash and Eyebrow Beautifier together with my copyrighted booklet on Beauty Hints.

The following preparations are of highest standard and well recommended:

M. T.'s Nature's Beauty Cream, a wrinkle eradicator
M. T.'s A. E. A. Lotion, for Pimples and Blackheads
M. T.'s Depilatory to remove superfluous hair
M. T.'s Freshener, for stubborn freckles and tan
M. T.'s Mixture Quilon, The Incomparable Vanishing Cream

M. TRILETY, Toilets. Beauty, Knoxville, Tenn.
The Amazing Interview
(Continued from page 61)
in his brand-new limousine and now you have come to interview me!" And she sighed again.
If only I had been a cynic!
Marie does not always plan to remain in comedy. Mr. Roach has been developing plans for the production of serious dramas and has urged that she stay with him a little longer—until he can put his plans into effect. It is very probable that she will. At least, if she maintains her present record, she will never be very far away, for she has never in all her life been out of the city of Los Angeles!
"But that’s not half so silly as the fact that I’ve never ridden on a railroad train!"
She is delightfully aware of her own uniqueness; a uniqueness, by the way, in which a professional generosity is no small factor. It seemed to me that in her I had discovered the epitome of the spirit of the Rolin studio—surely the most cheery in Los Angeles.
She told me of a brief talk with Harold Lloyd just before my arrival.
"He knew the moment he came in the room that I was terribly upset about something and, of course, when I wouldn’t tell him what it was he only grew more curious.
In the end I gave in—somehow one always does give in to Harold—and confessed that I was about to be interviewed, and that I was dying of fear that you’d forgotten me, and that it wasn’t really for the classic after all..."
Harold laughed at me and promised not to tell anyone.
I don’t want anyone to know until it actually comes out in print. Then I shall take it to Mr. Roach and say, ‘There! Now see what you’ve done to me!’"

In her home, a bungalow in Hollywood where she lives with her mother, Marie is much the same as at the studio; a little less restrained perhaps, with the actress side of her for the moment obliterated, the charm of a splendid little dog, whom she has brought up since his third day on this earthy globe. That is burdened with the conventional name of “Shep” makes him not the less beloved.

In common with so many, many other young actresses Marie is a worshipper of the elder Talmadge. To be somewhat like her, to accomplish something of her success, to achieve a title of her perfection... that would be enough. She asks no more.
But like all others who will ever rise to any greatness Marie is so essentially herself that she could never be a second anybody. She must be an “only” or nothing at all.

I was still persistent. I wanted a glimpse of her inner self. There had seemed to be a reserve, and so I said again: “But tell me something of yourself, something that is not of your work, nor of your dog, but just of you.”

"I? She looked rather frightened, but took heart at my smile. When the words came they came suddenly, as if they had at last broken out of a secret chamber of her heart... "Oh, I just want to be good, good now and always!"
"If only I had been a cynic!"

Dead Men Tell No Tales

CUTICURA

The most fascinatingly fragrant and healthful of powder perfumes for the skin. Antiseptic, prophylactic, deodorizing and refreshing, it is an ideal face, skin, baby and dusting powder. It soothes and cools, is convenient and economical and takes the place of other perfumes for the skin. Splendid after bathing with Cuticura Soap. A few grains sufficient.

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Combining of Cuticura Soap to cleanse and purify, Cuticura Ointment to soothe and soften, and Cuticura Talcum to powder and perfume, promote and maintain skin purity, skin comfort and skin health always when used. Sample each free by mail.

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Cuticura Soap always without mercury.

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We'll send you a genuine "Saffire Gem" for your approval. Put it beside a diamond. Stand the test. Nothing like it ever entered into any patent or distinction. Not a copy, a genuine. Only cost of a genuine diamond with the word "Saffire Gem" engraved on it.

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Hermo "Hair-Lustre"

(Packs the Hair Dressed)

FOR MEN, WOMEN AND CHILDREN

No. 5 Hair Treatment, known as "Hair-Lustre" has been applied. No more splashing about with hairdresser, injuring the life of the hair. Beautiful brilliancy in any of the prevailing styles, and it will give the hair the utmost soft, glossy, well-groomed appearance. No bandage, roll. Never requires more than a few minutes for the hair to cool off. Guaranteed harmless, non-gratious and stable.

1 oz. Sizes—50c and $1.00.

At Your DRUGGIST or DEPT. Store. 2 oz. sizes three times the quantity of 5c size.

Hermo Hair Lustre, 15 days. It does what it is said, and we will REFUND YOUR MONEY IF NOT SATISFIED. See our Advertisements.

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USALYTE is an wholesome, safe, quick and strong means of raising gas for heating purposes, and will pay for itself in three weeks. Not the old fashion gas, but the new USALYTE, a remarkable substitute for the old gas. For heating only, 50c.

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Flirt, Hollander, Guitar, Ukulele

Get your name inscribed in this book, or on your own guitar. To order one of these, write to: S. L. GARTER CO., 814C Trust Co. Bldg., DAYTON, OHIO

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Your legs will appear straight when you wear

Straightleg Garters

Nouveau new system of leg-fitting made in all sizes. To fit perfectly on both legs, they are adjusted to fit various shapes. They are so simple and comfort- ful that no other type of garters can meet the standards required. You can set them or adjust them, with ease. Write for free booklet, mailed in plain envelopes.

S. L. GARTER CO.

(One hundred and two)
VACATION time is over — and once again the world turns its thoughts to the problem of providing entertainment for the long winter evenings.

Whether it be the velvety warmth of a marble mansion or the gas-stove warmth of a hall bed room,

The MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE provides the necessary companionship.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead" that he would fail to thrill to the glory of Clara Kimball Young? Adele Whitley Fletcher says "no," in her story about the dark-eyed Clara.

And who can resist the blue-eyed appeal of Hope Hampton, the Girl on the Cover? Gladys Hall has interviewed Hope for this number.

The Blonde Blanche Sweet has been cornered by C. Blythe Sherwood and tells us things about herself which we knew not of.

The Rainbow Chasers is an unusually interesting story on extracts from letters to the scenario editor.

Hazel Naylor chats with Forrest Stanley, that handsome new leading man of Cecile de Mille's! George Walsh, Niles Welch, Jack Pickford, Clyde Fillmore and Enid Bennett are a few of the others whose stories appear in this coming issue. The gallery is an unusually attractive one.

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N. Y.
Are You Physically Fit?

Do you look forward serenely, confidently, towards the day when you will wed the girl you cherish? Do you see in your day dreams a loving, adoring wife and sturdy children of your own flesh and blood and a dear little, happy home?

This is the picture every man ought to be able some day to realize. But you may be one of the thousands who, for one reason or another—known only to yourself—have stumbled into youthful errors which have discouraged and weakened you and made you almost hopeless of ever being truly fit. . . . You fear the consequences of deception. You hesitate to make love, lest you make a miserable mess of some sweet girl's life. Life looks mighty gloomy to you.

But don't be disheartened. There is hope even for the frailest of humanity, for both sexes of whatever age.

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I Want To Help You

Strongfortism has lifted thousands of weak, ailin., impotent, discouraged men out of the bow of hopelessness and despair and placed them on the broad, straight road to health, happiness and prosperity. Strongfortism has restored the mankind they had destroyed and thought they had lost forever and given the renewed vitality, ambition and the power to DO THINGS in the world. Strongfortism has enabled them to beget children who will make citizens of whom both they and their country will be proud.

And you do want children, don't you? Of course you do—and you shall be a proud father, with healthy kiddies at your feet, if you listen to my advice and take my hand and let me help you to be a real man.

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Is A Science In Itself

Strongfortism is a long stride ahead of any so-called physical culture course or system that you know of. It embraces all the essentials of such systems, but is limited to them—it goes far beyond, reaching out to a variety of Nature aids, and employing them to an advantage that brings surprising results to every Strongfort follower.

I banish all drugs and medicines and clumsy devices intended to relieve disease. I get results that are most astounding because my plan is so simple—my instructions so easily followed.

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Send today for your copy of "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." It's free, but the information which it contains is priceless in inestimable value to you. It will tell you bow you can, without medicines or drugs, and without the use of expensive apparatus, build yourself up to perfect health—how you may become a strong, healthy man. Fill out coupon at the right and mail it with three 2c stamps to cover packing and postage and you will receive your copy by return mail. Take the first step by mailing that coupon now?

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History Repeats Itself!

The Fame and Fortune Contest of 1921

The phenomenal success of the Fame and Fortune Contest which has been conducted for the past year by THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, THE CLASSIC and SHADOWLAND have firmly decided the heads of the Brewster Publications that another contest, even more far-reached in its power, should be started immediately for the year 1921.

The Golden Key of Opportunity is in Your Hands—Turn the Key in the Doorway of Success

and thru the portal of the Fame and Fortune Contest you may enter the kingdom of the screen.

Photographs May be Entered at Once

and the first honor roll winners will appear in the January issues of each of our publications.

Send In Your Photograph Early

We know that you get tired of reading this notice, but if you could have seen the avalanche of pictures which flooded the offices at the last moment, and could realize that there must ensue tremendous confusion, unnecessary work, and inevitable delay in the announcement of the final winners, you would appreciate the value of this Warning. Those who have failed in previous contests are eligible to enter the next contest.

Fill Out The Coupon Below At Once

FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST
CLASSIC ENTRANCE COUPON

Name
Address
Street
City
State
Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any
When born
Blonde or Brunette
Weight
Height

(One hundred and five)
For Beautiful Hair

Take the advice of highest medical authorities

EVERYONE (men, women and children) should have healthy hair. Nature provided it in the beginning. Proper treatment will preserve it through life.

The most eminent authorities have prescribed the way to prevent the loss of the hair's life and luxuriance.

Highest authorities

The Council of the American Medical Association (the highest authority known) has recognized Resorcinol Monoacetate for the treatment of dandruff (seborrheal eczema) and baldness (alopecia-areata)—the common foes of beautiful hair. Resorcinol Monoacetate is the principal ingredient of "La Creole" Hair Tonic. Thus science approves this wonderful preparation. Abundant vigorous hair is now easily attained.

Simple directions

Two or three times a week apply "La Creole" Hair Tonic to the scalp. Moisten the hair and scalp thoroughly. Massage with a rotary motion of the finger tips. Scalp circulation is then stimulated, the hair roots supplied with needed nourishment and dandruff quickly eliminated. You will notice an immediate improvement in the liveness of your hair.

Proper shampooing

Absolute cleanliness is essential for beautiful, healthy hair. The scalp is constantly throwing off old skin and extraneous substances. If the pores and hair roots are clogged with dirt and perspiration, a healthy condition is impossible. Regularly every ten days or two weeks shampoo the hair thoroughly with "La Creole" Liquid Shampoo.

"La Creole" Liquid Shampoo is made from an exclusive Menthol formula of purest coconut and jojoba oils. You will instantly notice the delightful, cooling effect from its use. The hair becomes soft and lustrous—dries quickly—and the scalp and pores glow with clean health and vigor. Always apply "La Creole" Hair Tonic after shampooing. When purchasing "La Creole" Liquid Shampoo be sure to get "La Creole" Hair Tonic also, because the formula of each is designed to aid the other.

"La Creole" Hair Dressing is a treatment for the gradual restoration of the Natural Dark Color to hair that has grown gray, gray-streaked or faded. Restoration approves its use.

If you cannot obtain these preparations at advertised prices—or if we direct—we will see that you are supplied.

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Poor Complexions Respond To Home Electric Massage

If you would have your skin delightfully fresh, clear and blemish-free, with that fine, velvety delicacy and radiant glow you admire so much in other women—then begin today to give your complexion the famous "Star" home massage treatment! You'll be delighted to see how your poor, neglected skin responds to this stimulating building-up of the tissues. And, almost instantly, you will note a marked improvement in your color.

The "Star" softens, cleanses and relieves the tiny pores of dangerous germs, alleviates irritation, soreness and roughness and gives nature an honest chance to bring back the pure, colorful complexion of youth.

Your favorite screen and stage stars use and enthusiastically endorse the Star Vibrator as an indispensable aid to health, as well as to beauty! Try the "Star" for your hair and scalp; fatigue; nervous headaches; insomnia; sore, stiff muscles; rheumatism, etc. For sale and demonstrated free at drug, department, and electrical-goods stores. Or direct from us if not at your local dealer's. Price $5 complete (in Canada, $7.50). Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 216, Torrington, Conn. We also make The Star Massage Shower Spray, the ideal way to bathe. Get one. $5 complete.

The STAR Electric Massage VIBRATOR
Old Dutch Cleanser makes easy work of cleaning floors. Keeps linoleum, wood, stone and tile spick-and-span.

Dampen floor and sprinkle Cleanser lightly over the surface, apply the mop, rinse and wipe up.

Use Old Dutch for all general cleaning. Goes further and does better work; saves time and labor.
Adorable Necklaces of Deltah

The heart's desire of every woman
Incomparable for their lustre and purity.
Guaranteed by a house with over a quarter of a century of high reputation

Ten Dollars to Five Hundred Dollars at your jewelers

L. Heller & Son, Inc.
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The Guarantee of a $2,000,000 Company that it Is the Identical Model

Be your own salesman and earn $36. You get the identical typewriter formerly priced $100—not a cent's alteration in value. The finest, the most expensive, the latest Oliver Model. Old methods were wasteful. Our new plan is way in advance. It is in keeping with new economic tendencies. It does away with waste. Inflated prices are doomed forever.

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We offer new Olivers at half price because we have put typewriter selling on an efficient, scientific basis.

You can now deal direct—sell to yourself, with no one to influence you. This puts the Oliver on a merit test.

You Save $36 Now

This is the first time in history that a new standard $100 typewriter has been offered for $64. Remember, we do not offer a substitute model, cheaper nor different. But the same splendid Oliver used by the big concerns. Over 800,000 Olivers have been sold.

We ship direct from the factory to you. No money down—no red-tape. Try the Oliver Nine at our expense. If you decide to keep it, send us $4 per month. If you return it, we even refund the out-going transportation charges. You are not placed under the slightest obligation. That's our whole plan.

We rely on your judgment. We know you don't want to pay double. And who wants a lesser typewriter? You may have an Oliver for free trial by checking the coupon below. Or you may ask for further information.

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This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

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☐ I would like to know more about the Oliver Nine before deciding.

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By the name—that's how.

Not by the title, nor the plot, nor the cast, but by the name that guarantees quality in all these.

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Write the words for a song. We revise song-poems, compose music for them, and guarantee to secure publication on a royalty basis by a New York music publisher. Our Lyric Editor and Chief Composer is a song-writer of national reputation and has written many big song-hits. Mail your song-poem on love, peace, victory or any other subject to us today. Poems submitted are examined free.

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1269 Broadway, New York

SOFT VELVET TELL NO TALES

DEAD MEn TELL No TALES

Vol. XI DECEMBER, 1920 No. 4
THE GIRL ON THE COVER (Covered: Mr. J. D.)

The eingling of a new feature the "Conception Boy" at four and playing in stock at the age of six are stars in her remarkable career, until she reached the screen. Now she has left the fame of the cinema and is appearing in her new play, "You Never Can Tell."


Kirkwood Confess. He deserts the megaphone to return to his first love. Truman B. Handy

My Theda Bara. The mother of Theda relates the childhood and quaint notions of the famous screen vamp. Mrs. Pauline Bara

As A Lamp Turned. An interview with Gladys Hall

The New Zealand Bushranger. Barbara Beach

Storm Warning. Film fans had better take warning. Frederick James Smith

Those Moreno Eyes. Frederick James Smith

The Case of Norma Talmadge. An analysis of the success and fame of this star. Frederick James Smith

My Lady Claire. Frederick James Smith

Madame Peacock. Fictitious diary by which Nazimova is starred. Faith Service

Boudoirs and Bicycles. Boudoirs and Bicycles

Monogram A 2. Present. He is now the President of his own company. Elizabeth Petticoat

The Diminutive Dorothy Devore. Who used to be a simple maid named Ann. Hazel Shelley

Ann A. Adams. Ann at the top of the ladder. Lilian Montanye

Admissions. Pearl Mather

Deep Waters. A fictionized play of a Marriage. A tour for a story by F. Hopkinson Smith

Semon the Jester. Dorothy Donnell

How "Earthbound" Was Made. Revelations concerning the inside work of a stupendous screen release. Jameson Swell

The Celluloid Critic. Frederick James Smith

The Winners Are Announced. Revised and of the Fame, etc. Fortune Contest. Frederick James Smith

An Irish Twinkler. Meaning Eileen Percy, one of Ireland's girls to the almanac. Maude Cheatham

Theater in the Theater. Maude Cheatham

Dinny. A novelization of the picture in which Wesley Barry is being featured. Pearl Malters

Bringing the Congo to Broadway. Secrets of darker Africa to be revealed where the white lights gleam. B. F. Wilson

Know Thyself. Says Juanita Hansen, a serial star, now planning to do features. Faith Service

Pacific Coast Perspectives. News of timely interest concerning the cinema celebrities in the West. Hazel Shelley

Eastern Studio Gossip. Faith Service

The Movie Encyclopedia. Information for motion pictures. The Atwater Mau

STAFF FOR THE CLASSIC:

FRIDAY JAMES SMITH, MANAGING EDITOR
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER, EDITOR

STAFF FOR THE CLASSIC:

FRIDAY JAMES SMITH, MANAGING EDITOR
ADELE WHITELY FLETCHER, EDITOR

This magazine, published monthly, comes out on the 15th. Its older sister, the Motion Picture Magazine, comes out on the first of every month. NEWSPRINT appears on the 23rd of each month.
Belasco.—“One,” with Frances Starr. Edwardian comedy in which twins sisters mix but half a soul äsper. Neither sister can get along without the other, hence the drama. Miss Starr plays the twins. Mr. Belasco’s handling of this play is said to resemble slipping over the line from serious drama.

Bijou.—“The Charm School.” An appealing light-hold on music, based upon Alice Diller Miller’s story of the handsome young bachelor who inherits a young ladies’ finishing school, Minnie Duperé, James Gleason, Sam Hardy and Marie Carroll are effective.

Booth.—“Happy-Go-Lucky.” Ran a long time in London as “Tilly of Bloomsbury.” A typical British comedy by Ian Hay, G. T. Hetherington. Contains a song with the comedy as the shifting biddies and.

Broadhurst.—“The Guest of Honor,” with William Farnum. A typical melodrama in which an ancient Egypt along the lines of “Chu Chin Chow.” Meets achieves several rarely beatiful ambitions in the ballet interludes created by Michel Fokine. A large cast and fourteen scenes.


Cohan and Haray.—“Welcome Stranger.” Aaron Hoffman’s story of a Shylock in a New England town. Presents the battle of Jew and Gentile in a way that the Hebrew gets much the best of it, teaching a whole-town kindliness and religious toleration. George Sidney is excellent as the twentieth century Shylock.

Dorothy Dehse.—“Most charming comedy yet attempted on Broadway. This passes from the bombastic zone to the homely ladies’ night. Not only skates on thin ice, but vanishes them now and then. John Cumberlah is admirable.

Empire.—“Call the Docter.” Jean Archinard, who built around a charming feminine doctor of domestic difficulties. The production shows David Belasco’s smooth stage direction and is very well acted, particularly by Janet Beecher as the physician in question.

Forty-Fourth Street.—D. W. Griffith’s masterly version of the ancient melodrama “Way Down East.” Splendid in many ways in many moving moments and the biggest and most emotional move since the role of the classesman in “The Birth of a Nation.”


Henry Miller’s Theater.—“The Famous Mrs. Fair.” Able drama dealing with the feminine problem of a career or a home. Script written by James Forbes, with unusual playing by Blanche Bates, Henry Miller and Margarita Gilmore.


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Palace.—Keith vaudeville. The home of America’s television. More than a thousand music halls in the world. Always an attractive vaudeville bill.

Plymouth.—“Little Old New York.” Rida Johnson Young’s delightful but fragile little romance of New York in 1810, with John Jacob Astor, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Peter Delmar and Washington Irving among its characters. George Mehl is John the watchful with the chick—and score one of the biggest personal successes of many seasons. Here is a man capable of making a man.

Republic.—“The Lady of the Lamp.” A funeful and highly colored fantasy by Carl Bult. Built about an opium dream which comes true. A certain charm is here. George Gaul is admirable and Henry Herbert gives a remarkable portrayal of the sinister Manchu chieftain of centuries ago.

Selwyn.—“Tickle Me.” An Arthur Hammerstein early autumn show with the amusing Miss Minnie Gehrings, some tuneful music and a very personable chorus. Likewise gorgeous costumes.

Stadium.—“Goodbye, Yellow Brick Road.” Gorgeous and beautiful, as is typical of John Murray Anderson productions. Here is a musical entertainment with imagination and charm. James Reynolds has created some remarkable scenes and costumes and the whole ensemble is vivid and colorful.

Wingate.—“Pickwickians,” with Florence Reed. The first offering in Broadway’s newest theater, Edgar Selwyn’s drama of New York’s coziest way: the tale of a country girl who comes to the white lights and forgets her ideals. Miss Reed plays the girl and prominent in the cast are Alan Dale, Malcolm Williams and Florence Nash.

Windsor.—“The Autumn Beaux.” Another typical Winter garden revue, satirical but plus girls. Bert Williams furnishes most of the fun among the Cantor and George Lemaire are also present.

ON TOUR

“Cruel Cobbler.” A lively and thrilling comedy-melo of the financial district, in which a guileless young inventor of auto tires defects his wife to Wall Street. Taylor Holmes starred.

“Foot-Leggers,” with Emily Stevens, Zoe Wanamaker’s amusing version of the old melodrama, “Forget-Me-Not.”

“Cinderella on Broadway.” Typical girl entertainment designed for the tired business man. And you travel along with the fairy adventures of Cinderella. Plenty of girls, passable music, attractive costumes and a little dancing, too.

“Scrambled Wives.” Another typical farce built on a series of misunderstandings. A divorced couple try to hide their first wedding from the neighbors. Very bright and amusing. Roland Young is excellent.

“George W. Hite’s Scandal of 1920.” Very lively and well-sung musical revue with lavish and swift changing costumes, plus many pretty girls. Paint succeeds stockings and tights in

(Continued on page 81)
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Stage Plays of Interest

(Continued from page 6)


LOVE IS DEAF

By John Hanlon

Once I heard a symphony,
SUBLIME CHORD ON CHORD,
As music was Eurydice,
For her lonely lord,
The turning wheel reality-I was bored.

Once I heard a woman play
Tunes she scarcely knew
In a fumbling, halting way,
Discords not a few;
I could listen all the day;
It was new!
"OH, MOTHER
My story's accepted!"

Tis the thrilling moment of her life

OUT of "the rainbow gleams of her youthful
heart" a new Wounder Book has been written: "The
Secret Reward". The happy sequel to all her
brilliant hopes—her eager aspirations! The
magazine editor has accepted her
story. Her letter brings the happy news.

She moves now as one in a dream. "Can it really be
true?" she asks herself over and over. And all the
time she glows with the pride of authorship, her
wistfulness transformed in the bewildlement of
triumph.

She has used the Golden Rubies! Embellished,
she stands upon the threshold of a New Life! She
is at last "AN AUTHORNESS!" This story she has
written, filled with fresh, bright realism, stirring inci-
dent and sparkling dialogue—written out of her very
heart—painted in glowing words upon the Screen of
Romance, will be read by thousands, thousands!

But yesterday, in her girlish fancy, she deeply en-
visioned those who live and move in that fascinating
sphere, the Realm of Authorship. But yesterday her
vision mingled with her fears, her doubts of herself,
herself, her simple lack of faith in her ability "TO WRITE."
But yesterday she declared it impossible that this
should come to her today.

But yesterday her life was a dull, drear grind in a
department store. But to-morrow she will be behind
the counter over her girl's wish was to be "shoelessly
shoeing". The drab, grey life was devoted every spar
of hour. But yesterday she was only "a young woman".

The Spring! The Spring! The Spring! It brings a
new light into her entire world. It brings a new be-

For years the mistaken idea prevailed that you had
a special knack in order to write. People said it
was a gift, a talent. Some imagined you had to be an
Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways.
They vowed it was a "gift" that few, if any, had
touched by the Magic Word of the Muse. They dis-
couraged attempts of ambitious people to express them-

Tesy only recently a great English literary authority
decided that "merely all the English-speaking race
want to write?" It is a feeling for self-expression,
characteristic of the present century.

