Wurlitzer Complete Outfits of All Musical Instruments

Sofa grain covered, velvet and plush lined, carrying case with all the latest conveniences. All attachments and extra parts for the instrument. Professional telescoping music rack. Instruction book. Book of musical selections.

A NEW plan by Wurlitzer, the largest general music house in the world. Everything you need to give you a complete musical equipment. You get the complete outfit of factory prices at a tremendous saving to you. Wurlitzer instruments are standard of the world. The entire outfits are high grade professional quality.

On Free Trial

Any Wurlitzer Complete Musical Outfit will be shipped to you complete for a week's free trial. Play the beautiful instrument a week as if it were your own. Compare it with other instruments. Then if you wish you may return the outfit at our expense. Trial does not cost you a penny.

These Complete Musical Outfits Are Ready:

- Violin
- Banjo
- Hawaiian-Guitar
- Flute
- Cello
- Cornet
- Melophone
- Ukulele
- Bugle
- Tenor Banjo
- Mandolin
- Clarinet
- Banjo-Mandolin
- Flute
- Tenor Banjo
- Banjo-Guitar
- Trombone
- Mandolin
- Piccolo
- Banjo-Ukulele
- Saxophone
- Clarinet
- Bugle
- Tenor Banjo
- Banjo-Guitar

Convenient Monthly Payments — any honest person may pay the low manufacturer's price for Wurlitzer Complete Outfits in small monthly sums. Payments as low as a few cents a day will enable you to have for your own one of these splendid musically complete outfits.

Send for Free Illustrated Catalog

Each Wurlitzer Complete Outfit illustrated in full color and described in detail. The best way to purchase. Send your name and address today and the big, handsome, illustrated book of musical instruments will be sent you, free and without obligation. See for yourself, completely illustrated, every instrument in which you are interested. Avoid the risk of running the risk of delay or losing your free trial. Send for the catalog now. State which instrument you are especially interested in. Cut out this coupon and mail it today.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, Dept. 1586
117 E. 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.
329 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new catalog with illustrations in color and full description of the Wurlitzer Complete Outfits and details of the free trial and easy payment offer.

Name

Address
SAVE $43
By Being Your Own Salesman
Try the Oliver for Five Days at Our Expense

This Simple Plan Makes It Easy to Own an Oliver

This sales plan is a legacy of the war, which taught us all new economies—ones we won't forget.

By reorganizing our method of distribution, we were able to make a radical reduction in price.

We did not change the famous Oliver an iota. The machine we now sell for $57 is the identical one formerly priced at $100—our latest and best model.

During the war we learned that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous, expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous, costly sales methods. Your benefit by these savings.

Pre-war extravagances were ended, and our plan of selling made simpler. We send the Oliver to you for free trial, so that you may judge it, in solitude, without being influenced.

No Money Down

Merely send us the coupon. We ship an Oliver to you. Try it for five days. Then, if you agree that it is the finest typewriter at any price, merely send us $3 per month, until the $57 is paid.

If you do not believe that this is the greatest typewriter opportunity, return the Oliver to us, express collect. We even refund the outgoing transportation charges. You have not placed yourself under any obligation to buy.

When the Oliver comes to you, you will admire its many advances—all the refinements made possible during 24 years of typewriter-making. A finer typewriter is impossible.

The coupon below gives you the opportunity to be your own salesman and save yourself $43. Note that it brings EITHER an Oliver for Free Trial, or further information. Check it accordingly.

The Oliver Typewriter Company
125-C Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Illinois

Canadian Price, $72

The Oliver Typewriter Company,
125-C Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Ill.

□ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $57 at the rate of $8 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.
My shipping point is
□

□ This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

□ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your deluxe catalog and further information.

Name
Street Address
City
State
Occupation or Business

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
Cover painted by Haskell Coffin from a photograph by Alfred Cheney Johnston.

Foreword—to all our friends, old and new .......................... 11

Are Screen Characters Immoral? ................................. 12
Rob Wagner

An authority on the movies draws some enlightening—and humorous—comparisons.

Baked Beans and Bizet .................................................. 17
J. Stewart Woodhouse

Undeniable proof of Doris Lee's versatility.

Venturesome Viola ......................................................... 18
Muriel Andrews

Chicken feathers make her more attractive than ever.

Favorite Picture Players .................................................. 19

New portraits of a selected group of screen favorites.

The Pagan God ............................................................... 27
Achmed Abdullah

An absorbing tale of love and adventure in old China.

Taylor and His Taxi ......................................................... 31
Charles Gatchell

Out on location in New York with a star as a chauffeur.

Tiptoeing Into the Movies ............................................... 34
Thomas Shepherd

Dancing from screen to stage is easy—if you know how to dance.

"Can't You Help Me Get Into the Movies?" ......................... 36
A heart-to-heart talk to girls, by a successful star.
Illustrated by Victor Perard.

The Observer ................................................................. 39

Editorial comment on affairs of the screen.

Just Marionettes .............................................................. 41
Louise Williams

An impression of D. W. Griffith, and of the methods by which he produces his screen masterpieces.

The Hardships of a Hero .................................................. 44
Susie Sexton

Eugene O'Brien rebels against being made to live up to a "made-to-order" personality.

One-thing-at-a-time O'Day ............................................. 46
C. L. Edson

A tale in rhyme of circus time.

Shopping, Ho! In a Sea-going Hack ................................. 48
Jean Francis

Up and down Fifth Avenue with Dorothy Dalton.

"Under the Greenwood Tree" ......................................... 51
John Addison Elliott

The one and only Charlie in a "Sunnyside" setting.

Continued on the Second Page Following
5.30.
Dad's home.
And, of course, gets the important news first.
The Paramount-Artcraft Motion Picture Theatre Program for the week is here.

No wonder wholesome, stick-together families welcome that little program.
Paramount-Artcraft Motion Pictures are the whole family's Playtime Schedule—five or six million families all over America.
Dad's just a big boy himself—enjoys those seat-gripping, breath-catching pictures as much as the children. So does Mother.
It's a daily invitation to forget Center Street—and live joyous, carefree lives of adventure and romance—together.

Behind Paramount-Artcraft Motion Pictures is the ideal of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—BETTER PICTURES!
That's why the programs of the better theatres are welcome everywhere.
That's why the better theatres send them out.
That's why they go into the library table drawer where everybody can find them.

**Paramount - Artcraft Motion Pictures**

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying Paramount-Artcraft Pictures—and the theatres that show them.

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
Readers of Picture-play magazine will notice several new names and features in this, the first issue in the larger size.

To begin, we have Rob Wagner, whom it seems almost unnecessary to introduce. There is no one who has written more entertainingly concerning the great screen industry, and certainly no one has equaled his output of articles about film folk. The subject which he discusses for us in this issue is one that cannot fail to attract the attention of every reader. And Wagner does the rest.

We want to call special attention to the two fictionized versions of film plays which we are printing this month. A good many people, we believe, do not care to read screen plays told in story form, because so many plays—including some of the greatest successes—are not suitable for adaptation in short-story form. Moreover, the work of writing these magazine versions is too often intrusted to hack writers rather than to professional fiction writers. In choosing the stories for this issue we endeavored, first of all, to select two which would make good stories. Then we looked about for the writers best fitted to see through the plays and write from them our fiction versions.

For "The Pagan God" we procured the services of Achmed Abdullah, a novelist, playwright, and short-story writer, whose name has appeared many times in nearly all of the leading magazines. Captain Abdullah, who lived in China for several years, while serving as an officer in the British army, knows the Orient thoroughly. You will be rewarded for reading his story.

Mary Denham Monroe, who novelized "Hard Times," is another newcomer to Picture-play's staff. Miss Monroe is a fiction writer who has a deep sense of human interest, as her version of King Vidor's appealing film play shows. We will have stories by her in future numbers.

We also call your attention to a new department, "Reviews in Rhyme," by C. L. Edson. Mr. Edson has been a professional humorist of standing for several years. In conducting humorous columns on the Kansas City Star and on the New York Mail he has written miles of comic verse, but never has he done a more delightful and rollicking bit than his "One-thing-at-a-time O'Day." Next month he will review "Peg 'O' My Heart."

We have several other treats in store for you in our next issue. Perhaps you read the notices of the recent wedding of John Emerson and Anita Loos at the summer home of the Talmadges on Long Island. One of our special writers attended that wedding, and is going to tell you of what took place there on that momentous occasion.

We are going to print one of the most interesting and informative articles concerning the screen which we ever had the good fortune to read. It is written by Peter Milne, veteran reviewer of pictures. In a most entertaining manner Mr. Milne sets forth a long list of the tricks and situations which producers constantly put into their pictures in order deliberately to produce certain effects on the spectator. As you read it you will find that the situations he mentions will call to your mind scores of pictures in which you have seen these tricks employed.

There are many other equally novel and interesting features scheduled for our next and succeeding issues.
The Greatest Cast
ever assembled for any Picture
appears in support of

ANITA STEWART

In Louise Provoost story from the People's Home Journal.
"Her Kingdom of Dreams"
Directed by Marshall Neilan

You'll Remember
Them in These Photoplays

MARSHALL NEILAN
Director of Daddy Long Legs
The Unpardonable Sin
and other successes.

SPOTTISWOOD AITKEN
The Birth of a Nation
How Could You Jean
Capt. Kidd, Jr.

TULLY MARSHALL
Bound in Morocco
Cheating Cheaters
Arizona
Joan the Woman

THOMAS JEFFERSON
Hoosier Romance
Tarzan of the Apes
Sis Hopkins
Romance of Tarzan

THOMAS SANTSCHI
The Crisis
Beware of Strangers
Little Orphan Annie
The Hell Cat

JAMES NEILL
Say Young Fellow
The Little American

MAHLON HAMILTON
The Danger Mark
The Hidden Hand
The Death Dance

KATHLYN WILLIAMS (Selig Star)
Out of the Wreck
The Whispering Chorus
We Can't Have Everything

EDWIN STEVENS
The Devil's Toy
The Squaw Man
Faith
Cheating Cheaters

RALPH GRAVES
Sporting Life (Leading Man)
White Heather (Leading Man)

ANNA Q. NILSSON
Auction of Souls
Trail of Yesterday
No Man's Land
The Way of the Strong

WESLEY BARRY
Unpardonable Sin
Daddy Long Legs

Watch for "Her Kingdom of Dreams"
at your theater

A First National Attraction

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
Classified Advertising

Agents and Help Wanted

**GOVERNMENT POSITIONS** are desirable. Let our expert correspondence examiner prepare you. Write today for free booklet. Full information. Paramount Civil Service School, Box X, Rochester, N. Y.

**HOW MUCH GASOLINE CAN YOU SELL AT 2c PER GALLON?** World tests for four years to prove the value of the world's greatest gasoline. Write for your county. "Carbouvard," Box 2, Bradley Beach, N. J.

Railway Traffic Inspectors: $110.00 a month to start and expenses; travel if desired; unlimited advancement. School 15 months; age limit Three months' home study. Situation arranged. Complete home study. Write for booklet CM 28. Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.


158 Genuine Foreign Stamps—Mexico War issues. Venezuela, Salvador and John Service, Guatemala, China, etc. Only 10c. Finest approval sheets 50c to 50c. Agents wanted. Big 72-page lists free. We buy stamps. Established 23 years. H. W. Homan Stamp Co., Dept. 63, St. Louis, Mo.

**WANTED**—5 bright, capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers. $25.00 to $50.00 per week. Rail and car paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 70, Omaha, Neb.

**AGENTS BIG SUMMER SELLER.** Something new; confectionary soft drinks. Just add water; delicious drinks are ready in 15 minutes. Agent wanted. Big 72-page lists free. We buy stamps. Established 23 years. H. W. Homan Stamp Co., Dept. 63, St. Louis, Mo.

**FARM LANDS**

Big MONEY in grains, livestock, fruit, poultry. M itch, best business land sold $15.00 to $30. per A. Easy terms. Markets, schools, churches, free. Write for map and maps. No swaps or stoves. 10 to 100 acres. Big offer in U. S. from farming free and free. Write today. Swigart Land Co., 1313 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago, III.

Games and Entertainment


**Photo Developing**

Mail us 15c with any size film for development and size prints. 10c for negatives any size and 15c for six prints. Prompt service. (Komo) Photo Finishing Co., 221 Belt Ave., Roanoke, Va.

**SPECIAL OFFER—Your Next Kodak Film Developed 10c cheaper than crack. Best workmanship, 24 hours service. Enroll now with our company catalog of sample print. Johnston & Turand, 53 Nassau Street, New York.

Motion Picture Plays

**PHOTOPLAYS wanted.** Big prices paid. Great demand. We buy your photos. Get free particulars. Rex Publishers, Box 175—P. 2, Chicago.

**$80—$160 weekly writing Moving Picture Plays.** Get free book; valuable information; offer free. Photo Playwright College, Box 137, Chicago.

We buy Photo Play Ideals. Free criticism. Assistance to writers. Originalitylee to Practicable Photoplay Construction, Los Angeles, Cal.


Machinery

** MILLING MACHINERY—FLOR OF AND FRIED.** We build a complete line of flour and feed grinding machinery. Ask for catalog. That answers to the capacity required per hour. Sprout, Waldron & Company, P. O. Box 484, Muny, Pa.

Songs, Poems, Etc.

**Write a Song—Love, mother, home, childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today.** Thomas Merlin, 225 Reeper Block, Chicago.

**WRITE THE WORDS for a Song.** We write prose, poetry, and guarantee publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 1301 Fitzgerald Building, New York.

**WRITE WORDS for a SONG.** We write prose, guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject. Chicago Boys' Club, 239 S. Michigan Av., Room 323, Chicago.

**WRITE WORDS FOR A SONG—We will write a prose, poetry, and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on any subject. The Metropolitan Studios, 314 S. Michigan Avenue, Room 125, Chicago.

Inventors desiring to secure patents should write for our guidebook "How To Get Your Patent." Send sketch or description for our opinion of its patentable nature. Ralph & Co., Dept. 412, Washington, D. C.


**WRITE A SONG**—Love, Mother, home, childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. *(Send Words Today)*. **THOMAS MERLIN, 225 Reeper Block, Chicago.**

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
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 suffers under great handicaps. Without personality, it is almost impossible to make desirable friends, or get on in business; and, quite often, a much woman gives up the man on whom her heart is set because she has not the power to attract or to hold him.

During my career 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 microscope, vividly into a very large blot on the scene. And I have seen how people, lacking in certain qualities, often in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail. It is the same, 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

I saw numerous failures that were so distressing, my thoughts could not dwell upon those shattered, and vain ambitions. I have seen women of education, and culture and tasteful beauty actually fall where other women minus such advantages, but possessing certain secrets of lovable, a certain winsomeness, a certain knack of looking right and acting right, who would get ahead delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women. Nor were they the kind that the French term en sonferce. Some of them, if they studied the French manner closely, were decidedly not handsome; yet they seemed to do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the right puffs. And often the winning women were in the thirties, forties, or even fifties. They were just as lovable, and I knew what I mean. They drew others to them by a subtle magnetism, which seemed to emanate from them. Others liked to talk to them and to do things for them. In their persons you felt perfectly at ease—although you had been good, good friends for very long.

French Feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were French.

“Is it a part of the French character?” I asked my friends.

“Were you born that way?” I would often ask some charming woman.

And they would tell me that “personality” as we know it here in America, is an art, that is studied and acquired. In France, it is just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. This includes you, dear reader. There are numerous real secrets for developing your personality, where the women have always outnumbered the men, and where opportunity for our sex is so limited. I have wished with other women to wish to win husbands or shine in society, or succeed in their careers, but the chances are that you have developed their charms in competition with others.

How Men's Affections Are Held

Lately, the newspapers have been telling us that thousands and thousands of our fine young men are written French girls. I cannot forbear to write to you, for I know how everything is the French girls. Nor could I help concluding the truth in the assertion of a convicted French admirer's American.

Important

To obtain Madame Fara'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 43d Street
106 A, New York, N. Y.

Mail the coupon for Free Book

GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE
615 West 43d Street
106 A, New York, N. Y.

I would like a copy of Madame Fara's little book entitled "How."

Name

Address

When writing to advertisers please mention PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.
Be Popular! Make Money! Learn MUSIC at Home!

WHY envy your friends their knowledge of how to play the piano, organ, violin, cornet, or any other musical instrument? Be talented yourself. Make friends. Make money. Teach your children. You yourself can master any musical art right in your own home with the greatest ease.

We have taught thousands how to play their favorite musical instruments easily, quickly and thoroughly without a teacher just by following our New Improved Home Study Method.

We do away with the private teacher. We banish dry, tiresome exercises. We teach you by note. No numbers; no tricks; a sound musical education. We make it as fascinating for you to learn, as it will be fascinating for you to show your friends what a good musician you are. Our pupils are in demand as entertainers, and some of them have written to us that they are making money through the musical talents they developed by our Home Training Method.

Our free book tells you all about it. Read the letters in it, and you will see that what others have done easily, you can also do eas-

Free Lessons in:
Piano  Trombone
Organ  Flute
Violin  Clarinet
Cornet  Piccolo
Guitar  Ukelele
Banjo  Sight
Mandolin  Singing
Harp  Harmony
'Cello  Composition
Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Tenor Banjo Viola
Saxophone

Why not try it today? We offer you a year of lessons at a reduced price. We will tell you exactly what it will cost, and charge you only for postage and sheet music, a small sum weekly. A musical education in any instrument for the price of a movie ticket each week! Beginners or advanced pupils.

This offer is too important to hesitate over. Get the proofs, facts, letters from our pupils. Get our fascinating new book just issued, together with our astounding offer. All of these come to you FREE.

Just drop us a postal or mail the coupon today.

539 Brunswick Bldg.
New York

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC


539 Brunswick
Building
New York
Name
Address

City.......................................State..............................

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
FOREWORD

WITH the present number, Picture-Play Magazine enters upon a new phase of its career. In keeping with the progressive spirit of the day, it has been enlarged, and will be printed, from now on, in what has become the new standard size for illustrated magazines. The advantages of this larger size for displaying the wealth of photographic material that is used each month will be apparent to all our readers. And with this, and the other innovations, which are commented on elsewhere, it is a safe prediction that the magazine, successful in the past, will be still more successful in the future, in meeting the demands of the great screen-loving public for a publication of its character and purpose.

For Picture-Play Magazine holds a distinctive place among the publications devoted to the screen.

It has aimed, first of all, to keep its readers informed, through well-selected text and pictures, on all vital topics connected with the development of the great film industry.

But, in accomplishing this, it has also been pledged:

To present in the most entertaining manner, material selected for its warmth of human interest; to avoid all that is heavy, didactic, and dull—and all that is silly, vapid, and insincere.

To keep faith with an intelligent following by making its readers acquainted with the real personalities of the men and women who have become loved through their work upon the screen.

To encourage, without preaching, the best achievements of the screen.

To retain, at all times, a permeating sense of humor.

To strive constantly for novelty and variety.

And last, and perhaps most important, to further a close personal relationship between the magazine and its readers.

In the new era of the magazine’s career, we feel confident that this relationship, which has been attested by thousands of welcome letters, will become even closer and more personal. And that is our aim.
In a series of powerful emotional dramas.

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
A serio-comic discussion of an oft-discussed problem—light enough for a summer-afternoon’s reading, but packed with enough profound ideas for a winter-evening’s discussion.

By Rob Wagner

I KNOW a charming lady over in Altadena who has been happily divorced three times, but who will not permit her little Madeline to attend the movies because, “my dear, they fill a child’s mind so full of scandal!” I know another lady whose husband financed a bloody revolution in Mexico, yet she never attends the pictures lest her aestheticism be shocked by too much gun play. And I am good friends with a perfectly delightful couple living in Beverly Hills who won’t attend the Santa Monica road races unless they can park their car at “death curve,” yet they both deplore the “violence” in the photo drama.

Now it is a terrible indictment of a new and struggling art when the nice people of the country are so outraged. Yet, if the function of art is to—

Mary Pickford makes no appeal with sticky sentimentality, nor with sex allurements. On the contrary, her greatest charm lies in the sublimation of her sex.
Bill Hart represents another character of splendid manhood.

hold the mirror up to life, what are the poor movies to do? We have seen that scandal, lawlessness, and violence are not uninteresting even in the lives of our sincerest deplovers.

because of the cinema's understatement of the facts of life. Even without a censorship we couldn't show crime as raw as it really is, and if we should celebrate the war as it actually happened it would be an artistic violence. Furthermore, ladies, you know perfectly well that evil gains stupendous successes in real life, and poor old virtue oft languishes and dies, but we are so damned nice in the pictures that vice always gets it in the neck, while virtue is rewarded with a beautiful, dissolving clinch at the end of the film. No, as I said before, if there is any real artistic kick coming to the photo drama it should be addressed to its almost sticky morality.

In fact, the purpose of this piece is to prove to sensitively nice people that the art of the motion picture is alarmingly moral and that the screen heroes who, by popular election, have achieved Olympian stardom, symbolize all the virtues of our national and personal idealism.

Before I set out on that joyous adventure suppose we take a quick slant at the youthful heroes of those grown-ups who now have impressionable children with morals to be conserved. As we are so gol-darned concerned about our own little Edgars, how about the heroes of yesteryear? Perhaps some of my nicest friends will deny the voracious appetite they exhibited for Anna Katherine Green and The Duchess and other sacred cows of their sloppily sentimental youth. Perhaps they will deny that they were brought up on such works as "Luella, the Heiress of Cameron Hall." Perhaps; but they dissent if they are truthful.

And who were the heroes of that artistic renaissance? Nick Carter, Della Fox, and John L. Sullivan. I dare any man of my generation to deny that he did not regard Sam T. Jack's "Orange Blossoms" as a great dramatic treat. Personally, I shamelessly admit that my youthful hero was none other than "Left-handed Luke," the lion-hearted lad left on Labrador. And according to modern movie standards Luke would be regarded as a highly improper person, for he killed with the sheer lust of it; and as for his domestic morals, it was quite cryspelias to him whether he had four Eskimo wives or fourteen.

And remember this; nice folks with short memories, it was in our youth the great discovery was made that the human leg was immoral, and so we jammed the performances of the "Black Crook" and other charming exposures of those unvirtuous days. Where little Madeline now cherishes a "domestic-happiness picture" of Margaret Clark, your deploiring old Uncle Bill used to decorate his walls with Queens of

Who are the folk who clutter up our divorce courts with their scrambled infelicities? The lowly proletarians? Not a bit of it! They are the respectable bourgeoisie and our nicest aristocracy. And as for violence, has not the recent brawl in Europe enlisted the exuberant participation of our most rocco society? It isn't fair for ladies who change their meal tickets with their spring motor cars to grow squeamish over our artistic scandal; nor is it becoming for our aesthetic orchids to grow deplorable over our film violences, in the light of what many of them suggested should be done to the kaiser.

If there is any real deploring to be done it should be

A symbol of a romantic period that is almost past.

Perhaps it is Charlie Ray's screen character that is corrupting our moral standards?
the Amazons shamefully garbed in tights—tights, mind you! And as for violence, do you realize that we exterminated every noble red man in America, so’s we could slake our romantic thirst for blood with buckets of that dime-novelish liquid?

And who are our heroes to-day? Prize fighters, bandits, and ladies with legs like chianti bottles? Horrors, no! Perhaps never in the history of art has there been gathered together so much virtuous merit as is cinematically revealed by our screen characters. For modesty and clean purpose the movies possess the noblest lot of demigods who ever shattered a lance in holy battle or the tourney d’amour.

Take Mary Pickford, for instance. No well-rounded ballerina she, whose pictures decorate the dressers of lewd-eyed men. Nor yet one of the clinging-vine heroines who languished through the pages of her grandfather’s reading matter. Mary makes no appeal with sticky sentimentality, nor with sex allurements. On the contrary, her greatest charm lies in the sublimation of her sex. Even in the final clinches she never raises her lips in amorous embrace, but allows Harold to kiss her atop her curly head.

Twenty-five years ago C. D. Gibson gave to America an ideal of American girlhood that had every lass in the land trying to emulate it, with the happiest results. The “Gibson girl” that pyrographically decorated the sofa pillows of that time was no “Fluffy Ruffles,” but an austere maid with wit, dignity, and intelligence. Aside from this splendid artist’s delicious satires on our national social life, he gave to feminine youth of his day an ideal that had a tremendous influence in its life.

Gibson was followed by a perfect epidemic of gooey girls appearing on magazine covers and athwart the tops of candy boxes, but none of them stood for anything but caramel sweetness. Then Mary appeared with her straightforward girliness, and immediately she attained the difficult rôle of personating an ideal. Full of spirit and sometimes tomboyish, she is never rough nor vulgar, and, though adorably lovable, she is as sexless as a young Greek goddess. I’ll venture to say that hers is perhaps the only picture of an actress that is to be found in nearly every convent in America, for even the nuns hold her up to their charges as a symbol of beautiful girlhood. Mary’s tremendous vogue speaks well for the virtue of the masses, and if the dear declorators have a finer ideal they ought to trot it out.

And now, dear ladies of the Dorcas Society, censoriously bent on conserving the morals of messenger boys, who are the ideals of these potential presidents of our great republic? Douglas Fairbanks is one, and he stands for most everything that the average mother hopes for her little Edgar, for Douglas, perhaps more than any film hero, typifies the modern spirit. He is to the screen what Roosevelt was to politics. Strong, virile, and aggressively optimistic, he combines all the qualities that lie behind the “do it now,” “get it done,” “laugh and be merry,” “boost, don’t knock” spirit of the day. There is a perfect epidemic of books and magazines devoted to this dynamic principle of life of which Doug is the greatest screen symbol. It is the spirit that built the country and won the war, so at present this young man has become the ideal of boy scouts, young business men, and the fathers of sissy offspring. Dear ladies of the declorators, take it from me, no art has evolved a more popular hero than the exuberantly wholesome screen character of Douglas Fairbanks.

Though different in many ways, Bill Hart represents another character of splendid manhood. Calm, imper- turbable, and quietly efficient, he symbolizes a romantic period that is almost past. He is the heroic mold of those great figures of our national adolescence who built
an empire out of a wilderness; and to the youth of the land who still cherish the primitive adventurers Bill is a tremendous figure and a much more splendid one than Jesse James or Belshazzar Brick, the Bailiff of Blue Blazes, and other erstwhile heroes of the dads of these same boys.

Due to a curious phenomenon of modern life, Bill also has an army of idealists among the middle-aged married women. The hectic struggle of latter-day industrialism, compelling people to huddle together in great cities, has well-nigh killed adventurous romance, and so the hungry, feminine craving for that cosmic thrill finds partial satisfaction in the red-blooded amours of this knight of the plains. Henry may be the best husband in the world, hard-working and attentive, bringing home his weekly wage from the music-publishing house every Saturday night, but he "never does anything." If he would only go out and beat up a rival for Minnie's favor or save the poor, romantically starved lady from a bunch of kidnappers, she would feel that life still held a few thrills. But, no; the best the dear old meal ticket ever does is to blow out a tire twelve miles from home on Sunday or get a pain in his lap from eating Welsh rabbits over at the Swaseys'. And so Minnie goes to see Bill Hart upon the screen, and secretly and shamelessly loves him, regretting all the time that her Harry couldn't have been like him. Nice people, I ask you, is Bill's ideal degrading? You had better address your deplorings to poor old Harry.

Perhaps it is Charlie Ray's screen character that is corrupting our moral standards? There is no doubt about the ever-growing hold he has upon the hearts of the movie fans, so suppose we operate on him, too. Mebbe we'll discover the turrible poison. At first Ray's "rube parts" caused only amusement, but after several repetitions as the small-town boy it gradually developed that the fellow was a real artist and had evolved a screen personality of tremendous sympathy. Though we may all admire the complex efficiency of Douglas Fairbanks and the quiet sophistication of Bill Hart, after all the world really loves the unspoiled man, and Ray is giving to us a very remarkable example of that uncommon phenomenon.

Here we find a country boy, who has grown up untainted by the world, suddenly thrown into violent

Continued on page 99
Baked Beans and Bizet

Doris May's hobbies are just as far apart as the distance from the piano to the kitchen.

By J. Stewart Woodhouse

BAKED beans in an Aztec pot—and Bizet on a baby grand. There's a combination for you, and when you have Doris May in the middle of it there's little to long for.

She was at the piano when I went to call, and when I urged that she play for me she began one of those things that you've always known and can't remember the name of when you most want to.

"It's the Toreador Song from 'Carmen,' of course," laughed Doris when I asked about it. "Bizet is the composer. I like it, even though it is played to death, don't you?"

In a case like that a man always says "Yes," of course, and I was just preparing to when Doris, with a cry of "Beans!" leaped up from the piano bench and dashed kitchenward. I promptly hurdled a taboret and two floor pillows and brought up the rear of the procession, making good time, I supposed, but when I arrived Doris, with a ruffly pink apron over her dress, was bent over a strange-looking piece of pottery.

"The ancient Aztecs made it, and it's my magic bean pot," she explained, ladling out a spoonful of the contents for me to sample. "Won't you stay to lunch and have some beans?"

"Would I? I would—and I did.

And during luncheon Doris' mother told me about how Doris accompanied the great violinist, Jan Kubelik, when she was just a youngster, and about a lot of other things like that which proved that she was nothing less than an infant prodigy. Then we talked of Doris' work with Charlie Ray, when she was known as "Doris Lee," and of how it led to her present engagement as an Ince star.

And Doris, modestly blushing, said nothing and served beans. Now perhaps you, like Doris, like her music best. Perhaps, like the public in general, you prefer her pictures. But give me her beans!
venturesome Viola

Who makes us think of a youngster in an attic on a rainy day.

By Muriel Andrews

Viola Dana might be called "The Girl of the Quaint Costumes." You remember how droll she was in those huge overalls she wore in "Blue Jeans," and in the funny bandmaster's uniform, in the same play? Or perhaps you saw her as the ragged newsboy waif in "The Microbe," or as the tiny grisette, with her bobbed hair, in "The Parisian Tigress." No costume, it seems, is too intricate or dangerous for her to explore. She reminds me of a little girl who takes advantage of a rainy day to explore the trunks in the attic, and who goes trailing downstairs in her mother's Spanish lace shawl and her mother's wedding gown, with a long ostrich feather shakily anchored to her hair ribbon. And when I go to a new Viola Dana picture I always find myself exclaiming, "I wonder what that youngster will have on this time!"

Well, this time it's the very chick regalia which she wears in her new picture, "Some Bride." And unless we're much mistaken, the audience is going to say "Some Viola," too. According to the story, she dons the feathers when she goes to a fancy-dress barn dance—but elsewhere in the picture she molts—if we may be excused for borrowing the phrase—and appears in a bathing suit. And no matter what she wears she looks like such a pocket edition that it's hard to realize that she's really an actress with a long stage history behind her. I think it was that long stage career that has made her not just a winsome young girl, but a skilled farceur, a clever little emotional actress, and a competent player of all kinds of roles.

Perhaps you saw her when she traveled across the country playing "The Poor Little Rich Girl." That's about her best-known rôle, but even when she played it she was an old-timer on the stage—she began when she was five, you see, as a toe dancer. A little later she did Little Hendrick in "Rip Van Winkle," playing with Thomas Jefferson for three seasons. And she doesn't look much older now than she did then.

I wish I'd seen her in the Edison Company's production, "Molly, the Drummer Boy." It was her first picture, and led to a contract with Edison. And now she has a long line of Metro successes to her credit, yet she's still lit-
PRISCILLA DEAN

looks like the original "Take-it-from-me" girl, but really she's just welcoming you to the magazine with an expression we'd describe by the title of her last release—"Pretty Smooth."
VIRGINIA PEARSON

is sighing for more worlds to conquer, now that she has her own company and has shown in "The Bishop's Emeralds" and "Impossible Kate" what she can do when she supervises her own productions.
BILLIE BURKE

has just done "The Blooming Angel," and we'd like to know how the screen can show how blooming an angel is when it doesn't adequately portray the most blooming thing about her—her red hair.
WINIFRED WESTOVER

is a golden-haired native daughter of California, whose most cherished possession is complete mastery of the Australian crawl stroke, the glory of good swimmers. Incidentally, Winifred has been appearing in pictures with William Russell.
OLIVE THOMAS

worked so fast that she got way ahead of her pictures' release dates, and had to indulge in a vacation till "Upstairs and Down" and "The Spite Bride" appeared on local screens and sent her back to the sputter of the Klieg lights.
EVELYN COSNELL
spent the winter "Up in Mabel's Room" on the New York stage, and is now welcomed to pictures in James Montgomery Flagg's servant-problem comedy, "Welcome, Little Stranger," in which she has the leading feminine role.
CONSTANCE TALMADGE

is now showing how far a little candle—or a little star—can throw its beams when it has an Emerson-Loos picture like "The Temperamental Wife," her most recent release, as a sort of reflector, so to speak.
ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

wants the parrot to answer the question, "Love or Fame?" but he, being a photographer's accessory, knows that's not a question, but the title of her first starring vehicle, and so refuses to commit him-
He had fallen in love on the first day, and—

The Pagan God
A tale of the mystic Orient
By Achmed Abdullah

BRUCE WINTHROP had never forgotten the ambassador's last words, low, sibilant, tense: "Anything is justifiable; anything, my boy!"

"Yes, sir."

"Remember. The fate of all the whites out there"—pointing a finger through the window, stabbing the whirling Peking dust and resting it on an imaginary spot far west, in Outer Mongolia—"depends on you. The American government is helpless. We have no proof; we can't ask the Chinese authorities to interfere. But, proof or no proof, we know that the bloodiest revolution in the whole of Asia's bloodstained history is brewing out yonder. So—remember—anything is justifiable."

"Yes, sir."

"When can you start?"

"This minute."

"Good! And if you return—"

"I shall return, sir. I know China; I speak the language like a native, you know—"

"God bless you, my boy!"

He had gone straight to the capital of Outer Mongolia, attached—by the ambassador's special request—as clerk to the consul there, Daniel Winthrop, a rough, honest man, long on patriotism and short on the subtleties of underground diplomacy, and Winthrop knew that the man would never be able to be of assistance to him, even if he had been allowed to confide in him, which he was not. What hurt him was that he could not be frank and open with Tanner's daughter, Beryl, with whose violet eyes and swirl of russet hair he had fallen in love on the first day and to whom—in his impetuous, facile manner—he had proposed on the third. Nor had he taken No for an answer.

She was speaking of it now as she walked by his side through the odoriferous, entangled garden that screened the consulate from the dust and reek of the Mongolian streets.

"You took me by storm, Bruce, dear, and—"

"Yes, honey?"

"You love me, don't you?"

"You bet!" enthusiastically.

"Then—why don't you—"

"What?"

"Oh, you're always out in the streets and the bazaars, and I have seen you twice with that—what's her name?—Tai—"""

"Mustn't be jealous."
"I am!"
"There’s no reason, darling."
"I hate her! She’s a sly, half-caste Cleopatra!"

And, without realizing it, Beryl had hit the nail on the head. For Tai, half Chinese and half French, wielded a mysterious power throughout Outer Mongolia among mandarins and merchants and peasants.

As a matter of fact, it was her brain and personality which was the driving wheel of the great conspiracy which, if successful, would overthrow the present Chinese government and establish one more to her liking.

A Cleopatra indeed—young, lithe, golden-skinned, sloe-eyed, cherry-lipped—and it was Wah Kung, son of the Manchu duke, Cheng, who played her Antony.

Nor a very willing Antony, either.

For, just about the time when Beryl was having her little lovers’ quarrel with Bruce, Kung, facing Tai in her scarlet-and-gold apartment, was blaming the latter for her intimacy with the young American.

Tai smiled a slow smile.

"Kung," she said, "the red-haired devil knows much. He is a trained diplomat, a trained soldier. We—we of the ‘Tong of Freedom’ need him—and his great knowledge—"

"But—you play with him; you—"

"I must. We need him. No"—as Kung tried to take her in his arms—"our love must wait until the revolution is accomplished; then you and I shall sit side by side on the Manchus’ golden throne! Meanwhile, we need the red-haired devil!"

"We need you," she said half an hour later to Winthrop, who had come to her in answer to a hurried note.

"Who is— we?"

Bruce Winthrop was alert, sharp. Here seemed to be the key to the first locked chamber in the underground labyrinth that led to his goal.

She smiled.

"Oh, we"—she said it with a low voice—"patriots. No, no; don’t be afraid. It’s nothing against you—against the white man. It is—oh"—she thought quickly—"the Tartar robbers out to the west. We must train our young men in the use of modern weapons. Come, my friend," and she offered him an honorable and highly paid position in a town of the interior.

She watched him closely, anxiously. For, drunk with the clanking dream of power, she was a woman—and she had come to love the American passionately. Her offer was less motivated by what she had said to Kung than by her desire to get him away from Beryl.

"Will you come—with me—to Chautung?" she repeated.

"Yes."

But that night at dinner, when he told the consul that he was going to leave the American service to work for the Chinese, he was nearly sorry that he had done it.

Tanner just grumbled.
"You—a white man—to work for those yellow Chinamen—Well, please yourself."

But, dinner over, in the garden Beryl, who had not said a word before, turned on him.

"Bruce," she asked, "will you swear to me that you are not going with Tai?"

And when he had been silent, unable to reply, she had jumped to her own conclusions and had given him back his ring without a word.

Heavy-hearted, he had gone on his way. But there was his duty—to America, the West, the white race—shining like a Holy Grail—and—even his love, his great love that clunged at his heart, his soul—the one overpowering factor in his life—Why—"it'll have to take a back seat," he thought rather bitterly.

Nor, arrived at the Chautung palace, not so very far from the capital, did he become more reconciled to his fate. For, during the first few months, his mission was not crowned with success. On all sides, turn where he might, he was baffled by the bland, blank wall of polite, elusive Chinese reticence, even in the case of a young Chinaman, Wong, who had attached himself to Bruce in Outer Mongolia in a nondescript capacity, half friend, half pupil, half servant, and for whom somehow the American had conceived a genuine liking—whom even, alone among all the coiling secretive thousands, he trusted to a certain degree.

Only at night did he seem to be on the threshold of the grim secret he was after. For there was Tai—facing him, the pearl-tipped opium pipe between the long, slim fingers, playing with him, using the lure of her beauty in her efforts to win his love. And Bruce—Why—"anything is justifiable!"—he remembered the ambassador's words, and so, night after night, he sat by her side in her apartment, listening to her whispered words, giving low, soft replies.

Always she seemed on the verge of revealing vast secrets, but pretended doubt and fear, and put it off again and again. For she wished to be sure of him first—until one day it was her own passion, her own throbbing, overpowering longing and desires, which forced her hand.

On that day Beryl Tanner, entertaining a party of American visitors who had come to the Mongolian capital with letters of introduction, had gone with them for a drive in the surrounding country, and had finally come to the little town of Chautung, where they pulled up in front of the bazaars that clustered and serried about the pink-and-white palace to look at some curios.

They bargained for a while, laughing and joking, the Chinese crowd looking on good-naturedly enough, when suddenly a tall, lean, yellow-robed Buddhist monk pointed a finger of derision and spoke low, hissing words.

"The foreigners!" he said. "The sons of dogs! The spawn of unthinkable begettitude! Come here—to the land of the black-haired race—to rob us—to enslave us—hai, hai, hai!"

And at once the crowd receded, then charged forward in a threatening phalanx. Stones were thrown; there
were cries of "Kill them! Kill the red-haired devils!" when Bruce Winthrop and Wong happened to pass. Even then the crowd did not cease its attacks until Wong stepped straight into their midst, spoke a few quick words, and made a strange gesture with the thumb and third finger of his left hand.

"Back, cattle; back!" he commanded.

Three times he repeated the gesture, and the crowd, with awed murmurs of "The Sign of the Tong, the Tong of Freedom!" dispersed, while Bruce, seeing that an elderly American woman among the tourists was on the point of fainting with fright and excitement, offered them the hospitality of the palace.

He spoke to Beryl.

"Hello——" He was silent.

For he was embarrassed, ill at ease; he did not know what to say to her nor how to say it.

"I—oh—Beryl——" he stammered, and was silent again.

But Beryl had softened toward him in the unexpected joy of meeting him under such circumstances, and, though she saw him here, a lonely white amid the Mongol mob, dressed like a native, evidently friends with them, yet her heart convinced her against her reason that perhaps she had been mistaken, that he was not guilty of dishonor. And, passing with him into a great room, its walls of ebony inlaid with nacre and jade, while Wong, winking an understanding eye at his master, was showing the visitors about the gardens, she had just given him her hand, had answered the silent, aching question in his eyes with a "Yes, dear, I am still fond of you!" when Tai happened to see them through a slit in the dragon-embroidered curtains, and it was then that her passion and desire forced her hand.

Quickly she dropped her outer garments, and a moment later she strolled leisurely into the presence of Bruce and Beryl, looked at the latter, pretended surprise and confusion, and fled from the room.

Her woman's ruse was thoroughly effective, for Beryl placed the natural construction upon it. She believed—how could she disbelieve?—that Tai was Bruce Winthrop's mistress, and so she left him with a few low contemptuous words.

He shut his lips hard. He could not explain to her. There was his duty—his mission. He would have to suffer in silence—while she went out of his life forever.

That night, as if to atone, Tai promised to reveal to him "wonderful secrets, but you must prove your sincerity, my lord. You must join—us first."

"And who is us?"

And then her low reply: "The Tongs of Freedom! Do you promise?"

"Yes," he replied steadily, and that night, amid weird surroundings, a crowd of mysterious, white-robed, black-masked figures filling the huge underground chamber where the ceremony was being held, coiling, honey-sweet incense rising to the painted ceiling in great bulbous whirs, the tom-toms beating and the reed pipes shrieking, he was initiated and formally declared an "Honorable Companion of the Tong of Freedom."

A great, broad-shouldered, masked Manchu put him through the initiation; finally, the initiation over, dropping his black face mask. It was Kung, the son of the Manchu duke, the leader of the conspiracy. He hated and suspected the American, and only Tai's authority prevented him from open hostility, perhaps murder.

At the end of the ceremony a tall, hatchet-faced Kansuh brave opened a wall cabinet provided with an intricate lock, and, amid a heavy, awed pall of silence, produced therefrom a gold case incrusted with emeralds and pearls.

"The Jade Buddha!" Tai whispered to Bruce. "The innermost secret of our lodge!"

Bruce looked at it where, free of its precious case, it lay on the Kansuh brave's flat palm—a perfect piece of clear-green Yunnan jade, three inches high, carved exquisitely in the shape of the Lord Gautama Buddha on the Lotus Flower, and, so he was informed by Tai, containing in its hollow interior the "List of Death"—the signatures of high officials pledged.
Taylor and His Taxi

Taking outside pictures in the heart of New York City has peculiar difficulties—so Taylor Holmes discovered when he came East to work.

By Charles Gatchell

The crowd had gathered quickly, as crowds do in large cities. In the short space of time which it took me to cross Washington Square it had grown from a small group to a small-sized mob. At my first glance in the direction of the gathering I thought I saw a movie camera, and quickened my steps, but by the time I reached the scene of interest the camera had vanished. A few boys were madly chasing an automobile which was just rounding the corner, disappearing from view. A traffic policeman was announcing that "the show was over," and was trying to clear the sidewalk.

"It was Taylor Holmes! I seen him as plain as day, and just as natural—" The rest of the words, which were uttered by a shrill, excited feminine voice, were lost by the movement of the crowd; but I had heard enough to give me an idea, since I knew something of the ways of picture folk. I decided to wait at least a few minutes and see what would happen.

It was not a long wait. Crowds disperse as quickly as they gather—in the cities—and in a few minutes, the corner of the square having resumed its normal composition, I was rewarded by seeing the same automobile swing around the corner, slow down, and stop almost in front of me. The door opened, and a camera man and a director tumbled out.

"All right, Taylor!" called the director. "We'll try it again. Looking around to locate Holmes, I followed the director's eye, and recognized the face beneath the chauffeur's cap. Taylor was the driver of the car! A moment later he sprang down from his seat, walked away a few steps, and at the signal for the camera to start he suddenly sprinted back, did a running broad jump over the spare tires, landing in the driver's seat, threw in the clutch, and the car shot forward.

"I guess we beat 'em to it that time! Want a ride uptown?" he inquired as he drew up again, after turning around at the Washington Arch.

I hopped up beside him by way of reply. It was a regular taxicab, meter and all, and as we started off it occurred to me that never before had I experienced a feeling of keen pleasure at watching the indicator which registers the fare. Instead of feeling my heart lose a beat every time it clicked, as one usually does, I found myself unable to keep my eyes off it for the sheer pleasure of watching the fare mounting higher and higher.

"Nerve-racking business this, taking pictures in New York," Taylor said as we headed up Fifth Avenue. "It's a good thing I'm a bug on driving cars."

"That's reassuring," I remarked, looking up for the first time from the indicator. "A good deal different from working on the coast, isn't it?"

"I should think it is! Out there every one's used to cameras. They're pretty well trained, too. They know enough to keep back a bit. But you saw how quickly that mob gathered?"

I nodded and grinned. So did Taylor.

"Well, in this series of comedies I'm making we're working in a lot of well-known New York locations—Carnegie Hall, the library; all that sort of thing. And it's almost impossible. People don't realize how they interfere with us. We thought we had a good shot the other day, and when we came to run off the film, there, on the wind shield, was the reflection of the mob around the car. The camera picks up things like that which the eye doesn't seem to catch. We had to take the whole thing over. And half of the time we have to pull the trick you saw us do this morning—pack up and leave our location when
We had drawn up in front of the Lambs Club, and a few minutes later we were seated in a secluded corner of the quiet grill, where the tables and chairs and the beams across the dark, high ceiling are huge and massive like those in the old English prints of "After the Hunt."

The Lambs Club is always an interesting place. A little way from us sat Burton Holmes, of travelogue fame. At the farther end of the same long table was Edgar Selwyn. Not far from him sat a quiet-looking youngster, whom Taylor pointed out to me as William Harrigan, leader of the re-

The fact that any one should take this to be Taylor's New York residence strikes him as amusing.

It's the mansion built by Charles M. Schwab.

lief to Whittlesey's so-called "lost battalion."

"It's great to be back working in New York."

Holmes began as the waiter set before us the chops and steaming baked potatoes. "I like the coast, but——"

"You're not a New Yorker," I interrupted.

"No; I was brought up in Chicago—mostly."

"Then you probably know my old home, Benton Harbor, right across the lake, in Michigan——"

"Know it? Say! Let me tell you something that happened to me there. I was just a youngster. This is how I really got into the show business. I'd discovered a knack for giving monologues and I arranged one summer with a hotel at South Haven—up the lake shore from your town—to entertain in their lobby. I had enough money to get there, and no more. When I turned up the hotel people looked me over and changed their minds.
"Well, I didn't want to send home for money, so I said to myself, 'You came here to give a show. It's up to you to give it.' So I rounded up some of the guests, explained how I'd been turned down, and asked if they would care to patronize me under my own management. They liked the idea, and after I performed and passed the hat I found that I'd taken in ten dollars and a half.

"Well, I thought I'd try another resort town, and I lit out for Benton Harbor. The first thing I ran onto there at the hotel were some members of a little traveling stock company. They were rehearsing 'Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.' I applied for a job and got it. That was my first engagement. We started out doing week stands in Michigan, and at the end of the thirteenth week the manager skipped. But by that time I knew that I was an actor—or on the road to be one—and I'd saved enough money to get to New York with—on scalpers' tickets." Taylor's smile became almost a grin, and I think I smiled too. There's something infectious about a smile like Taylor's—the same as Fairbanks' or Owen Moore's.

"And then?" I inquired.

"Well, then it wasn't long before I was playing in 'The Grand Army Man' with Warfield. Funny thing—I played a very serious part in that. But I got a lighter bit in 'The Music Master,' and from then on they kept me in comedy roles. I was in 'The Midnight Sons' with Lew Field, 'The Commuters'—oh, a whole string of plays before I landed in the movies."

Being a modest man, Taylor didn't mention that he won his spurs on the legitimate stage in "'Bunker Bean,'" in which he was featured. But I had occasion to recall it, for I remembered the play.

"Yes," he said with another smile, "and then I tried pictures. 'Efficiency Edgar's

O Henry used Madison Square as the background for several of his romances, so why shouldn't it be used for the same purpose by a motion-picture star?
By Thomas Shepherd

Tiptoeing Into the Movies

Many a dancer's nimble feet have followed the path from stage to screen.

The orchestra leader poises his baton. A crash from the tympany. A figure leaps into the spotlight, standing for an instant upon one arched foot. Her short skirts stand out like the inverted calyx of a flower, one silken leg bent like a stamen upon which a bee alights. Then, on the wood-windy thread of a pizzicato, the girl drifts, smiling, across the stage, still upon the tips of her down-curved feet. Her legs shimmer and beat like the wings of a mounting butterfly; her white arms droop above her head. She seems to catch up, not only all the light, but all the breathing and movement in the great house.

Or, to the pulse of an "Oriental," accented by the dominant thud on vellum, she treads in geometrical attitude, henna-footed,

Interpretive dancing took Margaret Loomis to the stage and then into pictures with Hayakawa, and with Vivian Martin in "You Can't Just Wait."  "The Woman God Forgot" and some of Alice Brady's pictures took Theodore Kosloff, of the Russian ballet, into the glare of the Kliegs.
her eyes heavy with the languor and mystery of the East, posing angularly at last before her idol to pray for what may never be. Perhaps a bit of white foam on a wave of dissonance, in a costume as briefly bizarre

as the potpourri of sounds to which she dances, she immortalizes the ragtime muse, the spirit of "jazz."

And whether she be toe dancer, expert in more interpretive work, or "jazz shaker," she is likely to walk straight out of the stage door into the movies. It's quite easy to understand why, of course, for the successful dancer is well drilled in the art of pantomime. She knows that every wag of a slim shoulder, every lift of a kohl-stained eyelid must do its share in expressing an emotion or mood. To de-

Constance Binney danced in "Oh Lady, Lady," a musical comedy, before Tourneur put her in the cast of "Sporting Life."

Mae Murray danced in the Follies before her screen career began; "The Delicious Little Devil" recently made her a dancer in pictures.

Copyright, Feb 1, 1913.

With her famous husband, Mauriee, Florence Walton starred in "The Quest of Light."

pend only on her face for the expression of a mood would be almost an impossibility for her. And when she exchanges the spotlight for the Cooper-Hewitts she's quite at home.

The Princess Della Patra is said to hail from Egypt, and is now in Vitagraph productions.
That appeal constantly rings in the ears of every screen star; and this reply, written by a successful actress, is intended for the thousands of girls who are constantly asking it in vain.

I WAS up in the Berkshires last summer on one of my rare vacations when Mary Herne came to see me to ask me if I could help her "get into the movies." It was with some surprise that, as I lay stretched out in the porch swing, I was awakened from my daydreaming by the old gardener, who tiptoed over to hand me an engraved card and to whisper that "a young lady wished to see me." I was surprised because, so far as I knew, no one knew that I was even in that part of the country. Moreover, there was no trolley line near, and I had seen no horse or machine coming up the lonely mountain road.

"She walked over from Marblerock," the gardener whispered.

"Walked over!" I exclaimed. "It must be eight or nine miles, isn't it?"

"Ten," he replied, with a nod of one who knew.

I rose and walked over, wondering on what possible errand that girl had come all that distance on foot, in the heat of a summer day to see me. She had been shyly waiting near the top of the steps; she was a little dream of a girl, slim and straight, with eyes like wet brown leaves, and a mouth like a scarlet flower.
“Can’t You Help Me?”

She was young and adorably embarrassed, and when she tried to speak the high color came flaming over her face like a sunrise.

“The postmaster told me you were here for two weeks,” she explained. “And I—I just felt I must see you. I thought perhaps you would help me; people say I look like you—”

She paused abruptly, evidently feeling that she had said a very daring thing. And I felt my heart warming to her in the vain way of a woman who has been flattered. It was the first bit of real flattery I had had in a long time. A picture actress gets to taking her looks a bit impersonally; they are her stock in trade, that is all. When complimentary things are said to me or come in letters I feel a little as I imagine a successful architect does when somebody praises a new building he has designed. The compliments don’t seem exactly personal. This one did.

Probably if Mary Herne had written me a letter to ask the question I should have answered it as I and my secretary answer dozens each week. And then I should have forgotten it. But the prettiness of her, the sweetness—most of all, the eagerness that glowed in her eyes and made her light-footed over a ten-mile pilgrimage—somehow Mary Herne has made all the girls who have ever written to me seem suddenly real and vivid. And I wish that I could help them.

I cannot “get them into the movies.” I suppose I could help Mary or some other Mary the first tiny little step. I could see that she met some director; perhaps I could get her a place as “extra girl” in some one of my own plays which happened to need an “extra girl” of her type. But in order for her to make this first trifling advance she would have to be living in New York or Los Angeles. Directors are busy people; an introduction at any but the most auspicious time would be worse than useless; I’m often in a play in which not a woman “extra” is used. So for a girl to come to New York to wait for one of these opportunities would be a tiresome, expensive venture.

That is all that I could possibly do. The rest would be absolutely “up to Mary.” And her chance of going any further would be one in a thousand.

You see, there are so many Marys. That is the trouble. Seeing this particular Mary unexpectedly, away from all the background of the motion-picture world, meeting her face to face, alone, I can understand perfectly why all of her friends tell her that she “ought to go into the movies.” She is the prettiest girl in Marblerock by far. Perhaps she is prettier than any girl in the next village, too. But of the thousands and thousands of miles in the United States this covers only fifteen miles. Probably twenty miles away from Marblerock there is another girl as pretty in another way as Mary is in hers. Probably all her friends tell her that she ought to “go into the movies.” She and Mary have never seen each other; each reigns supreme in her own realm.

Now if there is a startlingly pretty girl for every twenty miles in this country—well, Mary can figure out for herself what her chances are when practically every one of these prettiest girls is secretly thinking of the same thing. Mary has no particular advantages which would give her supremacy over any of these other girls. She is not a trained actress; she has no already established reputation of any kind which would make her of interest to the public; she has no money. She is one of a tremendous group of pretty girls; that is all.

Her chance of ever being able to earn a livelihood in the motion-picture game is small; it requires a good deal of “extra” work to total an income large and steady enough to be even reasonably safe. And her chance of going any higher, of becoming a leading lady or a star is—well, one in a thousand is a conservative estimate. Any one in the profession will corroborate this.

I tried to explain this all to Mary. I know she was disappointed. But somehow I cannot feel so very sorry for her. Right now she has so many things that I have had to give up.

For one thing, I envy Mary her home. I know just the kind of a home she has. There is a porch with a hammock. And Mary has time to lie in the hammock on hot afternoons and read a new magazine. If her next-door neighbor brings her sewing over, they make lemonade. There is a kitchen where they make candy sometimes, and a living room where the neighborhood young people can take up the rugs and dance. It is the kind of a home where married brothers and sisters come back for Thanksgiving, where there is always a Christmas tree.

Oh, I know all about Mary’s home because I used to have one like it. I have an apartment now, expensively furnished, for use whenever I’m in New York. My mother tried to live with me, but the city frightened her and made her lonely. So I have a companion housekeeper. I keep plenty of servants; everything is always in exquisite order. But somehow it isn’t home. I never have the feeling any more that I used to when I cut across our vacant lot back of the library at twilight and saw the light from the sitting-room window shining through the trees. Mother would be in the kitchen, sister setting the table, dad reading the evening paper. Dinner would be in its almost-ready, fragrant, appetizing stage. The dining-room carpet was worn, the chairs were shabby, brother’s schoolbooks were always littered over the table. But there was something there, a strange, warm, all-of-us-together feeling that my expensive apartment has never had. I have artistic electric fixtures; we had kerosene lamps at home, but I can half close my eyes and see the soft yellow light shining on father’s shabby smoking jacket and mother’s graying hair—just a glimpse of that old, familiar sitting-room—and I see my electric lights swimming in a thick, lonely blur.

Then, too, I envy Mary her leisure, the time she has to read and take long country walks, the days she and her chum rush through the housework and catch a morning trolley into the city to hunt bargains and go to a tea room for lunch and then to a matinee. She
"Can't You Help Me Get Into the Movies?"

can sleep all the afternoon when she is going to a dance at night—and all the massage and hairdressing in the world can never offset that as a beauty measure.

I work all day, every day except Sunday, and sometimes even then. When I get home at five o'clock or eight, as the work of the day happens to dictate, I am tired, not the pleasant tired that makes one want merely a change of occupation, but a dead, irritable, nerve-fagged tired. I want my dinner and I want to go to bed. That is all. The play I wanted to see, the friends I intended asking in, the dance to which I was invited, the new book I wished to read—nothing appeals except rest.

I love to do all the things that any girl does—to dance, and skate, and ride, and swim, and shop, and gossip, and go to matinées. I have a maid who does my shopping for me far more expertly than I could do it, but I never have the fun of hunting bargains, and every real daughter of Eve knows what a loss that is.

I dance and swim and skate well, so I do one of them very often in my pictures. I imagine that many girls who see me do these things in picture after picture unconsciously assume that they form a large part of my life. After dancing ten minutes for the camera, the music—if there is any—stops and we go on working on another part of the film. That little part of the picture is bright with pretty dresses and gay with every sign of merrymaking. So is the swimming and the skating and the love-making in rose arbors. That is all the playgoer sees of an actress, and sometimes, without stopping to reason, she feels that sort of thing is an actress' life. Of course, when she pauses to think, she knows that it is all for the camera. The pretty dresses are hurried out of for the next scene, the love-making is done with the wrong man, the rose arbor is twisted tissue paper. It is just a picture of bits of real life, the life the playgoer has. The actress herself does not have it. She must give up much of her own life to make the pictures. I imagine—in fact, I'm sure—that many girls who merely know me on the screen

unconsciously assume that the same thrill of romance which my pictures kindle in their breasts is a real part of my life. They do not realize that I am only playing the romance which I cannot live, the kind of romance which they, in their quiet, everyday lives, have the possibility of actually realizing, though they cannot act it.

It is, by the way, the romantic part of the pictures that brings me to the part of Mary's life that I most envy. Mary is wearing a sparkling diamond on the signification left-hand finger. So am I. For a long time I felt that was another part of life from which I was cut off. Men who enjoyed paying court to an actress, but would never dream of marrying her, fortune hunters who knew that I was rich, vain, worthless admirers who liked to be seen with me because I was well known—these are only a few of the kinds that have made me rather hard and cynical. Then the right man came along and wanted me for myself, not my fame or my money, and I shuffled off the cynicism like a worn-out glove. But now I have another worry. I am afraid sometimes that I have not enough to give him.

The tag ends of my time, the frayed edges of my strength—is it fair to bring a husband only these? My work is harder than a stage woman's, there is no period of rehearsing followed by the more mechanical repeating of a learned result. Every day is a new undertaking, and there is the continual nerve strain, the friction of getting a new thing started. Then, too, working under the lights has an actual, physical effect upon one. There is something about the glare that is exhausting. Mary will have all her freshness, her bloom, her eagerness for her husband; I shall have a tired body and frazzled nerves for mine.

Children can come to Mary and mean all that their coming should. I am mad about babies, from the time

Continued on page 101
The new theatrical year begins on September 1st. It is then that the producers of motion pictures, regular shows, and grand opera bring into being the ideas they have been developing while most of us have been trying to forget the heat and the theater at the beach, in the mountains, at Luna Park, or—to become personal—in the Y. M. C. A. pool and in the bathtub in our Harlem apartment.

This fall several of the biggest producing organizations are going to adopt a new plan of selling their pictures. They are going in for the "open-booking" plan. The wide adoption of this plan should make for a vast improvement in the pictures that are shown.

The phrase, "open booking," means nothing to you now perhaps. But it will before Thanksgiving comes around; or, perhaps, if the Observer's descriptive ability holds out, you may grasp what it is going to mean before you finish this page.

In the past you have perhaps gone to the manager of a theater and said in so many words: "That show was punk!" Good for you!

And perhaps the manager replied: "I know it. But I didn't know anything about the picture. I had to buy it without seeing it. I take just what the company sends me."

To no small degree he was right. In the past the theater manager has bought his shows in wholesale lots, contracting for an entire year's product. He picked the companies he could depend upon, rather than picking individual pictures. And even the most capable, most conscientious producers sometimes turned out bad ones.

The new open-booking plan will change this, at least for most of the theaters in the larger cities. Instead of buying "sight unseen," theater managers who are within reach of the exchanges through which the films are distributed will be able to see the new pictures weeks in advance of the showing dates. In other words, they will be able to shop for their pictures, just as you shop for your groceries. And you know how much better you fare when you go to market and shop for your groceries than you do if you merely telephone your orders to your grocer and take whatever he sends you.

This means to you—even if the manager is unable to go out and buy for you the best pictures—that the entire standard of moving pictures will be raised. The producer won't release a poor picture, for he knows that the majority of theater managers will look before they buy and that there's no chance to "get by" with a bad one.

In the past pictures have been sold before they were out of the studios. The public suffered, for the producer collected from the theater and the theater collected from you. You collected from nobody. There was no one between you and the studio to judge for you whether a picture was worth while. Now there's an automatic check.

Here's Where You Come In

Even the best plans can be abused. There is a way to wreck the finest of ships. These better pictures are going to cost the theaters more money. The most prosperous season the moving-picture theaters ever have known is right over the horizon, and the theaters can afford to pay more money. It is up to you to see that your theater shows consistently good pictures.

A good many theater owners will slip in these bad pictures now and then if you're not careful.

Don't let it happen more than once. The theater manager who buys on this "open-booking" plan—unless he is far away from a city where there is an exchange—now has no alibi. The better pictures are being made. He can get them for you. He is not forced to show anything he doesn't know about.

The little fellows say the big fellows are crazy, arguing that the public won't support these consistently good pictures. They say you have to sell a cheap picture now and then at high prices in order to break even on the expensive pictures. They say the public won't increase its patronage of costly pictures enough to make them worth while. They say that a picture that costs twenty thousand dollars to make will do a gross business of five times that, but that one that costs two hundred thousand dollars will do a gross of only two or three times that. Therefore, they say, it's more profitable to make ten twenty-thousand-dollar pictures than one two-hundred-thousand-dollar picture. Show 'em!

We Apologize

The Observer has been given a dose of rough language from an admirer of D. W. Griffith. It is asserted that we are "knocking the man who has made the motion picture what it is to-day."

We believe there does not live a greater admirer of D. W. Griffith than The Observer, and many times we have written high praise of him.

The trouble was started by an observation that we believed that Mr. Griffith did not himself believe
statements by his press agent to the effect that he had been hampered in his art by being forced to produce pictures with happy endings. We predicted that Mr. Griffith never would end a picture showing Robert Harron and Lillian Gish dead.

And along comes Mr. Griffith with "Broken Blossoms," which is the greatest tragedy of the screen. And it's "selling out" at two and three dollars a seat! And everybody in it dies horrible deaths!

No wonder our correspondent becomes irritated and points to us as a prophet as false as the man who writes the weather predictions for the patent-medicine almanac.

We were irritated ourselves. Surely Mr. Griffith did not know how we felt about it or he would never have ended "Broken Blossoms" as he did. Perhaps even now he has read our editorial that stirred up all the fuss and has hurried to his studio to add a happy ending showing the Chink and the Girl and the Prize Fighter brought back to life and wandering down a country road to happiness. And perhaps not!

"Mr. Griffith has made the motion picture what it is to-day," our critic writes. And we agree with him. Mr. Griffith has done this by producing pictures, you will remember if you think back, that have happy endings.

"Broken Blossoms" is too somber to achieve the great popularity of "The Birth of a Nation," though "Broken Blossoms" is a much finer work of art than "The Birth of a Nation."

And, after all, the greatest genius in moving pictures is the man who brings wholesome amusement to the greatest number. Mr. Griffith knows that, and we believe, having had his diversion in "Broken Blossoms," he'll keep right on producing the happy endings that have made him just what our correspondent says he is.

Oftimes our heart is heavy when we find that our efforts for better pictures aren't revolutionizing things as rapidly as we wish.

One of our pet aversions is the "double bill," in which a theater shows two ordinary feature pictures instead of one good one.

Does the public want quantity? Some of the theater managers say so. One New York manager points to a theater that was an utter failure when he ran one expensive picture to a performance. This theater was a success from the moment he began "double bills." Instead of paying two hundred dollars a day for one first-class picture he now pays about seventy-five dollars each for two ordinary ones.

He saves money on his show. And the crowds are larger.

He says the majority of the people want a lot, whether it is good or bad. The other persons, who demand good entertainment, he says, come to his theater saying: "Well, one of the pictures ought to be good."

He does not get much high-class patronage. The theater is not in a very good section of the city.

Our only hope is that in time these people will be educated so as to demand good pictures, that they will pass the stage in which merely people moving interests them. And that in time even they will go to the theater that goes in for quality rather than quantity.

We Don't Know

Here is what we think on the subject:

It is difficult to be a "sure-fire" producer. In every big man's mind is a striving for better things in his profession, and the only ones who progress are those who will take a chance.

There is no way of foretelling success in pictures, any more than there is with plays. Producers in both fields are always taking chances.

Triangle took a chance with Douglas Fairbanks and also with Willie Collier.

Mack Sennett took a chance with Charlie Chaplin and also with Raymond Hitchcock.

Jesse L. Lasky took a chance with Geraldine Farrar and also with Cavaleri.

Goldwyn took a chance with Madge Kennedy and also with Jane Cowl.

The first named in each instance succeeded. The last named failed.

D. W. Griffith once thought Dorothy Gish would be another Mary Pickford, and made some sweet young-girl things with her for the old Triangle Company. She failed.

After three years she "found" herself in "Hearts of the World." She was a great comedienne. Now she's a success.

It's a question of "getting over." Some actors can do it only by what they say. Others—they're the screen successes—by what they do. In either case they must reach out and awaken something within us.

Our guess as to the actors and actresses asked about by our Canadian correspondent is that they failed because they looked as if they were the kind that wouldn't bother to read any letters we might write them—if you get what we mean.

Producers of motion pictures are giving nearly every sort of cooperation to exhibitors. They furnish advertising material of all sorts—lithographs, newspaper advertisements, publicity matter, slides and photographs to display in the lobby.

Some producers send men to the theaters to teach better projection, to instruct the managers in ways to make the spectators more comfortable.

And, also, music cues are furnished.

These music cues tell the leader of the orchestra just what music he should play for each scene in the picture. But, alas! few of the theater managers seem to be in position to take advantage of this service. Many of them for their music have to depend either on a mechanical player of some sort or on a pianist and a trip drummer, who, being unable to read music at sight, have a repertoire that is limited to a few stock tunes, which they grind out over and over until sometimes one wishes they would stop altogether.

That music is of the utmost importance in the presentation of a picture has been fully demonstrated in the picture palaces of the cities. If the producers can find some way to help the smaller theater manager to improve his music, as they help him in other ways, they will have taken another big stride.
Just Marionettes

Like all creative artists who venture away from the beaten tracks, D. W. Griffith is impelled and guided by a big force—a force which he himself, perhaps, does not understand.

By Louise Williams

Incense floated out from the stage, while the notes of a balalaika orchestra threaded a plaintive melody back and forth through the fabric that was being woven in the mind of the audience. Far back in a corner of one of the upper boxes sat D. W. Griffith, hat drawn down over his eyes, chin sunk deep in his overcoat collar, watching unobtrusively to see how New York would take "Broken Blossoms," the result of his last straying from the beaten paths of picture making, and the first picture of his repertoire series.

"I wonder," thought I as I watched him, "whether you really knew, when you began this picture, what you were going to achieve—or whether you're a marionette?"

For the big, creative geniuses, you know, are often like marionettes, obeying the guiding hands of invisible puppeteers, which pull the strings that make them perform. Ibsen, for example, said that his great allegory, "Peer Gynt," was written in response to a mighty impulse, and that not until the work had been completed for several months did he understand and appreciate Griffith, like those who work with him, is but a puppet, guided and controlled by great ideas.
what he had done.

That Griffith was, after this manner, a marionette, mysteriously impelled, I learned to my intense satisfaction a few mornings later, when he invited a small group to attend a special showing of the new picture. The party was composed of Nevinson, the official British war artist, who was in the States for two weeks, and who had illustrated Burke's "Limehouse Nights," an art critic, a musician and dramatic critic, and myself.

"We didn't have any idea that this picture would take hold in the way it has," Griffith remarked with the most unassuming frankness as we stood, discussing the picture, after the showing was over. "It was originally intended to be just a regular picture, so far as presentation was concerned. But something impelled me—the story, in the first place. I believed in it. Personally, I think that Thomas Burke is about the only writer doing anything original nowadays, and his 'Chink and the Child,' from which we made this picture, has a big message, which ought to do much toward internationalizing human sympathy. Of course, we broke all the rules when we did this story; it has a yellow man for a hero, instead of a white one; it's tragedy throughout; there are no quick, snappy bits; the story moves very slowly. But I believe that it shows convincingly that we're wrong when we labor under the delusions that Americans are superior to those they call 'foreigners.' No nation can 'do that—just as no nation can afford to think that it represents all the beauty and heroism and ideals in the world.'"

As he talked on I began to see how the strings that moved him have been pulled in other cases. Take "The Birth of a Nation," for instance; the idea of making an enormous, spectacular production held him there. "Intolerance" was the most vivid sort of pageantry, with a besetting sin of all nations linking the ages together. "Hearts of the World" was inspired by the idea of making a war picture on the battlefields. "True Heart
Susie” dares to be commonplace, despite the fact that to see dramatic possibilities in everyday life is a difficult thing for most of us.

Yet Griffith does not look like the sort of man whose life is swayed by big ideas, or, perhaps, not like we’d expect such a man to look. He is as little of a poseur as any hardware merchant. Genuinely interested in making motion pictures that will more nearly approach the highest standards than those which we now have, he is ever ready to accept suggestions, perfectly straightforward in acknowledging his own shortcomings, and quite willing to laugh at himself. Rather English in appearance, and very friendly in manner, he seemed to me to be just the material that something tremendous worked with—just a marionette.

“I don’t know exactly what to say,” he remonstrated when asked how he succeeded in teaching an actor to “put over” a character as vividly as those in “Broken Blossoms” are portrayed. “Of course I know Chinamen and have lived among them; I tried to put what I know of them into that picture.

“But you must remember that the camera can’t lie; it seems to bore through superficial features and pull the character to the surface. So an actor must have in him some of the essentials of the character he’s portraying, and my part in helping an actor to play a rôle is just to give him the idea of it. Then he works out the part as he sees it, and I talk it over with him and help him to get his idea expressed—to crystallize it, you might say. Of course we build up a picture—this was especially true of ‘Broken Blossoms’—not word by word, but emotion by emotion. And an actor must have faith in his ability to build up a rôle in this way, and in his director’s ability to help him, if we’re going to make really good pictures.”

He said nothing of the faith which it takes to produce a picture that fairly tempts Fate in its defiance of the usual standards or to put through a brand-new idea, such as that of the repertoire theater for motion pictures. “Broken Blossoms” last May began Mr. Griffith’s repertoire season at the Cohan Theater in New York; followed by the Babylonian episode from “Intolerance,” it includes “The Mother of the Law,” a drama of simple home life, which might be classed with “True Heart Susie,” and revivals of some other former Griffith successes. That was the program at this writing. It marks a new departure in motion pictures, though only after the season is over can one say whether it will be a successful one or not, but those who read as they run declare that its existence is just another of

The great, tearing fear that fairly leaped out from the screen.

A yellow man for a hero—and yet a marvelous success.

Continued on page 102
feather fan, even though one doesn't do those things on Broadway at noon of a summer's day. However, I had the consolation of knowing that my modiste had made me a linen suit exactly like one of Elsie Ferguson's, and that every one of those watching women would hear my new hat shrieking "Paris!" at her, even though mine host probably thought I got it at a basement bargain sale for two ninety-eight and trimmed it myself. Moreover, Eugene appeared in a most businesslike business suit. And from the very start it was apparent that the hero of "The Perfect Lover" did not intend to pose on a pedestal, so to speak. For, after painstakingly selecting for me a series of dishes that began with iced consommé and ended with peach mousse, he order for himself—buckwheat cakes!

"With plenty of sirup," he added as the waiter scurried away, and he leaned back in his chair and faced my saucerylike eyes and amazed stare.

"Well?" he asked with the sideways grin that helps answer the men's question of why the women like Eugene O'Brien.

"Why do you deliberately show me your feet of clay when I am about to interview you for publication?" I asked.

"Not that you've been exactly an idol, of course, and not that I ought not to know you better, but—"

"Oh, lady, lady! Do you mind if I confide in you?" he asked rather mournfully, turning his back on the interested spectators at the next table. "The time has arrived when the truth has got to come out, and I'd like to tell it to you if you don't mind."

"I'm all attention," I replied hopefully. Perhaps he was going to tell me the story of a blighted romance; I'd often wondered why he isn't married, and wanted to ask him the reason.

"It's just this: I'd rather die than be a hero in private life. Do you expect a screen villain to wash the paint off his face and go out and execute little odd jobs in plain and fancy murdering? Do you demand that the comedian slide through existence on a cake of soap?"

Do you want to be a friend of Eugene O'Brien's? Blow the star dust away and you'll find that he's "just a regular fellow," and would like to know you better.

By Susie Sexton

The Hardships of a Hero

Ten pairs of feminine—and feliné—eyes followed us across the room. Their glances were all a deep sea green, for I was with Eugene O'Brien.

Now think a minute and you'll remember some of the charming bits from various pictures he's done with Norma Talmadge, Marguerite Clark, and other dainty feminine stars. You know the kind of scene where the table is all cluttered up with marvelous silver and china and food. Well, when Eugene—oh, yes, I've known him a long time!—asked me to have luncheon with him recently I couldn't help feeling that I should wear a trailing black evening gown and carry an ostrich-
groomed, silk-shirted existence off the screen as well as on? Why should I be condemned to a patent-leather existence?"

I was glad the buckwheat cakes arrived just then, because such ardor is dangerous on a hot day. And, besides, I wanted to tell my side of the story.

"Honestly, would you want me to say in print that you're eating hot cakes at an alarming rate, instead of toying with pâté de foie gras, and that you'd rather ride horseback over the Hollywood hills than go to the most elaborate sort of party here in New York, and that you're just like the average man one sees riding in the park or giving up his seat in the street car? Do you want your pedestal knocked right out from under you?"

"I've never been on one, and that's just what I want you to say," he retorted, reaching for the sirup pitcher. "It's the public that's tried to make me a hero outside working hours—and I do wish they'd let me be just a friend instead. Why, when the comedy husband lays down a barrage of flatirons and household furniture at every approach of his wife, the audience doesn't expect him to make his Continued on page 103

"You made me what I am to-day—I hope you're satisfied," ought to be his favorite song—but isn't.
The circus queen
Comes on the scene,
The rube is tender-hearted;
Dan Cupid calls,
The rube he falls;
We're off! The play is started.
Oh, what a boob!
Oh, what a rube!
A most astounding,
Bounding boob!

He's Strad-i-car-i-ns O'Day
And he is sure a daisy;
And when the circus moves away
He follows it—the crazy—
With just one thought within his bean:
He means to win that circus queen.
The circus boss can't shake this slob,
Nor drown him in the river;
And so he gives the simp a job
To curry down his flivver.
The way he polished that machine
Would make Hank Ford himself turn green!

We film Gorilla Lawson next,
The strong man of this show;
And he is very, very vexed
With Rube O'Day, you know;
For, since Rube loves Marie, b-r-rrr!
The strong man, too, is strong for her.

He hits the Rube and knocks him flat,
The Kid spits out a tooth to say:
"I'll clean you up some time for that,
I'm One-thing-at-a-time O'Day!
I'm like one Wilson, you will find,
I've what he calls a one-track mind;
I'll clean this car before I fight;
I'll clean you next, and clean you right;
Each job I take's a 'special study,'
I learn one trick, then do it, Buddie!"
at-a-time O'Day"

for Picture-Play
ture, played so well
with Bert Lytell

Edson

The Rube has coin as well as brains,
And he employs one Roughneck Bill,
A pugilist with whom he trains,
And learns to slug, and slug to kill.
"And when I've learned to be a killer,
I mean to mix with you, Goriller!"

Gorilla sneered and swore on oath
One hand of his could lick 'em both.
"Sure, now; but after a while—ah, nay!"
Said One-thing-at-a-time O'Day.

This booby-like plan
Unnerved their man;
They smiled to note
It got his goat;
The big day came
The Rube was game;
The Samson guy
Was feeling shy;
"I don't feel right,
So let's not fight."
He drops the mitts
And off he flits.

He passed the cashier on his way
And promptly knocked the fellow cold;
And, grabbing up the circus pay,
Made off with silver, bills, and gold.
He hopped a near-by devil car,
He hit it fast and traveled far;
But One-thing-at-a-time O'Day
Was following after right away.
And, darn his hide, he overtook
And slugged and licked that cowardly crook!

And so Marie, the circus queen,
She loved and wed that country gawk,
And babies came upon the scene—
A pair of twins—and made folks talk;
"Explain this case," he heard folks say,
"You, One-thing-at-a-time O'Day!"
Shopping, Ho! In a

Along Fifth Avenue with Dorothy crowded, too. But there's room for

By Jean

couple of yards of cheesecloth you are wrong. Shopping in New York is far more complicated than that. First of all, the star must be in the mood to shop—a very uncertain thing—and so, too, must the weather. Because there must be photographic proof for the story, and how in the world are you going to get pictures if it rains? So no wonder that the camera man and the assistant camera man and the writer person and Miss Dulton's maid in her spick-and-span uniform, who always accompanies her

To begin with, Dorothy started out that morning right foot foremost, and that gave us good luck. For one thing, the sea-going hack was the greatest piece of fortune, and we never should have had it if it hadn't threatened rain.

You see, it's no easy matter getting a star of the first constellation to go shopping for publication, especially when she has just arrived in the city from the West and has only one precious week to sight-see and do a thousand and one things in before starting on her first Eastern film. If you think that she can take her parasol and go "down street" to buy a piece of elastic and a

She did her, trying on by proxy. Dorothy settled back comfortably.

Fifth Avenue was gay with flags—but no gayer than Dorothy.

on one of these expeditions all sat around in the lobby of the hotel, glooming and worrying about the weather. But that was before Dorothy joined us, all smiles and soft, shimmering satin suit embroidered in wonderful gold dragons and things.

"Cheer up!" she greeted us, stepping right silk-stockinged foot foremost out of the elevator, and there was a twinkle in those large gray eyes of hers which made every one brighten up. "It isn't going to rain, and even if it does the car can take us and we'll get shopping interiors anyway." But the car couldn't, it turned out, because it was still held up in the freight yard.

So Dorothy thought of the next best thing to do—that's a talent of hers, it seems—which turned out to be the best possible thing in the end.

"Let's take one of those hacks outside the door," she suggested. "You know that a visit to Gotham isn't
Sea-going Hack

Dalton, and pretty
one more—so hop in!

Francis

complete without taking a ride in a sea-going hack, and I've always wanted to ride in one, but somehow I never have. You don't think I'd take a chance on the photographing qualities of an ordinary taxi-cab, when I can have this picturesque old thing that looks as if Noah must have built it in the ark."

Everybody heaved a huge sigh of relief, and the fleet set sail—it took three sea-going hacks to dispose of the whole party—swaying along toward the Avenue like a funeral procession of flighty old ships, while Dorothy reveled in the novelty of her equipage and began planning a personally conducted shopping tour.

"First we'll go and look at some gowns. Isn't this perfectly wild?" as the hack swayed like a tipsy ostrich, jerked us back against the cushions, and then came to a dead stop in the long line of automobiles and green buses that streamed up Fifth Avenue. "I suppose that they'll want to sell me a costume dress that dates back to the Civil War, when they see me coming." Dorothy laughed merrily, the sort of a laugh that makes the best of any situation and that makes everybody else want to join in.

"And I must get some gowns—just plain, modern evening dresses for my next picture," she went on seriously. "Really, it takes at least ten or twelve new costumes for each rôle I play, and it is such a problem getting something new and unusual, as well as stunning, that by the time I'm ready to get a dress for personal use I'm glad simply to wear something that I've used in a film.

We dropped in at the smart florist's shop that debutantes' bouquets come from.

"Of course, it goes almost without saying that I never wear a gown in two different pictures. Lots of women—you folks on the outside would be surprised how many—go to the movies mainly to see the clothes that the actress wears, and I've always figured out that we owe it to them to have brand-new and attractive gowns. "Only once," Miss Dalton smiled remi-
Shopping, Ho! In a Sea-going Hack

niscently, so that all that barrage of dimples appeared suddenly and distractingly, "I had a letter from a girl in Dallas begging me to repeat an evening dress that I had worn in about sixty feet of film. She told me that she was a dressmaker and that she modeled some of her creations after the things she saw on the screen, but that she hadn't seen this gown long enough in that brief flash to be able to copy it, and would I mind very much wearing it some time again. Somehow the request appealed to me, and so I'm going to use it again for a little longer in another picture."

And then what Miss Dalton didn't add, but her maid told me later in the expedition that very same gown had been packed up and expressed to the energetic little Southern dressmaker a day or two before. That's rather characteristic of Dorothy, I've come to find out—to do nice things and not to say much about them. Though, perhaps, she's a little afraid that if the news got around people would write to her for everything she had, and there wouldn't be anything left to contribute to the Red Cross sales, because that's where her things go when she can't use them any more.

Suddenly the hack lurched more dizzyly than before; Miss Dalton and I were hurled at each other unceremoniously, and we came to a standstill before one of the impressive brownstone houses of West Fifty-seventh Street. A be-ribboned maid opened the door into what looked for all the world like an artist's studio. There were tiger skins on a brightly painted floor, a writing table supplied with quill pens, and an odd artistic lamp and deep chairs that harmonized with the striking color scheme of violet and yellow. But not a sign of a hat, a dress, or a bit of lingerie to be seen. Where in the world do they keep them, I thought? Department stores, with their garments hanging in full sight in orderly rows, had evidently grown a bit old-fashioned in the swiftly moving, faddish, and ever-changing metropolis.

"Hello, Cecile," said Miss Dalton as a commanding figure in a black velvet, smocklike garment appeared, "I've come to do some shopping—for publication," Dorothy laughed, "and you know what that means. So, if you'll show me some things, perhaps I'll try on something, and we'll take some pictures." Indeed Cecile would; anything in the shop was at Miss Dalton's service. And here were some sketches of the gowns that Miss Dalton had ordered last week, while she would go and see that all was ready for the invasion of the camera.

And then they began to arrive from a rear room—armfuls of lovely, riotously colored things that beggared description, silty silks and magnificent, brocaded wraps, tailored suits and sports clothes, and foamy crèpe-de-chine and lace negligees which the assistants bore tenderly in on the top of the pile and then flung carelessly on the lounge, where they looked like some delicate summer dessert. In three minutes the studio had been transformed into a veritable gownerie. Every one of us women went into ecstasies, and Dorothy's little maid was so entranced that she could hardly get out the looking-glass and powder and things that she had brought along so that not a curl or aimple should be out of place for the picture.

And all this time the camera men, feeling pretty much like fish out of water, I suppose, trying desperately not to see or hear anything, began shifting the painted furniture around and setting up their tripod, with now and then a suggestion from Miss Dalton, whose eyes were everywhere, about the "composition" of this or that arrangement. Dorothy Dalton is a rather versatile young woman, I should say.

"Here, Cecile, you must try this on," and Dorothy took a wrap from the maid's arm, throwing it around the other's shoulders and seating herself at the writing table. "Shoot, camera!" she commanded, smiling one of her superbly irresistible smiles. It was almost as good as watching a movie being taken. Then Miss Dalton found something entitled a robe d'intérieur which was so fascinating that the company adjourned to the rear of the studio, where Cecile has fixed up the most adorable stage set of an ivory-enamed boudoir that a feminine heart could desire, and here Dorothy slipped into it.

While she was trying on that the maid happened to produce by far the loveliest gown that it has ever been my fortune to see; a long, slender thing with a sort of butterfly pattern in beads and spangles on the front of the tunic. And unless I'm very much mistaken, it went back to Miss Dalton's hotel that very morning, and is already playing an important part in one of her productions.

Dorothy had always seemed to me decidedly above the average in build from her pictures until I met her this morning. She's really a small girl, not much more

We dropped in at another shop for Dorothy to try on a mohair wrap she had ordered.

Continued on page 104
"Under the Greenwood Tree"

By John Addison Elliott

ONE of the delightful things about Chaplin is his infinite variety. Not that he takes any chances by trying to be versatile. He never lets us forget that it is "Charlie"—that pathetic, whimsical, comic little character. But think over his recent pictures. Did ever a producer get more variety in the character of three productions for a single star than he has done in "A Dog's Life," "Shoulder Arms," and "Sunnyside?"

"Sunnyside," his latest, might be called a "comedy pastoral," a twentieth-century "Midsummer Night's Dream," in which Charlie, like Bottom, the tinker, plays with the wood nymphs in the meadows—meadows, by the way, which, with the dancing nymphs, come the nearest to forming a Corot setting of anything the screen has shown of late.

Chaplin—Shakespeare—Corot! To think that such a combination should be suggested! Is it any wonder that Chaplin has been called a real artist? Let those who scoff at Chaplin go and see "Sunnyside" and become converted.
Fade-Outs

By Harry J. Smalley

Overdoses.

Once upon a time a Keystone comedian slapped another K.c in the face with a luscious and loose custard pie. ’Twas funny, and the whole world rocked with glee.

Then all the comedians in all the world began to throw pies at each other, and the world stopped laughing and began to groan.

Through the personalities of Hart and Fairbanks, Western comedies and dramas brought to us real, red-blooded enjoyment, depicting, as they did, superb horsemanship, nifty shooting, and an occasional and necessary killing. The whole world thrilled.

And then, along came Pathé with “Go Get ’Em Garringer!” All the shootings that were ever shot—all the riding that was ever rid—all the mortalities of a Battle Of The Marne—were jammed into the picture.

Mr. Producer—listen:

Just because we are passionately fond of porterhouse steak is no reason why you should drive a herd of cattle into our dining room for us to feed upon!

—

Why Stay Awake?

A new hilarity factory advertises its product as “Poppy Comedies.”

Let’s see—if we remember correctly—the poppy, or papaver somniferum, as our botany tutor called it—enters largely into the making of opium.

And opium, our laundryman informs us, is “mucheer” soporiferous.

All of which is a valuable tip to those of our readers who are troubled with insomnia.

—

The Cruel Films!

—“Metro casts Joseph Kilgour and Augustus Phillips in “The Lion’s Den.”

—

Answer To Correspondent:

I’ve Gotten, Junctionville, N. D.—By “location” is meant when a company goes down in a valley to film scenes. When they go up on a mountain to shoot the picture, it is called “hication.” Your other questions are too easy for me. I pick out only the hard ones.

It has been remarked that Universal has shown greater improvement than any other film-producing concern.

Can it be because Universal had more money than any other film company?

—

Oh, My Dears! What Are We Coming To?

We have heard of buying into and breaking into Society, but in “Hearts Asleep” Bess Barriscale pulled a new one.

She scrubbed her way in!

Whereat the shade of Ward McAllister howled like a banshee!

—

Getting The Consent Of The Boss?

Adolph Zukor Presents Billie Burke
—(By Arrangement With F. Ziegfeld, Jr.)

Which Makes A Piker Outta Doug! Taylor

Holmes, in “A Regular Fellow,” according to his publicity pusher, “ran all the way to South America,” etc.

—

That “And Back” Bothers Us.

Of Triangle’s “Toton,” starring Olive Thomas, we are told: “it is a round-trip ticket from happiness to poverty and back.”

Sounds to us like walking around a hoop.

Where do you end up?

—

But That Was Before We Were Wealthy.

Edna Goodrich received twelve letters a week when she was on the stage. Now, she says, since she is in the films, she gets three hundred a week.

This is not a world’s record, however.

We once received five letters in one day from the same person.

He was a tailor.

We finally paid him.

—

A Word That Fits.

A Fox publicist says of “The Love Auction”: “Disillusionment, infidelity, intrigue—what a superb basis
any one of these would make for a thrilling motion picture!"
Superb is not the word, old top!
We prefer that good old Danish word, "Helva," which means "absurd" or "ridiculous," or something like that.

—o—

Cupid's Busy Day.
Kid Cupid is one willing little worker, but it is doubtful he ever put in such a choreful day as he does in "The Rescuing Angel."
Shirley Mason, the heroine of the picture, refuses one proposal, accepts another, elopes, marries, and applies for divorce—all in twenty-four hours!

—o—

Danger!
Charlie Ray claims he doesn't understand poker.
Look out, fellows, he's getting ready to trim you!
Once upon a time we sat in a game with a guy who talked that way, and when he'd finished with us all we had left was our name and address.
It was:
"Oh, What A Night!" (Christie)
"Playing The Game" (Paramount)
"As The Sun Went Down" (Metro)
"On The Quiet" (Paramount)
"The Bluffer" (World)

"Four Of A Kind" (Christie)
"A Pair Of Sixes" (Essanay)
"That's Good!" (Metro)
"Well, I'll Be —d!" (Vita)
"Hear 'Em Ravel!" (Rolin)
"Home!" (Jewel)

—o—

Also, Think Of The Lunch To Carry!
The Kentucky mountaineer is the real picture fan. Often he walks and rides a mule, making a journey that means a day coming and a day going—to see a movie!
But think of the car fare he saves!

—o—

Plain Words From Beauty's Lips.
One of the six million reasons why we are willing to serve as a doormat for Mary Pickford: Sez Mary—"I don't want to be pointed out as a movie actress. I want to be just a person!"
And Priscilla Dean brought us to our feet cheering when she uttered this:
"The sweet young nothings of the screen make me weary. Just being pretty and appealing strikes me as a slim excuse for using up five reels of good film. Give me the girl that does something!"

By Golly! There are two regular girls! We don't as a rule believe in bigamy, but if——
We surely would!

Terrifying!
As a goose-pimple producer we shiveringly shove you this adlet of Priscilla Dean's "A Silk-Lined Burglar."
"The safe was only ten feet away—the only sound the thudding of her frightened heart!"

Ever have a safe come a-sneaking up on you in the dark? Br-r-r!

—o—

Exposed Places.
The Southern California sun is so strong that the players, while lunching on location, are obliged to wear gloves.
If they became sunburned they would photo dark and kibosh the picture.
Now, we suppose, some inquisitive fan, after digesting this bit of information, will want to know if Bill Parsons retains his lid while eating!

—o—

When May We Expect It, Ruth?
Ruth Roland offers a prize, an oil painting of herself, for the best name for her new bungalow.
Well, let's see; if it's a squatty sort of a bungalow, 'tis already named. If it's a tall bungalow, why not "Bunghi?"
Or, if it is a large bungalow, why not moniker it, "Big Bung?"
But, perhaps, 'tis a little bungalow. If so, let's call it "Bungee." Shows you what a guy will do to get an oil painting!

—o—

Arrah, Go On!
Sure, her smile would an icicle warm, and
Well, I guess you have noticed her form, and
The wink of her eye
Makes you hunger and sigh
For a "close-up" with Miss Mabel Normand!

—o—

Brazil Does Not Produce ALL Of The Nuts!
A Kansas preacher owns the only film theater in his town, and also runs the projection machine therein.
When he discovers a scene in a picture that does not meet with his approval, he places his hand over the lens until the objectionable part has passed!

—o—

Tom Was First!
The film critic of the

Continued on page 104
A tale of what happened in the old-fashioned hotel when Nancy, eighteen-year-old daughter of shiftless Ezra Scroggs, decided not to wait for her ship to come in, but to swim out to meet it.

It was a dingy, rambling old country hotel, a thing of cracked washbasins, of torn window shades hanging askew, of smudged, vacant registry leaves, and an empty cash till, a moldering, moth-eaten, musty monument to the life failure of Ezra Scroggs. There had been a time when Eureka Springs had been a popular health resort and the Lakeview its most successful hotel; there had been an automobile then to meet the trains, the cook had cooked, and the bell hops had hopped. But that had all been when Ezra's capable, ambitious wife had been alive and keeping a thrifty, steady hand on the wheel. After her death things had gradually run down. For a long time the hotel made a pretense of still doing business, but finally, when the last guest departed, disgusted at the shiftlessness of the proprietor, Ezra had to break the sad news to Aunt Viny, the cook, that there would be no more money for wages, and so, after cooking a last pan of her famous biscuits and a batch of her celebrated waffles—two things which had kept more than one guest staying at the hotel for a long time after the deterioration had begun—she packed up and left.

"When business picks up ag'in jess you lemme know," she said to Nancy, for Aunt Viny was a determined optimist.

Nancy was eighteen now, but still enough of a little girl to dream sometimes. She had never been away from Eureka Springs, so she seldom dreamed about the outside world; even a dream must have just a tiny toe space of knowledge before it goes flying. For Nancy this tiny toe space, this rock bottom for romance, was the memory of the time when there had been many people laughing and talking in the big dining room, the time when the Lakeview had been a real hotel.

Nancy was a sociable little person, and when she began cooking the meals for herself and her father she built air castles—gay, profitable air castles filled with rich health seekers. For every one of Nancy's air castles was a hotel.

"Step right into the dining room, please," she would invite of her imagination. "Mr. Hoskins, will you take the table by the window? Come right in, everybody; there's room enough for all!"

Then Nancy would turn from all these shadowy boarders, these guests who might have been, and see her father standing alone in the doorway. Nancy was so used to her father that she did not see him as he really was, shabby, lazy, irresponsible, worthless. But even to Nancy's familiar eyes there was something lacking in the solitary figure. At the very best, there were not enough of him.

"Why don't we have some guests in the Lakeview, daddy?" she asked wistfully one hot spring day.

"Democrats in power," her father explained laconically.

"But—but, daddy, you said a while ago it was because the Republicans were in power," she said timidly. "And you said that after we made up our minds about the war things would be more settled, and then, after we made up our minds and were in the war, you said when peace came everything would be all right."
“Nobody comes to Eureka Springs any more,” her father said, shifting uneasily.

“Oh, daddy, some people do!” Nancy insisted. “Only they all go to the Majestic Hotel.”

Long after her father had shuffled back to the dusty “office” and taken his chewing tobacco out of the cash register Nancy sat staring vacantly at the calendar on the wall. Its top leaf was three months old—there had never been any good reason for changing—and absentmindedly Nancy walked over and tore off the old leaves. Each page bore a catch phrase of optimism, some cleverly worded bit of encouragement or advice. Idly Nancy read the sentence on the day’s page.

“Don’t wait for something to turn up; get out and turn it up!” the calendar advised.

The familiar phrase caught Nancy’s eye. “For something to turn up!” Ever since Nancy could remember her father, these words had been on his lips. He had always been waiting, Micawberlike, for the weather to change and for the wind to blow his fortune to him.

For a long time Nancy stared thoughtfully at the calendar. She raised the page and looked at the next day’s advice.

“Don’t wait for your ship to come in; swim out to meet it!”

Nancy was not blaming her father as she sat there; she was thinking of herself. She had been dreaming of hostleries in Spain, hotels in the air; she had done nothing to make her dreams come true. If it was her father’s heritage that made Nancy dream, there was some of Nancy’s mother in her, too. It was this mother’s dower of force and vigor that made Nancy suddenly clasp her hands together and set to washing the dinner dishes with much energy and splashing of soapsuds. Nancy was through with idle dreaming.

The old automobile still stood in the buggy shed, a shaky, rickety old relic of days when machinists had been none too wise.

The crank was gone; a careful search of the shed failed to reveal it. But this new Nancy was not to be daunted. “Don’t wait for your ship to come in; swim out to meet it!” The afternoon train would pull into Eureka Springs and leave a few health seekers on the station platform. Nancy was going to meet the train.

The crank off the clothes wringer started the wheezy old engine. It coughed asthmatically once or twice, lurched forward on a front wheel, and then settled into a slow, steady, noisy chugging. The delighted Nancy climbed in.

It was a funny-looking machine—not odd or strange, just funny. There was no low, long engine in front; the driver’s seat was perched directly over the front wheels. It looked as out of date as a lady’s hat that used to perch on the very peak of a high pompadour. But it went!

And Nancy with it. When the train jerked in and shook off a few health seekers Nancy’s “bus” was there right beside the stage from the Majestic.

“This way for the Lakeview,” Nancy called lustily.

She ran forward and snatched up baggage, but she was always forced to set it down again. After one glance at the Lakeview “automobile,” every single health seeker declined to take a chance on it.

“No,” one middle-aged spinster declared to Nancy, “it don’t look safe.”

And among all the twelve travelers deposited at Eureka Springs there was not one single person with any sporting blood. They all climbed into the horse-drawn stage from the Majestic and drove away in dignity and style. Nancy looked sadly after them, then back at her perilous-looking “hack.” Her first attempt to “turn up” something had been a failure.

That is, it would have been a failure if a certain coal-black porter had not failed to warn Mr. Peter van Sant that the train was nearing Eureka Springs. Mr. Van Sant was shaving when the train slowed up, and he went on peacefully shaving during the short stop in Eureka Springs. He was, in fact, still dazedly going through the motions of shaving when a conscience-smitten porter shoved him and his hat and his baggage off from the rear platform.

With the lather thick on his face he looked like Santa Claus, if the
While the hotel's only guest slept peacefully Nancy was bumping and rattling across the hills in her automobile. And when she came back, still before breakfast time, she brought with her the best breakfast maker in seven counties.

"Sho, honey, Ah'll come and cook for de young gempman," Aunt Viny had told Nancy, delighted at the opportunity to return to the Lakeview. And Nancy, all excited, had driven back at such breakneck speed that she rammed into the hitching post in front of the hotel.

At eight o'clock the breakfast bell rang and the hotel's one guest appeared. A crisp little morning bouquet bloomed at his place, a gay, fresh little Nancy in a crisp white apron stood waiting to serve his breakfast.

And the breakfast! It was the kind one sees in street-car ads and on billboards, the kind that looks much too good to be true, the kind a hungry man dreams of and the young husband tells his wife his mother used to make. There was bacon, thin and crisp as new ten-dollar bills, biscuits delicately browned and as light and fluffy as whipped cream. There was cereal with yellow country cream, and waffles that—well, the mind of man that devised the English language has created no simile worthy of Aunt Viny's waffles.

The hungry Peter looked at the breakfast and then up at the eager little maid who was serving. Ah, the fat, black Cupid in the kitchen! The old, old way to a man's heart was being traveled again.

Suddenly the grin of tickled anticipation faded from Peter's face; disappointment spread like clouds over his friendly, boyish face.

"Gee, I—I can't eat this breakfast!" he told Nancy. "I'm here at Eureka Springs for indigestion!"

"Oh!" said Nancy. And all the quick vision of bright hopes vanished, all the disappointment in her little world was in the one tiny word. She paused a moment, dazed, staring unbelievingly at the tray. Aunt Viny was her ace and Peter had triumphed it.

"It isn't what you eat that hurts you," she said as she turned toward the kitchen; "it's the fears you swallow with your food."

Nancy firmly believed this bit of philosophy, so her voice was sincere, and, more still, it was unutterably wistful. Perhaps it was the disappointment in her tone, perhaps it was the more mundane appeal of Aunt Viny's breakfast tray. Whatever the cause, Peter weakened.

"Here," he called, "don't take it away; I'm going to take a chance on it."

And Peter's "chance" was no cautious, limited affair. He ate every fluffy biscuit, every crusty brown waffle, the very last crisp slice of bacon.

"Now," he asked Nancy, "where is this famous Eureka Springs water that is going to make a Samson out of me?"

Nancy gave him instructions, but still he loitered.

"You—you wouldn't have time to walk down with me?" he asked timidly at last.
Better Times

"I— I guess I would," she admitted.
That was the beginning. Day after day they sauntered to the famous springs; day after day they loitered on the wooden "stoop" of the Lakeview Hotel. Day after day Peter ate Aunt Viny's cooking, marvelous breakfasts, dinners, cozy suppers. Nothing seemed to hurt him, either.

"I'll tell you a medicine that's better than the Eureka Springs water," Nancy told him mischievously one day. "That's to bury a stick two miles out of town and walk out twice a day to see if it's still there."

Peter regarded her thoughtfully for several minutes. "By Jove, Nancy," he told her, "I believe you're right!"

They had already reached the Peter and Nancy stage. And because Peter talked to Nancy about himself she talked to him a little about herself and her castle in the air, a castle all bell hops and porcelain bathrooms, an air castle which took "guests" for two dollars a day. "We'll do it, Nancy!" said Peter.

The first thing the new enterprise had was a first-class publicity man. His name was Peter.

"Say," he commiseratingly told the Majestic's guests, "it's a darn shame you have to put up with the cooking at your place. You just ought to taste one of the dinners at the Lakeview. And breakfasts——"

Or:

"Yes, the Lakeview is pretty lucky to have its cook. And nothing she makes hurts you, either. That's the wonderful part."

Oh, he was diplomatic about it! Nothing obvious; just a seed here and there. But the seeds fell in fertile soil, and one after another bore fruit. In fact, the whole crop was harvested at once.

Nancy's lazy old father was sitting in the hotel office one morning when he glanced up to see the entire Majestic Hotel arriving in a body. All his life, old Scroggs had been waiting for something to "turn up." And now that it had "turned" with a bang he was helpless.

"M sorry," he mumbled, "but we're not prepared to handle a crowd. Sorry."

The disappointed would-be guests of the Lakeview were turning to leave when Nancy and Peter came in. Not prepared to handle a crowd, indeed! With the accumulated dreams of eighteen years to draw on and Aunt Viny in the kitchen to do the cooking Nancy would have undertaken to provision the allied army.

"Sign right here," she said, pushing the register toward the newcomers.

And as she turned she saw Peter, in the dingy old cap of the last Lakeview bell hop, waiting to take the baggage upstairs.

It was the greatest lark in the world. Dusty old rooms were cleaned and aired; refrigerators and

Continued on page 86
They told Goldilocks, back in the home town, that she “looked just like Mary Pickford.” So here she is, doing extra bits, waiting and hoping. And we hope that Capellani will notice this sketch, hunt her out, and give her that star part she’s longing for. “When I’m a star I’ll sleep till noon and dance every evening,” Goldilocks confided to us, and we hadn’t the heart to tell her that then she’d have even less time for frivolity than she has now.

“How can I ever hold out till lunchtime?” sighs Imogene, who had to skip breakfast that morning on account of oversleeping. (How these late parties do conflict with working!) If this were only a cabaret scene and she could get a place near the camera she might get some real food; but ballroom stuff is so awfully fashionable—you’re lucky if you get a glass of warm ginger ale.

Just a bit of “atmosphere,” this Frenchman, and he had a slight limp. But some one who knew told us that he possessed a croix de guerre. Incidentally, there were lots of his countrymen on hand that day, and more than one “after-the-war reunion” took place while Capellani was inspecting the sets and the camera men were loading up for the afternoon’s work.

“On my bended knees I ask you to forgive!” cries Capellani, as he pounces down on the floor to show Dolores how it should be done. The camera man, highly bored meanwhile, is figuring out how big a dent in his week’s pay the Pansy Club’s costume ball is going to make that night.
An Afternoon Off

spent part of a day at the Capellani
sions and jotting them down in crayon.

Behold Capellani himself, with a
twinkle of satisfaction in his eye for
having at last become the head of a
company of his own. "I've been try-
ing out my new idea of getting the
cast together a day early, so that they
can get all their visiting done before
we begin work," he explained to us in
an undertone. "It worked beautifully,
but don't tell anybody or the children
would appear a day late next time."
He always refers to his cast as "the
children." No wonder they love him!

"Whaddo you think?" said Creigh-
ton Hale. "There she was, just an
extra, and she comes up to the studio
with a maid and in a limousine. Just
doing it for the fun of it." But after
spending three hours watching scenes
taken and retaken, and then perhaps
taken all over again, we wondered
just where the fun came in. How-
ever, probably it's awfully jolly to tell
about such experiences as that when
one gets back to the Ritz in the even-
ing.

It's such a care, see-
ing that one's make-up
is just as it should be.
And when one's eye-
lashes are heavy with
mascaro, and one's lips
are rouged till they feel
almost stiff, and the
thermometer registers
over a hundred under
the Kileg lights—well,
there are things pleas-
anter even than being
under the movies under
such conditions.

And here's June Caprice, thor-
oughly enjoying the fluffy-ruffy rôle
that was made just for her. Even the
combined efforts of the sun and the
sputtering Cooper-Hewitts couldn't
fade June's smile, because her mother
had just arrived from Boston for a visit,
and June's plans for her enter-
tainment ranged all the way from
trips to Bronx Park to see the animals
to excursions to Coney Island to see
the crowd. June is one of those typi-
cal New Yorkers who's never seen
either one.

Some of the wild rumors you hear about the stars
doubtless originate in just such a spot as this. You
can take the most harmless little fact "out on location"
in the lunch room, and an hour later somebody will
return it to you so distorted that you think it must be
made up for a character rôle.
Sometimes I really felt sorry for Peg.

WHAT kind of a dog am I? Well, my owner says I'm a "Heinz"—fifty-seven varieties, you know. And my name—Teddywhack—is as nondescript as my family tree.

How did I get into pictures? Well, like Elsie Ferguson and Marguerite Clark and a lot of other stars, I came from the stage. Used to be in vaudeville; had several years of it, as a matter of fact. Then I turned to the screen; it gives you so much more chance for a quiet home life, you know. I've done several pictures for Paramount; was in Cecil De Mille's "Till I Come Back to You," and with Vivian Martin in "Mirandy Smiles."

I liked playing Michael in "Peg o' My Heart." It's a nice rôle, and I'm awfully fond of Wanda Hawley. She's the kind of person who really likes dogs, and she understands me perfectly; has a nice little habit of feeding me all the nicest bits of her luncheon when we're at the studio. She and I had great times in "Peg." She was crazy about playing the funny little Irish girl, and you've no idea how sorry I used to be for her sometimes when her work was especially realistic.

They wrote a funny stunt for me in that picture—showed me having visions of my own Irish sweetheart, and finally we met again and embraced each other. The joke of it was that the rôle of the sweetheart was played by my own son. I'm afraid he'll never succeed in pictures, though; he's apt to look into the camera, and he gets in the players' way when he's not working if you don't watch him carefully.

Oh, yes; I'm really an old dog! Nine last winter. Take a look at my gold teeth and you'll realize that I've had my share of hard experiences—in the dentist's chair at least. Sure, I've led a regular dog's life; been run over by an auto, got poisoned twice, and—and had my share of fights, of course.

I'm not allowed in theaters, but I usually see my scenes when they're run off in the projection room. If you'd like to—Oh, you've got to go now? Well, I'm glad to have met you—and do let me know what you think of me as Michael, won't you?
NOT long ago I encoun-
tered an unusually interesting

group of motion-picture folk, consist-
ing of a director, an author, a star of considerable reputation, and
a camera man whose manipulation of the lens has earned him a fine
name and a salary of two hundred dollars a week. They were all
worth while listening to, and they were all talking shop.

I gave one ear to the author and the star, the other to the director
and the camera man. Thus the various remarks met midway in
their journey through my head and met with a clash. Moreover,
those remarks were traveling with such velocity that none of them
have escaped me yet. The gist of it all was that each party, the
camera man excepted, claimed that to him and his brothers in art
should be given the credit for the good pictures which are produced.
The camera man stood by the director, but even he admitted that
sometimes fine lighting and camera placement put a weak story in
a position where it took on strength through its beauty.

The director finally turned to me and asked me my opinion. But
I knew him personally, as well as all the others, and I didn't want
to start another war right on the heels of the one finished by giving
a too definite reply.

Now, however, in the seclusion of my study, I am going to state
my beliefs on the question and to try to give to them weight and
authority by a careful consideration of some of the pictures I have
seen during the last month.

Neither the director, nor the author, nor the star—no, not even
the camera man—is responsible for the well-made picture.

The thing that is responsible for a good picture is the thing that
won the war, namely—coöperation.

There will be cries of “What about Griffith, De Mille, Tournier?
What about Anthony Kelly, E. Lloyd Sheldon, Eve Unsell, Marion
Fairfax, Tom Geraghty, William De Mille? What of Pickford,
Fairbanks, Chaplin, Ray, and the Talmadge sisters?” But I maintain
that not one of these artists could turn out an artistically good product
without the sincere coöperation of the artists from the other branches
of the profession.

This may sound like stating an obvious truth, but the question
as to who “makes” a picture is always in the air. If it is good the
director, the author, and the star each claim the credit. If it be
poor the director, the author, and the star each try to shift the blame
to the other. And they never think of coöperation or the lack of it.

A few weeks ago D. W. Griffith, with his “Broken Blossoms,”
brought thousands of new adherents to the screen at about the same
time he gave us

“True Heart Susie,”
“a plain story of a
plain girl,” but so
plain that if it bore
any other name than
Griffith's it would
utterly fail to attract
attention. In
“Broken Blossoms”
Griffith had a life-

"True Heart Susie" is
lacking in its story.
like foundation in Thomas Burke’s “The Chink and the Child,” a foundation that was likewise his inspiration. In “True Heart Susie” he had no foundation save a short-length story of callow love in a small town, and no inspiration but small-town atmosphere. In his classic he created a great painting; in his other offering a mere sketch, the lines of which fail to attract the notice because of their faintness.

It is true that the performances of Lillian Gish, Robert Harron, and Clarine Seymour go quite a way in making “True Heart Susie” enjoyable at times. But neither the director nor the players were given the background of a Burke work for inspiration and material assistance. This might be used to argue that the author is the principal figure in the production of a picture. But let us pass to another work of the month and see if this is so.

Here is an adaptation, made in England, of Oscar Wilde’s “Lady Windemere’s Fan,” a picture bearing the Triangle Company’s trade-mark in this country. Those who admire Oscar Wilde on the printed page will set up a bellow like a pasture full of bulls when they hear that any of his work has been picturized. The screen can never catch his clever epigrams and witticisms, will be their argument. Which is true. But they forget that in “Lady Windemere’s Fan” Wilde contrived a marvelously interesting and dramatic plot. It is the story of a woman who erred and repented and who returned to her native heath in order to prevent her daughter from erring. This she does without ever revealing her identity. Even this bare outline of the material in “Lady Windemere’s Fan” suggests strength and any number of possible situations. So the Wilde literati are wrong. The screen Wilde would be another man, granted, but one to be reckoned with.

And with this foundation of a fine piece of drama, the British producers have turned out a very poor picture. This is said without wishing to violate anything in the League of Nations covenant. But skilled treatment simply was lacking. There is nothing about the picture faintly suggesting continuity. That two hundred-dollar-a-week camera man could have made a vastly better picture with some of his artistic shots alone. None of the big situations of the play were stressed, accentuated, so that their fullest possibilities might be realized. And as for the players, they simply ran wild. Sincerity was theirs, but not skilled repression or shading.

Here, then, is an instance where one of the best picture plots obtainable was spoiled by poor direction and poor acting. This certainly indicates that the author is not altogether responsible for the final results. Griffith made a better picture with no story in his “True Heart Susie” than the British director did with one of the most forcible and penetrating plots to be procured. Now let us examine Douglas Fairbanks’ last Artcraft picture, “The Knickerbocker Buckaroo.” Here there is little plot, little direction, but quite a bit of the Fairbanks heroics, the Fairbanks easy comedy, and the Fairbanks stunts. The result is that “The Knickerbocker”—an abbreviation with just as much meaning as the full title—while not the best of the smiling, swirling, dashing, romantic, fearless, fighting hero's pictures, is still in a fine position to provide ample entertainment to his admirers. Here the star has triumphed over inadequate plot and insufficient direction.

The three cases are unlike.

With a good story “True Heart Susie” would have been much better.

With good direction and acting “Lady Windemere’s Fan” would have been splendid.

With more plot and more direction “The Knickerbocker” would have been tremendously improved.

There wasn’t enough cooperation in any of these cases.

That true spirit of cooperation, the harmonious work-

Dorothy certainly disturbs Dick Barthelmeless in “I’ll Get Him Yet.”

Jean Paige outshines the star in “Too Many Crooks.”
ing together, is evidenced in a good many of the month's productions. Charles Ray's "The Busher," Dorothy Gish's "I'll Get Him Yet," Alice Brady's "Redhead," Mary MacLaren's "The Weaker Vessel," Sessue Hayakawa's "His Debt," and Gladys Leslie's (?) "Too Many Crooks" are among those nice, smooth-running offerings which fail to reveal any shortcomings from one party or another.

"The Busher," I am inclined to think, is the best of Mr. Ray's contributions to the Paramount program. And that is saying much. The entire story is handled with the finest skill, not only by the actors, but also by the others associated in the picture's production. It is worth while remarking that Professor Earle Schnell of the University of California wrote the story and Jerome Storm directed; worth while inasmuch as these two, working with the star, have given the finest demonstration of what real cooperation means.

Dorothy Gish is intriguing, as they say nowadays. She is an entirely new screen personality. She is the foremost comedienne in pictures. Lillian, her sister, was recently in New York, and confided some secrets about Dorothy to me. Back in those imperishable Biograph days Dorothy had the idea that she was destined for a tragic career on the screen—that is, I mean, a tearful career as a tragedienne. Well, the good Griffith damned the floods in "Hearts of the World," and since then Dorothy has been always the Little Disturber to me. She certainly disturbs poor Dick Barthelmess in "I'll Get Him Yet." It was Harry Carr who provided the story and Elmer Clifton who directed. Another combination of three that meets with praise.

"Redhead," by Henry Payson Dowst, is one of those stories of a good woman of Broadway—a species which, strange as it may seem, exists despite all the press agencying to the contrary. Alice Brady, who really hasn't a red head, plays the title rôle, but as no color process was used to develop the film that doesn't matter.

Miss Brady and her leading man, Conrad Nagel, are delightfully human in every situation. You can't catch them acting once, which, paradoxically, means that they are acting splendidly all the while. If you like to be introduced to your screen people and if you like to know them intimately, in the morning with tousled hair, and across the dinner table, "Redhead" is the picture for you.

---

"One of the Finest" shows Tom Moore as a traffic policeman.
and one baby vamp—Miss Leslie—in order that she may study character for her play, and she takes it ever so sincerely and effectively. But Miss Leslie—with all due credit to her smart characterization of the b. v.—is quite lost.

Of course no mention of crooks would be complete without Priscilla Dean. Sometimes I am inclined to attempt to convince myself that Miss Dean really was graduated from the ranks of the light-fingered sorority, so recurrent is she as a beautiful crook whose efforts against law and order attract so much sympathy. Be that as it may, "Pretty Smooth," her latest, has Bayard Veiller's name on it as author. He will be recalled as the man responsible for those two great stage successes "Within the Law" and "The Thirteenth Chair," and "Pretty Smooth" has the suspense and mystery of each of his earlier masterpieces. Every character in the play, with one exception, is a crook. The exception is a detective.

Arnold Daly once said that Sessue Hayakawa was the best performer on the screen. No one arose to dispute him, and so Mr. Hayakawa has a name to live up to. And he lives up to it well in "His Debt," a story of a Jap's love and revenge, emotions that involve two lovers he meets.

"The Coming of the Law" shows Tom Mix as a supposed tenderfoot crashing into the wild and woolly West and subjugating it. "One of the Finest" shows Tom Moore as a traffic policeman crashing into society and winning its loveliest bud. Mr. Mix's picture is done in his usually rapid style, to the accompaniment of stunts and thrillers galore. Mr. Moore's is done quietly, effectively, but would be a better piece of entertainment if done with greater speed and with more plot than the obvious three-cornered love affair with the villain always trying to blacken the hero's reputation.

Cosmo Hamilton has an-

"One Week of Life" is interesting, but artificial melodrama.

"Almost Married" has a Swiss mountain setting.

"Love's Prisoner" finds Olive Thomas wandering around for many reels.

In "Beauty Proof" Harry Morey represents one of the North West Mounted Police.

other in "One Week of Life," a Goldwyn picture, with Pauline Frederick as the star. Mr. Hamilton is peculiar. With his right hand he dashes off articles saying how the picture producers maltreat his works, while his left hand is occupied at the same time in the process of reaching out and making safe a check from the same producers he is damning. I could write much about Mr. Hamilton and others like him.

Leaving Mr. Hamilton's opinion of pictures out of the matter entirely, "One Week of Life" is an interesting, but quite artificial society melodrama in which a young woman undertakes to pose as a drunken man's wife, believing that she is so performing a charitable duty to this wife. The story, of course, calls for a dual rôle, and this Miss Frederick plays with her usual emotional effectiveness. But the whole scheme of "One Week of Life" is so frankly forced, and was forced merely to give Mr. Hamilton an opportunity to write in some flashing dialogue, that there is little accumulative dramatic interest in the finished picture.

To the remaining pictures viewed recently small space can be given. The best I have seen are "The Sleeping Lion," with Monroe Salisbury, and "Riders of Vengeance," with Harry Carey, both Universal numbers.

May Allison's "Almost Married" has a good farcical situation, for which the mountains of California act as a Swiss setting. The action develops slowly, however.

"Love's Prisoner" shows us Olive Thomas wandering about aimlessly for many reels. I like Miss Thomas, but not "Love's Prisoner."

"Beauty Proof" is an old-fashioned thriller with Harry Morey as one of the fearless North West Mounted Police. It has a villain who kicks his prostate enemies, who relentlessly pursues "the girl," and who plays many dirty tricks on the hero.
MADGE KENNEDY sat on the porch of her pretty home on the outskirts of Los Angeles—where she lives with her mother while she’s making pictures in the West—when the telephone rang. The Goldwyn Studio wanted to talk with her, the maid reported.

“Oh, dear,” thought Madge, “that probably means that something’s wrong with scenes we took to-day and they want some retakes right away. Well, never mind.”

She picked up the receiver.

“I just wanted to tell you, Miss Kennedy,” a cheery voice said, “that we’ve run off to-day’s shots and they’re great! And I’ve been saving a little surprise for you. Maybe it’s seemed as though you’ve had a lot to do in ‘Through the Wrong Door.’ Well, that’s because—though the picture isn’t nearly completed—we’ve planned to finish all of your scenes first, and the last ones were taken to-day. You’re excused for the rest of the summer. Have a good time! Good-by.”

“Oh—h—h—Mum-sie!” cried Madge, as she came running out to break the news. “I’m all through for the summer! Hurry and order tickets for New York. We’ll leave to-morrow!”

And so they did.
Hidden from sight in an out-of-the-way corner in Hollywood, is the tiny bungalow where we're about to visit Peggy Hyland.

By Gordon Gassaway

Two blocks up, one to the left and three to the right, and it's just behind a rosebush." Thus spake the drug-store clerk on whose mercy I had thrown myself, and, clutching in my hand the recipe for finding Peggy Hyland's bungalowette, which she had sent me and which I had been unable to interpret, I stumbled forth to follow the knowing clerk's directions.

And then, when Peggy's little house suddenly bobbed up from behind a rosebush, I was almost afraid to ring the bell for fear it would vanish into thin air, like the Cheshire cat. But the tiny tinkle of the bell was answered by a maid, who, though diminutive, seemed real enough, and presently I was standing in the little reception room, eyes expectantly fixed on the deep-green curtain that concealed the stairs.

There was a hop, skip, and a jump somewhere above, and I suddenly discovered that my eyes had been fixed at a point about two feet too high. For when she appeared the top of her shiny hair came away below my vision. She certainly was little.

"Isn't this rather early for you on a day off?" I ventured by way of greeting.

"Oh, indeed not! Do you smoke? Help yourself to one over there. No, I'm up every morning at seven—working or not. It's ten o'clock now, isn't it?"

The way she said it made the hour seem very late and lazy. In her presence I suddenly felt as though I had been very lazy all my life.
She perched on the edge of one of those you-ought-to-lie-down-but-daren’t-things, and I glanced around rather helplessly. Somehow everything in the little house seemed so small that I felt rather like a bull in a china shop. But she waved her hand toward a big, substantial he-chair over on the other side of the hearth, and I sank into it gratefully. A sturdy British fire was burning, and because of the cloud darkness outside the leaping flames cast flecks of glowing copper over the red of the Peggy coiffure. Yes, her hair is red. It would be curly, I think, if she would let it. But there was nothing dangly or peignory or fluffily messy about this businesslike little person before me.

“Well,” I began, “how did you happen to do it?”

“Go into the moving pictures—awful fun, aren’t they?—I suppose you mean?” I nodded, wielding a British cigarette. Its kind, I learned from the box, had been smoked by kings.

“I ‘yessed’ my way into pictures,” she said, “and I’ve gone about ‘yessing’ myself into all sorts of things ever since. Things like ‘stunts’ that really ought to have doubles, you know.

“But really it was a silly old London paper that got me started. After the war began we were quite a little up against it, if you know what I mean, on account of business being so tied up, and I had to become the wage earner for the family. I was the ‘how-to-do-it’ girl on this London daily.

“They made me sweep and wash dishes and climb stairs and scrub floors; all sorts of silly things to show how to keep your health by indoor work. Then a motion-pi-

There’s one big question she hasn’t said “yes” to yet; but I’ll bet there are a lot of young gentlemen who wish she would!

“First thing, when I went into pictures—that was four years ago—they gave me one of those stone ale bottles and told me to wave it over my head in a very unladylike sort of way. But I was playing the part of a naughty little actress, so I suppose that part of it was all right.

“At that time I was oh, quite poor, you know, and had on my one and only best dress trimmed with silver lace. Well, I said ‘yes,’ I’d wave the bottle over my head, and I did. And—it was half full of liquid shoe blacking! Some stage hand had been careless. I lost my dress with a ‘yes.’”

Peggy looked around her little California drawing room.

Continued on page 102

Letters sometimes take her back to the “right little, tight little isle.”

Not even the sight of a distant cat can lure Jackpots away.

She swings on the gate alone so far—for there’s one “yes” she’s never said.
"She sat right down on the floor and cut it out then," he told me, "and then we took it to one of the department stores in Los Angeles. The manager ordered a dozen, and they sold so fast that after that the Sassy Jane was a whirlwind success, and the little originator got to China when she wanted to."

But the "Sassy Jane" is just one of his business interests. He is backing an aeroplane-passenger service, too—has over four hundred planes, and has purchased exclusive landing privileges in a number of California towns. But even more interesting to the general public is the fact that he is now making comedies for Paramount—not pure slapstick stuff, but comedies with a straight plot, though that isn't to interfere with their containing "a laugh every minute," according to Chaplin. He's going to direct them and act in them as well, and when I asked him if they would be as funny as his brother's he looked most determined, though his only reply was a modest "I hope so."

J. E. Williamson is to make some more submarine

Screen Gossip

Bits of news about screen folk.

By The Bystander

SAY "Sassy Jane" to Sydney Chaplin some time and see him smile. No, Jane isn't a girl—she's a dress—and she's made some thousands of dollars for Charlie's brother, Syd. It started with a girl, however—a girl who had only five dollars and wanted to get to her uncle in Shanghai, and came to Mr. Chaplin to see if he wouldn't help her to put a house dress on the market; she said she knew how to make one that was much better than anything then being sold.
pictures, and has bought an island in the West Indies for use as a production base.

“It's a long romance that has no turning,” and the one involving George Larkin and Olive Kirby—yes, the girl who used to play wild West rôles in Kalem pictures—is taking a new twist right now.

They began their romance by dancing together at Eastern hotels professionally. Then Larkin went West to make pictures, and Olive followed him, their marriage taking place almost as soon as she stepped off the train. And now he's deserting the serial field to make shorter pictures, and she's giving their romance a new setting by appearing in them with him.

The season's biggest surprise, I should say, was Pearl White's sudden decision to quit serials and to become a Fox star. Her first feature picture was scheduled for a September release. Here are some other recent changes: Mary Miles Minter is to be starred by a new company called the Reelart. Alan Dwan has started his own producing company. Mildred Harris Chaplin is to be starred by the Louis B. Mayer Company, which produces the Anita Stewart pictures, and Jane and Katherine Lee are to have a company of their own.

First we learned that the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation was building a big new studio at Long Island City, New York. Then along came the Fox Film Corporation and laid the corner stone of its big new building, which will occupy an entire city block at Tenth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, New York City, and will cost about two million five hundred thousand dollars. It is to be ready for occupancy in October, and will have twelve projection rooms, rest rooms, a gymnasium, restaurant, and dressing rooms for a thousand people. Universal announces that it will build a ten-story office building and theater on Broadway in the near future, and Famous Players-Lasky is completing arrangements for the London headquarters of their new foreign branch, called British Producers, Ltd., which will make pictures in England and on the Continent, with some of Paramount's American stars and a number of English actors.

All the moons are honeymoons this summer for so many of the screen folk that we'll just get the new names of the June brides well straightened out and committed to memory when the October flock comes along. Alice Brady was one of the first of these, of course, her marriage to James Crane, the son of Doctor Frank Crane, taking place not long before Conrad Nagle, her leading man in the stage play, “Forever
Here's a situation that Houdini couldn't escape from—though many of the situations in Paramount's "The Grim Game" are apparently much more difficult.

After," and in several pictures, married Miss Ruth Emily Helms, of Chicago. And still another interesting change of name occurred when Anita Loos and John Emerson were married on June 15th at Norma Talmadge's home at Bayside, Long Island.

Beverly Bayne Bushman gives a little birthday party on the ninth of each month for her infant son, Richard, who was born last June. And similar birthday parties celebrate the existence of Mae Marsh's daughter, Mary Marsh Armes, whose first bow to old Mother Earth was made near New York City on Friday, June 13th.

Well, it's comedy again for Alice Lake. After deserting the slapstick drama for some more serious Metro offerings, she has polished up the laugh-making tricks that she learned while playing with Fatty Arbuckle, and has promised to appear in Christie comedies.

Louise Glaum has reformed her rôles before coming back to the screen; she will play not the vampirette, but the good little girl, she says, in J. Parker Reid Productions.

May Alison is tired of leading a double life as picture star and turkey nurse, and has sold her turkey ranch in southern California, including the entire stock of seven hundred recently purchased baby birds.

Bebe Daniels will be seen shortly in Cecil De Mille's production of "The Admirable Crichton." Quite a change from doing comedies with Harold Lloyd!

Tom Mix says he got a regular coffee jag the last time he was in San Francisco. You've probably heard of Coffee Dan's—one of the most famous restaurants in the world, owned by San Francisco's chief of police. Well, Tom is a friend of the chief's, and swears that he drank gallons and gallons of coffee, both to cement the friendship and because he liked it. Coffee Dan's is open the clock round, so there was no time limit, and Tom says that when he and the chief went out in front of the City Hall to have this picture taken it was decidedly café au lait—or perhaps late would be better.

Florence Reed is making pictures at the studio which was especially erected at her summer home at Otasaga Lake, Maine.

If Harry Carey asks you to a house party at his ranch take my advice and have another engagement. Not that he isn't to be trusted; it's his cook who's the source of all danger, and it takes either a very brave man or one who's dieting to visit the Carey home in the San Francisquito Cañon.

You've heard of the Tong wars that break out in our various Chinatowns about every so often, of course. Well, Harry's cook got mixed up in one, had a price of five hundred dollars put on his head by the forces of the opposition, and broke the news to Harry most cheerfully.  
"Maybe you catchem bullet in back some night,"
he suggested one morning as he brought in the cereal for breakfast.

Now, Harry's a brave fighter, but he has scruples. He wants to route his own journey to the next world. So he left that afternoon for Arizona; said he had to him a round-up, and asked everybody he knows, including his flock of Universal cow-punchers, to spend a few weeks with him when he went back. They say the Tong war is smoldering now, but may break out again at any time, so the guests are all provided with canned goods, and any one who can cook is invited to hang his hat in the Carey hall for as long as he cares to stay. Meanwhile the cook goes peacefully on, mixing bread with a revolver nattily tucked under his apron, and serving soup with an ominous-looking knife up his sleeve.

Things are in a dreadful state out in Hollywood; everybody's going up in the air. And Cecil De Mille is responsible for it; he formed the Mercury Aviation Company a while ago, with four Curtiss planes which he purchased from the Canadian government as his vehicles, and now for a dollar a mile you can go almost anywhere. The regular routes are between Los Angeles and Fresno, Los Angeles and Bakersfield, and Bakersfield and Fresno, though of course one can take little local trips to Pasadena, Long Beach, and Venice.

They say De Mille had to form this company in self-defense. You see, he had a plane of his own, which he let for passenger service when he didn't want it. But the machine was so popular that it was always in demand, and as a result the first regular passenger air route in America was formed.

Lillian Gish was telling me about Mr. De Mille's machine a while ago. "Dorothy and I are crazy to go up," she said regretfully, "but mother won't let us go without her; she says she'd feel safer about us if she went along. And on days when flying conditions are good we never seem able to get together, so I guess we'll have to stay on dry land for some time yet."

However, Jeannie MacPherson, the scenario writer, went up and got a lot of ideas among the clouds a while ago, so perhaps Mrs. Gish will relent and let her offspring try it some day soon.

Nazimova recently signed a contract to appear in Metro pictures for two years more.

Governor Smith, of New York State, has gone into the movies; has a speaking part, too. In Leah Baird's socialism picture there's a place where the sheriff tele-
Snapped With

Snappeds of screen folk, taken when nobody but the bathing girls was looking.

Here's a contract that hasn't been made public before; it's Baby Marie Osborne's agreement to act as director and camera man for "Br'er Rabbit." She writes the scenarios herself, too; one really can't get good ones otherwise.

Resist this invitation to "Come on over!" if you're superstitious and afraid of the number thirteen; personally, we'd walk under ladders, put on our left shoe first, or cross the path of a dozen black cats for the sake of joining this bevy of Mack Sennett beauties in double-quick time.

Be warned, all ye who want to vote but not to tell your age; Marie Walcamp and Director J. P. McGowan are finding out how many candles to put on Marie's horse's birthday cake, and they say McGowan has offered to serve in like capacity when registration day comes around again.

Mary Pickford is of Persian descent, according to Fritzi Brunette; she refers to the kitten in her arms, of course. Fritzi's engaged in restraining the affectionate overtures of Pat, who's a gay dog, and prefers Mary to the rest of the menagerie, which consists of thirty-one canaries, a parrot, some dozen kittens, and innumerable rabbits.
Warning

It isn't often that a mere author breaks into these pages. But behold Pat Dowling, scribe of Hollywood, who, like Daniel, braved the lion's den at the Christy studios, for purposes of publicity. His pretty protector is Patricia Palmer.

The girls say the water's fine—on the stage, that is—for since they've been making personal appearances all across the country with "Yankee Doodle in Berlin" they aren't even on speaking terms with Father Neptune. Anybody having a regular ocean in his back yard will please apply.

This isn't horse play at all, according to Doug. He says his steed is the most expensive one in the world, and has rather an uneven gait, but a good disposition. Doug's thinking of trying to get him into the movies, so perhaps you'll see Bill Hart riding him in a Wild West scene before long.

Priscilla can make a Cupid's bow in record-breaking time, even on location, if left to her own devices. But with all the rest of the cast standing around and commenting on her technique with a lip stick, and the director urging her to hurry, and all that sort of thing, life was far too hectic for her. So she gathered up her make-up and retired to the seclusion of the roadside.
Sweet Enough to Eat

Do you remember the song about "What are little girls made of?" Well, in Marion Davies' case of course, the answer may be the usual one of "sugar and spice and everything nice," but we'd suggest as a better one apple-green taffeta and peach-colored organdie, with a mushroom hat and a cherry-blossom parasol.
Monroe's Day Off
By Selma Howe

It was a gold-and-blue day, and Monroe Salisbury, prepared to loaf, and, clad in the whitest white clothes on the Pacific coast, settled himself on the front porch with a book he'd been saving up for six weeks.

But in about ten minutes Boots came along very gay over having chased a cat across two fields and through a small stream. Ejaculating "Hullo!" in Airedalese, he landed in Salisbury's lap, and started the ball of interruptions rolling.

Wrathfully Salisbury dumped him to the floor and went indoors to change to clean white clothes again. But he had not settled down once more than the foreman of his ranch appeared to report that they couldn't get any water in the house, and the laundress was having hysterics in the pantry. Then the cook strolled out to resign her job; it was too hot to work. The dog catcher dropped in to see if Boots had a license. There was a long-distance phone call, which, after Monroe had held the wire half an hour, proved to be for a Mr. Monroe down the road a piece.

And then a summons came from the studio: "Sorry, but we're going to need you to-day after all," and Salisbury gave a whoop of glee.

"Peace at last!" he shouted as he ran for his cap. "Nobody'll dare interrupt me there!"
Please Page Flora McFlimsey!

She was the lady, you know, "who had nothing to wear;" she'd be interested, we're sure, in some of the smart costumes seen on the screen.

This frock of Constance Talmadge's sounds enough fashion notes to make a whole musical scale—for it's of gray chiffon, over rose and blue silk, and as trimming has tiny knots of pastel-shaded flowers.

Help! Help! Priscilla Dean's going automobiling—and when she wears this new suede motor coat of hers she looks at it instead of the road. So, whether you're in the car or on the street, you're out of luck. Of course, it has a fur collar, but nobody minds a little extra warmth if it's becoming.

"Make it hearts," says May Allison when she's wearing this rose-trimmed hat at an afternoon bridge party—and every susceptible person who sees May under its fashionably curved brim immediately adds a heart to her score.

"Just a simple little cloth costume," says Irene Castle Tremain, but if there's anything simple about that intricate—and fashionable—surplice bodice, we fail to see it. Perhaps just the walking stick is simple! Certainly the shoe buckles and hat aren't.

In the alphabet of Gloria Swanson's wardrobe, "C" stands for chinchilla, and "G" for georgette and gray. Put the three together and they spell one of the stunningest evening wraps it's been our lot to encounter. (Who'd urge spelling reform after seeing this!)
Here's a demure little evening frock whose long overskirt is very fashionable, and whose hip drapery is very new—but it tied itself to Mildred Harris Cheplin's affections by the knot of silver ribbon on the right shoulder.

This train's time-table is the gait at which Elsie Ferguson walks—it's engaged in a struggle to catch up to the lady's slipper buckles, which boast a touch of the orange-brocaded white fabric of which the gown is made.

Whether your skirt is short as Mildred's or long as Elsie's—make it narrow!

Once their mother told them apart by putting pink pinafores on Norma and blue ones on Constance. Now Norma wears white satin with pearl trimming and a gold lace petticoat, and Constance chooses orchid-colored taffeta over silver lace.

If you're on the autumn bride schedule, here's a charming frock to make your post-honeymoon calls in. Its trimming of bands of cut cloth is one of Fashion's newest exclamation points, and the Napoleon hat is sure to be becoming.

Even on sunny days one sometimes needs a small hat—and if yours is of braided white satin with a chenille tassel dangling in the back, you'll share with Enid Bennett the satisfaction of saying the very last word in millinery.

There'll be no need of summer breezes if you walk in the light of these stars and carry a feather fan.
"Oh, How I Hate to Get"

The next time you groan over having to nine a.m., just think of all these movie

Get an alibi like Billie Burke's if you want to stay in bed and snooze all morning. She acquired a pair of pajamas that came straight from China, and then explained that on the other side of the world it's night when it's morning here—quite simple, you see!

Shirley Mason is both clothed and in her right mind at this early hour—but it's all the dog's fault. He rushed around and chewed her slippers till in sheer desperation she got up to stop him, and now he's receiving the blue ribbon for an act of valor.

The pink rosebuds on Gloria Swanson's negligee match those on the head of her bed. Even a De Mille production couldn't furnish a more becoming background, so she's considering staying in this one.

Little Mary's all ready to arise, because she simply can't sleep with that quilt over her. You see, it's stitched in a regular merry-go-round design, and Mary can't help feeling that somehow that phrase has a personal application.

Too late now! Dorothy Gish has just remembered that it's unlucky to get up over the foot of the bed, and her bad luck's already begun—it's eight o'clock this minute, and she has to be at the studio, all made up, by nine.
Up in the Morning!

arise and punch the time clock at stars who have to do the same thing.

Somebody's been teaching Ann Pennington's clock arithmetic! It just struck ten, and Ann knows it was multiplying instead of adding.

The timepiece looks innocent, of course—but Wanda Hawley suspects it. For if it's really fast, instead of being as staid as it appears, she can curl up among the pillows for one more dream before her breakfast tray arrives.

How maddening it is to be quite resigned to being up, and then remember, as Kitty Gordon has just done, that she doesn't have to report at the studio to-day!

The technique of eating breakfast in bed is too much for Vivian Martin. By the time she has donned this negligee, and then rushed back to bed again, she might just as well have gone down to the dining room.

If this is the day she goes to the milliner's, Enid Bennett still has an hour to spare for an extra nap. If it's the morning she looks over scenarios with her director, she's an hour late. Heads or "tales"? Let's hope it's heads, for her sake.
STRAIGHT up to Calgary, in western Canada, and then over the stormy pass to Lesser Slave Lake, which is on the very edge of the land of the "long night," that was the route Nell Shipman followed in quest of just the country for just the picture she'd been wanting for years to do. Of course, "Wapi the Walrus" doesn't sound exactly like Nell, but this first one of the James Oliver Curwood stories probably will be renamed before it's released, and Nell is happy enough over it not to mind if she'd had to play the rôle of the walrus herself.

"It was absolutely wild up there," Nell told me the other day. "We were just about where the aurora borealis country begins, you know. Our food came to us by dog team twice a week; usually we ate fish and moose meat. And once, when I was hungry enough to gnaw the woodwork almost two big boxes arrived, and when we had enthusiastically ripped them open we found—soap!

"But I enjoyed it up there. Everything's real in this picture, you know—Indians, trappers, members of the Royal Mounted Police—even though it has been disbanded—Eskimo dogs, and even a whaler, built especially for the story.

"Sometimes I hated being there, of course—when a runner came in with news that my father was dead, and when my brother, who'd been fighting in France, sent me word that he was in a New York hospital, wounded. But now—well, I don't mind saying I'm wild to get back!"
Good stories for serials are in demand, and for them good prices are paid. But the plots must have novelty, and the old atmosphere is not wanted. By the old stuff I mean:

Masked mysteries.
Mysterious secret societies.
The well-known map torn into five equal parts.
The detective with the laboratory and scientific instruments.
Avédik, particularly the well-known character who runs through fifteen thousand feet of film wearing a hood or mask of some sort. He has been overdone. Also the serial in Western environment is becoming passe. These are usually filmed because of the small cost for interior settings, as the ranch house or cabin is about all that is needed in that line.

Universal, Vitagraph, and Pathé are the leaders in the serial game, and they are all willing to consider stories of unusual character.

Universal recently issued the following editorial statement enumerating what they consider the essentials for a serial.

1. Plots which depend on sex situations are taboo.
2. Love interest is imperative.
3. While a story must have romantic value, sensational action must predominate.
4. There must be a logical reason for every perilous situation and a logical method of overcoming danger.
5. There can be no situations based on race, creed, politics, or religion.
6. The scenic locale plays an important part in the script value. The story should be laid in the United States.
7. No price is too great to pay to produce an intense situation, but the situation, in turn, must justify the cost.
8. There is a tendency among serial writers to have most of the action take place out of doors. This is not practicable, as the sun does not shine all the time even in southern California, and consequently an equal division of interior and exterior scenes is desirable.
9. Touches of comedy are absolutely necessary for relief from the tense melodrama.
10. There must be mystery running through the story, and each episode must leave the audience in suspense.

Why is it that many women writers are more difficult to deal with than those of the sterner sex? A well-known scenario editor of many years' experience recently made these observations: That when a story is received which is unduly suggestive it is usually the work of a woman. That women are more suspicious of having their ideas stolen than men are. That many more women than men write long personal letters to editors, complaining when their scripts are not returned promptly or acknowledged immediately. And, on the other hand, this editor finds that most of the best screen stories of love and hate originate in the brains of women. This is interesting. Who will explain it? Won't some woman writer please undertake to do so?

Writing for One Star

This is a very recent instance of poor marketing judgment:

An author of ability wrote a story which he thought would please Fairbanks. He put in all the Fairbanks stunts, mannerism, etcetera, and, as frequently happens even in the best-regulated movie circles, the Fairbanks readers did not like the yarn. The author thought he had a good plot. He did. I know, because I read it. However, what did he do? Did he rewrite it, taking out the Fairbanks characteristics and atmosphere and shape it up for almost any able-bodied masculine star? He did not! He just sent it on the rounds, Fairbanks atmosphere and all, and then wanted to know why the editors did not recognize a good plot! I told him that many of the editors no doubt saw the plot, but were somewhat prejudiced by the knowledge that this particular script had been turned down at the Fairbanks Studio. How did they know this? Because the Fairbanks flavor was strong upon it, and when the tale was passed to the star he came back with something like this: "There is a story there, I guess, but I don't want to do stories that have been peddled elsewhere and turned down." Temperament? Maybe. But human nature, too. Do you like to market and make selections of groceries or clothing the other fellow rejected? Not if you know it! The thing to do is not to let the buyer know the goods has been rejected.
Hints for Scenario Writers

We'd Say “Stick to It”

Gertrude Brown writes that she has made a study of screen writing for two years. She says that the letters from different editors inclosed with rejected plays were most encouraging, and asks whether we would consider this sufficient reason to continue her efforts.

Yes, indeed; we should, so long as she enjoys it and is not devoting time to writing which necessity or duty says should be devoted to other pursuits. If an editor takes the trouble to write an encouraging letter you may be sure that he has seen possibilities in the writer's work.

The writer of this letter, which, oddly enough, arrived in the same mail with the one referred to above, has a problem which, though similar in one respect, is quite different in another:

A Somewhat Different Case

As a constant reader of your “Hints to Scenario Writers,” I wish to ask you for a frank answer to this question: Do you think that a person, after two years of fruitless endeavor in the field of scenario writing, should give it up, although still looking forward to the time when a check shall be his reward? When answering this, if possible, please give an example, to show that it is either right or wrong to continue writing when disappointment stares one in the face for two years. The party in question still struggles on, sending manuscripts, receiving rejections galore, oftentimes incurring the displeasure of friends, and many times being the subject of ridicule for keeping at a thing that has not even turned a penny.

I will look anxiously for your reply in Picture-Play, and I can assure you it will be of inestimable value to one who has strived for two years without any encouragement.

I wonder whether any one could answer this question in a way that would thoroughly satisfy our correspondent? I doubt it, for he would be a foolhardy person who would attempt to decide on only the strength of the data given in this letter whether our friend should continue his efforts or abandon them.

I could give examples—plenty of them—of writers who had tried and failed for even more than two years, and who finally had succeeded. But what possible bearing would that have in our friend's case? Absolutely none. For I could point to as many more who had tried for two years and even longer, and who had remained failures. There is nothing more pathetic than to see a person striving vainly to succeed at a profession for which he or she lacks that mysterious spark, the peculiar individual fitness for the work. But there is no way of telling in whom this spark will suddenly burst into a flame of accomplishment or how long the process will take. One of the greatest teachers of drawing in New York City said to me once, in looking over the work of one of his classes: “It's discouraging to look at this work. I know that on the general law of averages a number of these pupils are doomed to failure. I wish there were some way to tell which ones were destined not to arrive, so that I could induce them to stop and save themselves years of heartbreaking and unsuccessful effort. But with all my experience I do not dare to discourage the most unpromising pupil I have. For I have seen so many cases in which the most promising students became the worst failures, and so many cases in which the most unpromising ones, after years of struggle, suddenly came to the top that I know there is no way of foretelling success or failure.” That is true in all the arts. It is true of writing of any kind. And so I can only advise our friend to use his own best judgment, for he must solve the problem for himself. The experiences of others cannot be taken as guideposts for him.

Only Magazine Stories

One producing company is said to inform writers of original screen plots that they will consider only stories that have appeared in print in magazines or as novels. “Go and get your plot published as a magazine story and we will buy it,” they are reported as telling writers of good originals. “We want the prestige of the magazine to support our screen play,” is the alleged assertion. If this is true, and it appears to be, it is dense ignorance from where I sit. A good plot is a good plot whether it has been published in a magazine or not. Personally, I am inclined to think that this adapting magazine-stories custom has been overdone on the screen. We are not led to believe that if certain publications have given sufficient reason whether the story is good or not. In my opinion a good original plot is worth more to any audience than a doubtful magazine story. After all, the play’s the thing!

From An Old Friend

Years ago, when I was writing movie lore for the trade journals, I heard regularly from Matt Mereness, of Schoharie, New York. Then he quit writing. It is a pleasure to receive the following epistle:

It is just like meeting an old friend after a long absence to find you again. I don't suppose you remember me, but about ten years ago I did some screen writing, and corresponded with you. I guess I read about a mile of your stuff. I have gotten far from the movie game and at present am deputy postmaster here. I believe that I had my opportunity at the scenario-writing game and threw it over my shoulder. I was writing and selling plots years ago, and the old Kalem Company bought eight in a very short time. I had several letters from Phil Lang, the Kalem editor, that were helpful. He gave me mighty good advice and tried to help me along, and you know how seldom it is that an editor pays any attention to a green writer. He must have seen some real goods in my stories, however, and here is where I got the “big head.”

I remember that I had been writing several stories which were just poor, crude things, and that I sent them to Kalem. Mr. Lang took the trouble to write me a letter about them. He told me to take more time, and gave me some other good advice, but I couldn't see it. I wrote to him, intimating that I knew as much about the game as he did and that Kalem could go hang. Well, Mr. Lang probably realized that his kindly interest was all for nothing, and I sailed around from one concern to another for a time, and then quit, discouraged. I probably never will write again, but I often think of the opportunity which I had and which I let slip by. I believe that my experiences may be useful to others.

Poor Phil Lang! He has gone over yonder. And yet he lives in the hearts and minds of a small army of ambitious writers who in those halcyon days were striving for recognition. Many succeeded, materially aided by Mr. Lang's interest and advice. Many, though having promise, emulated Mr. Mereness' example to their own detriment.

Continued on page 84
6-Piece Set
Fumed Solid Oak

A Room Full of Furniture

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 $27.00 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 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. This magnificent library set is not shown in our regular catalog. The value is so wonderful and the demand so great that there aren't enough to go around, so send today—sure. Either have set sent for you lost, or tell us to mail catalog.

6 Pieces

Send $1.00 down and we will ship you this handsome 6-piece library set. Only $1.00 down, then $2.70 a month, or only $27.00 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 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. This magnificent library set is not shown in our regular catalog. The value is so wonderful and the demand so great that there aren't enough to go around, so send today—sure. Either have set sent for you lost, or tell us to mail catalog.

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. 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, act quickly. 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.

Send This Coupon

Along with $1.00 to us now. Have this fine library 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 coupon today.

Free Trial Coupon

Straus & Schram (Inc.)
Dept. 1586
W. 35th Street
Chicago, Ill.

Send for it. Show thousands of buyers in turnips, jewelry, carpets, furs, curtains, silverware, stove, porch, and lawn furniture, women’s apparel. Send the coupon today.

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 82

Talking It Over

Discussing a movie plot is good practice, providing those you talk it over with have the courage to criticize. Generally the ambitious one finishes a plot and reads it aloud to an admiring circle. “Fine!” “Better than most of ’em I see in the movies.” “Send it out right away; you ought to get a thousand dollars for that story!” These and other flattering opinions puff up the writer, and when the story is returned he or she is perfectly certain that discrimination has been practiced. Maybe the admiring circle is prejudiced; maybe they are not entirely capable of passing on the merits of the story. Just the same, it pays to read a movie plot aloud to unbiased friends—to “try it out,” as it were. Honest criticism is always valuable. One movie concern insists that all scenarios be read aloud and criticized by a staff before being put in final production. Sometimes the stories are torn to shreds in consequence. Good always results from these discussions, for collective intelligence can improve anything.

It Is Advantageous to Have Stories Typewritten

When naming the stories how can you tell if there is any other story by the same title you select? How much should I expect for a good story? If the first offer seems small to me should I try another company—or should I accept the first offer for the sake of getting a start?

The above questions, coming from a beginner, are answered here, for they should prove interesting to other newcomers. It is not only “advantageous” to have stories typewritten, but it is absolutely essential. Do business in a businesslike way. Were you a reader of manuscripts, reading hundreds every month, would you not show partiality to the typewritten manuscripts? You would. When naming your stories do not worry as to whether your story carries the same title as another. It is very difficult to select a highly original and exclusive title. Concentrate all your worry on your plot, for the chances are ten to one that your main title will be changed by the producing company anyway, since the choosing of the best possible title is of the greatest importance. Names of film dramas have been known to carry them to commercial success when all other details were against the productions. “Playthings of Passion” is a good example of a main title with sex appeal; “Polyanna” caches in because of its fame as a book and as a stage drama; “The Light of Western Stars” is a good example of the value of a book title in connection with Westerns; “The Flame of the Yukon” is a highly original title of the Northwest, etcetera. The price one should receive for a good story depends on the value of the story. Everything depends on the business. If the idea only is bought it will not bring so much. If business and idea both appeal the story is worth more. If you have never sold a motion-picture plot and receive a fair offer take it by all means. Do not haggle or bargain. You may be opening a market with some certain company that will enable you to command higher prices a little later on.

Some Pent-up Thoughts

A. D. Covin, of Palestine, Texas, “Pent-up” Margaret Ade hits the nail on the head in her recent article appearing in this department. Mr. Covin writes:

I just have to let out some of my pent-up thoughts. Though not a distinguished writer, I have written enough to know there is no royal road to fame unless you first learn the elementary technic of plot building; and, after you think you have mastered it, you run into blind corners that you cannot get out of sometimes. I wonder on rising each morrow how many would-be writers are receiving their rejection slips. The quicker one learns that one must learn to construct a logical plot with new twist to old ideas or new ideas, and also learn the rules of submitting to a producing company, the quicker he can write with any hope of success. No matter where you get you “dope” on how to write photo plays, don’t think you can get information one day and sell your stories the next day, for it cannot be done by any amateur. I have been dabbling in scripts for four years, and I still work eight hours a day at other work to make my daily bread.

There is a lot of good common sense in the above letter. And, best of all, here is a writer content to follow another occupation until he does succeed. He is wise.
Greatest Phonograph Value Ever Offered

10 Days’ Free Trial to Prove It

Send no money—your mere request brings it to your home—more than a year to pay if you keep it.

Records Free.

Think of it! Entertainment every night in your own home for less money than it would cost to take the family to one show a month! Make your family happy with this wonderful gift—the gift that grows in value with the years. All the latest song hits from the best musical comedies of the big cities—the popular jazz bands—the famous orchestras—grand and comic. See what your music—the world’s greatest singers, violinists and pianists—any kind of entertainment you like whenever you feel in the mood to hear it. From the faintest strains of a whispering violin to the sound of a sextette of voices—all are interpreted. And the cost is so small—the terms are so low a price.

Special 30 Day Offer

Here is the chance of a life-time—the best investment for pleasure any family can make. The SWEET-TONE Phonograph illustrated here is the equal in every respect of phonographs that cost at least $100 to $125 at a store. But for the next 30 days you can buy a splendid SWEET-TONE Phonograph at the special introductory price of only $75—$50 less than you would have to pay for equal quality elsewhere. Never before has a high-grade phonograph like this been offered at so low a price.