So a new light has dawned! A great New Truth
that will abridge the hours of "all the English-speaking
race who want to write!" Astounding new psycholo-
gical, experiments have revealed that "the average
person" may learn to write! Yes, write stories and
photoplays; then, to write, with heart.

You may know it as you may know anything else
under the sun! There are certain simple, easy prin-
ciples to guide you. There are new methods that
produce astonishing results for beginners. A remark-
able New System, covering every phase of writing,
has been perfected by a great literary barrier at Au-
near, New York, now basing supply this infor-
nation barrier. And "The New Method" written,
stories and photoplays is everybody's property. Not for
the select few. Not for those specially gifted. For the
rich and fortunate, but for men and women of
ordinary education and no writing experience whatever.
In a few short hours they can write!

This invitation at Auburn is the world's school for
experienced authors—a literary institute for all hu-

And everybody is taking up the idea of
writing. The fascination has swept the country
by storm. It is one of the most

Not at all girls are unceasing who work in store;
she—she dreamed of higher things. She wanted
more out of life than the grey, humdrum customs.
Why should Success be a thing OTHERS could attain
and not she? She had two good hands and a brain
—she was intelligent, observant, and though not a

One day her sweet-faced mother noticed a small
advertisement in a magazine. It said: "Free to writers
—this wonderful book. Tells How to Write Plays
and Stories." Here, Dorothy dear, said Mrs. Dean,
there is something about writing stories and plays.
Here's a chance offering a free book on the sub-
ject. Why not get it? See what they can do for
you? You never can tell—maybe you really can
learn how to write, the way you've dreamed so long,
and just think how wonderful that would be!

The Authors' Press has this young woman's letter
on file. She wrote for her free book—and the picture
above tells the happy sequel.

This is a true story, as startling as it is romantic,
and love is the most startling thing of all—a re-
markable discovery that will thrill ambitious men
and women of all ages throughout the world! The
discovery is that MILLIONS OF PEOPLE CAN
WRITE STORIES AND PHOTOPLAYS AND
DON'T KNOW IT!"
Facts about her skin
that every girl should know

Is your skin a constant source of worry to you? Do you find its care continually perplexing? The clear, smooth, flawless complexion you long for—does it seem to you a special gift of nature that only a fortunate few can hope to possess?

You are wrong if you think that a beautiful skin comes merely as the result of good fortune. Any girl, by giving the skin the special care it needs, can win the charm of a smooth, clear, soft complexion.

How to keep your skin fine in texture
Perhaps the pores of your skin are becoming enlarged. If so, your skin is not functioning properly—the pores are not contracting and expanding as they should. To restore your skin to healthy, normal activity and give it back the fine, smooth delicacy it should have, begin tonight to give it this special treatment:

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

Use this treatment persistently, and it will bring about a marked improvement in your skin’s texture.

Special treatments for each different skin condition are given in the famous booklet of treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap. Get a cake today and begin using your treatment tonight. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, or for general cleansing use. Sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada.

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Send 25 cents for a beautiful little set of Woodbury’s skin preparations containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week

You will find, first, the booklet, “A Skin You Love to Touch,” telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury’s Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; samples of the new Woodbury’s Facial Cream, Woodbury’s Cold Cream and Woodbury’s Facial Powder. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 912 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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MARIE MOSQUINI

Photograph by Wittel, Los Angeles
PRISCILLA DEAN

Priscilla's most notable performance was the title rôle in Universal's "The Virgin of Stamboul," which had its première during the last year.
Miss Hampton is about to make her second stellar appearance in "The Bait," a melodrama of international intrigue.
Miss Breamer is bringing "Athalie," one of Robert W. Chamber's heroines, to the silver sheet in the Mayflower production of that name.
MARGARET LOOMIS
Miss Loomis is an attractive personality who has recently appeared in the Famous Players productions, among them "The Sins of Saint Anthony," in which she played with Bryant Washburn.
Shadowing Kismet

"How did you happen to fall for the hated movies?" thus I greeted Otis Skinner, very nearly the only great actor on our stage today, who has up to this time zealously repudiated any art in pictures and steadfastly refused munificent offers to see himself as others see him.

"Why pick on me," he retorted, "I know dozens of actors right here in Hollywood who hate pictures ... but—the money ..."

I pricked up my ears, this promised to be an extraordinary interview.

"Seriously," he added, "'Kismet' is going to be a very beautiful picture."

He motioned to the scene on the border line of which we were sitting. It was the harem scene from 'Kismet' which Mr. Skinner played so long and so successfully on the stage. At our feet lapped the cool, green water of the sunken swimming pool, beyond rose the purple and gold walls of the palace. Enormous silken cushions, as wide and broad and deep as I am tall, were huddled invitingly against papier-maché marble pillars. In the background an accordion player wafted fragments of all the haunting old love songs. The mechanics of the movies, that pitiless hammering of stage carpenters and electricians, was strangely absent. The illusion was as perfect as if we had been in front of the footlights. Even the rustle of the queen of the harem's beads sounded a note of something imminent, something great impending.

"When you finish 'Kismet' will you do another picture?" I inquired.

"It all depends how this picture turns out," he replied; "if I am rotten in this, never again! If it is a success, I shall undoubtedly do others."

And right there one touches the chord of Otis Skinner's being. He has no desire to be attached, he it ever so ephemerally, to—a failure. What he does must be of the very best caliber. He loves most that which attracts the greatest success. He has passed beyond the persistent stage of youth which stubbornly stamps its foot and hews and whacks its way out of the barriers that hinder it. Otis Skinner has reached the age where a rough road in life means a detour. His is the philosophy of the person who has arrived.

He has long since passed the stage of growing pains. He sees life as it is. Is the gossamer veil of romance rent into shreds, you ask? No, indeed—for his is the power to recreate romance. Sitting in the green glare of the Klieg-lights, he recounted for me the story of 'Kismet,' and by the tones of his voice alone transported
me into a story-book world—but the false sentimentality of youth is gone. It is not likely that he would hope over the past, or long for a departed favorite. He is interested solely in the play of today. The play that attracts the widest popular applause is the one he loves the best.

He says that stage people are not completely understood. He quoted Henry Arthur Jones as saying, “all actors are rotters” and then added “that erudite gentleman tried to write plays for the ‘rottets.’ Of course, he failed.

“Many actors make the mistake of thinking the applause, the notes, the flowers are tributes to them personally and become big-headed or pig-headed as the case may be. That is why you see the strutters, the poseurs. The audience is perpetually mistaking the part the player is playing with the man himself. They ascribe to him all the virtues of the stage character he is portraying, while in real life he may go home and beat his wife.”

“What do you think of matinee girls?” I asked.

“Matinee girls? God bless them! Where would we be without them? We have to have someone to buy the tickets, you know.”

Otis Skinner is a jovial gentleman with a vast fund of humor. He possesses all the witticism of the accomplished raconteur. This is it should be, for all that is best in the traditions of the stage are a part of him. All that is best in literature and art, he is familiar with.

In spite of his erstwhile persistent hatred of the silent drama, he has not entered it with ignorance. He now goes to see movies indefatigably. He knew what others had done and were doing in the shadows before he stepped into the camera’s glare.

What he hates most about pictures is their trite melodrama, their persistent namby-pambliness; what he likes about them is their ability to present the beautiful.

He said, “People told me I should find a vast difference in the mechanics of the movies and the stage. I see very little difference in the required methods. A little slowing down of action to give the camera time to register—that’s all.”

Mr. Skinner is tremendously interested in all that pertains to his picture, “Kismet.” He wants the scenes to be the most beautiful that have ever been erected. He is enthusiastic over the costumes and he marvels at the way a whole city street

(Continued on page 83)
Kirkwood Confesses!

By TRUMAN B. HANDY

by the villain, and return somewhere off-stage to get renovated. Not that you ever expect 'props' to get off all the grime. That's out of the question. 'Props' is 'props,' and he'll un-spot you enough so that the dear fans won't think you are sporting sartorial novelties.

When James Kirkwood made his screen debut, the majority of the now-known "pioneers" were "extras" at the studio, making five dollars a day. He became a director after playing every kind of part in one- and two-reelers, and finally joined the Famous Players, where he directed Jack Barrymore, Hazel Dawn and Florence Reed. Now he has again taken up the grease-paint, and, judging from his popularity as a player he won't have much opportunity to discard it.

(Continued on page 78)
WOULD you like to know the real Theda Bara? Perhaps you wonder if there is a real Theda Bara and not just a real one, after the many contradictory things you have read about her in magazines, newspapers, etc. Victor Hugo, I believe, said, "Art is a corner of life seen thru a personality," and if I may be permitted to paraphrase, "A personality is a corner of life seen thru a press-agent or an interviewer. It is a difficult task, indeed, for any one to tell the exact truth about any person, and more especially if that person is an artist who is a strange mixture of moods, paradoxes and complexities—but this is the task that I, her mother, have set for myself.

In the four-and-a-half years that Theda Bara has served you—her fans and friends—much that was malicious, cruel and untrue has been written about her and I feel that the time has come when one who knows her in the most intimate sense possible should at least attempt something that represents a true presentation—or close-up of herself, if you prefer.

To those of you who have grown to love her—and there are many, God bless you—my task is an easy one. To those of you who hold otherwise, you at least, in your hearts, have the desire to see fair-play—to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and so I ask you to read this article with an open-mindedness that simply follows the good old rule of doing unto others as you would have them do unto you. You, whether you be mother, son or daughter, can understand how a mother's heart must be wrung and torn upon reading the various articles purporting to tell the truth but, in reality, the lowest order of cowardly attack by men and women who enter your home under the guise of

At the age of three, surprising as it may seem, Theda was a blonde of the fairest type. Then, every night her prayer was something like this: "Please, dear God, make me a tall lady with black hair and wif black eyes and have a nana (banana) under my pillow in the morning." Above, Theda Bara at the ages of three and four, and below with her sister, Loro, and her mother.

Photograph by Charlotte Fairchild.
Madge Kennedy was practically on the other day, when she, none the less, very graciously served me tea and chicken sandwiches at the Ritz Carleton. She was about to take a plunge into atavism (to which I shall devote a paragraph anon) and had, prior to the plunge, to buy a hat, gifts for the staff at the studio, a book for her husband to peruse on the trip, et cetera ad infinitum.

With the liberality of time, characteristic of the person with many things to do, Miss Kennedy was enthusiastic and eager to talk about her new stage play and was reading, incidentally, The Life of Leonardo Da Vinci—not that that has anything to do with the play.

The plunge into atavism heretofore mentioned is better described by a trip Miss Kennedy and her husband were about to embark upon the morning after our talk.

They were traveling, Miss Kennedy explained, in rather caravan fashion, caravane à la mode; it might be said. First Mr. Bolster and herself in the Mercer, followed by the chauffeur, the maid and the impedimenta of camping in the Ford.

They were heading first of all for Quebec, pitching their tents in the resinous woods by night, wearing riding habits and khaki in general, and stopping every second or third day at some hotel to taste, momentarily, of civilization ere retiring again to the forests primeval.

"Such preparation as we have been undergoing at home!" Miss Kennedy laughed; "First of all a room was set apart to collect things in. The 'things' began with a folding cot and a luncheon basket. Since then they have swollen to amazing proportions. There is a most motley col-
collection inclusive of
famous old middys of
mine, riding skirts,
one's favorite books,
fishing tackle and
huge boots. It will
be refreshing, too, much
more so than a con-
ventional vacation at
a conventional hotel.
It will give us time to
breathe and time to
think and time to re-
create ourselves. In the
pictures life has been,
for me, just one gown
after another—clothes,
clothes, clothes .
Oh, how good the old
middy and the riding
skirt will seem!"

Lofty green branch-
es and running pebbly
brooks and lift of
birds, and all free,
unfettered woodland
things seemed mirrned
at that moment in
her face .
I asked her about
her play; how she felt
about returning to the
speaking stage after
her three-year absence
therefrom; what were
her sentiments upon
leaving the studio life,
etc., etc.
"As for the screen,"
she said, "I feel that
I have been very un-
fortunate in my sto-
ries, my material. I
feel disappointed in
the work I have done;
the work I have not
done. Still, it was not
standing still, because
it is a part of my
philosophy that no experience is without growth, without an
accruing benefit. All told, I simply feel as tho I were laying
down one vehicle and taking up another.
"I am unspeakably enthusiastic over my play, 'Cornered.'
It is a melodrama, which is a new field for me, but it provides
me with plenty of delicious comedy, and it runs a gamut of
emotions, never for an instant losing track of the human touch.
Which is, of course, the essential element. My part in Cor-
nered,' and I dare go on record as saying this, is the best
woman's part in—well, in my time. It is so varied, so complete.
"I have read plays, plays for the past three years and
this is the first one that has so much as intrigued my interest.
I had determined never to return to the stage until I had
found the, to my mind, the play . . ."

"You believe, then," I inter-
polated, plagiaristically, "that
'The play's the thing?"
Miss Kennedy was em-
phatic.
"The only thing," she said;
"absolutely the whole thing. In
'Cornered,' for instance, any
girl with an air of breeding
could play my part; the play
is all . . ."'

"That savors of self-depreciation," I said.
"I hope not," said Miss Kennedy, thoughtfully; "really, I
(Continued on page 71)
The New Zealand Bushranger

WHAT is a New Zealand bushranger?

That is precisely the first question I asked Mr. Patrick, whose Christian name is Jerome.

"An outlaw," he told me.

"And yet Mr. Belasco always called you the New Zealand bushranger?"

He added assent.

I stared more closely—nay, more rudely (but interviewers are privileged creatures) at the powerful male person seeking with me that oasis in the Lasky studio, a cool spot. He was wearing white jeans and a grey coat. His method of wearing them bespoke the man who seeks tailors who build clothes to fit him, not mold him in stock clothes. His physique is muscular, he gives the impression of dapper solidity, of a healthy sophistication, of a man whose traits are all masculine and who is nevertheless an artist. And withal he is redolent of Broadway and all the best things for which Broadway, New York, stands.

"An outlaw," and the more I gazed at him the less I saw anything which would render that term applicable.

But David Belasco always calls Jerome Patrick, "that New Zealand bushranger;"

and who am I to argue with Belasco?

To speak of Belasco is only natural when one is with Mr. Patrick, for to that virile young man, Belasco is the god of all things as they should be and the father of his career.

For Jerome Patrick is primarily of the stage. He loves it, it is his mate.

"If I thought I would never tread the boards again, I would want to pass out," he said, and he meant it. The stage means more to him than life itself.

Jerome Patrick was born in New Zealand, of very religious and perhaps slightly narrow-minded parents. They destined him—when they found he wouldn't be a priest—to be a doctor. For a while he tried to fit his square personality into a round hole and practised at medicine and also at dentistry, but his leaning towards the stage only increased until he finally decided to leave home. He appeared with Lenore Ulric in "The Heart of Wetona," and his first screen appearance was in "Officer 666".

Mr. Jerome Patrick is primarily of the stage. He was born in New Zealand and his parents destined him first for the priesthood, and then a doctor's career. For a while he tried the latter and practised at medicine and dentistry, but his leaning toward the stage only increased until he finally decided to leave home. He appeared with Lenore Ulric in "The Heart of Wetona," and his first screen appearance was in "Officer 666"

By BARBARA BEACH

(Continued on page 72)
Storm Warning
Film Fans Had Better Watch Out
By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

Jerome Storm

A Jerome Storm has very sharply defined ideas about the photoplay. He is going to center his interest as a producer upon small-town stories, because he believes in the human, close to life theme—but, as he expresses it, he believes that this should be happy and wholesome, rather than hectic and gloomy. His directional ideals are substantially those of King Vidor and Mrs. Sidney Drew.

(Twenty-three)
Those Moreno Eyes!

One of the really picturesque personalities of the cinema is Antonio Moreno, the Vitagraph star. And nobody—we suspect—knows better how to demonstrate the possibilities of eyes than Tony from old Spain. On this page Moreno demonstrates...
The Case of Norma Talmadge

By Frederick James Smith

The possibility of writing a verbatim chat with Norma Talmadge is quite beyond our ken. Miss Talmadge cannot be interviewed in that fashion. She does not pose placidly before an interviewer and recite her likes and dislikes, her ideas of art and the movies, her opinions upon the way things should be. Emphatically, she does not. Norma Talmadge is not that sort of star.

She strikes us as an every-day sort of American young woman elevated to, high estate by the cinema. Also it seems to us that she is quite willing to be considered in this fashion. Any attempt to gild a personality, we suspect, would stir her sense of humor.

Said sense of humor impressed us most of all. This—and her very easy going outlook upon life.

We know that the League of Nations, the Bolshevik bugaboo and the problem of capital and labor concern Miss Talmadge not a whit. The average girl is interested in other things—and so is Miss Talmadge. Again, the average star would try to impress you as vitally alive on every topic, but Miss Talmadge is not the average star.

We like her sincerity and her lack of pose.

Because she does not unfold a colorful—and doubtless carefully created—personality for one's inspection, it must not lead you to think she looks down upon the photoplay.

We can well believe that stardom is a mixture of work and good fun for her. She isn't the sort of person to slight things.

When we interviewed Miss Talmadge, she curled up comfortably in a huge armchair and ran her hands rather hopelessly thru her hair. We represented her third interview of the day.

Then she summoned a maid with tea and cinnamon toast, (at least, tea and toast were among the things brought), and settled back into her chair.

It developed that:

Miss Talmadge admires Nazimova immensely.

That she dislikes most of her recent pictures and is terribly disappointed in them.

That she is a sort of older sister-mother for the family, which, incidentally, means that she keeps a careful eye upon the harum-scarum Constance. "Someone has to get Connie to the studio," she sighed.

That she is so tired at night that she either rests completely or goes to the theater for recreation. Sometimes she reads a magazine story or two.

That she likes to play every-day sort of people.

That temperament amuses her a whole lot.

That—

Is our pen portrait still vague? Perhaps, we should go back to our first meeting with Miss Talmadge. It was—well—some years ago. The scene was the old Vitagraph yard. We were talking with Edith Storey when a slender girl in short skirts happened to pass. Miss Storey introduced us to "the Talmadge kid." This was, of course, before the silver sheet arrival of Constance, who, at that time, must have been even slenderer and in even shorter skirts.

Norma secured her early training in those palmy Vitagraph days. She played everything from children to grey-haired mothers and, incidentally, found time to grow up. From Vitagraph she went to Triangle. After this came her marriage to Joseph Schenck, the vaudeville and motion picture manager.

(Continued on page 88)
A knight of ye olden days, He rides forth to rescue the powers of darkness which strive constantly to cut them off from the world, and to crown them finally with a wreath of golden praise, printed where all may read. Usually there is a fierce dragon, called strangely "dear momma," who guards the castle's portal. And the fiercer the dragon the fairer the princess languishing within ... That is the rule. I was considerably encouraged, therefore, when I knocked upon the door of Claire Adams' bungalow in Hollywood. A pretty melody which was being played on a piano was halted suddenly, in the midst of its most lilting strain. At the same time the door swung open and the dragon stood revealed. As dragons go, she was quite homelike, clothed in a voluminous apron, grey hair and "specs," but she was undeniably a dragon. Her gaze pierced me like a rapier and I thought I detected the odor of sulphur. Perhaps it was only the coffee boiling over in the kitchenette. And the princess? She was standing in the center of the room, clasping a black poodle in her arms in a manner that seemed to say, "You shall not have my child!" When she beheld me, a hint of disappointment crept into her eyes, she dropped the child, which fled yelping to the kitchenette in the dragon's wake, and exclaimed: "But you're not at all formidable!"

Behind that sentence I divined worried hours of preparation, epigrams neatly polished and ready for the psychological moment, a studied careless knowledge of all the vital questions of the day. I felt sorry for Claire. I should have warned her of my youth!

It is significant that even as I use her first name, Claire, I have a sneaking feeling that I shouldn't. She is like that; instinctively, Britishly reserved, a person whom one cannot hope to know in a day, or a month. We talked of every thing from socialism to real estate but never once did she open the gate to her inner self. With her, spontaneous intimacy is impossible.

Her career is just at the budding period, perhaps a little beyond, so that one catches a glimpse of dazzling possibilities yet to be unfolded. It is the result of ambition's triumph over parental prejudice. In Canada, where she was born, she gained a few weeks' 

(Continued on page 76)
Madame Peacock

By

FAITH SERVICE

MADAME PEACOCK slipped from her head the magnificent head-dress composed of the feathers of the most magnificent birds of the species. She slipped the silken, embroidered sheath she wore from her body, suddenly weary, suddenly divested of glamour, suddenly and unmiraculously itself.

For the first time in, oh, well, in many, many years she felt that she was herself, essentially herself. Not very wonderfully herself save as reality, however unlovely, is always wonderful.

It hurt to be herself. To be herself, Jane Goring, again. It hurt because she had, first, to be so divested of the glittering garments she wore. The garments of Sham.

What, again, had Cleeburg, the manager of the theater, said of her, that afternoon, as she was leaving.

"Sham's her middle name, my boy," he had said, to the author of the new play, "she can't help it—she was born that way. A sham!"

"A sham!"

Well...well...?

Her nervous fingers unbound her hair. There were one or two grey hairs. Angèle had been careless, of late, then... Of late, everyone had been more or less careless. Ever so slightly there were appearing rents and tears in the adulation she had been for so long accustomed to, so long fed upon. And how greedily she had eaten! How she had taken the public laurels and burned them at her own insatiable altar, inhaling the smoke as rare incense, into her nostrils, into her very being. Ah, it had been a breath of life to her, pervasive, consuming...

To stimulate it further she had done all manner of eccentricities. She had cuddled the rarest silks and jewels, the most extravagant fads and foibles, the bizarre of all countries and fashions. London had called her, had acclaimed her as "Madame Peacock." She, together with London, had almost forgotten that she had once been Goring, Jane Goring, simply horn and bred. That there had ever been McNaughton, or the baby...that ever...

As in a mirror, life-sized, faithful in its reproduction, fearful in its verity, Madame Peacock beheld her years come creeping back. Some grey with tears, some red with hope, some chameleon in their many colors, some strident, some subdued. She looked because she wanted to, but more because she couldn't help it. Her sham had dropped from her with her head-dress and her silken robe. Her years were demanding toll of her. She had preached the philosophy, many times, to many an admiring satellite, of the inevitable paying of a price. Knowing, full well, as she had preached that she, Madame Peacock, would never pay, would evade payment, being sham. What she had not foreshadowed was the possibility of sham deserting, of the years coming back to one, rather than one going back to the years...

First, then, came McNaughton. The man, no, the boy she had married. He it was who had first given her to herself as something rare and wonderful and set apart. Prior to his
coming, his love of her, she had had no very great self-esteem. She had hoped she might act one day, might be on the stage, more because the stage seemed so glamorous a mystery than for any self-assurance. Then McNaughton had come and had told her she possessed qualities akin to the great ones of the drama.

He had taught her the value of her great green eyes, her supple body, her red rage of a mouth. He had taught her by his humble, postulant love of her. His adoration had been the first food her slumbering vanity had had to feed upon.

And how she had fed upon it! Hungry, gratefully at first, then with rapacity, with disregard. Little by little the world she had known had faded from her enraptured vision and she, herself, had stepped onto the stage of her imagining, supreme.

The baby had come. But she had come too late. She did not give Jane time enough, time enough to preen, to muse, to capture the full glory of the career she was sure, now, she was to have.

Then, the first engagement.

In McNaughton's tender arms she had sobbed out her first reaction to the Big Chance, terror, joy, self-confidence, timidity.

That night the baby had been ill, and she had not cared. She had told McNaughton he must care for it; she was to rehearse in the morning, she must have her rest.

McNaughton had known his first pangs that night. Had felt his first fear that he was doing Jane harm rather than good. Had sworn, for her, the first threads of the mantle of sham she was so superbly to wear.

It had been spectacular and swift. The first engagement had been brilliant and successful. She had been "a find." London raved over her green eyes, her accent (pure Dorsetshire polished and courted, had they known). There had been vague comparisons to Bernhardt, to Duze, to all the great and gifted of the Drama.

Jane Goring had drunk it in.

With the beginning of her engagements and the sure argosies of success coming in, daily, freshly laden, she had acquired more and more temperance, more and more disdain of the humble McNaughton, the important baby, the demands of every-day living.

There came the day when she told him that if he really cared to help her, as he had so often and so extravagantly said, she could tell him how he could do so.

"How?" he had asked, with the pathos of eagerness characteristic of him where she was concerned: "you know you have only to tell me, Jane."

"Forget me," she had said to him, and, reminiscently, how metallic, how terrible her voice came back; "forget me. I am going away."

In the mirror of her years she shut her eyes against the remembrance of his face, white and unforgettable, even now ... The opulent years had followed. The years of Madame Peacock, Glittering, golden, fiery years. Triumphal years, with, in this hour the ring of brass.

The gowns she wore, the gestures of her famous hands, the sweep of her eyebrows, the shoes she wore on her arched, imperious feet, the reed-like unexpectedness of her laugh, all these things had been copied, emulated, parodied, made world wide. Ah, she had known Fame ... why were the dregs so bitter?

Her car driving thru the London streets had been the signal for a mob to follow. In the theater she had been a despot, an empress, unquestioned, untouche, supreme. All the sediment of tyranny in her nature had been stirred up, made active. How she had ruled! What an imperial dream had hers been! Why was the purple faded and the gold lace tarnished—tonight?

The lovers who had pursued her—a wistful troupe viewed in retrospect—a youth with gold hair dulled—the strident young leading man she had repulsed, who had called her milk and manna—Nirvana—fulfillment—whether were they gone?

Then, five years ago, after one of her most successful performances, she had gone home and found McNaughton awaiting her. She had scarcely recognized him. The years had depleted him, had hurt him, marred him.

He had told her, timorously, that he had induced her press agent to let him come in his place. He had to see her, he had said.

She had questioned him, more with her slender brows, her manner than the solicitude of words.
He had told her he was ill, forced to go to Colorado; their early days had seemed to return to him, miraculously recharged with their old significance ... the child ... he thought perhaps she had found the glitter more superficial than the gold, that she might wish to accompany him ...

Into his white, somehow bewildered face her own laugh rang back to her, thin and cruel. No, she had told him, and so deep-dyed was her chosen art that she had been, temporarily, the victim of her own delusion. No, she no longer belonged to herself, certainly not to him, but to the Public, the Public who had given her idolatry and fame.

He had brought to bear upon her a few more reminiscences, memories. He had again referred to their child, emphasized the similarity. She had ignored it.

Angered at her indifference not so much to himself as to the child, McNaughton had bidden her farewell. He had told her that she was giving up love and friendship and the inimitable gift of her baby for—sham. He, too, "sham." ... How fitly she must have worn it that, here and there down the primrose path, to the tune of lutes and the delection of honeycomb, that word had appeared to her ... Sham!

Well? ... On her head she seemed to feel, for the first time, the weight of the peacock feathers. On her body the embrace, the soft sweetness, the adulteration of satins and silk. On her hands and arms the hard, unlovable kiss of jewels. She had no tears. ... And there was no place for laughter ...

The mirror brought back five more years. Still triumphant years; still replete with adulation; dizzying successes; popularity approaching genius; genius rather great than good. Yet they wore, these later years, a different aspect. After McNaughton's sudden, unexpected visit, after his sudden complete departure they seemed to be, the years, tinged with the pallor of his face. Now and then a shrill voice echoed thru them, reed-like as her own strange laughter, and yet dissimilar. Her mother's face, too, appeared infrequently, her mother who lived with her rather in the capacity of maid and general factotum than mother. Yes, they had changed, the later years ... the flowers were more hothouse than natural; the footlights seemed garish rather than like stars fallen to her feet for her further glorification, even the notices in the papers seemed to hide, thinly, sardonic censure under their hyperbole ...

What had she done, then, Madame Peacock? ...

There seemed to be, she felt, a reluctance on the part of life to let fall further largess. After all, what had she given to life? Never before had this question touched her. She, Madame Peacock, favored of life and the lovers of life. But what, what really, had she given?

The mirror she faced demanded a reply. It would have none of silence and the evasion of silence.

She answered: "Nothing."

That, persisted the mirror, was not enough, was not draining the mouth of vanity.

She answered then, "WORSE than nothing!"

The mirror was content. It was true ... all these years worse than nothing ... Sensation ... envy ... rancor ... jealousy ... occasional wonderment. mostly unwholesome, a great deal of fear ... excitation abnormally obtained ... inflation of values where values were nil. ... These things she had given ... these worse than nothing things.

In exchange for what?

In exchange for young McNaughton, for young-old McNaughton now, no.
Later in the week she had remarked on the ugliness of the girl and Clee had said, without enthusiasm, that she was like enough to play own sister to Madame Peacock.

And her baby...

In that moment she had her baby for the first time. . . A girl-baby. Madame Peacock. . . She wanted to laugh, then, but the mirror forebode laughter . . .

This brought her back to the Present, to Today.

A week ago a new girl had entered the cast of the new play. She had shown, during the initial performance, a strange facility, a really remarkable comprehension of the lines ... Cleeburg, the manager, James, the young author, had been enthusiastic.

Madame Peacock had inquired her origin. She had been "discovered," it seemed, in some Western town in the States; Madame Peacock had shrugged and laughed. Her own laurels she knew to be invincible. They had taken root and grown to her, to herself, to Madame Peacock. . . . Cleeburg had seemed, for the first time indifferent. . . .

Had almost ignored her as she sat in the wings - smoking, most disdainful, had not opened the doors for her and stood before on her way from the dressing-room to her waiting car. Little omissions, per

black rage and her brain, warped, over-exerted, had reeled, had become abandoned and unmanned, . . . venom had come from her heart to her lips—she had felt, first, an impulse to cry out, to destroy . . . and then, with a sigh, had dismissed the girl . . .

"I have signed the young lady up with a life contract," he told Cleeburg, and thus he had shrugged!

He had needed to do nothing further . . . that shrug! . . . Madame Peacock, with her long cane thrown down upon her, suddenly old and inexpressively weary, had crept from her dressing-room to the outer door. On the way the smell of the grease paint, the old dust of old sets, the dimness . . . all that had been champagne to her seemed stale and odoriferous. She had no spirit to do more than incline her weighted head to the door keeper who raised his hat to her as she passed. Just as in her most dizzy triumphs, he had raised it in recognition of a great artist. This alone was left her, the salute of the keepers and the door, the final which, for the last time, she was passing. It was said of him that he, too, had been great for a time. And had been cast forth. Well . . .

In her apartment alone Madame Peacock shuddered and drew in her breath with a little shivering cry.

"I have a great need of a human touch to overcome her. Also the knowledge that she had been without a human touch for (Continued on page 85)
Boudoirs and Bicycles

Bebe's road to stardom was a trail of luxurious cinema boudoirs. Here-tofore, she has been one of the screen's most attractive boudoir sirens — especially in the silken dramas of De Mille. And now under her new contract— who can tell?

Real art themselves realize "You Never Can Tell," and thus they have titled her new picture. Incidentally, it is doubtful if anyone ever realized just how attractive a mere bicycle could be.
"Another important thing," said Monroe Salisbury, "is that our pictures will be cut to natural length and cut by the man who is directing them." Above, a character portrait and right, an informal picture.

Monroe Salisbury Presents...

branched out from it for many miles. I think that the most beautiful part of the trip was that spent on the John Wrinkle estate, near San Francisco. There we shot scenes of deer in the wild; some of the exteriors were unimagiably beautiful.

"Did you hear that I had a road built for me? A nine-mile stretch, between Sisson and Castle Lake. It was formally christened Salisbury Pike just before I left. And now, I come home to find a new and unusually rigorous bunch of traffic laws!"

"Arrested?" I asked.

"Yes, before I had been in town for an hour. Something in the nature of a welcome home, I suppose."

I notice that there was about him an air of happiness that no annoyance over the much-cussed traffic laws could effect, even temporarily. After a period in which he had been, as an acquaintance of his phrased it to me, "In prison"... making pictures of an arbitrary length under certain set rules, with the question of expense something to

Monroe Salisbury was standing in front of a moving picture theater on Broadway, Los Angeles, waiting for his car. He had just returned from a trip to northern California where he had been shooting scenes for "The Barbarian," his first picture made with his own company.

"And maybe you think we didn't have a wonderful camping outfit!" he said. "It was such an outfit as I don't believe anyone ever had before. Of course, the scenario called for a society camp and we had to have one; and, equally, of course, it proved useful and luxurious for the company. We traveled in style. Mr. and Mrs. Jack Cudahy were members of the party, as were also their two children, Michael and Ann, who played parts in the picture. We left town in the Cudahy's machines and carried with us a number of their servants, including their chef.

"I've never seen a long period of location work go by so smoothly. There was really no friction at all. We made our headquarters at Sisson, but
be considered at every turn, he is, at last, free and has unlimited backing... (Jack Cudahy is among those heavily interested) ... to make pictures according to his own ideas of how pictures should be made.

These ideas are not basically new. The screen has had enough of newness. What it needs now is a little wholesome tradition. And this is what Monroe Salisbury plans to give it.

During his career on the stage, he was associated with such people as Charles Frohman, Richard Mansfield, Mrs. Fiske, John Drew, Kathryn Kidder and Nance O'Neil. Undoubtedly, he absorbed all of the finest traditions of the stage and made them his own.

His company—The Monroe Salisbury Players—has been formed on the same principle which has gone to make famous stock companies ever since the beginning of theatrical history; that is, the principle of uniform excellence which dictates that every member of the company must be an artist in his own line, and must remain with the company for as long a time as possible. To this latter end, it is necessary that they should never be dissatisfied. Said Salisbury:

"The whole thing must be looked at from the viewpoint of the actor. Donald Crisp, who is directing, is himself an actor and a good one. His Battling Burrows in 'Broken Blossoms' is a bit of artistic work that will never be forgotten. He is, then, capable of directing actors and understanding their peculiar needs. The same with the

management. The idea is that we are featuring our company. We could not do this if the company were not a good one. Consequently, an artist who joins us is doing us a favor and will be treated accordingly!"

During our conversation, we had walked slowly up Broadway to a confectionery store, where we had enjoyed something cold to drink. We had then walked back to the original place, in front of the theater, arriving there at the same moment that his car drew up.

Milton Markwell joined us. He is a young man with fair hair and blue eyes. Given the role of a surveyor in "The Barbarian," he has something very much more important in "Ethan of the Mountain" which will be the second picture made by the Monroe Salisbury Players. He recently appeared in stock in Seattle.

"Shall we drive around for a while?" Salisbury suggested, "Suppose we take you home?" We soon found ourselves on Santa Monica Boulevard where the heat of the day was relieved by a light breeze blowing in from the sea.

"Another important thing," he went on, "is that our pictures will be cut to natural length, and cut by the man who (Continued on page 84)
Some 'teen years ago she was born Ann Inez Williams, in a small town in Texas, U.S.A. Today she is Dorothy Devore, star in Christie Comedies and leading lady for Charles Ray in "Forty-five Minutes From Broadway."

It all happened very much in approved story-book fashion. When Ann Inez Williams was eleven years old, her mother, seeking renewed health, brought her to California.

Ann Inez at that time had four brothers and an elder sister. They were all married; had families of their own, and so mother Williams felt free to devote her time wholly to Ann Inez and her health. She brought all the family furniture, took a comfortable house in Los Angeles and sent Ann Inez to private school. All seemed going smoothly—that is, on the surface.

But Ann Inez wasn't the placid little soul her mother thought (I could have told her that, the moment I saw those big brown eyes with mischief hidden deep, deep within them.) Ann, who was called Dot at school because she was so very tiny, was possessed of a tremendous voice, and it used to amuse all her friends to hear that huge voice issuing from the slender throat of the very littlest one of them. And so Ann, who was very ambitious, caught the career fever and sang in the church choir where her voice, she says, "Just boomed out."

This led to an offer for her to sing in private homes of society people for the entertainment of blase guests. Ann Inez knew that her mother would never consent to this, so she used to run away from school every afternoon when her services were demanded, and just glory in singing to an audience.

This, of course, necessitated a fictitious name and Ann, who was at that schoolgirl age when one worships Robert W. Chambers, caramels and chocolate ice cream, adopted the
name of Dorothy Devore. She says the Dorothy was easily accounted for, but she must have chosen the Devore from a Snappy Stories magazine.

Dorothy's mother did: I hear about her professional success until it led to a splendid cabaret offer. Then, of course, as mothers of spoiled daughters have a habit of doing, she, at first, absolutely refused to let Dorothy keep up her work and at last gave it gracefully.

So it was that Dorothy Devore, without training of any kind, found herself heading a troupe of professional chorus girls in the vaudeville act at Levy's, a very popular Los Angeles café. Dorothy not only was the headliner but taught her chorus new dance steps and songs and managed them—and she was, I might add, in her very early 'teens. But when one is in their very early 'teens and ambitious, nothing seems impossible—perhaps that is why Dorothy was so successful.

In a very short while an offer came to book her over the Orpheum vaudeville circuit, and it seemed that Dorothy's greatest dreams had come true. Everything was planned. She was to be billed as "The Miniature Pocket-Edition Sophie Tucker," the real Sophie Tucker gave her permission to use her name in return for the exclusive rights to some songs that Dorothy had composed.

And then one day, she received a telephone call from Eddie Lyons, of Universal's Lyons and Moran comedies.

"Would she consider coming out to Universal City to do a picture with them?"

She had had no desire to enter pictures, but she had a little spare time, and so she went out to Universal City, fully prepared to be assigned nothing but an atmosphere part. But without even taking a test picture they assigned her the lead. And that rather settled Dorothy's career, for she was seen by Christie's casting director and captured with the lure of a high salary.

That was two years ago, and Dorothy has now become Dorothy Devore spelt with a small v. She played opposite Bobby Vernon for some time and was then made a star herself. Christie's. She has the greatest fondness for that company, and altho she is being sought on all sides by directors who wish to put her into drama, she only dips into drama at present when her services can be dispensed with briefly at Christie's.

Because she is so very young she is still in love with her first love, farce-comedy; for she believes that that which we learn first we learn best.

(Thirty-five)

And so it happened that her vaudeville tour was postponed indefinitely—but Dorothy Devore admits that it is her real ambition, and some day she hopes to travel. She can imagine nothing more wonderful than a tour in vaudeville. But at present she is very happy in pictures, because her mother is happy to have her in them.

As for Dorothy Devore herself, this little happening illustrated what she is like better than anything else.

The other day she was introduced to a dear old lady of seventy or thereabouts.

"And what do you do, little girl?" she was asked.

"I act in pictures," responded Dorothy.

"What—you are one of those motion picture actresses? Land sakes, I'd never have believed it, why, little girl, you belong in a sweet little home, married to a good man, with a couple of kiddies."

Dorothy says she considers this the greatest compliment she has ever received. Incidentally, one of Dorothy's schoolgirl

(Continued on page 71)
formally, a friend, (or interviewer), in pajamas is quite all right. (We'll say it is, and so would anyone who had beheld Ann May.)

"I know you won't mind," she began. "You see, I'm so frightfully busy, as I'm leaving tomorrow for the coast, with only three days' notice. Now what do you think of that? I came East after finishing 'Paris Green' with Mr. Ray, expecting to stay all spring and summer at least. But here I am," indicating the adjoining room, where one glimpsed a bewildering array of dainty feminine apparel, "madly packing.

"Not that I'm not glad to go back to the coast," she said, becoming more shining each moment. "I adore it there and I don't like New York, not at all. The atmosphere is so unreal and every one hurries so and there are no neighbors or nice, cozy, homey times and no long, beautiful, always-bright-and-sunny automobile roads here as in California—l'm so tired and need tea," touching a bell and giving an order. "You don't mind if I

Ann May has never been on the stage, although she studied dramatic art for five years. She is practically a newcomer to the screen, but her work as leading woman for Charles Ray was so effective, that she is again going to play opposite him in his first First National picture.

If I had to choose one word with which to describe Ann May, I would choose shining, she is so unqualifiedly that. Shining brown hair, worn in a mass of curls, eyes like twin stars, a face as bright and a smile as sunshiny and alluring as a June morning. She has an air, too, this shining Ann, of delicate, high-strung intensity, as if poised, birdlike, to see what wonderful thing is happening next, just around the corner. Even her voice, heard before I saw her, was "shining," and then she came blithely in, clad unpatriotically in black pajamas bizarrely embroidered in green, red and gold.

Time was, of course, when pajamas were merely sleeping apparel and were never, not ever, worn outside one's bedroom. But times have changed and, with them, the ways of pajamas—and to receive, in...
just keep fussing at something, do you?” she ended breathlessly. “I must run fresh ribbons in these things—my maid is rushed to death with last-minute shopping.”

She is a daughter of Ohio. Ann May. Toledo, to be exact, and a graduate of a dramatic school of that city. Not that she was expected to take advantage of this training in any way. Certainly not! But a girl should receive some specialized training, and, if she can afford it, why not along some line that she likes? reasoned an indulgent father. If she cared to do so, she could become a teacher of elocution some day. And so, because from a child little Ann could “speak pieces” in a most entertaining way and because her father was proud of her talent and because Ann wanted it very much, she entered the dramatic school, where she continued five years.

“Father never seemed to have an idea,” she said. “That I might want to go on the stage. Of course, it was part of the training that the pupils of the school take part in theatricals. Well, when dad found out how ‘popular’ I was, it was both funny and pathetic. He was proud of me, as he was of the little girl who spoke pieces to amuse his friends—but he didn’t like my popularity, for he was afraid it would ‘put notions in my head,’ and he ordered me to stop taking part in the entertainments. But I could not do that and continue at the school. I finished the course, but have never been on the stage—yet.”

“And do you consider that your dramatic training has helped you at all in screen work?”

“Not a bit!” she smiled, relaxing into a corner of the divan with a cup of tea and bit of pastry.

“Of course, any line of study helps one to concentrate and is good mental discipline. Aside from that, my training taught me poise, a certain amount, at least, and it did wonders for my voice. It was worth while just for that—if I ever get a chance to use my voice. But as to technique—the technique of motion picture acting is not to be learned at a dramatic school. Of course, I had no thought of pictures then.”

“And when did you think of them?”

“Well, it sounds funny, but a picture of mine was used on the cover of a book. A man saw it and said it was a good screen face and should be in pictures. I was offered a part in a picture with Catherine Calvert and just for fun I took it and was crazy about it. Father,” she said slowly, a shadow

There is an air of delicate, high-strung intensity about Miss Ray, as tho poised, birdlike, she eagerly awaits what wonderful thing will happen next

(Continued on page 72)
Admissions
By
Pearl Malverne

ing else, his working knowledge of all the professional branches has been worthwhile. In each separate branch, he tells me, he met a separate and distinct type; code of conduct, philosophy and method, and that each has been interesting and worth while.

Kenneth Harlan has played on the vaudeville stage, has appeared in legitimate drama, has toured in stock, and is now treading the celluloid boards. He prefers the vaudeville stage to any of the foregoing phases of drama. The first picture he ever did was with Constance Talmadge.

All photographs by Clarence Bull

Of all of them the vaudeville life appealed to him the most from the human, personal viewpoint.

The first picture he ever did was with Constance Talmadge. And he was doing one with her the day I talked with him at the studio. In the distance, also temporarily off the set, Constance like her leading man was perched on the inquisitorial prongs.

I asked him whether he liked doing comedy, and he said he preferred other things. "I am not the comedy type. I think," he said.

He added that he believed in changing from one sphere to another, but not from one type to another. (Cont'd on page 70)
"It's a sightly mornin'," said Caleb West contentedly, "the ocean's as bright and blue as the picter on an insurance calendar." He hitched his chair a little back from the table and fumbled in the pocket of his faded blue shirt for his pipe. Behind the tin coffee-pot his wife, Betty, leaned her soft chin on her clasped hand, looking dreamily away thru the window at the ocean, sparkling in the early sun.

"I like it better when it's kind o' misty and mysterious," she confessed shyly, "and you can imagine the fishing boats are—are gondolias and the summer cottages on the cliff are palaces an' towers—"

"Romancing again!" But Caleb's tone was indulgent. "Wonder why 'tis that you young folks is always wanting something different, wishin' today was tomorrow, and here was somers else. Reckon it's because they're young—a kind o' a disease like measles or chicken-pox. Time'll cure it, Betty, like it has me." His slightly faded, humorous blue eyes were a trifle wistful as he looked across at the fresh, girl-face opposite.

She shook her head. "I don't want to be cured! What would be the use o' living if you couldn't look ahead, and expect something beautiful? I want to go everywhere, and see everything and feel all the different feelings in the world!" There was a kind of fierce hunger in the way she threw out her arms. He watched her somberly.

"Reckon I'm too old for such junketing, Betty," he said quietly, "you'll have to go to those furrin' places alone."

She started slightly, as one coming reluctantly out of a glorious dream. Her eyes widened as they turned on his rugged, weatherworn face with the greying hair and the fine, humor-...
"I'd like to see things," she confided, "but I guess I never shall." She sighed, "Caleb likes to stay put!"

The girl's slender figure from the table to sink and cupboard suddenly. Suddenly the dishes clanged with the jarring blow of his fist on the table. "Darn it!" he burst out, "I seen him at the door—kissing you—he don't know how to kiss. Betty: You ain't ever been kissed!"

She stood quite still, staring, while the quick color flooded to the bright line of her hair. "Bill Lacey, are you stark crazy?" she gasped, "the idea of talking like that! It's— it's wicked— It's true!" he came to her and gripped her wrists, "I'm crazy all right! Crazy about you—an' I have been ever since you come here seven months ago. What did you marry him for? He's almost an old man, he don't know how to make you happy but I do, I—you—"

She wrenched herself free of him. "I am happy! You shan't stand there and say things about Caleb! He's the best man in the world—he married me when Paw was drowned and he's been kind and—and wonderful to me. I—I guess you'd better go now. I guess you'd better not come back either."

The color did not leave her cheeks after Lacey, mumbling apologies, strode away, tall and straight in the sharp, uncompromising light of the new day. She went about her household tasks with tightened lips and hands that shook and blundered over their work. Once she stopped to look out of the window, wonderingly, as though at an unfamiliar world. The line of rocks jutting against the sky, the platform with its diving apparatus and pigmy figures, the hotels and boats, and white road winding by were the same—yet subtly different. Something seemed to have thrown her safe, serene world out of focus.

A red racing car pantied by with the gleam of a yellow sweater and the glimpse of a white flannel suit. "Mr. Sanford's taking Mrs. Leroy out to the Point again," she said vaguely aloud, and suddenly the words seemed to take on sinister meaning in her own ears. "I wish he hadn't come, meddling," she thought and determinedly resolved to think no more. She worked all the morning on stiff blue denim, making a shirt for Caleb, disciplining her fingers, By afternoon Lacey's wild speech and the hurtful, strangely thrilling grip of his fingers on her wrist seemed like a feverish dream. She was clinging to him, sobbing. "I don't mind anything so long you're not hurt!" she choked. "Oh, Caleb, but you gave me such a turn!"

Young Lacey proved a meek and docile patient. Pain at first, prudence later kept him from touching on the subject they had last quarreled over. He slept a great deal, or she thought that he slept, not guessing how often the heavy black lashes hid a gaze that followed her every movement. His grit in bearing the ordeal of love and his helplessness touched her pity dangerously, and the admiration that he let her see now and then in his handsome dark eyes was not unpleasing—so long as he did not put it into words.

When he judged that her defences were down he began to talk, matter-of-factly, about every-day things. There was a young eagerness in his attitude toward life that found its complement in her own vague, restless yearnings. Besides he had
traveled somewhat, a fishing voyage around the Cape, a trip to New York, and he spoke confidently of going some day to the West Indies. She listened, her fingers forgetting to hold the needle, her eyes wide with gazing at the far places of her fancy.

"I'd like to see things," she confided, "but I guess I never shall." She sighed, "Caleb likes to stay put."

"He would," Lacey agreed, kindly tolerant, "folks lose that when they go his age—wanting to go places, I mean—and discover life." Silence lay over the room. Into it came, presently, the sputtering cough of a recklessly driven motor. "Sandford's going to hit a snag some day," the boy said, choosing his words, and watching her averted face under lowered lashes, "anybody with him this time?"

She looked, answered almost unwillingly, "Mrs. Leroy."

"I thought so," said Lacey, "she usually is. Well, you can't blame a pretty woman like her for wanting something more than that husband of hers can give her. He's slow—Leroy is, doesn't talk much—always reading a paper. I guess he's older than she is, too."

That was all then. He managed it cunningly and with infinite patience. When Caleb was present he always seemed to defer to him, but managed to make him seem older, greyer and more unromantic than ever in contrast to his dark youth and eagerness. He saw her sometimes glance from one of them to the other, and then run to Caleb's chair and perch on it and lay her bright head on his dusty one almost defiantly. Lacey could have leapt from his bed and snatched her away in the consuming jealousy that swept him at the sight, but he only smiled. He loved Betty West, selfishly, perhaps, but as much as it was in him to love—and he waited his time to possess what he wanted.