No Deposit Necessary—Not a Penny to Pay Unless Satisfied

We are ready to back up every claim we make for the SWEET-TONE Phonograph by putting it into your home on approval for 10 days’ free demonstration, with records included free. You don’t have to risk a single penny—don’t have to send a solitary cent in advance. Fill out the coupon below—very simple. The phonograph will be sent at once.

Listen to it with your own ears—compare its wonderfully sweet and clear tone with any other phonograph, regardless of price. So that your family thinks of it. See for yourself the rich, piano-mahogany finish, the fine workmanship, the beautiful lines. YOU be the judge. Play the phonograph for 10 days—as often as you like. Then if you don’t agree with us that it is the greatest phonograph bargain ever offered—if for any reason you don’t want to keep it—return it at our expense—you won’t be under the slightest obligation for the 10 days’ free use and entertainment.

A Life-time of Entertainment for 13 Small Payments

Send no money. Fill out and mail the coupon below. Your phonograph will be shipped immediately with six double-disc 10-inch records included free of charge. If after 10 days you decide not to keep the machine, just let us know—we will take it back and you won’t owe us a penny.

On the other hand, if you decide to keep the phonograph, you can take 13 months to pay this special introductory price. Only $6 a month! Year-round entertainment and enjoyment that your family will never tire of—for so small a sum. And you will have a handsome, high-grade phonograph that you will always be proud of—one that will last a life-time.

Some of the Special Features

Equipped with a Tone-Arm which enables you, with just a slight twist, to play any record, either vertical or lateral cut. Not a single attachment has to be added. The tone-modifier at the side controls the tone so that it diminishes and expands the volume like the human voice.

DESCRIPTION

Piano-mahogany-finished cabinet, 44½ inches high, 18 inches wide, 20 inches deep, with casters. The motor has a double spring cast-iron frame, brass bearings, and is smooth, winding, and quiet running. It plays three full 10-inch records without rewinding. The turn-table is 12-inch special broad-ranged hub; there back-castechron, one-piece tapering crank, speed regulator and all accessories. Lower compartments hold a quantity of 10 and 12-inch records.

Save $50 or More

Our method of selling direct to you from the factory saves the dealer’s profit—saves YOU at least $50. But this special offer will be held open for only 30 days—after that the price goes up. Mail the coupon TODAY—NOW—so we can reserve one of these wonderful phonographs for you.

MERELY MAIL THIS COUPON. SEND NO MONEY.

L. W. SWEET & CO.,
Dept. 509P, 24 Maiden Lane, New York

Please send me full description of your SWEET-TONE Phonograph, and your 10 days’ free trial offer without obligating me in any way. This coupon entitles me to the special introductory price of $75 with 13 months to pay, if satisfied after the trial.

Name..............................................................
Address...........................................................

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
Better Times

Continued from page 57

pantries, long empty, were filled, old tablecloths were mended, shades regrown. The first week's board bought washbowls without cracks, had the long-unused piano tuned. Nancy's dream was coming true.

And Peter was kept so busy helping make it true that he forgot all about having come to Eureka Springs for his health. Walking, outdoor exercise, a new, keen interest in life were giving him a digestion and a vigorous body that Eureka Springs water would never have brought.

It seemed to Nancy, one night late in the summer, as she stood in the doorway watching a whole hotel full of guests dancing—their hotel, their guests dancing to the music of their piano—that she was the happiest girl in the world. Success had come; more than that, it was success that she had earned, the sweetest kind of all. The music was playing a waltz, and Peter was waiting to dance it with her. Peter with his friendly, boyish face, his ready helpfulness, his jolly laugh—Peter, Peter. The happiest girl in the world!

There was a little commotion in the entrance; a telegram had come for Peter. He tore open the yellow envelope, read it hastily.

"I've got to leave right away, Nancy," he told her. "I'm sorry, but— I'll write."

The rickey automobile was ordered; there was hurried packing, quick, brief farewells, and, before Nancy could realize what had happened, Peter was gone.

After the brief interruption the piano began again, the dancers whirled on gayly—with Peter gone! Nancy stood for a moment looking out wistfully; then she slipped upstairs and stood alone in the room that had been his. In the bureau drawer that stood open was one sock. Nancy picked it up tenderly. Then her eye caught the yellow telegram. Unconsciously her eyes followed the printed words.

Rose has announced your engagement. Congratulations.

Matt.

Faintly from below came the swinging strains of another waltz. With hurt, bewildered eyes Nancy looked about the cheaply furnished room that had been Peter's. Below, like giddy, whirling symbols of her success, they danced, the guests of the hotel, the dream hotel that she had made come true. She had her success, the success she had thought would make her the happiest girl in the world. But the distant music sounded cheap and jangling, the lights were too bright. Through a hot, blurring mist she saw the old sock; she drew it tenderly between her fingers. It was all she had left of Peter. The happiest girl in the world!

Despite the telegram, she couldn't help hoping—hoping against hope—and for several weeks she looked up questioningly at her father every afternoon when, after spending a few peaceful hours on the post-office steps, visiting with his cronies, he came back with the hotel mail. But the mail pouch, when dumped out on the desk, never delivered up the letter which she couldn't help hoping would come. For old Scroggs, too, had chanced upon the telegram which Peter had left behind, and when the letters from Peter did come he carefully destroyed them before reaching home.

Within a few weeks a crash came that made Nancy forget for the time her yearning for Peter. Old Scroggs, inveigled into a crooked poker game, lost every cent he had, and, in a desperate attempt to make up his losses, lost the hotel itself. The next morning, while Nancy was looking in alarm at the empty hotel safe, thinking of burglars, some village boys came in bearing her father's hat and coat, which they had found on the shore of the lake. His body was recovered that day.

It was a very different Nancy that the same month, a year later, saw. Though the law had recovered for her part of what her father had been swindled out of, it seemed hardly the thing for Nancy to go on managing a hotel, especially now that she had, in addition, her father's insurance money. She had been persuaded to go to a finishing school.

She was lounging in the big reception room with a group of the girls one spring afternoon when the talk drifted onto celebrities which the different girls—nearly all of whom were daughters of the rich—chanced to know.

Nancy felt uncomfortably out of the conversation. She was only obeying a natural instinct when, at the mention of Jack Donaldson, the famous American League pitcher, a few moments later, she remarked casually: "Oh, he and I are old friends."

The remark, for some reason, caused more interest than the reference to any other celebrity. Her imagination working in grand style, Nancy answered question after question about the great man. She was in a heaven of delight until one of the girls suddenly cried:

"Why, his team is going to play here next week! We'll all go, and you shall introduce us!"

It was too late for regrets. The party was planned. In fear and trembling Nancy took her seat in the grand stand, wondering how on earth she would get out of the fix she had gotten herself into.

The great pitcher took his place in the box. Nancy looked at him, and to her surprise there was something about him that did look familiar. What it was she couldn't be sure, but—

The game ended. The players were coming toward the grand stand—straight toward the box where the girls were sitting. The girls looked at Nancy expectantly. Suddenly Nancy, forgetting her fright, forgetting everything, cried: "Peter!" And the next moment the famous pitcher had jumped over the railing and had gathered her into his arms.

For a moment he held her; then suddenly she drew away.

"What about—about your engagement?" she asked.

Pressed for an explanation, she told him about the telegram. With a boisterous laugh he wrote out the telegram from her dictation, every word of which had been seared on her memory. Then he added a few words to it and handed it to her. Her face broke into a wreath of smiles. This is what she read:

Ed Rose has announced your engagement with the Cubs. Congratulations.

Matt.

"Of course you understand that 'Jack Donaldson' is only a professional name," he explained with a grin.

Slowly, for the first time in a long while, the dreamy look came back into Nancy's eyes as she smiled at him in return. She was building castles in Spain again. Just one castle this time, no gay, profitable hotel in the air, but a tiny, cozy castle just big enough for two.
Recently a friend traveling in the Orient wrote us telling of his surprise at seeing a well-dressed Chinaman on the street wearing Boston Garters outside his trousers.

Though Bostons are worn in every country in the world, probably nowhere else on a public thoroughfare could he have seen them in use. And even in the Orient this picturesque way of wearing them is unusual.

Travelers know that the Boston Garter is worn the world over. Men everywhere appreciate the comfort and long wear given by the Boston—superior service which is the result of our policy of

Quality First

GEORGE FROST CO., BOSTON, MAKERS OF

Velvet Grip Hose Supporters
for Women, Misses and Children.
Continued from page 30

to support the revolution at the proper moment. He was also given a brief glance at the list, and recognized its vital importance to the success of his mission, but was not allowed to read it.

But he did read it—that same night.

For, the ceremony over, the opium fumes from her chiseled ivory pipe rising and diffusing their acrid sweetness through the room, Tai had finally made him her great offer.

"My lord," she had said, "my heart is yours—and the strength of my mind—the softness of my body. Side by side with you, the revolution accomplished, I want to rule China from the Manchus' golden throne."

For a moment Bruce was stunned. But his one dominant thought was that he must get his hands upon, or at least see, the list of the conspirators. So he pretended a doubt that the revolution would succeed.

"You speak of the conspirators," he said. "Why, my dear Tai, I do not want to doubt your word, but could you—"

She swallowed the bait.

"I'll show you the list, my lord!" she cried, and she did that night, and Bruce Winthrop, hastily reading it after she had taken the Jade Buddha from the wall cabinet, became convinced that every powerful name in China was there, practically a guarantee for the success of the proposed revolution.

But they had been watched by the suspicious eyes of Kung, who had shadowed them ever since the ceremony of initiation, and, half an hour later, while Tai was whispering to Bruce of her love and of the glory that would be theirs when together they would rule the teeming, yellow millions of China, the door of the apartment flew open.

Armed guards entered, preceded by Kung.

"Arrest them!" he cried. "They are traitors! They have stolen the Jade Buddha!"

He smiled grimly. For, safe in his embroidered waist sash, he had tucked away the Jade Buddha, where, a few minutes earlier, he had put it after taking it from the wall cabinet, to throw suspicions on Tai and Bruce.

All the evidence was against them. Still, Tai at least was too powerful a figure in the inner circles to be killed out of hand, and so Kung gave her a harsh choice.

"Your white lover will die in any case," he said with a gliding smile, "But you—if you will admit that he stole the Buddha and if you will be mine—I will save you, little lotus bud."

After a short, sharp struggle that tore her very heart she yielded. She accused Bruce—said that she had only gone with him to the wall cabinet to secure evidence against him—and Bruce, understanding, smiled his forgiveness at her. A moment later he jumped forward. He would die, yes; but he would die fighting! Right and left, right and left, like flails went his fists; down went the armed guards like ninepins, and so away, down the corridor, to the outer door, which he found guarded by a member of the Tong, armed with a businesslike American revolver.

In despair he was about to charge the guard, to risk the revolver shots, when the Chinaman suddenly lowered the weapon—and smiled.

"Why—Wong!" exclaimed Bruce.

"Yes—" grinned the other, and then:

"Hit me, master! Hit me hard! So that the others won't suspect."

Out flew his fist. Wong dropped like a log, and Bruce was out of the palace like a whirlwind, down the street, into a clustered mass of huts and hovels, where it did not take much persuading from him to change his embroidered robes for a beggar's dirty, drab rags.

It was late that night that Kung set out to replace the stolen Buddha. But, on his way, he was set upon by armed Tartar robbers. He defended himself bravely, but the odds were against him; he was knocked down, robbed, and, an hour later, he faced Tai, bruised, disheveled, but determined.

He told her what had happened to him.

"They have taken the Jade Buddha," he wound up. "We must get it back. The life of every man on that list is at stake."

"Yes," said Tai. "But how?"

"Those Tartars will pawn the Jade Buddha the first chance they get, most likely in the capital of Outer Mongolia. It's the nearest town, and there are no pawnshops in this little place—nor jewelry shops. Come!"

He had guessed right. But he arrived too late at the capital. For, having made the round of the bazaars, he was finally told by a merchant in the Street of the Leaning Plum Tree that, indeed, he had purchased such a Jade Buddha, but that this very morning he had sold it to a woman—a white woman, a red-haired devil!"

"Do you know her?"

"Yes. She is the daughter of the American consul."

"Good!" Here Kung made the sign of the Tong, and the other shielded and kotowed. "You will do what you are told!"

It was late that afternoon that Bruce Winthrop, heavy-hearted, in despair, for he had failed in his mission and he had lost his love, walked through the bazaars, still dressed in his beggar's rags, when, passing a small jewelry shop hidden away amid hovels and huts he heard his name cried out in agony by a voice he recognized:

"Bruce—Bruce!"

He turned, looked, acted at an instant.

For, through the fly-specked windows of the shop, he saw a scene which caused his heart to beat almost to the breaking point—Beryl in the hands of Kung and Tai, another Chinaman—presumably the shopkeeper—looking on, her hands tied behind her back, a rope around her neck.

For Beryl, in answer to a note sent by the merchant that he would like to see her in regard to the Jade Buddha because he wanted to buy it back from her, had gone to the bazaar, suspecting nothing, had told the shopkeeper she was sorry, but she had given the Buddha to a friend of her father's, a collector who had visited them. The latter had examined the Buddha in his room, and had come out of it shortly afterward in a state of great excitement. He had said that he must set out for Peking at once—that he had discovered something vital—"

"He said something about a list," Beryl had gossiped on guiltlessly, "and he left town at once with a large, heavily armed escort, and—"

"By Buddha and by Buddha!" had come a low hiss from the back of the room, and Kung and Tai had jumped out and had pounced upon her.

"Bruce!" she had cried in the agony of her heart, not knowing that...
"What Do You Know?"

Never mind how strong you are. The boss is looking for brains, not brawn.

It's a fine thing to be healthy and hard as nails, but when the boss wants a man for a big job, the kind that pays real money, it's what you know that counts.

Right now employers everywhere are looking for men with special training—men who can do some one thing well. How about you? Are you ready for one of these positions? Have you an expert knowledge of any kind of work? If you haven't special training, get it now!

You can do it without losing a minute from work, or a wink of sleep, without hurrying a single meal, and with plenty of time left for recreation. You can do it in one hour after supper each night, right at home, through the International Correspondence Schools.

Yes—You Can Win Success in an Hour a Day

Hundreds of thousands have proved it. The designer of the Packard "Twin Six" and hundreds of other Engineers climbed to success through I. C. S. help. The builder of the great Equitable Building, and hundreds of Architects and Contractors won their way to the top through I. C. S. spare-time study. Many of this country's foremost Advertising and Sales Managers prepared for their present positions in spare hours under I. C. S. instruction.

For 28 years men in offices, stores, shops, factories, mines, railroads—in every line of technical and commercial work—have been winning promotion and increased salaries through the I. C. S. Over 100,000 men and women are getting ready right now in the I. C. S. way for the bigger jobs ahead.

Your Chance Is Here!

No matter where you live, the I. C. S. will come to you. No matter what your handicaps, or how small your means, we have a plan to meet your circumstances. No matter how limited your previous education, the simply written, wonderfully illustrated I. C. S. textbooks make it easy to learn. No matter what career you may choose, some one of the 280 I. C. S. Courses will surely suit your needs.

Make Your Start Now!

When everything has been made easy for you—when one hour a day spent with the I. C. S. in the quiet of your own home will bring you a bigger income, more comforts, more pleasures and all that success means—can you afford to let another single priceless hour of spare time go to waste? Make your start right now! This is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, put it up to us to prove how we can help you. Just mark and mail this coupon.

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
THE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

WELL, well, well! Here we are again, in a brand-new jacket and every-thing. My, but it seems strange. I feel as though I'd moved into a new house—a bigger and better one, of course. But I'm the same old Oracle, you'll find. Only—well, I don't know how I'm going to keep up with all the letters I've been getting of late. You'd be surprised at the number. Not that I want you to stop writing—not at all. The more the merrier. Only if you don't see your an-swer as soon as you expected to, please don't think I'm overlooking you. And now for my mail, and the first letter I find is from

Brown Eyes.—And what do you think, Brown Eyes? You have the honor of leading off The Oracle's list of replies in the very first number of our magazine in its new size. I'm sure I hardly need add that you're very welcome to our circle. There's always a big "Welcome" sign on our door mat for all of our new readers. Of course, it must make you feel a bit disappointed that you aren't old enough. Fourteen is rather a tender age to begin as a Red Cross nurse. Why all the enthusiasm, now that the peace treaty has been signed? Or don't you know it yet? So you are an April Fool's child? It's just like being on your feet! You want to be older, and when you get to be older, you wish that you had your youth back again. You should make the best of those four years, while you have them. They don't linger very long, you know.

Helen Louise W.—Helen Walcott isn't in pictures at the present time. She is back on the legitimate stage. Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1887. Mary Miles Minter arrived on this earth at Shreveport, Louisiana, in 1902. Constance Talmadge came two years earlier, choosing Brooklyn, New York, as her birthplace. You bet you can come again.

Star Bright.—It's very funny that the one you took such a fancy to should be the daughter of your uncle, isn't it? Yes, Theda Bara has a sister and a brother. You will find the addresses at the end of The Oracle. Marguerite Clark is in California at the present time, making features for the Paramount program. Her latest picture is called "Girls." Madge Kennedy is a native daughter, which is a sister of a native son, meaning, in other words, "Born in California."

True Blue.—Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn, in 1888. Her husband was John Collins and died of pneumonia last Octo-ber, 1918. The part in Theda Bara's pic-ture, "When a Woman Smiles," that you ask about was played by Albert Roscoe. He has played several pictures with Theda Bara. No, I guess there is no danger of the screen's losing Bert Lytell, now. Herbert Rawlinson played with Geraldine Farrar in "The Turn of the Wheel," a Goldwyn production, made at Fort Lee, New Jersey. So you think that Charlie Chaplin was great in "Shoulder Arms," do you? Well, how did you like "Sun-nyside?" Yes, the first gold star in the Universal Service flag was for "Larry" Pe-ton. Theda Bara in "The Siren Song" and "The Light." Ella Hall played in "The Heart of Ritchie" with Bessie Barriscale. What's the matter—didn't you recognize her?

Marguerite B.—Please don't call me old. "We're just as old as we feel," and I feel awful young to-day. Yes, the part Bobby in "Tinsel" you asked about was played by Ralph Graves.

L. D.—Great heavens! Why don't you start an art gallery? I just bet you that you have more pictures of Douglas Fairbanks than he has of himself. Nineteen thirty-four! Have you been collecting them all your life and how old are you? And fifty pictures of Mary Miles Minter? Such enthusiasm deserves credit, so here you are: She was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, that's where people generally think, April 1, 1902; educated by private tutors; stage career, child actress supporting Nat Goodwin, Robert Hilliard, Mrs. Fiske, Bertha Kalich, William Farnum, and for four years appeared in the title role in the "Littlest Rebel" with "Dusty" Kerouac. Her screen career started with Frohman in "The Fairy and the Waif," then with Metro in "Barbara Frentoch;" then last, but not least, with American. I've heard it said of late that she's going with Para-mount, but I don't know that this is true yet. Mary is five feet two inches tall, weighs one hundred and twelve pounds, has curly golden hair, and blue eyes. She rides, swims, motors, and golfs, and is quite musical. Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in May, 1883. He was educated in Denver high school, Jarvis Military Academy, School of Mines at Golden, Colorado. He is five feet ten inches tall, weighs one hundred and sixty pounds; hair dark; eyes blue; complexion medium; all-around athlete. Previous career on the stage, "Richelein" with Frederick Warde, also "The Duke's Jester," et cetera. Screen career with Triangle, "The Lamb," "Manhattan Mad-cat," "Vid-Ar-craft," "In Again Out Again," "Wild and Woolly," "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo," et cetera.

Movie-Struck.—And you aren't the only one that is, either. Miss Bara's natural life is a great deal like ours. Her portrayals on the screen indicate nothing of her real disposition. Grace Cunard's and Theda Bara's characters, for example, have had quite a few of the same experiences. Do you think they would have played with all of them? I don't under-stand. Come again! I don't think any of the players you mentioned are at present...

Continued on page 92
Yes! hair can be removed without injury to the skin or complexion

Explaining a New Method That Makes the "Unavoidable" Growth of Hair Unpardonable!

HERE is a new way to remove hair. A scientifically correct, superior toilet preparation, dainty, exquisite, harmless; that meets the most exacting requirements of women of refinement.

This remarkable new preparation is called NEET. And it leaves many old methods, against which there has always been so strong a prejudice, definitely without place.

That's because in the discovery of NEET, Science finally solved the problem of removing hair without irritation—without injury!

WHAT NEET IS

NEET is an antiseptic cream-lotion that not only removes hair, but, in the same operation, bleaches the skin to perfect whiteness! It is ready for service, without mixing or mussing!

Apply the same as a cold cream. Let stand a few minutes, and then rinse off with clear water. That's all! The hair will be gone—rinsed away. And the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white!

Different in formula, action and effect from any other preparation of similar function, NEET is warranted to neither irritate the skin nor injure the complexion, no matter how frequently used! Doctors are adopting it in hospital practice to remove hair from patients about to be operated on.

BEGIN USING NEET TODAY

If you are still employing old methods, NEET—cooling, soothing and dainty—will come as a delightful contrast. The most welcome accessory ever reaching your vanity table!

Use it freely, and without hesitancy, on the face, the underarm, the forearm—wherever needed—and you will be delighted with its thoroughness and with the feeling of absolute cleanliness it leaves. Which says nothing of the fact that, with NEET as your ally, you may now wear even the sheerest of stockings without a single misgiving!

WHERE TO OBTAIN NEET

NEET is on sale at toilet goods counters in nearly all Department, and Drug Stores in the United States. Or, by mail, postpaid. Two sizes: 50 cents, or three times the quantity for $1.

MAIL THIS COUPON

If you cannot obtain NEET at your dealer's, clip the coupon below and mail it in with 50 cents for the small size—or $1.00 for the large—and receive your supply by return post, in unmarked wrapper.

HANNIBAL PHARMACAL CO.
605 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

For the enclosed $0.50 send NEET to

NAME

STREET

CITY

STATE

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
on the screen. No, they are not producing pictures any more. Pleasure is all mine.

C. D. S.—That is to your advantage. You should like red. Constance Talmadge was killed off in 1919. Ruth Roland was born in 1903, Doris Kenyon in 1897. Wallace Reid first saw the light of day in 1892; Antonio Moreno in 1888. Creighton Hale was born in Ireland. That's the right name. For information concerning selection, or the writing of them, write to William Lord Wright, care of the Picture-Play Magazine, and he will be glad to help you.

K. M. D.—Eugene O'Brien must have changed his mind about going back on the stage, for he has signed a lengthy contract with the Selznick Picture Corporation. Stuart Holmes played the part of the friend in "Ghosts of Yesterday." So you still prefer Charles Ray, do you? Have you any particular reason for calling him your friend? Yes, he was very good in "The Son of His Father." Too bad someone cast Millie Safford played opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Goose Girl." Edward Longfords is in the service. You are certainly a faithful follower. Write again.

William T. Z.—Margaret Shelby has dark hair and blue eyes. She lives in Santa Barbara, California, with her sister, Mary, Wallis, and her mother, Mrs. Shelby, but the whole family has been spending its time in the East of late.

Fred W. B.—William S. Hart hasn't as yet written a book on his life, but he could no doubt write a very interesting one. For instance, he might tell about the time he and Bill Farnum were working together, and how, drawing down the huge sum of twenty-five dollars a week—some weeks. He was born in Newburgh, New York, but grew up in the country out West, his folks taking him there shortly after his arrival in Newburgh.

Halsey B.—Scan the list of addresses at the end of The Oracle for the ones you want.

Bunche.—My, what a lot of questions for one little girl! I'm sorry, but the whole Oracle space is not sufficient to answer your questions. If you will just compromise, and come at me a little easier, spreading them over several months, or send a personal letter with express prepaid for your return answer, I'll do my best.

An Oracle Admirer.—Thanks terribly for all those nice things you have to say about us, especially the ones about The Oracle. You are quite right about the names of John and Ethel Barrymore. Her brother and sister. Lionel Barrymore is a brother of both of them. Some talented family, too. Sidney Drew was their uncle.

Miss Allen V.—You are quite right about Rosemary Thely. She used to be with Vitagraph several years ago, and was one of the original well-known company. Later she left that company, and with Harry Meyers went to the Lubin plan, and made both dramas and comedies. Universal then grabbed the talented pair for some light comedies, and then Pathe bought Rosemary Young to get back into the more serious drama, so left at the completion of her contract, and has been doing features ever since. Yep, mighty fine little girl is she.

Charles Chaplin.—Look at the end of The Oracle for his address. Nobody seems to know the poor little fellow at all. A few weeks before a letter addressed to Charles Chaplin, U. S. A.

Alice G.—Harold Lockwood was married when he died, but not to May Allison. He left a little boy ten years old. May Allison has not been shot by Cupid's matrimonial dart—or hadn't been when these lines were written.

E. Searle.—Both Jewel Carmen and Mollie King were born in 1898. Dorothy Dalton arrived six years before them. and June Caprice a year later. We must have our puzzles, so figure it out for yourself. It's the easiest one of the mouth. Wallace Reid arrived in the same year with Dorothy. Picture-Play Magazine is published in New York City, and you can buy copies of it all over the world. So you hope that I will come to England some day for my own sake. Don't you think they are treating me fair enough over here? Really, I don't think I could ever find another more fair, if I wanted to there if I wanted to. I'll still be with you every month on the news stands, so cheer up.

I. C. G.—You're entirely welcome. I know you find the Market Booklet very valuable from time to time.

Maiden in Canada.—Mary Pickford is just a wee bit over five feet. Marguerite Clark is the little lady of the screen, just touching the nine-inch line on Jan. Mary started in at Biograph in the early days when they paid five bucks a day when you worked—and, of course, after a few screen appearances Mary worked pretty nearly every day. When she didn't, though, Jack and Mary both stay home in New York, where in them they kept the Pickford family living into the Biograph treasury. Mary wore a wig in "Madame Butterfly" and in "Little Pal," but her hair is naturally blond, and always has been. She has blue eyes. Lottie and Jack are both younger than Mary. Yes, Charles Ray is married. You can find his address by looking through the addresses at the end of The Oracle. I feel pretty certain that he would send you one of his pictures.

Chink.—So Billie Burke is your favorite, but you are mad at her because you sent her two lists for one of her photographs, and have never received one? I am sure that Billie never received your letter, because she is very punctual about sending out her photos, and I am sure that if you write to her and tell her about it you will receive one of the prized autographed photos. Tipped to her right name. Her eyes are light blue. Marguerite Clark is that lady's honest-to-goodness name, or was before she was married last winter. Both her hair and eyes are dark brown. Anita Stewart was ushered into this world in Brooklyn, New York, in 1896. Of course, Anita is not responsible for that, so don't hold it against her. Her eyes are brown, and her hair what you would term golden brown. Roy Stewart is related to her. She is married to Rudolph Cahn. They are to play opposite her at Vitagraph. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. Her eyes are blue and her hair is strictly blond. Mae Marsh is not Spanish but Swedish, though she was born for Madrid; you see, it was in New Mexico that they met. Harold Lockwood died on October 19th. Pauline Curley is the young lady who played opposite Douglas in "Bound in Morocco. Of course, you can write again. Just as soon as you like.

Alma E. W.—Thanks for your nice letter. Glad to hear that you think so highly of the Market Booklet.

Semiary Girl.—Betty Compson has passed up the junior orifice of the score serious end of the business. Jay Belasco and Harry Edwards are the young men who played opposite her in her comedies for the Christie Company. Cullen Landis played opposite Kathleen Clifford in "Who is Your Lover?" and Billy Hatton is in the present cast of The Oracle for the addresses you want. Ann Pennington has left the screen flat for the time being, and is back on the stage once more. She may return to make some pictures for Paramount later. Mary Thurman left Seneca not long since some time ago, and has been in Paramount and Goldwyn pictures. Mary's some girl, too. Alice Lake played opposite Roscoe Arbuckle; Flora Finch has been helping to make "Oh, Boy!" when the company Albert Capellani organized. Don't you ever get caught taking "French leave" I'm glad you did run out of questions, for it will give you something to think about for your next letter. Grace Childers is one of the best looking girls that we see, and she is now Theda Bara for good! Good! She has not been lured into the squashed ring of matrimony. She is five feet six inches tall, and balances one hundred and thirty-five pounds on any good scale. Her eyes and hair are dark brown. She was on the stage before she did her first motion picture, "A Fool There Was," for the Fox Company, and has been with that concern ever since. There are rumors that she will start her own company as soon as her contract with that end is completed. She doesn't look any different off the screen than she does on. Charlie Ray is all that you think him to be, and more. It's too bad he can't be a brother or son to everybody.

Ethel Montfort.—Don't call me the editor. It makes us both mad. Which one has the right to be I will leave for your own decision. We are not even related. Pearl White was born in Spring field, Missouri, in 1890. She is now working on a brand-new serial by Robert W. Chambers, having completed "The
Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS IS the startling assertion recently made by P. Dollarson of New York, one of the highest-paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible that 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 you why they can't WRITE 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 Miskaton Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth, and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day!

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario, magazine, and newspaper writers..." They are coming, coming—a whole new world of them! And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are making out of themselves and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding type-writers, or standing behind counters, or running factories in

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"Oh! If this volume before you, the Minnesota Board of Agriculture, were written, we should see a sale of millions."—The Minneapolis Journal.

"If this volume before you, the Minnesota Board of Agriculture, were written, we should see a sale of millions."—The Minneapolis Journal.

"I am most impressed with your book. It gives me the inspiration to write."—Miss Margaret Towers, Minn.

"We are all very enthusiastic over your book. It gives us the inspiration to write."—The Two Cities Publishing Co., Minn.

"We are all very enthusiastic over your book. It gives us the inspiration to write."—The Two Cities Publishing Co., Minn.

"I am particularly interested in your book, and I am going to write a story about my experiences."—Miss E. B. Macomber, Minn.

"I am particularly interested in your book, and I am going to write a story about my experiences."—Miss E. B. Macomber, Minn.

"I am particularly interested in your book, and I am going to write a story about my experiences."—Miss E. B. Macomber, Minn.

"I am particularly interested in your book, and I am going to write a story about my experiences."—Miss E. B. Macomber, Minn.

"I am particularly interested in your book, and I am going to write a story about my experiences."—Miss E. B. Macomber, Minn.
How I Sold My "Movie" Idea for $500

A Story That Will Interest Every Ambitious Man or Woman With Photoplay Ideas

My FIRST motion-picture idea brought me $500—think of it! For a long time I had struggled hard to gain recognition as a writer of photoplays. I put into this work all the energy and enthusiasm I could command. I wrote and submitted many plots to producing companies, but always they came back to me with that inevitable rejection slip. Was I discouraged? Well—wouldn't you be? As a matter of fact, I was on the verge of abandoning all hope of ever winning recognition when I read about the work of the Advisory Bureau of the Palmer Photoplay Institute. And then—when I learned that this Advisory Bureau was headed by Frederick Palmer, the well-known photoplay author, I immediately became interested. For I was sure that the man who wrote 52 produced scenarios in 9 months could help me solve my problems.

After that—it did not take me long to decide. I made up my mind to take immediate advantage of their remarkable offer. For their money-back Guarantee was so fair that I didn't see how I could possibly lose anything by accepting their proposition and making another try at it.

From Dismal Failure to Success!

Now—here's the wonder part of it: Through the help received from the Palmer Photoplay Institute, I emerged in a few weeks from an utterly unknown writer into a recognized photoplaywright—and, besides, I was $500 ahead! It is the Personal Advisory Service of the Palmer Photoplay Institute that is helping men and women with good scenario ideas to develop their ideas (no matter how crude) into actual, usable photoplay material. Nor does their work stop there. For they actually help you sell your plots as their Manuscript Sales Department is in daily touch with the large studios and thoroughly understands their story requirements. What's more, they are right on the ground—they know what producers want and do not want and why?

How did I come to know all this? Through the interesting booklet the Institute sent me—and which they will gladly send you, too. It gave me new inspiration and was the turning point in my career. They call it "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing"—and rightly! For, it tells about the most remarkable institution for the development of photoplay writing that the motion-picture industry has ever known—the only exclusive scenario organization that has ever received the enthusiastic endorsement and support of the leading producers, directors, and stars.

The Famine in Photoplay Ideas

And—don't forget this! It is said on good authority that 20,000 new photoplays are normally produced each year in America. There is a real famine in new plots and producers are crying frantically for material. Never before was there the demand for new ideas so urgent. Never was there a greater opportunity for screen writers. $700 to $1000 is being paid for acceptable stories, and prices are advancing because the supply is so meager.

Therefore, if you have any creative imagination at all—if you have any good ideas for photoplays with a new "twist" or "angle" to them—I urge you to send today for "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." They will be glad to send you this booklet, I'm sure; and without cost or obligation. I can promise that it will reveal to you the famine in photoplays—the top prices producers are willing to pay for the right material—and how eager they are for Palmer-trained writers.

The Coupon Will Bring You Detailed Information—Use It!

Also—you will learn how the Personal Advisory Service helped me (even as it will help you) to put my "movie" ideas into proper, acceptable form; and how their Manuscript Sales Department actually sold my first photoplay to Douglas Fairbanks for $500.

Just think—you may have an idea right at this minute that their Advisory Service Bureau can help you sell for hundreds of dollars. So, take my advice and fill out the coupon below right now!

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, 729 I. W. Helfman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

Please send me, without obligation, your new booklet, "The Secret of Successful Photoplay Writing." Also—Special Supplement containing autographed letters from the leading producers, stars, directors, etc.

Name

St. and No., State

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
AMONG all our laws for the protection of women and children there is not one to prevent a weak, sickly, anemic man—created by a woman from whom people and property have been destroyed before their birth to be a source of grief and anguish to her as long as she lives.

Men of America, what are you going to do about it? How are you going to protect your sisters and your daughters? How are YOU, who read this, going to protect yourself? If we do not prove to our fathers and our forefathers that we are worthy of the best blood that has been preserved through many generations, we will lose the credit of America, instead of poor, sickly, watery-blooded little creatures who have no chance in life, and who, when they grow up, will inevitably help to all our insane asylums and our jails?

**Men of America Wake Up!**

It's up to YOU, to every individual one of you, to make YOURSELF fit, first of all. It's a living condition that confronts you, not an academic theory. It's a condition based on the immutable laws of heredity, which have operated ever since the world began. It's a condition recognized by every man of science as the best and surest way of improving the qualities of the cattle, horses or dogs he raises. It's the great, inexorable Law of Nature that Life Frees Like; that the progeny will inherit the qualities of the sire in an intensified degree.

Read those two last words again, and think—think hard. What will YOUR children be? Are YOU weak and sickly; disabled by colds, neuralgia, neuritis, and the other things determined by nature in a man who is not a man, but a creature? Don't let your future children be a source of grief and anguish to you as long as you live.

**Fit Yourself To Be a Father**

You don't want to deceive the girl who loves and trusts you and wreck her life by making her the mother of children who will cause her to curse the day she married you. Do not want her to be unhappy, sickly, sick, and loving children, who will grow up into strong, virile men and women, a source of joy and comfort to you both in your old age.

Put yourself to beget such little ones, and at the same time to take the place among men in the world to which you are rightfully entitled. YOU CAN DO IT—there isn't any question about it—IF YOU MAKE UP YOUR MIND TO DO IT. You can get rid of the hampering ailments that are preventing you from doing what you would like to do in your work and keeping you from getting a better job or higher position at higher pay; you can break off all evil habits that are giving you a bad dog feeling and making you ashamed to look your fellow men and women in the face; you can build up your body muscles, strengthen your brain, create strong, virile organs, make your blood rich and red and fill yourself with the punch and power of a REAL MAN, if you will stop "putting it off until tomorrow," take hold of yourself and go about it the right way.

**Strongfortism Will Enable You To Do It**

Strongfortism has lifted thousands of weak, ill, impotent, discouraged men out of the bog of hopelessness and despair and placed them on the broad, straight road to health, happiness and prosperity. Strongfortism has strengthened and renewed the fibers that were destroyed and thought they had lost forever and given them renewed vitality, ambition and the power to DO THINGS in the world. Strongfortism has enabled thousands of young men who will make Americans of whom both they and their country will be proud.

Strongfortism will do for YOU what it has done for them. It is simply Nature's way of living life; the way that has never failed and is the surest way of health and power and poise; the way that gets the most enjoyment out of life. I KNOW whereof I speak. My lifetime has been spent in studying the human organism; in learning Nature's way of building up and strengthening the tissues of the muscles, the vital organs and the brain. I GUARANTEE results; I guarantee to improve you two per cent. physically and mentally. If you will follow my directions, and it makes no difference where you live, what your present condition is, or what has brought you to it. You can follow out my course without interfering in any way with your present occupation in the privacy of your own place if you like.

Don't delay—tomorrow never comes to those who put things off. Take the first step NOW. Send for my FREE BOOK, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." It will show you how to make a MAN of yourself. There's no charge for it. I ask you only to enclose three 2c stamps for packing and postage. Fill out the coupon and send it in TODAY. You'll hear from me by return mail with something you wouldn't miss for any money.

LIONEL STRONGFORT

Physical and Health Specialist

1010 Strongfort Institute

Newark, N. J.
Learn Shorthand that Quick

No longer is it necessary to spend months of time studying shorthand. You can master all the lessons in K. I. Shorthand at home in five evenings, then speed acquire by pleasant practice. Don't doubt this positive truth! Send for free lessons — also convincing proof that this is the simplest, most practical, lowest-cost course in stenography by personal correspondence instruction.

K.I. Shorthand
Simplified Stenography

is the new, simplified, and perfected shorthand system that everybody is talking about. It is used in the Army and Navy and in numerous other governmental places; also by court officials, doctors, business men, teachers, clergymen, lawyers, reporters — and those in hundreds of other occupations. For both sexes. It fits the needs of all.

It is the universal speed-script — the easy-to-learn, never-forgettable, simplified stenography.

K. I. Shorthand is acquired with wonderful speed and ease — it is so standardized as to make for perfect legibility and absolute accuracy. Notes years old may be read as easily as when fresh.

Everybody needs K. I. Shorthand — those in business and the professions for their personal ready use — as well as regular stenographers. It is the greatest time-saver compared to the amount of effort and insignificant cost necessary to acquire it. It will permit you to record precious ideas instantly. It will do your remembering for you and develop your all-round efficiency tremendously.

On 30 Days' Approval

Thousands have learned K. I. Shorthand who could not master the old, complicated system.

If you are going to be a stenographer, learn K. I. Shorthand because it will fit you for practical work for ahead of old systems. Learn it because you will give greater satisfaction to your employer by streamlining all dictation perfectly, no matter how complex.

Do you know anything about shorthand? Well, then you know that what makes old systems hard to learn is the mass of special rules — positions above, below and on the five-light and heavy slanting, etc. These cause mental friction and retard speed, therefore they do not exist in K. I. Shorthand.

Lowest in Cost

You learn in your own home by our mail union course. You will have all the personal help of our instruction staff that you need. We are not content to let you shift for yourself after you receive the lessons. When your stenographic competency is established, we award you a recognized Certificate of Proficiency.

PERSONAL TUITION. In the K. I. Shorthand System, you are obtaining far more than a set of lessons; you have the valuable aid of an experienced teacher in acquiring speed with accuracy and in adapting the principles to your particular vocation.

LEARN WITHOUT COST. You may learn the entire K. I. Shorthand System without paying a cent of your money. The coupon will bring you the simple plan.

K. I. Shorthand is offered on the most liberal terms right now. Do not miss this opportunity. Send immediately for the first ten lessons free. You may then continue the entire course on a month's approval. Do not send money. We give you a positive guarantee that you can learn by our cost free plan. King Institute is incorporated in New York State, $100,000 authorized capital.

Truly Amazing Results

Below are but a few of legions of testimonials which we are ready to give you with full addresses.

An Authorised

"A truly wonderful thing is K. I. Shorthand. It permits me to typewrite stenographic matter that before could be done in a few hours and it is a pleasure to type in FIFTEEN M.S.P.M. I am an attorney and have adopted K. I. Shorthand wherever possible. I am constantly utilizing it in my correspondence with courts, etc.

GRACE M. WHITE.

For Technical Dictation

"For months past I have been practising the use of K. I. Shorthand and believe no one should neglect its use. The fact that the system is so simple is one of the greatest advantages of the system. I would recommend it to any one in my position."

Mrs. E. S. FULSON.

A Teacher's Testimony

"I learned your system of Shorthand in only five hours and am not quite two weeks. Finally I can write with a rate of near two thousand words per minute. Your system is far easier to learn than any other stenographic systems. It is easier to use than any other which I have learned."

W. RUDOLPH ALLEN.

Used in Big Business

"I learned your system of Shorthand in only five hours, and within a month afterwards, I can do business correspondence in shorthand in a rate of fifteen W. P. M. I have no difficulties in getting jobs.

S. B. ROSE.

Proficiency Within a Month

"I learned K. I. Shorthand within five hours, and within a month afterwards, I can do business correspondence in shorthand in a rate of fifteen W. P. M. I have no difficulties in getting jobs.

WYATT W. GRIFF.

Better than Old Systems

"I started with the Five Days method but stopped to take your course and I find it much quicker and easier to learn.

JOHN LACHNIS, Jr.

80 Words a Minute in 3 Weeks

"I wish to testify to the appreciation of K. I. Shorthand. I started with the Five Days Method, but after three weeks of practice, I can take eighty words a minute.

ELEANOR SKINNER.

FREE LESSONS

Cut out and mail the coupon, or write asking for free lessons, complete information and many more convincing testimonials. Be sure to mention Picture-Play Magazine.

KING INSTITUTE, Inc.

154 East 32d St., E.E-151, New York, N.Y.
8 South Wabash Ave., E.E-151, Chicago, Ill.

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
he was even within twenty miles of the place. "Bruce—" And here was Bruce, crashing through the window.

Kung saw, turned, and at once a shrill whistle pealed from his lips, and from all the nooks and corners of the bazaar, recognizing the signal, members of the tong came running and pressing into the shop.

But Bruce whirled off the automatic he had taken from Wong. He faced the crowd, covering them, gun in hand.

"Get back!" he said. "The first man who—" He smiled and drew a bead on the leader. You can guess the rest.

At the first commotion Kung had jumped aside, and out into the next room, while Tai, despair and love and hatred wrangling in her heart, was looking on, stony-eyed. She had a revolver concealed in the loose sleeve of her embroidered robe. She raised it—

Bruce! she thought. The man whom she loved, who had spurned her! If she could not have him, at least her rival shouldn't either.

Womanlike!

But womanlike, too, a moment later, when suddenly she saw the curtain directly in back of Bruce moving, and opening slightly and issuing therefrom Kung's yellow fist, pointing an automatic at Bruce's back.

Yes—womanlike! For she, who loved him, might want to injure him—love is so close to hate—but let any one else try it—

Quickly she shifted her gun, fired. Bruce whirled and leaped aside at the unexpected shot, and the dead body of Kung crashed through the curtains and fell at his feet.

Tai stood very silent. Then she pointed at the door.

"Go!" she said in an icy voice to the brothers of the Tong. "Go to your homes! The revolution has failed—failed through the strength and weakness of a woman's love!"

And suddenly she turned the gun to her breast and fired, and, like sheep without a leader, the brothers of the Tong filed out, crying the news through the bazaars, while Bruce turned to Beryl.

"I—" he stammered; "I can explain—now—"

She smiled gently, just a little sadly.

"You needn't, dear," she replied.
Imagine the thrill of hearing Your Song from the Stage!

THAT was the experience of one of our writers in Seattle, Washington, a few weeks ago. The theater was dark. Suddenly the spotlight was turned on the stage. A beautiful girl, accompanied by the orchestra, started singing a ballad that set the heart-strings of the audience throbbing—full of tenderness and love. At the end of the song came a big burst of applause. The singer was compelled to repeat the chorus twice before the audience would let her go. In writing of this experience, the writer said:

"No one can imagine how proud I was as I sat in my seat and heard Mr. Friedman's beautiful music and my lyric sung by the performer on the stage. The congratulations of my friends on the way my song was received, were worth more than money can buy."

Why Don't You Write the Words for a Song?

First have a set idea and then tell the story in simple language as if you were telling it to a good friend. Read over a few of the popular songs—study the words and manner in which they are written—look around for new ideas and songs. The public is always on the lookout for something new. Publishers desire songs of two verses and a chorus, so do not make your poem too long. Remember the chorus is the title expanded, and it must contain the "punch;" a good chorus is worth more than a hundred verses. Literary talent is not required.

LEO FRIEDMAN
Our Composer

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 more than 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 causes 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.

The Chester Music Company's Plan

enables writers to have their words set to music and WE GUARANTEE PUBLISHER'S ACCEPTANCE on a royalty basis. Our guarantee of publisher's acceptance does not assure a song's financial or artistic success. However, the royalty basis upon which your song will be accepted, is a long step forward for you.

You will understand that we are not music publishers, and that the Chester Music Company is in no way connected financially with any publishing business, nor is any employee of this concern affiliated with the song publishing business. The Chester Plan is a clean-cut and concise plan, that places at your disposal the services of a distinguished group of musicians in preparing your song for publication. Select any subject—love—patriotism—home—mother or any other subject that has a true human interest. Send it to us and we will examine it without charge, and if our Lyric Editor finds your poem contains an idea for a song, we will tell you so or return your poem.

Remember you incur no obligation in sending us a poem for inspection. Why not try today?

CHESTER MUSIC COMPANY
Room 235
920 South Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
Are Screen Characters Immoral?

Continued from page 16

contact with the complexities of modern civilization, and the situations thus evolved are bound to be either comic or pathetic. It is due to the fine balance between these two factors that Ray's screen character has become so lovable. His quiet, bisexual life does not lend itself to the tremendous violations that Doug encounters, but nevertheless one has a decided feeling of latent power in the boy that is delightfully satisfying. Beneath his innocence lies a repressed potentiality that is artistically triumphant, and we know that, though the character may seein bokh, it will be equal to the great test when it comes.

Nor is there great opportunity in a small town for such romantic heroes as Bill Hart enjoys; yet there is something boyishly gripping in the amorous victory of an unsophisticated man over worldly charm and wisdom. I respectfully invite the folks quoted in the first paragraph to witness Ray's screen symbol and then tell if it is not a fine and splendid example to set before the young.

When it comes to married roles, however, difficulties arise in selecting symbols. The complexities of domestic situations are so varied that one cannot standardize a wife, as one may a lover. And though it may call for greater art to play many dissimilar roles, yet the artist who does them suffers the disadvantage that he cannot evolve a film character that will be constant throughout all his work and be loved for itself. Nevertheless I respectfully ask the deploros to witness the character interpretation of the screen's greatest artists. Let your drama clubs study the work of Nazimova, Henry Walthall, and Pauline Frederick. But why try to explain consummate art to outraged virtue? These goodly people will not learn that art has nothing to do with morals. Velasquez was never greater than when he painted human monsters, and Milton and Dore reached the heights when they sought their subjects in the depths of hell.

But even in these married roles, that are often too strong for the weak tummy of little Madeline, we find radiant personalities persistently evoking our admiration. Perhaps the one who comes nearest to mak-

---

One Man in America Can Teach You Motion Picture Writing Correctly

By Ford L. Reede

(Special writer "MOTION PICTURE NEWS," Scenario Editor two years Helen Halvorson Serial Co., three years with Universal, etc.)

THERE is a constant and tremendous demand for good motion picture stories. Right now, the studios cannot get enough good stories to fill their stars with suitable roles. And not alone this but stories are getting scarce all the time. Books and magazine stories have failed to make good on the screen—staff writers are written out. But the film companies must have stories. And they want and must have these from "outside" writers—from the thousands of people outside the studio who have ideas and the genuine ability to write them. If they only knew how to put them into proper shape. Foreseeing this demand there has been a flood of so-called "schools," "sympas" and "plans" attempting to teach them motion picture writing.

I have spent years in the different motion picture studios. Those years convinced me that not one writer in a thousand could teach others this new art of writing for the movies. I decided that the hands of these various institutions could themselves do what they are trying to teach others to do. I did not believe that they were themselves successful writers of feature stories. In fact, that they themselves could actually write and sell their own stories. So I investigated.

And out of the amazingly long list I found one man. A man who is known to hundreds of thousands of film fans as the author of innumerable successful photoplays. I found that this man—F. McGREGOR WILLIS—has actually written over two hundred produced film stories. That he has written feature stories for more than TWENTY OF THE BIGGEST STARS IN FILMDOM. That he has worked for Ince, Fox, Pathe, Universal, etc. That he wrote Nat Goodwin's first screen picture. That he prepared the original synopsis for filming Les Miserables. That he is the author of the first picture made in this country and sent to France to be hand colored. That the motion picture trade papers speak of him as a man who has an absolutely thorough knowledge of photoplay writing. That he has repeatedly been chosen to write the first stories to inaugurate new famous names. That June 1912 saw him bring out another new brand, bringing back to the screen H. B. Warner in two of this man's original stories.

So I interviewed him personally. And I found this: He has the fairest representation of his kind ever concealed. He is helping unknown writers, who have been working outside the studios, for the first time in the history of the motion picture industry. A DETAILED METHOD THAT STAFF WRITERS USE IN SELLING THEIR OWN STORIES TO THE PRODUCERS—how the personal endorsement of the directors themselves, who want their stories written in this way, and in no other. He has made this method so simple and so sure, that they are earned in one evening's study. And in addition to all this he is giving his pupils a FREE SELLER BUREAU to aid them in finding a outlet for their stories. He is selling as a personal representative of these writers at the studios and personally guaranteed that unless these writers have this personal agent they cannot hope to succeed. And he positively will accept no fee or commission on any sale whatever.

The F. McGrew Willis Institute

F. McGrew Willis, Sole Head

Suite 17 Wright & Callender Building

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

The Famous French Depilatory Founder

X-Bazin

For Removing Hairs Made the Stainless Gown Possible

Since the introduction of X-Bazin it is no longer
immodest or embarrassing to wear evening gowns
without sleeves or made of sheer
fabrics, because this famous French
depilatory removes superfluous hair just
as simply as soap and water dissolve dirt.
X-Bazin provides the comfortable, dainty way of
making
undergarments smooth and does
not stimulate or cause
later growth.

HALL & RUCKEL, Inc.
221 Washington St.
New York

Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded.

When writing to advertisers please mention PICTURES-PLAY MAGAZINE.
Are Screen Characters Immoral?
Continued from page 99

...lovable young wife by sheer force of beautiful personality is Elsie Ferguson. Here we have beauty, brains, and exquisite refinement dominating her most unpromising characters. Had I more space I could catalogue a whole battery of screen characters who are doing wonders to provide the present generation with ideals far ahead of those upon which the deplores were brought up. While in the "good old days" only the cultured few were permitted to see the best in art, now even the lowest-prowling terriat can enjoy the superb art of Nazimova. But how about Theda Bara? I knew you would ask that. Well, how about her? It is true that Theda enjoys depicting sweet sin, but remember this: Theda never makes sin attractive, and the sinner either reforms or gets it in the beans. The musical comedy, the follies shows, and the revues, on the other hand, make sin and light living most alluring. In its last analysis, Theda's art is hopelessly moral. Also remember this, a great many ladies—married ones, mostly, who have missed romance or drawn matrimonial prunes—would dearly love to sin a little bit themselves, only they don't dare, and so they go to see Theda and enjoy their sinning vicariously. There is no telling how much virtue has been thus conserved by our vampires. And Chaplin! Vulgar little Charlie Chaplin! What about him? Well, isn't life itself vulgar? Certainly no one has so classically satirized its vulgarity as has this Harlequin of the films. It is admittedly vulgar to kick the kaiser in the pants. Such social lapses are frowned upon in the best royal circles, but isn't it funny? If the collapse of dignity is not humorous to the ultranice, then the ultranice are not well, that's all. Nevertheless, I would urge upon these perturbed parents to inquire why their little angel-faced offspring so dearly love Charlie.

And the truth is, Chaplin is the greatest artist that the screen has produced, proclaimed so even by his compatriots. Have not Sarah Bernhardt, Bebeboh Tree, Mrs. Fisk, Rostand, and Yvette Guilbert acknowledged him the master pantomimist of the age? No second-rater ever became a world's champion, and when such a champion arises the intelligent thing to do is to seek the reasons for his greatness rather than deplore his Olympian achievement.

If the foilers see only slapstick and vulgarity in Chaplin, how can they stand Shakespeare, for he was even gross at times? What the superficial critic does not see is that Chaplin understands the human heart with a sensitiveness such as only genius attains. Neither do they see what the greatest dramatic figures of the age have detected—his amazing dramatic values. And being professional foilers, therefore lacking in a fine sense of humor, they cannot see his subtlest comedy which transcends all local boundaries and makes him the symbol of fun the world over.

When the world's foremost statesman, on the eve of the greatest event in history takes time before he sails from affairs of state to request a preview of "Shoulder Arms," it suggests that President Wilson's taste is deplorable or that the fliers are possibly missing something too fine for their perception. I suggest as a subject for the next meeting of the drama club that the members discuss the question: Why do politicians and plumbbers desert their work for a Chaplin film? Or, better still: Why do the people of Tibet laugh at Charlie? There is real profundity in that question.

"My dear," said my wife when I had read her this defense of our screen heroes, "your own sense of humor is in extreme jeopardy, for here you are deploring the foilers." And there is always something in what my wife says.

---

Be an ARTIST

Delightful teaching profession. Write for free, Wonderful art, home, method and medium, "How to Become an Artist." Send Free Artistic Outfit and free book, "How to Become an Artist." Free to new students, World's best. Write for free by name, "How to Become an Artist." Don't admire "outstanding young promising artists, etc., Address:

Washington School of Art, Inc.,
1427 H St., N.W., Washington, D.C.

No star is a hero to his director.

A PROFIT is never without honor anywhere in the movies.

WHEN lovely woman stoops to follies—she goes straight from Ziegfeld into the movies.

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
"Can't You Help Me Get Into the Movies?"

Continued from page 38

they clutch at your finger with their tiny hands and blow bubbles with their toothless little mouths, right on through every dear dirty stage of creeping and walking and climbing. To me a baby all smelling of talcum powder, with a warm, soft fat little neck, a baby of my own, would be the one divine extravagance. I can have a limousine or a sable coat or any of a dozen things that Mary cannot afford, but when it comes to the deep fundamental things of life, the things every woman wants, it is Mary who is the plutocrat, I the scribbler. I cannot afford to have a baby.

I am making too much money, far more than the man who will be my husband. I dare not throw away the chance to provide for present luxury, for old age, for the security and comfort of any who may come later. If I should drop out of my work for two or three years now I would come back to find myself practically forgotten. And I would be further handicapped by being older. Youth and beauty comprise my stock in trade and I must realize on them now. I appreciate that in this way I have an opportunity such as few girls have, and I feel that I must make the most of it.

So I am working as hard as I can and saving as much as the extravagant way in which I have to live allows, dreaming of the time when I can have what Mary can have right now. If all goes well I shall have a great deal of money then, but I shall have paid for it with my youth, the glowing, eager youth that Mary can spend like a prodigal for her own happiness, can lavish on her husband and her children when they come. I have sold mine—I cannot do as I like with it. As my part of my bargain with the public I shall have the money, a little fame perhaps. Perhaps the children will come later, the happiness with my husband. But I am gambling with the most precious things in life. If I lose them I shall rue my bargain as long as I live. Even if I win I shall not have had them when I was young. I shall have lost something out of my youth that Mary will have had.

I hope this does not sound as if I were whining. I realize that I am very fortunate in having the opportunity I have had. I like the money I am making, I find my work interesting, at times fascinating, and I am vain enough to like being pointed out in a crowd, feminine enough to love the sable coats. But I am feminine enough to want the other things, too. I imagine Mary and I are a little like the two horses that stand, one on each side of the fence, each bending his head to eat the grass on the other side. The other horse's grass looks greener. Perhaps I see the happiness in Mary's life through the rose-colored glasses of longing, just as she sees the happiness in mine. There may be a little glamour in both of our eyes. But I do wish I could make Mary see how green the grass on her side looks to me.

Taylor and His Taxi

Continued from page 33

Courtship' was my first one, for Essanay. 'Ruggles of Red Gap,' of course, was one of my biggest successes with them. For Triangle I began with 'It's a Bear' and 'A Regular Fellow.' The next one, by the way, is being taken for the most part up at my hotel, the Algonquin. It's called 'Upside Down'—the picture, not the hotel. Now you know all about me. Hello there, Tom—"

Taylor turned to speak to a passing friend. For a moment they held a conference.

"Excuse me," he apologized. "I had to consult him about our next entertainment for the wounded soldiers. We give them every week — the men are brought here, given a show, and taken back to the hospitals. I don't know of anything the actors enjoy doing more than that." He stopped and looked at his watch.

"The honest taxi driver has got to get busy and earn some more money," he said, smiling again, as we rose to go. "By the way, this picture is called 'Taxi.' You see, I'm a taxi chauffeur in nearly all of it, and I've got a lot of driving to do."

We reached the sidewalk, and Taylor climbed into his seat.

"If you see another crowd come on over!" he called out as he started off. "I'll probably be in it."

---

**LEARN Movie Acting!**

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you like to know if you are destined to this work? Find out for our Twenty-Hour Talent-Tester or Key to Movie Acting Aptitude, and find whether or not you are suited to this life. Send up, with payment of a few cents. A wonderful book, a wonderful picture, a wonderful story. A large, interesting, illustrated booklet on Movie Acting included FREE! FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. R., Jackson, Mich.
Just Marionettes

Continued from page 43

wanted to see if she, too, caught the big ideas that govern her director.

"Why, I don't know; 'Broken Blossoms' was such an easy picture to do," she said in answer to my question, after we'd visited a bit.

"Mr. Griffith always talks over a character with you, of course, and then when you are making the scene he stands by and sort of fills it in; tells you what's going on. For instance, in that scene where I was locked in the closet and my father was trying to break down the door and kill me—it wouldn't have done for me to remember that Mr. Crisp, who played the part of my father, had finished his scenes and gone fishing, would it?" She stopped to laugh a moment, and I wished the screen could show how blue her eyes are and how yellow her hair is. 

"So Mr. Griffith stood there by the camera, and said: 'He's going to kill you; he'll surely break down the door; now he's got an ax, and he'll break in and you can't escape—and he'll kill you with that whip he's beaten you with.' Not exactly those words, of course, but things like that that would fill in the mental picture for me—"

And looking at that slim, pretty girl, with her childish mouth that shows a hint of the roguishness that makes her sister Dorothy such a charming comedienne, I wondered more than ever how she had been able to portray Lucy's dull little mind and the great, tearing fear that fairly leaped out from the screen and caught the audience in its grasp.

"You see," she went on after a moment's thought, "it's getting the idea of a part that helps most—if you have that well in your head it moves everything you do. I knew Lucy so well after reading Burke's story that it didn't seem as if myself did anything at all. Mr. Griffith gave me the main ideas for my work, and then—well, I just went ahead."

So apparently his idea had been pulling the strings that moved Lilian Gish as well. And Richard Barthelmess, who plays the Chinaman, quite frankly admitted that something—he didn't exactly know what—had governed his playing of Cheng Hsun.

"I didn't really know whether I was being Chinese or just being different," he told me with a worried look in his brown eyes. "You see, somebody else had been rehearsing that part, and then one day Mr. Griffith said he'd like to see me do it, so I did, and he cast me for it. But I'd just been doing light-comedy roles with Dorothy Gish, you know, and of course this was so different—but then Mr. Griffith emphasizes character a lot, you know, more than anything else. And he gave me the idea of that role so clearly that it wasn't at all hard to do."

There you are again. Mr. Griffith gave him the idea, and it was the idea behind the work of Griffith himself that made the picture. So that last little talk seemed to complete the circle of marionettes—with the big conception of new things for the screen, which always, in one form or another, sways Griffith as the power that sets them in motion.

The House Behind the Rosebush

Continued from page 67

"Barny, isn't it?" she asked. I thought not, and said so.

"I've been in America three years now, but I can't get over missing my little house in London. I like Chippendale and Sheraton and Adam vases, and you haven't much of that here."

And then I realized that there was something this birdlike little person with the creamy pink-and-white complexion needed for a setting. It was Adam vases, Sheraton, and Chippendale.

"But how did you happen to come to America?" I asked just as I was leaving. "I thought English people were awfully devoted to Britain's soil—and Adam vases."

"Well, a company in America—it was the Famous Players—cabled me 'Did I want to come across?' Running true to form, I up and cabled back 'yes,' and here I am."

Then she "yessed" her way into the Fox tepee, and there is this little British miss, almost a Hyland lassie, up at seven a.m., in her little California bungalow behind the rosebush, "yesing" her way right straight toward—well, I wonder. He'll be a lucky rascal, anyway—like Jackports, the British muffin hound!

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
evenings at home more diverting by torturing or beating his better half. Yet if an exacting and misled director insists that an actor's hair curl over his ears and puts him into a Lord Fauntleroy collar everybody who witnesses his misery on the screen thinks that's the way he likes to look. My, but I'm hungry! Where's that waiter?

"It's the interviewer who often places a fellow at a disadvantage," he went on when another order of buckwheat cakes was on its way. "It seems to me that they fairly delight in helping along the public's hallucinations about the private life of the chap who plays hero roles. Take me, for example; I was a helpless victim once, thanks to a young woman who wrote for the magazines and a friend of mine who's an interior decorator. You see, when I came to New York I got him to decorate a little apartment for me; I told him just to make it comfortable and as practical as possible, and when it was done it seemed all right—looked serviceable and as if everything in it would stand hard wear.

"But, unluckily for me, he'd bought a blue couch cover. 'It's a good shade and won't show cigarette ashes,' he told me, and I never gave it another thought. And then along came the interviewer, who had an eye for details, and when that couch cover went through the mill of her typewriter it came out a delicate azure!

"Well, when her story appeared in print I was simply deluged with mail from people who thought I must be the same sort of goody-goody, conceited thing she'd pictured me. The azure couch cover had given them their cue. She'd also endowed me with an English accent, and, Heaven knows, though being on the stage so long has taught me to try to speak correctly, I certainly never intended to make it an affectation, and couldn't have anything but a touch of Irish brogue if I did have an accent, anyway."

As we went from the restaurant again I summoned up my courage and dragged forth that long-concealed question of mine, which I'd been wanting to ask ever since the days when I used to sit beside the camera and watch him playing leads with Norma Talmadge.

"Why haven't you ever married?" I asked hesitatingly. "Here you've got four leading women in your first starring venture—Mary Boland and Marguerite Cortot and Lucille Lee Stewart and Martha Mansfield, and Mr. Selznick has dashed out and had you insured for a million dollars, and yet you walk around unmarried and apparently with no intention of asking somebody to be your best man. Why is it?"

"No woman would ever have me," he promptly declared, thereby proving his Irish ancestry.

And right then and there was precipitated what you couldn't exactly call a quarrel, though it certainly was a most vehement discussion.

"I certainly am no such target for feminine admiration as you seem to think," he declared at last almost wrathfully. "Your thinking so just proves what I've been saying about audiences believing a leading man is a hero twenty-five hours out of the twenty-four. Why, my most ardent admirer is a man, and here he comes now."

And I was introduced to George Washington Henry Brown, aged four, who made his début in pictures in "Come Out of the Kitchen," and who acquired his admiration for Gene at the same time. He was hustling along the street at a frightful rate for him, trying his best to keep up with the stalwart O'Brien.

"What's the matter, George? Income tax leave you strapped?" asked Gene, pausing a moment. George looked unutterable things, while the Southern mammy with him burst into voluble and detailed explanations of George's financial difficulties. It seems that he was walking Broadway in search of a job.

"Well, here—" and a bill changed hands. "Buy him something zippy in the way of shoe leather. So long, George!"

Now, I've been watching his work since the days when he was on the stage with Elsie Janis, Ethel Barrymore, Margaret Illington, and other well-known actresses, and I know that that little incident is perfectly characteristic of him. His generosity was quite as sincere as his desire to be known as "just a regular fellow." So if you want to make it friendship, Gene O'Brien will give you his hand on it gladly.
Don't You Like Her Long Eye-Lashes?

Any woman can now safely have this archly cherished Simply in a day. Nearly any of a day. Results are rapid and lasting. Lashes stimulate growth of lashes and parts by giving them natural nourishment and by keeping them in healthy condition. An Oriental formula. Used by many well-known stars of Stage and Screen, and women of social prominence. Absolutely harmless. Try a few minutes receipt of 15 cents each or money order. Simply in a day—money back if not satisfied.

LASHVEN CO., Dept. 28X

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I have been Deaf and Hard of hearing for over 30 years. My invisible Acupuncturist Dr. Davis restored my hearing and stopped Head Nerves, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Microphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Decibels is caused by Carcin or by Poisoned, Fatally or Weekly Infected Ritual Drugs. Easy to get on. Invisible. Inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD
Suite 57
70 Fifth Avenue • New York City

GET ON THE VAUDEVILLE STAGE

Get back to work! Fascinating and easy. For sales, exhibition and traveling. Pros and cons. Experience unnecessary. Special opportunities. Making money. The latest vaudeville hits get a complete vaudeville company organized. In one week. You may take your vaudeville company to all parts of the world. You can earn a good living in vaudeville. Write for a free catalogue and state area and location.

FREDERICK LABELLE, (R.A.S.), JACOB, N.Y.

Ask your dealer for THE THRILL BOOK

Only 15c the copy, but a great pleasure and a big surprise!

POPULARITY FOLLOWS THE UKULELE

If you enjoy popular, current hit songs or tunes of the latest European origin on the Ukulele - this book will be a real find. Many of the songs are arranged and translated into Ukulele notation. Just one song costs the price of a popular song.

1400 Broadway - Suite 4-B
The Hawaiian Institute of Music
New York, N. Y.

Delivered to you FREE

Your choice of 50 styles, colors and sizes in the famous line of "FRANCIS" Ukuleles. We pay the freight from Chicago to your door. 30 DAYS FREE TRIAL allowed. Ukulele can select actual fitting test. PAYMENTS: If desired, in a small advance on our Special Package-Rider each piece. Do not buy until you get our great special offer and terms. Truman, TRAMWAY, N.Y. TIES, LAMPS, BAGS, BAGS, etc. It's a bargain! Ask at the store. Order today. All mail orders shipped same day. Absolutely free.

Rider Agents Wanted.
Boys make big money.

Shopping, Ho! In a Sea-going Hack

Continued from page 50

Chicago Tribune gravely informs us that Tom Mix is prone to pilfer the stuff of Bill Hart and Doug.

Yaas, he does! Same as Napoleon stole his military strategy from Pershing and Foch!

Did It Ever Occur To You?

“The good that men do lives after them.” Though Sidney Drew has passed on, the famous Drew Comedies will live forever and continue to diminish the amount of grit that buzzes through the divorce mill.

Married fans will vouch for this assertion.

When Archibald and Hortense, alone in the flat, start an argument that, nursed along, would rush ’em to Reno, they recall the screen experiences of “Folly” and “Henry,” and the stuff is off! The debate breaks up in giggles and the war is over.

Paul’s Car Done A Disappearing Act!

The thieves who stole Paul Scar- don’s auto three times in five weeks were obviously friends of ours.

They did it just to give us a chance to pull the pin in the caption.

Yes, we know the aforesaid caption is ungrammatical—but, as Brian Boru remarked to Ananias: “what’s a little grammar between friends?”

Tee, Hee!

Oh, girls! Did you see those photos of Wally Reid’s nether limbs on page seventy-two of May Picture-Play?

For goodness’ sake, Genevieve—what ARE you giggling about?

Quer Ideals Of Education!

“Rights for the Billy West comedies have been sold to The Educational Film Corporation of Milwaukee, for northern Wisconsin, etc.”—Tradepaper paragraph.

Paddled!

The words that are saddest, I’ll say, with the pote
Are “it might have been,”
They sure get your goate!
But the saddest of things
In pictures, I wit
Is a five-reel film drama
Without a real plot!

Come To Honolulu, Pete!

Of Peter Milne, reviewing a Semon-Vitagraph comedy, fervidly remarks:

“Lucille Zintheo is about the best looking comedienne that we have seen in short subjects.”

They’re wearing ’em higher in Hawaii!

How About It?

William Lord Wright says: “If you see something you do not understand, ask some one—”

All right, Bill, we’ll ask you!

Why, in “The Lure Of The Circus” (Universal), when one of the players is struck by the villain’s car, it is a Chandler. The close-up shows him pinned under a Packard, which, as it resumes it’s way, becomes a Cadillac???
The Most Thrilling Motion Picture Ever Made

Sounds extravagant, doesn't it? But that's what the thrill-hardened Pathe film committee said after seeing

ANNE LUTHER
and
CHARLES HUTCHISON
in the new fifteen episode serial, dynamic in its action and high-voltage situations

THE GREAT GAMBLE

R. HUTCHISON does "stunts" that do not seem humanly possible. He takes his life into his hands time and again. He jumps from heights well over a hundred feet; he scales the side of a tall building without the assistance of a rope or anything else; he leaps from one of its high windows into a clothesline; he is carried over a boiling waterfall; he does a hundred such death-defying deeds.

In this thrilling serial you'll find love, mystery and suspense. You will find it holds your interest every minute. You'll be anxious to see every episode!

Fill in the coupon attached and mail it to your favorite theatre or else leave it at the box-office. Ask the manager when he will show the serial. The first episode will be released in August.

Produced by Western Photoplays Inc.
Written and directed by J.A. Golden

PATHE
Distributors

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
FREE
For 10 Days Wear

Compare It With a Diamond

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. 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 10,000 will be shipped on this plan. To take advantage of it, you must act quickly.

Send the coupon NOW! Send no money. Tell us which ring you prefer. We'll send it at once. After you see the beautiful, dazzling gem and the handsome solid gold mounting—after you have carefully made an examination and decided that you have a wonderful bargain and want to keep it, you can pay for it in small easy payments that you'll hardly miss the money. If you can tell a TIFNITE GEM from a genuine diamond, or if, for any reason at all, you do not wish to keep it, return it at our expense.

Remarkable New Discovery

The closest thing to a diamond ever discovered. In appearance a TIFNITE and a diamond are as alike as two peas. TIFNITE GEMS have the wonderful pure white color of diamonds of the first water, the dazzling fire, brilliancy, cut and polish. Stand every diamond test—fire, acid and diamond file. Mountings are exclusively fashioned in latest designs—and guaranteed solid gold.

Send No Money

Just send coupon. Send no reference, no money, no obligation to you in anyway! You run no risk. The coupon brings you any of the exquisitely beautiful rings shown and described here for 10 days' wear free. Be sure to enclose strip of paper showing exact finger measurement as explained.

Mail This Coupon

Send now and get a TIFNITE GEM on this liberal offer. Wear it for 10 days on trial. Every one set in latest style solid gold mountings. Decide then whether you want to keep it or not. Send for yours now—today—sure. Send no money.

The Tifnite Gem Company
Dept. 454
22 East Congress St., Chicago, Ill.

How to Order Rings
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 file snugly without overlapping, and measure at the second joint. Send the strip of paper to us with order coupon.

Mail This Coupon

THE TIFNITE GEM CO.
22 East Congress St., Dept. 454, Chicago, Ill.

Send me Ring No. .......................................................... on 10 days' approval. (In ordering ring, be sure to enclose strip as described above.)

If satisfactory, I agree to pay $3.50 upon arrival and balance at rate of $3.00 per month. If not satisfactory, I will return same within ten days at your expense.

Name...........................................................................
Address........................................................................

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS PLEASE MENTION PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.
May become several shades darker in a day

Whitening Cream is the special one of the "seven" to restore its fairness.

All skins have a tendency to become darker every year. Many tender skins after exposure to the sun and air actually become several shades darker in one day. This condition when not corrected leads to a permanent loss of complexion beauty. Your skin can grow sallow, faded, and dingy before you realize what is happening.

Correct this condition in time. But don't use harsh bleaching preparations that ruin the quality of your skin. Use the cream that has been especially prepared for the sallow skin.

Whitening Cream—one of the seven Marinello Creams—is so compounded that it penetrates to the deeper layers of the skin in which the coloring matter is located and there gently and effectively does its work of removing sallowness and rendering the rosy glow of youth to the complexion.

Over two million women have benefited from Whitening Cream and endorsed it as the best preparation to make the skin delicately fair and fresh looking.

The best way to use Whitening Cream

After carefully cleansing your face and neck each night with Lettuce Cream, rub in the Whiting Cream until every bit has been absorbed; in the thicker layers of your skin. If it is dry, apply a little Foundation Cream to make the powder slip on better. The cream is compounded so that the powder will not work its way down your face before you have time to use the rest of the cream. The cream has been applied from the time you begin; this treatment will make a marked improvement in your skin. It will be several shades lighter, fresher, fairer, lovelier. Take these creams in the right way as to more ex- pensive Cremes to use one cream for three purposes, and oh! how much more pleasing is the result.

Why there are seven Marinello Creams

The idea behind the seven Marinello Creams is the very sensible one of specialization—one cream for one purpose. For instance, in the case of dry skin any oil skin, Marinello skin specialists discover that a cream which gives beauty to one was wrong for the other. Therefore, seven perfect creams not only for each of these conditions, but skin for every other kind of skin, as well. Now, if your skin is too oily, if it is too dry, if it is disfigured with blemishes, if it is allow, you can get a Marinello Cream that will overcome its defects and restore its charm and loveliness.

To get an idea of how beautiful your skin can be with the right treatment, send fifteen cents for the Traveler's Trial Package. This includes miniature packages of the cream you select from the chart. New's Last Word, Lettuce's Final Word, Rouge Valentine, and booklets on the care of your skin.

MARINELLO COMPANY
Dept. P.P. L, Mailev Bldg.,
Chicago

"A Beauty Aid for Every Need"

CHICAGO, NEW YORK, BALTIMORE, BOSTON, PHILADELPHIA, CINCINNATI, DETROIT, MINNEAPOLIS, ST. LOUIS, DALLAS, HOUSTON, LOS ANGELES, SEATTLE, PORTLAND, WASHINGTON, SALT LAKE CITY, SAN FRANCISCO, SAN JOSE, KANSAS CITY, ATLANTA, CHARLOTTE, ORLANDO, LITTLE ROCK, MEMPHIS, AUSTIN, HOUSTON, DALLAS, ARLINGTON, HOUSTON; SAN ANTONIO; SAN DIEGO; PHOENIX; BUENOS AIRES, ARGENTINA; MEXICO CITY, MEXICO; CANBERRA, AUSTRALIA; MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA...
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 travelling salesmen and numerous, expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were able to discontinue many other superfluous, costly sales methods. You benefit by these savings.

Among the Large Users Are

United States Steel Corporation
Montgomery Ward & Company
Pennsylvania Railroad
Lord & Thomas
Columbia Graphophone Co.
Bethlehem Steel Company
National Cloak & Suit Co.
New York Edison Company
National City Bank of New York
Cluett, Peabody & Co.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx
Encyclopedia Britannica
American Bridge Company
Ottis Elevator Company
Diamond Match Company
Fore River Ship Building Corporation
Boy Scouts of America
Corn Products Refining Co.
Boston Elevated Railway

Over 700,000 Oliver typewriters 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 CO.
1257 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago

Mail Today—Don't Delay

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE
CONTENTS FOR
OCTOBER, 1919

Cover painted by Haskell Coffin

“When a Feller Needs a Friend”    C. L. Edson    11
A real boy story based on the pictures made from Briggs' cartoons.

Meet Captain Dorothy    Lee Reiner    15
Dorothy Phillips is a regular sea dog these days.

Mud—Mud—Mud!    Emma-Lindsay Squier    16
Ethel from the East is “atmosphere” in a Rex Beach story.
Illustrated by Charles F. Jürgen.

When She Comes Back to Us    Mildred Harris Chaplin isn't the girl we used to know at all.

Favorite Picture Players    Peter Milne    27
Artistic photographs of stars of the screen.

“What a Leading Man Thinks About”    Charles Henry Steele    30
Percy Marmont very obligingly lets us know.

Arithmetic â la Gloria    Her clothes figure in it extensively.

The Observer    Editorial comment on screen topics.

Romance—and Elsie Ferguson    Charles Gatchell    35
Showing how Venice was brought to New York for her benefit.
Illustrated by Kerr Eby.

Peg o' My Heart    C. L. Edson    38
A rhymed review of this appealing little story.

The Mad Hatter of Hollywood    Betty Brown    40
It’s Priscilla Dean, whose besetting sin is buying hats.

On a Typical, Tropical Isle    Edna Foley    42
Gecil De Mille had it made to order for his latest production.

Billie, and the Follies    Louise Williams    44
A talk with Billie Burke as Mrs. Ziegfeld.

The Frame-Up    Edward Ferguson    46
An assistant director indulges in honest confession.

Continued on the Second Page Following
The End of a Perfect Day

In your ordinary daily round of activity you feel as though you were in something like a cage. It is the special virtue of Paramount-Artcraft Pictures that they free you from this cage.

The adventurous heart of mankind everywhere presses against the bars of monotony for larger flights into the blue.

Can any Corporation anywhere set before itself a grander and more sublimely serviceable ideal than this repeated liberation of humanity's heart?

When the show is over—the last touch of Paramount-Artcraft magic vanished—you stroll away richly content. A fitting end for a perfect day.

Paramount-Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying Paramount-Artcraft Pictures—and the theatres that show them.
| Contents  |  
| --- | --- |
| Just See What Dorothy Is Responsible For | Grace Kingsley 48 |
| “I Do,” Said Anita | Agnes Smith 49 |
| Over the Years with Dusty | Helen Ogden 52 |
| Fade-Outs | Harry J. Smalley 54 |
| Dogs Is Dogs | Grace Frances Mossman 56 |
| Hints for Scenario Writers | William Lord Wright 57 |
| The Story of a Designing Man | Celia Brynn 59 |
| The Screen in Review | Henry Dunn Cabot 62 |
| America’s Mascot | 66 |
| Upstairs | Inez K. McCleary 67 |
| Screen Gossip | The Bystander 71 |
| He’s Really Doing It | Hugo Vardaman Battle 76 |
| Vacation Jingles | 78 |
| The Picture Oracle | 86 |

**Is there anything in life more appealing than boyhood—the boyhood of patched breeches and a tattered straw hat—of bare feet, stone bruised—and shoulders sunburned from too much loitering around the swimming-hole?**

If there is, we wish we’d known about it, and we would have chosen it to begin this issue of *Picture Play*—if it were being reflected among the new films—instead of the story, “When a Feller Needs a Friend.” But we’re sure you will agree that the story we chose, which was written from the first two of the Briggs’ comedies, could hardly be improved on for real, downright interest.

You probably are familiar with the famous boyhood cartoons which made Briggs famous, and which formed the basis of those new two-reel comedies that Paramount is just beginning to release. C. L. Edison, who prepared the story for us, has done a very human piece of work, for he was once just such a barefoot boy as “Skinny.” He’s going to do another story about “Skinny” for our next number.

Every in the world likes to get a peek behind the scenes—to see and learn just how things are done. And picture fans are interested in reading vivid impressions caught during the making of pictures, particularly when they are as vivid as those caught by Emma-Lindsay Squier while she was working as an extra at the Goldwyn Studios. You’ll find her story on page 17. It’s called “Mud—Mud—Mud!”

We’re printing another “behind-the-scenes” story, written by a former director, Edward Ferguson—a brother, by the way, of Elkie Ferguson. It’s a very amusing one. He calls it “The Frame-Up.” And, speaking of Miss Ferguson, you’ll be able to go on a personally conducted tour through the Famous Players Eastern studio with her before you’ve lain this number aside.

Keeping in mind our promise of novelty and variety, we are planning to present to you, next month, an article about music in connection with pictures. This is one of the most important subjects related to the screen, for music can do much to make or mar a picture. It is a subject on which every fan should be informed, for there is need of great improvement in many of the theaters in this respect, and all improvements are always finally brought about by the demands of the public.

We’ve another brand-new feature coming next month which we call “A Page from a Movie Fan’s Scrap Book.” If you’re keeping a scrap book of your screen favorites, this may give you some ideas.

You probably are aware that there’s a famous movie menagerie at Universal City, in California. Emma-Lindsay Squier thought it would be interesting to interview some of the four-footed actors, for a change. You’ll find the account of what they told her—and they said some very amusing things—in the next number.

And, of course, there will be interviews with and stories about several of the stars. One of these is Mary Miles Minter, who has just passed a turning point in her unusual career. From now on she is to be guided by Adolph Zukor, the auteur head of Paramount, and she has some interesting things to say about her new venture.

Then we’re to have chats with Lewis Sargent—who’s to play “Huck Finn.” Also one with—But why tell everything beforehand? We’d better leave a few surprises for the time when the next number appears.
FREE For 10 Days Wear

Compare It With a Diamond

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. 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 10,000 will be shipped on this plan. To take advantage of it, you must act quickly.

Send the coupon NOW! Send no money. Tell us which ring you prefer. We'll send it at once. After you see the beautiful, dazzling gem and the handsome solid gold mounting—if you have carefully made an examination and decided that you have a wonderful bargain and want to keep it, you can pay for it in such small easy payments that you'll hardly miss the money. If you can tell a TIFNITE GEM from a genuine diamond, or if, for any reason at all, you do not wish to keep it, return it at our expense.

Remarkable New Discovery

The closest thing to a diamond ever discovered. In appearance a TIFNITE and a diamond are as alike as two peas. Almost pure white color of diamonds of the first water, the dazzling fire, brilliance, cut and polish. Stand every diamond test—fire, acid and diamond file. Designs—and guaranteed solid gold.

Send No Money

Just send coupon. Send no reference, no money, no obligation to you in any way! You run no risk. The coupon brings you any of the exquisitely beautiful rings shown and described here for 10 days' wear free. Be sure to enclose strip of paper showing exact finger measurement as explained.

Mail This Coupon

Send now and get a TIFNITE GEM on this liberal offer. Wear it for 10 days on trial. Every one set in latest style solid gold mountings. Decide then whether you want to keep it or not. Send for yours now—today—sure. Send no money.

Mail This Coupon

THE TIFNITE GEM CO.
109 East 39th Street, Dept. 462, Chicago, Ill.

Send me Ring No. _______ on 10 days' approval.
(In ordering ring, be sure to enclose size as described above.)

If satisfactory, I agree to pay $1.50 upon arrival and balance at rate of $3.00 per month. If not satisfactory, I will return same within 10 days at your expense.

The Tifnite Gem Company
Dept. 462
109 East 39th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Address

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
**The Famous French Depilatory Powder**

Made the Sleeveless Gown Possible

Many women of refinement refrained from wearing gowns of sheer fabrics or without sleeves until X-Bazin made possible the safe, comfortable, clean and dainty way of removing hair from the underarms. This famous French depilatory dissolved hair in five minutes just as soap and water removes dirt, its repeated use will not coarsen or stimulate the skin.

**HALL & RUCKEL, Inc.**
221 Washington Street, New York

Satisfaction guaranteed, or money refunded

$50 and $1.00 at drug and department stores, or we will mail it direct on receipt of price in U. S. A. 7c and $1.00 each.

---

**Classified Advertising**

**Agent's and Help Wanted**

**Government Positions** are desirable. Let our expert former Government Examiner prepare you. Write today for free booklet giving full information. Paterson Civil Service School, Box Y, Rochester, N. Y.

**How Much Gasoline Can You Sell at $2.00 Per Gallon?** World tests for four years to prove exclusive right for your county. "Cartoonoid," Box 2, Bradley Beach, N. J.

**Railway Traffic Inspector:** $110.00 a month to start and expenses; travel situation, unlimited advancement. No age limit. Three months' training, Stringham Institute, Chicago. Prepared for permanent position. Write for booklet C 28, Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

**Detectives Earn Big Money.** Travel, Great Demand. We train you. Write for free particulars, American Detective System, 1928 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED—A bright, capable lad to travel, demonstrate and sell dealers, $5.00 to $50.00 per week. Railroad fare paid. Write at once, Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 78, Omaha, Neb.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, furnishing everything you need, to start weekly operating your "Speciality Candy Factories." Anywhere. Booklet free. Ragsdale Co., Box 98, East Orange, N. J.

---

**Personal**

**Your Future Revealed.** Soul tone, full name and birth date, for scientific test to Plat, Box 102, A, Buffalo, N. Y.

**Songs, Poems, Etc.**

Write a song—your mother, home, childhood, patriotism, any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Thomas M. Ryan, 252 Raper Block, Chicago.

**Write the Words for a Song.** We write music and arrange complete publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 1350 Fitzgerald Building, New York.

**Write words for a song.** We write music, guarantee publisher’s acceptance. Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 925 Michigan Ave., Room 323, Chicago.

**Write Words for a Song—We write music, publish.** Submit poems on patriotism, love or any subject. The Metropolitan Studios, 814 S. Michigan Avenue, Room 120, Chicago.

**Song-Writers Guide sent free!** Contains valuable instructions and advice. Submit song-poems for examination. We will furnish music, copyright and facilitate publication or sale. Kriegerbocher Studios, 561 Gailey Blvd., New York.

---

**Motion Picture Plays**

PHOTOLYPS wanted, big prices paid. Great demand. We pay you on inspection. Types, particulars. Rex Publishers, Box 175-F, Chicago.

$50—$100 weekly writing Moving Picture Plays. Get free book; valuable information; write today. Photo Playwright College, Box 128-XS, Chicago.

**We Buy Play Idea Scripts.** Free criticisms and assistance to writers. Mail your MSS. Each on separate label. Photo Playwright Construction, Los Angeles, Calif.

**Inventors** desiring to secure patents should write for our guidebook, "How to Get and Keep Your Patent." Send sketch or description for opinion of fee. No obligation. Landolph & Co., Dept. 412, Washington, D. C.


**Patents, Trademark, Copyright—foremost word firm. Long experience as patent solicitor. Prompt advice, charges very reasonable.** Correspondence solicited. Results assured. Metzger, Washington, D. C.

**Short Stories**

WANTED—Stories, Articles, Poems for new magazine. We pay on acceptance. Type or handwritten MSS, acceptable. Send MSS to Woman’s Nath Mag., Dept. 726, Washington, D. C.

**Games and Entertainment**


**Photo Developing**

Mail us 15¢ with any size Film for development and six velvct prints. Or color prints, 50¢. Prompt service. Roseke Photo Finishing Co., 221 Bell Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
Secret of Woman’s Success

TO WOMEN:
I know there are many, so many, among you who are attempting to live life with vestige of small modesties. I mean you women of all ages, all conditions. You are tied by bonds of understanding. You or some one else is either unhappier by the charmament of those who hold the secrets of attraction.

How often you consoled yourself, dear reader, in the quiet of your own little room? How often have you passed into dreamland wondering why it was that you feel so much more possessed of far less beauty than those who, you think, should dominate all the love, devotion and interest of people you know.

You have lived to know why success is not all that easy, not all that clear, not all that bright. You have known that many, many women spend, actually throwing upon them all the desirable things that can come into a woman’s life.

Compel Admiration
How you envy such success, and how you long for the ability to compel the admiration that others enjoy.

You are thirty, thirty-two, thirty-five, thirty-six, thirty-seven, thirty-eight, thirty-nine, forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-three, forty-four, forty-five, forty-six, forty-seven, forty-eight, forty-nine, fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two, fifty-three, fifty-four, fifty-five, fifty-six, fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-three, sixty-four, sixty-five, sixty-six, sixty-seven, sixty-eight, sixty-nine, seventy, seventy-one, seventy-two, seventy-three, seventy-four, seventy-five, seventy-six, seventy-seven, seventy-eight, seventy-nine, eighty, eighty-one, eighty-two, eighty-three, eighty-four, eighty-five, eighty-six, eighty-seven, eighty-eight, eighty-nine, ninety, ninety-one, ninety-two, ninety-three, ninety-four, ninety-five, ninety-six, ninety-seven, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred.

Charming Personality
Yes, dear friend, it is true. You can have a charming personality. Unfortunately you will find without any great trouble or expense, without plan, without any effort on your part, that natural endowment of fascination, just as some are born with a genius for painting or playing the piano, yet, as anybody can learn those arts so any one can learn the art of making herself charmingly appealing to all with whom she comes in contact.

Secrets of French Women
You ask how I know these things. I will tell you. For years I lived in Paris. You probably know of me through the magazines, how at the Rue du Fouchon, St. Honore, I studied the ways of the women and men, until I had uncovered the wonderful secrets of the French women, until they showed me from the innermost recesses of their hearts and minds the secrets of success until they taught me how to charm the same way.

There were others who came and went in the palaces and at my Parisian Life—women from many countries and many classes, the black woman of the world, self-mastery and brilliance, the uneducated little wife from the vineyards, softly magnetic and alluring. And a multitude of others, all of them. From many, all so many, I gradually drew the secrets of personality.

Why Women Fail
Then, too, I was able to watch others. At first I wondered, strange, unanswerable, to myself. Everybody so admire him. How you make him admire you.

Overcome Your Imperfections
To you who are timid, and frequent, who are unsmooth—and to the woman who has personal and domestic troubles to the girl who doesn’t seem to get along in other social or personal circles. To the woman whose every minute life is a continual struggle against the workers of the world, and to all women, I offer the secrets I have gathered and compiled in a comprehensive course of study to refute the weakness of the female, the prove of untold value.

Oh, girl, when will you wake up? When will you decide to come from behind your screen of misunderstanding and lack of knowledge? When will you decide to use the key to success you crave, the secrets I am ready to tell you?

Your Age Makes No Difference
And you of more advanced years will, too, hang the black curtain on your ambitions? Are you content to lie with but a memory of past happiness? No. A thousand times no! You are rich in experience, wealthy in the understanding born of a life long and success at your feet but know how to use it.

Do you know that there is a wonderful joy in being able to make others happy? The rewards of those who dedicate themselves to charming others are vast indeed. I would not give up this work for the world. It is the work for all the riches of the world. Even as I, Juliette Fara, have achieved my success and shall you achieve yours! I know and I will tell.

A Book of Secrets
"How" is the name of a little book that I have written in which the Gentlewoman Institute has published. In this beautiful little book I tell you of the secrets that I want you to have. The little book will be sent you absolutely free postpaid and enclosed in a plain wrapper. You have only to ask for it.

Free to You
You will truly be pleased with what you learn in "HOW". It will set you thinking. It will open new vistas of happiness. Indeed, it is likely to bring a change in your whole life’s career. Life will become interesting. Every day will be all surprises. You will find delight after delight by going in the direction that you have never thought of. Lose no time! Either cut out the coupon or simply write a letter saying that you desire my free book. I know a little book will make you happy! Just do it—today!

Mail the coupon for free book

GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE
615 West 43d Street
New York, N. Y.

Postpaid

ImportantTo obtain Madame Fara’s little book "How," you may fill out the coupon and send it in; or you may write by letter or postcard requesting it. Address as below:

GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE
615 West 43d Street
New York, N. Y.

When writing to advertisers please mention PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.
Ingram's
Milkweed
Cream

A clear, colorful complexion is a gift which should be jealously guarded. Many a girl has seen her delicate coloring fade and imperfections mar her charm when by a little correct care daily she might have preserved her attractiveness. Ingram's Milkweed Cream if used regularly will protect your skin and keep it soft, smooth, and healthful. It wards off the bad effects of wind and weather. Keeps the pores thoroughly cleansed and the texture of the skin soft. Alone among all beauty aids it has a positive therapeutic quality and keeps the skin healthful. Get a jar today at your druggist's.

Buy it in either 50c or $1.00 Size

Ingram's
Velvola
Souveraine
FACE POWDER

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

FREDERICK F. INGRAM COMPANY
Established 1885
U.S.A. Residents, address: Frederick F. Ingram Co., 31 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich.
Canadian Residents, address: Frederick F. Ingram Co., Windsor, Canada
Australian Residents, address: T. W. Cotton, Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, Australia

...
"When a Feller Needs a Friend"

By C. L. Edson

Oh, the old swimmin' hole! In the long lazy days
When the humdrum of school made so many runaways,
How pleasant was the journey down the old, dusty lane,
Where the tracks of our bare feet was all printed so plain:
You could tell by the dent of the heel and the sole
There was lots o' fun on hand at the old swimmin' hole.
But the lost joy is past! Let your tears in sorrow roll,
Like the rain that used to dapple up the old swimmin' hole.

Skinny" Malley awoke from a dream in which a
sour-faced old ogress had taken a hoe and had drained
the little pond in which a pollywog had been sporting in the cool shadows.

That pollywog was Skinny, and when the water went out of the pond it left him stranded and flapping for life on the fast-drying bottom of the pond. In his struggle for breath, Skinny pounded the sheets and threw off the bedcovers, and when he found it was only a dream and that he was a boy, on his back in bed, and not a pollywog, he felt a bit foolish.

"I know what made me dream that," he said to himself as he rubbed the slumber out of his eyes. "It's that darned old swimmin'-hole business. That giantess what drained the pond was old L. D., darn her hide! Us kids'll have to get even with that cross-eyed old maid, the old killjoy! First she querrs the swimmin'-hole because she can't bear to let the fellers have any real sport, and now she's plannin' to worm her way into the school. Jiminy crickets, if that old hatchet face ever gets to be our teacher—gee!"

Skinny wrinkled his freckled nose and began trying to think up some scheme by which "the fellers" could prevent old Ella Dee Sniffen—"L. D.," as they called her—from breaking up their school in the same way in which she had put the swimming "on the bum."

"Oh, Skin-nay! C'mon over!"
The voice came faintly to the bedroom, and at the same time the heavenly odor of griddle cakes came, tickling his awakened nostrils. The voice that called was that of his chum, "Buck." But the call of the griddle cakes was stronger. "Yum-yum," said Skinny as he slid into his clothes, and, disregarding the washstand, with its water, soap, and comb, he swarmed downstairs and took his place at the table.

"It's a purty time o' day for you to be gettin' up," remarked his mother. "You're just like your father; you never would get up if I didn't bait you outa bed with the smell o' pancakes."

"Oh, ma," said Skinny, blarneying his mother with compliments, "you make the bestest pancakes!"

"Well, never mind your soft soap, young man. If
you'd use it on your neck an' ears often, and not so much on me, you'd be a better-lookin' specimen. I'll warrant you haven't touched water this mornin'. No—why, you haven't! Before you eat another bite you go and give that face of yours a good scrubbing. Now don't forget your neck and ears. And say; do you know what a comb is for? Your hair looks like rats had made nests in it."

"O h, Skin-nay! Y'up yet?"
The voice of the chum again.

Skinny finished his breakfast with a couple of ostrich gulps and started for the door while his mother's back was turned. But she wheeled and caught him by the arm. "Hold on, young man. What did I say about washin' yourself?" She gently flung him toward the kitchen sink. The lad drew some water in the basin, dipped his fingers in it, gave his face a "lick and a dab," ran his fingers through his hair, and called it a clean-up. Chapping his cap on, he started again for the door. But his mother tackled him again and led him by the ear back to the kitchen sink. It was worse than a cleaning that he got this time; it was a slaughter. She bored into his ears like a well digger; she scrubbed his neck like a plumber wiping a joint; she got more soap in his eye than a barber could cram lather in a giant's mouth, and when she combed his mane she went over his head like a hay tedder.

"I'll make you fit to be seen," his mother declared. "You've been running around here like a wild Indian long enough. New neighbors are moving in next door and they're high-toned people; I don't want them to get the opinion from seein' you that we're a lot of Hottentots ourselves."

"Oh, ma, let me go!" pleaded Skinny. "Buck's been waitin' for me half an hour."

"All right; there you are. But Buck can wait; you're with him all the time. Go in the parlor and meet Amos Glassen; he has come to call on you."

"He ain't after me; he's after sis. I hate that prune."

But his mother shoved him toward the parlor. So Skinny went into the "best room," where young Amos was looking over the family portrait album with Skinny's sister, Mary. Amos was a year or two older than Skinny and was badly smitten with a case of calf love. He had a job as soda squirt in the drug store, but as he worked late every night he was able occasionally to pay an early morning call.

When Skinny eased into the parlor he gave Amos a freezing stare, and then remarked in bloodcurdling tones:

"Amos, you chicken-livered lummux, I'm after you, I've know that? I'm after you; the gang's after you!"

"W-wh-what have I done?" stammered Amos.

"You caused the swimmin' hole to be closed down."

"Didn't do no such thing."

"Don't contradict me or I'll give you a bust on the nose."

"I—I didn't have nothin' to do with closin' down the swimmin' hole. The board of health done it."

"Yes; but who's the board of health? A lot of your relations! You was the cause of it all; you told that
long-nosed old-maid cousin of yours where the swimmin' hole was, and she claimed she could see the boys with opry glasses, an' it shocked her modesty, so she got an ordinance passed makin' us wear bathin' trunks."

"Well, that's all right, ain't it?"

"Yes; the gang didn't kick about that, although it ain't a real swimmin' hole when you got to wear bathin' suits. Then you had to go and get the hives or the seven-year itch or somethin'. You et so much candy and ice-cream soda that's what give you the itch, my pa says, but old L. D., with her opry glasses, blamed it on the swimmin' hole. She said she could see millions of germs in it, so your relatives on the board of health closed up the swimmin'. That's only one of the hundreds of things I know about you. You're a cowardly calf and you're crooked. You're cousin L. D.'s crooked. Your Uncle Deacon Sniffen is crooked. Your pa's crooked; I seen him cheat ma pa at checkers twice. If I catch him again I'm goin' to say so, even if he is an elder in the church and the boss of this town. And to show you I mean business I'm going to make you say 'Uncle.'"

Skinny threw himself on the covering Amos, and, catching his wrist in a firm grip, he suddenly twisted it terribly. Amos flopped to the floor and squealed in agony.

"Say yer prayers!" commanded Skinny through set teeth. "I'm your uncle, ain't I? Say 'Uncle,' you son of a gun; say 'Uncle'!"

When the weeping Amos had "said his prayers," Skinny released his hold and bounded out of doors to look for his faithful comrade, Marvin Buckhalter, otherwise "Buck," who, he thought, would be waiting.

The Malley yard was one of those ample, old-fashioned yards that are as big as a city park. The square frame house was set well back on the broad lawn, and two grand old pine trees towered there among the lesser trees and gave the place the air of a real woodland. The picket fence had stood there for many years, and the grass and weeds grew up about it and the woodbine trailed among the pickets. Skinny picked up his little dog and hugged him to his breast while he scanned the horizon, looking for Buck and waiting for him to call again his invitation to "c'mon over."

But Buck was not in his accustomed haunts. Skinny turned and looked back at his own house. His father and mother showed their faces in the window. They were watching something with great interest. The lad followed the direction of their gaze. They were sizing up the new neighbors who were moving in. "New neighbors? Oh, joy!" thought Skinny. "I wonder if they've got any boys? If they have I'll bet there'll have to be some fights. Maybe there'll be a pitcher among 'em. We need a good left-handed pitcher."

Buck and all the fellows were lined up about the van, inspecting the household goods as they were unloaded. Buck looked up and saw his chum. "C'mon Skinny," he cried; "run like anything!"

"You come over here," replied Skinny. "I've got somethin' to tell you."

Buck and one of the other boys reluctantly detached themselves from the crowd of kids watching the moving and came to Skinny in front of his own house.

"C'mon, Skinny," said Buck, laying a hand on his arm.

"Wait a minute," Skinny answered. "I got somethin' to talk about. I've started somethin'. I just punched the face of Amos Glassen. I told him what fer before I smashed him. That'll mean trouble for the gang when school starts this fall."

"Trouble nothing!" declared Buck. "Who's afraid of that sissy? He wouldn't fight nobody."

"It ain't fightin' we've got to be afraid of," Skinny explained. "It's the dirty work his relatives'll do. I bawled out the whole bunch of 'em."

"That's right; his uncle's on the school board," admitted Buck. "What do you suppose he'll do?"

"I know what he's plannin' to do. I overheard him talkin' to that cross-eyed niece of his. Yessir; the old deacon is schemin' to get our teacher out and get old L. D. into her place."

"Jiminy crickets! That old cat! Say, fellers! That old woman put the swimmin' hole on the bum and had the marshal chase us for playing baseball on a Sunday. If she gets to be teacher—— Gee, I'd leave home before I'd go to school to that old battle-ax!"

"We've got to get the kids all lined up," Skinny warned, "cause if we don't watch out they're goin' to do it, and we'll wake up to find old L. D. at the teacher's desk. These new neighbors' boys—we want to get them lined up with our gang. Who are these people, anyway?"

"Name's Cullen; he's the county judge."

"Goodie!" cried Skinny. "He'll have more influence than all of Amos' relatives. We must be sure and get his boys in our gang, and then they'll be against old L. D. for school-teacher."

But there were no boys in the new neighbor's family. Only a girl. But what a girl she was! Skinny looked into her bashful eyes; he gazed at her curling lips, her head of flaxen hair. And Skinny's heart collapsed within him; he surrendered at the first sigh.

Love! It is a marvelous thing. And it had come for the first time to Skinny. Now he knew how Amos felt when he was making sheep's eyes at Skinny's sister. Amos was the all-round puppy lover of the town. "He'll be after her as soon as he sees her," thought Skinny, "but I'll beat him."

Skinny went home and robbed his bank; flew to the drug store which kept the only first-class bonbons in town, and invested ten cents. The hated Amos was the clerk that had to serve the bonbons to the lad who had so recently given his wrist a twist that he still remembered. Skinny tried to keep one eye on her yard and the other on the scales when Amos weighed out the candy, but she came out into her yard and sat

Skinny surrendered at the first sigh.
down under a tree, and poor Skinny watched her so undividedly that he didn’t know whether Amos gave him short weight or not.

Things were moving fast in Skinny’s romance. Within an hour after he met her he had fed her his whole fortune in bonbons. Granted, that fortune was only ten cents, which wouldn’t buy enough sweets to kill a princess or even make her seriously ill.

Ah, there’s the rub—as Shakespeare says—for she did fall ill, seriously ill after eating the first bonbon. She was taken with pain, and fell, screaming and writhing, on the lawn. Skinny was paralyzed with amazement.

The little girl’s screams brought her mother.

“Howled!”

The mother picked up the girl, and ran for the doctor. Skinny was panic-stricken; he realized that Amos had tried another of his vile tricks; the whole family was crooked. He should have known that Amos would poison the candy to get even.

“I’ll kill him,” Skinny solemnly vowed, “I’m gonna dedicate my life to revenge on that villain. I’ll feller him to the ends of the earth. Amos Glassen, you think you have outwitted me. But I’m on your track.”

But Amos indeed had outwitted him. It was April-fool candy that the crafty and cruel soda squirt had palmed off on Skinny. So the girl was not poisoned, as the doctor soon discovered. The girl merely had a mouthful of chocolate cream, that was filled with pepper, soft soap, and alkali. “But she might just as well be dead,” Skinny mused, “as far as I’m concerned. For I’m everlastingly done for. She thinks I done it on purpose, and her folks thinks I done it.”

And Skinny’s pa thought he “done it.” So his pa selected a barrel stave, and, pointing to the woodshed, he said: “March in there, young man. I’m going to tan your dog’s hide until you’ll think a swarm of bumblebees has lit on you. I never thought that a boy of mine would do a dirty trick like that to a nice little girl.”

So Skinny took his beating. There was no use trying to explain; not a soul would have believed him. Even Buck and “the fellers” thought him guilty. Skinny had learned that a friend in need is a friend indeed, and that the very time when “a feller needs a friend” is the very time when he hasn’t got a friend in the world.

The rest of the vacation was a sad one for Skinny; the girl wouldn’t look at him. When by chance he caught her eye she always pouted out her mouth scornfully and looked the other way. Skinny was hopelessly out of the running.

And then came school. And the plot to oust the good teacher and put in the terrible old Ella Dee. If that enemy of boy life should get into the school that would indeed be the end of the world. If only he could warn Her of Deacon Sniffin’s plot, and what an ignorant, intolerant, and altogether terrible creature old Ella Dee Sniffin was, then she could warn her father, the judge. But, alas, she wouldn’t let Skinny speak to her.

And now the school “exhibition” was on. The school board was present to see for themselves whether the scholars were being properly taught. Old Deacon Sniffin sat at the head of them and took it upon himself to boss the show. Skinny was up “recitin’ a piece,” and he got so mad he couldn’t remember his lines. All he knew was that another trick was about to be put over on him and the rest of the school, and that he was powerless to prevent it.

“Thar’s no good,” growled the deacon when Skinny failed in his recitation. “If the hull class is like that they need a new teacher. We’re payin’ good money for a teacher to learn ‘em somethin’. I contend that she ain’t learned ‘em nothin’. Miss Jones, leave the room. I’ll call in my niece, Ella, and she’ll examine the scholars and see if we don’t need a radical change all round.”

At this point Skinny resolved on something desperate. He started writing a note to Her. He would lay bare the thing that was eating at his heart like a canker worm. Meanwhile the smirking, hatchet-faced old L. D. had come in and taken charge of the room. The hearts of the scholars sunk; they were terrorized; they were in despair. All but Her. The new girl did not know what a whining, scheming kidljoy the prospective teacher was. So when Ella Dee rapidly wrote out a long problem on the blackboard and screeched: “Give the answer right away!” the class was hoodooed from the start. Skinny kept his head by sheer will power and worked out an answer.

“Sixty-four,” he shouted.

“Wrong,” said the deacon, and he pointed to several other boys. They all had the same answer, but if it was wrong there was no use giving it again. So they began guessing. “Twenty-three!” “Eighteen!” “One hundred and forty-four.”

“You’re all different, and you’re all wrong,” declared the deacon triumphantly. “It proves what I said; they don’t know nothin’. They need a new teacher.” Then he turned deferentially to his niece and said:

“Tell ‘em the right answer, Ella.”

“The right answer is fifty,” declared Ella Dee.

“No, teacher,” came a sweet young voice; “you’re wrong and Wilbur Malley is right. The answer is sixty-four; I’ve worked it backward and forward and it proves. I can bring up my slate and show you.”

Continued on page 102
Meet Captain Dorothy

By Lee Reiner

All the old sea dogs around the harbors near Los Angeles, and especially at Long Beach, where she keeps her boat, know Dorothy Phillips, and they're proud of her, too. In his inmost heart every last one of them is convinced that it was he who taught her to run her speedy little motor boat—no matter how insignificant is the detail on which he gave her advice.

"They all give me pointers," said Dorothy as she inspected her engine and prepared to dash out into the Pacific. "And even though I know what they're trying to teach me as well as they do I always listen hard and pretend I learned it from them." And then she went scooting out of the harbor, with her husband and me cheering her on from the dock, and the old salts giving us all sorts of information about what a good sailor she is.

"I'll back 'em up on that all right," declared Holubar as we sat down to await her return. "She's so nautical that the front porch is now known as 'the fo'c's'le,' and the other day when I asked her what had become of a scenario we'd been reading and she told me I'd find it 'amidships,' it took me ten minutes to figure out that that meant the library. Her salt-water vocabulary is quite beyond a mere landlubber's comprehension."

But, despite his protestations, I could tell from the twinkle in his eye that he's proud of her nautical prowess.
Mud—Mud—Mud!

Knee-deep, and the rain beating in torrents; that was the setting which two girls found they would have to work in when they took jobs as extras. And this is a full account of their experiences.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

WHAT’S that noise?” demanded Ethel from the East, clutching me wildly by the arm.

I didn’t dare admit that I didn’t know and that it made my heart leap as much as it did hers, so I just looked up and down the little Alaskan street, with its two rows of flimsy houses, and said vaguely: “What noise?”

“That awful booming whir; it sounds exactly like the beating of vultures’ wings.” Her teeth chattered as she indulged in this flight of fancy. “It’s— Oh, look at the rain!”

For suddenly, not two feet away from us, heavy, pounding rain began to pour down—the kind of rain that hits the ground so hard that it splashes up again and slaps you in the face. And all the time that ghastly sound kept up. Somehow it sounded familiar to me, yet I couldn’t place it. However, with the lights casting a queer blue glow over everything, and that rain coming out of a perfectly clear sky, even a hen’s cackling would have sounded weird and scary.

“Fine” somebody shouted just then, and the rain stopped as suddenly as it had begun. So did the noise. I took a long breath, straightened my sou’wester, and stole a sidelong glance at Ethel from the East. Almost engulfed in the collar of her big rubber coat, she peered over it and gave me just one long glance, and I remembered a little conversation we’d had earlier in the evening.

“Want to work in a Beach picture?” I had nonchalantly inquired.

“Bathing scenes at this time of night? I should say not!” she replied.

I heard one scream, saw her arms go up in a wild endeavor to save herself, and then—Thud! Something lunged against me, almost knocking the breath out of my body.
Mud—Mud—Mud!

"No, I said Beach—not beach; Alaskan atmosphere, you know: a story by Rex Beach. Probably it'll be dance-hall stuff—heaps of fun." Thus glumly did I lure her on. "You'd better come." How I wished now that I hadn't been so urgent. But, murmuring something of the folly of trying to get Alaskan atmosphere on a California beach in the middle of the night—it was then eight o'clock—Ethel had donned hat and coat and started with me for Culver City and the Goldwyn Studio, and now it was too late to indulge a premonition that I'd been overenthusiastic.

For, when we left the moonlit California night, with its scent of orange blossoms behind us, it was not to don dance-hall costumes, but slickers and sou'westers and rubber boots that were knee-high. Looking down at our costumes as the rain ceased, I glanced from them to the sea of mud that filled the little street, and my heart skipped a beat. Somehow there was an ominous significance about that combination.

That mud was about knee-deep, and it was the squishy, slithery kind of mud, like too-thick soup or too-thin fudge, that slushes up and down in your shoe and bubbles and seethes every time you take a step in it. It would have been a porcine heaven for a tribe of pigs, or a Nirvana for a swarm of alligators. It was the orneriest-looking mud that I've ever glimpsed, and the thought that we might have to do more than look at it made little chills go up and down my spine in quavering arpeggios.

"Oh, there it is again!" Ethel from the East huddled closer to me as the weird "Bo-o-oom, bo-o-oom" began once more. But by this time I'd gained possession of my wits, and knew that sound for what it was—the whirring of the aeroplane propellers that are part of a rain machine. And, sure enough, overhead there were six long pipes, drilled full of holes, and laid from a high platform over to the roof of the saloon set just across the street from us. Water was supplied by a long hose, and the propellers, mounted on the platform from which the pipes were laid, supplied the wind that drove the rain in great sheets into that sea of mud, churning it into a seething mass. The Klieg lights, placed behind the saloon, illumined the scene with a spooky, flickering light which gave a dismal effect to the whole street. And, standing just out of range of that cataract of water, Ethel from the East and I surveyed the rain machine with interest well mixed with apprehension—much the way one looks at a dentists' tools.

I began trying to recall what I'd been told about this picture that was in the making, "The Girl from Outside," and I remembered that a big feature was a spectacular fight in the mud between the bad men of a town, who were trying to rob the safe in the heroine's hotel, and her champions. I began to wonder what they do to an extra who renegs—and what my chances were of escaping—when Reginald Barker, the director, shouted "All right!" the trials of the rain machine ceased, and he climbed up on the camera platform and devoted his attention to us.

"There are the principals, up on the platform with him," I explained to Ethel from the East, who is an animated question mark. "That's Clara Horton, who plays June, the heroine, and Walter MacNamara—he's the Mud Lark, somebody said—" I was sorry I'd mentioned that; the fact that such a rôle was needed didn't make our future any brighter. I hurried on.

"And there's Hal Cooley—yes, the leading man—evidently he isn't going to be in this; he's got on regular California clothes. Oh, don't you envy him!"

Ethel from the East intimated that she'd never envied anybody so much before in all her life, and then turned her attention to the groups of burly fishermen and miners, carrying picks and shovels, who stood all about us, while Barker gave them instructions.

"And now here's what you do." He fixed Ethel and me with his eyes. "You're miners' wives, living at the hotel, and you cross the street and walk past the saloon as if you were on your way home. Just walk along rather fast—"

Rather fast, through that sea of mud! Wildly I looked down the long, narrow street, with its crude frame buildings and its cook tent at the end, with a real stove going full blast. How I longed to scoot down there and sit beside it! But everybody was looking at us, and Barker was shouting "Ready!" So I shuddered to the edge of the teetery sidewalk, shut my eyes, clinched Ethel's arm, and, like a victim walking the plank, stepped off into that slimy, slinky sea of mud.

I sank almost to my knees at the first step, and when I dragged my foot up it came from miles underground with a horrible, sucking sound.

"Go on across!" called the director from his mudless platform. "Put a little speed into it."

—Continued on page 80
BLUE eyes, golden curls, and a sunny smile—that used to be what we especially remembered about Mildred Harris, when she made pictures like "The Price of a Good Time" and "Home" for Universal, under Lois Weber's direction. Then for a while, during the year in which she retired from the screen, we thought of her as the girl who married Charlie Chaplin, and wondered if she'd make any more pictures. And now we think of her quite differently—as a star in Louis B. Mayer productions, as a woman whose grief over the loss of her baby son has taught her to feel the deep emotions which she portrays in pictures, and as an actress whose ability should make her career an interesting one.
ALICE BRADY

wouldn’t get into a rut for worlds. So, having changed her name not long ago, she signed the new one—ending in Crane—to a contract with the Realar Film Corporation, as soon as Select’s claim on her services had expired.
LOU-TELLEGEN,

though Geraldine Farrar is his wife, can't join the "Only Their Husbands" club. Playing with Sarah Bernhardt and starring in "Blind Youth" won him laurels on the stage, and he's winning others in "The Golden Song," a Farrar picture.
CHARLES RAY

has been receiving more praise of late for his work on the screen than any other male star, according to our friend, The Observer. For that reason we print his photograph and mention, in passing, that two of his pictures scheduled for fall release are "The Egg Crate Wallop" and "Whispering Jim."
DOROTHY PHILLIPS

recently finished "The Right to Happiness," and began another picture before the scenario department had time to find a suitable title for it. Having one's husband and director the same man does tend toward efficiency, doesn't it?
DOROTHY GREEN

is starring in World pictures—which is significant to those who know that three years ago, a disgusted extra, she left the World Studio vowing that she'd come back some day as a star—and that now she's done it.
ANNE LUTHER

was really surprised to find herself alive when the last episode of "The Great Gamble" was filmed—and now she's catching her breath and trying to decide what she'll do next. Serials make plain life seem so stupid.
MARGUERITE DE LA MOTTE

has a past that includes a California girlhood, and stage dancing as a profession. Her present embraces leading roles with H. B. Warner and William Desmond, and her future looks as bright as the snow of her hair.
BEBE DANIELS has leaped from Harold Lloyd comedies into the very midst of the big De Mille production, "The Admirable Crichton," in which she appears as the king's favorite in a Babylonian court scene, wearing costumes that are—well, Babylonian.
“Sure-Fire Stuff”

That is the name given by the directors to situations which they know will produce laughter or tears. This article reviews some of these recipes for producing emotions “to order.”

By Peter Milne

ONE of the first things that a young housewife-to-be is taught in the domestic-science courses—so I am told—is that we taste some foods and smell others; that it is a combination of a certain article of food with certain seasonings which produces the delicious sensation upon the combined organs of taste and smell. Thus, if I understand this principle correctly, a mess of cooked cheese presents a dish of but, to say the least, mild satisfaction to the epicure, whereas properly seasoned with the secret condiments known to the chef, it becomes a Welsh rabbit, enchantingly appetizing and toothsome. Beefsteak is not tempting without salt to the majority of folk, and it is flat when one has a cold. But with salt, a dash of chutney or pickle, and with the nose functioning properly, so that the fumes may be inhaled as well as the substance devoured, beefsteak is an alluring pièce de résistance to any meal, and one which restaurateurs sell at prices greatly in excess of its real value because of its allurements.

There is a similar principle involved in the making of motion pictures. The situation, for example, of the miserable wife humbling herself before the vampire and imploring her to release her husband produces not the slightest effect on the emotions when stated as a cold, bare proposition. But given a certain amount of plot development, characterization, contrast, et cetera, this situation is one which creates a big appeal and which is absolutely sure to set the lacteal ducts to working. It has been used in hundreds of pictures. It will be used hundreds of times more.

And the producers, from long experience and observation, know this. They know it about the wife and the vampire, and they know it about a few score of other situations, all of which are card catalogued and indexed in their minds as “sure-fire stuff”—some intended to draw tears, others to make the muscles tense and the breath come fast, and still others to produce convulsive laughter.

Now you might not always recognize these old situations on the screen because of the clever seasoning on the part of the continuity writer and the director, just as the skillful chef can disguise a really plebian cut of beef and make it appear to be something quite new and rare. But the trained eye recognizes them, and doubtless you will, too, if we lay bare, in outline, a list of them, such as I have compiled with the assistance of some successful directors. Let us, therefore, first look into the dramatic and melodramatic field and enumerate some of the “old reliables.” Each one will doubtless suggest a half dozen plays you have seen at least.

1. The situation in which the ex-robber, on the eve of his complete reformation, is forced to turn one last trick against the law to save his sweetheart’s mother by an operation.

2. The middle-aged man who loves his young ward and who gracefully and tearfully recedes from her presence when he believes her to be in love with a man of her own age. This was used effectively in “The Test of Honor,” with John Barrymore.

3. The woman who, betrayed by one man, vows vengeance on all males, only to find herself in love with a contemplated victim, with the result that a clash between vow and love ensues, the latter always conquering.
4. The road-house scene wherein the villain locks the door and attacks the girl. This is punctuated by flashes of the hero dashing to the rescue. The road house often becomes any other locality, such as the abandoned château in war pictures. Griffith loves this situation.

5. The honest young officeholder fighting crooked politics. Favored by all producing companies when no other scenario is procurable.

6. The innocent man on trial for murder, refusing to exonerate himself because such a course will besmirch a woman’s name. This situation is usually supplemented by the woman’s own confession because of her love for the man.

7. The scene in which the wife or sweetheart encounters the man with the vampire’s arms about his neck. She always arrives just as the man is struggling to free himself and misinterprets the situation.

8. The innocent girl, penniless, turning to the streets that she may live. The first man she accosts almost invariably proves the hero, who is amazed and philanthropical.

9. The actress or cabaret girl who married a big-hearted Westerner, becomes bored by the monotony of her new existence, contemplates elopement with the villain, and is saved at the last moment by discovering the true worth and bigness of her husband.

10. The poor mother leaving her baby on the doorstep of a mansion. In later years the mother invariably hovers in the ofﬁng, watching her child, now grown, get entangled in an affair similar to that which caused her own downfall. By relating her own story she saves the child from tragedy.

11. The dual-rôle mix-up. This is caused by the girl seeing the man she supposes to be her fiancé in a compromising position and blaming her fiancé. The characters reversed, the man is shocked at seeing the girl he loves a painted cabaret dancer.

12. The woman with a past or innocent, though having a past that her husband would suspect. Her endeavors to protect herself from the villain create the intense effect. Highly favored by Theda Bara, Virginia Pearson, Dorothy Dalton, and dozens of others.

13. The man who discovers the murdered body and who is accused of committing the crime. A woman is often the center of the same situation.

14. The honest Westerner whose trip East accomplishes a plunge in Wall Street that saves his benefactor, a strong-arm treatment that saves his benefactor’s son, and an honest wooing that completely wins the at ﬁrst shallow daughter of the benefactor. William S. Hart, Dustin and William Farnum have favored this.

15. The Alaskan story. The central situation in this is usually the scene in which two miners play a game of cards for “The Girl” in the dance hall.

16. The embarrassment undergone by a farmer’s son in a sophisticated college or city crowd. Also used for
comedy. This heads Charles Ray's bag of tricks.

17. The man falsely accused and jailed. He is released to begin a long pursuit of his enemy, and eventually has the satisfaction of killing him just as he is about to maltreat the heroine. William Farnum's favorite.

18. The beautiful woman who marries for money, only to discover that love is not obtainable after this fashion. Reminiscent of Elsie Ferguson, Virginia Pearson, Bessie Barriscale, and all emotional actresses.

19. The man who marries a woman purely for her convenience. The woman grows to love her husband, and finally awakens his love. Norma Talmadge moved in the center of this situation recently. Marie Doro was fond of it.

20. The sorrowful situation in which the young man, cast out by his family because he married beneath him, appeals to them for aid to no avail. The little child usually accomplishes the reunion.

Here, including the situation mentioned in the preambles, are twenty-one stock picture moments. To read them over as they are set down on paper produces no emotional response in the reader. They are not artistically treated here; they lack that "seasoning" which, combined with them, produces the desired dramatic effect. But bolstered with the art of the scenario writer, the director, and the players of the picture into which they are incorporated they become highly intense. These situations alone have formed the basis of hundreds of successful productions.

Now for the comedy effects. Some of these naturally are the same as the dramatic effects, with the difference that a totally opposite seasoning is given them. The heroine persecuted by the long-mustached villain, with Ben Turpin coming to the rescue with a mallet, is laughable. It all depends on the embellishments provided by the director. There is, to be sure, a very short distance between laughter and tears. They are as near together as night and day. But in my second list I shall endeavor to refrain from becoming repetitious and shall try to devote myself to some of the exclusive stock-in-trade situations of the comedy producer.

1. The spectacle of one comedian staggering about, dazed after a blow on his head.

2. The tenderfoot in the West, either being made the point of the native's crude jokes or else turning the tables on them. Used extensively in both slapstick and polite comedy.

3. The comedian who appears perfectly calm in a situation which embarrasses all others. Charlie Chaplin and Harold Lloyd like this.

4. The wild chase, during which automobiles skid on wet pavements and crash through break-away houses. Mack Sennett and Henry Lehrman favor this in the majority of their pictures.

5. In which the wife teaches the husband a lesson in unselfishness by complying with the rules laid down by said husband. The Drew comedies usually had this as the central situation, sometimes with the places of the husband and wife reversed.

6. The jealous wife who thinks that every move of her husband's violates the matrimonial vow. Al Christie loves this one.

Continued on page 103
What a Leading Man Thinks About

A débutante wants to know—and Percy Marmont does his best to answer her question.

By Charles Henry Steele

"Then," responded the débutante with sweet finality, "you ought to try the movies."
"But what?"
"I want to find out what a leading man thinks about while the camera's turning. We don't hear half enough about the menfolks."
"Well, there's Charlie and Doug and Fatty Arbuckle—"
"Oh, dear, no! I mean men like—well, like a chap I saw the other day in 'Vengeance' with Alice Joyce; he's rather tall and so blond his hair looks almost white. I looked him up on the program and his name is Percy Marmont. I'm curious to know something about him. Why not take him, for instance?"
So I took Percy Marmont.
"What do you think about?" I asked him the next evening, when I'd hunted him out at his hotel and found him topping off his dinner with some deep-dish apple pie.
"About what?"

OVER the teacups in a painter's skylight studio in New York a débutante was chatting with a magazine writer.
"For the life of me," confessed the writer,
"I can't fathom what people want to read about these days. War stuff is stale. We're bored to death with reconstruction talk. And Heaven forbid that I ever write about the Bolsheviki."

Under his present contract Alice Joyce is frequently on his mind—according to the scenarios.

He was the jester in "Twelfth Night" at the Shakespeare Tercentenary.

"Just about," I explained. "A young person who reads the magazines wants to know what a leading man thinks about, and she decided to take you, for instance."
"She might better take me for Our data's incomplete—we don't know what he thinks about in scenes like this."
an accident," he replied. "I am one in motion pictures, you know, and that answers your question, too, for I've thought of it more than once when I was doing a big scene—that it's just a case of happenstance that I'm doing pictures at all.

"You see, I'd started on the stage in England when I was eighteen in 'White Heather.' As I was joining him in eating apple pie at this stage of the game I didn't ask him how he'd enjoyed playing a star part in that first production; a friend of his had told me about it. "Then I toured the British Isles and the colonies, playing every sort of rôle from Shakespeare to star parts in musical comedy. I was out in South Africa when I did my first bit in pictures; a motion-picture director wanted somebody to play a saddlebag missionary and do some riding in the African wilds, and I ride a bit, so I jumped at the chance. And the thought of that début of mine comes back to me every little while as I work; pictures have gone so far since then."

"You've traveled a bit yourself," I suggested as we finished our dessert and strolled into the lobby of the hotel. It's a quiet place, convenient to Broadway and Fifth Avenue, but unusually homelike, and you can always see well-known stage and screen folk there.

"Oh, yes—both in distance and in work," he answered, settling down in a deep chair in the corner I'd selected. "That first picture paved the way to a second, made in Australia some time later. It was called 'The Monk and the Woman,' and I regret to state that the monk neither shaved his head nor wore a skullcap to hide his hair, as custom demanded, because the theatrical manager who put on the picture was sure my blond hair would screen well. And just the other day in the studio, when work was held up for some hours so that the director could have a small detail accurately taken care of, I thought of the time when I played that monk, and wondered just how long it would take a good director nowadays to blot that hair of mine out of sight if historical accuracy demanded it."

"The Monk and the Woman" was done in Australia.

"Don't play any more monks then, please," I urged. "Before I knew your name, when I saw you in 'The Lie' with Elsie Ferguson, and in 'Three Men and a Girl' with Marguerite Clark, I remembered you by your hair almost as well as by your face. The minute you come on the screen I can spot you by that light hair of yours, and if you wore a wig or covered it up with a monk's cowl I'd lose one of my landmarks."

"There's no danger," he laughed. "People seem to be doing nothing but modern pictures nowadays. I was thinking just the other day—all right, put it on your list"—he laughed as I began writing on my cuff—"I was thinking of how many more costume parts, comparatively speaking, have come my way on the stage than on the screen. You see, I really began picture work in Elsie Ferguson's picture, 'Rose of the World.' I was here in New York, on my way back to England from Australia, when I was offered a part in that picture, so I canceled my passage, and never have booked it again. And now that I'm to work with Vitagraph right along I don't know when I'll ever get back to the other side."

"But you were talking—thinking, rather—about costume plays," I reminded him.

"Oh, yes. Well, it seems funny that all the pictures I've done are modern ones—'The Turn of the Wheel,' with Geraldine Farrar, and Alice Brady's pictures, 'In the Hollow of Her Hand' and 'The Indestructible Wife,' and then 'Vengeance,' with Alice Joyce—they're all modern ones. Yet costume plays are effective, and I believe people like to see them.

Continued on page 84
Subtract the bottom of your skirt in front and add it to the back if you want a fashionable train.

Whether it's fringe plus satin, or fruit plus lace, the sum is a smart frock—and Gloria Swanson does many such sums.

In De Mille's production, "Male or Female," Gloria wears "rags, tags and silken gowns," and she prefers the latter, when they're specially designed.

Put down one—foot—and carry one, to achieve utter nonchalance like this.

But all these smart frocks are zeros unless the wearer has Gloria's beauty.
The Observer
Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

We Got 'Em

Our appeal for expressions as to the greatest actress and greatest actor on the screen stirred up the multitude, and the returns are still coming in. These letters are a revelation, an inspiration, and a sure sign that the motion-picture fans really appreciate the genuine artists—those who are doing something besides claptrap stuff and sure-fire hokum.

Three or four years ago an appeal for such expressions would have brought—did, in fact—a hundred different candidates for the title of greatest artist. We remember such an attempt to get an expression of opinion, and among the offerings from fans there were nearly fifty "stars" whose only claim to histrionic fame was ability to ride a horse, to wear a bathing suit well, or to shake curls and weep glycem tears.

In those days the "movies" were far much more nearly confined in their appeal to the type of mind that thought the greatest actress was the one who had the deepest dimples, and the greatest actor was the one whose clothes were the loudest.

Now the motion picture is for the same people who go to see David Warfield and Maude Adams and Lucrette Taylor and Al Jolson.

What reaction do we get now? Intelligent criticism as to acting and production. A great number of tributes to Charles Ray. In fact, he wins, by the reports from our readers, the title of the best actor in pictures. High praise of Nazimova. Some doubt as to Mary Pickford's artistry—a slight feeling that it is her natural charm rather than her acting ability that makes her wonderful. A statement from Canada, signed by ten girls, declaring that Marguerite Clark is the greatest of all. A declaration, also from Canada, that Pauline Frederick is queen of the screen actresses, but that she is going to lose her throne if she doesn't stop letting Willard Mack write her stories.

Not one correspondent mentions John Barrymore—probably for the reason that he has made only one picture, "The Test of Honor," that has given him a chance to be the John Barrymore of his stage productions, "Justice" and "The Jest."

Great praise comes for Griffith and for De Mille.

Take Heart, Producers

As we remember it, three or four years ago—perhaps it was longer—Theda Bara, Pearl White, Broncho Billy, and Ford Sterling were generally considered about the greatest artists on the screen by the average movie fan.

Those were the nickelodeon days. Now, with hundred-thousand-dollar productions coming two or three times a week, the thinking public has taken to the moving picture. To-day a producer can put genuine art into his picture and know that the theater patrons won't complain because the villain didn't wear boots and a silk hat and carry a riding whip.

You Can't Keep a Good Man Down

One of the most interesting letters comes from a vaudeville actress who does not want her name used. "I do not seek self-advertisement," she writes. That alone stamps her as an unusual actress. She has interesting things to say about several persons, including the now famous Wesley Barry. Here's her letter:

In the past week I have seen five interesting screen plays: Charles Ray in "Greased Lightning," Ethel Clayton in "Petigrew's Girl," "Daddy Long-Legs" and "The Unpardonable Sin," both under Marshal Neilan's directions, and Cecil De Mille's "For Better, For Worse."

These plays have indicated to me that successful authors, directors, and actors of the screen to-day are striving for the human touch, the putting across of the main theme by contrasting thoughts, frailties, and emotions of—just people—"even as you and I." Perhaps this is the shadow of the great and only Griffith influencing the world of film; if so, to him is due my eternal gratitude.

Charles Ray, in my poor opinion, is the most natural performer on the screen to-day. No ranting, raving, or heroics, he is just "Folks," and the ability to be "Folks" seems to me to be sheer genius.

In "Petigrew's Girl," the ice-cream soda was glorified, and, in contrast to the usual lobster supper which—in pictures—seems specially created for the chorus girl, it is certainly a human touch. Now, if some one will only put the clubhouse sandwich and the chop-suey supper after the show on the screen map and teach the star while singing her number—always a hit—to act just the merest trifle like a professional singer and dancer, then will the screen chorus girl become a human being. But I have never seen this yet.

In the other three plays, the convincing touch lay for me in the acting of the freckled-faced one, Wesley Barry, I believe is his name. De Mille gave him a few brief scenes—but they register strongly. Gloria Swanson is too theatrical; charming, but not natural.

But it is Marshal Neilan who emphasizes this human touch in two distinctly different pictures. This same Wesley Barry is his chief instrument. Of course, in the Mary Pickford picture the youngster had to be kept more or less in the background, but in the "Unpardonable Sin," in the jargon of the actor, he "hogs the show"—literally runs away with the picture.

I doubt that a more homely youngster has ever appeared in pictures; he probably was first selected as a type, but surely some credit must be given the child himself. He is a natural comedian; his appearance alone is good for a laugh, yet he plays serious scenes with a convincing ability that is remark-
A copy of a motion-picture trade paper before us shows that the producers of the finest—the most artistic productions—are going to rely almost entirely upon novels and plays that have been successful, depending very little upon original scripts for the screen.

Famous Players-Lasky has a most imposing list, including "Every Woman," "Peg o' My Heart," "The Witness for the Defense," "The Miracle Man," "It Pays to Advertise," "Huckleberry Finn," and a couple of score more.

Metro has "Fair and Warner," "Shore Acres," "The Right of Way," "Lombardi, Ltd.," and others almost as well known.

Goldwyn will produce the works of Gertrude Atherton, Rupert Hughes, Basil King, L. Roy Scott, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Gouverneur Morris, Rex Beach, and others.

W. W. Hodkinson promises great things from such writers as Zane Grey, Stewart Edward White, and Winston Churchill.

Other companies are falling into line, and the market is fine for any play or story by a big author, for the big companies are willing to pay huge prices for their work.

Many persons who see a great advance coming in the motion-picture industry wonder when it will reach its limit. We can tell them.

When the average theater manager learns that some persons are so queer in the head that they want to know all about his entire program.

The day that the exhibitor decides it will be a good thing to put in front of his theater a list of everything on the bill, with a short description of his comedy, his news weekly, his scenic—on that day the heavens will burst forth in joyous song.

The trouble with most theater managers is that they book a star and buy some short stuff for fillers. They never realize that a fine scenic or a cartoon or an educational picture often is as interesting to a great many persons as the feature picture, and to some persons much more interesting. So they say nothing about the remainder of their bill.

We hunted all over New York for that wonderful short picture, "The Ghost of Slumber Mountain," showing the blood-sweating behemoths of the Holy Writ as they were in the stone age. And we couldn't find it until a friend told us it was just around the corner, and we rushed over to see it.

Not a line was in front of the theater telling that inside was this splendid little picture. There wasn't room. The whole front of the house was covered with posters about—well, we won't mention his name, but the fact that one of his pictures was the feature was the reason we hadn't gone there that week.

The motion picture is indeed advancing. We have seen about ten pictures in the last three weeks, and at no time did our neighbors in the theater read the titles aloud.

However, we did hear about a man who kicked about the "Broken Blossoms" show. He thought it would have been better if they'd had a Chaplin or Arbuckle comedy on the same bill.
But don't you ever allow visitors? We're from the West; we're only to be in New York a few days, and we heard that Miss Ferguson——"

The words died away, and a look of hopeless disappointment slowly spread over the faces of both girls as the doorman at the entrance to the Famous Players' Studio shook his head.

"Sorry, miss," he said, "you've no idea how many people come asking every day. No one's allowed in except with special permission from the executive offices."

I couldn't help feeling sorry for them as they turned away, for I and my friend Eby were going in, not only with special permission, but upon special invitation from the executive offices. And our mission was to try to give an impression by word and line of what was going on within for the benefit of all those who, like the two girls from the West, are so eager to get a glimpse of the inside of a studio.

No two studios are exactly alike, and no studio is ever the same on two successive visits. In one as large as the Famous Players there usually are from three to six sets on the floor. But this time, on passing through the door, we were immediately confronted by a single meaningless mass of towering framework, the rear of one huge set, built so close to the walls that it left only a narrow corridor, along which we had to walk what seemed about the length of a city block. This one set extended the entire length of the building, which originally had been a fashionable Fifty-sixth Street riding academy. At last we reached the end of the passage, turned—and stepped into Venice.

But before taking in the wonderful panorama that stretched out before us we stopped, our attention caught and held by a sight even more alluring.

Seated in front of the set was Elsie Ferguson. She was leaning forward in her chair, watching the work that was going on—the last finishing touches preparatory for her next scene. Dressed in a white satin tea gown fashioned on Grecian lines and simply trimmed with pale-yellow bands, her wavy hair transformed by the brilliant lights into a mass of fine-spun gold, she presented a picture of exquisite loveliness.

"Isn't it a perfectly wonderful set?" she asked with all the enthusiasm of a girl who was seeing a studio for the first time as she rose to greet us.

I think I would have preferred to listen to that rich, vibrant voice and to watch the changing light in her blue eyes than to inspect any conglomeration of plaster and paint ever devised by a master stage carpenter. But courtesy demanded otherwise, and I turned to take in the bit of Venice, which alone would have been worth a trip to the studio.

It was a representation of one of the famous waterways that line the city of canals. On either side rose the buildings, solid-looking affairs, with tapestry-hung balconies, tiled roofs, and stone steps leading down into the water. And it was real water. The entire section of the canal, which extended away beyond the little bridge into the dim background, had first been built as a water-tight tank, about three feet deep, before the buildings were erected. That morning, after the last dab of paint had been applied to the walls, and the last bit of foliage draped in its place, the water—thousands of gallons—had been poured in by means of a pipe the size of a fire hose. Just at this moment the stage hands, in hip boots, were wading about, fixing the lamp posts in place, and trying out the gondolas. Gondolas, I observed, are somewhat akin to our canoes, if one may judge by their propensity for tipping unexpectedly.

"It is wonderful," I replied, after pausing long enough to take in all the details.

"And the story?"

"Oh, it's a most romantic story!" exclaimed Miss Ferguson, her face lighting up eagerly. "It's packed with romance—packed and running over. They made it romantic at my own personal request. That's why they selected the lovely Venetian settings. You see, I've been playing of late in so many melodramas that I wanted something brimful of romance for a change. And I got it. I'm having a glorious time!"

"Romance, then, is what you're especially fond of?"

"Well, of course every one loves romance. But I'd hardly want to confine myself to any one type of play—or rôle. I think I'd say that I like a variety of parts,
Romance—and Elsie Ferguson

... and Elsie Ferguson took yesterday. Would you like to see them?"

Assuring her that I would, I rose, and, with Mr. Fitzmaurice, the director, accompanied her to the tiny room upstairs where the "daily rushes" are run off.

It is a strange sensation to be sitting beside a star, while on the screen before you a

and I've been very fortunate in that respect. 'Barbary Sheep,' 'The Lie,' 'A Doll's House,' 'The Danger Mark'—they were all very different.

There are only two things that I want to avoid. One is that I do not want to be confined to playing parts which always demand that I wear beautiful gowns. Not that I'm any different from every woman who ever lived, for I do enjoy wearing beautiful gowns, and I think that I am expected to dress well, for the most part, in my plays. But wouldn't it be dreadful to be known only as an actress who is always so stunningly dressed?" She shook her head decisively. "No, that wouldn't be very satisfying."

"And your other aversion?"

"Is a frail, weak, characterless, clinging-vine type of rôle," she answered quickly. "That is the worst thing of all. I hope I shall never be called upon to represent that type. I don't care what the character is supposed to be—or to have been—if she only has some positive traits. This part is a very interesting one. I'm portraying an Englishwoman—an outcast from her own circle. In fact, it's called 'A Society Exile.' They're just going to run off in the projection room some of the scenes we took yesterday. Would you like to see them?"

On either side rose the buildings, solid-looking affairs, with tapestry-hung balconies, tile roofs, and steps leading down into the water.

door opens, and the figure of the same person, even clad in the same identical gown, enters, looks at you, and bursts into a fit of weeping. That was what happened the moment after the projection machine began clicking. The setting was a boudoir in an Italian palace, and the scene was the one—if it is not cut out from the finished film—in which Miss Ferguson throws herself upon the four-poster bed, and, torn with emotion, twists and tears the baby clothes she is holding. I felt curiously embarrassed—as though I had no business to be witnessing this exhibition of grief—but Miss
Romance—and Elsie Ferguson

Ferguson appeared quite unconcerned as she watched the picture critically.

"That spotlight shouldn't have shown on the floor," she remarked, turning to Mr. Fitzmaurice.

"This is the first take," he replied. "We'll use the second. It doesn't show in the other film."

The scene ended abruptly, and as suddenly began all over again. This was followed by several other scenes, none of which seemed to have any connection with each other, for the continuity of a story comes only with the final cutting and assembling of the film. At last we were informed that the canal set was ready below. But it was not quite ready, for when we arrived downstairs Mr. Fitzmaurice discovered that the boys he had asked for had not been provided.

"I've got to have some boys dressed as men to parade across that bridge and give it the proper perspective—the feeling of distance," he exclaimed. "Send out and get a couple from off the street."

In a moment two breathless, eager-eyed youngsters were brought in, hastily dressed, and coached as to their part of the performance. Then Miss Ferguson stepped out onto the balcony. The electricians and camera men took their stations. The Italian musicians crawled carefully into the larger of the two gondolas, the gondolier carefully balanced himself on top of the tiny craft, steadying himself with his pole, the three stage hands who were to furnish the real motive power for the boat by means of a submerged rope to which it was attached ducked down in front of the tank, out of range of the camera, all ready to pull, and every one who was not actively engaged in taking the scene crowded around to get a good view.

"Lights!"

exclaimed Mr.,

That morning the water—thousands of gallons—had been poured in by means of a pipe the size of a fire hose.

Continued on page 104
Peg o’ My Heart

From the Artcraft production, featuring Wanda Hawley.

We’ve selected this time
For our regular monthly
Review done in rhyme.

By C. L. Edson

The lamplight gilds her Irish lips
And lights her flying finger tips,
Which sweep the old melodeon keys,
In marvelous, charming harmonies.
Peg o’ My Heart, sweet simple maid,
For every tune your hands have played,
A deeper note shall wake some day—
Wild chords the Master Hand shall play,
In joy and laughter, grief and dole,
Upon the harp strings of your soul.

So with her dog and satchel,
She journeys far away,
Arriving at her aunt’s house, where
The will said she should stay.
Her cousins Al and Ethel there
Greet Peggie with a haughty stare,
But they have fall’n on evil days
And “need the money” Peggie pays.
So life holds little joy for Peg
(You know what snobs are like)
They hurt her feelings every day
They kick her pet dog, Mike;
But worst of all a rake named Brent
Pays court to Peg with bad intent.
One single friend Peg counted there,
A bright young lawyer named Adair.

Half orphan is our Peggy,
Brought up, like Pip, “by hand.”
And schooled in life’s philosophy
While roaming through the land,
Companion to “her fayther,” kind—
A vagabond with a poet’s mind.

And now in far-off London
A wealthy kinsman dies,
And leaves this barefoot Irish lass
His riches as a prize.
His money, station and estate
On little Irish Peggie wait;
But—she must be a lady,
Be schooled in manners grand,
Must spend her life in England,
And ne’er see Ireland.
So Peg stayed on
For "Jerry's" sake;
His kindness soothed
Her heart's dull ache.
He took her to
A masquerade
And long they danced,
And late they stayed.
When Peg crept home,
She overheard
A plot that left
Her deeply stirred.
The scoundrel Brent,
With cunning art,
Had won cold Ethel's
Haughty heart.
But Peg upset
The eloper's plan,
Exposing Brent,
The married man!

Then Peg, to shield
Her cousin's name
Faced Ethel's kin,
Bore Ethel's shame.
Took Ethel's place,
And all the blame!
"Return now to your peasant cot!"
The aunt said haughtily.
"A girl of breeding you are not,
And never can you be."
So this was how these "gentle folk"
Paid her to take their part!
Fine manners, then, were but a cloak
To shield a scheming heart.
Sick of the sham, her faith quite gone,
Poor Peg set off across the lawn
To seek "her fayther" once again
And live among her countrymen.
But Jerry stood there, by the gate,
He stopped her—begged of her to wait:
"I love you, Peg, and shall alway;
The will, moreover, bids you stay.
In England all your fortune lies—"
She only turned away her eyes,
Held her chin high and walked away;
For after all she'd learned that day
With poisoned mind and heart turned cold,
She thought he wanted just her gold.

Peg went back to her humble cot:
Her wealth was forfeited—and forgot.
Soon the card of a stranger came;
"Sir Gerald Adair" was the graven name.
Peg came out, and she cried in glee,
"Jerry—you're Jerry!" for it was he
"Peg, I dare you to doubt me more,
Now you know I'm rich as I know you're poor."
And Peg said, laughing, "It's only fair,
When a dare is offered, to Take Adair!"
(Fade-out showing the loving pair.)
The Mad Hatter of Hollywood

She's Priscilla Dean—and the slogan that governs her shopping is "Always room for one more—hat."

By Betty Browne

Priscilla insists that it isn't the hats; it's the boxes they come in that attract her. Covered with gay cretonne, with flowered wall paper, with grass cloth, or just painted with red-coated hunters riding to hounds, those boxes are irresistible. But no more so than is Priscilla in the hats they contain.

And she can no more pass a millinery shop without stopping than some girls can ignore a candy store. I met her the other day, standing in front of one of those tiny little French places that have a sign in the corner of the window saying, "Ici on parle Français," and "Se habla español." But Priscilla wasn't looking at the sign. Her brown eyes round as saucers and her face very childlike because of the Dutch bob style in which her black hair was done, she stood enraptured before the gorgeous creation in the window. It was all white tulle and little French flowers, and a long veil effect trailed down across the gray velvet background of the show window.

"Oh, Priscilla, do go in and try it on!" I urged, taking her by the arm. "It's exactly the thing for you. And it's so small that—" She turned to me with such utter scorn that my enthusiasm wilted like an ice-cream cone on a hot asphalt pavement.

"Don't you know that that's a wedding veil?" she demanded, burning with indignation. "That's just exactly the awful thing about it. Those little flowers make it look like a hat, and it would be just terribly becoming, and I'm crazy about it; but it's a wedding veil!" And casting one long, regretful glance back over her shoulder, she led me sadly away.

"Well, anyway, you've got a much nicer name than any you could possibly change to if you did get married and so could wear that veil," I suggested, trying to cheer her up as we wended our way toward her home.

"Oh, I wouldn't want to get married for any reason except to wear that scrumptious thing," she declared hastily. "But as far as my name's concerned sometimes I wish I had a different one. Think of the parts I play, and then think of being called Priscilla! And I'm named Dean because I had an ancestor who was a clergyman or whatever they called them away back in the beginning; at least that's the story." She stopped to laugh, and looked more elflike than ever, with her mouth quirking up at one corner and her eyes dancing.

"But you have corking parts,"
I urged.

"Why, in 'The Wild Cat of Paris' and 'Pretty Smooth' you had wonderful roles, and when you were a boy in 'The Exquisite Thief'——"

"Exactly!" she interrupted me. "I have a nice Plymouth Rock name, and I play parts that would make even an Indian's hair stand on end. But that boy part made me feel just like an old lady; never before have I been moved to reminisce, but that took me straight back to the days when I was on the stage and played boy parts. I did it till I was fourteen, you know, and I used to long for roles that would let me wear fluffy dresses and pretty hats—especially I did yearn for the hats. I wanted them even when I was just about four and was in 'Rip Van Winkle' with Joseph Jefferson. Remember it? But of course you do. Well, one day when we were rehearsing one of the other youngsters in the cast was bragging about a new hat she had, and I simply detested her for it. I was so enraged that the mere matter of saying my lines when I was on the stage didn't bother me at all; my mind was full of that hat. So I just stood there like a rock, despite everybody's urging. Finally Mr. Jefferson said to me in despair:

"Priscilla, Priscilla, why won't you say your lines?"

"And I gloomily re-

Continued on page 100
On a Typical, Tropical Isle

Which was made to order by Cecil De Mille for his latest production, "Male and Female"

By Edna Foley

There are monkeys swinging in the coconut trees, brilliant-colored parrots chattering among the palms, and down on the ground are signs of human habitation—the signs left by shipwrecked men unexpectedly rescued.

They are signs of something else, too—of Cecil De Mille's little habit of getting just what he wants for a picture, no matter how impossible the task seems. In this case it was Howard Higgins, his production supervisor, who made geography and transplanted the tropics—a small matter of taking one hundred growing cactus palms, two hundred lemon and orange trees, avocados, sago palms, banana trees, and fifty crates of tropical rushes, and similar accessories from Los Angeles to Santa Cruz Island, one hundred miles away, landing them in a pounding surf on a rocky coast, and then making them look and feel at home. Several hundred sago palms were brought from Florida, and persuaded to grow in their new home. And when the coconut trees drooped and shed their fruit en voyage the tireless Mr. Higgins sent to Rio de Janeiro for green coconuts, and obligingly hung them where they'd look natural. Having this task thrust upon him didn't surprise him at all. He's been with De Mille for some time now, and knows that the redoubtable Cecil has to have things done right to the very last detail; no makeshift tropical island would do. So the real thing was created.

It had to be within easy distance of Los Angeles, too. That's how he happened to select Santa Cruz, which, hundreds of years ago, was a Spanish prison island. An offender against the law was sent there with enough sheep, goats, and pigs to keep him alive. For a long time now it's been a desolate place,
inhabited only by a few wild goats and hogs; not exactly a promising spot to turn into a vision of beauty!

When it had been transformed De Mille's company for "Male and Female" joyously set sail, making the expedition a regular picnic trip. Gloria Swanson, Lila Lee, Margaret Reardon, Thomas Meighan, and the rest of them prepared to be shipwrecked with pleasure. John Barrymore went along just by way of adding a bit of excitement to his restful summer. Captain Ian Hay Beith, who was acting as advisory board in the filming of this first picture to be made from one of Barrie's stories, also accompanied the expedition. Altogether there were forty people, and if their month as castaways wasn't an enjoyable one we've heard no reports to that effect.

Of course it was fun to go on this junketing trip—and even more fun because the story was such a corking one. It's made from Sir James M. Barrie's famous play, "The Admirable Crichton." And what a plot! Think of taking a nice, rather snobbish, and very wealthy family and shipwrecking them on a tropical island, where they are so utterly helpless that they accept with great joy the able leadership of their butler, who luckily is young and good looking and ex-

![Prohibition had no terrors for these island dwellers. Behold Theodore Roberts, as a venerable Bacchus, crushing grapes in an improvised wine press.](image)

![Lila Lee could have given pointers to Eve.](image)

actly the sort of man you wouldn't mind having boss you. He does it to perfection of course, and even teaches the castaways to build themselves a house and hunt their own food.

All sorts of funny things happened while the picture was being made, of course—perhaps because everybody forgot that anything about such a delightful outing could be work. Going back to nature even for a picture sort of puts the rest of your life out of focus, you know. Gloria Swanson swears that if she'd had Barrie there she would have tried to persuade him to change the plot so that the people in the story never got rescued at all.

"Think of what fun it would be to stay here all the time!" she exclaimed enthusiastically—that from Gloria, who so adores lolling in the lap of luxury. And everybody else agreed with her.

Of course De Mille doesn't want to make any prophecies, but he doesn't mind saying that this will be one of the best productions he's ever made, and the castaways say it's the best one yet.
Billie, and the Follies

You've known her for a long time as Billie Burke, of the screen. Come and meet her as Mrs. Flo Ziegfeld.

By Louise Williams

THROUGH an arched doorway one caught a glimpse of the vivid blue of a tropical sky. Orange-gold sunlight crept across the room, touching gorgeously colored floor cushions and bringing out all the languorous calm of the Oriental afternoon. The favorites of the harem strolled languidly to and fro, while a first-night audience of critical New Yorkers applauded this most gorgeous scene of the 1919 "Follies."

"Isn't it—isn't it wonderful?" asked a gaspy little voice beside me with all the awed interest of a child. You'd never have suspected that Billie Burke was the wife of Flo Ziegfeld, the creator of this thirteenth edition of the "Follies," and that she had seen it grow from the very beginning to this most successful conclusion. You'd have thought she was a girl from a crossroads town, who didn't know that the "Follies" is an annual institution in New York, a sort of glorified vaudeville show with a chorus of Broadway's stunnest girls, funniest humorists, and no plot at all.

And you'd never in the world have supposed she was the girl I'd seen that very morning at the Famous Players-Lasky Studio in Fort Lee, clad in a very lovely and tremendously becoming wedding gown and obediently going over and over a little scene in "Sadie Love," in which an elder woman angrily told her that she was perfectly absurd and stalked out of the room. The sun was beating down on the glass roof, and when the lights were turned on it was inexpressibly hot in there, yet she worked as steadily and willingly as if the weather had been ideal. She'd been the very earnest, clever little actress then; now she was as naive and unsophisticated and delighted as a girl who'd never been to the theater before.