It came presently. He was not quite certain of her, but he dared not wait. There was no longer any excuse for his staying. He could limp about the house, could have walked without limping, indeed. "Tomorrow," he said, as he sat on the seaward-looking porch, while she shelled peas, "tomorrow I'll be gone—"

A pod slipped in her fingers, scattering its green globes over the grass. She bent over the pan. "Tomorrow? Yes, —I suppose—you'll have to go back to work."

He spoke in a low tone. "Are you sorry, Betty? Are you going to miss me?"

She tried to smile. "Of course! There won't be anybody to praise my puddings! Caleb never notices what he's eating—"

She paused, beginning to tremble as she found her hands prisoned and his eyes with the disturbing flame in

When Caleb was present he always seemed to defer to him, but managed to make him seem older, greyer and more unromantic than ever in contrast to his dark youth and eagerness.
birthday, Betty, yours and mine." But he was wise enough not to kiss her, even then.

Caleb West came home late, noting with a curious sense of uneasiness that there was no smoke curling up from his chimney. He pushed open the door and found darkness and the sharp sudden scent of the sea. "Betty," he called. "Betty-Girl, where are you?"

A match sputtered and flared out under his impatient fingers. He lighted another. Then he saw the note on the mantel shelf, blotted with tears. After he had read it he sat a long time, hours—staring down at his twisted, gnarled old hands lying on the red-checked table cloth. It was a fresh cloth he noted stupidly. She must have put it on just before she went—he groaned as if in pain.

"He's like the ocean—when there's a fog," he found himself repeating mechanically, "he says that there is life behind the fog—and I want to see. You'll never forgive me, Caleb, or believe that I do love you. Your new shirt is in the top drawer—the camphor is on the kitchen shelf in case you catch cold. O Caleb—"

He held the pitiful, foolish note to the flame of the lamp, watching it consume. Captain Bell, standing unnoticed in the doorway, regarded him in amazement. "I swan!" he ejaculated, "the hull blame world's gone plumb crazy tonight, Caleb West. What in tarnation you doin'?"

The other man gripped his arm, turning a stark face toward the window. Over the water came the sharp yelp of a steamboat whistle. "She's gone," he said heavily, and his lips came together like the jaws of a trap, "she's gone with Bill Lacey to find life—" he laughed silently, unpleasantly.

Captain Bell probed the white face in the lamplight with

(Continued on page 66)
Semon the Jester

By HARRISON HASKINS

WHEN we were invited to luncheon with Larry Semon at the Hotel Astor, we made one condition—that no custard pies or spaghetti would be served.

One cannot be too careful with movie comedians.

But—seriously—Semon is no mere clown. No screen player we know has a more alert business brain or does clearer thinking. His long newspaper career, which preceded his film début, gave him an unusual viewpoint.

Only a few years ago he was feature sporting cartoonist on The New York Evening Sun. Before that he was on the art staff of The New York Telegram, The Morning Telegraph and The New York Herald. But the real incentive which led him to film comedy dates back still further.

Semon comes of a picturesque family of theatrical adventurers. His youth was not the youth of the average boy. Instead of baseball, marbles and the back lots, it was spent in backwoods town halls, remote railway stations and dingy trains.

To go back to the beginning:

Semon’s grandfather was connected with the tours of the magician, Herman the Great. The comedian’s father naturally became interested in magic and took up the work. The elder Semon became Zera the Great, and toured the country as a magician, hypnotist and ventriloquist, accompanied by his wife and the boy, Larry. He carried a vaudeville company with him and comedy, tumbling and other miscellaneous acts were interspersed with the mysterious illusions of the Great Zera.

For a long time Larry Semon was a newspaper cartoonist. Then he turned to motion pictures—with remarkable success. “I do all my work myself,” says Semon. “I do not use doubles. Naturally we take lots of chances and, let me add, there is less faking in my comedies than in most farce productions.”

Larry, of course, was called upon to assist in various ways and, in time, he became a proficient and versatile performer. One night he would find him an acrobat, another a hypnotic subject, again he would be a comedian, just as the needs of the little barn-storming company developed.

Larry himself wanted to be a singer but fate—and his father—interposed. He lost his voice. And his father, tired of the struggle of pioneer stage work, wanted his son to do something different. Both the elder Semon and his son had a certain knack of caricaturing. Result—the boy was sent to art school.

Finishing his course, Semon secured his first employment on The New York Herald. He advanced until he occupied the first comic post with The Evening Sun.

(Continued on page 81)
How "Earthbound" Was Made

By JAMESON SEWELL

PROBABLY no motion picture story yet filmed presented the difficulties offered by Basil King's psychic novel, "Earthbound." Hence the story of the director, T. Hayes Hunter, is of unique interest.

First, "Earthbound" required seven months for its development from the printed page to the photoplay screen. Four months were actually occupied in filming the story at the Goldwyn coast studios. Mr. Hunter actually shot 190,000 feet of film, which were cut down to 7,600 feet, the final length of the completed screen production.

To those who have not yet seen "Earthbound," something of an explanation is in order. The Basil King novel traces a domestic tragedy which culminates in the murder of the other man by the husband and then goes on to show the regeneration of the dead man after death—how his spirit readjusts two shattered households to the best of his (or shall we say its) ability. Thru a great deal of the story the chief protagonist moves in shadowy spirit form.

This necessitated double exposures and the most adroit camera trickery. To be exact, there were 166 double exposure scenes in "Earthbound." Successful double exposure work can only be obtained by the most careful and painstaking camera work.

But let Mr. Hunter himself explain.

"Let us assume I intended to photograph a scene in which the spirit talked to his living friend. I first rehearsed the two actors together in the scene as it would be screen visualized. Then I timed the action, using a ticking metronome to standardize our count. For instance, at the count of 63 we would find that the ghost started speaking, that at 79 he stopped, that at 85 the material figure felt his presence and turned around, that at 96 the spirit materialized to be visible to the living man, that at 115 the spirit walked over and put his arm on the other's shoulder, that at 169 the living man showed visible emotion as a result of the other's words, that at 175 the ghost started to dissolve out, taking eight counts to become nothing.

"You can realize that, if we depended upon a human count, an inaccuracy would be bound to occur. The metronome kept this in perfect measure, even the cameraman grinding to its beat.

"Let us assume that we have carefully rehearsed and timed every scene..."

(Continued on page 92)
The Celluloid Critic

The Month's Photoplay in Review

By Frederick James Smith

A new and homely little tale, shining out of an exceedingly dull photoplay month is "Honest Hutch," an unpretentious Will Rogers effort which, to our way of thinking, is the best thing ever done by Goldwyn. Interesting it is to see this simple story of a village loafer easily displace all the expenditure and elaborateness of a long line of Goldwyn productions.

"Honest Hutch" is just another proof that real film drama is the drama of every-day life, minus clapper and melodrama—-that the really big play may revolve around the simplest daily events.

"Honest Hutch," which by the way, is built from a short story by Garrett Smith, has a delightfully droll thesis. The shiftless, happy-go-lucky Hutch, with his embittered drudge of a wife and his brood of ragged children, lives a life of utter laziness—-until he finds a box containing fifty thousand dollars in $10,000 bills. Hutch suddenly realizes that the money is useless to him, since no one will believe him the possessor of an honestly acquired $10,000 bill. It is a case of going to work, thus acquiring a reputation equal to his money, or throwing the fifty thousand away. Hutch, reluctantly, goes to work, altho he has a sneaking doubt that the money isn't worth the labor. How, in the end, he finds real joy in work—and in bringing happiness to his family—is brought out with homely humor.

Rogers is Hutch to the life. It is an honest, close to the soil performance, and his best celluloid role thus far. We congratulate him. Our hat is off, too, to Clarence Badger for his directorial handling of "Honest Hutch."

In interesting contrast to "Honest Hutch" is "Madame X," Goldwyn's visualization of Alexandre Bisson's superheated Parisian melodrama. With all its expensive outlay, "Madame X" does not come within a hundred miles of "Honest Hutch's" closeness to life.

Bisson is a master of adroit stage technique. He knows how to build with fine theactic effectiveness. His characters may be puppets neatly maneuvered to get the greatest dramatic effect, but he, at least, achieves the result he seeks. "Madame X" has a scene of big emotional power.

"Madame X" tells the story of a young French wife who leaves her husband and baby-boy for love of another. Later, when her husband refuses to forgive her, she drifts to the moral depths, a drug wreck. Finally, she commits murder and is brought to trial. Without realizing her identity, her husband, now a man of affairs, is a visitor in the court-room while their son is appointed to defend her. She is steadfast in her refusal to say a word, but the boy by a brilliant and impassioned speech, wrings a verdict of "not guilty" from the jury. Then her wrecked constitution gives way, but not until there is a reconciliation.

This court-room scene was an electric thing behind the footlights, but it is lost in the screen adaptation. This is due to several reasons. Director Frank Lloyd launches his story in too high an emotional key. Consequently, he steadily loses effectiveness. Again, Pauline Frederick did not touch us anywhere as the wretched Jacqueline. Her performance, in a measure due to the director, of course, lacks all gradation. From start to finish it is a drab uncolored thing on the verge of hysteria, without the building up necessary for sympathetic appeal. Again, Casson Ferguson is an unfortunate choice as the son. Here is a big role in every sense of the word. What Richard Barthelmess could have done with it! Indeed, the whole cast of "Madame X" disappointed us.

"Nomads of the North" (First National), a James Oliver Curwood story, had enough theatrical ingredients, including a forest fire, to have been an effective picture. It fell down largely thru inferior direction.

With the Canadian-Northwest as his background, Curwood has unfolded a story of a cruel factor, his scoundrelly son, an innocent cutie of the wood-

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THE 1920 FAME
and Fortune
Contest closed
on August 1, and on
September 23 the
judges met and, after
due deliberation, ren-
dered their verdict.
In announcing their
decision, which was
not without dissenting
votes, it seems desira-
table to make some ex-
planations. Quite early
in the contest several
unsuually promising
contestants appeared,
and for months they
continued to head the
list. Repeated motion
picture tests were
made of them under
various conditions and
the most promising of
these young ladies
were sent to Albin,
Lumiere and other
photographers for
studies. They were
photographed from
every possible angle
and under different
lights and conditions
to make sure that they
were endowed with all
of the many essentials
that go to make up a
one-hundred-per-cent.
screen star. Among
these were Lucille
Langhanke, formerly
of the West, but now
of 419 West 115th
Street, N. Y. City; Helen
DeWitt of
Queens, N. Y.; Beth
Logan of 22 Maple
Street, Bronxville, N.
Y.; and Erminie Gagnon,
formerly of Can-
da, but now of 244
West 109th Street, N.
Y. City. For beauty,
charm, grace and
personality, they are

Left, a camera study
of Allene Ray of San
Antonio, Texas

Photograph by Albin

(Forty-six)
awarded first honors, and in commemoration of the event, they will be presented with gold medals. Each of these young ladies will hereafter be known as a Gold Medalist of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest.

Lucille Langhanke is an amazingly well equipped girl, with sunset eyes and hair, and her friends will not be surprised to read here that for grace, charm, beauty and photographic picturesqueness the contest has produced no superiors. In fact, we have already placed her with the Famous Players-Lasky Company on a five-year contract, and you will soon hear much of this unusual girl.

Helen DeWitt is none other than the violinist who for years toured the world with Madame Gadski and Sousa’s Band as soloist. She is a little blonde of classic beauty, with golden hair and big blue eyes, and is about twenty years of age. The Metro Company has already engaged her to play in Bert Lytel productions, and the concert platform’s loss is the screen’s gain.

Beth Logan is a distinct type and a real discovery. She is about five feet five in height, slight of figure, with large, dark, sparkling eyes, and is full of vivacity and “pep.” She is barely fifteen years of age and we have no doubt that the screen will soon find a place for her.

Erminie Gagnon is just sixteen and we have made over ten tests of her before the motion picture camera. In real life (Cont’d on page 68)
years I was a member of the cast, I passed from rôle to rôle until I had actually played every part from a loaf of bread up. I felt like a full-fledged actress and after playing with Elsie Janis and Gaby Deslys I went with Ziegfeld, spending two years in 'The Folies' and 'Midnight Roof.'

"Mother never quite approved of the stage," she went on, thoughtfully, "and was anxious for me to get into pictures—we used to talk about it so often. After her death I wanted more than ever to do what she wished, so one day I told Mr. Ziegfeld that I intended to leave the show and go back to posing."

"A night or two after this, Douglas Fairbanks saw me in the 'Midnight Roof' and, with his characteristic impulsiveness, he immediately engaged me to play leads, so within two weeks after Mother left me I was on my way West to act in motion pictures! Almost uncanny, wasn't it? Somehow, I felt she knew, and I was happy that I could so soon fulfill her dearest wish."

It requires but a moment's chat to discover that the guiding influence in Eileen Percy's life is her mother's memory and her sincere desire to live up to what this mother would wish. Ideals of the highest order, early instilled by the absent one, form the girl's standard.

Born to the wailing of Irish winds and the wash of waters on the wild shores, there is just naturally an aura of romance around this pretty girl all the time and you have only to look at the harking smile at the corners of the eyes and the provocative curve of the lips to realize how well the quaint endearments of old Ireland fit her. "Macushla, mavourneen, She wasn't very big when she began posing for the noted artists of the day—

and it frequently happens that it is but a step from posing to the stage, where she made her début as an "unborn child" in 'The Blue Bird.' Top, a new portrait; center and right, informal pictures

(Forty-eight)
By
MAUDE CHEATHAM

ahagar,” she was to that mother whose memory she adores and is to the people from her island who seek her pictures in American theaters.

I saw it all as we were sitting in her bungalow dressing-room, where her perfectly molded features, masses of glossy hair and fair complexion were enhanced by the artistic decorations in soft shades of orchid. These bungalows are all the fashion at the Hollywood studios, for the idea, started several years ago by Mary Pickford’s cunning bird-cage in the corner of the Lasky lot, has met with favor. At the Fox studio, each star has a pretty grey bungalow set in a lovely garden, and Eileen, now a Fox star, has in hers an effective setting for her daintiness, which does not destroy the glamour of romance.

Her humor is of the quiet kind, and tho she looks the part of the peaches and cream girl, she has a remarkably sane balance, governed by a happy viewpoint of life, with a safe margin of spirit—when the occasion demands.

“Being with Mr. Fairbanks was a very wonderful experience,” Miss Percy was telling me, “and I shall never be grateful enough for all I learned with him, but I found it a pretty big jump from The Follies, to playing lead with one of the foremost film-stars. I became discouraged after completing five pictures and decided to give them up. I was only sixteen and had not yet found my bearing since losing Mother and tho I had my sister, Thel-

At the studio they will tell you that Eileen is a general favorite—never indulging in temperament and always being on time. Above, another camera study, and left, Eileen at the shore.

ma, with me. I nearly died of loneliness.

“Oh, of course, I came to my senses,” she went on, “and I suddenly realized that to succeed I must get right down to hard work and seriously study this work. The screen is illuminating, for it reaches the thought behind the action and this is, after all, the very point on which the finely balanced ball of success is poised. If the foundation is not true and sincere, the whole thing crumbles—this is so with everything. Motion pictures and life itself.

“As soon as I looked it squarely in the face everything seemed to come to me in the most satisfactory way and now I am fired with a big ambition to make a worthy name for myself. I seem destined for comedy—farce comedy, so I presume that will be my forte.”

After playing in several pictures with Sessue Hayakawa, where her dainty fairness made an excellent foil for the Japanese artist, Eileen was

(Continued on page 100)
Holbrook Blinn and Frances Carson appear at the left in a colorful moment of Porter Emerson Browne’s drama of the Southwest, “The Bad Man.”

Genevieve Tobin, below, who is the charming and personable heroine of that pleasant little drama of Manhattan in 1810, “Little Old New York.”

Tot Quarters, above, is a picturesque figure in the Century Roof entertainment, “The Midnight Rounders.”
Mid-Winter in the Theater

One of the centers of interest of John Murray Anderson's highly colored "Greenwich Village Follies of 1920" is Margaret Severn, who contributes several interesting—and vivid—dance interludes.

Photograph by Apeda

Photograph (above) by Ahee

Zimbalist, the famous violinist, has made his début into the musical world with a light operetta, "Honeymdeu." The real hit of "Honeymdeu" is scored by a little Spanish dancer, Mile. Marguerite, who here appears with some of the Zimbalist chorus.
How to be a Movie Reviewer

(In One Lesson)

Note—You know the kind of motion picture criticisms you read in the daily newspapers and in the trade papers. But have you ever thought of trying it yourself? Here's how to do it.

If the director wrecks an automobile:
Truly no expense has been spared.
If it is a wildly improbable melodrama:
Crammed full of real thrills and possessing a wealth of action.
If the principal cutie is in peril anywhere:
Replete with heart interest and having an absorbing love story.
If the star is downright bad:
The drama carries itself, altho the popular star was never better.
If the star and the story are both bad:
Agreably entertaining and marked by superb photography.
If a mystery tale:
Perplexing story in which the interest of the absorbed spectator will be held to the end.
If the cutie wears several gowns:
Star runs the whole gamut of emotions.
If the cutie reveals a glycerin tear in the close-up:
Here is, indeed, a triumph of emotional acting.
If the plot is almost invisible:
A sweet and simple photoplay of rare wholesomeness.

For any photoplay including a mob scene:
Greater punch than "The Birth of a Nation."
For any photoplay with a spiritual reformation:
More uplifting than "The Miracle Man."
For any photoplay attempting lazy "art" photography:
Nothing like it since "Broken Blossoms."
For any star wearing curls:
... gives a sweetly unsophisticated performance which plays upon the heart strings.
For any male star:
That he succeeds in this difficult role attests to the ability of the starring actor that he is.

Dong Fairbanks is going to do D'Artagnan in a film version of Dumas' "The Three Musketeers." Our choice for the Dumas hero is Ben Turpin, with Charlie Murray and Chester Conklin as the other guardsmen.

Additional Things We're Tired Of
Property ducks that squirt water in the comedian's face.
Crumbling roses to indicate the passing of a character thru the pearly gates.
Burning oil wells in the weeklies.
Stories of star's pets.
Stories of star's insurance.
Stories of star's offers to return to the legitimate.

(Continued on page 89)
A CHAP doesn't take pay fer doin' right.

Dinty stood his ground square, legs planted sturdy apart, blue eyes level. He repeated his assertion. It was said without bravado, simple as part of the boy's creed.

The third District Attorney eyed the small and evidently Irish face.

"You're from the snid county, he said, with a smile and a brogue.

Dinty's blue eyes glinted.

"Yessir," he said, "we've a story, we have. A rare one.

"Tell it me."

The third District Attorney seldom squandered his valuable time so freely. More or less of a humanitarian, he had learned to reject much of the flotsam drifting in to him in these quarters. Especially, the ones with "stories."

Generally, the fiction was connivance in one form or another, more or less ingeniously masked. Dinty seemed different. There was a light in his blue eyes, wide eyes suggestive of strain and sleeplessness, there were faint hollows in his too-young cheeks and an irresistible and unquenchable humor in his smile, a ready smile.

"My mother was Doreen Adair," the lad said, as tho he loved the dark romance of his telling; "she was in love, very greatly in love she was, with Danny O'Sullivan. He had eyes like me, that Danny. There are many times when my mother, not so well as at other times, sir, kisses my two eyes and says 'for you, Danny-arragh.' She forgets-like. They married secretly, the pair of 'em. Doreen Adair had a landed father and oh, such a lady-mother; English, she was. I've heard of her often. Laces, she wore, and little tip-tilty caps and a haughty air. Danny O'Sullivan wasn't good enough for the likes of an Adair. And so they got married, and then Danny got wind of a job in America and he told Doreen how that he'd go over where gold was growing like sumac at home and then he'd send for her, and after a bit they'd go home again. Crepus-like and rich and the proud mother of Doreen would bow her haughty head. Dinty vouchsafed a smile. "It didn't happen like that," he said, "cause I came first, and then when Doreen got here, Danny had been kilt only three days before." A little tenderness actual in its significance touched the lad's sensitive mouth, "it was a battle the little woman had to fight then," he said, "with me a babe as helpless as helpless and nary a cent, nor kin, nor friends. But it takes the Irish! Her proud mother and her stormy father and me, soft and dependent, but most of all, most of all, her love for Danny O'Sullivan pulled her thru. She worked by day and she worked by night and her body got thin and stooped and her pretty hair thinned and there's siller in it, and her feet lost their shapes, she said, and her hands got twisted and poor-like and after a while a doctor told her . . . her lungs had to be 'humored,' but, at first, she couldn't humor them, owing to the work and the hard times and all. But now . . . now . . ." the embryo man puffed his own exceeding small chest, "I'm the man of the family, now," he said, "I work by day and by night I take care of Doreen. I feed her and make her all comfy, same as she did for me, and I think she's mostly happy. Now and then she takes me for Danny O'Sullivan, and not just Dinty, and then she smiles and looks like the little picture of her taken on her father's estate, all curls and frills and laughing. So it's mostly all right.

"But some of it isn't? Some of it is fight, chy?" The young third District Attorney felt a suspicious sting of his eyeballs. Nor was he, in any sense, a sentimentalist.

"Well, it's like this. I'm selling papers. Me and Watermillions, he's black outward and white inward, and Chinkie, he's yeller, but the same applies to the inner. We're up against a gang. Levinsky's the head of it. Levinsky's a bird. He makes life hard for me and for Watermillions and Chinkie. He has all the best corners, you see, for his gang. Whenever one of us gets going good and gets a trade, he takes our corners-"
Another Chinaman had accompanied them and they had taken the white woman into a banquet hall, all red and black lacquer, couches and weird contrivances for pleasure and for torture returned untouched, by Dinty. There were not, in his section, many Dintys. Painful experience, the painful experiences of others, had taught him that. Dinty had refused reward in the shape of a tenner, despite the sick, beloved Doreen and the gang and the preempted corners.

John North rose and clapped the small man on one lean but unflinching shoulder.

"Keep a stout heart, my friend," he said, "and we'll see what can be done."

A week later Dinty received a communication from the third District Attorney. It requested the honor of an interview. The sum and substance of the interview was that Dinty accepted a loan, on a strict business basis, wherewith he collected a selling force of his own, inclusive, of course, of Chinkie and Watermillions, bought up some corners, and became the leader of a gang of little fellers to oppose Levinsky's big fellers. North also insured the little fellers police protection.

Dinty was exuberant. His mother's teaching was right as right. The white light of it burned on the zealous altar of his soul.

Dinty sold the editions in which it was heralded, at prize. Judge Whitley's twenty-year-old daughter Ruth had been abducted from her home; that foul play was suspected; that the Secret Service was operating, etc., etc. It stated, further, that Judge Whitley had been the instigator of the recent very vigorous campaign to clean up Chinatown, further deductions as to the local source of the abduction were unnecessary.

Dinty read it with a quiver of his small muscles. He had the elements of chivalry and it made him shudder to think that that fester ing alley and byway, among the Eurasians who moved about with padded, sinister footsteps, scorned alike by Chinese and white, a white girl, gentle and high-born, was secreted.

When he learned that John North loved her, even as, amidst all romance, Danny O'Sullivan had loved the young Doreen, all his Irish was up.

He ached to conspire. He dreamed fitfully of the flash of knives and the snarl of teeth in pallid yellow faces. His vivid imagination showed him secret panels and underground dungeons and holes beneath the earth, foully conspiring to blood-curdling conspiracies.

He told North all he knew and all that he had heard of the desperadoes of Chinatown.

"It's one of the Malays," he said, "I can bet. It's one of them half-breed Malays. They cling together like glue. There's Dorkh, for instance. He's got some white in him. That makes him all the worse. It makes him cunning. Chinkie's scared to fits of Dorkh and his sister is Dorkh's Chinese wife. She's scared to fits of him too. She's only a kid, fifteen. Thin and lemon colored with terrified eyes. I tseeter look like that in the dark, once. I'll bet it's Dorkh."

That night Dinty's suspicion was confirmed by Judge Whit ley.

North called on him and told him of his talk with Dinty. "I try to draw him out," he said, "very often those kids are scavengers of information, and Dinty's would be straight."

Whitley groaned.