"I do think Joseph Urban makes the most gorgeous stage sets I ever saw!" she confided to me as they lowered the curtain at the end of that scene. "Yet sometimes Flo finds fault with them, and Urban does his preliminary sketches over and over again, when the very first one he made was simply beautiful in my opinion. And sometimes Mr. Urban gets awfully mad at Flo," with a little chuckle. "Then he dashes off and does something that's just perfect, something as beautiful as this harem set, for instance." And she tipped her head and looked up at me with that ingenuous little smile of hers that seems to say: "Isn't the world a funny place—and aren't you and I funny, too?"

Now the opening night of the "Follies" is always one of the big theatrical events of early summer in New York.

Some of the beauties who make the Follies famous.
There were all sorts of celebrities there that evening—people like Ethel Barrymore and Laurette Taylor; they were two whom I chanced to recognize.

Some of the audience had paid one hundred and twenty-five dollars for a pair of seats, and said that this was the best "Follies" yet and well worth it. And the lovely Billie, who could have shone as a star in her own right by reason of her stage and screen successes, insisted on being present only in her official capacity as wife of the famous Flo. It was hard to get her to say anything about herself and her own plans—her husband, her small daughter, Patricia, and the "Follies" were all-absorbing topics of conversation—yet from the interest which the audience took in her I'm inclined to believe that not a few of its members felt that the winsome Billie, with her red-gold hair and blue, blue eyes, was a big feature of the evening's entertainment. The purely domestic tone of her conversation would doubtless have amazed the eager watchers, who, from the top of the second balcony to the end of the nearest box, were so intent on her during the intermissions.

"Speaking of losing one's temper," she chatted on, anent Urban and his stage sets and her husband's reception of them, "you should have seen Flo this morning. He was—well, he was literally swearing mad because the gardener had neglected the roses, which were covered with awful bugs. And he proceeded to say just what he thought, with profane trimmings on his remarks.

Neither of us had noticed that Baby was right behind him, so you can imagine our surprise when all of a sudden a shrill little voice piped up: "—dose bugs—dis spoillin' everysing!"

"And how's the infant daughter getting on otherwise?" I wanted to know.

"Oh, beautifully. Yes, she looks like me. I think her hair gets redder every day; it's just been cut, and it sticks out in two little goldy wisps over her ears, so that she looks like a baby faun. I do wish I could paint; I'd do a picture of her."

Then came the topic of Billie's going back to the stage this autumn, which I understood was her intention.

"It's a question of getting a good play," she said with a little sigh. "You've no idea what a task it is. All the light comedies seem to be farces that have beds as the center of the plots; I think they're dreadful. Yet, as somebody reminded me the other day when I objected to
The Frame-Up

Honest confession is good for the soul—particularly when it reveals the inside story of a sensational fight scene.

By Edward Ferguson

Illustrated by H. L. Drucklieb

They said afterward that it was one of the biggest fights in the history of the screen. Rival directors openly admitted that they didn’t see how we pulled it off. Strong men who had considered movies effeminate went to see that release time and time again, and howled their heads off when the fight scene was shown. The newspapers sent their motion-picture editors to talk to the director, the star, and the men who won fame by the fight scene. Even the camera man was interviewed. Nobody said anything. As a matter of fact, I was the only one who could have told how that fight scene was staged—and nobody asked me for an explanation.

There were two principals in that fight—“Handsome Harry” and the “Brute.” Harry stood five feet eleven, had the figure of an Adonis, and was a hundred-percent-plus movie hero. He really could act, photographed like a certified check for a million dollars, and looked so well in a dress suit that the management wanted him to wear one even in early morning scenes. But not for Handsome Harry; he yearned for Wild Western rôles, and was never happier than when the scenario gave him a chance to try a combination of Fairbanks, Broncho Billy, Hart, and Farnum. And, to tell the truth, he got away with it fairly well.

The Brute was a different sort of customer—two hundred pounds of brawn that stood six feet, the upper one of which consisted of a massive head.

But Nature had the colliewobbles when she tackled his face, for she produced a countenance whose most prominent features were shaggy eyebrows, deep-set eyes, a massive nose and mouth, and a square, pugnacious chin. Ever see a cartoonist’s idea of a thug or bank robber? That’s what the Brute’s mug looked like. He was always cast for heavies, and the more brutal the part the better he looked and played it. Yet his most distinguishing characteristics were an almost pathetic gentleness of character, a softness of speech, and an intense love of children. But for all his gentleness he was not a person whom any one would be likely to try to impose upon.

In the cast there was also a star, of course—an actress of fame gained in vaudeville and on the legitimate stage, who had been engaged especially for this picture, and who, clad in silk and summer furs, drove up in her car and honored us with her presence when necessary.

And then there was I. I nearly said “me.” I was the person who had to get all the blame if things went wrong and who was robbed of the credit when things went right. I was the assistant director.

Now for the scenario. Briefly, the scene was laid in a period some fifty years ago, in an English coal-mining town. The story told of a brutal, drunken father, his daughter, who was a slate picker, and of a handsome, brave engineer; with, of course, all the incidentals—the girl’s wretched home life, her poverty, her father’s drunken brutality, the heartless grind at the mine, the misunderstanding, the London dandy, to whom all women were legitimate prey—and—the handsome engineer, who finally married the girl; but not until he had thoroughly beaten up her father.

When the picture was cast Handsome Harry was designated to play the male lead, and of course the Brute was picked to play the father. We got under way famously. The coal mines vomited their black product and the engine house its blacker smoke. The hundred or more breaker girls, among them The Girl, picked slate with torn, bleeding fingers, lorded over and bullied by a beast of a foreman. The foreman, his advances repulsed by the girl, roughly handled her, the engineer came in—as always in pictures—at the psychological moment
and knocked him down. Score one for Handsome Harry.

The Dandy, son of a director of the company, arrived from London, with spats, fancy vest, cane, and monocle. He likewise fancied The Girl. The Engineer realized his game, and through set teeth threw both a warning and a challenge into the Dandy’s face. Score two for Handsome Harry.

Whereupon the Dandy picked another victim, and vanished from the plot.

The Brute came home drunk on pay-day night, took his daughter’s wages, threw her into a corner, and was about to strike her. The Engineer stepped in at the door.

“Did you want to see me?” he blandly asked, fixing the Brute with his steely gaze. Result—no beating for The Girl—exit the Brute—tender gratitude—the dawn of love’s young dream—and—score three for Handsome Harry.

But let’s quit scoring before it gets monotonous.

The Brute swore dire vengeance and boasted of what he would do to the Engineer, whereupon the latter gave him ample opportunity, though nothing happened. Finally, the Brute, realizing that he might soon lose his daughter, and with her her earnings, via the marriage route, decided to stop it all, and sought out the Engineer to tell him where to get off.

Let us get off for a minute, too.

That was to be the big scene. The Brute was to find the hero at a pub, and, having fortified himself with generous drafts of fiery liquid courage, he was to tackle the Engineer. And then the fight.

We had a set constructed to represent a real old English tavern. There was a small bar with its inevitable barmaid, tables, and benches, and a stairway to a balcony that ran along one side of the room. It was a good set, and we all hoped that we could pull a good fight scene.

But that fight was a cause of worry and discussion for some days. The public is keen on man-to-man fights—witness the popularity of Hart and Farnum—and by the same token it is keen to detect a fight that is faked. It was not intended that this particular fight should look faky; a drunken Brute and a husky young Engineer would not be likely to exchange love taps or bombard each other with charlotte russe or fudge.

Yet it’s no fun to get all beaten up, you know, even for the sake of a big scene. Everybody but the two principals wanted to have a regular fight staged. But the Brute and Handsome Harry weren’t so wildly enthusiastic as we were.

So we cogitated.

“Do you s’pose they’ll mix it up?” the director asked.

“Search me!” I replied, and it must be admitted that my remark was to the point.

“Look-a-here,” he continued. “This scene will make or break the picture, and it’s gotta be right. Visualize it. Barroom, crowd of half-drunk miners, smoky oil lamps, and a fight to a kill between two sworn enemies. If they didn’t really fight it’s reasonable to suppose that the miners would beat ‘em both up.”

“Yep,” I responded.

“Here’s a case,” the director continued, “where the bally of the town and the boss of the works are both fighting for their reputation, their jobs, and a girl. My heavens, man, they’ve got to fight!”

Being astute and a deep thinker, I saw the point, and solemnly answered: “Sure.”

With this weighty subject on my mind I retired to a far corner of the prop room and settled down to reflect among the ruins of an ancient castle, a drawing-room set and a flock of wheelbarrows. And the fifth time I filled my pipe inspiration flapped her wings above my head, and I knew that fight was going to be a humdinger.

Our barroom scene was a night scene, so we didn’t work that afternoon. And with malice aforethought I rode into town with the Brute. Of course we talked shop, and in the course of our talk I casually mentioned that Harry was planning to add to his laurels when we shot that scene. How? Simplicity itself. He intended to make a real scene of it and give the Brute a real beating. Of course the Brute was not expected to know this, therefore it was plausible to suppose that he would take the beating, he properly licked before he knew he was really in a fight, and Harry, the mighty hero, would be posing for a closeup over his fallen father-in-law-to-be.

The Brute listened attentively, and dryly thanked me for tipping him off.

Let’s score one for me.

Continued on page 82
It's spread so that it's fairly become a new cult—the cult of the Gishi. If one is a girl and doesn't "gish," one simply is not in it. One is as hopelessly out of date as a beaded dolman—if you know what that is!

Dorothy Gish, as The Little Disturber in "Hearts of the World," is responsible for the fad. Gishing has been spreading and spreading ever since, until now there's a little gisher in nearly every home.

All the girls are doing it. It's a combination of a new form of physical exercise and a social accomplishment—like dancing. So when you observe a cutie dancing about like a kitten on a hot griddle, expressing nothing except youth and pep, she isn't really troubled with any nervous disorder; she's merely gishing in her artless, girlish way.

If you go home and ask your sixteen-year-old daughter, who's joined the movement, how she's getting along in high school, she won't sit down and fold her hands in the meek, old-fashioned way. Not she! She'll hop up on a chair and sit down on the top of its back, and, while teetering so you feel every minute she's going to fall, she will tell you that she's "perfectly rotten in arithmetic, but"—here she will flit down and land with her knees under her chin on the sofa—"but she's all to the O. K. in English, and—" At this she'll dive from the sofa to the top of the piano, wave her arms vigorously, and announced that she's a regular chemistry hound if there ever was one.

Ah, when will peace and quiet be restored to our homes? Yet she's a cute little thing, the gisher. I don't know that I'd have her otherwise.

If you're a young man, and ask her if she will take ice cream with you, she doesn't say yes in a tender whisper, as we did in our day, dear middle-aged sisters. No, sir! She'll probably take the first position for the one-step; then, turning the upper part of her suddenly around so as to look at you over her shoulder, while her feet point the other way, she will acknowledge her willingness to be led to a nut sundae—the nuttier the better. Just what she does when asked to wed I don't know. Probably, if it happens outdoors, she takes a flying leap to a treetop, and, swinging from it, tells you she loves you better than anybody in the world except Charles Ray or Dick Barthelmes.

There are no particular rules for gishing, except that you never, never, on any account, stand still for a minute. It's quite indescribable on paper. All one can say is that it's perpetual motion with differ-
"I Do," Said Anita

John Emerson said it, too, the day he and Miss Loos were married at the Talmadge home in Bayside, and here's an account of the wedding.

By Agnes Smith

The bride and groom were only four and a half hours late. Constance Talmadge said that that wasn't bad for Anita Loos, and it was positively prompt for John Emerson. Constance, who had been working all week on "The Temperamental Wife," wasn't going to let a mere thing like a wedding at her home spoil a nice, restful Sunday. So she curled up on a porch swing, dressed in a tea gown, with a cap over the "magic wavers" on her head, and positively refused to get dressed until the bride was seen really driving up the road.

But it was different with Norma. After a four weeks' vacation away from the studio she welcomed a little diversion like a wedding. She had been up and dressed since daybreak. She was staging the wedding. It was at her suggestion that the important ceremony of marriage between the girl who made the subtitle famous and one of the industry's best directors took place at the Talmadge home in Bayside, Long Island.

Norma superintended the arranging of the living room, where the ceremony took place. She taught the Chinese butler how to build the wedding bell of white flowers and doves that hung over the heads of the couple. She set the table for the wedding breakfast. Only the bridal couple were so late that it turned out to be a wedding supper. It was she also who tied the white ribbon upon the neck of Dinky, the smallest dog in captivity.

"Anita and John," she explained, "wanted to go to John's birthplace out in Ohio to get married. But I insisted on having it here. You see, Constance and Natalie have never been to a wedding."

"And I hope," said Constance, "that all this teaches me a lesson. When I get married—if I do get married at all—I won't have any one around except mother and the girls."

Meanwhile Natalie, the second spectator and the youngest of the three sisters, was wandering about the pleasant lawns which lead from the Talmadge home down to the waters of Long Island Sound. Like Constance, she had refused to get dressed until she heard that the car had gone to call for the justice of the peace. She wore a gingham dress and fur-topped boots, rescued from Norma's Russian picture, "The New Moon." Her official duty was to keep the neighbors' children from putting their fingers in the parrot cages and from breaking the toy balloons that were decorating the little summer pavilions that dotted the lawn. And, besides, she had guests down over the week-end. You know how it is around June, when the colleges are just letting out for the summer.
"I Do," Said Anita

"Norma always wants her sisters to do everything she does," said Mrs. Talmadge; "that's why they are all on the screen. Natalie doesn't like it. I believe that she is the only girl in the world who doesn't care whether she is a moving-picture actress or not. The other day at the studio, after a hard day's work, she turned on Norma reproachfully and said: 'Oh, why did you turn me into an actress!" 

"It was the same way when Norma started to take ballet lessons. Adolf Bohn came to the studio to supervise some of the Russian details of 'The New Moon.' Norma immediately became interested in dancing. She is what you might call susceptible to influences. If Jess Willard or Jack Dempsey were about she would try to get them to teach her to fight. So Norma arranged a ballet class, and all the girls had to join. They took lessons once a week. Norma could work all day at the studio, and then do the strenuous exercises all evening without getting the least bit tired. But poor little Anita was worn out. She couldn't see what touching the back of your head with your toes had to do with writing scenarios."

At that moment Norma came back from the telephone. At intervals during the day she had been calling up Anita Loos at Great Neck, Long Island, where Miss Loos has a very small pink stucco house, and reported that John had gone to New York to call for some of the guests and that Anita refused to leave until he came around to get her.

And so the Talmadges and a few of the early guests sat on the wide porch that overlooks the Sound, and discussed the wedding. Merceta Esmonde, herself a screen actress and wife of Harry Northrup, who is a terrible villain—on the screen—recalled the days when she used to act on the stage under John Emerson's direction when he was in charge of the Charles Frohman companies. And she spoke with feeling of the fact that John Emerson was still loyal to his old friends and had not let success interfere with his good sense.

"I wish you wouldn't talk as though you were writing his obituary, Merci," interrupted Constance. "In a minute you will be saying that Anita will always be loved and remembered by those who knew her."

"It is an ideal marriage," said Mrs. Talmadge; "they are both interested in the same things and they have worked together so long and successfully."

"Love is the best excuse in the world for marriage—career or no career," was Norma's verdict.

Constance, who had been telling her fortune in a tea cup, laughed sardonically, as Laura Jean Libbey used to say: "Then I shall never fall in love."

"Don't brag," warned Norma.

"I am not bragging. I see it in my fortune. I have made up my mind to be independent from now on. If politeness interferes with my independence, then good-by politeness! Whenever any one bores me I am simply going to turn to them and say, 'I am sorry, but you tire me,' and walk away."

"To hear her talk," said Captain David Kirkland, her director, "you might think that she had temperament. But she hasn't. In fact, the 'wife' in 'The Temperamental Wife' was the only one in the cast who was not temperamental."

The elusive Natalie had come on the porch to get a piece of toast and jam. The words "love, marriage, and temperament" made her hang in the background. And when some one asked her about marriage she blushed, giggled, and fled.

But she came back later with the news that the bride had telephoned that she was just leaving the house. Whereupon Constance ran for her room, removing her hair from curlers as she went. Dinky, the dog, who had behaved very well during the day, shook the white ribbon from his hair and began barking like mad. Norma was so busy seeing that Justice Frederic Kernochan got to the house that she did not have time to tie it on again.

Anita Loos and John Emerson arrived a little before five o'clock—the wedding was to have taken place at one. With them was Frances Marion, scenario
writer for Mary Pickford. The neighbors took Miss Marion for the bride. She wore a white net dress and an ermine scarf, while Miss Loos wore yellow organdie, a blue hat, and a blue sweater.

Constance, who had dressed in record time, urged Anita to remove the sweater, but Anita refused. She said that her large bunch of yellow roses would hide it. They did. In fact they almost concealed the bride. Constance herself wore gray crêpe de Chine, with a narrow sash of blue and pink ribbons and a wide hat with streamers of gray tulle. Norma was all in rose color, and Natalie's dress was pale yellow, while Mrs. Tal-madge wore pink silk jersey cloth.

Continued on page 80
Over the Years with Dusty

He reminisces a bit—proving that he was a sportsman even when he was in kilts.

By Helen Ogden

BILL and I were bound we'd have a regular boat—even when you're only eight you recognize true style in boats, you know—so we sat down beside that old punt and talked things over." Dustin Farnum laughed at the recollection, and I wondered whether the trim, racy motor boat that is his pride and joy at present made him any happier than that old punt had. "Well, we did the usual kid stunt—sneaked up to grandmother's guest room and borrowed the sheets off the bed for gib and sails, and then, at Bill's suggestion, made a steering wheel out of one of the wheels of my little wagon. That punt looked

like a million dollars to us kids, and we quite seriously considered sailing from Bucksport, Maine, where we were spending the summer, to Boston in it."

In private life he's often "A Man in the Open."

He swung himself up beside me on the big carved table from which I was watching proceedings in the Brunton Studios, and went on reminiscing.

"That was just the start of my career as a wild sportsman. I went to school in Maine till I was seventeen, and then had a couple of years at Boston Tech before I went on the stage, and always I had both eyes on the hunting and fishing I'd do when I was my own master. Oh, yes," and I caught a glimpse of the smile that won my heart in the day when "Dusty" toured the country in "The Virginian," "my dream came true; I shot tigers in India and grizzlies in the Rockies later on. But of course when I had done those things I acquired another ambition—got bitten by the speed bug. And when you're on the stage you don't have much chance to gratify desire. I like that, you know. Of course there were vacations, but I look back now to the days when I played with Chauncey Olcott, and did 'The Virginian,' 'The Squaw Man,' 'The Littlest Rebel'—those plays and others—and wonder that I didn't carry a speed boat around in my wardrobe trunk."

"But you've got one now," I reminded him.

"I should say I have! Have you seen the Ding? She's a hummer; I get in a lot of swordfishing over at Catalina that wouldn't be possible if it weren't for her. But I'm having a faster boat built now—for the motor-boat races this autumn."

Now, so far, this had been a most disappointing conversation to me—not because of what Farnum said,
but because of the way he looked. For there sat the hero of "The Light of Western Stars," "A Man's Fight," and all those brawny, bracing Western pictures, wearing not chaps and a sombrero, but evening clothes.

"But I can't help it; the picture calls for 'em," he lamented when I aired my grievance. "But the scenario takes us West eventually; I'll get back to the old Stetson in a day or two. And if it's Western stuff you want to see, come over to my dressing room; I've got a saddle I bought from an Austrian count when the war began—and all sorts of trophies and tackle and stuff of that sort. You haven't seen the horses either, have you?—Gray and Monte—"

"I saw them in some of your pictures," I reminded him.

"Oh, of course you did. Well, scooting around in a motor boat is great fun, and of course an automobile isn't to be ignored altogether—but, after all, I don't know that anything else can quite come up to a good gallop—not even swordfishing."

"That's all very well, but I should think you'd miss the stage, even with all these compensations, and want to go back to it," I observed.

"Oh, I do," he answered quickly. "It's the nature of a man not to be satisfied, and of course you've heard the proverb to the effect that the crows in the next field always have the longest horns. That's the case with the actor who goes into the movies. Why, when I think of living in a trunk the way I used to when I was on tour, of the trains I used to catch—and to say nothing of the ones I missed—it seems incredible that I could ever go back to it. Then, too, it takes so long to get across the country if you're playing a big rôle on the stage; I covered just half of the United States in five years in one of my plays, and in pictures I can do seven or eight big plays a year and have them go to towns where the trains don't even stop.

"Yet there's a lot of sentiment about the stage, you know—even about the hardships of one-night stands." He nodded toward the extras standing around on a neighboring set. "I'll bet my hat that at least two out of every one of those groups are swapping yarns about the good old days when they were on the stage and saying they'd like to go back. Yet put 'em on the stage, and they'd mourn for the days of the pictures, when they could live so much more comfortably."

"You'll go back some day, though, won't you?" I asked.

"Oh, yes, I'll return to the stage, even if only for a season or two. There's a fascination about it, of course; you can't resist it. But I'm equally sure that I'll come back to the screen again; I'd hate like sixty to give it up."

And by "it," I found, he means not only hunting and fishing—incidentally he made a record catch of tuna fish recently—but various other sports as well. For instance, one day some tourists, who were throwing pennies into Avalon Bay, at Catalina, for..."

Continued on page 84
Random Remarks
(Suggested by current titles.)

"The Mints Of Hell." (Hot Coppers!)
"Some Liar!" (I'll pay it back next week!)
"The Man Who Stayed at Home" (The laundry lost his shirt!)
"Mayor Of Filbert" (The nuts elected him!)
"The Amazing Wife" (She didn't want a new hat!)
"One Of The Finest" (A dwarf cootie!)
"The Birth Of A Race" ("They're Off!")
"Greased Lightning" (When it struck the lard factory).

Nothing Impossible in Filmland!
Speaking of weird plots, here's what happens in "An Amateur Widow"—
A chap rescues his widow, whom he has never seen before—from a burning building; falls in love with her, and marries her!

A See-Saw Plot.
Plots are queer things. There's "The Blinding Trail," for instance. As near as we can make out, the hero, while he could see, was blind to real love and married the wrong woman.

He then became blind and saw the true love of the other woman. After which he regained his sight and became blind to the blandishments of the flirt he had married!

Answers to Correspondents.
"Ima"—Askin, Ky.: And I'm a-telling you and the world, No! Theodore Roberts is not the oldest film actor—by any means! Nell Shipman was born B. C.
Your other question evidently refers to the speakies. There are no "flies" on nor in the movie theater. The screen keeps 'em out. Oh, yes—I forgot to tell you:
Nell Shipman was born in Victoria, British Columbia, Canada.

"Ophelia"—Lawrence, Mass.: That's not the hamlet Shakespeare picked for you. And so, as did the Bard Of Avon, I made Ophelia mad! That's what you get for taking me seriously! We squared that matter with Hart. Bill attended to that. Anyway, apologizing for calling Hart homely is like apologizing for remarking that Christmas falls on Dec. 25th. You're right—the Storey, while not brilliantly illustrated—is absorbingly interesting. Thanks for the call.

Our Pictures.
"The Hushed Hour" (Garson)
"The Witching Hour" (Frohman)
"The Eleventh Hour" (World)
"One Hour" (Four-square)
"The Final Hour" (World)
"The Mystic Hour" (Sterling)
"Her Hour" (World)

Ten Tenuous Things.
Mae Murray's dancing gown in "The Delicious Little Devil."
Victor Potel.
Billy West Comedies.
Lotsa plots.
Near-beer.
Wilhelm's alibis.
Reasons for censorship.
Anita's limbs.
Marguerite Clark's film kisses.
Bill Hart's comedy efforts.

Oh, Yes, Where Did I Hear of Him?
"Radiating strength in physique and personality. The most advertised figure ever shown in a theater, in a role that reveals him as a star, second to none——"

Well, sir—we shot four guesses at that and missed! Those glowing words, dear reader, do not refer to your favorite star. They are merely the maundersings of a publicity pusher for a certain former champ—Jess Willard in "The Challenge Of Chance."

A Perfect Marriage.
Referring to "The Unwritten Code," World asks the world: "can there be a successful marriage between an Oriental and an American?"

There sure can!
In a Western village the sole washerwoman in town, a colored lady, married the only laundryman in the county, a Chinaman—thereby forming a soiled-clothes trust that gathered the shekels gai- lore.
Successful?
Say—they had to keep
cracked ice in the cash register to prevent it from getting overheated by its constant exercise!

---

**Concerning Detail.**

Oft we marvel o'er the intricate workings of Messrs. Incongruity, Inconsistency & Co.

Strolling along this cogitative pathway, we leave the nation's greatest man, step gingerly past the nation's greatest pest—and arrive at the nation's greatest pastime—the movies.

And here, in the films, we find a striking example of greatness and gimpness merrily trotting hand in hand.

Metro gave us "The Red Lantern"—a gisumpendic spectacle upon which they spared neither time nor coin nor research to perfect its most infinitesimal detail.

Yep! They did that! And then, this same Metro slips us "False Evidence," starring Viola Dana. Vi was there with true evidence of ability, as she always is, but—

D'ye mind the gang of r'arin', t'arin', divi-may-care lumberjacks who were bent on lynching the hero?

Ah, sure, they were the brave bunch of boisterous, bravlin' la-ads!—

The kid of 'em was a festive larrakin of seventy and the oldest about a hundred and forty!

---

**The Limit!**

The films have given us heroes who were burglars, meat packers, safe-blowers, postmaster generals, yeggmen, brokers, porch climbers, railroad presidents, and pickpockets—and we've stood for 'em all.

But in "Taxi," starring Taylor Holmes, the idea of making a hero of a taxi driver strikes us as going a bit too far in exalting extreme depravity!

---

**Tips to Exhibitors.**

"The Boomerang"—should be good for a return date.
"Taxi"—too costly for a long run.
"Girls"—they have a big following.
"Free"—if you show this be sure to place the admission price after the title or your crowd will beat all records.

---

**Wind Direction.**

Tempering the wind to the shrill lamb is an insipid stunt compared with what is pulled off in Theda Bara's "A Woman There Was."

A wind storm destroys a village, yet a calm and balmy palm in the background never tremors a qualm!

Not that we give a dam—but we are mildly curious to learn what took the wind out of the air back there.

---

In Metro's "the Way Of The Strong" the serpent of Eden thrives even in chill Alaska.

Snowballs, we presume, being used instead of apples.

---

**Sad News.**

Hope springs eternal in the human breast,
So, e'er I sprung a hope that Billy West
Would please desist,
As if in answer to my prayer, from out
The moving celluloid he dropped—no doubt
He was not missed.

But Joy is but a bubble—delicate,
And in my joyous bubble Missus Fate
A pin has stuck!
So, in my heart lies cold despair and pain,
For Billy says he's coming back again.

— Gol-darn the luck!

---

**No Round-Trip Tickets Issued.**

Paramount, in clamoring our attention to Enid Bennett in "The Haunted Bedroom," asks if we believe in ghosts.

Why should we and how can we?

As Mike Kelly, the mail man says:

"Sure, if a guy dies an' goes t' heaven, 'tis made so pleasant there for him that he doesn't want t' come back. An' if he lands in th' other locality th' divil a chance he'd have of getting out to come back!"

---

**They're Fast Becoming Civilized!**

Chinese picture fans do not care for sex plays nor vamps.

Must be some chink blood in OUR veins.

---

**Some Job for "Some Liar!"**

William Russell, as the star in "Some Liar," essays a truly remarkable feat of salesmanship.

The commodities he attempts to sell are cradles and coffins!

Something like trying to peddle refrigerators in Hades!

The chap who needed one of these articles was in no position to buy one!

---

**A Problem in Fractions.**

In "Jacques Of The Silver North," Mitchell Lewis has the rôle of a half-French, half-Indian trader, trapper, and prospector.

Now, according to this, Mitch is one-third trapper.
If so, how can he be half Indian? He must be one-sixth!

And if he's half French, where is there any room for him to be half Indian when three-thirds of him are trader, trapper, and prospector?

What we're getting at is this: If he is half French

Continued on page 104
Dogs Is Dogs

And Mary MacLaren is the benefactor of them all.

By Grace Frances Mossman

There he sat in an ash barrel that the man was just going to cart away.

Mary MacLaren stirred her ice-cream soda with a straw and gazed off over my head. "He had brown over one eye and black over the other, and he looked exactly the way I felt. So I argued with the man, while Heinie drooped over the edge of the ash barrel and looked up helplessly, and I'm perfectly sure that my good luck dates from the moment when I gathered him out of his barrel and took him home with me."

"Well, of course—" I began a trifle skeptically.

"No, really it did." She was very earnest. "That was five years ago, which accounts both for his name and for my being dreadfully discouraged over my chances of breaking into pictures. I'd been job hunting for days, and the very day after I got Heinie I was asked to join the 'Nobody Home' company, and came to California, and after that I got started in pictures here."

"And were all your 'steen dozen other dogs saved from the scavenger, too?" I asked.

"Oh, no; though some of them look as if they might have been. I took 'Missy' because she has only three legs and nobody else wanted her, and Patsy—the dog who seems to be laughing at you, you know—was given to me by the ice-man."

"What chance has a dog who's encumbered by a pedigree?" I inquired. "I saw you the other day with a Russian wolfhound that you seemed to like; I suppose he'd been disappointed in love or something like that?"

She laughed as she slid down off the high stool, paid for our sodas, and led the way out to her car.

"I don't hold it against a dog that he has a pedigree; some of my wire-haired terriers have great long ones," she declared. "And now would you mind driving over to the studio with me? You see, I always bring some bones and things to the little tramp dogs around there, and they sort of expect me—"

And ten minutes later she was giving a reception that was attended not only by the meek and lovely mongrels, but by an aristocratic bulldog as well.

"But I can't very well send him away," she answered when I called the fact to her attention. "Even though he has had a good dinner at home I'll let him stay; dogs is dogs, you know, and I love 'em all."
HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William Lord Wright

The Author's Rights

"When a story is sold to a magazine does the author retain the motion-picture rights?" This question is asked repeatedly, and the answer is "it depends."

Technically, you sell all rights to the story when you indorse the magazine's check; and most beginners may consider themselves lucky if they can sell a story to a magazine without bothering about screen or other rights. The reputable magazines, however, are very generous in this regard. Even though they purchase all rights, they are always willing at least to divide with the author any movie money which may come in. Writers whose work is in considerable demand usually have an understanding when they sell their stories to magazines that they reserve the motion-picture rights.

A question which frequently accompanies the one above is this: "Is it permissible to submit a story to a magazine and at the same time to submit a synopsis of the same story, with the same title, to a movie producer?"

That practice is strictly unethical. Though it enhances the value of a story for screen use to have had it previously published in book or magazine form, the reverse does not hold. It is understood that when you send a story to a magazine you are offering exclusive material that has been unused in any form.

Studio Experience

The great weakness of many scenario editors is a lack of studio experience. You can tell by their work.

An editor of scenarios should have spent at least six months or a year in some studio, absorbing the atmosphere, watching the "shooting" of the scenes, gaining practical experience in the making of pictures. Theory is all right, but practice makes perfect.

It is the same with those beginners who are ambitious to write screen stories. If you have some sound reason for believing you have it in you to do the work, why not bend all your energies on getting some minor occupation at a motion-picture studio for a year or so in order to learn the practical details of production? If you can afford it, offer to work gratis in return for the opportunity to observe and learn. It is a great school, and will accomplish more for the would-be author than anything else. A year spent right where the movies are made should qualify any one who has the real latent gift to write real-for-certain film plays and perhaps good continuity. You meet the stars, the directors, the writers, the camera men, see the pictures "taken," read continuity and stories written by those long in the game, and you cannot help learning something.

There are too many in the motion-picture industry to-day who have never seen the inside of a studio, much less worked in one. And now I must add a few words to forestall the hundreds of letters which otherwise I would be receiving within the next few weeks, all asking the question, "How can I get a job in a studio?" No one could answer that question, except to say: "The only way is to go to the studio direct and make application in person." I realize that for most of my aspiring readers this would be impossible and inadvisable. The suggestion, however, is not made for the many, but only for the few who, as I said before, have some tangible reason for taking such a step.

Where Ignorance Is Bliss

Here is a sample letter which shows what the scenario writers have to contend with. It was received by United Picture Theaters, Inc., accompanying a synopsis intended for Dustin Farnum.

Among other things the letter says: "This story is written in six complete reels, but could be successfully used for a five-reel play. I always write my stories slightly oversize to allow producers a few extra scenes to allow for other scenes that would be unsuitable. I keep within censorship rules in writing stories. This story is absolutely a true one; the leading character is living to-day."

And such persons wonder why their offerings are not accepted. The writing of stories "slightly oversize" reminds me of the continuity writer who put in a lot of business, stating that this could be "shot" by the director and then cut out if not necessary. In other words, the producer could hire a lot of actors, put in time and expense, and then cut the business out if it
Hints for Scenario Writers

Hazel Kirk writes that she has been writing scenarios for four years, and, although her first manuscript deserved to come back, she has written a few in the last two years that have been read by scholars and pronounced "fine." Yet she cannot find a buyer. "I wrote 'The Leper,' 'The Crucial Test,' 'The Curse of the Poppy,' and have sent them to all the biggest film companies only to have them returned.

Is it influence that makes manuscripts sell—or can they sell on their own merits? I have just finished what many think is a great story, 'The Greatest Slacker in the World.' Will you kindly suggest a way to have my work considered? I have been told that often the material is stolen and produced under another name."

The day has passed when material is stolen and produced under another name—providing you submit your stories to reputable, well-known producing concerns. The movie-story market is one of the few departments of the industry where favoritism counts little. A "pull" may hasten consideration for your story, but "pull" will not produce it. It costs too much to take a chance; a plot must be good. The writer says her work has been pronounced good by scholars. And in that statement she shows how far she is from seeing her problem in its true light. What sort of scholars were they? College professors? The opinion of all the scholars in the world as to the merits of a movie script is not worth the snap of a finger unless they are scholars of— not motion pictures, but of motion-picture production. The touch-of egotism that makes the writer say "My work is good" is a natural result of the impelling force that makes human beings want to create. It is an attitude that makes for success in the long run. But until the beginner learns the practical tricks of the art toward which he aspires that touch of egotism makes for a lot of misunderstanding; it makes him suspicious and resentful at the rejections which he would realize were not unjust if he could only see things in their true perspective. Just as a practical suggestion I am going to hazard the opinion that no producer would consider at this time putting on a story with such a name as "The Greatest Slacker in the World." That theme is as dead as last year's buttercups.

Questions and Answers

Here are some questions and answers, the queries being propounded by Mr. L. G. Winegar, of Grand Rapids:

Is paper such as this letter is written upon permissible for scenario writing?

It is not. You use an onion-skin paper. Use white paper and a black record ribbon on your typewriter. How far in advance of the season, approximately, should seasonable ideas be sent in for approval or sale?

Avoid, if possible, the writing of "timely" or "seasonable" motion-picture plots. They should be written at least six months ahead. The trouble is that if one company rejects your idea about "Christmas" or "Memorial Day" there may not be time to send it to another. In the heyday of the program many companies used to release movie plays based on certain holidays, particularly Christmas. It is practically a waste of time to write such stories nowadays.

Is there a market anywhere for bare ideas, hints, or scenes not written into scenario or synopsis form?

Any company is in the market for ideas. But if you have a "bare idea," so called, foster it for a while. Perhaps it will develop into a full-fledged plot.

Is there a market for titles alone—without the synopsis?

Well, Douglas Fairbanks is said to have paid five hundred dollars once for a title alone, "D'Artagnan of Kansas," around which he had a new story written. Then at the last minute they changed the title to "The Modern Musketeer." That classic example, however, is the exception which proves the rule. Generally there is no market for titles alone.

Here's Encouragement

Speaking of titles, there are two big producing firms in New York City which hold contests in order to get a final main title for their pictures. They give to their employees printed slips with the original title and the synopsis of the story, and then offer a prize for the best title offered to replace the original one.

And who do you suppose wins most of these prizes? Some clever person in the scenario department? One of the bright young advertising, publicity, or exploitation men? Well, one of these companies has put on three such contests, and in two of them the prizes were won by girl stenographers who had had no training at this work. You never know where talent will spring up.

It Is Vanity

"Book plays! Why book plays? There are only one or two situations utilized, and yet the author of the book gets top prices for his work. A good original plot, built especially for the screen, should be more valuable." The above observation comes from a scenario editor of prominence. And those who have dealt in movie manuscripts will agree with him. How often has an editor perspired over some novel, purchased for five or ten thousand dollars, endeavoring to work out a continuity? In the end all that is used is the names of the characters, one or two situations, and the rest of the business supplied by said editor and continuity writer. We predict that a time is coming when the writer of original stories intended primarily for the screen will come into his own, a time when books will not command top prices. Of course some book titles, like authors' names, are valuable for their advertising value. But it is just plain vanity on the part of certain stars that upholds the prices of books adapted for the screen.

To elucidate: Jasper Y. McCullough, the very

Continued on page 88
The Story of a Designing Man

He's implicated in all sorts of affairs with Theda Bara—changed his name at her request, they say.

By Celia Brynn

EVERY one says that you're a designing man! I told George Hopkins as I invaded his private den at the Fox Studio. "I've heard that you turned Theda Bara into a vampire and into a court lady of doubtful reputation; also into a She-devil and a Wild Woman of the South Sea Islands. Can this be true?"

"I suppose it is," he said meekly, "but it was all in the interests of art; you see, I write her scenarios."

"And this talk of your being a designing man?" I pursued remorselessly.

"Yes, that's true, too," he acknowledged. "I—I well, I design Miss Bara's costumes."

I think you'll agree with me that a "designing man," to be in character, ought to be tall and dark and have that wicked magnetism that is so irresistible—in novels. At least he ought to have soulful brown eyes and lily-white hands with narrow, tapering fingers; but, we'll have to admit it, George has—not! He looks like a college boy and likes dogs better than anything else. He has twinkling blue eyes and a quick, friendly smile, and wears shell-rimmed glasses and a leather-lined overcoat. It is easier to picture him rooting at a baseball game than writing a vampire story for Hopkins, said screen name having been wished on him by Theda, who is said to believe—you can believe this or not, just as you like—that all letters have vibrations, and that if they can be corralled into a name the wearer thereof will have unlimited success and prosperity. So, according to the story—mind, I don't

When clad like this he shifts the gears from "Neje" to George, his name as written in the family Bible.

Theda; and one can imagine him speeding down Hollywood Boulevard in his Stutz much better than to imagine him designing a wondrous creation of lace and silk with which to enhance the famous vampire's seductive charms. Add to this that he doesn't look old enough to have the artistic career behind him that is a matter of theatrical record, and outside of that George looks the part.

He has a nom de plume that you will see signed to Miss Bara's pictures, which is "Neje"
The Story of a Designing Man

vouch for it—she put George's case before an expert on ethereal vibrations, and "Neje" was the result. It smacks of samovars and bomb plots, and is pronounced respectfully in two syllables, with the first e disguised as a long a, and the second masquerading as a short u. The name is all right, says George, but it doesn't fraternize with "Hopkins," which he was allowed to keep. It seems that the vibrations are good only for the first name; the surname must be left intact, else the vibrations become null and void.

Several years ago—just how many he would not say—George Hopkins left a small town in the Middle West to go to New York to study art. He began by doing posters and magazine covers, and in less than a year he was designing for Ziegfeld's Follies, and had broken on to the stage via the wardrobe entrance. He designed Nazimova's costumes and those which Emily Stevens wore in "The Unchastened Woman." Then he met Theda Bara, and the noted screen vampire engaged him to do her costumes for "Madame Du Barry," and he has been associated with the Fox Company ever since. Among the scenarios he has written for her are "The She-Devil," a rapid-fire romance of Spain; "A Woman There Was," a story of the South Sea Islands, and three more which are to be Miss Bara's next productions. Writing scenarios comes as easy to George as designing costumes, but one always suspects him of doing the costumes first and then fitting a story to them.

When he talks of the technical aspect of designing he assumes a "Neje" expression and attitude, and one listens meekly as one remembers his years with the biggest producers of New York. But when he talks of the personal side of it, then he is just "George."

"There's nothing hard about designing costumes the way I do them," said he, shifting gears from George to Neje. "There would be if I paid any attention to color values and their adaptation to photography; I would be held back then by having to think of technicalities instead of giving my imagination free reign. But as it is I simply paint the costumes in the colors they ought to be, and let it go at that. Of course I try to get different effects, so as not to have the gowns photograph the same shade, but I put the big variety into the trimmings and the unusual touches. The screen is so limited in its reflection of beauty that it is disappointing sometimes to see a marvelous gown which runs the gamut of the color scale come out in dead blacks and whites. Red, green, and brown photograph black; cerise and some shades of blue make a 'live' black, and delicate colors, such as yellow, blue, pink, and lavender, come out a clear white. Gray photographs gray. But I manage to get effective touches in costumes by the use of gold and silver cloth which have a wonderful sheen, and in brocaded satins and heavy silks.

For jewels the ones best suited to the screen's requirements are pearls, for they show up beautifully lustrous, while diamonds, on the other hand, are absolutely dead. The finest diamond will look like a worthless piece of glass on the screen."

"Tell me how you design Theda Bara's costumes," I commanded, being determined that the discourse should not stray too far from the subject of Theda's clothes.

"Neje" vanished in a second, and "George" smiled at me rather mischievously.

"Well, of course I ought to say that I consult fashion magazines and delve into thick historical volumes when Miss Bara puts out a period picture—such as 'Du Barry'—and maybe I really ought to do that, but—I don't. I'm afraid I pay very little attention to historical detail. For instance, when I designed her costumes for 'Du Barry' I didn't worry about the exact kind of clothes they wore in those days. I just got the
silhouette correctly and filled in the rest myself. I hope I caught the spirit of that time—the luxurious abandon and the utter disregard for such a mere trifle as money, combined with an ostentatious stateliness.

"Miss Barn is very easy to design for," said George, lapsing into the professional Neje once more. "Her peculiar type adapts itself wonderfully to gorgeous combinations of colors and startling effects. And in all her pictures I try to keep the spirit of the thing, never getting away from it for a moment in the matter of dress. Is it a vampire picture—well, then, the costumes must correspond not only in color and material, but in their motif, for clothes have motifs, you know, even as music or the drama. If she plays a vampire, then the lines must suggest the personality of the vampire; they must be long and 'slinky,' to use a common expression, subtly appealing to the senses, designed to bring out every charm, to invite and seduce at once. Is she to be a siren, then flame is the motif. Oh, no, a siren and a vampire are not the same at all!"

This last in response to my timid query.

"Oh, not at all!" emphasized the world-wise Neje. "A vampire sucks at emotions, she feeds upon her victim's very lifeflood, as it were; she takes all, but she gives nothing. A siren is like a vivid flame. She burns men's hearts out of their breasts, but the flame she kindles in others is in her, too; she will give love as well as take it. The vampire is a merciless, bloodless creature; the siren is a burning fountain of passion.

"For her I use the color of flame. I suggest it in her headdress, in the lines of her garments, in the very jewels she wears. She does not move in undulating waves; she is slim and straight, she is vivid and colorful, her appeal is to the intellect as well as to the senses."

"And just what sort of a person was Theda Bara in 'The She-Devil?'" I asked.

"She was what I might call an eccentric siren. She was—a well, a 'She-Devil'—doesn't that suggest anything to you? A siren, yes; but not of the conventional type. A sparrow, a hoyden, a spoiled darling of Spain; that makes a wonderful combination to design costumes for. The clothes for that picture were all bizarre and striking to suggest the personality of this untamed Spanish girl, who, transplanted into Parisian life, floats every custom and convention and sets the city by the ears. One gown I designed for her was very short in front and had a long train. The flounces were embroidered, and the train was of lace and silk. An opera cloak was trimmed with ostrich plumes, and the hat that went with it was shaped like a Chinese pagoda, while a pair of pajamas were of silver cloth with quantities of ribbons and with a close-fitting silver hood—all erratic, don't you see?—all quite in keeping with a she-devil."

"And what are you designing for her now?" I asked, and Neje turned into George with something like a blush.

"Well, nothing much," he said deprecatingly. "It's a picture of the South Sea Islands, and in it she wears seaweed and pearls—"

"Yes, go on," I waited, pencil poised in readiness.

"—And nothing else," he finished.

"It seems to me you're laying down on your job," I told him sternly, but he only grinned broadly.

"Well," said he, "you'll have to admit that in this case at least I'm not a designing man!"

However, I rise to remark—and I'm borne out in this statement by everybody I know—that the mere fact that he's holding down that job of his proves he's designing in more ways than one.

One wonders if he does the costumes first and writes the scenarios to fit them.
A NEW YORK newspaper recently quoted several of the nation's most prominent men on what careers they would choose could they live their lives over. Not one set himself down as willing to again take the road that led to his present position. A mayor would have been a newspaper owner, an engineer would have striven for a seat in congress, a lawyer would have studied aviation from the very outset.

Apparently no one is ever satisfied, even in the movies. But what a boon it is that these people can't have their whims gratified. Imagine suffering through Fatty Arbuckle's efforts to give a proper presentation of Elliott Dexter or Polly Moran endeavoring to be a Lillian Gish!

Which leads us to Charlie Chaplin and his recent picture, "Sunnyside." Ever since Chaplin captured the comedy honors of the screen and stage combined his succession of press agents have been shouting that some day he would blossom forth in something of a serious nature. And I almost think they are converting Chaplin into taking them seriously. For in each of his recent comedies he has injected more and more pathos, while in "Sunnyside" he goes so far as to forget his cane, hat, and feet for at least a hundred feet of film while he gazes mournfully in through the window and watches a stranger make love to his sweetheart. Such actions, to my mind, are quite out of place. For my part I would have much rather seen him clout the intruder over the head with his cane. It is true that Chaplin can put this pathos over in his comedies, and his ability to do that has often been favorably commented on. But the main reason that his pathos scores is that it offers such contrast with the rest of his madness. If he forsook comedy and went in for drama he would fail as surely as Ben Turpin would fail at public speaking. Not that drama is more difficult; quite the contrary. But the public would refuse to accept him, he would lose the magnifying light of his comedy as applied to his present spasms of pathos, and his stature is against him.

"Sunnyside," I think, is the least of the Chaplin comedies. I have particular reference to "Shoulder Arms" and "A Dog's Life." It lacks the originality of the other two. That is, the comedy isn't as steadily continuous. When it comes to original business, however, his milking the cow straight into the coffee cup and his placing the hen in the frying pan and waiting for her to lay an egg are pieces that compare favorably.
with the dog’s retreat down Chaplin's trousers in "A Dog's Life," and the dugout scene in "Shoulder Arms." But, whatever its shortcomings, "Sunnyside" is worth seeing. It proves again that Chaplin is an artist.

Fatty Arbuckle, I think, has almost gone Chaplin one better in his "A Desert Hero," one of the best burlesques I have ever seen. When Fatty puts the soft pedal on the vulgarity and doesn't depend too much on his own obesity for effect he manages to turn out fine work. In "A Desert Hero" he burlesques William S. Hart's type of Western to a degree. Introducing himself as a "gaunt, rawboned son of the desert," he proceeds to battle with the villains and win the heart of the dance-hall girl who "is so innocent that she is afraid to pick wild flowers." Al St. John's bad man is a good piece of work, and Molly Malone's dance-hall girl leaves no room for improvement.

There is no doubt about Fatty scoring here. It is a picture that makes one almost ready to believe that contract of seven figures he is said to possess with Paramount. But he, too, approaches the serious in a manner totally out of place when he introduces a Salvation Army scene. It is not burlesque, it is an attempt at drama, and it has no more business in "A Desert Hero" than Theda Bara would have in it. I wish our comedians would polish up a bit on their perspectives.

Mack Sennett is a comedy producer who refuses to allow his ambitions to interfere with his better judgment. Sennett wants to produce melodrama, and there is talk at present that he will shortly realize this plan. But he never permits melodrama or pathos to intrude in his comedies, save for the purpose of burlesquing it. Curiously enough, though, the film world is at present watching the picture which probably is the worst Sennett ever produced clearing up more money than his best. This is the special comedy, "Yankee Doodle in Berlin," which is playing about the country with a sextette of the famous bathing girls appearing in person at each performance.

While thinking back over some of the recent pictures of a more serious nature I chanced to recall the fact that these lines are due for publication on September 1st, which is the beginning of the producers' fiscal year.

In anticipation of the new season, these gentlemen have been bombarding the theater exhibitors during
It is a pleasure to see Marguerite Clark in "Girls."

the last few weeks with their heaviest advertising artillery. This year the big exhibitors are all pledged to "fewer and better" pictures, selective booking, no more "program" pictures, and so on.

Goldwyn's "The Fear Woman" is one of those pictures which they promise us there will be no more of after September 1st. All we can do is to hope and wait and see. However, we have our fears as well as our "Fear Woman." This is one of those pictures that gives the impression that it just had to be produced, and so it was. The story, by Isola Forrester, tells of a woman who broke her engagement on her wedding day because she was afraid of an inherited taste for liquor. So they part—of course coming together again in the last reel. But the author's situations falling between the parting and the reunion are irrelevant, conventional, and quite distantly removed from the original premise of the plot. It wanders almost deliriously. Pauline Frederick's high emotional talent is quite lost in the title role.

According to my observations of late, the comedy producers recently have surpassed most of those who deal in serious material. It might, after all, be a good opportunity to let the comedians and the dramatic players, the comedy producers and the dramatic producers change places for the time being, just to see what the results would be. Certainly neither "The Spark Divine" nor "Cupid Forecloses" stand for the highest in motion-picture art. These two recent offerings from the Vitagraph Company fail to reveal much that is entertaining, ingenious, or original.

"The Spark Divine" introduces Alice Joyce as a young woman reared in a household where her every effort at expressing herself has been stamped upon. As a consequence she is a cold, bloodless, beautiful thing. Marriage and motherhood and the love of a fine husband fail to change her, and her child must needs be kidnapped before she comes to her senses. "The Spark Divine" is interesting, inasmuch as it is a sample of the work that George Randolph Chester, who recently assumed charge of the Vitagraph production department, aims to create. Apparently he

"Paid in Advance," with Dorothy Phillips, is a swift-moving story of the North.

wants character studies in which the psychological working of the mind is revealed on the screen. Physical action he seems to care about hardly at all. If Mr. Chester were guiding the destinies of Charles Ray his plan would be a good one, but I don't know what Harry Morey and Miss Joyce are going to do with nothing but character studies to exploit their talents.

"Cupid Forecloses" is a Bessie Love picture, and the story is so inconsequential that it demands little attention. Miss Love has a certain group of admirers, so they tell me, but for my part I think she did her best work when playing in support of Fairbanks and Hart. She surely needs something strong to support her, whether it be opposite player or story. Her personality is delightful, but by itself is like a vegetarian diet.

At last Paramount has put Marguerite Clark in a worth-while picture. After suffering through "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Out of a Clear Sky," it is ably
pleasure to welcome her in a picture of the genuine entertaining caliber of "Girls," an adaptation of Clyde Fitch’s comedy. The lives of Pam—Miss Clark—and her two associates, who vow to hate all men and who stick happenings in a dummy man to drive home their point, but who capitulate one by one to the charms of the houseman’s sex, make ideal screen material. And "Girls" is a picture that sounds one comedy note after another along the whole scale.

Much was heard regarding "Upstairs and Down" before it was finally released. Or, rather, much was seen. It was advertised on electric signs, in the newspapers and magazines, on billboards, and practically every other conceivable place. And now it is among us. "Upstairs and Down" is a comedy about society folk at a Long Island house party—all Long Island house parties are supposed to be very naughty—and Olive Thomas is the star. It was the idea of the authors of the play, Frederic and Fanny Hatton, from which the picture is adapted to show that the scandals of the society upstairs are no worse or no better than those of the servants downstairs. However, in view of what producers usually do in adapting a play or story for the screen, the fact that they left the servants out of it almost altogether may be regarded as a slight alteration.

Miss Thomas essays the rôle of a baby vamp, a species of femininity which I have never been quite able to classify, owing to the varying presentations of the character by our various actresses. Just at present it seems to be Olive Thomas. Miss Thomas’ vamp almost puts the whole house party out of the running by her reckless pursuit of the gallant Irish polo player who has fallen in love with her sister, but she ends up by eloping with the man who loved her all the time. The picture is notable for its subtleties, which produce more laughs than the action itself and which are excerpts from the play, written in that spicy, often suggestive style of the Hattons.

Universal, the company whose product has improved hundred per cent during the last year, has a run on virility in its two latest productions, namely, "Paid in Advance" and "The Outcasts of Poker Flat." The former has Dorothy Phillips, who is perhaps the best emotional actress the screen has produced, as its star, and is a strong, swift-moving story of the North in which the atmosphere of Alaska and the director’s transplanted Western stuff vie for prior place in the setting of the story. "Paid in Advance" is red. It is virile. It is no picture for those who admire Babie Marie Osborne drama or Lila Lee sentiment.

"The Outcasts of Poker Flat" is another Bret Harte adaptation, with Harry Carey as the outcast in chief. Every once in a while the film producers start a run on Bret Harte. They seem to be doing it now. And certainly Universal couldn’t have picked a better subject than the present story to surround the particular talents of Carey. The story is Careyized to a certain extent, and the things he knows how to do best are played up. And the combination is good. Bret Harte Careyized as regards "The Outcasts of Poker Flat" is a picture that even Bill Hart should enjoy.

Paramount comes through with another good comedy in "A Very Good Young Man," with Bryant Washburn as the star. Washburn carries the rôle of a young fellow who has lived a model life, so model that his sweetheart refuses to marry him for fear of the fact that he will prove a rake after she has led him to the altar. So she bids him sew a few wild oats, the which he proceeds to attempt to do, but every attempt gains him still more virtue. It is all very funny, and the possibilities achieved by the author, the director, and the cast cannot adequately be realized on this page.

"The Firing Line," also from Paramount, is derived from the popular Robert W. Chambers novel of

Continued on page 85
For "Hello, everybody!" was what she shouted in welcome to the doughboys in France. She shouted it, too, to the crowds that greeted her when she sailed into New York harbor last spring. And that's what she's going to say to you pretty soon from the screen, when she appears in "Everybody's Sweetheart," a Selznick picture, on which she went to work in New York shortly after her return. But—a lot of the troops who considered her their mascot feel that the first word in that title is a bit too general.

Elsie doesn't agree with them, though; she's made the whole army her fiancé. And before she goes back to the stage she's making this picture as a sort of souvenir to the boys from their mascot.

SHE won that title when she rode into a train shed in France on the cowcatcher of a locomotive and gave a show for the boys of the A. E. F. to the tune of the big guns' booming. She paved the way to winning it when, as just a youngster, she went on the stage and began giving the clever imitations that have made her a favorite here and abroad. But she cinched it by her spirit of comradeship.
Doris May's vocabulary plays hopscotch when it comes to the "D's"—and skips the words "double" and "don't" entirely. You see, Doris was brought up according to the plans which her father had made for educating his only son—Doris being the only son incidentally as well as the only daughter. She can ride, swim, shoot, play ball, and take a hand in all the other sports that her father used to write about for one of the Western newspapers. So when an especially hazardous stunt is written into her part in a picture nobody dares suggest that she let someone else do it; it's safer to let her go on and break her neck in peace.

Robert Edeson has a strong role in Eugene O'Brien's second Selznick picture, "Sealed Hearts," written by Eugene Walter, the famous playwright.

Did anybody but Anita Stewart ever borrow an aeroplane? She does it as nonchalantly as if it were a bowl of flour or a dozen eggs. When she came East last summer, just after finishing "In Old Kentucky," she and her husband settled down at their Long Island home and prepared to enjoy a new motor boat, an automobile they'd never seen before, and a brand-new yacht.

Then Anita discovered that one of her neighbors had an aeroplane and loved to lend it, or, rather, lend rides in it. And she spent the summer trying to persuade the obliging neighbor to move to California.

Everybody was surprised to hear that Charles Ray had gone over to First National, but I was still more surprised to find that his lovely little wife is an artist. She's so pretty, with her sunny hair and deep-blue eyes, and so contented just to bask in the light of her husband's fame that I'd never suspected...
her of being a painter—and a good one, too. But since she left the screen—she used to be in Balboa pictures, you know—and settled down at home she doesn't care whether anybody knows about her work so long as Charles likes it.

Blanche Sweet loves her home on a Hollywood hilltop, and would stay there contentedly, dressmaking and writing letters and just keeping house if she could. But after a long retirement from the screen she made “The Unpardonable Sin,” and then found that she couldn't stay home peacefully any longer, and signed a contract to appear in Jesse D. Hampton Productions. Now she's working harder than ever, making “A Woman of Pleasure,” a screen version of a famous old Drury Lane melodrama.

In the days when Marjorie Daw was just an eleven-year-old youngster, with her bronze hair in braids down her back, she had a real family—her mother and little brother. She played child parts then at the Griffith Studio, and later in “The Warrens of Virginia” and “Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.” Then her mother died, and Marjorie moved to the Studio Club, where girls without any homes and not earning very much can live most comfortably. And she went bravely on with her work, till finally she became Douglas Fairbanks’ leading lady. Now she has an even bigger rôle; she's a First National star, and is to appear in “The Eternal Three,” directed by Marshall Neilan.

Sessue Hayakawa’s wife, Tsuru Aoki, is now a Universal star.

When Gladys Brockwell finished making “Chasing Rainbows” a young aviator invited her to chase some with him in his aéroplane. Gladys promptly accepted, and they flew from Los Angeles to San Diego, while Gladys’ mother frantically followed in an automobile.

William S. Hart has signed up for two years more with Famous Players-Lasky.

When Violet Heming played Wendy, in “Peter Pan,” some years ago, and Sir James Barrie told her that she was very good in the part, she thought that her cup of happiness would never be so full again. But recently she was made quite as happy, when she began playing the lead in Paramount's
spectacular production of "Every Woman," and found that she liked the screen quite as well as she did the stage. "Every Woman" has a notable cast, including Bebe Daniels, Wanda Hawley, Mildred Reardon, Theodore Roberts, Irving Cummings, Noah Beery, and Raymond Hatton.

Dorothy Phillips started enjoying her vacation the very minute she finished "The Right to Happiness," but interrupted it long enough to officiate at the laying of the cornerstone of the home for wounded war veterans, now being built in Los Angeles. Her last picture is to be released this autumn, and, according to Dorothy, "Men works from sun to sun in our family, reading scenarios—that's what comes of having a director for a husband—but woman's work is never done when she's just a wife and mother, as I am during my vacation, instead of a screen star."

Theda Bara's contract with Fox expired not long ago, and she immediately became interested in plans for a company of her own, backed by a group of business men.

Pearl White's first Fox picture is "Tiger's Cub," an adaptation of an English stage play of that title.

Clara Kimball Young is now making "Eyes of Youth," her first picture for the Equity Pictures Corporation.

Following the example of the "Big Four," Anna Q. Nilsson, Seena Owen, Niles Welch, and Mitchell Lewis have formed a similar organization.


Bert Lytell says Ann May bullied him into letting her play Lida, the unhappy chorus girl, in "Lombardi, Ltd." Ann says she did no such thing—that the part belonged to her. Here's the way it happened: Ann, who is little and dark and most awfully pretty, was at the Metro Studio one day, and Lytell told her that they were having a hard time finding somebody to play Lida. Now, Ann may be a newcomer to pictures—she played in a few for Vitagraph, and came West to do some juvenile stories for Universal—but she's a graduate of a dramatic school back home in Cincinnati, Ohio, and knows she can act.

"Please let me have that part," she begged. "Oh, please!" And before Lytell or his director, Jack Conway, could stop her she began to show them what she could do in the way of heavy emotional acting. And she got the part without any more argument whatsoever.

"I'll never, never marry an actor!" said Ethel Lynne, of the Christie comedies. So she married a director, Fred Fishback, instead, and now is taking a vacation from pictures.

Constance Binney is just recovering from the evil effects of too much popularity. She was to have begun making "Erstwhile Susan" early last summer for the Realart Company, but the stage success in which she was appearing, "39 East," simply ran on and on forever, and she couldn't leave it, so her picture contract had to wait.

Mitchell Lewis had a hard time getting his thirteen-year-old son out to the coast last summer, and now he can't get him back. The youngster went to a military school in New York, and loved it so that he hated to leave, but when his aunt, Mary Ryan, the actress, took him out to see his family, and he found that his father had had a swimming pool built for him and his mother didn't care how often he went to Venice, Los Angeles' Coney Island, he transferred his affections to California.

Lois Weber, the well-known woman director, has signed a contract with Famous Players-Lasky.

Wallace MacDonald appears opposite Marguerite Clark in "A Girl Named Mary."

Young Douglas Fairbanks, junior, set his father's studio by the heels a few weeks ago when he disappeared for half an hour. When the company had looked in every possible nook for a small boy in a cowboy suit,
a tall, farmerish-looking person appeared leading the young man by the hand.

"This your boy?" he demanded of Doug, a useless question, since the youngster had made a leap for his father the instant he arrived. "Well, I met him about half a mile from here, and he told me he was lost and wanted to go home. So I asked him his name, but when he said 'Douglas Fairbanks' I took one look at that suit of his and gave up. 'Poor kid,' I says to myself. 'Crazy as a loon—and him so young.' But he stuck to it that that was his name, so I brought him down here. Funny, ain't it?"

And by the time Doug had finished expressing his gratitude the rescuer was the proudest man in the county.

Alice Joyce has a perfectly open-faced character, but she also has a blond wig, which she wore in "The Vengeance of Durand," and it's proved such a good disguise that she can't resist wearing it occasionally just to see if her friends will recognize her. Also, it's most becoming, which may account for her fondness for it.

"If you ever want to see how your friends will receive you with dyed hair, buy a wig," she said the other day. "Some of them politely pretend not to notice it, and others assure me that it's a great improvement. Then, when I tell them the truth, they rise up in great relief and tell me just what they'd think of me if I dared change the color of my hair."

Josie Sedgwick, who used to play in Triangle pictures, is to appear in "Moran of the Lady Letty," playing opposite Tom Moore.

Just as everybody had been convinced that Houdini led a charmed life and couldn't possibly be hurt, he finished a hazardous stunt in the air, landed safely, and then broke one of the small bones in his left hand.

Somebody told us the other day that they pitied Mary Miles Minter. Think of pitying a girl who earns one million three hundred thousand dollars just on one three years' contract! This million has strings on it, though—strings that say that Mary mustn't associate publicly with members of the theatrical profession, must lead the quietest sort of life, and mustn't marry. That same person who pitied the golden-haired Mary Miles added that she thought it was Mary's mother who arranged that contract, because lots of mothers would give anything if they could bring their daughters up that way—by contract instead of by parental influence.

Jackie Saunders signed three contracts a while ago—one to make a picture for Ivan Abramson, one to work in a serial produced by Louis Gasnier, and another to appear in a stage play under A. H. Woods' management.

Mae Murray took a house at Mamaroneck, near New York, early last summer and asked everybody she knew to visit her, as she expected to spend several months just loafing. But—when she'd finished making "Greed," a picturization of Wilkie Collins' story, "The Woman in White," for Leonce Perret Productions, she began on "The A B C's of Love;" "On With the Dance," a Paramount picture, came next, and this month she's going back to the stage—after a restful summer!
Bebe Daniels is trying to be awfully calm about it, but even yet she can’t help bubbling over every time she remembers her contract with Famous Players-Lasky. Of course she’s had stage experience, and has been playing in Rolin comedies with Harold Lloyd for some time, but to have all your clothes furnished, as well as your pictures, your maid, hairdresser, and everything else—and get a nice big salary beside—well, that’s enough to make any eighteen-year-old girl jubilant, and Bebe’s no exception to the rule.

Elsie Janis acquired an entire circus as local color for her first Selznick picture, “Everybody’s Sweetheart.”

Violet Mersereau is being starred in H and H Productions.

The Lee Kiddies threatened to strike a while ago. “Everybody else goes to such nice locations—Florida and the Adirondacks and places like that—for their pictures,” Katherine told their director, “and then you take us to places like Oil City!” But after she’d seen the town and she and Jane had had the time of their lives while they made scenes there she revised her opinion.

William Farnum is soon to be seen in a screen version of E. H. Sothern’s greatest stage success, “If I Were King.”

Alan Dwan is going to take his company to the Orient this autumn, the South Sea Islands, Japan, and China being the location he has chosen for “The Luck of the Irish,” in which James Kirkwood will play the lead. Norman Kerry, who has signed up for a year with Dwan, will also have a strong part.

It’s funny that when so many girls are crazy to get into pictures some of those who could easily get in seem to prefer to stay out. Take Mildred Davis, for instance, who made such a hit in Bryant Washburn’s picture, “All Wrong,” a year or so ago. She vanished from the picture world after that one was done, and nobody heard anything about her till, when Bebe Daniels left Rolin comedies to go to Paramount, somebody suggested Miss Davis as her successor. Nobody knew where to find her, but finally she was discovered at her home up in Seattle, going to school and tending her garden and leading the simplest kind of a life. Now she’s taking Bebe’s place opposite Harold Lloyd.

Alice Brady is leading a simple life this autumn, doing nothing but working. Evenings and two afternoons she plays in “Forever After,” in which she’s touring the country, and the rest of the time she fulfills her contract to make Realart pictures. She found it easy enough to do this sort of thing last year, when she was playing “Forever After” on Broadway, but to pick up one’s camera and set and make a picture just wherever one happens to be is quite another thing. However, the Drews did it successfully, and if Miss

Brady likes the idea pretty soon every little city’ll have a studio all its own for the accommodation of touring stage stars who have motion-picture contracts.

Crane Wilbur forsokk the screen some time ago, acquired a stock company in Oakland, California, and began to write plays and produce them. Now he’s blossoming forth as a successful playwright who’s sold five plays—in one of which Marjorie Rambeau, who’s been off the screen of late, will appear.

They discovered Mildred Davis in Seattle, and now she’s playing opposite Harold Lloyd.
He wore his sombrero—but not the guns—even on board ship.

He's Really Doing It

While half the movie world talks of going abroad to make pictures, Eddie Polo is actually at work on the other side on a new serial.

By Hugo Vardaman Battle

The air was full of the baying of great liners' whistles and the shrill tooting of little tugs, and the deck was crowded with heavily laden stewards and beaming passengers. For it was just half an hour before sailing time on one of the big Atlantic liners, and the usual excitement was just doubled—Eddie Polo and his company were aboard.

I found Polo standing in a secluded corner, wearing a sombrero. He was busy writing a few last telegrams. It wasn't secluded long, for his company and camera men gathered around him as we talked, and presently he was interrupted by requests to face the camera.

"So you're actually off for Europe," I commented. You see, there had been so many rumors that this star and that one were going abroad to make pictures that I wouldn't believe Polo was going till I saw him well on the boat. "Sure we are," and he waved his hand at the rest of the company. "Just about twenty minutes more and we'll be off. We've already made some of 'The Thirteenth Hour,' though—that's the serial we're going to do over on the other side—and we'll shoot the rest of it back as soon as we can."

Now the story of how this serial is going to be made is interesting, of course, since locations in England, Ireland, and the Continent will be used. But I wanted to
know about Polo himself—about how he happened to get into the circus back in his early days, and about how he happened to leave it later for pictures.

“Oh, I was born into the circus,” he explained. “My parents were circus people—they were Italian, you know—and I never knew anything else when I was a youngster. Why, I could walk on my hands when I was four, and I can’t remember when I began learning to make falls and turn somersaults in the air. It’s second nature to me now. I spent pretty nearly a lifetime under the big tent—seventeen years just with Barnum & Bailey’s. And say, how I did enjoy ‘The Lure of the Circus,’ the last serial we did. It was like old times.”

“But what on earth made you leave it?” I demanded.

“Just chance. One year when the circus was in winter quarters I drifted into the Universal Studio when they were making an episode of ‘The Broken Coin’ and wanted somebody for a strong-man stunt—a fight in which he was to overpower several others. Well, when they gave me the part I never thought of putting up anything but the biggest fight I could, so I jumped right into it, and in the excitement that followed got the shirt literally torn off my back.

“When that episode was shown in the projection room at the Eastern offices the heads of the firm were much amused by that little detail. However, the director kept right on using me in fight scenes—with the result that I always lost my shirt in the fight—and when that serial was finished I got a part in the next one. That started me in the movies, and I’ve never thought of quitting.”

Now Polo is rather a stocky fellow, standing not more than five feet nine; you’d never pick him for a strong man or an acrobat. Yet a snapshot taken on location when he was making “The Broken Idol” shows him lifting his leading lady, Peggy Aarup, and Peggy Pearce over his head without apparent effort. He doesn’t look his forty-two years, either, and his dark eyes and complexion give him rather an Italian appearance.
Vacation Jingles

Concerning an actress, who took a short ramble,
To Long Beach, to rest from her play, "The Great Gamble."

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross—
If your steed is a bath house, it's nobody's loss!

Anne Luther, Pathé star, a-swimming would go—
Whether the weather would let her or no,
I'm changing the meter a trifle or so,
From the one in the Mother Goose fable.

"The water is cold, but it's warm on the sand; I may not get wet, but just watch me get tanned! And of course the photographer must stay on land!"
She exclaimed from her perch on the gable.
6,003 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.

A watch has to be made of sturdy stuff in order to "make good" on a man-of-war. The constant vibration, the extreme heat in the boiler rooms, the cold salt air and the change of climate from the Arctic to the Tropical are the most severe tests on a watch. If a watch will stand up and give active service aboard a man-of-war, it will stand up anywhere.

21-Jewel Burlington

$3.50 A Month

And yet you may get a 21-jewel Burlington for only $3.50 a month. Truly it is the master watch. 21 ruby and sapphire jewels, adjusted to the second, temperature, isochronism and positions. Fitted at the factory in a gold strata case, warranted for 25 years. All the newest cases are yours to choose from. You pay only the rock-bottom-direct-price—positively the exact price that the wholesale dealer would have to pay.

You don't pay a cent to anybody until you see the watch. We ship the watch to you on approval. You are the sole judge. No obligation to buy merely because you get the watch on approval.

See It First!

Write for Booklet!

Put your name and address in the coupon or on a letter or post card now and get your Burlington Watch book free and prepaid. You will know a lot more about watch buying when you read it. Too, you will see handsome illustrations in full color of all the newest cases from which you have to choose. The booklet is free. Merely send your name and address on the coupon.

Burlington Watch Company,
19th Street and Marshall Blvd., Dept. 1587
Chicago, Illinois

Canadian Office: 356 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

Burlington Watch Co., Dept. 1587,
19th Street & Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (without obligations 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________________________

When writing to advertisers please mention PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.
Mud—Mud—Mud!
Continued from page 17

I’ve heard of people who went through Hades to do something. Well, I wonder if they ever retraced their steps. That’s what we did, and if it had been bad the first time it was a hundred times worse the second. I haven’t any idea of how we got back, but we finally did it, and somebody congratulated Ethel on putting so much realism into her work.

“All right—now for the fight!”
Up on his nice dry platform the director spoke in gratified tones, as if the one thing needed to make our happiness complete was that fight.

“Everybody ready? Now, you miners’ wives, come out of the hotel after June to see what’s the matter, and as the men fight they accidentally push you off into the mud. Back in the hotel now—all right—go to it!”

Well, the men did; I never saw anything like the way they fought. I really wanted to go out and see what was going on, and rushed out with Ethel. We had no more than reached the porch when a burly brute, wheeling round, bumped into her. I heard one scream, saw her arms go up in a wild endeavor to save herself, and then—Thud! Something lunged against me, almost knocking the breath out of my body—one wild instant of falling, and then—squis-s-s-h—I felt myself being absorbed, submerged, utterly swallowed up in that awful sea of mud. All I can remember was feeling rather surprised at its being so soft.
The men, still fighting, lunged against us, and down we went. As we struggled to right ourselves the torrential downpour vied with the agitated mass of mud underfoot in an effort to vanquish us forever. I got to my feet once, but just then the Mud Lark dragged the Dope Fiend down off the platform, they both landed against Ethel and me, and down we went again.

As I staggered to my feet once more I caught sight of Ethel from the East. She had lost her hat, and as she dragged herself out of the way of the fighters and swabbed her hair back from her face with her mud-smeared hands I knew that if she could have seen herself she’d never have faced Boston again.

“Fine stuff! Now we’ll do it all over again!” shouted Barker as the camera ceased to grind and the rain ceased to fall. “Everybody go to their dressing rooms and clean up, and we’ll do it from the beginning.”

Maybe it wasn’t sportsmanlike, but I must confess that two of those present the first time that scene was shot were absent from the vicinity when it was shot the second time. Hastily Ethel from the East and I peeled off our dank, slimy clothes and got into our own garments, and guiltily we slipped away from the dressing rooms and out to the car.

Ethel from the East vowed she’d never work in another picture. And if she sticks to that idea as she does to others she never will. For what do you suppose I found in the little bundle she took to the studio with her that night?
A bathing suit!

“I Do,” Said Anita
Continued from page 51

And afterward there was dancing. Norma lit the Japanese lanterns on the lawn and played her most charming rôle—that of an ideal young hostess.

The bride and bridegroom went to New York for their honeymoon to be near the studio.

When all the guests had left, Constance stood on the porch and looked at the large, romantic moon.

“You’re next,” said Natalie.

“Don’t forget that you drew the ring in the wedding cake.”

And Constance started to give a cynical laugh. But it ended in a giggle.
Rashes
Skin Blemishes
Embarrass and Disfigure

HOW many times have you looked into the mirror and wished you had an unblemished skin like other women. Send for a trial bottle of D. D. D.—apply it to your skin. You will sigh with relief at the first magic touch of D. D. D.—a soothing wash of oil.

DDD
The Standard Skin Wash

The logical remedy for skin affliction is D. D. D. It is a soothing compound of oil of wintergreen, glycerine and other ingredients with healing and soothing qualities. Skin specialists know that this prescription is successful in the care of the skin.

Send for Large Sample

Mail the coupon for liberal trial bottle. This wonderful skin wash sinks into the pores, kills the germs and throws them out. The inflamed tissue, rid of the parasites—the pores left open to receive nature's healing aid, are soothed by D. D. D. Eczema, psoriasis, salt rheum, summer rashes, prickly heat, localized skin afflictions, such as bites of insects, felon and blackheads—all yield to D. D. D. Try it yourself and you will know why hundreds of grateful people have found D. D. D. a great aid in the relief of skin trouble. Be sure to send the coupon today—at once—for a trial bottle.

D.D.D.Laboratories Dept. 1887
3845 Ravenswood Ave., Chicago

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
The company assembled at eight and proceeded to make up. I casually rambled into the Brute's dressing room to look him over. The look on his face was, to me, good to see; I chatted, but he was in no mood to talk. So, with the parting instruction to be on the set at eight-thirty sharp, I left him. At eight-five I dropped in on Harry.

"Made up?" I inquired pleasantly. Any one could see that he was.


As we walked toward the stage I drew him to one side, into the shadow of some scene flats.

"Listen," I whispered. "I want to do the square thing and tip you off. The only chance the Brute has to square himself with the audience is in this scene. He has a rotten part, and they'll hate him, but if he puts up a good fight it will tone down the bad taste in everybody's mouth. So he plans to give you a fight—a regular one. You won't have a chance in the world to hog this scene. I just wanted to put you hep because he's going after you."

Harry looked at me and smiled grinningly.

"All right," he remarked. "If he wants fight he'll get it. I won't stall if he doesn't."

On the set the director got the two of them together.

"Look here, you guys," he said in pleading tones, "for the love of Mike don't fake; we've got to get something that looks like a fight or scrap the picture. Make it look real or we're done for."

The two principals glanced at each other, then averted their gaze. I turned my back and studiously and carefully lit a cigarette. Obviously this was none of my affair. We rehearsed the preliminaries, gave positions and entrances, and then—

"Picture—ready—go——" shouted the director. The crowd in the bar-room got into action, drinking, laughing, shouting, while Harry engaged in earnest conversation with an old miner. In reeled the Brute, glanced around, saw Harry, and lurched toward him. Harry saw him coming and eyed him defiantly.

Motion-picture people usually invent their own lines for the scenes they play.

"Hey, you!" the Brute addressed him. "You keep away from my girl or I'll knock your block off."

Talking ceased, and the miners crowded around.

"You and who else?" Harry retorted with a sneer.

"I don't need any help," the Brute replied. Both squared off.

"Go to it!" the director shouted. "Mix it up!"

The Brute swung, not for the shoulder or the side of the neck—not a wide, slow swing that lands like a feather, but photographs like one of Dempsey's wallops—but a hard, sure, savage lunge straight for the face. Harry ducked and caught it over the eye. Then they went at hammer and tongs, vicious blow for blow, for in kind. The director watched with popping eyes, the camera man, intent on the fight, almost forgot to crank and pan to follow them.

"Get it, you booby!" I shouted in his ear.

Around they went; chairs and tables were upturned, while the extras, not expecting such a battle, stood open-mouthed and gave them plenty of room. Naturally they acted better than twenty rehearsals could have made them.

Down went the fighters, and over and over they rolled. They staggered to their feet. The Brute's lip was cut, Harry was bleeding from the nose, but they fought on. They reeled, staggered, and lunged to the staircase, where the Brute fought Harry up step by step. They forgot they were making a picture; they were just fighting. Step by step they mounted the stairs, blows raining on blows, while I, my attention centered on the camera man, saw to it that he got it all.

To the top of the stairs and along the balcony, still savagely battling, the two men went, and, right in the center of the picture, almost as if he had been directed to do it, Harry made a mad rush at the Brute. Both crashed against the railing; it gave way, and down they came, nine feet to the floor. The fall partially stunned the Brute, and Harry staggered to his feet. His face was battered and bloody. Then the Brute scrambled up with the aid of a table, his bloated, blood-smeared face making him look utterly hideous. He wiped his eyes with the back of his hand and looked around.

"Cut!" shouted the director, finally recovering his wits. He was white as a sheet and his eyes were like saucers.

We sent both our fighters to the hospital. Harry was out in three days, his black-and-blue countenance looking as if it had taken a trip through a meat chopper. The Brute showed up a day earlier; a casual observer would have said he'd had an argument with a threshing machine.

When the scene was developed and we looked at the film the director studied it carefully.

"Some fight!" he remarked. "Wonder why those fools tried to kill each other."

I looked out of the window. A pepper tree, swaying in the wind, had suddenly become a source of great concern to me.

Just after that picture's showing in the projection room I met the Broadway star. She refused to speak to me; said the Brute and Handsome Harry had stolen the picture from her because of that big scene, and blamed me for it, though I reminded her that I wasn't the director. Half an hour later I encountered Harry and the Brute, lunching together; their icy glances and sarcastic greeting told me all too plainly that they'd compared notes and were ganging for me. I strolled sadly over to a near-by table, where the director was talking with some critics; thought I might as well confess the truth and get some credit for my little ruse, since I was getting the blame anyway.

"I don't know that I can tell you how that big scene was put over," the director was saying thoughtfully. "I'd like to, but—well, it doesn't do to divulge too many secrets, you know, and a director has to keep his tricks to himself sometimes."

And so I kept my guilty secret—until now.

SOME stars are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have clever press agents.
Greatest Phonograph Value Ever Offered
10 Days’ Free Trial to Prove It

Send no money—your mere request brings it to your home—more than a year to pay if you keep it.
Records Free.

Think of it! Entertainment every night in your own home for less money than it would cost to take the family to one show a month! Make your family happy with this wonderful gift—the gift that grows in value with the years. All the latest song hits from the best musical comedies of the big cities—the popular jazz bands—the famous orchestras—grand and concert music—the world’s greatest singers, violinists and pianists—any kind of entertainment you like whenever you feel in the mood to hear it. From the faintest strains of a whispering violin to the full and intricate harmonics of a sextette of voices—all are interpreted with their original realism. And the cost is so small—the terms are so easy—that you will never miss the money.

Special 30 Day Offer

Here is the chance of a lifetime—the best investment for pleasure and entertainment your family can make. The SWEET-TONE Phonograph illustrated here is the equal in every respect of phonographs that cost at least $100 to $125 at a store. But for the next 30 days you can buy a splendid SWEET-TONE Phonograph at the special introductory price of only $78—$90 less than you would have to pay for equal quality elsewhere. Never before has a high-grade phonograph like this been offered at so low a price.

No Deposit Necessary—Not a Penny to Pay Unless Satisfied

We are ready to back up every claim we make for the SWEET-TONE Phonograph by putting it into your home on approval for 10 days demonstration, with records included FREE. You don’t have to risk a single penny—don’t have to send a solitary cent in advance. Fill out the coupon below—very simple. The phonograph will be sent at once.

Listen to it with your own ears—compare its wonderfully sweet and clear tone with any other phonograph, regardless of price. See what your family thinks of it. See for yourself the rich, piano-mahogany finish, the fine workmanship, the beautiful lines. YOU be the judge. Play the phonograph for 10 days—as often as you like. Then if you don’t agree, with us and your family, that the phonograph bargain ever offered—if for any reason you don’t want to keep it—return it at our expense—you won’t be under the slightest obligation for the 10 days’ free use and entertainment.

A Life-time of Entertainment for 13 Small Payments

Send no money. Fill out and mail the coupon below. Your phonograph will be shipped immediately with six double-disc 10-inch records included free of charge. If after 10 days you decide not to keep the machine, just let us know—we will take it back and you won’t owe us a penny.

On the other hand, if you decide to keep the phonograph, you can take 13 months to pay this special, introductory price. Only $6 a month! Year-round entertainment and enjoyment that your family will never tire of—for so small a sum. And you will have a handsome, high-grade phonograph that you will always be proud of—one that will always be the envy of your friends.

Some of the Special Features

- Equipped with a Tone-Arm which enables you, with just a slight twist, to play any record, either Vertical or Laternal cut. Not a single attachment has to be added.
- The tone-modifier at the side controls the tone so that it diminishes and expands the volume like the “human voice.”

DESCRIPTION

- Piano mahogany-finished cabinet, 44½ inches high, 18 inches wide, 20 inches deep, with casters. The motor has a double spring cast-iron frame, brass bearings, and is smooth winded and quiet running. It plays three full 10-inch records without rewinding. The turn-table is 12-inch special broad-flanged hub; drive back eccentric, one piece tapering crank; speed indicator and all accessories. Lower compartments hold a quantity of 10 and 12-inch records.

Save $50 or More

Our method of selling direct to you from the factory saves the dealer’s profit—saves YOU at least $50. But this special offer will be held open for only 30 days—after that the price goes up. Mail the coupon TODAY—NOW—so we can reserve one of these wonderful phonographs for you.

MERELY MAIL THIS COUPON, SEND NO MONEY.

L. W. SWEET & CO.,
Dept. 509R, 2-4 Maiden Lane, New York.

Send me free full description of your SWEET TONE Phonograph, and your 10 days’ free trial offer without obligating me in any way. This coupon entitles me to the special introductory price of $78 with 12 months to pay, if satisfied before the trial.

Name
Address

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
What a Leading Man Thinks About

Continued from page 31

However, I was thinking the other day, when I looked at an old snapshot of myself as the jester in 'Twelfth Night,' that I wouldn't want to get into that rig now. But don't you think that costume plays are—are—"

"I don't think; I'm just recording your thoughts," I answered. "I may not have a complete record, but I've got some data at least on 'What a Leading Man Thinks About,' thanks to you. There's one more thing, however: surely you aren't going to desert the stage entirely for pictures, are you? After sixteen years at it—"

"Oh, indeed I'm not even thinking of leaving it," he assured me. "Of course you have a great deal more freedom in pictures; there's complete relief from worry and detail. When you contrast the time I spend in the studio with that I've been used to spending on all-night rehearsals or in memorizing thousands of words for stage productions—well, I'm loyal to the stage and very fond of it, but I can't help thinking that making pictures is a lot easier to do, and in many ways a lot more enjoyable."

Well, as I rose to wend my way back to the young person who reads the magazines I couldn't help feeling that I'd done my work quite commendably. But at the door of the hotel I glanced back over my shoulder, and from the smile on the face of a certain tall, slim, and very blond young man I greatly fear that my information is nowhere near as complete as it might be.

Billie, and the Follies

Continued from page 45

those plays I was one of the pioneer wearers of pajamas on the stage—when I did 'Jerry,' you know." Her laughing eyes shared the joke with me.

"You're not going to desert the movies when you go back on the stage surely," I protested. "I saw you on the screen in 'Good Gracious, Annabelle,' and—"

"Wait till you see 'The Misleading Widow,' you'll like it much better," she declared. "At least I did. And wasn't it funny—just as I got through being a widow in that picture I had to rush out and buy wedding veils and things and be a bride in 'Sadie Love.'"

But the "Follies" obtruded themselves just then—blatantly. It was one of those scenes which makes wives endeavor to pretend that their hysterically chortling husbands don't belong to them—the one showing a scene in an osteopath's office, in which the patient is jounced up and down and hurled around until you can almost hear his brains rattle—a typical example of the masculine idea of what is humorous.

"Isn't that screamingly funny!" exclaimed Billie, dabbing her eyes with her handkerchief. "I think it's the most amusing thing in the show—except for the bullfight scene—or—oh, isn't it hard to choose between them?"

Of course one could excuse Billie. "And did you ever see prettier show girls?" she went on proudly. "Or such lovely sets? Tell me honestly—what do you think is the prettiest thing you've seen here tonight?"

"You," I replied brazenly as I fled to my own seat.

Over the Years with Dusty

Continued from page 53

the diving boys to get, were surprised at seeing a man diving with the urchins. And it was some minutes before a screen-struck maiden exclaimed in amazement: "Oh, mother, that's Dustin Farnum!" and Dusty modestly disappeared from the public gaze.

He told me a good story about himself and his first days as a California huntsman as we strolled over to his dressing room to see his trophies.

"I was talking to a guide over on the island, one day late in the fall, when the season was quite over and the place was deserted," he said. "And I asked him if there was any sort of hunting there."

"We might go after some mountain goats," he suggested. Well, I'd heard of goat hunting as fairly good sport, so I said that would do, if there wasn't anything more exciting to offer.

"Maybe you'd like to try hunting mountain sheep, if it's excitement you want," he said. That was too much for me, and I told him in a few well-chosen words just what I thought of hunting sheep as a pastime—asked him if he caught them by putting salt on their tails or by lassoing them with a pink ribbon. I knew that mountain sheep in the Rockies were the joy of the huntsman, but on Catalina Island it struck me as pretty poor sport.

"Well, that guide gave me just one long look, and we set out. I won't go into painful details, but after spending one good long afternoon on those cactus-covered hills, hunting 'em, I'll state in public that the Catalina mountain sheep is every bit as game as his Rocky Mountain brother."
The Screen in Review  
Continued from page 65

the same title. There is nothing like the screen to show up artificiality in character, and it might be expected that some of Mr. Chambers' puppets fail to live on the screen with any great semblance of reality. However, "The Firing Line" is interesting fare for all that, and it has been most artistically produced by Charles Maigne. Irene Castle is starred as the girl, Shiela Cordross, whose agitation over being without a name led her to marry the first man who asked her and whose real love affair came afterward. She receives support of stellar caliber from David Powell, who plays the husband, while Vernon Steel, as the lover, also renders adequate assistance. "The Firing Line" can be compared to a selection of somewhat inferior candy sold in the handsomest box obtainable.

"Hay Foot, Straw Foot" presents Charles Ray in a vehicle that George Randolph Chester would doubtless think ideal, inasmuch as it is largely character development with very little action. Mr. Ray can do much better than he does here, but, even so, he manages to extract a lot of humor and a good portion of human sentiment from the rôle of the farmer's boy at the training camp.

"A Man's Country" presents Alma Rubens in a story of the old West that West of picture fiction "where a gun was every man's own law and the decision went to the man quickest on the draw." The story, on the whole, is made of familiar material. Miss Rubens, however, invests her rôle with a certain appeal and charm that have gained her stardom and its honors in such a short time on the screen.

"Be a Little Sport" is another light affair, with the new Fox starring team, Albert Ray and Elinor Fair, in the principal rôles. It succeeds admirably in furnishing a 2.75 percent thrill.

"Yvonne from Paris" is a story of the stage and thereabouts, with Mary Miles Minter carrying the leading rôle. It is a typical Minter picture, and carries its proper portions of comedy, heart interest, and sentiment.

"The City of Comrades," the Goldwyn picture, based on Basil King's story of that name, gives Tom Moore a big rôle, which he plays acceptably.
THE GIRL FROM PARIS.—So you think Picture-Play is splendid? Good for you! Irene Castle was born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1893. Of course, I admire Mary Pickford. Who doesn't? Ethel Clayton has had a good many pictures released. You have just been unfortunate and missed them. She was born in Champagne, Illinois, in 1890, Constance Talmadge was born in Brooklyn, New York, on April 19, 1900. She is five feet six inches tall. Norma was born at Niagara Falls in 1867. Toronto, Canada, is the birthplace of Grace Darmond and Mary Pickford. Jack Pickford has brown eyes and black hair. Irene Castle has returned from abroad, and recently appeared in "The Firing Line" for Famous Players. Edna and Frank are not related. Theda Bara has black hair and dark-brown eyes. You are indeed very complimentary. Thanks, very much, and come again soon.

CHAPLIN AND ARBUCKLE.—Roscoe Arbuckle was making his own pictures for Keystone when Chaplin first came on the lot, so, you see, you lose your bet that he was there before Fatty. "Caught in the Rain" was the first picture that Chaplin directed himself in for Mack Sennett. When he first started there, none of the directors could work with him, and he looked for his "notice" every Saturday night.

M. B. H. W. R.—You are certainly some little booster for Bill Russell. I'm sure he wouldn't refuse to send such an enthusiastic supporter as yourself one of his very own autographed likenesses. He is now with the Fox Film Corporation.

JUST MILLY.—What does your heart fail you about? Yes, it is true that Harold Lockwood is dead. Write to them and find out.

BILLIE MAY.—See reply to Grace M. Theda Bara's brothers' name is Mark Bara—not Paul. The next time I run across her I'll deliver your message. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. The house is still standing, and several companies have made souvenirs of wood from the house, and have sold them to the fans. Douglas Fairbanks bounded back to the world at Denny's Concerts, in 1883. Charles Spencer Chaplin was born in guy Paree in 1889. Marguerite Clark comes from Theda Bara's home town, Cincinnati. She arrived there a few years before the Fox star, making her debut in the world in 1887.

LEBAS.—Madame Petrova was born in Warsaw, Poland. She had no steady leading man, as she changed them about every picture. At present she is not in pictures, but is appearing in vaudeville.

THE ORACLE will answer any questions of general interest concerning the movies which would not require unusually long replies. Those wishing personal replies must inclose a stamped envelope, with return address. Letters should be addressed to: The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct application at a studio. Do not send inquiries concerning a scenario writing to The Oracle, but to William Lord Wright, at the same address. Addresses of players asked for will be found at the end of this department.

LIBERTY BONDS.—You evidently have no pity for me at all when you ask me to name for you the youngest and oldest woman star in the business. A great many lay claim to the former, and all of them shun the latter; not being any too eager to leave this old world. I refrain from answering either. Ethel Clayton was born in 1890. Yes, your green ink is very pretty. I could almost read it without my glasses.

MASTER JOHN H.—Rupert Julian is the gentleman who played the rôle of the Kaiser in the "Beast of Berlin.”

CLAIRE C.—So you are dying to know how old Bill Desmond is. If that's the case, I'd better not tell you. Why don't you say "how young is he?" It sounds very much better. He never told me the exact date, so I'm not sure. He was born in Dublin, Ireland, and it shouldn't take you all night to figure out his nationality.

JERRE.—I don't know to whom you refer in "Vengeance and the Woman." It must have been a very small part. He is not listed in the cast in any of the episodes. Yes, Paul Willis is still playing in pictures. He is not with any one company, but works for them all, whenever there is a part to suit him. Richard Barthelmess had the leading male rôle opposite Dorothy Gish in "Rich Man, Poor Man.”

MOVIE GIRL.—Maryland is the birthplace of Louise Glaum. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1890. George Walsh is a New Yorker, and began his life there in 1892. Norma Talmadge was born in the same city five years later. She started her picture career at the age of fourteen. Bryant Washburn was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1889. Madame Petrova is Polish and not Russian. Annette Kellermann was born in New South Wales, Australia. Whom do you mean when you say the first names of the Owen brothers? It must be the Moore boys you refer to. There are Owen, Matt, Tom, and Joe. Ann Little's birthplace is Sisson, California, and the date of the eventful year is 1894.

TEMPEST.—So you like The Oracle Department very much, and think it should be given twice the space. It's very kind of you to say such nice things about me, but think of all the extra work! No, I am not a movie aspirant. I prefer the simple life. St. Elmo was done a good many years ago in pictures. Marshall Neilan played opposite Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark in several pictures. He never played opposite Clara Kimball Young. Marshall used to be one of our best little screen actors, and he played a part in "Daddy-Long-Legs," as well as directed the picture. No, I can't recall the picture you refer to. It was released such a long time ago, and you gave such a vague description of it. You can't blame people for the names that are tacked onto them. They are too young to realize what is being put over on them when the christening occurs. See reply to Henry S. Thanks for the poem; I had never read it before.

HARRY A. S.—The addresses are listed at the end of The Oracle.
How to remove hair without injury to the skin or complexion

Science has discovered a way to remove hair without the aid of injurious chemicals. A superior toilet preparation; dainty, exquisite, harmless; that meets the most exacting requirements of women of refinement.

This remarkable new preparation is called Neet. And it leaves many old methods, against which there has always been so strong a prejudice, definitely without place.

That's because Neet solves the problem of removing hair without irritation or injury—and without encouraging further growth. An embarrassing condition not only erased, but without unpleasant aftermath!

**What Neet Is**

Neet is an antiseptic cream lotion that not only removes hair, but, in the same operation, bleaches the skin to perfect whiteness! It is ready for service, without mixing or mussing!

Apply the same as a cold cream. Let stand a few minutes, and then rinse off with clear water. That's all! The hair will be gone—rinsed away. *And the skin left refreshingly cool, smooth and white!*

Different in formula, action and effect from any other preparation of similar function, *Neet* is warranted to neither irritate the skin nor injure the complexion, no matter how frequently used! Doctors are adopting it in hospital practice to remove hair from patients about to be operated on.

**Begin Using Neet Today**

If you are still employing old methods, Neet—cooling, soothing and dainty—will come as a delightful contrast. The most welcome accessory ever reaching your vanity table!

Use it freely, and without hesitancy, on the face, the underarm, the forearm—wherever needed—and you will be delighted with its thoroughness and with the feeling of absolute cleanliness it leaves. Which says nothing of the fact that, with Neet as your ally, you may now wear even the sheerest of stockings without a single misgiving!

**Where to Obtain Neet**

Neet is on sale at toilet goods counters in nearly all Department, and Drug Stores in the United States. Or, by mail, postpaid. Two sizes: 50 cents, or three times the quantity for $1.00. Prices in Canada: Small 65c; Large, $1.25.

**Special**

If you cannot obtain Neet at your dealer's, clip the coupon below and mail it in with 50 cents for the small size—or $1.00 for the large—and receive your supply by return post, in unmarked package.

**MAIL THIS COUPON**

Hannibal Pharmacal Co.
10-19 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo.

For the enclosed $1.00 send Neet to

NAME______________________________

STREET_____________________________

CITY_________________________STATE____

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 58

popular movie matinée idol, is featured in “Eliza of the Hollyhocks,” that widely advertised novel by Enoch Doolittle Jones, the famous author. The book title and the famous author’s name are printed right along with Jasper McCullough’s name on the billboards. It looks fine. The story may be puerile, but the rival star goes to the boss and says: “Boss, Jasper McCullough is working in classy stuff. See his name and Enoch Jones’ on six sheets everywhere. Why, they must ’a paid ten thousand dollars for that Jones book! I am as good as Jasper; I want some high-class stories.”

The boss, in order to keep his high-salaried star happy, must go forth and pay top prices for some novels of doubtful value for the screen. The good, original story by the modest author is thrown aside, all because of the vanity of the star. This professional jealousy and rivalry has been inherited by the movies from the spoken drama. Each pampered star keeps an eye on the other star, and woe to the boss if the other actor or actress is boosted in more expensive productions or more costly stories.

And the result is the producer is out of pocket; the star’s vanity is satisfied and the public gets a mediocre book movie instead of a good original story built for the screen.

Some day there will be a change.

R. C. Franks writes:

About

Synopses I have read with much interest the extract from the letter from W. Scott Darling, published in the April number of your magazine. Mr. Darling says: “I have read every synopsis of every story released during the past four or five years—I will thank you to advise me how these synopses can be obtained. Mr. Darling further states that he has “received some very fine and helpful letters from scenario editors.” This seems to be a very uncommon occurrence, as I have been of the opinion that scenario departments do not comment on scripts submitted.

Until recently some of the motion-picture trade journals published regularly the synopsis of every play released. Those who took these journals had access to these plot synopses. Any scenario editor worthy of the title will write helpful letters of encouragement to those authors who really show promise. It’s good business. The real-for-sure editor will not let budding talent escape him. He knows that encouraging letters do much good sometimes. He wants good original stories.

A reader submits the following argument, which will be interesting to others:

I believe the reason for so many rejected stories is due not alone to the weakness of the plot, but also to lack of knowledge of how to construct the same so that it will stand the once over of that most important gentleman—the scenario editor. And who is to blame? There seems to be—or is it just a supposition on my part—a desire on the part of those that are in the know to keep this branch of the business to themselves, for I have been unable to find just the proper form in which to submit my stories; by that I mean the proper way to outline them. One editor will say not to go into details, as he only wants the idea. Another will say, “Be more explicit”—so there you are.

The idea is not all that is wanted, but so many times has the idea been almost hidden away in a mass of unnecessary word paintings and adjectives that many editors prefer the “idea only” statement in order to cut down useless words and thereby to save time. There isn’t an editor in the business who does not want, in addition to a good idea, good business, situations, development. Good business does not necessarily have to be written in continuity form. It may be inserted in the synopsis. The trouble is that so very many beginners—and adepts, too, for that matter—do not know what good business is.

A New Market Booklet

Many of our readers will be interested to know that a new Market Booklet is just off the presses.

It contains the latest word of the producers as to their scenario requirements for the fall and winter. There has been an unusually large number of changes in the film-producing world, and many new companies formed, and all of these changes that took place up to the time of going to press have been recorded. It will be sent for six cents in postage.
"Heads Win!"

Traffic jammed at the rush hour! Crowds thronging station platforms! A mile of stalled trains! The swing-bridge would not close and all because down in the power house something had gone wrong and nobody knew what—until Jim came to the rescue.

Each night thousands are seeing unfolded on the screen the thrilling story of Jim Godfrey, who, in the hours after supper, with the help of the International Correspondence Schools, had put a trained head on his shoulders—a head that knew what to do in an emergency.

There are thousands of Jims in real life. You will find them in offices, shops, stores, factories, in mines and on railroads. For in every city and town and in every line of industry there are men who have gained in spare moments, with I. C. S. help, special training in the work of their choice.

There are men like Jesse G. Vincent, who rose from a toolmaker's apprentice to inventor of the Liberty Motor; men like Joseph G. Tynan, the laborer who became the world's greatest ship builder; men like Robert E. Ramsey, the clerk who became editor of Advertising and Selling. There are carpenters' helpers who became architects, bookkeepers who became general managers, men and boys who rose from nothing at all to responsible positions at splendid salaries.

It's simply a question of training. Your hands can't earn the money you need, but your head can if you'll give it the chance. "Heads win" every time! More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have let the I. C. S. help them win better jobs, make more money, enjoy happier homes. Over one hundred thousand right now are turning their spare moments to profit. Hundreds are starting every day.

Can you still go on, putting in your days at the same grind, getting the same pay envelope with the same insufficient sum, keeping up the constant fight against a soaring cost of living, when a little grit on your part could be the means of changing your whole life?

It is easy possible for you to have the position you want in the work you like best, to have a salary that will give you and your family the kind of a home, the comforts, the little luxuries, the enjoyments that you would like them to have. No matter what your age, your occupation, your education or your means—you can do it!

All we ask is the chance to prove it. That's fair, isn't it? Then mark and mail this coupon. There's no obligation, and not a penny of cost. But it may be the most important step you ever took in your life. Take it now!

---

**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**

**BOX 4568, SCRANTON, PA.**

Easily, without obligating you, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

- **ELECTRICAL ENGINEER**
- **Electric Lighting and Railways**
- **Electric Wiring**
- **Electrical Engineer**
- **Mechanical Engineer**
- **Mechanical Draftsman**
- **Machine Shop Practice**
- **Toolmaker**
- **Gas Engine Operating**
- **Civil Engineer**
- **Surveying and Mapping**
- **Mine Foreman or Engineer**
- **Stationary Engineer**
- **Marine Engineer**
- **Ship Draftsman**
- **Architect**
- **Architectural Draftsman**
- **Contractor Builder**
- **Structural Engineer**
- **Fluorescent Lighting**
- **Sheet Metal Worker**
- **Textile Greaser or Supp.**
- **CHEMIST**

**Name**

**Present Occupation:**

**Street and No.:**

**City**

---

Canadians may send this coupon to:

**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Montreal, Canada**

---

**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS**

**BOX 4568, SCRANTON, PA.**

Easily, without obligating you, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

- **ELECTRICAL ENGINEER**
- **Electric Lighting and Railways**
- **Electric Wiring**
- **Electrical Engineer**
- **Mechanical Engineer**
- **Mechanical Draftsman**
- **Machine Shop Practice**
- **Toolmaker**
- **Gas Engine Operating**
- **Civil Engineer**
- **Surveying and Mapping**
- **Mine Foreman or Engineer**
- **Stationary Engineer**
- **Marine Engineer**
- **Ship Draftsman**
- **Architect**
- **Architectural Draftsman**
- **Contractor Builder**
- **Structural Engineer**
- **Fluorescent Lighting**
- **Sheet Metal Worker**
- **Textile Greaser or Supp.**
- **CHEMIST**

**Name**

**Present Occupation:**

**Street and No.:**

**City**

---

Canadians may send this coupon to:

**INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Montreal, Canada**
The Picture Oracle

NISANCE.—I hope by the time you see this you will have made up your mind about what you want to do.

GERTRUDE RENAUD.—Thanks for the information and good wishes. You forgot to ask any questions. Come again.

M. A. M.—Newcomers are always most welcome. That picture was produced on the West Coast. I won't say that I agree with you, but far be it from me to dispute with any of my fair readers. Eugene O'Brien will not play opposite Norma Talmadge for a while, at least, as he is now under contract with the Selznick Pictures Corporation. Certainly, if you wish to.

F. C. V.—Vivian Martin was born near Grand Rapids, Michigan. Their names must be Smith also, mustn't they? Sure. You should have had such a hard time figuring that out.

HENRY S.—Beverly Bayne was born in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1895. She is a bit of an interesting letter and has dark-brown hair and eyes. That is her correct name. In private life she is the wife of Francis X. Bushman, whose leading lady she has been for some years. It wouldn't do any harm to write and see.

M. C. P.—No, Marion doesn't come from Grand Rapids. Every one must still a little letter more or less.

CLEO.—Well, well, well, Cleo, where have you been hiding yourself all this time? I thought that you had surely deserted me. No, I haven't heard any one say that Mary Garden got paid for her back in motion pictures. It is very famous, but is just an added attraction. "The Splendid Sinner" and "Thats" were her two Goldwyn pictures. She is one of our very best-known opera stars, and was never in musical comedy, as you had supposed. I fear your operatic education has been sadly neglected.

R. X.—Look for the addresses at the end of The Oracle. Yes, I should say it was.

MARGUERITE W.—I don't know just how many Market Booklets have been sold, but there are several thousand of them giving valuable service to their owners. Yes, six cents was the right amount.

THELMA M.—See above answer.

ANTONIO MORENO ADAMIER.—Thanks for all the good wishes. They are greatly appreciated.

MISS EMMA B.—Handed your letter to William Lord Wright, who answers all the scenario questions for Picture-Play. No trouble at all.

MAY ARDELLA.—Enjoyed your letter very much. What made you think such an interest in writing could be boring— even to a hardened Picture Oracle? Write again whenever you get the chance.

TAMARA T.—No, you didn't ask too many questions. I know of a whole lot more you could have thought of. Write to the circulation manager for any back numbers of Picture-Play that you may want.

TINY.—Welcome, new writer, but old reader. Jack Pickford began his screen career, as did many of the favorites, at the old Biograph with D. W. Griffith. He was only a kid then in knickerbockers. Franklin Farnum is now doing a vaudeville act. He is not related to either Dustin or William Farnum. His right name is William Franklin Smith.

SNOW BIRD.—Carol Holloway and William Duncan are still with Vitagraph, but are not playing opposite each other any more. Duncan has Edith Johnson as his leading woman, while Carol is playing opposite Antonio Moreno. Both are doing serials. Little Billy Jacobs is still playing in pictures. He is a very clever little fellow, and his younger brother, Joe, is just as brilliant a player. Hugh Thompson and Mildred Keats took the parts you asked about in "Queen of the Sea," with Annette Kellermann. The picture was produced for William Fox.

DE NOUVEAU.—That was an old Kalem picture, and Marguerite Courrot was Tom Moore's leading lady. Dorothy Kelly played opposite Morgan Lewis in "The Awakening." To Van Valt, Hatt, and Joe Moore are brothers. Victor Sutherland is still in pictures. Victor Moore is not making films at the present time, but will probably reappear on the screen shortly.

LE MAY.—There are quite a few motion-picture correspondence clubs. Shirley Mason and Mary Miles Minter are not sisters. Shirley's older sister is Viola Dana, and Mary's is Margaret Shelley. Shirley's correct name is Leonie Flugrath, but she probably thinks that Shirley Mason sounds much better for screen purposes. Juliet Shelley is what Mary Miles Minter was christened. J. Warren Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1889. As yet he has not been elected a member of the matrimonial club. William Duncan and Carol Holloway are not married. Sessue Hayakawa is married to Tsuru Aoki. Some name, no doubt! It is Margaret Clark is married to Lieutenant Palmenor Williams.

CLARICE D.—Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1887.

VERNICE L.—Yes.

E. LORIMER.—Look at the end of The Oracle for the addresses you want. Eugene O'Brien is no longer playing opposite Norma Talmadge. Norma has a new leading man now. Eugene was born in Colorado in 1884. Norma Talmadge's birthplace is the famous Niagara Falls, and the date was 1895.

IZZY.—Tom Santschi is certainly one of our best little screen actors, even if he is over six feet tall and weighs over two hundred. He was with Selig for over eight years, and is one of the early birds of the film game. He appeared in over sixty films, and also in the first big feature. He used to get thirty-five or forty dollars when he started with Selig, which was considered big money then, for leading men were getting twenty-five and thirty. Tom used to drive one of the autos at the Selig plant, too, in order to earn his weekly stipend.

J. SOUTH BOSTON.—Theodore Roberts is a native son, being born in San Francisco, California, in 1861. He has been on the stage since 1880, so you can see he is well schooled. He appeared with W. H. Crane, Bertha Kalisch, Stuart Robson, James K. Hackett, Fanny Davenport, and many of the other stage stars. His screen career has been spent under the Lasky banner. The "Squaw Man" was released in January.

ALTA B.—Look for the address you want at the end of The Oracle. No, thank you. I have my hands full as it is, I don't mind doing it in the least. All you have to do is ask for anything I can answer for you, and you shall have it. I didn't need your personal code this time. I got along splendidly. You're improving every day. You know me, Al.

JAZZ.—The Ebony Comedies were produced by the Ebony Film Company, featuring a clever company of colored players. They had some very funny stuff in the ones I saw, but the company seems to have discontinued making them for the time being.

CLARA B.—Your letter was very interesting. Billie Rhodes is being featured in five-fee comedy dramas by the National Film Corporation. "The Horse with No Name" is her hobby. "A Girl of My Dreams" and "Hoop-La" were her first two features. Yes, pronounce the "I." Tom Meighan played opposite Norma Talmadge both in the "Forbidden City" and in "The Heart of Wetona."

DIAMOND.—Pearl White was born in Springfield, Missouri, in 1889. Mary Pickford is an honorary Miss Whitehead. Fannie Ward made her first appearance in this world at St. Louis, Missouri, in 1875. The Fairbanks twins are playing at the Winter Garden in New York. They haven't been on the screen for several years. They are not related to Douglas. George Walsh was born in New York during the year of 1892. Cleo Madison has not appeared on the screen since she did the sequel to "Tarzan of the Apses." June Caprice was born in Indiana. Her picture is "Oh, Boy!" which was produced for Pathe. Margetta Fisher was born in Missouri Valley, Iowa. Some of them are real and some not so real. I'm sure I don't know where Norma Talmadge gets her nose. Probably in any good hardware store.

M. E. A.—House Peters is said to be thinking very seriously of returning to the screen. There are a bunch of fans who hope he will.

TALL TIMBER.—I am kind, good, and busy, as you say, but I don't know about the rest of it. Shorty Hamilton is not working in pictures at the present time. Irving Cummings is on the coast now doing long letters. Richard Stanton is still directing for Fox. His latest picture is the famous play, "Checkers." You certainly are very flattering.

N. U. T. Y.—Yes, she really lives there. Norma Talmadge's home is on Long Island. Jewel Carmen played in "The Kingdom of Love." June Caprice was born in 1890. R. W. Foster, a French Walsh. Not the least bit tired, thank you, and I have been going hard all day.
A Perfect Voice Is Priceless!

Yours can be made perfect

—The Feuchtinger Method of Voice Culture will do it

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.

Any Voice Can Be Developed

The Feuchtinger 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 unerring results in countless cases. Your voice will receive almost immediate benefits, and your progress to perfection should be swift and sure.

Mr. Feuchtinger 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 unerring 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 Feuchtinger Method banishes ALL impediments of speech—gives perfect command of muscles and vocal cords. Harshness, fearlessness, huskiness will quickly disappear.

No more stuttering, stammering or lisping! All these business and social handicaps are quickly and permanently removed by the Feuchtinger 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 Feuchtinger Method in the privacy of your own home. You need not know music—they 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. Feuchtinger’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 1587
Chicago, Illinois

Perfect Voice Institute
Studio 1587-1772 Wilson Avenue, Chicago
Send me free book (illustrated) and facts about the Feuchtinger Method. I have put (x) opposite subject that interests me. I assume absolutely no obligation whatever.

SINGING  
STAMMERING  
SPEAKING  
LISPING

Age

Name

Address

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
The Picture Oracle
Continued from page 93

MISS SYLVIA D.—Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 14, 1902. She was always a "real beauty," half—or worse, if you like. "Mary O’Rourke" is one of her latest pictures. She has left the employ of the American Film Company, and will soon appear in Realart productions. Marguerite Clark is the wife of Lieutenant Palmergo Will- liams. Olga Petrova is Polish. She was born in Warsaw, Poland. You are thinking of Alma Hanlon and not Hanlose. She still does a picture every once in a while. Louise Huff and Johnny Hudgins were in the "Little Intruder," a World film. William Russell was formerly the husband of Charlotte Barton. William Leach is Russell’s correct name.

STUTZ.—You might write her and see if she would.

FRANCIS FORD PONTI.—Indeed? Getting acquainted isn’t always an easy task. Francis Ford was born in Portland, Maine, in 1883. He is six feet eleven tall and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. He is not married to Grace Gurnard. Grace is the better half of Joe Moore, youngest of the Moore brothers. He has his own company, and is making serials. He is an enthusiastic fan of his to see all his produc- tions for the last six years. True Boardman died several months ago. Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1883.

MISS MARY P.—Yes, that’s her correct name. Mary Thurman was with the Mack Sennett forces for several years, but is now devoting her attention to appearing in comedy dramas. Before that she appeared in small parts at the Griffith Studios. No, Marguerite Marsh is older than Mae. C. J. O’Hara is doing serials with Antonio Moreno for Vitaphoto. Natalie Talmadge has a part in her sister Norma’s picture, “By Right of Conquest.” Dorothy Dalton starred in "The Cross of Shame," which was called "Vive Le Franc-Tireur" in France. Yes, Fred Niblo is an old-timer—in the theatrical game. You are forgiven.

C. O. P.—Mary Pickford is just five feet tall. Her eyes are blue and her hair light brown. The hairdresser puts in the curls. She is now making her pictures at the Boulevard Studios in Los Angeles. Viola Dana was born in Brook- lyn, New York, in 1898. Yes, Harold Lockwood is dead, I am sorry to say. Anita Stewart has her own company, and is making features for First National. "A Midnight Romance" was her second re- lease for this company. That is Charlie’s real name.

ISABEL O.—Margaret Fisher was born in San Diego, California, and was educated by private tutors. She is five feet one and a half inches tall, and weighs all of a hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair is brown and her eyes are dark gray. There isn’t any chance of seeing Eugene O’Brien play with her, as he is a star himself now for the Selznick Pictures Corporation.

Continued on page 94
Learn Shorthand at Home—in 5 Evenings

Five days hence you could be writing K. I. Shorthand—that is if you were to start learning today.

Think of it! You probably do not know the first principle in shorthand—perhaps you never dreamed of being able to write it—and yet before a week has passed you could be making all sorts of memoranda in K. I. Shorthand.

You can prepare yourself for a position in weeks as compared to months by other systems.

It is not too good to be true! K. I. Shorthand is the new, simplified stenography that anyone can learn in five evenings and gain ample speed in a fraction of the time required by any of the old, complicated systems.

K. I. Shorthand Simplified Stenography fits you for the pleasanter occupations

Why not learn K. I. Shorthand now and let it help you on your way to a more desirable vocation—higher salary—to greater efficiency as a teacher, business person, lecturer, author, doctor, lawyer, press correspondent, or one of a large number of other occupations?

In a very short time you can know K. I. Shorthand well enough to serve as a public or private stenographer or secretary—by the wealth of opportunity that such capability means.

Study at Home

K. I. Shorthand has taken the world by storm. Young and old, beginners and experts are writing it. It is destined to supersede the old complicated systems for universal use, like the typewriter has replaced long-hand in business correspondence.

K. I. Shorthand is for MEN AND WOMEN of all ages and occupations. Constantly it is depended upon for making important memoranda, taking messages verbatim, jotting down business-getting ideas, etc.—by business executives, industrial engineers, salesmen, advertising men, writers, lawyers, teachers, farmers, and numerous others.

Daily we hear of people who never thought they could spare the time to learn stenography, learning this new method in a few hours, or a few evenings and putting it at once to practical use.

Grace Miller White, who wrote "Tess of the Storm Country" and numerous books and screen plays, says:

"A truly wonderful trip for those who wish to learn K. I. Shorthand. It is stenography in the truest sense of the word. A method of writing so simple that anyone can learn it, and anyone who tries it will not be able to resist the temptation of learning it."

So Easy to Learn

You can do it too. Forget what you once heard of the hardships of learning any of the old systems. K. I. Shorthand is immeasurably unlike any of them. It is stenography proper of its name and mystery, clarified, simplified. It is shorthand made shorter, easier to learn, more natural to write, as easy to read as long-hand—and never forgettable.

Even experts in the old systems have abandoned them because they prefer the new and simpler K. I. Method.

K. I. Shorthand omits intricate, perplexing and brain-tiring special rules, positions and shadings which make other systems a nightmare for the student. It is so much easier to learn because there is infinitely less to study. No greater endorsement could be asked than the fact that it is used in U. S. Government Civil Service positions, by large corporations and in courts.

Experts Guide You

In no other way can you obtain a thorough stenographic education at such trifling cost. Includes complete correspondence instruction, the equal of which would cost many times as much elsewhere and take months of time as well.

CERTIFICATE OF PROFICIENCY is awarded students upon completion of the course, and is recognized as genuine proof of practical stenographic efficiency.

What Others Say

"In two weeks I learned all the lessons thoroughly. I am now doing stenographic work, having accepted a position the first of this month, and am amazed at the speed with which I am able to take dictation."

GERTRUDE L. GRARDAU.

"I learned K. I. Shorthand within four hours and in a month I was able to write 30 words a minute. I set down all my notes in K. I. Shorthand and can read them weeks later. K. I. Shorthand is worth ten times what is asked for."

BYRON W. CREEW.

"It was a pleasure to learn K. I. Shorthand. Within three hours I could write any words. I can now write over 150 words per minute and am positive that by a little more practice I could speed up to 500 words a minute. It is easy to read one's notes in K. I. Shorthand."

JOY WADSWORTH

FREE Lessons

The first lessons will be sent you free. After one evening's study you will be able to write thousands of words in K. I. Shorthand so accurately you could read your notes months or years later. Then, if you are interested and wish to continue the course, we will forward the remaining lessons on approval for 30 days. If not convinced, there is nothing to return—no bother—no expense.

Why not try it? Remember, if you cannot learn you won't be out a penny.

MAIL THE COUPON AT ONCE, OR WRITE, MENTIONING "Picture-Play Magazine"

KING INSTITUTE, 154 East 32nd Street, New York, or 8 South Walsh Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Mail the coupon at once, or write, mentioning "Picture-Play Magazine"

KING INSTITUTE, Inc.

Staten F, New York, N. Y., or 8 South Walsh Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the first two lessons in K. I. Shorthand, FREE, also full information.

Name: ____________________________
Address: __________________________

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 92

A Movie Nut.—No, it is not true that G. M. Anderson is dead. He is making Western pictures to be released by the Sherry Service. Mabel Taliaferro made several pictures for Metro, but has not been on the screen for some time. Yes, the Pearl "White serial," "The Lightning Raider," has been seen in Australia. Pearl is now appearing in one which was written by Robert W. Chambers. Earline Williams has always been with the Vitagraph. Billie Burke was born in Washington, D. C., in 1886. She was educated there and in France. She made her first appearances singing in the music halls of Austria, Russia, France, and Germany. She made her first success at the Pavilion in London, and supported Edna May in "The School Girl" at the Prince of Wales Theater. Her New York debut was opposite John Drew in "My Wife." Her first picture was "Peggy," with Thomas H. Ince, and then followed the serial, "Gloria's Romance," for George Kleine. She is five feet four inches tall, and her hair is golden red. She is the wife of Florenz Ziegfeld, who picks all the beauties for his Ziegfeld Follies. No wonder that he chose Billie B. Her latest picture is "The Misleading Widow." Herbert Chatterton is now playing here at the Alcazar Theater in San Francisco. Kathlyn Williams is in Los Angeles and makes the Lasky Studio her home when she works. You are forgiven.

Franc Mayo Adair.—You didn't look careful of yourself in your career, born in 1886. He is five feet eleven inches tall. His eyes are gray and his hair is brown. He recently went to the coast to take the leading role opposite the unknown society star in "The Girl and the Horse," for Charles Seay, ex-hubby of Laurette Taylor. Johnny Hines was born in 1895. Cincinnati, Ohio, is the birthplace of Theda Bara. Brooklyn, New York, is Lilian Walker's birthplace. Grace Darmond tells me she was born in Toronto, Canada. Billie Burke is five feet four inches tall, and Ethel Clayton is one inch taller. Douglas Fairbanks is five feet ten. Ruth Roland's hair is auburn, and her eyes are dark brown. Face powder, you should imagine. Harold Loddock's last picture was "The Yellow Dove," but they are going to change the title of it. I'm sure I can't tell you who kisses the nicest, Norma or Constance Talmadge. I've never had that pleasure, so I'm unable to judge. Constance is five feet six. She has light-brown hair and brown eyes. You seem to be very interested in height. Are you studying it? What great promises you make. Let's see if you will keep them.

May Lilian Anderson—If I had very much to get at a Western picture, can't you manage to write when you're not supposed to be cleaning? I don't want to be the cause of your getting in wrong with your ma. George Walsh has the lead in "The Sky Quits." Jack Eaton, who lives in California and had recently returned to the screen. Her little babe has been keeping her busy during the past year. So you think you asked a great many questions? You should see some of the letters I get, and you would think yourself stingy.

Mary Pickford Fan.—Carlyle Blackwell and Evelyn Grecely played in "Hitting the Trail." Olive Tell was born in New York City. Minnie Sais was named after the county she was born in, Minnie County, California. Anna Q. Nilsson was born in Ystad, Sweden. Claire McDowell was born in New York. Frank Mills' birthplace was Kalamazoo, Michigan. Otis Kirby was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. James Kirkwood played opposite Mary Pickford in "The Eagle's Mill." Leutenant G. C. N.—Marguerite Courtois was born in Summit, New Jersey, in August, 1897. She was educated in New York and Switzerland. She was at one time a model for Harrison Fisher. Her motion-picture career started with the Selznick Company, after which she went with Gaumont; then to Famous Players; then to Edison. She is five feet three inches tall, and weighs all of one hundred and ten pounds.

Jerry R.—Lillian Walker was born in Brooklyn, New York, and William Duncan was produced in Scotland. He is five feet ten inches tall. Alice Pretty was born in 1891. She is heading her own company now. Yes, they're all doing it. The weather is very nice here now. You betcha.

Mrs. F.—I mailed both of the letters you sent me as requested. No trouble at all.

Cecile.—Enter my happy family? I should say you can. Ann Pennington has left the screen and gone back on the stage, but she is likely to return to the realm of the silver sheet at most any time. That is her right name. Florence Vidor was born in 1895. She became the mother of a wonderful little baby girl not many months ago. They say the baby looks just like her mother, so she must be a beauty.

Chas. Chapin.—That's quite a coincidence, isn't it?

Miss Ernestine B.—Write to the editor of Picture-Play and inclose six cents in stamps, and he will send you a copy of the Market Booklet, which contains the names and addresses of all the motion-picture producers, and the kind of stories they are in the market for.

Mickey O'R.—Send your idea to the studios direct. Pick a choice few, and I will answer what you want to know about them. Yes, you may have a copy of the Market Booklet if you send six cents in stamps to the editor.

Vernice L.—You had best remain in school a while longer. Twelve years is a very tender age which must start out in the world to become a motion-picture star. It's not being done, Vernice.

Dorothea W.—Send six cents in stamps to the editor for a copy of the Market Booklet. It contains the names and addresses you want. Elsie Ferguson's husband is Thomas Clarke.
Send the Coupon
for this Money Saving
BASCH DeLuxe Diamond Book

TODAY, more than ever, you should be sure to
get the great money-saving 1920 Basch DeLuxe Diamond
Book before you think of buying a Diamond.
The coupon brings it to you free. See the truly
wonderful bargains which are offered through
the great buying power, expert knowledge and
foresight of the great House of Basch. In spite of rising
prices, in spite of the scarcity of Diamonds, Basch still offers
a blue white 1/2 carat at $48.75; 3/4 carat at $72.00 and many
other equally attractive bargains. But you must get our book quickly,
while these remarkable offers last. Send the coupon today—NOW!

Money Back Guarantee
Basch guarantees in writing to refund full cash price less 10% should you,
for any reason, wish to return any diamond bought from us within
a year. Also offers full price in exchange for another diamond at any
time. Weight, weight, quality and value is guaranteed. See that our
diamond is Basch guaranteed.

Free Examination
Basch takes all the risk. Diamonds sent for free ex-
amination. You pay nothing until you have examined and
proved to yourself that the diamond you ordered is a
real bargain. Don’t miss this wonderful opportunity.

Free Coupon

L. BASCH & CO.
State and Quincy Streets
Dept. R3560 Chicago, Ill.

Please mail me free, without obligation,
your 1920 Basch DeLuxe Diamond Book.

I am enclosing $1.00. Please send me
your guaranteed fountain pen with my
name, as printed below, engraved in gold, free.

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
“No, you don’t—” he began. And Elsie, panic-stricken, promptly whirled around and flung in the opposite direction. Straight ahead of her was an open elevator, whose operator was waiting with the girl at the adjacent telephone switchboard. Elsie catapulted into it, slammed the door, and jammed the lever over.

She was on her way toward the roof by the time that Murphy leaped into another elevator and Lem started up the stairs on the run. Then she changed her mind and started toward the cellar in time to see Murphy shoot past in the next elevator and to catch a glimpse of Lem on the third floor. Back up she went again, darted out of the elevator on the third floor, caught sight of Murphy again, and off down the hall she streaked, wildly seeking a refuge.

A chambermaid went down the hall just then, leaving the door of one of the rooms open. Elsie rushed into it—a haven at last! And after her rushed a man, congratulating himself on thus neatly managing a much desired meeting. For the dress she was wearing had fooled Harrison Perry, the chauffeur, as completely as it had deceived Murphy, the detective. And Perry, who had thought it the part of wisdom to walk up to Eloise’s room when he arrived at the hotel a few moments before, congratulated himself as he saw Elsie dash into the vacant room.

As he slammed the door behind him Elsie whirled around and faced him with angry eyes. She had expected to see Murphy. Perry was quite as unwelcome a sight.

“What are you doing here?” she demanded. “Get out!”

Perry stared for a moment. Then his eyes narrowed as he leaped to what seemed the only conclusion.

“So you’re working with her, eh—trying to trick me?” He grabbed her by the arm. “Well, it won’t work.”

This was completely mystifying to Elsie, but she did know one thing—that he was hanging on to her most uncomfortably tight and that she had to get away. Murphy would just about find her there—and she had to get out and find Lem. He’d lose his job and get into all kinds of trouble if he didn’t get those goals in a hurry. Vigorously she jerked away.

“Let go; I’ve got to get away!” she exclaimed.

“Sure you have. But tell me where Eloise is first!”

It was then that Lem came on the scene most unexpectedly by jumping across the air shaft from a neighboring room. He had seen Perry follow Elsie into the room, had tried the door, and found that this was the only way of getting in to help her. He landed lightly on his feet, and a moment later had dragged Perry away from Elsie and was doing his best to pound that young man into a jelly. But Perry had the advantage of superior weight and strength, and had beaten Lem into unconsciousness almost before Eloise realized what had happened.

“Now—what have you done with that little fool from Philadelphia?” he demanded, holding Eloise’s arm in a viselike grip. “Go on and tell or you’ll get what’s coming to you. You can’t queer my chances with her; I’m making a clean-up this time. I’ll give you fifty dollars of it, kid; tell me where she is and I’ll give you some of the loot.”

But only Eloise Barrison, standing in the next room, close to the communicating door, heard what he said. For little Elsie was mad, fighting mad, and she went about proving it. She hadn’t scrapped with the boys around her home for nothing, and while the Marquis of Queensbury might not have recognized some of her methods he would have had to admit that she got results. So would Perry.

Kicking, clawing, scratching, Elsie was doing battle for the man of her heart in the only way she knew, and doing it nobly. Every time she thought of the way Perry had pummeled Lem she scratched extra hard.

Hurrying down the hall to Eloise’s room, Murphy heard the rumpus in the room next to it. So did Mr. Barrison, who had just reached the hotel and been given the number of his daughter’s suite.

It was Murphy who pounded on the door and demanded admittance, just as Elsie finished tying Perry up in a sheet she had snatched from the bed. Lem, who had come to
THAT was the experience of one of our writers in Seattle, Washington, a few weeks ago. The theater was dark. Suddenly the spotlight was turned on the stage. A beautiful girl, accompanied by the orchestra, started singing a ballad that set the heart-strings of the audience throbbing—full of tenderness and love. At the end of the song came a big burst of applause. The singer was compelled to repeat the chorus twice before the audience would let her go. In writing of this experience, the writer said:

“No one can imagine how proud I was as I sat in my seat and heard Mr. Friedman's beautiful music and my lyric sung by the performer on the stage. The congratulations of my friends on the way my song was received, were worth more than money can buy.”

Why Don’t You Write the Words for a Song?

First have a set idea and then tell the story in simple language as if you were telling it to a good friend. Read over a few of the popular songs—study the words and manner in which they are written—look around for new ideas and songs. The public is always on the lookout for something new. Publishers desire songs of two verses and a chorus, so do not make your poem too long. Remember the chorus is the title expanded, and it must contain the “punch;” a good chorus is worth more than a hundred verses. Literary talent is not required.

LEO FRIEDMAN, Our Composer

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 more than 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 causes 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.

The Chester Music Company’s Plan

enables writers to have their words set to music and WE GUARANTEE PUBLISHER’S ACCEPTANCE on a royalty basis. Our guarantee of publisher's acceptance does not assure a song's financial or artistic success. However, the royalty basis upon which your song will be accepted, is a long step forward for you. You will understand that we are not music publishers, and that the Chester Music Company is in no way connected financially with any publishing business, nor is any employee of this concern affiliated with the song publishing business. The Chester Plan is a clean-cut and concise plan, that places at your disposal the services of a distinguished group of composers in preparing your song for publication. Select any subject—love—patrolman—home—mother or any other subject that has a true human interest. Send it to us and we will examine it without charge, and if our Lyric Editor finds your poem contains an idea for a song, we will tell you so or return your poem.

Remember you incur no obligation in sending us a poem for inspection. Why not try today?

CHESTER MUSIC COMPANY
Room 239
920 South Michigan Ave.
Chicago, Ill.

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
Headaches
Neuralgias
Colds and La Grippe

Women's Aches and Ills
Rheumatic and Sciatic Pains

Ask Your Druggist for A-K Tablets
(If he cannot supply you, write us)

Small Size 10c  
Dozen Size 25c

See Monogram A on the Genuine
The Antikamnia Remedy Company, St. Louis, Mo.
Write for Free Samples

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was deaf and had Mumps Noise for over 20 years. Only deafened Aged 16. My Doctor restored my hearing and stopped Mumps Noise. I told him I was deaf. He said I was wrong. He was wrong. Effective when Others failed. Restores completely or partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Ear. Easy to put in. No trouble to take out. Ask "Antikamnia." In

A O. LEANDER
Suite 212
9th Avenue 
New York City

22 CHARTS FREE in Chiropractic

Without leaving home you can now become a Doctor of Chiropractic—the modern science of relieving diseases through nervous adjustment. Just send a postal at once. For prompt action write for our free, four complete sets of Anatomical, Nervous and Bone charts. 22 charts in all—worth $200. Will teach you how to diagnose and give you a diploma free. Earn $3000 to $5000 a Year as a Doctor of Chiropractic. Your home-study course is easy to master. I have saved thousands of offices. Good business. Send for catalog and book of testimonials. Write today. We charge nothing, and if you are not convinced of the success of our system and methods, return the book and we will refund your money.

Write the Words for a Song
We review poems, write music and guarantee to secure publication by a New York Music Publisher. Our Literary Editor and Chief Composer is a son-writer of national reputation and has written many hit songs, and written poems on any subject. We examine them free.

BROADWAY STUDIOS
1041 Broadway Building, Broadway at Times Square, New York, N. Y.

GET ON THE STAGE
I tell you true! Butterfield production. Parsons' names always writing. Opportunity for you! Send name and address for free illustrated book, "About Aloud Stage."—FREDERICK LADELLE, Box 170, MICH.

FREE
UKULELE
Hawaiian Guitar, Violin, Mandolin, Guitar, Curnet or Banjo

Wonderful present for a teething noise to be made. To facc
pupils in each household, will give a zero expense. Mandolin, Ukulele, Curnet, Hawaiian Guitar, furred in detail absolutely free. Very small charge for lessons only. We guarantee success or no charge. Complete outfit free. Write at once—no obligation.

EUGÉNÉE LANDSCHOOL OF MUSIC, Dept. 405, CHICAGO, ILL.
New Method Makes Music Amazingly Easy to Learn

Learn to Play and Sing in Spare Time at Home—Every Step Made Simple as A B C by Print-and-Picture Lessons That You Can’t Go Wrong On.

TRY IT ON APPROVAL

Entire Cost Only a Few Cents a Lesson—and Nothing Whatever to Pay Unless You Are Satisfied.

How often have you wished that you knew how to play the violin or piano—or whatever your favorite instrument may be—or that you could take part in singing?

How many an evening’s pleasure has been utterly spoiled and ruined by the admission “I can’t sing,” or “No, I am sorry, but I can’t play.”

At all social gatherings, some one is sooner or later sure to suggest music. When the others gather around for the fun, the one who can take no part feels hopelessly out of it—a wallflower to a mere listener and looker on!

Or those long and lonesome evenings at home, when minutes seem like hours—how quickly the time would pass if you could spend it at the piano or organ—or in making a violin “talk,” or in enjoying some other instrument.

And now—at last—this pleasure and satisfaction that you have so often wished for can easily be added to your daily life.

No need to join a class or pin yourself down to certain hours for lessons or practice. No need to pay a dollar or more per lesson to a private teacher. Neither the question of time nor expense is any longer a bar—every one of the obstacles that have been confining your enjoyment to mere listening have now been removed.

My method of teaching music by mail—in your spare time at home, with no strangers around to embarrass you—makes it amazingly easy to learn to sing by note or to play any instrument.

You don’t need to know the first thing about music to begin—don’t need to know one note from another. My method takes out all the hard part—overcomes all the difficulties—makes your progress easy, rapid and sure.

Whether for an advanced pupil or a beginner, my method is a revolutionary improvement over the old methods used by private teachers.

The lessons I send you explain every point and show every step in simple Print-and-Picture form that you can’t go wrong on—every step is made as clear as A-B-C. My method makes each step so easy to understand and practice that even children only 7 to 10 years old have quickly become accomplished players or singers under my direction by mail. Also thousands of men and women 50 to 70 years old—including many who had never before tried to play any instrument or taken a lesson of any kind—have found my method equally easy. My method is as thorough as it is easy. I teach you the only right way—teach you to play or sing by note. No “trick” music, no “numbers,” no makeshifts of any kind.

I call my method “new”—simply because it is so radically different from the old and hard-to-understand ways of teaching music. But my method is thoroughly time tried and proven. Over 225,000 successful pupils—in all parts of the world, and including all ages from boys and girls of 7 to 8 to men and women of 70—are the proof. Read the enthusiastic letters from some of them, which you will find printed at the left—samples of the kind of letters I am receiving in practically every mail. My file contains thousands of such letters.

Largely through the recommendations of satisfied pupils, I have built up the largest school of music in the world.

But I don’t ask you to judge my methods by what others say or by what I myself say. You can take any course on trial—singing or any instrument you prefer—and judge entirely by your own progress. If for any reason you are not satisfied with the course or with what you learn from it, then it won’t cost you a single penny. I guarantee satisfaction.

When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confuse your enjoyment of music to mere listening? Why not at least let me send you my free book that tells you all about my methods? I know you will find this book absorbingly interesting, simply because it shows you how easy it is to turn your wish to play or sing into an actual fact. Just now I am making a special short-time offer that cuts the cost per lesson in two—send your name now, before this special offer is withdrawn. No obligation—simply use the coupon or send your name and address in a letter or on a postcard.

U.S. School of Music
5310 Brunswick Bldg.,
New York City.

Please send me your free book, “Music Lessons in Your Own Home,” and particulars of your Special Offer.

Name
Address
City
State

Mr. David E. Kemp, President U. S. School of Music, 5310 Brunswick Bldg., New York City.

SUCCESS

"Since I’ve been taking your lessons I’ve made over $100 with my violin. Your lessons simply are fun."—Miss Florence, Mamaroneck, N. Y.

"When I started with you I knew nothing about the piano. A little time ago I could play any piece of music—commencing with "Rosaline," in one week. Now I can play any piece of music, and I am going to the University."—Miss Josephine, MS.

"I want to extend the heartfelt appreciation of your Piano Course. It has done more for me than years of other piano methods. I am a real beginner, but tonight I was able to play "Rosaline."—Miss Josephine, MS.

"The piano at home are delighted to hear me play the Organ as well. You have a wonderful system of teaching music."—Miss Winifred, S. C., Misses Grissome.

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
HERE is Your Opportunity to learn Motion Picture Writing CORRECTLY

By Douglas Gerard

EVERY writer of motion picture stories in America has one ambition—to sell his stories. But he is not nearly so eager to sell them as the director is to buy them. To the writer the sale of a story means hundreds or thousands of dollars—money which he earns in addition to his regular salary. There are practically no writers outside the studios who depend entirely on the sale of photoplays for their living. But the director must depend upon the quality of the pictures he produces for his living and for his whole future too. The writing of a bad story means only that there is still the opportunity to write a better one. The producing of a bad story means that the director has lost prestige with the company and can do less work than he would if he were producing for a good company. His future—his entire career—is regulated by the merit of the stories he produces. And he cannot write these stories himself. He must depend upon others for his material.

Writers flood the studios with stories. Not one in a hundred of these scripts is a motion picture story. The authors have not learned motion picture writing—they have not mastered the trade at which they are to make their living. So, unless they can get their stories bought, they must learn the trade at which they can. And they can learn the trade at which they can make a living in motion pictures if they only write good stories. For the writer who learns to write good stories can write stories of merit and worth which will sell in the studios and which will get a director to buy them. And the writer who has the confidence of the directors and who can show them the way the director wants their stories written, he cannot expect to write sad stories.

Now, however, writers can get this service. They can get it from a man whom I consider the best motion picture writer in America. A man who is known in every studio in the country as a writer of feature photoplays. A man who knows, in short, the things to do and not to do—the things necessary and vital to the writing of successful motion picture stories. This man—the late GEM WILLIS—is writing with the studio of motion picture writing—THE DIRECT, DETAILED METHOD THAT STAFF WRITERS USE IN SELLING THEIR OWN STORIES TO THE PRODUCERS. And it is the first time in the history of the motion picture industry that they have been able to offer this opportunity. He is, in addition, maintaining a Free Sales Bureau where directors and producers may select stories from a rich source of pictures stories written by writers who have learned how to write them correctly. This is absolutely free to the director. He will not accept any other or communion on any sole whatever. And he has the personal endorsement of the directors who want their stories written only in this one way and no other way. The motion picture stories of the future must be secured from writers outside the studios. But they cannot supply these stories unless they have first learned thoroughly motion picture writing.

HERE is THEIR OPPORTUNITY TO LEARN, AND IF THEY EXPECT TO GET THEIR STORIES TO THE PERSONAL ATTENTION OF THE DIRECTORS THEY MUST WRITE THEM ONLY THE DIRECT, DETAILED WAY—THE WILLIS WAY.

F. McGrew Willis' Offer

If you are in earnest about writing photoplays I want you to have a copy of my book, "The Inside Story of Motion Picture Writing,." It is absolutely FREE for the asking, but it is advisable that you act at once; in fact, right now. Just send me your name and address. Address

The F. McGrew Willis Institute

F. McGrew Willis, Sole Head

Suite 417 Wright & Galender Building

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture Play Magazine.

The Mad Hatter of Hollywood

Continued from page 41

sort of adaptation of a Tam—Priscilla being strongly addicted to Tams—and it was more becoming than such a pretty girl’s hat has any right to be. Resisting Priscilla’s charms is hard enough; when they’re aided and abetted by hats like that one a mere bystander has no chance at all of retaining any peace of mind.

Then she showed me other hats; hats like flower gardens, and severe hats with nary a flower on ‘em; tiny, trim little hats and big floppy ones. And she tried them all on for me. One tilted to leeward like a ship in a heavy sea, and one ducked down in front till any one taller than she couldn’t see anything but lots of hat—no Priscilla at all. In some she looked blase and indifferent; in others she looked like a young ladi- fied Peter Pan.

Yet, when I gropped my way out of that sea of hats and struggled over to the door, what do you sup- pose Priscilla sadly remarked by way of farewell?

"Isn’t it too bad that that cunning thing was a wedding veil?"

So, if before long you see adver- tised a Universal picture in which Priscilla plays the part of a bride, you’ll know why it was written.

In Pure Japan

(From The Japan Bulletin)

THE police of Japan do not like to see kissing in public, and therefore film stars are not permitted to oscillate on the screen. In the last six months the police censors removed 3,250 kisses from films. Only one kiss was allowed to remain. It was a kiss granted to Co- lumbus by Queen Isabella, and was shown in Tokyo only, as the censors deleted it before permitting the pho- to play “Columbus” to discover the provinces.

Three hundred and fifty-three em- braces were omitted from films, states The Far East. The titles of 2,144 photo plays were altered by the censors, and 127 murder scenes were killed. Reels entirely prohibited numbered 57. Most films shown in Japan are from America, and a large proportion of them originally contain a little kiss or so, showing the difference in standards be- tween East and West.
Oh! you Misfit!

SAILING under the name of man. You know the truth if no one else does—you know what you lack—what you need. You may hide it from others in a way, but you can’t hide it from yourself. Are you a victim of any pernicious habit that you want to get rid of? Have you a spark of ambition left to be the man you once were, to be the man you ought to be? Are you an easy victim of every little ailment that comes along, going around without snap or ginger, losing ground when you ought to gain it? Then wake up and be a man, not a misfit. Deserve the name of man; be vigorous, virile. It makes no difference if you are a physical wreck, if you join hands with me, I will make you the kind of man that’s wanted, the kind of man needed, the kind of man looked for, sought for, bid for all the time, and it will be done without drugs, or tonics, or stimulants.

You will gain in vim, and vigor, your muscular power will increase in flexibility and strength, your nervous system fortified to renew its energy, not bolstered up for the time being, to fall back below the level it was, as it does when you resort to drugs or medicine.

You married men come across to yourself—get the pep and ginger and tingle of life into you. You are not living for yourself alone; you need dash, spirit, the enterprise you used to have. Regain and maintain your vigor; I’ll show you how.

You business men—overworked, did you say? You are not doing half as much as you ought with your experience. Never mind, there is a way to get back your aggressiveness, to be right in the fight and enjoy it. You can double your percentage of real worth as a man, and enjoy life as you ought to be able to do.

You young man—think of your future—how about it—are you fitted for marriage—are you qualified—do you feel it in your soul—are others sliding by you doing more—getting more than you are? I know what is dragging you down, what is keeping you down, and it is time, high time, that you stop. No one can alone nature and succeed; others tried it and failed miserably. Do you want to be a failure, or even worse than a failure? Then come to me; I have helped thousands; physically, mentally, morally, I will help you. I will make you the kind of young man that is a credit to any community— I will make you so that your progress in any undertaking will be easier. Just be frank and above board—tell me your troubles. I will guide, direct and point the way; the natural way for you to achieve what I have said—Nature’s way. You can stop the drain on your system, you can be free from bad habit, gain muscular tissue, be strong, vital, ever in carriage, courageous and likeable to all you meet. Let me be your guide, your teacher. I have pupils all over the world, learning a system of Health, Strength, moral courage building, known as Strongfortism.

Under my methodical system and the plan of practicing Strongfortism, you men can build your body up in symmetrical proportions as nature intended you to be. You will gain greater confidence in yourself, and compel others to have more confidence in you—it, best of all, brings you success—that you can call success, capped with the glow of health and the supreme joy of living.

To know what Strongfortism can do for you, send for a copy of my book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY." It is FREE—Just enclose three 2¢ stamps to cover mailing expenses to get a copy. SEND AT ONCE.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
1038 Strongfort Institute
NEWARK, N. J.

FREE CONSULTATION COUPON

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY," for postage of which I enclose three 2-cent stamps. I have marked (X) before the subject in which I am interested. (100)

[Box for ticking interests: Health, Strength, Mental Energy, General]

LIONEL STRONGFORT

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
"When a Feller Needs a Friend"
Continued from page 14

Ella Dee Sniffin's jaw dropped and the smirk left her face. The deacon jumped up and tried to cover her confusion.

"Any one will make a mistake at figgers. Besides, Ella probably give the wrong answer jest to test the scholars. And they was only one in the hull class knew the answer for sure. It shows poor teaching in the past. But what's more important than teachin' is good discipline. My niece is a hawg for discipline. She'll clean up this school like she cleans up anything she lays her hand to. They ain't no discipline in this school. There's a boy passin' a mash note this minute. Call him down, Ella."

Ella arose, and, declaring that she insisted on discipline, she sternly commanded Skinny to get the note he had just handed to his "sweetheart" and read it out loud to the board.

"She isn't my sweetheart," protested Skinny.

"No back talk!" roared Ella, slapping the desk with a ruler. "Read that note as I tell you to."

Skinny hesitated. Then he rose, picked up the note from her desk, walked to the platform again, and read in a loud voice:

"This is a put-up job to ruin a good teacher. I heard Deacon Sniffin tell old L. D. that he was tired of supportin' her, so he was going to get her a job teaching school. Tell you pa these facts—Skinny Malley."

That ended the game. The school board ordered Ella Dee and the deacon to get out of there as fast as their legs could carry them. Then the real teacher was called back and complimented by the board. And when the scholars trooped out, laughing in glee, Fatty pointed his stubby finger at Skinny and shouted:

"Skinny's got a sweetheart! Skinny's got a sweetheart! Old L. D. said so.

And Skinny looked bashfully at Her. And she smiled as if to say:

"It was you and I that saved the day. We're bound to be friends after this."

And then Skinny realized for the first time that when a feller really needs a friend the Lord will provide one, even if He has to send an angel from heaven.

Send me a Little Lock of Your Hair—I'll Color It Without Charge
Cut it close to head and any color you wish. I have hundreds of locks of ladies with blonde, auburn, red or any hair, you desire, trimmed, short and ready for you. As the offer is free, you need not write for application. I'll send you a lock free of charge, if you'll first like to see how well it will appear on your hair.

PIERRE VALLYN
Room 41, No. 34 W., 58th St., N. Y.
"Sure-Fire Stuff"
Continued from page 29

7. The despised mother-in-law's contemplated visit to the Newlyweds. The mother-in-law turns out to be a good sport. Christie again.
8. The hurling of a custard pie, a cream puff, a brick, a dish of ice cream, a piece of dough by one participant in the comedy. The implement used always comes head on in contact with another comedian's face.

9. Making fun of the Ford automobile. A joke handed down from the stage and the magazines.
10. The youngster who forces the crabbed old man to play with him. Employed as comedy relief in the more serious pictures.
11. The performing of the most hazardous feats with the utmost equanimity. Highly favored by Montgomery and Rock, Harold Lloyd, and others.
12. The rich young man who breezes into his hard-working father's office at a late hour in the day, places his feet on the desk, and blows cigarette smoke in his father's face. Another stunt employed as comedy relief in the more serious pictures.
13. The bedroom farce, with mix-ups, misunderstandings, and the like between the young married folk. Constance Talmadge uses it, so does Mary Miles Minter.
14. One or two comedians performing the utterly ridiculous, as if it were the perfectly natural thing to do. All star comedians employ this trick, and Mack Sennett always gets a laugh from it.
15. A scene between three players. The third party slyly hits one of the others. He accuses the other. In the meantime the third party has hit the second man, who accuses the first. This can be continued indefinitely. Favored highly by all slapstick players and producers.
16. The hero, full of spirit, dauntless, strong, beards the financial villain in his den by forcing a rapid entrance and sweeping his opponent before him in a rapid-fire conversation. Douglas Fairbanks likes this one; so do his imitators.
17. The cute ingenue who sits on papa's lap asking for money. He extracts a roll of bills, intending to peal off one or two. She naively takes the whole works.

Continued on page 104

WHEN sweets appear, and merriment abounds, then come the happiest sweets of all—NABISCO Sugar Wafer. A welcome always awaits them with their delicate outer strips and delicious creamy filling.

Two other dessert aids are ANOLA and RAMONA. Now sold in the famous In-er-seal trademark package.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Don't You Like Her Long Eyelashes?

Pictur-Play Magazine—Advertising Section

FREE DIAMOND RING OFFER

To advertise our famous Hawaiian Ukulele—the original discovery the world has ever known. We will send absolutely free this beautiful little strummer, with a set of strings valued at 75c, or send 50c for postage paid. For nearest dealer, or for direct application, please address:

KRAUTH & RED, DEPT. 35
Masonic Temple
Chicago

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
Romance—and Elsie Ferguson

Continued from page 37

Fitzmaurice. “Come on, gondola! All right, Miss Ferguson! Camera!”

With his and sputter the battery of lights suddenly bathed the gray walls and rippling water with a flood of iridescence. “Andiamo la notte bella!” The music had started, and our pulses quickened a bit, spurred by the throbbing rhythm. The gondolier leaned on his pole, the stage hands started to pull, and the boat slowly began gliding toward the balcony.

“Steady—not too fast!” cautioned Mr. Fitzmaurice. “All right, take off your hat! All right, Miss Ferguson!”

The gondola had reached the balcony. With a bow and an ingratiating smile, the gondolier doffed his hat, and Miss Ferguson, leaning over, tossed him a few coins. Then, with another push of his pole, he renewed his journey, the order came to “Cut!” and the scene was over.

We didn’t wait to see the retakes, which probably required the rest of the afternoon, but, having waved good-by to Miss Ferguson as we passed by her balcony, we picked our way out of the building.

“How. long will it take to show that scene in the picture?” Eby asked me as we started toward the subway.

“Oh, a few seconds,” I answered.

“Maybe they won’t use it at all.”

He whistled in astonishment.

“Of course they’ll take some other scenes with that set,” I added; “a few at least. But it will only be an incident in the entire play.”

“You know,” he said after a moment, “I wish those two girls from the West, whoever they are, could have seen what we did.”

“I wish they could,” I answered. But as they—and all the others—can’t—Well, we’ve done our best to give them a glimpse of what they missed.

“Sure-Fire Stuff”

Continued from page 103

18. The mistaken-identity farce. And so on almost indefinitely. Each new picture seen brings to mind a situation employed time and again in the past. For instance, since listing the dramatic stock situations I have seen at least four pictures based on Kipling’s “East Is West” verse, all four of them contrasting the white man or woman with the yellow person of the opposite sex. And since dwelling on the comedy gags I have seen two pictures in which a fiendishly jealous husband suspects every move his wife makes. The lists, if compiled to their fullest extents, would fill several pages. But, once completed, they would furnish the key to the laughter and tears produced by all the pictures that were ever made. To quote William Lord Wright, “There is nothing new under the sun—even in the movies, when you once get down to fundamentals.”

Fade-Outs

Continued from page 55

In the good old days Tammany had a habit of throwing that trio downstairs every morning before breakfast! —0—

Page Mr. Madge Kennedy.

“Here is the sweetest and most human love story Madge Kennedy ever had!” (Goldwyn publicity.) —0—

Perhaps They Meant “Centering.”

Of Bessey Love in “A Yankee Princess” we are told: “A wonderfully appealing picture Cantering about a girl who ——”

Sure, sure—that’s why they call ‘em “moving” pictures!

When writing to advertisers please mention PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.
Why Pay Full Prices for Diamonds!

The House of Jos. DeRoy & Sons has been in the diamond banking business nearly ¾ of a century in the same block. We lend money on high grade diamonds, watches and other jewelry. When the money is not repaid we must sell the securities at tremendous reductions in price.

The Best Diamond Bargains in 75 Years

Never in nearly ¾ of a century have we offered such amazing bargains in unpaid loan diamonds compared with present prices as we are offering now. Hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of diamonds must be sold at prices that we challenge you to match for 60% more. Customers write:

"My first purchase—a $136.00 diamond—appraised at $200.00. Sold it for $185.00."
"My $45.00 cluster valued here at $150.00."
"The stone I bought of you for $73.00 I could not duplicate for less than $162.00."
"The $85.00 diamond received yesterday compares favorably with a ring recently bought at $185.00."
"The $69.00 and $75.00 rings I bought of you I could not duplicate for double your price."

Names on request. We have hundreds of letters like these.

Sent On Approval!

We will be glad to send to you prepaid on approval, and without any obligation, any of our bargains for free examination. See them for yourself before you buy. Show them to any expert you wish and try to match for 60% more—that's our challenge. Remember: these are the greatest bargains against prevailing prices in nearly 75 years' experience in diamond banking. Don't fail to investigate. Send the coupon NOW!

Send Coupon for Latest Bargain List

The list contains hundreds of rare bargains. Every jewel is described in detail with weights accurately given. Put your name and address in the coupon or a letter or on a post card and mail today. You will be under no obligations. We simply want you to see these wonderful bargains.

ONE diamond among them is exactly the one you have been looking for. Send for the list today, while these bargains last.

Jos. DeRoy & Sons 2595 DeRoy Building PITTSBURGH, PA.

Only Opposite Post Office

Based over a million dollars.

References by permission: Duquesne Bank, First National Bank of Pittsburgh; Union Trust Company, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Send Coupon for List of Bargains

Address

When writing to advertisers please mention Picture-Play Magazine.
6-Piece Fumed Solid Oak

A Room Full of Furniture

$1 00 DOWN

Send only $1.00 and we will ship you this handsome 6-piece library set.

6 Pieces

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 are 19 inches. Sewing rocker and reception chair are 36 inches high. Seats 17 inches. All four pieces are luxuriously padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather. Library table is sized inch top, with roomy magazine shelf below, and beautifully designed ends. Jardiniere stand measures 17 inches high, with 19 inch top. Clip the coupon below, and send it to us with $5.00, and we will ship the entire six pieces, subject to your approval. 

Order by No. BS634A. Send $1.00 cash with order; $2.70 monthly. Price $28.90. No discount for cash.

STRAUS & SCHRAM (Inc.)
Dept. 1897
W. 35th Street
CHICAGO

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. 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, but act quick. Fill out the coupon and send it to us with the first small payment. We will ship this wonderful six-piece set to you, as soon as possible. 

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. 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, but 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.

Free Trial Coupon

STRAUS & SCHRAM (Inc.)
Dept. 1897
W. 35th St., Chicago

Enclosed find $1.00. Ship coupon ad
serted of Fumed Oak Library

Catalog of above set in your letter to

Dept. 1897, W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill., if not satisfied, I am to return the entire

amount of $1.00 and you will be refunded my money

6 Piece Library Set. No. BS634A. $28.90.

Name ____________________________

Address ____________________________

Send This Coupon

Along with $1.00 to us now. Have this fine library set shipped on 30 days' trial.

We will also send our big Bargain Catalog listing thousands of amasing

bargains. Only a small first payment and balance in monthly payments for anything you want. Send coupon today.

Easy Payments

Open an account with us. We trust honest people, no matter

when you pay. Send for the wonderful bargains listed above or choose from our big catalogue. One price to all cash. No discount for cash. Not one cent extra for credit. Do not ask for it. We cannot offer any discount from these sensational prices. No C. O. D.

30 Days’ Trial

Our guarantee protects you. If not perfectly satisfied,

return the article at our expense within 30 days and get

your money back—all we pay freight you paid. Could any

offer be finer?

Free Bargain Catalog

Send for it. Shows thousands of bargains in furniture, jewel

ery, carpets, rugs, curtains, silverware, tables, sofa, living and

room and furniture, women's, men's and children's wearing ap

parel. Send this coupon today.

When writing to advertisers please mention PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.
Complete Musical Outfits

Seal grain covered, velvet lined, carrying case of the newest model. All attachments and extra parts for the instrument. Telescoping music rack and case. Instruction book will teach you to play even if you have no previous knowledge of music.

A NEW plan by Wurlitzer, the largest general music house in the world. Everything you need to give you a complete musical equipment. You get the complete outfit at factory prices at a tremendous saving to you. Wurlitzer instruments are standard of the world. The entire outfits are high grade professional quality.

On Free Trial

Any Wurlitzer Complete Musical Outfit will be shipped to you complete for a week's free trial. Play the beautiful instrument a week and if it were your own. Compare it with other instruments. Then if you wish you may return the outfit at our expense. Trial does not cost you a penny.

These Complete Musical Outfits Are Ready:

- Violin
- Cornet
- Saxophone
- Trombone
- Melophone
- Banjo
- Clarinet
- Piccolo
- Flute
- Tenor Banjo
- Trumpet
- Ukelele
- Guitar
- Ukulele
- Mandolin
- Hawaiian-Guitar

Convenient Monthly Payments—any honest person may pay the low manufacturer's price for Wurlitzer Complete Outfits in small monthly sums. Payments as low as a few cents a day will enable you to have for your own one of these splendid musically complete outfits.

Send for Free Illustrated Catalog

Each Wurlitzer Complete Outfit illustrated in full color and described in detail. Send today your name and address and the big, handsome, 100-page book of musical instruments will be sent you, free and without obligation. See for yourself, completely illustrated, everything that comes with each Complete Outfit. Don't run the risk of delay in your free trial. Send for the catalog now. State which instrument you are especially interested in. Cut off this coupon and mail it today.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company, Dept. 1588
177 E. 4th Street, Cincinnati, O.
329 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new catalog with illustrations in color and full description of the Wurlitzer Complete Outfits and details of the free trial and easy payment offer.

Name...........................................................................................................
Address......................................................................................................

(Musical Instrument I am specially interested in)
Two Ways of Selling the
OLIVER
Typewriter

The New Way Saves You $43

THE OLD WAY: It cost $43 to sell you a typewriter. Rents of offices in many cities, salaries, commissions and other costly practices—each demanded its share.

THE NEW WAY: We ship from the factory to you, eliminating all wastes. This saves the $43, and it now goes to you. A $100 Oliver costs you but $57. Why waste $43 by buying typewriters the old way?

These Facts Will Save You Money

Note that this advertisement is signed by The Oliver Typewriter Company itself. It is not the advertisement of a concern offering second-hand or rebuilt Olivers of an earlier model. The Oliver Typewriter Company makes only new machines.

The old way, as explained above, was wasteful and wrong. So people have welcomed our new economical plan and our output has multiplied.

We offer for $57 the exact machine which formerly sold at $100. This is our Model Nine, the finest typewriter we ever built. It has the universal keyboard, so any stenographer may turn to it without the slightest hesitation and do better work more easily.

And it has dozens of superiorities not found elsewhere. For instance, it has far fewer parts. This means longer wear, and naturally few or no repairs.

This Oliver Nine is a 20-year development. If any typewriter is worth $100, it is this splendid model.

It is the same machine used by great concerns such as United States Steel Corporation, Baldwin Locomotive Works, National City Bank of New York, Pennsylvania Railroad, Otis Elevator Company and hosts of others. Such concerns demand the best. Yet they are not wasteful.

FREE TRIAL

Merely clip the coupon below, asking us to send a free trial Oliver. We do not ask a penny down. When the Oliver arrives, try it out. Put it to every test. Compare its workmanship.

Then, when you are convinced that the Oliver Nine is all we claim, and you prefer it, pay us at the rate of $3 per month.

During the free trial, you are not under the slightest obligation to buy. If you wish to return it, we even refund the out-going transportation charges.

Used typewriters accepted in exchange at a fair valuation.

Or, if you would rather know more about our plans before ordering a free-trial Oliver, check the coupon for our amazing book entitled, “The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy.” We accompany it with our beautifully illustrated catalog describing the Oliver Nine.

Mail Today

The Oliver Typewriter Co.
1258 Oliver Typewriter Building
Chicago, Ill.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1258 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

□ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $57 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

□ My shipping point is

□ This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

□ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—“The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy”—your deluxe catalog and further information.

Name ____________________________

Street Address ____________________

City ____________________________

State ____________________________

Occupation or Business____________
Cover painted by Haskell Coffin

Favorite Picture Players 19
Some new portraits for your collection.

New Stars for Old 27
Herbert Howe
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.

Witch Is Witch! 34
Adam Whipple
Celebrating All Spooks' Eve in verse.

In a Movie Menagerie 35
Emma-Lindsay Squier
In which the spotlight of prophecy is turned on some young players.

Peg of Our Hearts 32
Gordon Gassaway
Wanda Hawley tells how the can-opener method created one of her biggest roles.
All Dressed Up and Some Place to Go!

SOME Place!

A place that may be the white snows of Alaska or the white sands of Florida. Green valleys or rocky mountains. Broadway at noon or a farmhouse at midnight. Or all of them!

A place where you may be a frock-coated or an over-all'd hero. Tussle with a smooth villain or a tough thug. Love a heroine in décolleté or apron. Or all of them!

In one evening.

A few steps from your home.

A Paramount-Artcraft Picture.

Into which the greatest authors, stars and directors weave the ambitions, struggles, loves and deeds of all people.

Dress up if you like to—or have to. Don't if you don't. Nothing can keep you from enjoying Paramount-Artcraft Pictures.

Paramount—Artcraft Motion Pictures

These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying Paramount-Artcraft Pictures—and the theatres that show them.
We are always pleased when our readers send us their opinions about questions which we raise in any of our articles or departments. And we expect and hope to have a great many of our friends take part in a discussion concerning the stars of to-morrow which Herbert Howe has inaugurated in his article, “New Stars for Old,” beginning on page twenty-seven of this number. As The Observer says, “You, the fans, are the ones who have made possible the better pictures of to-day.” And you, the fans, are the ones who are to make the stars of to-morrow.

Believing that several of Mr. Howe’s nominations for stellar fame are of especial interest just now, we have in preparation stories about several of them. In this number there are chats with Wanda Hawley and ZaSu Pitts. Interviews with some of the others will follow in the next and succeeding numbers.

We want to call especial attention to the fictionized version of “In Missouri,” which we are printing this month. John Edgar Graham, the author, was a former resident of the “Show Me” State, and by his fidelity to the dialect and the ways of thinking of a backward Missouri district of thirty years ago, he has done more than merely spin a yarn from the Paramount picture which he saw.

If you live in the average small town, the movie theaters which you attend have pretty much the same characteristics. If you’re a resident of the average American city, your theaters differ somewhat, but mainly in size and attractiveness. But if you were to visit in “Bugged-on-the-Subway,” as O. Henry used to call New York, you would find some strange movie shows, the like of which you never thought existed. Here still exists the penny arcade, forerunner of the modern movie. There are strange foreign theaters where translators explain the subtitles. There are churches where movies are shown. And on one of the beaches a show is given for the benefit of the beach loungers, by throwing the picture on a screen which is hoisted on a raft floating on the ocean.

Agnes Smith recently visited all of these and other strange theaters with a relative from the West, and her entertaining story of the curious things they saw and heard will appear in next month’s Picture-Play. Do the movies ever affect you in a way they should not? That is, do you ever allow yourself to suffer with the hero or the heroine until you lose your perspective for a time, and fancy yourself also a victim of many wrongs? Whether you do or not, you cannot fail to be interested in a very unusual and intimate story which was sent to us by a woman, telling of how she had such an experience, and of how she overcame it.

As for the other articles in next month’s number—But there, we’ve reached the bottom of the page. We’ll save the rest for a surprise.
Send the Coupon for this Money Saving BASCH DeLuxe Diamond Book

Special Fountain Pen Offer

Full size, 3½ inches long. Lever self-lique. Guaranteed non-leakable. Your name in-talcd in gold FREE. 14-k solid gold pen, iridium tip. We guarantee free repairs for 5 years. Our special offer—only $1.90. Simply print a $1.90 bill to the coupon and send for this great fountain pen value TODAY.

Money Back Guarantee

Basch guarantees in writing to refund full cash price less 10% should you, for any reason, wish to return any diamond bought from us within a year. Also offers you full price in exchange for another diamond at any time. Carat weight, quality and value is guaranteed. See that your diamond is Basch guaranteed.

Free Examination

Basch takes all the risk. Diamonds sent for free examination. You pay nothing until you have examined and proved to yourself that the diamond you ordered is a real bargain. Don’t miss this wonderful opportunity.

Send Coupon NOW!

For the big 1920 Basch DeLuxe Diamond Book is truly a guide to the best diamond bargains obtainable, as well as rare values in jewelry, watches, etc. Don’t consider buying a diamond until you see the money-saving offers of the House of Basch. Send the coupon at once. (Or post card will do.)

L. BASCH & CO.

State and Quincy Streets
Dept. R3560 Chicago, Ill.

Please mail me free, without obligation, your 1920 Basch DeLuxe Diamond Book.

I am enclosing $1.00. Please send me your guaranteed fountain pen with my name, as printed below, engraved in gold, free.

Name
Address
City
State
Classified Advertising

Agents and Help Wanted

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS are desirable. Let our expert former Government Examiner prepare you. Write today for free booklet giving full information. Patent Civil Service Book, Box Y, Rochester, N. Y.

How Much Gasoline Can You Sell At 2c Per Gallon? World's best for four years. Always in stock and on hand. Send for our free exclusive offer for your county. "Carbounoid," Box 14, Bradley Beach, N. J.

Railway Traffic Inspectors; $1100 a month to start. Travel if desired; unlimited advancement. No age limit. Three months home study. Situation arranged. Prepare for permanent position. Write for free information. University Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

Detective Pals Big Money. Travel. Great demand. We train you. Write for free particulars. American Detective System, Box 604, Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED—5 bright capable ladies to travel, demonstrate and sell $2.50 to $50.00 per week, Railroad fare paid. Write at Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 70, Omaha, Neb.

We Start You in Business, furnishing everything: men and women $20 to $100 weekly operating our "Nancy noting Factory" anywhere. Booklet free. Ragdale Co., Box 88, East Orange, N. J.

Men Wanted—Railway Mail Clerks, $1100-$1200 per month. Send $1.00 for immediate, Franklin Institute, Dept. 32, Rochester, N. Y.


Men, get into the wonderful tailoring agency business, big profits taking orders and your own clothes free. We furnish line sample outfit and everything free. No experience needed. Write today. Tailor Training Co., Dept. 291, Chicago.

Agents—$6 to $12 a Day Easy 250 Housewives, fast selling, popular priced, necessities, food foods, perfumes, soaps, toilet preparations, etc. Agents' own free. Write today—quick—now, American Products Co., 1453 American Bldg., Cincinatti, Ohio.

BE A DETECTIVE. Excellent opportunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 425 Westover Building, Rochester, N. Y.

Agents—20% Profit. Wonderful little article. Something new; sells like wild fire. Carry right in pocket. Write at once for free sample. Order at once, $25, 1450 American Bldg., Cincinatti, Ohio.

Agents $6 a week to travel by automobile and introduce our 300 candle power coal oil lantern. Write for particulars of our free unto offer. Thomas Co., 869 North St., Dayton, Ohio.

Sideline Salesmen—We have an attractive line of premium assortments for live salesmen at once commission from $5.00 to $20.00 per order. If you want an up-to-date line, write today. Thomas & Co., 4906 Broadway St., Chicago.

Farms Lands


Short Stories

WANTED—Stories, Articles, Poems for new magazine, $50 a year on acceptance. Typed or handwritten MSS acceptable. Send MSS. to Women's Nat'l Magazine, Desk 889, Washington, D. C.
An avalanche of entertainment making talent.

Great stars and great authors who combine to delight the world.

The best theatres are now showing FOX Entertainments because they do justice to the great writers and the great stars who interpret the fine things which thoroughly absorb the attention of the American people.

FOX ENTERTAINMENTS

Attend the theatre that presents them!
You Will See **EARLE WILLIAMS**

The Beau Brummel of the screen in a new and pleasing role, away from the drawing room, big business and the boulevards in the photoplay production of—

**EUGENE WALTER'S Great Stage Success**

**"THE WOLF"**

A warm wedge of life and love, hewn from the rough by a famous author, spiced by an elaborate production and served with all the acknowledged art of a great actor.

Directed by **JAMES YOUNG**

**VITAGRAPH**

ALBERT E. SMITH, President
Coming to Your Theatre This Fall

LOUIS B. MAYER Presents

ANITA STEWART

IN A

Mammoth, Spectacular Screen Version of the Beloved American Classic

"In Old Kentucky"

Directed by

MARSHALL NEILAN

Distributed by

THE FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITOR'S CIRCUIT, Inc.

A Nation-wide Organization of Exhibitors Devoted to Better Pictures
Become An Artist
In Spare Time

Wonderful New Method

By our wonderful new method of teaching by mail, you can learn Illustrating, Cartooning and Commercial Art right in your own home—and in your spare time. Hundreds of successful students and graduates are now making splendid incomes. Get into this fascinating work yourself and make from $50 to $125 or more a week! Our method makes it easy for anyone to learn. The study is fascinating. Only a few minutes a day! Personal instruction given you by WILL H. CHANDLIEE, one of America's foremost commercial artists. You can have your own studio—or secure high salaried position. Many students have earned more than the cost of the course while they were learning!

No Talent Necessary

Just as you have learned to read and write, we can teach you how to draw. Everybody has the ability. True, some have more than others, but that is because that ability has been developed. You start with straight lines—then curves. Then you learn to put them together. Now you begin making pictures. Shading, action, perspective, and all the rest follow in their right order, until you are making pictures that bring you from $50 to $500 or more! Many artists receive as high as $1000 for a single drawing!

Big Demand for Commercial Artists

There are thousands of big paying artists' positions open right this minute. These positions are actually going begging for the lack of trained artists to fill them. Magazines, newspapers, advertising agencies, and business concerns are all looking for men and women to handle their illustrating. With the tremendous expansion of both foreign and domestic trade, commercial art is more in demand than ever—and that demand is increasing every day!

Write for Free Book

Mail coupon NOW for our valuable book, "How to Become an Artist." Contains full particulars of our Free Artist's Outfit, and special terms for a limited number of new students. Also contains many interesting drawings by our students, showing their amazing progress. Book just full of valuable information to you. Send for it NOW!

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Inc.

1448 H. Street N. W.
Washington, D. C.

FREE COUPON

WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF ART, Inc.
1448 H. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Please send me without cost or obligation on my part, your free book, "How to Become an Artist."

Name

Address
Learn Shorthand in 5 Evenings
There's a Better Position Awaiting You!

If you are ambitious, if you want to get ahead at once and advance yourself rapidly, there is a clear road open to you through K. I. Shorthand.

You can learn this marvelous system of practical, simplified stenography in five evenings during spare time, at home; quickly gain speed and qualify for a position as a stenographer, office manager, or secretary in weeks as compared to months by any of the old-fashioned complicated systems.

Enjoy higher salary, better conditions, superior opportunities for advancement; interesting, congenial and refined work.

For MEN AND WOMEN of all ages and occupations. Constantly it is depended upon for making important memoranda, taking messages verbatim, jotting down business-getting ideas, etc.—by business executives, industrial engineers, salesmen, advertising men, writers, lawyers, teachers, farmers and numerous others.

It gives stenographers a great advantage over those using other systems, since K. I. Shorthand is written without strain and read as easily as long-hand. It is so legible that employers prefer K. I. Shorthand writers because their notes can be transcribed with absolute reliability. It dispenses with all rules of light and heavy shadings, special positions, cursive or low or below the line, and eliminates thousands of memory-burdening word signs—all of which makes old-fashioned stenography hard to learn.

Many who could not grasp the old systems are today expert practical writers of K. I. Shorthand—which proves its simplicity and learn-ability. It is used in Government Civil Service positions, in courts, in Army and Navy, and in public and private business institutions—which proves its capacity to meet every demand of every-day service.

K. I. Shorthand
Simplified Stenography

TESTIMONIALS
Quick Preparation for a Position
In two weeks I learned all the lessons thoroughly, I am now doing stenography work, having accepted a position the first of this month, and I am amazed at the speed at which I am now able to take dictation.

GERTRUDE L. GIRARDEAU
Used in Professions
I am now part of the large K. I. Shorthand for my professional work in making records of cases, I am greatly assisted with your simple easy-to-learn system.

A. P. DAVIS, M.D.
Proficiency in One Week
I learned K. I. Shorthand within five hours and in one week afterwards I was able to write 50 words per minute. I set down all my notes in K. I. Shorthand and can read them weeks later. K. I. Shorthand is worth ten times what I paid for it.

BYRON W. CRYW
Learned in 3 Hours
It was a pleasure to learn K. I. Shorthand. Within three hours I could write my words, I can now write over 100 words per minute and am positive that by a little more practice I could speed up to 150 words a minute. It is easy to read one's notes in K. I. Shorthand.

MILDRED M. FULTON
Professional Stenographer

KING INSTITUTE

Try 2 Lessons FREE

30 Days' Approval
Let us mail you the first two lessons in the course FREE.

Test your ability to learn this new shorthand. You will be delighted and fascinated.

Send at once for the free lessons. You assume no obligation. Then, should you wish to master the full course, we will send it to you on thirty days' approval. Learn at our risk. We give you a positive guarantee that if you do not learn you won't be a penny. Mail the coupon, or write to the nearest office, mentioning "Picture Play Magazine." Address

KING INSTITUTE, Inc.
Station F, New York, N. Y., or S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, III.

Please send me your two lessons in K. I. Shorthand, FREE, also full information and liberal terms.

Mail this coupon, or write, mentioning

Picture-Play Magazine

Name ........................................
Address ....................................
EG-151
SHE trusted you; she believed you to be fine and fit; she looked forward, when she married you, to some day having children who would add to her happiness and yours; who would have the qualities of mind and body she admired in you; which would enable them to grow into fine, strong men and women. She put her whole future happiness unreservedly into your hands.

**Have You Fulfilled Her Trust?**

Are you fit to be a father of the kind of children she believed you would be able to beget? Are you A WHOLE MAN, mentally and physically, with a sound mind, a sound body, good rich blood; vigor, vitality, LIFE—qualities you can pass on to the children you and she are looking forward to?

Or are you puny, weak, undeveloped in mind and body; your mental faculties impaired and your whole system poisoned by constipation; your blood impoverished and your vitality lowered by indigestion, biliousness, neuralgia, chronic colds and catarrh, or weakened by bad habits or the results of early indiscretions?

**What YOU Are Your Children Are Bound To Be**

They will be strong, healthy, happy, laughing, if YOU are strong and healthy—ONLY MORE SO. They will be sickly, weak, undersized, with no chance of success or happiness in life, if YOU are only half a man—ONLY MORE SO.

The Law of Heredity is fixed, absolute, immutable; in all life, since the world began, its progress has been irresistible—the sins of a father, and his virtues as well, appear in his progeny even unto the third and fourth generation.

**Fit Yourself To Become A Father**

Don't risk any longer the happiness of the girl you married or about to marry; a wife is in her husband's hands—no one can help her if HE proves faithless to her trust. Your wife or fiancée believes in you; believes you worthy of her love; believes that you would never make her the mother of children who would be a grief to her and a reproach to you as long as you both live. *Don't fail her*, in her confidence and trust.

**Strongfortism Will Show You How**

**Strongfortism** is Nature's way to health and strength and happy fatherhood. Strongfortism will show you how to overcome the ills, ailments or bad habits you are struggling with; how to strengthen your vital organs; how to put the machinery of your system into smooth running order and keep it so; how to build up your flabby muscles, increase your lung capacity, put good red blood into your veins and clear the cobwebs from your brain.

Strongfortism is no experiment; thousands of tried, discouraged, worn-out men have found it a simple, easy way back to abounding vigor and vitality. No druggist's dope or patent medicine "cure-alls" in Strongfortism. Just Nature's way of living Life, in its fullest, most abundant sense that is the one simple, safe, sane, sure way back to health and strength and hope and confidence—and that's the Strongfort way.

**SEND FOR MY FREE BOOK**

"Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy" will tell you all about Strongfortism. It will tell you the simple rules by which people of mine in every part of the world are pulling themselves up out of sloughs of despondency and utter hopelessness—making themselves FIT both to live life and to enjoy it in a manner that Insures on to the children who come after them. Send three 5-cent stamps to cover postage and packing and I will mail you a copy. Don't wait—every day counts—WRITE TODAY.

**FREE CONSULTATION COUPON**

Mr. Lionel Strongfort, Newark, N. J.—Please send me your book, "PROMOTION AND CONSERVATION OF HEALTH, STRENGTH AND MENTAL ENERGY," for postage of which I enclose three 2-cent stamps. I have marked (X) before the subject to which I am interested.

LG J. Strongfort

1064 Strongfort Institute

NEWARK, N. J.
How You Can Have a Charming Personality

IF YOU WISH
S

0 many women, particularly young girls, imagine that charm is a rare gift accorded by the fairies, which only a few have, in a spot of favor upon you, are singularly fortunate, but that it is no part of their nature, and that there is nothing you can do about it. Girls, dear girls, that is a mistake. The secret of charm, of a winning personality, of a pressure which draws others to you as sheen draws the dew to her is one which can be gained by any woman truly wishes it.

WHY I KNOW
I

I make this statement confidently, for I know whereas I spent, during my youth, both here in America and abroad, I had wonderful opportunities to study intimately women in all walks of life, of women of high and low degree, the grand dames, the French ladies, the ladies in Brompton, nor toping in the Bois du Boulogne, and the dowl little millionaires from the specialty shops on the Boulevard de la Paix. So many wonderful things have come out of France that it is essential that we have the ability to carry life and those about us with a two-colored glass which is one of the many secrets of the French women’s irresistible attraction.

THE MAGIC WAND
I

If you had the ability to entertain yourself. If you could even persuade the most dreary and depressed of women to become interested in the things you could, you might be the Fairy Godmother to your desired dreams. Possibly it is some trivial hold that an, in the way of your having a truly winning personality. If you only put the proper spells into your life you should improve amazingly. You no longer need to envy other women. You have it in your power to develop it. All it takes is the desire to succeed—ambition—to succeed in your aims.

THE FRENCH WOMAN’S ALLURE
I

This ability is native born with most French girls and is a source of their secrets of attraction. When they have once been taken they are impossible for you, also. It does not require any great expenditures. It takes only two things—the desire to accomplish and understanding. The desire to accomplish rests, come from you. The understanding I can give you, if you will let me.

TO WIN
I

You should adopt some of the most dominant, most agreeable, most charming mannerisms of your French friends. And I am sure this includes you, dear friends.

I WANT TO HELP YOU
I

After coming back from abroad I decided that, besides everything else, I wanted to do for American girls was to share with them the secrets of the Frenchwomen.

I have put one of my secrets into a little book called "How!" that I want you to read. The Gentlewoman Institute will send it to you entirely free. Postpaid. Just for asking. My advice to you is send without delay for this free book "How!" I know you will love it, it will make you more charming. Just for asking. My advice to you is send without delay for this free book "How!" I know you will love it, it will make you more charming. Just for asking. My advice to you is send without delay for this free book "How!" I know you will love it, it will make you more charming.

IMPORTANT
I

To obtain Madame Fara’s little book "How!" free, you may cut the coupon and send it; or you may write to her at the address below. Address as follows:

GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE
615 West 43d Street
New York, N. Y.

Mail the Coupon

GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE
615 West 43d Street, 106 C, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, postpaid, free of cost and without obligation on my part, Madame Fara’s book "How!" My name and address attached.

Name
Address

CLIP THIS COUPON—Fill to separate sheet of paper bearing name and full postal address, or write letter if you wish.

IRENE BORDONI
The Exquisite French Actress Now in America

See what this lovely woman has to say about Madame Juliette Fara’s Course of Instruction.

"One who wishes to make a success in any profession, or even in her social and home life, will find that very much indeed depends upon her appearance, her poise and the general way in which she comports herself. So the answer to your question is—Ask Madame Juliette Fara in her course, 'Winning Personality for Women,' which is such as any ambitious woman will find of untold value."
LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

I will not describe the great enthusiasm with which your Picture-Play Magazine has been received. I received my copy this week from my sister in St. Louis, Mo., and my boy, Bill, 13, and I have already read it twice. 

"I have been interested in your Picture-Play magazine for many months. Every week I receive it and read it with the greatest delight. I am grateful to you for all your efforts to make it such a wonderful magazine."

"I have already sold a syphon pump to the lady in my street for 60 cents. The lady in the next street bought one yesterday."

"I have already read the story "The Wonder Book for Writers" and have learned the simple rules of writing, and now I can write my own stories."

--Miss Hilda Chevalier, Hollywood, Cal.

"I have always wanted to write, but I did not know how to start. Now I have learned how to write from your magazine."

--Mrs. Albert B. Smith, New York, N.Y.

"I have been a writer for many years, but I never knew how to write properly. Now I have learned from your magazine."

--Mr. T. W. Smith, Chicago, Ill.

"I have been a writer for many years, but I never knew how to write properly. Now I have learned from your magazine."

--Miss Mary Brown, St. Louis, Mo.

"I have been a writer for many years, but I never knew how to write properly. Now I have learned from your magazine."

--Mr. J. H. Brown, New York, N.Y.
LEARN MUSIC
AT HOME

Music no longer difficult! Learn to play your favorite instrument by note in a few short months—without a teacher at your elbow. New method. Easier than private teacher way. More than 200,000 men and women have learned by our simplified home study method. You too can brighten your life with the ability to play. Write today for free book and particulars of free lessons offer.*

LES SONS FREE

We want to have one pupil in each locality at once to help advertise our home study method. For a short time, therefore, we offer our marvelous lessons FREE. Only charge is for postage and sheet music—which is small. Beginners or advanced pupils.

Mail the Coupon

Write today for amazing free book, giving all the facts and particulars. Act quick and get your lessons free. Send the coupon or a postal. Do it now before you turn this page.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
5311 Brunswick Bldg. New York City

Why Be A Wall-Flower?

No longer need the ability to play music be shut out of your life. Now at last you can learn music—how to play any instrument—at home—yet without having a teacher at your elbow. By our wonderful home study method we have made it easy for you to play your favorite instrument by note.

No tiresome, "dry" exercises, no inconvenience, no trick music, no "numbers," yet simple, wonderful, easy for even a child. Now you can bring into your own life and the lives of others endless pleasure and happiness through your music. Instead of being a forsaken "wall flower" you will be the most popular person in your set.

* Music Lessons in Your Own Home By Mail

Music Lessons, 5311 Brunswick Bldg., New York City
Send Only $100 Down For This Smart Velour Plush Coat

Here is a splendid bargain that can be offered only for a limited time.
Don't delay for clothing prices are going away up.
Send today for this beautiful, warm, fashionable coat.

This attractive winter coat is made of a fine grade of mercerized velour plush, which is one of the season's newest and most attractive fall coats. The collar, cuffs and pockets are of rich beaver crushed plush in striking contrast. Collar may be worn as illustrated or in open lapel effect as shown in circle. Coat has all-around belt of self material trimmed with buckles. The back of the coat is cut in newest style, with fullness above the waistline and loose tailored folds below the belt. Furthermore on either side are loose tabs of self material ornamented with buttons.
The entire coat is lined throughout with a fine grade of fancy pattern mercerized lining. Coat is furnished in Burgundy, Navy Blue, Green or Victory Blue. Length 48 inches. Sizes 34 to 41. Mention size and color wanted. Order by No. E-25. Price $23.95. $1.00 with order, $3.35 monthly.
For larger women, bust size 46 to 61, allow $3.00 more.
Order by No. E-26, Price $26.95.

6 Months to Pay
Order this bargain on our liberal credit terms.
No need to pay all down to get the very latest styles and amazing values in anything you want to wear. We trust honest people, no matter where they live. Buy the easy way! Send today for this offering and see for yourself what a big advantage it is to buy on credit from us.

Open a Charge Account
Our credit plan makes it easy for you to pay. No discount for cash. Not one penny extra for credit. Just a small monthly payment. You have nothing to lose and everything to gain. Thousands will seize this opportunity, so order now while the supply lasts.

Emler Richards Co.
Dept. 1588, W. 35th St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send the Smart Velour Plush Coat, No. E-25.
I enclose $1.00. If I am not satisfied with the coat, I can return it and get my payment back. Otherwise, I will pay the advertised price, $23.95. Terms: balance $2.35 divided on your terms of $1.00 with coupon, balance $3.35 monthly.

Name
Address

Post Office State

Elmer Richards Co.
Dept. 1588, West 35th Street, Chicago, Ill.

Order Now
Send coupon now. First come, first served. Just mail coupon with $1.00 P. O. order or a dollar bill. Prices on everything are going up. So get your order in now. This is a very special offer that we are making for a limited time only. Send the coupon NOW.
MAE MURRAY

might fill that handbox of hers with contracts if she wanted to—for, after making pictures for Leonce Perret Productions and Famous Players-Lasky last summer, she signed an agreement to return to the stage this fall.
ELSIE FERGUSON

will be in London when this magazine reaches you, unless her plans go awry. She expects to spend a few months making pictures there, her first one being a screen version of a well-known English play, "His House in Order."
MARY MILES MINTER

recently came to a crossroads in her career where she had to decide between contracts. She chose to make Realart pictures, and the delightfully quaint "Anne of Green Gables" is her first release.
MARJORIE DAW

CONSTTY COMPSON
began screen work as a star on d-thunder thrillers as the Pathé serial, she has had all last season and World’s “The Devil’s Trail.” But “39 East,” ought to follow her in ably, and, as leading woman in “The Susan.”

* ladylile crock.
LOUISE HUFF

is now starring in the productions of the American Cinema Company, a new organization. Her first picture under this new contract will be "The Stormy Petrel," written especially for her by George Middleton, the playwright.
New Stars for Old

A discussion—in which you are invited to participate—concerning some of the screen favorites which we, the fans, are about to elect to stellar honors.

By Herbert Howe

The motion-picture firmament has been likened to the one which lights up earth’s canopy at night. There are the fixed stars, the roving planets, and the comets which flare up and disappear.

But the stars of the screen change much more rapidly than most of the heavenly bodies. They are continually growing brighter or dimmer, appearing and disappearing, according to their ability to reflect the light of public interest and approval. For it is the public that makes the star.

That was demonstrated in the beginning of the film industry. Back in the days when Griffith began making screen history, Biograph, which employed him, did not see fit to feature its players. But public interest became centered upon the little girl with golden curls—upon the girl with the quaint, wistful face—and some of the others of that famous company. And thus it was as inevitable as fate that Mary Pickford, Mae Marsh, and their talented associates, leaped into fame that outlived that of the organization which gave them their start.

With certain striking exceptions, the stars of the screen have a much shorter period in which to shine than those of the stage. That is because the screen star is seen by most of the fans so much more often. The edge once gone from anticipation, the interest wanes. When a favorite has exhibited his or her bag of tricks, we eagerly look for another with new personality and new methods. And so the producers, wise men that they are, are constantly developing new stellar material to aid them in their ceaseless competition for our dimes, with an eye carefully turned toward public approval all the while. There was a time when these magnates believed it possible to “make” a star. As each picture should have a star, according to an opinion formerly current, and as there were not enough genuine favorites elected by the public, the producer made his own selection. This experiment has proved too expensive. Now the heads of the successful film concerns carefully consult the gauge of public opinion before starring a player. There may still exist a few with the temerity—and the money—to place personal friends in stellar positions, but they are few. You and I, who patronize the motion pictures, are the real star electors. Your dime and my dime placed on the box-office sill when a certain player appears is the most effective ballot, and letters to editors of motion-picture magazines or film concerns in regard to new players combine toward the nomination of that player for stardom. The answers-and-queries departments of the various fan publications are excellent criterions by which to judge the increasing popularity of film people.

Now, since we, the picture fans, are the ones who really elect the players to stardom, it has occurred to me that it would be of interest for us to look over the roster of players and try to pick, in advance, some of those whom we are going...
New Stars for Old

Eugene O'Brien is an excellent example of a star who won his position through popular appeal.

to have nominated for stellar honors within the near future.

The list which I am going to discuss is merely my own selection. In it I shall stray from my subject a little, by including a few players whom I think we—you and I—helped to raise to their newly acquired stellar roles. The only question as to these will be the question of their permanence. I include them to show that their popularity in secondary parts resulted in their obtaining their present positions, and because I believe they are destined to attain still further honors in stellar ascendancy. As to the others, those who have not yet arrived at this writing, I do not claim to be an infallible prophet, and I do not expect you to agree with me in all my nominations.* Some that I shall name you will perhaps object to, and you will charge me, no doubt, with having omitted the names of some which you would have named. For if we all agreed, this discussion would be a profitless and uninteresting one. And now, for our list.

I am going to begin with Richard Barthelmess, who scored perhaps the most impressive screen triumph of 1919.

He is not selected because he was chosen by the great star creator for one of the most difficult parts ever woven in a luminous tapestry. Before "Broken Blossoms" had thrilled us with its beauty Barthelmess was well headed toward stellar honors. Possessing that cast of intelligence more to be desired than regular features, which also are his, and that intangible thing known as personality, it was not difficult for him to act with distinction and charm trivial parts such as he was given with Marguerite Clark in "Bab's Burglar," "The Seven Swans," "Three Men and a Girl," and others of Paramount release. His ability as

*Believing that Mr. Howe has raised one of the most interesting questions in connection with the screen, we should like to find out how his list of "future stars" tallies with those of our readers. If you would like to take issue with him, do so in a letter to The Observer, who will later on, comment on what he hears from the fans on this subject.—Editor.
shaded. We pronounced him an excellent comedian. Then came the Yellow Man of "Broken Blossoms" and we were surprised to behold this juvenile comedian a superb figure of tragedy. He passed as severe a test as could be put to a candidate for stardom. His good looks and personality were subtracted from his assets and he had only his acting talent on which to rely. Sad-eyed, stoic, passionate, taciturn, brooding, exulting, sinister, spiritual, murder-ous, and self-sacrificing—his moods were palpitant with life.

A certain woman editor of a motion-picture publication said of this young actor, "Everybody loves him." It wasn't so long ago that we heard an editor proclaiming "the lovable Charles Ray." The parallel is significant. Charles Ray to-day is probably the most popular actor on the screen. What of the Barthel-ness of to-morrow? His work as Cheng Huan was as much a revelation as Ray's in "The Coward." It is understood that Griffith has contracted for Barthelness' services until 1921, and that he has prophesied both fame and fortune for his young protegé. With such a reliable prophet to guide us it takes little courage to declare that Richard Barthelness will be a star in the first constellation one year or so from now.

Doris May already beholds her name in lights. We knew that she would when we saw her as Doris Lee in the Charles Ray plays. Her charm seems a compound of qualities possessed by Billie Burke, Mary Pickford, and Bessie Love. Yet she is in no way imitative. Her sincerity and complete lack of pose remind one of the excelling Miss Love. Her whimsical delicacy

Robert Gordon as he appeared in "Peggy and Tom," and as he later appeared supporting Bessie Love.

would fit her for another "Peggy." And, at times, she has the plaintive wistfulness of the immortal Mary. As yet there have been no critical demands of her talent, although she has utilized her eyes for fine comedy expression in "The Girl Dodger." She has the womanliness and the reality that the public admires in its stars. In her Ince plays her girls seemed as human as Mr. Ray's young men. What more can be said? If Doris May continues to progress, as I believe she will, she is going to hold a potent sway to-morrow.

Eugene O'Brien is an excellent example of a star who attained his position through popular appeal. The interest manifested by the public when this actor was leading man caused exhibitors to advertise him. These advertisements, combined with the downpour of letters concerning him received by picture editors, was an excellent tip,
which Myron Selznick benefited by. Mr. O'Brien is now a star on his own in "The Perfect Lover" and "Sealed Hearts," with other plays to follow.

Helen Jerome Eddy is a deserving young woman who is about to find stellar reward from Universal, it is understood. She did some remarkably fine work in "The Turn in the Road" and other pictures released by Robertson-Cole.

Like Gene O'Brien, Elliott Dexter gets his position by the will of the people. His really meritorious work in numerous productions, particularly "For Better—For Worse," has distinguished him, and Paramount is now ordering large type for his name.

A fantastic young comedienne who promises to be one of our comic-poster subjects is ZaSu Pitts. Her name, her appearance, her personality, and her talent added and summed up equal "laughing star." ZaSu was seen to good advantage in "Better Times." She is to have an excellent part, I hear, in "The Other Half," directed by King Vidor.

When I recently asked a well-known picture critic whom he considered one of the most likely stars in the ascendant, he said, at once, "Jean Paige." Miss Paige was already on my list. She has radiated in small parts of Vitagraph productions for some time. Again I have recourse to that expressive word, "sincerity," to designate a star. It is my belief that the camera is a pretty good X-ray machine when it comes to bringing out an actor's spiritual quality. Miss Paige has such a quality. There is a tenderness and sympathy in her eyes and smiles that arouses a sincere liking for her. In this she resembles Norma Talmadge, who, it is said, played mother parts for almost a year at the very outset of her picture career with Vitagraph.

And that tenderness, so seldom seen except in a mother, has lingered. Miss Paige long sought a decision as to her ability, and it was forthcoming when "Too Many Crooks" was unreelcd. She proved a comedienne of an expertness comparable to Madge Kennedy. Miss Kennedy holds an almost unique position as a comedienne who can be placed in a risque situation with all sorts of circumstantial evidence against her and yet convince you she has never forgotten discretion. You have a similar faith in the true womanliness of Miss Paige. She has been promoted to leading woman with Harry Morey, a position from which a number have been graduated to stellar eminence. You will behold her a star before the dawn of a not-distant day, I believe.

A former leading woman for Harry Morey is now well along the trail toward five-point luminoisty. If beauty alone warranted stardom, Betty Blythe would have few competitors. Hers, too, is a sensitive beauty. So far she has been cast too often in adventuress roles. Although she is far more seductive than any of the much-exploited "vamps" I have seen, she is, I think, more magnetic in her moments of sympathy or pathos. With the proper directorial attention, she should attain high rank as an emotional actress. With fortune kind and producers wise, it will not be long before this actress has her name written incandescently.

There are a few persons who can so register personality and character in a "still" photograph that you make up your mind you like them. It was a "still" picture of Robert Gordon which first interested me in him. If the program at the Rivoli Theater hadn't informed me that Jack Pickford was the

Doris may already behold her name in lights.

It takes little courage to declare that Richard Barthelmess will be a star of the first constellation a year or so from now.

Douglas MacLean is causing zephyrs of interest to sweep over feminine hearts.
star of "Huck and Tom," I might have supposed the honor to be Mr. Gordon's. The next time I saw him he was wearing the uniform of a Canadian officer and appearing with Bessie Love in a Vitagraph picture. When I voiced my opinion that he was a coming star, the lady-in-the-seat-next said, "Yes, hasn't he cute dimples." I replied, "I'm sorry, I didn't notice them."

A dimple more or less is not going to handicap a Robert Gordon, unless he becomes aware of them. At present he is too masculine and absorbed in vivifying characters to be cognizant of his appearance. Under the guiding hand of Blackton he is bound to become a popular favorite. This boy has character I say this without ever having met him. Again I repeat, the eye of the camera is infallible.

Not long ago some one discovered that Gloria Swanson looked almost as well in clothes as she did in the Sennett one-pieces. Straightway she quit diving in comedy and immersed herself in drama. Uncertain of her ability to charm in clothes, after her long triumph in the flesh, she proceeded to robe herself in the most expensive attire available. She conceived a weird method of constructing a coiffure. It resembles a lacquered pagoda. At any rate, it promises to make her as famous as did archi-

voicing Miss Siren Swanson's gowns, jewels, hair ornaments, and face caste. Unquestionably Gloria has a strange attraction: Though she does not "vamp" we feel her appearance would justify a little wickedness. Here is an actress going straight to stardom by reason of beauty and originality in dress and make-up. If her acting had the polish of her hair she'd be a Bernhardt. Yes, and perhaps she'd lose popularity thereby. She certainly is doing very well as she is, so far as attracting the public is concerned. Before the present prominence, Gloria starred in a few Triangle plays. We shall see her star again, I believe.

We are all eagerly awaiting Wanda Hawley as "Peg o' My Heart," I am sure. She is the Peg of a good many hearts right now. Exhibitors already have commenced featuring her, a sign that she has an attraction for the public.

If vampires were not out of vogue just now I would nominate Marcia Manon to succeed Theda Bara. But Miss Manon will find a prominent place for herself whatever the vogue, because she is an excellent actress as well as a vibrant personality.

Douglas MacLean is another young man who is causing zephyrs of interest to sweep over feminine hearts. Mr. Ince has made him the co-star of Doris May—an admirable combination. And another new co-star team reported as doing nicely is that of Albert Ray and Elinor Fair. Mr. Ray plays with an earnestness that registers every comedy point. He seems to

Continued on page 102
Peg of Our Hearts

Her rôle in "Peg o' My Heart" has made Wanda Hawley dear to everybody.

By Gordon Gassaway

ing my performance by somebody else's, and I was scared to death—honestly, I was!" Her blue eyes still looked a bit frightened at the thought. "Then, too, I had to take the young lady back to her Irish home, in the picture, and show what she did before she picked up the pup Michael and came over to America. "Well, I simply pegged away at Peg like a cobbler on a regimental shoe allotment. I didn't think of anything else from one day's end to the next. And when I bounced into Mr. De Mille's first rehearsal I was so full of my part that nobody could understand me on account of my Irish brogue; I'd been spending my spare time talking with our jani-
tor, you see, and he's just six months out of County Cork and has an accent you couldn't cut with a knife."

"That certainly should have satisfied anybody," I remarked. "Too bad they couldn't have let you speak the sub-titles." "Oh, never! I wish you'd heard the things that were said to me. You see, I'd pictured Peg as a rather frisky young person, given to doing a Charlie Chaplin on occasion, or chucking a traffic policeman under the little feather strap that holds his helmet on. But—well, they applied a regular can-opener treatment to my mind, and carefully pointed out that this Peg person was a very demure, though mischievous, soul-
ful, but merry, young lady. And that's the sort of little girl I had to try to make her on the screen."

Wanda's big blue eyes gazed dreamily around the adjacent

SHINE, Lady!" Wanda Hawley dropped her newspaper with a start, then looked down at me, laughed and made room for me on the bootblack stand beside her.

"Sure, this is the only quiet spot on the whole Lasky lot to-
day," she said, and then blushed a perfect peony pink. "You see, my Peg dialect still hangs on; I simply can't get away from it. Isn't it awful?"

"It's marvelous," I declared emphatically, "and Peg is just the person I want to hear you talk about. How'd you go about getting acquainted with her?"

"Well, it was pretty hard. You see, I was the sixth Peg after Laurette Taylor—she'd played the part all over the country, you know, and where her company hadn't taken 'Peg o' My Heart' the four road companies had, so I felt that most everybody who had seen the play on the stage would be judg-
scenery, and I looked at her and realized that:
the burden of portraying so well beloved and
well known a character had been no light bur-
den for the youthfully slim Hawley shoulders.
But what an ideal Peg she naturally was,
especially just then, when the Hollywood sun
flecked her hair with added gold. Small, tip-
tilted nose, humorously curved lips and lurk-
ing dimples—well, she certainly looked sweet
enough to be Peg of anybody's heart right
then. I—but I musn't digress.

It was nothing more romantic than a frog
in the throat that—indirectly—gave her the
opportunity to play the little Irish girl.

"I really thought I was going to be a great
singer," she confided to me, sliding down off
the bootblack's stand and strolling over to the
studio with me. "But Old Lady Fate, playing
a character part as Larnygitis, took a hand
when I was living in Brooklyn, and perma-
nently put a stop to my operatic aspirations—
and almost finished me as well. Finally, when
I was up and around again, I became a profes-
sional accompanist—which is sort of like
dressing some other girl for a party that you
weren't asked to go to—that is, if you're a
singer. I simply couldn't stand it, so I went
into pictures—started with Fox. And now—
well, now here I am."

"How about athletics—are you one of the
'Broncho Betsies' who never lets anybody
double for her in dangerous stunts and can
play any game ever invented?" I asked,
moved by memories of an interview I'd done
the day before.

"Oh mercy no! I've tried to train my face
to act, but I've let my muscles
more or less alone. When I had
a repertoire of half a dozen smiles
and a fair quota of other expres-
sions to help them out I figured
that I'd done enough for the
girl; I don't remember the
mechanical side of acting
when I'm before the camera,
anyway—and I don't have
to do stunts in my kind of
roles, you know.

"But, speaking about
athletics—did you see
that dog Michael that
I worked with in
'Peg'?"

I admitted that I'd met
Michael off stage.

"Well, did you pick him
up? Why, that dog weighs a
ton—no less. I certainly used
to wish I was a strong man
when I had a scene with him
—every time we played to-
gether I went home with a
headache. He's supposed to
weigh just thirty-five pounds,
but he must have been dieting
to understudy Fatty Arbuckle

She certainly looked sweet enough to be the Peg of anybody's heart.

when he was here, or else he'd been taking lessons in relaxation.
Honestly, he was a regular lump. Every time he saw
me coming he'd go into a dog trance, and if there is any
dead weight deader than a thirty-pound lump of dog I'd like
to know what is—so that I can avoid it in future."

"Perhaps that's what gave you your pathetic expression
part of the time in the picture," I suggested.

"I'm pretty sure it is; if Michael just strolled past
the set where I was working it made me sad, re-
membering the times I'd teted him around."

"And how about playing the piano—have you given
it up forever now that you're not a professional
musician any more?"

"Oh, no—I still play pretty often. And that reminds
me—did you know that Mr. De Mille sings awful-
ly well? Well, he does. One noon when we had all finished
our little trick 'box lunches' that the studios are having
an epidemic of now, I was playing 'Pagliacci' on
the organ off in one corner of the set, and all at once I heard
a rich, sweet voice singing the words in Italian. Talk about
being a great director—Cecil De Mille ought to be in opera."

"And how about Peg—is she a thing of the past now that
you're playing Beauty in 'Everywoman'?"

"Sure, begorra," she answered, "me little lass Peg may be
gone, but her Irish brogue is with me still."
Selected scenes
From various screens
That call up old-
Time Hallowe'ens.

By Adam Whipple

"Jack-o-Lantern's Eyes are red;
And glare right out
Of a pumpkin head!"
Nixie, Pixy, Ogre, Elf;
"A pumpkin pie on the pantry shelf."
Brownie, Bogie, Fairy, Troll;
"Get that pie and we'll eat it whole."
Green-Eyed Goblin, Evil Eye;
"Now I've caught yuh; drop that pie!"
Gristly Ghost and Nasty Gnome;
"Under the bed till the folks come home!"
O-o-o! O-o-o! O-o-o!

WINKIN, Blinkin, Punkin Pie!
How many pumpkins do you spy?
Trixie, Pixy, Nixie, Nannie!
Oh, what a night for Orphant Annie.
Count each pumpkin in
the patch,
And she can tell you a
tale to match:
"Cinderella became
A queen;
And rode in a
Pumpkin limousine!"
"Peter-the-Pumpkin
Eater's wife,
Lived in a Squash house
All her life!"

From
"Little Orphant Annie," by World Film.
In a Movie Menagerie

Many curious things can be learned. You’ll be interested in this humorous interview with some of the barred stars at Universal City.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

EVERY one knows that motion-picture stars do not come into close contact with hoi polloi of the outside world; but it is not generally known that there are certain stars who are actually barred from polite society on account of their bad dispositions and certain temperamental qualities which render them unsafe for mingling with the public at large. Now there is Delia—never mind her last name— but she’s a cat, if I do say it myself; she scratched a director for telling her not to face the camera, she always has a bone to pick, she is barred from social intercourse with people—barred—in a cage. Delia is a bioness.

When I made a trip to Universal City menagerie to interview some of these stars, I met Vendredi, the African lion, whose life is clouded because he was born on Friday the 13th, and was even named for the beastly day in French.

“I really oughtn’t be barred from the polite society,” Vendredi said sadly. “I’m not vicious—they have to poke me with a stick and tickle my nose with a feather to make me even snarl; and as for biting any one—well, I have so few teeth left that a carnivorous diet is beyond me—you don’t happen to have a
bone about you, do you?—well, anyway, please tell the public for me that I'm not a man-eater as I seem to be in jungle pictures and animal comedies—I'm just a social lion.

Then I was introduced to Joe Martin, the famous chimpanzee, who lives in a cage with "Skipper," a sassy little monk who imposes dreadfully on the good-natured Joe by stealing his peanuts and then refusing to hunt fleas for him, and who swore viciously and violently in Monkeese when Joe was let out of the cage while he had to stay inside.

"I feel that I can confide in you," Joe told me after I had established an entente cordiale with a bag of candy. "We stars are always maligned—that is the penalty of fame—and I suffer greatly from remarks the low-brow extra animals make about my ancestry.

"You've heard that old Darwin scandal?" he continued, choking on emotion and a piece of candy.

I admitted that I had, but added that of course I didn't believe all that I saw printed in books.

"On my honor as a chimpanzee," he said earnestly, putting an arm around my shoulders, "there isn't a man—either cave or pre-historic—in my entire family; I assure you, I haven't a single family skeleton in my cage!"

Joe went back to Skipper, who was insanely shaking the bars of the cage and courting suicide by swinging from the roof by his tail, and I went over to talk with Charlie, the elephant, who was standing in his cement-floored stable, making vague signs in the air with his trunk, and shifting uneasily from one foot to another as if suffering from chilblains or corns.

"I suppose you want to know how I like being in pictures." He remarked when I told him he was being interviewed. "Well, it's no life for a self-respecting elephant—I'd rather be hauling logs down in Africa where I came from. Every time I'm in a picture I have to be dry cleaned because there's no tub large enough for my tusks!"

The Russian wolves were imported to do Bolshevik pictures, but their long suit is howling, which they do artistically and musically upon any occasion. They supported Monroe Salisbury in "The Guilt of Silence," and howled for Dorothy Phillips in "Paid in Advance."
He's very reliable, too, no matter what sort of youngsters are intrusted to him.

enough to hold me, my nails have to be manicured with a three-foot file—that takes about a week, and if I so much as dust myself with dirt while I'm working, I get bawled out; how would you like it if you weren't allowed to powder your nose when you wanted to."

"No, I'm not temperamental," Charlie went on, in response to my question. "I'm so big that by the time a streak of temperament gets started in my brains, it gets lost before it's worked down into my legs where it would take effect."

Over in a pen, fenced around with strong wire, I spied a lion cub and a collie pup in a friendly wrestling bout, so I opened the door and went inside.

"I suppose you're going to be great stars when you grow up?" I interrogated them while they sniffed around my shoes and began to chew at my sleeve.

"Of course, I'm going to be a dog-star," answered

The goats, Gadzooks, Pinky, and Luella, play a great many strong parts, but Arline, the donkey, we are told on good authority, will never make a film star; she is too much of an ass. Both the goats and donkey have been used in Lyons-Moran comedies and in Joe Martin's animal comedies.

the lion cub, worrying the cravenette tops of my shoes. "My name is Ethel, and I'm a collie pup."

"You are?" I asked, blinking slightly to see if something was the matter with my eyes.

"I'm a lion," remarked the collie pup conversationally, ripping out a half yard of ruching from my cuff, "and my name is Lady."

I gathered them in my arms despite their wiggles.

"Now listen to me;" I told them. "You're mixed up; one of you is a lion and one of you is a dog, but as to which is which——"

Ethel was thoughtfully chewing Lady's ear, but as she interrupted me with, "Well, it makes no difference that I can see. We were put in this cage before our eyes were open, and we've grown up together. The other day my trainer came in here and I tripped him up, and he said 'Dog-gone,' so I'm sure that I'm a dog."

Lady made an affectionate dab at Ethel's furry coat and said:

"I know what kind of an animal I am—sure I do. The other day a big bulldog stopped on the outside

Continued on page 94
The Egg-Crate Wallop

An Artcraft play
Produced by Ince
With Charlie Ray.

You'll like the picture,
Also you will like, we hope,
This rhymed review.

By
C. L. Edson

Jim Kelly, there astride the stool,
(First scene shows him beside the door)
Says: "Do I want a grapejuice cool,
Or a red-hot drink of this geezer's gore?"
You've guessed it, reader, the soda store
Is run by the girl they both adore.
Sooner or later that dude must scrap
This egg-crate-walloping local chap.

"Good-by, Dave,
Don't tell Kate."
And Kelly blew on
A midnight freight.

Why did Jim so suddenly go?
And who is Dave, whom he bade good-by?
And what's this secret his Kate can't know?
And who's been crooked—and when—and why?
Here's the answer—get it straight;
Dave's the dear old dad of Kate;
Some one tapped old David's till,
Taking a thousand-dollar bill!
Dave said: "Don't you worry, son,
I know you didn't take the mon."
Jim replied: "I've got a clew,
But, Dave, old scout, it points to you!"
And then Jim blew; for he was game,
And wished to bear the old man's blame.

That chalk note had this meaning sad:
"Kate mustn't know" it was her dad.
Jim reached the city—down and out
As far as work or coin is reckoned;
A club put on a boxing bout,
And Jim copped off a job as second.
The pug Jim seconded was queer,
And secretly the bird had planned
To flop—to dive upon his ear,
And throw the fight for cash in hand.
When Jim learned how his pug had sold,
He braced—and swung—and knocked him cold!

"That egg-crate wallop, wow!"
"Say, here's a slugger right!"
"You've got a chance, kid, now;
We'll put you in this fight!"
"Now, boy, if you're no coward,
Go in and face young Howard!"
Believe me, they
Had met before;
'Twas in the sody-
Water store!
It then was "fizz,"
It now was "thud,"
It then was Grapejuice. Now
'Twas blood!

For Jim had reason
For belief
That Howard was
The missing thief.
Well, Jim he won
That slugging bout.
"The egg-crate
Wallop knocks
'Em OUT!"

And when that pug
Came to and dressed,
Jim called him
"Thief!" And
He confessed.
The egg-crate smash
Had smashed a yegg;
"Police, police!"
They heard 'im beg.
Said Jim to Kate,
With laughter shaken,
"Unless I'm very
Much mistaken,
The egg-crate boy
Brought home the bacon!"
Happy as a Clam

THERE was a delegation waiting for Pearl White on the front porch of Los Olmos, her Long Island home—a delegation of prominent women, all dressed up in white gloves and tight pumps and everything, who had come to ask Pearl to be the Nassau County chairman for the Assembly on the Republican ticket, since she's one of the heaviest tax payers in those parts.

But Pearl was nowhere to be found—that is, she wasn't in any of the places that the mistress of a big country estate might be expected to be. But her sister very wisely led the guests down to the beach, and there was Pearl, covered with mud from the toes of her hip boots to the crown of her old felt hat, digging clams!

"Isn't this gorgeous?" she said, after she'd accepted their invitation and apologized for the unconventional reception. "I'm having the most wonderful time since I bought this old place," she explained. "My young nephew and I are regular farmers and I'm happy as—well, as a clam!"

But there's another cause for Pearl's happiness; she's been just one beaming smile ever since she signed her contract with Fox, and left serials to make thrilling productions such as "The Tiger's Cub" and "Reclaimed"—
The motion-picture business does move, indeed. In a “Five Years Ago” column of a motion-picture trade paper is an item that Los Angeles and New Haven moving-picture exhibitors thought they were going to be successful in their efforts to raise their prices from five cents to ten. And in New Orleans a moving-picture theater was actually charging twenty cents for really big pictures.

Only five years ago!

A few weeks ago we saw Broadway, New York, paying three dollars for the best seats to see D. W. Griffith’s “Broken Blossoms.” The best picture theaters in the cities charge from thirty to fifty cents, plus war tax, for a chair in the orchestra.

High-priced entertainment—this motion picture—and improving in quality, too. It must be profitable, for even with the high price of labor and material new theaters are going up all over the land. The theater manager must believe that there is a good future in pictures. And the producer, too.

For a nickel you used to see a show that cost not much more than a couple of thousand dollars to produce, and which was rented by the theater for about five dollars a day. Now for your half dollar, plus war tax, you see a feature picture that cost from thirty thousand dollars to one hundred thousand dollars or more to manufacture, and for which the theater manager pays a rental of from one hundred dollars to one thousand dollars a day.

Who did it? Who’s who in this great growth?

You. You’re who.

You have demanded better pictures and you have realized that better pictures are worth paying for. You have largely quit going to see poor pictures, and you’re encouraging the producer to make and the exhibitor to show genuine entertainment.

Good for you!

Universal has come to bat with an offer to the Authors’ League, that organization which has been conducting organized propaganda in an effort to get producers to pay Harry Leon Wilson as much money for a story as Jeanie Macpherson gets for a script like “Don’t Change Your Husband.”

Universal offers to pay twenty-five thousand dollars each for four stories for Dorothy Phillips, and has challenged the members of the Authors’ League to deliver one hundred thousand dollars’ worth of plot in four wagonloads.

It will be interesting to see whether or not the challenge is accepted, and if so, what the result will be.

It is a curious feud, this one that has been going on for some years between some of the professional writers and the movie producers. It began, we believe, by the writers speaking disparagingly of the movie magnates—attacking their lack of literary standard, their methods of doing business with writers, their unwillingness to pay authors adequately for good work, and so on.

The producers countered by protesting that these selfsame authors had seldom offered them anything but the dumpings of their worktables—stuff unsalable in other form—and that these haughty gentlemen of the pen were nearly all unfit to write for the screen because they would not study its peculiar needs.

Of late there has been a considerable get-together spirit between producers and some of the big professional writers. And in view of the prices that are now being paid for material by men and women of reputation, and by the names of the writers now coming into the movie fold, no one can still charge that the big producers are any longer neglecting the story.

In fact, there has been, of late, quite a battle for good stories. Goldwyn has made a notable combination with Al. H. Woods, the Shuberts, and the Selwyns, assuring Goldwyn of a splendid supply of dramatic material, which seems at present to be the kind of material most sought after by the biggest producers.

Famous Players-Lasky, accused of trying to corner the story market by a combination with Charles Frohman, Inc., and by a frantic spell of buying everything good in sight, seems to have lost one trick in the game.

The Woods supply of plays that would make good pictures is especially valuable.

The battle for stories seems to be raging hottest between Goldwyn and Famous-Lasky, with the other companies picking up a few good ones now and then. Good stories that have proved their value on the stage or in fiction form are as valuable as a good house in the center of Manhattan Island, for the competition which has resulted from this frantic bidding has increased the present value of books and plays which are in the greatest demand as high as thirtyfold, making these the most profitable days for the novelist or playwright of great popularity which the world has ever seen.
The Observer

A Picture That Will Be Talked About

But despite the producers' best efforts up to date, it still remains a fact that there are many discriminating persons who are still indifferent to the movies, because to them so many of the movie plots are hackneyed, stupid, and untrue to life. Even the literary classics are ruined for them by the way the continuity men and directors distort the original stories. There are, moreover, a certain number of regular patrons of the screen who say that though they enjoy pictures for the acting and the photography, they really seldom care much for the stories, nor do they take them seriously. If you do not belong to either of these classes you are perhaps fortunate. But if you have seldom, or never, felt deep emotions arising in your own breast in response to those portrayed on the screen, we urge you to see, if you can, George Loane Tucker's "The Miracle Man." For unless we are a very bad judge of good pictures, this is one that will make you a booster for the best work of the screen.

We saw it recently at a private showing, and we're still excited about it. It affected us as few pictures have ever done, bringing tears to our eyes even in the tiny projection room, where there was no music, no staging to make the picture effective.

And if you're a dyed-in-the-wool fan, as we are, we predict that you'll be more than usually enthusiastic about "The Miracle Man."

"The Miracle Man" is an example of what a director can do when he gets a chance. Mr. Tucker had a tremendous story in "The Miracle Man." It was a story, however, that had to be played upon as delicately as a violin, in order to bring out the soul of the instrument.

Mr. Tucker did not overstress a single point in a drama that might easily have been overdramatized. With Thomas Meighan and Betty Compson and other players whose names we do not remember, he has made what seems to be a perfectly interpreted production.

After all, it is the director, not the star, who can show improvement. The star is always the star, shooting at about the same old mark, picture after picture. Sometimes they shoot under, sometimes over, but, after all, Fairbanks, Pickford, Chaplin, Ray, Nazimova, and Hart can just be so good and no better. Which, we'll say, is plenty good enough for our money.

But when a director of the caliber of Griffith, De Mille, Tourneur, Ince, and now Tucker, turns out a picture there's always a chance for a surprise.

With the exception of Nazimova, a marvelous actress, most of the stars are about the same, week in and week out.

But it's never "the same old Griffith," for every now and then he startles us with something new and different, as do a few of his really great colleagues.

From Plainfield, New Jersey, has written one of the best letters we have received commenting on our remarks that Mary Pickford is a great actress. Plainfield votes for Nazimova as the greatest actress, because—though she confesses to being a Pickford fan—she feels that Mary is always Mary—that she is not a creative actress.

"Mary is pleasingly talented at all times," our young friend writes, "but in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' I found her guilty. I had just read that story previous to seeing the screen version, and, although I enjoyed the picture very much, it certainly seemed like a different story. It was 'Rebecca' playing Mary Pickford. Rebecca, the dreamy child of the long, black, shiny braids was changed to Mary, the well-rounded bejeweled little movie queen.

"I'm afraid if you ask many typical fans they will tell you they think Mary Pickford is too sweet for words because she has such stunning curls, such a darling pout, and such cunning, cute little ways. In fact, the Pickford fans—I know because I'm one myself—give poor little Mary small credit for her talent. She redeemed her 'Rebecca' with the splendid 'Stella Maris'."

And our correspondent closes by asking us not to laugh at her for being "movie struck," as her friends and relatives sometimes do.

Laugh at your for that? If we laughed at folks who are "movie struck" we'd have to laugh at fifty million. And fifty million would have a right to laugh at us!

From Leavenworth, Washington, comes a letter from a woman, pointing out that the moving picture has not yet shown us an ideal mother—a mother of mature years.

"The great Shakespeare pictured every ideal character that could be imagined except the ideal mother," our correspondent writes. "Will the movies improve upon him?"

We must confess that we do not remember any real mother in moving pictures. There have been lovable old ladies who sometimes clasped their erring sons and brought a lump to our throat. But we don't believe there ever has been a genuine characterization of an ideal mother—a combination of an important part and a genuine actress, giving us a mother who lived long in our memory.

We seem to remember a fine mother played by Mary Alden in a pre-Birth of a Nation Griffith production. But even that wasn't the sort of mother that Emma Dunn, for instance, has given to the speaking stage.

Do you remember any good characterizations of mothers in moving pictures? Not young mothers, or old mothers who are played by types, but an ideal representation of motherhood actually created by the genius of the actress?

How Would You Do It?

A Spaniard employed in the foreign department of one of the biggest motion-picture companies, whose special business was to translate titles and prepare film for foreign distribution, was heard one day to let out a shrill cry of rage.

"What's the matter?" somebody asked.

"It's too much! Too much!" cried the excited Spaniard. "He want me to translate into Spanish thisa Doug Fairbanks title 'Knickerbocker Buckaroo!"
time. What a woman wants is a good provider. Has this Travers feller got a job? What does he do?"

"I've never asked him. But he——"

"Well, Jim Radburn's got a job. He's sheriff o' Pike. And they say he'll go to the legislator next."

"But, ma, he'll always be a small-town boor. Think of him comin' a callin' on a young lady and wearing boots—and spurs—in a parlor."

"What young lady did he call on?" The woman snapped out the question in real surprise and curiosity.

"Why—me," answered Kate, abashed.

"So you call yourself a young lady, now. Lor' he'p us. What's the world a-Sommin' to? That ever a
darter o' mine should become a young lady!" The scornful words scorched the girl's soul.

"Well, if you—and pa, didn't want me to amount to anything," the girl said tearfully, "why did you give me the money to get an education?"

"Don't you know where that all money come frum? That money was put up by Jim Radburn."

"Jim?"

"Yes; when he found out you was so sot on edication, he told your paw to let you go to school an' he'd give your paw twenty dollars every month to foot the bill. He said he calkylated to marry you, an' it was no more'n fair that he should be the one to whack up."

"Is it really true?" The girl's voice trembled a little.

"It's as true as I'm standin' here. Jim's plumb foolish about you. They ain't nothin' he wouldn't do for you. An' that's the man you been blackguardin' about wearin' rawhide boots. His shoe money went to pay for them high-heeled sneakers that you been dancin' in with your city dude. What did your patent-leather dude ever give you but bonbons, an'—an' the big head? Now you can see which side your bread is buttered on, can't you?"

"Ma, there's no use of your talkin', I won't sell myself for a pair of shoes, and a term at college! You're all in a conspiracy to make me marry Jim Radburn—you and pa and him—and even sister Elizabeth here. You don't understand me: I've a soul of my own, I've a spirit that can't be crushed. 'Liz'beth in marry her—hired man if she wants to, and be a judge all her life, but I won't marry an illumed country clodhopper that thinks he can buy like a slave on the block by passing a few dollars to my father! I can't do it, ma, I can't do it. There's something finer within me, that rebels. Tennyson for yourself—one or the other, make up your mind in short order!"

"Well, ma, it won't take me long to give you your answer. Mr. Travers is in town right now. He's comin' this evening to get me, and we're going to take the night train to St. Louis and be married."

"Well, I wish I may never see!!" Mrs. Vernon again threw up her arms. "I'm plumb beat, I'm flabbergasted."

"For a moment she stood stupefied and let the hot iron scorch the half-smoothed apron beneath it until it smoked. Then seeming to recover her wits, and to feel the need of a stronger mind to cope with the problem, she set the iron back on the stove, and said:

"I'll go out and call your father in."

Joe Vernon and Jim Radburn had been standing about in Vernon's smithy talking politics. They were rival candidates for the Democratic nomination for State senator, and in Pike County, the nomination was the same as an election. When Mrs. Vernon came out with the news about Kate, both men were equally astounded.

"You come in and talk to her, paw," said Mrs. Vernon with finality, "I'm done."

"Well, ma, if you ain't got no influence with her—you her own mother what borned her—I don't calkylate she'd pay no attention to anything I could say, whatsoever."

"Well, I'm done," repeated Mrs. Vernon.

"Pears to me like——" Joe hesitated, and stroked the underside of his bearded chin. Young Jim Radburn
The Observer

A Picture That Will Be Talked About

But despite the producers' best efforts up to date, it still remains a fact that there are many discriminating persons who are still indifferent to the movies, because to them so many of the movie plots are hackneyed, stupid, and untrue to life. Even the literary classics are ruined for them by the way the continuity men and directors distort the original stories. There are, moreover, a certain number of regular patrons of the screen who say that though they enjoy pictures for the acting and the photography, they really seldom care much for the stories, nor do they take them seriously. If you do not belong to either of these classes you are perhaps fortunate. But if you have seldom, or never, felt deep emotions arising in your own breast in response to those portrayed on the screen, we urge you to see, if you can, George Loane Tucker's "The Miracle Man." For unless we are a very bad judge of good pictures, this is one that will make you a booster for the best work of the screen. We saw it recently at a private showing, and we're still excited about it. It affected us as few pictures have ever done, bringing tears to our eyes even in the tiny projection room, where there was no music, no staging to make the picture effective.

And if you're a dyed-in-the-wool fan, as we are, we predict that you'll be more than usually enthusiastic about "The Miracle Man."

"The Miracle Man" is an example of what a director can do when he gets a chance. Mr. Tucker had a tremendous story in "The Miracle Man." It was a story, however, that had to be played upon as delicately as a violin, in order to bring out the soul of the instrument.

Mr. Tucker did not overstress a single point in a drama that might easily have been overdirected. With Thomas Meighan and Betty Compton and other players whose names we do not remember, he has made what seems to be a perfectly interpreted production.

After all, it is the director, not the star, who can show improvement. The star is always the star, shooting at about the same old mark, picture after picture. Sometimes they shoot under, sometimes over, but, after all, Fairbanks, Pickford, Chaplin, Ray, Nazimova, and Hart can just be so good and no better. Which, we'll say, is plenty good enough for our money.

But when a director of the caliber of Griffith, De Mille, Tourneur, Ince, and now Tucker, turns out a picture there's always a chance for a surprise.

With the exception of Nazimova, a marvelous actress, most of the stars are about the same, week in and week out.

But it's never "the same old Griffith," for every now and then he startles us with something new and different, as do a few of his really great colleagues.

From Plainfield, a Few Words

An eighteen-year-old girl in Plainfield, New Jersey, has written one of the best letters we have received commenting on our remarks that Mary Pickford is a great actress. Plainfield votes for Nazimova as the greatest actress, because—though she confesses to being a Pickford fan—she feels that Mary is always Mary—that she is not a creative actress.

"Mary is pleasingly talented at all times," our young friend writes, "but in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm' I found her guilty. I had just read that story previous to seeing the screen version, and, although I enjoyed the picture very much, it certainly seemed like a different story. It was 'Rebecca' playing Mary Pickford. Rebecca, the dreamy child of the long, black, shiny braids was changed to Mary, the well-rounded becurled little movie queen.

"I'm afraid if you ask many typical fans they will tell you they think Mary Pickford is too sweet for words because she has such stunning curls, such a darling pout, and such cunning, cute little ways. In fact, the Pickford fans—I know because I'm one myself—give poor little Mary small credit for her talent. She redeemed her 'Rebecca' with the splendid 'Stella Maris.'"

And our correspondent closes by asking us not to laugh at her for being "movie struck," as her friends and relatives sometimes do.

Laugh at your for that? If we laughed at folks who are "movie struck" we'd have to laugh at fifty million. And fifty million would have a right to laugh at us!

An Ideal Mother?

From Leavenworth, Washington, comes a letter from a woman, pointing out that the moving picture has not yet shown us an ideal mother—a mother of mature years.

"The great Shakespeare pictured every ideal character that could be imagined except the ideal mother," our correspondent writes. "Will the movies improve upon him?"

We must confess that we do not remember any real mother in moving pictures. There have been lovable old ladies who sometimes clasped their erring sons and brought a lump to our throat. But we don't believe there ever has been a genuine characterization of an ideal mother—a combination of an important part and a genuine actress, giving us a mother who lived long in our memory.

We seem to remember a fine mother played by Mary Alden in a pre-Birth of a Nation Griffith production. But even that wasn't the sort of mother that Emma Dunn, for instance, has given to the speaking stage.

Do you remember any good characterizations of mothers in moving pictures? Not young mothers, or old mothers who are played by types, but an ideal representation of motherhood actually created by that genius of the actress?

How Would You Do It?

A Spaniard employed in the foreign department of one of the biggest motion-picture companies, whose specialty was to translate titles and prepare film for foreign distribution, w up heard one day to let out a shrill cry of rage.

"What's the matter?" somebody asked.

"It's too much! Too much!" cried the excited Spaniard. "He want me to translate into Spanish put in Doug Fairbanks title 'Knickerbocker Buckaroop' every
time. What a woman wants is a good provider. Has
this Travers feller got a job? What does he do?"
"I've never asked him. But he——"
"Well, Jim Radburn's got a job. He's sheriff o'
Pike. And they say he'll go to the legislator next."
"But, ma, he'll always be a small-town boor. Think
of him comin' a callin' on a young lady and wearing
boots—and spurs—in a parlor."
"What young lady did he call
on?" The woman snapped out
the question in real surprise and curi-
osity.
"Why—me," answered Kate,
abashed.
"So you call yourself a
young lady, now. Lor' he'p
us. What's the world a
comin' to? That ever a
darter o' mine should
become a young
lady!" The scorn-
ful words scorched
the girl's soul.
"Well, if you—and pa, didn't
want me to
amount to any-
thing," the girl
said tearfully,
"why did you
give me the
money to get
an education?"
"Don't you
know where that-
am money come
frum? That money was put up by Jim Radburn."
"Jim?"
"Yes; when he found out you was so set on edda-
cation, he told your paw to let you go to school an' he'd
give your paw twenty dollars every month to foot the
bill. He said he calkylated to marry you, an' it was
no more'n fair that he should be the one to whack up."
"Is it really true?" The girl's voice trembled a little.
"It's as true as I'm standin' here. Jim's plumb foolish
about you. They ain't nothin' he wouldn't do for you.
An' that's the man you been blackguardin' about
wearin' rawhide boots. His shoe money went to pay
for them high-heeled sneakers that you been dancin' in
with your city dude. What did your patent-leather
dude ever give you but bonbons, an'—an' the big
head? Now you can see which side your bread is
buttered on, can't you?"
"Ma, there's no use of your talkin', I won't sell
myself for a pair of shoes, and a term at college!
You're all in a conspiracy to make me marry Jim
Radburn—you and pa and him—and even sister
Elizabeth here. You don't understand me; I've a soul
of my own, I've a spirit that can't be crushed. 'Liz'beth
can marry her—hired man if she wants to, and be a
drudge all her life, but I won't marry an ill-
mannered country clodhopper that thinks he can buy
me like a slave on the block by passing a few dollars
to my father! I can't do it, ma, I can't do it. There
is something finer within me, that rebels. Tennyson
says——"

"Do tell! Is that you're dude's first name?"
"Tennyson, the poet, says: 'If you're wedded to a
clown, the grossness of his nature will have a weight
to drag you down.'"
"Lord help us, child," the mother exclaimed, "Who's
asin' you to marry a circus clown? Why, Jim
Radburn ain't no clown! What ails you?"
"Oh, ma, it's hopeless.
You don't understand the
English language. I——"
"So, now you're dissatis-
fied 'cause I don't know a
furrin language. Look here,
dar't, I'm talkin' plain
United States to you. I've
stood more of your
sass than any other
women in Pike
County would of
ooked from a
child o' theirs. If
I'd been like most
women, I long
before this I
would of jest
politely knocked
your head off!"
"Politely," muttered
the rebellious girl un-
der his breath.
"An' now I'm goin' a tell you
one thing—an' that ain't two
things—you either obey what me
and your paw tells you to do, or
else you leave this roof and shift
for yourself—one or the other, make up your mind in
short order!"
"Well, ma, it won't take me long to give you your
answer. Mr. Travers is in town right now. He's
comin' this evening to get me, and we're going to take
the night train to St. Lottis and be married."
"Well, I wish I may never see!!" Mrs. Vernon again
threw up her arms. "I'm plumb beat, I'm flabbergasted."
For a moment she stood stupefied and let the hot iron
scorch the half-smoothed arm beneath it until it
smoked. Then seeming to recover her wits, and to
feel the need of a stronger mind to cope with the
problem, she set the iron back on the stove, and said:
"I'll go out and call your father in."
Joe Vernon and Jim Radburn had been standing
about in Vernon's smithy talking politics. They were
rival candidates for the Democratic nomination for
State senator, and in Pike County, the nomination was
the same as an election. When Mrs. Vernon came out
with the news about Kate, both men were equally
astonished.
"You come in and talk to her, paw," said Mrs. Ver-
non with finality, "I'm done."
"Well, maaw, if you ain't got no influence with her—
you her own mother what borned her—I don't calkylate
she'd pay no attention to anything I could say, what-
somever."
"Well, I'm done," repeated Mrs. Vernon.
"Pears to me like——" Joe hesitated, and stroked
the underside of his bearded chin. Young Jim Radburn
eyed him eagerly, awaiting his suggestion.

"'Pears to me, Jim, that you're the feller what's gettin' whipsawed the wust by this come - uppance. You go in, Jim, an' see if you can talk sense to her."

Radburn strode awkwardly into the house. Kate greeted her former sweetheart with a look that was not hostile, but firm rather than friendly. As he came toward her, she sat down and turned away her head.

"Kate, your maw tells me that you're goin' away," he said, leaning over and gently placing his hand on hers.

"Your information is correct."

"Kate, we've been friends since childhood. I got a powerful tender feelin' toward you. I don't mind sayin' I'm all broke up about this, and I reckon you can hear the—sorter—sorter moistness in my voice. But we can't he'p that."

Kate's own expression softened a shade in sympathy.

"But they's one matter's been touched on that's unfortunate," Jim continued, clearing his throat. "They tell me that they've done told you how I put up the money for your two years up to Lindenwood. I never calkylated to tell you that, Kate, and I want to assure you that don't mean nothin'. I"—he cleared his throat again, and forced a laugh—"I want you to foller your heart, girl. I don't want you to think you owe me nothin'. That's all forgotten to start with. An' now lookin' at this matter without no prejudice of no kind whatsoever, do you feel sure, Kate, that this feller Travers is the kind of a man you want?"

"Well, Jim, I'll be just as frank as you are. Going back to the time when we were boy and girl together, I admit that I thought a whole lot of you—in a child's way. Yes, those memories seem very pleasant now—as memories. I think I can say I loved you—then.

"But a lot of water has gone under the bridge since then, Jim, and I understand myself and the whole big world a great deal better than I did in those days. It is true that my improvement has been paid for by your money, and—"

Jim's eyes filled with tears.

"I don't want you to think about that—at all—"

"You say you don't want me to think about it, but who was the first one to mention it? You. It cuts me like a knife. You knew it would. But you mentioned it. You wanted your pound of flesh in this argument, and now you've got it—cut off from nearest my heart. Jim, you are a scheming and a desiring man. You took care to buy me long ago, and now you some a press your claim. In one breath you release me from the bargain, and in that same breath you intimate that if I am honorable—ac-

"In Mizzouri"

Adapted from the Paramount-Arclight production, based on the Augustus Thomas play of the same name, and played by the following cast:

Jim Radburn ................ Robert Warwick
Robert Travers .............. Robert Cain
Joe Vernon .................. Noah Berry
Kate Vernon ................ Eileen Percy
Mrs. Vernon ................. Milla Davenport

Scene by Robert Harris. Directed by John Ford.

coming in all smeared with blood when you had to kill a man."

"I been sheriff two terms now and I never killed a man in my life."

"Maybe you haven't got gall enough to—but you've got gall enough to buy a wife and then press for payment."

"I swear, Kate, I didn't ask you to have me. I
asked you if you was sure that this man Travers is the kind of man that you want to marry?"

“What do you know against him?”

“My sister tells me that Sam——”

“Your sister and Sam——” broke in Kate with feeling. “There’s an example of just what I’ve been talking about. You sister Emily had two years of college and came back and married Sam Fowler, an express messenger. Don’t you suppose Emily knew better? Don’t you suppose that her education and her contact with young gentlemen in Lindenwood taught her that Sam Fowler was not the sort of man for her? A small-town man with no ambition above a railroad express car! Certainly, she saw how ignorant and contented he was, shaving once a week and never combing his hair nor blacking his shoes. Not two ideas above a horse. And yet a fine girl like Emily married him just because she was engaged to him before she went to college. And now look at the result. Sam decided that working was too slow for a gifted mind like his, so he robbed his own express car and told a silly story about a holdup and now he’s in jail, and his wife can take the consequences.”

“I don’t think Sam’s guilty.”

“Oh, don’t you? Then part of your job as sheriff is to hold an innocent man in jail—there’s no love lost between brothers-in-law, eh?”

“Sam’s out now. And he’s helping hunt the robber,”

“How do you know there is any robber—besides Sam?”

“Because we’ve found the false pass that was used to get the robber into Sam’s car. And the writin’ on it is the same as the writin’ on the envelopes that this feller Travers has been mailin’ to you. That’s why I was astin’ you if you was dead sure as to what kind of a feller Travers really is.”

“Do you mean to accuse Mr. Travers of being a robber?” Her lips trembled with wrath, and she drew herself to her full height and looked at Radburn with withering scorn.

“Kate, you are excited,” pleaded Radburn. “Perhaps we had better drop this subject—and—and give you time to——”

“No, you coward. You started this thing, and now I’m going to make you finish it. Go on, now, if you dare, and say that you believe my fiancé is a thief and a thug.”

“Kate, I don’t reckon I know what that a ll w or d fee- on- say means.”

“My husband to be. Go on now and call him a felon!” Her voice had risen almost to a scream and her nostrils vibrated with fury.

“All right then Kate, I’ll tell you the truth. A Pinkerton has been here working with me on the case. They’s no doubt in our minds that this feller Travers is the robber.”

“You lie!”

“Kate, did I ever lie before? You’ve known me since childhood.”

“Known you since childhood?” she exclaimed scornfully. “I only learned to know you to-day. Wouldn’t a man who secretly put up money to make sure of the woman he wanted, wouldn’t a man like that invest in your crooked soul?”

“Would you realize how your crooked soul stands naked before my seeing eyes to-day. I am no longer a child; I am a woman of the world now—your tricks and lies are small-town stuff. So, go, and leave me. My heart is dedicated to a man so much bigger and better than you that you could never understand him if you tried.”

Meanwhile Robert Travers, who was in the village arranging for a livery rig to take Kate to the train, was eyed suspiciously by the gawking natives. They had been impelled to this volunteer sleuthing by posters and handbills that the sheriff and a man claiming to be a Pinkerton detective had spread broadcast through the little town. This circular offered a money reward for the capture of the bandit who had robbed Sam Fowler’s express car. The description of the robber as to size, height, complexion, and general appearance tallied exactly with Kate’s college-bred fiancé. The mere fact that he was suave and well dressed—“Looked as slick as if the cat had licked him” as they expressed it—and spoke a refined vernacular different from the language of Pike County—these mere externals were enough to convince the natives that Travers looked like a “high-toned gambler” and a “Boston burglar.”

Sam Fowler had windily boasted that he could identify the man that blackjacked him “if he ever set eye on him ag’in.” So when Travers went into the drug store to get himself some cigarettes and a box of chocolates for Kate, the village loafers hastily summoned Sam and the Pinkerton man, and the whole crowd trooped in there in the gloaming while Sam and the detective stared at the stranger under the fitful glow of the drugstore lamps.

Continued on page 96
Whistles From Pigs' Tails

Slapstick comedy was Bebe Daniel's pig's tail, and she made it into a whistle that blew her into De Mille productions.

By Jane McNaughton Baxter

come to see him. So I did—and maybe I didn't work hard in the meantime! Every time I did anything I thought was pretty good I just had to hang onto myself so that I wouldn't stop Mr. De Mille on the street and ask him to be sure to see that picture! I don't know whether he ever did see any of those two-reelers or not—but anyway, here I am—and oh, how I do hope that everybody likes me in 'Male and Female'; that's my first Lasky appearance, you know."

"Well, I know one thing—they'd certainly like you if they could see you this morning," I answered. For Bebe's one of these people who must be really seen to be appreciated. She's the dark-eyed Spanish type, you know, with an olive skin and very red lips—all she needs is a Spanish mantilla over her head to look like one of the beauties of old Spain.

"You ought to be on the stage," I told her.

"I have been," she retorted serenely. "And I'm perfectly happy in pictures, thank you. Oh, I certainly was," as I looked skeptical. "At the tender age of ten weeks I played understudy for a doll when my father's company was doing 'Jane'—a comedy, by the way! I drew a salary and cried at the proper

This is Bebe Daniels of the boisterous comedy.

MAYBE it's wrong to call slapstick comedy a pig's tail," chuckled Bebe Daniels, as she curled up in the couch hammock in her back yard and swayed violently to and fro, "but that's just about what it's been for me. You know, I've wanted to play in regular drama ever since I was just a youngster, playing kid parts on the stage—and so I had to make my work in comedy prove that I could play emotional parts—nice little job, wasn't it?"

And she chuckled again.

"Well, you evidently made a whistle that blew loud enough to attract Cecil De Mille's attention," I answered. "Go on and tell me about it."

"Oh, it isn't very interesting—to anybody but me, that is; I can't think of anything else but my Lasky contract these days." She cast a brown-eyed glance my way, and I remembered to make a note of what she'd told me earlier—that her mother's mother was one of the Castilian beauties of early California days. "I've been doing Rolin comedies, with Harold Lloyd, for the last two years—of course you know that. But last year I went to see Mr. Lasky, and he sent me to Cecil De Mille, who told me to stick to comedy one more year and then

And these are some of the imprints which she left on her way—
times—you see, I could be emotional, even then—and when I was big enough to talk I used to brag about it. And when I was four I played the little *Duke of York* in *Richard the Third,* and later when I was nine I was in *The Prince Chap* and *The Squaw Man*—oh, I'm an old hand at it, you see; even did three years in stock here in Los Angeles."

"And you're nineteen now—you haven't wasted much time, have you!"

"Well, not a great deal." A laugh danced in her brown eyes at a sudden memory. "I used to think I squandered heaps, though, on lessons. I had a governess and once I pretended to have the measles and went to bed to get out of studying. But they wouldn't let me play that night, thanks to my little ruse, and I never tried it again."

"But won't it seem queer to you to turn things around—to cry in big scenes instead of laughing, and all that sort of thing? I'll bet you've never cried in your life!"

"Oh, mercy, no; it won't seem queer, and I certainly have cried." She became suddenly grave. "Even in comedy—or rather, just out of it, over the side lines of the set, I've wept a bit; once when I got thrown from a carriage horse they'd made me ride backward, and another time when I had to walk out on a plank from the top of a building sixty feet from the ground, in *Look Out Below.* And once when I was a younger mother shattered my best illusion and I nearly wept my eyes out." She stopped again, to laugh. "You see, I'd heard her say one time, 'Oh, Bebe was born on the stage and that's

along a winding pathway which led to a part in the de Mille production.

where she belongs."

And for many a day I boasted about that to my young friends. Then mother heard me announcing to some incredulous ones, 'Oh, yes, I was—I was born right on the stage of a theater!' and insisted on explaining to them and me that there'd been a slight mistake in my information—that I'd begun existence in a perfectly proper house—one with green blinds, in fact; I detested green blinds for years after that."

"You must have had a lot of fun playing around the theater when you were a youngster," I observed.

"Oh, I did—but I had to work, too. Did you happen to see that awful melodrama, *My Jim,* that Florence Stone played in? Well, I had an ingénue part in that—I was just thirteen then—and I sort of doubled in brass, so to speak—I was Father Time, off stage. You see, the clock played an awfully important part, and just when the mortgage was due I had to move the hands of the clock around from the inside, of course, and make the clock strike twelve. But it was awfully dark inside the clock, and I used to curl up in the bottom of it and go to sleep. Then suddenly I'd catch my cue from the stage—'Twelve o'clock'—and zowie! I'd move the clock's hands around with a rush, and of course the audience always laughed. Acting didn't mean as much to me then as it does now."

"And how much does it mean now?"

"An awful lot," she told me solemnly.
Through the Looking-Glass

An American "Alice in Wonderland," doing Red Cross work in Italy, found some curious reflections of American life in the films shown in the Eternal City.

By Lora Kelly

The performance, at the vaudeville, was a mere incident, in which no one appeared to have any interest.

The fat comedian's air-cooled voice rose above the buzz of conversation. But nobody paid any attention. La Bella Donna, billed all over Rome (which is still in Italy) as a knockout, shook her marcelled head and warbled about Trieste. It was before the signing of the treaty, when any mention of the redeemed territory brought a response from an Italian audience, but the applause meant for Trieste was all she received. She tried again with a song about the sunshine and shadiness, principally the latter, of Naples. Her entertainment wares went begging.

"What's the matter?" I asked my escort, the Italian lieutenant. "Don't they like the show?"

"Si, Signorina," he replied, "but they come here to enjoy themselves; the performance, she is but an incident!"

So it was. The house lights were ablaze throughout each number. They were dimmed only by the blue haze of Macedonian cigarettes which bear about the same relation to regular tobacco as a tomcat does to the Lions of St. Mark's.

But there was plenty of kick to the cognac and coffee served on the wire-legged tables encircling the pit in the Salon Margherita, Rome's leading vaudeville theater. Alcoholic uplift hadn't struck the Eternal City.

"Does the signorina prefer the cinema?" inquired my escort. The signorina did. The smoke was getting so thick one could lean on it, and besides, the signorina was rather tired of being favored with stares.

Her uniform billboarded her to the world as an American, and she tried to remember that to certain Latin temperaments stares mean delicate compliments. And it was still two Roman punches till midnight.

"Voodoo, she is dull," continued the lieutenant. "But the cinema she has much more interest." He signaled the checkroom flunkey, dolled up like Father Knickerbocker, to bring his cap, cane, and saber.

Ten minutes later we were in the cinema, encountering another smoke screen. There were plenty of signs forbidding smoking, but apparently they were never obeyed. Whoever heard of a fire in Rome, anyway, since the time of Nero?

Hats are kept on or off, just as one chooses. You tip the usher who directs you to a seat. Huge lithographs announcing coming attractions stream from the balconies, and the decorations are chiefly of gilt and marble in the better-class houses. And the audience gives the photo play undivided attention.

The cinema plunges at once into its story. There are no preliminary news reels of the Vesuvius Fire Department making a record run down Main Street, no parades of the Benevolent Order of Prune Pickers, nor laying of corner stones by prominently bewhiskered citizens.

Right away we knew whom we have with us this evening. Invariably there are two women or two men agonizing in the approved celluloid manner of a Third Person, whom we suspect of being a Trifier.

The historic Colosseum and the River Tiber have their place in the screen camera's art. The ancient circular ruin is a good place for the plot to thicken; the Tiber is convenient for drowning purposes.

The Pincian Gardens also appear in the Roman film dramas with the same frequency that custard pie does in ours. It is to this beauty spot that all Rome goes on a Sunday afternoon to sun itself and listen to the band.

There are palms and sparkling fountains and the blues of skies all the year round; nursemaids garbed in the bright colors of their native provinces; lovers strolling in the by-paths; carriages of the aristocrats and here and there an American in a "jag-hack" for which he has paid three lire if he knows how to read the meter and ten if he doesn't. Over the stone terraces we catch a glimpse of the red-tiled roofs of the city, with St. Peter's dome shining in the distance. Is it any wonder that the Pincian Hill finds prominent mention in the producer's list of locations?

Italian audiences like long captions. Brevity may be the soul of wit but the Latin prefers to read that...
Through the Looking-Glass

"The Compagna was bathed in the rosy light of dawn which cast its flickers with equal impartiality over the homes of contessa and contadina. In the Castello of Count Mario, high in the Alban hills, grim tragedy held sway."— Then we cut back to rescue the deceived countess who has been hanging by her neck in the tower attic all the time we were occupied with the pure reading matter about her. Forty more feet of rope and film and it is time to call the Carabinieri.

After this fadeout, the lights flared up. But the show wasn't over. The announcement of an American release flashed across the screen. "Your America, she is a wonderful country," remarked the Tenente, with the innate chivalry of his race, "I have never been there. I am so happy to learn of her. The cinema, she does so much to enlighten us of each other."

We were enlightened by a cowboy farce, one of the wildest and wooliest revolver-fests that ever messed up an imitation Montana landscape. Dead Man's Gulch, of the early eighties, was the setting. You know the store-box type of houses with a clapboard front running up to imitate two stories. You know the Grizzly Bear saloon with its fringe of hitching posts; the walrus-mustached cowboys in "chaps" and all the rest of the picturesque myth.

"That is not the Avenue Five in your New York," the Tenente announced solemnly. "For the buildings there are greatly in the air! Perhaps she is a far, far Western city, Chicago, maybe?" "Exactly," I told him.

About this time Two-Gun Pete, attired in his shooting costume, began to make things lively around the aforesaid Grizzly Bear. My escort was amused but not a little puzzled. When Pete, the naughty old dear, began to shoot the corks out of the bottles on the bar, the lieutenant had a positive inspiration. He was radiant with a big idea.

"Now I know why and how America is abolishing beverages!" he said. "The wines, they are not safe from bandits." Then to show his knowledge of American institutions—picked up I know not where—he added, "this shooting Pietro, is he not a member of the League of the Anti-Café?"

An Uncle Tom show given in Genoa gave us another version of American life, produced however, by the Italians themselves. It had a long run there while four or five thousand doughboys were billeted in the home town of Columbus, awaiting transportation to the United States. Most of the soldiers were from the Middle West, Ohio, and Kentucky where some of the scenes of the great slavery classic were laid. It was billed as "Zio Tom by Beecher!" not by "Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe," but simply "Beecher."

"Gawsh, but that show is a darb," said one "hard-boiled" sergeant. "Why, Uncle Tom ain't a day over twenty-five" he went on, "and he sure wins the glass bicycle for being a swell-looking coon. You'd think from his looks that he was AWOL from a Darktown ball, all right, all right!"

"Yes, yes, go on," I said. "What does he look like?"

"Well, he wears a sport shirt," continued the dramatic critic, "white duck pants like I'm going to have if I ever get back to Gawd's country; white shoes, and believe it or not, that bird had a Roman-striped silk sash around his waist! I've got one in my barracks bag now to take home to my girl."

"And the bloodhounds with a little ice on the side?" I inquired.

"Nothing doing. Eliza made her getaway in a rowboat. And the Ohio River had a bunch of palm trees all along both banks. Oh, lady, lady, there's nothing like it in Marietta, Ohio. Gee, but them palms made me homesick. I live in Marietta, y'know!"

Italy has plenty of sunshine of her own but it remained for Mary Pickford to supplement it with some of her own. In a village twenty or thirty kilometers from Naples a little group of American Red Cross girls labored, month in and month out, to give aid to the needy, hard hit by the war. The tiny motion-picture theatre, built in the ruins of a palace built three or four hundred years ago for a Neapolitan nobleman, was their only recreation. They had long ceased to sigh for the comforts of their own homes, four thousand miles away. They had learned to twine spaghetti around a fork and eat it by the bolt as the natives do. They had

Continued on page 104
Zasu Pitts—Both of Her

A whimsical little person
who resembles an April day

By Grace Kingsley

The first time I ever saw Zasu, she was lopping dejectedly on a bench out at the Lasky Studio, and she was murmuring to her girl friend, “Never mind, I saw a sign this morning, ‘Waitresses wanted.’” I can

A Zasu with a great sense of humor.

SHE'S long and slim and sad looking—kind o’ mopy—with no particular complexion—a nd with hair, oh, lots of it, kind o’ taffy-colored, that won’t stay curled.

But that's only one Zasu Pitts. There's another Zasu—with big, brilliant eyes and a pinky skin—a prankish Zasu who comes forward when conjured by some sudden interest, a Zasu with a great sense of humor, a dry sort of drollery, and with keen preceptions that are mellowed by just the humanest set of sympathies a girl ever had.

become a sirup splasher!” That's another thing about Zasu—she always thinks up such funny little names for things.

I was surprised, because it was just after she had made that big hit as the slavey in “The Little Princess,” with Mary Pickford, and she might reasonably be expected to act just a bit cocky. But no, she has since confessed to me that always between pictures she has visions of herself as a waitress. She just can't imagine she's ever going to have another engagement in pictures!

And now she has become a star, and is going to have her name plastered in big letters all over the country! But even yet she isn't sure that some time she won't become a “sirup splasher!”

It was in “Better Times,” made by the Brentwood Film Company, that Zasu got her big chance; and it was during the making of the last scenes while the company was using the home of a millionaire in a Los Angeles suburb, that I went out to call on her.

Zasu and I went into the kitchen to curl her hair.
For ZaSu, as I said before, has hair that won't respond to a curling iron, or at any rate won't keep its promise to a curling iron; so every place we went that day, we had to look for a quiet place to curl ZaSu's hair.

"Well, I'll have to begin at the beginning, because I don't know how to start in the middle and then show cut-backs, the way some actresses do in their interviews," said ZaSu, wetting her finger at her lips and touching it to her curling iron.

"I lived in Santa Cruz, and I began by wanting to be a detective. I thought there must just be an awful lot of crime to detect if I could only get to a big city. I didn't tell that to mother, though; I told her I wanted to go into pictures, because I knew she didn't object to my going into pictures or on the stage either. In fact, she used always to tell me she thought I had talent and that I could be a success.

"So I came to town and the first thing I did was to see a detective. But there didn't seem to be much crime lying round loose waiting to be detected, after all—that is, no really thrilling crime—so I thought that after all I'd try to get a picture job. I went right straight to a hotel when I arrived. I thought it was so grand to live in a hotel! I hadn't much money, and I wore a funny little old Norfolk suit, which was about all I had, and I remember how amazed the clerk looked when I went to buy a pair of shoes, and told him loftily the price really didn't matter at all!

"Then I started hitting the hot pavements—and by and by I began missing meals. But when I got very blue, I'd go downtown and watch the blind people and cripples and think to myself, 'Well, I guess I can go on!' And on rainy days how do you think I amused myself?

"I used to go down to the tall buildings and ride up and down in the elevators! In fair weather I went around to the studios, and just as I was getting about desperate, Universal, I guess, decided I looked funny; anyhow, they gave me a job in a comedy. I worked out at the L-Ko Studios. You know when I'm not hopping about dancing or acting, I've got a kind of a dreary look about me, and the director used to look at me every morning and say, 'What makes you come around here looking half dead all the time?' And then one day they told me the New York office didn't think I was funny, so I had to leave."

Then it was ZaSu began to watch for the "Waitresses Needed" signs.

"I thought of every sort of occupation," said ZaSu. "I even wrote a scenario and sent it out with the comment, 'If you don't take this, the lake is near!' And a company actually accepted and paid for it. But I think that scenario must have ruined 'em, for I never heard of that company again!"

Just then the director, King Vidor, called out, "Ready, Miss Pitts!" and ZaSu exclaimed, "Oh where's my trained powder puff! I have to be awfully careful of my make-up—white powder on a ghost has nothing on me!" After which we adjourned to the drawing-room, where the scenes were taken, and then we were all bundled into automobiles and brought over to the Brentwood Studio. And once more ZaSu curled!

"Where was I? Oh, yes. After the New York offices of Universal decided I wasn't funny, I thought I'd try for the stage. I went down to the ticket office of one of the Los Angeles theaters and asked the girl: 'Where do you go to get a job?' 'What kind of a job—janitress?' asked the girl. 'No, actress,' I said, and she sent me upstairs to see the manager.

"'What do you think you can do?' asked the manager, who was a red-faced kindly sort of man who talked through his cigar all the while.

"'Tut, tut! It isn't my face,' I explained, 'but I believe I can dance and maybe act.'"

"'Let's see you,' said the manager. And after I had recited and had kicked over all the chairs dancing— ZaSu dearly loves to poke fun at herself—she probably did nothing of the sort, as she's an exquisitely graceful dancer—'the manager said, 'Well, that's pretty good—but go and get some meat on those legs!'"
When the Movies Masquerade

PROBABLY you haven't realized it, but you don't like the costume play. You're the public, and you'll have none of it, according to those who determine what sort of stories will be shown on the screen.

"Up-to-date stories with a strictly modern setting," is their idea of what the public wants.

And it's to be presumed that they know their business.

But did you ever notice how many costume scenes they weave into the big productions? The historical pageant—the vision of ancient times—the fancy-dress ball—the scene laid in a foreign land—time and time again the producers deliberately give the stories twists that will make the characters don some gorgeous costumes, giving them a chance to be picturesque, and to act against an effective background. It's somewhat as though the movies have taken to masquerading.

Just consider some current productions. Look at the picture of Alice Joyce in the costume she wore in the fancy-dress ball scenes of "The Vengeance of Durand," the one of Nazimova in her rabbit dress in "The Brat," of Owen Moore in his domino in the Mardi Gras picture, "The Crimson Gardenia," and Elsie Ferguson in her Spanish mantilla in "The Avalanche." Think of the stunning vision scenes in all the De Mille productions.

Maybe the producers are trying us out to see if we'll take kindly to costumes. By the way, what do you think about it? Are you really so opposed to costume pictures or would you like to see a play laid in the days of pirates, highwaymen, and court intrigues?
From a Fan's Scrapbook

Doug, Charlie and Eddie Rickenbacker — some trio!

Bryant Washburn loves his home, they say. Well, he ought to .... I'll say!
WILL ROGERS ARRIVES IN LOS ANGELES. I'M ANXIOUS TO SEE HIM ON THE SCREEN.

TOM MOORE: COOLING OFF. GEE, BUT I LIKE HIS GRIN.

BOB WARWICK AND EILEEN PERCY UNDER A LASHY STUDIO PALM TREE.

Houdini's new Paramount picture "The Grim Game" was well named. Two planes collided in air, but Lieutenant E.V. Thompson pilot and actor wasn't even hurt.

GERTRUDE SELBY AND BERT LYTTEL WITH A PICKANINNY BOUQUET.

SNAPPED IN PEGGY HYLAND'S BACK YARD.
HERE’S NAZIMOYA LUNCHING WITH HER DIRECTOR—HOLDING THE PIE—AND HER HUSBAND, WHO’S PIELESS.

POLLY FREDERICK MAKING UP AT HER COLLAPSIBLE DRESSING TABLE.

THE POLICE-MAN AND I BOTH CAUGHT LITTLE MARY JANE EVEN SWIPING APRICOTS.

I’LL BET AMITA NEVER EMBRODERED THIS DRESS HERSELF.

SYLVIA BREAMER’S BACK AGAIN IN COL. BLACKTON’S NEW PRODUCTIONS.

MADALINE TRAVERSE TELLING VACATION STORIES WITH HER DIRECTOR.
"Von" has been an American citizen for ten years, and hates to admit that he ever had a title.

“Leave it locked if you’d feel more natural—more villainous—” I commented, but his expression was shocked as he snapped back the key.

“Really, I don’t want to be more villainous than I am already—in pictures, I mean—because I have a terrible reputation to live down.”

Then Eric von Stroheim, the Prince of Villains, sat down in a chair and regarded me mournfully.

“When I went into the movie game,” he said sadly, “I thought I was going to be another Fairbanks or Kerrigan. I imagined myself rescuing fair damsels in distress and running bad men to their sinful lairs. I thought I was to be a romantic hero. Instead, I’ve committed every crime in the calendar from murder to arson, I’ve thrown babies out of windows, shot old men in the back—"

“Locked ladies in rooms—” I went on.

“Pray don’t speak of it!” he begged me. “I’m trying to keep my private reputation unsmirched by my film fiendishness—and it’s no easy job—"

Eric von Stroheim is known to comparatively few picture-goers by name, for, though everyone has seen him and shuddered at his hideously perfect characterizations of Prussian officers, he is generally referred to as ‘Oh, you know, that awful Hun,’ or, ‘That horrible man who threw the baby out of the window in The Heart of Humanity.’ Such is the penalty of making a reputation by portrayals of “frightfulness,” and yet, in real life, there is not a better liked man on the Universal lot than this same ‘Horrible Hun,’ who goes by the nickname of ‘Von,’ and they will tell you out there that his heart is as big as all outdoors, that he is as square as they make ’em, and is a prince of good fellows. He is a scenarioist, a director, and an actor, and though his discipline has a military snap to it every one likes it. ‘Von gets things done,’ they say of him.

Despite his varied experiences abroad and in this country, he is still a very

An Hour With a Villain

A Mephisto expurgated—perhaps reformed entirely—is Eric von Stroheim, who writes and directs his own villainous rôles.

By Celia Brynn

As I crossed the threshold the villain stepped behind me, closed and—locked the door! Then turning toward me with—no, it was not a wicked leer, but a most embarrassed look—he stammered:

“Oh, I beg your pardon! I’m so used to locking myself in the office to avoid interruptions—"

“You mean you are so used to locking helpless females in rooms—"

I interrupted wickedly.

“Well, yes, of course, I am—in pictures. It is apt to make one absent-minded.”

His rôles demand this "Kal-tur" haircut.
An Hour with a Villain

young man, and were it not for the shape of his head, which is strictly Prussian, and which "I am not responsible for, being born with it," Von Stroheim says, and the "Kultur" cut of his hair, which is necessary for the parts he plays, he would be really handsome. As it is, his face is most attractive, with dark-brown eyes that have a merry, sometimes a saturnine, twinkle, a smile, which, though on the screen is so diabolically repulsive, is, in reality, whole-souled and friendly, with a dimple appearing unexpectedly at the corner of his generous-sized mouth. There is a vivid scar across his forehead, gained in a Bosnian campaign, that adds a debonair touch to his countenance. He speaks with a slight accent, despite his ten years of citizenship in America, and when he is introduced he clicks his heels, bows from the hips, and salutes stiffly. He reminds one somehow of Mephisto minus the downright wickedness, a Mephisto expurgated, perhaps reformed, but still reminiscent.

"How do you know all about the details of Hunnish depravity?" I wanted to know, and again he appeared a trifle embarrassed.

"Well, you see, I was born in Vienna," he told me. "My father was a count, and my mother, before she married him, was a baroness, and lady-in-waiting to the late Empress Elizabeth——"

"Then you're a count?" I interrupted. "An honest-to-goodness count?"

"A no-'count' is more like it," he said, smiling broadly. "Titles are not worth a pfennig in Austria to-day, and mine has never been worth anything to me; I've been an American citizen too long to care for such baubles.

"But, as I was saying, since my people were of the nobility, I became an officer in the army, and I saw service in the Bosnian campaign and in Mexico. I came over here ten years ago, and I have been everything from traveling salesman to waiter.

"Don't imagine that it was easy for me to get into pictures; it was a long, hard struggle. I had not the American 'push,' and so I went out to the Griffith lot day after day,
Fade-Outs
By Harry J. Smalley
SKETCHES BY
H. L. DRUCKLIEB

The Real Reason for the Dryness.
He sat almost a-grinning while the minister was chinning on the evil and the sinning that was caused by Demon Rum. And when the sermon ended he arose and swiftly wended footsteps to a place they mended thirsty palates for a sum!

But soon this thirsty creature found a far more greater teacher when he went to view a feature at a motion-picture show. The picture showed him plainly how a man, whose bev’rage mainly is Old Bourbon, acts insanely when he’d had a few or so.

He sat and watched unwinking all the havoc wrought by drinking and he did a lot of thinking though, his nerves were all a-wry. He sneaked out looking flurried: somewhat shamed and greatly worried—but to no saloon he hurried—he went out and voted “Dry!”

Concerning George Walsh.
When pictures of Georgie you seeque, You will find they all give you a peique At his marvelous muscles, In hustles and tussles—
The physique of this geique is unique!

“A Soleing Done Here!”
“A Soul in Trust”—(Triangle)
“A Soul For Sale”—(Jewel)
“Auction Of Souls”—(First Nat’l)
“A Soul Adrift”—(Parrot)
“A Soul Crucifixion”—(Broadwest)
“Alien Souls”—(Lasky)
“A Truant Soul”—(Essanay)
“A Branded Soul”—(Fox)
“Twisted Souls”—(Universal)

A Hopeless Job—With a Hopeless Ending.
Is it possible Carl Laemmle can do the impossible? Says he: “Universal will try its infernalists to lick everybody else on the matter of quality!”

Well, you can’t blame a guy for trying—but it seems to us Carl could have grabbed for himself an easier job than that.

However—
Carl also remarks: “we are going to break our necks trying to do still better!”
Ah!—we’re with you, there, Carl—go to it!

Did You Make the Trip?
“Off again, on again,—gone again—Funegan”—has nothing at all on Paramount, who says of Charley Ray in “Hay Foot, Straw Foot”: “You’ll die laughing about his troubles, but then you’ll come to life and be tickled to death when he finds happiness!”

Facing Odds.
Dustin Farnum, in “A Man’s Fight” wins a woman in the face of tremendous odds.

Dustin is luckier than us. Everyone we try to win a girl she gazes upon our face and hurriedly murmurs “farewell!” Our face is tremendously odd.

Answer to Correspondent: “Slivers”—Barefoot, Ky.: They go together. The Gishes, Marguerite Clark and Mary Pickford weigh 419 pounds. Their eyes are blue, hazel and brown. Tom Mix’s legs got that way from riding fat ponies.

Chaplin was five-feet-four last summer.

He’s probably higher now. Everything else is ‘By!’

Afraid of Nothing, Now!
“Capt. James Freeman, late of the British army, who was wounded eleven times, gassed three times, and suffered from other horrors of the war, is now supporting Mabel Normand in current Goldwyn pictures.”

“Bruno Now Batting for Dean!”
It has often been remarked that sooner or later Universal loses all its star players. Come to think of
it that wheeze is applicable to all companies. However, Universal, which has been starring a trained chimpanzee, is now making a picture called “The Eternal Triangle,” in which only dogs are actors.

Can it be that Carl Laemmle is preparing for the future?

—"

“Optience.”

For the enlightenment of the film critic of the Chicago “Tribune” and others, we wish to state that the word “optience” was hatched in “Fade-Out’s” incubator way back last May. (Back numbers for sale by all newsdealers.) We think we coined this word. If not, we at least passed it. Keep the change.

Maybe Only Live Ones Are Insured.

After hearing that Tom Ince had insured the lives of his stars for $100,000.00 each, we confidently expected our editor to follow suit and insure his hatcher of “Fade-Outs,” but strange to say, he has not done so. Perhaps he never thought of it. Chances are he never will think much of it.

A Gentle Hero.

Henry Walthall, in “Modern Husbands” catches the villain hugging his (Henry’s) wife. Does he promptly smear the rascal all over the furniture? He does not. He tells him to leave the room!

Later, he again surprises the same villain embracing his (Henry’s) friend’s wife. Does he plaster the wall with the amorous scoundrel? Nix! He orders him to leave the house!

Heavens! We shudder to think what Henry would have done if he’d have caught the hugginist a third time!

—"

Reducing Expenses?

Is “World” trying to trim its pay-roll? In “Through the Toils,” Montagu Love plays both the hero and the villain.

In Which D. L. L. Steps Some.

At the Bijou Theater, Lansing, Mich., “Daddy Long Legs” was booked to supplant ten vaudeville acts.

If they were the same acts we saw the other night, Lansing was lucky.

“Hello!—Good-Bye!”

In “Daddy Long Legs” the heroine, while a foundling, is given a name to wear through life, taken from a telephone directory and a tombstone.

Concerning the Costumes of Sennett’s Bathing Beauties.

The ladies call them wonderful,
And the men in glee agree.
But really, in the line of clothes,
There’s nothing much to see.

Doctor E. L. Crusius has invented the X-ray movie—the photographs show not only the bones but the muscles and their action.

This invention holds wonderful possibilities for entertainment.

Wouldn’t it be lovely, for instance, on a dull Sunday p. m. for one to darken the parlor, turn on the X-ray movie, and then set down to watch what becomes of the recent dinner?

Wurra! Wurra!

Lay off of Erin, Oh, Theda, ma-vourneen,
Sure, is it some one you’re tryin’ to kid?
You vamps are the darlings—but YOU a colleen—Arrah, acushla—it just can’t be did!

Ah, cruel the day! Sure, an’ we thought old Ireland has had more than her share of trouble, but—listen to Mr. Fox:

“Theda Bara, in ‘Kathleen Mavourneen’ will assume the part of a merry Irish colleen, with flying pigtails, clumsy shoes, and roguish eyes.”

Well, anyhow, as Bobby Gaylor used to say, we wouldn’t miss this picture of Theda’s for all the potheen in Ballyragget,—because:

It may be for years and it may be forever
Before a colleen just like Theda we’ll view!
So, by the same token, we’ll use all endeavor
To see her colleenin—twill be something new!

Continued on page 104.
"When a Feller Needs a Friend"

There's no time when he needs one worse than when he's fourteen, and in love. And there's no time when a feller is more pathetic—and funny. So take a trip back to boyhood with Skinny Malloy, and chuckle at this story of his unhappy adventures.

By C. L. Edson

LOOK here, son, I believe that you're deliberately planning to spoil the picture."

"No, I ain't, mamma; no, I ain't."

When she called him "son," instead of Wilbur, Skinny Malloy knew that his mother's fighting blood was up, and, in terror of the consequences, the poor lad made haste to declare his utter innocence of any such premeditated villainy.

"Then don't give me any more argument, but take off that shirt, as I told you, and kneel down here by this tub so I can give your head the scrubbing that it's been needing for the last six months. If I didn't do it myself you'd let your hair go unwashed until it was so full of sand and grease and grit that a curry-comb wouldn't go through it."

Skinny's spirit really was in revolt, but not against the picture so much as against the humiliation that was brought upon him in the preparations for having the "picture took." Skinny was almost fourteen. He felt that he was too big a man to be stripped to the waist by his mother and forced to kneel down like a trained elephant and scrubbed like any other beast in the zoo.

"The dirt wouldn't show in the photygraff," he whined.

"Oh, no; dirt wouldn't show. I s'pose if you'd take a photygraff of a Senegambian he'd show up in the picture as white as a chiny doll," replied Mrs. Malloy sarcastically as she splashed the soap-suds onto Skinny's head. The water flooded into his eyes and mouth, and ran in cascades over his bare shoulders to his middle.

"Drop that towel!" commanded his mother. Skinny had instinctively grabbed a towel and

applied it to his tummy to dry the little twinkling drips that tickled him.

Instead of dropping the towel, Skinny began wiping away the tormenting rills.

His mother grabbed the towel, and, jerking it from his grasp, she flung it away where he couldn't reach it.

"Shame on you, you great big lummox. Wiping the water off faster than I can put it on you. You're as 'fraid o' water as a mad dog."

"Ain't neither. If you'll quit warshin' me I'll warsh myself."

"Yes, a fine job o' washin' you'd do. 'Fraid of a little water on your chest."

"Will my chest show in the picture? You ain't goin' to have my picture tooken naked, are you?"

"That's enough of your nonsense!" She thumped the side of his cranium as one thumps a watermelon. "Ouch, dang it!"

"Stop swearing or I'll wash your mouth out with this soap. If you go to using bad language I'll positively break you of it."
"When a Feller Needs a Friend"

"Well, ma, you’re so rough."
"I want you to hush your mouth." She began scrubbing him all the more vigorously.
"You’re half killin’ me."
"I’ll give you the other half of it if you don’t quit tryin’ to get away from me. I never saw the like o’ ye in all my born days. Now quit your pouting; you ain’t hurt."
"All right for you," muttered Skinny rebelliously.

"What did I hear you splutterin’ to yourself? Look here, Wilbur Malloy, you’re just fixin’ to get yourself into trouble. Mark my words, if you spoil that picture I’ll know that you did it out of pure cussedness, and I’ll have your father spank you within an inch of your life. There!" His ablutions finished, she shoved him away and gave him his clean clothes to put on.

A cloud about the size of a man’s hand appeared on Skinny’s horizon at the threat of a beating if the picture wasn’t good. For Skinny had made up his mind that he would simulate the look of a crushed and mistreated orphan when the family group was taken. He had decided to tell the world through that picture how doleful his life had been.

But suddenly another cloud appeared in the sky. And this second cloud brought grief to his parents and the photographer, as it brought a ray of sunshine into Skinny’s darkened young life. For the day had suddenly become overcast. An approaching thunder storm was rumbling, and the photographer sent word that no pictures could be taken that day.

"Goody-goody-glee!" cried Skinny.

"What are you hollering goody about?" demanded his mother. "If you’re laughin’ ‘cause the weather has disappointed us I’ve a notion to give you a clout that’ll make you laugh on the other side of the face."

"I was just sayin’ ‘goody’ because the rain is goin’ to help the garden," said Skinny, thinking fast.

"Little you care about the garden; I can’t get you to pull the weeds out then onions. Don’t try to tell me you was thinkin’ about the garden."

"I meant the fishin’ worms," Skinny argued. "It was gettin’ so dry in the garden that the fishin’ worms was all goin’ down, so a feller couldn’t find any bait. There it comes now; look at ‘er, ma. Gee, it’s goin’ to be a regular flood!"

Skinny stood by the window and looked out at the falling rain.

After the dust and spray of the first downpour had cleared, Skinny looked across to the neighbor’s porch, and there his eye caught the outline of a familiar figure. It was the disconsolate face of Her, looking out into the dripping world. Oh, joy! He would invite her to come over and they would play in the garret. While he was signaling the invitation he heard another call. It was Buck, singing out like a rain crow:

"Oh, Skin-nay! C’m’on out."

He went to the back window, and there he saw his chum under a huge umbrella, reveling in the downpour. Skinny waved encouragement to him, but he had no intention of going out to join him. There was better fun to be had indoors when She arrived.

"You can practice your lesson two hours to-day," Skinny’s mother announced, "to make up for yesterday, when you didn’t practice at all. There’s no use of me givin’ you them organ lessons if you ain’t goin’ to practice ‘em. It’s a nice rainy day, just like you wanted for the garden, and it’s just as nice for practicing your music; they’ll be nobody to disturb you."

Skinny pretended that he had already gone. Pick- ing up his sister’s parasol, he slipped noiselessly out the side door and ran to where Buck was waiting. The two of them motioned to other members of "the gang," who were peering out of back doors and windows, and soon all the "fellers" had picked up umbrellas and joined them.

"Play like it’s the flood and I’m Noah," said Buck. "And you fellers are the animals."

"Animals?" repeated Fatty, blinking at the dazzling idea.

"I’m the elephant," said Skinny, seizing preeminence just as the first fellow hollers "I’m pitcher" when they say, "Baseball’s the game."

"I’m the giraffe," claimed Fatty, taking second choice.

"Naw, you’re the elephant," declared "Noah," and, turning to the other kids, Buck explained his ruling: "Fatty couldn’t be nothin’ else but the elephant, even if he didn’t claim it in time. He couldn’t be the giraffe or the hummin’ bird, nor anything, because he ain’t built that way. Fatty’s the elephant—and Skinny’s the giraffe." Skinny grinned foolishly.

"Cause," Buck continued the explanation, "he’s long and slim and all freckled like the giraffe——" Here Skinny gave his chum a friendly chug in the ribs that took the wind out of him.

Skinny’s mother appeared in the doorway and surveyed the "animules."

"Can’t I stay out here, ma?" Skinny pleaded. "We’re playin’ Ark. They ain’t got enough animals without me."

"You can if you want to," his mother said, suspiciously agreeable. "But there’s somebody here that came to see you."

"It’s Her!" was the thought that flashed upon Skinny. And he had been trapped in his argument that the gang couldn’t spare him. He stood between love and duty. Could he sink the Ark now—scuttle the ship like a mutineer and escape to his own happy island? Why, the gang would never get through roasting him if he should quit them like that for his own selfish ends.

"I’ll tell you what!" he exclaimed to the "fellers."

"We’ll all go in my house while I practice my music lesson. Then we’ll all play in our attic; that’s more fun."

But it didn’t prove so much fun as he thought. The gang was free to play whatever games they pleased when they went inside the commodious home of the Malloys, but Skinny had to play one thing—the hated organ. His mother insisted that he put in the full two hours, in spite of the fact that he had a houseful of visitors, including Her and several of her girl companions.

"Every minute of those two hours you shall practice your exercises," were Ma Malloy’s final words. Somehow or other she felt that Skinny’s opposition to the photograph gallery had by some hoodoo or voodoo in-

Written from the comedies called "A Rainy Day" and "The Fotygraft Shop," which were based on Clare Briggs’ cartoons, "When a Feller Needs a Friend," produced by the Briggs Pictures, Inc., and released by Paramount.
When a Feller Needs a Friend

fluenced the change in the weather, and she was determined to work all the rebellion out of his system, so that there would be clear weather for a week to come.

So Skinny thumped the organ keys and watched the clock while the kids played games, and Buck, the smart young rascal, began "showing off," and winning many a smile from Skinny's girl.

At last the organ practice was over, and Skinny joyously led the party upstairs to the ever-enticing garret, at once the Treasure Island of the imaginative and boyhood's cave of the Forty Thieves. The boys began finding old picture books, broken roller skates, a beaver hat, a miner's lamp, and souvenirs of Niagara Falls. The girls instinctively went ransacking the old garment chests, and soon drew out the bridal dress that Skinny's mother had appeared in some twenty years before.

"Oh, look at Birdie!" exclaimed Buck, pointing to The Girl. She had draped her plump little figure in the cloudy witchery of the bridal veil. "Let's play wedding."

"Pops on the groom; I'm the groom!" yipped Skinny.

"I'm the preacher," said Buck quietly.

Skinny cast a glistening glance at his chum and rival, flashing the wordless message: "That's one time when I beat you to it."

And Buck's brown, laughing eyes wigwagged right back: "Don't you believe it. I wanted you to be the groom and me the preacher. You'll do all the work and I'll have all the fun."

So they smothered poor Skinny in a long-tailed coat and a choker collar, and when they had jammed the big beaver hat down over his eyes he felt about as faded, limp, and useless as an actual, sure-enough bridegroom.

Then Buck began shooting the comedy.

"Gentlemen of the jury, this wedding is about to take place. Bridegroom Skinny Malloy, stand up and face the jury. Jury look upon the prisoner. I take for my text this morning the tenth chapter of Paul's novel to the Episcopalians, entitled: Monkey, Monkey,

Bottle of Beer; How Many Monkeys Have We Here?"

The crowd began tee-heeing, and Fatty volunteered: "One."

"Aw, cut it out!" mumbled Skinny. He realized at last why Buck wanted to be the preacher instead of the helpless groom.

"The bride," continued Buck in honeyed tones, "is the charming and accomplished daughter of our fellow townsman, Judge Dusenberry. She looked altogether bee-you-tiful and bewitching in her bridal robes of—of—this, that, and the other. The bride appeared resplendent, carrying a bouquet of—of——"

The cumulative effects of Buck's fulsome compliments Slimmy was not slow to see. He shifted and squared, and began taking off his cumbersome white gloves.

"Whup!" interrupted the parson. "You ain't half married yet. Sheriff, watch the prisoner; he's trying to escape."

"Aw, cut it out!" protested Skinny, reaching up to remove the smothering beaver hat.

"Are you going to desert your bride at the altar?" asked Buck.

The happy bride turned reproachful eyes at the stubborn groom. Skinny saw that he was trapped. He calmed down; there was nothing to do but to go through with it.

Buck took the boy's hand and placed the girl's little,

The hat had been ruined and he had done it—so there!
dimpled hand within it. Things were going better now for Skinny.

"Birdie Dusenberry," the preacher continued, "do you take Skinny Malloy to be your lawful wedded wife— I mean husband—for better or worse, through thick and thin, up one side and down the other, at the present legal ratio of sixteen to one?"

"I do," sweetly.

"Skinny Malloy, do you solemnly swear that the testimony you are about to give will be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you Fido?"

"I do."

"Then tell the jury where you were on the day that this defendant was given poisoned candy by a tall, rough-looking person about the size of—"

The rest was lost in the gleeful squeals of the crowd. Skinny showed that he was entirely fed up on the wedding game. The light of battle flashing in his eye seemed to put this question up to Buck: "Say, are you a pal o' mine, or are you looking for trouble?"

"In conclusion, I pronounce you man and wife," Buck said abruptly. "We will now have the wedding march."

The erstwhile preacher picked up a long wooden curtain pole, and, holding it upright as a baton, he began beating time for the wedding procession to march by. On the upward swing of this clumsy baton Buck knocked a hole in the slate roof.

"Jiminy crickets!"

The rain poured through the hole like water out of a wooden pump.

"Nixey, kids. Scatter! Somebody'll get a lickin'."

The bunch went scampering downstairs as quiet as mice; there was no hero among them to thrust his finger into the leak and stay there all night like the boy hero who saved the dikes of Holland.

Mr. Malloy was taking a rainy-day snooze on the hair sofa in the room below. He was dreaming he was in the barber shop and the barber was asking him if he would have his hair combed wet or dry. He had just answered dry when he dreamed that the barber drenched him. He woke up, and—

The fleeing visitors were all out of doors. Some of them were indeed halfway home. The last detachment to leave the Malloy homestead tarried a moment at the corner of the house "to hear him yell." But Mrs. Malloy said to the furious pa: "Don't lick him too hard. Remember he's got to 'look pleasant' to-morrow."

The next day was clear and bright. The Malloys repaired to the photograph gallery of "Artist" Bosselmeyer.

"Now remember what I said," Skinny's mother admonished him. "If you spoil the picture I'll skin you alive."

Nothing is more tedious for a boy—at the awkward age than to sit around in his Sunday clothes—choker, necktie, and all—waiting for a fussy old photographer to get ready to "handle your case."

Skinny looked out the window and saw his girl go by on her velocipede. A moment later she was joined by Buck. Is Buck flirting with her? A horrible suspicion penetrates Skinny's trusting soul. Buck is really trying to "cut him out" with Her. That wedding incident—the clever banter in which Buck got the best of it—the hole in the roof in which Skinny got the worst of it—who knows but what Buck knocked that hole in the roof on purpose?

Skinny slipped out of the "artist's" waiting room and started in the direction of young Buckhalter and the girl. His mind was seething with a delirium of strange heroics; he must do something big and masculine—and do it right away—to show that he is the better man! As he strode along he noticed a high-wheeled bicycle leaning against the curb. Still obsessed by his masculine mania, he seized the wheel—although he had never ridden one—and mounted to the dangerous and dizzy height. It seemed to carry him up above the treetops; he seemed like a giant riding to his doom. It meant death, but what cared he for death, since he died for love? Down the slope he swept, the uncontrolled machine going faster and faster. This was the end, but at least he would die at her feet.

Down he bore toward the faithless pair. She looked up in terror, screamed, dropped her hat, and leaped from her velocipede into Buck's protecting arms. Skinny reeled on his iron monster. Across her hat it went, crushing it. Then over the "dashboard" went Skinny, head first, hitting the ground with a dizzying

Continued on page 99
Everybody knows Marguerite Clark is a daisy—and that she needn't pull off the petals of the flower for which she's named and say "He loves me, he loves me not," to learn the state of H. P. Williams' feelings for her, for he's quite evidently the most devoted husband in the world.

You can measure Marguerite Clark by her flower garden. The poppies can't quite reach to her waist, you see, even when she obligingly bends over, for she's much taller than they; just the height of an American beauty, really, and just as lovely. Her hair is the color of the center of a brown-eyed Susan, and her eyes a few shades lighter. And, of course, everybody knows where she got her name.
To put on a primrose-colored dress and sit down to read in a dull-green chair may be a very staid and grown-up proceeding—but it makes the innocent bystander yearn to run for his garden shears, clip the flower-like result, and plant it in his own garden.

Toward the end of the day, when one settles down on the steps of one's California bungalow—used for a dressing room—to wait for one's husband, her thoughts—and comparisons—are likely to smack of edibles rather than flowers. "My husband's a perfect peach," Marguerite confided to us. "He gave me this gorgeous strawberry-blond Chow puppy. And did you ever see the inside of a Chow's mouth—exactly the color of huckleberry pie! My, but I'm hungry—funny, isn't it, when I've just had tea."

We didn't find it so, however, after such an appetizing conversation as that one.

And when it was made public that at dinner there would be served two radishes, which constituted the entire output of Miss Clark's vegetable garden, my appetite rivaled hers. Of course, they were a trifle out of season, and had a flavor all their own, but they really grew—and next summer we may be measuring Marguerite by rhubarb instead of roses.
The Screen in Review

Criticism and Comment on current releases.

By Henry Dunn Cabot

all, these are passages of drama that hold the spectator spellbound, and sway the emotions at will.

As regards effects, such as lighting, photography, choice locations and the like one must needs search long in the files of all the scenes produced to find a parallel to the artistic presentation of "The Miracle Man." And Mr. Tucker names no star among those in his cast. Well he might, for every player that came under his direction in this work renders a performance that fairly glitters with stardust. Betty Compson, heretofore of comedy and serial repute appears as the girl, and her beauty and ready adaptability to any phase of work proved a combination that any star, so named, will find it exceedingly difficult to equal. Thomas Meighan, as her lover, scores equally as well, and Lon Chaney's masterly portrayal of the Frog is another of the picture's high lights. W. Lawson Butt, Elmer Fair, Ruby La Fayette, and Joseph J. Dowling, the last named playing the title rôle with impressive dignity, complete the cast with performances that merit nothing but praise.

Really "The Miracle Man" is a miracle picture and my hat is only one of those that will be doffed to Mr. Tucker for making it. Another picture which I admire for its sincerity is Longfellow's "Evangeline," which has been given an excellent production by William Fox. The beautiful word pictures of the poem have been caught with remarkable appreciation by R. A. Walsh, who directed the play, and who saw to it that the characters of Evangeline, Gabriel, Basil—and all the others whom we have loved so well since we became acquainted with them in childhood—remain true to our own conception.

Whether the Cambridge poet would have been as satisfied with the production which was given of his work is another question, and one on which I should hesitate to hazard an opinion. Authors as a rule are not given to praising the screen versions of their stories. And for that reason "The Westerners" comes to us with an unusual indorsement. For it pleased Stuart Edward White, author of the novel on which it was based.

Despite this indorsement, there may be those who will contend that it is old-fashioned in theme and treatment. However, it is conceived on so grandiose a scale for a "Western" that it seems to be sounding a new note in screen language. True, the story is somewhat obvious, but it has its compensations in the ingredients which compose it. Telling a tale of pioneer days the story travels straight to its dénouement, sending out measures of suspense and keeping the onlooker's gaze glued to the canvas through its visual-
zation of the West when argonauts blazed the trail. There is a sweep to it the force of which cannot be denied, for it is punctuated with red-blooded action and embellished with colorful photography. Something of an all-star cast is present to portray Mr. White's sturdy types. There are Roy Stewart and Wilfred Lucas in heroic parts, and Robert McKim, perhaps the screen's most despicable villain (no actor has risen to dispute it), keeping up his reputation in a dastardly rôle. Mildred Manning contributes an appealing charm as the resourceful heroine.

Of Alice Brady's comedy, "His Bridal Night," it can truthfully be said that this is one of the most enjoyable pictures of the year. The mirth-provoking qualities can be gleaned when you make the acquaintance of a twin who runs off with her sister's husband on the wedding night in order to cure that sister of her coquetish impulses. The situations fairly crowd each other for recognition and bounce forward with remarkable rapidity. The sparkle, the ginger, is there in generous doses. The dialogue of the original work is more than once brought out in the crisp subtitles. Here is a comedy which shows the screen going forward—forward to compete with the spoken drama. Of slapstick accouterments there are none; of rare and delicate subtleties and shadings there are plenty. Alice Brady in the dual rôle of the twins gives excellent testimony that she is thoroughly grounded in her art. You will see a new Alice Brady here—an actress who is versatile. And as George Cohan so aptly put it in song—"You'll be laughing when you say good-by."

Journeying to the Fox camp again I find that Tom Mix has forged to the front, has ridden by his Western brothers of the saddle and to-day stands as the foremost exponent of the ranchman, the plainsman, the cowboy, or what you will. He is not content to follow the beaten track, but explores (yes, explores looks like the right word) with convincing earnestness to serve the picturegoers with unique stunts. Still, one cannot call him a stunt actor. He has proven himself adept in portraying emotions. While not a Hart, yet there is something about his work which will not suffer in comparison with the grim two-gun man. His "Rough Riding Romance" is about the most exciting play he has ever contributed. It is not burdened with dramatic moments. In fact they would be superfluous. He has just gone out of his way to provide new thrills for satiated picturegoers. And he must share his laurels with Tony, his horse. The noble steed takes him up and down and up a huge staircase and completes several merry-go-rounds in the bargain. And if this isn't enough to start the heart palpitating Mix dashes alongside of a train, lassoes it, and swings himself to a velvet seat which

pretty Juanita Hansen is occupying. The picture is rich in thrills and rough-riding romance. And the star accomplishes his feats without any indulgence in heroics. That's what the people like about him. He is human always. "His Bridal Night" shows us a new Alice Brady.

And this can be said of William Desmond, too. This likable screen actor has taken up the cowboy's burdens with a vengeance. Like Mix, he scores his points with a minimum amount of effort, which is to say that he is always
—
The

72

Screen

A

good-natured fellow, he has made his coloreven though a heap of dramaturgic
rubbish has been his allotment at times. He has, in "The
Mints of Hell," a Yukon picture which is absorbing and
It is a vital and vivid canvas
suspensive melodrama.
Everything that goes to make
of the frozen North.
Husky men who live
up an Alaskan picture is there
hard husky dogs that carry the white man's burden
across the trackless wastes men brave and bold men
mean and cowardly the mushroom mining camp, and
the endless reaches of snow. This stands out as quite
the best thing that Bill Desmond has ever done. You
are sinking deep into the snow with him and wonder-

natural.

ful personality felt

:

;

;

;

;

ing

if

you'll survive.

Realistic,

I'll

say,

and so

will you.

Review

in

Rus-

William

B.
H.
Warner, and
Moore.
The first mensell,

Tom

tioned

carries

subdued
h s
methods with
i

excellent effect

"A

Sporting
Chance,"
a s

in

pleasing

a

bit

outrageous
farcical - mel-

of

Frank Keenan appears to have
something to say in "The World
Aflame." Too much to say, in fact.
As the author as well as the star
he has presented a timely, but talky
of

revolution.

strikes,

discontent,

odrama as one would want to see.
The hero, an apparent victim of a

and

And

such a subject can
no other way than

frame-up,

be treated in
through the subtitles if the salient
points are to be forced home. However, Keenan has a dominating personality and can make drama out of

most mundane
World Aflame" is not

the

Keenan

And

big,

as

A

but

it

the

is

disclosed at the finish

central

figure

of a hoax.

certain play has been roasted by

the critics, and the press agent has

conceived the scheme of proving
all
wrong that the contents of the drama could really
happen. So he tries it on the inno
cent Russell. And it appears as if
it
could happen in everyday life.
" Secret Service" has everything
A finer piece of pictorial writing
that makes for ioorf entertainhasn't been dished up in some time.
ment.
It is compact with action.
And the
steady picturegoer will find himself at odds
ends in puncturing the plot. It leans toward
a melodramatic development, but the finale

them

"The

idea.

his personality felt

even through dramaturgic rubbish.

—

subject

Desmond makes

Bill

—

-

is

pretty nearly at his best.
while I'm on the discussion

dynamic personalities a word
must be said for William Farnum.
He seems unable to forget "Les
of

shows

a farcical twist

which carries

it

under

the wire a winner.

Tiu World Aflame"

is

not big, but

it

is

Frank Keenan at his

best.

Miserables."
Every succeeding picture to that memorable work
has been carved from a powerful characterization. Farnum enjoys
overcoming insurmountable obstacles. He must enact heroic figures.
"Wolves of the Night" presents him again rising from the depths
against a plethora of dramatic but arbitrary scenes.
Truths are
violated.
But that is Farnum's way. He is an actor first, last, and
all the time.
The picture will please you because it shows villainy
being routed through sheer pluck and determination as generated
by the star. His sincerity compensates for his lack of repression.
This admirable virtue repression which is gradually being
acquired by screen actors, is used noticeably by three favorite stars,

—

—

'The Haunted

Bedroom" is a marvel of photography
and a gem of mystery.


Mr. Warner returned to the screen with his quiet demeanor, his grace of style, in a work with which he is familiar. No actor on the silver sheet is more adept at playing the stoic of the desert. He shrouds the character of the French officer who renounces his race to become a brown man with all the mysticism of the East.

Tom Moore's repression finds itself in the warmth that exudes from his personality. His smile is ingratiating and he resembles more closely the fellow in the street than probably any other actor on the screen. He can have poor subjects and good subjects and the poor ones will please as highly as the others. Why? Because you are overlooking plot shortcom-

ings in watching his prodigal display of good fellowship. "The City of Comrades" is not as big as the original, which appeared in magazine serial form. It is a character study—the regeneration of a man who has sunk to the gutter, who is lifted by the gentle influence of feminine sympathy and love. Too little attention has been paid to the characterization with the result that it is mostly subordinated for a romantic spray. Mr. Moore carries the piece on his sturdy shoulders and makes it seem better than it really is.

I was especially interested in Paramount's "Secret Service," with Captain Robert Warwick as the star. His military training with the A. E. F. bears him in good stead as the hero of this endurable drama by William Gillette. His work, too, has mellowed. He has also become a member of the repressive school. The present war may be over and decidedly on the shelf as a screen foundation, but the Civil War still fascinates because it is far enough removed in a historical background as to send out an irresistible glamour. The Southern girl, the Northern spy. Ah—there's a contrast for you—a contrast which never grows old. The picture has everything which makes for good entertainment.

You wonder what has become of Jack Pickford? Well he has blossomed forth in "Bill Apperson's Boy," a tale of moonshine folk—a tale which is fascinating because its people are fascinating. They live mysteriously, these Southern mountaineers. And be-

"A Favor to a Friend" portions out a generous amount of comedy.

"The Westerners" is punctuated with red-blooded action.

cause they prefer to live their lives in their own simple way without interference, the outside world is always attempting to explore them. You see a boy here who cherishes the memory of his mother and who cannot become reconciled to his new step-mother until he has cast himself into the fires of tolerance. Conflict is generated in family

Continued on page 93
Some intimate bits of news about your player friends,

By The

WELL, my dear, what do you know?" Fanny the Fan settled down beside me at the tea table, and looked around the Palm Room to see who was there.

"Eileen Percy's married to Ulric Busch—oh, I know you'd heard about it, but did you know all about how it happened? Well, that's the interesting thing about it. She'd been making a picture in the sunken gardens at his dad's famous home in Pasadena, you know, and he saw her there, but couldn't seem to manage an introduction, because he didn't know any of the company. That was six months or so ago. But finally he just introduced himself to her over the phone, and she let him come to call, and after she'd known him for a while she promised to marry him.

"And then Lew Cody stepped in and precipitated things. Of course, you can't exactly blame young Busch for going up in the air when he went out to the studio in Glendale one day and found his fiancée in Lew Cody's arms. It was all part of the story, but he raved, anyway; so they gave him a part in the picture. But finally he delivered his ultimatum—said Eileen must marry him right straight off the bat or never, so they hunted up a minister in the telephone book and got married—simplest thing in the world! Now they're on the verge of a trip to the Orient, and Eileen sort of implies that her picture days may be almost over."

"Well, that's real romance for you," commented Fanny, "But right now I don't envy any of these newly weds and almost-engageds—Mary Pickford's the only girl I know whose place I'd like to have. Why, when she was up in Bear Valley making a picture a while ago she wore her hair down and got into old clothes and just played around at large all the time she wasn't working—had the time of her life. Of course, she had to dress up and rush back to town to welcome the fleet, but her little vacation had been such fun that she was ready for anything. And—oh, there goes Priscilla Dean. Has she shown you her flying card?"

She hadn't,
and I had visions of some new sort of calling card.

"It shows that she flew for an hour and twenty minutes while she was up in Vancouver, getting over pneumonia," explained Fanny, attacking the French pastry. "I met her out at the aviation field the other day—we know some of the same people there—and she told me all about learning to fly while she was up North. She christened a plane, and flew nearly every day with some of the army aviators, and now she says she's going to buy a plane of her own—that motoring's as tame as tiddlewinks to her now."

"I hadn't heard that—but somebody did tell me that she's going to have her own company," I contributed. "Has a manager who's arranging everything for her. Have you seen Blanche Sweet since she went ballooning? She says it's the most strenuous form of exercise she's ever encountered; even taming ballooning, with the thing fastened to the earth, is wearing. Oh, of course she only did it for a picture, but she says she'll never do it again, picture or no picture.

"There was something wrong with the ballast, she says, and the thing behaved like a ship in a storm; everybody got actually seasick. Wilfred Lucas was the one that really suffered most, though, according to Blanche. There were bags of sand used for ballast, weighing about eighty pounds each, which he was supposed to heave out with the idea of escaping, and Wallace Worsley, the director, kept hollering to him, 'Hey, Wilfred, throw out two bags at once! Be quick about it!' She surely has an entirely different opinion of flying from Priscilla Dean's. 'Motoring is plenty good enough for me,' she said, when she had finished telling me of her harrowing experiences."

"Well, Dorothy Phillips may have to go up in a balloon, in order to wear her new furs," remarked Fanny. "Two of her admirers took it into their heads to send her gifts of furs—both at the same time. They are very nice admirers, too, I'll tell the world—one of them an Alaskan fur trader, who sent her a perfect silver fox skin, beautifully tanned and prepared. He had once played in a picture with her as an extra, and she had been nice to him. Now he's a rich trader, but he never forgot her. The other fur is a gorgeous Russian sable, which was the present of a major of infantry serving with the American forces in Siberia. He had bought the sable from a fur trader who brought information to the army concerning the plans of the Bolsheviki."

There was silence for a few moments, while we both racked our brains for more tidbits, and then Fanny remarked pensively:

"My, but I do wish these stars would be contented to stay quietly on the ground. I went out in Louise
Glaum's speed boat with her the other day, and thought I'd never live to tell the tale. But she said it was much worse to ride with her when she first began to run it. She said that she thought, just because she could run a car, that she could run a boat, but it seems that she couldn't—she had a bad spill the first time she tried it, but Thomas H. Ince's yacht was trailing her, so they gathered her in and then rescued the boat, which was headed straight for Honolulu harbor."

"I saw Louise the other day, too, but not in her boat," I volunteered. "We went out to the Henry Walthall's Sunday afternoon. Have you seen that new home of theirs at the Palisades? Well, it's marvelous—you can see both the mountains and the ocean from its front windows, and the Walthall collection of souvenirs and trophies is all on view, too. And that reminds me—somebody out there was talking about Emmy Wehlen's engagement—what do you know about it?"

"Everything," replied Fanny the Fan modestly. "The man is Captain John Parks, and she knew him before he went abroad to fight, but they weren't engaged then. She just let him fight on and on, while all the time, no doubt, his mind was on her, and you'd think he'd have grown absent-minded and missed a German occasionally, but I guess he didn't. And then he came home, and rushed straight through New York and on across country and arrived in the middle of her last picture under her contract with Metro. And as soon as she finished it she and her aunt, who lives with her, and Captain Parks went off to San Francisco."

"Henry Lehman went up in the air the other day, and he didn't need an aeroplane or a balloon, either," I remarked, as Fanny paused to survey the French pastry. "They called him on the phone at his new studios last week, to tell him that a big party was going to visit the plant late that afternoon. No names were given, but the producer had visions of a call from the City Council or some other awe-inspiring body, and appropriate arrangements were made for their reception."

"Finally Roscoe Arbuckle hove into sight—alone. 'Did you get my message?' he asked."

"'Where's the large party that was coming down to-day?' countered Henry Lehman."

"Fatty looked himself over for a moment. 'I'm the large party,' quoth he."

"And that reminds me—isn't it nice that Al St. John is a Paramount comedian these days? Really, you know, if he was ever going to learn to be funny he ought to know how by this time, for he's been with Fatty Arbuckle for years and years. He's pretty well satisfied with life, I guess—had the most exciting sort of time when he went to war, and now here he is back again and signed up as a star comedian."

"Speaking of going to war—here's some news about Madelaine Traverse; I had dinner with her the other evening—she and my aunt live at the same hotel, you know, and I was with her on the tank when she sold all those Liberty Bonds and really feel that I know her quite well. And what do you suppose? Well, it was her birthday, and Peggy Hyland had sent her a big cake. And when it was served she drew a third chair up to our little table, cut a piece of the cake, and put it at the empty place. And just as I nearly died of curiosity she told me that it was for an aviator stationed somewhere down South—and he's coming back soon, and—well, it looks pretty interesting, doesn't it?"

"Well, I'm not up on all the new engagements and marriages since I got back from vacationing," I admitted, "but I do know that Rita Stanwood, H. B. Warner's wife, has finally decided to leave her infant daughter at home while she makes pictures. I'm certainly glad she is, too—I remember seeing her in musical comedy way back before she was married, and she's certainly pretty as a picture."

"She'll be almost like a newcomer to pictures," said Fanny interestingly. "By the way, there is a brand-new comer—arriving in a new company, too. It's the Circle C Film Company, a new organization, formed to produce pictures in the real West—Montana and that part of the country. They'll work there late in the fall, and then come back to their Glendale Studio to make interiors."

"There's a brand-new eighteen-year-old
actress who is going to play leads in these pictures. She's been merely playing bits and extras around the Hollywood studios during the past year. Then Frank Lloyd, of Goldwyn, was kind enough to take a test. He found her very interesting and full of talent, and said he would give her a small part in his next Goldwyn picture. In the meantime, Miss Gordon gave the test to E. D. Ulrich, president of the Circle C Company, for a showing, and he at once decided she was just what he wanted for his wild West pictures. Besides being pretty and vivacious and full of talent, Miss Gordon has made herself an expert horsewoman within the last few months, taking lessons of some of the professional cowboys, and now they say no stunt is too difficult for her to try.

"There goes Irving Cummings," Fanny continued a moment later, glancing over my shoulder out of the window. "I wish you could see him play baseball with the kids! He just adores it and them! He and his wife and little boy live right across the street from us, and every afternoon when he is not working, or when he is working, after studio hours, he's out with his little son and all the kids in the neighborhood, playing baseball. He's father to every boy in Hollywood who loves the national game. The other day while playing with his own youngster, he exclaimed:

"Well, sonny, eight more like you, and we'll have our own team!"

"Did you hear what George Beban did this summer?" I asked just then; I didn't want Fanny to think she had all the news. "Well, he went fishing at his camp at Big Bear Lake, and one day a woman who had just joined the summer colony met Beban just returning from fishing, with his string slung over his shoulder, and thinking he was an Italian fisherman, there for profit, asked him the price of fish. He entered into the spirit of it, and charged her a good, round rate. She scolded a bit, but paid it. Then he turned round and gave the money to her little boy. The woman got awfully red in the face, Beban says. But the kid recognized him. "And then it was his turn, Beban says, to get red."

"Say, maw!" he said scornfully, 'he ain't no fisherman, he's just an actor!"

"If Clara Kimball Young had known he was going she'd probably gave him her ducks," remarked Fanny. "Oh, hadn't you heard—she has six little Mallard ducklings that she brought from the East with her. Had to bring 'em in the baggage car, of course, and used to go and peek at 'em every time the train stopped. "But now she says she almost wishes she didn't have 'em. You see, the painful question in her mind all the time concerning them is, 'Shall I eat 'em or pet 'em?' 'Cause of course she just couldn't do both! I don't know," she told me the day she got back from New York, 'whether to leave 'em in the back yard and remain coldly aloof, or whether to let 'em trail me to the studio, become pets and die of old age!'"

"Isn't it interesting that Elsie Ferguson's going to make pictures in England this fall," I observed. "She's exactly the sort of person to fit in with English stories, it seems to me. And what do you think about South America's inviting Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin to go down there and make pictures? They say they're going in a specially fitted boat, with laboratories and a projection room and all that sort of thing, and are going to be the guests of Rio de Janeiro and Buenos Aires."
It’s most tactless to arrive at a house party just as your hostess and her husband reach the very middle of a heated argument. Not that anybody would take one of Mae Murray’s arguments with her husband, Bob Leonard, seriously—though they two always pretend that such a dispute’s a matter of life and death. In this case it was an affaire d’honneur of the tennis court; Mae had sworn that she’d beat her husband the first day she had time, and she’s just done it, to his surprise, and also to hers, as she admitted later.

It’s a delightful Mae that you meet at her big home at Mamaroneck, which is on Long Island Sound, just a short motor trip from New York. She’s not the Mae of “The ABC’s of Love” and “On with the Dance” at all, but a delightful hostess who knows the exact state of her linen closet and keeps an eye on all the inner workings of the household. She plays with the neighbors’ children, goes swimming in the ocean, and—as we have mentioned—plays tennis.

And last summer she worked hard even straight through the dog days, making pictures and getting ready to go back to the stage this autumn in a play written for her by Edgar Allen Wolfe. That’s the sort of idle, lazy life Mae leads when she’s whiling away her time at Mamaroneck.

**Mae of Mamaroneck**

By Grace Wynden-Vail
Ingram's Milkweed Cream

Charming complexions like fine teeth are largely a matter of proper care. Not only does the skin need to be kept well cleansed and soft but it also needs to be kept toned up and healthful.