"It is Dorkh," he said, "I've been keeping it to myself for a twofold reason; first, because I feared further enmity if publicity got out and, secondly, I had no confirmatory word. Tonight I got a message direct. A month ago I sentenced his son to San Quentin for killing a Chinaman in a gambling row. Dorkh came to me and tried to bribe me. He was ferocious in his svelte way. Naturally, I refused the bribe. He left me, apparently reasonable. Then... this... this... this... This... Ruth... God... God, to..."

(Fifty-four)
Bringing the Congo to Broadway
By B. F. WILSON

An unusual phase of the motion picture industry recently came to light with the return of Dr. Leonard John Vandenberg from an eleven months' trip thru Central Africa.

On the twenty-fourth of September, 1919, Dr. Vandenberg, together with a camera-man, an assistant, and Dr. George B. Shattuck, embarked from New York to Naples. From there, the party journeyed to Mombasa, on the east coast of Africa, continuing on to Albert Nyanza, Lake Kioga, and following the Nile to Alexandria. This small body of men brought back sufficient data to confirm unquestionably the report of the existence of a race of pygmies, known as the Mambuti.

"We encountered many difficulties in locating this tribe," said Dr. Vandenberg, "for they are a most timid people. None of them exceed four feet in height, and their customs and mode of living are perhaps the most unusual I have ever encountered in my nine years of missionary work in the wilds of Africa."

We were seated in the offices of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation. At first impression, Dr. Vandenberg resembles a banker, or doctor, yet the deep-set eyes and the bronzed skin bearing witness of long months of exposure to burning rays of tropic suns places him as one who has seen wide spaces, and lived in strange countries.

"You see, I had originally planned this trip solely for the purpose of gathering material for a coast to coast lecture-tour in connection with my missionary work. I have for nine years lived with these people, who are so pathetically untouched by the hand of civilization. I wished to arouse the interest of America, and to get her help for these ignorant children. Mr. Jesse Lasky heard of my projected trip and most generously offered to finance it if I would take a camera-man along and procure some motion pictures. Also my missionary work is to receive a certain percentage of the returns from the pictures when they are released as a special feature."

"It was thru the friendship with some of the White Fathers, who live so simply and work so earnestly on their apparently thankless tasks, that I managed to finally locate the Mambuti. As I have said before, they are a very timorous little people and, upon the first inkling of our approach, they fled, leaving the villages quite empty. However, they were coaxed back thru intermediaries, and finally became quite friendly, posing for pictures and dancing for us. I lived in one of their villages for some weeks, making a thorough investigation of their habits, their daily life, their customs. I found that they existed on rodents, caterpillars, and other similar food, and that their chief sport was..."
Know Thyself!

O

curse, I knew that Juanita Hansen had had an apartment or a bungalow or something or other in California with Mary Thurman; that she had been one of the famous Mack Sennett bathing girls and that she had rather recently changed her line, as it were. I knew that she was but newly arrived in New York; that she was effectively blonde and that she was occupying Texas Guinan’s apartment in the precincts of the village known as Greenwich. This last I knew with a beautiful definiteness, because she had cozily invited me to dinner, and I always ascertain dinner addresses . . . I am an interviewer.

These facts, above related, were the only facts in my possession. I had heard, thro, come to think of it, that some glib soul had observed that Texas Guinan’s apartment resembled the large set in “Intolerance,” and, having seen Miss Hansen photographically, I anticipated an—well, graphic evening. I got it.

I was greeted by a vision, nothing else, nothing less, with hair blonde and bobbed, in Turkish costume of an extreme effectiveness, even to the hound ankles.

“I always,” said Miss Hansen, “wear this thing around the house. It is a habit with me. Just before I left California, tho, I was throwing away a lot of things and was about to include this in the lot, when Texas Guinan came

in and advised me to keep it. ‘You’ll need it,’ she told me, ‘in my apartment.’ I find that I do. It sort of fits in.”

Miss Hansen was hospitable plus over a charming dinner-table containing not merely charm but food, substantially speaking as well . . . delectable and exceedingly gooey chocolate cake inclusive.

Juanita occupied a tall and carven chair of somber hue and looked startling . . . like a glad sort of picture, framed.

She has a sort of hovering solicitude which one might not expect, perhaps, of her somewhat sensational appearance. One knows, however, that the sensational appearance, the super-ability to wear clothes startlingly, does not mitigate the kind heart beneath the Luciles, if they be Luciles.

There is an air about her at once of ministration and childlike pleasure.

She had never been in New York before, which I did not know. It is, I suppose, always something of a shock to a born and bred New Yorker to encounter a person who has never before so much as seen the famous

Juanita Hansen has a sort of hovering solicitude which one might not expect, perhaps, of her somewhat sensational appearance. She has a super-ability to wear clothes startlingly—at the same time this does not mitigate the kind heart beneath the latest Lucile model.
By Faith Service

nearly,” she told me, “went crazy the first night I arrived. Some friends met me and took me some place to dine... I don’t know where... I was so excited and seeing so many things all at once, so it seemed to me. I just kept bobbing from one side of the taxi to the other, asking questions galore and always coming back to ‘Where is the Statue of Liberty?’ I thought I couldn’t be happy until I had seen that.”

After dinner we inspected some creative fabrics known, commonly, as gowns; likewise hats and vamp negligés and such-like triumphs. I discovered in the delicate process the innate good nature of Juanita, a sort of ready and open obligingness pleasing to find. Tired from a long day at the studio, strenuously serialing, anticipating a repetition of the same early the following morning, she still tried on the various hats and gowns for us, (her secretary, her P. A. and me), with unvarying éclat and with varied and always bewildering achievement.

Then we went into the dimly lit, mirror-hung, exotic living-room and toasted our feet against a coal grate... and talked... I asked her what had induced her to leave the Sennett line of work, et al.

Left, Miss Thayer Monroe

“I suddenly found myself,” she said; “I’d always been very self-depreciatory and without any self-confidence at all. I thought every one I saw was so supremely much better than anything I was or was doing that I would come away completely crushed and discouraged. I’d see Lillian Gish, or Norma Talmadge, or Blanche Sweet, and I would go home and think, ‘Oh, they are wonderful!’ I can never be like that,’ and I would be so blue I would be actually in despair. Then, one day, it came to me like a flash that each one of us has his or her own particular place in the scheme of things which no other person can possibly fill or even touch. No matter how small the place, it is our own place, uniquely, to do with what we will. It came to me as sort of revelation. No one can take anything from us or give anything to us in so far as our niche in life goes. We are all personalities. No two of us are similar, really. I sort of felt that I had met myself and for the first time. I took a look at myself in the glass. I was still young. I made up my mind that I would cut out parties and fooling (Continued on page 83)
Nancy Manages
By LILLIAN MAY

The little family, however, remained in Australia for some time and it was there at the age of ten that Nancy made her stage debut in a Christmas pantomime. She made such a success of it, too, that she begged to continue her work as a child actress, which she did intermittently, thru several years of traveling about with her parents.

"Ever since I can remember, I have loved to act and dance," she said. "Daddy didn't want me to do it, but mother didn't mind, and I reasoned with Daddy, telling him that as long as he and mother were always traveling that I might as well put it to some good advantage for myself.

A continual source of surprise is that so much personality can be encompassed in the diminutive Nancy Deaver. And not only is she a person of exceeding charm and the above personality, but she could also come off with flying colors in the latest and most difficult of efficiency tests!

I DON'T know what it was about her. She is very small and childishly formed. Her brown hair waves naturally over her ears and is drawn low at the back of her head. Her dark blue eyes look out from long, curled lashes that were not darkened. Her mouth, a real Cupid's bow that an artist might have formed, was not too red. Her clear skin with a suspicion of small brown freckles was guileless of powder. She was quietly dressed and yet, as we walked a few blocks up Broadway, thru the lobby of the Claridge and into the dining-room to a cozy corner, it was as tho every one were saying, "Here comes Nancy Deaver!"

How so much personality could be encountered in one small girl I have wondered ever since. And it was not long until I discovered, that not only is Nancy Deaver a person of exceeding charm and personality, but she is also very business-like.

In the first place, there was the business of being born. Daddy Deaver is a civil engineer with business all over the world. Mother Deaver accompanies him on all his trips. Did Nancy, merely to be born, separate the family or postpone an important business trip to Australia? Certainly not. The trip was made as scheduled and en route, efficiently and promptly. Nancy was born. Never for a moment would she interfere with the business of civil engineering or anything else!

"That's why I am sometimes called an Australian," she said, "but I'm not. I was born on the way to wherever we happened to be going, which happened to be Australia. But father is English and mother is Scotch, therefore I am English and Scotch and proud of it."

Of course, he said that I ought to be put in school in England and left there. But all the same he was glad that mother refused to have me left behind at a stupid school. You see my father is not a typical Englishman — the kind who rules his family. No indeed. Mother and I rule him. And some-

(Continued on page 86)
Gossip of the Eastern Studios

THE new Long Island studios of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation are now running in full force. It's a big, model plant, and an ideal creative home for the photoplay.

Motion picture stars are still coming and going abroad. Dorothy Gish has returned with her mother. She is going to rest a while, making a trip to California before she resumes production. Blanche Sweet recently sailed for Paris. Herbert Brenon, fresh from interesting activities along the Mediterranean and in Italy, has been visiting in New York. Very possibly he may go back to make a few more pictures. As The Classic goes to press, this is still pending.

Some interesting news comes from Realart way. They say that Constance and Faire Binney are to appear together, playing the sisters in the new novel, "Christopher and Columbus." By the way: Constance is going to play behind the footlights again, alternating with her screen work. It will be in a Rachel Crothers drama, "Nice People."

Theda Bara returned from an interesting trip abroad and is again on tour in her stage play, "The Blue Flame." Rumors are current regarding a return to the screen next summer. Be that as it may, it is an interesting possibility.

Madame Olga Petrova made a flying trip to England on business and returned to open a twenty-week vaudeville tour of the Keith Theaters. This will take her to the middle west.

The remarkable — and even sensational — success of David Wark Griffith's super-picture, "Way Down East," is the talk of the motion picture world. "Way Down East" is doing an absolute sell-out business at the Forty-fourth Street Theater in New York, and is playing to S. R. O., (Standing Room Only), in Boston and Philadelphia. A Chicago presentation is about to be made.

There is much talk about David Wark Griffith's future plans. The tragic death of Bobbie Harron, of course, upset things a great deal and activities at the Mamaroneck plant ceased for many weeks. Griffith always personally supervises the presentation of his productions in the various cities. Following the launching of the Chicago run, it is likely that he will again turn to production immediately. He has another super-production in mind, one in which Dick Barthelmess will be featured. After this, Dick is to be starred.

Charlie Chaplin has been seeing New York very much incog. He dodges interviewers, but can be occasionally seen at the theater and at evening roof entertainments.
TEA time at the Alexandria! The statuesque blonde wearing the beautiful tailored suit and the trim sailor hat is Kathryn Williams—with her husband. The demure, slender little girl in the dark blue serge and close fitting hat is Colleen Moore who has just signed a fine new contract with Marshall Neilan. The good looking boy with her is her brother, Cleeve. King Baggott is the business-like man on your right and so it goes—unless you look closely you miss the celebrities, for they are just people.

One of the beautiful brunettes in Los Angeles is Florence Vidor. I met her out at the Ince studio the other day where she was completing her final scenes in "The Magic Life." House Peters was playing opposite her. The quality of Florence Vidor's beauty is the sort you read about and dream about. There is a perfection of feature, poise and carriage which leaves one fairly breathless. She was wearing an evening gown of yellow and lavender draped chiffon. Her luxuriant chestnut hair was bound closely to her shapely head. Her complexion is so finely luminous that it is scarcely necessary for her to use any make-up. About her there is a spiritual aura, a peace, a completeness. She is a wonderful woman, wife, mother, and artiste. William deMille has begun work on Barrie's play "What Every Woman Knows." Lois Wilson has been given Maude Adams' original rôle and Conrad Nagel plays opposite. The Conrad Nagels are a model, happy, young married couple, who are now making their home in Hollywood.

Another admirably mated pair are Mr. and Mrs. John Bowers, who recently spent a wonderful five weeks' vacation on their yacht, the "Unrás." Metro has signed up a stock company of unusual strength this season. Included are Wyndham Standing, whose performance in "Eyes of the Soul" was a screen epic, Edward Connelly, Edward Jobson, Florence Turner, Cleo Madison, Edward Cecil and Lawrence Grant. Having these players always available, means that Metro stars will be supported by practically all-star casts.

We were all just thrilled over the addition of Gareth Hughes to our film colony, when along came Farny and handed him the leading rôle in J. M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy," and he departed for New York. However, he was only loaned to Famous Players by Metro for this one picture, so we may expect him back again soon.

And speaking of loaning, Marshall Neilan has loaned Colleen Moore to King Vidor for one picture, "The Sky Pilot." Jack Mulhall, another happy benedick, is to have the leading rôle opposite Viola Dana in her new picture, "The Off- Shore Pirate." By the way, I stumbled on an interesting rumor the other day. It is said that Thomas H. Ince, who produced the wonderful old Indian pictures in the good old Fine Arts days, will produce another Indian drama in the near future.

I watched Myrtle Stedman being directed in "The Concert," by Victor Schertzinger a while ago. Miss Stedman has remarkably expressive blue eyes and fair hair and is, complete mistress of scenic moods. She can turn from a study of "Vogue" on the side lines to a most pathetic (Continued on page 94)
In one stunning set—
everything to keep your nails beautifully manicured

In ten minutes, with these Cutex manicure preparations, you can transform nails you are ashamed of.

Start today to have the shapely, well-kept nails that make any hand beautiful. No matter how rough and ragged the skin around your nails is, no matter how ugly cutting the cuticle has made them, you can almost instantly change them into nails that are noticeably lovely.

Without trimming or cutting of any kind, Cutex keeps the skin at the base of the nail smooth, firm and unbroken. Just file your nails to the proper length and shape. In the Cutex package you will find orange stick and absorbent cotton. With a little cotton wrapped around the end of the stick and dipped in Cutex, work around the nail base, gently pushing back the cuticle. Almost at once you will find you can wipe off the dead surplus skin. Wash the hands, pressing back the cuticle as you dry them.

For fascinatingly snowy nail tips, apply just a bit of Cutex Nail White under the nails. You will delight in the fashionable finish that the Cutex Polish gives. Your first manicure will show you how lovely nails can look.

For Christmas and birthday presents

Last year over three hundred thousand women bought Cutex sets during the holiday season. Before you plan a single Christmas gift, look at these Cutex sets. Read the descriptions alongside each picture. Any one of the three—in its handsome Christmas wrapper—makes a present that is new and fashionable.

Any drug or department store in the United States, in Canada and in England has Cutex manicure preparations. Don't let another day go by until you have secured Cutex. Get your set today. Northam Warren, 114 West 17th Street, New York.

CUTEX
Manicure Preparations

(Sixty-three)
Pathé has a new idea! A company of six girls has been organized—the half dozen to take turns playing leading roles in Rolin comedies. They are to be known as the "Vanity Fair Girls."

The piratical flapper just above is Ethel Broadhurst. Ethel rather gives us the impression that walking the plank wasn't so unpleasant after all.

The pensive maid is Jean Hope; the fair pilgrim in the center is Del Lorice; while the agriculturally inclined young woman at the lower left is Lilymae Wilkinson. Lilymae is one of those names that printers and proofreaders remember in their prayers every night.
How to banish the needless flaws that ruin your appearance

It is so easy to let your skin acquire bad traits

WIND and cold, you know, are ruinous to the texture of your skin. They whip the moisture out of it—leave it dry and tense. Then follow roughening and chapping.

Skin specialists say that one can protect the skin by applying a softening and soothing cream always before venturing out. Never omit this. One little slip, and your skin has had its first dangerous lesson—on how to grow rough!

Of course you need for this protection a cream which will not make your face go out and your skin will not chap all winter long. Regardless of the weather it will become more and more exquisite in texture.

Does the powder keep coming off your face, leaving you all shiny and embarrassed?

Perhaps you are expecting too much of it. Really, it is entirely your own fault if you put the powder directly on the skin and expect it to stay on of its own accord. The finest of powders needs a base to hold it, and to keep it smooth.

For this use, as for protection from the weather, you need a cream without oil. Before you powder, take a bit of Pond's Vanishing Cream and rub it lightly into the skin. At once it disappears, leaving your skin softened. Now powder as usual and don't think of it again. The powder will stay on two or three times as long as ever before.

When your face is tense from a long, hard day, yet you want to "look beautiful," remember that the cool, fragrant touch of Pond's Vanishing Cream smoothed over the face and neck will instantly bring it new freshness. Do this before you go to a dance. All the tell-tale weariness around eyes and mouth will vanish. Your skin will gain a new transparency. You need never let it get into the way of staying tired.

Beware of allowing your skin to cloud up and lose its clearness. When this happens, it is because minute particles of dust have worked their way too deep into the pores to be removed by ordinary bathing. Really, it means that you have been allowing your skin to go only half cleansed! To remove this deeply lodged dust you need an entirely different cream, a cream with an oil base. Pond's Cold Cream has just the amount of oil to work deep into the pores and cleanse them.

Before you go to bed and whenever you have been especially exposed to dust, rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the skin. Then wipe it off with a soft cloth. You will say, "How could so much dust have gotten into my pores?" Do this regularly and you will be rewarded by a clear, fresh skin.

Every normal skin needs both these creams. Neither will foster the growth of hair.

Get a jar or tube of each today at any drug or department store. You will realize for the first time how lovely your skin can be.
shrewd eyes. "Miss!" he said at last dryly, "she must ha' found it quick, because she's down at my home this minute, crying as tho her heart 'ud break. I couldn't make out what was wrong, so I come over to find out. Went away, oh? With Bill Lacey? Well, I guess she changed her mind."

"Caleb West caught the table edge. "She—didn't go?"

"Didn't 'pear to," the Captain said, dryly, then his tone changed, grew pleading. "Caleb, she's young. We older folks forget what the world looks like to twenty. We'd ought to make 'lowances. Shall I go back and send Betty home?"

The master-driver stood immovable. His face was like granite. "It's too late, Bell," he said slowly, "it 'ud happen again. I couldn't stand it, watching her, wonderin'. I'll give her half I make but—I can't come back."

Argument, pleading availed no more than a wave washing against a rock. "There ain't nothing," mused the good Captain as he plodded heavily homeward, "there ain't nothing unforgivinger than a good man, nor stupider either. Caleb West is all right when it comes to laying the foundation for a lighthouse but he can't keep his own home from drifting to shipwreck."

White-faced but singularly calm, the girl received Caleb's edict. "He's right!" she flashed when the Captain showed indignation. "I haven't got the right to go back." She faced the old man bravely, "you know what folks'll say. But it won't be true. Bill Lacey never so much as kissed me. Soon as I got on that boat I knew I couldn't go. But I was wacked all the same. I listened to him and I—wanted what he had—Life! and things happening—and things to see! And I des—erve to be punished."

The tiny fishing village rocked seasickly with the news. Housewives left their dishes unwashed to discuss it over their fences, the men on the fishing boats rolled it like a flavorsome morsel on their tongues. But there was a singular scarcity of details. None of the three involved would speak of what had happened. Bill Lacey, sullen-eyed, with bitten red lips left the lighthouse gang and went to work as a fireman on a freighter, plying between the island and the mainland. Betty West got a place as a waitress in the hotel, and Caleb strode to and from the ledge where the lighthouse was rising, with a heavy look that forbade questioning.

But the gossips eked out their fare with another spicy morsel. For a long time the admiration of Henry Sanford, the contractor who was building the light, for pretty Kate Leroy, the wife of the hotel owner, had been unmistakable—to the whole village, except apparently, to slow, silent, plodding Morgan Leroy. The handsome shoulders and dapper mustache of the city man were almost never seen without an orange sweater, a floating chiffon veil close by, and while Sanford paid assiduous court and Kate Leroy's gay, pleased laughter shrilled her flattered delight to all, Morgan Leroy, in shabby old trousers and wrinkled necklace sat hunched over his paper in the hotel office.

In her leisure hours Betty slipped away to the cliff, and sat, a small, huddled figure hidden among the bushes, looking out over the restless harbor to where the far figures of the divers moved on their platform. The ocean no longer called to her imagination. Its eternal plaint moaned in the homesick ears of her soul, and slow, silent tears gathered in her eyes and dripped off the point of her chin. To Bill Lacey, when he tried to reason with her, to plead angrily, passionately she answered only "No. That's all over with—please."

"But you can't live here all your life like this," the boy stormed, haggard eyes on her colorless little face, "people whis-perin', working like a horse! Ask Caleb for a divorce and marry me. We'll go away—to Europe, we'll see the world—"

She smiled sadly, as she saw he was infinitely older and wiser than he. "I couldn't be any farther away in Europe than I am here," she said, and fell to brooding, not noticing when he stumbled blindly away.

People said afterward that the explosion aboard the Bessie Marie, freighter, was a judgment, rolling the good old Methodist word solemnly on their tongues. They proved at the inquiry that it was a leaky valve. Whichever you prefer, it was at least a turning point in six people's lives. Almost before the vibration of the explosion had died away a crowd had collected on the shore and the tug with the divers, still in their suits had started for the wreck. Captain Bell was casting off his dory when he felt his arm seized, and looked down into the face of Betty West. "I've got to go!" she told him wildly. "I've got to go!"

And so Caleb West and his wife came face to face at last on the tilting deck of the tug beside the mass of wreckage which alone showed where the Bessie Marie had gone down. Her hands went to her breast, but she did not speak, only looked up into his face, set into hard and alien lines. "All o' the crews safe—but one man," he said harshly, "he's in the air lock. If I don't get him in ten minutes, handsome Bill Lacey'll never break up another man's home."

There was such terrible bitterness and exultation in his tone, and his kindly eyes held such an unholy light of triumph that she cried out then and clutched at his arm. "Caleb! You're going? You must! Oh—you must!" She was thinking only of him, and of the Cain-reproach he would carry always thereafter if he did not go, but he read in her agony another meaning. Without a word he turned on his heel and set the helmet over his head.

It seemed to Betty West that all her life rose up to that moment was not so long as the ten minutes that followed, when she stood by the bow, staring down into the green deeps as tho by the force of her will she could draw him up to her. When the ugly, squat figure appeared, silently carrying something limp in its arms and clambered clumsily aboard, she heard the sound of hysterical weeping somewhere at a great distance but did not know that it came from her own lips.

"He died Bill Lacey on the deck, a long young sprawl, terribly still. And while she watched them work over him, Caleb West clambered out of his diving suit, staggering with weariness. It had been a gruelling fight under the crashing green waters, a fight more than physical. But he came out of it a conqueror. He went to his wife now, and the hardness was gone from him. "I saved him partly because I was my duty, Betty, but mostly because you wanted him. He smiled crookedly, "I been wrong. I was too old for you—I didn't know the right to do your youngness, Blossom," (the old pet name slipped out unaware), "but I'll give you back what I took, best I can. I'll set you free—"

The nearness of her—ah God! the dearness! He shut his eyes lest he forget his promise and take her straightway, because he could do no other, into his weary arms. Because they were shut he could not see the quivering shame and tenderness in her upturned face, but suddenly—

thru the darkness, spiritual and bodily that engulfed him, he heard a whisper—"Caleb, please—don't—set me free. I want—I want to stay—"

And, as in the beginning, the voice cried to the swirling chaos, "Let there be Light," and there was light. Now Caleb West opened his eyes on a glory of sun-set crimson and a face in it, lifted to his. It was not the placid kiss of middle-age but the kiss of a young, ardent lover that he gave his wife then—

And the same night that robbed the village of one scandal took away the other also, on the train that carried Henry Sanford to the city—alone. Captain Bell, who rowed two passengers from the Point to catch the train, might have been able to explain why he brought one lack with him, weeping with a melancholy satisfaction over her shattered romance and tremulously grateful for its shattering.

Rowing homeward, after he had left Kate Leroy, whimpering her gratitude at the hotel, Captain Bell regarded the lights twinkling friendlywise along the shore, contentedly, his face gently humanized. "Ain't it nice to think all o' them lights mean a home," he ruminated aloud, resting a moment on his oars. "That's the way the Lord meant it to be, I reckon, men and women set in homes. An old bachelor like me has missed his job at home-making. Still," and he chuckled softly, "I do know but what the Lord needs a few lighthouses, too!"
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(Founder’s Paramount Diamond Merchants)
The Winners Are Announced

(Continued from page 47)

she is very pretty to look upon, with an unusual complexion.