In combination with its cleansing and softening properties, Ingram’s Milkweed Cream has a distinctive therapeutic quality which gently tones up the skin and brings health to the tissues. Its daily use will protect and improve your complexion. Get a jar today and begin its use night and morning. Since 1885 there’s been nothing “just as good.” Take no other.

Buy it in either 50c or $1.00 Size
"When in Rome——"

TSURU AOKI isn't in Rome, of course; she's in Los Angeles, so she's doing as the Angelesians do—drawing from her place as leading lady for her husband—Sessue Hayakawa—and becoming a star in her own right. Her new contract is with Universal.
Try This Delicate Lotion to Wash Away Skin Disease

What Is Your Ailment?

D.D.D., a wash, has a record of twenty-five years of success in thousands of cases of skin suffering throughout this continent. Treatment for skin disease is often as embarrassing as the disease itself. Not so with D.D.D. It disappears the moment it is applied—it is a wash that sinks into the pores to do its healing, soothing work.

Yes, the first touch of D.D.D. gives relief as if by magic in the most persistent cases of eczema or other skin troubles. Minor skin blemishes often disappear over night.

Try D.D.D. Twenty-five years of success recommends it.

The Lotion for Skin Disease

D.D.D. Laboratory Soap
An absolutely hygienic soap (not medicated) for sensitive or tender skins. A wonderful cleanser for those who appreciate the importance of using a pure soap to protect and preserve a beautiful complexion.

Send Coupon for Trial Bottle!

We shall gladly send a trial bottle of D.D.D. to all skin sufferers who wish to feel its instant soothing effect. Simply mail the coupon and enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing.

D.D.D. Laboratories
3845 E. Ravenswood Ave. Dept. 1588 — Chicago, Ill.

D.D.D. Laboratories, Dept. 1588
3845 East Ravenswood Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me a trial bottle of D.D.D., the Standard Skin Wash. I enclose 10c to cover postage and packing.

Name

Address

Town

State
HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William Lord Wright

The Fall Market

The fall market for motion-picture scripts looks very flattering for certain kinds of stories. One reason is the opening of the foreign markets for export; for, until European producers have more time to get under way, American-made films will continue to have the right of way in all foreign countries—including the Scandinavian.

Movie plays and yet more movie plays—five reels in length—stories starting fast and moving apace without let-up, are much in demand by the scenario editors.

Right now the market is strong on sex-problem plays, and one reason for this is the foreign market, for the foreign market likes this kind of stuff. It might be noted in passing, too, that the foreign market has nothing on the American market in this respect.

It’s the triangle plot that is sure-fire—eternal triangle, it’s true, but ever fascinating nevertheless. Plots akin to “For Better For Worse,” “Don’t Change Your Husband,” “Playthings of Passion,” “Her Code of Honor,” et cetera, are commercially good. Men and women the world over like the domestic-problem play—the peek at the skeleton in the closet of the other family. Not necessarily risque, these plots of the two men and a woman or the two women and a man are highly desirable and appreciated by the movie exhibitor who is not in business for his health.

The Western dramas will continue strong this winter, with the market easier on the old “hokum” Westerns. By hokum Westerns we refer to the dance-hall dramas with Faro Kate winning the tenderfoot. The market wants chaps, roughriding, gun play, and red-blooded battles, but the market wants a departure from the old Western program picture. This is not easy to obtain, hence the high market values. The plot writer who can come across with Western plots devoid of the usual atmosphere, props, and action will have no trouble in selling. These Westerns go strong in foreign markets. A lot of ‘em across the bounding billows still think that Indians and cowboys are active just west of Chicago, and they never tire of these productions.

High-class society drama is also in demand, and we predict here and now that the costume or period play is coming into its own again. For the past few years there has been an understanding in movieland that the costume play was not to be done. “The public doesn’t care for this kind of stuff,” some one remarked in the long ago, and ever since then that remark has been repeated in a parrotlike manner. How do you know the public doesn’t care for it? What is more romantic, exciting, or appealing than a good swashbuckling story in book covers? What about the old French romances of Stanley J. Weyman? “The Three Guardsmen,” “Monsieur Beaucara,” and others are live ones, even if they are “costume stuff.” Some producer is coming across with a good, exciting romance of the olden days and will cash in. So brush up on your early English and French history and be on the ground floor when the time comes.

In conclusion, to those who can plot and plan good screen yarns, the winter months should be unusually profitable. The demand is lively—so get busy!

QUESTIONS concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, but they should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Please note that we cannot undertake to read or criticize scripts. Those who wish the names and addresses of the principal producers, with lists of their stars and statements as to their general needs in the way of screen stories, may procure our Market Booklet, containing this information, for six cents in stamps.

Enter the Notary Public

I saw a plot synopsis recently which had attached to the last page a sworn statement before a notary that the plot had been “executed” by the author whose name was “attached thereto.” This was strictly a new one on me. I had encountered the silken thread placed between the fifteenth and sixteenth pages, which, if not removed, was plain evidence that the script had not been read. I had noted the official seals of this and that association of authors, with the dire warnings of what would happen if the plot were molested, but this was new.

Why lug in the notary? The editorial reader, if experienced, can tell instanter whether the plot is original or not. The introduction of the notary public only goes to display the ignorance of the writer as to the ways of the literary market—brands him glaringly as a beginner and probably a troublesome one.

Beginners cannot improve upon the methods of professionals, in writing or in anything else, and professional writers do not do any of these things. Their almost uniform practice in submitting a manuscript is to send it, together with a return addressed envelope bearing enough return postage, and no accompanying letter or other document.

Continued on page 84
A Gift to American Women from fair France

Each pearl in the beautiful La Tausca necklaces is the superinspected product of the La Tausca Paris lapidaries.

Skilfully made by the same methods Nature uses to build the dainty gems, La Tausca pearls are absolute duplicates, even to their wearing qualities. Each La Tausca necklace is guaranteed against body heat, perspiration and climatic changes.

Each La Tausca necklace accurately reproduces all the lovely fire and coloring of the finest oriental pearls of fabulous value.

In all prices up to $500—At Your Jeweler's
It Applies to Movie Plots

I read a newspaper review the other day of a new book on the art of writing short stories, and I was struck by the following paragraph, which I think was extremely well put:

"Ironically enough the best thing in the book is a letter from Sinclair Lewis, who rather flouts the pedagogic idea of technique. It is no doubt true, as the author suggests in her preface, that almost everybody can learn to write stories if he studies hard enough and clusters about a classroom—as anybody can learn to play a piano. That's the trouble with most of the story-writers now. They are playing the piano. They have learned the finger movements and play "pieces." What of feeling, imagination, spontaneity—the large outbursts of emotion? Of these things the contemporary short stories are largely dead and damned, being developed to a refinement of artistry and method. The writers are fastidious as scholars, and as artificial; bailing tragedies and burlesques, everything out of the craftsmanship of technique, and thinking it art."

There isn't much left that seems to be written with technique or "style" or the canting worship of the "psychological" intruding itself between the author's nose and the paper he or she writes upon. The labor of self-expression is now necessarily sedulous apishness.

That illuminating opinion also applies to motion-picture plot-writing. Many writers of continuity think more of so-called technique than they do of logical plot, action, and situations—more of "atmosphere," so-called, than plot. Many writers of motion-picture plots—not continuity writers—are following "style" and becoming artificial when good clear expression and color and action is the thing desired. One well-known writer of movie plays has fallen into the error of scribbling five pages of word paintings before anything happens. Something must happen—and happen quick—in the average movie production or the audience yawns. Forget "style" and "technique" and the effort to impress the editorial reader with your ability and invention, and try and give him a story, a plot, action, clearly and concisely put down on paper.

The Unhappy Ending

We predicted that it would happen—that some one would get out of the beaten track and cash in. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms" got three dollars "top" on Broadway, and the line stretching to the box office was a long one. Now the expression, "top," in showman's land means highest prices for seats. There have been "two dollars top" in the movies, but never "three dollars top." The ending of "Broken Blossoms" is tragic. It is devoid of the usual embrace or caress. Griffith took a chance—no, he didn't, either. He just refused to listen to the stereotyped warnings of others, and carried a story to its logical conclusion. There are certain standard "don'ts" in the show business, particularly the movies. They include:

Don't make costume plays—the public doesn't like 'em.
Don't make unhappy endings—the public doesn't like 'em.
Don't start your production fast—the public doesn't like it.

The writer of this department disclaims crystal gazing, but, just the same, I predict that others will be finding out very soon that the public does like the very things against which dire warnings are whispered.

The public, I believe, does like good costume plays, and the producer that comes across with a costume or period production, with plenty of action and elaborately made, will have a fine commercial proposition. There are too many present-day stories, and variety is needed.

The public, I believe, does like the unhappy ending, providing the story is carried out logically. If the story is stronger to end unhappily let it end that way. It is better than to warp and twist the plot threads into some artificial fabric to make "happiness" which is obviously impossible and artificial.

The public, I believe, will more and more demand less of the "atmospheric" openings running from a reel to two reels, and, in vulgar parlance, will demand "that something happen, and happen quickly." This has long since been the theory of Mr. Berst, president of United Picture Theaters, Inc., and his theory is being borne out as very good commercially. The short story or the novel that starts action quickly is more likely to be popular than the story or novel which rambles on and on interminably before we get into the plot.

Now I do not want to give my readers the idea that they should set about and write stories with unhappy endings all the time. I just want to point out that if one has a very strong plot that logically and convincingly ends otherwise than in the usual embrace let it end that way.

As to costume plays, they will appear again soon or I miss my guess.

Writing to the Editor

I have discussed in previous issues the writing of letters to editorial readers telling your life history, how badly you need the money, and so on. All such correspondence is useless. But the most assinine type of letter is the jocular, familiar letter intended to flatter the editor. This kind of letter runs along this line:

"Dear Mr. Editor: I refuse positively to write for any star but yours. I consider Mr. Othello Booth the leader of them all, and it makes me sick to see other stars try to emulate him in this sort of play. I am including a story for Othello. It's a lot better than most of the plots I have seen on the screen the past six months. I want you to produce it. If you don't want to pay me for it, all right. I'm satisfied. I just want Mr. Booth to do this plot."

This sort of "hooey" is terrible. The insincerity stands out like a sore thumb. It is not necessary to write a line to the editor. Send him your manuscript and a self-addressed, stamped envelope and let him be the judge. Letters to the editors nine times out of ten cause him unconsciously to classify the writer—frequently to the detriment of said writer. Do business in a businesslike manner, avoid "nut" classifications and the danger of prejudice before your story is even glanced at.

No Mexican Locale

Now that the Big War is a thing of the past and it seems very difficult to couple the League of Nations with any gripping picture-play plot, the scenarists' fancy lightly returns to Mexico. Judging from our own experience, a majority of Continued on page 101
"The Job is Yours—
on One Condition!"

"For a long time I watched the new men who came into this business. Some stood still—stayed right where they started. Others climbed—made each job a stepping stone to something better.

"Now, what was the difference? Well, I investigated and found out. The men who were getting ahead had been devoting part of their spare time to study along the line of their work. Our treasurer used to be a bookkeeper. The factory superintendent was working at a bench in the shop a few years ago. The sales manager started in a branch office up state. The chief designer rose from the bottom in the drafting room.

"All of these men won their advancements through spare time study with the International Correspondence Schools. Today they are earning four or five times—yes, some of them ten times as much money as when they came with us.

"So out of this experience we have formed a policy. We are looking for men who care enough about their future not only to do their present work well, but to devote part of their spare time to preparation for advancement.

"And I'll give you this job on one condition—that you take up a course of special training along the line of your work. Let the I. C. S. help you for one hour after supper each night and your future in this business will take care of itself."

Employers are begging for men with ambition, men who really want to get ahead in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

Prove that you are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for advancement in the work of your choice, whatever it may be. More than two million men and women in the last 25 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. Over 100,000 others are getting ready in the same way right now. Surely the least you can do is to find out what there is in this proposition for you. Here is all we ask: Without cost, without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.

---

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS

Box 4569, Scranton, Pa.

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

[Blank]

Name

Present

Occupation

Address

City

State

[Blank]
THE ORACLE will answer any questions of general interest concerning the movies which would not require unusually long replies. Those wishing personal replies must inclose a stamped envelope, with return address. Letters should be addressed to: The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct application at a studio. Do not send inquiries concerning scenario writing to The Oracle, but to William Lord Wright, at the same address. Addresses of players asked for will be found at the end of this department.

HOPE.—Well, well, well! Here you are again at the head of The Oracle. How many times was last week's issue read? For see from your two letters which I have here that you are still as fickle as ever. You have a new favorite with each mail. How do you do it? From Olave Thomas with fervent regards to E. K. Lincoln and back to Charlie again. I wonder where you are going to end up—if you ever do end? E. K. has been somewhat of a "flitter about" as it were. Now he's here and now he's there. He keeps me busy keeping track of his whereabouts. He doesn't work for any special firm, working for them all, and always in demand. Dandy fellow, too. Everybody likes E. K. He is not the fellow who played in "Tarzan of the Apes," and is not related to him. The latter is about twice the size of E. K. and his name is Elmo Lincoln. Macklyn and Roscoe Arbuckle are brothers. Yes, it was Enid Markey in the "Tarzan" feature. Gordon Griffith is not any relation of D. W.'s. House Peters is not playing in pictures at present. So you haven't as yet seen Charles Chaplin on the screen, and you have been a picture fan too these many years! Tully Marshall was the High Priest in "Intolerance." I see that you are still as much again comedies as ever.

M. PAUL L.—Look at the end of The Oracle for the addresses you want.

BOBBIE.—Eugene O'Brien is not appearing opposite Norma Talmadge any more. He is being starred in Selznick Pictures, to be released on the Select program. This same firm was "Upstairs and Down," made from the stage play by the Hattins. The Triangle Distributing Corporation are also releasing a series of features Ollie Thomas made for them some time ago. The first one released was called "The Follies Girl." Why don't you watch for those? You didn't break any rules.

F. L. L.—Probably long before this you have found your other answer. It's not only the time, it's also that the space is short, and all letters are answered in the order in which they are received. Moral: Get your questions in early, and avoid the rush. Billie Burke was born in 1886. May Miles Minter was born in 1902. In the year 1893 both Mary Pickford and Ruth Roland were born. June Caprice arrived on this earth six years after May and Ruth. Mrs. Charles Chaplin, pardon me, I mean Mildred Harris, was born in 1897. Eugene O'Brien arrived in 1904. Harold Lockwood died in his thirty-first year.

DAWN M.—You aren't very complimentary, are you? Was that your only reason? Cullen Landis lives in Los Angeles. Ruth Roland has been starring picture and the latter a William Fox release.

ELEANOR O. R.—Almost all of the players mail their photos to the film fans desiring them. Thanks awfully for the time you allotted me, but I didn't need it.

MISS EMMIE M.—No, it is not true that Mary Pickford has any children. Harold Lockwood died in October, leaving a wife and a ten-year-old son. Margarette Clark is in California, and expects to make several pictures for the Paramount program while there. Dorothy Davenport's time is well taken up with her young son, Wally Reid, junior. Yes, Fannie Ward has a daughter. Fannie was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1875. Margarette Clark was born in 1887. William Welch and Niles Welch are not related. Mary Pickford's home is in California. She has a great many requests for autographed photos of herself, and it takes her some time to comply with the demand. You will undoubtedly receive yours in due time.

R. P.—June Caprice has been resting for some time. Her last picture was "Oh, Boy!" made with Creighton Hale for Pathé. She started her screen career with the Fox Company.

CORLEY HEAR.—Why bother your curly head with all those ideas? Let time solve such things for you. I don't think you'll be an old maid from your description of yourself. Boys aren't very blind this season. Write to them individually for their pictures. You are evidently going to use quite a lot of stationery and stamps if you carry out your intention.

N. B.—Why the "dears?" I'm not plural. I can't advise you about anything like that. It is entirely in your own hands. Write to the players for their pictures.

E. J. M.—I couldn't guarantee that any of them will write you, but as they have been known to do such things quite frequently, it wouldn't do any harm to write and see. You wonder if Margaret Mersh is the wife of Houdini? Stop your wondering then, because she is not. He is a newcomer in screen ranks. That is why you haven't seen much about him. Can you imagine a wife trying to keep Houdini from going out nights if he wanted to? I should think that he could make a small fortune from henpecked husbands by simply showing them how to break away.

Continued on page 88
FREE
For 10 Days Wear

Compare It With a Diamond

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. In appearance and by every test, these wonderful gems are so much like a diamond that an expert can hardly tell the difference. But only 10,000 will be shipped on this plan. To take advantage of it, you must act quickly.

Send the coupon NOW! Send no money. Tell us which ring you prefer. We'll send it at once. After you see the beautiful, dazzling gem and the handsome solid gold mounting—after you have carefully made an examination and decided that you have a wonderful bargain and want to keep it, you can pay for it in such small easy payments that you'll hardly miss the money. If you can tell a TIFNITE GEM from a genuine diamond, or if, for any reason at all, you do not wish to keep it, return it at our expense.

Remarkable New Discovery

The closest thing to a diamond ever discovered. In appearance a TIFNITE and a diamond are as alike as two peas. TIFNITE GEMS have the wonderful pure white color of diamonds of the first water, the dazzling fire, brilliancy, cut and polish. Stand every diamond test—fire, acid and diamond file. Mountings are exclusively fashioned in latest designs—and guaranteed solid gold.

Send No Money

Just send coupon. Send no reference, no money, no obligation to you in any way! You run no risk. The coupon brings you any of the exquisitely beautiful rings shown and described here for 10 days' wear free. Be sure to enclose strip of paper showing exact finger measurement as explained.

Mail This Coupon

Send now and get a TIFNITE GEM on this liberal offer. Wear it for 10 days on trial. Every one set in latest style solid gold mountings. Decide then whether you want to keep it or not. Send for yours now—today—sure. Send no money.

The Tifinite Gem Company
Dept. 494
109 East 39th Street, Chicago, III.

How to Order Rings

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 to us with order coupon.

Mail This Coupon

THE TIFNITE GEM CO.
109 East 39th Street, Dept. 494 Chicago, Ill.

Send me Ring No._______ on 10 days' approval. (In ordering ring, be sure to enclose size as described above.)

If satisfactory, I agree to pay $4.50 upon arrival; and balance at rate of $3.00 per month. If not satisfactory, I will return same within ten days at your expense.

Name__________________________
Address________________________
He First Notices Your Complexion

Make your complexion beautiful—attractive—a reason for admiration.

If your complexion is naturally rough, or lacks that exquisite texture so greatly to be desired, give it a few touches of

CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER

and see how well it commands the glance of approbation.

White, Cream, Flesh, Pink, and the new CARMEN:

BRUNETTE Shade

50 Cents Everywhere

Wrestling Book FREE

For umpire wrestlers. Learn at home for mail. Endorse R.H. Marostica, 641 St. Louis Ave., Chicago. 641 St. Louis Ave., Chicago. A

Riegler's Flower Toilet Water

1931 Edition. Send 25¢ for copy. 307 First St., San Francisco. Or, bottle, $2.00

Send for MINIATURE BOTTLE 20Y

You Have Never Seen Anything Like This Before

The most concentrated and exquisite toilet water on the market.

A quarter of an ounce, bottle like the picture, $1.00. A half ounce, bottle like the picture, $2.00. Made by Accurate Perfumery Co., 307 First St., San Francisco.

Miss H. L. and Miss E. C.—Yes, they are a delightful couple. No, Carmel Meyers is not married to Rudolph de Valentino. In fact, neither one of them is married. Does that case your mind? Rudolpho is a Spaniard. You had better write to Carmel about parting her hair in the middle and tell her what you think about it. I am quite healthy now, and don't want to take any chances of impairing my health. Pearl White has not been killed. She is very much alive, and has finished her last serial for Pathé, and is now under contract with the William Fox Corporation to appear for the first time in features.

Admirer of Theda Bara.—It's too late for that now. Carmel Meyers was born in San Francisco, California, on April 9, 1901. Claire Whitney was born in New York City. Peggy Hylan came into this world near Worcester, England, the place they named that hot sauce after. Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas. Marin Sais was named after the county she was born in, Marin County, California. I don't know for sure whether they named the county after her or named her after the county. Louise Glaum was on the stage with Nat Goodwin and other celebrities before she joined the flickering films. Irene Hunt was born in New York in 1893.

R. T.—I don't know where you can get one of those souvenir books now. It is a long time since they were printed.

Fred U.—You are quite right. Douglas Fairbanks was born in 1883. "A Knickerbocker Buckaroo," his recent picture, is said to have cost over two hundred thousand dollars to produce. Lloyd Hamilton, "Ham," has been playing in Sunshine Comedies for the Fox Company, but has joined Henry Lehrman's forces, and will be seen in comedies for First National now. Dorothy Dalton is still making pictures for Thomas Ince. "Extravagance" and "Beyond the Law" are her latest releases for Metro. Write to her for her picture.

Lieutenant W. G. R.—The original beauty squad of the Sennett Comedies is rapidly diminishing. Myrtle Lind, Marie Prevost, and Phyllis Haver are the only members of this famous aggregation who are still working on the lot.

Bothersome.—Pearl White is busy making features for Fox. That is her correct name. She was born in Springfields, Missouri, in 1889. Olive Thomas is in New York at present making features for Selznick Pictures. Her correct name is Olive Duffy, and she is the better half of Jack Pickford. Your Market Booklet has a notice of her latest release for Metro. Why not write to them and await results?

Constance's Admirer.—Constance Talmdage was born in Brooklyn, New York, on April 19, 1900. She is five feet six inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair is light brown and so are her eyes. Her latest picture is called "Happiness à la Mode." Alice Brady was born in New York City. She is five feet six inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Her eyes and hair are brown. Her latest picture is called "Red Head." Of course, the stars furnish their own clothes. Where did you suppose they got them?

Kitty and Johnny.—William Farnum was born in 1876. Yes, Bill's married. Edna and Frank are not related. Albert Roscoe played with Theda Bara in "Cleopatra." William Duncan is a native of Scotland. Yes, he's married. So is Herbert Rawlinson. He was born in Brighton, England, in 1885. Elmo Lincoln is that gentleman's correct name. His latest picture is a serial for Universal called "Elmo, the Mighty."
Buy Today—Ten Months to Pay

Send No Money—We'll send you any article shown on approval. After examination, pay one-fifth of the price—balance in ten monthly payments. No delay—no red tape—no security required.

Money-Back Guarantee: If not satisfied with any article received, you have the privilege of returning it. Any money you may have sent will be promptly and cheerfully refunded. SWEET'S Policy: You must be satisfied or no sale.

Profit-Sharing Plan: We guarantee to exchange any Diamond purchased from the House of Sweet for a larger one, allowing the full purchase price plus a yearly increase of 7½%.

SWEET Diamonds proclaim their superiority to all others—they stand unrivalled. They are all of one quality—the best. Every Diamond purchased accompanied by a binding guarantee certificate.

Beautiful DeLuxe Catalog FREE: We are Maiden Lane's Greatest Credit Jewelers. Send for our free catalogue of Diamonds, precious gems, jewelry, watches, and gifts for all occasions. The lowest prices—the highest quality. Liberty Bonds accepted at face value. Write to Dept. 509S.

ONLY $5 A MONTH

SWEET’S NEWEST "CLUSTER" 425-7 one perfect cut, blue white Diamonds, uniform in size, color and brilliance, croup set, resembling a full moon. In White Gold mounting looks like Platinum.

Price $25.00

L.W. SWEET & CO. INC. "The House of Quality" 2-4 Maiden Lane, New York
Would you have a clear, colorful, blemish-free skin—thick, lustrous, healthy hair—a figure of firmness and youthful contour? These can be yours if you will spend a few minutes' time once or twice a week with The Star Electric Massage Vibrator.

After shopping, motoring or any experience that puts your nerves “on edge,” you’ll find soothing relief for your overtaxed muscles in an at-home electric massage treatment. The “Star” is now on sale in drug, department and electrical stores.

Complete outfit $5. Or we’ll ship direct to you on receipt of price and your dealer’s name, Fitzgerald Mfg. Co., Dept. 225, Torrington, Conn.

The STAR Electric Massage VIBRATOR

For Use in Your Own Home

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE BUT YOUR NOSE!

In 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 alone will worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you grade by your looks, and if not wholly, by your looks, therefore it pays to “look your best” at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will influence 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 "TRADITOB" (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. TIRLELY, Doc. Specialist, 1274 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y.

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 88

STARLIGHT—Ruth Roland, Kenneth Harlan, and Carmel Meyers are not married. Louise Huff was born in Columbus, Ohio, on April 9, 1901, is the date of Carmel Meyer's birth. Doris Kenyon was born on September 5, 1897. Ruth Roland arrived four years later. Ruth Clifford is nineteen years old. Jack Mulhall and Monroe Salisbury are New York products. Chesboro is the correct spelling of the name.

AMSY MADDIE—Pearl White is not married. You're excused.

HUGH MC. N.—Hugh Thompson was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1887. I don't know about that.

R. M. A. W.—You refer to Casson Ferguson. Quite right.

ARLIE—Just keep up the good work, Arlie, and you'll land at the head of The Oracle yet. The letters are all answered in the order in which they are received, so if yours happens to arrive first it will head the list. You are right. Charles Jackson. Charlie’s best work was done in the Lincoln Cycle pictures, in which he played Benjamin Chapin, the orator of Abraham Lincoln. Your letter was shorter this time than usual, but none the less sweet.

RICHARD S.—See answer to J. O.

J. F. H.—Of course you would have to get permission, either from the author or the publisher. It all depends on what rights the author disposed of when he sold his story. For any information regarding scenarios write to William Lord Wright, care of Picture-Play. He is always glad to help those who want to write.

OLIVE A. K. C. MO.—Casson Ferguson had the leading male role opposite Mary Pickford in “How Could You, Jean?” Larry Peyton, who played the Swede gardener whose place Ferguson took, was killed in action in France. He was the first motion-picture actor to pay the supreme sacrifice. Gladden James is still working at the studios around New York. His most recent successful work was with Alice Joyce in “The Third Degree.” The majority of the companies are in California, because the climate there is ideal for making motion pictures practically all year round. Mary Pickford’s first picture for First National was “Daddy Long-Legs.” It was released in May.

BILIEE.—Milton Sills was born in Chicago, Illinois. He is under contract with Goldwyn and appears with Geraldine Farrar and Pauline Frederick.

MARY H. AND CAROLINE P.—Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. He is married to Dorothy Davenport. Richard Barthelmess is twenty-three years old and unmarried. Yes, that’s “Wally’s” correct name. Mary Pickford is Mrs. Owen Moore when away from the camera.

S. B.—You mean Corinne Griffith and not Griffin. She is still making features for Vitagraph. You refer to Alice Lake, with Roscoe Arbuckle. I cannot recom-
Chaplin—Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. She is five feet tall and weighs one hundred pounds. She has light-brown hair and hazel eyes. Mary’s curls are fastened to her head—by the roots and not by hairpins. Her picture has appeared on the cover of Picture-Play. There are a great many dark-haired and brown-eyed girls on the screen.

Uncle Bob—Baby Marie Osborne was born in 1911. Virginia Lee Corbin is not working at the present time, although still under contract with the Fox Film Corporation.

Charles P.—I am sure they will all send you their pictures. Alice Joyce was born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1890. She was the wife of Tom Moore, the Goldwyn star, and they have a younger four years old. Her screen career began at the Kalem Studios, and then she shifted over to Vitagraph, where she made “Womanhood.” She has been with them ever since. She had no stage experience previous to her film work. She was a telephone operator, and then an artist’s model for Henry Hutts and Harrison Fisher. She joined the Kalem Company in 1910. “The Engineer’s Sweetheart” was her first picture. She also did “When Fate Decrees.” She joined Vitagraph in 1916. She is five feet seven inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Elsie Ferguson was born in New York City. She was a stage star before she entered motion pictures. She is five feet six inches tall, and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Her hair is light brown and her eyes blue. One of her recent pictures is “Eyes of the Soul.”

E. M. S.—Write to the stars themselves for their photographs. It is always best to inclose a quarter with your request as photos have gone way up with the high cost of living, and the players receive hundreds of requests weekly.

James L. R., Jr.—There is no truth at all in the rumor. Mary Pickford is still the wife of Owen Moore. Julian Eltinge has his own road show, consisting of several high-class vaudeville acts and a company of players supporting him in a short sketch. Dorothy Gish is starring in Paramount photo plays, but makes them at Griffith’s Sunset Studios. That is how you made your mistake. Mary Pickford was christened Gladys Smith. She was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. Yes, I think your selection is very good. Lila Lee is seventeen. Bryant Washburn was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1899. He began his screen career as a child actor, and continued playing such roles for several years at Essanay. It was not until “Skinner’s Dress Suit” came out that he was given a real chance to show what he could do.

B. T. L.—Maurice Costello is in New York. He recently returned to the screen in a Vitagraph picture with Alice Joyce. He has two little girls. Yes, one of them is named Dolores. Roscoe Arbuckle was born in Kansas in 1887; I don’t know whether he went to school in Fort Worth, Texas, or not. If he did, he hasn’t said anything about it. Lila Lee did not have any special course in screen writing to you.

And—of Course—

NABISCO Sugar Wafers. First for themselves because of their gossamer lightness and creamy goodness. And then for their unique fitness for all occasions of serving—

With dessert; as dessert; with beverages; with fruit; with afternoon tea; or wherever the dictates of sociability and good taste demand the best.

Three other water dainties are ANOLA, RAMONA and LOTUS, appropriate companions to Nabisco, differing from one another in their flavors and choice fillings.

Now sold in the famous In-seal trademark package

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

Mountain Valley Water
From Hot Springs, Arkansas
for

Brights’ Disease  Gout
Diabetes, Dropsy  Rheumatism
Cystitis, Neuritis  Calculus and
Neurasthenia  all Diseases
Arthritis  Caused by excess
Arterio-Sclerosis  of uric acid

MOUNTAIN VALLEY WATER CO.
247 West 36th St. Phone 6863-Greely-New York

send your name and we'll send you a lachnite

Dont Test a person. Just send your name and we'll send you a lachnite wrapped in a small send one on 10 days free, send your name and we'll send you a lachnite wrapped in a small send one on 10 days free.

Write today. Send your name now. Tell us which of the uses and send photograph above you will use. N. L. Lachman Co., 12 N. Michigan Ave., Dept. 187, Chicago.
any screen experience before she began making Paramount pictures. She has been on the stage so long she's been able to talk. Her last appearance prior to joining the Paramount forces was in Gus Edwards' "Bandbox Revue," which played the Orpheum time, and she was called "Cuddles" Edwards. Larry Peyto was the first motion picture actor killed in action in France. It depends entirely upon the star as to who appears opposite them. A Clara Kimball Young leading man wouldn't do for Mary Miles Minter. Yes, Mary Pickford wore a blond wig as Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." In fact, she wore two wigs, for she had to wear one to play Topsy as well. She has reddish-brown hair. You are quite a reader, aren't you?

CHARLES RAY FAIR.—One of Charles Ray's recent pictures is called "The Busher." He is a cousin of Albert Ray's and not an uncle. What does he get you with that idea? Two of Albert Ray's latest films are "Words and Music" and "Be a Little Sport." You're excited, aren't you?

SUNSHINE NANN.—Pauline Bush hasn't appeared on the screen for several years; she has given it up for good. "Maurice Costello does a picture every once in a while. His last was with Alice Joyce for Vitagraph. E. H. Sothern is not appearing in Pictures at present. He made a few for Vitagraph at their Brooklyn studios some time ago. Yes, I saw them all, and thought the picture quite thrilling. Pearl White is appearing in another thriller now for Universal. Robert Chambers, called "In Secret," "The Lightning Raider" was her last serial. Antonio Moreno is not appearing opposite her. He is costarring with Carol Hoolaway in Vitagraph serials. Pearl White was born in Springfield, Missouri.

CLEO.—Well, well, well. It has been quite a while, Cleo, since you have been able to drop me a line. You certainly must have seen a lot of ball games and motion pictures if that is why you haven't had time to write me in all that time. However, after such a long letter, I guess I ought not to be too hard on you. Mary Pickford is a Canadian and not German, as you heard. Her real name is Gladys Smith and not Schmidt. She was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. Brother Jack was also born in Toronto. William S. Hart has not married. That was only a rumor you heard about his being engaged and about to marry. Bill is still as free as the air. See answer to Olive A., K. C. Mo. Geraldine Farrar is in California, making pictures for Goldwyn. Yes, Tom Santschi may play with her in some of her releases.

MISS ALICE S.—Your questions already have been answered. Did you miss them? Drop me a line when you get another batch to ask.

H. G. B.—You will have to find that out yourself. I don't know what religion the various film stars are. What difference does it make? Tom Moore is still with Goldwyn. The characters are Moore brothers, and all screen actors. They are Tom, Matt, Owen, and Joe. Joe just returned from France. Their sister Mary, who was a Red Cross nurse in France, died over there from Spanish influenza last winter. She had a military funeral, and Joe was present at the time.

SALOON.—Your questions are in keeping with your name. They are very much a part of the西部.
The Screen in Review
Continued from page 73

feuds and an appealing romance balances its dramatic moments. Mr. Pickford is the mountain youth to the life.

No mention can be made of "high jinks" without introducing Viola Dana and Emmy Wehlen, the Metro stars. The former is vital and vibrant in personality. - Emmy Wehlen is more quiet of manner and you would not think to look at her that her demureness covers a multitude of feminine whimsicalities. "A Favor to a Friend" finds the star working along the same lines as Miss Dana, except that she applies the taming process to a modern cave-man who has kidnapped her and carted her away to his mountain cabin. The picture portrays a generous amount of comedy and while it is obvious this note never intrudes.

C. Gardner Sullivan is one scenario writer who will not have to give up his place to recognized authors. He has concocted in "The Haunted Bedroom," which serves Enid Bennett, one of the most entertaining mystery melodramas that has ever found its way to a camera. It is a tale of a haunted house and you can feel your skin creep with the strange phenomena transacted at night when ghosts and spooks are abroad. A marvel of photography and a gem of mystery. And the suspense is overwhelming.

Pathé's contribution to the mystery field is "The Thirteenth Chair," which introduces a newcomer in Yvonne Delva. While not as strong as the play, and not nearly as compact, still it is mystifying.

Perhaps the most emotional of the feminine stars mentioned is Dorothy Phillips, Universal's Bernhardt. It is her object in "Destiny" to prove the curse of Ambition—that it is a false god to worship now as when Caesar and Napoleon were guided by it. Degradation, ruin, blighted love, and what not are given birth from it here. A genuine drama to the fifth reel—a drama which points an object lesson with remarkable force. And the sixth reel reveals that the events would have happened had Ambition ruled.

So ends the "fewer and better" pictures which this space allows me to dwell upon. The "more and worse" need not be mentioned.

My Way of Teaching Piano
Made Plenty of Enemies

All the old fogeys are down on anything new—especially correspondence study—made it pretty hard for me when I first started 25 years ago.

And the fact that in spite of their opposition I obtained more students every year seems to me pretty good evidence that my method isn't wholly bad.

I now have far more students than were ever taught by one man.

There isn't a State in the Union that doesn't contain a score or more skilled players of piano or organ who obtained their entire training by me.

I learned in quarter the usual time and at quarter the usual cost.

I will gladly refer you to any number who will soon convince you of the excellent results they gained from my instruction.

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 most teachers of the "old school," who still think that learning piano is solely a problem of "finger gymnastics.

When you go to the keyboard, you accomplish twice as much, because you understand what you are doing. 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, 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 revolving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, 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 be always accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice.

The COLOROTONE and QUINNDEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained only from me and there is nothing else, anywhere, even remotely like them.

Men and women who have failed by all other methods have quickly and easily attained success when studying with me. In all essential ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each—and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching.

For the student of moderate means, this method of studying is far superior to all others, and even for the wealthiest student there is nothing better at any price. You may be certain that your progress is at all times in accord with the best musical thought of the present day, and this makes all the difference in the world.

My Course is endorsed by distinguished musicians who would not recommend any course but the best. It is for beginners, experienced players, old or young. You advance as rapidly as or as slowly as you wish. All necessary music is supplied with each lesson. No diploma is granted. Write today, without cost or obligation, for 64-page free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ.

DEPARTMENT 5
152 West 47th St.
New York, N.Y.

PUBLICITY DEPARTMENT

FREE BOOK COUPON
QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio JX
Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your free booklet, "How to Learn Piano or Organ," and full particulars of your Course and special reduced tuition offer.

Name

Address

Marcus Lucius Quinn Conservatory of Music
Studio JX, Social Union Bldg., BOSTON, MASS.
We Will Pay $5,000.00
For a Detective Story

THE DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE
is going to conduct a $10,000.00 prize-
story contest. It will give $5,000.00 to
the person who submits the best 70,000
to 80,000 word detective story, $3,000.00
for the second best, and $2,000.00 for
the third.

Also, the DETECTIVE STORY
MAGAZINE will gladly negotiate for
any of the stories that are considered
available.

Should any author submit a story which
does not take the first prize
he may withdraw it from the contest,
if he so desires.

The decision as to the rating of the
stories will be rendered by three
judges. These judges will be the two
distinguished authors, Arthur B. Reeve
and Albert Payson Terhune, and the
editor of the DETECTIVE STORY
MAGAZINE.

In order to be considered in this con-
test all stories must be received by
January 1, 1919.

Realize that you do not need to be
a writer of detective stories to have
a winning story in this contest, nor
do you have to be an "author" at all, for
that matter. Do you know that one of
the best writers of detective stories
today had never written a story of any
difficulty, on a dare, she wrote a story
which was one of the most successful
of the year?

All stories should be sent to the
DETECTIVE STORY MAGAZINE,
Prize-Story Contest, Street & Smith
Corporation, publishers, 79 Seventh
Avenue, New York, N. Y., who will
be very glad to furnish any further
particulars.

Dragnet

In a Movie Menagerie

Continued from page 37

of the pen and he looked in at me
and he says, 'What the hell are
you doing in there with that lion?'
'That's not a lion,' I says back to
him, 'that's a dog.' 'You're a lyin'!' He
snarls at me. 'Sure I'm a lion,' I
tell him—so you see—that proves
it!

I didn't think much of Ethel's
reasoning—nor of Lady's, either, for
that matter; so I went over to an-
other cage where a sign called my
attention to the "African Wild Pig."

"Are you really wild?" I asked
the occupant, who had red hair and who
was busily rooting in the hay.

"Sure, I'm wild—to have my back
scratched." He grunted, coming up
to the bars of the cage and present-
ing a broadside of pork that in
a butcher shop would be worth a small
fortune. "I'm not really in the
barred star class," he went on while
I obliged his longing with a stick,
"but I'm a trick pig, you see, and
every valuable; every time I get out
of the cage I go off looking for other
pigs—no, I'm not a bit snobbish—
and once I got lost for a whole week.
Another reason they keep me here,"
he grunted in a louder tone, "is to
safeguard me from those who would
be low-brow enough to force me into
a domestic career on a platter—there
are such people, you know. I hope
you've noticed the unusual shade of
my hair—yes, my dear, it's the new
henna shade, and very fashionable;
is it natural? Well, Ethel, that lion
cub over there, has spread it around
the lot that my hair is dyed—but
then, she's a cat, and no one pays any
attention to her!

Just then I was startled by a weird
howling at the left of the gate, a
wailing crescendo that quavering
"Ah-oo-oo" that caused an un-
pleasant tingling in the locality of
my spine.

"It's those Russian wolves having
a family row," the dyed pig told
me nervously. "I'm thankful that
I'm in a cage—those Bolsheviks have
no respect for stars!"

I passed the gate and paused be-
fore a long row of cages, where pale
yellow eyes, set over long pointed
noses regarded me with cold calcu-
lation, and one lady wolf with a Red
Riding Hood set of fangs told her
husband sotto voce that I was thin,
but not too thin to make a Sunday
evening buffet supper.

"I understand that you Russian
wolves are Bolsheviks," I said
politely keeping a respectful distance
from the railing outside of the cages.
"I am told that you work in North-
ern pictures—"

"We certainly don't work!" A
huge gray wolf snapped, making a
lunge at his wife who had come to
the front of the cage to get into the
interview. "We used to work—but
that was before we became Bolshe-
viks. They used us for atmosphere
in pictures of the frozen North, but
we ate up a whole team of Alaskan
huskies once and nearly killed a fa-
mous star, so now we do very little
except to raise the Knockers' Chorus
that you have just heard and criticize
the administration of this menagerie.
We don't know what we want but we
want it badly—Ah-oo-oo-oo."

He broke off with a protracted
howl, which was echoed by his com-
rades all along the line.

"I want to impress upon you that
I am of very distinguished lineage."
He went on. "I am a direct descend-
ant of Red Riding Hood's famous
friend—and will you keep off my
feet?" he snarled at his wife.

"I didn't step on your feet!" she
snapped back, pulling back her upper
lip and barring her fangs.

"You did!"
"I didn't!"

"Snap—snap—yipe—ah-oo-oo-oo!"
The family row was on. From
adjacent cages friends and neighbors
took sides in the argument and added
to the commotion by setting up dis-
cordant howls and yipes, and hurl-
ing themselves against the bars of
their cages.

I hastily left the Bolshevik couple
to their tête-à-tête, and went over to
the section of the menagerie occu-
pied by the Cataline goats, Gadzooks,
Luella, and Pinky, who have a cor-
ner on the lot—and on smells—and
where Arline, the donkey lives, who
has an ingratiating manner and a
pro-German propensity for pretzels.
Here I met Daisy, the pony, and
her son, Peter, who were having
lunch—that is, Peter was having
lunch, and he, being only three days
old, didn't know enough about ei-
quite to stop eating when he was being interviewed.

"I believe that a pony's place is in the stable," Daisy told me firmly.

"I am not in favor of a career for mares—I am strictly domestic—yes, this is my first son.—Peter, dear, wave your tail at the lady—and I am sure he will some day be a great star—"

Daisy was interrupted at this point by a noise which resembled a squeaky pump handle badly in need of oiling, and in an adjacent pen I glimpsed a moth-eaten camel whose hair was coming off in patches, and by her side was a miniature ship of the desert, engaged, like Peter, in the noble art of obtaining a livelihood. He was just fifteen days old and still wabbly in the knees.

"You and your son Peter make me tired," grumbled Lizzie, the camel—and you know it takes a lot to make a camel tired. Now my son, Pat, who was born on St. Patrick's day—he has a real heritage back of him! You must know," she went on proudly, "that I am a star in my own right. I was the principal character in 'Bound in Morocco'—yes, Douglas Fairbanks played with me in that picture—he's a very bright boy, I predict quite a future for him. Well, I forsook my artistic career for the simple joys of motherhood, and Patrick is a regular Sinn Feiner—it's simply wonderful how he kicks about everything—"

"I'm going to kick in a minute," Daisy warned Lizzie, a dangerous light in her pale-blue eyes. "It's perfectly ridiculous of you to talk about your son, when my Peter—"

"Ladies—ladies" I said beseechingly, but it was no use. There was a Mothers' Convention in full blast, with Pinky, the goat, relating stories of her kid's wonderful appetite, Lovey the Alaskan dog, telling me that her puppies, Juneau and Truckee, could already howl in the approved Malamute manner, and Delia, the lion, snarling a defiance to the world at large that her babies were the most wonderful in the universe and if we wanted to die quick, just try to take 'em away—so I left.

Those stars may be barred from human society, but just the same they have wonderfully human traits—they quarrel so beautifully, for one thing, and they have such artistic temperament!
In Mizzouri
Continued from page 49

Nobody ever did tell the straight story of just how the mix-up happened. It happened too quickly, and the lamps were knocked over when the scuffling began. Mainly what happened was this, Sam yelled:

"That's him!" The awkward detective took the man by the collar. The loafers cried: "Get him; lynch him!" and shoved each other forward.

The corner stranger began fighting like a rat; and when the rumpled crowd took an inventory of themselves a moment later, they found the Pinkerton man was dead with a bullet from his own gun in his chest, several of the crowd had sprains and bruises, the druggist's store was wrecked, and the "well-dressed stranger" was gone, decidedly gone from that place.

In fact, even before his assailants had come to and got their bearings, Travers with a few splashes of blood on his face was looking through a window into the home of Kate Vernon. Kate was there alone. She took her battered sweetheart into her right room and washed the blood from his face. "There it is," he said bitterly, "that's the extent to which a jealous country yokel will go to ruin a rival. The whole assault was engineered by that crooked sheriff, by means of a lot of circulars and a hired accomplice posing as a detective. In order to save myself, I was forced to kill the so-called detective."

A knock at the door! A cry of "Kate, let me in!"

Kate recognized Jim's voice. Quickly she hid her fiancé in a closet.

Jim knocked again, then opened the door. "I've followed him here, Kate. Will you give him up?"

"Never, you bloodhound! Kill me instead of him."

"Listen Kate—he shot a detective dead in the drug store. A mob is forming and they'll get him, even if I don't touch him. But what I'm after him for is this. In working up this case I learned that he is married—abandoned a wife and baby in St. Joe. Kate, I wouldn't blame him for robbin' a train to get money to marry you. But when a skunk with a wife already on his hands, tries to get you into disgrace—girl, I love you so well that—well, he has got to die!" He forced the awful words through gritted teeth.

Kate lived an age in the few seconds that Jim was showing her the documentary proof of Travers' guilt. Her only plea was that Jim should save the man from being murdered by the mob on her own doorstep.

"Because you thought you loved him," Jim replied, "I will try to get his worthless carcass out of here—and safe in jail."

But his promise was more than he could perform. The mob that had got the worst of it in the first encounter with the desperate crook did better shooting in the second mix-up.

"I have refused to run for State senator," Jim was telling Kate as he stopped in front of the house the next day. "And that will give your paw a walk-away! You'll all go up to Jefferson City to live durin' session of the legislature, and that will give you a chance to meet the kind of men that a girl like you ort to marry."

"Jim," she said tremulously, "don't you s'pose that I know by this time that I've already met the kind of a man for me to marry?"

Mildred Davis, Runaway
Continued from page 45

up to date. And when I use the word "career," it is with all due respect and admiration; for whatever the high-brows think of the movies—and I confess that I myself never go to a picture show unless I'm dragged there by a well-meaning but misguided friend—the fact remains that when a girl fresh from high school can command a salary from five to ten times that of your young professional man or woman, she has a rare gift and is well launched upon a career. This youngster has never played anything but star parts.

I tried, as I watched her, to fathom the mystery of that gift. When she first began to talk, her eyes were as blue as for-get-me-nots. Later, she was showing me her dressing room, which had been a
bedroom when the great old man

bedroom when the great old man-

bedroom when the great old man-

bedroom when the great old man-

do not hallucinate.

do not hallucinate.

do not hallucinate.

do not hallucinate.

do not hallucinate.

a...
Zasu Pitts—Both of Her

Continued from page 55

Zasu stopped to comb out a refractory taffy-colored curl. She was in one of her radiant whimsical moods, and didn't mind in the least what kidding things she said about herself. "After that," she grinned drolly, despite the hard experience, it seemed to me every one looked at me in pity and said 'Poor thing, what chance has she got?' Then I went to an agency. They sent me to a certain studio, and told me to ask for a good big salary! And I did, too!"

"How much did you ask for?" I inquired.

"I asked them $12 a week!" Zasu smiled her dry little smile. "And I got it, and stuck there for a while. Later on I tired of comedy and wanted to go in for drama. I went over to the Lasky Studio and played a bit in 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm,' with Mary Pickford. And Mary was very kind to me. She helped me to get on the right kind of make-up, and she wouldn't let Marshall Neilan tease me about my long legs and goopy arms. You know, I have got goopy arms! Afterward I seem to have been forgotten at Lasky. I did bits other places. One day I went back to the Lasky Studio and was feeling pretty blue. Mary Pickford saw me. They were just casting 'The Little Princess.' She just nodded to me, and then she ran away quickly and began to talk to Marshall Neilan. That's when I got the rôle of the slavey. Neilan, it seems, and everybody except Miss Pickford thought I could only play comedy, but Mary stuck to it and I could play drama, and that's how I got the part. Since then I've just been playing bits here and there, until one day Brentwood wanted somebody to play the part of the little country girl in 'Better Times.' Somebody remembered me in 'The Little Princess'—and oh, I had such fun playing Nancy Scroggs! Well, and that's all, I guess."

"Just a minute," I said, "Where did you get such a funny name as Zasu?"

"Well, you see it's this way. Mother has two sisters, one named Eliza and the other Susan. She promised both of them at different times, in bursts of affection, that she would name her first daughter after them. Then when I came, she didn't know what to do; but finally she hit on naming me after both of them—'Za,' for the last part of Eliza, and 'Su' for the first part of Susan. . . . Yes, all right, I'm ready, Mr. Vidor," she called to the director.

There was one short scene. And then somebody turned on a phonograph in the property room. Zasu's face lighted into actual beauty. She has two passions—one is dancing and the other is acting. She grasped me around the waist, as she murmured drolly:

"This is the village crawl. Can I have the next struggle with you, dearie?"

Epigrams

TAKE care of the pennies, the movies take all of the dimes.

AN ounce of publicity is worth a pound of brains.

A Miss is as good as her style.

ONE extra on hand is worth two in the Bronx.

A MANAGER is known by the companies he keeps.

TOO many crooks spoil the plot.
“When a Feller Needs a Friend”
Continued from page 67

wallop, the hind wheel, which went up in the air, rapping him on the head. Death, where is thy sting? Why, right square between the ears where that hind wheel hit him!

Skinny picked himself up out of the débris. He tried to explain, but to no avail. The hat had been ruined, and he had done it—so there!

He was rudely interrupted from his frantic endeavors to right himself in Her eyes by the owner of the wheel. And when that person had finished with him his father appeared upon the scene and led him back to the studio by the ear.

By this time he was quite upset. He was dazed. He took his seat, as directed, and tried to collect himself and “look pleasant.”

“Now—all of you—attention—just look here. This way, young man; keep your eye right on the little birdie. Now, one, two, three, steady—all over!”

The next day the proofs were ready for inspection. Mrs. Malloy looked first at her own smiling, motherly countenance, then she looked at pa's dignified, serious features, then at Mary's sweet, girlish smile, and finally at the calflike face of Skinny.

And, oh, what a whaling he got!

“I just don't know what we're ever going to do with that boy. He's the willful, stubborner case I ever saw in all my born days. I don't know where he gets it; it ain't in my family. He must take after his father. Just because I gave him a good scrubbing, and he didn't like it he made up his mind to ruin the picture when it was taken, and he done it in spite of all I could say or do. It beats me!"

But it hadn't been Skinny's fault. Dazed and upset as he was, he was posing all right until he heard that word “birdie.” And at that moment, just as the photographer pressed the bulb, there came before his mind's eye a picture of Birdie Dusenberry, clasped and comforted in the arms of the perfidious Buck. And that was what had spoiled the picture.

Heliotrope Burgy became so affected during the more emotional part of “Heartburn” that she was led sobbing from the theater.

---

There's Only One Way to secure a satinet skin

"Apply Satin skin cream, then Satin skin powder."

(Ask Your druggist for free samples.)

Ask your dealer for

THE THRILL BOOK

Only 15c the copy, but a great pleasure and a big surprise!

Seven Creams

Now You Can Have a Special Cream for Your Particular Skin Condition

There are seven different Marinello Creams, each one specially prepared to meet a special skin condition—based on the indisputable fact that no one cream could overcome all skin defects. Does your face feel drawn and dry? Or is your skin oily? Is it marred by unsightly blemishes? Is it sallow and dead looking? For each of these conditions Marinello has a different cream, scientifically compounded to rectify the ill and restore to the skin the delicate texture and bloom of perfect health.

Test the value of these creams. Send us the coupon and eight 2-cent stamps for Traveler's Trial Package containing miniature packages of Lettuce Cream, Foundation Cream—your one of the seven creams, your tint of Powder, Rope Leaf Jelly, Nardy's liable water, Rough vanitab, booklet on care of skin.

MARINELLO CO.
Mallers Building Dept. 119, Chicago or 366 5th Ave., New York
A Kindly send me sample of

Name

(Home of Creem)

and Traveler's Trial Package of Marinello Preparation. Eight 2-cent stamps enclosed.

St. No.

City

State
Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 84

the editors are already receiving many movie plays cast along the Mexican border Don't do it! The censors will get you if you don't watch out. You probably know that Uncle Sam has carried along a strange, weird Mexican policy for lo, these many years. We mustn't rile our Mexican brother. And so, when you bring the well-known Texas Rangers or the Arizona riders or the hero or the cavalry men galloping across the border into Mexico to save the weak, defenseless girl—well, it won't do. You remember Zane Grey's story, "The Light of Western Stars"? Well, the part when they dashed over the border to rescue the hero was altered. It was changed from necessity. Uncle Sam asked that it be changed. Nothing offensive to our Mexican brother, you know; times are parlons; international troubles, perhaps; so don't it.

It is a relief to receive a letter not only encouraging to the editor in the work he is trying to do, but also pledging confidence in scenario marketing conditions. This man never had a plot stolen, nor has he been otherwise abused. The letter is from Mr. William W. Farmer:

Like many others, I have struggled along with but a small measure of success for my efforts. In 1916 I sold my first story, "The Market Price of Love," to Essanay, and this was followed by fourteen produced comedies under the Joker brand of Universal. In all, I have some two score of produced stories to my credit, all being single reeler. I have been treated nicely by Universal and other well-established producers who have purchased my work. I have never had a story stolen. In fact, I know that no producer would steal that which he could buy easily, and, so far as I can recall, I have never felt that my stories were rejected because they were too good. I worked for two solid years before I sold my first single reeler. After that it came easy until I found myself able to write and sell regularly an average of three a month. Then the war came.

Joker comedies were stripped from the list, and to my utter surprise, I found I could write nothing but Joker comedies. Sales dropped off, rejections came thick and fast. Like many others, I dropped comedy and set out to capture the big reward in the multiple-reel stuff. My first efforts resulted in nothing but rejection slips. Up to this time I find no demand for my material. At first I did a bit of "swearing" at the editors, and doubted their ability to judge a good story. In fact, I went back to my early days and traveled the same old path over again. Now I have awakened to the fact that instead of learning the new game—and new it surely is, for the writing of a five-reeler and a one-reeler are as different as day and night—I have been wasting my time condemning the editors instead of educating myself in the new game. From this time on I shall dig deeply, and earnestly spend all my time in study and effort, and waste no time in criticizing the ability of the editors to judge my work. Some of these days I shall put a story in front of some editor's eyes that will make him sit up and take notice. The trade journals, in criticizing my old singles, remarked on the novelty of the plot. This is the reason that I sold 'em. I'll make 'em do the same thing with my multiples if study, work, and sanity will help me to put it across. In the meantime, I feel fortified in my work because I managed to write successful singles, and this is the stepping stone that will encourage me to bigger and better things. Your department awakened me. I owe you a debt of gratitude.

Effects of General News

It is strange how the general run of news will affect the average author of picture plays. A big war breaks out, and there is a flood of war stories. Spies everywhere—lots of spy plots. Activities again on the Mexican border. Anticipate a lot of Mexican border stories. I. W. W. and Bolshevik activities begin, and they are followed by a large number of screen stories based on the activities of these gentry. That, at least, is what can always be expected from the beginner. He or she seemingly looks to the public prints for inspiration. Now timeliness is all right, but when you remember that ten thousand other writers are scanning the same news stories for plot foundations you may realize what the defenseless editor is up against. Purely as a suggestion, I would ask that the ambitious ones refrain from adapting news stories to screen plots; that they cast around for some entirely original subject. The scenario editor will have a sigh of relief. Believe me, he will appreciate the story on original lines after a day's search through a pile of manuscripts ranging from European spies to the I. W. W.
New Stars for Old
Continued from page 31

have considerable invention, too. With the assistance of Miss Fair he is giving the screen an enree it has been craving—nay, farce.

While writing these paragraphs a newspaper advertisement of "His Deb," with Susan Hayakawa came to my attention. The exhibitor of a Middle Western town in advertising this production saw fit to list another player from the cast for a featured position along with that of the star, with the result that we read this line: "Jane Novak also in this picture."

The theater manager evidently had reason to believe Miss Novak had a following, and I believe the same. She has been skipping about from company to company as leading woman. Some day she is going to stay fixed as a permanent luminary.

Still another young leading woman who never fails to interest, yet who has not been critically tried in a big part, is Agnes Ayres. She has played in short O. Henry subjects and various Vitagraph productions. When I saw "The Gamblers," with Harry Morey, I wished she had been cast in the leading feminine role. She will have her opportunity one of these days, and we believe she will make the most of it.

"Cutie Beautiful" Seymour became famous by her part in "The Girl Who Stayed at Home." The character name has almost supplanted her own, Clarine. She testified on a witness stand that a slapstick comedy concern had fired her because she couldn't act. "Are you acting now?" asked the judge. "Yes," said Clarine modestly, "With Mr. Griffith's company."

"You win," said the judge, or something to that effect, and the young lady received judgment against the comedy works. I am inclined to believe that the young lady will continue to play the jazz type of "The Girl Who Stayed at Home." Perhaps, with a thorough schooling under the tuition of Mr. Griffith, she will become one of our star comedienne. She has beauty and personality, and, as we said, that combination has made many a public favorite secure.

It is manifestly impossible to list all the players who have been doing good work. Almost each succeeding month brings forward a new player of interest. From out of the past twelve months I have selected those that impressed me as being the most likely players of star potentiality. At least, it will be of interest to the film astronomer to keep his glass on Richard Barthelmess, Doris May, Eugene O'Brien, Helen Jerome Eddy, Elliott Dexter, ZaSu Pitts, Jean Paige, Betty Blythe, Robert Gordon, Wanda Hawley, Al Ray, Agnes Ayres, Gloria Swanson, Jane Novak, Douglas MacLean, and Clarine Seymour.

-we've heard a rumor that Charlie Chaplin may win more fame playing "Hamlet" on the stage than he's already acquired in movies.

FATTY ARBUCKLE'S wife—Minta Durfee—is making comedies for Truant Pictures.

Gracious and Charming? Yes, since the introduction of X-Baizin most refined women enjoy perfect grooming and freedom from self-consciousness. No longer are they embarrassed by untidy hair growth. Modernity demands that superfluous hair be removed in the safe, dainty way.

The Famous French Depilatory Powder

For Removing Hair
Made the Sheepleess Gown Possible
Requires but five minutes—leaves skin soft and smooth—will not stimulate later growth. Guaranteed harmless.

For sale at drug and department stores. Price 50c and 75c. In U. S. A., wherever X-Bazin is sold at 75c or 75c we will mail direct if preferred as receipt of price.

Hull & Rockel, Inc., 221 Washington St., N. Y.
went on for three months, and then one day, induced by an empty stomach, I became bold.

"I saw John Emerson on the lot, making up for Alvy in Ibsen's 'Ghost.' He wore across his shirt front a ribbon supposed to be a decoration, but which in reality was what the waiters wear in the fashionable Parisian cafés. I told him that the ribbon was incorrect, and after he was assured that I knew what I was talking about he told me to go ahead and get him a real one. I did, and very soon after that he came out on the lot where I was patiently waiting in the hot sun and told me that he was going to direct 'Old Heidelberg,' and wanted me for his assistant director! "That's how I broke in."


"I am now making a picture called 'The Pinnacle,' for which I wrote the story," he went on. "At least that's the working title. It deals with conditions in the Tyrol four years after the war, and I take the part of a dashing young Austrian officer. I also direct the picture, and—"

He looked at his-watch and rose.

"I'm almost due to be on the set now," he said. "I have just time to get into my costume—so if you care to see me in my latest piece of villainy—"

The set in which he was to work was far back on the Universal lot, and represented a street in a Tyrolean village. Several hundred extras, dressed as peasants and tourists, gave the final touch of color and realism to the scene, and all was in readiness for the coming of Von Stroheim, who appeared on schedule time with military promptness and gave crisp commands to set up the cameras. He was dressed immaculately as an Austrian officer—and a dandy. And when he approached, clicking his heels and bowing from the waist, with that stiff salute—"

"Heaven knows I'm not pro-German," I sighed, "but your bow is wonderful!" He laughed heartily in good American fashion.

"It's supposed to be," he said. "The misguided wife falls for it in the picture, and do you realize—" he continued, sobering, "that all the dash and show cut by the German and Austrian officers is for that very thing? You see, they figure that a woman's heart can be won by external appearances."

"It was for that reason that I made my characterization of Lieutenant von Eberhart in 'The Heart of Humanity' one of polished brutality, so to speak.

"All ready, Von," the camera man announced, and Mr. von Stroheim assumed his most Hummelish attitude and walked down the street, where the young wife—Francelia Billington—was waiting for him. A pseudo doctor drove up in a rickety carriage to announce something of grave importance to the husband—Sam de Grasse—who, with a brief farewell to his wife, joined the doctor and was driven away. The young wife and the young officer gazed after the vanishing carriage with expressive countenances.

"I will not let you be lonely," the latter murmured, saluting and bending forward from the hips solicitously. "I am at your service."

The blond wife sighed; I knew just how she felt about that bow.

"How kind of you!" she said softly, and their eyes met.

"Cut!" said Von Stroheim abruptly, and came back to the camera.

"How's that for polished villainy?" he asked with a grin.

"Wonderful!" I said. "I should think all the extras would be afraid of you."

As if in answer to my observation, a little tow-headed maid in the voluminous skirts of a Tyrolean child, came running up to him and slipped her hand into his.

"Hello!" she said sociably, smiling up at him.

"Hello, dear," he answered promptly and mussed up her curls.

"Friend of yours?" I asked, while the child clung tightly to his hand.

"I never saw her till yesterday," he replied.

I have great respect for the snap judgments of children. Von Stroheim can't be such a terrible villain.
When Pathe' decided to devote all their energy to the making of serials, they gave Bessie Love $4,000 to terminate her contract with them.

As the pote says: "There's nothing half so sweet in life as Love's bank roll!"

In England, motion pictures are used to teach aviators the science of flying.

Wonder if the scheme would work over here to teach certain poseful actors the science of acting?

Is There An Occulist in the House?

If so, we would like to ascertain if it would be injurious to the eyes to view Theda Bara in "The Light" immediately after watching Geraldine Farrar in "Shadows?"

A testimonial from Olive Thomas appears in a hosiery ad: "they fit snugly," chirps Olive.

Ah, yes—HERS do, but—

Well—er—all of us haven't such—

Gosh, ain't it warm—

Items of Interest:

Fatty Arbuckle eats food once or more daily.

Win. S. Hart can ride a horse.

Mary Pickford received a letter last week from an admirer.

Douglas Fairbanks is inclined to be athletic.

A film comedian named Charlie Chaplin is appearing in comedies of real merit. Watch this young man. He'll be famous some day.

In Which Mr. Morey Chases Himself.

From Vitagraph publicity: "Harry Morey set a rapid pace for himself in "Fighting Destiny," but in "Beating The Odds" he is positively EXCEEds it!"

The Steel City.

Speaking of poetic justice, or whatever you call it—the author of "The Best Man," starring Warren Kerrigan, was certainly on the job. With thousand of cities to choose from, he picked Pittsburgh as the town for the hero to be stolen therein.

Not Knocking "A D O T G."

A magazine thisly of Barbara Castleton:

"Herbert Brenon saw her and gave her a role in "A Daughter Of The Gods" with Annette Kellerman. Since that time her progress has been steady."

An Empty Sandwich.

A two-reel comedy factory advertises its wares as: "they start and finish with a laugh."

We saw one. It did. It started with a grin of expectation and ended with a hysterical giggle of relief.

We supplied the aforesaid g and g.

But in between all we could think of were exits and home and mother!

Through the Looking-Glass

Continued from page 63

accustomed themselves to the quee-tering coffee, goat's milk, and the black, soggy war bread which had been their daily breakfast for nearly a year. As for butter, they had forgot-ten the very existence of such a luxury.

Into this routine flashed Our Mary. What the plot was nobody remembers, for the big, outstanding scene in that drammata was what Mary ate for breakfast.

It was an ordinary morning layout-of cereal, white sugar and plenty of it, thick gooey cream, grapefruit, poached eggs, and dainty slices of toast plated with golden butter. Never had Mary a more fascinated audience.

"Let's stay and see her eat again!" whispered Miss Red Tabs, the social worker to Miss Tan Tabs, the stenographer. They did, once, twice, again and again.

Four times Mary fluttered through the love scenes. Four times she was woosed and won. But Mary's heart throbbed in that film were merely in- cidental. It was Mary's four American breakfasts that stirred the emotions of her audience to the profoundest depths.
All Bargains Year to Pay

Loaned to You
—One Whole Month
Steel Bed, Spring, Mattress

It is simplicity itself for you to find out all about
this wonderful bargain or any of the 10,000 others shown in our
new big free Home Lovers Bargain Book. This splendid complete bed-in
outfit will be sent you for just one dollar deposit—just by mentioning
this paper. It is just as easy to order anything from our big Bargain Book. No red
tape; no bother whatever.

Not Merely to Look at—but To Use
We don't intend you to merely look at
the bed spring and mattress when you receive it.
We urge you to set it up and use it for a whole
month. If you return it, the mattress will never be
sent out to anyone else. We desire it. Yet we charge
you nothing for this month's use. We refund your dollar
and we send back any freight charges you have paid and
also any handling expenses.

Pay Later If Satisfied
The pleasantest part of all comes in paying for things
that you buy here. One dollar buys you this bed and only $2.00
a month pays for it if you keep it. With our book in your home
you will find that you have never been buying for. This is a simple bargain.
Money is for comfort, completeness, comfort and price. Pay
for any of our 10,000 other bargains to the same test.

Sturdy Steel Bed
New Colonial style continuous post style. Twin size; full
size, measuring 4 ft. 6 in. wide. The posts are 1 1/4 in. thick. Five 7 1/2
in. filling rods are set into the top and lower rails with strong steel locks.
Stands 48 in. at head and 53 in. at foot.
Colors Pure white or popular altigraded Vermint finding.
Guaranteed Spring
Splendidly sprung, and will not sag. Angle
End Fabric, sustained to aids, and cobalt with 20 cold spiral springs.
Fits bed.

Mattress
Very comfortable and
expeditiously made. Filled
with best, combed, merino, or wool
with clean, fine cotton on top and sides.
Clotted India and tightly stitched. Excellent grade ticking.

No. SB5431 All Sizes, Bed $19.95

Double the Old Size; 100 Added Pages; 10,000 Bargains
Furniture for Any Home Anywhere; Long Credit for All

A one cent postal card will bring you this biggest book. Brand new from
cover to cover. You ought to have it, no matter where you finally buy. It will give you
world's of information about all grades of furniture and you will find it a wonderful guide to
matter where you buy. Prices will surely be higher.
You never need ask us for credit. We open
your account when we send our book. We don't
care where you live, or how much you earn—if you are
a banker or a laborer. All are welcome to ex-
actly the same low, liberal terms.

Never any annoyance or red tape; no col-
lections. We don't write employers or neighbors.
We do not make you feel that you are under any
obligation by accepting our credit.

Doubly Guaranteed Free Loan Offer
If you think our promises are too big, just
decide on Free Loan. Read this offer for
what it means. Free Loan without interest was everything.
We loan to you for thirty days' time on
whatever you select from our Bargain

Book. We will never refuse to take anything back
because it shows signs of use. If you are satisfied
spread the cost over a year's time.

This Free Loan Offer is backed by a Legal
Guarantee Bond, double guaranteed by the
National Bank Co., a $200,000 concern, whose
bond is accepted in any court in the land.

Some of Our Big Departments

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Furniture</th>
<th>Watches</th>
<th>Goldsmiths</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Chairs</td>
<td>Lamps</td>
<td>Engraving-Silver</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Rugs</td>
<td>Sittings</td>
<td>Carpets</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Draperies</td>
<td>Silverware</td>
<td>Machines</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Chinas</td>
<td>Linens</td>
<td>Glassware</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Clocks</td>
<td>Comforters</td>
<td>Wipers</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Trunks, etc.</td>
<td>Linoleum</td>
<td>Machines</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Mail Penny Postal Card Today for Your Free Copy

Spiegel, Mau, Stern Co.
1414 West 35th Street, Chicago
Our 21 Jewel SMASHES

PRICES

Look!

21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels—
Adjusted to the second—
Adjusted to temperature—
Adjusted to isochronism—
Adjusted to positions—
25-year gold strata case—
Genuine Montgomery Railroad Dial—
New Ideas in Thin Cases.

Only

$3

50

A Month

And all of this for $3.50—only $3.50
per month—a great reduction in watch prices
—direct to you—positively the exact prices
the wholesale dealer would have to pay.
Think of the high grade, guaranteed watch
we offer here at such a remarkable price. And
if you wish, you may pay this price at the
rate of $3.50 a month. Indeed, the days of ex-
orbitant watch prices have passed. Write now.

See It First You don't pay a
cent to anybody
until you see the watch. You don't buy a
Burlington Watch without seeing it. Look at the splendid beauty of the watch itself. Thin model,
handsomely shaped—aristocratic in every line. Then look at the works. There you will see the master-
piece of the watch makers' skill, a perfect timepiece adjusted to positions, temperature and isochronism.
Practically every vessel in the U.S. Navy has many Burlington watches aboard. Some have over 100 Burling-
tons. The victory of the Burlington among the men in the U.S. Navy is testimony of Burlington superiority.

Send Your Name on This
Free Coupon

Get the Burlington Watch Book by send-
ing this coupon now. You will know a lot more about watch
buying when you read it. You will be able to "steer clear"
of over-priced watches which are no better. Send the
coupon today for the watch book and our offer.

Burlington Watch Company
19th St. and Marshall Blvd. Dept. 1288 Chicago, Ill.

Canadian Office: 355 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.
Complete Musical Outfits

Wurlitzer now assembles the finest musical instruments with a complete equipment of everything you need, at rock-bottom factory cost. Price of the entire outfit is little more than that of the instrument alone. Outfits include handsome carrying case, velvet and plush lined, all attachments, extra parts, instruction aids, instruction books, music racks and books of musical selections. The name Wurlitzer on a musical instrument is a guarantee with millions of dollars and two centuries of the highest musical standards behind it. Get a Wurlitzer Complete Outfit and have your entire equipment all at once and pay for it in small monthly sums.

On Trial

Any Wurlitzer Complete Outfit will be sent you for a week's trial in your own home. Play the instrument as if it were your own. You are under no obligation to keep it. At the end of the week return the instrument and outfit at our expense if you decide not to buy.

Convenient Monthly Payments A few cents a day will make one of these beautiful instruments and outfits your own, if the trial decides you to keep it. Send for catalog giving all details.

Send for Catalog

The instrument of your choice and everything in the complete outfit fully illustrated and described, with full details of the trial and easy payment plan. This wonderful catalog is a valuable musical encyclopedia. We will send it to you free and without obligation. Mention the musical instrument in which you are interested. Send the coupon today.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1589
117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, Ohio—329 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1589
329 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
Send me your new catalog with illustrations in color and full description of the Wurlitzer Complete Outfit and details of the free trial and easy payment offer.

Name
Address
(Musical Instrument in which I am specially interested)
10c a day soon buys an Oliver Typewriter—latest model

Before you realize it you have this splendid Oliver paid for. And you get to use it right away—while you pay.

To begin with, you save $43 on the price, for we now sell the $100 Oliver for $57. It is our latest and best model, the No. 9. The finest product of our factories.

We are able to make this great saving for you through the economies we learned during the war. We found 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 sales methods.

You may buy direct from us, via coupon. We even send the Oliver for five days' free trial, so that you may act as your own salesman. You may use it as if it were your own. You can be the sole judge, with no one to influence you.

Was $100

Now $57

This coupon brings you a Free Trial Oliver without your paying in advance. Decide yourself. Save $43.

Or this coupon brings further information. Check which you wish.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1259 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Ill.

Section 1

1. Send me a new Oliver Nine for five days' free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $2 at the rate of 25 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.
2. My shipping point is ________________________________
3. 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.
4. Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters. The Reason and the Remedy," your deluxe catalog and further information.
5. Name ________________________________
6. Street Address ________________________________
7. City ________________________________ State
8. Occupation or Business ________________________________
Cover painted by Haskell Coffin

Favorite Picture Players ........................................................................................................ 19
Artistic photographs of screen stars.

"East Side, West Side, All Around the Town" .................................................................. 27
A sight-seeing tour through some of the strange movie theaters in New York.
Sketches by Oscar Frederick Howard.

The Glory of "Everywoman".................................................................................................. 31
A glimpse at the gorgeousness of one of the big forthcoming productions, and
a chat with Violet Heming, who plays the title rôle.

Fade-Outs .............................................................................................................................. 34
Genteel fêtes at the fads and follies of the screen, with sketches by H. L. Drucklieb.

The Sky's the Limit .................................................................................................................. 36
Concerning filmland's latest fad of flying.

Bound and Gagged .................................................................................................................. 37
The beginning of a swiftly moving two-part romance, based on Pathé's new serial.

Rearranging Memory's Wood Box ....................................................................................... 40
A chat with Betty Blythe on the eve of her departure for California.

He Once Bossed Dave and Mack ......................................................................................... 44
Wallace McCutcheon was the boss, and Griffith and Sennett worked under him.

The Fighting Colleen ............................................................................................................... 45
A tale of strange things that happened in Cobblestone Alley.

The Little Gem and Jim .......................................................................................................... 49
How the movies played an important part in a domestic drama. Illustrated by
Victor Pueard.

The Observer .......................................................................................................................... 52
Editorial comment on timely topics concerning the screen.

Eight Rooms and a Bath ......................................................................................................... 54
Though apartment building is at a standstill in most places, it's booming in the
motion-picture studios.

Continued on the Second Page Following

IMPORTANT—Authors, agents, and subscribers are requested to note that the firm does not hold itself responsible for loss of unsolicited manuscripts while in transit and that such manuscripts should be addressed for a longer period than six months. If the return of manuscripts is not desired, they should be accompanied by an unsolicited request for acknowledgment.

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, $2.00
SINGLE COPIES, 20 CENTS
—and they both show the same pictures!

WHETHER you attend a million-dollar palace of the screen in the big city, or a tiny hall in a backwoods hamlet, you will find that it is always the best and most prosperous theatre in the community that is exhibiting Paramount Artcraft Pictures.

It does not matter whether you arrive in a limousine, a jitney, on trolley or afoot, you are immediately taken out of yourself by these great pictures which delight so many thousands of audiences every day in the week.

Human nature has deep-down similarities wherever you find it, and Famous Players-Lasky Corporation has made the bigger and better theatres possible by supplying a great variety of photo-plays which touch the roots of human nature with absolute certainty.

A theatre cannot be better than the pictures it shows. Good music, wide aisles, luxurious seating and fine presentation have all naturally followed as the appropriate setting for Paramount Artcraft Pictures.

Find the theatre or theatres in any town that show Paramount Artcraft Pictures, and you have found the spots where time flies.

Latest Paramount Artcraft Pictures

Released to December 1st

Billie Burke in "Sadie Love"
Ethel Clayton in "A Sporting Chance"
Marguerite Clark in "Leck in Pawn"
Irene Castle in "The Invisible Bond"
"Everywoman" With All Star Cast
Elsie Ferguson in "Counterfeit"
Dorothy Gish in "Turning the Table"
D. W. Griffith Production: "Scarlet Days"
* Wm. S. Hart in "Wagon Tracks"
Houdini in "The Grim Game"
Lila Lee in "Heart of Youth"
Vivian Marrin in "The Official Fiancée"
Wallace Reid in "The Lottery Man"
Maurice Tourneur's Production: "The Love Line"
George Loane Tucker's Production: "The Miracle Man"
Robert Warwick in "In Missouri"
Bryant Washburn in "It Pays to Advertise"
"The Teeth of the Tiger" With a Star Cast
"The Miracle of Love" A Cosmopolitan Production
"The Dark Star" A Cosmopolitan Production

Thomas H. Ince Productions

Enid Bennett in "What Every Woman Learns"
Dorothy Dalton in "Apache"
"31/2 Hours' Leave" Douglas MacLean & Doris May
Charles Ray in "Crooked Straight" Supervision Thomas H. Ince

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-KirkComedies one each month
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies two each month
Paramount-Al St. John Comedies one each month
Paramount-Ernest Truex Comedies one each month

Paramount Short Subjects

Paramount Magazine issued weekly
Paramount-Pos Nature Pictures issued every other week
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures one each week
Paramount-Burlington Adventure Pictures every other week
Paramount-Briggs Comedy one each week

And remember that any Paramount or Artcraft Picture that you haven't seen is as new as a book you have never read.
Send the Coupon
-We'll send you
a Lachnite

SEND NO MONEY. Just send us your name and address and we will send you, prepaid, on approval, a genuine Lachnite Gem mounted in a solid gold ring. Wear it ten full days. These sparkling gems have the eternal fire of diamonds. Their brilliance and hardness are guaranteed forever. We want you to select one of the rings from this advertisement and wear it 10 full days at our expense. Then, if you can tell it from a diamond, send it back. Over 100,000 people have accepted this offer—and today are enthusiastic in their praise. The verdict of a hundred thousand is supreme.

Pay As You Wish

When the ring comes just make the first small deposit ($4.75) with the postman. This is only a deposit. It is not a payment. The money is still yours. Put the ring on your finger and wear it everywhere you go for 10 full days. Then, if you decide to keep it, pay the balance at the rate of $2.50 a month without interest. But if, during the trial, you decide to send the Lachnite back, your deposit will be refunded instantly. You run no risk.

Send the Coupon!

Don't send us a penny. Just put your name and address in the coupon and give us the size of the ring. Be sure to send us your finger size. To do this cut a strip of paper that will meet just around the middle knuckle of your ring finger. Send coupon today for a Lachnite on 10 days' trial. Remember you will not be obligated to buy.

Harold Lachman Company
12 North Michigan Avenue
Dept. 1589 CHICAGO, ILL.
Harold Bell Wright's Greatest Novel
Nearly One Million Already Sold
Your Best and Most Helpful Gift
for Christmas Will Be This New
Ozark Story of Life and Love

THE RE-CREATION OF BRIAN KENT

The story is as sweet and clean
and wholesome as the atmosphere
of the out-of-doors of God's un-
spoiled world of the Ozark hills.

Cloth, 12mo., $1.50
Illustrations in Colors by J. Allen St. John

Harold Bell Wright knows life and how
we live it or he could never have created
Brian Kent. And how we should love to
meet dear old Auntie Sue, the sweetest
and most charming character it has ever
been our good fortune to know. You come to love Judy, too.
Poor, twisted, mountain-bred Judy. She will touch every sympa-
thetic heart. And Betty Jo! She is just—well! just Betty Jo.
She just naturally lives in the pages of the book. There are thril-
ling incidents related with such vivid realism that one reads with
breathless interest. And yet the fascinating power of the story is
rather in the skillful visualization of the clash and conflicts of
life's invisible forces out of which the thrilling incidents come.

Other Novels by Harold Bell Wright—Over Eight Million Sold

That Printer of Udell's—The Shepherd of the Hills—The Calling
of Dan Matthews—The Winning of Barbara Worth—Their
Yesterdays—The Eyes of the World—When a Man's a Man.

Harold Bell Wright's Books Are Sold Everywhere

Our Big Catalog of Books of All Publishers FREE We catalog and sell by mail, at a big
saving to you, over 25,000 books of
other publishers. We supply the largest number of public, pri-
sed libraries and private individuals with all their books. Our service is
quick and satisfying. Write for catalog today. A post card will bring it.

THE BOOK SUPPLY COMPANY, Publishers and Booksellers
E. W. REYNOLDS, President
231-233 West Monroe Street, CHICAGO

IF YOU

Are one of the
millions who
enjoy a good
twice-a-month
fiction magazine
— you will find
that the one
which leads its
field twenty-four
times a year is:

The Popular
Magazine

A Street & Smith publi-
cation which has intro-
duced most of the well-
known American authors
of to-day

WRITE A SONG

Love, Mother, home, childhood, patriotic
or any subject. I compose music and
guarantee publication. Send Words Today.

THOMAS MERLIN, 268 Reaper Block, Chicago
One of the Greatest Living Authorities Says:

You Can Learn K. I. Shorthand
In 5 Evenings!

Here is an authority conversant with every noteworthy shorthand system in existence—a man whose honest and honorable record puts his word above impeachment.

He says you can learn K. I. Shorthand in five evenings.

He says that, knowing better than any other man that old-fashioned stenography could not possibly be mastered in anything like that period.

But he knows, too, that K. I. Shorthand is incomparably different—a simpler, easier system, designed so you can learn it as easily as we say.

We give you a positive guarantee that you can learn or no cost to you. Why put in months of grinding study at some difficult old-fashioned system? Save time! Save money! Learn K. I. Shorthand, the new, easy A-B-C method of speed-writing and prepare yourself for a position in weeks as compared to months by the old systems.

Send for free lessons—also convincing proof that this is the simplest, most practical, lowest-cost course in stenography by personal correspondence instruction!

Read what Walter Norton says about

K.I. Shorthand
Simplified Stenography

Upon a careful examination of K. I. Shorthand System, I am convinced that any intelligent person, even a child that can read and write, should learn the course within five hours—or better say, within ten fairly separated half-hours.

Then speed is to be attained by practice, which in K. I. Shorthand should be very easy because there are probably not one-twentieth of the mental friction required in this system that is needed in acquiring similar speed capability by other systems.

The practical difference between K. I. Shorthand and older systems is that, in the complicated handbooks speed is attainable which enables the high-tensioned expert to take court testimony or a rapidly spoken speech as fast as an excited person sometimes talks, while K. I. Shorthand is adapted to the ordinary requirements of the professions, or of business, or of one's personal life and is amply sufficient for either the stenographer to any careful thinking man, or for that man himself. And K. I. Shorthand should be a delightful pastime study.

The principles and simplicity and practicability of K. I. Shorthand constitute its greatest value and charm. I believe it is the coming popular speed-writing system of the world.

This endorsement is given me voluntarily and gladly in this, my eighty-second year, after sixty years of experience, and I consider that I am doing a great and lasting benefit in adding my words to those of other experts who have found the K. I. Shorthand System worthy of their conscientiously given endorsements.

For the good of all,

Walter Norton

2 FREE LESSONS

K. I. Shorthand is not merely a text book but a complete correspondence course in shorthand. We send you a certificate of Proficiency when enrolled.

Send at once for the free lessons. You assume no obligation. Then, should you wish to master the full course, we will send it to you on thirty days' approval. Learn at our risk. We give you a positive guarantee that if you do not learn you won't be out a penny. Mail the coupon or write to the nearer office, mentioning Picture-Play Magazine. Address

KING INSTITUTE
154 E. 22nd St., El.151, New York, N. Y.

Mail (or Copy) the Coupon

The Only Living Pupil of
Sir Isaac Pitman

The most eminent living authority upon stenography in the whole world is Walter Norton, B.A., F.R.G.S. He is a graduate pupil of Sir Isaac Pitman; earned the title of "First Queen Prize
man" for scholarship; for nearly thirty-three years was stenographic reporter to the British House of Parliament and High Courts of Justice, and Assembly of the Federation of Australia and New Zealand; thereafter acted chiefly as supervisor and lecturer upon stenography, having given over
0,000 demonstrations in colleges and schools. Inventor of touch and blind-finger typewriting methods. A vigorous man of eighty-two, whose endorsement of K. I. Shorthand should convince you it is the ideal system for you.

For Ambitious Men and Women in all Occupations

If you are ambitious, if you want to get ahead at once and advance yourself quickly, there is no better road open to you than K. I. Shorthand.

You can learn this marvelous system of stenography in five evenings during spare time, quickly gain speed and qualify for a position as a stenographer or secretary in weeks as compared to months by any of the old-fashioned systems. Enjoy higher salary, better conditions, unexcelled opportunities for advancement, interesting, congenial and useful work.

K. I. Shorthand is for MEN AND WOMEN of all ages and occupations. Continuity is indispensable. The most veteran stenographers, taking testimony with joy, trouble getting down hurriedly printed words on old-fashioned systems or manual, advertising men, writers, lawyers, teachers, farmers and numerous others.

I give stenography a great advantage over those using other systems, because K. I. Shorthand is written without strain and read so easily that it is only as obvious that employers prefer K. I. Shorthand writers because their notes can be transcribed with absolute reliability. It dispenses with all rules of light and heavy shading, taking only correct position on, above or below the line, and eliminating thousands of memory-distracting word signs—all of which takes hours of time.

Manners who could not grasp the old systems are today exacting professionals. K. I. Shorthand—its speed, simplicity and learnability.

It is used in Government Civil Service positions, in courts in Army and Navy, and in public and private schools in Canada, which proves its capacity to meet every demand of everyday service.

Costs a Trifle Why not try and acquire this valuable secret skill? Learn at home at convenient odd moments. The lessons are quickly learned, easily remembered. You will be taught on position at the outset. You will be taught principles of shorthand simply, and you will be taught with interest and enthusiasm and with patience and care.

You will find K. I. Shorthand the most reasonable system because it is so simple, so easy to learn, and so effective in practical writing.

Mail (or Copy) the Coupon

KING INSTITUTE
154 E. 32nd St., New York, N. Y., or
8 South Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me the first two lessons in K. I. Shorthand FREE, also full information.

Name__________________________
Address_________________________
Can YOU Make Your Wife A Mother of Happy Children?

ASK yourself, before you ask any girl to marry you, whether you are fit to become a father; whether you are capable of begeting strong, healthy children, who will grow up into strong, healthy men and women—a joy to the trusting girl who gives her life to your keeping. Don't betray the love and confidence of that girl. She believes in you; she thinks the man she loves is fit and fine and virile. She looks forward to some day having little ones about her—yours and hers—who will cement your love, and whom she will watch and care for and pray for, as they grow up into manhood and womanhood, a pride and comfort to you both.

Your Children—What Will They Be?

Hold up a mirror before yourself; study it in your own physical and mental characteristics. There is your answer. What you are, those children of yours and hers will be. "Like father, like son—and daughter too." You know the Law of Heredity. There's no way of escaping it. It endures throughout all creation, and has endured since the world began. Your boys and girls will have your qualities, and in a magnified degree.

Are you fit and fine? Or are you weak, puny, anemic, a victim of evil habits that are sapping your manhood and virility; with water instead of red blood in your veins; with stomach and heart and lungs out of order, running like a worn-out machine with its bearings full of sand?

Fit Yourself to Have a Family

No man can beget healthy children who is only half a man himself; whose system is rotten with constipation; whose digestion is broken down by dyspepsia and biliousness; whose nerves are frazzled andwhose brain is woozy half the time. The man who wakes up in the morning totally unfit for work or play and doesn't do anything to correct the state of things committed against his body is the kind of man whose children fill our insane asylums, hospitals and jails. If you are in that shape, pull yourself together, and act—Act Now, to get out of it. You can do it, if you go about it the right way. Don't blame yourself for your condition on anything or anybody else, or waste time in vain regrets if it is your own fault. And don't have the idea that patent medicines will help you any; pills and potions never made a MAN. Nature's way, without any drug-store dope, is the one safe, sane, quick way by which to regain your health and strength and manhood, and Nature's way is summed up in the science of

Strongfortism

Strongfortism deals with the "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy," the name of the book in which I have embodied the results of a lifetime's research and experimentation. It is the science of getting well and strong and staying so, in Nature's way. Strongfortism built me up until I am called to-day one of the strongest men in the world. Strongfortism is building up my pupils in every part of the civilized world, into strong, red-blooded, virile men. Strongfortism will do for YOU what it has done and is doing every day for thousands of other men, no matter what your present condition or what brought you to it. I know. I GUARANTEE to improve you so that you will become normal in every respect if you will follow my directions for a few short months.

Send For My Free Book

You can't afford to be without that book. If you care anything about being well and strong and virile and making a success in the world. It will give you facts that every man wants to know. In the foreword, I will tell you how to get rid of unclean and unwholesome habits, how to make your brain, blood and nerves rich and strong; how to strengthen every vital organ; how to FIT YOU—SHELL-FIT for marriage, for fatherhood, for the FIGHT OF LIFE. Read it for you, and don't put it off until tomorrow. Tomorrow is the day to stop. Write NOW. FILL OUT THE COUPON, MARKING THE POINTS IN WHICH YOU ARE PARTICULARLY INTERESTED, ENCLOSE THREE 2¢ STAMPS FOR PACKING AND POSTAGE, AND I WILL SEND YOU ALONG WITH THE BOOK SPECIAL INFORMATION IN REGARD TO THE POINTS NAMED.
PLAY OR SING!

Put Music in Your Life

No longer need the ability to play be shut out of your life. Just mail coupon or postal today for our new Free Book. Let us tell you how you can easily, quickly, thoroughly learn to play your favorite musical instrument by note in your own home, without a teacher, by our New Improved Home Study Method. Different, easier than private teacher way—no tiresome, dry exercises, no inconvenience, no trick music, no “numbers,” yet simple, wonderful, amazingly easy for even a mere child.

Learn Music at Home

What is your favorite instrument? Is it Piano, Organ, Violin, Guitar, Piccolo, Clarinet, Harp, Saxophone, Mandolin, Banjo, Flute, Cello, Trombone, Ukulele, Cornet, or Sight Singing, Hawaiian Steel Guitar, Harmony and Composition, Viola, Tenor or Banjo? Well, whatever it be, you can now learn to play it beautifully in a few short months. This is your opportunity to secure your heart’s desire. Pupils from seven to seventy have enrolled and they all find our instruction easy and delightful. You learn by note—the only real way to learn music!

Lessons Free! Mail Coupon!

We want to have ONE PUPIL IN EACH LOCALITY AT ONCE to help advertise our wonderful, easy system of teaching music. FOR A LIMITED TIME we therefore offer our marvelous lessons and charge only for postage and sheet music, which is small. Beginners or advanced pupils. Get all the proof, facts, letters from pupils. AMAZING OFFER and fascinating New Book just issued. ALL FREE: Write postal or mail coupon today.

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
5312 Brunswick Building - - New York

U. S. SCHOOL OF MUSIC
5312 Brunswick Building, New York City

Please send me your free book “Music Lessons in your own Home” and particulars of your free lessons offer.

Name...........................................
Address...........................................
City...........................................
State...........................................
THERE IS the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York: "There are no more good writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people 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 writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the nothings the 'wise' and the 'wise' down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth, and laughs down on that mortal atom of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday's 'impossibility' is a reality today.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenario writers—the same way there are coming, a new world of wonderful people. Of course, you may ask, all these writers—are they the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, working on running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber chairs, following the plow, or teaching schools in the rural districts, and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding type-writers, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh at them—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

"Another reason why writing isn't only for geniuses, as most people think. Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-telling faculty just as he did the greatest writers? Only maybe you are simply so baffled in 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 is the end of it through. They never try again. Yet if, by some lucky chance, they had first learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the Imagination free rein, they might have tossed 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—a few simple things that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. After they have grasped the simple "how," a little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard 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. 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, indeed, before the play, every hour, every minute, in the whirring vortex—the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, pandering for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or play in it. Bring that book to a fire, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. You would stand up and write down exactly what you said, you'd 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?

Listen! A wonderful FREE book has recently been written on this very subject—a book that tells all about a Startling New Method of Writing Stories and Photoplays. This amazing book, called "THE WONDER BOOK FOR WRITERS," shows how easily stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many who 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 their own amazement, the greatest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How one's own Imagination may provide an endless mine of ideas for 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 word-pictures and unique, thrilling, realistic plots. How your friends may be your worst judges. How to avoid discouragement and the pitfalls of Failure. HOW TO WIN!

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. Then you can pour your whole soul into this magic new enchantment that has come into your life—STORY AND PLAY WRITING. The lure of it, the love of it, the luxury of it will fill your wasted hours and dull moments with profit and pleasure. You will have this noble, absorbing, money-making new profession! And in your spare time, without interfering with your regular job. Who says you can't make money with your brain? Who says you can't turn your Thoughts into Cash? Who says you can't make your dreams come true? Nobody knows—but the book will tell you.

So why waste any more time wondering, dreaming, wishing? Send the coupon below—you're not buying 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 turn their scarce hours into cash!

Get your letter in the mail before you close your eyes. Who knows—it may mean for you the Dawn of a New Tomorrow! Just address The Authors' Press, Dept. 65, Auburn, N.y.

THE AUTHOR'S PRESS, Post Office, Auburn, N.Y.Rent me ABSOLUTELY FREE "The Wonder Book for Writers." This does not obligate me in any way.

Name.

Address.

City and State.

Miss Helen Chadwick, versatile screen star, now heading lady for Tom Sears of Goldwyn Film Co., writes:

"Any man or woman who will learn this New Method of Writing ought to tell stories and plays with ease!"
### Special Bargains Good Until November 10th Only

The following offers are made by Special Arrangement and we cannot guarantee prices for more than Thirty days. Place your order now and take advantage of these Bargains. Subscriptions may commence with any issue desired.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>People's Favorite Magazine</th>
<th>$2.00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>McCall's Magazine</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>People's Home Journal</td>
<td>$1.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Publishers' Price</strong></td>
<td><strong>$1.00</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>People's Favorite Magazine</th>
<th>$2.00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>American Magazine</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woman's Home Companion</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Publishers' Price</strong></td>
<td><strong>$5.00</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>People's Favorite Magazine</th>
<th>$2.00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>McClure's Magazine</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pictorial Review</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Publishers' Price</strong></td>
<td><strong>$5.00</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>People's Favorite Magazine</th>
<th>$2.00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Illustrated World</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Motion Picture Magazine</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Publishers' Price</strong></td>
<td><strong>$6.50</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>People's Favorite Magazine</th>
<th>$2.00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Collier's Weekly</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>American Magazine</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Publishers' Price</strong></td>
<td><strong>$6.50</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>People's Favorite Magazine</th>
<th>$2.00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>People's Picture-Play</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Publishers' Price</strong></td>
<td><strong>$6.00</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>People's Favorite Magazine</th>
<th>$2.00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Modern Priscilla</td>
<td>$1.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pictorial Review</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Publishers' Price</strong></td>
<td><strong>$5.50</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>People's Favorite Magazine</th>
<th>$2.00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Delinicator</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Everybody's Magazine</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Publishers' Price</strong></td>
<td><strong>$6.75</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>People's Favorite Magazine</th>
<th>$2.00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Field and Stream</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Forest and Stream</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Publishers' Price</strong></td>
<td><strong>$8.25</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>People's Favorite Magazine</th>
<th>$2.00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Physical Culture</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McClure's Magazine</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Publishers' Price</strong></td>
<td><strong>$8.25</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>People's Favorite Magazine</th>
<th>$2.00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Metropolitan Magazine</td>
<td>$3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Picture-Play Magazine</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Publishers' Price</strong></td>
<td><strong>$7.00</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>People's Favorite Magazine</th>
<th>$2.00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Smith's Magazine</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woman's Home Companion</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Publishers' Price</strong></td>
<td><strong>$5.50</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>People's Favorite Magazine</th>
<th>$2.00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Metropolitan Magazine</td>
<td>$3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pictorial Review</td>
<td>$2.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Publishers' Price</strong></td>
<td><strong>$7.75</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>People's Favorite Magazine</th>
<th>$2.00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Outing</td>
<td>$2.50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Review of Reviews</td>
<td>$4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Publishers' Price</strong></td>
<td><strong>$8.75</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>People's Favorite Magazine</th>
<th>$2.00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Current Opinion</td>
<td>$3.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Independent</td>
<td>$4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Publishers' Price</strong></td>
<td><strong>$9.75</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>People's Favorite Magazine</th>
<th>$2.00</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Popular Magazine</td>
<td>$4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Review of Reviews</td>
<td>$4.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Publishers' Price</strong></td>
<td><strong>$10.00</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### ORDER BLANK

**STREET & SMITH CORPORATION, Box 24, Station "O", New York City**

Enclosed please find $ for the following magazines, each one year.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name of Subscriber</th>
<th>Street</th>
<th>Town</th>
<th>State</th>
<th>Name of Magazines</th>
<th>Month to begin</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**OR, IF YOU PREFER, MAKE UP YOUR OWN CLUB**

Add together the Club Numbers of the magazines desired, multiply the sum by 5. This total will be the correct amount to remit. For instance:

- 35 People's Favorite Magazine
- 50 Review of Reviews
- 40 Picture-Play Magazine

**175 x 5 = $6.25 (Amount to Remit)**

For magazines without Club Numbers remit the Regular Price.
Let Me Introduce Myself

DEAR READER: I wish to tell you how deeply I am charmed by your acquaintance. Personally, it is impossible to make desirable 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 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 ray of light. The less of a thinking machine picture will magnify into a very large blot on the screen. And have seen so many people, lacking in personality, try to make a success of their plans and fail completely, in a way that has been quite pathetic. I am sure that you also are familiar with one or more such cases.

Success of a Winsome Manner

I saw numerous failures that were so disheartening that my thoughts could not help dwelling upon those shattered and vain ambitions. I have seen women of education and culture and natural beauty actually fall where other women minus such advantages, but perhaps possessing certain secrets of loveliness, a certain winsomeness, a certain right and saying the right thing, succeeded delightfully. Nor were they naturally forward women, but rather the kind that men call clever. Some of them, if you studied their features closely, were decidedly not handsome; yet they seemed to.

They didn’t do this by covering their faces with cosmetics; they knew the true means. And often the same women who were thirty, forty, or even fifties. Yet they “appealed.” You know what I mean. They drew the right kind of a subtle power which seemed to emanate from them. Others would want for things for them. In their presence you felt perfectly at ease, as if you had been good, good friends for very long.

French feminine Charms

The French women among my friends seemed to me more generally endowed with this ability to fascinate, than did my friends among other nationalities. In the years that I lived in Paris, I was amazed to find that most of the women I met were fascinating.

“Is it a part of the French character?” I asked my friends.

“Are you born that way?” I would often ask some charming woman.

And they would tell me that “personality” as we know it here in America, is an art, that is studied and acquired by French women just as they would learn to cook, or to sing by cultivating the voice. Every girl and woman possesses latent personality. This fascinates you, dear reader

There are numerous real secrets for developing your personality. It is true, 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 any career must learn how to develop their charms in competition with others.

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 Fren, and it is no surprise to me, for I know how alluring are the French girls. I have come across them with 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 reputation through my activities on the Fairboug St, Honore can tell you in all candor, as one woman confiding 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 powers.

When I returned to the dear old U. S. A., I met myself at work putting together the facts, methods, secrets and formulae 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 overmodest disposition, one who lacks self-confidence, or is too self-conscious for her own good, and show her how to become gracefully and charmingly noticeable, and perfectly capable 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 Tacit Audacity

If you are an aspiring woman, the kind that suffers from too great forwardness, I can show you in a way that you will find delightful, how to be gentle and unassuming, to tear away the false fabric of your repelling and irksome personality, and replace it with another that wins and attracts. By this method, you will succeed, oh so well, while by unconsciousness or insensitivity, you meet with setbacks.

I can take the bashful 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 vivacious and strong, tingling with enthusiasm and grace, and how to see the whole wide world full of splendid things just for her.

Become an Attractive Woman

I can take the girl or woman who is ignorant or careless of her appearance, or the girl who dressed undistinguished and is still in her a sense of true importance of appearance in personality; I can enlighten her in the ways of making the most of their apparel. All this without any extreme effort or trouble. I can show her how to acquire it with originality and taste. You realize that the first thing to show yourself to advantage, is a real art and without knowledge of it you will always be under a disadvantage.

For Married Women

There are some very important secrets which married French women know that enable them to hold the love, admiration and devotion of their husbands, so that they do not make you accomplished 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 inconsiderate.

There are secrets in my compilation that are likely to change a turbulent course of married life for one that is extraneously ideal. And this power lies within you, my dear Madam.

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 one unconsciously and is in, charm, good books, winsomeness and success can be cultivated. If you know the secrets, if you learn to turn them into practice, you can be charming, you can be successful.

But you must be born in the same way. Don’t even think it ought to be hard to acquire it; because the secrets of charm that have cultivated and test-marked for you are more interesting than the most fascinating book you have ever read.

Once you have learned my lessons, they become a kind of second nature to you. When you notice the development in your appearance, how you get on easier with people, how your home problems seem to solve themselves, how in numberless little ways (and big ones, too) life gets to hold so many more prices for you, you will not only know and more of the methods in practice in order to obtain still more of life’s rewards.

No New Fad—the Success of Ages

I am not undertaking to introduce a new fangled fad. All my life I have understood that a book aimed at sense and practical methods. And what I have put into the course of my personality is just as practical as anything can be.

I cannot tell you more and more about this truly remarkable composition but the space here does not permit. However, I have put some important secrets for you into an amusing little book called “How” that I want you to read.

The Gentlewoman Institute will send you to entirely free, postpaid, in a plain wrapper, just for the asking.

My advice to you is to send for the free book “HOW” if you want to join the finest of friends and to possess happiness with contentment that will come to you as the result of a lovely and winning personality.

Juliette Fara

Mail the Coupon for Free Book

GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE
612 West 43rd Street
New York, N. Y.

Please send me, postpaid and with any obligation on my part, Madame Juliette Fara’s little book entitled “How.”

Name

Address

When writing to advertisers please mention PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.
Every Article
Here Shown Is a Special Value

Every diamond genuine, blue-white, perfect-cut. Your choice will be sent ON APPROVAL, NO RISK, NO MONEY IN ADVANCE. Pay only one-fifth if satisfied after examination—balance in ten payments. SWEET'S Policy: You must be satisfied or no sale. Maiden Lane's Greatest Credit Jewelers guarantee this PROFIT SHARING PLAN: 7½% yearly increase in exchange value allowed on every diamond purchased from us. Liberty Bonds Accepted at Face Value.

Beautiful De Luxe
128-Page Catalogue FREE

Maiden Lane's greatest collection of precious gems, jewelry, silverware, watches, and gifts of every description. Every article a rare bargain. The lowest prices, the highest quality. Ten Months to Pay on Everything. Write today for your Free copy. Address Dept. 509-T.

LW SWEET & CO.
2-4 MAIDEN LANE, N.Y.
It is estimated that fifteen million persons in the United States alone have faithfully followed each of Pathe's Pearl White serials from the first to the last; from the first episode to the conclusion; and their number has steadily grown.

Extraordinary merit must be accredited to these serials since they have charmed such vast audiences.

The latest is the best; full of thrills, mystery and action: produced as carefully and as expensively as the finest feature.

Ask the manager of your favorite theatre when he will show

---

Pearl White in The Black Secret

Adapted from Robert W. Chambers' famous novel "In Secret"
Produced and directed by George B. Seitz. Scenarios by Bertram Millhauser
Coming in November
PEARLS—a wonderful Christmas Gift

THERE is no occasion when a necklace of beautiful La Tausca Pearls may not be worn, for they are at once the simplest and most beautiful of jewels.

In all prices and as high as $500

At Your Jeweler's

LADY GREY PEARLS
16-inch length, gold clasp; in grey satin case $25.00

LA TAUSCA Genuine MARK PEARLS
“East Side, West Side, All Around the Town”

Aunt Elizabeth learned that New York has some strange movie theaters, the likes of which she had never heard of back in Ohio.

By Agnes Smith

SKETCHES BY OSCAR FREDERICK HOWARD

According to these burning advertisements, no heroine ever boards a train naturally.

M y, my,” said Aunt Elizabeth, who had come on to New York to visit me, “you folks in the East are ‘way behind the times in your motion-picture theaters. Why, you have theaters here that we haven’t seen out in Ohio for years and years. I’m surprised, really surprised.”

Somehow or other Aunt Elizabeth’s criticism seemed a little unjust and I asked her what she meant.

“Well, I just stepped around the corner to see a movie show and what do you think I found? One of those penny-in-the-slot contraptions—a place where you can buy movies just as you buy chewing gum. It was a queer place, sort of like a circus side show. You ought to see our Cozy Theater at home, and the Bijou Dream and the Idle Hour. We have the best mechanical pianos and soloists and all the newest pictures.”

“Did you go in the penny arcade?” I asked her.

“Well, no. I just stepped in and looked around, and I can’t say that it appeared a very proper place. All the pictures seemed to be about boarding-school girls at play and the frolics of the midnight maids. And there were a lot of young men looking down the little slides. I am surprised at New York.”

To clear the name of the metropolis, I explained to Aunt Elizabeth that she had stumbled on the movie in its most primitive form and that, whereas in Ohio, there are movies and movies only, in New York there are penny arcades, plain movies, and cinema palaces. Of all places to hunt for her film entertainment, Aunt Elizabeth had chosen Fourteenth Street for her first excursion!

Rightly enough, Fourteenth Street boasts of “stone age” motion pictures. Fourteenth Street was the first home of the art. It embraced the movies long before Broadway would have anything to do with it. In those happy days, Broadway didn’t think that there was “any money in it.” The old Biograph studio ruled by D. W. Griffith, was at No. 11 East Fourteenth Street and there Blanche Sweet and Mary Pickford first faced the lens. The first Paramount exchange was opened there when Adolph Zukor and W. W. Hodkinson were merely optimists and not millionaires. William Fox, tired of keeping a shop on the East Side, started the Greater New York Film Rental Company there, and now his two Fourteenth Street theaters are merely molecules in his organization.

So Fourteenth Street still boasts of the penny arcades that had shocked Aunt Elizabeth. They are, however, only lobby adjuncts to the show inside. They are the original “tumbling tin types.” For one cent—the “tenth part of a dime,” as the side-show barkers might say—you may see penny versions of the Mack Sennett beauties.

These arcades, too, are reminiscent of the days when music and the movies were not yet wedded. If you want music and pictures you must take them separately. You must walk to the row of machines on the other side of the hall and spend another penny to get the jazz accompaniment that logically should go with the antics of the beautiful pink, blue, and yellow midnight frolickers. On one machine you may hear the sextet from “Lucia” which is more expensive because it combines the vocal energy of six persons.

The penny-arcade pictures are mild. If Aunt Elizabeth had waited she would have seen the young men lift disappointed faces from the little slides.

Back of the penny arcade is the real show. Fourteenth Street is the home of the “thrill-less thriller,” the home of the hectic poster. According to these burning advertisements, no heroine ever boards a train naturally. She leaps onto the engine. No hero ever leaves a room without clubbing all the other occupants into insensibility and escaping through a broken window. From the posters, you might be-
believe that, by attending the show, you could gather enough underworld knowledge to become a Broadway playwright. For the posters promise to "tell all" about the white-slave traffic, the drug traffic and the perils of Chinatown. One theater advertised a "vice exposed" by posters showing District Attorney Whitman and his staff at work. It revived memories of the Becker case. But Whitman now is not only ex-district attorney, but ex-governor.

Inside, the pictures are quite as harmless as the ones shown in the penny arcades. In being juggled about for years, they have lost their plots. The audiences wait for something to happen that will live up to the posters, and then pass out pathetically to try their luck once more at the penny arcade.

Charles Chaplin is the comic spirit of Fourteenth Street. He is on every program. As Aunt Elizabeth said, if he appears in all those pictures he is certainly earning his salary. No day is complete without him. No exhibitor dares not to show his pictures. Two rival theaters vie to see which can print his name in largest letters.

The films are dragged from the dim distance of Chaplin's past. We find Charlie in the Park, Charlie at the Beach, Charlie the Paperhanger, Charlie the Policeman. His adventures are epic and in many canticles, like those of Ulysses or Elsie Dinsmore.

But I couldn't let Aunt Elizabeth go back home with a false impression of New York, gleaned only from Fourteenth Street. And so I took her to the Academy of Music.

"Surely," she said, "this is not the famous old Academy of Music where Clara Louise Kellogg used to sing?"

"It is," I said. "That was when Fourteenth Street and Irving Place was the musical center of New York. Steinway Hall is just up the street and Luchow's restaurant, which wasn't a concert hall, but which was important in musical life, is just across the street."

"I remember hearing," Aunt Elizabeth went on, "about the time that King Edward had a public reception there when he was the Prince of Wales. And now his grandson has been over here. When Lord Rengrew came to the Academy of Music the floor caved in."

"They've fixed it now," I assured her.

And so the Academy is no ordinary theater. Aunt Elizabeth had to admit that it was more interesting than the Bijou Dream. It was once as brilliant as the Metropolitan Opera House and, although it is old now, it is not shabby. The acoustics are said to be the best in New York. Acoustics do not matter much when the drama is silent. But still, you can hear the hero fall for Theda Bara in all parts of the building. Once I met Miss Bara on a "personal visit" to the Academy and I wondered if Clara Louise Kellogg ever received such an ovation. All the amateur "vamps" in the neighborhood came to pay her tribute.

I have an idea that the Academy is William Fox's favorite theater. Like most men who came up from New York's East Side, he is loyal. Certainly he gives the Academy patrons the best. For one admission, you may see a double show. The orchestra is large and the theater is managed on "up-town" lines. And its big electric sign shines all up and down Fourteenth Street. It is quite the glory of the neighborhood.

"Surely," said Aunt Elizabeth, "this can't be a typical East Side theater!"

And so I took her to see another picture palace with a past—the New Atlantic Garden on the Bowery near Canal Street. It is a large, old-fashioned building that looks more like a film "location" than a film theater.

"The Bowery Theater, next door, is where Edwin Booth played," I explained, as we entered. "In fact, both the elder and the younger Booth played there."

The New Atlantic Garden, recently converted into motion pictures, is now almost as luxurious as the Academy of Music. Aunt Elizabeth was thrilled to hear that it had not always been respectable. After its first days of glory it was converted into a German beer garden. All that is left now of the "garden" is one lone tree, retained by the management out of sentiment. Then when Canal Street ceased to be a German residential neighborhood the theater was taken over by various boxing and sporting clubs. And they do say it was a very dark and sinister place.

On the day that Aunt Elizabeth and I made our visit, the New Atlantic Garden was showing Tom Moore in "One of the Finest." The Bowery audience watched the exploits of the policeman-hero of the story without a tremor. Once in its history, even a celluloid "cop"
would have sent Boweryites scurrying from the house.

Next door is the Thalia Theater, the home of Italian drama in New York. The Thalia occasionally runs an Italian war picture. Its patrons are never tired of looking at what their kinsfolk did at the Prave. The Atlantic Garden prides itself on speaking nothing but English and this is remarkable on the East Side where Americans speak ninety-nine languages and talk American in ninety-nine different ways. Its posters are in English and so are all the subtitles.

From Canal Street, we walked down to Chatham Square, where we found Chinatown's own theater. Aunt Elizabeth was disappointed to find none of Fourteenth Street's horrors of the "hell pits of Chinatown." Poor old Chinatown has been reformed by the great moral sight-seeing wagon which visits it with the faithfulness of a prim maiden aunt. Every time there is a chance of a lively Tong war, the sight-seeing wagon drives up, laden with conscientious tourists and spoils all the fun.

But the Chatham Square Theater, darkened by the elevated road and surrounded by the Orient, looks picturesque enough. Some of the houses near it might furnish settings for another D. W. Griffith Limehouse story, or another "Miracle Man." For here are boarding houses for Chinese seamen, tea parlors, and an engaging shop called the Long Life Noodle Company, where are manufactured noodles so hale and hearty that they defy the ravages of age.

It was there that we saw Sessue Hayakawa. Although he is a "Jap" boy, he is the star of stars in Chinatown. Otherwise it is hard to tell what these New York Chinamen like in the way of entertainment. They like Pearl White. They like George Walsh. And they like William Desmond. That they also like that most effete and Occidental actress, Elsie Ferguson, proves that you never can tell.

"What do you suppose a Chinaman thinks about at a moving-picture show?" asked Aunt Elizabeth as she scrutinized the face of a merchant who was sitting near us.

"I give up," I replied.

On Rivington Street, in the Ghetto, we found films served Kosher style. Here we discovered the interpreter. The interpreter is a solemn, scholarly Jewish person. He stands on the side of the stage, in the dark, and translates the subtitles in Yiddish. All this is for the benefit of the old people. The children can read the subtitles loudly and glibly.

"Out home at the Bijou Dream," commented Aunt Elizabeth, "we have an interpreter, too. He is old man Martin. His wife is near-sighted and deaf. You can hear him shouting all over the theater."

Even the interpreter is dying out fast. The Goldwyn Pictures Corporation has its own translator whose business it is to furnish synopses in all the languages of the East Side. These are hung in the lobby so that, after the show, father and mother go out and see what it has all been about.

But alas for tradition! The East Side is not morbid. A salesman whose territory centers in Grand Street told me that "Nellie the Poor Working Girl" drew no tears there. That thrillers left them cold. That "stylish, well-dressed heroines" were immensely popular. That the audiences weren't at all interested in the perils of a big city. That they much preferred the perils of smart society.

We found but one picture that pointed a moral for the working girl. It was received with a grain of salt. When the villain employer lured the heroine into his apartment, when he began upsetting furniture, knocking over statues, and disarranging tigerskin rugs, two cheerful factory girls laughed deviously.

"How do they get that way!" they exclaimed.

The only person who took the plot seriously was a staid father who had just dropped in on his way home. His arms were filled with bundles that smelled appetizingly of herring and coffee. It pained and frightened him to see such a lovely young lady, no older than his Rosie, being treated so. He was alone in his sympathy. Didn't the girls know that the hero always comes to the rescue?

Aunt Elizabeth was anxious to visit Rose Gordon's Venetian Gardens, situated where Park Row meets the Bowery. She wanted to know who Rose Gordon was.

"She was probably as famous in her way as Edwin Booth," she said.

The girl who sold
me tickets to see Dorothy Gish, explained that Rose was "just an old sign." Nor could we discover who had conceived the idea of such a thing as a garden in Venice. But the ticket seller did inform me that the "younger Gish kid was a regular scream."

The small, dirty picturesque theater is rapidly dying out. The theaters in the Fox, Moss and Loew circuits are dispensing "class." Under the shadow of the arches of the Williamsburg Bridge is the New Strand Theater, which in appearance is a cross between a California Mission and a Long Island bungalow. It is spruce and modern and has an appeal for the younger generation who call Constance Talmadge "Connie" and Douglas Fairbanks "Doug."

The theater is at its best during the four-o'clock show. The late-afternoon show is like the midnight show on Broadway. A cabaret draws the tired business man, so does the four-o'clock show offer relaxation to the tired school child. Both are epicureans. They want only the best in froth.

Three little girls sat in front of us. "Look," said Aunt Elizabeth, "they are eating candied apples stuck on spiced sticks. I haven't seen those for years. I wish I had one."

The picture was not one to interest them. It was a tale of an "Octopus of Wall Street," a wolf of finance. But they watched it with that non-committal expression that children always wear at the movies whether they are enjoying themselves or not.

The Octopus went his tenacious way for four reels. Then came the climax, the smashing, startling, soul-stirring dénouement. The unscrupulous millionaire shot himself, his spirit broken by the bad news ticked to him over the ticker. As he fell, in his agony, he knocked over a handsome mahogany chair and spilled the ink all over his desk.

The three girls laughed. The laughter of Thomas W. Lawson could not have been more sardonic. The little immigrants from Italy, Poland, Silesia, Serbia, Armenia, Russia—or wherever they came from, saw only humor in the fact that a man who had lost a few million and whose wife had eloped with a stylish person in a dress suit, had been so disturbed as to blow out his brains.

"The Young Bolsheviks," said Aunt Elizabeth.

As the East Side film salesman had said, "You can't tell these people down here nothing. You can't string 'em. They're a wise bunch."

Up on the upper West Side, it is different. Audiences like fiction if it's polite enough. They like a touch of scandal, if all concerned wear expensive clothes. And they like sentiment, if it is piquant. For the matrons of upper Broadway and upper Riverside Drive, having finished the marketing and "straightened" the apartment, like to check the baby in the lobby and watch the eternal struggle of the eternal triangle.

In these theaters the comedy must not be too rough or the drama too sordid. A comedy with Wallace Reid, or a drama with Dorothy Dalton, is about an ideal afternoon's entertainment. They like life and problems. You may hear them murmur: "I knew of just such a case;" "Mr. Edwards is that way—business is all he thinks of;" "Some women have awful husbands;" "She was too young to realize when she married him;" "She did it to save her father," "Silly woman! Can't she see he's just crazy about her."

The lobbies are large and clean, so the babies have a wonderful time.

Aunt Elizabeth got another surprise when she went to Brighton Beach.

"Now where do you suppose I have discovered the movies?" she asked.

"On a roller coaster," I hazarded.

"Almost as bad," she answered. "I found them in the ocean. I was walking along the beach and I saw a lot of people, in bathing suits, sitting in steamer chairs and looking out into the water. I thought they were hunting for boats or just in love with nature. But when I looked out, what do you suppose I saw? There was Anita Stewart in an evening gown right out in the ocean. The screen is moored just like a boat. And the audience sits on the beach and drinks lemonade. Did you ever hear of anything so lazy?"

"Movies on the beach are not extraordinary," I explained, "you may find movies up in Doctor Christian Reiner's church, movies in the hospitals, movies in the factories, and movies in the prison. You may have your own wedding filmed, you may dramatize your pet system of bookkeeping, or you may demand a camera at an operation. There are movies in the Broadway theaters and you may pay two dollars to see them."

"I may not," interrupted Aunt Elizabeth.

"In fact," I continued, "there are movies everywhere but in the Metropolitan Opera House."

"Two dollars for a movie!" said my aunt, who couldn't get this bit of extravagance out of her mind, "That's too much. Haven't you something just as good for a little less?" she inquired in her best shopping manner.

"There are the box seats at the Rivoli Theater. They cost a dollar."

Continued on page 103
The Glory of "Everywoman"

It takes a lot of people to make it, and the result doesn't belong to anybody but the audience.

By Gordon Gassaway

He LOLO, Passion! How are you, Pash, old boy! How's the foot? You see, Passion will go roller skating with the kids, and he turned his ankle yesterday—Irving Cummings, you know—we call him Pash for short. I said to him only yesterday morning, 'Pash, old boy, look out or you'll break your leg,' and he growled back, 'Well, it's too bad if a guy can't go skating without having his so-called friends interfere with his pleasure!'

"Why, hello Vice, dearie, how's your ma? Saw you working for the Salvation Army the other day! How'd you come out? Forty dollars! Well, that's good! Bebe Daniels, you know. Call her Vice, ha, ha! Nicest child in the world—never goes anywhere without her ma!" And the studio ballyhoo, who was showing me around, paused to chuckle.

"Pilgrim's Progress" come to life? Not a bit of it—just a glimpse of the Lasky lot during the filming of "Everywoman." Now, whether or not you saw the phenomenally successful stage version of this modern imitation of an old English morality—so-called!—play, you're going to find the movie version of it worth going to, for George Melford directed it, and when it came to costumes, sets, cast, and similar little details he left nothing to be desired.

Violet Heming, well known as an actress, plays Everywoman, who leaves home to search for love. Of course there's a hero, likewise there's a villain, and the story is no less interesting because the former is called Love instead of Jack Jones or Claude Dillingwater, and the latter is Passion, instead of Fiendish Fitzhugh. The characters are named for characteristics and abstract qualities, and so we have Youth and Beauty and Vice, instead of the usual cast of characters.

And such scenes! There is one, representing a bazaar, in which great, ornamental cages hold girls dressed as tropical birds, among which move flower pots, and a montress who calls the orchestra to order—Oh, what a scene! And it is all done to the music of "Everywoman."
The Glory of “Everywoman”

II

on one of them—it looked like nothing but a flock of ribbons—but she politely relieved my consternation by insisting that the costume hadn’t fitted anyway, and would have to be made over, so I hadn’t damaged it at all.

However, I’d no sooner recovered from one shock than I got another; for, just as I was reflecting that Miss Heming looked just about as satisfactory as any one could, she upset my illusion.

“This warm weather is wonderful to reduce in, isn’t it?” she commented. “But it doesn’t do me a bit of good, because I’m too busy to take advantage of it.”


“I’m seven pounds overweight,” was her crisp reply. “But when I go walking out in the Hollywood hills, along about twilight, just as sure as fate a kindly motorist comes along and offers me a lift. And when I shout above the grinding of his brakes, ‘No, my car hasn’t broken down—I’m just walking because I want to—yes, I want to walk!’ my benefactor looks at me wondering how I got away from my keeper!”

“You’re a typical Englishwoman, if you love to walk,” I remarked, reflecting to myself that I didn’t blame any motorist for giving her a lift.

“But I’m almost an American, I suppose. I came over here when I was four,” she answered, “and ever since I’ve been grown-up”—she’s all of five feet two—“I’ve spent much of my time on the American stage. And I’ve always been concerned about my size, ever since I played in ‘Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm’,” she went on. “I was creating the rôle of Rebecca, and before we put the play on in New York, we tried it out for ten weeks on the road. Edith Storey was in it, too, and we were both nice, petite little youngsters when we started off on tour—looked our parts perfectly. I remember the manager shouted ‘Good-by, kids’ as the train pulled out—and shouted something very different when another pulled in to New York again some weeks later with us on board.

“You see, we’d grown—grown lots, in both directions. We’d had a beautiful time, and were perfectly happy about

Girls dressed in costumes of the Far East. And the guests in this scene wore evening gowns which would win them a place in any fashion show.

As for the costumes: “Orchid satin, silver net and tulle;” “Yellow velvet and roses, gold cloth and black paradise feathers;” “Mulberry chiffon, silver cloth and dyed peacock feathers.” These are some of the notes I took as I strolled through the wardrobe room, where everybody was rushing about frantically in one last spasm before a batch of costumes was sent out. From all the glory of the bazaar scene I went to the coolest spot on the Lasky lot—a little studio dressing room, hung with white cretonne and furnished with white wicker, and talked to Violet Heming, who looked as white and cool as a calla lily, with her golden hair, blue eyes, and fair skin. And I didn’t blame the powers that be for holding up the production till she could be its heroine. She was appearing in New York in “Three Faces East,” a play which had run on Broadway all season, and was so successful that it bid fair to run on forever. But finally it stopped for breath, and Miss Heming dashed out to the coast and began on the big picture, which was big enough to startle even her, calm Britisher though she is.

“You’re welcome if you’re not afraid of a costume epidemic,” she told me, waving a slim hand at the maids and dressmakers who were filling all the available space. Well, I was accustomed to that; you couldn’t step foot on the Lasky lot without being submerged in costumes and talk of costumes. Everybody, from the lowest extra up, wanted to tell you what she was going to wear.

Of course Miss Heming’s costumes weren’t so exotic as some of the others, but they had been especially designed to bring out her beauty. I inadvertently sat
it, but when the big chief saw us he just gave one horri-
fied groan and exclaimed, ‘Take ‘em away—they’ve
grown ten feet in ten weeks!’ Well, it wasn’t quite
as bad as that, of course, but it was a horrible
lesson to me, just the same. And while I’m
not afraid of growing too tall for a part, I keep
a pretty strict eye on my weight.”

Just then a retinue of try-em-on artists,
maids, and pin-pickers-up from the costume
department surged about her like an in-
coming tide, quite excluding me. So I
wended my way out across the Lasky lot,
past groups of girls talking about the sets
in “Everywoman,” past men discussing
bits of action in “Everywoman,” past
mechanics and carpenters arguing
about the amount of money spent on the
production, and innocent bystanders talk-
ing about the beauty of “Everywoman’s”
star.

The studio ballyhoo was waiting for me
as I left her dressing room.

“How about a bite of lunch?” he inquired,
“That’s where you see ‘em all out of their
glory—just ‘as is’ you know, with their grand
costumes left behind ‘em.”

So we wandered off across the lot to the lunch
room, where the cast was gathered about the big
tables. The ballyhoo was still feeling jovial, and
comment on personalities fell as the gentle rain from
heaven, though nobody seemed to care.

“Here comes Beauty—Wanda Hawley, you know.
Beauty is right for her—not no powder, and
a honey wafer and a drop of dew for lunch. ‘Can’t
eat your waistline and have it too!’ she said to me
the other day. Oh, Modesty, so glad you’re
among us again today—was afraid you took cold
in swimming yesterday. Didn’t you ever
took that suit in bathing. Margaret Loomis, and
about the sweetest girl in the world, I guess—
Oh, and there’s Monte Blue—Love. Love is right.
Everybody loves Monte, and
Monte is always in love—not
always with the same girl, but
always in love. Purity has a
headache—just will stay up
and dance at those parties.

The Glory of “Everywoman”
33

Another
engagement
ring, Purity?
Who’s the
incumbent?”
You could
have made up
rather an impres-
sive movie “who’s
who” just by glancing
around the tables. The-
odore Roberts was talking
Airedale dogs—his hobby—
and Edythe Chapman Neill,
James Neill, Noah Beery,
Charles Ogle, Tully Marshall,
Clara Horton, and Raymond
Hatton were all trying to give their orders
at once. I looked around and saw faces I’d
seen on the screen ever so often—and the
ballyhoo murmured in my ear names I’d
heard quite as often in movieland and hadn’t
been able to associate with their right faces
before. And anybody would have wagered
that there were any number of prospective
stars among the extras. I’m an old friend
of the movies, and I never saw prettier girls!
Presently George Melford appeared on the
scene.

“Well, there are a lot of characters who
could be added to the bunch,” he moaned, as
he dropped wearily into a seat in the corner, pulled his hat over
his eyes, and ordered ham-and-two-turned-over, meanwhile gaz-
ing darkly out at his big crowd of stars.

“And their names, I suppose,” suggested the studio ballyhoo:
“would be Cagey and Always-late-on-the-lot and I-wouldn’t
work-for-no-such-money and Hoy-the-scene—”

“Oh, say not so!” said Mr. Melford, brightening, as Beauty
and Vice both smiled at him at once. “Oh, Lord, no—just
Brotherly Love and Take-the-scene-dear-I-don’t-want-it and
You-look-lovely-darling-how-do-I-look and Stuff—”

“What?” said Stuff, turning quickly, tickled to death to have
the director address him. “Were you speaking to me, Mr.
Melford?”

“No, no!” sighed Melford, turning back to his ham-and-eggs. “As you
were, Stuff—as you were!”

I expect to enjoy seeing “Everywoman.” But I don’t expect to enjoy it
nearly so much as I did seeing it in the making.
An Exasperating Interruption.

"He promised never to kill, but when the bandit brands him yellow—his passion overwhels him. As he lifts his gun to fire—Triangle presents Jane Miller in "The Unbroken Promise."

From Disclose to Clothes.

Never, since the apple made clothing popular, has such a deluge of dressing been revealed as is seen in Bessie Barriecale's "The Woman Michael Married."

She begins with a one-piece Kellermann and runs the whole gamut of fashionable feminine attire.

Imagine This with a Guitar Accompaniment.

Great-a beeg-a da eyes, nice-a da form-a. In-a my heart she-a raise-a da storm-a!

Dat Tal-a-madge-a da one. She-a worth-a da mon—

She fine-a ac-a-tress gal—dat-a Norma!

What a Misplaced Letter Will Do

"Two social butterflies, a man and a woman, become soused to the great crisis confronting the world and give their lives in a noble effort to help humanity!"

Well, sir—when we read that we thrillingly thought that the Wet and Dry disturbance had claimed its first martyrs!

But closer inspection of this exhibitor's ad of "Our Better Selves," starring Fannie Ward, disclosed the fact that a thirsty-minded compositor had slipped one over on a sleepy proofreader.

With A "High"-Diver, So's To Speak.

From "The Career Of Katherine Bush": "One must see life, she argued, and it was better to make the first plunge with a person of refinement."

Yum! Yum!

Eric Von Stroheim, who so vividly portrayed that ultra-cussed Hun Villain in "The Heart Of Humanity," was beamed with a brick in Hollywood—trum at him by a kid who recognized him from his film character-over on a sleepy proof reader.

Those last four words impart to us one grand idea.

If a fan, impressed by a player's performance, can hand him (or her) whatever they believe is coming to him (or her)—and get away with it—

Just wait until we meet Mary Pickford on the street!

Dere Mabel:

We have been waiting for someone to take you aside and gently but firmly pour a bit of advice into your adorable ear. As no one seems to volunteer to do so, we'll tackle the job ourself.

Mabel, those idiotic Sis Hopkins make-up and manners are not funny. Put aside that over-painted, mask-like mug, that gaping mouth, the hunched shoulder and the twisted feet—don once again your costume and character of "Mickey"—and we'll all be happy!

Did It Ever Occur To You?

Of William Russell in "A Sporting Chance," 'twas said: "not one out of fifty who see the picture will ever guess it's finish."

We didn't have to—we saw the last reel first!

How Can You Explain This?

There must be other queer people in Washington, D. C., beside Congressmen and the Post-Master General.

An exchange-man of that city informed the Bull's Eye Film Corp.—"we cannot get enough Billy West Comedies, the demand seems greater than the supply."

Gosh! How We Like To Be Shocked!

"Abe Martin," in Universal "Screen Magazine" asks: "What has become of the girl who used to complain that she didn't have a decent thing to wear?"

Well, Abe—to our prudish mind, some of 'em are at present wearing the opposite—and it sure is scandalous how—

Excuse us—there goes one of 'em now!

Bald Butter.

Being a regular star, Hale Hamilton felt he needed a dog, so he purchased one of the Mexican Hairless variety.

Hale says he selected this style of dog in order to avoid being annoyed with shedding hairs.

We wish our café were equipped with Mexican hairless waiters!

Explaining An Idea.

The manager of the "Frontenac" Theater, Detroit, Mich., put on two Chaplins
at one performance, and then boasted that he had to close the box-office for an hour.

If it is his idea to select a program that will enable his ticket-seller to enjoy a rest, perhaps we can help him a bit.

We can name him three two-reel comedies, (you know the kind), and if he attempts to run 'em all on the same bill—it will not be necessary to open the box-office atallatall!

—

Aw, Let's Make It A Jack-Pot!
"Johnny, Get Your Gun!" (Artcraft)
"Johnny on the Spot" (Metro)
"Green-eyed Johnnie" (Nestor)
"Oh, Johnny!" (Goldwyn)
"John Ghyde's Honor" (Frohman)
"John Needham's Double" (Bluebird)
"Johnnie Go Get 'Em!" (Christie)

—

Wasted Woe!
"The End" of Chapter Eighteen of The Seething Serial left Hortense the Heroine hanging by her manicured over a cañon about two miles deep.
All that week we mourned over the fierce finish of Hortense!
We just KNEW that fall would break every bone in her family!
You may imagine our surprise and delight upon learning in Chapter Nineteen that—
All she broke was her fall!

—

Scaring Away The Wolf.
In Theda Bara's "La Belle Russe," her husband paints a picture "to keep the wolf away from the door."
'Dja notice the painting?
Yes—wasn't it?
He should have set it out in the hall-way where the wolf could see 'it!'

—

Be Keerful, Hiram!
Regarding "The Hornet's Nest," Vitagraph asks: "what would you do if a pretty girl sought you out and asked you to help her out of her difficulties?"

By Gum!—one of 'em tried that there slick trick on us when we went to the city!
We just hung onto our watch and hollered: "Police!"

—

We're Getting To Be a Regular Critic!
We dropped in to see a Pathé Review, a portion of which was devoted to "The South African Bushman At Home."

As near as we could tell he seemed to be a better actor than the other bushman, but not nearly as pretty and charming.

—

Random Remarks—
(Suggested by Current Titles.)
"A Place In The Sun"—Where the milk-man always leaves our cream!
"The Unpainted Woman"—After her complexion was caught in the rain-storm!
"I'll Get Him Yet!"—The cootie hunt!
"The Man Who Turned White"—Pearl's cameraman!
"Tell Your Wife Everything"—we did—just before we went to hospital! "Twas Henry's Fault"—All these Ford jokes!
"Prudence On Broadway"—That's where you need it!
"A Sage Brush Hamlet"—Nogales, Ariz.
"A Dangerous Little Devil"—Villa.
"One Against Many"—Fido and his fleas!

—

Statistics.
If all the chuckles occasioned in 1919 by Chaplin were bunched together, they would make a commotion compared to which Niagara Falls would be as a whisper.
And if all the grins that your acrobatic idol grinned during the past year, were placed end to end, they would form a dental chasm from Douglas, Ariz., to Fairbanks, Minn.

—

The idea of taking the famous Bathing Beauties along with the film, "Yankee Doodle In Berlin," made a hit with everybody except certain of the more ossified censors. One of these iconoclasts in an Iowa town, after reading the ad—"the girls appear in interesting divertisements"—notified the exhibitor that the ladies must wear rain-coats over their divertisements or there'd be no show!

—

Very Simple.
A film company tells amateur scenarioists that they are willing to consider stories but not literary idiocies.
Well, how is a writer to know if he's bugs, or not?
We'll tell you.
If the company rejects the play, he's crazy.
If they accept it, they're crazy.
And if we go to see it, we're crazy!

—

Result Of The Two-Page Lay-out.
One of the longest shots ever made is disclosed in Bill Hart's "Square Deal Sanderson." It is so long that it has to be

Continued on page 104
The Sky's the Limit
By Barbara Little

I'll wager that you've often said "Well, what'll they do next?" after reading about the exploits of the movie when it was dedicated, aircraft of all kinds assembled from the neighboring camps and balloon schools, to be in at the christening.

stars. Well, here's what they're doing not only next, but now—flying. Some of the stars not only own their own planes, but own other people's, too, and run a reg-

Sydney Chaplin contents himself with managing the business end of his airplane taxi company—but Cecil De Mille, head of a similar organization, acts as chauffeur for his friends occasionally. Priscilla Dean learned to fly under favorable circumstances—two young army aviators proposed to her during the course of instruction. Oh, you'll hear a lot about the flying stars from now on.

Below, Cecil De Mille and Jean MacPherson in flying togs.

You know Priscilla Dean, of course; you ought to know Grace Kingsley, who writes about her—and others—in this magazine.
Bound and Gagged

Romance, thrills, and adventure, with a sprinkling of humor, are the ingredients of this story, retold from the Pathé serial, just released.

By C. L. Edson

It is strange how fate sometimes takes the threads of purpose spun by persons utterly unknown to each other, twists and twines them together, and weaves them into a fabric that has in it all the laughter, tears, joy, anguish, and peril that go to make up the romance of life. For example:

On a certain night, Don Estabán Carnero, a Spaniard, shot and killed his cousin Carlos, in Brazil, taking from his body a parchment, the ancient charter of the kingdom of Cordillera, an ancient principality in the Pyrenees.

On that night, a beautiful and mysterious art student was abducted from Paris and spirited away toward that same kingdom.

And on that night, Miss Margaret Hunter, of New York City, broke her engagement to Mr. Archibald Alexander Barlow.

How the weaving together of the chains of startling events set on foot by each of the circumstances affected the destinies of all the principals involved, we shall see.

"It isn't that I don't like you, Archie," Margaret was saying, as she stood facing the astonished young millionaire in the drawing-room of her uncle's home.

"I do. The trouble is—"

"The trouble is," he began, as she hesitated, "that you've become infatuated by this tramp poet, Oscar Glade, whose only stock in trade is that he once hoboed his way across part of the country."

"At least it shows that he was able to battle his way without the aid of wealth," she retorted. "It shows that he is a red-blooded man."

"If that's the sort of a test you want," Archie exclaimed, "I'll go him one so much better that he'll be put completely out of the running. I'll start without money—without even a stitch of clothes—and make my way around the world in six months—if you'll marry me after I've made good!"

The girl's eyes flashed in sudden admiration.

"I'll agree!" she said. "Uncle Willard," she continued, addressing the steely-eyed financier who had just entered the room. "I have just broken my engagement with Archie. It will be resumed if he completes a task he has promised to undertake. Perhaps you'll be good enough to act as a referee in arranging with him the conditions which he should comply with."

The eyes of the financier narrowed at her words. Secretly he had been counting on finding a way to add to his fortune that of the care-free young clubman after his niece's marriage. As Margaret explained the project his mind began to work rapidly. He saw another and speedier way of gathering in the tempting bait under this new turn that things had taken. With a bland smile he agreed to act as referee.

On the following day Willard Hunter and Archibald Barlow entered a small empty room in a dingy building. A few minutes later the elder man left, carrying a suit case containing the clothes which Archie had taken off.

"Now remember," Hunter said in parting, "you are not to use your money, name, or influence in any way. We'll trust to your honor for that."

"You may," Archie replied gravely, closing the door.

He waited until the other's footsteps could no longer be heard. Then he cautiously opened the door and peeped out.

"I imagine this is the way an oyster would feel without a shell," he said, shivering a bit, and stepping back into the room. "However, old scout, you've got a better brain than an oyster. Now, get it to working—quick. Ah!"

His eyes had fallen on the window curtain. He hastily tore it down. With teeth and nails he fashioned it into a rude smock which he slipped over his head, then pinned together with some nails which he tore from the loose woodwork. This, at least, was a start. Though not clothed, he was at least decently draped.

Cautiously he tip-toed out into the hall and up a flight of stairs. A plasterer was at work in the building and, having gone out on an errand, he had left his overalls rolled up in
a corner. With a suppressed cry of delight Archie
seized them and put them on. A garbage can next
cought his eye. Rummaging in it he found—wonder of
wonders—a pair of old broken, dilapidated shoes.

"Now if I only had a coat," he mused. "And I’ve got
to hurry, for the last boat for Europe this week leaves
in two hours, and I’ve no time to lose."

Peering about he noticed a dingy sign on the wall
of the hallway informing visitors in the building that
a tailor had his shop in a room on the floor above. He
started to tiptoe up another flight.

Now it happened that at this moment Don Estaban
Cameron was nervously pacing the floor of this shop,
waiting for the tailor to press his coat which lay on
a chair by the door. Don Cameron’s nervousness was
due to the fact that within the lining of that coat was
secured that priceless document, the charter of the
kingdom of Cordillera, which, by a roundabout way,
he was taking with him back to Europe. Fearful that
political enemies might be trailing him, he had fastened
it in the coat, and, not daring to let the garment out
of his sight, he had taken it to the obscure shop,
where he could wait while the coat was being pressed.

As he stopped before the tailor to ask impatiently
how much longer he would have to wait, Archie
reached the door of the shop which stood ajar, peeped
in, and saw the coat. Cautiously reaching in, he seized
it, turned, and fled down the stairs, putting it on as he
ran.

Cameron gave a cry of alarm as he saw the coat
disappear from the room.

"Get that coat!" he cried to the husky youth, nephew
of the tailor, who was loafing in the shop. "I’ll give
you two hundred dollars for its recovery!"

The gangster—for such he was—sprang
to his feet and was off. But by the time he
reached the street he saw Archie rounding
the corner on the rear end of a motor
truck, bound for the river front.

There was nothing for the
Spaniard to do but wait. And
wait he did, cursing fate and
reviling the tailor. Half an hour
later a battered figure entered
the room. He wore a pair of
battered, broken shoes, a smock
made of a window curtain and a
pair of plasterer’s overalls. Also
he had a black eye.

"The coat!" cried the Don.
"Coat be hanged and you along
with it!" the gangster roared.
"The coat’s on board the Cadiz,
along with my clothes and my
gat that that guy took away
from me when I jumped
him down at the docks.
In an hour it’ll be on
the way to Spain."

What he had said
was true. Not
for nothing
had the young
clubman
learned ju-

jutsu. By means of it he had turned the tables on
the gangster, and had made him exchange clothes with him.

"So the tramp poet is trying dirty work," he mused,
as he looked himself over with a broad grin, quite satis-
fied at the turn things had taken, since he was now
much better clad, and had a gun in the bargain.

So far, fate seemed to be taking care of Archie.
Having gained an entrance to the hold of the ship by
seizing a loaded truck and wheeling it on board, as
though he were one of the stevedores, he stumbled into
the laundry room where, among a pile of soiled linen,
he found a jersey belonging to one of the crew. It
took but a moment more for him to exchange the gang-
man’s trousers for a soiled pair of ducks. He was now
much safer. To all appearances he was a member of
the crew. Just as he was about to leave he caught sight
of the coat he had taken off.

"That’s too good a coat to leave," he said to himself,
as he picked it up. "Besides, it might come in handy.
Now for something to eat."

It would hardly do, he thought, to try to join any of
the crew’s messes. He would at once be detected,
imprisoned, and sent back. But another way was open.
In his college days he had heard tales of students who
had crossed the ocean on cattle boats, and he remember-
ed stories of how the cooks had befriended them,
provided they showed a willingness to work.

Now it happened that between a certain second-class
cabin steward and the pantryman of the second-class
dining saloon on the Cadiz there had been a feud,
dating over a period of some months, and springing
from some obscure cause connected with a Liverpool
miller. The steward was a large, strong man, who
should have been working in a locomotive plant. The
pantryman was a decent and worthy fellow, but slight
of stature. So, when the steward, warmed by a
few drinks taken just before sailing, thrust his head in the
pantry and announced that he was coming back in a few minutes
to cut the pantryman’s mustache off to mail to the milli-
ner for a souvenir, the poor pantryman was thrown into a
fit of trembling.

He was still shaking a few minutes later when Archie
boldly entered the pantry, sat down and began to peel
a pan of potatoes

By means of ju-

jutsu he had
turned the tables
on the gangster,
and had made
him exchange
clothes with him,
which stood on the floor. Ordinarily he might have
sent Archie on his way. But it occurred to him that
a third person in the room might possibly deter the
steward from his threatened outrage, so he gave his
attention to a kettle that was boiling over on the stove,
while Archie, taking advantage of the situation, went
on peeling like mad.

While the pantryman for the moment remained
absorbed in his work, the evil face of the steward suddenly appeared
in the little pantry. With his at-
tention fixed on the pantryman, he
failed to see Archie, who shrank
back, and then started to his feet,
as he saw the steward seize a long
bread knife and start toward the
pantryman.

Nabbing a huge frying pan,
Archie dealt the steward a blow
that sent him reeling out into the
passageway, stunned, but not
knocked out. The dazed steward
was collecting himself, considering whether or not he
should return and give battle, when he saw the captain
of the ship and some other officers approaching, and
he fled. Archie was about to follow, when the pantry-
man, who had looked out, stopped him and cried, "Get
behind the door!" And a moment later the ship’s
officers entered the pantry. They were accompanied
by Don Estaban Carnero, who had taxied to the dock.
booked passage, and had rushed to the captain with a
description of Archie, and the information that he
was hiding on board the Cadiz.

"Seen anything of a stowaway?" asked the captain
 sternly.

"No, sir," answered the pantryman. "The steward
was just in—no one else."

As soon as their footsteps were out of hearing, the
pantryman hauled Archie out from his hiding place and
clapsed his hand.

"My friend," he cried, "I ask no questions. For
the favor of your breaking the skull of that great bull
for me you may have anything I possess. Name what
you want!"

Archie scratched his head. "I’d like to find some
way to complete this trip in peace and safety," he re-
plied. "Perhaps—"

"I will fix you up!" cried the pantryman. "All you
need," he whispered excitedly, "is some respectable
clothes. This coat you are carrying will do. I’ll get
you the rest. Then you can mingle with the passengers
in greater safety than if you tried to hide. I’ll see that
you have food, and you can bunk in my stateroom."

Now, while Archie was being fitted up, Don Carnero,
frantic over the failure of the search for the stowaway,
had gone to the purser’s office to study the passenger
list, to see whether this might give him a clue to the
political enemies whom he believed to be the cause of
his troubles. One name attracted his attention. It was
that of Rodrigo de Tubal. Aha! A Spaniard. He
would spy on this fellow.

Having noted the number of this passenger’s room,
the only other Spaniard on the ship, he stationed him-
self outside it. Before long, the door opened, and a
gentleman with a heavy black beard, and wearing gold
Oxford glasses, stepped out.

The bearded man made his way toward the place in
the main cabin where the ship’s stenographer was sta-
tioned. At that moment Archie happened to be passing
by, confidential in his newly acquired garments.

"Do you write English and Spanish?" Don Rodrigo
asked in a loud tone.

It was Archie’s opportunity. As he saw the stenogra-
pher shake her head he stopped, and said:

"I beg your pardon, sir, but
perhaps I can be of assistance. I
have a very fair knowledge of
Spanish, and—"

"Then come with me," said the
Spaniard.

As they turned back toward Don
Rodrigo’s stateroom, Carnero, who
had been watching, silently fol-
lowed them.

"Let us make ourselves at ease,"
remarked the Spaniard, as he
closed the door. "It is very warm,
don’t you wish to remove your
clothes? I beg you to make yourself at home."

With a sigh of relief, Archie replied that he did, and
having done so, inquired as to what service he might
render.

"I shall ask you to make a translation of this letter,"
he asked. "I am traveling around the world, and my
secretary was taken sick just before I left."

"If I could take the job," began Archie eagerly.

"You may—if I find that you have the necessary
qualifications," replied the other. "I have a double
stateroom here. Perhaps you could work better alone,
if you care to step into the adjoining room."

With a sudden feeling of elation, when he heard,
in the adjoining room a sudden sound of something
falling. Hastily opening the door he saw the body of
the Spaniard, lying unconscious, while through the
porthole a dark object suddenly whirled and dis-
appeared.

A bottle of ammonia stood on a chair near by. Pour-
sing some of the contents out on his handkerchief,
Archie held it to the Spaniard’s nose. In a moment he
had revived. As he struggled to rise, the black beard
slipped from his face, and to his amazement, Archie
recognized the features of his valet.

"Hopley!" he cried. "You old brick! What on earth—"

"I’m sorry, sir," replied Hopley. "I meant all for
the best. I made so bold as to make some inquiries
and I learned of your undertaking. I thought I could
help you secretly without your violating the terms of
your agreement. I saw that your coat needed pressing
badly, so when I got you in here I maneuvered to at-
tend to it. I was just finishing the job when some one
thrust a spike pole through the porthole, struck me over
the head, and that’s the last I remember."

"Then it was the coat that I saw going through the
porthole," cried Archie. "That’s funny," he added in a
puzzled tone.

"Not so funny," said Hopley, as he rose. "for see
Continued on page 84
Rearranging Memory’s Wood Box

Betty Blythe sorted out the sticks in hers before she went West to work in a Goldwyn-Rex Beach picture.

By Louise Williams

YOU’VE heard the old saying, “Put a log in memory’s wood box for me,” haven’t you? Well, Betty Blythe is changing the contents of her box—not discarding the old memories, exactly, but just moving them around and sorting them out, finding that the ones she hasn’t wanted to look at for a long, long time aren’t so unhappy as she’d thought, and that the happier ones are nicer than ever.

The unhappy ones are centered in California, where she lost her family a few years ago, and when the chance to play in Rex Beach’s “The Silver Horde” came along she thought she’d have to refuse, because she just couldn’t go back West. But Betty told me that, especially after she’d talked the story over with Mrs. Beach, she decided that she ought to make the effort and go.

And she went on to tell me how she’s been getting ready for this trip, not about the lovely clothes she’s been buying—I’d heard of them from other sources for Betty has just been asked to pose for some fashion pictures in her new gowns. But she talked of other preparations—about how she’s been spending a lot of time sitting in the big window of her tiny little living room, looking way off over the city, and just thinking. And because she’s a genuine philosopher they were the kind that just speculate and wander around among other people’s affairs and never get anywhere.

Of course Betty Blythe had some nice memories to sort out and think about and contrast with the less pleasant ones—for after she was educated at the University of California she had a year in Paris, as you probably know, and that made all sorts of nice things to think about—regular pine cones to take out of the wood box and toss on the fire of less gay memories, to make it flare up more brightly.

“I love California, naturally,” she told me, playing with the end of the long red chiffon scarf that was knotted around her dark hair. “I was very happy there. But you know how it is when you go back to a place where every place, every little nook in the city reminds you of somebody who—well, who isn’t there any more and won’t ever be. I haven’t thought about my old home for a long time just for that reason, but while I’ve been sitting up here in this little corner looking down over the city I’ve come to see how unhappy things can be discounted by happy ones, and I’m going out to Los Angeles now with a lot of brand-new sticks to put into my ‘memory’s wood box’, that will help me see the good things about even the unhappiest old ones. That sounds complicated, doesn’t it?” She smiled just then, and when

Betty Blythe’s dark-blue eyes smile at you you’re sorry she’s ever grave. “Well, what I mean is that when
you tuck a memory away because it's unhappy and you feel that you can't bear to look at it, if later on you tuck a happy one alongside it, and then take them out together after a while, you find that perhaps they have a lot in common, and that the unhappy one wasn't so bad as you'd thought. Don't you see, maybe you tuck away the memory of an awfully good time, which made you feel compassionate toward those who weren't enjoying life at that particular moment, and when you put that recollection along with another of a time when you were awfully blue and needed compassion, they fit in together beautifully. I've been rearranging all of mine that way."

She had been making nice little memories for other people that afternoon before I arrived; the room was literally filled with photomailers and pictures, which a maid was busily sorting out and carrying away, while in the midst of things sat Betty at her little desk, with a knitting bag of letters dangling from the back of her chair, trying to think of things to write on her photographs before she signed them.

"Three little girls, all chums, want pictures—and I mustn't write the same thing on each one's picture, yet I don't know any "sentiments!" she lamented. "If you were ten years old what would you want me to say on a picture I sent you?"

"Oh, just say anything," I urged, but she promptly remonstrated with me.

"That wouldn't do—I want those children to remember me as somebody who was willing to think of them specially," she explained. "And this is such a warm day that I can't think of a thing—except 'When this you see, remember me.'"

And, banal as that little old bit of doggerel is, it's the line you can't help thinking of when you look at anything of Betty Blythe's—even her most inconsequential little belongings are distinctive, and she has a way of doing things that is all her own. For instance, that afternoon, after she'd signed dozens of pictures, she slipped out of her dress and into an ivory-colored tea gown, and with her red scarf wound about her head she was unique indeed—a refreshing sort of picture to take out of one's mind when everybody in the world seems to look and think just exactly alike! And the memory of that visit is one of the nicest sticks in any "wood box."
Lion-Hearted Marie

She’s too fond of animals for the comfort of the casual caller at her studio.

By Elizabeth Benneche Petersen

Over the Hollywood hills sped Marie Walcamp’s canary-colored racing car. I followed it—straight into a den of lions.

I’m not speaking figuratively, either.

It was most unexpected. We just strolled out on the set, and all at once there was a lion facing me. It was bad enough for him to be there at all, but to have him coming toward me at a steady pace, with a certain unpleasant something gleaming in his eyes, made my knees decidedly wobbly. And then into the midst of my misery penetrated the voice of Marie Walcamp, who had led me into this place of horrors.

“This is dear old Caesar. Isn’t he nice? Why, you aren’t afraid, are you? He wouldn’t hurt you; that is, unless you let him see that you are afraid of him.”

Trusting that Caesar’s eyesight was bad at that particular moment, I retreated to what I supposed was a safer spot, and encountered Susie Jane. Now Susie Jane, who was formally introduced by the valiant Marie, was a leopard, and if you’re anything like me you know that, while “strong doors do not a prison make, nor iron bars a cage,” there’s some comfort in having either one of them between you and a leopard who positively crunches every time she looks at you sidling nearer all the while.

“Just keep on walking. Don’t let Susie Jane think you’re afraid; she’s so sensitive.” The Walcamp voice was absolutely plaintive, as if the only thing in the world worth considering was Susie Jane’s feelings. Now I had come out there to have a talk with Marie of the serials, and I intended to get it, but I couldn’t help wondering how my family happened to let me take up such a dangerous business as interviewing.

Somehow my own feelings were a more vital matter to me than even the sensitive leopard’s, and never in my life have I been more grateful for anything than I was at that moment to Mr. MacGowan, the director, for the arm which he kindly offered me. Possibly he came to my aid because he feared I’d faint in Susie Jane’s vicinity and embarrass her. Whatever his motive, I was overwhelmingly thankful for his aid.

We walked miles, it seemed to me, though after we’d

She doesn’t look like a lion tamer!

Sally has such beautiful teeth.
This is great fun—for somebody else.

reached the roped-in area for which he was heading. It didn't seem so very far. And from that safe distance it was really exciting—safely so—to watch "the adventures of the cinema" go through some scenes.

Now I'd seen some of the Walcamp serials on the screen, and had found some of the episodes wildly exciting, but it seems to me that the parts of "The Lion's Claws," which they did that day, were the most thrilling things I'd ever beheld. Of course it's possible that I was somewhat prejudiced, though.

Mr. MacGowan lent me his megaphone, and I shouted some questions at the heroine and scribbled the answers in my notebook.

"Which do you like better—movies or the stage?" I called, feeling quite like myself once more, when a dread premonition of impending evil, as they say in the melodramas, made me look down to see what was tugging at my skirt. heavens above! It was an orang-utan!

"Oh, please don't be cross with poor Joe," urged Miss Walcamp, hurrying over to the edge of the set. "He's just getting over a bad illness; we—we"—there was a suspicious tremble in her voice—"we thought we were going to lose him."

Just by way of diverting my attention she then showed me what beautiful teeth Sally, the lioness, has. But my voice was still wavering and my knees shaky when three of the men in the company and Miss Walcamp strolled non-

chalantly into the lion's den and posed for a still. That was perfect, all right if they felt like doing it, but not for me!

My hastily scribbled notes declare that Marie Walcamp is twenty-three, was on the stage with Anna Held, and prefers pictures to the stage because—that dash shows where the orang-utan came into my life, and ended my investigations. So if you want to know anything more, see Marie yourself.

Susie Jane is so sensitive
—Marie was afraid I'd hurt her feel-
ings.
THAT isn't Wallace McCutcheon's strongest claim to glory, but he modestly maintains that it's one of the chief ones.

"Of course, it was more or less just accident," he explains. "I was working for my father, who, after making those moving pictures that you saw by dropping a penny in the slot and turning a crank, graduated into making movies on a more pretentious scale. And at one time when I was directing for him D. W. Griffith and Mack Sennet were among those present."

That was ten or twelve years ago, and as McCutcheon's only thirty-four now you can see that he was rather a youngish director. Unlike the men he directed, he didn't stick to pictures, but, being "a versatile cuss," he went on the stage, and appeared in a number of big productions. Then the dance craze hit the country and Wallace as well, and with the famous Joan Sawyer as a partner he showed the rest of us how to do the tango.

When the war came along he changed his dancing pumps for trench boots and joined the British army, and by the time this country went into the war he had been retired because of his wounds. And now he's returned to his first love, the movies, and as Frederick Vaux, of the United States secret service, he recently found in the Pathé serial, "The Dark Secret," a rôle that just suited him. He plays opposite Pearl White. And his friends say his work in this thriller is more likely to make him famous than is the fact that he once bossed D. W. G. and the inventor of the flying custard pie.

"It's a corking part," he told me enthusiastically. "Lots of mystery about it—I give you my word, sometimes I've hardly known myself just what Vaux was up to! He's one of those fellows folks call 'intriguing'—nice word!—who pack an automatic, wear a monocle, and—well, you can imagine what kind of a secret-service man Robert W. Chambers would put into a serial, can't you? He certainly did a good job when he wrote this part, and I've had such a good time playing it that I'm sorry to return to everyday life when I leave the studio."
The Fighting Colleen

A whimsical tale of strange things that happened in Cobblestone Alley.

By Mary Denham Monroe

She was a fighter, was “Puggy” Malone, a funny, sunny, happy, scrappy slip of an Irish colleen who sold newspapers on a busy corner and lived in Cobblestone Alley.

“Sure and I can see nothing so bad in Cobblestone Alley,” she would declare when dwellers in Flaherty’s Flats told her that the newspapers which she could sell but could not read, were full of the “tirrible slum conditions.”

Puggy did not see the squalor, the filth, the miserable poverty of the Alley. It had always been home to her, there was always a bit of a laugh going around, a little news to gossip about, some one to cry over and help out, or a love affair to watch with eager interest. For it was her home, and squalid, dirty, miserable though it was, it was warm and sweet and vivid with love, laughter, and tears.

Puggy had a little bit of a room, in the janitor’s flat, she had a little red-haired, blue-eyed prettiness, less than a little education. But she had a good deal of something else, a mysterious something. In high society they call it “verve.” Most of us know it as “pep.” In Cobblestone Alley, they don’t call it at all. But they recognize it just the same. No daring newsboy ever invaded Puggy’s domain. It was a bit of Cobblestone Alley tradition, that Puggy had actually “sassed” the mayor of the city.

It was not only tradition, it was really true. Mayor Wall owned “Charity Flats,” the only decent living quarters in Cobblestone Alley, and Puggy’s mother—she was dead now—had been his janitress. The mayor, on his one “slumming” visit to the Alley had been eager to appear charitable in front of his companions—one in particular who was a newspaper reporter—but he had couched his offer of help to Mother Malone in unfortunate terms.

“Charity is it you’re offering us?” an angry, red-haired wisp of a girl had blazed at him. “Charity to us that work as hard as we do! Charity is it!”

Then had followed the denunciation that was still history in Cobblestone Alley.

Even months afterward, Puggy could not recall the incident without little flashes of anger.

“Talking to me poor mother—God rest her soul—like that. Sure, I hope Stanton beats him for mayor. Hanging around afterward talking to Maggie O’Higgins secretly he was, too. He’s a fine mayor, Mayor Wall is. I hope Stanton beats him.”

If the mayor had known he had an enemy in Cobblestone Alley, he would have smiled indulgently. As unimportant as a grain of sand or a flutter of straw was this red-haired colleen to the mayor. But a grain of sand in the eye can make even a mayor blink and everybody knows what the last straw did to the camel.

Puggy had little time to nourish a grievance. Hers was a busy corner, selling papers kept her mind and her thin little legs equally lively. Every regular customer she knew to smile at, to have his paper ready and waiting. One of them she liked best of all. Mr. 2726 she called him, because she did not know his name, and that was the number of his automobile license. Every night as he drove home he stopped to buy his paper from Puggy. He had a friendly smile and once, when his car splattered mud on Puggy’s pile of papers he bought the lot from her.

On one particular spring day, Mr. 2726 had bought his paper as usual. But a good many of Puggy’s regular customers had failed her. One after another appeared with a paper already bought. At last the explanation dawned on Puggy. Somebody was on her beat. Did the intruder have no fear of death? To encroach on the sacred territory of the Terror of Cobblestone Alley?
The Fighting Colleen

Vengeance flaming in her blue eyes and blazing to the very end of her red braid, she rounded the nearest corner to find a strange boy selling papers, actually selling papers on her corner. He did not hear her as she crept upon him stealthily. When, just as she was upon him, he did hear and turn around, it was too late. He was bigger and stronger than Puggy, but he went down under her sudden, electrifying attack. Once she had him down, she pummeled him unmercifully. At first, the stranger struck out with a wiry blow or two but when he realized that his assailant was a girl, he struck no more, protecting himself as well as he could from her assault.

"Ye will, will ye! There—take that—and that—and——"

The prostrate body stiffened suddenly, jerked itself out from under her and Puggy felt her shoulders grabbed firmly. Amazed indignation lent her even more vigor than before but she could not strike again. The muscular hands on her arms were like a strait-jacket.

"Sure is it crazy you're gone or is it just a bit of exercise?"

"You know," accused the angry Puggy, stamping and kicking at him. "You were looking for trouble when you came onto my corner—you—you—"

"Stop your scrapping, will you, now? I didn't know it was your corner or I wouldn't have come."

"You didn't—I——" Warm-hearted Puggy was quickly repentant.

The strange boy smiled, a broad friendly smile, wholly admiring.

"Me name is Jimmy Meehan," he said, putting out his hand, "and I'm pleased to meet the acquaintance of anybody who can put up a fight like that."

"I'm—I'm pleased——" the girl placed her hand in his. And then wonder of wonders, she blushed. Puggy Malone, the terror of Cobblestone Alley turned scarlet at the honest admiration in a pair of merry Irish eyes.

It was the beginning of their love affair, a love affair at times as funny as Maggie O'Higgins' fancy, at times as wistful as the little geranium that Puggy tried to make grow on the window sill looking out on the squalor and filth of Cobblestone Alley.

Puggy still had her little room in the janitor's flat. Flashy Maggie O'Higgins was the new janitress who had come after Mother Malone's death. Maggie's brother was janitor of the Flaherty Flats across the alley, the most wretched, unsafe, insanitary building in which thin, undernourished mothers ever tried to get enough for their thin babies to eat.

"You can keep your old room," the new janitress had told Puggy, "if you'll help me with the work."

Puggy was glad to stay although she did not like Maggie. She was a little curious about Maggie; Maggie always had so many gay clothes, such rich foods on her table. When Puggy's mother had been janitor, janitoring had not paid so well.

"How did you come to know the mayor?" Puggy had asked interestingly one day.

"I don't know him," Maggie denied quickly. "Never laid my two eyes on him."

"Why I thought I saw you talking to him that day he came down here to look over Charity Flats."

"Not me," said Maggie.

Puggy would have thought she must have been mistaken, would have forgotten all about the incident if it had not been for Mr. 2726 and the fact that that very day she became a detective.

She had just come home from selling her papers and was picking her way through Cobblestone Alley. It was squallid, pitifully dirty, miserable beyond words, but Puggy was not thinking of this. She stopped to joke with one ragged urchin, to fling a bantering compliment to a woman washing near an open window. She was to "walk out" with Jimmy that night, and the very dirti-
ness and dinginess of the wretched tenements were ros-
hued to Puggy. Oh, there are times when life, being young and
in love, has it all over Cobble-
stone Alleys.

Just as she was turning in at
her own door, she saw a man,
obviously a “gentleman,” more
than a little out of place here,
walking slowly down the alley.
He was looking up at the fire-
escapes, down at the great hol-
lows where dirty water stood in
puddles, at all the filthy misery
of the Flaherty Flats. The two
met at Puggy’s door, the shabby
little newsgirl glanced up, the
immaculate gentleman looked
down. Both smiled in sudden
recognition.

“Why, it’s the paper girl!”
said the gentleman.

“Why, it’s Mr. 2726!” said
Puggy.

Then they both laughed. The man
sat down on the rickety steps and Puggy sat down beside
him.

“Live here?” asked Mr. 2726.

“M-hm,” said Puggy. “What’re
you doing here?”

“Oh, just looking around a
little. So you live in the mayor’s
model tenements?”

Puggy suddenly remembered
the mayor’s one visit.

“Yes,” she admitted. “I don’t
like him, though.”

The man grinned.

“Neither do I,” he admitted.

“I hope Stanton gets elected
next month,” Puggy went on,
with the street urchin’s ready
knowledge of politics. “I’d like
to see Mayor Wall licked.”

“Have you lived here long?”
Mr. 2726 inquired.

“Six years,” said Puggy. Her
regular customer seemed to feel
that he had found a friend. He
sat for some time, leading Puggy
on to talk of one thing after an-
other. Never had she had a more
attentive listener. She told him
about her mother’s dying and
Maggie coming to take her place,
she told him about Jimmy, about
the neighbor baby’s croup, about
Maggie’s fine clothes.

“And who is Maggie?” Mr. 2726
inquired.

Puggy told him. He seemed
strangely interested in Maggie, in
her having a brother who was jan-
tor of the wretched Flaherty Flats.

Encouraged by his flattering in-
terest, Puggy told him even about
having thought she had seen
Maggie speaking to the mayor.
It was fun to gossip with such
an appreciative listener, one who
received a trifle like this with
such interest. She could have
talked on all night. When Mr.
2726 rose to go, he said:

“Miss—what is it? Oh yes—
Miss Puggy, I’m going to turn
you into a private detective.”

“To a private detective!”

“Just that. I want you to re-
member and tell me everything
out of the ordinary that happens
in Cobblestone Alley. Will you
do it?”

“Sure,” said Puggy. But she
was bewildered. She began to
wonder if so handsome a gentle-
man as Mr. 2726 could be
“queer.” It was undeniably queer
for anybody to take such an in-
terest in Cobblestone Alley.

There seemed to be an unusual
amount of interest taken in Cob-
blestone Alley by others, how-
ever. Groups of gentlemen came
and went frequently. Jimmy said
they had something to do with the
coming mayoralty campaign.

“The papers say a lot about the
Alley being a disgrace,” he ex-
plained, “and about the mayor’s
flats being the only decent build-
ing here.”

“I hope Stanton gets it,”
Puggy declared again. “I’d
like to see Mayor Wall put
out.”

Nearly every night, when
Mr. 2726 stopped to get his
paper he would ask Puggy for
her report. All the raciest,
newsiest gossip of Cobblestone
Alley, she saved up for him. She
could never tell, though, what
would interest him. He paid al-
most no attention to her excited
account of Mrs. Dulaney’s tip-
ing over the “furriner’s” fruit
cart and being taken up in the
patrol wagon, or to her vivid re-
port of Jimmy’s having licked the
champion of Dusenberry Square.
But when she told him of having
seen Maggie counting over a pile
of money the night before, he
roused to amazing interest.

“What was she doing with it?
Where did she get it?” he asked.

“Search me,” said Puggy. “She
was counting it and figuring
something on a piece of paper.
And he did not drive away until he had made sure that Puggy could tell him nothing which would throw any light on this unimportant trifle.

"Honest," Puggy confided to Jimmy a few days later, "I'm more'n half believe he must be in love with Maggie. Every night he stops and asks me stuff, mostly about her. The other day he got me to point her out to him. And he acted so surprised and just stared his head off at her."

"Does he stop in his auto and talk to you every night?" Jimmy demanded disapprovingly.

"M-hm."

A sudden light broke over Jimmy. His eyes narrowed in suspicion.

"It's you he's in love with!" he declared. "Don't you have nothing more to do with him?"

Puggy laughed gleefully. Jimmy must be very, very much in love with her to be so jealous. She would not promise and every evening when Mr. 2726 drove past and stopped, she stood and told him the latest gossip of Cobblestone Alley. And because Puggy was feminine, when she knew that Jimmy was glaring at her from his distant corner, she talked longer and more laughingly than usual.

"If anything unusual should happen," Mr. 2726 said one afternoon, "I'll want to know about it. I'm busy working on the election and I may not be coming along nights now, till it's over. But here's my address. Will you let me know?"

"Sure," said Puggy.

But nothing did happen. Day after day went by, the election was now only two days away. Of course, there was the East Side picnic, but she had already told Mr. 2726 about that and that she was going to it with Jimmy. This interesting piece of news had made no impression, he had seemed more interested in the fact that Maggie went over to the Flaherty Flats a great deal to talk to her brother.

It was late when Puggy reached home after the picnic. The history of a city may depend upon a half hour. If Puggy had not stayed to partake of a last bottle of ginger ale, Mayor Wall might have been re-elected.

But Puggy did stay, she did not arrive home in time to see Maggie O'Higgins writing a letter, in the room off Puggy's tiny bedroom. She did not see Maggie called away for a moment, leaving her unsealed letter on the table. Neither did Puggy see the neighbor's baby creeping over the floor, reach at the dangling tablecloth like a kitten playing with a string. The ink-bottle crashed to the floor, the letter fluttered down beside it and the baby's thin little hand splashed into the ink and then pushed the white letter about the floor. But Puggy knew none of this. If she had, her heart would not have almost stopped beating as it did, when she pushed open the door to her shabby little bedroom and found lying on the floor, a letter. Breaking its whiteness was an unmistakable black hand!

Puggy stood for a moment staring at the threatening looking envelope. Then she put her hat back on and dashed out of the janitress' flat. She was bound for the home of Mr. 2726. If a "private detective" was receiving Black Hand letters, it was high time her employer knew of it.

"Hi, Puggy, where're you going?"

Puggy did not even hear Jimmy's call. He stood staring after her, and then dark suspicion came into his eyes. He followed her.

Puggy stopped for a moment outside the house whose address Mr. 2726 had given her. She had thought he was probably rich—to Puggy, everybody who owned an automobile was rich—but she had not dreamed of such a house as this. She scarcely dared ring the doorbell. But Puggy's Irish daring at last came dancing back and she asked the dignified-looking butler to see Mr. 2726. She was ushered into such a room as she had never seen before, a room with thick soft carpets and silky curtains.

"Well, Miss Puggy!"

At the sound of Mr. 2726's friendly voice and the welcoming smile in his friendly eyes, Puggy forgot her awe of the thick rugs and silken curtains.

"Sure and it's Black Hand letters I'm getting!" she said, passing over the big envelope with its thin black hand.

The man looked at the envelope a moment, then drew out the letter, not a Black Hand warning at all, but the letter Maggie O'Higgins had written. He read it through hastily first, then with a sharp exclamation, again, very slowly. When at last he looked up at Puggy, his eyes were shining.

"We've won, Miss Puggy, we've won!"

"Won?" Puggy repeated bewilderedly.

"Your friend, Mayor Wall will never be mayor again after this evidence comes out."

"But what—" the puzzled Puggy began.

"He has been taking graft money through all his term from the owner of Flaherty's Flats. I've been pretty sure of it—no insanitary, hideous place like Cobblestone Alley could have remained in this city without protection. His own 'Charity Flats' where you live are just a coat to cover up the other crooked work."

"Put—but what about Maggie?"

"The go-between. When you pointed her out to me, I recognized her; she used to be Wall's housekeeper. Her brother is Flaherty's janitor. This letter is to Wall and it settles the election. We've won, Puggy...you and I! We've won!"

"We've won!" Puggy stared for a moment at the face of Mr. 2726. And suddenly, blurred newspaper

Continued on page 101
The Little Gem—and Jim
By Jim's Wife

THE movies," a good-looking chap standing near me was saying, "make me tired. I'd like to see every motion-picture theater run out of town."

I moved a little nearer, anxious to know what had caused his violent disapproval.

"Oh yes, I like to go, myself, occasionally," I heard him admit, "and they're all right for the children now and again. But they are simply ruining my wife. They put all sorts of sentimental notions into her head, she goes around for days, imagining herself some poor, persecuted hero-wine. Nothing I can do for her pleases her; she's discontented with everything. I do the best I can and yet—"

That was all I heard. He was such a good-looking man—he looked really "good," I mean, as though he'd get up on a cold night to heat the baby's milk or wear his four-year-old straw another season to buy his wife steel slipper buckles—that I just wanted to go over and pat him on the shoulder and say:

"Don't you worry, she'll get over it!"

I knew what was going on in his house as well as if one of the walls had been taken down and I had been watching it like a stage. Because I have gone through that every thing myself. I imagine a good many other women have.

There is a silly streak in the best woman living, a silly, romantic, sentimental streak. Sometimes it comes out when she is only fourteen or fifteen—she wants to run away and be an actress; sometimes it lies dormant till she is forty or fifty—then she is one of the kittenish spinsters who fancies that the handsome young minister who brings her home from a Dorcas Circle meeting, is in love with her.

In our town, most of the girls marry rather young. I was nineteen when I met Jim and inside of six months we were married. Little Jim and Nancy both came along within the first four years of our married life, and they were two of the most adorable babies that ever made a tired woman out of a young girl. At the age that the average city girl is going without her lunches to buy clocked silk stockings and hand-made waists, when she is meeting Harry for lunch and trimming over her hat to go to the theater with Leonard, I was making rompers for little Jim and fixing barley water for Nancy.

Jim and I were happy and successful. We paid the last installment on the house, we had plumbing put in, we bought a lawn swing and a piano. When little

With the hero still in my mind I'd hear Jim call, "I put the potatoes on. Let's rustle supper right along!"
Jim was four; big Jim had another raise and we were on easy street, so to speak. I bought the first spring suit I had had since my trousseau wore out, and we had a high-school girl in three times a week to take care of the children. After five busy, worry-full, strangely happy years, I had my first breathing space, my first chance for the silly streak to crop out.

We picked up some of the good times we had to drop, joined a Five Hundred Club, went to some of the "young people's" dances, began to go to the movies. Jim loved the Wild West films, would laugh uproariously at the comedies, and liked simple love stories. I suddenly discovered a strong taste for the heavy emotional dramas, but Jim did not like these at all.

"Nix on the weeps," he would say. "Wake me up when Ben Turpin shows up."

So afternoons I would go to these emotional pictures, either alone or with Beth Porter, my next-door neighbor. There is a wealth of feminine psychology in the old joke of the woman who goes to a sad play and comes out, red-nosed, declaring:

"I've had the most wonderful time. I used up six handkerchiefs crying."

Every woman, sad or cheerful by nature, loves an occasional vicarious weep. Quite often Beth and I would come out of the Little Gem, powdering our pink noses, declaring in husky tones that the play was great. I would walk slowly home, going over the picture in my mind. The heroine always wore beautiful clothes, the hero was faultlessly tailored, there was nearly always a conservatory or a ballroom or a tea or, at the very least, a limousine somewhere in the picture. Our town had none of these things and I would go over them, too, with a half-envious pleasure.

Sometimes Jim would have gotten home ahead of me. With the picture of the hero, handsome, usually wearing evening clothes, still vivid in my mind, I would find my husband in his shirt sleeves, sprinkling the sweet peas.

"Hello, Jess," he would call. "I put on the potatoes. Let's rustle supper right along. I'm hungry enough to eat raw beefsteak."

It was coming down to earth with a thud.

I suppose sooner or later every woman runs up against the sort of things that she has never had in her own life. She may see them in the home of a richer neighbor, or when she travels. I had done very little traveling and there were no wealthy people in our town. Jim, hoping to "buy out the business" in a year or two, had already planned on a "car" for next summer, was one of the most promising of the younger citizens. I was thought to have "done very well" in marrying him. If it had not been the movies, doubtless something else would have opened my eyes to the fact that there are other kinds of life besides the matter-of-fact, humdrum existence that Jim and I were leading. But it happened to be the movies that did it.

Beth and I went to picture after picture; I saw racing cars and roadsters and limousines that made the automobile that Jim and I had planned to get, look cheap and "small-towny" to me. The actresses wore clothes that took away all my pleasure in my new spring suit. When Jim talked about putting a fireplace in the living room his enthusiasm irritated me. He seemed to feel that all our eight-room house needed was that fireplace in order to be a second Versailles.

"I hope some day we can have a beautiful home, Jim," I said wistfully. I was seeing in my mind again the sweeping line of the country home that had been in the afternoon's film, a country home, many-awinged, terraced, with a billiard room, a ballroom, kennels.

"Sure," said Jim, "that would be fine. I must say, though," he glanced about our twelve-by-twenty living room with large approval, "that when you think of the place we started out in, this looks like some house!"

"Oh, Jim!" I said reproachfully. That was the difference in our outlook, I thought. I compared our present home with the one we ought to be having. Jim with the miserable little three-room cottage in which we had begun our married life.

Dissatisfaction, once the seed is sown, grows fast. My pleasure in our new prosperity had once been equal to Jim's. But I had something to compare it with, now, Jim did not. And the difference in our points of view raised a strange little barrier between us. Jim began to feel that I was unappreciative, discontented. I felt that he was lacking in ambition.

But the lack in my own life which I suddenly began to feel most keenly, was the lack of romance. During our six months courting time, Jim had been an ardent lover. But with his sickness the first year, the babies coming
The pretty had replied, fairly silent. "Oh, Jim," said, "and you brought it for me!"

"Sure," he said. He did not notice my dress, nor speak of the day. But all through dinner the sweetness of the rosy blossoms filled the air and I would feel the happy tears coming to my eyes. Jim had remembered!

"I'll do the dishes," he suggested after dinner. "You look all fussed up—can't get that dress dirty."

"Isn't it—a pretty dress?" I asked, hungry for flattery.

"Sure," he said. After the children were put to bed, we went out on the porch. Jim seated himself in his big armchair of wicker and impulsively I crossed over in the fragrant dusk and sat on his knee as I used to do so often the first year we were married. He put his arm about my waist tenderly. Fireflies flashed through the shrubs on the lawn; it was very quiet.

For several minutes we sat in silence. Then Jim shifted a little.

"You're putting on weight, old girl," he said. "Oh, that's all right, don't get up. Just try the other knee for awhile."

I crossed the porch to my own chair, all the romance suddenly sent flying.

"Glad you liked the plant," he went on. "The old florist on Main Street's selling out. I happened to go past this morning and they were practically giving stuff away. I bought a lawn mower, too."

"And—and you didn't remember—you didn't bring the flowers—because it was my birthday!"

"Oh, the dickens!" Jim's surprised exclamation told

me the truth. "Say, it is, isn't it? Jehosophat, Jess, why didn't you remind me?"

"I didn't want to remind you," I said coldly. "If you don't care enough to remember—"

"You know I've been worried like the devil about that cement job," he said, "why honestly, I'd—"

But I did not even hear his regrets. It was suddenly clear to me—Jim did not love me any more.

After that, the movies had a new appeal to me. I saw myself in the place of every abused, unloved heroine. I began to dramatize myself. When Jim made some little slip, instead of laughing it off as I usually did, I would remove behind a crushed silence and brood about it afterward. Two little children can be trying at best and I began to feel that I was making a martyr of myself for mine.

I went to the Little Gem three or four times a week. At least, one of these times the picture would be a more or less unhappy one—at last, until the end. These were the pictures I enjoyed the most. I was really rather unhappy and I found a certain grim pleasure in making myself more so. I would brood over my limited life in our little town. I would see myself more and more hurt by my husband's coldness. I would dream of having my unhappy life change to one of sunset and love, as the ones in the pictures did.

Of course, my dissatisfaction was founded upon facts. Our town was a dull little place, the children were often trying, Jim was prosaic, unromantic. But things were much as they had been a year ago; they were really better, now, and I had been happy then. Then I had not begun feeling sorry for myself. Now, having once pictured myself in the rôle of misunderstood wife, I found a mournful pleasure in playing the part. I deliberately fed my own unhappiness.

It was nothing on earth but the eternal feminine silly streak coming out at last. My husband felt the difference; he blamed the movies for it; said I was getting foolish, sentimental notions. I replied coldly that he did not understand me. Both of us were right. As I look back now, I can hardly understand myself. And I did have foolish sentimental notions—I fairly wallowed in sentimentality.

I do not think it was the fault of the movies, however. If it had not been the movies, it would have been something else. The girl who goes through this stage of romantic fancies, of self-pity, when she is sixteen, is fortunate. People smile tolerantly at her youth and that is all. The woman who begins pitying herself at

Continued on page 96
THE OBSERVER
Brief Chats with you on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

What the Public Wants

They tell a story of a motion-picture salesman who wrote to an exhibitor in a very, very small town, "We've got Caruso for a picture." And the exhibitor wrote back, "That opera isn't very well known out here and if you want to get the picture over you'll have to put a big star in it."

And a good many folks laughed about it. But it was a tip worth taking, the fact that there were people who thought Caruso was an opera.

The Caruso picture was the world's greatest flop. Nobody wanted to see him, although the picture was by no means a bad one, and Caruso proved to be a rather good comedian. So loudly did the exhibitors complain about the first Caruso picture that Famous-Lasky, the producers, did not release in the United States the second of the two that Caruso made. Only in Italy and France and other Latin countries would the people go to see Caruso, the greatest opera singer of our generation, who sings for ten thousand dollars a night.

Cecil De Mille started to produce Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton." New York knows this play. But the country in general doesn't. And so an exhibitor down in Texas wrote in, "What is this Admiral Crichton, a war play?"

It was a straw that indicated the drift of the wind, and De Mille promptly set about to choose another title, and Barrie's title isn't going to be depended upon to carry the picture.

These incidents show how quickly the producers respond to public demand.

Several other interesting conclusions may be drawn from them. One is that even the most astute producers cannot always foretell what the public will reject. Another is that the taste of the sophisticated, highly educated persons are not the determining factors in deciding questions pertaining to picture production. The producers want to give the public what they think the greatest number of people who attend their shows want. As fast as that taste is improved pictures will improve, and not much faster.

Where We Disagree

Ask any ten persons in what respect they think that screen productions can stand improvement and the majority of them, we believe, will reply, "They ought to have better stories." Put these persons down to details, however, and you would have them disagreeing hotly among themselves as to which stories should be used and which discarded. The same sort of good scenic effects, lighting, and camera tricks appeal practically to every one. Good acting is almost universally appreciated. But when it comes to what makes a good story—you'll find almost as many opinions as there are persons. It is that fact that makes the life of the producer such a hard one. And the exhibitor, too, for that matter.

The Case of Mickey

Consider, for a moment, the case of "Mickey," the Mabel Normand picture that has been one of the big successes of the year. "Mickey" was a product of "Mabel Normand's Own Company," the first five-reeler picture she made after withdrawing from the Mack Sennett-Keystone two-reelers.

It cost a pile of money, and when it was offered for sale, nearly two years after its completion, New York didn't seem to care much for it. It was given just an ordinary showing in New York, ordinary advertising, and it had an ordinary run. Comparatively few movie patrons saw it.

New York doesn't remember "Mickey" as being anything at all extraordinary. The exhibitors who showed it did not do exceptional business.

But outside of New York it has been a sensation. In Chicago it ran in nearly every theater that could get it, and Chicago still is talking about it.

Why?

One reason is that it was advertised better outside of New York. New York still was in the throes of the "star system" and the exhibitors didn't believe that Mabel Normand, ex-Keystone, would draw big crowds. So they put it on just like any other picture and let it go at that.

"Greatest in the World"

The Capitol Theater in New York had not yet opened when this was written. Reports have it that it will be the finest moving-picture theater in the world. It will seat more than four thousand persons and the weekly "overhead" will be more than twenty thousand dollars. That is, the gross receipts must be that amount before the theater begins to make any money.

At present the weekly gross receipts of the Strand, Rialto, and Rivoli average less than ten thousand dollars each. It's about time New York was catching up with the rest of the country on moving-picture theaters. Folks have had an idea that New York led. But it doesn't. Cline's Auditorium in Los Angeles, I believe, seats more than the Rivoli or Rialto.

Chicago, where the finest houses are "neighborhood"
theaters has a number of cinema palaces as excellently appointed as any in New York, Grauman's in Los Angeles, the Stillman in Cleveland, Newman's new theater in Kansas City—name almost any city and you can find there places where the people can see the same pictures, in as luxurious surroundings, as well or better staged than in New York.

That's a great thing about pictures. The same show, as far as the film is concerned, goes everywhere. And no city has a corner on the geniuses who conduct the theaters.

Chicago as a Moving-Picture Town

We must hand it to Chicago as a moving-picture city. The fans discriminate. The best pictures play to big business and the bad ones fail. That's the highest compliment we can give to the fans.

A thing that has helped bring this about in Chicago has been the fact that Chicago newspapers were the first to realize that America is moving-picture mad; that the folks want expert opinion in their newspapers as to the pictures; that bunk publicity won't do. Nearly all the Chicago newspapers conduct excellent motion-picture departments, with reviews that are worth while.

New York is just beginning to get into line. Behind time again.

Picking the Theater

The star is losing his box-office power. Not that the star is passing, but now it is possible to get people to go to see a good production, whether the actors are well known or not.

For a long time the name of the star was a trademark by which you selected your pictures. You bought your show much as you buy your soup or your pickles.

You knew that Mary Pickford's pictures or Charlie Chaplin's were usually of a certain standard, so you bought the Pickford or the Chaplin brand.

Gradually, however, you learned that there often were good goods which came bearing strange labels. Sometimes your grocer says, "This is a new coffee and it's very good. Won't you try it?" If you have confidence in the grocer you do, for if he is a sensible grocer he doesn't fool you.

The same with pictures. Every now and then your dealer, the theater manager, says, "There's a picture without a star in it, but it's a bear. Have a look." If the manager tells you true you're taking a step away from your allegiance to the star system. You're casting your vote for the production, not for the star.

If a manager is a good showman his patrons will place more and more confidence in his judgment. We all like to go to the places that "nearly always have a good show."

Am I right?
How do you pick the place you're going to-morrow night. Do you take the theater's word for it, do you go to the theater you think is the best? Do you choose a picture because you believe the story is good? Or are you still picking them by the name of the star?

Let's hear from you. Won't you?

Another Request

When you have finished writing that letter, won't you please add a P. S. telling which recent screen stories you have liked best? And which were worthless? And why?

A Prophet With Honor

William Lord Wright has recently shown that he has an uncanny knack of calling the turn on the trend of picture production. First he announced that it was about time for some wise producer to put out a film that would have a logically unhappy ending. Not long after "Broken Blossoms" appeared. Then he began to prophesy that a good costume play would do well now, despite the general prejudice against costume plays. Forthwith appeared "Evangeline," and we understand that others of its kind are to follow. Yes, we know that he might have had advance information on the plans of the producers of these pictures. But we also happen to know that he did not. It was simply a case of a man thoroughly knowing his business and being able to sense the trend of it. By the way, we're going to prophesy something: That is, that not many costume plays will be made.

What About Stories?

In asserting that there are a heap of good stories made into good pictures, we never forget that there are a mighty big lot of worthless, absurd, unintelligent stories getting on the screen. And there always will be.

There is no way to stop the output of mediocre stuff, whether it is drama, literature, shoes, hash, horses, or human beings.

They've been making stories and books and plays for a long time. There are enough good ones for the person who knows where to find them, but they're not all good. In fact, the majority of them are not worth reading or seeing. You have to use care in selection of anything whether it is a new hat, a husband, or a motion picture.

The Motion-Picture Versions

Nor would a fiction version of a picture be entirely adequate to those who have seen the original, unless it had been made from a really great book.

The story as it first reaches us is the one we like best. The characters are the ones we feel are the real ones and we will accept no substitute.

Changes are necessary in order to adapt a tale to a new medium. Our favorite chapters in a novel often are left out when it is put on the screen. The heroine doesn't look anything like the girl we had imagined her to be. The big scene on the screen isn't at all pictured the way it was done by Howard Chandler Christy in the frontispiece of the book. There is stuff in the picture that never was in the book and, all in all, we're disappointed.

While our friend who sits beside us and who never read the book thinks it's a wonderful picture.
If you are a married woman, you know—

Now wait. That depends. If you live in a village or a small city, you don’t. If you live in a big city, you do.

Well, what I started to say was, you know how I felt the day I met Earl Metcalf. It was that disgusted-with-everything feeling you get after you’ve been apartment hunting for three days—a feeling of being miffed, just a little, at your husband because he can’t support you in the style to which you would like to become accustomed, coupled with a fear that he will be a little miffed at you when you give him another cold supper and report that, no, you haven’t found anything yet.

He certainly picked a dubious time to ask me over to the World Film Studio to see a wonderful set, consisting of a completely furnished eight-room apartment.

“I’m sick to death of apartments! I’ve been house-hunting all day. I’m so mad—” I started on a regular tirade, but I didn’t finish. There is a certain fascination about going anywhere with an actor, and no honest woman can deny it.

So we took the ferry over to Fort Lee and then trolleled out to the World Studio where Mr. Metcalf was working. From the outside it looks like any other studio; they all look like greenhouses with their huge glass roofs. Inside, once we got past the office boy and the doorkeeper—this is easy when you’re the leading man—we found ourselves in a huge, barnlike, glass-ceilinged room which was so large that the entire eight-room apartment occupied just one corner.

“You’re house-hunting!” accused a girl’s voice directly above us.

I gasped and craned my neck—one doesn’t look for angels even in a moving-picture studio. And it was a very human sort of an angel we saw. June Elvidge was working on a tiny stage that had been set up on stilts fifteen feet high, in order to get a particular effect. Her scene had just finished and we helped her down the steep ladder.

“Every one’s crazy about the new apartment,” she said from firm ground, “so I know where you’re going. It isn’t my apartment, though, it’s Miss Hammond’s.”

She strolled over with us, however. Just outside the drawing-room of the only vacant apartment within commuting distance of New York, Miss Virginia Hammond, herself, appeared, the lady for whom the whole of its gorgeousness had been erected. It is the home in which the heroine of “The Battler” (Miss Hammond’s and Mr. Metcalf’s new play), is supposed to live.
and a Bath

that they built for "The Battler"
the rent they wanted for it!

Naughton Baxter

"This is a new sort of apartment finding," Miss Hammond laughed. "If you don't find the kind you want, have it built."

"Just look at the dining-room furniture," Miss Elvidge commanded, "it's pure Adam."

And it was—every detail in that eight-room apartment, built in a week by men regularly employed by the World Film Corporation, was worked out completely and in the most exquisite taste. The rooms were arranged as they would be in a perfectly appointed apartment, the furnishings were exactly those that a charming young matron with an unlimited checking account would select. Mahogany and wicker flower baskets, the paintings hung on the walls, the rugs so soft that a two-hundred-pound carpenter clumped across beside us without making a sound, the carving over the fireplaces, the crystal and silver on the buffet—there was nothing to indicate that we were not calling in some charmingly furnished home. Miss Hammond, resting for a moment, her gray velvet dress and soft light hair vivid against the dark carved background of her chair, might have been pouring afternoon tea. And Miss Elvidge with her close-fitting little feather toque and smart dark-blue frock was a guest for whom any apartment would brace up and look its dressiest.

"Or, if you don't happen to like this apartment," Miss Hammond went on, "they can build you any kind you like—or even a house if you prefer. Of course you've seen the storerooms where the—

the raw houses are kept."

I had not, so we crossed a part of the big bare studio up some stairs and into a storeroom, literally full of "raw houses."

They were really just canvas walls, scenes that had been used and then stored away for future use with the most—well if the Germans hadn't given the word such a bad name—I'd say the most efficient foresight in the world. Pick out the kind of a room or a house you want, a slum tenement (carpenter, turn to the S's), or an old-fashioned castle (castle walls, of course, are filed under C), and the walls are right there, ready and waiting. There seemed to be acres of walls, paneled and papered, tapestried or raftered, walls for parlor, bedroom, or bath, for poorhouse or bank, each in its own place, waiting to be made into a house.

"And after you've picked out the walls you like," Miss Hammond explained, "gotten your apartment set up, so to speak, then comes the furnishing."

She led the way out of the part of the storeroom that contains nothing but walls into what might be the furniture department of Continued on page 100
"Almost a

Here you are;
Will Rogers—star.
The tale complete,
We hope—

Sam takes a job       At teaching school;
Unkempt and homely    As a mule.
And 'cause he's common,
Plain and human,
He's boardin' with
A washer woman.
He even plunges
In the suds,
And helps her wash
The dirty duds.
At other times
He’s just as hearty
In mixing at
A social party.
O-ho, you dames!
You kissing games!

Sam Lyman was a timber hand,
Way down in wild, old Alabama;
Upon the dock we see him stand;
A figure fit for melodrama.
For all the world's a play, y'know:
And all of us are actors in it;
Well, Sam was born to lead the show:
The plot will thicken in a minute.
Take one last look at happy Sam,
Before Fate lands the knock-out slam!

The plot here thickens
Like the "dickens."
For, in a forfeit game, our Sam
Is booked to marry Eva Mack,
In make-believe, the merest sham,
They thought—but it turned out a fact!
A new-fledged preacher tied the knot,
And, lo, the thing was legal. What?
A stir, a most tremendous stir.
The Villain, Zeb, in accents hoarse
Exclaimed: "I 'lowed to marry her;
That fool must give her a divorce!"
Said Sam to Zeb: "You snarlin' cur;
The matter's strictly rests with her!"
“The matter doesn’t rest, at all,”
Zeb answered, bitterer than gall.
“And what I’ll do
Is, go and yank
My money from
Her daddy’s bank.
I’ll start
A run;
Her dad
Will see,
That he is done
A-foolin’ me!
I’m not th’ goat,
(Now get me Stephen)
I’ll get Eve,
Or I’ll get even”

He set
Night riders
Onto Sam;
They stripp’t
And whip’t him;
Cowardly clan.
Meanwhile
Zeb’s prank
Disturbed
The bank;
For he drew out a mammoth sum,
And cried: “The bank is on the bum!”
The run began, the bank looked sick.
Till Sam thought up a better trick.
He hastened to an upstream town,
And shipped a boat o’ money down!

Will Rogers played
The humspun fella:
Peg Wood, the lucky
Cin-der-el-la.
And who—you ask—
Composed the screed?
None other than
Ol’ Opie Read.
There’s talent, eh? and brains to spare.
Yer right: this picture is a bear.
"Well, What Do You Think of That!"

Perhaps you will make no such exclamation upon looking over these two pages; we're hoping, though, that you will, for we believe these pictures and the facts concerning them are rather striking and unusual.

The Pathé committee looked up in amazement. George B. Seitz, director of the Pearl White serials, had coolly suggested that they make him the star of their next serial, "Bound and Gagged." And all the film acting he had done was to play, in a pinch, a small part in one episode of "The Black Secret.

"Well, then, I'll pay for making the first episode," Seitz volunteered. "If it's bad, turn me down and I'll pocket my loss." The committee agreed. The episode was made. "Finish it!" they cried. "We want it!" Sport- ing blood had won. Before becoming a serial director, Seitz was a successful writer of fiction. The interesting story of "Bound and Gagged," which we believe will begin for him a great career as a serial star, is begun on page 37 of this issue.

Directors often work from perilous perches. Observe, for example, Maurice Tour- neur. This cut shows but the top of a tower built on a huge barge anchored at sea, from which he directed "Vic- tory," from the Joseph Con- rad novel.

Charlie Chaplin is so pop- ular in Spain that a bullfight is no longer complete unless an actor, who imitates "Char- lot," as they call him, gives a Chaplinesque burlesque of the cruel sport.

During the dry months storm scenes have to be made artificially in California. This scene, from a recent J. Warren Ker- rigan picture, was made on a fine, bright day.

Doris May is one of the very few women stars who is a real gymnast, as you can see.
A model ship, which he used to play with at his grandfather's home in Marietta, Ohio, and which he now keeps in his dressing room, gave Hobart Bosworth the idea of running away to sea, when a boy, and started him on a career which included working successively as a truck driver, professional prize fighter and wrestler, cowboy, a clerk, landscape painter, stage and, later, screen actor. He has written nearly a hundred screen plays, and has directed an even greater number. He is, of course, an athlete, being equally at home on horseback, in the water, or with gloves and rapiers. He is six feet tall, weighs two hundred pounds, and has the light hair and blue eyes of an old viking warrior. Bosworth will be long remembered for his production of Jack London's "The Sea Wolf." He will soon be seen as another sea captain in the Ince production, "The Man Behind the Door."

You've wondered how they take those pictures showing the action of a directly oncoming motor car. Well, this picture of Douglas MacLean and Doris May explains it.

Most of us would hardly care to adopt a lion cub for a pet. But Peggy Hyland did, as you'll observe.

Fred Stone may be a comic-opera comedian, but he's no comic-opera strong man. This picture of him "bull dogging" a steer is the real thing.
"Like a Million Dollars"

That's how the job of playing "Huck Finn" looked to Louis Sargent.

By Louis Gassaway

WITH that sweet-voiced director of directors, Cecil B. De Mille throwing the fear of Thespis into a hundred brown and naked extra ex-bootblacks comprising a background for Tom Meighan and Bebe Daniels on a nearby set, and the pulsing life of the Lasky Studios eddying about us, Louis Sargent, fifteen-year-old superman of the flickers sat down on the back steps of Jeannie MacPherson’s office and told me how he just hated to be selected for the titular honor in "Huckleberry Finn," a film which you are doubtless aware is one of the Paramount-Arcraft “fewer and better.”

Oh, yes, he just hated it! Like any kid hates jam. Put your subject at his ease, say the good books on “how to interview though it kills you,” and so I tried a fresh and comradely air with Louis which got over just about like the Germanic invasion. Not that he is “stuck up” about having a contract with Lasky at all, but I was given to understand that I was addressing a player who takes his work seriously, and that any interviewer who thought he was going to get flip about it was in the twenty-cent section with a ten-cent ticket.

“Please do me a favor and come out of the tent an’ he’d say ‘Not a darned freckle’ an’ then we’d sit under a tree while he poked freckles on me with a stick of paint.

“I tried for three days out in the sun to get freckled but it wasn’t any use. I just got all sunburned, and three teeny ones on my nose.”

Louis has scholastic ambitions. He has absorbed all the Hollywood schooling his years have allotted him, and besides he took a few months in a Los Angeles business college.

“Then I'd say ‘Yes’ and come out of the tent an’ he’d say ‘Not a darned freckle’ an’ then we’d sit under a tree while he poked freckles on me with a stick of paint.

“I tried for three days out in the sun to get freckled but it wasn’t any use. I just got all sunburned, and three teeny ones on my nose.”

Louis lays no claim to fame either on account of freckles or warts. But Huck Finn was as well warded and freckled as any youth of his generation, and so this suggested itself as a likely topic of conversation. By this time we had arrived at an equitable distribution of effort, like this:

“You go the line on ‘Huck Finn,’ and tell the skeptical young fellow to believe you.”

It took me forty-five minutes to get freckled every morning. Mr. Taylor did it. He was the director. Up on location he used to holler ‘All ready, Huck?’ Then I'd say ‘Yes’ and come out of the tent an’ he’d say ‘Not a darned freckle’ an’ then we’d sit under a tree while he poked freckles on me with a stick of paint.

“I tried for three days out in the sun to get freckled but it wasn’t any use. I just got all sunburned, and three teeny ones on my nose.”

Louis has scholastic ambitions. He has absorbed all the Hollywood schooling his years have allotted him, and besides he took a few months in a Los Angeles business college.

“How come?” I asked.

“Well,” he said, as per agreement, “I might not have been any good in pitchers.”

Provident young man.

Bookkeeping is not to be sniffed at when all else fails. Louis was born near Los Angeles, just about where the Lasky lot stands at present. He claims the distinction of being one among eight young Sargent, and he drives the family automobile.

One also gathers the impression that that business-college course was not wasted, when it comes to signing contracts and seeing that everything is as it should be.

“How did you like playing ‘Huck Finn’?”

The way he appears as "a reg'lar fellow."
He sniffed, ducked his head, looked at me to see if I was kidding, swayed his short, stocky frame in its knickers and then propounded this query in reply:

"How'd you like to have a million dollars? It looked like about that much worth of fun to me. It was reg'lar play to wear old clothes and then get slicked up—only that wasn't so good—an' watch Tom Sawyer fool Nigger Jim—an' everything."

Again Mr. Sargent glanced at his wrist watch. I gathered that there was an engagement somewhere in the offing. There was. He had to go and get a new suit of clothes.

"Long pants?" I asked.

"Not yet. Ma won't let me. Can I take you into town?" No, I had to see some other La s k y stars, first, so he started to depart. But he came back to where I stood.

"Tell 'em I'm a reg'lar fellow, will yuh? I like to swim an' ride an' I like ath-letics. I got a bar at home an' a trapeze. So long."

He was gone this time, in the Sargent auto-mobile, bound for a new suit with knickers.

Ordinary "boy"—young America as he is painted by Booth Tarking-ton—is Louis. Out of hundreds like him, he would stand out no more prominently than a grain of sand on the beach. But—and here's the thing that put him over with a bang in the "Huck" rôle—he has really remarkable powers of make-up, and an acting ability that is far above the ordinary. He did not say so himself, of course, but those who work with him did.

As I started off across the lot in search of the other stars I had in mind to see I thought, "Like a million dollars. Gee! I should think it would."

**AFTER THE MOVIES**

**WHEN** I go to the movies,

I'm glad, when I come out,
To see the shops and trolley cars
And people all about.
I'm glad to stroll along the street,
With nothing to affright,
And greet the big policeman
Who keeps us safe at night.

My home's most unpretentious,
But I find it very snug,
For no villain's in the closet
And no corpse upon the rug,
My husband snores upon the couch,
A sight I oft regret;
But—I do not find him dining
With a dangerous brunette!

He's growing 'round the waist-line
And his hair is getting thin,
But he won't make me a cat's-paw
To rope his victims in.
And I can't heave with emotion
When my lover's told to leave,
For I haven't any lover,
And I don't know how to heave!

When I go to the movies,
I'm glad I'm commonplace,
For there are so many trials
That I'll never have to face.
And when my life seems drear and dull,
I can the Fates forgive,
For I do not have to live the lives
The shadow ladies live.

**RUTH CROSSMAN.**
Here are three one-act bits, written and produced by World Film's camera wizard, C. J. Duprez.

Ruby De Remer peeps around the corner of the set, watching herself act with Tom Carrigan and Stuart Holmes.

Hugh Dillman, coated and serene, observes himself in the mirror, coatless and angry, struggling with a scarf.

June Elvidge gives a complete cabaret performance, and is the audience as well. Can you figure out how it's done?
Sealed Hearts

Youth turns to youth; so when the great steel magnate brought a young and beautiful wife to the home where he had reared an adopted son he was aiding fate in weaving the threads of a tense and dramatic tragedy.

By Joseph Bernard Rethy

F

ROM now on we'll think only of the works."

Frank Prentiss, head of the immense Prentiss steel works, spoke the words gently, for he knew what an ordeal the boy, his adopted son, who sat across the long table from him, had been going through.

"Yes, dad, only the works," said the young man, a little huskily, but forcing himself to smile. "Only the works. I'm sorry. I—"

"It's all right," interrupted Prentiss kindly. "We all have to learn. I'm glad you've come through the fire and shown yourself to be true steel. Now I know that no woman will keep you from completing the task of taking over the burden which I have borne so many years."

The burden was the management of the immense chain of steel plants which the old magnate had built up. Steel had been his god, his master—his slave. It had been his life. And now he was preparing to retire in favor of the boy whom he had loved as he would have loved a son of his own.

Only one fear had he had during the years in which he had watched the boy growing into young manhood—the fear that some woman might divert his stepson from the work he was preparing for him. Frank Prentiss knew that had he followed the paths of pleasure he never could have won his place in the world of industry. He knew that if the boy whom he was training ever answered the call of youth he probably would not be willing thereafter to hold himself in the harness, and to keep his thoughts only on steel.

But now the crisis had passed. The young man, innocently enough, had been about to fall victim to the charms of a fascinating but unscrupulous woman when the elder Prentiss had saved him by proving her to be a trickstress. It had been a hard blow for the boy but now it was all over.

Jack kept his word. From that day he lived only to concentrate on steel, and as he buckled down to his task Prentiss watched his stepson with tremendous pride. The dream of his life was being realized. The works under Jack would thrive and prosper even after the death of the founder. But the pace was beginning to tell on the older man; there were times when he forgot important figures and formulas; there were times when for moments his mind seemed a blank. More and more he turned to Jack, who responded unfailingly. The young man observed with anxiety the signs of weakness. He knew that Prentiss needed rest and a change. He suggested golf in the afternoons. But his father laughed.

"My work is all the relaxation I need," he insisted.

But at last there came a day when the doctor prescribed a complete rest. It was one thing for the doctor to order this. It was another thing for old Prentiss to obey. The boy understood how to act.
"Dad," he said, "you've got to get completely out of harness for a while. You must go where there is no machinery, no hustle, no business of any sort. Go somewhere where you will be absolutely undisturbed. I'll run the old shop all right."

"I know you will, my boy," Prentiss replied, "but where can I go and not feel bored?"

"Why don't you go up to the Greys for a visit? He is your old classmate," Jack suggested. "He has invited you again and again."

The advice of Jack was eventually taken. Prentiss wrote to Edward Grey, who was delighted at the idea. Grey was apparently a prosperous business man in a typically American small town. He had an ambitious wife, two girls, and a boy. He had to provide careers for all of them. As a matter of fact he spent more money than he made. Outwardly all seemed smooth as silk. He had a period house and period furniture and a limousine that resembled a Rolls-Royce. He gave dinner parties and belonged to the clubs. They lived with all the splendor of the rich, except that they were really not rich. As a matter of fact Mr. Edward Grey was on the verge of bankruptcy. But everything went along boomingly. The children, with the exception of the oldest daughter, Kate, were in the social swim. Kate alone seemed to realize that she was living in a house whose walls, at any moment, might crumble about her head. It was upon such a household that the great Frank Prentiss descended.

"Ed," said Prentiss on arriving at the Grey home, "you must excuse me from any social activities. Most of the time I'll have to stay in my room. Doctor's orders. I hate to admit it, but the fact is I'm a convalescent."

"What you say goes," Edward Grey replied. "We'll consider you one of the family. The whole house is at your disposal."

Somewhat to Prentiss' surprise, he began to enjoy his vacation. Every one tried to please him. But it was Kate who was really interested. She liked the powerful character for himself. And he sensed the disinterestedness of her acts. One day he strolled out into the garden. It was late afternoon, and Kate was carefully pruning a rosebush. Prentiss walked quietly toward her.

"How does it happen that you're so much more domestic than your brother and sister?" he asked.

"You don't seem to care for society affairs."

"We are not as rich as we pretend to be," she replied with engaging candor, "and some one has to keep things running."

He did not reply, but he liked her for that bit of self-revelation. They spoke of inconsequential things, the weather, the people about them, the prospects of the roses. The twilight crept over the land. They still talked. They were unaware that two persons at that moment were talking about them. Those two persons were Mr. and Mrs. Grey, to both of whom the same thought recently had occurred. That thought was this: what a wonderful thing it would be for them if Kate were to marry Frank Prentiss. All their troubles would be over. George could go to college; Major to that very expensive and fashionable boarding school. And that note of the Second National would be met. Mr. Grey would be solvent again. That night Frank Prentiss picked up the steel-trade paper, which he secretly had sent to him. But he was not interested. For the first time since he could remember he was not absorbed by the news of the technical world. There were alien thoughts assailing his brain. Strange that— At that instant he heard knocking on his door.

"Come in!" Mr. Prentiss called out curtly. The door opened and Kate entered bearing a tray on which reposed a bowl of broth and some dainty slices of toast. There was a smile upon her face, a smile that went at once to Prentiss' heart.

"Take this and eat it while it is hot," she said in a laughing tone of mock authority.

Then he heard the swish of silk as she withdrew—heard the door close after her. He wanted to call her back. He took the spoon and slowly stirred the broth. As he tasted it a look of wonder flashed across his face. He leaned back in his chair. Ah! he thought, how pleasant it was to be served by a good woman, and particularly when that woman was so beautiful and so charming as Kate. Other thoughts, thoughts that were enchantingly new to him, swept across his mind. Then a look of bitterness flashed his face. In an instant of divination he had realized all that he had missed in life. Life without love was a failure! Now, when he was an old man, the truth of that remark burst about him. Was it too late? He thought of Kate. He lifted the rose she had given him and kissed it.

The next day just after lunch he took a walk with Kate. They came to a little wood near the lake. There was a bench there underneath a great oak. The ironmaster led Kate to it. They both sat down. For a moment no one spoke. Then Prentiss turned to her. His eyes shone brightly. His cheeks were flushed. He took her hand in his.

"Kate," he said simply. "I love you. Will you be my wife?"

The girl's face turned pale. She quickly withdrew her hand. She seemed stunned, shocked.
“You are the only woman I have ever loved,” he continued with that characteristic directness. “I never dreamed that women like you existed. Marry me and let me spend the rest of my life caring for you.”

“You don’t know what you are saying,” Kate answered. “Why, that is impossible. I like you very much. I admire you for your character and for your achievements, but marry you? I am shocked, Mr. Prentiss. I had no idea you would propose to me.”

“Kate,” Prentiss persisted, “don’t tell me ‘no.’ Think this matter over very carefully. I am going away in a few days—back to the plant. You will write me. Do not say ‘no’ now. I beg you to think it over.”

Kate was touched. She did not love him, knew that she would never love him. But she did not wish to hurt him unnecessarily.

“When you get back to your plant,” she promised, “I will let you know my answer.” She knew what that answer would be. It would be a decided ‘no.’

When Kate reached the Grey house late that afternoon the family was sitting on the porch. The couple were greeted effusively. Prentiss at once retired into his room. As soon as he was gone the rest of the family surrounded Kate.

“Did he propose to you, sis?” brother George demanded.

“Kate, you are a lucky girl,” Mrs. Grey remarked; “every one can see he is crazy for you.”


“What did he say, Kate?” Mr. Grey queried, looking straight into his daughter’s eyes.

“He asked me to become his wife,” Kate said calmly.

“And of course you accepted,” Mrs. Grey declared.

“Of course not,” Kate answered bitterly, understanding for the first time in her life the shallowness and the extreme selfishness of her family. “When I marry, I’ll marry the man I love, rich or poor.”

Her statement created a sensation. The four united against her in furious protest. She was a bad daughter, an ungrateful sister, a selfish and unreasonable girl. Kate listened to them with bitter fortitude. Her father’s last remark cut her the deepest.

“If you don’t marry him we are ruined,” he said angrily, “we’ll become the laughingstock of the place. Here is our last chance. For if you must know it, I am down and out.”

With a face as white as chalk she went to her room, threw herself upon the bed and wept as though her heart were broken.

The next day Mr. Frank Prentiss left the Greys. Every one but Kate saw him off at the station. When the Greys returned home they began a fresh bombardment upon Kate. They put it up to her. The education of her brother and sister, the business of Mr. Grey, the very home in which they lived depended upon her marrying Mr. Prentiss.

In the end, after a terrific struggle with herself, Kate determined to accept the millionaire. On that very afternoon arrived an ardent appeal from Prentiss renewing his plea. The family, like a group of vultures, gathered about Kate. She threw the letter to them. They read the proposal greedily. What would she do? She sat down at the desk and in their presence wrote to Prentiss:

“Yes.”

She handed the note to her father after signing it. Then she walked out of the library. In that instant all her love for her family died. Mr. Grey at once sealed and directed the letter to Prentiss.

It was a very hard task for Prentiss to tell Jack about his proposal to Kate. But when her answer arrived Prentiss did so. And Jack was overwhelmed. He felt that his father had betrayed not only him but the whole works.

He looked straight into the older man’s eager eyes. “She cannot love you,” he said coldly. “She is marrying you for your money.”

That went home. He saw the old man wince. It touched him deeply. After a mighty effort to master himself he went over to Prentiss, put his arm about his shoulder and said, “Forgive me, dad. Perhaps I’m wrong; I only hope so.”

With almost boyish eagerness the old man clutched Jack by the arm. Then his face broke into a smile as he began to describe her to Jack.

After a very expensive and elaborate wedding at the home of the Greys, and after a honeymoon that was all bliss to Prentiss and horror to Kate, the great steel king brought his bride home. Jack greeted her with studious politeness, but she could feel the hostility within his heart. The appearance of a mistress in the Prentiss house was a novelty, indeed. Kate made an excellent hostess and housekeeper. She tried to be friendly to Jack. But he resented her presence. He would not be trapped by a woman’s kindness.

There is a law in nature, however, that no one can defy. That is the law that like turns to like. Youth turns to youth. And though Frank Prentiss did all he could to appear vigorous and young, the fact remained that he was getting on in years.

One day he insisted upon a match with Kate on the swift earthen court. Jack watched the determined efforts of his father moodily. He knew that such violent exercise would not do the old man any good. In the midst of the game Prentiss stopped.
"What's wrong, dad?" Jack asked, hastening to his side.

"Nothing wrong," Prentiss hastily replied, trying to appear at ease, although obviously suffering, "just a twinge. It will pass away in a moment."

"Dad, you'll have to stop," Jack insisted, backed up by Kate. "This sort of thing is out of your line. Take it easy."

Without a word, head erect, admirably concealing his agony, Prentiss walked away. "Would you like to finish the game with me?" Jack suggested courteously. "If you care to," Kate responded.

The two began a swift, eager match. They were well paired. Instead of the leisurely Prentiss, Kate now found an opponent who compelled her to exert every ounce of energy. Her blood rose to her cheeks. Her eyes glowed brightly. This was real sport. Suddenly Kate gave a little cry, and fell to the ground. Jack seeing her fall, leaped over the net and bounded to her side.

"I'm afraid I have sprained my ankle," Kate said ruefully. "I can't stand up."

"Then I'll have to carry you in," Jack declared sympathetically.

He lifted her carefully in his arms, and set her one arm about his neck. The perfume of her hair, the impact of her lithe body, the pathetic helplessness of the girl, moved Jack strangely. He carried her into the house, explaining to his father what had happened. But a furious, unreasoning spasm of jealousy gripped the elder man at the sight of his son and wife so close to one another.

From that day the atmosphere in the house swiftly changed. Prentiss became more suspicious each week. Through the green eyes of jealousy he twisted each little act of Jack's into something hostile to himself. But his very watchfulness and unreasoning jealousy only fanned the mysterious, unspoken longings in the hearts of Jack and Kate. At last she broke the torturing silence.

"Jack," she said almost hysterically, "I do not see how I can continue to live here any longer. I am too miserable. He is torturing me to death."

"I know you are unhappy," Jack said, profoundly touched, "but why did you marry him?"

"I married him because my family wanted his money," Kate confessed. "I never loved him. Now I hate him."

Then she told Jack the circumstances that led to her marriage. A wave of pity swept over him. He saw Kate suddenly in a new light. She was a martyr. Instinctively his hand reached out for hers. Silently their fingers intertwined in sympathy.

"I am sorry that you came into this house," said Jack at last. "You and dad and I are the tragic victims of fate. What are we going to do?"

She shook her head. "I don't know," she answered. "We must try to do what seems right."

With a look of intense pain and a little gesture of despair she turned away. As she entered the hall she saw Prentiss in the doorway.

"And so you hate me?" he said coldly. "You hate me! You—my wife!"

For a moment Kate stood speechless. To explain was useless. The scene that followed was burned into her soul. It ended when the elder man, in a furiously rage, struck the boy whom he had loved and reared, in the face with his cane.

To outward appearances the matter was smoothed over on the following day. But inwardly the green-eyed monster was working greater havoc than ever within the heart of the elder Prentiss. Sick and maddened, he determined upon a course diabolical in conception and diabolical in execution. He would torture them day and night by spying upon them, clearly showing his suspicions. Not an hour of the day but in some way they would feel the fangs of his revenge. He arranged to give a dinner in his home to his business associates with both Kate and Jack present. At this dinner, it was his purpose publicly to brand both. The evening of the dinner arrived. The guests were seated about the great table. As Kate entered the room Prentiss walked over to her and led her with an air of proprietorship to the head of the table.

"Gentlemen—my wife," he exclaimed proudly.

Kate sat down beside him, very white and beautiful in her soft evening dress. She bowed graciously to the men about her. At that instant Jack walked in.

"You are late, my boy," declared Prentiss with apparent benevolence, "but there is always a place for you—your usual place—by the side of my wife."
Imagination's Spur

By Lewis J. Tenny

PRETTY expensive, isn't it? I asked Oscar Apfel, one of the directors at the World Film Studio, as I stood watching him at work making an animated title. An animated title, as you probably know, is one in which a bit of action, suggested by the text, but having nothing to do directly with the story, is shown on the screen simultaneously with the title.

"Expensive? I should say so," he replied. "To-morrow morning I shall start out with a company of seventeen persons, representing medieval characters, and take a few feet of film showing them traveling along with horses, donkeys, goats, and a bear—something like the Canterbury pilgrims. Only a few seconds of that scene will be shown—just enough to illuminate the sub-title, 'The Magic Road to Anywhere.'

"I suppose there are a hundred sub-titles in this picture we're making, and each one means a separate little production. But it's worth while because it stimulates the imagination, and that's what people want when they go to see pictures. It has another value in keeping action going all the time.'

These pictures show how animated titles are made. In this one a few feet of film were taken showing the roses, which were given movement by the electric fan, while the girl's hand first grasped the stems, then turned to show the blood coming from the wound made by the thorn. The film was then rewound, and exposed again to photograph the lettering.

Gail Prim Jonas' daughter, who is a thorn in the side of her stepmother:

Gail Prim Miss Evelyn Greeley
Rehearsing the Rehearsal

Douglas MacLean puts as much pep into the preliminaries as he does into the picture itself.

By Thomas Shepherd

This is lots more fun than hanging over a drawing board.

It was rather on the Elizabethan order, that set, and the properties should have had little signs saying "This is a miniature"—it looked strangely like a whisk broom—and "This is a tree," so that the audience wouldn't take it for a kitchen chair. However, I was all the audience there was in the Ince Studio that morning, and Douglas MacLean and Doris May and the rest of the company were too busy to care whether I knew what was going on or not.

"What's the idea?" I asked MacLean, as he finished a heated argument over the proper way of carrying a bouquet and adjourned to the sidelines with me. "Where's your camera?"

"Oh, this is a rehearsal," he explained. "We won't shoot anything for a week yet. We go through the whole picture this way, with everybody making suggestions, and then the director looks over the finished product, smooths down the rough edges, and we shoot the picture. The sets aren't even done yet." And for the next ten minutes I listened while he enthusiastically rode his hobby, explaining why this system of rehearsals was better than that in which each scene was run through just before it was done with the camera.

"Now, suppose," he went on, "that a scene from the very climax of the play was the first one to be shot. Suppose that we hadn't had any rehearsals at all, and the director, when everything was ready, suddenly yelled: 'All right, scene 223. John, you're swearing mad at Henry. You come bursting in at that door and give us about twenty feet of anger.' John You can learn a good deal from such a rehearsal.
may not know whether Henry has wronged his daughter or sent him a comic valentine. There are actually cases of that sort, where the actors don't even know what the story is about. This way we get well into the characters before we begin taking the scenes. And, after all, this is simply the way they rehearse on the stage, you know, though I suppose it does seem odd, since it's so seldom done in the studios."

It did seem a bit odd, because, though, as a rule, the actors are informed as to what the story is about, it's quite true that they don't often rehearse the entire play beforehand. But I thought the idea sounded like a very sensible one, and I liked MacLean's enthusiasm.

If you've seen MacLean and Doris May in "Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave," you've encountered that enthusiasm; for a man of Scotch descent he comes dangerously near being impetuous. And earnest—well, I don't wonder that when his Methodist minister father tried to argue him out of going on the stage the effort was unavailing.

"Father thought engineering was more in my line," MacLean explained to me, "so I went to Northwestern University and Lewis Institute, in Chicago. But billboards had it all over drawing boards so far as I was concerned, and when I was lucky enough to meet Daniel Frohman I told him that I was crazy to go on the stage, and he sent me to John Emerson, who was making a production right then. Emerson offered me a part in a road show, but I decided to go to a dramatic school instead. And after that Maude Adams engaged me to play in 'Peter Pan,' and I was well started on a stage career—with father reconciled, but always hoping that I'd give it up some day and go back to engineering.

"There was no chance, though—I stuck to the stage, and finally began sandwiching motion pictures in with my other work—when Alice Brady made her first picture, for World, I made mine, too, as her leading man. Later I was in a lot of Famous Players-Lasky productions, and now I'm not doing anything but pictures."

As he talked on I felt sorry for that father of his—for it's rarely, if ever, that a brown-eyed young man with as strong a chin as Douglas MacLean's gives up when he's once on the way to gratifying a cherished ambition. He's of Scotch descent, even though he was born in Philadelphia—even has a brother-in-law named "Willum" Ferguson, which certainly is Scotch enough for anybody, though such a relationship isn't exactly direct. And when you add the MacLean brand of earnestness and enthusiasm to Scotch determination you might as well argue with an army mule as with that combination.

"Of course these comedies that Miss May and I are doing aren't exactly like work," commented MacLean. "Both 'Twenty-three and a Half Hours' Leave' and 'What's Your Husband Doing?' are delightful little stories, and we had a corking time doing them. And if I could go back over them and show you which parts came out in our first rehearsals, I'll bet you'd be interested in seeing how they worked out when the director got hold of them."

And off he went to rehearse his rehearsal of the new picture once more, as intent on what he was doing as if the camera had been grinding right then. Maybe I'm wrong, but I'm betting that if the rehearsal had been filmed instead of the real picture the result would get more laugh than even a MacLean-May comedy does—and some day perhaps a daring director will give me a chance to prove it.
The Screen in Review
Comment and Criticism on recent releases.

By Harry Dunn Cabot

Happily married; he realizes that spending money on Broadway doesn’t mean happiness, and we leave him at the end of the picture facing a lonely old age. Any other ending would have made “The Gay Old Dog” flat and unconvincing.

That this ending was used is significant, in view of the fact that in another current release, Vitagraph’s “The Gamblers,” the director has dared to break the rule, “No unhappy endings!” Based on the successful play by Charles Klein, this is a strong story, affording Harry Morey many opportunities for good work. As a member of a Wall Street group which has manipulated the funds of a bank for its own uses and faces ruin with detection, Morey has a big rôle. And when, dealing a pack of playing cards to decide which of the group shall assume the blame for its illegal acts, he himself draws the high card, he is the center of a highly dramatic scene. Of course one can’t help hoping that somehow punishment will be averted, but as in the play, the hero faces imprisonment at the end.

Another long-cherished rule goes by the boards in Universal’s “Sundown Trail”—which, incidentally, made us sympathize with Bill Hart, for we’re sure he’d have liked to appear in it. But Monroe Salisbury has first honors in this highly dramatic play, which ignores the ban on historical pictures and shows a cross-section of life in the gold-mad days of ’49. Salisbury capably plays the part of a gentleman miner who refuses to enter the matrimonial circle of his friends when they import the girls they left behind them, and moves against a background that is dramatic, picturesque, and rich in action and romance.

Hart does the same thing in his new picture, “Wagon Tracks,” for, departing from the West of to-day, he appears in a tale of earlier frontier days. A Mississippi River steamboat is the setting for some dramatic scenes, and as a guide for the wagon trains that follow the Santa Fe Trail, Hart has a rôle strengthened by both tragedy and pathos. The
familiar Hart material is used, of course—it would be impossible to subordinate the Hart personality to any story however good—but in this case it is woven into a vivid and absorbing tale which is something more than merely a wild and woolly Western melodrama.

Theda Bara is defying tradition, too, and stepping out of her customary vampire rôles in "Kathleen Ma-vourneen." We feel that it must have taken a lot of courage on her part to throw off her usual mantle and appear as an Irish lassie, pure of heart and sentimental to a degree far removed from the soul-destroying rôles which she usually assumes. If you can forget the Theda of the past you will like her in this new atmosphere, though she does not suggest an Irish girl even for a moment. But any star who can burst the bonds of her environment even for the space of one picture deserves commendation, and the picture itself abounds in Irish atmosphere and is entertaining quite apart from the star's part in it.

But to get back to our classification. High in the list of those with a message—too high, in fact—is "The Volcano," which is mere picture propaganda. It is sponsored by the dean of playwrights, Augustus Thomas, yet it falls flat. Obviously striving for a moral, full of flag-waving, it argues against Bolshevism through all its agitated footage. It is timely, of course, has a big title and a big author, and Leah Baird as its star, but it takes its place as one of the ineffective editorials of the screen.

And high in the list of plays with a featured star and no message at all is Douglas Fairbanks' first picture made under the auspices of the United Artists, "His Majesty the American." It's a three-ring Fairbanks' circus, with the ever-smiling Doug shown as first assistant to New York's fire and police forces, as a successful participant in a Mexican revolution, and first aid to the king of an obscure Continental kingdom, to whose throne he is the long-lost heir. The plot is frequently lost, strayed, or stolen, but nobody cares, because its hero has such a good time doing his favorite stunts. It will not make new recruits to the Fairbanks' forces, but it will gain anew the admiration of the old ones.

Another purely entertaining picture is "The Lottery Man," a Paramount-Arcaft release in which Wallace Reid is featured. The central character in this picture—which is based on a successful play—is a young newspaper man who conceives an idea that will bring circulation to the daily and an increased income to himself. It is a lottery with himself as the prize—the marriage prize! The idea is seized upon as great by the head of the newspaper and immediately put under way, with great success—and then the lottery man has the great misfortune to fall in love himself!

Naturally, this precipitates a hazardous situation for the lottery man. Thousands of women, entrants in the contest, clamoring for his hand, and the only one he wants refusing to clamor. It is a comedy situation from which the utmost has been derived by the producers—and the handsome Reid fellow. Suffice it to add that true love conquers over all lotteries before the picture has completely run its course. We should say, off-hand, that the laughs in this number total the number of women who entered the contest. And that was a lot. Who wouldn't pay a dollar for the privilege of being Wally Reid's wife? Goodness!

So many good stage plays are being adapted for the movies this year that it's hard to find a picture whose characters haven't trod the boards before they took the screen. Billie Bub Burke found an admirable vehicle in one of them, "Billeted," which has changed its name to "The Misleading Widow," with Billie as the charming, convention-defying young heroine. Full of moods and caprices, she has a captivating rôle as the delightful young "widow" who dares to flout the conventions by inviting two unknown army officers to spend their leave at her home—only to discover that one of them is her husband. The picture, like Billie, bubbles with spontaneous mirth, and its heroine jumps from the frying pan into the fire with all the grace in the world. The officers are played by James L. Crane and Frank Mills—actors who know a thing or two about farcical values, and keep the picture up to top notch. The story doesn't quite claim equal values with the star in this case, but you can't overlook it by any means.

Along comes another amusing bit of comedy in which the star is everything—which is not surprising,
The Screen in Review

Bessie Barriscale is seen against a vivid background in "The Woman Michael Married."

since she's Dorothy Gish. "Out of Luck" furnishes her with a "Little Disturber" type of rôle, which is about all one needs say about it. As a superstitious heroine, who believes in signs, cards, and the magic of a rabbit's foot, she plunges into spirited farce, which leaps forward on its hectic way when Dorothy sees the moon over her left shoulder and sees a black cat cross her path. And, of course, she wears orange blossoms when the picture ends and the final fade-out is shown.

The much-advertised Eugene O'Brien picture, "The Perfect Lover," also presents a star—and not a story; not unexpectedly, of course, since this is O'Brien's first appearance as a star. Probably it will disappoint you. The title suggests a sort of modern Romeo, but in reality the plot is only a mild thing, relying heavily upon a great deal of false sentiment. As an artist the hero is fêté and worshiped by society—and then the innocent fellow finds that he has to "Pay and pay and pay" in the language of the wronged heroine of old-fashioned melodramas. O'Brien is natural and acceptable in a part which a "screeny" actor would have made impossible, but he is worthy of better material than he has been given in this instance.

And, speaking of "screeny" actors, J. Warren Kerrigan lays himself open to that indictment in "A White Man's Chance," in which, in the garb of a Spanish grandee, he puts down another of his comic-opera rebellions—which he and Doug Fairbanks know so well how to do. The picture is characterized by three things—Kerrigan's smile, tricky eyebrows, and carefully studied romantic postures. It is interesting only in spots—and shows what the picture with a star rather than a story can be when nobody stops it.

Earle Williams' latest contribution takes us back again to the pictures made from plays, for it is Eugene Walter's vivid melodrama of the North, "The Wolf," adapted for the screen. Vengeance is its keynote, and as Jules Beaubien, Mr. Williams waits six reels to exact it upon the head of the man who wronged the girl—thereby disposing of the suspense which is the vital element of the play. However, the picture has a rich setting which compensates for the lapses in the action, and the picture is adequate as a vehicle for Williams.

A pioneer in the use of the movies as message bearers is the well-known woman director, Lois Weber, whose "Hypocrites" raised such a storm a few years ago. The uplift movement has never swamped her, for her messages have always been centered on such faithful institutions as the heart and the home, and that she can handle them ably is demonstrated in a simple little picture, "Home," featuring Mildred Harris Chaplin. It is very human and appealing, and fits the star's wistful personality admirably. The heroine learns to appreciate the value of her own very plain little home, where love, faith, and happiness are found, by visiting in a pretentious mansion from which they are absent. It is not a big story, yet it is impressive, and shows Miss Harris as a capable artiste.

Another simple message is delivered by Mitchell Lewis in "The Faith of the Strong." Lewis is an actor who stands alone in his study of the Canuck, and has done so ever since he gave us his memorable characterization in "The Barrier," a bit of work which has confined him similar rôles. Faith is the message behind his latest picture, which is a rugged tale of the woods and of primitive men.

And a message—that of brotherly love—is far more ably presented in King Vidor's latest production, "The Other Half," featuring Florence Vidor and ZaSu Pitts. Here we have Capital and Labor in their age-old conflict, but for once this vital theme is made the subject of rich dramatic entertainment instead of everlasting argument. This is a picture which really has something to say, and says it so well that the message is driven home without effort.

The story is worth repeating. A captain and a corporal return to civil life after the war. The former strikes the apex of prosperity which destroys his moral fiber; the latter hits the level in the work-a-day world. And when accident overtakes him—he works in the factory of the captain's father—he erstwhile friend refuses assistance, which brings the respective sweethearts of the men together. The wealthy girl's interest is so aroused by the entreaties of the other—notice the message here in the minor plot—that she refuses to marry the young financier. She will write editorials on a newspaper. And one of her articles opens the eyes of her uncharitable fiancée and she sees the light, while the corporal's eyes are literally opened at the same time. Unique? Decidedly! But human and convincing withal.

Mary Pickford goes down into the slums, too, in her newest picture, "The Hoodlum," but if there's a mes-

Continued on page 99
HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William Lord Wright

Regarding Original Plots

Many observing writers have written of late to inquire whether the day of the original screen story is nearing its end. They ask because they have seen in the fall announcements so many pictures listed for the coming season, based upon magazine stories, books, and plays. One correspondent calls our attention to the fact that nearly all of Paramount-Arcaft's forthcoming productions are screen adaptations of big literary and dramatic successes, that Metro offers a similar list of productions by big authors and playwrights, that Goldwyn has a formidable array, and so on.

It is true that a few of the big producers are practically confining their productions to the works of writers of fame and reputation. But the same thing is true of a few magazines. That doesn't mean that there are not plenty of other markets—and good ones, too—in which the beginner of the professional writer of no great reputation, is more than welcome if he brings the sort of stuff the editors want.

Personally, I think that a picture company which refuses to produce a story unless it has already appeared in print is making a grievous error.

Of course, there is value in the name of a popular author, in the title of a serial that has appeared in the Wednesday Evening Gazette with five million circulation, but what value is there in demanding that the gripping plot, "Her Sacrifice," appear first between the covers of the Bon Ton Magazine, and be read by perhaps ten thousand, before it can be filmed—well, it is more than I understand.

Producers Want Them

But the main question is, are there, or are there not, companies who still want original plots? And the answer is, there are. Our latest market booklet, which was gotten out a few weeks ago, gives a long list of them. In it one or two producers frankly admit that most of their productions are based on published works of note, but, nevertheless, they want to be listed as being interested in seeing all the original material that is being submitted. They realize that otherwise they might miss a golden nugget. I could name a long list of forthcoming productions by different companies based on original stories purchased from outside writers. Incidentally, the market is strong just now for serial plots. If you have a good plot for a serial photo play—one devoid of masked marvels, chemical phenomena, etc., send it to Universal, Pathé, or Vitagraph and it will receive attention. Remember we said good material. Such material is scarce; that is why the market is strong for it. The difficult thing is to teach the outside writer what good material is. Often what seems good material to the writer, and to his friends, is hopeless from the producers' point of view.

QUESTIONS concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, but they should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Please note that we cannot undertake to read or criticize scripts. Those who wish the names and addresses of the principal producers, with lists of their stars and statements as to their general needs in the way of screen stories, may procure our Market Booklet, containing this information, for six cents in stamps.

What One Producer Says

There are a great many producers of motion pictures in the field, and the fact that a few of them are making a great drive on published works does not mean that all the rest are following suit. There would not be enough published stories suitable for filming to go around.

A. J. Berst, president of the United Picture Theaters, Inc., who is a representative producer, commented on this question recently in the following enlightening way:

"I shall continue in the market for strictly original stories so long as there are any. By this statement I do not mean that we refuse to consider magazine fiction or novels. We do. Some of our greatest successes have been filmed from book stories. Just the same, it pays to read the manuscripts that arrive in the office. Occasionally we find a very good original story. If the author wishes to reserve his short story or book rights well and good. What we want is the motion-picture rights and it makes no difference to me whether the plot has ever appeared in print or not.

"I have found from experience that about one script in fifty is worth serious consideration. From our Pacific coast offices we have received just four original plots in the past five months. Of these four plots, I have retained two. They are original stories and better than the average magazine story or novel.

"Many of the book plots are bought principally for the main title and the name of the author. It stands to reason that the name of Rudyard Kipling has poster and publicity value. The same applies to other well-known authors. More often, however, the carefully written original movie plot, presented with an eye to the capabilities of our stars, written by an author of inventive talent, will stand up better than the average novel or short story. The latter carry plots, more or less strong, but hidden away in a wilderness of words."
Hints for Scenario Writers

"Not Yet Discouraged"

We like to get letters from beginners in this department. Send along your experiences and observations for the help of others. If you come in others will also. Here is one from "Not Yet Discouraged:"

"I am one of the thousands of amateurs who are trying to break into the writing side of the movie game, but have never sold a plot although I have been writing them for over three years. That, however, does not worry me, as I only write to satisfy the longing to write. I have my own typewriter and all it costs me is my time and the small expense for postage, paper, envelopes, etc.

"I have grown up with the movies, first starting with the one-reel pictures when they were in such demand many years ago and writing them longer and as mind and imagination developed, until now I can put enough action in a play to bring it up to five reels. You hear the producers cry out that amateurs should write their play around some particular star. Suppose they did, sent the story to the company having that certain star, and the story was refused, what then? Laid aside on the shelf useless, of course.

"Have taken your magazine ever since I first started to write. I don't always get time to read it right though, so I read the 'Hints for Scenario Writers' first, then 'The Observer,' and the rest when I can find the time. I like the way you give us amateurs the cold facts in the 'Hints for Scenario Writers,' and let us shed the tears about the true conditions. It is better for us to think that writing for the movies is easy."

As to Credit

Five years ago we waged a campaign for screen and poster credit for authors. Now that credit is given as a matter of course. The thought has occurred to us that credit where credit is due is not yet entirely adjusted for fairness to all concerned. Let us go on the "inside" and see how the average photo-play story is handled before it is put in production. In many instances, others than the author of the original idea and the author of the continuity are entitled to credit. We see on screen and posters that "Kneedeep in June," in five parts, was written by Jennie McGish, and the scenario prepared by Hector O. Scribble. All right. But list to this inside tale of what really happened.

Miss Jennie McGish submitted a synopsis to the Doorknob Film Concern. It carried a good, novel basic idea and perhaps one or two good situations. The rest of the synopsis, including the main title, was of no earthly value for any purpose. The director, the star, and the scenario editor thereupon met to confer on the story. They suggested a lot of new business to the writer of the continuity. This business was incorporated in the scenario.

Now listen some more! Hector O. Scribble, the perspiring scenarist, may have belonged to either one of two classes of that genus homo. Perhaps he was one of those who think they "know it all," or possibly he was one of those canny ones who do their best and depend on Providence for the rest. In any event Hector appeared, let us say, after a week's seclusion—or more—with a "temporary continuity." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred—whether Hector knows it all or whether Hector is canny—this temporary continuity is strictly "temporary" in every meaning of the word. It is more or less fair—generally less.

This scenario then was read by the director—if one by this time has been engaged—by the star, by the scenario editor, and by his assistant. Then it was earnestly and systematically torn to pieces, more new business invented at this second conference, the continuity shortened, and new effects suggested. The chances are that Hector's script consisted of a reel and a half of atmosphere before anything happened, so that action had to be put in right from the start. Hector then went home and finally emerged again with an entirely new continuity of which at least a third and perhaps two thirds of the ideas, business, love interest, drama, and comedy was suggested by others.

To sum up: In my experience, with a very few exceptions, I have found that the original story consists of an idea only; that the original continuity, or scenario, consists of mechanics only; that subtitles, business, originality, suspense, etc., are often suggested by director, star, and scenario editor, or others who may be qualified to sit in and offer their suggestions at the conference.

The two credited on screen and poster get well paid for their work, and the invention is furnished by the others who get no extra pay and no credit. Yet they are co-authors of both the continuity and the original story.

Think it over.

As to Carbon Copies

Your remarks regarding writers sending more than one copy of stories out at once, alarms me a little. I have just done that very thing, though with no idea of making a possible buyer bid up.

Some of my stories have been kept so long—three and four months—two were never returned—as to be useless. They come back, if not soiled, so shop worn as to make it necessary to rewrite them, which often I am unable to do. Sometimes my interest in the story has waned, or there is no longer a demand for that kind of a story. I have written letters to studios, asked if my story had been received and no answer is ever given. But after two, three, or four months the story comes flagging back. One studio denied ever having received a story from me, and refused to read my copy for fear, they told me on the phone, the original had been lost and fallen into other hands, and they would not run the risk of duplication. I asked the postmaster to trace it and, after three months, it was found in that same studio. Tucked away by some careless person, I presume, and forgotten.

An agency that sells stories on commission told me they do not permit the studios to keep their stories for more than a week; then they go and get them. But we cannot do that. We just have to wait until our produce has gone to seed in some studio and comes back with its value gone. One of the most prominent producers has had a story of mine for four months and he has ignored my letter asking if he ever received it.

Now, these are not small fry that have done this to me, but big producers who ought to be above that sort of laxness. I would not dream of sending out more than two copies of a story on a gamble, but how can we beginners get anywhere if we cannot get our stories back? I have too much sense to mind having a story rejected, but I certainly resent having my stories kept months and months and then returned with printed slips asking for more stories.

In commenting upon the above letter from Sarah Waters we remember about six years ago when writers wrote to us protesting that the movie producers "stole their stories." With others, we worked very hard to overcome this widely spread suspicion and I think, succeeded. It will again be revived to the detriment of

Continued on page 102
"Author—Author!"

THE first time that was ever shouted at me was in a dance hall in Alaska, when a bunch of miners tied their dogs in the keno room next door, and yelled so loud at the end of my first act that the dogs cut loose and began to fight. That broke up the show—you can't let a hundred dollars' worth of property get chewed up for mere drama." Rex Beach laughed at the recollection, and patted the dogs that were following him as he showed me over his place at Arden, on the Hudson. "I went up there with the first rush in 1897—had been studying law, but in Alaska I took a chance at anything that came along, till I got hold of some good property and cleaned up."

It was those days in gold-mad Alaska that furnished him material when he began to write stories, some years later—and now the movies are profiting by them, for Rex Beach, as president of Eminent Authors' Pictures, is putting into practice his belief that an author ought to take a hand in the dramatization of his stories, and "The Girl From the Outside" and "The Silver Horde" show Alaska as it really was—not as a director thinks it might have been. They'll be as realistic as the fight in "The Spoilers," made from his story, which set a high-water mark in movies years ago.

Nor will Alaska be the background for all the Rex Beach pictures; in fact, it's possible that the colony of primitive Indians which he visited in Mexico last winter may find itself embodied in one of his tales.

And next time the cry of "Author!" calls Rex Beach before an audience it'll be his own fault—for he's been the moving spirit behind this movement to let an author supervise the screening of his own stories, and movie audiences will soon appreciate what he's done for them,
Out in the Open
With Bill

By Paul Hubert Conlon

WILD horses—three of them—silhouetted against the sky line! At the news of it Bill Hart dropped his dice, scrambled to his feet, ordered the camera man to "cut," and took a long squint. For five minutes a discussion followed as to whether they were really wild horses—which are so scarce in the Mohave Desert nowadays—or only "outlaws," untamed bronchos, escaped from some ranch.

However, that evening when he returned to Victorsville, the little California town which was his headquarters, Hart made some inquiries and learned that there were some wild horses sure enough.

From that moment every man in the outfit, Hart included, was determined to try to rope them. Every conversation from that day on began with theories as to the best method of doing it, and everybody was betting on everybody else's chances of winning out in the chase.

But the week dragged by with the wild horses still at large, though picture making went on at a brisk rate; the company worked so fast and so earnestly in its zeal to get through that the director wondered if the men had been afflicted with some sort of desert madness. Finally, the scenes all shot, they agreed to go out after the horses together, catching them by the relay plan. For wild horses, no matter how far they run, always go in a circle, and by stationing men on horseback in pairs at two-mile intervals on a fifteen-mile circle, the outfit figured that they could round up at least one of the three. Oh, yes, Hart took a hand in it; he and Slim Riley were partners.

The plan was for each pair of men to ride after the horse easily, making no attempt to catch it, but merely driving it on toward the next pair of men. But when it came Hart's turn the horse was quite evidently getting worn out, and headed eagerly for the sheltering canions near by.

"We'll never get him if he turns in there!" shouted Riley, spurring
his own mount. Hart sped along on the other side, and presently two lassos went cutting through the air from either direction, and after a brief struggle the horse was theirs.

They rigged two hackamores on his head in order to lead him back to camp without injuring him, and then turned homeward—not really proud of what was just good luck, of course. Anybody could have done it, they assured the rest of the outfit casually, but their grins of honest pride weren't so easily obliterated.

That wasn't the only interesting feature of the location work done for "Wagon Tracks," however. There was a big round-up of five hundred cattle, which kept everybody's hands full for a while, and in between times there was rarely a dull moment; a little thing like risking life or limb in some wild stunt meant less than nothing to the Hart cowboys. There was plenty of work, too, and everybody took a hand at his share of it. William S. set a good example—he's always ready to help the assistant "props" carry a heavy load or to rustle some forgotten necessity. And Ann Little, who was leading lady, was no less willing, and consequently stood ace-high with every cow-puncher in the outfit.

Incidentally Hart tried to get away from his Western roles a while ago; not that he wanted to desert them, but he feared that the public in general was getting tired of always seeing him against that same old background. So he began varying his locations. "Shark Monroe" was a sea picture. "Branding Broadway" he did partly in New York. Then he turned westward again, stopping in Chicago to make "Breed of Men" at the stockyards, and then went on to San Francisco, where both the Golden Gate and San Quentin prison were called for as backgrounds for "The Poppy Girl's Husband."

By that time his mail was assuming even more stupendous proportions than usual, and nearly all the letters took the same trend. Indignant the fans were asking why their Bill had deserted the wild and woolly West. Wasn't he going to make any more "regular" pictures? A perfect storm broke around Hart's ears when he got back home and read that deluge of mail, and those who were on hand at the time say that his smile got broader and broader as he waded through the heap of letters, for those protests were after his own heart.

So just as soon as he could get at it he began a regular "wild-and-woolly" release—the kind the fans call a real Hart picture. And as soon as he finished "Wagon Tracks," the one which took him to the Mohave Desert, he started on another Western. But following that comes one laid in New Orleans, for Bill wants to please every one.
HEDDA NOVA thinks her family tree grew in the wrong country, and, while we admit that she has reason to believe she's right, the way she puts it is all wrong. "When I danced on the stage, and later, when I first made pictures, I always said I was Russian, of course," she told me. "Being born in Odessa and having my people Russian settled the matter, I thought. But since I've made 'The Spitfire of Seville' I've learned that I'm really Spanish as far as feelings go. Look at these pictures of me in that play and see if I don't look just plain Spanish."

We did, and we feel sure that she's wrong. Spanish she may be in temperament and looks, but she's way off when she thinks that she could possibly look "just plain" anything.
Over the Teacups

Order gossip with your tea and muffins and this is what you'll hear.

By the Bystander

I THINK it's scandalous!"

Fanny the Fan, being nearly an hour late for her appointment with me, sought to divert my attention thus when she finally arrived. "Everybody has either a brand-new company or a new aéroplane, and all I've got to show for my allowance is an evening gown copied after one of the ones in 'Everywoman.'"

"I'll believe nothing that you tell me about new companies," I declared firmly, leading the way to my favorite nook in the hotel tea room. "Last time I saw you, you swore that Priscilla Dean was leaving Universal, and then, when I'd rushed around and told everybody I knew, I learned that she was all signed up with them for years to come."

"Well, I got that straight from somebody who knew all about it," declared Fanny, not at all abashed. "Why don't you move over to that side? Then you can see every one out on the street, and I can see the lobby. That's better. Well, this news about new companies is true, honestly. Thomas Santschi has one, and so has Henry Walthall—he's always wanted to be in the 'fewer-and-better' class, you know, and now he's going to do it."

"Edith Storey's back here, too—did you know that?" I volunteered. "She's to be with Haworth Pictures, you know—between her and Sessue Hayakawa they'll have a corner on Oriental pictures, it seems to me; she used to be great in those spooky foreign roles."

"Well, I didn't know who was here, but I do know all about Catherine Curtis' company—you know, she played Sammy in 'The Shepherd of the Hills'—and she liked doing it so well that she went home to New York and got her father, a New York capitalist, and a lot of other financiers interested in this project of hers. Why, she even put in her own money! And now she's probably going to act in the company's productions, though she's more interested in the business end of the matter, and
has a lot of new ideas that she wants to see used in pictures." Fanny paused for a long breath and gave her order to the much-interested waiter.

"I can watch you on new companies," I declared. "I watched Carlyle Blackwell work the other day—he's simply slaving, you know, on the brand-new Carlyle Blackwell Productions; he says that's why he has to have such a big car and drive so fast going out to his home at the beach at night—he can't afford to waste time driving any slower. There's a brand-new excuse for speeding for you!"

"Well, I don't believe anybody will be driving a car by this time next year," declared Fanny gloomily—she's just bought one, you see, after saving her allowance for a year. "Why, flying's a perfect craze even now.

"Everybody's talking about 'taking off' and 'taking a hop,' and 'going for a flip,' and all that lingo. If you aren't a spiffy little pilot, these days, you simply aren't in it. Already, you know, Priscilla Dean, Pauline Frederick, Louise Glaum, and

Kathlyn Williams, among the women, are studying for licenses.

"How nice and convenient it will be, too! Mary Pickford can take a hop over to her orphan asylum without being mobbed. And when a bore chances to drop in on Mabel Normand, she can just leap into her bright-red flying machine—I'm sure it'll be bright red—and take off into the empyrean, calling back to said bore—with her fingers crossed, of course—"Oh, say, beloved, I'll be back in half an hour!" Pauline Frederick just dotes on making four or five parties a night, and how nice when she can flit from door to door, and merely drop her cards in the front yard when she goes calling. We're getting nearly as casual as that, anyhow. Peggy Hyland would just naturally have a kitchenette fitted up with a nice tea service, and serve tea and cakes with one hand while she worked the joystick with the other. It won't be safe for Will Rogers' enemies when Will begins to soar, because he can lasso them from his airplane and dangle 'em along behind—and Bill Hart will lash sister Mary to the mast and go for a cross-country flip before breakfast.

"You know, Charlie Chaplin has one now—says he's going to name it 'Hamlet,' because he always wonders, when he takes off, whether he's 'to be or not to be' back at the studio next day. And what fun Lew Cody will have when he can sail away into the clouds and be all alone with his little mustache."

"There goes Jack Pickford," I announced from my vantage point, as a roadster went whizzing down the street. "What a stir it made when he signed up with Goldwyn. They say he hated to come back West
Our 21 Jewel SMASHES PRICES

Look!

21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels—
Adjusted to the second—
Adjusted to temperature—
Adjusted to isochronism—
Adjusted to positions—
25-year gold strata case—
Genuine Montgomery Railroad Dial—
New Ideas in Thin Cases.

Only

$3 50

A Month

And all of this for $3.50—only $3.50 per month—a great reduction in watch prices—direct to you—positively the exact prices the wholesale dealer would have to pay. Think of the high grade, guaranteed watch we offer here at such a remarkable price. And if you wish, you may pay this price at the rate of $3.50 a month. Indeed, the days of exorbitant watch prices have passed. Write now.

See It First You don't pay a cent to anybody
until you see the watch. You don't buy a
Burlington Watch without seeing it. Look at the splendid beauty of the watch itself. Thin model, handsomely shaped—aristocratic in every line. Then look at the works. There you will see the masterpiece of the watch makers' skill, a perfect timepiece adjusted to positions, temperature and isochronism.

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 of Burlington superiority.

Send Your Name on This Free Coupon Get the Burlington Watch Book by sending this coupon now. You will know a lot more about watch buying when you read it. You will be able to “steer clear” of over-priced watches which are no better. Send the coupon today for the watch book and our offer.

Burlington Watch Company
19th St. and Marshall Blvd. Dept. 1289 Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (without obligations 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
and leave Olive Thomas in New York, but he's got his sisters and mother and baby Mary Rupp here to console him so I don't see that he deserves much sympathy. But he's glad to be making 'The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come'; his mother bought the rights to it for him when he was still making pictures on his own hook, and it's to be his first Goldwyn picture.

"Wouldn't it be funny to have your mother give you the rights to a picture, instead of a new car or a vanity box or something like that?" mused Fanny, fishing in the depths of her bag for a powder puff. "By the way, have you seen Rhea Mitchell up close since she had her nose made over?"

"No," and I craned my neck to get her view of the lobby.

"Well, she's perfectly beautiful—and she no sooner got out of the hospital and home than she was engaged to appear in a society serial opposite King Baggot, at the new Burston Studios."

"These changes in appearance are too much for me," I lamented. "I hardly knew Pauline Frederick with her hair bobbed. Oh, yes—she really did have it cut, but, of course, she has that kind of hair that you can part just anywhere and go swimming or motoring in without having it look any the worse for wear."

"Here's a queer little snapshot of Irene Castle that I got the other day," was Fanny's only response, which led me to believe that she'd heard my news before, but was too polite to tell me so. "You know how spick and span she always looks, and what gorgeous clothes she always wears. Well, she had taken off her puttees to readjust them between scenes, and her director, Charles Maingay, dragged her before the camera—funny, isn't it?"

"Worthy of ZaSu Pitts," I answered. "Did you hear about Nazimova's sending for ZaSu?" Well, she did—said she wanted to meet the heroine of 'Better Times.'"

"What did you do when you met her?" I asked ZaSu.

"'Oh, I don't know—guess I just skipped around some.'"

"'But what did you say to her?' I insisted.

"'Nothing much,' ZaSu confessed. 'She said all the right things, of course, but my mouth was so dry with excitement that I couldn't speak at all; even when she asked me to come to her home and have tea with her I couldn't answer. I guess she thinks I'm an actress of the silent drama all right!'"

"Bought a new car of Wally Reid yet?" asked Fanny as the second installment of tea and muffins arrived. "What—you hadn't heard that he's gone into the automobile business? Oh, yes, indeed—he's in it, though he's a silent partner. You remember that trip East he made a while ago, before he began 'Hawthorne of the U. S. A.? Well, on the way back he stopped with another man in Connersville, Indiana, and finished all the arrangements, and now business is flourishing, with the other man taking care of the working end of it. When a man can go into business and let somebody else do the work he's an artist in more ways than one!"

"Wally's always been that," was my only comment. "Aren't you excited over the news that Otis Skinner is going to 'Kismet' in movies? I am; it was such a wonderful thing on the stage, and Skinner has never made a picture before—or if he has, I've never heard of it."

"I think he was one of the actors who wouldn't monkey with movies at all, at all," answered Fanny. "Well, things seem to have turned right around now—people are going from the screen to the stage. Thurston Hall's back on Broadway, and Crane Wilbur is in New York, selling plays he's written, and acting, and Julian Eltinge says he's through with pictures, and is going abroad with his revue. Kitty Gordon's left the screen to do musical comedy again for a while, anyway."

"Yes, and Metro is importing an Italian actress—Bettina—who refused for a long time to leave the stage. But she made some pictures for a film company in Rome, and now Metro plans to have a studio in Italy—a regular American one—and make pictures with her there till she gets accustomed to our methods, and then bring her to Hollywood."

"Well, speaking of 'furrin' parts, don't you wish you were Marie Walcamp?" sighed Fanny longingly. "Think of going to Japan just to make a serial! Really, if you want to see the world, getting into the movies is just as good a way of doing it as joining the navy nowadays."

"I don't see the need of going abroad for excitement, when you can have the kind of startling adventures that Ann Little did right up here in Bear Valley," I answered. "She discovered a hermit up there, you know, when she was working in 'Lightning Brice.'—oh, no, not while she was actually working, but when she was taking a horseback ride between scenes. She just happened to come across this old man's cabin—Ann said she expected to find at least a miser or a fugitive from justice in such a deserted spot—but he was just a perfectly calm and sane old chap who'd never seen a movie, and thought maybe some day he'd go to town to see one and get a drink of whisky. Well, Ann broke the news of prohibition to him gently, and took him back to camp with her, and that night when they all went into the little projection room to run off the day's 'takes' she took her hermit along. And when he went back to his cabin he swore that the picture had been so exciting that he didn't need a drink which ought to sound well in an advertising campaign, oughtn't it?"

"I should say so," said Fanny, as we left.
How many times have you looked into the mirror and wished you had an unblemished skin like other women. Send for a trial bottle of D.D.D.—apply it to your skin. You will sigh with relief at the first magic touch of D.D.D.—a soothing wash of oil.

Send for Large Sample

Mail the coupon for liberal trial bottle. This wonderful skin wash sinks into the pores, kills the germs and throws them out. The inflamed tissue, rid of the parasites—the pores left open to receive nature’s healing aid, are soothed by D.D.D. Eczema, psoriasis, salt rheum, summer rashes, prickly heat, localized skin affections, such as bites of insects, felon and blackheads—all yield to D.D.D. Try it yourself and you will know why hundreds of grateful people have found D.D.D. a great aid in the relief of skin trouble. Be sure to send the coupon today—at once—for a trial bottle.

D.D.D. Laboratories
3845 Ravenswood Ave.
Dept. 1559
Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen: Please send me a trial bottle of D.D.D. Prescription, I enclose 1.00 to cover postage and packing.

Name
Address

D.D.D. Laboratories

For sensitive skins, D.D.D. Soap is remarkable effective. It is a refreshing toilet soap of delicate texture. It allays irritation while purifying the skin.
what I extracted from beneath the lining before I started to press it." And he held up the ancient charter.

Together they examined the document.

"Why this thing is a valid title to a throne!" cried Archie, after they had translated it. "No wonder that fellow is after it. And to think that I thought that a hobo poet was making all the trouble for me. Well, if that Brazilian nut thinks he's going to get this away from me now, he's wormy in the shell! I'll take a hand in this! I'm going to head for Cordillera just to see what's going on there!"

"I suppose I may accompany you, sir," suggested Hopley.

But Archie shook his head. "No, old friend," he said. "I'm not going to give up my expedition. This will just be a quick stop-over. So you see, we'll have to part company, for I'm going to live up to the agreement. It's a bit tough, though," he added regretfully, "I can't say that I care much about bunking with that pantryman."

As he started back toward his quarters below he was stopped by Carnero.

"I have an important message—a Marconigram that recently arrived, addressed to Mr. Archibald Alexander Barlow," the Spaniard said in a low voice. "I believe that Mr. Archibald Barlow might alter his plans if he knew the contents of that dispatch, for it concerns the safety of Mr. Barlow's personal fortune. Mr. Barlow is in possession, I believe, of a document which does not belong to him, which can be of no possible value to him, as it is of value only to the Princess Istra, to whom I was taking it when I was mysteriously robbed of it. I offer in exchange for that document the Marconigram I mentioned."

He waited, watching Archie intently. Archie was thinking fast. If his fortune was in danger—but no! This probably was a trick—a trick of the tramp poet perhaps to make him reveal his name and thus break the agreement.

"I do not know Mr. Archibald Barlow," he said coldly, as he turned and went below.

Scoundrel that he was, the Spaniard spoke the truth when he told about the Marconigram. It read:

Bound and Gagged

Continued from page 39

ARCHIBALD A. BARLOW, S. S. Cadiz.

Your financial interests are being attacked, and you may be ruined. Please abandon dangerous mission and return by first boat.

MARGARET HUNTER.

Margaret Hunter had seen by the newspapers that an attack was being made on the Barlow holdings by a clique of financiers. She had learned from her uncle of how Archie had gotten away on the Cadiz. She did not know that her uncle had engineered that attack; but she knew that she repented of her part in the affair. So she secretly sent the message, which would have changed the destinies of several lives had Archie received it. Fate, however, had planned otherwise.

When the vessel landed at Barcelona, the pantryman O. K. d a voucher for forty dollars for Archie, and he had received that sum from the purser as wages for his pantry work. Moreover, he had made some money by furnishing a writer on board the ship with some valuable material. So, being well-fixed financially, the adventurous young fellow hired a mule and set off for Cordillera. Gendarmes stopped him and searched him, but he palmed the parchment before their very noses and they didn't see it. He spoke such excellent Spanish that they accepted him as a South American, and told him they were on the lookout for a villainous American who was sneaking into Cordillera bent on mischief. Archie proceeded into the heart of the city and placed his mount in a livery stable. Before he had gone half a block a cry from a balcony arrested his attention. It was a cry for help, and the voice was feminine. He looked up and saw a pretty señorita. She motioned to him.

"There's nothing I do better than swarming up a balcony to a second-story window," Archie said. And a moment later he found himself in the room with the young lady. The room was comfortably furnished; there was no other occupant.

"I beg pardon," Archie said, "but I thought you were in trouble. But I find there is nobody here to annoy you; it is my mistake."

"There is no mistake," the girl said, in the rich Castilian accents of the aristocracy. "I am a prisoner."

"Prisoner?" Archie asked smilingly, "What could they convict you of—aside from being too good looking to live?"

She smiled lightly, "I am guilty of being the Princess Istra."

"Great heavens!" Archie exclaimed. He remembered that name—the Spaniard had mentioned it. He groped in his pocket for the ancient charter of the House of Istra.

"I can help you, princess. I've got your long-lost family document right here in my pocket. Yes, señorita, I have arrived in time to save the old homestead. They were going to foreclose on you and make the old kingdom a republic forever, eh? Well, I've got the papers, señorita, I've got the papers. We'll kick these cheap republican greasers out, and the old homestead will be a kingdom again—a kingdom all your own—we'll revanish up the throne and——"

"Your offer is so kind," the princess replied gratefully, "but I do not want the throne. I do not want to be a real princess. That's the trouble. I have been kidnaped and brought here to be forced onto the throne. There is to be a coup d'état; they have plotted a revolution."

"Great Jupiter! You're a born democrat! And who are the plotters who are trying to wish this pasteboard crown on you?"

"The chief of them is Don Estaban Carnero."

"Oh boy!" exclaimed Archie. "Why, I know him—I know Don. We're old college chums, you might say."

"Then you know that he is only using the royal blood of Istra as a foil to put himself in political power. He is using me as a necessary tool which he can fling aside once he has entrenched himself in power."

"I could guess that."

"And you are his chum, his friend? Then you are one of his party?"

"No, indeed, fair lady. I'm a party all by myself. I'm a sort of surprise party."

"A surprise party? I do not understand."

"That's an American institution—I guess they don't have such things in the polite old land of Spain."

"If you are not a Carnerista, what brings you here?"

"That's rather a long story,"
Free For 10 Days' Wear

Put It Beside a Diamond

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. Pay only $4.50 on arrival, balance $3.00 per month if satisfactory. But only 10,000 will be shipped on this plan, so you must act quickly. Get the coupon into the mail.

Solid Gold Mountings After you see the dazzling gem and the handsome solid gold mounting—after you have carefully made an examination and decided that you have a wonderful bargain and want to keep it, pay for it in such small payments that you'll hardly miss the money. If you can tell a TIFNITE GEM from a genuine diamond, or if for any reason at all, you do not wish to keep it, return at our expense.

Remarkable Gem Discovery

The closest thing to a diamond ever discovered. In appearance a TIFNITE and a diamond are as alike as two peas. TIFNITE GEMS have the wonderful pure white color of diamonds of the first water, the dazzling fire, brilliancy, cut and polish. Send every diamond test—fire, gold and diamond file. Mountings are exclusively fashioned in latest designs—and guaranteed solid gold.

Send No Money—Just the Coupon

Just send coupon. Send no reference, no money. No obligation on you in any way! You run no risk. Coupon brings you any of the exactly beautiful pieces shown and described here. Wear it for 10 days on trial. The TIFNITE GEM is set in the latest style solid gold mountings. Decide then whether you want to keep it or not. Send for yours now—today—sure. Send no money. Be sure to send strip of paper showing size wanted.

THE TIFNITE GEM COMPANY
109 East 39th Street Dept. 519 Chicago, Ill.

How to Order Rings To get the next-size ring, cut a strip of exactly the exact size of the ring which you want. Then send the strip of paper to us along with your order coupon. We will send you the next size larger, and a ring will be returned. There is no obligation on you in any way.

THE TIFNITE GEM CO.
109 E. 39th Street Dept. 519 Chicago, Ill.

Send me Ring No. . . . . . . . on 10 days' approval.
(No obligation, be sure to enclose size as described above.)

I agree to pay $4.50 on arrival and balance at the rate of $3.00 per month. If not satisfactory, I will return same within 10 days at your expense.

Name ________________________________
Address _______________________________

LISTEN! all ye readers of The Oracle.

I'm quite as sorry as some of you seem to be that I haven't been able to answer as many letters in these columns as usual, and this time I think you'll find that I've done much better. Once in a while even an Oracle has to knock off, you know, but I'll promise to do better in the future. Only remember this. If you don't see the answer to your letter as soon as you expect, just remember that as the movie business grows The Oracle's mail grows, and sometimes we get more letters than we have space for. Don't forget to write! I don't care how many letters come. I'll read 'em all, and answer as many as I can, and, of course, the more interesting the letters are, the more interesting the answers will be. And now I'll turn my attention to:

JIMMIE K.—So you want to be a comedian, and think you would be a riot on the screen because you make all the kids in your town laugh at your funny jokes? Why don't you let them read them right out of the book? They'd probably get over just as well. You are entirely wrong about the way Mack Sennett broke into pictures. He was not a stage director at all. He started his career as a boilermaker, but always had a hankering for the stage, and would sing continually at his work. Suddenly he left Canada, and journeyed down to New York City, determined to get a job with a stage troupe—and he did. He landed a job as chorus man with Fred Mac's "Puff Puff Poof" Company at the Casino Theater. During a layoff he got a job playing extra at the old Biograph Company, and worked his way up until sponsored by Griffith, who had just made his success, he was given a job directing comedies. The rest you know. Now, does that sound anything like your version?

KATHLEEN VICTORIA AUSTRALIA.—Well, this is a time a fair flower of Australia came within one letter of being at the head of The Oracle. Pearl White is through with serials; and is doing features for Fox. She was recently married to Wallace McCutcheon. She was born in Springfield, Missouri, in 1889. Stuart and Helen Holmes are not related. Mary Miles Minter is now starring in Reclart Pictures. Her first release will be "Anne of Green Gables." One of Viola Dana's latest features is "Please Get Married," and May Allison's "Fair and Warmer." Louise Glaum was born in Maryland and May Allison in Georgia. Harold Lockwood died of the "flu," but not Mary Pickford. She is still hard at work, having just finished "The Heart of the Hills," by John Fox, junior. Marguerite Clark was born in 1897, and June Caprice in 1890. Fannie Ward was born in 1875.

The Oracle will answer in these columns as many questions of general interest concerning the movies as space will allow. Personal replies to a limited number of questions—such as will not require unusually long answers—will be sent if the request is accompanied by a stamped envelope, with return address. Inquiries should be addressed to The Picture Oracle, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York City. The Oracle cannot give advice about becoming a movie actor or actress, since the only possible way of ever getting such a job is by direct personal application at a studio. Questions concerning scenario writing must be written on a separate sheet of paper. Those who wish the addresses of actors and actresses are urged to read the notice at the end of this department.

Mildred Harris was born in 1901. Carol Holloway was born in 1892, Madge Evans in 1900, Carmel Meyers in 1903, Mary Miles Minter in 1903, Anna Little in 1894, and Viola Dana in 1898.

Miss E. B.—Your favorite, Constance Talmadge, is the younger sister of Norma and the older sister of Natalie. Constance was born in Brooklyn, New York, on April 15, 1900. That doesn't sound very foreign, does it? She started her career playing bits at the Vitagraph, and finally did comedy leads with Billy Quirk. When sister Norma went with the National Film Corporation—so did Connie, and she began playing in comedies opposite "Smiling" Bill Parsons. She's been following sister Norma ever since. Norma went to Griffith's, and so did she; Norma started starring for Select, and so did she. Norma then went with First National and so did she. Whose move next? "The Temperamental Wife" is one of her latest, Wyndham Standing playing the leading male rôle.

IDA MAE.—Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1888. "The Iron Test" has been finished and released for some time. His latest serial is "The Perils of Thunder Mountain." I have not counted up the exact number of pictures he has appeared in, but the first chance I get I'll count 'em up for you. The serial has fifteen episodes of two reels each. Remember Steve Brodie took a chance and got away with it. Why not write him and see? See answer to Kathleen Victoria Australia. I don't think Antonio would like it if you called him pretty. A woman is either pretty or beautiful, but mere man can only be handsome at the most. Carol Holloway has been with Photon, Lubin, N. Y. M. P., American, Fine Arts, and Vitagraph. Mary Pickford's correct name is Gladys Smith. She has been in pictures since they discovered film. Mary Miles Minter's real name is Juliet Shelby. Mary Miles is in New York, and Mary is working in California, so they don't see anything of each other. Yes, Pearl White always wears a blonde wig. Her natural hair is auburn and very pretty, too.

CARMINETTA.—William Farnum was born in Boston, Massachusetts, on July 4, 1876. He was educated in Bucksport, Maine. He is five feet ten and a half inches tall. His hair is dark brown and his eyes are blue. Bill can do most anything in the athletic line. Fishing is his greatest hobby. He began his stage career with his father's stock company when he was fifteen, playing in "A Prince of India." He was started in "Ben Hur" for five years. At one time he and Bill Hart were playing in the same company. He co-starred with brother Dustin on the stage for two seasons in "The Littlest Rebel." His screen career commenced with Selig, for whom he did the never-to-be-forgotten "Spoilers." He then joined the Fox forces, and has been starring for them ever since. "For Freedom," "The Man Hunter," and "The Jungle Trail" are recent Farnum releases. Bill Farnum is one of the screen's most popular stars, and a regular fellow if there ever was one.
Such fun—and it’s an accomplishment that’s really worth while

Arched like a violin!
The Lyon & Healy is made of fine curly maple and choice old spruce—lined throughout—blocked with exquisite precision—with a bridge and a tail-piece of a special patented compensating type.

“A triumph in mandolin construction”
says Samuel Siegel, the celebrated mandolinist whose concerts and vaudeville performances have been applauded by hundreds of thousands of people.

It’s a great sensation to be able to play a mandolin. When the crowd gathers around the piano and Peggy starts a song, you can join in, too, instead of sitting back in the corner.

The mandolin is easy to play—that’s one reason so many girls are taking it up. And then it sounds so well with the voice or other instruments. It is so light and flat-shaped that it fits right in your suitcase. Wonderful for camping trips or picnics!

Let us send it to you for 6-day trial

The Lyon & Healy Own Make Mandolin is the finest instrument you can buy—the choice of professionals and Glee Clubs everywhere. It is not extremely expensive, however, and you can pay for it by easy monthly payments. Mandolins $65, $75 and $100, mandolas $125, mandocellos $150. Catalog free. Send $5 for a six-day trial. If at the end of that time you don’t consider it by far the finest-toned mandolin you ever heard, return it and we will gladly refund the money. Address Lyon & Healy, 57-88 Jackson Blvd., Chicago.

Unlimited Guarantee on every Own Make Instrument
Sold by leading music dealers.

LYON & HEALY OWN MAKE MANDOLIN
Go to School at Home!

B. O. B.—You refer to Margarita Fisher’s picture, “Money Isn’t Everything.” Yes, comparatively new. Fred Stone did three films last year for Artcraft. They were: “The Goat,” “Under the Top,” and Johnny Get Your Gun.” All three have been released. He has been making some new ones this summer. His hair is black. Marshall Neilan was an actor for several years before he started in to produce features himself. He was with Biograph, Kalem, Selig, and Famous Players. He made his biggest success playing with Mary Pickford productions. He is a story-teller and starring in “The Country Boy” for Famous Players. Neilan is the one who created the characters of Ham and Bud, and made them one of the most popular combinations of screen comedy. He has directed the most successful Mary Pickford productions, and his latest one with the popular Mary, “Daddy Long-Legs,” is one of the best things that she has ever given the screen. He is now with the First National. Constance Talmadge was born on April 1st. She has been married to Miss William Russell. She has not appeared with him in any of his late releases for the American. “Up Romance Road” is the last picture in which she had the leading role opposite her husband. Winifred Westover is his leading lady at the present time. George Walsh is one of the best all-around athletes in pictures. Your letter wasn’t at all monotonous. What made you think it was? Quite the contrary, I should say.

A. T. K.—Ruby de Remer was born in Denver.

CHAPLIN AND HARRIS.—Charlie Chaplin’s latest picture for First National is called “Sunnyside.” Mildred Harris was last seen in “Home Sweet Home.” She is not playing in pictures at the present time, but will before very long.

E. M. R.—You must have sent the letter to the wrong address, and it will probably be returned to you if your name and address are clearly written on the envelope. Richard Barthelmess played with Marguerite Clark in “Bab’s Burglar.” Some of your questions are kind of foolish, and sound as if you were trying to kid some one. Are you? Drop me a line again when you think up a new batch.

LLE H. J.—Ethel Teare is the comedienne’s name and not Teale. She is not related to Conway Teare, the leading man. Yes, Syd Chaplin played several parts with his brother Charlie in the latter’s First National Comedy, “Shoofly Arms.” Junior was born in Arlington, Massachusetts, on November 19, 1899. Her eyes are blue. Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in May, 1883.

JACKIE OF THE HULAS.—You have been writing as often as you usually do; so I suppose you are lagging in your correspondence once more. King Baggot has just started to work on a new serial for the Bray Company, which should be ready for release shortly. His latest feature is the Metro production, “The Man Who Stayed At Home,” taken from the stage play of that name, it is a trifle late in arriving, but is very well done. Jean Southern is not playing in pictures any more. No, Mary Pickford hasn’t any children. Her sister Lottie has all the children in the Pickford family. The little baby girl, Mary Pickford Kupp is her name. Grace Cunard’s latest picture is the Universal serial, “Elmo The Mighty,” in which she plays opposite Elmo Lincoln. I’ll be on the lookout for Billie’s letter.

A READER.—Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas. Your other questions have all been answered elsewhere this month. In private life Corinne is the better half of Webster Campbell, and she is still being starred in Vitagraph plays. You’re entirely welcome.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Where did you dig up that one? You must have been looking for the biggest one you could find, eh? So you don’t care for the kind of story you can’t write?—You can’t do anything like that does anyone else. You don’t want snow on the ground in Russia twelve months of the year, do you? Yep, I agree with you that he ought to have dipped the quill pen in the ink, but maybe he thought it was a fountain pen and near-sighted. No, Paramount and Goldwyn are not connected in any way. They’re what you might call rivals. Robert Harron only did one picture with the Goldwyn firm, and that was “Sunshine Alley.” William A. Brady has nothing to do with the Fox Film Company. What ever put that notion into your head? What do you mean by “Fox directing for World?” The stars read practically all the letters they’ll receive from the film fans. There is no chance for them to hear applause from an audience, and the only way they can find out if their work is appreciated is by the fans’ correspondence. You bet they read them. You can’t领导人 lot of words on your pages. Why don’t you try writing a larger hand?

MAILER.—It was Albert Ray and not Charles you saw in “Words and Music By—”. Charlie is with Ince and Albert is with the Fox Company, who produced this picture. They are cousins—not brothers. Yes, he reads all his mail, and I’m sure he would send you one of his photographs. See the end of The Oracle for the address. Mary Miles Minter’s pictures will not be released by Pathé any more. She is now starring in Reaart phootplays, and will be seen under that banner hereafter. No trouble at all.

JUNE.—It has been some time since you have adored The Oracle. Where have you been? His hair is red. You were right in your surmise that “The Coward” was an old picture, but you were very foolish in missing it. This was the picture in which Charlie did such splendid work that they made him a star. So, you see, it’s of unusual interest. Why do you continue to call me Jimmy? You must be convinced
Will Captain Smith return to Floorwalking?

There are thousands of men like Captain Smith who, before the war, were occupying relatively unimportant positions in the business world. Then, in a few months after the war colors, they were holding commissions in the army. Millions of others found their way from positions in all walks of life into the various camps, where intensive training quickly turned a nation of business men into the world's finest fighting machine. It almost seemed incredible—but what this array of business men and women did as their bit is now history. What took Germany forty years to prepare for was done in a few months by America. This was made possible by INTENSIVE TRAINING.

Though Captain Smith may return to his old job of floorwalker, it will be only for a short while—time enough to complete a course of intensive training in some line or other that will make him mentally fit for a better paid and more responsible position. He knows that intensive training will do this for him just as surely as it qualified him for a commission in the army.

Intensive training made him a leader of men. It enabled him to give orders instead of taking them. It taught him to think, act and think for himself and do the thinking for those under him—often a matter of life and death. No Captain Smith couldn't be content in his old job, because he knows how to get a better one.

The War's Great Lesson

Every man who stepped from his job in civil life into an intensive training camp has learned a valuable lesson—a lesson that will make him a better business man if he but has the will to win. These men have witnessed the wonders of intensive training—have seen the metamorphosis in their own individual lives as well as in those of others, and it is the natural and logical assumption that, if intensive training in military matters performed such wonders, it must have the same beneficial effect when applied to business. The history of business and of business successes points unerringly to the salutary effects of intensive training.

Since the armistice was signed, and more particularly since the American troops began to arrive home, there has been a noticeable increase in the number of enrollments for intensive business training in all lines of endeavor caught by the American School. Thousands of men who were simply "getting by" instead of "getting on" before they joined the colors, have learned a lesson and they are not going back content with the poorly paid jobs they held in the past. This fact is proved by the great increase in students who are availing themselves of American School training. In a few months these students who are now applying intensive training as a solution of "how to get on," I will be able to qualify for the goal they have in mind. The spare time hours they devote to this training will bring them rich rewards in the form of larger pay checks, better positions and more congenial work. The result of such training cannot be otherwise, for trained men are the scarcest commodity on the market.

An Investment Without an Equal

If you think for a moment that there is another investment that can equal the time and small amount of money spent in intensive training—get out your pencil and do some figuring.

If a course of intensive training in your chosen line costs you from $50 to $100—and your spare time hours—how would you figure what that money invested in intensive training will bring? From three to ten dollars per year would be the limit, wouldn't it?

The same amount invested in intensive training will enable you to treble or multiply your earning power dozens of times, because it makes you a better business man and makes those who employ you aware of that fact. There's no sentiment in determining salaries. You get paid for what you can do—and that depends solely on what you possess.

Your spare time does not earn you anything NOW—so you can't charge anything to a course of intensive business training but the actual cost of the course. If the result of this training only increased your earning power by ten dollars a week—and that is a conservative figure—you would get FIVE HUNDRED AND TWENTY DOLLARS a year from a small investment of cash and spare time. That is a small gain when compared with actual returns reported by American School students, but small as it is it serves to prove that there is no other investment in the world that pays so well as a trained brain.

Thousands Bettered by American School Training

It has been the privilege of the American School, a fully chartered educational institution, to prepare thousands of men and women for better positions in all trades and professions. For nearly a quarter-century it has been advocating intensive training and, today, there are thousands to testify to its efficacy—thousands who are now enjoying healthy incomes and congenial work as a result of the spare time they devoted to American School training. The same measure of success can be yours. Proof of scores of these successes will gladly be mailed you on request.

A School That Is Known by Its Guarantee

The American School believes that education, like merchandise, should be sold on a "make good" basis. Doing business strictly by mail demands some guarantee as a protection to the student. That is the belief of the American School—and it is on the basis of SATISFACTION OR MONEY REFUNDED that a student enrolls. All risk on the part of the student is eliminated. At any time during the first year of your enrollment we guarantee to refund your money in full if, after the completion of ten examinations, you notify the School that you are not satisfied with your course. Ten examinations will prove to you whether or not you are getting practical, money-making training. You are the judge.

Don't Dodge a Better Job

Whether you get a better position and better pay than you ever dreamed of is up to you and you alone. The American School can help you get the position you want—just as it has helped its thousands of students. It will not obligate you to investigate what this training means to you. A Free Bulletin will be mailed to you on receipt of the coupon. No agents will call on you—and it might prove the best thing you ever did. Check and mail the coupon while this matter is before you.

American School of Correspondence
Dept. G769 Chicago, U. S. A.

Explain how I can qualify for the position checked.

- Business Manager
- Electric Light and Power
- Sanitary Engineer
- Hydroelectric Engineer
- Power Plant Superintendent
- Telephone Engineer
- Mechanical Engineer
- Architect
- Building Contractor
- Consulting Engineer
- Structural Engineer
- Mechanical Engineer
- Naval Architect
- Machine Engineer
- Draughtsman
- Draftsman and Designer
- Lawyer

Name
Address

[Signature]
that I am of the stronger (?) sex, and that James is my name. Well, everyone is welcome to his opinion. We had an interview with Charles three issues back. You didn’t miss it, did you? Charlie, of course. Julian Eltinge has finished his stage tour, and is going back into pictures. I don’t just glance through the letters I receive and note the questions, avoiding anything else. The Oracle letters are just the same to me as a letter from a friend, because I consider all my Oracle readers friends of mine. So I enjoy all their letters, whether they ask any questions or not. Hope and Cleo are all right as far as I know. Hope heads the list this month, and reports that she’s O.K. Haven’t heard from Cleo as yet, but she’ll probably show up later on.

PAL.—Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1887. Mary Miles Minter has not been on the stage since she began her picture career a few years ago. Constance and Norma Talmadge are sisters. Norma is the older. Crane Wilbur is considered for playing the male lead with Marjorie Rambeau in “The Eyes of Youth.” “By Right of Purchase” was adapted from the book of that name. Mary Pickford has light brown hair, not red. The Essanay studio several years ago used to be at Niles, California, when G. M. Anderson, who did the “Broncho Billy” pictures, was in his prime. I receive letters from all over the world, wherever motion pictures are shown.

SUSIE HAYAKAWA ADVERTISER.—The part of Jummy Nelson in “The Bride Awakening” was played by Asa Yo Darin, an Irishman. Lea Cody played the role of Richard Earlie. Anna Q. Nilsson had the feminine lead opposite George M. Cohan in “Seven Keys to Baldpate.” If you do not mean Dick Barthelmess you refer to Dick Jewel. The editor to the part of Harry Lindsey in “Nearly Married.” William Scott played the leading role opposite Gladys Brockwell. Mae Murray is now making pictures for Paramount. Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne are man and wife. Susie Hayakawa was born in Tokio, Japan, in 1889. June Caprice arrived in the United States ten years later. New York City is the birthplace of Elsie Ferguson and Chicago, Illinois, that of Clara Kimball Young.

CECELIA W.—Mae Marsh was born in Madrid, New Mexico, in 1897. Baby Marie Osborn was born in 1911. Ruth Roland was born in 1893. Billie Burke arrived on this globe at Washington, D. C., in 1896, and Theda Bara came to life at Cincinnati, Ohio, four years later. There is not any set rule as to what size an actress should be. It’s what they can do. I can’t help you a bit in regard to that.

G. G. W.—Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1883. Mary Pickford has started to work on the first production for the United Artists program. It is called “Told in the Hills.” by John Fox, Jr. Douglas Fairbanks’ latest release is “His Majesty the American.” Anita Stewart’s eyes and hair are brown. Louise Lovely was born in Sydney, Australia, in 1906. She has blond hair and gray-blue eyes. Yes, Charles Chaplin is married to Mildred Harris. I thought everybody knew that. I hope you do.

VIRGINIA COLLIER.—Charles Bryant played the leading male role opposite Nazimova in “Eye for Eye.” He also plays opposite her in real life, being her husband as well as leading man. Alla Nazimova was born in Valla, Crimea, Russia. Sounds like a breakfast food, doesn’t it? You certainly have a bunch of favorites.

PEPPE WYOMING.—You have done wonders for your age and education. I am sure that Madame Petrova will be glad to send you one of her autographed photos. She was born in Warsaw, Poland, and was on the stage abroad and in America before she went into pictures.

A. M.—You certainly seemed to enjoy “Be a Little Sport.” I thought it was a corkscrew comedy-drama myself. What do you mean “is that his own hair”? Of course it is. Albert Ray and the Al Ray, who played opposite Enid Bennett in that picture you saw a long time ago are one and the same. He is now starring in Fox features. Look at the end of The Oracle for the addresses you want. William S. Hart has not retired yet.

MISS W.—Yes, it is true that Harold Lockwood is dead. He died of influenza last October. Look at the end of The Oracle for the addresses. I am sure they will send pictures. Better inclose a quarter to make certain.

A MOVING FAN B. E.—There are newcomers coming all the time, so you are not alone. Pearl White is through with serials. She is now making features for the Fox Film Corporation. Her last serial was “In Secret,” by Robert W. Chambers, just released by Pathé. Your list of favorites is quite lengthy, but well chosen. If you are six feet six, weigh about two hundred, and a good mustache Jack Dempsey, you may take a chance. Even with all the above qualifications it would be rather risky.

MISS M. W.—I cannot advise you regarding scenarios, but William Lord Wright can, so send your questions to him in care of Picture-Play, and he will gladly answer them for you. For a list of the studios, and their scenario wants, send six cents in stamps to the editor for a copy of the Market Booklet.

MISS TALL TIMBER.—Thanks for all the good wishes for Picture-Play and myself. They are greatly appreciated. Sidney isn’t working in pictures at the present time.

DOW-GONE.—That’s her correct name. Marjorie Daw was born in Colorado Springs, Colorado, in 1902. She was at the Western Studio last year. Timmy is five feet two and one-half inches tall, and weighs one hundred and four pounds. She lives in Hollywood, California. You might write her and see. Look at end of The Oracle for addresses.

FRANK B.—Hale Hamilton is with the Metro Company. His latest release is called, “In His Brother’s Place.”
"$1,000 Saved!"

"Last night I came home with great news! Our savings account had passed the $1,000 mark! "I remember reading one time that your first thousand saved is the most important money you will ever have, for in saving it you have laid a true foundation for success in life. And I remember how remote and impossible it seemed then to save such a sum of money.

"I was making $15 a week and every penny of it was needed just to keep us going. It went on that way for several years—two or three small increases, but not enough to keep up with the rising cost of living. Then one day I woke up! I found I was not getting ahead simply because I had never learned to do anything in particular. As a result whenever an important promotion was to be made, I was passed by.

"I made up my mind right then to invest an hour after supper each night in my own future, so I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a course that would give me special training for our business. I can't understand why I never realized before that this was the thing to do. Why, in a few months I had a whole new vision of my work! The general manager was about the first to note the change. An opening came and he gave me my first real chance—with an increase. A little later another promotion came with enough money so that we could save $25 a month. Then another increase—I could put aside $50 each pay day. And so it went.

"Today I am manager of my department—with two increases this year. This is only the beginning. We are planning now for a home of our own. There will be new comforts for Rose, little enjoyments we have had to deny ourselves up to now. And there is a real future ahead with more money than I used to dare dream that I could make. What wonderful hours they are—those hours after supper!"

For 28 years the International Correspondence Schools have been helping men and women everywhere to win promotion, to earn more money, to have happy, prosperous homes, to know the joy of getting ahead in business and in life.

More than two million have taken the up road with I. C. S. help. Over 100,000 are now turning their spare time to profit. Hundreds are starting every day. Isn't it about time for you to find out what the I. C. S. can do for you?

You, too, can have the position you want in the work of your choice, you can have the kind of a salary that will make possible money in the bank, a home of your own, the comforts and luxuries you would like your family to have. No matter what your age, your occupation or your means—you can do it!

All we ask is the chance to prove it—without obligation on your part or a penny of cost. That's fair, isn't it? Then mark and mail this coupon.
Lloyd S. Houston.—Write to the Metro Company regarding the photograph. What did you do with the rest of your letter? It wasn’t with the first part when it arrived. See addresses below. Mary Pickford’s first picture was “The New York Hat,” a Biograph production. “Wildflower” was Marguerite Clark’s.

Florette B. J.—See addresses below.

Hattie Bell.—Yes, Norma and Constance Talmadge are sisters, and there is another sister, Natalie, who plays in pictures once in a while.

Mildred G.—What do you mean you’d like to be a screen Miss? Are you a male impersonator or something? They always need girls in motion pictures, but the girls must have some experience. I’d advise you to stay close to home and mother, where you are sure of three meals a day, which you won’t be so sure of if you decide to go into pictures.

Donald P.—I have never heard of the officer you mention appearing on the screen. He might have used a different name in the films. That is Violet Palmer’s correct name. She was born in Flint, Michigan, in 1890. Yes, she has been in a goodly number. She was with Kalen, Laskey, and Fox. See addresses below. Those were mighty interesting cards you sent me, and I shall put them with my collection. I guess you will be glad to get back in the States again at that, eh?

E. Straika.—Your friend is not with the Fox Film Company on the Pacific Coast.

I Wanna No.—All right, if you insist. Mary Pickford’s latest picture is “The Heart of the Hills,” by John Fox, Jr.

Inquisitive Peggy.—Eugene O’Brien opposite Norma Talmadge. There are two chances to your being allowed to visit the motion picture studios in New York: a chance that they’ll let you, and a chance that they won’t—with the accent on the won’t. Have you a supporting role? A chance. Don’t give up hope, you may yet hear from her. She was born in Niagara Falls, New York, in 1897. She entered motion pictures at the Vitagraph studios at the age of fifteen with no previous experience.

Z. I. M.—Dissolves are made by taking a scene, and then rewinding the film to get the camera to the scene, and then grinding on the scene you want to dissolve in to. When a director wants his characters to run at an exceedingly fast pace, the cameraman turns the crank slowly, which accomplished this. The same person appearing in a scene twice at the same time is done by double exposure. There are several companies who make cartoon comedies for the screen, and employ cartoonists for this purpose. Why don’t you get in touch with them? Mary Pickford is very well, thank you.

K. C. B.—Write to Olive Thomas, Yes, the battle scenes in “The Greatest Thing In Life,” were taken in Europe. D. W. Griffith spent about a year “over there” getting battle stuff for “Hearts of the World,” “The Great Love,” “The Greatest Thing In Life,” and “The Girl Who Stays At Home.” Robert Harron is twenty-five. The strong man you refer to in “The Warrior” is Maciste, who was the giant in “Calabria.” He is in Italy at present making pictures. A serial called, “The Liberator,” and featuring Maciste is being shot by Man W. H. Productions is not connected with William S. Hart. They are merely reissuing old Mutual and Triangle productions. The Shorty Hamilton pictures you refer to were made by the New York Metro Pictures Corporation, and released by Mutual; then reissued by W. H. Productions.

Marie Bloom.—George Chesebro had the male lead in the opening episodes of the serial, “Hands Up.” He went to war and George Larkin took his place. Theda Bara is an American. She was born in Cincinnati. “The Lure of Ambition” is one of her latest pictures. Sarah Bernhardt is in France.

S. C. O. Athens, Alabama.—Pearl White wears a blond wig in her pictures. Her own hair is auburn. Mary Pickford is very much alive. She is now in the California mountains making some other scenes for her latest feature, “The Heart of the Hills,” by John Fox. Jr. Ethel and Marguerite Clayton are not related. Theda Bara was born in 1890. Who are Madge Evans’ parents? Why, Mr. and Mrs. Evans. Who did you think? Billie Burke’s daughter? I don’t see any resemblance between Gloria Swanson and Alice Brady. Florence La Badie died as a result of injuries she received when Daniel Carson Goodman’s car overturned near New Rochelle, New York. Mae Marsh is not dead. She has a little baby girl just a few months old called Mae Marsh Armes. Tom and Owen Moore are brothers. There are two more brothers in the Moore family. They are Joe and Matt. All are on the screen.

Thomas N.—Write to the stars you mention personally.

Jack-o-lin.—Don’t ask me how to get into the movies, and don’t ask my advice. That’s the one question I can’t answer, as you’ll see by the rules. To be frank with you, that job you have in the restaurant looks awful good to me, with all the food about you within reach. If you tried the movies the food might be much harder to get. William S. Hart has not retired. He is still working in pictures every now and then.

A Reader of The Picture Oracle.—You probably refer to Lydia Mary Meades. See the end of The Oracle.

Theodore R. D.—Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 18, 1902. She is five feet two inches tall and weighs one hundred and twelve pounds.

Chaplin Fan.—Charles Chaplin was born at Fontainbleau, France, of English parents on April 16th, 1889. His father and mother were touring the Continent with a vaudeville company at the time. He made his first appearance on the stage in a coster song entitled, “Jack...
LOFTIS BROS. & CO., *The House of Worth-While Gifts on Credit*

Our diamonds are distinctive in beauty, of great brilliancy, set in the latest fashionable Solid Gold mountings. We guarantee absolute satisfaction, or money refunded. With stores in leading cities, and our extensive Mail Order House, we are in position to make prices that are impossible for other concerns to meet.

Admired for its Simplicity and Graceful Lines

The Best Christmas Gift of All

A Diamond Ring

Diamonds Win Hearts

The Famous Loftis Perfection Diamond Ring

Most popular Solitaire Diamond Engagement Ring.

The Loftis Solitaire Diamond Cluster Ring

Has the exact appearance of a Solitaire that would cost three or four times as much.

SEND FOR OUR CHRISTMAS CATALOG

There are 128 handsomely illustrated pages of Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Silverware, etc. Whatever you select will be sent, all regular charges prepaid. You need not examine the article right in your own hands. If satisfied, pay one-twelfth of the purchase price and keep it. Balance divided into eight equal amounts, payable monthly.

Gift Suggestions for Women

Diamond Rings, Solitaire $25.00 up
Diamond Brooches, Platinum $10.00 up
Diamond Bracelets, Platinum $15.00 up
Diamond Chain $25.00 up
Diamond Bangle $25.00 up
Diamond Earrings $7.50 up
Diamond Necklets $10.00 up
Watch, gold filled $12.00 up
Watch, solid gold $27.00 up
Watch, solid gold filled $22.00 up
Pearls, natural $15.00 up
Beads, solid gold $12.00 up
We Can Fill Any Requirement

Gift Suggestions for Men

Diamond Rings, Solitaire $25.00 up
Diamond Rings, Platinum $15.00 up
Diamond Bracelets, Platinum $10.00 up
Diamond Brooches, Platinum $10.00 up
Diamond Bangle $10.00 up
Diamond Earrings $10.00 up
Watch, solid gold $20.00 up
Watch, gold filled $18.00 up
Watch, solid gold filled $18.00 up
Watch, gold filled $12.00 up
Wrist Watches for Men $12.00 up
Wrist Watches for Women $12.00 up
CuffLinks and Scarf Pins $6.00 up
Vest Change, solid gold $12.00 up
We Can Fill Any Requirement

To Be Successful, Look Successful

Prosperous People Wear Diamonds
I Can Make You STRONG

I can show you how to develop every bit of strength that a real man should have. I can give you an abundance of vitality out of a highly developed body and mind.

The man who wishes to succeed in business must be endowed with an unusual amount of strength, endurance and vitality. I have found the way to develop these qualities in the shortest conceivable time. I have done it myself, with my own body, and I have done it for many other of the world's strongest men.

BILLIE BAY—Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 15, 1902. Mary Pickford is making pictures for the United Artists, known as the "Big Four," namely, Mary Pickford, D. W. Griffith, Charles Chaplin and Douglas Fairbanks. Her latest picture is "The Heart of the Hills," by John Fox, Jr.

JOSEPHINE W.—Florence La Badie died in 1917 from injuries received in an automobile accident. She was twenty-three years old. She was not married. Vernon Castle was killed at an aviation field in Texas in 1918. Those are their correct names. George Walsh is the husband of Scena Owen. He was born in New York in 1892.

E. M.—Zamitovna was born in Viailla, Crimea, Russia. She is five feet four inches tall, weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Black hair and blue eyes. Thanks for all the compliments.

S. E. W.—Albert Ray was born in New Rochelle, New York, on August 28th, 1893. "Love Is Love" is his latest feature for the Vitagraph Company. "The Egg Crate Wallop" is the title of Charles Ray’s latest picture. Both live in Los Angeles. They are cousins, not brothers.

EARLE LIEDERMAN

The Acme of Physical Perfection

Let me take you in hand and make a real man of you. You will always bless the day that first you went for my book. I can put pep into your actions, vigor into your step, and make your mind so clear and alert that you simply must go ahead in business and social life. There is no reason why you should go on through life all flayed out, more dead than alive. Let me change all this—let me make life worth living. Give me a chance to show you what I can do for you.

Send To-day for MY NEW BOOK

"Muscular Development" is the book I am trying. I will send this valuable book to you by regular mail on receipt of fifteen cents in order to cover cost of mailing and wrapping. For the original layout, the book contains full particulars of my splendid offer, and is particularly illustrated with pictures of men of the world’s strongest men whom I have trained. Don’t pass this by. Sit right down and fill in the coupon. Do it now, this minute, while it is on your mind.

EARLE L. LIEDERMAN

DEPT. 1409, 203 B'WAY, NEW YORK

Earle E. Liederer

DEPT. 1409, 203 B'WAY, N. Y. C.

Answer the following question: What is the name of the book mentioned in the letter? The name of the book mentioned in the letter is not explicitly stated. However, it is referred to as a book on "Muscular Development."
Dorchester Fan.—The weather is just fine at this time. I never heard of a picture being that much in advance. How did you get it? You will find all the addresses at the end of The Oracle. Yes, Lillian Gish had the leading rôle in "The Greatest Thing in Life." Robert Harron had the leading male rôle.

Babe.—Casson Ferguson is playing at the various studios in Los Angeles. Polly Moran has finished her tour of the Orpheum circuit and is back in her home at Los Angeles. She is going to make some more comedies for Mack Sennett before resuming her vaudeville engagements. You had better enclose a quarter to be on the safe side. Harry Spingler is now out on the coast playing with Goldwyn. Harry's best work was done with the Fox Company at their New Jersey studios.

M. M. R.—Carol Holloway was born in Williamstown, Massachusetts, in 1892. William Duncan is a native of Scotland. He is five feet ten inches tall and weighs one hundred and eighty pounds. His hair is dark brown and his eyes dark blue. Edward Earle was born in Toronto, Canada. He is five feet eleven and a half inches tall and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. Dorothy Dalton was born in Chicago, Illinois, on September 22, 1892. She measures five feet three inches in height and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. Her hair is dark brown and her eyes gray. Grace Darmond is half an inch taller than Dorothy and weighs one pound less. She has light blond hair. Earl Williams was born in Sacramento, California, on February 28, 1888. He is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-six pounds. He has black hair and dark brown eyes. What are you compiling—a table of weights and measures? Carol Holloway is playing with Antonio Moreno in "Perils of Thunder Mountain," a serial being released by Vitagraph. It has snow for its background, which is a great relief in this kind of weather. Tom Mix was Chip—"Girl." It is one of the latest Marguerite Clark releases to be issued by Paramount.

Buzz—So you think your sex is being slighted, and that a man ought to appear on the cover of Picture-Play more frequently? That is entirely up to the editor, and I suggest you write to him about it, as your request would have much weight, if it were written up. We agree as much as it is. Douglas MacLean is with Thomas H. Ince, and is being costarred with Doris May in a series of pictures, the first of which is the stage comedy "What's Your Husband Doing?" The pictures will be released by Paramount.

J. O.—I'm awfully sorry, but I honestly can't tell you how you can become a picture star, and no one else can, either. Even an Oracle has its limitations. It takes all my time running the Oracle department without trying to operate an employment agency at the same time. Nearly one-third of all the hundreds of letters I receive ask me if I can't place the writer on some studio as a motion-picture player.

"One cannot know of Lashneen and not use it. Lashneen keeps my eyelashes and eyebrows looking so beautiful my friends often remark about it."—SYLVIA BREMER

Realize Your Longing for Beautiful Eyelashes

How often you have wished for long, thick lashes that add bewitching beauty to the eyes. It is within your power to have this alluring attraction. But you must help nature to accomplish it. Lashneen offers you that help. Simply apply a small quantity of Lashneen to your lashes each night. It will naturally stimulate the growth of your lashes, making them luxuriant, even and silky. You will be delighted with the change. Your friends will notice it, too.

LASHNEEN

Original Eyelash Beautifier

In a secret Japanese formula. There no other eyelash beautifier like Lashneen. Famous stage, film and society beauties use and endorse it. Read what Sylvia Breamer says about Lashneen. It will do much for you. At drug stores, in 25c and 80c boxes. The 50 cent box lasts three times as long as the 25 cent size. Lashneen not only costs less but brings results. Begin using Lashneen tonight. It is absolutely harmless. Remember the name—Lashneen, and the box with the picture of the Japanese Girl. If your druggist cannot supply you write for it direct.

Drugists—Lashneen has proved its ability to sell for more than five years. If you have not stocked it write for prices and information.

LASHNEEN COMPANY
Dept. 23
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Mrs. Mcl. B.—Peggy Hyland is the girl you refer to in the picture.

LOUISE B.—See addresses at the end of The Oracle.

NELLIE H.—Dito.

L. C.—You can reach any of your favorites by writing to them at the addresses given at the end of The Oracle.

Miss Bernice R.—Where do you send for the "Market Basket"? You must mean the Market Booklet. Write to the editor of the Picture Play Magazine, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y. It is published by George C. Smith & Company. We have been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Treasurer of the George C. Smith Corporation, publishers of Picture-Play Magazine, and that the following is his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management and circulation of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in said statement, namely, August 12, 1912, embodied in section 443. Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., a corporation organized under the laws of the State of New York, organized by the following named persons, namely, E. A. T. Corf, Jr., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, Jr., 79-80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., and Orson J. Gould, 79-80 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.
3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1% or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.
4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the officers of the corporation and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders, but all persons who appear as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder who is a security holder appears upon the books of the company in any fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such person is stockholder is also given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing all the facts necessary and believed by the stockholders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, holding such securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affidavit has no more effect to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities.

GEORGE C. SMITH, Treasurer of Street & Smith Corporation.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 20th day of September, 1910, Francis S. Duett, Public Notary, Public Notary Public in and for the County of Los Angeles, State of California, and County of Los Angeles, California.

My commission expires March 30, 1921.

Addresses of Players.

THE following list, which is changed each month, is made up of names selected from the month's inquiries. Taken collectively these lists give a cumulative directory of screenland's players. If you wish to write to any of whom you find a name in this directory, in any of your numbers of Picture-Play Magazine, you may address your letter to the player in care of Picture-Play Magazine, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, Los Angeles, Call., or in care of the Mabel Condon Exchange, 6035 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, and it will be forwarded.

Margaret Fisher at the American Film Company, Santa Barbara, California.

Constance and Norman Talmadge at 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York, City.

Zasu Pitts and Florence Vidor in care of the Zenwald Film Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, Los Angeles, California.


Dorothy Parnell and the Fairbanks Studio, Melissa at Bronson, Hollywood, California.

Emma Winter, care of Alan Dean, Culver City, Cal.
Bound and Gagged
Continued from page 84

Archie replied. Then he rapidly explained the wager he had undertaken.

"I have had good luck so far," he said in conclusion. "Here I am, out only a little over a week, and I am one-fifth of the way around already.

If I make it in time, she I love has contracted to marry me on my return."

"How beautiful," said Princess Istra. "It is so grand, so romantic to make such a journey for your sweet. I hope you will not fail. I scarcely dare ask you to stay and help me now; it might detain you."

"I have a day or two to spare. What do you want me to do?"

"Get me out of here—back to Paris—away from the clutches of this unscrupulous plotting politician, Don Carnero."

"I'll undertake to do that," Archie vowed gallantly.

At that moment the door opened and in walked the redoubtable Don himself, scowling heroically.

"I have overheard your promises, Americano. You have pledged one lady that you will return from your globe trotting in sixty days; you have promised another to give her of your time a day or two. You shall redeem neither of your pledges. Carlos! Juan! Filipe!"

At the call, three ugly-looking men stepped into the room.

"Bind and gag this fine hero so he cannot squeak. Put him in a skin jug, carry him to Mindao dungeon, and see that he is deposited in the deepest, dampest cell. If that cell is now occupied, let it be vacated. This guest is an old college chum of Don Carnero, and he shall have my best accommodations." The triumphant plotter drew a pencil and tablet from his pocket and wrote an order which he gave to Carlos. "Give this to the jailer. When he is through with him you may do with him as you please. It will not matter."

(To be concluded in the January number.)
The Little Gem—and Jim
Continued from page 51

twenty-six, with a husband and two children, is playing with fire.

One morning we had a real quarrel across the breakfast table. It began with a trifle, it ended with Jim's saying—well, Jim and I have agreed to forget what we said then.

All the forenoon, I went about my housework feeling myself the most abused girl in the world. In the movies, a wife misunderstood, neglected, as I was, would have found some way out, I thought. I could see no way—I would have to live on in a town that bored me, with a husband who no longer loved me. I dropped great tears of self-pity on my duster. That afternoon Beth and I went to the movies as usual.

I do not remember the name of the play we saw that afternoon, but I do remember every detail of it. In the beginning there was a wife, misunderstood, whose husband did exactly the kind of things Jim did, ate onions, went to sleep in his chair, forgot her wedding anniversary—committed every one of Jim's sins of commission and omission. And she left him and married the other man. Before the end of the play, she was more than glad to go back to her first husband.

I left the theater and walked home-ward, thoughtful. I wondered if that would be my case, too; if, perhaps, these things that worried me so much were not the little things, after all. I fancied myself leaving this town where I had grown up, where all my friends lived. When it came right to the question, would I be any more eager to do so than Jim? I thought of myself as married to some other man—"Suddenly, I remembered the night that little Jim was born—"Jim had laughedingly declared that it was harder for Jim than for me. Disconnected visions flickered before my eyes, bits of our life together, the time that Nancy had had the croup when we had fought together for our baby, our first dinner in the new house. There are a few bits of stark reality in every life that cannot be touched by mawkish sentimentality.

Jim was not at home when I got there. I remembered that he had gone over to the next town to see about buying some lumber. I went about the tasks of getting dinner, my old common sense slowly coming back. The living room would look nice with a fireplace; I might have reminded Jim that the next day was my birthday, I decided.

When it was seven o'clock and Jim had not come, I began to be a little worried—what was keeping him? At half past, I gave the children their supper and put them to bed. Then I walked down to the gate to watch for him. The minutes dragged along and no Jim. The memory of our morning's quarrel came back to me—suppose something had happened to Jim, with that between us.

Suppose something had happened to Jim! The sudden fear came over me like a chill. I found myself straining my eyes trying to see his familiar figure coming down the dusky road, swallowing over a lump in my throat. I could see him sprinkling the sweet peas, mending a leaky faucet in the kitchen, going down to look at the furnace on a cold morning.

I thought of life without Jim, never to see him coming home again! In the desolation that swept into my heart, every bit of mawkish sentimentality vanished.

Suddenly, in the distance, I heard footsteps. It was almost dark, but as I hurried down the road I could just recognize the familiar figure.

"Oh Jim!"

He was explaining what had kept him—I did not hear the words. The sound of his voice; the warm comfort of tucking my arm in his.

"You—you aren't mad at me yet, are you?" I asked.

"Lord, no. I—"Jim hesitated—nice speeches were not in his line—"I'm not mad at you, old girl."