Among the early contestants were two children of unusual beauty and screen personality.—Little Ruth Higgins of 20 Liberty Street, Morristown, N. J., and Dorothy Taylor of 1322 Findley Avenue, N. Y. City. Both of them play important parts in “Love’s Redemption,” and we know of no other children on the stage or screen who could have played and looked better. They are each awarded silver medals and will be known hereafter as Silver-Medallists of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest.

And while we are speaking of “Love’s Redemption,” be it remembered that every member of that cast was carefully selected from among thousands of applicants and, therefore, each one is hereby given the award of first honor for her part in the play on our final Honor Roll. They are Dorian Romero, Lynne M. Berry, Katherine Bas-sett, William R. Talmadge, Arthur Tut-bill, Cecile Edwards, William Castro, Ellsworth Jones, Seymoure Parish, Jos. Murtaugh, Elfe Palmer, Bunty Mainly, Alfred L. Rigali, Edward Chalmers, Charles Hammer, William White, Norbert Hammer, Carl Chalmers, Dorothy Doore, Mrs. F. Mayer, O. L. Langhanke and Jose Santo DeSigue. Some of these are "types" and are not honored for beauty. Mr. Romero deserves special mention for his work in this play.

During the warm months hundreds of girls appeared before the judges, and some were so beautiful that it seemed they would outshine those previously mentioned in this article. Among these was Betty Pomroy Hanson of Rugby, North Dakota, who seemed to be the exact "double" of Lucille Langhanke. Several tests were made of her and it was found she looked remarkably well and had all of the elements that a screen star should have. In the same group appear Mary Jane Sanderson of Johns- ton, Pa., and so promising was her first test that we at once telegraphed her to return for another. She is not quite fifteen.

There were two more in this group, deserving of special mention, for they screen exceptionally well. They are Yvonne Bailey of 15 McDonald Street, Brooklyn, N. Y., and Bertha Keating of Springfield, Mass. They are each about thirteen years of age and a trifle too young to win first honors in this contest, but look out for them in the next!

Early in September there came two girls of remarkable beauty and presence, each measuring about five feet seven in height. They are Elma McKinney of 114 West 88th Street, N. Y. City, and Eileen Elliott of 707 Rutner Street, Philadelphia, Pa. They both screen very well, indeed, and while their spheres will be limited on account of their unusual size and height, the cinema will find a place for them.

About this time came two charming little brunettes, who were long considered for first honors. They are Katherine Leonard of 160 West 84th Street, N. Y. City and Byc Madden of 1667 Grove Street, N. Y. City.

Those who saw “A Dream of Fair Women” will remember the cute little miss who played the part of the “tough girl.” She was then only fourteen years old. She came down to Roslyn one day in July for a new test, and everybody was amazed at her appearance. She screened beautifully and we did our best to get her back again for additional tests, but she was away on the road playing in vaudeville. She is Evelyn Pouch, but we are unable to give her address.

Late in August several of the judges met and again went thru huge piles of photographs in search of some "rose born sunder a thorn, blossom red on the desert air," fearing that somebody of unusual promise had been overlooked. Several thousand photographs were thus selected and sent to the studio of the editor-in-chief. Many hours every day were spent in going over these photographs in the hope of revealing a rose or a bud that had been previously overlooked. About a hundred were selected and the wires were burned up in sending hurry messages for these girls to appear at once before the judges. Telegrams, form letters and phone messages were sent out in great haste, and soon they began to bear fruit. Among these photographs was a small, poorly made, and inartistic one sent in by a friend of a young lady in Canada, unknown to her. The young miss was surprised to receive our summons, but, when she learned what had happened, on she came from Canada, and now she finds herself on the final Honor Roll, well up among the winners.

She is Jean McIntyre of Meford, Canada.

Another similar case, and even more astonishing, is that of Corliss Palmer of Macon, Georgia, who will now be amazed to find herself a winner. Her simple photograph had been passed over and she came within an ace of being lost in the shuffle.

Another similar case is that of Allene Ray, a charming little blonde from San Antonio, Texas, who came, saw and conquered at the last minute. Both of these young ladies are dazzling beauties of rare charm and photographic possibilities, and, as Emerson said to Walt Whitman on receipt of a copy of “Leaves of Grass.”—“We welcome you on the threshold of a great career.” Many screen tests have been made of them and the judges are convinced that, everything considered, the contest has produced nobody quite so faultless as these two Southern beauties.

Space forbids our making further mention of the many glorious girls who appeared in this contest. There is a limit to all things, even to the final Honor Roll. It is quite possible that we have overlooked some who have screen possibilities. We now wish that we had secured half a dozen cameras and camera-men instead of two and given every girl additional tests under different conditions. Therefore, we say to all those whose names do not appear here that they should not be discouraged, and not give up hope for the future. May they have better luck in next contest.

All of those mentioned above are declared by the judges to be the real discoveries of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest. However, we have agreed to make stars of the winners, to give them two years’ publicity in all four of our publications, and to secure for them contracts with reliable companies. We have already secured two contracts, as above mentioned, and we shall do our best to see others as fast as opportunity comes.

We surely cannot be expected to declare as winners all of the foregoing, for various reasons. Some of these girls are not yet ready to start on a screen career and some are mere children; and as for publicity, there would not be room for much else in our magazines were we to grant two years’ publicity to all.

As for Lucille Langhanke, she is also entitled to all that a winner is entitled to. The same is true of Helen DeWitt.

But since the judges are to select one or more who are to be declared winners, and who are entitled to the full quota of our promises, it is found necessary to reduce the number of declared winners to two. Should more than two winners be announced, we could not fulfill our promises. In one sense of the word, all those above mentioned are winners, because they have all won honors. Lucille Langhanke, who will hereafter be known as Mary Astor, has already been made a star, or will be made one by the Famous Players-Lasky Company, regardless of what we do for her. They have already started their campaign of publicity. However, we insist upon selecting and making at least two more stars and, therefore, we take pleasure in announcing the final decision of the judges as follows:

The winners of the 1920 Fame and Fortune Contest are hereby declared to be:

Corliss Palmer, 614 Mount Pelier Avenue, Macon, Georgia; and Allene Ray, 2248 River Avenue, San Antonio, Texas.

To these two young ladies we extend our hearty congratulations for having won the greatest contest that has ever been staged. We are confident that the future will prove the wisdom of this choice. In the years to come, these two young ladies and five million readers will look back upon this announcement as an epoch-making one, and the editors of the Brewster Publications, as well as the judges of this contest, will always feel gratified and elated over the wisdom of their choice.

(Sixty-eighth)
Whiter Teeth
In 10 days, if you’ll ask us for this tube

This simple test has shown to millions the way to whiter, safer teeth. It is a free test—you should make it. It may bring life-long effects.

No other method known can do what Pepsodent does for teeth.

To end the film
The object is to fight the film, which dims the teeth and causes most tooth troubles. Dental science has worked years to do that.

Film is that viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does little to combat it, so the tooth brush leaves much of it intact.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus all these troubles, despite the tooth brush, have been constantly increasing.

Now we combat it
Dental science, after years of research, has found ways to combat film. High authorities have proved their efficiency by clinical and laboratory tests.

The best dental opinion approves these methods. Leading dentists everywhere are urging their adoption. Now millions daily use them, largely by dental advice.

The methods are combined in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is being sent, so all who will may quickly know how much it means to them.

The new effects
One ingredient of Pepsodent is pepsin. Another multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to digest starch deposits which cling and form acid.

It also multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Two factors directly attack the film. One of them keeps the teeth so highly polished that film cannot easily adhere.

Pepsodent combines the best that modern science has discovered to combat the tooth destroyers. And to millions it is bringing a new era in teeth cleaning.

Watch it act
This is to offer a ten-day tube. Send the coupon for it. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

The new tooth luster will show you its effects. The book we send will tell you what they mean. Then you can judge for yourself.

Men who smoke
Smokers’ teeth often show film-stains most. Children’s teeth are most affected by the film. Young teeth are most subject to attacks. With older people the chief danger lies in pyorrhea.

So to all this test is most important. For your own sake don’t forget it. Cut out the coupon now.

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And I've hardy given BARY-GONE Bath Cartridges a FAIR TRIAL

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Away with unnecessary dieting and exhausting exercises! Just prepare your daily bath as usual and drop in a BARY-GONE Bath Cartridge—let it dissolve—and jump in.

You can't help but enjoy its refreshing, invigorating sweetness and best of all those extra pounds you want to lose will be rapidly decreasing, and you won't even realize it.

Send for a box of 12 BARY-GONE Bath Cartridges, $1.00 postpaid, including informative booklet, and then let the scale report your happiness in decreased weight.

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Motion Picture Classic

Admissions

(Continued from page 38)

He prefers the heavier, more dramatic roles. Better fitted to them, more in his element. He does not, he informed me, go upon the general theory of the good in versatility. 'To be able...all right...but in practice...no. We have, he added, a limited time to progress in.

It is too much to expect that we can progress along all lines and reach any number of definite and worth-while goals. There is such a thing as overstepping one's mark and one's capabilities. Strained efforts are palpably so. A wise man knows and remains within, his own limits.

"Still," I said, "you are going to appear in a stage play as well as in pictures this winter, isn't that so?"

He admitted it...no, them.

"I hope to," he said, "for a year or so anyway. It will give me a better working value, to myself and to those employing me.

"It is also a matter of money. Working at both increases my market value. I think we are all interested in the money end of it. I am. I admit that, too."

"Do you think," I pressed, "that the money end is of more import to the majority than the so-called Art end?"

Mr. Harlan considered, blowing, the while, perfectly remarkable fantasies of smoke against the ceiling.

"I think," he said, "that to the wise and practicable individual the money end is the menaquin to the Art end and, therefore, greatly and certainly primarily to be considered.

"Money is the great liberator. We can do so much more with it than we can without it, which would be trite if I did not mean in anything but a material sense. We can be artists so much more youngly and easily because we have the wherewithal to lessen the brunt of other drains and pressures."

"What," I said, "is the most worthwhile thing to you?"

"Ambition," he said, sans hesitation. "Ambition and California. Sunshine and the will-to-get-on. Without ambition we are dull, flat and quite stale. An interesting person is almost sure to be an ambitious person, in one sense or another. You can be sure that it is the missing ingredient in a savorless person."

"And work?"

"Work is the walls of the house, of which ambition is the foundy("vion)." Mr. Harlan said, adding, rather vaguely, "but I am getting in beyond my depth. Anyway, I mean that ambition is, of all characteristics, the fundamental prompter."

Afar off someone hailed him. Constance, duly inquired of, no doubt, had gone back to the set. Mr. Harlan arose with some alacrity, not to say relief.

"Speaking of work," he said, "this is the first stroke I have done today. Perhaps that is why I am so glib talking about it...It often goes that way..."

The camera clicked and I departed.
As a Lamp to be Tended
(Continued from page 21)

don't believe in self-deprecation. It is an inverted form of egotism, and quite as harmful as its antithesis. We cannot help what we are. We really have no reason to laud or to cavil at what we are. We are, and it is outside our volition.

"It is what we do with what we are that matters; that can give us the right to pride or shame. If we are born with a gift of writing, of acting, of painting or playing, it is so. What matters is the way in which we treat the gift, once it is ours. Whether we maltreat or exalt it, humble it or glorify it.

"I always feel that a person bearing within him an art should consider that art as a flame to be tended; to be kept clean—and bright.

"I believe that one should conserve one's self for this flame; guard one's self; watch over it. Sometimes the simile of a lamp comes to me, a lamp to be tended and trimmed, dimmed, perhaps, or raised.

"One should be able to consider it, this art, subjectively, abstractly, a thing not entirely one's own, to be rendered an accounting for to the public...

Miss Kennedy gave her whimsical deprecatory smile; patted her husband's hand, near her own, said, "I hope you do not think I am trying to be theoretical, unduly," and was gone from me in quest of the Hollander hat.

"Come and see me in my play," she called back to me, and I said:

"I will—good luck!"

The Diminutive Dorothy Devore
(Continued from page 35)

ambitions was to be a millionaire and have five babies by the time she was twenty-five.

And there is still time for even this dream to come true.

Dorothy Devore is as unlike an actress as anyone I have ever met. She is a tiny little girl, another member of the five-foot-small brigade. She has enormous large brown eyes with an innocent stare. Her hair is naturally a reddish-brown, and off the screen she doesn't curl it, neither does she use make-up, and she is one of the few girls I know who has no interest in a lipstick. She wears—in real life, you understand—simple little frocks of gingham or of organdie as the occasion may warrant. She is all in all the typical American ingénue. Her very manner, bearing and clothes, bespeak the clean-minded, very young, well-brought-up daughter of an American mother.

A cabaret dancer, a vaudeville artiste, and a motion picture actress!

I give you my word, as well as the old lady's—

You'd never know it from meeting her.

(Seventy-one)
be a part of it. I love the theater and have revelled in the opportunity to see the work of some of the great artists. And there are many wonderful things to see and learn. But do you know that it is the 'outsider' who really knows and appreciates the best things in New York? What does the average New Yorker care about the art galleries or walking across Brooklyn Bridge at twilight or the view from the top of the Woolworth Building or plays like 'The Jest'?

"I have been living here with friends who seem to live in a mad whirl of dinners, teas, dances, shopping—going round and round in a circle and getting nowhere. They have tried to carry me along—because they think it's the only life for a young girl. But I had decided that it would never do for me and, as I expected to be here several months, engaged a room down-town in the dormitory of a girls' club—all of them girls who work and live for something besides a good time.

"My philosophy of life may be a very queer one," she said, "but it seems to me that youth is not the time for frivolity. Not if one is to get anything out of life worth having. It's the time to discover many wonderful things—to study, to observe, to travel—to cultivate worth-while people—to build. And then, when one is older and has learnt to discriminate and knows what one really wants most in life and has earned the right—why, then, let them 'as wants to' go ahead and frivol!'," she laughed; "it's up to them!"

"No. I'm too young in the business to have any theories about pictures. I'm just learning and glad of the opportunity to watch and learn. In the meantime, I'm glad I'm going back to God's beautiful country, where one can really live. But some day, when I have acquired much experience and a great deal of nerve, I'm coming back to New York and haunt the offices of the Broadway managers until they offer to try me out in a stage engagement. Of course, I realize I will have a great many things to contend with, but the game would not be worth playing without them," quoth the shining Ann.

The New Zealand Bushranger
(Continued from page 22)

was brought to a head when his father, a stern man, utterly forbade him to appear in an amateur performance for which he had been rehearsing for weeks.

It was the last straw. Jerome Patrick left home and answered the call of that will-o-the-wisp fame.

But he was willing to work hard, no false pride kept him from attaining his ambition. He was willing to do anything that was honest, providing it kept him in the theater. Thus he was a chorus man, a leader in stock, a player in the provinces, but all the time he had just one object
(Continued on page 74)
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
most concerned with that particular ar-
rangement. 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.

New Opportunities
In Photoplay Writing
Open to All Who Have Ideas

THOSE’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 peo-
ple 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 Writ-
ing teaches you mainly how to pre-
pare 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; Dorothy Nourse; Paul
Schofield, Ince writer; G. Leroy Clarke,
who sold his first story for $3,000; and
others who have won success. “His Maj-
esty 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
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Lois Weber. All are famous in the indus-
try and would lend their aid to nothing
that they would not use themselves.
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have included special printed lectures for
the course. These lectures cover every
essential phase of photoplay plot con-
struction.

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Few people realize that they may enter into
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of that class. Romance—just as many as in
any other walk of life. You simply haven’t
tried.

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fact one finds in it one of the best of all
diversions from other lines of work. Don’t
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Success when it comes is rapid, the field
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average intelligence, if you have dramatic
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(All correspondence held strictly confidential)
The New Zealand Bushranger (Continued from page 72)

in view: to be under Belasco's management.

It is a singular fact that when one has a straight goal in mind one generally reaches it. Patrick reached his.

It was while he was playing "A Thousand Years Ago" that Belasco sent for him. And he has been associated with that wizard of the stage ever since.

"Why, I can remember" when I was playing "The Little Lady and Blue," I had to write a letter and Belasco had me supplied with paper stamped with the monogram of the character I was playing. In that play, too, I had to ask the butler each night for a glass of claret. At the dress rehearsal three different bottles of claret were brought me (no ice tea in this production) and Belasco asked me to sample them and order the one I liked best. I singled out the one I preferred. Mr. Belasco said, "Oh my word, the most expensive of the lot, that man will bankrupt me!" Nevertheless, he ordered it, and at every performance I was served real claret."

Mr. Patrick played with Lenore Ulric in "The Heart of Weton" and more lately in "By Pigeon Post." At present he has come West to play in pictures.

His very first glimpse of the Klige lights came in "Officer 606," his second in the all-star production, "The Furnace," directed by William D. Taylor for Paramount.

He praises Mr. Taylor's work very highly.

"Mr. Taylor is a gentleman in every sense of the word," said Patrick, "and he is keen enough to know that a picture must be produced with a splendid cast throughout. The star system, turning every ray on the star, is all wrong. I myself have found pictures like starting all over again, and I am so interested that I shall keep it up and see what I can do."

I hope that Mr. Patrick will keep it up, because he has that which the screen needs—something new. He possesses all the culture and background which a first-class stage training gives one; he is young, different from other movie heroes and decidedly easy to look at.

His hair is red—absolutely—all women who fall in love with him will call it russet, Titian or some other poetic name—it is the kind of hair that waves naturally, tightly, the kind that a woman would love to run her fingers through and feel the short tendrils cling to her fingers. His eyes are blue-green, fascinating because they bespeak superiority yet humanness, sophistication yet clean-mindedness. He does not wear a mustache in real life, consequently he seems more boyish and younger than he appears on the stage or screen.

He has the exterior of a hero, the heart of a gentleman, the mind of a scholar and the soul of an artist.

Here's hoping the Klige lights reveal Jerome Patrick's personality honestly.
YOU will notice that all three of these Smiling Stars have good teeth. A motion picture star must have good teeth to be successful. Think how disappointed you would be if a close-up of your favorite motion picture actor or actress showed a set of bad teeth. Your admiration would vanish at once.

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(Seventy-five)
My Lady Claire

(Continued from page 26)

experience as a child actress before her parents refused to let her continue. Even in the face of their strong disapproval she never gave up her dream of the stage.

At the beginning of the war, she became a nurse. She collapsed finally under the strain of her work and retired to private life again. A trip to New York found her surreptitiously making the rounds of the movie studios. When she actually landed a small bit her father wrote what he had done! She demanded, ‘Are you out of your head to let the child become an actress? She will be ruined!’ But success justifies almost anything.

“When she saw my first big picture, ‘The Spirit of the Red Cross,’ she sent a wonderful letter of approval!”

She is patricially beautiful, Claire Adams, in a dark, intense way, patently a woman of the world, and possessed of all the easy charm that worldliness imparts. Her work by her life in Canada and London, is modulated and quiet. In the West, where voices incline to shrillness, it is like the touch of velvet after gymnamy-sacking.

And this English deliberation has crept into her being, until it is an integral part of her life. I asked her if she did not mourn New York, where she had got her start with Vitagraph. She shook her head slowly.

“No,” she said, “I do not like New York. Its money-madness makes more than a few weeks of it unbearable. It seemed to me that while I was there I was under a terrible, relentless pressure. I was caught up in the maze and had to keep up with the racers or be trampled under foot. The average dweller there, if he is working, may see nothing of grass or trees for months on end, and only one occasional dash of smoky sky. I have been brought up chiefly in western Canada, and the outdoors has become an essential part of me. Here in California it is crowded enough, but at least one may live comfortably, and have a lawn, and a car and keep a dog without fear of protest from the landlord.”

Later, on the track of her ambitions, I spoke tentatively of stardom. Her reply was as convincing as it was surprising.

“No, I do not want stardom. I think I could content if it never came. After all, there is an infinite satisfaction in being surrounded by a cast of capable actors and, in the end, being a part of a picture that is thereby satisfactory and as perfect as good acting can make it. The star is too often surrounded by an ineffectual support that ruins the picture as a whole. Think of the countless personal triumphs of which you read and of the countless failures which accompany them. I believe that the day of the star is dying. It is inevitable that a chosen few will survive. Mary Pickford, for example, could never be set aside. But why should...

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I even talk of stardom? It is not so long ago that I was taking lessons in the art of walking from Kosloff, and so far 'The Riders of the Dawn' is the only picture that has been released under my new contract for five years with B. J. Hampton. I have completed others, of course—Churchill's 'The Dwelling Place of Light,' Harry Leon Wilson's 'The Spenders,' and Upton Sinclair's 'The Money Changers.' But I still attend each day's 'rushes' on the alert for every little exaggeration, every fault of expression that I have made. And in the increasing confidence that is resulting, in the surety that I have done this or that bit as near perfection as possible, there is a thrill that the possibility of stardom has never given me."

In defiance of her earnestness, I started out to write about Claire in an airy vein, to try to weave fantasies into the serious web of her ambitions. I find that I have failed miserably. The heavier vein persists.

But I would not give a wrong impression of her. Her work is not the be-all and do-all of her existence. She had just returned from a five days' trip to Mt. Baldy, an interlude of rest between productions, where she had fished the entire five days, had caught one fish, and had come home contented. It was a magnificent achievement in optimism.

And she has created a charming home for herself out of a miniature bungalow, a taste for dentifrice, and the aforementioned poddle. The dragon, who after all was not her mother, she speaks of in warm tones as "a perfect dear." She is an elderly companion whose forbidding aspect, it would seem, hides a multitude of kindnesses. I conferred my blessing upon her as soon as I knew that she was not a "movie momma."

I didn't want to leave. But I could hear the dragon thumping timidly in the kitchenette, her energy increasing with each thump. It may have only been a good dinner in preparation, but it sounded like a hint. When the poddle stuck his head out of the door and sniffed straight at me, I knew it was. I withdrew my blessing and departed.

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(Seventy-seven)
Kirkwood Confesses!
(Continued from page 18)

"You said it! No more directing for me!"
Kirkwood, a few years back, was one of the coterie of popular matinee favorites—when he played opposite Mary Pickford in "Behind the Scenes." Just at the zenith of his popularity he gave his admirers a heartache by leaving them flat to direct. For a long time we heard nothing of him, further than that he would produce this picture or that, until Allan Dwan lured him back to the greasepaint in "The Luck of the Irish."
In the picture he played a wholehearted, kindly boyish Jim, Kirkwood, being both manly and wholehearted, made the characterization a page from the book of Life. He had a fight or two every twenty-five feet, and by the time that the picture was half over, you commenced to wonder whether God and human vitality would pull him thru.
Fighting is one of his pastimes de luxe. Back in the old Biograph days he used to astonish them all by his ability in a screen free-for-all, and now that he's staged a regular film "come-back," they still continue to cast him as the chief purveyor of this black-and-blue drama.
"I've had something like four hundred brawls before the camera," he remarked, "and I've never put anybody permanently out of commission. Screen fighting's a fine art. You have to hit your opponent so you won't crack either his make-up or his jaw."
Kirkwood, both in his make-up and off-stage, is not the type of the matinee man. His hair is naturally curly—not marcelled. His teeth are all his own, and he has enough muscle to beat up a cop should he want to. Furthermore, when you're talking to him, he seems to forget that James Kirkwood is alive. He never mentions himself, and it is only with the utmost difficulty that he is made to say anything at all about his work.
And girls, he's just a wee bit bashful! In fact, he blushed—visibly, even under his make-up—when someone asked him if he'd ever been proposed to. Of course, he has; what good-looking screen actor hasn't?
But it's nothing to brag about, he adds. Rather, it's an honor to be proud of, and he wishes it made known that he would like to oblige each of the fairest fair ones, one at a time.
That "only" is a definite reason, which it is not my proclivity to disclose. Suffice it to say that James, being a dutiful son, supports his mother.
Kirkwood insists that he likes to do either dramatic or comedy parts.
To his great credit his versatility enables him to do both as well as the other.
"What are you best in?" I asked.
"Why ask me?" he rejoins. "Why ask any actor? How does he know what he's best suited for?"
Once, when he was very young, a stage manager had him don crepe whiskers and play old men in their seventies. Later, he did foreign character parts. It used

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The south wind, sweeping inward from the shore,
Lifts your damp, golden locks in such a way—
But so it lifted hers another day—
For every wind that blows has blown before!
The north wind that carrelens the meadows o'er;
Puts a round, red spot on your velvet cheek;
Here, I remember, bore a scarlet streak—
For every wind that blows has blown before!
The east wind, whining, scattering the store
Of summer's largesse, makes your red lips pout;
It whipped her grey eyes till the tears came out—
For every wind that blows has blown before!
The west wind, pulsing, fragrant, I adore!
It wakes the latent passion in my breast;
I hunger for you and forget the rest—
But every wind that blows has blown before!

I WONDER!
By J. Lilian Van Veregue
A very dignified old gentleman
Comes often to the motion picture house,
And tho' we sometimes have adjacent seats,
He never speaks. I watch him, and I catch
Unnumbered little hints that make me smile.
And wish I knew him. When the traveling
Transports us to some Old World river town,
I've heard him sigh, and when the host
Sends round
The river's curve and landed, he said
"Yes!"
Beneath his breath, then coughed, and stirred a bit,
He always come to see the heroine
Whom some think childish. Once the lights went on
Quite suddenly, and I surprised a tear
Caught on his wrinkled cheek; but then,
I've seen the picture in his watch—a gentle face—
That looks quite like our heroine herself.
The homely man who does the Western stuff
He never misses. There's a little scar
On my old hero's forehead, near his hair—
I wonder if he's known the West himself?
He never even smiles at me; in fact,
The program doesn't he starts away alone,
Moor and dignified, and looks about.
As if he said, "What common folk are these!
How can they sit thru such a tawdry bore?"
But when I go again, to right or left,
A bit in front, I see his silver head
As usual!
(Seventy-nine)

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Quaker Oats costs one cent per large dish. It costs 6 1/2 cents per 1,000 calories, the energy measurement of nutrition.

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It is wise to start the day on oats, regardless of the cost. Yet it costs a trifle as compared with meat.

These figures are based on prices at this writing. Note them carefully.

They do not mean that one should live on Quaker Oats alone. But this premier food should be your basic breakfast. Serve the costlier foods at dinner.

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<tr>
<td>Dish Quaker Oats</td>
<td>1c</td>
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<td>4 ounces meat</td>
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<td>One chop</td>
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<tr>
<td>Bacon and eggs</td>
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Kirkwood Confesses!
(Continued from page 78)

to be his ambition to be a heavy.

There's something about the expression of his eyes that made me think that, perhaps, he might be a good he-vamp. Whereupon I broach the subject and—am at once squelched.

"He-vamp?" he snorted. "Nothing doing!"

Some day, when he has amassed a neat little bank account from the silent drama, Kirkwood is going to "settle down" on a comfortable farm. Now, he says, he gets tired of the sophistication of the stage, exactly as a banker wearies of the humdrum existence of the clearing house. It's reversing the English on your own life, as it were; everybody gets bored doing his own particular line of work—or, rather, tires of his world.

Kirkwood literally got dragged onto the screen. Griffith, working at the Biograph in New York, saw him one day when he visited some friends at the studio and prevailed upon him to accept a part. Previously he had been with Blanche Bates on the stage under Rascoe's management in "The Girl of the Golden West," with Henry Miller and Margaret Anglin in "The Great Divide" and with other stars of the legitimate, and was playing the male lead in the stage version of "Behind the Scenes" when he strolled into the studio.

When he made his screen debut, the majority of the now-known "pioneers" were "extras" at the studio, making five dollars a day. He started in a picture with Marion Leonard and Mary Pickford—went on before the camera for the first time in a "retake." After playing every variety of part in one- and two-reelers, he was at length given Marion Leonard to direct, and subsequently, after careers with Reliance, Mutual, Universal, Fox and American, he affiliated with Famous Players, first as a leading man, then as a director, where he swayed the destinies of such stars as Jack Barrymore in "The Lost Bridegroom"; Hazel Davenport in a number of plays, and Florence Reed in a series, among which was "The Struggle Everlasting."

Shortly afterward, when Jack Pickford began to make pictures for First National, Kirkwood became his director. He wrote "In the Wrong" for Mary's little brother and directed him in it. Later, he held the megaphone for "Bill Apperson's Boy."

It was then Allen Dwan came along, and Jim joined him, later going to play opposite Louise Glaum in "The Girl Who Dared"; and now Kirkwood will permanently remain in his make-up, because, in the final analysis, he likes to think that there is a bigger field in acting "But," I concluded, "I thought I heard you say you're lazy."

"Oh, yes," he responded. "I guess I am. But I couldn't go without working—not if somebody offered me a cool million to take life easy—exactly as I like to take it."
The luxurious personality of Catherine Calvert pervades the atmosphere of “Satin and Pearls” as her gowns and jewels did the Japanese Garden at the Ritz, where she was interviewed by Adele Whitely Fletcher. Read about the capture of this star by Vitagraph and her return to the screen.

The story of Bobby Harren in the December issue of The Motion Picture Magazine holds much interest, as it is the last interview granted by him before his death.

C. Blythe Sherwood presents new views and sidelights on Blanche Sweet.

The personality of Forrest Stanley is portrayed by Hazel Simpson Naylor.

Hope Hampton, in her palatial apartment in New York, grants an interview to Gladys Hall. Result—a vivid word picture which brings before the reader this luminary, her charming negligees and exotic perfumes.

Excerpts from letters written to scenario editors appear under the title of “Rainbow Chasers,” by Elizabeth Pettret.

Departments of valuable information conducted regularly by The Motion Picture Magazine are: The Answer Man and Greenroom Jottings, Valuations of the pictures to be shown and to be found in the Screen Time-Table.

Three powerful new photoplays not yet released will appear in fiction form. Read them and be prepared for a fuller enjoyment of the plays.

Get the news of the activities, frivolities and festivities of the celluloid world in the December issue of

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

(Continued from page 43)

All this time, however, he had his eye upon motion pictures. This, too, may be traced to the adventurous elder Semen, who had once manufactured ‘flapper books’ little photo-packet which gave the effect of motion pictures when the thumb was run over the edges. Later, too, he had been interested in the making of slot machine movies, the earliest form of the photoplay.

But let Semen tell the rest of the tale himself:

“Thru J. Stuart Blackton I secured the opportunity I desired at the Vitagraph studio. I started learning direction at his assistant and then became a director myself. I did all this during the last year of my caricaturing contract with The Sun. Then I decided to cut adrift from comic drawing and stick to pictures exclusively. Chance threw me into comedies, for the simple reason that, at the moment, they had dozens of dramatic companies at work and needed farce directors.

“II did not play at first, but, as I worked with one comedian after another, I found that they did not quite carry out my ideas in one thing or another. Why not try myself?”

“I did—and I’m still at it. Of course, my early barn-storming training was a vital aid. And my newspaper work gave me a clear—and broad—viewpoint. That’s about all.”

Now let Semen offer an explanation or two anent his comedies.

“I do all my work myself. I do not use ‘doubles.’ Naturally we take lots of chances. On high buildings, for instance, and, let me add, there is less falling in my comedies than in most farce productions. The members of my company are mostly all acrobats.

“I have been asked why I do not try five-reel farces. I believe they too long. Audiences do not want so much slapstick at one time. I do not think they fit into the average theater program. On the other hand, I want to go on making fast-two reeler.

“This coming year I hope to elaborate upon my work of the past. That is, I am going to ‘shovel’ my two-reel comedies into big and elaborate sets as serve for five-reel dramas.”

Semen has had a mass of amusing adventures before and behind the camera. Only recently he was using a colored man in a comedy scene and the company had been enjoying themselves in ‘kidding’ the darkly regarding an imaginary scene in which they told him he was to appear with several savage lions.

Finally, Semen thought he would add the final touch to the colored man’s worry.

“Rastus,” he said, impressively, “we’ll shoot your big scene tomorrow—ever work with animals?”

Rastus breathed hard. “Ya, suh, ah’s worked with animals—pigeons, goldfish, canaries; but ah draws the line right there!”

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We know that you get tired of reading this notice, but if you could have seen the avalanche of pictures which flooded the offices at the last moment, and could realize that there must ensue tremendous confusion, unnecessary work and an inevitable delay in the announcement of the final winners, you would appreciate the value of this warning. Those who have failed in previous contests are eligible to enter the next contest.

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Previous stage or screen experience, in detail, if any: ____________________________

When born:________________________
Blonde or brunette: __________________________
Height:____________________________

(This coupon, or a similar one of your own making, must be secured to the back of each photo submitted.)
Shadowing Kismet

(Continued from page 17)

was built for his picture. He can call everyone, even the minor players, the stage carpenter, the stage artist, by his first name. Now that he is in pictures he has not spared time, effort or talent to make his picture the very best that has been done.

Mr. Skinner's family is a very happy one. He is tremendously proud of his only daughter, Cornelia Skinner. It seemed to me that he is even more interested in her career than in his own. She is a tall, regally attractive brunette and has just completed two years at Bryn Mawr College. She is playing a small part in "Kismet" this summer, and in the fall goes to Paris to study pantomime, drama, and elocution preparatory to her début on the stage.

"I was hoping," Mr. Skinner told me, "that her talent might run in another direction—literature, for instance, but so long as she has made up her mind to go on the stage, I am going to see that she gets the very best groundwork possible."

So you see even those with a heritage of genius must study.

Know Thyself

(Continued from page 59)

around, I made up my mind that I would leave the sort of work I was doing. I made up my mind that I would make good. More importantly, I made up my mind that I could make good. I felt, for the first time, that I could do just what I wanted to do if I wanted to work hard enough. And I did want to.

I have always thought we could do anything if we wanted to badly enough. Now I was ready to prove it.

"I walked across the street and told Mr. Sennett I was leaving—just like that. 'What are you going to do, Juanita?' he asked. 'I don't know,' I said, 'but I am going to do something.'"

"That very day, walking around town, I ran into Crane Wilbur. 'What are you doing?' he asked. 'Nothing,' I said. 'Do a picture with me,' he suggested. I did, and I've been doing ever since.

"I have set myself a mark. Chalked myself up, as it were, financially and otherwise, and I am going to attain it. I have reached one mark now, and that first mark is the hardest of all. It's the devil and all to get your first thousand a week, for instance, but once you do . . . It's all a question of knowing yourself, setting right what's wrong, eliminating waste, building up the weak spots. It can be done. That's my slogan. Some people call it getting a line on yourself, still others getting wise to yourself. It all amounts to the same thing—self-knowledge."

(Eighty-three)
They work naturally and form no habit

They work naturally and form no habit

They work naturally and form no habit

They work naturally and form no habit

They work naturally and form no habit

Mack Sennett Comedies

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Wear it 30 Days free at our expense. Does away with the strain and pain of standing and walking. replaces and supports unbalanced organs — reduces enlarged abdomen, strengthens and strengthens the back, corrects stooping shoulders, develops slant and straightens and strengthens the back.

For Boys and Girls Also

Monroe Salisbury Presents...

(Continued from page 33)

is directing them. Donald is cutting ‘The Barbarian’ now.

“It stands to reason that you can’t shoot a large number of scenes and then leave it to someone who hasn’t the remotest idea of what you are trying to do, to put them together. If a story can be best told in four-and-a-half reels—one in six-and-a-quarter reels—why, that is the length to which it should be cut. No one can do consistently artistic work if he is forced to make all of his pictures the same length, any more than a writer could do artistic work if he were forced to make each one of his books contain exactly the same number of words.

“We want to keep, as nearly as possible, the same people with us all the time. We may not be able to do this at first, as I may go on tour with ‘The Barbarian’ and I couldn’t carry so large a salary list over an indefinite period of time.”

(The cast includes Jane Novak, Alan Hale, Barney Sherry, Lillian Leighton, Eleanor Hancock, Milton Markwell, Guy Millham, Larry Steers, Sydney Dean, Harrison Post, Tip O’Neil, Marcel Daly, and Michael and Ann Cudahy.)

Salisbury was faultlessly dressed. Never conspicuously, you would not, for instance, notice his clothes; but once you noticed him, he is prominent in these matters.

He wore the conventional dark coat and light trousers with a dark hair-line stripe, white hat and white nubuck Oxfords.

His eyes were shaded by large, smoked glasses, which, while making him look older than he does on the screen, added to his natural distingué air.

He is tall and holds himself erectly.

As he talks, especially about something which particularly interests him, his lips have a way of quivering into a sort of nervous smile.

His fingers are long and expressive. His favorite gesture is a short, side-ways movement made with stiffened fingers and the palm turned inward. He has a keen sense of the dramatic. This it is that makes him so fond of Latin and Indian characters and gives him the insight to portray them so exquisitely.

He humors his aesthetic and artistic taste by making a hobby of collecting old and interesting articles, some of which are real works of art; others mere curios.

In his apartments you may see many curios from the South Sea Islands, the Philippines, or made here in the States by his Indian friends.

His favorite paintings are of Indian scenes and Indian characters, and of the pictures he has made, he enjoyed the part of the Indian Alessandro in ‘Ramona’ best of all.

He is unmarried and is living at the Mountain View Inn with his mother.

“We are thinking very seriously of moving,” he said. “We’ve lived there for a long time.”

Which goes to show that this is a period of change for Monroe Salisbury.

(Eighty-four)
Madame Peacock
(Continued from page 30)

... oh, for a very great while ...

She ran into her room where, as she knew, her mother sat, solitary, sewing ... Details wrought themselves upon her. ...

The pity of her mother's hands was the joylessness of her life. ...

She buried her head in the patient lap she sobbed... "I am afraid—I am afraid—"

Her mother patted the humiliated head. She said no word, being wise.

The touch was what the woman wanted—

The bell rang and the head lowered deeper. "I can see no one—" Jane Goring said, "no one—today... don't let them find me, mother—don't—"

Her mother left the room and when she returned, Madame Peacock could hear, from her pillow, that there were others with her. Why did they seek her out? Why did her mother go against her in this way? Didn't they know she was done with the Public even as the Public was done with her?

She raised her eyes, and it was McNaughton, McNaughton holding the arm of the girl from the theater. Her mother, too, her mother had arm about the girl—

Jane stared. Then unbidden tears clouded her vision. Things kept throbbing back—her desire to touch this girl's hair—her vision of the girl carrying on, perfecting, the weapon she, Madame Peacock, was now to lay down... the travail she had undergone in this intrusion of the younger generation—ah, now she knew—her subordinate leaving of the theater—her hunger for the human touch—

She rose and, very slowly, crossed the room to where the girl was standing. She put forth her forefinger and, very delicately, traced the features, her own, yet, mysteriously, not her own... sharper, keener, sweeter... She looked at McNaughton and she never knew how sweetly, how plaintively, she smiled. She didn't have time to, because her head was on her daughter's breast and her arms were clinging about the young slender body, of her own fashioning, her own neglect, and when she raised her head again there was a rainbow across her eyes—

Storm Warning
(Continued from page 23)

directorial ideals are substantially those of King Vidor and Mrs. Sidney Drew. Here let us add his belief in Henry King as a coming directorial force. It is not commonly known that King made the comedy success of last season, "23½ Hours Leave." King is now with Bessie Barriscale.

Storm suggested that we jot down the name of Henry King in our memory book. We offer the suggestion for what it is worth. But—emphatically we ask you to be sure to have Storm in your memorandum book.

(Eighty-five)
Hair Seems Twice as Abundant

After a "Dandi-rinc-" massage, your hair takes on new life, lustre and wondrous beauty, appearing twice as heavy and plentiful. Each hair seems to fluff and thicken at once.

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Nancy Manages
(Continued from page 60)

"Me? I should say not! I'm not the type and I don't want to be a Chinese girl."

"Never mind what you want," he said, "come and let me make you up."

"Anyhow," I thought, "here's a chance to learn something about screen make-up. And when he had put a black wig on me and fixed my eyes so they slanted, I didn't know myself. But it happened that instead of producing 'East Is West,' he produced 'The Law of the Yukon,' and I was given a leading rôle. I played the part of a young girl whose father kept a dance hall. I was very carefully looked after by my father in the story, but I had a chance to dance in the picture, so I liked the rôle very much.

"Well, I have traveled nearly all over the United States and thought I knew something about cold and snow, but Fort Henry, up near the Canadian border, where the picture was made, was the coldest place in the world. We were up there fourteen weeks. Lots of times it was too cold even to work, but it was perfectly glorious and it was surely just the right temperature for that picture. The queer characters Mr. Miller unearthed as extras, and what he got out of them, was uncanny.

"This is ancient history, but we were up there at Christmas time, a bit lonely (Continued on page 88)"
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(Eighty-six)

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and homesick, some of us, so we decided to see what we could do for the natives. We had a community Christmas tree in the town square and every poor child, (600 of them), had a toy, some sweets, and a useful gift. We nearly froze before it was over, but it paid. Mr. Miller was so lovely to work with, and we were just one big family. The people of the community treated us like royalty. We were entertained by the nicest people. If making pictures were always like that, I would want to make them the rest of my life.

"It was good to get back, too. You know I just love to cook, and next to dancing, it's my favorite sport. Up north, there is little to do.

So when I got home I started to cook and I had a wonderful time, only it seems to me prices are more appalling than ever. I'm ashamed to think how much I have squandered on clothes.

"So, since I've been back I've cooked and I've danced. No, I have not danced for managers or at rehearsal or even in restaurants. But, I knew there must be a lot of fun since I left, so the day after I returned I bought fifty new dance records and every morning when I wake up I jump out of bed, put on a record and have a party all by myself.

"Yes, I shall do more pictures. In fact," said she, "I have had several offers and just now I am holding out on a certain person I happen to know I'm the type he wants and I know that he knows that the type is very scarce. So, I'm waiting to get what I want. Do you see?"

I did. And have every reason to believe that Nancy will get it.

The Case of Norma Talmadge

(Continued from page 25)

who has produced her pictures ever since.

It is rather difficult to summarize her screen work. We doubt if she has ever once given a characterization in the full sense of the word. She is always Norma Talmadge. That she has succeeded lies in the fact that Norma Talmadge represents average American girlhood. Consequently she has made the young women of her vehicles flesh and blood folk to those in front of the screen. Hers has been a healthy, natural girlliness. There was no forced cuteness, no "clever" touches, no belittled, super-innocence. She was a regular girl, with the feelings, the flapper viewpoint and the high spirit of a regular girl.

Miss Talmadge has retained her hold because she has remained unspoiled; because, in the main, she has retained these things. Thus it is that a little Brooklyn school girl shot to cinema popularity and success minus all technical equipment, without the benefit of vision that comes of tasting and observing life, adding all seeming histrionic essentials. Indeed, she has succeeded and retained success, because of these things—and because she is Norma Talmadge.
MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

Double Exposures
(Continued from page 52)

Stories of star’s letters from Japanese admirers.
Stories of stars.

At the present speed of release, Chaplin’s “The Kid” will have white whiskers before he sees a screen.

Yes, Rollo, we know people keep comparing the screen to the stage, to the damage of the former. The answer is simple. Rollo, very simple. In 1915, Frances X. Bushman was on the screen. In 1920, Francis X. Bushman is on the stage.

Anyone else in the audience having questions will please hand them to the ushers on the way out.

No, no, Rollo! “Black Beauty” is not to be confused with “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse.”

OUR FAVORITE SCREEN MOMENT OF THE MONTH
Constance Binney dancing in her top floor bedroom in “39 East.”

Dinty
(Continued on page 56)

had caused them to be strapped to this table. Over the table swung a massive knife, clutched in a dragon’s teeth.

In this room, the Chinese wife told the father and brother. Dorkh had imprisoned the white woman before he made good his departure.

Even as they talked, then, Ruth was on the hideous table, her wide eyes watching, sanely or insanely, the descent of the murderous knife. She had held out, they knew then, against the Eurasian, and this, this vile death, was his revenge.

The father lost control and hurled himself against the door.

North tried his turn. “It is absolutely useless,” he said. The Chinese wife nodded a dumb assent.

In the background, Dinty, Chinkie and Watermillions stood, rooted, their individual heads bristling, their mouths long and agape. Within that door the heart of their hearts was being tortured. In this twentieth century, that gently bred girl, tortured! Ruth... their Ruth... left by a Malay half-breed to so lurid a death!

All at once Dinty and Chinkie bent their heads together.

The older men were crying out to her now, to the victim within. They were trying to make sound carry some comfort, some sustenance to her. “They loved her too much to be efficient,” Dinty sensed that. He knew... once Doreen had had hemorrhage... he hadn’t known much good.

Watermillions and Chinkie were agreeing with him. It was tremendous! An inspired plan.

(Continued on page 102)

(Eighty-nine)
Virginia K.—How do you do! Glad to see you this evening. Is Rex Beach married. Very much so. Walter McGrail is not married. Wallace McCutcheon is a player, also the husband of Pearl White. I'll say so.

Daisy Blue Eyes.—Oh, I began my career as a very little boy. Rod LaRoque plays the part of Life in "Money Mad." Bert Lytell and Lucy Cotton in "Misleading Lady." Yes, your trouble seems to be that you think you are thrifty—whereas you are spendthrift.

Dorothy F.—Yes, it is married. I am afraid your life is too much, Dorothy. Everything comes to him who works. Don't be a Misbeliever, always waiting for something to turn up. The crowd always makes way for the man who rushes boldly forward. Yes, Will Rogers has been appearing in vaudeville, making some money too. He played in "The Gute of Women."

Carl E. S.—Too late for that issue. That is a very profound question you ask, "Is life worth living?" Once more this oft repeated irksome task must be accomplished—it all depends upon the liver. You want to know if Colbert played in the Eighteenth Amendment. I don't think it was his turn yet.

Toto M.—Well, his experience should teach us to beware of love at first sight—always have a second look. Sorry, I have no cast for "The Mother." I don't happen to know the middle names of the ten players you inquire about. That was some verse of yours.

Paul Y.—You want to know what Queen Vesper was doing when she crowned her death. You refer to Inez de Castro, queen of Pedro l, of Portugal. 1380. It has not been done in playphotol, I believe. Sorry I cannot help you.

Betty B.—Oh, hello! I understand that Margaret Clark spends quite a bit of her time in New Orleans with her husband and his parents. Dorothy Davenport is the only wife I know of, that belongs to Wallace Reid. Run in again, Betty.

Rita Ross.—Don't know where I will spend Thanksgiving, but I hope somebody will take pity on me, for I do love turkey and cranberry sauce. No, I cannot tell you what the actresses do to keep themselves beautiful, but I know that there is no torture that they would not suffer to enhance their beauty. Just send me a stamped, addressed envelope and I will send you a list of the correspondence clubs.

HERMAN B.—You want a picture of William Farnum in the gravity scene. Certainly, come and see me in my case. It is more blessed to call than to receive. Well, Mary Miles Minter played in the picture play "The Littlest Rebel" and on the stage.

War Vet.—Oh, la, la. God bless the public—ly man! Without him many a player would be born to view unheeded and to go to seed unseen. But wasn't a Benjamin Harrison, in his contest for the presidency in 1888 who originated the so-called "front porch" campaign? Or was it McKinley—I forget.

Cammie Sullivan—Don't know where you can purchase all the photos of the players? You want to see Forrest Stanley and George Walsh in the gallery soon. I'll do what I can. Yes, the pen is mightier than the sword, but I have out found that the scissors are often mightier than the pen.

Chester Lott.—You want to know all about George Walsh. I'll try to find out—wait a minute. Viola Dana is playing in "The Offshore Pirate." Jack Mulhall opposite her. Oh, thank you, it isn't so cold up here. I expect to get a new feather bed and a fur coat. I'll send you the rest by wireless telepathy.

Amado B. Macchio.—Stikleto! No, I am not married. Your first question to me. You think Marie Prevost partly resembles Mary Pickford and partly Mae Murray. Maeterlinck is finishing his first original motion picture scenario for Goldwyn. It is called "The Power of God."

Blue-Eyed Doll.—It is bad cynical philosophy to say, "It is rare that, after having given the key of her heart, a woman does not change the lock the day after." I can believe that most women are as fickle as that. Under- Nazimova is doing "Aphrodite." You know Madame Petrova was asked to play the part for the stage play of the same title, but refused.

Kaleloops Kid.—Thanks for the nice things you say about me. So you have been watching Larry Steers and think he has an awfully kind looks—keen—whimsically Irish. Montague Love opposite Geraldine Farrar in "The Riddle, Woman." You must write to me again.

Monsters.—Yes, "London House." Buy the book and see the same story on the screen. That is what I have been doing for 7 years without one, and my champagne always tasted pretty good.