"Old girl!"

Suddenly all the romance in the world was in those two words. Let the movie lovers clothe theirs in fine speeches—theirs was pretense—mine was real.

We still go to the movies. Jim still says, "Wake me up when they start the comedy!" Beth Porter and I often go in the afternoon and have a wonderful time crying over the persecuted heroine. But there is no more sentimentality. I decide how I can copy the star's dress in thirty-nine-cent voile, I dry my eyes and powder my nose. And I go out, thanking Heaven that I've got Jim to go home and get dinner for.
The Screen in Review

Continued from page 72

sage here, everybody is too busy watching Mary to find out what it is. Sacrificing her delectable attractiveness in the rôle of a ragamuffin, she leaves the home in which, as a little daughter of the rich, she is living when the picture opens, and, as the result of having a father who is interested in sociological investigation, hies her to the tenement districts. There she shoots craps, dodges the cops, and slides down a coal chute—all lots of fun for Mary. And romance makes its bow in her life before she is rescued from her lowly environment.

Sociology plays a part in Nazimova's new picture, too—for as "The Brat," a slangy waif of the New York waifs, she is picked up and taken home by a sociologically inclined novelist who wants to use her vulgarisms and fortunes in a book. Nazimova selected this story for herself and personally took a hand in adapting it to the screen, and she has made the heroine a pathetic, touching, humorous little figure, struggling so bravely for happiness that the spectator is too interested to analyze the story and pick out its absurdities. Nazimova has reached the heights of tragi-comic acting in "The Brat," and we venture to prophesy that you will like her better in it than you did in her recent spectacular offering, "The Red Lantern."

Bessie Barriscale appears against a showy background in "The Woman Michael Married," which should appeal strongly to those who like to see this star in the rôle of a society woman. The picture is not notable, but it is satisfactory, and should increase Miss Barriscale's popularity.

It is unfortunate that we are beginning to brand the releases of so consummate an artist as Charles Ray as "his usual type of picture." Not that Ray's pictures aren't good—but, in some guise or another, he is always the gawky country boy. In "Bill Henry" he plays perfectly the part of an unsuccessful peddler of electric vibrators who finally gets a job as clerk in a country-town hotel and, by trying to help somebody else, makes a lot of money out of oil land. It is a slight story, but the personality of the star lifts it above the average.

It seems unbelievable that such charm of texture, such captivating flavor, and such versatility of serving could be so generously combined. NABISCO Sugar Wafers are the delight of the dessert and a dainty addition to fruit or beverage. Truly the national dessert wafer.
Eight Rooms and a Bath
Continued from page 55

any well-fitted department store. The furniture in the studio store-
room is quite as varied, there is quite as much of it, and it is quite as sys-
tematically arranged. We walked
down between rows of rocking-
chairs, past a file of dressing tables,
another of sideboards. There were
children's high chairs, invalid's
wheel chairs, and babies' cradles.
There was finely upholstered furni-
ture and some that must have come
from the slums.
"Of course, every new picture has
to have some brand-new furniture
or fittings of some sort," Miss Ham-
mond said, "but it does seem as
though almost everything that could
be needed is right here."

There was one case full of tele-
phones, wall and table telephones,
dainty white-enamed instruments
for a boudoir, English telephones,
the kind, you know, that have both
the receiver and transmitter on the
same bar and into which you ask
politely "Are you there?" instead of
bawling "Hello!"

"I don't see what any well-regu-
lated home would need that you
couldn't find here," observed Mr.
Metcalf, who had been trailing
quietly along behind. "There's
everything from doormats with 'God
Bless Our Home' on them to a
matchbox for the kitchen." He
picked up one of the latter so nat-
ural that it would make any kitchen
scene look real—I'll bet you can re-
member a time when your own
kitchen had one like it—a cat made
of sand paper with gilt letters ad-
vising everybody to "Scratch My
Back." "And meet our friend
Bones," the leading man advised
suddenly, as we rounded a corner.

Miss Hammond and I gave two
loud gasps and retreated. There
was a skeleton.

"To keep in the closet," Mr.
Metcalf said persuasively. "Every up-
to-date apartment has one, no home
is quite complete without."

We refused to pay any more at-
tention to him and went on down-
stairs to where we found Miss El-
ridge playing with a bear. He was
in a cage, of course (which didn't
look any too strong to me), and he
was waiting to play his part in an-
other scene. In spite of a pessimis-
tic caution printed beside his cage,
"Don't monkey with the bear!" she
was poking a slim pink forefinger
between the bars. We insisted on
her coming away with us.

It seems that at the World Studio
it isn't safe to leave an apartment a
minute without impressing upon the
minds of the scene-shifters that it is
to be left intact. Otherwise, the in-
stant you turn your back, some in-
dustrious souls are likely to come
along and break it up into walls
again and file your living room and
front hall away in the storeroom.
Scenes that are still to be used are
carefully labeled "ALIVE." It was
a bit of a shock to come back to "our
apartment" and find Mr. Metcalf
enjoying a brief noontid rest,
stretched out on two of the chairs
and protected by one of the big
signs. It was so unnecessary, too.
Nobody would ever think he was a
dead one.

The casting director happened
along just then, to look over this
particular apartment. I glanced
longingly through its spacious
rooms, light, airy, eight of them

gether and not one on an air shaft,
and I recalled the third floor back
that one apartment-house superin-
tendent had intimated might possi-
bly be for rent next spring. Its
rooms were so tiny that it wouldn't
be safe to crowd in another coat
of paint and its outlook was as inter-
esting as the scenery from a sub-
way train. Then I looked back
again at the library with its paneled
walls, the correct little reception
room, and the gracious dining room.
I thought of the acres of walls in
the storeroom any of them could
be made up into a three-room-kitchen-
ette-and-bath while you were think-
ing about it. Of course, Fort Lee
is rather far away from New York
for a commuter, still—

"What would you charge to build
me a nice, cozy little apartment?" I
asked.

The casting director's eyes
wrinkled all up in friendly, twinkly
little creases.

"Well, this one cost us about
twenty thousand dollars," he said,
"but we might be able to get you up
something simple, but homelike, that
we could let you have—with studio
floor space for—well, say four or
two thousand a month."

And there you are! There is no way
out of the apartment situation.
The Fighting Colleen  
Continued from page 48

photographs flashed before her eyes. She turned upon him breathlessly.
"You're Stanton!"

The other candidate for mayor smiled and bowed. And at that moment, Jimmy Meehan entered. He had trailed his sweetheart to this house and with the jealously lover's instinct had guessed whom she came to see. He, too, had asked for Mr. 2726.

Jimmy was not seeing the thick carpets or the hangings. His Irish eyes were snapping with anger. He walked across the floor and shook his fist at the next mayor.

"No fellow can take me girl away from me without a fight!"

The amazed Stanton looked down at the scrappy little Irishman. He stared for several moments in bewilderment, then the explanation dawned upon him. His friendly eyes twinkled. He turned to the plucky little colleen, standing so bravely in her shabbiness on his thick velvet carpets. There was no laughter in his voice, It was respectful, serious. He spoke to the angry Jimmy.

"That, sir, depends upon the lady. We will leave it to her. And may the best man win."

The two looked gravely at Puggy, the tall, well-tailored man, the shabby little newsyvender. Puggy's honest Irish eyes never wavered.

"I'll have to tell you, Mr. 2726, sure, 'tis no chance at all that you have with me. I—I—sure, 'tis Jimmy I love."

And, good sport that he was, the next mayor bowed as gravely as any discarded lover. He turned an unsmiling face to Jimmy.

"Jimmy Meehan," he said, "you are a lucky fellow."

Jimmy knew it, he had known it long ago, from the first moment that the terror of Cobblestone Alley had fought him right into loving her. He could not be a bit surer of his luck even when he heard that Colby Stanton was going to give both him and Puggy an education and a running start in life—just having Puggy was enough for an Irish lover. But he was grateful and when the crowds outside Stanton's house on election night burned red torches and shouted mady for the new mayor, Jimmy and Puggy, watching it all from the inside, held hands a little tighter and cheered for Mr. 2726.
BUY A DIAMOND
OUT OF PAWN

Kansas City Jeweler Shows Way to
Save Half on Diamonds

A recent announcement that diamonds could be
purchased out of pawn at from 40% to 60% below
retail prices has created a great deal of interest
among prospective diamond purchasers.

"We have been losing money on diamonds, watches and jewelry
for the past 23 years," said Mr. Fred Goldman, manager of the
Rialto Order Department, that naturally many of these are never
recovered. For that reason you can offer high-grade diamonds at
remarkably low prices. You understand, of course, that we cannot
afford to lend the full value of any diamond, so when they are
not redeemed we are able to resell them at 40% to 60% less
than the dealer’s price.

DIAMOND BOOK SENT FREE

"We have just issued our latest Diamond Book, which
lists and illustrates hundreds of wonderful bargains at
nominal prices. We do not ask our customers to send any
money in advance. We will send any diamond for Free
Examination. If it does not come up to your satisfaction,
the cost of sending will be turned without cost—we pay all charges. If the
diamond is accepted 1012 day guarantee and Earns the
Diamond Guarantee which enables him to secure money imme-
diately should he need it.

"We will gladly send any reader of this publication an entire new free book. Remember, you send no
money in advance and the diamond you select is sent
for Free Examination. You take no risk. If you
are satisfied, pay for it; if not, return it.

It is only necessary to send a post card or letter
addressed to D. M. Scherzer & Sons, 1303-1305 Grand Ave.,
Kansas City, Mo., and the free book will come to you by return mail.

Superb Hair All Gone

Forever removed by the Mahler Method which kills the hair root
without pain or injury to the scalp, in the privacy of your own home.

Send today three stamps for free booklet.

D. J. MAHLER CO., 182-B Mahler Park, Providence, R. I.

Write the Words
For a Song

Write the words for a song. We revise
song-poems, compose music for them, and
guarantee original publication on a royalty
basis by a New York music publisher. Our
Lyric Editor and Chief Composer is a
song-writer of national reputation who
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.

BROADWAY COMPOSING STUDIOS
104 F Park Row Bldg., Broadway at Times Square, NEW YORK.

Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 74

the entire industry if some of the
reputable concerns do not reorganize
their scenario departments. Sarah
Waters’ letter is just one of scores
which we have received. There is no
excuse in holding a story three
months unless the author is advised
of the fact. This is our advice to
the beginners who are justly com-
plaining.

Send one story to one company
at a time. Retain a carbon copy.
Never fail to send a self-addressed
stamped envelope with your manu-
script. Wait six weeks. Then write
to the scenario department asking for
information as to the story, calling
attention to the fact that you
inclosed a self-addressed stamped
envelope. Wait another week.

Then if your inquiry is ignored, send
a registered letter to the Scenario Editor in question notify-
ing him that you are making another
copy of your script and are submit-
ting it to another company. Keep a
carbon of the registered letter. You
will have observed the ethics of the
writing profession; if they are seri-
ously considering your plot this ac-
tion will bring an answer and in
any event, blame for any conflation
in production plans, etc., can be
proven against the offending com-
pany.

I think the old Lubin plan is a
good one: The editor acknowledged
the receipt of every script by a
postcard which was printed a form
something like this:

"We acknowledge receipt of your
story — and same will have
our careful and prompt attention."

Such a form saves correspond-
ence, and satisfies the author that
the cherished story has arrived safely and
is being considered.

It is a fact that many beginners
send stories to companies not in the
market. Those companies, however,
could at least return the stories
promptly, providing return postage
is incurred. It is good business in
more ways than one.

Plot Con-
struction

One of our read-
ers asks us to give
her a sample of plot
construction. Space
forbids going into
great length on a subject like this,
on which a volume could be written.
But we can point the way for the

beginner in writing to study plot
construction. First go to your pub-
lic library and ask the librarian for
books on fiction writing and play
writing and read what they say
about plot, for the basic principles
of plot are the same for story writing,
whatever the form. If you want an
example of a plot masterpiece read
"The Woman in White" or "The
Moonstone" by Wilkie Collins, who
was a genius at plot construction.
Those two books are still furnishing
plots for many stories. I believe
that the basic plot of "The Moon-
stone" has been done over a thousand
and one times—worked over both in
fiction and in picture plays.

"Do you think it
possible to do justice
to a five to seven-
reel detailed synop-
sis in much less than
two thousand words? I have had
considerable experience in condens-
ing experimental reports of a narra-
tive nature and I find that I can do
best with three thousand words for
seven reels."

In reply to this inquiry from F.
La Main, we would ask since when
has the author designated the num-
ber of reels in the movie production?
We receive so many of these in-
quiries in which the author coolly
names the commercial length of the
picture, oftentimes rushing in where
even the producer treads gently.
There is a lot of discussion in any
studio whether a production shall
run five reels, or six reels or seven
reels. There are differences of opin-
ion as to commercial lengths, too.
Some exhibitors ask for five-reelers
exclusively and six reelers as the
limit. They claim that seven and
eight-reel pictures presented with a
comedy, or a news weekly makes too
long a program for more than two
shows daily. The exhibitor claims
his audiences like a diversified pro-
gram, say a five-reeler, a comedy
and a topical, and this is impossible when
seven and eight-reelers are shown.
It is not for the free-lance author
to worry about the number of reels.
Put over the best synopsis that is in
you. Put it on all the business,
situations, etc. Then if the producer
likes your idea he will decide whether
it will carry five reels or eight reels.
And why fuss about the number of
words? Use a sufficient number of words to tell your plot clearly and concisely. If it will go over in fifteen hundred words, well and good. If it takes three thousand all right. But be clear and don't be "wordy."

You'll Want This Book!

FOR some time we have had in mind getting out a small booklet containing brief, concise information intended to answer practically all the questions which arise in the minds of the beginner. Such a booklet, we believed, would enable us to furnish much more information and much more complete answers than we could possibly do in individual letters, since having answered thousands of inquiries, we have found that the same fundamental problems bother practically all beginners. We have just had printed this booklet, which we call "Guide Posts for Scenarist Writers," and we believe that it will be of considerable assistance in pointing the way to anyone who is just taking up screen writing. It will be sent to any address for ten cents in stamps. To any questions concerning screen writing which this booklet does not answer, we will always gladly reply with a personal letter, as we have in the past, provided that a stamped, self-addressed envelope is enclosed. We are particularly interested in the problems of writers who, having been at work for some time, either feel that they are approaching success, or wonder why they are not.

"East Side, West Side, All Around the Town"
Continued from page 30

At the Rivoli, Aunt Elizabeth was deeply impressed.

"I wish I had worn my white gloves," she said. "Even the ushers wear them. And all this music beats our mechanical organ. I do believe that the conductor of the orchestra is a real foreigner. They are singing opera songs in French. Dear, dear the curtains are real chiffon. No wonder the tickets are a dollar a piece. This building is certainly handsome. It looks like a church or a hotel or a public library. But I like it here and I suppose I could get used to it. However, I guess you never meet any one you know the way you do at the Bijou Dream at home. Still, if I lived in New York, I certainly should like to rent one of the boxes for the season. It's quite as stylish as the Metropolitan Opera House, and I should probably get more fun out of it."
A Squeezed Scenario.
Here is what a trade paper did to Paramount’s "The Love Burglar"—
"The story concerns a young society idler who went to a tough saloon in search of his brother, and after taking his money away from him, sent him home."
We adore brevity—but, Gosh!

Try Again, Emma!
Emma-Lindsay Squier, the "than whom"s of all screen interviewers, says that Fay Tinterch would look like a gold mine in any costume.
Emma, we've seen a lot of gold mines, and knowing Fay, we're betting your wrong.
Gold mines, Emma, are sprawling, noisy, soiled, unkempt and uncouth—and, in general, most unpretty!

Thoroughness Hooks Up With Godliness.
Some years ago, when Sennett subsidized a pie foundry to supply his comedians with ammunition, we were deeply impressed with the prodigality of production.
But Famous Players-Lasky have pulled a stunt that makes a picayune piker outta Mack.

With the fact in mind that most of their pictures contain a wedding-scene, and having become weary of constructing temporary chapel sets—they bought Christ Episcopal Church, Twelfth and Flower Sts., Los Angeles—just to have it handy for the hitches!

Why Editors of Movie Magazines Go Insane.
(Being a few of the queer things that turn up in the daily grist of letters)
"—I'm going to call at your office as soon as I reach New York for you to get me a job as an actress."
"—Are Mary Pickford's curls her own?"
"—And please send me photographs of Pearl White, Dorothy Fairbanks, Wallace Reid, and the man who writes the Fade-Outs."
"—I'd like you to get me a pass to a movie studio."
"—Please send me the names and addresses of all the movie actors and actresses in the United States."
"Here's a scenario I wrote in twenty parts. I hope you can use it."

"—The poem I have written has two hundred verses but I could easily add more to it. If you like it I will send it all to you. Here's how it starts off:
O, sweet Theda Bara, pride of us all art thee!
We love thee and go to all thy pictures we can see!"

We Wish We Were Foolishly Beautiful!
Said Louise Glann: "If I ever marry again, he will be a homely man!"
We handed her one of our cards.
Slowly tearing it up, she continued: "When I say 'homely,' I mean of that type which is so intelligently homely that one says, after a time, 'Isn't he a splendid looking man!'
That let us out.
We're just plain homely!

Keeping The Ushers Busy.
This from the program of a Chicago theater:
"Ushers will see that patrons do not leave their feet in the aisles.
Which, coming on top of the "Poppy" company's ad that: "Our comedies will make 'em roll off their seats with mirth"—
Leads us to believe
That the ushering business will soon be picking up!

What Happened to Truthin Duluth.
Do you believe in the transmigration of souls?
If so, we can tell you the present abode of the souls of Ananias and Baron Munchausen.
They are both reposing within the bosom of the manager of a Duluth, Minn., film theater.
List to the peep of his publicity phone in advertising "The Heart Of Humanity":
"The Biggest Show On Earth! Ten Times Bigger Than "The Birth Of A Nation!" A Million Times More Massive Than Intolerance! A Billion Dollar Show!"
"Tis fortunate this bird had probably but a Fourth Grade education.
If he'd ever heard of such words as "quintillion," "decillion," etc., he would have murdered Truth entirely, instead of merely maiming her!
Sealed Hearts  
Continued from page 66

Jack understood very well the meaning of those words, uttered in that bland fashion. He felt a sudden chill of apprehension as Prentiss rose, with a face as hard as steel, and lifted his glass. Evidently he was about to propose a toast, and Jack knew what to expect.

"To the woman who loves me—my wife," he was saying.

And then he continued his toast, casting a look of intense hatred at Kate.

"Who loves me so much that she even loves my son."

As he said this his eyes swept the circle of guests with an expression of triumphant malignity. Only Kate and Jack knew the insane delight Prentiss was getting out of the situation. His next words came forth like the hiss of a serpent:

"Loves him even as I love him."

Jack now stood up. He sensed what the old man would say next. Leaning over toward the older man he whispered with an intensity that startled Prentiss into something like his own self.

"If you dare say another word I'll kill you," he threatened.

The expression on Prentiss' face suddenly changed. A look of physical fear and of intense physical suffering took the place of the sardonic grin. He shrank back, trembling. Jack turned to the guests.

"Gentlemen," he said in a quiet significant tone, "my father is not well. I must ask you to leave. I am very sorry."

Prentiss stood swaying against the wall. There was a childish smile upon his lips. Evidently something had snapped in his brain.

Jack saw that the end was near as Prentiss sank into his chair. But before the indomitable ironmaster died he regained for a few seconds his former self. On recognizing Jack a sweet, good smile flashed across his withered lips.

"My boy," he murmured, love shining in his eyes, "my boy, forgive me—and—he good to her."

"Daddy," replied the son, tears streaming down his cheeks, "don't go. Stay with me."

With a gesture indicating the great plant beyond the window, the old man sank backward. There was a little sound in his throat. Then he lay very still.
20-Year Guaranteed Aluminum Set Only $100

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 aluminum ware. Will not crack, chip or peel. Heats quickly. Polishes in a second. Easy to clean as glassware. Cooks and bakes better than any other kitchenware. All pieces (except the pie plates) are highly polished, made of genuine Manganese aluminum, extra hard, absolutely guaranteed for 20 years. Yours for only $1.00 down, then $5.00 monthly. Price $10.00. Satisfaction guaranteed.

Everything In the Kitchen of Pure Aluminum - 27 Pieces
Combination tea kettle and double boiler (8 pieces) quart size, 14 inches high, with a double boiler, 1 quart capacity; one Colonial design coffee percolator (4 pieces), 2 cup size with welded spout, dome cover, fully polished; one roaster consisting of 9 pieces, measures 18 inches wide and 12 inches high. These nine pieces have dozens of different uses, including bread or bake pans (7 pint capacity); stew or pudding pans (7 pint capacity); pudding pan or mixing bowl (4 pint capacity); egg poacher (4 eggs at a time) double pan biscuit baker with 6 casted cups or jelly molds; deep locking self-basting roaster, double boiler, cereal cooker or triple steamer. The outfit also includes 6-quart preserving kettle with cover, 2 bread pans, 1 lip stew pan (1 quart capacity), 1 lip stew pan, 1/2 quart (1/2 quart capacity). Combination cake and pudding pan (8 pieces) consists of 2 quart pudding pan with cake tube, two 5 inch pie plates, 2 1/2 inch extra deep cake pans, 1 colander with 5 inch top, 4 1/2 inch bottom and 1 1/4 inch depth (can also be used as a steamer.) Shipping weight about 12 pounds. All pieces (except the pie plates) are highly polished, made of genuine Manganese aluminum, extra hard, absolutely guaranteed for 20 years.

Order by No. 18398A. Send $1.00 with order, $5.00 monthly. Price 27 pieces, $10.00.

Easy Payments
Open a charge account with us. We trust honest people no matter where you live. Sign this Imperial Kerosene or choose from our catalog. We will price to suit your credit.
No discount for cash; but a cash extra for credits.
30 Days' Trial Our money protects you. If not perfectly satisfied, return the article at our expense within 30 days and get your money back - a few any charges you paid.

Free Bargain Catalog Send for it. Know thousands of bargains in furniture, jewelry, carpets, roses, curio, serviettes, garden, women's and men's clothing, and many other articles.

Housto, Fill the Coupon with $1.00 to go now. Have this 27-piece Aluminum Set shipped to you in 50 days time. We'll send you our Free Bargain Catalog listing thousands of saving bargains. Only a small deal payment and balance in monthly payments for anything you want is needed. Send coupon.

Straus & Schram (Inc.)
Dept. 1859
West 25th Street, Chicago

Straus & Schram Co. (Inc.) Dept. 1859
W. 25th St.
Chicago

Sold the 1859. Ship special advertised 27-piece Aluminum Kitchen Set. You save 50% of retail price. If when the set is not paid for $1.00 monthly, if not satisfied, I will pay the set within 30 days and you are to refund your money and not freight or express charges paid.

27-piece Aluminum Kitchen Set, No. 18398A. $10.00.

Name

Address

Post Office

State

If you only want the catalog, put X below

Furniture and Home Articles

Women's, Men's and Children's Clothing

Books

106 - Picture-Play Magazine—Advertising Section
More than 200 years ago Wurlitzers were well-known makers of musical instruments. No other musical name than Wurlitzer can be placed on any musical instrument. The Rudolph Wurlitzer Company today is the largest general musical house in the world.

**The New Plan**

WURLITZER now assembles the finest musical instruments with a complete equipment of everything you need, at rock-bottom factory cost. Price of the entire outfit is little more than that of the instrument alone. Outfits include handsome carrying case, volver and plush lined, all attachments, extra parts, instruction aids, instruction books, music racks and books of musical selections. The name Wurlitzer on a musical instrument is a guarantee with millions of dollars and two centuries of the highest musical standards behind it. Get a Wurlitzer Complete Outfit and have your entire equipment all at once and pay for it in small monthly sums.

**Complete Musical Outfits Sent On Trial**

Any Wurlitzer Complete Outfit will be sent you for a week's trial in your own home. Play the instrument as if it were your own. You are under no obligation to keep it. At the end of the week return the Instrument and outfit at our expense if you decide not to buy.

**Convenient Monthly Payments**

A few cents a day will make one of these beautiful instruments and outfits your own, if the trial decides you to keep it. Send for catalog giving all details.

**Send for Catalog**

The instrument of your choice and everything in the complete outfit fully illustrated and described, with full details of the trial and easy payment plan. This wonderful catalog is a valuable musical encyclopedia. We will send it to you free and without obligation. Mention the musical instrument in which you are interested. Send the coupon today.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1581
117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O.—329 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

**The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1581**
117 East 4th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
329 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

Send me your new catalog with illustrations in color and full description of the Wurlitzer Complete Outfits and details of the free trial and easy payment offer.

Name: ____________________________
Address: __________________________

(Musical Instrument in which I am specially interested)
FREE TRIAL—NO MONEY DOWN

You may order an Oliver direct from this page. We ship it for free trial. You can use it for five days as if it were your own. You can compare it. You can judge its workmanship, its speed, its durability.

Then if you agree that it is the finest typewriter at any price, and decide to buy it, pay us at the rate of only $3 per month until the $57 is paid.

If you want to return it, ship it back, express collect. We will then refund even the outgoing transportation charges.

This new way permits you to be the sole judge—no salesman need urge you. The decision rests entirely with you, and we abide by your decision.

You Save $43

This is the identical Oliver Typewriter formerly priced at $100. And you get it now at a clear saving of $43. We are able to save you nearly half because of our radically new and economical method of distribution.

During the war we learned many lessons. We found that it was unnecessary to have such a vast number of traveling salesmen and so many expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were able to discontinue many other superfluous sales methods. As a result, we can afford to sell at $57 the very same Oliver formerly priced at $100.

Latest and Best Model

This is the finest, costliest and the most successful model that we have ever built.

It has every wanted feature, every modern improvement. It is noted for its sturdiness, speed and fine workmanship. It is handsomely finished in olive enamel and polished nickel.

It is used by such great concerns as Pennsylvania Railroad; Columbia Graphophone Co.; Hart, Schaffner & Marx; U. S. Steel Corporation; New York Edison Co.; Diamond Match Co.; and others of like prominence.

If any typewriter is worth $100 you will agree that it is this magnificent Oliver, now yours at the sensational price of $57.

Mail the Coupon Today—NOW!

Remember you don’t have to send a cent with the coupon, nor do you obligate yourself to keep the typewriter. This is a bona-fide free trial offer, wherein you are the judge. Keep the Oliver or send it back, just as you decide.

If you wish further information before ordering, check the coupon for our catalog and copy of our booklet, “The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy.” All information sent free and postpaid. No obligation.

Clip and mail the coupon today.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
1251 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

This Coupon Saves You $43

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.,
1251 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Nine for five days free inspection. If I keep it, I will pay $57 at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

☐ My shipping point is .

☐ This does not obligate me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail in your order—“The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy,” your de luxe catalog and further information.

Name ............................................
Street Address ....................................
City ........................................... State .
Occupation or Business .


### PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

**CONTENTS FOR**

**JANUARY, 1920**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Don't Do It, Marjorie&quot;</td>
<td></td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A girl's own story of how, in spite of obstacles, she forced her way onto the screen.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Picture Palace</td>
<td>Martin J. Bent</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Some glimpses of the biggest motion-picture theater in the world.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Up the Milky Way to Stardom</td>
<td>Cullen Landis</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A leading man reels off his autobiography for you.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;Bye, Baby Bunting&quot;</td>
<td>Edna Foley</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Some stars' substitutes for the famous rabbit skin.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Favorite Picture Players</td>
<td></td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>New photographs for your screen album.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Crooked Straight</td>
<td>John Edgar Graham</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The hero in Charles Ray's recent release had been a thief—but went straight after all.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Me, and the Likes of Me</td>
<td>C. J. Duprez</td>
<td>31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The &quot;unusual-picture&quot; man unburdens his soul in print.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonio at the Bath</td>
<td>Herbert Howe</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An interview with Tony Moreno, unclothed, but decidedly in his right mind.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Their Wedded Life</td>
<td>B. Henry Smith</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It makes Cupid cross-eyed to look at Elinor Fair and Albert Ray.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Film Observations—Verse</td>
<td>Vara Macbeth Jones</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The story of Mabel Normand's recent circus picture told in rhyme.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Jinx</td>
<td>C. L. Edson</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That's what Constance Binney's made of.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stardust and Thistledown</td>
<td>Caroline Bell</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Of course it's Will Rogers.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Without Benefit of Make-up</td>
<td>Mathew Allison</td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The casting director's a busy man when he has to find types like these.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Observer</td>
<td></td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Editorial comment on timely topics concerning the screen.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snapped Without Warning</td>
<td></td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Some pictures the screen never shows.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bear Facts About Gale Henry</td>
<td>Dorothy Faith Webster</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>They're so startling that this pun is permissible.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Continued on the Second Page Following
Times have changed since Shakespeare

SHAKESPEARE thought of all the world as a stage. Motion pictures have made that thought a fact.

When the old plays were first put on at that queer little cockpit in London called the Globe Theatre, the audience had to imagine suitable settings to the action of the drama.

How the old playwrights would have been amazed and delighted by Paramount Artcraft Pictures, in which are supplied all the living realities of romance—scenery, climatic conditions, tall forests, salty oceans, and the very flesh and blood of men and women!

"The play's the thing" still, but think what has happened to the motion-picture theatre also, the comfort of the audience, the luxury of the presentation!

Hardly a community anywhere that lacks a theatre worthy to show Paramount Artcraft Pictures.

Hardly a community anywhere that does not know enough to demand them. Watch the theatres' announcements and know before you pay.

Paramount Artcraft Motion Pictures

Latest Paramount Artcraft Pictures

Released to January 1st

Billie Burke in "WANTED—A HUSBAND"
Irène Castle in "THE INVALID'S BOND"
Margaret Clark in "A GIRL NAMED MARY"
Edith Clayton in "MORE DEADLY THAN THE MALE"
Cecil B. DeMille's Production

"EVERYWOMAN"<br>WITH ALL-STAR CAST<br>Elsa Friesen in "CONFESSION"
Dorothy Glad in "TURNING THE TABLES"
D. W. Griffith Production

"SCARLET DAYS"
Wm. S. Hart in

"THE GIRL GAME"
Vivian Martin in "THE OFFICIAL FANCY"
Wallace Reid in "HAWTHORNE OF THE U. S. A."
Maurice Tourneur's Production

George Lohr's Production

"THE MIRACLE MAN"
Robert Warwick in "AN ADVENTURE IN HEART"
Bryant Washburn in "15 DAYS TO ADVENTURE"

"The Teeth of the Tiger" with David Niven

"The Miracle of Love"
A Cosmopolitan Production

"The Cinema of Love"
A Cosmopolitan Production

Thomas H. Ince Productions

Enid Bennett in "WHAT EVERY WOMAN LEARNS"
Dorothy Dalton in "HER WIFE'S FRIEND"
Douglas MacLean & Doris May in "THEY HOURS LEAVE"
Charles Ray in "BEHIND the Door"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Adolph Zukor Comedies one every other month
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies two each month
Paramount-Al St. John Comedies one each month
Paramount-Ernest Truex Comedies one each month
Paramount-Carter DeHaven Comedies one each month
Paramount-Briggs Comedy

Paramount Short Subjects

Paramount Magazine issued weekly
Paramount-Burton Holmes Travel Pictures one each week
**Contents - Continued**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Charlie Hawker: Film Doctor</td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Archer Eagle</td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doubtless you've never heard of his profession—but it's saved many a picture. Illustrated by Clarence Rowe.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Intoxicated by Proxy</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Emma-Lindsay Squier</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Many a man will envy May Allison till he knows the truth about her.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fade-Outs</td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harry J. Smalley</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gentle jibes at the fads and follies of the screen, with sketches by H. L. Drucklieb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bound and Gagged</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>C. L. Edson</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The conclusion of the thrilling tale based on the Pathé serial.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Niles, and the “Voice from Within”</td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jerome Weatherby</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An effort to make Niles Welch unconventional fails completely.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Yuletide Tale</td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ruth Weber-Gould</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Her rôle in “The Miracle Man” was Betty Compson’s biggest Christmas present.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Screen in Review</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Henry Dunn Cabot</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comment and criticism on recent releases.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Over the Teacups</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Bystander</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>It’s the unofficial news that’s always most interesting.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Friends Tried and True</td>
<td>70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M. Lewis Russel</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A quartet of famous and devoted pals.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hints for Scenario Writers</td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>William Lord Wright</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Suggestions and advice for the amateur screen playwright.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Permission to Shoot</td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. B. Waye</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dustin Farnum got it from Julian Eltinge.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>All Work and No Play</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Helen Ogden</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>That’s what Alice Brady’s life is most of the time nowadays.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Again, Out Again</td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Celia Brynn</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran write their comedies cooperatively.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Everybody’s Little Sister</td>
<td>80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gordon Gassoway</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>She’s Colleen Moore—and any big brother would be proud of her.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Her Obstacle Race for Fame</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thomas Shepherd</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ann May hurdled a lot of difficulties on her way to the screen.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bill Desmond, Indestructible Irishman</td>
<td>83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warren Reed</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He’s an artist at drawn battles—on the screen and elsewhere.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Picture Oracle</td>
<td>86</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Answers to questions from our readers.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

THERE is nothing more interesting in all human experience than the story of a young person who faces adventure, overcomes difficulties, and finally achieves some worth-while object.

While talking recently with Cullen Landis, it occurred to a member of our staff to ask Mr. Landis to write for us, his own story of how he worked up through an adventurous career to his present position as one of the “stars of to-morrow.”

So interesting is this “autobiographical solo,” as the author calls it, that we decided to follow its appearance in this issue by a series of similar brief autobiographies in succeeding numbers, each a bona fide story telling exactly how the player overcame his or her difficulties. The second in the series, which will appear in the following issue, will be by Tom Moore. Our intent is to show to American Youth how American Youth has made good in the fifth greatest industry. There are to be several unusual and timely features in our next issue, to which we would like to call especial attention. One is a story of the gorgeous gowns displayed in the lavish De Mille productions, and of how they are designed to emphasize the distinctive points of beauty of the women who wear them. It is a striking and unusual talk on feminine attire by the woman who has charge of that particular work.

Another “different” type of article is a story of the perils of the cameramen who from the observer’s perch in aeroplanes film the records of great events for the Pathé News, that great news-gathering agency which encircles the globe. Since the war, news photography from aeroplanes has become as regular as our aerial mail delivery. But it is likely to be much more exciting and perilous at times. The story of these "aerial reporters" will help to increase your thrill when you see their work on the screen.

Many of our readers showed us by their letters that they were interested in Herbert Howe’s article, “New Stars for Old,” which appeared in a recent issue. Of even greater interest, we believe, will be a film forecast which Mr. Howe has written for our next number, in which he outlines the tendencies of the screen for 1929.

There are to be many other features which we should like to speak about here, but space forbids. On account of the recent labor difficulties, which forced our entire plant to shut down, it will be necessary to issue Picture Play Magazine more frequently than monthly, in order to make up for lost time. We urge our readers, therefore, to watch the stands for our next few numbers, so that they may get each issue on its first appearance.
An expectant hush of intense anticipation precedes the flashing on the screen of FOX ENTERTAINMENTS because great stars and great authors have combined to provide the best in motion pictures.

FOX FILM CORPORATION

Attend the theatre that presents them.
LEARN MUSIC
AT HOME!

Music no longer difficult!
New plan makes it easy to
teach by home study. Posi-
tively easier than with pri-

date teacher. Faster pro-

gress. You will be able to
play your favorite instru-
ment in a few short
months! More than 200-

00 men, women and chil-
dren have learned by our
method. You, too, can learn
in your spare time. We guar-
anteem it.

Lessons FREE
Instruction in:
Guitar, Violin, Cello, Bass, Flute,
Clarinet, Saxophone, Oboe, Bassoon,
Kettle Drums, Bass Trombone, Horn.

Emerged, 631 New York City.

LEARN
Movie Acting!

A fascinating profession that pays big. Would you
like to know if you are adapted to this work? Send
for our Twelve-Hour Talent-Test key to Movie Acting
Attitude, and find whether or not you are suited to take up
Movie Acting. A novel, instructive and valuable work.
Sent, post paid in stamp
ter. A beautiful illustrated booklet on Movie
Acting.

FILM INFORMATION BUREAU, Sta. R., Jackson, Mich.

48 Photos of Movie Stars
reproduced in half-tone.
On cardboard suitable
for framing. Arbuckle, Bara, Chaplin, Pick-
fords, Anita Stewart, Pearl White, etc. Both
male and female STARS
are all here in CLASSY
POSES. By mail post-
paid 10 cents. Simpsons
or Coin, Ardee Publishing Co., Dept. 148,
Stamford, Conn.

You Write the Words for a Song
and I'll Write the Music!

YOU, yes, you, write the words for a
song and submit to me. If I find the
subject or idea suitable for use in a song,
I will agree to give your poem a musical setting
and have the complete song printed accord-
ing to the plan of the
Metropolitan Studios.
You Can Succeed—make no
mistake about that! You may be interested in knowing
that I received my musical education at the
Moscow Royal Conservatory of Music, Moscow,
Russia, and later became the royal court pianist.
I have appeared in concerts in all the leading
cities of Europe and this country. Among my
greatest song successes are—"If We're a Rose,"
of which a million copies have been sold, and
the national hymn, "America, My Country." 
Do not let another day go by without submitt-
ing a poem to me, Who knows—you may be
the song writer of tomorrow.

Address me as follows:
Edouard Hessberg
METROPOLITAN STUDIOS
914 S. Michigan Ave., Suite 137
Chicago, Ill.

IF YOU
Are one of the millions
Who enjoy a good
Twice-a-month fiction magazine—
You will find that
The one which leads its field
Twenty-four times a year
is:

The Popular
Magazine

A Street & Smith publication which
has introduced most of the well-
known American authors of to-day
Agents and Help Wanted

GOVERNMENT POSITIONS are desirable. Let our expert former government employees prepare you. Write today for free booklet giving valuable information. Patterson Civil Service School, Box Y, Rochester, N. Y.

HOW MUCH GASOLINE CAN YOU SELL AT 2¢ PER GALLON? World tests for four years. We can secure exclusive rights for your country, "Carbonvoid," Box 22, Bradley Beach, N. J.

Railway Traffic Inspectors; $110.00 a month, free and expenses; unlimited advancement. No age limit. Three months' home study. Situation arranged. Prepare for permanent position. Write for booklet CM 28, Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. Travel. Great demand. We train you. Particulars free. Write American Detective System, 1068 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED—5 bright, capable ladies to travel, deal, consign, and sell dealers. $25.00 to $50.00 per week. Railroad fare paid. Write at once. Goodrich Drug Co., Dept. 70, Omaha, Nebr.

WE START YOU IN BUSINESS, furnishing everything; men and women $30 to $100 weekly operating our "Specialty Candy Factories" anywhere. Money back. Ragsdale Co., Box 98, East Orange, N. J.

BE A DETECTIVE. Excellent opportunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 425 Westover Building, Kansas City, Mo.

SIDE-LINE RALESMEN—We have an attractive line of private arrangements for salesmen. Commission from $5.00 to $20.00 per book, free. pp. We deliver. Write today. Canfield Mfg. Co., 4005 Broadway St., Chicago, Ill.

135 Genuine Foreign Stamps—Mexico War issues, Venezuela, Salvador and India Service, Guatemela, China, etc. Only 50c. Finest approved sheets 99% to 95%. Agents wanted. Big 72-page lists free. We buy stamps. Established 25 years. Russo Stamp Co., Dept. 65, St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED—Railway Mail Clerks Averages. $117 monthly. Hundreds needed. Full time free. Franklin Institute, Dept. 1-2, Rochester, N. Y.

MEXICAN DIAMONDS just like genuine, fool experts, stand tests, yet sell for 1-59th the price. If you are agents wanted to sell from handsome sample case, big profits, plus new art work. Write today, Mexican Diamond Impo, Box C D 2, Las Cruces, New Mexico.

We pay $100 monthly salary and furnish tips and expenses to introduce guaranteed positive and stock powders. Higher Company, X392, Springfield, Illinois.


AGENTS—200% PROFIT. Wonderful little book, new, sells 25 copies a week. Send sample, $5.00, fire. Carry right in pocket. Write at once for free samples. Albert Mills, Mgr., 1416 American Blvd., Cincinnati, Ohio.

MEN, get into the wonderful tailoring agency business, big profits taking orders and your own clothes free. We furnish line sample outfit and everything free. No experience needed. Write today. Banner Tailoring Co., Dept. 941, Chicago.

Patents and Lawyers

INVENTORS desiring to secure patents should write for our guidebook "How To Get Your Patent." Send sketch or description for our opinion of its patentable nature. Randolph & Co., Dept. 412, Washington, D. C.


Photo Developing

T-SPECIAL OFFER: Your next Kodak Film development, free. Dis- tracted Soldiers' Photo Service Co., 3554 N. Halsted St., Chicago.

Farm Lands

OWN YOUR OWN Orange Grove in Beautiful Fruitland Park. Write today for information how you can own it on easy terms. Write, the Orange Grove Co., Box 100, Fruitland Park, Florida.

Duplicating Devices

"Modern" Duplicator—A Business Getter. $1.50 each. Puts to work 3 to 72 copies from pen, pencil, typewriter; no glue or gelatine. 40,000 firms use it. 20 days' trial. You need one. Booklet free. J. T. Durkin, Reeves & Co., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Coins, Stamps, etc.

We buy Old Money. Hundreds of dates worth $2 to $60 each. Keep all old money, you may have valuable coins. Get posted and you have the most Illustrated Buying Price List, size 46c. Charles Coin Co., Box 25, La Roy, N. Y.

Business Opportunities

$500.00 or more a year made at home by men and women in new industry. Particulars free. Send stamp, 5311 White Plains Road, New York.

Christmas Gifts

The Ideal Christmas Gift, Non-Leakable, self fillerountain pen. Send stamp or coin. Ideal Pen Co., 63 Willet St., New York City.

Songs, Poems, Etc.


WRITE the Words for a Song. We write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. Broadway Studios, 1326 Fitzgerald Building, New York.

WRITE words for a song. We write music and guarantee to secure publication. Submit poems on any subject. The Metropolitan Studios, 914 S. Michigan Avenue, Room 120, Chicago.

SOUND-WRITERS GUIDE SENT FREE! Contains valuable instructions and forms. Submit song or poems for examination. Authors & Composers Service Co., Suite 530, 1324 Central Bldg., Chicago.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. We Compose Music, Copyright in your name, print 100 autograph copies, submit to publishers. Write for terms. United Melody Studio, 623 Main Ave., Passaic, N. J.

SONG-WRITERS—Have you song poems? I have best proposition. Write me immediately. Ray Hibbeler, D102, 4040 Dickens Ave., Chicago.

Short Stories

Write News Items and Short Stories for papers and magazines. Copyright Book and plans free. Press Reporting Syndicate (4001), St. Louis, Mo.

$50 to $150 A WEEK, writing stories. Pre- viously proved not essential. Submit Free or Special Offer, Department "S," New York Literary Bureau, 145 West 50th St., New York City.

Motion Picture Plays


$50 to $1000 weekly writing Moving Picture Plays. Get free book: valuable information; special offer. Photo Playwright College, 528 X 50, Chicago.

FREE to writers—a wonderful little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas: the A B C of successful Story and Movie playwriting. Audience Free. Just address Authors' Press, Dept. 98, Auburn, N. Y.

Personal

YOUR FUTURE. Send two dimes, full name and birth date, for scientific test to P. O. Box 192, Buffalo, N. Y. You owe your dreams one dollar.

ASTROLOGY—STARS TELL LIFE'S STORY. Send birthdate and time for trial reading. Eddy, 80 East 55th, Chicago, Suite 74.

Vaudville

GET ON THE STAGE! Experience unnecessary. Send stamp for instructive booklet "All About Vaudville." LaDele, Sta. 253, Jackson, Mich.
HEY SAY "SELZNICK makes stars."
This is wrong. Selznick recognizes star talent and by intelligent advertising and brilliant productions, establishes stars in the public favor to which they are entitled.

At theatres where quality rules

SELZNICK PICTURES

Create Happy Hours

OLIVE THOMAS
EUGENE O'BRIEN
ELSIE JANIS
OWEN MOORE
ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN
"Don't Do It, Marjorie"

That's what everyone advised her, when she told them she wanted to become a movie actress. But she carried out her purpose, and here is her own story of her experience.

IF you have ever cherished a secret longing to become a screen star, this story will interest you, because, unlike the biographies of the stars, it is the experience of a girl who succeeded in wresting a foothold in the movies without reaching the top. In other words, it is a frank story of what might happen to the average person making such an attempt under similar circumstances.

I WAS on my way to New York to go into the movies—and I hope that everybody in the world has at some time been as excited and happy as I was that day. The Hudson's banks were gay with autumn foliage, and I looked up at the grim gray walls of West Point as the boat steamed by, and thought that all my life I'd remember the impressions of that day. Of course I looked forward to a lot of other days just as thrilling—I felt sure that I was going to be a success in pictures, you see; I had every reason to. It wasn't just because I was pretty and knew that I screened well that I was so confident—I had some splendid introductions, as well, which meant more than anything else to me. So I wasn't afraid of tackling New York all alone; when I thought of doing it I settled down in a corner of the deck and got out the two talismans that were to open all doors for me.

They were letters, those talismans. One was to the casting director of one of the biggest producing companies, and was written by a big star in pictures—a girl I'll call Jeanne Phelps, though that isn't the name she uses on the screen. She was a very dear friend of my sister Nancy, and she had visited her mother in Oak Park, the Chicago suburb where we lived, the summer before. And one day when Nancy sent me over to see her on an errand, I plucked up courage enough to come out with the request nearest my heart—that she'd help me to get into pictures.

"But my dear, I can't," she remonstrated. "Yes, I know I'm a star—but what of it? It's the director who casts a picture, not the star, unless she has her own company. Even then—you know I'm a director—but honey, that really means so little. There are so many things to consider beside just knowing the man who's choosing the people for a cast."

She went on for a long time, advising me not to try to get into pictures; giving me reason after reason why I ought not to want to follow in her footsteps.

"But I'm pretty—everyone says I am—even you did," I insisted, just about on the verge of tears. "And I can act—you said yourself that I was good in that movie we did for the Oak Park Civic Association." Honestly, I couldn't help thinking, as I sat there on the top step and looked up at her, that I was prettier than Jeanne was. Her hair had a sort of frazzled look across the top—from the lights in the studio, she said, and her big dark eyes looked so tired; she'd told my sister that that was caused by the Klieg lights; she said she'd been in a dark room a week, right in the midst of making her last picture, because the lights were so hard on her eyes. And she looked tired and pale and worn out.

"Yes, I know you're pretty," she said, that afternoon, as I paused. "You've got black eyes, and your hair is just curiously enough to look well, and not be frizzy. Yes, you can act, too,"

"Yes, I know," she repeated, "and I think you'd have better luck if you'd go into pictures. But you're just eighteen—why make your next few years heartbreaking ones, when you ought to be so happy?"

"They wouldn't be heartbreaking—you made a hit in your very first picture yourself—why shouldn't I?"

"Yes, I made a hit in that one—and got a contract—and fought every step of the way for the next three years," she said, and her voice made my throat ache, somehow.

"Child, don't you know that even getting

The Woolworth Tower was a like symbol.
where I am sometimes means very little? Look at the two years I was under contract to a company that wouldn't give me decent stories, but made me play parts that didn't fit me at all, because there was some one else who played the sort of rôles that I should have had—some one whose word counted with the manager. I couldn't break my contract—I just had to stick with those people till it was over, and my rôles had given people such a bad idea of my work that I had a hard time getting what I wanted with another company. Even now—oh, Marjorie, don't do it!"

But simply because she had had a hard time was no reason why I should, I told myself. And even though she had had difficulties, here she was, at twenty-three, traveling all over the country, to make exteriors for this picture or find some good scenes for that one. It seemed to me that a few bad years wouldn't count when they earned so much for you in the end.

Finally she gave in.

"All right—I'll give you a letter to Mr. Rowe," she said, picking up her lap desk and taking out some stationery. "He's manager of one of the biggest studios in New York, and I know he'll be nice to you, and do anything he can to give you a start. I'll tell him all about you in my note; if I were going East to-morrow instead of to the coast I'd take you along and introduce you to him. But I'm sure he'll do everything possible—though you mustn't be disappointed if he can't give you any chance at all for months; that's part of the game, you know—learning to wait. Take plenty of money with you—New York's not always a friendly place when one's broke. And remember that you've got a home and people who love you back here—don't hang on there and grow bitter because you can't catch the rainbow—or because it's just tissue paper when you do catch it."

I didn't like that, but I went home on wings, my heart like a singing bird. I was going to get into pictures! I could see myself, exquisitely gowned, the center of wonderful pictures of wealth and lavish display, and my heart thrilled at the thought of it.

And if I didn't pay much attention to what the family talked about that evening at dinner, and dreamed in a corner of the porch swing when Ted came over that evening, surely nobody could blame me. Ted was just the boy next door, anyway—he didn't know anything about getting into pictures, though he often took me to see them.

He did help me, though, after he'd found it was of no use to try to dissuade me. His father held an editorial position on one of the Chicago newspapers, and years before had known in Washington a newspaper man named Blake, who had afterward become a motion-picture director, and now was an "artists' representative" in New York. That is, he ran a sort of agency to place actors with the different companies. Ted's father had seen him recently, and said Mr. Blake had an office where thousands of people who wanted to get into pictures registered, and then when different directors needed somebody for a small part, or a big one, or wanted a crowd for a ballroom scene, or a mob, or something like that, they sent to Mr. Blake. So Ted's father gave me a letter to him. I'm afraid I wasn't as grateful for it as I might have been; I felt sure that just as soon as Mr. Rowe had seen and talked with me he'd offer me a chance to begin doing small parts, at least, but I thanked Ted's father for it and promised that I'd go to see Mr. Blake as soon as I got to New York.

You can imagine how delighted I was with this opportunity; I couldn't wait to start East. True, I hated leaving dad and mumsey; I knew that evenings, when I'd remember how dad used to get the car out and we'd drive into Chicago and out along the North Shore, or perhaps all go into town for dinner at one of the hotels and go to the movies or for a long ride afterward—well, I knew that I'd be homesick when I thought of the good times we used to have at home, and of how mumsey always saw to it that I had a new dress for parties, and used to sit in the sun parlor sewing when I'd come with some of the girls in the afternoons, I'd be pretty lonesome. But then, I'd be working evenings, of course, and hard work is a good cure for homesickness.
I got to New York that evening, and for just a moment before I landed, I was sort of staggered at the bigness of it; it loomed up in front of me so appallingly. But then I saw the tower of the Woolworth Building, lifting itself toward the sky like a huge beacon tower, and I took it for a symbol for myself; hope and the willingness to work could be just as substantial and strong as it was, I knew. And I was willing to work, and wait, and be patient no matter how hard things were at first.

Jeanne had sent me to a friend of hers for that night, and the friend very obligingly rented me a tiny little hall bedroom for five dollars a week; it wasn't much larger than our clothes closets back home, but I soon learned that I probably couldn't have found a room for that price in a boarding house without going way out to the edge of town. As it was, I lived in a huge apartment house near Washington Square; from my window I could look out over miles and miles of roofs—thousands and thousands of homes. And I couldn't help wondering, as I looked out over them early in the morning of my first day in New York, how many girls there were in those homes who wanted to go into the movies, just as I did, and how many of them could be sure even of getting in to see a casting director, as I was going to do that day.

I started early for the studio where Jeanne had told me I'd find Mr. Rowe. It was on a cross street uptown, between Sixth Avenue and Broadway, and I went up on top of a Fifth Avenue bus. And as the bus joggled along, and I watched all the people who were going to work, I wanted to lean down and shout at them—"Some day before long maybe you'll see me on the screen!" That shows how foolishly happy and enthusiastic I was.

The studio was a great, gray building, with a door opening directly from the street into a little sort of office. Directly behind the gate in the little fence that separated the office part from the hall was a big door; as I stood waiting for somebody to come to see what I wanted several people came along and went into that door, and from the blue, sputtering light that came through it and a voice that called "Camera!" I knew that the studio itself—"the floor," Jeanne had said they called it, lay just beyond.

Once when the door opened I got a glimpse of what was going on within; it seemed to be a big scene, for there were lots of people in it; I could see girls with flowers and bright-colored balloons, dancing on a flower-fringed table, and people sitting around applauding them. There was music, too—gay, lilting music, that made me long more than ever for a place of my own in this brilliant profession.

Near me, on the wall, was a big sign that said "No Casting To-day," and for a minute my heart stood still when I saw that. But of course that didn't apply to me—I had a letter to Mr. Rowe. I gave it to the man in charge, who finally appeared, and sat down on one of the benches to wait till Mr. Rowe would send out for me.

There were other people waiting, too. I heard one girl say that she'd been told that the way to get a job was to hang around the studios, and that she'd been doing it now for two months, and never had seen anybody but the doortenders. I felt so sorry for her.

I felt sorry for another girl, too. She was perfectly stunning—tall and dark, and beautifully dressed. She gave the doorman her name, and a young woman who seemed to know her came out from one of the inner offices and talked with her.

"I'm sorry—but there isn't a thing for you," the woman told her. "They've decided that you aren't the type for that part; it must be a younger girl, and one not quite so tall. And we aren't casting anything else at present."

"But Mr. Rowe said—I worked with him at Balboa, you know, for seven months, and he knows I've had all sorts of experience—and he said he'd give me the first possible chance." The girl's voice trembled a little. "I haven't had an engagement since last summer and I'll take anything. I wonder—couldn't I see Mr. Rowe a moment? He could cast some of the other parts a little differently perhaps—so that the ages of the other people would be changed and they wouldn't need a girl younger than I for that part."

"We thought of doing that." The woman's voice was so kind that I knew she felt sorry for the girl, too. "But it would change the
whole picture, you see. He said to tell you that he was awfully sorry, and that he’d have been glad to give you the part, but couldn’t because you aren’t the type."

My heart sank as the girl went out. She was beautifully dressed, and had had experience—lots of it. What chance had I?

The man I’d given my letter to came out in a few moments and took me into the next office, where he said I could wait till Mr. Rowe could see me. So I sat there near the door, trying to be calm and quiet, though I couldn’t help feeling a little frightened as I saw all the other people who were waiting, too—all of them to see Mr. Rowe. I couldn’t help hearing what they said to the man in charge; they all had special reasons for seeing him. Some had letters, some were old friends, some had worked with him. One girl came in whom I’d seen in a big picture just a few months before; she’d had a pretty big part, too—next to the leading woman’s. And now here she was, obviously looking for a job, though she tried to be very casual about it and act as if she’d just dropped in for a friendly visit. I heard two men who were sitting near me talking about her; one of them said she’d just been working by the picture, instead of by contract, and hadn’t been able to get anything for some time that was as big as the parts she’d always played.

“She’s got to begin to play women—not girl parts any more; she’s getting too old,” one of the men said.

“She’s been holding out for two hundred a week, but I guess she’ll have to come down now. They costarred her with N—— you know” (naming a famous actor), “but the company wouldn’t release the pictures, and that kept her off the screen so long that she’s having a hard time getting back.”

That didn’t make things look much brighter for me—except that if the experienced actresses got too old for girl parts, surely the directors would have to get younger ones to fill those roles—and maybe that was where my chance would come in.

Finally Mr. Rowe sent out for me, and I went in, feeling very trembly, but pretty confident, even so. And when I saw the kindly, interested smile with which he greeted me, the flags flew in my heart.

“I’ve read Jeanne’s letter,” he began immediately.

“And I’m glad indeed to meet a friend of hers—but I’m afraid I’m going to be awfully discouraging to you.”

I swallowed hard and tried to smile.

“Child, much as I want new faces for our pictures, and anxious as I am to get in touch with new talent, I’m going to urge you to go back home,” he went on. “Yes, I know,” as I started to speak, “you’re pretty—and have had some experience, according to Jeanne, and you’re a type that screens well. But child, I can’t make a place for you in a picture already full—and in the two that I’m just casting to-day there isn’t a thing that would fit you. One of them calls for two women besides the star; one plays her mother, and the other is a heavy emotional rôle for a woman much older than you are, and just fits an actress who’s on our payroll and hasn’t worked for three months. The other picture is one of our girl stars, not much older than you—you’re too near her age to appear in it with her. You see, you’d have to wait on here in town and take a chance on our putting on a picture that would have something in it for you—and that’s pretty uncertain.”

I didn’t want to cry; I was trying desperately hard not to, but the big sobs were welling up in my aching throat, and it was hard work to keep them down.

“How much money did you bring with you from home?” he asked presently.

“Five—five hundred dollars,” I answered with a little gulp as a sob threatened to escape me.

“Well, let’s see—that will keep you going quite a while, if you’re careful. Now, I’ll tell you what I’ll do. Next time I cast a mob scene—a ball is coming along pretty soon—I’ll see that you’re in it; perhaps there’ll be a small part. That’ll give you a taste of working before the camera, and of course I can’t try you on anything much bigger till I know what you can do. See all you can of the city in the meantime—have a good time, and if you can get over wanting to get into pictures, for the love of Mike do it!”

“Would I—would I stand a better chance if I’d gone to one of the schools that train people to be actors?” I asked.

He smiled at that, rather disparagingly.

“Mary Pickford never went to such a school—neither did the Gishers or the Talmadge girls or Dorothy Phillips,” he answered. “You see, when I’m casting a picture I want people who look the parts and can be natural in them—not those who’ve been told to ‘register’ this emotion in that way until they can’t think of anything but the fact that they’re acting. No, I certainly wouldn’t advise anybody to go to such schools in order to get an engagement.”

I went away soon after that; not discouraged, but with a good deal to think about. I was just as anxious as ever to get into pictures, but not quite so sure that all one needed was a little “pull.”

I was quite ready to wait everlasting till Mr. Rowe would send for me; somehow he’d been so kind that I felt sure I’d hear from him soon. Yet even so I wasn’t quite ready for the summons that came the very next afternoon. It was one of his assistants who phoned from the studio that somehow plans had been changed— I was too happy to ask just how—and they wanted me for a big restaurant scene.

"Report at the Perfection Studio at Fort Lee, at nine in the morning, and bring evening clothes," the assistant told me brusquely. Can’t you just imagine how I flew to my own little room and began looking over my things? I was awfully worried about what color to wear—I’d heard something about how different colors photograph—but finally selected a light green dress that mother had made for me to wear to one of the high-school sorority dances back home. It was a darling thing, and I had slippers and stockings to match, and a little wreath of French flowers for my hair. I felt so dressed up and so happy, when I tried on my things before my mirror that evening. And I washed my hair and did everything else I could think of to make myself look my very best the next day—this might be my big chance!

To be continued in the February issue.
A Picture Palace
By Martin J. Bent

It is interesting and significant that the beautiful rock crystal chandeliers from Sherry's, most famous of New York restaurants, which closed last summer, thanks to the July first drought, reappeared this fall in a motion-picture palace. That palace is called the Capitol Theater. It is claimed to be the largest theater in the world, seating considerably more than five thousand persons. Beside pictures, it has, as attractions, Pryor's Band and a review something akin to the "Follies." It has become one of the sights of New York for out-of-town visitors.

No pictures can give an adequate impression of the vastness of this great building which is said to have cost, exclusive of the site, two million dollars. But these views indicate, at least, that the term "picture palace" is not misapplied.
Up the Milky Way to Stardom

Milkboy, newsboy, "scoop" reporter, bus driver, cameraman, daredevil double, and now a star elect, Cullen Landis is a Horatio Alger hero in real life. Here is his own account of his rise.

By Cullen Landis

As I play this autobiographical solo—with special request—on a discordant typewriter in my dressing room, I'm wearing the make-up of one J. Wallingford Speed. He is a bumptious, braggart young guy in Rex Beach's "Going Some." So if at times this story inclines to braggadocio, remember, J. Wallingford, not Cullen, is responsible. (Like all true artists, I have to live my part while playing it.) But of this bird Landis, of whom J. Wallingford Speed, am compelled to write—

In the year 1895, A.D., according to the fly leaf of the family Bible, the clan of Landis in Nashville, Tennessee, was blessed with a son, who came into the title of James Cullen Landis.

Now the first great event in the life of this lad happened when he was still in knickers, but thinking of changing to long trousers. It happened thus: One Sunday, "Red" Flynn who delivered milk and washed bottles for the local dairy, ushered me, J. Cullen Landis, into a candy store and tossed out a dime for licorice "stove lifters." He acted as though it were a commonplace dissipation in his young life. At once I became dissatisfied with my penniless lot. I resolved to get a job. Through Red's influence I was given a milk route. A week on the milky way convinced my employers that the responsibilities were too great for me. I was ever offending the dairy by failing to bring back milk tickets, and ever irritating housewives by leaving a pint when a quart was called for.

But, once having tasted the joys of financial independence, even though it required work, I applied to the Nashville American for a paper route and got it. For the lordly stipend of twelve dollars a month, I bolted from the blankets at three o'clock every morning and beat Red Flynn's milk bus to the houses in the neighborhood.
sistant property man, going up in time to the position of property man. The only difference between this job and that of truck driver was that I now did my moving by hand.

My next promotion brought me the glory of being in charge of the property room. But the Mexican jumping bean had nothing on me. I only stayed in this place for a little while, and then became an assistant director. It did not take me long to learn why the assistant director is called the "goat." Everything is fed to him. If the sets are not ready in time or an extra shows up late or the director's breakfast does not set well, the assistant is responsible. He is just naturally blamed for anything and everything.

I could have endured this all right, as I was pretty good on quick-notice alibis, but the job entailed too much real work. Being assistant director ate into my time, so I decided to take a fling at the assistant camera man's job. This was more to my liking. I invested my life's savings in a motion-picture camera and dashed into the studio one morning all ready to be recognized as a full-fledged camera man.

So much for my titles. They did not always cover my work. While serving as assistant director I volunteered to double in a stunt for the leading man, and from that time on I was regularly elected for that work. Regardless of what my current title might be, when a stunt had to be pulled off for a picture I was the dare-devil chosen. I wonder now how I came through some of my experiences alive. I was just kid enough at the time to feel kind of good about doing something that another fellow was afraid to tackle, and I was too young to reason out the risks I was taking. I went ahead and flirted with death for a small salary while some snappy leading man got all the credit on the screen.

One day, Sherwood MacDonald, who was then directing Jackie Saunders, asked me if I would do a jump from a bridge for his picture. I said sure, and thought no more of the matter, assuming that the bridge was an ordinary under-sized affair such as is common in Los Angeles parks.

When we got out to Hollenbeck Park, MacDonald pointed to a bridge which arched the lake, and said: "There it is. Get up there at the highest point and dope out your jump while we get the cameras set."

I nearly fainted. The bridge looked a thousand feet tall to me. I don't know a thing about high diving, and you know that a dive like that is a serious matter. It was too late to back down, so I started up the bridge, feeling like a man on his way to the electric chair.

"All right, Cullen. Let's go," MacDonald yelled. I shot out from the bridge, teeth set and eyes closed. Three or four years later I hit the water. When I came up, the director was all smiles.

Continued on page 100
“Bye, Baby Bunting”

By Edna Foley

YOU remember the rest of the old nursery rhyme, of course:

"Father's gone a-hunting,
To get a little rabbit skin
To wrap the Baby Bunting in."

Nowadays Mr. Bunting wouldn't have to exert himself, for Baby Bunting is a grown-up young person who does her own hunting in the shops, and doesn't bother about rabbit skin—it isn't being worn this season.

But perhaps it's distantly related to the ermine which is so popular with the screen stars: there's a strong family resemblance. Madge Kennedy goes on record, up here in the corner, as an ardent supporter of the tailless ermine wrap, and when Norma Talmadge was asked what she most wanted for a wedding anniversary present she put an ermine coat at the head of her list. Mary Miles Minter has a new one, too—only it's so warm in California that she can't wear it.

Bebe Daniels has a coat, the like of which was never seen before—zebra skin trimmed with silver wolf—she wears it in "Why Change Your Wife?" Helene Chadwick, over in the other corner, wears her new mink coat in a picture, too, "The Silver Horde."

As for Viola Dana, her coat is the kind schoolgirls wear—

Dorothy Phillips has no end of fur coats—her favorite one is ermine, incidentally. When the north winds do blow, however, Dorothy is likely to wear a warm suit and the silver fox scarf that was sent to her recently by an admirer from Alaska who once played in one of her pictures.
MARGUERITE CLARK

thought she'd be a Girl Scout captain—but when she found that to qualify she'd have to learn to bake bread, bathe a baby, and swim fifty yards with her clothes on, she resigned and went back to her new picture, "Easy to Get."
ALICE LAKE

has done the conventional thing for a slapstick comedienne to do these days—made good as a regular actress and been starred by a big company. In Alice's case Metro is the company, and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" the picture.
HELENE CHADWICK

is a brown-eyed, yellow-haired young person, who has one of the biggest roles of her career in “The Cup of Fury,” an Eminent Authors production. Her five years’ contract with Goldwyn promises her a bright future.
Majorie Payne

has had a year's experience as a member of the beauty brigade of Christie Comedies, and has added color to the background of many a laugh-maker, "A Roman Scandal" being the scene of her latest appearance.
HELEN DARLING

danced in a San Francisco café before she broke into the movies by way of Christie Comedies—and now, having reached the distinction of being costarred with Jimmie Harrison in “Kids and Kidlets,” says she'll see the café no more.
CONSTANCE BINNEY
leads a double life; daytimes she’s the heroine of various movies, and evenings she’s Penelope Penn, the demure little heroine of “39 East,” her stage play. There’s no time for her to be just herself except when she poses for photographs like this one.
Crooked Straight

They say that a man who's once been in prison can't go straight again. But Ben Trimble did, and by doing so he evened scores with the man who had driven him to crime, and won the girl of his choice.

By John Edgar Graham

BEN TRIMBLE sat in the farmhouse doorway, to avail himself of the light of the declining sun by which he had come to complete an awkward job of needle-work. So absorbed was the young bachelor in the intricacies of thread, thimble, and fabric, that he failed to notice the stealthy approach of intruders until an ominous shadow fell across his patchwork and a silvery voice said, jokingly:

"It's never too late to mend!" Ben started at the words. Into his mind there flashed a picture of a time when those words had had a more serious meaning for him — when they had come back to him as he stood, wet, shivering, hungry, and penniless before a window full of food, wondering where his next meal was coming from.

But the next instant that recollection vanished, as he suddenly turned and saw the smiling face of Vera Owen, his next-door neighbor, for Vera — well, Vera was his sweetheart. She and her father had stepped in for a casual call on the young farmer, and had surprised him at the task of sewing a patch onto the seat of a burst pair of boy's trousers. Ben blushed vigorously and flung the garment to one side, and welcomed, with stuttering embarrassment, the visitors into the house.

"Ben, dear," Vera said, "why don't you call on me to do the sewing for the children? There are hundreds of little things that I could do. I can't understand why you won't let me help you."

"Now, Vera," cautioned her father with a knowing smile, "You are a little too anxious to squirm your way into Mr. Trimble's family. He's liable to get skittish and fly the coop. Now when your ma was slipping up to throw a halter over me, she 'tended like —"

"Oh, father, hush!" commanded the girl in a voice full of embarrassment. "If you can't act decent, go home!" The girl was very near to tears. And as for Ben, he felt more like a convict than ever. The old man's words were practically a challenge to Ben to marry the girl — or else give some valid reason for remaining a bachelor.

In many old-fashioned rural communities life is much more of a straightforward proposition than it is in the cities. What is one man's business is every man's business; no secret diplomacy is permitted. Marriage is not the private affair of the parties who are to be married, but an "open covenant, openly arrived at." The whole community was beginning to ask with a significant intonation:

"When is this Ben Trimble and old Lucius Owen's gal goin' to jump the broomstick? What's a holdin' him off? That gal's so stuck on him —"

Lucius Owen was one of the wealthiest citizens of Riggby County. He was a typical hard-working, shrewd, grasping farmer: he knew the farming game and nothing else, and he had capitalized his knowledge with the "capital" of hard muscle and long hours of toil, until at the age of fifty he found himself master of a two-hundred-acre farm with blooded stock, bankable securities, and cash in hand — all to the amount of some fifty thousand dollars. In his lifetime of toil and thrift, he had prospered at the rate of a thousand dollars a year. Clever men who live by their wits often make that much money in a day. Old Lucius looked upon Ben Trimble as a higher type of money getter than himself. Ben not only knew the farming game, but he was a clever business man and could explain to his gray-bearded neighbor the inner secrets of trade and traffic as it was practiced by the quick-witted, crafty men of the metropolis. Such a man would make a "good provider" for his daughter, one who would not waste the Owen dollars, but rather would continually augment them. This then was the real, though sordid reason, why old Lucius was in favor of having the
a flood of pent-up feeling behind the tender avowal. What chance had young Trimble against this conspiracy of food and affection? The next morning found him and the little tots of his adoption, all in their holiday clothes, mounting the democrat wagon of the Owens and riding along the dusty, September roads to the county seat of Riggby to the fair.

Reluctant as Ben had been to go to the fair, an event happened soon after his arrival that made him glad he had come. Lucius Owen became interested in a cherry pitter that was on demonstration, and learned from the man at the booth that this machine was a new invention; it had not yet been capitalized and put on the market.

"There's millions in it," said the demonstrator, who introduced himself as Brother Larrabee, a retired minister. "The world has never had its fill of cherry pie. Why? Because no machine has ever before been made which will pick the pits from this tiny but delicious fruit. Men cannot eat cherry pie with pits, or cherry 'stones,' as they are aptly called, for these stones break a man's teeth."

This greatly appealed to Lucius Owen, for he, like most men, was fond of cherry pie. But when he learned that the investment of a few thousand dollars would make him chief owner of the patent rights, he was more than enthusiastic.

"Like all inventors," Brother Larrabee said, "the man that worked up this wonderful machine has no business head at all. He is utterly impractical in money matters. He makes no effort to put this machine on the market. In fact he is now working on another invention and he would let this cherry machine rust and rot or he would sell it for a song. Now, I am only an old, retired Methodist minister, and I haven't got any capital. But I feel it is my duty to bring this wonderful invention to the attention of some one who will put it on the market. I will feel that I have done a duty to God and man if I can be the means of flooding the world with cherry pie."

Ben Trimble spoke up with obvious haste:

"I'll go in on your proposition. I'll investigate it, and if it is all you say, I'll put up my money."

"Not so fast, brother," protested Larrabee. "I was presenting my proposition to Mr. Owen when—ah—batted in. Mr. Owen has the first choice."

"Well, if it's a real money maker," old Lucius said, "I don't guess I could lose nothin' by kinder lookin' into it."

"Money maker?" echoed Brother Larrabee, "Did you see how quick this other man was to grab up the proposition. Now I don't know this man, but he's one of your friends. Judge for yourself. If he's a ne'er-do-well, a man without good business judgment, you may be pretty sure that this proposition that he has

"I'll pinch mine and you have the rest. Do you get me?"

thrifty, prosperous young Trimble as a son-in-law. But when he jokingly mentioned the subject of matrimony and saw by the look of pain in Ben's face that Ben didn't fancy the joke, Lucius quickly dropped the subject and turned the conversation to neighborhood news.

"I s'pose ye'll be at the fair Wednesday. It'll be the biggest day yet. I don't guess we ever had a better live-stock exhibit in the history o' Riggby County."

Before Ben could think up a good excuse for not going to the fair—for he had his reasons for wishing to avoid crowds and publicity—the insistent voice of Vera took up the argument.

"Oh, father, you know that Mr. Trimble doesn't care much about blooded animals. He's a grain farmer. What he wants to see is my exhibit in the domestic science hall. I've got a prize-winning exhibit of white bread, brown bread, buns, cakes, and pie crusts, all made from the wheat grown on this place last year and milled right here at White Oaks. That's what will interest Mr. Trimble most. And there is about a peck of doughnuts in the exhibit. We'll give 'em to the kiddies afterward. And the bread and pies are coming right back here to your pantry—Ben."

She called him by his first name, hesitantly, but with
jumped at is questionable. On the other hand, if he is a wise-head who never loses a cent, why then you can see that something good has come your way, and you've got the first chance at the prize."

But Ben again broke in before Lucius could say anything:

"Listen, Mr. Owen, there is no hurry about this. You've got the first choice; I'm second in this. But before you make any definite proposition to Brother Larrabee, suppose you and I go off by ourselves and talk it over. There might be something in it for both of us."

When Ben had led his elder neighbor to a secluded spot at the far end of the grand stand, he burst out talking in a voice so emotional that it seemed feigned rather than real.

"That man is no Methodist minister!" he exclaimed.

"He's a confidence man—a swindler."

"How do you know?" asked Lucius coldly.

"Because he once swindled me out of a thousand dollars on a similar scheme."

"This same man did?"

"The very same man and the same old scheme. I was a poor country lad who had worked at a man's labor since I was fourteen. When I was twenty-one, I counted myself worth fifteen hundred dollars; every cent of it either earned by the muscles of my back or saved by the cheating of my stomach. With my capital I went to New York. This man met me there. He didn't pose as a country minister then; he pretended to be a big business man, one of the committee of fifty, that the mayor had appointed to welcome strangers coming to the city to invest. I was green and I trusted him. He sold me the patent rights to a Magic Hair Restorer. It was a fake. I was penniless, I went to the gutter. That man did me the greatest wrong that was ever done to me in my life. He broke my heart—destroyed my faith in man—he broke my spirit, crushed me. Imagine a young man robbed of his money and of his ideals, turned out to beg or starve in a city of strangers."

Lucius was thoughtful for a moment.

"Some of them city fellers is awful thieves," he said.

"They got me once, an'—an' it come nigh bustin' me up like you say."

"That so?"

"It was when my old orchard was at its best. I picked two carloads of cherries. The cost of crates and pickers was eight hundred dollars, but I stood a chance to make two thousand dollars. I shipped 'em to a commission firm and they wrote back that the market was glutted and that half of the fruit had molded in transit. They sent me a check for five hundred dollars for the whole lot. That busted me all up, I tell ye; I reckon I went out o' my head. I chopped the orchard down and put it into corn. Later I found out that them infernal swindlers had lied. They had jest natcherially robbed me of two thousand dollars. I never got over that."

"Well, don't be robbed twice on any cherry deal," Ben said, and the two of them went back to Vera and the children.

Late that afternoon while Ben was watching the last trotting race, a hand was laid on his shoulder, and he turned and looked into the eyes of Larrabee.

"Come over here behind the grand stand," Larrabee said, "and have a little chat with me."

When they were by themselves, Larrabee went straight to the heart of the subject.

"I'm hop to what you told that old man. That was all right. I see that you are courting his daughter and have got your own plan for trimming him. I'm not trying to queer your game, if you'll quit trying to queer mine."

"Do you mean to say that Mr. Owen told you that I said you were a swindler?"

"Sure; he spilled everything. He figured that you were lying to him. Your story about being a poor country boy that had been robbed by me was too fishy for that old country Jake. Didn't he hear you offer to buy the cherry-pitting machine yourself?"

"That's right," admitted Ben sadly.

"Well, what's good enough for you is good enough for him. That's the way he figured it. He decided that you were trying to scare him out so that you would have a clear field to cop the machine yourself."

"Well, I can soon put him straight on that matter."

"No, you can't," declared Larrabee, showing his fangs. "You lay off of this game. I've got him hooked now, and if you bust up the deal, believe me, I'll bust you up. Do the people of this community know who you are? Well, I'd darn soon tell 'em."

Ben cringed and turned white.

"I see you don't fancy going to the pen," smiled Larrabee. "Fine, we can do business. Here's what you've
got to do. You tell the old gent this: Say that you knocked the game because you wanted to buy the pitting machine yourself. That's all you've got to do. Then to-morrow, when he pays me the five thousand dollars, I'll slip you one thousand of it for your services. Then I'll blow; and when he wakes up to the fact that he's been trimmed, he'll never suspect you. A thousand dollars in your jeans for one day's work. Then you can go on with your own scheme and nick him for whatever else he's worth. I'll pinch mine and you can have the rest. Do you get me?"

"I do," said Ben, with a hang-dog look.

That night Ben took supper with the Owens. Lucius had drawn five thousand dollars from the bank that afternoon, and Ben saw him put it in the little iron strong box in his home. After supper Vera took two great hampers and filled them with the prize bread, cakes, and doughnuts from the exhibit at the fair. Then, while Ben carried this two-armed load, she took the kiddies by either hand and accompanied the little family back to their own house. Ben was thoughtful and moody, and it was only by a great effort of will power that he pretended to be gay. He forced himself to thank Vera for the cakes and buns, and to pretend that he was delighted with the thought of having all those good things to eat; but in reality his thoughts were all on the money in her father's house. Even while he bantered with her sweetheart a voice within him kept saying: "Crack that crib, crack that crib."

After Vera had gone and Ben had put the children to sleep, he crawled into his own bed, closed his eyes tight and tried to shut away the thoughts that had tormented him. He heard the clock strike hour after hour, and when it was two in the morning, he threw aside the covers in a despairing way, and slipping into his clothes, he went out into the starlight. A moment later he emerged from his vegetable cave with a kit of burglar tools under his arm, and stealthily slunk across the meadow to the Owens' home.

He found it was unnecessary for him to pick the lock of the door or to use his jimmy on a window, for the window of Vera's room on the ground floor was open. He crawled in and stealthily let the glow of his flashlight play across her sleeping features. He slipped a note under her pillow to serve as an alibi in case things should go wrong. Then he tiptoed into the living room and opened the little iron safe without much difficulty. Just as he was thrusting the roll of bills into his pocket, he heard a scratching at the door. Ben quickly slunk behind a curtain, for his practiced ear told him that some one was picking the lock of the back door.

A moment later another flashlight began to play along the floor and Larrabee came gum-shoeing into the room and went at once to the safe. When he found the strong-box open and the money missing, the disappointed intruder swore under his breath:

"The old skinflint has probably taken it to bed with him," he muttered. "This means trouble. I didn't count on any rough stuff, but I've got to get that cash and make my fade-away."

Ben, listening behind the curtain, heard Larrabee go into the bedroom of old Lucius and arouse him from his sleep. A moment later the two returned, the old man in his nightgown, trembling while Larrabee held an automatic pistol to his head. When the terrified farmer saw that the safe was open, he gasped, and with a still more violent fit of trembling, said:

"The money was in the safe! You've got it already! Give it back to me; give it back, you thief!"

"Don't call me a thief, you foxy old devil," Larrabee stuttered between his gritted teeth. "You can't fool me with a stall like that. You've got the money hid in your bed. Dig it up, now, before I smash you!"

The old man clutched nervously at his chest; his face was as bloodless as white soap.

"I—I—" He said no more, but gritted his jaw as if in a palsy.

"I'll waste no time," Larrabee commanded. "I'm here to get that money or kill you! If you give it up, you will save your life. If I have to kill you, I'll get the money afterward. Old man, is your life worth five thousand dollars? Make up your mind quick!"

"Mercy—Mercy—" gasped the old man, with the look of an animal in the hands of the slayerterer. Larrabee's fist smote him on the temple, and Owen fell, partially stunned.

"I hit him too hard," said Larrabee, "If I put him to sleep it's all off."

The crafty thief set one foot on the fallen man's right hand, and growled:

"This will soon bring you out of it. I'm going to bite off one finger at a time—until you tell where the money is."

At that moment the white gowned figure of Vera was in the doorway. Larrabee pointed his pistol at the girl and cried:

"Move a step and I'll blow your head off!"

Just then something struck him from behind. Ben had sprung to the attack. The two desperate men struggled furiously. Ben had a grip on the pistol and was trying to wrench it away. They wrestled about the room, and Lucius, free of Larrabee's feet, rose up dizzily, but was too dazed to give aid to his rescuer. A pistol shot sounded. Larrabee in his efforts to turn the muzzle toward Ben's heart had not swung it far enough and he caught the bullet in his own abdomen. He sank down with a death groan; and Ben stood panting and wet with sweat, facing his sweetheart and her father.

"You've got my money!" the staggering old man cried weakly. "You're a robber, too. You tuck the money!"

Ben did not reply with words. He meekly drew the wad of bills from his pocket and handed them to Vera. The girl looked at the money, then her eye swept the room where lay two burglar kits and two dark lanterns.

"Is it possible that you are a common crook?" the girl cried in a voice of anguish.

"Not a common crook," Ben said guiltily, "I may have been a crook, but I have always tried not to be common."

"Continued on page 88"
Me, and the Likes of Me

By C. J. Duprez
World Film Photographer

YOU folks who read Picture-Play Magazine, did you ever stop and give a thought to where all the photographs that are printed in the magazine each month come from? Well, it's me and the likes of me, around in the different studios, that's responsible for 'em, and it's about time we got a little credit.

My job is just to stick around and take pictures of the stars that'll be new and different. Sounds easy, doesn't it? I wish you could just try it once!

I get out to the studio with a couple of dandy ideas I've figured out on the way to work. Then I load up my camera and go on a still hunt for a couple of victims. After a while I find 'em, having a nice little visit. Will they pose for a picture? Oh, sure! Tickled to death, only—let's wait a little—some one's just telling a story. Well, I wait—on one foot first, and then on the other. I go away, and come back again. Pose? Oh, yes, to be sure. But let's do it to-morrow. Well, right there's where I have to use rough tactics, which end by getting a couple of 'em cornered. Then they give up, and I shoot my idea. This one, you see, is "The Eternal Triangle," which is made up of the female star, the male star, and the director. In other words, Miss June Elvidge, Mr. Earl Metcalfe, and Mr. Frank Reicher. Get the idea?

The funny part of this is that the stars know how necessary it is for them to keep before the public, and that the ones who kick the hardest on posing complain the loudest when their pictures don't appear in the papers and magazines.

P. S.—As a matter of fact, the folks in our studio are real accommodating, and I don't have half so much trouble as I let on. But—all the same—it's some job, if I do say so!
Antonio at the Bath

A turkish towel stimulates an impromptu interview from the serial crusader from Spain.

By Herbert Howe

LEFT Antonio Moreno struggling in the water of "Perils of Thunder Mountain," on the screen of a Broadway theater, and met him getting out of it in his room at the Lambs' Club.

It was a damp reception but cordial. One dry hand was extended in salutation while the wet one was employed with a Turkish towel massaging the equatorial zone. Don Antonio had just emerged from his morning shower, or, speaking by the clock, from his noon ablutions.

"I beg your pardon for receiving you this way. It is terrible—this New York—what it does to a man. Out on the coast I am up at seven and at work. I give my word!"

There is no denying Tony when he gives his word in italics. His emphasis is registered with voice, eyes, and both hands. This impassioned earnestness, which, I fancy, might strike amorous fire among fair ladies, is about the only trait foreign about him—that and an agreeable Spanish seasoning to his conversation.

He had come to New York for a week's vacation between serials. Having endured and overcome all the perils of Thunder Mountain, he was recuperating for the perils of the next installment-plan drama. But the ordinary life of New York, from which he had been absent for a year, evidently was proving as strenuous as a serial thriller.

His room, as he remarked, was a "mess." "Owen Moore came up here for a snooze yesterday, and I guess he must have moved everything around and messed it all up."

The excuse was lame and halting, a passing of the buck to one not present to deny. Certainly friend Owen was not responsible for the shoe boxes piled against the wall like sandbags in a front-line trench.

"Boots—boots—boots—boots, long strings. Forty thousand million Boots—boots—boots—boots."

I could only think of Kipling's mad rhythm of the men crazed by seeing so many boots. I wasn't crazed, but I was dazed. There was enough pedal equipment in that room for a centipede on a transcontinental hike.

"For the love of your sole, Tony!" I exclaimed. "What is the idea of the accumulations of bogans? I knew serials were hard on footwear, but you have enough here to provide a shoe for every foot of film."

His shopping had not been confined to this particular accessory, either. From the chiffonier he jerked down a box overflowing with neckwear, and another from a ward-robe trunk similarly filled. And through a closet door was beheld a sort of leaning tower of Pisa. Hat boxes! But there was not a stitch of clothes in sight.

I wondered if he was planning to wear anything between his necktie and shoe laces.

Ordinary clothes seem no more appropriate to Antonio than the title of Mister; Mister Moreno, sounds all wrong, doesn't it? It should be Don or Señor or Prince. The apparel should match—a toreador's cloak, a tiger skin, a silver shield, a link jerkin, the crimson mantle of Mark Antony. No more do serial rôles suit his personality. Usually you can deduce something of a man's manner and character by observing him on the screen.

Not so Moreno. You would imagine him an offspring of Hercules, whereas, in person, he more closely resembles
the family of dashing Apollo. If I were the casting director, Antonio would excel as Romeo, Don José, Antony, Anatol, the Lionel Barrymore of "The Jest" and Don Juan—puritanized to pass the censors. Without inflation of ego, I venture to say that I would prove a good casting director and Moreno the modern cavalier on the field of the cloth of silver.

"Do I enjoy serials?"
He repeated the question.
"Yes. I like action, you know!"
He glanced up from the vigorous action of the towel upon the left leg.
"And serials make money for the company," he added significantly.
"But wouldn't you like to return to features similar to "The Isle of Regeneration," which you played—or, for instance, Don José of Carmen?"
He straightened up with a fire in his eye that was not apparent when he spoke of serials.
"Don José!" he exclaimed. "I would play that without salary."
Right here I feel it my duty to warn any Carmencita who may appear opposite Moreno's Don José in the future. And I warn the shade of Merimée, too. Don José will dominate the story. Even the fiery, tigerish Farrar, who to us has envisaged and vitalized Carmen as perfectly as Merimée depicted her in words, would find her equal, if not her master, in the fiery, tigerish Moreno.

This assumption is not inspired by the fact that Don Tony came from Don José's own hills of Hispania. He is suited for the part by reason of talent as well as temperament. This talent was remarked by one of America's most famous emotional actresses when Moreno was a lad of fifteen. At that age, Tony was seized with the buccaneer spirit of his national forbears. He craved adventure, and adventure, according to European lexicon, is synonymous with "America." The young adventurer was born in Madrid, but he was removed, with the aid of Don and Donna Moreno, to Campamento, when he was an infante.

Campamento is a verdant jewel studding the somnolent slopes just behind Gibraltar. It sleeps in the benignant sunlight like a good and well-fed padre. The gray walls, ivy-traced, of an ancient cathedral, rear majestically from among squat tile-topped stucco houses and groves of orange and olive. Within the stillness of this solemn edifice, young Moreno was taught the rituals prescribed the altar boy. And under the tutelage of the kindly father he was instructed for the priesthood.

His ferocious spirit was toned with a reverence and sympathy still apparent in him. But that spirit was not sufficiently tamed to suit priestly requirements. One day, while serving as altar boy, it broke forth and dashed forever his hopes of following in the footsteps of the good priest he admired. The occasion was a wedding in Campamento. It is the custom at such times for the bridegroom, upon leaving the church, to toss coins to the urchins aligned outside. Young Moreno knew this and he was eager to participate in the scramble for the pesos, so eager that he forgot to remove his smock, and tore forth pell-mell for his share in the dividends. One of the young Campamento gangsters
tripped him purposely, so enraged Tony that he immediately proceeded to deliver blow for blow. Which, as you know, is not according to the scriptures.

"And so I was fired," commented Moreno, the adult, lugubriously, when he told me of the episode. Something in his youthful feeling of shame and tragedy still was obvious in recollection. He was really most contrite. And so he packed his valuables and announced his intention to explore the land of miracles overseas. The miracles commenced when he walked up the gangplank of the steamship lying in the Gibraltar harbor. It was really a span from nonentity to fame. Although the boy did not know it, he was heading straight into a chapter of an "Arabian Nights" dream. On the boat was the famous actress, to whom he referred. She was Miss Helen Ware. Her interest in our cavalier led her to advise him to seek his fame and fortune in the theater. Fortunately she spoke Spanish fluently, for Tony knew not a word of English. His appearance, his enthusiasm, and his eloquence of voice and eye confirmed Miss Ware's prediction, as it does ours, that Antonio Moreno is the ideal romanticist.

While dressing like a whirling dervish, plucking a necktie from a chandelier, a shirt from the back of a chair and trousers from the clothes-tree, Tony informed us something of his plans for the future. Although commencing his screen work in the pioneer family that included the Talmadges, Clara K. Young, Earle Williams, Edith Storey, Mabel Normand, Bobby Harron, and the Gishes, serving both with Vitagraph and Biograph, he has the enthusiasm and ambition of the beginner. He has been under the supervision of Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph, almost without interruption since the first one-reeler in which he appeared. The only exception was his appearance with Irene Castle and with Pearl White at Pathé.

"Am I going to remain in serials?" he repeated after me. "For a while at least. Serials have a tremendous following, of course, but after a while, well, who knows? Now"—he added abruptly, having adjusted his necktie, the last episode in his performance of dressing, which required but ten minutes from shower to seizure of hat—"now, we can run down and have a little breakfast-lunch, eh? And then," he registered dismay, "I have to see an interviewer. What do you say, or rather, what don't you say to an interviewer? It's been so long since I gave out an interview."

That remark gave me the idea for this story and I remarked:

"Not since your last bath, Tony."

And Tony looked nonplused.

Their Wedded Life

Elinor Fair and Albert Ray have got marriage down to a business—nine to five most every day, with Sundays and holidays off.

By B. Henry Smith

It began auspiciously about six months ago—and now neither of them knows where the other lives. When she leaves the studio she goes straight home to mother, and as for him—well, another woman is using his name. Scandalous? Not exactly; you see, it was William Fox who joined them together—and the timekeeper puts Elinor Fair and Albert Ray asunder every night at five.

Their first wedding took place when they did their first picture together—it was called "Married in Haste," fittingly enough. Since then Mr. Fox has tied the nuptial knot for them in every picture they've done—"Words and Music By——," "Be a Little Sport," "Love Is Love," "A Lost Princess"—they've been married in every single one. Their current release,
Their Wedded Life

"A Little Prayer for Rain," is no exception to the rule. They don't mind this ever-recurring matrimony at all, but when the day's work is done you find Elinor down at her mother's Los Angeles apartment, and Mr. Ray at a cozy little bungalow with his real, wedded wife, Roxana MacGowan, who used to be in Mack Sennett comedies.

Around the Fox Studio the Fair-Ray pair are known as "The Kids," and in their perpetually married parts they look it. But away from the studio one is struck by the seriousness of Elinor Fair, a girl with some teens yet to go. She adores pretty clothes—but that's merely feminine with no age limit either way. When I saw her she was a picture in a smart Dolly Varden sort of frock, sitting all curled up like a kitten in a big leather chair. That is, she sat curled up in a chair for a very, very little while. She isn't the sort that stays put. She's here, there, and away while she's talking. Now it's to show you a big picture hat that's just come home, or a new fur coat that's spoiling to be worn—if only there would be a cool day. Now it's to show you the beginning of a library—a baker's dozen or so of books of the best-seller type; or to look over mother's shoulder as she sorts over Elinor's latest pictures while telling that Elinor inherits her temperamental qualities from her grandfather.

She made her début in pictures when she was thirteen; dressed up in a grown-up cousin's frock, she looked the sixteen she wanted to, and was picked by William Farnum for an ingenue rôle because she looked enough like Gladys Brockwell to be her daughter.

And she writes stories.

"I've written millions of stories—oh, yes, and scenarios, too," she told me, quite simply.

"Any of them good—the scenarios, I mean?" I queried bluntly.

"About one in five, I think, is really good. But I've never shown any to a manager yet."

Equally naive was her answer, when she had denied caring for sports or athletics of any kind and I asked if she drove an automobile—as naive as the little girl asked if she could play the piano:

"I don't know. I've never tried. But I think I could."

She isn't a bit of a "cutey" girl. There are no lisplings or kittenish manners except that habit of curling up in a big chair. Her favorite picture is the one that makes her look oldest, and she is always setting her age a year ahead of the one her mother gives. But perhaps the most unusual thing about this unusual miss is that she says, and says it like she means it—she doesn't like boys!

So there now, Mr. Albert Ray, it's lucky for you that you only have to play you're married to her on the screen; that the sun never sets on your wedded life.

Funny chap, this Albert Ray. When I asked him how long he had been in pictures—a question I have a habit of asking stars in their first stardom—he said: "Eighteen years."

I looked at him rather hard, almost emitting the shorter-uglier word, and asked him whether he had had a cooing or crying part in his first.

It seems his first appearance in pictures was on the cover of a famous weekly magazine, at the age of seven. The woman who drew the picture was a friend of the family and, fancying his Buster Brown hair cut, posed him with a big pumpkin for a Thanksgiving number.

Just at this time a stage manager was fine-combing the land for a boy to play Buster in a play based on the Outcault pictures. Family friend suggested Young Al for the part, and the manager burst merrily through the traditions of the parental Rays, living comfortably on their big Virginia farm, not at all needing this addition to the family income nor craving footlight luster for the family name.

But the boy wanted to do it and the family friend and the manager won over the parents. Buster Ray's legs grew long as the company hopped about the little towns without reaching the New York goal, and as the legs couldn't be cut off and the hair could, young Ray graduated from Buster Brown to Peck's Bad Boy.

The next step was musical comedy. Smash again went the family traditions!

Back there in Virginia and later when the family moved to New York, young Albert had sung in Episcopal choirs. Always he hated the slow music. Always he wanted to rag it a bit and step out to a syncopated version of the hymns instead of marching slowly in the white-robed procession. Musical comedy, then, was more to his taste than choir singing, and his falsetto voice made a hit on the stage.

It was while
singing in a musical sketch a little later, out in Seattle, that he learned the full meaning of the word tragedy. Sitting on an end of the orchestra piano he was singing to a girl dangling on the other end a ditty entitled "Oh, You Beautiful Doll!" when his voice cracked and he couldn't sing another note.

In a hoarse, terrible whisper he said: "Finish it!"

The girl thought it was an improvised bit of comedy, and broke into a peal of laughter. For an instant Ray sat, horror-stricken, helpless, then picked her up and ran off the stage with her. Off-stage, he faced a blank, black future, voiceless, dumb. He saw himself selling shoe laces on a street corner, a friendless old age, the poor-house, a pauper's grave. And in the face of this tragedy his singing partner stood laughing.

The movies were then very new and he did not think of a refuge in the voiceless drama. He thought only of blight and black ruin.

Right glad he was to beat it back to the big Virginia farm, and it was while resting there that he went into professional baseball, pitching with the Petersburg team. He was known as "Whispering Al."

Then one day his voice came back, husky and nasal—but a voice! The very peculiarity of it was one of those half-welcome boons known as blessings in disguise. He was telling a funny story to an aunt when she said, "What a voice for a Hebrew character!" And next thing he was back on the stage doing Hebrew stunts. Once those Ray traditions were broken they stayed broken. Perversely enough, it was not until his voice came back fully—for speaking, but never a sound for singing—that he went into pictures. He has worked before and behind the camera, first acting, then directing and then acting again; with most of the big producing companies, in all sorts of plays, with all sorts of players.

When you see him at home he looks like a parlor ornament, with his good-looking face and slim-waisted figure, his slim hands and shy manner.

But scratch through his shyness and you will find a regular fellow, an all-round outdoor sportsman who plays everything but golf—he hasn't the patience to worry that silly little ball out of a hole and send it over a bunker with a crooked stick when he could pitch it so much farther by hand; a good storyteller with a wonderful sense of humor; and I fancy a fairly long-headed business man, for he figures on about three more years in pictures and after that—well, just a sort of everyday citizen's life with an office and business, which he modestly announces as "investments." Evidently he is salting down part of his million a year—that minimum honorarium in the movies—in barrels in the cellar of his bungalow.

But in any big moment in a production, if Albert Ray doesn't seem quite serious enough, all his director need do is say—"Seattle!"

---

**Film Observations**

*By Vara Macbeth Jones*

"Photoplay writing quickly taught," does not my yearning quell,
For now I need instruction that teaches how to sell!

"I think," said pa, "that star we saw
Puts on such silly airs."

"It's well she puts them on," said ma,
"For little else she wears!"

The world is so filled with movie screens,
I'm sure we should all be as happy as queens!

---

How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When film recollections bring them to view;
The robber's den, cabaret, battlefields, death traps,
Prisons, and train wrecks; these are but a few!

A little "vamping" now and then
Is relished by the best of men!

Among the fellows in our set,
Brown's most popular, by far;
For he knows a chap—who knows a chap—
Who knows a movie star!
The Jinx

A Mabel Normand comedy,
Retold in rhyme—admission free!

By C. L. Edson

Of course she flivered in the stunt,
She was the real "raspberry Jane,"
The people booted her out in front,
And cried, "You give us all a pain."
And then the owner of the show,
Ran in and shoved her off the stage;
The Spotted Man From Borneo
Beheld it from his iron cage.
The Jinx was nothing but a child,
The showman beat her black and blue;
The wild man then went really "wild,"
He broke his cage and out he flew!
The boss had fitted him with fangs,
These fangs now bit the boss' neck;
The crowd mixed in the fight in gangs,
And all the show became a wreck.
The little Jinx, in terror, fled;
Still clad in silks and bangles rare;
She hid within a buggy shed;
Some orphan children found her there.
For them a day of glory shone;
(The other show they had not seen)
They staged a circus all their own;
The Jinx became their circus queen.
Now comes the wild man at the close,
And while the spying kiddies linger,
He takes the ring from out his nose,
And slips it on her wedding finger!

The "Jinx" was just a circus drudge,
A-slaving for a master cruel.
"A circus drudge?" you say, "Oh, fudge,
There isn't no such animal.
"A circus drudge," you say, and laugh,
A downtrod circus hired girl;
Who has to wash the big giraffe,
And teach the tiger's tail to curl.
You guess "she mopped the saw-dust ring,
And scrubbed the seats with shoulders bent,
And fired the great Fire-Eating King,
And lugged out ashes from his tent."
Well, laugh then, while you've got a chance,
For it's a comic film, you know;
And here's the "hired girl" in pants,
The Jinx that busted up the show.
The while she combed the tigers' tails,
And brushed the old orang-utan,
And polished Jumbo's finger nails,
She woed the ticket-seller man
This man—a youth of tender age—
He "doubled" in the circus show;
He did the "wild man" in a cage—
The "Spotted Man From Borneo."
Of course the little circus Jinx
Was also eager to perform;
She thought (poor, silly little minx)
That she could take the crowd by storm.
And so she told a fatal lie,
That made the star performer quit;
The Jinx then had
The nerve to try
To do her act
And make a hit.
APIQUANT, twinkling-footed sprite, in gauzy ruffles, rose, and gray—a languorous maiden of the East, in trailing robes of peacock hue—light as thistledown, gleaming with stardust, and very, very human, is Constance Binney.

It's the thistledown quality that sways her from one character to another, as lightly and gracefully as she changes her mood in the dance. Last year she was very demure and charming as Penelope Penn, the Quakerish little heroine of a successful stage play, "39 East," in which she is now on tour. Then a breeze from the cinema land blew her into Realart pictures as a star, and she became Barnabetta, a little Pennsylvanian Dutch girl who's made into a lady and marries a congressman, in "Erstwhile
Thistledown

line Bell

she'll ever be able to shake it off!

There's another side to the light and airy part of her, though; for she knows what it is to work hard, and do small parts in theatrical productions and movies, and get up early and rehearse late. Of course, she hasn't spent a very long time learning these things; before she had but two theatrical engagements, one in Winthrop Ames' "Saturday to Monday," and the other in "Oh Lady, Lady," a musical comedy in which she danced. Her first movie engagement was in Maurice Tourneur's "Sporting Life," and her biggest one in "The Test of Honor," in which she was John Barrymore's leading woman.

So the thistledown Constance Binney never gets so far from the earth that she forgets what hard work means, and the stardust never blinds her to the necessity for just as hard work in future—it's easier to be made a movie star than to stay one sometimes, you know.
A High-geared, Non-stop Kidder
Will Rogers—a star who talks his own subtitles.
By Grace Kingsley

Well, wasn't that the prize boner?" chuckled Will Rogers, as he shook hands with me just after having accidentally walked into a set where a movie wedding was being filmed. "I ruined that marriage quicker'n Reno, didn't I?"

And the man who was sticking closer to him than a brother promptly jotted something down on the pad he carried—for the Goldwyn people had engaged him to do nothing else than trot around behind Rogers, the walking subtitle factory, and catch just such gems of repartee as that one. You see, Rogers is so well known for his patter talk that a book has been made of it. Before he went into the movies he was almost an institution in New York.

"Come on up to the 'Midnight Frolic' and see what Rogers has to say about it," your blasé New Yorker used to say, when he read in his evening paper that the president was or wasn't going to do something surprising, or that the packers or oil men or secretary of war had become headline material. And sure enough, that night at the glorified vaudeville up on top of the New Amsterdam Theater, Will Rogers, nonchalantly chewing gum and twirling his lariat, would make some pungent comment on the situation that appealed even to those most implicated. He was perfectly capable, too, of pausing in his "patter talk" to chat with some celebrity in the audience; the night that Vernon Castle dropped in, just back from Europe and on his way to Texas, Rogers stopped the show to pay tribute to him.

"Funny business, this picture stuff, isn't it?" he drawled, bending down to untie a knot in his rope. "Here they bring me all the way across the country—across the Mississippi River where they coulda taken a camera and shot me as well as not. Instead of which they take me clear up to Sacramento River to get the Mississippi scenes! Also to photograph some smoke. Why, I saw an oil well on fire the other day that had lots more smoke than we got. I'll bet if they wanted to photograph the ocean, they'd take us back to Lake Michigan!"

He's lumbering, and awkward, and as homely as a Missouri mule, and he capitalizes on these qualities which other persons might regard as liabilities, and makes assets of them all.

But, after all, it was his nimble-witted line of talk that really made him a celebrity, and Goldwyn's done mighty well in incorporating it in his pictures—it's like Caruso's voice; without those subtitles Roger's pictures might be as much of a flivver as the great tenor's were.

But it's no fun to hear about how clever
a man is and have no proof of it—and so here are some
of Rogers’ remarks which I jotted down in my notebook, following the example of the subtitle hound who
stalks around behind him at the studio.
“When Goldwyn decided to make fewer and worse
pictures, that’s when they got me. I guess it’ll be a
pretty good picture at that—they’ve got an awfully
good cast—and the star ain’t in it much. By taking
out some of my action and putting in a title they helped
it a lot!”
“What’s the most dangerous stunt I’ve ever done?
Well, I reckon the most dangerous stunt I’ve done so
far is lettin’ ’em shoot a close-up of me!”
“In pictures they make you do all the things you
can’t do and then they’re satisfied.”
“I’ve only felt grand once since coming into pictures.
That’s when we shot a scene in Geraldine Farrar’s
$50,000 set. She should worry! She can sing a couple
songs and pay for that whole street and have an alley
left over!”
“We got a novelty out here at this studio—an extra
that never played with Griffith.”
“Nice big studio, Goldwyn’s. So big I can’t find any-
body. I’ve been looking for Mabel Normand ever since
I arrived and the nearest I’ve come to finding her was
seeing her chauffeur sitting out in front of the Alex-
andria Hotel downtown.”
“Fine climate—yes—especially these summer days. It’s so good you
don’t want to use it up, so you keep out of it all you can!”
“I see where an oil painting sold back in
New York for two hundred thousand dol-
ars, and I says to
to my wife, ‘They
pay more for stills
than for movies,
don’t they?”
“The only night
life an actor gets
out here is when
they build a
café set
for him to use in a pic-
ture!”
“The motto of picture
producers so far as I can
learn is, ‘Take your time in these
pictures, now, we want ’em good;
say, when’ll you be done?’”

A wonderfully good sport is
Rogers in connection with his pic-
ture-making. The only thing they
can’t get him to do is to kiss a
woman. So in order to get him
married in the picture they had
to drop him out of an airplane
into the lap of the heroine, and

she did the proposing.
“Like the coun-
try?” was asked.
“Oh, my,
yes. We got
a nice house
in West-
c h e s t e r
Place, my
wife and I
and the
baby. The
rest of the
family is
back in Okla-
ahoma with
the whoop-
ing cough. There ain’t
room for ’em
all to whoop
at once out
here.
“The house

is the one Madge
Kennedy had. It’s
got a conservatory
and a swimming pool
and, oh, everything we
don’t need. I went up to
see Douglas Fairbanks’ new
house, the other day. He’s got
a fine place up there. He’s got a
lovely swimming pool; only trouble
with it is, it ain’t got any water in it.
He says he never thought of that when
they were building it. But it’s a nice
spot for anybody that wants to do a
little dry swimming.”

Just then the director called Rogers to come into the
set. They had changed it into a schoolroom scene
and the kids were waiting for Rogers. A fat girl was
crying, and a small boy was complaining she had hit
him. “What did you strike him for?” inquired Rogers
of the girl in the action of the scene. “Cause he hit

Continued on page 99
INTERESTING faces, these, aren’t they? In each one you can read a life story: the story of the impulsive intellectual firebrand—the square-jawed, straight-forward clean thinker—the crafty, cunning sneak—the slow-thinking plodder, embittered by hardship and injustice—the brilliant, erratic mind—the hard-faced agent of destruction—the kindly, industrious worker—you know as well what they stand for as did the casting director who chose these actors for their rôles in Thomas H. Ince’s “Dangerous Hours.”

Not so very far back in the history of motion pictures if some types were wanted, a job lot of extras would be called in, made up with wigs and grease paint, with as much exaggeration and not much more distinction than the conventional stage Irishman or “Dutchman” of twenty years ago. But look at these faces. No wigs or make up here! And not one could have represented convincingly any of these rôles save his or her own. As the day of extreme specialization has come in industry, it seems to have arrived in everything else—even in the movies.
The Observer

Brief Chats With You on Interesting Topics concerning the Screen

The Good Old Days

The great difficulty an artist has to contend with is the comparison of his present work with that of his past. The old works, softened by distance, seem better than the new ones. "Distance lends enchantment to the view." Or, as Rube Goldberg puts it, "They all look good when they're far away." It's a general belief that the stars aren't always better than they used to be.

Mary Pickford, according to many of her admirers, never has done another "Tess." Griffith's greatest work is still supposed to be "The Birth of a Nation." Some even go back further and pick "The Avenging Conscience," or "Judith" as his masterpiece.

The cracker-barrel critics claim that Chaplin's high mark was "The Champion," or some other early comedy, according to which informant happens to have the loudest voice.

Fairbanks, they say, reached the top with "His Picture in the Papers," or "Manhattan Madness."


But we refuse to believe that the old days were the "good old" kind. We believe that if "The Birth of a Nation" were brought back to life it would be a triumph for Griffith, a triumph because it would show people how he has progressed since then.

So we take off our hat and bow our acknowledgments to Mr. George Fischer, manager of the Alhambra Theater in Milwaukee, for having given a concrete example of how pictures have advanced.

"Twenty Minutes in the Nickelodeon" he called it, and it was a true reproduction of those "good old days."

His twenty-minute show was one that would have been a big attraction in Milwaukee ten years ago. Today it was a laugh maker.

Mr. Fisher opened his twenty-minute show with slides reading as follows:

Gentlemen please remove your hats.
No smoking allowed. Do not spit on the floor.
Children occupying seats must pay for same.
Our moving pictures and illustrated songs are the latest and best.
Our patrons will oblige us by not remaining for more than one show during the rush.
Matinees daily, 5c, except Sunday and holidays.

The "feature picture" was Mary Pickford in "The Story of the Rose," a one-reel imp that helped make her famous. It was terrible. Beside the screen was a lecturer who read the titles and explained the scenes. In the middle of the picture the film broke and a slide asked "One Minute Please While the Operator Adjusts the Machine."

The orchestra was piano and drums and "Bedelia" was the piece they played, interspersed with "effects" by the drummer.

This was followed by an illustrated song, "My Little Kangaroo" and some of the slides slipped in wrong side up.

This show ended with the slide, "Programme changed daily. Those who have not seen the entire performance may remain for the next."

Then the big orchestra swung into an overture and the real show began—Mary Pickford in "The Hoodlum."

In Milwaukee they're not saying much about the "good old days" in moving pictures, thanks to Mr. Fischer. Comparisons often are good things.

Pictures for Every One

There was a time when a picture show was, well—just a picture show. Today there is such a variety of plays and stars to choose from that nearly everyone can find his or her particular kind of picture. A correspondent calls our attention to the different appeal that is made by a few of the leading stars, as follows:

I believe that a count would prove the big majority of Pickford, Clark, and Ferguson fans to be women; that Hart, Fairbanks, and Farnum appeal, for the most part, to men; that Ray, Reid, and Barthelmes find their greatest response in the breasts of the girls, while Chaplin and Arbuckle find their most loyal supporters among the kiddies.

That is as it should be. There should be many kinds of pictures, just as there should be many kinds of books.

The Star System

We do not approve of the so-called "star system." It does not, as a rule, make for the best productions. The best pictures we ever saw include "The Birth of a Nation," "The Miracle Man," and an issue of the Pathé Weekly which contained a scene in which we were shown walking beside Theodore Roosevelt. None of these three pictures were sold on the strength of the reputation of a star.

But the star is here, a living, human—at times—being, and he will stay. His name, if he is a real star, is a guarantee of a certain quality of entertainment. And unless a star eliminates himself by poor pictures, he's going to remain a very big part of the motion-picture
business—hopes and wishes of treasurers to the contrary notwithstanding.

No matter what folks say, when Charlie Chaplin has a new picture, we're going to take our money in our fist and go spend it to see Charlie. It would not have been fair to us if the theaters had advertised "Shoulder Arms" as merely a great comedy, leaving out all mention of Chaplin. There was no danger that any such advertising would be done for, in spite of their clamor, the producers and the managers know that the name "Chaplin" brings in the money.

The Church and the Screen

Out in Indiana, not far from Indianapolis, is a town of a few thousand people that have motion-picture shows on Sunday, with the advice and encouragement of the churches.

The church people in this town for a long time had looked upon the moving picture as a pernicious influence. And it was. The theater manager thought he couldn't afford to pay much for his shows for he thought he couldn't get more than a dime at the box office. He was one of those relics who believe that the way to be successful in the moving-picture business is to pick the feature by the blood-and-thunder lithographs.

If the six-sheet had a murder on it he bought the picture, for he thought that show certainly ought to be a puller.

The church people in this town began to wonder if there weren't such things as good motion pictures. They investigated, and found they existed in fair quantity.

Instead of going around and threatening to put the manager out of business unless he stopped showing bad pictures they did a radical, a constructive thing. They offered to help to increase his profits if he would show good pictures.

He said it couldn't be done. They said it could. They would even go so far as to make no protest if he wanted to have shows on Sunday—providing he chose shows appropriate to the day. The preachers also promised to announce from their pulpits the pictures which they knew they could recommend.

The theater manager said he would try it. He doubted that he could make a go of it—these good pictures cost so much and he would have to raise prices. They told him that people would rather pay twenty-five cents for a good show than ten cents for a bad one and he half believed them and booked for a Sunday showing an official war picture that had been seen in Indianapolis by several of the citizens and which they O. K'd.

It was a great success. The manager could hardly believe it. He was playing through the week to greater crowds at twenty-five cents than he ever had done at ten cents.

The result is that this town has good pictures. The church people help the exhibitor book them, usually upon advice from Indianapolis, where the pictures have had a first run. The church has no complaint to make about moving pictures. Parents don't object to having their children go. For they know the show always will be clean and wholesome.

That's the way to make your theater better. Don't abuse your manager because he has bad pictures—and then keep going. Prove to him, rather, that if the entertainment is cheap you'll stay away, but if it is good you'll come and bring your friends.

Why No More Comedy?

The public is rushing down to the moving-picture theater and demanding in loud language and with rough imperative gestures, "We want more and better comedies!"

And the manager rushes to the film companies and lets his voice ring through the office, "Kick in with more laughs!"

So the producer runs out to the lot and grabs a megaphone and whoops, "Be funny, darn you, be funny!"

With what result?


Our memory can produce no more. Perhaps we've overlooked a few. If we have, we doubt not that our readers will refresh our memory with strong letters of disapproval.

Why aren't there more funny comedies?

Our guess is this:

They don't take enough trouble with the story. The comedy business is still in the stages that we found the moving picture in three or four years ago. The story is ignored.

A comedy these days is a succession of "gags." They get a general theme and then the company sits around while the director and camera man and the actors try to think of something funny. Then they shoot it. If it isn't funny they throw it out. If it is, they leave it in, even though they have to change the story to make it fit.

It's all wrong. Comedies are no longer monologues in pictures. You can't keep people interested and laughing at a series of "gags."

The new comedy is going to be a funny plot, first. Then the funny things that are inserted ad lib will have a bearing on the story. It will be based upon something more than a man throwing a vase at a girl and hitting a parson.

What we need in pictures is a writer of comedy—not an inventor of "gags."

Watch the fellows who climb up in comedy in the next year. They'll be the ones that start out with a plot before they shoot a scene. There will be a tale to tell, a finish that is worth waiting for and the story will lead you roaring right to that finish regardless of bathing girls or parsons or buckets of paint or wild animals. The girls and the rest of it will still be there, but they'll be in it because they're needed, because the story calls for them and because if they were left out the plot would be incomplete. Incidentally, a comedy which seemed to get more laughs out of the audience than almost any we've seen of late was a Harold Lloyd bit called "Busting Into Broadway." And we couldn't help noticing that it contained more of a story than the average comedy. Producers of some of the so-called comedies would do well to study this picture.

How do you like a string of "gags"? Is that your idea of comedy? Or what do you like? Please write, won't you?
I want free life and I want fresh air—
The green beneath and the blue above,
And dash and danger and life and love
And Laska!

Do you remember the famous old recitation? Surely you've heard it. Well, Universal has made the story of Laska into a beautiful screen production, with Edith Roberts playing the title part, and with the cattle stampede, an' everything!

"Over the fence is out!" according to Frankie Lee's code. However, the directors won't let him get very far out of pictures, since his good work with Pauline Frederick in "Bonds of Love" and Mabel Normand in "Jinx," and, above all, his performance of the little cripple in "The Miracle Man."

If there's any cutting up to do, do it yourself, says Marion Davies. Here she is examining the pieceing together of a bit of the film which recorded the work she'd done the week before.
"That's Orion," says Monroe Salisbury, inspired by the crisp evening air of the San Bernardino mountains to give astronomy lessons. "Yes? And where's O'Hooligan?" inquires his leading lady, Alice Willett—and the lesson's over. Now, we'd be willing to listen even to the multiplication table if we could sit by that pine-cone fire, with a good bit of the Western world spread out at our feet.

We don't know what union Ethel Clayton belongs to, but she's certainly striking, both in attitude and costume. "More Deadly Than the Male," a Paramount picture, is responsible for Ethel's taking this stand; if we were her modiste we'd be worried; when primitive garb is so becoming, why pay an exorbitant price for silks and chiffons?

"Wonder what a baby thinks about," pondered Clare Briggs, the cartoonist, who drew the "When a Feller Needs a Friend" sketches, and put the characters on the screen recently. He thought about the matter so hard that he finally made a movie of it, and his eighteen months' old daughter, Ruth, obligingly consented to interpret the leading role.
If the turtle leaves the circle on her side, Alice Joyce wins a dollar from Director Wesley Ruggles. Alice claimed when this competition started that pure luck alone made the star actor turn toward her so promptly—but Ruggles had a deep, dark suspicion that she promised to divide the spoils with the turtle if she won. Personally, we can only remark that we don't blame the turtle for his preferences.

Gloria Swanson makes a charming Mrs. Kris Kringle doesn't she, though she's "just pretending" in a De Mille production? Even the Kewpie's skeptical eye can't destroy the real Christmas atmosphere.

This touching scene is entitled "A bottle in the lasso is worth two in somebody else's private stock," and the scenario is by Monte Blue, who was explaining it to us when one of the "Everywoman" cast strolled by and gave him this opportunity to stage it for our benefit. Monte maintains that "Extra Dry" is a description which fits him far better than it does the champagne in the case.
The Bear Facts About Gale Henry

Born in Bear Valley, and with a husband named Bruno, she made it three of a kind by letting a comedy bear in on the interview.

By Dorothy Faith Webster

"You might ask Bruno for the information," she remarked, completing her coiffure. "That's his voice."

And as her husband's name is Bruno Becker, it took some three minutes'/ explanation to clear the atmosphere. It developed that the picture she was working in concerned an antiquated paralytic, a "tough guy," and a bear—to say nothing of a temperamental mule and two skunks. It further developed, during the conversation conducted on the running board, that Miss Henry was born in Bear Valley, California.

"That's true—I'm not trying to be facetious," she assured me. "We lived on a ranch—mother, dad, and I, until I was fourteen; then we came to Los Angeles."

"And you began to train for opera?"

"Opera? It was Gale's turn to give me the suspicious once-over."

"Didn't some one tell me that you began your career as a member of the Temple Opera Company?" I apologized inquired.

"Comic—not grand," she tersely informed me. "One day I saw an advertisement in the Los Angeles Times which called for seventy chorus girls. I answered the ad, in a little white dress which came not far below my knees; and a funny little straw hat; mother had trimmed it with a wreath of tiny, pink cotton roses, and the outfit was not unlike the comedy costumes I later used in pictures."

"And you got the job?" I broke in.

"That's the funny part of it—I did. Think of the figure I must have cut among those more or less sophisticated girls—for I could neither sing nor dance. I went home that night—my hopes blasted! Not a word had been said about my coming back. But the next morning the postman brought me a card which requested that I 'report for rehearsal' the next day. And that day was the very happiest of my life. To think that I, Gale Henry, was a full-fledged actress—for so I considered myself. The days that followed were happy ones, too; and what do you think—that cast included Fatty Arbuckle, Louise Fazenda, and Blossom Seeley."

"All right, dear," her husband-director interrupted, in a most undirectorish manner, "we're ready to work with the bear."

"Continued in our next!" said Gale, leading me over to Hap Ward, the picture of helpless old age in a rickety wheel-chair. His smile, as he greeted me, was a trifle forced—and small wonder, for he was to have his property whiskers licked affectionately by Bruno the bear.


But Hap, despite Gale's comforting assurance, continued to regard Bruno with apprehension.

The bear's trainer further enhanced his mental

This Gale Henry writes her own scenarios.

JUST the bare facts about your career," I told Gale Henry, as she sat on the running board of the car in which we'd made our trip out on location, massaging her outstanding bangs with a cake of wet, yellow soap.

You may not remember her by name, but certainly when you glance at the pictures on these pages, you'll recall some of the two hundred Universal comedies in which she acted. She's an old hand at it—and assurance comes to her from everywhere, in every morning's mail, that nobody could forget her face!

"If you want bare facts," she paused to reply, "You ought to go over to the Sennett place. But it's bear facts—"

And just then across the silence came a sound that was wild and eerie—a cross between a banshee's wail and the death cry of a maniac. My hair rose heavenward, but Miss Henry only concluded her sentence indifferently.
The Bear Facts About Gale Henry

Add a male and two skunks to this bear, and you have the list of animals in "Her Week-end."

"Do I like comedies? I have to like 'em."

"Can you imagine me the heroine of a melodrama?"

state by remarking, "He ain't been fed to-day—always works better when he's hungry."

To which Hap replied, with a last noble attempt at jocularity, "Oh, well, I don't mean much to this company, anyway."

"Bring on the honey!" shouted the director—honey being, as everybody knows, the approved bear bait—and when Hap was finally besmeared to an extent which satisfied even the director, Bruno was allowed one blissful sniff at the sticky sweetness, and was then forcibly removed to regions in the rear of the camera.

"Camera!" shouted Bruno the Director.

Hap snored, a very stogy snore, and Bruno the Bear, suddenly unleashed, dashed straight to the wheelchair—and to honey!

At this moment our heroine appeared upon the scene, sighted the predicament of her charge and wisely climbed a tree, from which she was scheduled to rescue Hap by the apparently simple method of hoisting him into the tree by means of a stick hooked into his coat collar. It might be added, for the benefit of incredulous readers, that a heavy wire operated by a pulley—both painted black and therefore invisible to the camera's eye—were to figure largely in the work of rescue.

Gale safely up the tree, B. the D. called "Cut!"—the camera man ceased grinding, and B. the B. was removed to his cage. Hap again breathed freely, but Gale refused to return to terra firma.

"Catch me doing this climb again—I'm here for the rescue," she stated firmly. "Did you ever do an interview in a tree? Now's your chance!" But I gracefully declined her invitation, and seated myself in the wheelchair, directly below her.

"And how did you happen to go into the movies?" I asked, continuing our conversation.

"It's very prosaic," she answered, leaning down at a perilous angle. "I knew a girl who worked at Universal; she took me out with her one morning, and I got a job. That's all there is to it, except," she added modestly, "I remained there five years and was featured in two hundred comedies.

"By that time," she continued, "I was pretty much in need of a rest, so I left Universal and spent one gr-rand and glorious year in doing exactly as I pleased, mostly hunting and fishing—those are my hobbies, if any one should ask you. But the lure of the silver screen proved stronger than I could resist, and last February I organized my own company, with Hap Ward and Milburn Moranti of Universal days, as leading comedians. We have made fifteen pictures, and I write all my scenarios."

"Do you like comedies best?" I inquired.

"Do I like 'em?" she chuckled. "I have to like 'em! Can you imagine me the heroine of a melodrama? Me as a misunderstood wife—that isn't a bad idea—" she broke off suddenly.

"I'll think it over."

So, if in some future comedy you see a tragic helpmate, clad in a jaunty cotton flannel basque and lurid plaid skirt—she buys her clothes at the Salvation Army rummage sales, and has to alter them very little—you'll know where Gale Henry got the idea for the rôle.

As she hung out of the other side of the tree to talk with her husband about the picture I realized with amazement that the interview seemed to be nearing an end and Miss Henry hadn't said a word about how she longed to make really big, serious pictures—dramas that reflected life, sort of a combination of Shakespeare and Cecil De Mille stuff, you know. When I've interviewed comedians, male or female, they've always said they looked forward to the day when they could play "Hamlet," or go back to the legitimate stage. Yet Gale Henry was content to stick to comedy.

"I'm trying to get away from the pie-throwing type of picture," she went on, "but it seems as if the comedy fan never tires of an artistic fall off a cliff, or a good free-for-all chase. However, I believe that the picture we're working on to-day is going to be the best we've put out. It's to be called 'Her Week-end.'"

A howl from Bruno smote my ear as I rose to depart, and I replied with conviction, "It sounds like a bear!"
Charlie Hawker:

That wasn't his official title, but many Charlie Hawkers, you

By Archer

Never worked out that way in any studio.

In the first place a subject is always long! In a way it is desirable to have a surplus footage so that dragging scenes can be shortened, bad bits of business eliminated, etcetera, etcetera. But to pause in our story for a moment, the extent to which some pictures are over is positively staggering.

The "Birth of a Nation" had a hundred thousand feet of positive when Griffith approached the task of assembling it. When first shown in the projection room, at the time it was brought East, it had been trimmed to around eleven thousand feet. Subsequently

In every motion-picture factory there is some inconspicuous person known as the film cutter. You don't hear much about these nameless individuals. They do not have their names emblazoned on the titles of the finished product, beside those of the star, the director, the author, and the president of the producing corporation. But many a picture has been saved from the scrap heap by these clever "doctors of sick films."

Charlie Hawker was a film cutter, employed a few years ago by a company which we will call the "Fleur-de-lis Picture Corporation." I've chosen to tell about him rather than some of the others I've known because he had to perform such "life or death" operations, such as no well-regulated picture studio should require. All of which is rather illuminating.

Fleur-de-lis was a company that issued a program. By that, I mean that this company had a certain number of features and shorter films, which had to be delivered every week, rain or shine, in order to fulfill contracts with theaters located all over the country.

Theoretically, a production was made by the Fleur-de-lis concern in the following manner. A story would be selected from the stock on hand, and the continuity writer would prepare the working script, which, if correctly followed by the director, would produce just about enough film to make a forty-five hundred foot feature, which was the required length for the Fleur-de-lis program.

Theoretically, not a thing was left to chance, for before the production was actually started the director would go over the script with the star, with the camera man, with the studio manager, and with the man who built the sets. Thus, on paper, the picture was supposed to be ready for the factory as soon as the director had finished shooting his scenes.

But as a matter of fact, it never worked out that way at the Fleur-de-lis Studio, for the reason that it

Up the street went Carrie, injecting sweetness into the lives of every one she met.
Film Doctor

it was his job. And since there are a good
ought to know something of their work.

Eagle

picture did not seem to measure up to standard in the
projection room the "cuts" or the eliminated footage
would be sent for, spliced together separately, and
viewed by Charlie and perhaps some of the others of
the firm's officials.

It was in the recutting of a picture such as this that
Charlie first demonstrated his peculiar ability with the
scissors and created the position remunerating him
well into the three figures weekly.

Fleur-de-lis was a new producer, compelled to re-
cruit its entire staff from existing companies. For
studio and production manager the heads employed a
little dynamo of energy, a man who had made a re-
putation through the construction of a film city in Cali-
ifornia. Bert Gleason had always had an ambition to
direct pictures and when it became necessary to begin
with the first star and no satisfactory director had
been procured, Bert started out to make the picture
himself. His camera man was a chap who had turned
the crank years before, but who for several seasons had
been laboratory superintendent at the film city men-
tioned.

The making of features is a
highly skilled occupation in
every department. Bert's ef-
fort, cut to length and viewed
in the projection room, was so
terribly bad that old Gordon,
the organizer and president of
Fleur-de-lis, nearly backed out
and quit right there.

Charlie Hawker at the time
was a scenario
writer. It was
his script that
had been mur-
dered and when Bert tried to
blame the fiasco on the story,
Charlie went up into the air
and expressed himself in vig-
orous language. He wrote out
an analysis in detail of what
was wrong and, to prove his
point, offered to recut the pic-
ture and show that it was di-
rection and not scenario that was at fault. Old Gordon
took him up and sent him out to the factory for a week
to fix the picture. There Charlie found whole essential
scenes that had been left out because the acting was bad,
and a whole episode which had been eliminated because
the photography was hopeless. He straightened out
the continuity, tinted the bad photography amber—a tint
that will cover almost anything in bad camera work—
and returned with a near approach to a picture.

Of course it was not good enough for the program,
but it was unloaded on the State-Rights market later

for something over half its cost of production and
Fleur-de-lis was glad to get rid of it at any price. Old
Gordon realized the amazing improvement Charlie had
wrought in the film, however, and thereafter he was
given every "sick" picture to fix up. In a few short
weeks he was entirely occupied with the finished films
and his last script had been written. Charlie Hawker
thereafter was film editor and trouble man extraordinary.

The amount of difficulty a new concern encounters
is almost unbelievable. Fleur-de-lis probably hired two
dozen directors, each of whom made one feature and
then received his discharge. In every case it was five
reels of material for the new editor to juggle. From a
scenario writer starting work at nine or ten in the
morning, and leaving at five, our hero became a
harassed individual, getting down at eight so as to
have an hour with no one bothering him, and working
along until ten, eleven or twelve at night—sometimes
all night—so as to get a picture out in time for its scheduled
release. Many bad features were issued, but their story
was clear, the titles were intelligent, and the worst points
of direction and photography were largely covered up.
Without Charlie the bulk of them would have gone into
the vault—hopeless junk, and a dead loss.

Even regular directors, sure-fire feature makers, have
trouble with their pictures and have to appeal from
the studio to the office—to the czar of the scissors
there. Charlie Hawker, who acquired a horde of bitter
enemies through his work on the films, through his
elimination of pet bits of business and action, never
tries of telling of the first picture Harmon Palmer
made for Fleur-de-lis, and of how that particular di-
rector became an appreciative friend.

Carrie Carmer, Palmer's star,—in real life was
his wife, and rather the dominating personality of
the combination. She selected her own stories and often interfered in
the casting and other details of
actual production.

The story, "The Mon-
ter," was from a prominent
all-fiction magazine in which
Broadway was per-
sonified as a terrible,
living, breathing en-
tity seeking to ensnare
the little heroine who,
previously, has had no
contact with the world
outside of convent
walls. It was one of
the "Passing of the
Third Floor Back" or
"Servant in the House"
sort of stories in which
the radiating influence of the central character reforms
every one in sight.

Carrie, like a little Pippa, passed up the dread street,
and even the traffic cops—conveniently bribed by Har-
mon's assistant—were conscious of her passing. Hardly
a block from Union Square to Columbia University
was missed in the film. Harmon had reveled in his
street stuff. Carrie—in the story—Injected new sweet-
ness into the lives of several scores of people, beginning
with a down-and-outer at the start of her pilgrimage

Continued on page 86
"Cocktails made of root beer, cider, grape-juice, and ginger ale," she answered promptly. "And if you'd like a drink—"
I said no, it was a cool day and that my husky voice was natural.
"Can there be an innocuous drunk?" I wanted to know.
"Oh, my yes," she assured me. "I feel that I am now an authority on jags—screen variety I mean, of course. Perhaps you know that the story concerns the plight of two innocents, a model husband married to a dissatisfied wife, and a child-wife—a Li'l' Eva sort of a person—who is me—married to a clubman who can't forget it.
"The model husband and I are left alone by our respective wife and husband, and we decide in a reckless moment, to compromise each other and so arouse the waning interest of our high-stepping matrimonial partners. Neither of us know a thing about drinks, and we start in innocently mixing cocktails of gin, brandy, whisky, absinthe, and vermouth—anything, in fact, we can get our hands on; and the consequence, as you can imagine, is a man-size jag that lays us out completely, and when my husband and his wife come back, then the fireworks start with a vengeance."
It was almost half-past five, so Miss Allison called it a day, and we went over to her dressing room, done in ivory and blue. She got out of her evening dress very carefully, calling my attention to the fact that since she wears only one gown during the whole picture, she has had to have two duplicates made, and that the last one—the one she was wearing, was on its last legs, so to speak.
I promised myself and the editor that I wouldn't rave about May Allison, so I won't; but I will remark in passing that she's the kind of a girl that inspires you to write sonnets about moonlight and things; her eyes are the most limpid blue, her hair is the kind of gold that isn't bought in beauty shops, and she has the most fascinating Dixie accent, that is, unfortunately, quite lost on the screen.
"I thought I had lost my accent," she laughed when I spoke of it. "I have really tried to overcome anything that would sound like a mannerism in speech—I found it my first drawback when I went on the stage."
"When was that?" I asked, recollecting with a start that this was supposed to be an interview. May is the kind of a person who makes you forget you're talking to a professional.
"Oh, quite a few years ago," she responded.
"If you're going back that far, I may as well start at the beginning. I was born on a farm—I suppose I ought to say 'plantation,' but it really was only a farm—in Alabama, and we moved to Birmingham shortly afterward. I was the black sheep of the family, absolutely demanding a stage career; and when I was sent to a convent, I strained at the leash like a young hound, and was only kept there until graduation by the promise of being taken to New York.

"Mother kept her word, though it meant selling the farm to do it; and she and I landed in New York with very little money, but all the confidence in the world that the big city would give me one look and take me to its heart."

"It would show its good sense if it did," I remarked irreverently.

"But it didn't," she said, smiling. "We went the rounds of managers' offices just like hundreds of girls are doing to-day—I was almost sixteen at the time, and when our funds were very low indeed, I landed a tiny 'bit' in 'Everywoman.' I was so proud, but at the dress rehearsal I nearly lost my job. The manager called me down to the footlights and said, 'You'll have to learn to talk like a white person; when I turn my back to listen to you, I think I'm hearing a nigger.'

"That almost broke my heart, because I didn't know that my way of speaking was so different from that of the other girls, but I learned in time to 'talk like a white person.'

"I played 'Beauty' in 'Everywoman,' took the lead in 'The Quaker Girl,' and was featured in another play—which was a ghastly failure, by the way. But William Crane saw me in it, and asked me to play the ingénue lead in his production of 'David Harum' opposite Harold Lockwood as the juvenile lead. I did, and of course you know how, later, I played opposite Mr. Lockwood—until his death, in fact.

"I'm doing comedies now, and I suppose I will be for some time to come; but, here's a confession—I want to do serious stuff; does that sound funny? I know I have an ingénue face, but really, I have a brain or two that I've never been allowed to exhibit. Blondes are always underestimated, I believe. Ophelia was a blonde, yet certainly no one could call her frivolous or ingénue.

"Maybe the censors wouldn't permit you to be serious," I suggested. Her nose curled in scorn.

"What I think of the bunch that passes upon pictures," she said, biting off the words, "wouldn't make reading for a Sunday-school paper; but between you and me—"

Then she bundled her blue kimono closer about her, as if it had been a Roman senator's toga, and talked so vehemently that the pins came out of her yellow hair and it nearly tumbled down her back. Yes, she told me just what she thought. I agreed with her, absolutely. But I can't tell you what she said and what I said; it would be deleted by the censor—to say nothing of the editor!
Lovely Lines!
Years ago I was fond of the “speakies,”
I’d rave o’er the “beautiful lines”!
Then along came the “movies” or “peekies”
And lured me away with their signs!

And again ‘tis myself that’s a-lauding
The most thrilling lines that I’ve known!
So, each night you will find me applauding
The “lines” that the bathing-girls own!

—

Jewelry Joke.
Burglars robbed the safe of the Crystal Theater, Indianapolis, while the watchman was making his rounds.
As Ingersoll observed to Waltham: “though the crystal was cracked, the watch kept going!”

—

Last Autumn, Allen Dwan took his company to the South Sea Islands, Japan and China for locations to be used in filming “The Luck Of The Irish.”
You’ll notice England was not included.
No luck for the Irish there.

—

Although Dorothy Dalton’s “The Market Of Souls” is no war drama, the name of the heroine “Helen Armes,” certainly appealed to a reminiscent doughboy friend of ours.
He said that a busy day in No Man’s Land usually looked like that.

—

A Mis-Leading Ad.
After reading an exhibitor’s ad, of “The Miracle Man,” which stated “every person who sees this play becomes a living, breathing, vehement, golden-voiced advertisement of its merit”—we took a friend of ours to see the play.
It didn’t work on him that way.
He’s been deaf and dumb for thirty years!

—

’Twould Be Awful, If True!
Although our eyes cause us some trouble at times, it never before occurred to us that our vision was becoming impaired until we heard Louise Fazenda remark: “I am not pretty. Only a girl can realize what a terrible calamity that is!”

—

Random Remarks.
(Suggested by Current Titles.)
“Eyes Of Youth”—“I will!” “I won’t!” “I can’t!”
“12.10”—The price of ham-and-eggs in 1921.
“After The Bawl”—We bought her the hat!
The Unbroken Promise”—Years ago we vowed we’d never be as rich as John D.
“You Never Know Your Luck”—We sure do! The theater caught fire just as we were about to view one of those, (you know the kind) two-reel comedies!
“Mary’s Ankle”—Yeah, we noticed it in “Daddy Long Legs”!
Sacred Silence”—Call around and explain to our wife that it is.

—

A Bad Example.
In all of Charlie Ray’s latest plays a potato appears somewhere in the picture. “’Tis for luck,” Charlie says.
Being a fellow-countryman of Kid Murphy, we glory in the prominence thus given him!
By the same token, however, we are hoping this vegetable-mascot thing doesn’t spread to other players.
We’d hate like sixty, to see, for instance, a watermelon or a bunch of spinach bob up in all of Elsie Ferguson’s society drahmas!

—

Base Ball Puzzle.
Although Eileen Percy joined the Busches, she is still batting high in the big league.

—

’Twas Closer Than Near!
Not having as yet become thoroughly acculturized to this new and droughty U. S., we rise to offer ten bucks for a quart of that dizzy dew used in “A Petal On The Current.”
Man, oh, man! A wallop in every bead of it!

—

A Hollywood Tragedy.
Winifred Westover, who wears ’em in Bill Hart’s “John Petticoats,” was formerly Proudover her possession of a pet billy-goat. However, that’s All-over now. One morn, while Lookingover her garden, Miss Westover Bentover. The goat Came-over—and Miss Westover Wentover.
Getting Back At The Police?
Dustin Farnum, as the hero in "A Man's Fight," upon being released from Sing Sing, wages a war upon the copper trust.

---

Will You Stand For a Touch, Fred?
"George Beban, in 'Hearts Of Men'"—a story that would touch the heart of a stone! (Exhibitor's Ad.)

---

Nine Nein's.
"No Man's Land"—(Metro)
"No Mother To Guide Him"—(Sennett)
"No Children Wanted"—(Balboa)
"No Place Like Home"—(Univ)
"No Laughing Matter"—(Bosworth)
"No-Good Guy"—(Ince)
"No Monkey Business"—(Univ)
"No Place Like Jail"—(Rolin)
"Nobody"—(Metro)

---

Some Famous Sketches In Black-and-White.
"The Birth Of A Nation".
Marguerite Clark as Eva and Topsey in "Uncle Tom's Cabin".
Pearl White in "The Black Secret".

---

But Clara's Are The Prettiest!
Equity Pictures Corp. says: "The Eyes Of Young" in "The Eyes Of Youth"—the eyes that made motion pictures famous!
Oh, not entirely, Equity—other eyes helped—Ben Turpin's, for instance!

---

Any Offers?
In spite of the fact that Elsie Janis is billed, "Everybody's Sweetheart", and Mary Pickford is generally conceded to be "America's Sweetheart"—
We're still nobody's darling.

---

And We're Willing To Dig!
Dorothy Phillips in "Paid In Advance"—"A mighty epic of gold and woman!"
Yeah! Gotta dig for one to get the other, and the other keeps you digging ever after!

---

Why We're Worried.
Wistaria's serial, "The Lurking Peril" cops the palm for gruesomeness. The hero is a college graduate whose brain is pronounced abnormal and for which a great sum has been offered by a group of scientists. The hero declines the offer, and then follows a series of attempts on his life by the eager scientists, each one seeking to kill him in order that they may obtain his brain for analysis.
Whew! If the possession of a brain of that sort arouses such an interest as all that, we fear for us!

---

Awful!
We shud one of our well-known shudders at the prevailing custom of loaning players from one company to another.
If this does not cease we may easily and eventually revert to slavery days, with their auction blocks; their sales and barter; their uncletonom's, eliza's and legree's!
Yessir! And then we'd be hearing something like this:
Dorothy Dalton: "Please, oh, please—Marse Ince, don' send muh to dat theah Keystone plantation. Ah'll—"
Tom Ince: "Cease yo whinin', gal! Yeh belong to muh an' Paramount,—body, soul an' dimples! S'more of yo bawlin' an' Ah'll sell yeh down the rivah to Universal!"
Dorothy shrieks and faints.

---

A Receipt For a Nightmare
One eve we hastened with joyous step and twenty-two cents to our favorite picture palace.
And there we viewed a morose two-reel comedy, (you know the kind), a Theda Bara five-reeler, and "The Ghost Of Slumber Mountain".
Then we chewed some gum and wended flatward. There we ate a large Welch-rarebit, drank some home-made adjacent beer, read a few chapters of Poe's "Murders In The Rue Morgue"—and retired.
During the next few hours we frolicked with the most vivacious, gorgeous and gigantic nightmare that had ever entered our (in a manner of speaking), hallowed bed-chamber!
We awoke entwined about the chandelier, and our weight had increased twenty pounds on account of the goose-pimplies that freckled our fairy form.
Whether it was the comedy, the Bara, the Ghost, the gum, the rarebit, the alleged beer, or Poe,—that caused the disturbance, will ever remain an exasperating mystery to us,—however—
We blame the gum!

---

"Nother Hero Declares Hisself.
Long ago we thought some of Conway Tearle. Later on we thought more of him. Now, we think some more of him. Sez Con.: "I don't want to play namby-pamby heroes! I want to play men with a dash of deviltry in them, like an ordinary human being."

---

Fireside Joke.
H. B. Warner, in "The Pagan God," matches his wits with the mighty tongs of the Flowery Kingdom. (Ad.) Meaning he plays poker with the tongs?

---

We Told You So!
And speaking of poker: in the September issue of
Continued on page 101
"I have stabbed the Americano," he said in a hoarse whisper.

Bound and Gagged
A tale of adventure and romance, retold from the Pathé serial.

By C. L. Edson

A TWO-PART STORY. PART TWO
(A synopsis of the first part will be found on the following page)

Archie faced Carnero and his three thugs with a calm and gentlemanly poise. The blustering Spaniard was shamed out of his braggadocio; and his inherited instinct of politeness was summoned to the surface. This was what Archie had aimed at.

"Before I depart to your hospitable dungeon," the American said in tones of suave gentility, "I wish to deliver something into your keeping which I have been on the point of handing to you several times, but never have felt sure of the privacy that the matter deserved."

Carnero looked at his henchmen, and with a motion of the eye indicated that they were to retire and close the door after them.

"Ah," said Archie, "I am glad that you accord us secrecy. This transaction is strictly between gentlemen, and ought not to be witnessed by underlings who might not understand it."

Carnero could see that the American was seeking to placate him; he fell in with the scheme as the pleasantest way of getting possession of the precious document he wanted.

"Of course, you realize, and I realize, that this has long been coming to you; it only remains to be explained why I never handed it to you before. The reason is that I have always lacked the present opportunity."

He shot his fist to the Spaniard's jaw and Carnero dropped senseless.

"That's the package I have been wanting to hand to you ever since I met you," Archie remarked grimly as he rubbed his smarting knuckles with his left hand.

He turned to the princess who stood startled, her pretty mouth agape at the suddenness of the "surprise party."

"Now, señorita, the problem is how to make a quick get-away. While I get into the don's hat and cloak, you make up your mind as to which road out of town we are to take."

Archie could see the two-horse carriage of the don awaiting in the street below. He hastily gagged the unconscious man and put his own hat and coat on the recumbent figure. Then he pulled Carnero's hat down over his own eyes, and the cape up to his
ears, and whispering to the girl his hurried plan, he opened the door.

"I have stabbed the Americano," he said in a hoarse whisper to the comrades in the hallway, keeping his face turned from them. "Do not go in the room. Leave the house immediately and the death will not be discovered. I am taking the princess to another house in the country."

Istra trembled with the shem terror that Archie had told her to assume. The two hurried down the stairs, piled into the waiting carriage and had the driver make all haste toward the nearest out-of-town highway. As soon as they reached the open country, the pretended don ordered the coachman to drive into a wayside grove until they were hidden by the thicket. Archie then leveled Carnero's pistol at the driver's head and ordered him to unhitch the horses. The coachman, in his amazement, scarcely knew what he was doing. The horses were no sooner released from the harness than Archie and the princess sprang astride them and were riding bareback down a ravine and into the brush, leaving the poor coachman to pull his carriage back to the city by hand.

The long journey through the mountains, dodging not only Carnero's pursuing agents, but the native cutthroats and bandits of that thug-infested region would make a long story in itself. How often they traveled by night to dodge some of the more dangerous districts where Istra said no stranger's life was safe—all this is of less interest to the reader than the story of what these strangely misplaced personages talked about, and what impression they made upon each other.

"You American men are such a puzzle," Istra told him, speaking in English with that pensive, pleading bell-like clarity of tone that is noted in the voice of the well-bred Spaniard. "We cannot understand you."

"What can't you understand—I'd be glad to explain it?"

"Why an American gentleman of wealth and breeding would accept the hard task you have undertaken. You accept the challenge of the tramp poet. You are so gallant. Now in my country if a tramp poet should charm the inamorata of a rich man, presto, the poet would be found stabbed to death in a bordello."

"Great Cesar's ghost, princess—I mean, you see, your highness, we American men fight our own battles. We are really democrats. If a tramp can prove that he is a better man than a captain of industry, we let the tramp take the captain's job. All of our big men came up from the bottom. We care little for blue blood, and old, aristocratic names."

"It is so amazing, so unbelievable?" she purred sweetly.

"It seems natural enough," Archie persisted. "What surprises me is the democratic attitude of some European women. For instance, you, princess, with a clear title to a throne. If my dear little Margaret were entitled to stand in your shoes and wear the crown of Cordillera, she wouldn't look at an ordinary business man like me, nor at the tramp poet, either, not for one precious little minute."

Istra rolled her dreamy eyes upward, and with a gesture of her graceful, tapering hands, she sighed:

"It is past my understanding. Why should I wish to be a figurehead queen in a realm of court plot, gang murders, fear, and misery? To be, as you call it, a pasteboard royalty over an unhappy people—ah, that is no joy. But to be free to carry on my art work, among other happy artists in a free society—ah, that is the great joy, the most overwhelming happiness in the world." She crossed her hands on her breast, and her look was so spiritual, so heavenly, that Archie felt an impulse that was only checked in time to avoid an indiscretion.

Having arrived at a Mediterranean port, the dangerous mountain ramble being over, Archie felt that he had done his full duty by the royal young lady that fate had thrust into his temporary care. "You can get a train here for your beloved Paris," he said. "Good-by, princess, wish me luck, for I am staying away, at my first chance, on a boat for the Orient."

"Good-by, my American gentleman. You have not told me your name; I will never know. Bon voyage! God speed your journey. May you win the sweet woman that you so richly deserve."

In the darkness that night Archie crept along the docks carrying in a sack seven bottles of water and as many sticks of French bread. It was a bulky baggage to carry, but Archie had chosen a freighter loading for Hong Kong, and it bore only hardware and other non-edible cargo. The crew was of Hindus or lascars, or some such ungodly tribe, and Archie knew he could never pass himself off as one of them. Hence in the inky darkness he must descend into the cargo hold, prepared to stay hidden there like a blind bat until the boat reached Hong Kong.

Any one who has tried to spend a fortnight in the dark, living on bread and water knows what a time he was in for. The first hours were not so bad. Archie had nothing but the darkness around him and his mind was free to paint imaginary pictures on that magic curtain. You can guess what pictures appeared there. The face of Margaret, over and over again. He yearned to her; he yielded out his soul in imaginary caresses. She was with him. Her arms were about him. He had circled the world and had won her; his lips found hers, in rapture.

And then the pictures changed. cramped, aching muscles gave him nightmares. And then the rats! These unseen monsters came to fight with him in the darkness, disputing with him for his bread. The maddened man fought off the rats and struggled upward on the long hatchway to daylight and safety.

Reaching the deck, he looked out on his surroundings expecting to see the Suez Canal, with Egyptian sphinx and pyramids visible from the neighboring land. And
indeed he did behold a tall pyramid, and taller towers. Also a great carved figure. But it was not the sphinx. It was the Statue of Liberty! And the pyramid he saw was the top of the Bankers’ Trust Building, with the Singer and the Woolworth towers beside it. New York! He had stowed on the wrong boat in the dark. He was back to scratch, with the whole race to be started over again. And now it was too late!

While his heart was numbed with despair, the hand of a ship’s officer was laid upon him. But he would explain his identity, and go ashore to Margaret. He was eager for one more look into her living eyes. He would plead no whining excuses, no “alibis,” but manfully tell her that he had tried and failed.

“Go ashore? Not much,” the immigration officer told him. “You slick-tongued bum. You go under lock and key at Ellis Island to be deported on the next ship that sails. We used to let these intellectual hobos and soap-box uplifters come into this country. But they’re trying to knife us and dynamite us now, and back they go. You’re lucky that we don’t hang you!”

Archie would have cared little whether they hanged him or shot him. A free trip across the Atlantic, much as it would have delighted him when his wager was to be won, meant nothing to him now. He was like a doped, despondent down-and-out—once to whom even charity could offer no hope.

But on a sudden Archie took a new interest in life. He saw a familiar face among the passengers that were disembarking. It was the South American plotter, Carnero. What was that scoundrel doing back in America? Then he saw another passenger whose presence on that boat was equally amazing. It was Istra, the art-student princess of Cordillera. He dropped his gaze, but she had noticed him. She approached the group where Archie stood and by her look she intimated: “You seem to be a prisoner? Are you in trouble? Can I help you?”

Archie was in such a ragged, unkempt condition that he hesitated to compromise a fine lady by admitting in that company that he was an acquaintance of hers. But as she lingered and was about to ask questions, Archie thought it well to accept her proffer.

He dashed off a note in pencil script, and slipped it into her gloved hand as unostentatiously as possible. It read:

“All you need do is call Stuyvesant 209077, and leave word for Hopley to come to the dock with identification papers.”

Hopley, Archie’s dependable valet, came, and that night Archibald Alexander Barlow called on Margaret Hunter. Glade, the tramp poet, was there; he slunk back as Archie was ushered in. The effect on Margaret was equally startling; she
stared at Archie while her face turned bloodlessly white.

"You have completed your trip! Is it possible?" she exclaimed in a voice that faltered.

"Entirely possible; entirely a fact," Archie said, chilled and made quizzical by her actions. "And if I were to tell you that with ten days to spare I have beaten my way around the world and am here to claim you—to have you fulfill your part of the bargain—what would you say?"

For her reply, Margaret turned partly away, gasped and fell in a dead faint.

Archie picked her up and called for water. Glade had collapsed on a divan and sat there with his head in his hands. Tears trickled between his fingers.

"What in thunder does this mean?" Archie roared his disgust. "You're a deuce of a cave man. Cut out the weeping or I'll give you a thick ear. What deviltry have you been up to?"

"We were secretly married," moaned the cave man. "She was sure you couldn't do the stunt. But I told her you might do it. I told her that you had a boat for Europe the very first thing."

"I see," said Archie scornfully. "It was all her fault. She pursued you, and you couldn't get away from her. Well, you have nothing to fear from me—neither of you. Although you have broken your word with me, I will be honest with you. I failed to make the journey. You are well within your rights, although you have been underhanded, sneaking, crooked about it. And may God have mercy on you—I mean, I wish you happiness."

Long, lonesome nights at the club, in which Archie sat by himself and thought. Busy days at his office where he worked like a football coach straightening out the tangle in his business affairs that had resulted from false advices and other tricks. This trouble had been caused by Willard Hunter, Margaret's uncle, who, had he been given a few more weeks, would have entirely wrecked the Barlow fortunes. "It was rather decent of Margaret after all, to warn me, or try to warn me of her uncle's treachery," Archie mused, "even if she herself had to fail in a matter that counted for more than everything to me." His heart ached, but the old fighting spirit, bred in the bone, could not desert him.

One night a phone call came and gave him a peculiar thrill. The voice on the wire was one that he had often heard before. But never before had it affected him that way.

"Can you come at once to Sussex Meadows? Yes, the big English cottage on the Great Neck road."

To a man who has ever been a woman's protector, a request from her is bound to be followed by immediate compliance. In a few moments Archie was on his way, grumbling a bit to himself, wondering why she had routed him out at that time of night, but answering the summons nevertheless.

He reached the house, and sprang out of the car. The house was lighted up. The porte-cochère door was open. No attendant was there, so Archie sauntered in. He passed through a lighted dining room and into a library. Everything seemed deserted. He looked up to the top of the towering bookcases and there he saw her. The princess perched high on the furniture! What turn of affairs was this? She held a telephone on a long cord.

Before the two had time to make any explanations, the room was entered by ugly and uninvited guests. Don Esteban Carnero, with a vicious snarling dog and two of his uniformed henchmen blocked Archie's retreat.

"The trap works well," sneered the scowling Carnero.

"What's the game?" asked Archie, hot with wrath and chagrin.