Allen.—Yes, yes, I always use a typewriter. Every make of typewriter produces its own peculiar noise by the clatter of the keys. An expert recently recognized and named correctly 20 different machines simply by the sound of their operation. I know the sound of some automobiles, particularly the Ford.

Stacy B.—I didn't see "The Adorable Savage." You say there were scenes back in the tropical sunlight on the Fiji Islands. Now wasn't that clever of the director? Such a novelty.

A Dog Lover.—You should see our two dogs we have here in the office. A Russian wolf-hound and a collie. Write to Mack Sennett. You will soon see Hope Hampton again, and in a more attractive role. You know she is a new star, and I am betting on her.

John M.—I haven't the heights just now, and can't get them right away. How would you look walking around among the players with a tape measure?

Buck Private.—Welcome! Vivien Martin can be reached at the Capitol Theatre Eldg., N. Y. City. I guess they only appear to be friends. Relationship between two leading ladies in the same company is only a suspension of hostilities.

(Continued on page 103)

(Ninety)
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(Ninety-one)
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What other cereal is half so enticing as these flimsy, flavy grains?

At other hours

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They are flavy, flaky tid-bits, yet they are ideal scientific foods.

Use in home candy making or as garnish on ice cream, or as wafers in your soups. Mix in every dish of fruit. Salt or butter, as with peanuts, for hungry children after school.

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At supper or bedtime float Puffed Wheat in milk. Then you have the supreme food made delightful and easy to digest.

Think of whole wheat with every food cell blasted—made into food confections. Do your folks get these ideal foods as often as they should?

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Now we mix ground Puffed Rice in an ideal pancake flour. Your grocer has it—Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. It is self-raising—batter is made in a moment. The Puffed Rice flour makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like flavor. You have never served a pancake so delicious. Try it now.

The Quaker Oats Company

(Continued from page 44)

How ‘Earthbound’ Was Made

bit of action of our scene. I first ‘shot’ the material portion. That is, after the actor playing the living man had rehearsed his part alone, I took his scene with him in it alone. Here I would carefully prompt, something like this: ‘Get ready to feel his presence—you sense his presence—you see him’—and so on.

‘Having taken the material side, we would next film the spirit action. The player doing the ghost would rehearse and, when he was perfect, we would cover the entire setting, even the carpet and floors, with black velvet. Then we would grind the film carefully back in the camera to the start of the scene.

‘I should, perhaps, explain the velvet. Since we were re-exposing the film, the velvet prevented any fuzzy doubling of background. Only the ghost’s figure would be photographed, the velvet preventing any reflection of light or photography of background.

‘Then we put a gauze of crépe de chine before the lens. This gave the resultant vague and hazy spirit effect. After which we ‘shot’ the scene, which dovetailed in exact numbering with the material portion.

‘You can guess how easily these scenes slipped up. The slightest error threw everything out. To guard against this, we ‘shot’ every scene many times and finally used the best ‘take.’ Right here I want to express my appreciation of the way the players cooperated with me. Frequently we worked from 8:30 in the morning to midnight or longer. This was necessary because the camera could not be moved between exposures; that is, between the filming of the spirit and material ‘shots.’ It would never be possible to re-set up the camera exactly the same. A divergence of one-eighth or one-quarter of an inch would wreck everything.

‘There were many apparently insurmountable difficulties. For instance, in a scene of speedy action, such as the one where the widow falls thru the spirit arms of her husband to the floor. It is practically impossible to time a fall with accuracy. This simply meant doing the scene over and over until we caught the right thing.

‘Again, I believe the scene where the dog sees the spirit is the most unusual example of double exposure ever made. You cannot rehearse a dog or tell him what to do. So we did the next best thing.

‘On the top of a platform, out of range of the camera, we placed a goat. Now a dog hates a goat, perhaps, more than any other animal. In front of the goat we placed a draw curtain.

‘At the moment when the dog sees the spirit, we drew aside the curtain and revealed the goat. Of course, the dog started, bristled and jumped to his feet, revealing all the necessary emotions. (Ninety-two)
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How "Earthbound" Was Made
(Continued from page 92)

You will recall that the dog suddenly turned and looked at us as the spirit faded out. Here we closed the curtain and started an unusual series of noises under the set stairway. Naturally the dog wheeled about to see the new surprise and looked puzzled at not being able to tell what it was.

"The scene where the murdered man finally disappears for the last time required the most expense. The material exterior was 'shot' in Santa Barbara but the psychic part was done on the Goldwyn lot at night. An inclined platform two-hundred-and-fifty feet long was built and covered with velvet. A motor driven car was arranged to run up this platform, carrying powerful lights. Thus, when the spirit apparently walked away over the tree tops, he in reality walked up this velvet covered runway, while the electric light car traveled alongside."

Pacific Coast Paragraphs
(Continued from page 62)

and emotional episode with a facility which is little less than amazing. Others in the cast of "The Concert," are Mabel Juleen Scott who has left the Lasky lot for the Goldwyn studio, Lewis Stone and Frances Hall, a new screen recruit from musical comedy.

Maurice Maeterlinck left behind him several original stories for the screen when he departed from this coast. The first of these, "The Power of Good," will be produced as a Goldwyn special. The continuity is being written by Elmer Rice, author of that famous stage success "On Trial." Mr. Rice is so youthful that it is hard to believe he has already attained the success for which other men work years.

Mary Pickford has almost completed "A Flame in the Dark." This is the story of Italian atmosphere written and directed for her by Frances Marion. In it Mary grows up, puts her hair on top of her head and becomes a regular emotional actress. The taking of the part of an Italian, Mrs. Pickford is not wearing a dark wig, for she says she came across so many blond Italians in the village she visited to get the atmosphere for her story that she decided against the black tresses. Before this picture is released, however, you will see our Mary in another of the kid comedies in which she is so well loved. This, too, was written by Frances Marion who will direct it and who has titled it "Pig-Tail and Bob-Tail."

Thru some error a report was circulated that Elliott Dexter was still handicapped by his recent illness. This is untrue. Mr. Dexter has returned to the screen with a greater power for portrayal than ever. I greatly enjoyed watching him during the filming of "The Witching Hour," his most recent picture.

The Holiday Number
of Shadowland

LIKE the pack on the back of St. Nick, December SHADOWLAND comes laden with gifts. The pictured faces of screen favorites, bright stories of unique personalities, and lovely color plates are some of the pleasant surprises.

Novelizations of new photo-plays soon to be released, a quick-moving one-act play, "Ask Ouija," and the smiles and satire of the critic are other presents enclosed within this holiday number of SHADOWLAND.

W. L. George, the man who wrote "Caliban," making it one of the six best sellers, naturally holds strong and interesting views on timely subjects. Read about him as Frederick James Smith delineates him in "Women and the World War."

Mordkin, the inimitable Russian dancer, and Mordkin, the man, are the subject of another story by Oliver M. Sayler.

Thru his successful achievements with the "Greenwich Village Follies," James Reynolds, tho but 23, is recognized as a leader in stagecraft. His story will appear in SHADOWLAND for December.

The versatile pen of Frederick James Smith gives us an enlightening picture of E. O. Hoppe and his unique work with the camera.

The ramblings of The Rambler result in a page of attractive suggestions for Christmas gifts.

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these days of mad scurrying to get any place at all to live. Go out and eat? Of course not. Earl, (already present, coat off, hard at work), could go out and get the makings of a meal. He could also cook it. It wouldn't be the first time.

Earl went. He came back laden with bundles. We removed the baby's doll, a bundle of clothing and the piano stool from the dining table and, presently, we ate. We had choix, creamed peas, French fried potatoes, alligator pear salad, fifty-seven varieties of French pastry and coffee fit for the gods. Earl was some cook.

When we had finished, Earl washed the dishes and arranged the cupboards. He decided where the piano should stand and moved it in place. He hung pictures and became deeply involved in restoring efficiency to a disabled group of light fixtures. He talked very little.

"Won't you please talk?" I said. "What kind of interview is this?"

"What does talking amount to in times like these?" came back (Continued on page 99)

Earl Metcalfe was born in England and went back to his birthplace as a commissioned officer of the Fighting Sixty-ninth in the recent world war. He served with the American Army for a year and was then honorably discharged. He has just begun work on a seven-reel feature which the Fox Film Co. are producing.

Of all the interviewers ever staged, this one with Earl Metcalfe was most unusual. Hearing of the impending interview, a mutual friend invited me to meet Mr. Metcalfe at dinner at her home. It would be jolly and different, wouldn't it? she said. It would, and, eventually, it was.

Anticipatorily, I fared forth on the appointed evening. At the home of our mutual friend, I found that she had moved that day to the floor below. She had always wanted that particular apartment and that morning found she could have it. She had salvaged the elevator boy, the doorman and, presto, change!

Dinner? Of course. But that was a mere detail. The point was, she had moved. It is an accomplishment in
and all within is snug and cozy despite the howling wind and drifting snow—when sparkling eyes reflect the firelight's glow, and the lift of melody tinges through our veins—then do we know the sweet thrill of real companionship, when soul meets soul on that blessed plane of mutual understanding to which music opens the way. And of all music, there is none so intimately, humanly appealing as the silvery voices of

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Announcement

Mr. Nicholas Murray has been appointed one of the Editors for the new Photoplay Magazine. Mr. Murray is a well-known photographic writer and is also a member of the Photographic Society of New York. We are sure that his work will be of great interest to all our readers.

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The Fighting Earl
(Continued from page 96)

Earl. "It's doing that counts. Hand me that screw-driver."

Perhaps it was true that Earl Metcalfe detested interviews. Was he keeping busy to avoid talking about himself? Or had his training in Uncle Sam's army given him this real for service? He was a lieutenant, I remembered, a commissioned officer from the first Plattsburg Training Camp and assigned to the famous One-hundred-and-sixty-fifth Infantry, popularly known as "The Fighting Sixty-ninth" of New York City. He went across with his regiment in '74 and, after a year, returned upon a special mission to the Adjutant-General of the Army in Washington. With the signing of the armistice, the mission became automatically finished and he was honorably discharged. He must know many things worth talking about. At any rate, he must talk about something.

"Sir, many a war," remarked our hostess, "and tell her, there you were born, what you like for dinner and what you are going to do next."

"Next? I'm going to lengthen this picture wire," said Earl, imparturbably. This feat accomplished, he reluctantly descended from a step ladder and sat down upon the lower rung. "What shall I talk about?"

"I know you were born in England," I said, "and I know what you like for dinner—you showed us—but won't you talk of your year overseas?"

"No," he said quietly. "I spent a year over there, a good part of it in the trenches. I saw war in all its phases. But I can't talk about it. The public doesn't want to hear about it, either. It's over. Let's forget it."

"And be thankful that there won't be another war," I added.

"Wont there?" and Earl jumped to his feet and began pacing up and down between the piles of furniture. "Do you ever listen to the 'soap-box harangues' that take place on the street corners? I never did until I came back from the other side. Over there I learnt the condition of the people—their position economically and socially. Some of them come over here and have advantages they didn't know existed before they came. Then about one out of every hundred discovers that there is a class of people who have much that he hasn't and decides that this land of the free isn't a land of the free at all, so he proceeds to put ideas into the heads of all who are unfortunate enough to get in his way."

"Does socialism and anarchism and bolshevism with incitement to strikes and riots start with good American citizens? No, a good American citizen stand upon a soap-box and incite his fellowmen to lawlessness, and could get away with it? No. He would be judged insane or a criminal. And when I hear these exhorters and know that they are actually influencing some of their hearers, I get so angry I stop and argue, and then I get so much angrier that I know if I dont keep quiet I'll get in trouble. There will be war right in this midst if things don't change. And I'm here to tell you that if there is, I'll be in it." And Earl of the "Fighting Sixty-ninth" stopped for breath and sat down.

"Since I've been back?" establishing himself more firmly on the step ladder. "Well, I've just been getting my bearings. Captain Charles Maugne gave me a chance to break into harminy by giving me a part in support of Alice Brady, whom he is directing. Then I directed the James Montgomery Flag entertelical comedies. I like directing and did considerabie of it in the old Lubin days."

"Then World Films asked me to finish 'The Battler,' a picture Monty Love was starring in when he was taken seriously ill. Of course, all the scenes had to be retaken. Ultimately, I want to go back to the speaking stage. I played a thousand dramatic roles before, I went to Lubin and feel that the experience helped me in many ways."

"War certainly broke into thing," he said, "careers, finances, everything, but I'm doing the things which lie nearest, and just at present that happens to be a part as leading man for Corinne Griffith. Later, I hope to do some big character work, and would like to direct pictures, too, if it could get a chance to do it in a large way."

"That's plenty of time spent talking about myself," throwing open the piano to strike a few chords. "Out of tune. Too bad I don't number piano-tuning among my accomplishments. This certainly has been an evening after my own hear. I haven't had such a good time in years," he said, attacking a pile of books stacked in one corner.

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With a hairpin woman can do
Most things on earth! Here are a few—
Pick a lock, and pull a cork!
Cut a pie, and make a fork!
Put up curtains, rake a fire!
Tinker with an auto tire!
Scour the kitchen pots and pans!
Take up carpets, open cans!
Clean the chimney of a lamp!
Saw a cake, and jab a tramp!
Peel an apple, rake a crate!
Hang up pictures, or a plate!
Spread the butter, varnish floors!
Fix the bimbo!
Do up a baby, heat an egg!
Use it as she would a peg!
Button gloves, sew, darn, and knit!
Make the children's trousers fit!
Yawning chasms reconcile!
Keep receipted bills on file!
Tighten windows, clean a clock!
Sharpen pencils, mend a sock!
Stop a leak, unite a knot!
Varnish floors, erase a spot!
With this in mind, she's content—
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Name

An Irish Twinkler

(Continued from page 48)

featured with Warner Oland in the Pathé serial, "The Third Eye," which she says she thoroly enjoyed, as she had always wanted to make a picture with a lot of stunts, being something of a tom-boy. Then, came her flight among the Fox luminaries.

"Being a star brings a stimulating respon-
dibility, for you are so determined to
make each picture the real prize in that
year which the film-going public can't
wait for," and the Percy eyes sparkled.

The day of our interview proved to be
an eventful date on her calendar, for the
first shots on her new pictre, "Peware the
Bride," were to be made and the han-
glow-dressing-room was in a state of
confusion while the star flitted about.

"Look!" she cried, tragically pointing
to a set in the corner of the room,
"Remember that it is mid-
summer and that is what I must wear
in half my scenes,—it is the same
that Geraldine Farrar wore in "Joan the
Woman."" She continued laughing back,
the thought of all one's efforts. That
day's work, however, brought her
five hundred pound armor.

"That is just four times my weight
and I expect to be reduced to a mere
speck after carrying it about. My cos-
tumes touch the extremes, for in several
scenes I wear gay little negligees, again
I prance about in frilly lingerie, then
sometimes I appear in lovely old-
-fashioned things like that," pointing
to the fluffy frocks with rows and rows
of lace ruffles.

"Allen Forrest is my leading man in
"Peware the Bride," and it is one of those
laughable affairs where every imaginable
complication comes up to separate the
lovers. My role is interesting. I've nev-
er ramped, I am always the excuse for
the picture ending happily. Still, in my
last, I was a husband-hunter,—so per-
haps I have broken my record after all."

As the little star, finally arrayed as a
girl of yesterday, waited for the call
from the stage, we talked about her fads.

Somehow, you would know Eileen had
a kitten. It is a beautiful orange Per-
ian, named Foxy, and it manages to
live in peace and harmony with the
shiny black Pekingese that looks like a
drop of ink, and Princess Pat, the pedi-
greed Boston Bull, which nuzzles closest
to the heart of the little mistress.

Eileen has revived roller skating and
is finding it great sport. She spends
some of her leisure hours, usually in
the evening, flying about the boulevards
near her home in Hollywood.

The Percy sisters have a pretty bunga-
flow ruled over by a Chinese cook and
a Japanese maid, while Eileen confesses
that she dearly loves to cook so it is no
hardship for her when she has to pre-
pare meal. She is so essentially femi-
nine, in fact, that the top-most yellow
curls, that this announce-
ment brings no surprise.

She drives her own car, is a long dis-
tance swimmer and adores dancing.
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(One hundred and one)

The Celluloid Critic (Continued from page 45)
lands and a simple French-Canadian who loves her. The hero kills a man in self defense, and he is about to be executed for the crime when he escapes with his bride. The two seek happiness in the wilderness. They are tracked down by a Canadian mounted police officer who, after a forest fire in which they all fight their very existence, rides away, giving them their freedom.

We should have liked to see what suspense David Griffith would have extracted from the forest fire. Director David Hartford was unable to get it across, although huge stretches of woodland seem to have been burned. He simply was unable to transfer it to the silversheet. Betty Blythe is effective enough as the heroine, Nanette, and Lewis Stone plays another "River's End" role as the pursuing arm of the law. But Lon Chaney is miscast as the hero. In his hands, Raoul becomes a mixture of George Beban and Bull Montana. Mr. Hartford’s direction is one of the most obvious sort.

Every time we see Constance Binney, our faith in this young actress grows apace. "39 East," (Realart), is a celluloid presentation of the Rachel Crothers play, in which she appeared on the speaking stage, and which is effective enough to stop the applause of the innocent girl who comes to a New York boarding-house in quest of theatrical success, her struggle with sordid foot-light life and her ultimate winning of a rich youth who, for some reason or other, is also a boarding-house dweller. "39 East" ambles pleasantly along without approaching the surface of life anywhere. It is just entertainment, but Miss Binney is so fresh, unspoiled and pretty as the girl heroine that you

(Continued on page 104)
Bringing the Congo to Broadway
(Continued from page 57)

elephant hunting. Very often the chase would last for months and months, and they would move their villages in pursuit. When the elephant was finally brought down, more because of loss of blood, the innumerable spear wounds, and exhaustion, than anything else and after they were certain of his death, they would swarm over all the huge carcass, and ressembled nothing more than an enormous ant hill alive with in-sects. Alto they are timid because of their size, these people are fearless hunters and, when attacked, very brave fighters.

Here Dr. Van der Burgh showed me some pictures of him with four or five of his pygmies lined up under his arm, showing their size, and also their friendship with the white stranger.

"One of the most thrilling re-ults of the trip in the way of novelty are the pictures we made of a real lion hunt, the lion being killed some thirty feet from the camera," he said. This feat was accomplished by members of the Masai tribe; a people who are unusual in every way. They are gigantic in size, absolutely fearless and very intelligent. They have decreased in numbers from 250,000 of some twenty-five years ago to about 25,000 at present. This is due largely to their impossible living conditions and their enormous death rate. One of their customs, up until very recently, and (still existing in some places), was the method of handling their sick. When one of them became ill, he was taken out into the forest, where a crude hut was erected around his body, and where he was left. Of course the body was invariably devoured by wild animals, and no sympathy or attention was permitted. The possible chance of recovery was never contemplated. When the British authorities discovered this practice, an end was put to it, but it has not even now become entirely obliterated.

"They were a very agreeable and friendly race, posing willingly for pictures, performing the most difficult athletic feats, and dancing for us. For two and one-half hours, some three thousand of them danced steadily, the wildest, strongest sort of dance, known as the Kavarama.

"We stumbled upon another phase of the service, working of the African mind in our trip up the Nile. Among certain tribes they still continue the custom of offering young girls to supplicate the god of the river during a drought. This is done by tying the virgin's body in a sort of sack, and at a certain hour of the day, amid much ceremony and religious rites, she is thrown into the river.

"I can only say in conclusion," he remarked, "that it was a most interesting trip for me, and that I have not only accomplished something for my missionary work, but that when the Famous Players people release the film it will be really worth seeing."

Dinty
(Continued from page 89)

Outside in the street a wagon had been laying cables. The three boys rushed for these cables. Their hearts pounded in their narrow chests like bullets flying to and from. Inside, that knife . . .

Dinty and Chinkie fastened one end of the cable to the steel door. North knew that only a miracle could help.

Outside Watermillions and Sketches fastened the other end of the cable to a cable car whizzing up the San Francisco hills. They timed the feat. The car started and the rope strained gently, at first; taut, then, with a mighty wrench, a groan, the giant door burst open, the chamber of horror and revelry of . . .

A hollow of gloom, in the center a white object, luminous, Ruth . . . Over her, hideous and distorted, the gleaming knife was swooping. Two minutes more and it would have scraped at her garments, at the rise of her breast, another minute, . . . North sprang to the table. He called, "Dinty!" Between them, they untied the ingenious knots.

"Oh, Ruth! Oh, Ruth!" they said, the two men that loved her. In the soft, terrorizing gloom North held the girl to him. He dared not let her go.

A small, steel nerves had sprung.

The four of them put their heads together. There was no word.

"And then, Doreen," Dinty said, late that night, having finished his gallery, "then the Judge took Miss Ruth and Mr. North home and told me to come for supper at six, me an' Chinkie an' Watermillions an' Taki-San, Dorki's wife: an' we went. The Judge took me in his own room and told me I was either too old, young or too young-old, to know just what I had done. But that he had to tell me I had done the most precious thing in all the world for him, and that I must not exhibit—exhibit is the word he used—it's a smallness after so fine an exhibition, an' I must go to school, he said; an' you must have a cottage, bungalow he called it, an' a nurse, so that I would be free to come into my great career. He said, I think you ought to know, Doreen, darlin', because it's yourself that gave them to me. He said I had integrity (I memorized 'em special and particularly to tell you, ochone) an' that it was all me, an' he was worthin', an' he could use these qualities, he said, an' it would be very poor business, he said, for him to lose track of this, or for me to, either. An' so, bein' a business man an' a family man, first, last an' all the time, I consented, Doreen. Yes, sir, darlin' mine, I gave my consent.

The wasted woman on the bed sighed. It was a sign of happiness. Her gentle mind, vague now and then, wandered into the realm wherein it found most peace. She kist the lad's blue eyes. "Danny's eyes," she mumbled, "Danny's eyes . . ."

Dinty, holding her hand late into the night, did not undeceive her.

(One hundred and two)
The Slave

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(The hundred and three)
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The Celluloid Critic

(Continued from page 101)

rather forget the lowness of it all. We think you will like it.

Charlie Ray's latest Paramount vehicle, "The Village Sleuth," will not add to his laurels. This, an original story by Agnes C. Johnston, is a trick melodrama. Ray plays a would-be detective who, while employed at a sanitarium, attempts to solve what appears to be a murder. Just as he seems to unravel the mystery, the "murdered" one returns. "The Village Sleuth" is an involved thing, told rapidly but loolessly. It does not generate interest in the heart, despite Ray's usual byplay as the yoked sleuth. The director, Jerome Storm, too, does not seem to get a definite hold on the story, ridiculous tho it is.

It is our painful duty to record "Little Miss Rebellion," ("Paramount," as another failure, despite the spontaneous Dorothy Gish. Harry Carr's original story, the pleasant hooch of a royal princess of some small European principality who falls in love with an American doughboy, is lost in the direction. George Fawcett, the director, seems to have told the story in chunks—and then had considerable difficulty getting the chunks to fit. Result, a comedy which became a melodrama—and an exceedingly lame one at that. Even Miss Gish is lost.

We hand another medal to Harold Lloyd for his "Get Out and Get Under," ("Pathé"). We thought the humorous possibilities of the Ford car had been exhausted, but now we know better. Lloyd has not equalled his classic "High and Dizzy" (which was the funniest thing since Chaplin's "Shoulder Arms"), but he has succeeded in building a consistently funny farce.

The Talmages had better look to their scenario departments. For instance, Constance Talmadge has just been miscast in "Good References." (First National), an original story by E. J. Rath, in which she plays a young secretary who gets a position in a wealthy home on fake credentials. Of course, she falls in love with the young master of the household and has to face the terrific emotional problem of confessing the fib.

Here Miss Talmadge is lifted away from her forte, light comedy, and dropped into a far-fetched semi-melodrama. R. William Neill, the director, probably did all he could with the story. He gives Miss Talmadge a new leading man, the boyish Vincent Coleman. Young Coleman seems rather artificial as yet and wears a fearfully theatrical looking make-up.

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Edwin Markham, the greatest of living poets and author of the immortal “The Man With the Hoe,” makes his first appearance in this photodrama, and so do Hudson Maxim, the great inventor, and Hon. Lawrence C. Fish, Judge of the Municipal Traffic Court. The leading part is beautifully played by Blanche McGarity, winner of last year’s contest, who takes the part of a fifteen-year-old poor girl. Octavia Handworth, who was for years Crane Wilbur’s leading lady, plays an important part, as also does Anetha Getwell, another of last year’s contest.

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