"Continued on page 84"
Niles, and the "Voice"

In which, as you will see, if the pictures were not

By Jerome

impossibly young and cheerful, was waiting on
the nice, cool porch. He rushed out to greet me
and I, with a wary eye on the photographer, who
looked all ready to go home, suggested that we
get right to work.

"We want something nice and snappy, you
know," I urged. "Suppose we get a picture of
Niles"—every one, even bill collectors, calls him
"Niles"; he's too young looking to be called
anything else.

Before I had had time to figure out a really
good, new idea, of the sort I wanted, the photog-
rapher had caught sight of the hose, and was
at work posing Niles in the act of sprinkling
the lawn. I was just about to suggest that that
wasn't very novel, when—V. F. W.—"Niles
Welch, drop that hose this minute! You know
what happened last time you got your shoes wet,
last summer; you'll be sneezing again!"

But the camera already had
clicked, and all was over.

"Over on the porch now," or-
dered the photographer, picking

Obediently Niles
sat down and
read something.

THIS is a story about Niles Welch. Before it
is finished I promise I shall tell you all about
the color of his hair and eyes, where he was
born, whether or not he is married, and if so, to whom,
and other facts of like interest.

But I must ask you to bear with me if I seem to
go at it in a roundabout way. If you don't like it, and
feel that you must blame somebody—blame the pho-
tographer. It was all his fault. He—But let us
get back to our muttons.

It was a nice, fat California day when the Welch car,
with the Welch driver, stopped for me and we raced
along through Hollywood to the Welch bungalow. It
was a fine day for pictures, and that was what I wanted
—nice, intimate pictures, showing this young leading
man from a brand-new angle; the kind of pictures that
had never been taken before. But I reckoned without
two important ingredients—the photographer, and the
Voice From Within, which for the purpose of brevity,
I shall designate by the initials, "V. F. W."

The photographer, very warm and rather irritable,
was waiting in the sunny front yard. Welch, looking
From Within"

taken from a new angle, the story was.

Weatherby

up his apparatus. Weakly I started to protest that every movie actor in the world had been photographed on his front porch, but the photographer's back looked adamant.

"Go on and tell me something about yourself while he gets ready," I urged Niles, as we meekly ambled along behind.

"Well, I was born in Hartford, Connecticut, educated in France and England when I was a kid, later at Yale and Columbia; had three years in stock when I—"

"Ready; sit down and read something," commanded the czar of the camera. Welch sat down and produced a manuscript from under the porch swing, with "Dell Boone" written across the top of it.

"Some admirer of yours?" I asked him, indicating the name.

"Yep," and the smile in his blue eyes led me to infer that he must like her pretty well.

"Take off your coat—and get a pipe or something to smoke," came from under the photographer's black cloth. Welch did, and looked straight into the camera, when—

V. F. W.—"Niles Welch, put that coat straight back on. The idea! You sitting there in all that shade with hardly a stitch on your back."

"Shoot!" I yelled frantically. I'd almost relinquished my hope of getting unusual pictures—but even the kind that everybody else gets was better than nothing. The photographer had headed for the back yard the instant his shutter clicked, so once again Niles and I reverted to biography as we trudged along in his wake.

"You were in stock," I reminded him.

"Yes—and then in pictures—with Vitagraph, Metro, Famous-Players—"

"Got a hoe?" We both jumped guiltily at that summons from the boss of the situation.

"Oh, please not a hoe!" I begged. "They all have their pictures taken with hoes. I'll bet he's never been in this garden before—"

V. F. W.—"He hasn't; he's never set foot in it since we've been here."

"Stand over there and grab the hoe," commanded the photographer, planting the legs of his tripod in the middle of a bed of lettuce. The picture in the upper right-hand corner shows the result.

"Got a dog?" was the next demand.

"The man next door has," replied Niles, who was quite evidently deriving a good deal of enjoyment from the photographer's mastery of the situation and my grief over the conventional way things were going.

"Get him."

The dog was summoned, and the next requisite was a ball. It seems that all actors who play with dogs in photographs for the magazines throw a ball. Unfortunately there was no ball handy, but the photographer, ever resourceful, supplied a green apple. Niles took it, and posed as if he'd played with the dog every morning of his life, instead of having been just introduced to him.

"Height, nearly six feet; light complexion, brown hair—" I jotted down on my cuff, while Niles and the dog arranged themselves in a sunny place, where there wouldn't be any shadow, and Niles tried to look pleasantly playful, but not grinning. Then, suddenly—

V. F. W.—"Somebody better hold that dog; he bit a man yesterday."

"He bit a man yesterday," warned the "Voice From Within."

Continued on page 100
A Yuletide Tale

On Christmas Eve, 1918, a girl went home dead tired, after a hard day's work doing woolly Western horseback stunts in a Pathé picture. She was dusty, bedraggled, weary—so weary that all she wanted Santa Claus to bring her was a bath, hot food, and bed.

The telephone rang. At the other end of the wire was George Loane Tucker inviting her to dinner. Wasn't it hateful of him? For big movie directors don't invite just any little old girl out to dinner. An invitation like that means something. And who, pray, can hope to impress a director feeling dirty, bedraggled, dog tired?

The girl tried to beg off for that evening. The mean mere man insisted. He wouldn't even give her time to brush up and slip into a fresh frock. He was hungry, apparently, and couldn't wait. So the girl went to dinner, just as she was. Mr. Tucker did most of the talking—quite a lot of it—and on almost every topic in the dictionary. That is, the vital subjects like love and death, dogfights and diamonds, marriage, money, war, baseball, the Armenian massacres, and the unmentionable latest dance.

She was too tired to be interested, almost too tired to act interested. She is young, but not so young as to make three meals a day an illusion, and on the way home she was sure she had not made a hit with Mr. G. L. T. Dead sure. She was on her way back to the thrilling rôles of jumping on and off horses, alternately demanding "Where is father?" and announcing "Here are the papers."

Her mother met her at the door with the news that Mr. Tucker had telephoned that he wanted her to play the big girl's part in "The Miracle Man."

What do you think of that for a Christmas present? Her stocking was hardly big enough to hold it!

"It's the biggest Christmas present I ever had," said Betty Compson, the day after the picture's première, when all the newspapers were smothering her in bouquets.

"And how does it feel to flicker into fame over night?"

"I can't believe it," said the slim sliver of a girl, with a queer quirk of those wonderful lips of hers. "I keep thinking I'll wake up and find it isn't so—that I'm just dodging another pie."

"And what do you think of yourself in the picture?"

"I just wish I..."
Of how Betty Compson stepped from the ranks of boisterous comedy to play a rôle in one of the greatest pictures ever made.

By Ruth Weber-Gould

could do it all over again. In so many places I could do it so much better. I've seen it about five times. The first time I could think of nothing but how ugly I looked. I had always seen myself in happy pictures before, and didn't think I could be so ugly. Of course one is never pretty when one 'emotes,' but to be quite so ugly was a bit of a shock.

"The second time I thought about the play itself and decided it was one of the very few pictures that have real moments in them—big, thrilling moments. After that I've kept thinking how much better I could do many things if I could only do them again."

One minute you think Betty Compson is all eyes—with a wonderful sparkle in them like sunlight dancing on a gray sea. And the short saucy lashes round them are like stickers on a sand bur, not the long, wavy, doll-baby kind. Next minute you think she's all mouth—a wide, sensitive, fascinating mouth that twists into a crooked smile of frankness and keen humor and doesn't bother to be pouting and coquettish. She really does have the usual complement of features, I believe. I even remember a thin penciled line of eyebrow, a delicately chiseled nose and two little tufts of auburn hair over the ears—also, I believe, she has a chin that might tempt one to put a finger under and tilt it upward. But it's the sunlight in her eyes and the wide wonderful smile that one remembers best.

I had asked a fellow who went with me to see "The Miracle Man": "Is she pretty?"

And he said: "She's attractive." Whether Miss Betty likes that or not, it means much more than mere prettiness.

Betty Compson was picked off the vaudeville stage by Al Christie. However high-brow you may be about film comedy, you've got to admit that the comedy directors are some little girl pickers.

Betty's career had begun at fourteen. Her father had died and she had to earn something to help a mother she adores. So every day after school she played her violin in a dinky four-piece orchestra in a dinky combination picture and vaudeville house in Salt Lake City.

This old world has a lot of ways of hurting people. But few

Continued on page 90
In "Soldiers of Fortune" Dwan was denied neither space nor materials to work with.

SCIENTISTS say that the stars and planets were formed by being thrown off from what was originally a great mass of nebulous, molten matter. So, in the great motion-picture industry, which is in a state of constant evolution, new units are constantly being formed by breaking off from a parent body; and these, in turn, sometimes split again into other new and separate units.

A new star, brought into the limelight by some huge organization, jumps into a sudden popularity, and the next thing we hear, a new company has been formed, headed by that fortune-favored individual. A director makes a series of pictures so striking that every one recognizes in them the personality of the megaphone man. At once a new company is created to exploit that personality, and we have the Griffith productions, the Capellani productions, the Maurice Tourneur productions.

Among the directors who have recently gone out under their own banners are Marshall Neilan, famous as Mary Pickford's director, and Alan Dwan, who attained a good part of his eminence while putting Fairbanks through his fast and furious paces.

The first of the Dwan productions, "Soldiers of Fortune," is a splendid example of Dwan's skill. Dwan needs a big canvas for his work. Also plenty of paint and room to throw it on vigorously. In making "Soldiers of Fortune" he was denied nothing in the way of space nor materials to work with. Richard Harding Davis' masterpiece would be thrilling and entertaining if given any sort of an adequate production. With the superb production which it has been given, it is a picture that should not be missed.

Another recent picture which stands out as a notable production, the credit for which goes to the man who is at once the author, director and the star, is Eric Von Stroheim's "Blind Husbands," produced by Universal. Those of you who are constant picture-goers need no introduction to Von Stroheim. You will remember him as the living symbol of Prussianism in "Hearts of the World" and "The Heart of Humanity."

"Blind Husbands" is in every respect a screen masterpiece. Against an Alpine setting the drama takes on life, and yet the pictorial appeal is no greater than its pulsating theme. One is unconsciously transported and loses all sense of time and environment. The suspense overpow-
ers you, for you instinctively feel some impending tragedy is about to occur. There is an augury of danger in the Alps and the impression gets under your skin and stays there that the trespasser is going to face a terrible death.

Von Stroheim’s role is that of an officer in the Austrian army—at a time when his country was at peace with America. His prey is the wife of Doctor Armstrong, a European traveler. And Von Stroheim makes this “other man” unique. You do not look upon him as a sexual leper or a despoiler of feminine virtue; you only see the weakling, the youth irresponsible for his actions. And yet he is the polished Viennese. His continental manner is irresistible. Mrs. Armstrong succumbs to his blandishments as surely as the helpless bird succumbs to the evil power of the snake. You do not pity her husband for the suggestion is forced home that he is equally as guilty as the heart thief. She is love-starved while he is wrapped up in Materia Medica. The drama fascinates you because the woman tries to resist. The despoiler is a prig, a fop, a supreme egotist, and you wonder how any member of the opposite sex can possibly be fascinated with him until you appreciate his perseverance and the power of propinquity. He dogs her footsteps and flatters her with attentions. But the good guide, Sepp, is watching, for he owes the doctor a large measure of gratitude.

The dramatic threads are woven together with deft skill. There are no bids of heroics and smashing climaxes. These come spontaneously without effort. The action is compact and the characterization stands out with cameo-like clearness. The night before the ascent is an anxious one for the woman. Can she keep her marriage vows? In the stillness of the Alpine night, the moral leper seeks his prey but Sepp is watching—always watching. Comes the morrow and the doctor and the lieutenant make the ascent of the pinnacle. The summit is reached after a perilous climb, but the lover’s diseased imagination and twisted ideals are not purified. The loneliness that cries out in a man’s heart when he feels himself alone with God is not in his soul. And after he has revealed himself in his true colors he is left to perish. Shadows of vultures bring an uncanny touch, for they hover about as if waiting for his death.

Surely a magnificent play and one worth this elaboration. Von Stroheim has revealed himself as an artist first and a business man afterward. The picture will net him a goodly fortune, but money was not his object when he made it. “Blind Husbands” is the eternal triangle at its best, which means that it is a compelling, powerful study—a study to be seen by those who worship at the shrine of the camera and by those who are ever ready to scoff. Dialogue could not have made it a greater achievement; it soars beyond the narrow dimensions of the proscenium arch.

Turning toward the lighter offerings, it is a pleasure to write of so charming and thoroughly satisfying a picture as “Twenty-three and a Half Hours’ Leave,” which introduces the new Ince co-stars, Doris May and Douglas MacLean.

In the first place, the story, by Mrs. Mary Roberts Reinhart, is a gem of human interest and bubbling humor. In the next place, the story has not been robbed of these qualities, or otherwise distorted in the screen version. And finally, the two young people for whom it was selected are about as lovable as any you are likely to encounter. It is a thoroughly satisfying picture in every respect.

William Russell is not a new star, but he is a new acquisition of the Fox forces. And he is introduced under the Fox banner in “Sacred Silence,” another play of the eternal triangle variety. It is a play of
army life in peace time and its background, the familiar post. The theme? Simply a record of a man's sacrifice for a woman's honor—a woman unworthy in every respect. Familiar ingredients, aren't they? Yet somehow they appear to have taken on new life. A courageous type, who is ever ready to practice self-denial—who is alert to sacrifice himself even though it brings him dishonor, can never fail of appreciation in a story. Through him best sellers are made. Mr. Russell plays the deserter in a quiet, effective way. His work is overshadowed by George MacQuarrie as the wronged husband. This unostentatious actor proves here that he is thoroughly grounded in his art. Agnes Ayres is the detective. There is an aristocracy of refinement about her which is not in keeping with her characterization.

"Common Property" presents the Bolshevik attitude on the eternal triangle. Which is unique to say the least. In the Soviet decree nationalizing the women of Russia and making them the property of the state, you won't find any "other man" lurking about. You will not see a trespasser playing his game of intrigue. Instead you will look upon Lust and Brutality in the capacity of home-breakers. No deft touches that the "other man" might incorporate are found. No "give and take," but an expression of power. The brutes would violate the sanctity of the home and leave not a vestige of its respectability. This decree may not be authentic but it carries a forceful idea for dramatic exposition. It takes on lifelike dimensions here regardless of its single-track character. You sympathize with the Russian who is trying to extricate his family.

The picture smacks of Yankee-doodleism for the Cohenesian standard is followed to introduce a banal and arbitrary conclusion. American troopers arrive in the nick of time to rescue the perishing. One can overlook their presence under the circumstances, for it is easy to violate truth where the madmen of Russia are concerned. Robert Anderson takes up the burden of the distracted husband and father. He is not entirely at ease in his performance which leads us to suggest that he return to things like Monsieur Cuckoo. He assumes the frightened look of the stag at bay. Nell Craig and Colleen Moore round out his family. "Common Property?" A gray symphony without any sweetness and light. It pleases, however, after a fashion.

I find in "The Virtuous Model," which stars Dolores Cassinelli, a picture of the old-fashioned triangle—the triangle of the studio and the "other woman." The story unfolds a hoary theme and its obvious development robs it of that vital ingredient known as suspense. Albert Capellani, of "Red Lantern" fame, is responsible for the production, which is a picturization of a French concoction by Pierre Wolff. A girl is rescued from the gutter by a painter and becomes his model. She brings him fame and the "other woman" back into his life. The jealous creature would sow the seeds of distrust in his mind. And the blithering idiot believes her. The model makes herself appreciated by running off to a friend in need. Husband follows to beg forgiveness. Miss Cassinelli plays her part with plenty of color and enthusiasm. She is the only member of a cast that appears entirely at home. Vincent Serrano would be heroic as the painter. Franklyn Farnum and Marie Chambers do fairly well with their assignments.

Here is Sessue Hayakawa again lending his artistic perceptions to the screen in a drama of beauty and imagination. There is a gosamer quality about the theme which compensates for its lack of dramatic substance. It suggests an old legend of the Flowery Kingdom, this story, "The Dragon Painter." The brilliant star appears as a half-mad artist who dwells in the mountains ever searching for his "dragon princess." He has been searching for her a thousand years and he paints because he cannot find her. Then from his make-believe world she comes and they marry. But love and happiness rob him of his skill and ambition and the "dragon princess" plans to disappear believing that his artist soul will return. Her departure only brings him hopelessness and despair until a vision tells him that he should paint again. So she returns after he has succeeded in his art. The mere telling of this story cannot do justice to its fantastic character. It is a poem, a picturized ray of sunshine. The fanciful tale has been surrounded by marvelously beautiful locations. In my opinion it is the best Hayakawa picture ever produced.

William Farnum has another Zane Grey story for his virile personality. "The Last of the Duanes" provides him plenty of opportunity to offer blood-red action. There is not the grip to the tale as in some of the Mormon stories in which the star appeared, nor does it have the depth of plot and characterization of its forerunners. Yet it unfolds a vigorous line of action. What more is needed? You will discover the heroic Farnum being persecuted in the familiar Farnum way, though he is an outlaw on this occasion. Episode after episode he gives us of rousing action. "Smash through!" that's Farnum's motto. Though it takes five reels for Bill to establish himself in the right, a whole lifetime is nonchalantly dispensed with in the concluding title which states that "Duane married, settled down and had a lot of husky children."

Rather arbitrary isn't it? And it gives the lie to the main title. Yet it spares us the usual scene of the happy couple riding away in the dying sunset. The steady screengoer will appreciate this wordy solution of the familiar orthodox finish. Giving life to other figures are Lamar Johnstone, Charles Clary (villainous Continued on page 102
Over the Teacups

WHAT d’you think—Mary Pickford can’t swim!” Rushing over to my table in the tea-room, Fanny the Fan regarded me in round-eyed amazement. “I’m so surprised—I thought she could do everything in the world, of course. But I saw her just now with Annette Kellermann, and she says she can’t swim a stroke, and just as soon as they both have time, Miss Kellermann’s going to teach her. And did you know—Annette Kellermann’s going to be a regular benefactor to womenkind—at least she says she is. She’s making a series of pictures that will show women how to exercise and all that sort of thing. And then she’s going round the world and make pictures showing the dances and games of all nations. Think of it!”

“I have,” I retorted, signaling the waiter. “And I’m wondering if traveling will affect her the way it did Marie Walcamp—she fell in love as soon as she got well out to sea, on her way to make a serial in the Orient, you know. The man was Harland Tucker—she met him just a week before they sailed, when he was engaged to play opposite her, and they got married as soon as the boat reached Japan. Thrilling, isn’t it!”

“Well, yes—but not so much as Priscilla Dean’s lion,” replied Fanny calmly. “You know, Peggy Hyland adopted a lion cub a while ago, and Priscilla was so delighted with the idea that she promptly dashed out and acquired a regular grown-up lion. And now even her best friends keep as far away from her as they can when she’s airing him.

“Priscilla never was known for restraining her thrills to her pictures,” I answered, wondering sadly why somebody doesn’t invent a new kind of French pastry. “Wait till she falls in love—it’ll be such a startling engagement that her friends won’t be able to say a thing but, ‘Well, isn’t it just like Priscilla!’”

“And speaking of love—I have a new engagement to announce to you.” Fanny’s a romance hound if there ever was one. “It’s Ann May and Ralph Graves, and they fell in love at first sight. She went over to the Griffith Studio for a try-out—that was before she had her big part in ‘Lombardi, Ltd.’—and when she got out of her car she found that she’d lost the key to it. Ralph Graves appeared on the scene just then, so she asked him if he’d mind watching it a minute or two—and he climbed in and sat there for one solid hour. Well, such devotion certainly deserved a fitting reward—and he eventually got it. And they say Griffith is going to train him to be a director instead of an actor, though he’s done so well in pictures—isn’t that interesting?”

I admitted that it was.

“And I’ve got a new picture to show you,” and Fanny rummaged in her big silk bag and brought out one of Al St. John, playing target for some vicious-looking knives in the hands of equally vicious-looking men. “I was out at the Astra Studio the other day, and Al St. John has made one of the
funniest comedies you ever saw; it's called 'Speed,' and it certainly moves. I laughed as hard as I did at my first Chaplin picture."

"Kathleen Clifford was telling me about Mildred Harris Chaplin the other day—that is, about the fun they two had together on Catalina Island when they were vacationing there," I contributed. "Mildred was bound to scare up some real excitement, and she gave hydroplane parties and took Kathleen for hair-raising rides in the Chaplin speed boat, while Kathleen did her part by staging deep-sea fishing excursions and arranging swimming matches with the glass-bottomed boats as a starting point. They'd go out in the boat to the sea gardens, and then jump overboard—and they say that in her beloved lobster-red bathing suit Kathleen looked like one of the wonders of the deep herself."

"I hear that Charlie Chaplin's fallen in love with little Jack Coogan, the four-year-old youngster who tags around the studio after him so much. The boy's father is an actor, and when Charlie got to know little Jack he grew so fond of him that he's signed him up for four years, and they're inseparable comrades, everybody tells me," Fanny sighed. "Think of the youngsters all over the country who would give anything to be Jack!"

"And think of the babies who'd like to be Wallie Reid's young son," I answered. "Dorothy Davenport had a big offer to go East and play in a serial a while ago, she told me, and she thought she'd take it, and was planning to have the boy spend his days with her mother."

"'Not at all,' declared Wallie, when she broke the news to him. 'The little roughneck stays with me—I'm sure the East wouldn't agree with him.' So Dorothy, like a noble young wife, promptly turned down the Eastern contract. However, she may return to the screen by way of the Western studios before long, I hear. And meanwhile she's letting Wallie play half a dozen musical instruments around the house and tell her all about his golf game, while the camera clicks on without her. And the baby's gone into pictures; he plays 'Toofoles Junior' in Wallie's picture, 'The Bear Trap.'"

"Well, Griffith didn't have anything but his own preferences to hold him in the West, but they say that he hated to leave, and that he's coming back in the spring, despite the fact that he's building a new studio near New York. Maybe that's why he looks so gay in the picture that somebody snapped when he was just about to start east." And Fanny produced said picture from her bag and laid it on the table before me.

"Doesn't Bobby Harron look funny in those overalls—he was working in a picture, and rushed out to tell Griffith good-by, overalls and all."

"I wonder how the Gishes like New York by this time? Before Lillian and her mother left, Dorothy was declaring that she'd be scared to death to stay alone nights—you know, she and Lillian always share a bedroom—or rather, a sleeping porch—because Lillian can't forget the night burglars broke in. And Dorothy maintained that as long as Lillian and Mrs. Gish had each other, they ought to leave John Gish with her?"

"John Gish!" Fanny bristled with exclamation points.

This is the send-off D. W. G. got when he left the coast for New York.

"Oh—their parrot. Haven't you ever met him? They've had him for years, and since he
reached New York and Lillian smuggled him into the hotel with her. Constance Talmadge has bought one, too, and keeps it in her dressing room at the studio. The girls are teaching their pets to phone each other, and they say it's awfully funny, because Constance's bird just repeats 'Oh yes, Oh yes,' which Norma says is a terrible reflection on her sister's style of phone conversation, while Lillian's keeps muttering 'Wrong number' till central thinks somebody's lost their senses. As soon as Dorothy joined her family, she tried to teach John something else, but she writes me that she's failed so far."

"Wish somebody would give me a parrot or a lion cub or something," sighed Fanny. "I haven't even a goldfish to care for me, and the nearest I come to real romance is hearing about somebody else's engagement. I suppose you've heard about Margarita Fisher, haven't you? Oh yes—went down to Arrowhead Hot Springs with her sister, and met an aviator, Captain Heltzen, who was there recuperating from an accident. Margarita made his convalescence enjoyable, and they grew so fond of each other that they're going to be married before long."

"Speaking of hearts—isn't it too bad about little Billie Rhodes! She's all broken up since her husband, 'Big Bill' Parsons, died, and has left the screen. Eleanor Field is taking her part in 'Hearts and Masks,' and we won't see Billie for a while at least."

"I wonder if Irene Castle will retire when she gets well started on this new hobby of hers. Really, hadn't you heard about it?" Fanny beamed at my ignorance. "Why, she's going to raise horses to show—she bought a blue-ribbon winner not long ago, and now she's having stables built near her home in Ithaca, New York, and is going out after some more trophies."

"I'm surprised that Syd Chaplin hasn't taken up some such fad as that—but then if he did he'd turn it into a money-making business; not intentionally, of course, but it just seems as if anything he undertakes promptly makes good financial returns. Isn't it funny to hear him tell about going abroad to make pictures, and then finding that labor conditions and various other things over there made it inadvisable, so that he turned around and came straight back home?"

"Yes—but the trip certainly did him good; he says he never in his life before got so much exercise as he did on shipboard—that there was nothing else to do. And I hear that since he's back on the coast he's been besieged by blond girls who saw the statement that he was looking for one to play opposite him in his Famous Players-Lasky comedies, so I suppose he's still getting plenty of exercise, trying to run away from them."

"I don't know why, but that reminds me about the tale they tell of Lionel Barrymore and his dog in 'Copperhead,'" I remarked. "In the picture he has to have this hound follow him all the time, but it seemed impossible to get the dog to play his rôle properly without feeding him constantly, and of course that couldn't be done, because it would show. But finally Barrymore had an inspiration, and filled his pockets with ground beef-steak, and after that the dog couldn't be separated from him by main force. Good idea, wasn't it?"

"It was that." The touch of brogue in that remark gave Fanny away, and she laughed as she admitted that she'd been talking to Tommy Meighan—not that he's so Irish, but conversation with him always makes Fanny intensely so. "What's more, I've been talking to his wife, Frances Ring, too," she went on. "And I know that maybe she'll leave the stage for a while and make pictures out here on the coast. She says she's got to have a bungalow, though, with red geraniums around it. Tommy ventured to remark that the plumbing deserved more attention than the floral adornment, but she didn't agree with him at all. And as soon as they get back from their little trip east they're going to settle down here."

"I hear he's to be starred by Famous Players-Lasky," I replied. "Of course everybody thought he ought to be after 'The Miracle Man,' and isn't it nice that everybody's going to have their way and see his name in electric lights before long?"

"And speaking of new stars—isn't it nice that Alice Lake is starring now in serious roles? Her first big picture is 'Should a Woman Tell?' which certainly sounds thrilling enough, doesn't it? Alice says she is still so pleased over her five-year contract with Metro that she wants to show it to everybody she meets on the street, whether she knows them or not; she's so glad to be through with comedy. And Florence Turner is going to be seen in big roles again, too—did you know that? She's to play opposite Sessue Hayakawa in his new picture; just think of the old-time fans who will welcome her; she was always such a favorite."

"Think of the electric lights Doris Kenyon's responsible for now," exclaimed Fanny, "What with being a movie star and making such a big success on the stage this fall as a theatrical star she must feel like the whole Milky Way."

"She deserves to, working as hard as that," I retorted, borrowing change for the waiter's tip from Fanny's pocketbook. "Please observe that I'm now going to walk all the way home, no matter how fascinating the screen-star friend may be who comes along and wants to give me a lift. How about you?"

"I'm with you—none of 'em go my way," replied Fanny lugubriously.
They've been pals "forever and ever," according to Dorothy Gish—she and Lillian and Mary Pickford and Mildred Harris Chaplin. And the day before Lillian left Los Angeles for the East there was a tea party on the Gish lawn, a sort of love feast.

Years ago, when they were all just little girls, Lillian Gish had to give up a part with a road company because her mother could not go along. That part fell to Mary Pickford, whose mother could go. And before the company started off, Lillian and Dorothy and Mary had become friends. They kept in close touch with each other from that time on.

After awhile Mary Pickford joined the Griffith forces in pictures at the old Biograph Studio in New York. One day Lillian and Dorothy returned from a trip. "Oh, girls!" said Mary, "I am working in pictures. You have never seen moving pictures made, so come on over to the studio with me, and watch them work." Off they went!

"Hello, Mary," said D. W. G. "Who's this with you?"
"Oh, they're just Lillian and Dorothy—they never saw pictures made, so I brought them along!"
"Well—do they want to work in pictures?"
"Sure they do!"
"All right—tell them to begin next week!"
And they started in at the fabulous sum of ten dollars a week!

"Do you remember, Lillian," said Mary over the teacups, "those little twins next door, who used to slip up and poke you with their fingers, to see if you were alive? They always thought you were a doll!"

"Yes—and do you remember when Mildred first came to the studio here how little she seemed, and how we used to take care of her, Dorothy?"

"Oh, yes, Lillian"—it was Mildred Harris talking—"you know I always did just worship you! I used to tag around after you and watch every thing you did!"

"Well, we had great times saving our pennies for birthday gifts!" Dorothy exclaimed. "Do you remember when we were little things, Mary—once your mother said Lillian was just too lovely to live! She said she was afraid an angel would come and take her up to Heaven—"

"Oh, my!" laughed Mary Pickford, "and then they noticed that whenever Lillian and I were left alone I always got away from her as fast as I could! I was afraid the angel would come for her when I was there, and take me, too!"

"Mildred has an anniversary next week! Why, what a shame I'll be gone," sighed Lillian. "But I'll be thinking about you, anyway. Aren't we the lucky girls, all of us—all four of us. It seems most too good to be true—after all the years and years we worked together!"

"That's all right, don't forget that you worked and you didn't get more than you deserved—you and Mary, anyway," Dorothy laughed, and caught Mildred gayly by the hand. "Come on, let's see if there isn't some chocolate ice cream!"
What the Public Wants

Mr. Theodore Liebler, Jr., manager of the scenario department of United Picture Theatres of America, Inc., has written some observations which should certainly be of interest to writers. We recommend them especially to those who go about hammering out a scenario with the idea that they can certainly turn out something just as good as the kind of thing the producers seem to buy these days! Mr. Liebler writes:

Every one in a while we receive a scenario to which is attached a letter expressing contempt material that goes into the making of the production of "the inclosed" would mark a step upward in the elevation of our infant industry to a plane of greater dignity and artistic imports. Far be it from us to decry the sincere efforts to advance the standard of treatment in the presentation of picture plays, but we know that there has been sufficient experimentation to demonstrate that the general character of the plays now exploited is the character that the greatest number of movie goers expect. The drama is a development of a spontaneous effort on the part of the people to entertain or arouse themselves. It has, therefore, its specific function in the scheme of things, and a play is good or bad in accordance with the degree in which it fulfills this function.

A fairly accurate gauge of the measure of entertainment afforded by a play or a photo play—and by entertainment we mean the evoking of emotional reactions from audiences in measurable proportions—may be found in the statement of its box-office receipts. For the play that pleases and thus serves the fundamental purpose of its creation, is sure to be well attended. For this reason, the "highbrows" to the contrary notwithstanding, we urge that writers who feel the urge to uplift the public with their work, accept the highly successful photo play as the standard of excellence. If there were only more writers whose work measured up to that of those who are turning out the winners, the improvement in the quality of the average photo play would soon take care of itself.

Old Stuff Won't Do

Here's an interesting letter on the subject of old material and new twists from one of our readers. Personally, we've never thought much of the filing systems so much in vogue among some authors, and we agree with this writer's decision not to use material which he's seen on the screen.

A few months ago you printed in your department an article about how one of your readers wrote his stories. His idea of filling the situations of pictures he had seen may be all right, but I don't see what good they could do him. I have been taught from experience that the producers want new situations, or situations with a new twist.

So writes Chester T. Mackie.

Now, if this reader writes these situations with a new twist, his plan is a very good one, and no one can accuse him of stealing any other writer's stuff as old situations with new twists are new. But many of your readers will not see it that way. They will think that they can use situations they have seen in produced plays for their own stories. A borrowed situation dressed up in new clothes is not new.

Some time ago I wrote a story, using the time-worn situation of the heroine falsely accused of a theft and discredited before the hero. I had seen this situation used before, and thought that I, too, could get by with it, but I didn't. I submitted it to a company, and it came back with a criticism. The editor noted me that the story was technically well written, but the fundamental idea was fairly interesting, there being logical premises, sequence, and conclusions, good characterization, mental and physical punch, simplicity, but it lacked novelty in treatment, and was too conventional. He advised me to lay it aside, as the situation had been utilized too many times previously. I did not lay it aside, though, but sent it to several companies, all returning it. That is my experience in using something I had seen already produced. Since that time I have written several stories, using situations which I thought were new, but later learned were old. The stories never sold. I have acquired considerable technical facility, but I find my greatest trouble is in finding new and original material. I advise any writer never to use anything which he has seen produced. It seldom gets by, although some of the well-known scenario writers sometimes get by with it.

Up to date I have never sold a story, although I have come very close to it several times. One company kept one of my stories nearly three months. Then it was returned with a letter from the editor. He said he liked the story, but the final decision was against it. He said the story had some splendid comedy, but was a little too risque for their purposes.

It is hard to become a recognized writer of scenarios. To get recognition one must write something better than the average. I have tried for a long time to write something that would sell. I am not discouraged, for those few letters I have received from those editors have made me determined to keep on until I finally do sell something. And when I do sell something I will not stop there; I will keep on writing. I enjoy the work for its own sake, moreover.
Hints for Scenario Writers

Comments on the Foregoing

So far as basic plots and themes are concerned there is nothing new under the sun, and if one puts new twists to an old theme one can do no more. One must take care, however, not to bring in, consciously or unconsciously, action or situations they have seen on the screen and have been impressed with. That is a subtle influence which one must seriously combat. And another thing: Any editor, worthy of the name, will take the trouble to write to beginners who show promise. The film companies, however, cannot be expected to run free correspondence schools for those who do not. They would not only be doing themselves an injustice if they wrote personal letters of criticism to the authors of all of the hundreds of utterly impossible scripts which they receive each week, but they would be doing the misguided writers an injustice by encouraging them in something which, in reality, they should be discouraged from attempting.

Hard Work Pays

Most beginners do not devote enough time to their work. To elucidate: A year ago, Mrs. Kate Corbelay was virtually unknown as an authoress. Today, she has sold several stories to Frank Keenan, one to Dustin Farnum, and a well-known monthly magazine has accepted two of her ideas. Why? Because she devotes several months to the particular story in mind. She does not flit from one tale to another; she takes her time and does not hesitate to consult with the scenario editor and the star. First she finds out if the editor and star are interested in the original idea. Then she visits them and they, of course, help with ideas. The joint result is a good story. Of course not every author can consult with editor and star personally. However, if the original idea is worthy you can depend on editor and star to help you along.

Another Writer's Experience

We believe that our readers are inclined to read with interest the experiences of others starting in the profession of screen authorship and so we welcome detailed experiences. Mr. Maurice E. Kivel writes that the best he has come to so far in his efforts to sell a story is to have three of his plots praised by Mrs. Drew, and two by Ted Reed, of the Douglas Fairbanks Company. He writes as follows:

The more I study screen requirements, the more I believe it is a gamble for a free-lance writer to write exactly what any particular company desires at the particular time one submits a script. In fact, the requirements of any one company seem to change so quickly that I agree with your statement that the only logical method is for a writer to get some kind of a position, even one without pay, with a film company. He can get invaluable experience that way. But the film concerns are not very eager to let one come in, even without pay. I tried my best last year to do this very thing. I had all the "pull" in the world, too, but they said they could not consider it.

I think it was Mr. Frank E. Wood who told me that they had lots of similar offers from others. I asked him how a chap could get in, and he said to write a script and get it accepted. Do you think any of the smaller companies would give one a chance? I believe that is the only way to learn the technical end of the game—to see actual production.

I have had experience and success in selling short stories, and I am now trying short stories again.

It is the writer’s big opportunity to get on the staff of a scenario department. Write short stories with plenty of action in them. Then send or take a bundle of them to the company in question. “Here is a lot of my fiction,” you tell the editor. “Look it over. If you like these stories for the screen or if you think I have plot invention, then give me a chance to 'show' with your writers.” A movie company would be foolish to place a lot of strangers in their studio’s offices. The producer is not conducting a school. Mr. Wood, being experienced in this game, meant this: You must show us you have talent and ability in this special line of work that is worth our developing. Show us that and we will give you a chance!

A Good Idea

To overcome anxiety occasioned by the producer’s keeping the cherished script overtime, Mr. Ambrose H. Thomas has originated a system which should prove successful. It is in the shape of a post card which is inclosed with the submitted manuscript. On the reverse of the card is typed:

Please post on receipt of manuscript.

Your story has been received and will be passed upon in due course. It is understood that this constitutes no claim against the company. Yours truly,

(Name of company typewritten.)

All the scenario editor has to do is to post the card and thus relieve the anxiety of the author. This post card is a small item but it relieves the necessity of much correspondence as to whether story was received, if it appeals, why it has been retained so long.

The Cold Facts

During the past year, according to facts and figures published recently, W. S. Hart bought eight stories out of three thousand submitted; The American Film Company purchased fifteen and rejected three thousand and seventy-two; the Chaplin Studio rejected three thousand, five hundred and purchased one. The author of this department read eighteen hundred scripts intended for Dustin Farnum during the past year, and sent just four to Mr. J. A. Berst for consideration in New York City. From these figures one should perceive that not everybody can leap to success in screen writing. What is wanted is originality, freshness, and novelty. The main trouble, as we find it, is the hasty attempt to revamp old stuff that has appeared in the pictures and in stories old and new.

Old Favorites Sure to Return

A while ago we predicted a return to costume plays, because of the variety essential to the success of screen productions. Now we venture another prediction. Just as the costume play has again come to the fore from very necessity, so will the Indian story come in again. We do not mean the cheap “meller,” with a few bandy-legged Redskins cavorting here and there, but spectacular stuff in which the noble Red Man figures as atmosphere and otherwise. Something other than society plays and Westerns are devoutly to be wished for to relieve the monotony. A few months ago any star would shy at Indian stuff.
Permission to Shoot

By J. B. Waye

JULIAN, old top, do you care if I shoot your house?

"Dusty, old dear, blaze away at the house, but don't hit the hens."

So Farnum turned his camera men loose out at Eltinge's beautiful Italian villa, which stands on a small lake near Los Angeles. And if you see him in "The Corsican Brothers," a screen version of the famous old play, you'll understand his desire to use the house as a background for this romantic drama.
NOW answer me truthfully," demanded Alice Brady, as she straightened the tulle scarf that formed the sleeves of her silvery pink evening gown. "I'll admit that I've all the money I could possibly want—for spending purposes, anyway. And I've more gowns and things than I can wear. But don't you think it's pretty hard not to be able to take a day off to go shopping and spend some money—and never have a chance to wear any of my clothes, except before the camera?"

Well, being a woman, I had to admit that that did see a bit hard. "Here I am, working all day in the studio," she went on, "and all evening at the theater—and my next vacation months and months away."

"But you're going on tour with 'Forever After,' soon—that'll give you a rest day-times, at least," I reminded her.

"Yes—a rest at the studio!" she laughed. "We're going to make pictures on the road, you know—and that ought to be interesting; I don't believe any one else has ever done it, except when the Drews tried it. It seems like quite an undertaking, still it ought not to be difficult. We'll be in Boston several weeks, long enough to finish a picture and give me a week or two afterward; then in Philadelphia and Chicago there are big studios that we can use—and the play is booked long enough in those cities so that we can really settle down with our picture-making paraphernalia."

"But why do you work so hard?" I demanded.

"Because I have contracts to fulfill," she answered simply. "I'm just like everybody else when somebody wants to engage me to do work that I like—I say I'll do it. Of course, if I didn't enjoy it I wouldn't do it. But you can overdo anything. I'm going to have a real vacation next summer, three whole months off, and my husband and I are going to Italy; I'm studying Italian now—the only kind I know is the brand learned when I was training for grand opera. I'm going to have a vacation like that every year from now on. I've simply got to have a lit-
All Work and No Play

Well, it seemed to me that even her work took on that aspect for everybody in the Famous Players-Lasky Studio, from the camera man to demure little Marguerite Clark, who was working on the next set, wandered over to chat with her. As I watched her talking with them I had an inspiration.

"How about your Sunday afternoons?" I demanded. "Surely then you have a chance to—well, hit some of the medium high spots, so to speak?"

"I do—but I don't hit 'em," she retorted.

"I have awfully nice Sundays—my husband and I spend them with his parents; his father is Dr. Frank Crane, the writer, you know. I'm going to miss those Sundays when I'm on the road; I'll be sort of lonesome then—my husband is going to stay here in New York, you see. Yes, he played opposite me in 'Sinners.' Oh, they're ready for me and I haven't said anything at all, have I?" She shook hands, with a grip as boyish as her smile, and was off to play a love scene that for her was just another episode in a work-a-day life.

If you look back over Alice Brady's career you'll find that she's always worked hard; she couldn't possibly have accomplished so much if she hadn't been a pretty industrious person. Ever since she was graduated from a New Jersey convent she's been studying; the time she puts on her Italian now is nothing at all compared to the hours she spent with her books when she was just well out of school and bent on becoming a prima donna. She had a French vocal teacher—her own mother was French, incidentally—and she learned to speak three languages in between vocal exercises. And often she went behind the scenes during performances at the Metropolitan Opera House, and the big singers used to be amused when Alice's teacher urged them to speak in their own tongue, and then made the little black-eyed girl answer them.

But she never gratified that ambition to become a grand-opera star, because musical comedy beckoned so enticingly that she sang in Gilbert and Sullivan operas instead. And then she decided to be an actress instead of a singer, and appeared on the New York stage in "Sinners" and "The Family Cupboard" before "Forever After" was written, and gave her a rôlé so well suited to her that she's been playing it ever since the early fall of 1918. Meanwhile her screen career had begun with World; later she went to Select, and now she is among the Realart stars.

There was a good deal of curiosity about her when she opened the Central Theater in New York, with "Forever After," for she'd been making movies for some time then, and though people remembered her work on the stage, they looked upon her almost as a new star because she'd let making pictures supplant the stage for a while. But in "Forever After" she proved herself a real emotional actress, and critics declared that her work in the movies had only improved her work.
In Again, Out Again

I TELL you, they’re thicker’n sirup and more loyal than a cactus spine. Peas in a pod are like the north and south poles compared to those birds. They’re the guys that put the ‘Lee’ in brotherly, and the ‘E’ in Love. They’re—"

"I’ll take your word for the rest," I broke in. As a matter of fact I did nothing of the kind—it looked to me like hot air from the publicity ventilator.

But the press agent for once was telling the truth, as I learned when I went out to Universal City to interview Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran, whose contract for one comedy a week keeps them so busy that the appointment had to be made way ahead of time.

"Come in!" said Lyons cordially, when I rapped on his office door, just off one of the stages. He’s a friendly looking young chap, with gray eyes and brown hair, and a smile that would make a good tooth-powder ad—and as he straightened up from his desk and mopped his forehead he gave a sigh which intimated that he’d been working hard as any coal heaver.

"I’ve just been getting Lee and me out of an awful hole," he explained. "You see, we write our own scenarios—he gets us into difficulties and I get us out."

"Seems to be hard work," I commented.

"It certainly is," he agreed, flashing the tooth-powder smile at me. "This is the way it usually happens: He’ll say to me, ‘Here’s a bear of an idea, Eddie! These two young fellows go to see a girl while the old man’s away; he comes home unexpectedly; one hides in the closet downstairs, and the other under a bed upstairs. And the one in the closet puts on the coat and hat of the policeman who is calling on the cook, and gets outside just in time to have the old man hail him to come and arrest his pal. When he goes inside to do it, thinking that’s a fine way to get him out, the real policeman appears on the scene—some hole, what?’ ‘Sure thing!’ I say, all excited. ‘And then what happens?’ ‘I don’t know,’ he says, ‘I got ‘em in, it’s your part to get ‘em out!’ And that’s what I’ve just finished doing."

The door opened, and Lee Moran blew in. He is taller than Eddie, not as good looking, but he has the same twinkling eyes, the same “Sunny Jim” smile, and they look enough alike, in a general way, to be brothers. There is just a year’s difference in their ages—Lee was born first.

"Excuse me," he said excitedly, as he broke in upon us; "don’t want to disturb you, but I’ve got some great news. The baby’s talking! She said ‘papa’ to-day—said it distinctly!"

"He’s got a baby," said Eddie to me apologetically!

"Some baby!" said Lee, beaming on me and waiving the ceremony of introduction. "Her name’s Mary," he went on enthusiastically. "And the things she does! Why, that child—"

Lyons is a friendly chap—
with a smile
that would make a good tooth-
powder ad.

His friend and partner held up a protesting hand. "The lady wants an interview," he cut in.

Lee reluctantly abandoned his eulogy, insisting, however, upon showing me pictures of his wife and the baby, the baby, himself and the baby, and the baby. Eddie was sympathetic and, I think, a trifle envious. He showed me the picture of his wife, who used to be in pictures. There wasn’t any baby, he admitted with a sigh—he wished there was.

"How long have you been partners?"
Lee Moran gets them in, and Eddie Lyons gets them out—of the scrapes and adventures they have on the screen.

By Celia Brynn

I asked at length, when Baby Moran's picture and Wife Lyon's photograph had been duly admired.

"Seven years," they answered promptly in unison, like the chorus of a musical comedy.

"I was doing comedies for Imp," Eddie continued, "and Lee was with the Nestor Company. We met and liked each other, and when all the companies were combined by Universal, we started making comedies together and have done it ever since."

"And we've never had a scrap," put in Lee Moran.

"What, never?" I asked incredulously.

"No, never," answered Eddie firmly. "That is—the only rows we have are in pictures, never outside. I listen to his talk about his baby—"

"And I let him rave about his bulldog, so we're even," finished Lee.

"Are you going to continue making the same kind of comedies you have been?" I asked.

"As long as the public wants them," answered Eddie.

"And as long as the public wants us," added Lee.

I like the little domestic comedies that Lyons and Moran put on, and I told them so. Both of them smiled at me gratefully, and not at all self-consciously.

"I'm glad of it," said Eddie heartily. "We're trying in all of our stuff to put over little touches that will remind you of something you've done yourself, or something you've seen."

"We try to make our pictures timely," continued Lee Moran. "When the flu epidemic was on we made 'The Flu Wedding.' That went big all over the country. We've burlesqued the suffragette problem, the servant question, and made a variety of college pictures. The one we're doing now is just a little domestic comedy, but I think quite a few serious persons will recognize themselves in it."

Eddie Lyons told me, when I pinned him down to his autobiography, that he was born in Beardstown, Illinois, played in a Chicago stock company, toured in vaudeville, and began his screen career with Biograph.

Lee Moran admitted that he was born in Chicago, had a stage career consisting of stock, repertoire, and vaudeville, and that his screen career commenced in 1912.

The phone rang, and Lee Moran answered it. After a few hasty sentences he hung up the receiver and grabbed his hat. "Sorry—got to leave," he said hurriedly. "My wife says that the baby has said a brand-new word, and she thinks if I come right home I'll hear her."

"I'll go with you," said Eddie, reaching for his hat, and I knew that there would be no more interview—the team of Lyons and Moran had more important things on hand.

As they started off I heard Moran begin excitedly, "Say, listen, Eddie—here's a great idea; it'll make a peach of a comedy. These two fellows decide to go up in an aeroplane, and—"

Watching as they tramped away I could see Lyons nod appreciatively; once he stopped and slapped Moran on the back. And how I wished I could have been there when the reckoning would come, and Lyons would realize that his partner had once more got them neatly into a scrape and left him to extricate the firm.
I'd been planning all day what I'd say—and he didn't ask me a single question I thought he would!

Thus she confessed, after "it" was all over.

Mother and "gran'ma" had been shooed out to the moonlit, truly California veranda of the Moore home while Colleen and I had settled down to take stock of each other under the big lamp in the something-or-other-room, perhaps music, because there was a piano in it, of which more anon.

I looked at her—she's an elflike little thing—and wondered if I hadn't come to call on the wrong girl. For you know her professional record, or part of it, of course—it's all built up on a case of playing opposite somebody, except when she played the lead in "Little Orphant Annie," the rest of the time it was always Colleen Moore "with" somebody; with Tom Mix in "The Wilderness Trail," with Charles Ray in "The Busher" and "The Egg-Crate Wallop," with Bobby Harron in "An Old-Fashioned Young Man" and "The Bad Boy," with Wilfred Lucas in "Hands Up," and in two Universal productions—"The Man in the Moonlight," in which Monroe Salisbury starred, and "Common Property," featuring Robert Anderson.

"I feel just like a shadow," she confided to me, as we discussed her past appearances. "I've played 'opposite' and 'with' somebody so much that I've almost lost my own identity."

It was a much-anticipated visit that I was paying the little Irish colleen, with much buzzing of telephones and delayed engagements—for she takes French and "composition" lessons three nights a week, and of course, works all day—so when I had punched the bell, just like a time clock at eight p.m. sharp, it was with a cumulative sense of wonderment as to what the much-in-demand "leading lady" was like. There was an abrupt stopping of piano playing within, a whirl of light footsteps and the door was thrown open by—your little sister!

Yes, just as sure as you live, there was the little sister-of-all-the-world standing there. At least she looked like the sort of a girl you would pick out for a sister, if you'd never had one.

"I'm the deetectative," I said, by
way of introduction, “who’s come to find out all about your wonderful and romantic past!”

“Oh, dear,” she laughed, “there’s only eighteen years of ‘past’ and it’s not a bit ‘vampy’ or subtle or anything, I’m afraid. But do have a seat—and here’s mother——”

Just then Mrs. Moore came in with the gentle, maternal rustle which the world over accompanies the proud mothers of little sisters. And she wasn’t a bit managerial or anything, but just “mother.”

“No,” she said in answer to my question, “there’s never been any one in our family given to acting before, so we’re having all the thrills of seeing it break out and develop in Colleen. When she met Mr. Griffith just socially, three years ago, at the La Salle in Chicago, where we were stopping, and told him she wanted to work in moving pictures, I ’shushed’ her, as if she’d been a bad little girl. But it didn’t do a bit of good. In two days she was signed up with him and on her way to California to play opposite Bobby Harron.”

When Mother Moore had bustled out to the veranda to keep company with grandmother, who was already enjoying the moonlight, I started to get in my work, for I wished very much to know whence came the “Colleen” part of the Moore name, and if so, why, et cetera.

“It's 'Colleen' from my grandmother-on-my-mother's side, of Kilkenny, Ireland—an' sure, the 'Moore' is from my grandmother-on-my-father's side, of Edinburgh, Scotland.” She chuckled over the combination.

“I'm studying painting in between times,” she answered a moment later, when I asked what she did when she wasn't working or reading. “I've done a perfectly terrible thing of my cousin, and—but let's go out on the porch and rock, instead of talking about me.” And from the sigh of relief that she gave when I assented, I suspected that the young lady hadn't been anticipating this interview as happily as I had. Her next remark confirmed the suspicion.
even distantly connected with the stage, and of course everybody objected when I wanted to be an actress. Even when I was only eight I simply gloried in my lessons in expression, and that frightened them so that they switched me to music. Then, when I was eleven, I got permission to go back to elocution again, and after a while I brought up the subject of dramatic art. But father’s reply was—well, a sort of roar. So I just dropped the subject—and took private lessons at a friend’s house.” Thus did she circumvent the first obstacle, consoling her conscience by explaining to it that she’d tell her father all about this proceeding later on.

But her father found out about this little arrangement before long, and reluctantly gave permission for her to go to a school of dramatic art in Cincinnati, where the family lived. He wanted it distinctly understood, however, that her going on the stage was not to be thought of, and it wasn’t—by anybody but Ann.

“I didn’t think about much of anything else,” she laughed, when we got to this point in our review of the obstacle race.

She finished her course at sixteen—just a year or so ago—and then kind Fortune took a hand and sent her to New York with an aunt. That
was quite a lift along the way—sort of like "going hitching"—and Ann was only too delighted to take advantage of the opportunity.

"And it led me into pictures instead of onto the stage," she went on. "A publisher who is a friend of mine had used my photograph as the frontispiece of a book, 'Love-time in Picardy,' and a director saw it and thought I'd be the type for a little French girl in a picture he was casting. So he got in touch with the publisher who gave him my name—and you should have seen me when I went down to the studio and pretended to have had experience in pictures! But I landed a good part, and worked two days before my aunt found it out."

You see, Parental Objection is the sort of obstacle that makes you look cross-eyed if you want to keep your gaze ever on your chosen goal. But Ann met another obstacle here—she hadn't really had any movie experience, and didn't even know how to make up for the screen. And she didn't dare confess her ignorance.

"But I was lucky," she declared. "My dressing room was right across the hall from Catherine Calvert's, and I could look sideways into her room and see into her mirror. I'd see how she put on her make-up, and then I'd put what I'd learned into practice."

Well, that experience was too much for the family when they heard about it. No more pictures for Ann, said they, and the next obstacle was a trip south, according to schedule. But Ann's luck still held—at least, she called it luck when she was taken sick and wasn't able to travel until the Southern season was over. And then Fate let her "go hitching" again, to make up for the time she'd been out of the race, and her Aunt decided to go to—Southern California of all places!

Things were pretty easy then. Little Miss May got a job at Universal, where she did three pictures, mostly "kid stuff." One or two other companies made her offers, and then she happened to hear Bert Lytell remark that they were having a dreadful time trying to find somebody to play Lida, the unhappy chorus girl, in "Lombardi, Ltd.," and Ann leaped over all obstacles and demonstrated her dramatic ability so satisfactorily that she got the part. It's a regular emotional rôle, and she's blissfully happy over having secured it.

And with this start it looks as if Ann may land almost anywhere!
Bill Desmond, Indestructible Irishman

The bigger the fight the better he likes it, providing it isn’t staged at his home.

By Warren Reed

fight—"I had a few years ago back in father’s construction works!" Bill paused to reflect while we sat down in the Turkish-harem scene that H. B. Warner had just been using, and Bill went over and bathed his Celtic brow in the fountain where a few minutes before the Oriental hours had been laving their pink toes, after which he was free to talk about his fights, and delivered himself of a fascinating Hibernicism, spoken with the mildest bit of a brogue:

"Sometimes we Irish don’t know just which side of a question we’re on, but we keep right on fighting, and anyhow we always know that whichever side it is, we’re strong for it!"

For you know if Bill doesn’t lick at least his minimum of three villains per week, he wonders ‘why this strange weakness?’

Yet he has fightless days occasionally, of course—he and Mary McIvor were married in one of them not many months ago. But Bill insists that these “off seasons” are few and far between.

“At school I was a pretty good boy,” he continued, “but I had fight in my system, and once I beat a boy for saying arithmetic was the most important subject there was—and then I beat him again next day for saying it wasn’t! When I left school I started work with my father in New York. Father was a contractor. But the first week I had a fight and got licked. Next week I had another fight. Right in the midst of it I heard a voice: ‘Stick it out, Bill!’ It was dad’s voice,

Here’s a scene after his own heart.
and he came and helped me clean out the gang. But poor dad had to pay five weeks' wages and hospital bills all on account of me, and after that I decided a contractor's life was too uncertain for me, and I quit.

"Just about that time I began reciting at various entertainments—principally 'Asleep at the Switch,' and 'The Face on the Bar-Room Floor'—and one day I met an actor I knew on the street. He had just been offered a position as leading man in a company that was going on the road playing 'Quo Vadis,' but wouldn't accept on account of the salary. He said, 'They'll take you—they don't want actors!' I went to see the manager, and was engaged. I asked for seventy-five dollars a week—and got twenty-five dollars! I played three parts in the show and nearly tripped over my own heels sometimes. I succeeded myself so fast on the stage in the different roles! We played all over Canada and the Western States, and I remember one night I came to the theater so late, I didn't have time to array myself in my Roman togs, but rushed on in my street clothes, explaining: 'Petronius, I greet thee!' The house greeted me with howls, and I don't know why I didn't get fired!"

And after that, he went to New York, and played several Irish parts on the stage, among them the Captain in "Sweet Kitty Bel-lairs," after which—what do you think?—he became the pretty matinee idol, in stock, out in the Morosco Company in Los Angeles. Then he went to Australia, and made a big success. But Bill just couldn't stand the eternal prettiness of those parts he had to play in society dramas, and as soon as ever pictures became the rage, he went into them, signing first with Thomas H. Ince, and playing fighting Irishmen to his heart's content, in such pictures as 'Paddy O'Hara,' and "The Sudden Gentleman."

Bill fought his Irish way through some hundred or so films for Triangle, and after that organization practically stopped producing, was offered a place on the stage in New York.

"But I thought of all those pretty drawing-room sets, and I felt as if I'd smother," said Bill, "so I came West again, and signed up with Jesse D. Hampton Productions."

"I've heard that you draw the line at fights staged in just one location—that you're afraid to mix it up there," I remarked when he reached the end of this brief history.

"Where's that?" demanded Bill, bristling.

"At home," was my meek reply, and he subsided once more, chuckling.

"You bet I don't fight there," he laughed. "But it isn't my fault—it's Mary's. She's Scotch, you know, and too canny to have such goings-on in any house of hers."

That same Mary is the inspiration for Bill's pet ambition, incidentally he hopes to have her on the stage some day; she's a motion-picture actress, you know, and he first met her at one of the studios.

"Nothing's too good for Mary," declares Bill, with the smile that won matinee girls when he was in stock. "She's going to have the very best there is."

That ought to thrill Mary, certainly, but it doesn't. For you see, Mary thinks she already has the best there is—she's got Bill!
"We left our haughty princess in this room," explained Carnero in oily, triumphant tones, "with a snappy, ill-natured pup for a companion. She climbed up on the book-case where that telephone reposed. We knew she would do it. That's why we left the vicious dog to guard her. She thought she was to be alone with the dog the rest of the evening, and the telephone being handy, she naturally called for you to come to her aid."

Archie looked at the dog and said nothing.

"Now we have got you both in the bag. How's that for a trick—as good as an American could ever have invented?"

"It was clever," Archie admitted gamely, crushed completely in his fondest dream. He looked out in the adjoining room, deserted a moment before, now crowded with gendarmes in Carnero's uniform.

"But now that you've got me, what can I do for you?"

"You can't do for us; we're going to do for you!"

"Hop to it; I'm listening."

"You are under arrest for assault and attempted murder in Cordillera. We are taking you back there to the execution. With you out of the way, we can put the princess on the throne. You have been our one stumbling block; now we make of you the chopping block." He made a motion at his throat as of decapitation.

"Making a chopping block of me—may not be a one-way affair," Archie frowned. "Where I come from they make chopping blocks of each other."

The bulldog, spurred by the fighting tone, leaped at him with open jaws. Archie had a drop-kick leg that had held a Harvard record. That dreadful kick caught the bulldog under the hinge of the jaw and broke his neck. Its next wallop caught Carnero and he was out of action. Two fist blows dropped his lieutenants. Archie, with head down and fists swinging, was going through the room full of gendarmes like a football runner tearing through a ragged field for a touchdown. He reached the porte-cochère, lunging low, hit his head against the door jamb, and fell in the open, stunned. The ruffians had recovered their wits and were coming for him, when Hopley ran up, followed by the chauffeur and two detectives. The faithful valet had suspected a trick in the phone call and had followed his master in his own car. In a few moments Carnero was handcuffed, and begging, in vain, on his knees, for mercy.

"You need fear this fellow no longer," said Archie to the princess. "I promise you that he will be put away in safety. Your troubles are at last at an end, and you need have no concern over anything any more."

She looked at him queerly, thanked him, and they parted.

It was a week afterward before the stitched scalp of the adventurous Archie had healed sufficiently for him to care to meet the fellows at the club again. He had, in the meantime, arranged for the extradition of Carnero for the murder of his cousin Carlos, in Brazil; and he arranged to have procured for the princess a studio apartment where she would be watched and protected against any further kidnapping. All of Archie's friends now knew of his adventures, for they had had full newspaper publicity, and it was with a sense of reticence, and even timidity that he stepped over to the club that evening, for he knew the fellows would be sure to quiz and jolly him.

As he passed an area way within a pace of the club, strong arms pinned him from behind and a sack was thrust over his head. Hurdled by hand pressure on his mouth he felt himself being lowered into a coal hole, or a storage basement. The ruffians who had seized him talked only in whispers. They trussed him and bound him with cords; then they put a cloth gag in his mouth and replaced the sack on his head with a linen blindfold that enabled him to breathe without interference. Then there was silence. The strong-armers had withdrawn, but Archie could sense a presence near him. He could hear excited breathing as of somebody bound and gagged like himself. Then by the familiar fragrance of her hair, he recognized the presence of Istra. Gaping at his cloth gag he managed to expel it from his mouth.

He heard Istra sighing, and by the sound of air escaping through her lips, he realized that she, too, had shed her inefficient gag. In his struggles, Archie tipped forward like a roly-poly and only stopped when his face pressed against that of Istra. Their lips met. Involuntary was this kiss, but sweet—stingingly, terribly sweet. He knew now why he had been so restless of late. He was in love with Istra! Then, as if to blight this moment of heaven, a rattle of steel was heard and the voice of Carnero exclaimed in a hushed but harsh order: "Off with their heads this time. To the chopping block."

At the same moment the bandages were withdrawn. The two prisoners looked up at the man who had spoken in the Spaniard's accents. It was Hopley! This last adventure had been a put-up job. At the same time, club members and their ladies, for it was ladies' night, trooped before them laughing and congratulating them.

"What the—?" said Archie, as they unbound him. He was still stupefied with amazement. He was in the basement of his own club.

"Some surprise party, eh?" cried Vic Stacy, club president, as he wrung Archie's hand. "Can't you get your bearings, old fellow? We decided that after your great exploit it was up to the club to give you and the princess a dinner. And we thought we'd give you a real American send-off. All right everybody, we'll go upstairs to dinner.

"In view of the kissing scene that we have just witnessed," Stacy continued, "I hope we can take it for granted that this dinner also announces an engagement."

Archie, seated beside Istra, at the speaker's table was still blushing and stuttering long after the princess had composed herself with regal grace.

"This is really embarrassing as can be," he protested to the toastmaster. "The only thing that could have made it worse would have been for you to have had that trump poet here as one of the entertainers."

"Haven't you heard about him? Haven't you seen the evening papers?" they cried.

"No; what's he up to now?"

"He has committed bigamy. Two society women horsewhipped him and chased him through Greenwich Village and he jumped into the Hudson and swam to Jersey. The papers are full of it."

"You see," said the toastmaster, "you aren't the only fellow that had a surprise party to-day."

"I'm satisfied," said Archie.
Xmas Selections

On Credit

At Cash Prices

Any of these Splendid SWEET Specials

sent ON APPROVAL at our expense. If

entirely satisfied after examination, pay only

1-5 of price; balance in ten monthly payments.

SWEET’S Policy: You must be satisfied or

no sale.

Every Diamond of Superior quality, blue-

white, perfect-cut. PROFIT-SHARING

PLAN: We accept SWEET Diamonds in

exchange at full price, plus 7½ per cent

yearly increase in value. Liberty Bonds ac-

cepted at face value.

Send for Beautiful DeLuxe

128-Page Catalogue of Christmas

Suggestions. It’s Free.

It’s FREE. Select your gift before Christmas and

get it on credit. Maiden Lane’s greatest col-

lection of precious gems, watches, jewelry, silver-

ware, etc., beautifully illustrated. Ten months to

pay on everything. WRITE TODAY to Dept. 50F.

1X1—Seven fine perfect-cut, blue-

white diamonds, uniform in size, color

and brilliancy, crown set, resembling a

$250 solitaire. Hand-engraved, white

gold mounting (looks like platinum).

$62.50.

1X2—One superior diamond

in tooth setting. $60.

1X3—Genuine canary

diamond set with two fine

diamonds. $28.50.

1X4—Triangular platinum set.

$65.

1X5—Seven blue-

white diamonds, hexagon set in white

gold mountings. $65.

1X6—Seven fine, perfect-cut, blue-

white diamonds. $50.

1X7—Tiffany style set with

four fine diamonds. $45.

1X8—Genuine, hand-

carved cameos in hand-

carved, solid gold

bezel. $7.50.

1X9—Tiffany style set with

four fine diamonds. $45.

1X10—Superior diam-

ond set, Tiffany style, solid gold

mounting. $125.

1X11—Genuine cameo

set in Tiffany style, solid

gold mounting. $50.

1X12—Superior diam-

ond set, with Tiffany style gold

mounting. $40.

1X13—One fine diam-

ond-set, tief in setting. $30.

1X14—Forty-

toons of solid gold

with blue and white diamonds; the-

chain included. $100.

1X15—Sume as X4 with

10-year guar-

anteed gold chain.

$12.50.

1X16—Gift diam-

ond platinum set, $75.

1X17—Wyoming’s massive, never-

cut diamonds, set with gems. $75.

1X18—London, pair of white gold

perfection; hand-carved, hand-trimmed,

hand-engraved. $45.

1X19—Twelve diamond, platinum set.

$15.

1X20—Tiffany style ring.

$45.

1X21—Tiffanv style ring. $43.

1X22—Tiffany style ring. $43.

1X23—Tiffany style ring. $43.

1X24—Tiffany style ring. $43.

1X25—Tiffany style ring. $43.

1X26—Tiffany style ring. $43.

1X27—Tiffany style ring. $43.

1X28—Tiffany style ring. $43.

1X29—Tiffany style ring. $43.

1X30—Tiffany style ring. $43.

1X31—Tiffany style ring. $43.

1X32—Tiffany style ring. $43.

1X33—Tiffany style ring. $43.

1X34—Tiffany style ring. $43.
“Beauty’s Charm a satin skin”

Always “chic” and charming, a Satin skin powder complexion attracts the eye and charms the senses. As dew revives the flowers, Satin skin cream brings back beauty to aging, fading faces, smooths away blemishes. At the ball, at home or abroad, everywhere, the favorites of fashionable folks are Satin skin powder (flesh, white-pink, brunette or naturelle) and Satin skin cream. You are a la mode with a satin skin, and

There’s only one way to secure a satin skin. Apply Satin skin cream, then Satin skin powder. At leading druggists.

Charlie Hawker: Film Doctor

Continued from page 51

and ending with an evil-minded college professor who turned out to be the man that ruined her father years before.

His picture finished, Harmon found he could not cut it to length. He got it down to eight thousand feet without titles and it had to be forty-five hundred with titles, or approximately half the footage. The studio manager, not Bert Gleason, but his successor, took a hand. Afraid to trust Charlie, Harmon hired a special cutter in the person of a young chap that had worked with Griffith and had been trained under that master of cutting. With their combined efforts they were three thousand over.

In the meanwhile the subject had been booked. The lithographs, and heralds, and descriptive advertising matter had all been sent out. The exchanges were waiting and that meant that Charlie was waiting. Every day he phoned the studio and was told that he should have it shortly, that it “was just about to length now!” But it wasn’t. It was three thousand over.

Finally Charlie consulted the shipping department and did some figuring. Then he went in to Old Gordon, interrupting a conference.

“If Harmon Palmer doesn’t get his picture over here in half an hour,” he explained, “You’ll miss your Pacific coast bookings, your Philadelphia pre-release showing, and both Illinois and Ohio on account of the censorship schedule!”

Gordon jumped to the phone. If Charlie had not misfigured, it meant the loss of any chance to clear expenses on the release, for Fleur-de-lis, in the face of the feature competition of three years ago, was running very close.

“We will look at it as it is, at once!” he ordered.

In about an hour every one was in the projection room. Soon the showing was over and Harmon looked at Gordon for the verdict. The old man was smiling a bit.

“It’s not so bad!” he said. “It’s a sort of travelogue, a scenic, but—it’s that kind of a story. How long is it?”

“Seventy-five hundred!”

“That’s three thousand over! Well”—pausing—“it drags, but by the time Charlie snaps it up—”

Harmon woke to action and interrupted. “But it would be murder to cut out another foot, Mr. Gordon! We’ve worked three weeks and haven’t spared an unessential inch!”

Gordon merely turned to Charlie.

“Get busy, boy! It’s up to you!”

Charlie did. Harmon followed him to the cutting room, like a mother hen just before the breaking of a thunderstorm. Charlie, grimly, persuaded him that it was going to be murder, mayhem, and arson, and that he—Harmon Palmer—would be happier over at the Claridge bar, trying to forget all about it, than staying around to watch.

Harmon, therefore, did not witness the cutting. The next morning, when Charlie phoned him, he declined to have a look. Soon another picture came in; the director started a new feature with Carrie, and Charlie forgot all about the incident for several weeks.

His reminder of “The Monster,” all of a month later, was the sudden appearance of the director in his office.

“Hello, Harmon Palmer! What’s up?” Charlie smiled, but he wondered what sort of an interview he had on his hands.

“Why—!” All at once Harmon grinned. “I want to congratulate you. That was a fine piece of cutting!”

Charlie accepted the congratulations. It took him another month, however, to figure out how Harmon could possibly be pleased. Then, in a flash, it came to him. Nearly every scene was a close-up of Carrie, and—well, Harmon Palmer always had been a little hempecked and so probably had been afraid to cut out a one of them himself.

Such incidents, common enough a few years ago, are not likely to happen to-day, for the business of making pictures is not carried on in so haphazard a manner. But the work of the film cutter is still, and always will be, one of the most important parts of picture making.

CONWAY TEARLE recently discovered that he’s had a broken rib ever since last spring—he’d thought it was rheumatism.
"He Deposits $500 a Month!"

"See that man at the Receiving Teller's window? That's Billy King, Manager for Browning Company. Every month he comes in and deposits $500. I've been watching Billy for a long time—take almost as much interest in him as I do in my own boy.

"Three years ago he started at Browning's at $15 a week. Married, had one child, couldn't save a cent. One day he came in here desperate—wanted to borrow a hundred dollars—wife was sick.

"I said, 'Billy, I'm going to give you something worth more than a loan—some good advice—and if you'll follow it I'll let you have the hundred, too. You don't want to work for $15 a week all your life, do you?' Of course he didn't. 'Well,' I said, 'there's a way to climb out of your job to something better. Take up a course with the International Correspondence Schools in the work you want to advance in, and put in some of your evenings getting special training. The Schools will do wonders for you—I know, we've got several I. C. S. boys right here in the bank.'

"That very night Billy wrote to Scranton and a few days later he had started studying at home. Why, in a few months he had doubled his salary! Next thing I knew he was put in charge of his department, and two months ago they made him Manager. And he's making real money. Owns his own home, has quite a little property beside, and he's a regular at that window every month. It just shows what a man can do in a little spare time."

Employers are begging for men with ambition, men who really want to get ahead in the world and are willing to prove it by training themselves in spare time to do some one thing well.

Prove that you are that kind of a man! The International Correspondence Schools are ready and anxious to help you prepare for something better if you'll simply give them the chance. More than two million men and women in the last 28 years have taken the I. C. S. route to more money. Over 100,000 others are getting ready in the same way right now.

Is there any reason why you should let others climb over you when you have the same chance they have? Surely the least you can do is to find out just what there is in this proposition for you. Here is all we ask: Without obligating yourself in any way, simply mark and mail this coupon.
Crooked Straight
Continued from page 30

"Oh-o-o——" the girl's cry trailed off into the incoherence of sudden, blinding despair.

The old man was reaching for the pistol that lay on the floor. Ben put his foot on it.

"You won't need that," he said. "Just ask Vera to go to her room and to get the note that is under her pillow."

"Under my pillow?"

"Yes; I put a note there. Please get it and read it."

For a moment disappointment and suffering struggled against hope in her eyes. Then she turned and disappeared. In a moment she was back, holding the note, and in a trembling voice she read aloud these words:

"DEAR VERA: To-night I am taking five thousand dollars from your father's safe to keep your father from giving it to a swindler named Larrabee. When the loss is known, Larrabee will denounce me as a professional cracksmen. He will say that I robbed the safe of a commission house and got away with two thousand dollars. And that, while attempting to rob the safe of a grocery store, I was driven off by the cops, who managed to shoot my accomplice, but I carried him away wounded.

All this is true. But Larrabee drove me to this life of crime. He was the one who informed the cops and caused the shooting of my pal. He knew me when I was straight, and he swindled me out of all my money. I went crazy about it; I lost faith in God and man. When I was in this condition, crushed, hopeless, and hungry, I was befriended by one Harry Boyd. It turned out that Harry was a cracksmen, and I joined him in one burglary and in another attempted burglary in which he was killed. He was the uncle of Jimmie and Dora, the children that I adopted. Their mother died the same summer that Harry was shot, so I came here and took charge of the farm and the children.

"When Harry was dying he said: 'It doesn't pay, Ben, I want you to go straight. It's never too late to mend.' So I went straight.

"Then along came Larrabee to rob your father on that cherry-pitter swindle. I tried to laugh him out, but he threatened to expose my own past. So I see that the only way to save your father's money is for me to crack his safe and take the money away until Larrabee has left town and then return it to you by registered mail. Vera, dear, can you believe me? You will get this money back in a few days. I'm honest, now. Once I was crooked, but won't you believe me, girlie, I am on the level now. Yours unworthily,

(Signed) Ben.

Vera and Lucius looked at Trimble with strange transfigured faces.

"I've been a tarnal fool," the old man said. "Ye saved not only my money but my life."

Vera gave a cry of gratitude, her face wet with tears; and flinging down the note, she came forward to embrace him.

Ben caught her arms and held them back from about his neck.

"No, darling," he said, and this time tears gushed from his own eyes. "Not yet. You cannot embrace a thief. To-morrow I will mail two thousand dollars in bills to the Hoaxly Produce Company, and after that I will be an honest man."

"Is that the company what ye cracked their safe?" asked Lucius with eager curiosity.

"Yes; but they don't know who did it. Anonymously I will return them the two thousand dollars."

"Ye won't do no sech thing," cried the old man with almost Satanic glee. "Them's the darn thieves that robbed me of two thousand dollars on my cherry crop!"

Hints for Scenario Writers
Continued from page 72

and costume pictures. A few months hence after some one goes and "does it," all the others will follow suit.

A Writer Backs Me Up

Unfortunately there are still on the market some old textbooks on writing for the screen which urge free-lance writers to write continuity. I have stated the facts in the case so frequently that any regular reader of this department knows that nowadays the scenario editors refuse to read continuities, submitted unsolicited, by outside writers, preferring a brief synopsis; here is a letter which may serve to drive the point home:

I am writing these few lines to express my appreciation of your department. Like many others, I am a beginner, and have scored as yet, but your hints are helping me make each script better than the last one. One reason that I follow your department so thoroughly is that I know I can depend upon what you say, since,
Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 88

obviously, you have no object in view except to give frank, honest, helpful advice. I cannot say this of all the advice and instruction I have had concerning screen writing—some of which I have paid for only to find that when I had finished it I knew no more about writing for the screen than I had before. I wish to protest particularly against one adviser who instructed me that I should send a complete detailed continuity of my story to the producers. Had I not read in your department that this was folly, and that no scenario department would dream of considering continuity attempted by a person lacking studio training, I suppose I might still be spending hours on useless labor. But I investigated the matter and found that you were right.

It Seems Like Old Times

It seems like the good old days to hear of the organization of scenario writers' clubs. There used to be several such clubs. They benefited a large number of ambitious writers, too, through affiliation, discussion, et cetera. And now we are informed that San Francisco has a scenario club with a membership from the different bay cities and that Mr. Carl Snell, professor of scenario writing at the University of California, is critic. The scenario club meets twice monthly, and the usual program includes the reading and criticism of original scenarios by club members, analysis, discussion of successful plays, and the exchange of clippings from film magazines. I should like to hear more of this club, the nature of the discussions, et cetera.

A LONG FELT NEED

Our booklet, "Guide Posts For Scenario Writers," which was announced for the first time in our last issue, seems to be meeting a long felt need on the part of our readers, judging from the numbers of requests we have had for it. This booklet was gotten up with the idea of starting the person who wants to write for the screen on the right track, and to enable us to answer the many questions which we constantly receive from our readers more completely and in greater detail than we could possibly do in individual replies. It includes, moreover, a sample synopsis, which will serve as an example of the correct form for preparing a screen story. It will be sent to any address for ten cents.

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

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 filmy 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. 873, 1101 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name...........................................
Address.....................................
They work naturally and form no habit.

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; Second: Well-cared-for 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 luxuriant. 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 well-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.

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY

Upon receipt of $1 in stamps, coin or Money Order, I will send you post-paid, 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 Beauty Cream, a wrinkle eradicator..........................$ .75
M.T.'s A. R. B. Lotions, for Pimples and Blackheads..................$ .50
M.T.'s Deplastol to remove superfluous hair............................$ .30
M.T.'s Freckle Cream, for stubborn freckles and tan...................$1.00
M.T.'s Minanted Quinol, "The Incomparable Vanishing Cream"...........$ .50

M. TRILETY, Toilet Bazaar, Dept. 38, Binghamton, N. Y.

A Yuletide Tale

Continued from page 63

of its hurts are worse than the pricks to a young girl's silly false pride when she has to work for a living and her school-fellows don't. It is one of the sad things about our modern America that decent honest work is a thing many people are most ashamed of. And so young Betty had a dismal time sidestepping girls who would keep asking why she brought her violin to school every day.

One day the program at the theater was short an act. The manager wondered what to do and Miss Betty asked him to let her do a violin stunt.

"Got a costume?" he asked.

"Sure," said Betty, wondering just what it would be, not having a flimsy, fluffy frock to her name.

When she came on that evening she was a barefoot street urchin in ragged trousers with a piece of shirt and a piece of hat, and a pathetic little piece of a smile, and she made such a hit that the manager got her an engagement on a kerosene circuit on the Pacific coast; and from that she climbed to the ten-twenty-thirty, dreaming o' nights of a chance to play her violin on the "big time." That was the outskirt of her dream when Christie picked her off the stage and put her into comedy, and now suddenly she has jumped out of the pie-target class into the "emotes" and done a bit of work that would turn many a head.

And here is Betty Compson criticizing herself and wishing she could do it all over again just to do it better.

"'Ever been slumming?' I asked.

"'Know any hop-heads, any fakers, any gold-brick artists?'"

"'Never—none. I was through San Francisco's Chinatown once, but it was the new one and didn't look wicked. But you see it's Mr. Tucker's way of directing that makes you see and know these things. He stands there while the camera is grinding, saying:

"'You're tired—so tired—so very tired—tired.' And it makes me feel tired all over.

What Betty Compson modestly overlooks is the fact that not everybody can play Tribly, even to such a dominating Svengali. This dear little unspoiled Westerner hands over all her bouquets to her director.
WINFRED WOOM—I'm glad to hear that you like to write to me so well, and you can always expect an answer. You mustn't blame the stars for not being able to answer letters. Just think, that is all I have to do, while they have their daily work at the studio, and when they do get home I wager they don't feel like doing much of anything after a hard day's work. They receive hundreds of letters every week. Now how do you suppose they can personally answer all of them? Robert McKim has given up being a screen villain for the time being, and is going to turn director. Robert Harron has dark-brown hair and eyes. "True-Heart Susie" was the last play released in which he appeared, but he will shortly be seen in the new Griffith feature to be released by First National. We do not give home addresses of the players. Mail will always reach them promptly at the addresses given at the end of The Oracle. Yes, I had the "flu." You should feel very lucky that you missed it. Theda Bara was born in Cincinnati, Ohio and not on the Sahara Desert. Her publicity man gave it out that she was born on the desert, but the birth records in Cincinnati don't read that way. Jack Holt had the leading role opposite Clara Kimball Young in "Cheating Chasers." You can get a list of all the studios in the United States, by sending six cents in stamps for a copy of the Market Booklet.

GERM.—Yes, Mary Pickford had the influenza, but is perfectly well now, and working on "Pollyanna" for the United Artists. The "flu" epidemic closed one in every five theaters in the United States. Two hundred and thirty theaters went bankrupt during the inactivity, and never reopened. It is estimated that the loss of income to these playhouses exceeded forty million dollars.

Helen F.—I can't guarantee that they will answer your letters, but it is worth trying. You see they receive so many that they can't possibly answer them all, but your letter might prove one of the lucky ones. Pearl White's latest serial is "In Secret," from the pen of Robert W. Chambers. See the end of The Oracle for addresses.

Miss Mabel N.—Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. He was educated in New York. Before starting on his theatrical career he was a reporter on the Newark Morning Star. He appeared with his father, Hal Reid, in a vaudeville skit, "The Girl and the Rancher." He joined the Selig forces in 1910, but soon went East to become assistant editor of the Motor Magazine. He wrote a story called "The Confession," and sold it to Vitagraph, getting a job playing in it also. After leaving Vitagraph he joined the Universal, then to Griffith, and at last to Lasky's, where he is working at the present time. He is very musical, and can play most any kind of instrument. His wife is Dorothy Davenport, and they have a son. William Farnum is married. He was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1876. Mary Miles Minter made her initial appearance in this world at Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1, 1902. Douglas Fairbanks staged his arrival in Denver, Colorado, in 1883. Norma Talmadge postponed her start in the world until 1897. Sister Constance is nineteen. Jack Pickford is twenty-three years old. June Capriss was born in Arlington, Massachusetts, in 1899. Ethel Clayton's birthplace was Champaign, Illinois, and the date was 1890. Never heard of Miss Miller. Jeanne Eagles was born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1894. Irene Castle is twenty-five. Bill Desmond and Owen Moore were both born in Ireland. Hazel Dawn was born in Ogden City, Utah. Ruth Stonehouse claims Denver as her birthplace and 1894 as the year. Fannie Ward is forty-four years old. Mary Warren was born in Philadelphia. Tom Moore was born in County Meath, Ireland. You'll have to ask for the biographies of the others at a time, because there isn't room enough in the whole Oracle for the bunch.

A. G. W.—Your drawing was very good. You should draw your letters. Geraldine Farrar did and still does sing in grand opera. Her husband, Lou-Tellen, is co-starring with her in her new series of features for Goldwyn.

Salome—"The Eagle's Mate" is an old Mary Pickford picture, which has been reissued by Famous Players. James Kirkwood, the director, had the leading role with Mary in that play. You can't compare it with "Johanna Enlists" because the latter is comparatively new, and Mary's pictures have improved all the time. Mildred Harris has appeared in "The Doctor and the Woman," "The Price of a Good Time," "For Husbands Only," "When a Girl Loves," and "Home." She is very busy at present, being Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, but will soon be back on the screen.

Charles G.—Carmel Myers and Meyers are the same. You have spelled the name wrong—that's all. Pearl White was born in Springfield, Missouri, in 1889. Alice Joyce is twenty-nine. Norma Talmadge is twenty-one. Dorothy Gish was born in Dayton, Ohio, in 1898.
Wrinkles Gone!
New Wonderful Way—Charms of Youth Restored

Wonderful results! Wrinkles gone—lives banished. Yes, this new secret, method worked marvels. You should learn about it now. Learn how it makes your skin smooth, clear and beautiful in the privacy of your own home. The Princess Tokio treatment has been recommended by society leaders and prominent physicians. The Princess Tokio treatment is absolutely safe and can be used by anyone, no matter what skin trouble you may be suffering from, no matter how old you are. No matter what the trouble, no matter what your skin condition may be. Get the Princess Tokio treatment. Get the Princess Tokio treatment for even the most difficult of skin troubles. The Princess Tokio treatment is the perfect plan today that will work wonders for you. It is a simple and electrically renewed upon application.

Edna Hunter
Famous "Movie" Star, says of the Princess Tokio Treatment:
"After one week of the Princess Tokio Treatment
I look ten years younger. My face is smooth and clean.
My complexion is perfect. I feel much younger, look much younger.
I have never been so well since my skin problems started.
I am glad to recommend it to my friends."

Princess Tokio Company
159 N. State St. Chicago, Ill.
Send coupon now.

Send Coupon Now!
Just clip and mail the coupon, below, for your free booklet, The Princess Tokio Book. It is yours free, written by the world's most famous "Movie" star. And don't forget to mention the advertiser who sent you this booklet. Don't pass it on to your friends. It is yours for the asking. The Princess Tokio Company.

Princess Tokio Co.
159 N. State St.
CHICAGO, ILL.

BARGAIN ON THE BARGAIN
Send book FREE

* For new or old sales at
* Silver, Gold, Platinum

UNREDEEMED DIAMONDS
In New Solid Gold and Platinum Mountings
At Bargain Prices

Send No Money
We've been making money-
you made us famous for over 25 years. Right now in Radiant we have for you the most beautiful unmounted diamonds and other jewelry in the world. These treasures are for the taking. All glass, ivory, etc. are gone. You must act now. Mail coupon with your order.

Free Examination Pay only if you are not pleased. Our expert is able to tell the unmounted diamond if anything is wrong. We will give you a full money back guarantee. We will not take your money unless you are absolutely satisfied.

Send Free Book

Send Book FREE

Send $5 FREE Book

Send $75 FREE Book

Send Radiant FREE Gift

Send Radiant Book


Jewelers, watch makers, drug stores, inns, dress shops, hotels, salons, all over the United States. Send your name and age for a free book.

L. GOLDMAN'S SONS
108-109 Gold St., New York, N. Y.

The Picture Oracle
Continued from page 91

MARION W.—You think Picture-Play is splendid, but you wish we had more of Mary Pickford and Marguerite Clark in its pages. We have printed many pages about these two stars, and will do no doubt continue to print many more, but we can't fill the magazine with notes about them, can we? There are a great many other stars our readers like, and want to read about. MacLean is the correct way to the end of The Oracle for the addresses you want.

MISS BLANCHE S.—You will have to write again for the address you want. You forgot to mention the name of the player. However, take a look at the addresses at the end of The Oracle, and you may find it there. Virginia Lee Corbin is almost seven. You refer to Buddy MLSinger in "Treasure Island." He was born in San Francisco, California, in 1909. Did you ever hear of a boy with the name Violet? Violet Radcliffe was born in Niagara Falls, New York, in 1908. I'm only trying to look at the end of some people. Lottie Pickford is not working in any picture at present.

M. A. T.—Nites Welch was born in Hartford, Connecticut, July 20, 1888. He was in stock three years before he appeared on the screen. He is five feet eleven inches tall and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. He has black hair and blue eyes. "The Panther Woman" was Olga's feature. She is not appearing on the screen at present. The First National Exhibitors distributed her last pictures. Francis X. Bushman was born in Norfolk, Virginia, on January 10, 1888. Before entering the theatrical profession he was a model for Isodore Kent, Daniel C. French, and other noted sculptors. He began his screen career with Essanay in 1911. In March, 1913, he joined Metro and remained with them until late in 1918, when he joined Vitagraph with his wife, Beverly Bayne, to make a special production. He is five feet eleven inches tall, and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. His hair is brown and his eyes are blue.

FLOYD W.—I have been some little while since you last wrote, but as your time has been well taken up, you are forgiven. James Aubrey and Walter Kendig were Heinie and Louie of the Pathé comedies of that name. The latter, who played Louie, was killed several years ago in a motor-cycle accident. Fred MacMurray was one of the original Keystone comedians. Mack Sennett, Mother Davenport, Ford Sterling, Mabel Normand, and Fred MacMurray were the original Keystone Company. Mace died in New York of apoplexy. Don't wait so long before you write again.

CHAS. D. H.—I forwarded the letter as you requested. Probably you missed your answers.

Maurice L. M.—I think she will. Viola Dana's right name is Flugrath. She was born in 1896. Thanks for the good wishes. They all help.

G. C. L.—Richard Barthelmess is now working for Griffith in New York. He played The Chink in the D. W. Griffith feature, "Broken Blossoms." Dick is a dandy boy, and is coming to the top by leaps and bounds.

OLIVIA B.—Newcomers are always welcome in The Oracle ranks. Glad to know you thought so much of the November issue. Just wait until you see some of the issues to come! Richard Barthelmess played Prince Charming in "The Seven Swans." Why don't you try again? He probably never received your letter. Are you sure you have the correct address? I am sure if you include a letter with your request that Jack Pickford would send you one of his pictures. Yes, Jack is Olive Thomas' husband. Harold Lockwood was married, and had a ten-year-old son. Tom Forman earned a lieutenantcy in the United States army. He is now back at the Lasky studios. He had an important part in "For Better, For Worse." He will receive your letter all right. Anita Stewart in private life is Mr. Rudolph Cameron. I agree with you.

B. PRETT—You will find the "Market Booklet" full of helpful advice. The six cents in stamps was correct.

Miss M. B.—The picture you indicated was that of Evelyn Greely with Carlyle Blackwell.

MYRTLE.—What do you mean, wife? Rubye de Remer is in New York playing in features. She isn't with any one company. She plays for whichever one requires her services. You don't see the letters that are written. One has to be sometimes to reach them.

KACK.—Glad to hear from you. Not a bit bold I assure you. I don't join Jack and Earle look alike. That is, not to me. Still every one has his own opinions. You will find the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

RUTH D.—Isabel and Charles are not related. Charles and Albert are first cousins.

Daisy S.—Douglas MacLean is with Thomas H. Ince, costarring with Doris Lee (now Doris May, if you please) in Paramount pictures.

LASSIE.—D. W. Griffith produced "Hearts of the World," but he did not play in it. Robert Harron had the leading male role, and Lilian Gish the female. D. W. was born in 1880. He has his own studios. Dorthy Gish was born in Dayton, Ohio, in 1898. Lilian Gish was born in Springfield, Ohio, two years earlier.

B. I. A.—Elise Ferguson was born in New York City. Muriel Ostriche has been issued eyes. Carlyle Blackwell is not married.

Miss E. G.—Pauline Frederick was born in Boston, Massachusetts. She is five feet four inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. Her hair is dark brown and her eyes are blue. She is married to William Mack. He played with her in "The Woman on the Index."
The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 92

N. S. SANTA BARRA.—Mrs. Vernon Castle was born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1893. Madame Lima Cavalieri was born in Rome, Italy, in 1874.

W. M.—I think too much of living to answer that question. Figure it out for yourself. Bebe Daniels is not married. Not that I know of. Mildred Harris is eighteen. Carmel is eighteen, too. Seena Owen was born in Spokane, Washington. Besse Barriscale and Edith Roberts claim New York as their birthplace. Olive Thomas is twenty-one. Bebe Daniels is eighteen. Betty Compson was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. George Walsh's entry occurred in 1902, at New York City.

CAROLINE.—Mary Pickford has only one sister, Lottie Pickford Rupp.

M. M.—I cannot advise you on that. Certainly, the stars read their own letters. Don't you suppose they like to know what the fans think of their various releases?

FREDDIE.—Tom Mix's early career was spent on the plains. He was a champion steer thrower at one time, and has also been a sheriff. Owen and Tom Moore are brothers. Norma Talmadge was born in 1897. Louis Bennison was born in Oakland, California. Matt and Joe Moore are brothers of Tom and Owen. Mabel Normand is not married. If the actors married all their leading ladies they would have to live in Salt Lake City. Jack Pickford is married to Olive. Thomas. Mae Marsh is Mrs. Armes.

FATTY'S FRIEND.—Roscoe Arbuckle is still making comedies for Paramount.

Cleo.—You weren't so early this time with your monthly list of questions. What's the trouble, Cleo, are you losing your punctuality? Douglas Fairbanks is the first one to have a picture released by the Big Four. Charles Chaplin, D. W. Griffith, Mary Pickford, and Douglas Fairbanks compose the four. Charles Ray's latest picture for Paramount is called "The Egg Crate Wallap." 

GERR AND MAGS.—Cleo is one of the first fans to write to The Oracle, and she has hardly missed a month since. She has an answer just ahead of your own. Cleo is a great movie fan, and therefore always has a lot of questions to ask. I don't know whether it is considered wrong to wish to be a movie star or not. That is merely a matter of wishing, I guess, and a great many do that. It is practically a waste of time, if you ask me. Mignon Anderson is in California.

She plays in pictures every once in a while. Doris May played Charles Ray's sweetheart in "The Law of the North." Gloria Hope played the part of her sister, William Farnum, Vivian Rich and Charles Clary had the leading roles in the Fox production of "The Price of Science." "Quo Vadis" and "Last Days of Pompeii" were foreign-made features. Thanks for those kind words. They all help.
A PELLOT.—William S. Hart attends to most of his mail himself. He can't write himself; he dictates to his stenographer. You can never tell until you try.

DOLLY L.—Do you mean "Smiling" Billy Mason? I do keep track of the legitimate people. It takes all my time keeping tab on the screen folk. Jack Pickford was in the navy. Maybe he will soon. Mary Pickford is married to Owen Moore.

EILEEN R.—Mary Anderson is Mrs. Pickney. George Hurrell is Mrs. Edgar Jones. Elsie Ferguson is Mrs. Thomas Clarke, and Eud Bennett is Mrs. Fred Niblo. Alice Brady, Vivian Martin, May Allison, Sylvia Breemer, Jack Holt, Pearl White, and Arnold Lloyd are all right names. Madge Kennedy is the wife of Olive Oatman. Lila Lee and Jane Lee are not related. "Come Out of the Kitchen" is a recent Marguerite Clark release, and "Girls" is another. Wanda Hawley was born in Seattle, Washington, in 1897. She has blonde hair and blue eyes. Bryan Whitlock's wife is not appearing in pictures.

ROSILDARNE DICK.—Pearl White was born in 1884. Madge Evans arrived in 1900 and Leatrice Joy in 1897. What difference does it make what one thinks of prohibition when it's here? You have to take what comes, you know. Theda Bara and Vida Hope don't paint themselves when they work before the camera. Red cheeks would photograph black on the screen. You see you must therefore use more than they do after all. What do you mean "Marry a girl if her heart was cold as ice?" Write all your scenario questions to William Lord Wright in care of Picture-Play, as he has charge of the magazine's scenario department. "In Secret" is the title of Pearl White's latest serial.

JEAN P.—Niles Welch has not changed his name. Henry Clive was Lieutenant John Long in"Petticoat Hustler's" picture, "Want to Forget." Stuart Holmes is still playing heavies. I can't help you get on the stage any more than I can help you get on the screen, and that's no help at all. No, I'm not an angry person. I'm really good natured.

(Miss) ZEPHYRA F.—Write to Susie Hayakawa herself for that picture. He was born in Tokio, Japan, in 1889. He was educated in Japan and also in the University of Chicago. He was on the stage for six years in Japan before coming to this country. His screen career commenced with "The Big House," then joined Lasky where he made his big success, "The Cheat," opposite Fannie Ward. He is now with Haxworth, making features for Exhibitor's Mutual. He rides, swims, fences, wrestles, and does everything else. He is five and seven inches tall and weighs one hundred and fifty-seven pounds. His hair and eyes are black.

OLIVE O. S.—Mabel Normand was the star in "Dodging a Million," a Goldwyn release.

CHARLES PENAY.—What do you mean, your initials are Charles Penay? Bill Penay was born to brother of William S. Hart, as they are one and the same person. Bill Farrum is William Farrum. Bill is merely a nickname. You might write them and see. Carmel Meyers was born in San Francisco, California, on April 9, 1901.

J. D.—It is impossible to get a copy of the scenario of either "Queen of the Sea" or "The Triumph of Venus."

LENA B.—Pearl White resides in New York. See answer to Miss H. L.

CROQUETTE JANE.—Marguerite Clark is four feet ten inches tall. Don't know whether she bought the tenth inch or grew it. That would certainly be Some Thrift Stamp. You might have it framed with a list of its travels. Mary Pickford's eyes are hazel. Bessie Barriscale has brown eyes. Lilian Gish is a bit taller, but you shouldn't have any trouble telling her from Dorothy. They aren't appearing in pictures together any more. Dorothy is rushing to a picture for Paramount, while Lilian is still being featured in D. W. Griffith's releases, and will soon be seen in plays for the Big Four combine. I can't keep track of all the letters I receive.

THE TWO OF US.—Madge Evans was born in New York City in 1900. I once lived there. I don't know what I was there for, but she did, and was there when she was born. What do you think of that? John Bowers was born in Indiana. He has dark hair and eyes. Yes, that's his name. Carlyle Blackwell was born in Syracuse, New York, in 1888. Frank Mayo was born in New York in 1886. He is five feet eleven and a half inches tall and weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. Of course the little colored boy is an actor. Yes, Mary Pickford had a very bad case of the flu, but she pulled through all right. Baby Mary Osborne is the only member of her family who acts. Her father is her business manager. You didn't break any rules.

R. L. I.—Yes, Wallace Reid played in "The Clansman" or "The Birth of a Nation." He had the role of the blacksmith that had that battle royal with nobody to help him.

FLORENCE.—No, Pearl White is not dead. Where did you get that idea? See answer to Minnie W. Ruth Roland has been making serials for Pathé, "The Tiger's Trail" being her latest, but now has her own company, Pavlion, only one picture for Universal. She is still dancing.

DICK MELBORE.—Mary McAlister was born in Los Angeles, California, in 1910.

BETTY M.—Yale Bow plays in features whenever there is a part suited for him. Jackie Saunders has announced that she will shortly return to the screen after an absence of over a year, but Don't is not married. He used to be Dorothy Dalton's husband. The male vampire of the screen was born in the quaint town of Watterville, Maine, in 1885.
The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 94

Miss Geraldine B.—No, Mary Pickford isn’t dead, and Theda Bara isn’t dying. Neither is Charlie Chaplin in the army. Where do you get all those ideas?

Minnie W.—Pearl White first appeared in Western pictures and was then featured in Crystal comedies. Father signed her up and started her in “The Perils of Pauline” her first serial. She has been serialing for them until recently, when she signed with Fox. The “Heinnie and Louie” comedies are not being made any more. June Caprice was born in 1890. Yes, Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. Creighton Hale is with World. I should say there is a movie star by the name of Mildred Harris! She is the wife of Charlie Chaplin. Vola Vale is Mrs. Albert Russell in real life. Yes, write her. You might wait a while longer. It takes time, as they have a great many similar requests. Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain. There isn’t a photographer with a camera strong enough to withstand the shock of photographing me. None of them will take a chance. Never heard of Carolyn, but there is a Carmen Harris. If you live there don’t you think you ought to know what is going on in your own hometown?

Fairbanks-Walthall-Swanson Fan.—“Male or Female” is Gloria Swanson’s latest feature. Your opinion is fine. Suits me all right. Yes, I’m neutral when it comes to naming the greatest or the worst as you put it.

Hawkins.—I advise you to inclose a quarter with your request:

Anita M.—Grace Cunard is back making serials for Universal. One of her recent ones is called “Elmo, the Mighty,” in which Elmo Lincoln and she have the leading rôles. She lives in Hollywood, California, and is married to Joe Moore, the youngest of the Moore brothers. I am sure she would. Write again some time.

W. M. Hart Forever.—He never told me. He is six feet one inch tall and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. You have missed them. William Farnum and Kathryn Adams had the leading rôles in the Fox production, “The Riders of the Purple Sage.” Yes, Zane Grey has proved that his novels are finely adapted to the screen. “The Rainbow Trail” was a sequel to the “Riders of the Purple Sage,” and the same players headed the cast. Surely, they are always welcome. Drop around again.

Carol, Holloway’s Admire.—Carol is not married. William Duncan is. Your favorite’s latest serial with Antonio Moreno is called “The Perils of Thunder Mountain.” I am afraid that Geraldine Farrar with her all her wardrobe wouldn’t be able to supply the demand if she would give clothes to the fans who requested them. You’ll have to be a bit more modest in your request for a keepsake.

J. M. G.—Mrs. Vernon Castle is in New York. She isn’t making a picture at the present time; but recently finished “The Fighting Line” for Paramount.

I Teach Piano
A Funny Way

So People Told Me 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 and quarters 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 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 or who obtained their entire training from me by mail.

Investigate by writing for my 64-page free 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 Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most teachers of the “old school,” yet I still think that learning piano is solely a problem of “Musical Dysinamistics.” When you do go to the keyboard, you accomplish twice as much, because you understand what you are doing. Within four lessons I enable you to play an interesting piece not only in the original key, but in another key 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—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 the 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

FREE BOOK
How To Learn Piano

FREE BOOK COUPON
QUINN CONSERVATORY, Studio JM
Social Union Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your free booklet, “How to Learn Piano or Organ,” and full particulars of your course and special reduced tuition offer.

Name

Address
"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:

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, and we have now had it arranged for orchestras and quartettes, and it is making a good impression everywhere. The Vocalstyle 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 services you have rendered me, I remain, Yours very truly, (Signed) Ferdinand Hohnhorst."

LEO FRIEDMAN, Our Composer

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 more than 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.

Why Don’t YOU Write the Words for a Song and Submit Your Poem to Us?

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 poems in. Our Lyric Editor finds it contains a good idea for a song, he will tell you so. The criticism will be fair and very valuable to ambitious song-poem writers.

Chester Music Company
Suite 125
920 So. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed find poem entitled

[________________________] for your inspection.

[________________________]

Name
Street Address
City or Town

The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 95

Billie.—Dick Rosson played the part of May Allison’s brother in her Metro production, "Peggy Does Her Darndest." Creighton Hale is now being starred by World, "The Black Circle" being his first picture. Douglas Fairbanks’ latest picture on the Arcturk project was "A Knickerbocker Buckaroo." His first with the Big Four is "His Majesty the American." Marjorie Daw is his leading lady in it. N. T.:—just told to get out.

K. V. H.—Eight years ago they didn’t have such a thing as a cast of characters.

Miss Liberty.—Herbert Brennon and Marie Doro finally got away to England after all, to make pictures. Casson Ferguson was born in Alexandria, Louisiana, in 1891. Marie Doro was born in Dun- cannon, Pennsylvania, in 1895. Elliott Dexter hails from Houston, Texas, and Ruby de Remer is a Denver, Colorado, girl. Alice Brady was born in New York City. Don’t know your friend Mary Lottie and Jack Pickford both have dark hair and eyes. Elliott Dexter, too. Casson Ferguson has reddish-brown hair and blue-gray eyes. Mary Anderson is a daughter of Brooklyn, New York. Annette Kellermann is the correct way to spell it. Not too much to pass on his pictures. She is five feet seven inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. She has light brown hair and gray eyes.

Alice.—You here again? More power to you. You didn’t ask much this time. Are you running low on questions? Yes, she did. Mary McAllister was appearing before the camera at present.

Bobbie B.—How do you like the Market Booklet? Yes, Albert Ray still acts in pictures. He is starring in features for the Fox program. His latest pictures are "Words and Music By—", "Be a Little Sport," and "Love is Like a Mountain." No, he isn’t. He was born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1893. He played Buster Brown on the stage at the age of seven. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. He has brown hair and dark-blue eyes. "Daddy Long Legs" is the latest Mary Pickford picture released. Marguerite Clark’s new one is "Girls."

C. and S.—June Caprice has returned to the screen and is appearing in features for Pathé. Anna Little is not married. Geraldine Farrar was born in Melrose, Massachusetts, on February 28, 1882, Chica- go, Illinois, is the birthplace of Clara Kimball Young. Anna Little is appearing opposite Wallace Reid in his latest productions. Pearl White is still single. Mary March was born in New Mexico, in 1897. Vivian Martin was born near Grand Rapids, Michigan. Anita Stewart was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1896.
The Picture Oracle

Continued from page 96

M. M. M. Crazy.—Where does Mary go in summer? Why, lost anywhere. Mostly in swimming. Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1, 1902. Her correct name is Juliet Shelby. Yes, quite pretty. No!

L. H. G.—I forwarded your letter to Louis Bemison.

Movie Lover.—Thank you for all those nice statements. Marie Prevost is one of the Mack Sennett girls. She was born in Santa Clara, Texas, in 1898. She is not married. She is five feet four inches tall and tips the scales at one hundred and twenty-four pounds. Her hair is dark and her eyes are blue. Yes, she plays leading roles. Tom Moore isn't married. He used to be Alice Joyce's husband. Theda Bara's latest picture is called "A Woman There Was." Norma is a bit over two years older than her sister Constance Talmadge.

Ruby Letty M.—I'm sure I can't say how she'll work out. The only way to make sure is to write and see. I wish you the best of luck. Be sure it's a star who wears a lot of fine clothes in her pictures.

O. C.—Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1, 1902. She is five feet four inches tall and weighs one hundred and twelve pounds. I don't happen to know the actual length in inches of her curls. You know hair is always growing, and it would be an awful job to keep wiring all over the country to the various stars asking them how long their curls are now. Johnny Hines was born in Golden City, Colorado, on July 25, 1895. He is five feet nine. One hundred and fifty pounds is what he weighs. Certainly, write just as often as you like.

Miss T. L.—Pauline Starke (not Stark) was born in Joplin, Missouri, on January 10, 1900. She is five feet four inches tall and weighs one hundred and ten pounds. You might write to her.

Dorothy D. and Eileen E.—I can't tell you how you two can become movie stars any more than I could tell Anna Pavlova how to dance. Why don't you finish your schooling before you get the "movie bug"? Look out for it because its bite is dangerous, as many screen-struck girls and boys will tell you.

Helen K.—John Bowers was born in Indiana. You might write him and see. Some of the pictures he has played in are "Day Dreams" and "Daughter of Mine" with Madge Kennedy, and "The Pest" with Mabel Normand. Theda Bara was born in 1890. Jack Pickford has finished his two features for the First National Exhibitors. Park Jones played the part of Tommy Reed in "Sandy." Julian Eltinge is not dead. He has just finished a tour of the big cities at the head of his own road show, and is going to make some more pictures. You should speak to the manager of your theater about the pictures you want to see. His idea is to satisfy his patrons, and he is always open to suggestions.

Anita Beats Them All.—My, you certainly can rave about Anita Stewart. That is her correct name. She is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron in private life. Mr. Cameron is her manager—professionally of course. Who's boss in the home is their own business, not yours or mine. Her sister, Lucille Lee Stewart, is playing opposite Eugene O'Brien. She is married to Ralph Ince, the director.

Ezeth K.—The answer you saw in that magazine regarding "In For Thirty Days" was: "H. E. L. O."—Crane Wilbur and Harold Lockwood both started in their careers as chorus men. Earle Williams was a salesman for a phonograph company before becoming a member of the silver sheet. Louise Fazenda was never on the stage. She was a chocolate dipper in a candy factory, and when she lost her job she tried the movies, which must have been very trying. Louise started in by doubling for stars and leading ladies when they had any stunts which they did not care to do themselves. She lost her nerve after several close calls, and started doing extra work at Mack Sennett's. One day she called out for some one who could shoot a gun, and Louise stepped forth. He gave her the small part and the gun. She made a hit with him, and has been working in Sennett comedies ever since. She weighs chocolates, too.

Elsie R.—I think so.

Johnnie on the Spot.—Look for all the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

V. S. B.—Billie Burke was born in Washington, D. C., thirty years ago. Her début in New York on the stage was made in "My Wife," opposite John Drew. Two of her late stage successes before returning to the screen were "The Pink Pajama Girl" and "Jerry." She leaves the screen every once in a while to return to her first love—the stage, but the best part of it is that she always comes back.

Jack Mover Fan.—Your favorite was not always an actor as you have heard. Jack has been an athlete since his boyhood days, and at one time decided to make a living at it. He was an amateur swimming champion of the Pacific coast at one time, and won the colors of the time in Los Angeles Athletic Club. He played professional baseball and football, and even tried his hand at the boxing game. He was persuaded to try the theatrical game against his will, and succeeded in turning back the clock of The Oracle. You know. He is playing in Lew Cody's latest feature at present.

A Pal 4 Man.—Tom Forman is again juvenile for the Lasky Company. His first picture upon his return from war was "For Course." It was a great deal of information about myself. I am rather modest, and hate to talk about myself, and as no one else seems to know anything about me, I guess there is nothing to be said. Sweet Sixteen was the name you used before. It may be a little old, but what of it? "Old friends wear well," you know.

"Old friends wear well," you know.
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 world, in his autobiography, "The Best Seller in the World." Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven’t found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can’t most anybody now tell a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn’t this only another of the Mysterious Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swan, and feet show above the earth and laughs down at the tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So Yesterday’s "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

"The time will come," writes the same authority, "when millions of people will be writers—there will be countless thousands of playwrights, novelists, scenarists, magazine writers, newspaper writers—coming—a whole new world of them?" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, housewives, clerks, the clerical workers, office girls, keeping books, selling merchandize, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, waiting on tables, working at barber shops, followers强大到cinemas, teaching schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running elevators, helping to bend over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes—you may laugh—but these are The Writers of To-morrow.

But there are two essential things in order to become a writer. First, to learn the ordinary principles of writing. Second, to learn to exercise your faculty of invention, so that it becomes a thing you develop. You can’t be a writer unless you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are so much more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody can understand. Writers learn by putting together a story as easily as a child puts up his shirt with his hands, and grasps the meaning. He has had his little, a point, his research, his recognition, and the thing is the story. He has to get it out to be just as easy to understand as it was written. Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. The greatest writers were the poorest educated, and the poorest educated at schools. They may get

The Picture Oracle

I. M. INQUISTIVE.—The Lee Kids have done in for two-reel comedies now, and are making these short features for the Rodgers Film Corporation in New York City. They are a clever pair of youngsters, and should be able to get a lot of laughs. Marie Walcamp has just commenced work on a new serial for the Universal under the direction of Henry McRae. It is a Japanese affair. Harlan Truick is another leader for the new season at the Mo- roso Theater in Los Angeles, is her leading man. Bessie Barricase was born in New York. Pearl White is through with serials, and is now doing features for Fox. Baby Reese Osborne was born in 1911.

Bessie—Crieghton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland. He has light hair and blue eyes.

IGNATZ.—You, too.

J. M. Q.—You mean a "hair in the head is worth two in the brush," don’t you? Charles Ray’s latest picture is called "He Who Hesitates." On January 31st he goes with the Fine Arts Department of Albert Ray’s latest feature for the Fox Company is "A Little Prayer for Rain." They are cousins, not brothers. Yes, the Al you saw in "The Game’s Up" is the same one. Yes, I think "Love Is Love" is his best so far. William S. Hart has not retired, and Mary Pickford refuses to believe the report that she has been killed. Mary says she pinched herself, and found out that she is still very much alive.

ELSA DEAR—Julia Arthur played the role of the nurse, Edith Cawell. Mildred Harris has been Mrs. Charlie Chaplin for a little over a year now. They kept it secret for a while, until "Cupid" Sparks, the marriage-license clerk in Los Angeles signed the papers. You're just a little slow. William S. Hart was born in Newburg, New York. Fatty Arbuckle was born in Kansas in 1887.

A LONELY chap—Francill Billington was born in Dallas, Texas, in 1896. She is now playing in the Universal serial which features Lieutenant Locklear, the famous dare-devil American aviator, who delights in jumping from one plane to another in midair. He’ll get plenty of chance to do this in his new work. Mary Miles Minter was with the American Film Company for three years. Her hair is golden, and she stands two inches over five feet. Her new features are being made by Realart.

MIURREL PEARL W.—As a rule child actors have private tutors. See the end of The Oracle for their addresses.

V. HILL.—Elliott Dzier has had several releases since "The Squaw Man." "For Better or for Worse," "Don’t Change Your Husband," "Maggie Pepper" and "The Daughter of the Wolf" are some of them. He has retired from the screen for the time being, due to a nervous breakdown. Jack Drummer was born in Philadelphia in 1894.

ANXIUS.—Look for the addresses you want at the end of The Oracle.

Copyright, November

Mrs. E. B. Davison, at home, yesterday, setting shop, now leaving story for Tom Moore of Goldwyn Film Company, etc.

M. M. Fox.

Method of Writing which will save nurses and plate work.

Ortho.

Address

City and State.
CURIOUS.—Your Hart and Pickford questions have been answered. William and Dustin Farnum are brothers, but Franklyn Farnum is not any relation. He makes you William Franklyn Smith. Dustin Farnum was born in Hampton Beach, New Hampshire, in 1874. William Farnum was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1876. Franklyn Farnum was also born in Boston. The Doll twins are Rosika and Yanski. The Fairbanks twins are Marion and Madeline. They are playing *Pepper and Salt* in the Ziegfeld Folies. They haven’t been in pictures since Chandler is supposed. Harold Lloyd doesn’t wear glasses off the screen. Zoe Rae was born in Chicago in 1910.

F. B.—Dorothy Dalton was born in Chicago, on September 22, 1893. Theda Bara was born in 1890. Cincinnati, Ohio, was her birthplace. Her correct name wasn’t Theodosia Goodman, but she had it legally changed to Theda Bara. Edna Mayo isn’t working on the screen at the present time. Jack Holt isn’t dead. How do you know that the letter reached her? Mary Pickford’s first appearance on the screen will be in “The New York Hat.” Mack Sennett played opposite her.

MOVIE CRATER.—I don’t know that Madge Kennedy has any special favorite book. Bebe Daniels has dark-brown hair and eyes. It was Constance Talmadge you saw in “A Pair of Silk Stockings,” and not Norma. Harold Lockwood had the leading role in “The Haunted Pa jamas.” May Allison was born in Atlanta, Georgia, in 1897. That is his correct name. Charles Ray does not look anything like Wallace Reid. They are entirely different types. There’s always room for one more in The Oracle.

MARY MILES MILES.—Seena Owen played the *Princess Beloved* in D. W. Griffith’s “Intolerance.” I think they would! Mary Miles Minter is making her first film for Warner Brothers. Her first chance to be released by Realart is “Anne of Green Gables.” Louise Lovely is still playing in pictures. She has been William Farnum’s leading lady in all his late releases. Grace Cunard is appearing opposite Elmo Lincoln in “Elmo the Mighty.” Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, in 1902.

ROSA LEE W.—There is not room enough in the whole Oracle department for that alone. Shorten it up and I will do the rest.

Rocco Cherucuzzi.—Yes, Pearl White has recently been married. She is now Mrs. Wallace McCutcheon in real life. She was born in Springfield, Illinois, in 1889. No, I couldn’t sell you a book on “How to Be a Movie Actor.” Books can’t make you one. Ralph is still playing in pictures.

Teenie.—So you aren’t going to be a school marm, after all? Still, I think it’s a whole lot better than that tin peddler you have in mind. True Boardman was Stymyrene in the series of that name produced by the Kalem Company. He died last year in a sanitarium. Webster Campbell was born in Kansas City.

Addresses of Players.

The following list, which is changed each month, is made up of names selected from the month’s inquiries. Taken collectively these lists give a cumulative directory of screenland’s players. If you wish to write to any player whose name you fail to find in this directory, in any of your numbers of *Picture-Play Magazine*, you may address your letter to the player in care of either William W. Ingalls, Wright & Callender Building, Los Angeles, Cal., or in care of the Mabel Condon Exchange, 6035 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, and it will be forwarded.

Jack Pickford, Naomi Chalmers, Mabel Ballin, Will Rogers, Geraldine Farrar, Florence Lawrence, and Mabel Normand, Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, Cal.

Ora Carew, Magda Lane, Tsuru Aoki, Pravolda Buhlmann, Priscilla Dean, and Mary MacLaren, Universal Film Corporation, Universal City, Cal.

Owen Moore, Eugene O’Trin, and Elise Janus, care of Selznick Pictures, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Jackie Kannon and Creighton Hale, care of World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

Neal Hart, care of Capitol Film Company, Hollywood, Calif.

Mollie King and Louise Huf, care of American Cinema Corporation, 226 West Forty-second Street, New York City.

Elmo Lincoln, 4518 Fountain Ave., Los Angeles, Cal.

Antonio Moreno, Carol Holloway, and Bill Durkan, Vitagraph Studios, 1708 Talmadge Street, Los Angeles, Cal.

Thomas Melch, Athletic Club, Los Angeles, Calif.

Warner Oland, 257 West Eighty-sixth Street, New York City.

Norma and Campbell Talmadge, 318 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Jane Novak, 6229½ Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, Calif.

Carmel Myers, 4252 Prospect Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Anna Q. Nilsson, 1901 Wilcox Avenue, Hollywood, Cal.

Niles Welch, 1752 Whitley Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

Taylor Holmes, Friars Club, New York City.

Frank Keenan, Mary Pickford, and Dustin Farnum, Paramount Building, 3311 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Calif.

A High-gearred, Non-stop Kidder

Continued from page 41

me with a spitball!” wailed the fat little actress. “Hell, course he hit you if he threw at you!” he said. And that retort went down in the assistant director’s pad as a subitile.

Rogers came off the set and the scenario writer called after him, “We’re going to put you into the dentist’s chair next, Rogers!”

“Well,” drawled Rogers, “I can make that awfully funny if I can remember what I did in the dentist’s chair last time I was there!”

After I had hidden Mr. Rogers farewell, he called after me:

“Don’t be too hard on the movies! You know, Mary Pickford is better known than your city!”

**BE A REAL MAN!**

**LOOK LIKE ONE AND FEEL LIKE ONE!**

**BROADEN YOUR SHOULDERS, DEEPEN YOUR CHEST, ENLARGE YOUR ARMS, AND GET A DEVELOPMENT THAT WILL ATTRACT ATTENTION. FILL YOURSELF FULL OF ENERGY AND BE POWERFUL.**

What’s the use of merely existing when you can improve yourself to such an extent that life will become a pleasure.

Don’t know what life is unless you are an athlete.

If you are weak, run down, mentally and physically, if you lack ambition or feel discouraged, if you have suffered from youthful errors, or dissipations of later years, if you are bothered with indigestion, constipation, worry, kidney trouble, and any like ailments, henceforth, and START IN A NEW, AND MAKE THE MOST OF YOURSELF! I can do for you what others cannot attempt to begin to do, because my methods are original with me.

*I BEGIN WHERE OTHERS LEAVE OFF.*

**EARLE E. LIEDEMAN**

I have trained some of the world’s strongest men. If you will let me train you, I can give you a wonderful muscular development and great strength as all my pupils have.

**I PRACTICE WHAT I PREACH.** By my own original methods I developed myself. I keep myself fit.

To make others fit, an instructor should first be fit himself. If an instructor cannot keep himself fit, what good are his methods of training?

**HAVE YOU RECEIVED A COPY OF MY NEW BOOK "MUSCULAR DEVELOPMENT"?** If you have not—as I read this interesting book, by all means send for a copy. It is handsomely illustrated with 20 full page photographs of myself and some of the finest developed athletes whom I have trained. This book describes my system and you will find it intensely interesting. Send me 10c, 25c, 50c, $1 and $2, for stamps or coin, and I will mail you a copy promptly. Simply tear off the coupon below and mail to me with 10c. Do this right now, at once, before you forget it.

**EARLE E. LIEDEMAN**

Dept. 1401, 203 Broadway, New York City

**EARLE E. LIEDEMAN,** Dept. 1401, 203 Broadway, New York City

Dear Sir,—I enclose for which you are to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of my recently issued book, "Muscular Development." (Please write plainly.)

Name

Street

City

State

At Only a Small Cost You Can Obtain This Coat
Attractive as Genuine Muskrat

CHASE
FURWOVE
MUSKRAT
Made by Sanford Mills

ATTRACTIVE, cleverly designed models now being shown—solves the problem of a popular-priced street and motor wrap which combines beauty and comfort—destined to be greatly in demand.


If Your Retailer Cannot Supply, Have Him Write Us for List of Manufacturers from Whom He Can Obtain Coats.

L. C. CHASE & CO., BOSTON
NEW YORK SAN FRANCISCO CHICAGO

Note: Be sure to inquire about fur coats. A surprise awaits you!

Niles, and the “Voice From Within”
Continued from page 61
at that moment, as the photographer snapped the picture. Perhaps he headed for Welch or the photographer—they say he did, but I’ll swear that he made straight for my legs. Anyway, the picture-making session was over, and the photographer departed hastily for town—to take pictures of somebody else watering a lawn and sitting on the porch or playing with a dog, I suppose.

And I went back to the front porch and met the “Voice From Within,” who proved to be Dell Boone, a writer and actress, and Niles’ wife—the twinkle in his eyes when he introduced us explained the way Niles had grinned when I had asked about the name on the manuscript. And I gathered some data about the productions Niles has been in recently; Mrs. Welch gave them to me, and I gather from my hastily scribbled notes that she thought his work in “The Secret of the Storm Country,” with Norma Talmadge, and in “A Virtuous Thief,” and “Stepping Out,” with Enid Bennett, had been especially good.

As I look them over there’s just one thing that consoles me about those pictures. Please notice that I restrained the photographer from snapping one of Niles getting into, out of, or under an automobile!

Up the Milky Way to Stardom
Continued from page 17
He said it was wonderful, adding that he did not know I was such a grand diver. It seems that by sheer luck I had done a graceful dive.

The worst fright I ever had was in a stunt that looked ordinary enough on the screen. Doubling for the leading man as a cavalry officer, out chasing Mexican bandits, I had to ride down a steep mountain path, waving my gun and leading forty rough-riding devils who acted as cavalrymen. As we came down the path the director decided to have us swerve from the trail and ride down the steep face of the mountain—and just as I caught his signal and plunged down the mountainside I felt my saddle slipping.

I knew that if I ever dropped from the horse the stampeding cowboys would ride right over me. The saddle would jolt and slide, try as I
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 leading publisher. Our Lyric Editor and Chief Composer is a song-writer of national reputation and has written many big song-lists. Mail your song-poem on love, royalty, victory or any other subject to us today. Poems submitted are examined free.

BROADWAY COMPOSING STUDIOS
104 F Fitzgerald Bldg., Broadway at Times Square, NEW YORK

Up the Milky-Way to Stardom

Continued from page 100

would to hold it with my knees, and I grabbed the horse around the neck with one arm and held on as we went plunging and skidding to the bottom. And then I slid to the ground.

This stunt work came to an automatic ending when I got my first part in a picture. It was in support of Jackie Saunders. I played a number of times with her.

My first change of company came when I went with Al Christie, appearing in comedies with Billie Rhodes. After a year of this, I became a member of the Morosco Stock Company. It took just one show, "Little Miss Brown," which had a two weeks' run, to convince me that I was meant for outdoor work. The theater was much too confining.

I returned to the screen as a member of William Russell's supporting cast. Then I went to Universal to play in "Outcasts of Poker Flat" in which Harry Carey was starred.

Shortly after it was completed, Goldwyn called me up and asked me to go out to see Rex Beach regarding a part in "The Girl From Outside," taken from his book, "The Wag Lady." The rôle was that of The Curly Kid. It was a wonderful part, and I did my best to convince Mr. Beach that I could play it. I afterward learned from one of the men that it was a remark I made that landed that engagement for me. When Mr. Beach expressed his doubt about my ability to fill the rôle, I answered, "I've been milk boy, newboy, cub reporter, property man, and doubling dare-devil, I guess I can be a Curly Kid." I landed the part, and when the picture was run at the studio, Goldwyn gave me a five-year contract.

The rôle was a dandy. Any one could have been good in it. I happened to be the lucky one.

Now that I'm the swinger J. Wallingford Speed I must confess, with due conceit, that this part is the best of all. If I didn't, I wouldn't be in character, would I?

When the editor asked me to write this story he said, "Say something that will be helpful to other ambitious youths." So I'll be very original and say, "If you don't at first succeed as a milkman, newboy, truck driver, or janitor—try being an actor!"

Fade-Outs

Continued from page 55

this department of delirium (back numbers for sale by all dealers)—we endeavored to tip you off as to Charlie Ray's protestations of poker innocence. We warned you he was getting ready to trim some one.

"Ja notice what he did to those traveling men in "Bill Henry"?

Page Santa Claus!

(See's shy a present.)

From "Dust Of Desire" (World): "the story of a woman with a past which nearly wrecks her future!"

An Absorbing Picture.

Are film fans more loyal to their hobby 'than stage followers to theirs?

We can prove they are.

A fire broke out next door to a speakeasy. The audience was notified, and to the strains of a nervous-but-game orchestra marched out orderly from the house.

A fire started in the basement of a Boston Movie. The manager asked the optience to leave, but in his repressed excitement, forgot to tell the operator to stop grinding—and the fans refused to hit! Yessir! Had to stop the picture to get 'em out!

Stronger, Clearer Voice for YOU!

Weakness, business and harshness hampered. Your voice given a wonderful strength, a wider range, an improving quality by the method we will teach you. The voice will be repressed and freed by leading European musicians, actors and educators. The method can be learned by anyone willing to work and practice. Send for the facts and prices.

Do You Stammer?

If you have any voice impediment, this method will help you. You need not be a professional. It is taught to first grade and high school students. Mail coupon for free book.

WRITE!

Send the coupon and get our free book and lettering. We will plan a course by master color-specialists. Home study free.

Perfect Voice Institute
1772 Wilson Aven., Chicago, Ill.

 SEND THE COUPON AND WRITE ABOUT THE FREDENBERG METHOD. Have got new X-ray photo site that will interest you.

Voice Training

WORLD'S LEADING EMPIRE


Singing Speaking Stammering Lip-reading

Name
Address

London Veterinary Correspondence School
Made The Sleeveless Gown Possible
X-Bazin
Famous French Depilatory Powder
For Removing Hair

Removes hair the daintiest way in less than 5 minutes. Quick and simple—leaves skin white and smooth. Ideal for the feminine stage, Limba, face, and arms. Does not expose or stimulate hair growth. Successful for over 65 years and is endorsed by ladies all over the world. 50c at all dealers or mailed free. Full money refunded. Face out of U. S. limit.

Special booklet and generous sample sent for 25c.
HALL & RUCKEL, Inc. 370 Washington St., New York

673 Cash Prizes

In order to get Partola introduced quickly into American homes, we are offering 673 cash prizes—$50.00 for the best letter telling your reasons for preferring Partola—"The Doctor in Candy Form." Every man, woman, boy or girl is eligible for entry in this contest. All you have to do is to write us a letter and tell why Partola is your favorite. Booklet describing Partola and a free sample of Partola will be sent on request. Contest closes Feb. 25th, 1928. Try to get one of these 673 cash prizes. There are enough so that any one who really acquaints himself with the merits of Partola should have a chance to win something.

What is Partola

Partola is a modern combination of laxative and antiseptic ingredients in the form of delicious mint candy. It stimulates the stomach, stimulates the liver, and cleanses the bowels thoroughly. It does everything any laxative can do. In addition, it disinfects the digestive tract, drives out the deadly poisons and disease germs, and thus makes the intestines antisepsic. It has a valuable protective against the hidden enemies which cause more than 9 of the 10 deaths of all human kinds, aside from its high medical value. Partola has no taste of medicine, whatsoever. It looks, tastes and smells like the highest grade peppermint candy. It is therefore very popular with grown-ups as well.

Partola—the mint candy laxative and intestinal aid—sold by all good druggists in 2c, 5c, and $1.00 boxes. If your druggist hasn't it in stock, he will order it for you. Or if you wish, we will send you a 5c box and let you use it for five days. If you are entirely satisfied send us 50c at the end of five days or return the unused portion.

PARTOLA CO.
30A West 17th St., New York, N. Y.

FREE THIS NOVA-TONE TALKING MACHINE

Can make you music finnest no matter how good your voice may be

The Screen in Review

Continued from page 66

as ever), G. Raymond Nye (super-villainous as ever), and Louise Lovely and her gold locks.

Turning to Tom Moore I find his winning smile giving vitality to Lord Algy of "Lord and Lady Algy." R. C. Carton's famous play which has been one of William Faversham's expressions on the stage, takes on plenty of atmosphere as a picture, which makes it as English as the original. A jolly, old duffer, Lord Algy, you sympathize with him because of his ingratiating good nature. His lordship cannot pick a winner, but her ladyship can. And when he has suffered and realized his shortcomings she magnanimously comes to the rescue. It is a tale of blue blood and horses and unfolds as rich a racing scene as one would want to see. The role of Lord Algy is not cut exactly for Tom Moore's personality, yet he makes a pretty good Englishman for an Irishman.

That delightful of the stage, "I Lombardi, Ltd.," may prove disappointing on the screen if you have seen the original and remember its sparkling dialogue. True, the vital sparks are missing. And a plot which offers no variety of situation but depends upon the spoken word cannot reach big dimensions when given a celluloid translation. Yet, on the other side, it has enough merits to make it an excellent entertainment. The sponsors have made a clever farce-comedy into an enjoyable comedy-drama. The logical thing to do. The rich and racy dialogue is eliminated and in its place is a dash of romance, a sprinkle of sentiment, and a faint pinch of paprika. It sparkles further with gingly subtitles. It moves quite spontaneously allowing for a few lapses in the early part of the action.

The pictorial embellishments contribute to tone and quality. And Bert Lytell does wonders in the part of the Italian modiste, who is too temperamental to succeed without the aid of Irish assistants who are in charge of the office. He plays his role with all seriousness. Which is correct when considering the new sentimental flourish. A unique picture, and one with color and charm. It should especially delight the ladies. The men? They will be looking on. Sh-h-h-h—there's a reason.
Screen Gossip

Mae Marsh is busily preparing for her return to California and to motion pictures, as her contract with L. J. Gasnier goes into effect February first.

Mae Murray and Alma Rubens have signed contracts to appear in Cosmopolitan productions.

Pathé plans to release a series of fifty-two pictures, "The Spirit of the Dance," presenting the world's famous dancers in characteristic dances of all nations and times.

Frank Keenan's son-in-law, Ed Wynn, a comedian well known on the stage, has formed a motion-picture company of his own.

D. W. Griffith's new Eastern studio is located at New Rochelle, New York, and includes part of the famous Henry Flagler estate. It's said that he is to build another in Florida soon.

Marguerita Sylva has left the stage temporarily to make pictures for American.

Bessie Love has her own company nowadays.

Shirley Mason, now a Fox star, will have "Her Elephant Man," a circus story, for her first release.

A new company, the Allgood Pictures Corporation, has signed Charles Hutchinson of serial fame as its first star.

Booth Tarkington has agreed to write twelve two-reel comedies, along the same lines as his famous "Penrod" stories, for Goldwyn.

Gail Kane and Thurston Hall will return from stage to screen in the first picture of the new Park-White side company, "Empty Arms."

Ella Hall, who retired from the screen two years ago, returns in a new serial, "The Gates of Doom," playing opposite Francis Ford.

John Barrymore is making "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" for the screen.

Mary Pickford is to make "Little Lord Fauntleroy" for the screen, playing the roles both of the little hero and of Dearest, his mother.

Learn to Draw at Home

Illustrators, Cartoonists, Commercial Artists earn big money. $25 to $100 a week and more. Learn at home in spare time under personal direction of Will H. Chandlee, famous newspaper, magazine, advertising artist of 35 years' successful experience.

BE AN ARTIST / FREE COUPON
Wash. School of Art Inc.
1461 H St., N.W.
Washington, D. C.
Free course of 8 lessons. Study at home, in spare time. Write for free course.

Kill The Hair Root

By our method the root is removed in ten days, without the hair from growing again. Guaranteed. Only 146.50 cts. Write today for Free Catalog. AGENTS WANTED.

Don't Read This

Unless You Want a Genuine Bargain

Be a Moving Picture Star

Do you know that many Moving Picture stars and actresses get from $100 to $300 a week? Many young leading and rising stars working for small wages could just as easily walk into a larger one. This book will teach you how to start. Also tells how and where to apply for a position. Gives the addresses of all the studios and managers and tells everything in detail. It is a plain and straightforward profession and the demand exceeds the supply all the time. No other book teaches this explains everything. Book mailed for 10c.

100 Photos of Movie Stars
Reduced in half prices. Your favorites are here—Charlie Chaplin, Bushman, Pickford, Mary Pickford, Mary Pickford, Ford, White, Joyce, Clark, etc. All the Stars in real classy poses. Suitable for framing. Set mailed for 10c. In a check catalog of other movie articles.

2 Movie Pennants for 12c.
To introduce our catalog of Movie Books, etc., we are selling these pennants at bargain prices. Just the thing for your Den, etc. Each pennant of a different Star. Made of Pelt and felt, and comes in assorted colors. Will send two for 12c, 12 for 50c, or 25 for one dollar. Order before they are gone.

Order all at the above single at prices named or will send the Movie Star Book, 100 photos and 2 movies pennants for 25c. Order now and save. YOUNG'S PUB. O. Co., Box 206, South Norwalk, Conn.

Write a Song

Love, Mother, home, childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. Send Words Today.

THOMAS MERLIN, 268 Reaper Block, Chicago.

"Getting Ahead"

is the fascinating story of a man who accumulated $10,100 in ten years by saving every cent in high-grade listed stocks and bonds. Amount invested averaged $30 monthly. "Getting Ahead" contains nothing for the man who wants to get rich in a hurry, but will be helpful to all who wish to save $5 to $50 monthly and invest by a safe method.

We will all high-grade stocks and bonds listed on the New York Stock Exchange and other metals anywhere, explaining why, why. Give names and addresses when writing. It explains the plan.

KRIEHE & CO.,
1436 So. La Salle St., Chicago.
Get The JOY Out Of LIFE

What's the good of livin' at all, if Life is just another miserable day after another, full of discomfort and failure, often of actual suffering? You can't enjoy life, he life, or make a success of anything, while you are thus handicapped, weak, and exhausted. You need help to get along with the weight of a burden on your mind, and a weight on your chest: with your brain woody and your nerves frayed all out, you feel as if you were a year befe you even begin the day. YOU ARE IN A RAD WAY.

Forty per cent of Americans, it is estimated, die at the wrong time, of PREVENTABLE diseases. No one knows how many men and women break down in body and mind through want of knowledge and of warning in the science of well-being.

Put Your Human Machine in Order

Dr. Naples, Induction, overexcitation, overexertion, and a host of other ailments are simply symptoms that your internal mechanism is not running right—that F.E.P.A.I.S. are present; it's the serious internal condition that they indicate. There are warnings of Nature. Make the needed repairs before it is too late. You never will be real strong and capable until you do. You will not work—each day—until the final collapse or breakdown comes. That is the Law of Nature. There's no dodging or getting away from the painful effects when her warnings are not considered.

Make Yourself Fit

You can do it, if you will only make up your mind to get out of the way of putting the matter off "until tomorrow" and begin at once to Build Up yourself. Nature has provided in every living organism a wonderful reviving, revivifying force, which she will exert, in the wise use that you will make of her methods and absence her laws. Patent medicines won't do you much good. "Science is a mystery," they say. It's true, but because you give her a temporary relief and stimulation, but they won't eradicate the CAUSE of your troubles, and when the inevitable reaction comes you will be even worse than before.

Let Me Show You Nature's Way

I have spent my life studying Nature's methods of building up and revivifying wornout, brokendown humans. Her Laws are simple, absolute, operating for every individual alike. I know what they can and will do for YOU, through my own experience and that of thousands of my pupils, who came to me weak, ailing, diseased and are now strong, well, ambitious men and women. It makes no difference what your present condition is; it makes no difference whether or not it is caused by your own evil indulgence. If you will use the straight, sure path back to health and strength and happiness, I will show you the way. I can show you the operations of Nature in the human frame than the science and skillful healing use of the tools. I GUARANTEE to improve your condition 100 per cent. if you will only use yourself up and follow my methods for a few months.

Send for My Free Book

It will tell you all about strengthism, the Science of building and maintaining vitality and vigor in Nature's way—NOT through any iron-plated courses of too-tiring exercises, operating diets of any other fanatic fad—but by Living Life as Nature meant it to be lived, and thereby getting the greatest endowment out of it. Write me for a copy of "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." It will tell you what strengthism will do for YOU, if you will devote fifteen or twenty minutes a day to it. In the privacy of your own chamber, if you like. Don't put off. Start today. The results are very good for you, as you will see when you have read it. Fill out the coupon and see how much you can do to save yourself. There are 3 stamps to cover packing and postage and I will send it at once. Send a stamped letter with the book, on the subject you are most interested in.

LIONEL STRENGTH

1135 Strength Institute, Newark, N. J.

Physical and Health Specialist

We send out free copies of the book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy," a 40-page picture of which I enclose a stamp to cover postage. I have before the subject in which your interest lies.

Name
Age
Address
Occupation
Street
City

A Classy Cast.

'Tis a symphony in nomenclature, that cast of Fox's "Chasing Rainbows." Here is how it reads:

"Sadie", "Billy", "Skinny", "Jerry", "Alie", "Lacy", "Mrs. Walters"

Seems to us, however, they should have called the last-named "Walty", and so preserved the melodious tempo, as it were.

Some Lines On Lines.

Flo Ziegfeld, after viewing Harriet Hammond's figure, which figure

goes to a great extent 3'nd Mack Sennett's Bathing Beauties—

figured he needed his figure to adorn his Follies.

Therefore, to the owner of the handsome figure he stepped in like a

salute. But Sennett figured he could raise Flo's ante, and he did. So, Harriet's fig-

ure still figures in the one-piece eye-

exercisers.

The Real Thing.

All extras believe all directors are naturally mean all the time.

Robert McKim, the screen's slis-

test star, has graduated from the College Of Cussedness and became a

director.

Heaven help the extras!

How'd you like to be bossed by a
guy who has medals and everything for villainy? Wow!

We Still Insist On "Optiquence." A brother space-killer, Walter K. Hille, the entertaining "Rambler" on a famous tradepaper, objects to the use of the word "optiquence". He says picture crowds do more than optic, they hear music.

What's the use of arguing with a
guy like that? We're betting he'd
object to the word "parade", because the parades do more than parade. They start and stop.

Easy Money, We'll Say! Lotsa folks are pitying Mary Miles Minter because of the harsh
terms of her $1,300,000,000 contract. For three years she must not associ-
ate with theatrical people, must live a quiet sort of life and must not marry.

Huh! We've done all that for the last three years for much less.
Diamonds—the Genuine Article Here
Why Pay Full Prices?

Send No Money

WITHOUT you sending us a penny we will send you any of these amazing jewelry bargains on approval for free examination. Why pay full prices for diamonds and jewelry when here you can buy the real genuine article much, much lower than market prices.

Try to Match These Bargains at 60% More

Never in nearly 75 years in business have we offered greater bargains as against prevailing prices than these shown right here. $10 is all you pay for any of these bargains. No further payments. To pave the way for a tremendous volume of Christmas business (thousands will reorder) for a limited time we are making a blanket price of $10 each on the high grade jewelry shown on this page. While they last you may have your choice of any of these amazing values at this price. Order from this page today.

Mail Coupon Today!

Remember: You send no money—merely mail the coupon, giving your name and address and the item number of the piece of jewelry you wish to examine. You can have the jewelry come by express and examine it before you pay or by mail when you simply deposit $10 with the postman. Then examine at your leisure. Have it appraised by any jeweler you want. TRY to MATCH for 60% MORE. Keep it for 10 days. Then if you are not entirely satisfied return it to us and your money will be promptly refunded. Order today—SEND no money.

For nearly three-quarters of a century Jos. DeRoy & Sons, a firm rated over $1,200,000,00 has been in the diamond lending business in the same block lending money, accepting high grade jewelry as security. When the loans are not repaid we must sell the security. Our customers have golden opportunities to buy diamonds remounted in fine up-to-date jewelry at tremendous savings under present prices.

Jos. DeRoy & Sons
Only Opposite the Post Office
2958 DeRoy Bldg., Pittsburgh, Pa.

References: DeRoy's on Broadstreet & Bank of Pittsburgh, N. A.;
Marconi National Bank, Union Trust Co., Pittsburgh.

Mail Coupon Today!

Jos. DeRoy & Sons
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Address...
I will be interested in your bargain list sent to me free and absolutely without obligations.

Send along your latest bargain list of diamonds at $1 to $500.

Name...
A Drama of Society
For People Who Think

Across the stage of life struts man,
Preying on his own kind,
For wealth, for power,
To buy———Beauty.

Across the same strange stage treads woman,
Striving with her own sex,
For rank, for conquest,
To sell———Beauty.

Oh, the heartaches and the hidden tears
That sear the soul behind the smiling face
In Fashion's cold Exchange,
The Beauty Market.

WATCH YOUR THEATRE FOR

“The Beauty Market”

Presenting

Katherine Mac Donald

The American Beauty

The story of a girl struggling between
the demands of her world of society for
a marriage of wealth and position, and
her desire to wed the man she really
loves. What would you do in her place?
A NEW plan. Wurlitzer, the largest general music house in the world, is offering the finest musical instruments with complete outfits at factory price. With each instrument comes handsome carrying case, all attachments and extra parts, music rack, instruction book and book of musical selections. This new plan gives you at a tremendous saving all the things that otherwise you would have to buy separately at regular prices.

Complete Musical Outfits

Sent On Trial

Any Wurlitzer Complete Musical Outfit will be sent for a full week's free trial in your own home. Play the instrument as if it were your own. At the end of the week return the instrument and outfit at our expense if you wish.

Convenient Monthly Payments

If you decide to keep the instrument, you may pay the direct-from-manufacturer price in small monthly sums. A few cents a day will make one of these beautiful instruments and outfits yours own.

Send for Catalog

The instrument of your choice and everything in the complete outfit is fully illustrated and described, with full details of the free trial and easy payment plan. We are manufacturers of all musical instruments. This wonderful catalog is a veritable musical encyclopedia. We will send it to you free and without obligation. Mention the musical instruments in which you are interested. Mail the coupon now.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1582
117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati, O. — 329 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago

Name .................................................................
Address ...............................................................

(Musical instrument in which I am especially interested)
The Famous Oliver Typewriter

Now $57—Was $100

Latest Model
Brand New FREE TRIAL

The Sales Policy Alone is Changed—NOT the Machine

The Guarantee of a $2,000,000 Concern
That This $57 Typewriter Was $100

This tells how you profit by our war-time experience. How you can now save $43. 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 sales methods.

We still retain our war-time way of selling. You can now obtain the identical Oliver which was previously priced at $100 for $57. Not the slightest change has been made in the machine.

The Latest Model

The Oliver Typewriter Company is at the height of its success. With its large financial resources it was determined to place the typewriter industry on a present-day basis. This, you all know, is in harmony with the economic trend.

This Oliver Nine is a twenty-year development. It is the finest, the costliest, the most successful model that we have ever built.

At any price it is impossible to buy a better typewriter than the Oliver. For years it has been ranked at the top by those who know.

More than that, it is the best typewriter. In fifty ways, that anybody ever turned out. If any typewriter in the world is worth $100, it is this Oliver Nine.

Simplified Selling

Our new plan is extremely simple. It makes it possible for the consumer to deal direct with the producer. You may order from this advertisement by using the coupon.

We don’t ask a penny down on deposit.

When the typewriter arrives, put it to every test—use it as you would your own. If you decide to keep it, you have more than a year to pay for it. Our terms are $5.00 per month. If you decide to return it, we will even refund the transportation charges.

Or if you wish additional information, mail the coupon for our proposition in detail. We immediately send you our deluxe catalog and all information which you would formerly obtain from a typewriter salesman.

10 Cents a Day

Our terms are $25.00 a month—the equivalent of 10 cents a day. Every one may own a typewriter for nearly 50 per cent less than any other standard machine.

Regardless of price, do not spend one cent upon any typewriter—whether new, second-hand, or rebuilt—do not even rent a machine until you have investigated thoroughly our proposition. Remember, we offer here one of the most durable, one of the greatest, one of the most successful typewriters ever built. If any one ever builds a better, it will be Oliver.

Don’t Pay $100

Why pay the extra tax of $10 when you may obtain a brand new Oliver Nine—wherever you are—

Cut out the wasteful methods and order direct from this advertisement.

For further information send for our remarkable book entitled “The History of the Typewriter—The Remedy.” You will not be placed under the slightest obligation.

Canadian Price, $73

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER CO.
1252 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Mail Today

Mail today. Address

The Oliver Typewriter Co.

1252 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Typewriter nine. Free trial. Send us a new Oliver Nine for free inspection. If you don’t like it, I will pay $50 at the rate of $5 per month. The little to remain is your full paid for.

My shopping point is.

I do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book: “The High Cost of Typewriting—the Remedy.” You do have catalog and further information.

Name

Street Address

City.

Occupation or Business

State
### PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

**CONTENTS FOR**

**FEBRUARY, 1920**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>The Air Reporter</td>
<td>Charles Gateell</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Regular Home-Town Girl</td>
<td>Selma Howe</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Favorite Picture Players</td>
<td></td>
<td>19</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lasca</td>
<td>C. L. Edson</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;I Would—Wouldn't You?&quot;</td>
<td>Caroline Bell</td>
<td>30</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>What Every Woman Ought to Know</td>
<td>Emma-Lindsay Squier</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>An Alice Out of Wonderland</td>
<td>Dorothy Faith Webster</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In Somebody Else's Mind</td>
<td>Warren Reid</td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot;I Knew Him When—&quot;</td>
<td>Charles Carter</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fade-Outs</td>
<td>Harry J. Smalley</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Making a Man of Him</td>
<td>Selma Howe</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Painter in Fabrics</td>
<td>Louise Williams</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Owen Moore &quot;Toodleos&quot;</td>
<td>Warren Reid</td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Observer</td>
<td></td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Incognito Clothes</td>
<td>Muriel Andrews</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Gun-Fighting Gentleman</td>
<td>C. L. Edson</td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snapped Without Warning</td>
<td></td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

continued on the Second Page Following
In line for something good

The big thing that Paramount Artcraft has done for you is to take the gamble out of seeing motion pictures.

Time was when you took a chance every time you paid your money—every fan remembers it.

And even now it isn’t everybody who knows how to avoid taking chances.

Pleasure-time is not so plentiful that it can be wasted anyhow.

But note this. Wherever you see the name Paramount Artcraft you can bank on rich returns.

It is not a question of taking anybody’s word, it’s simply a question of reading the announcements of the better theatres everywhere, checking up the brand names of the pictures, and choosing Paramount Artcraft.

Go by the name and you’re in line for something good.

Paramount Artcraft Motion Pictures

Famous Players-Lasky Corporation

Adolph Zukor, Pres. Jesse L. Lasky, Corp. Cecil B. De Mille, Treasurer-General

New York

Latest Paramount Artcraft Pictures

Released February 1st

Billie Burke in "Wanted—A Husband"
Irene Castle in "The Invisible Bond"
Marguerite Clark in "A Girl Named Mary"
Edith Clayton in "The Twentieth Commandment"
Cecil B. De Mille’s Production
"Male and Female"
"Everywoman" with ALL STAR CAST
Eline Ferguson in "Countertopped"
A George E. Stone Production
"On with the Dance"
Dorothy Gish in "Mary Ellen Comes to Town"
D. W. Griffith’s Productions
"Scarlet Days"
"Hoodoo"
Hembury in "The Grim Game"
Huckstraw in "In the Grip"
A Special Production
Vivian Martin in "His Official Fiancee"
Wallace Reid in "Lawyers of the U. S. A."
Maurice Tourner’s Production
"In the Grip"
George Loane Tucker’s Production on "The Hollywood Man"
Robert W. Harrick in "The End of Knowledge"
Bryant Washburn in "Too Much Johnson"
"The Teeth of the Tiger"
"With David Powell"
"The Chicago Murder"
A Cosmopolitan Production

Thomas H. Ince Productions

Edith Bennett in "The Woman in the Suit Case"
Dorothy Dalton in "His Wife’s Friend"
Ince Supervised Special "Behind the Door"
Ince Supervised Special "Dangers of Love"
Douglas MacLean & Doris May in "What’s Your Husband Doing?"
Charles Ray in "Red Hot Dollars"

Paramount Comedies

Paramount-Adolph Comedies One Every Other Month
Paramount-Mack Sennett Comedies Two Each Month
Paramount-Al St. John Comedies One Each Month

Paramount Short Subjects

"Paramount Magazine" Issued Weekly
Paramount-Burton Holmes Foreign Pictures One Each Week
WHO invented motion pictures, and how did they get started as an industry? Do you know? Probably not, since very few persons do. R. W. Barrémore has been digging into the history of films, and has prepared for us a very interesting article that goes back to the earliest inventions which foreshadowed the wonders of the modern screen and then traces the development of pictures down to recent times. This article will begin in our next number.

In the same issue, Herbert Howe takes you on a personally conducted tour to "the ship," as they call the famous Venice cafe to which the members of the Los Angeles film colony flock on Saturday nights. You'll meet on this trip several of your screen friends as they appear "off duty."

Peter Milne is going to inaugurate, next month, a regular department in which he will comment on the twenty best screen plays which he has seen in the month before. This will be an excellent guide to our readers as to the very best offerings—those which they won't want to miss—since Mr. Milne keeps in close touch with all new productions. Supplementing this department, Herbert Howe will continue his critical articles commenting on the ever-changing trend of the screen.

There will be fiction versions of two of the biggest forthcoming pictures, Nazimova's "Stronger Than Death," and De Mille's "Don't Change Your Wife." As usual, we will have stories on several of the stars and other players who, just now, are of especial interest to the fans, and several pages devoted mainly to the beautiful women of the screen.

We would like to call especial attention to two features in this issue. Readers who have no inclination to write for the screen might not always care to read the "Hints to Scenario Writers." But this month that department is given over to an article which should be of interest to every one who is at all interested in screen plays. It was written by Whitman Bennett, production manager for Famous Players-Lasky. It is called "A Million a Year for Motion-Picture Plots," and it tells how the greatest of all producing organizations scours the literary world for its stories.

Throughout the year which has just begun we expect to print many articles of that sort, articles which will bring motion-picture lovers in closer touch with this great industry, which will analyze and explain the different movements that are accompanying its development, both from the practical and from the artistic standpoint, and which, we trust, will also contribute something to the entertainment and pleasure of those who read them.
Put It Beside a Diamond

To quickly introduce every locality our beautiful TIFNITE GEMS, we will absolutely and positively send them out FREE and on trial for 10 days' wear. Pay only $4.50 on arrival, balance $3.00 per month if satisfactory. But only 10,000 will be shipped on this plan, so you must act quickly. Get the coupon into the mail.

Solid Gold Mountings

After you see the dazzling gem and the handsome solid gold mounting—after you have carefully made an examination and decided that you have a wonderful bargain and want to keep it, pay for it in such small payments that you'll hardly miss the money. If you can tell a TIFNITE GEM from a genuine diamond, or if for any reason at all, you do not wish to keep it, return at our expense.

Remarkable Gem Discovery

The choicest thing to a diamond ever discovered. In appearance a TIFNITE and a diamond are almost as two pence. TIFNITE GEMS have the wonderful pure white color of diamonds of the first water; the dazzling fire, brilliancy, cut and polish. Stand every diamond test—fire, solid and diamond file. Mountings are exclusively fashioned in latest designs—and guaranteed solid gold.

Send No Money—Just the Coupon

Just send coupon. Send no reference, no money. No obligation on you in any way. You run no risk. Coupon brings you any of the exquisitely beautiful rings shown and described here. Wear it for 10 days on trial. The TIFNITE GEM is set in the latest style solid gold mountings. Decide then whether you want to keep it or not. Send for yours now—today—sure. Send no money. Be sure to send strip of paper showing size wanted.

THE TIFNITE GEM COMPANY
109 E. 39th Street Dept. 531 Chicago, Ill.
AGENTS and Help Wanted—Continued

AGENTS—Write, if you are ready to introduce our fast selling popular-priced household and personal products. The demand is overwhelming. Make $10 a day. Complete outfit and automobile Furnished to workers. Write today. Extensive territory. American Products Co., 1538 American Blvd, Cincinnati, Ohio.

WANTED Stories, Articles, Poems, for new magazine. Cash paid on acceptance. Typed or hand written. Send at least 3 copies. Editor, National Story Magazine, 51 Vanderbilt Blvd., New York.


PATENTS. Write for evidence of Convention blank and free guide booklet on model and sketch for free opinion. H. C. Martin, 1545 Chicago. :

PATENTS. Write for evidence of Convention blank and free guide booklet on model and sketch for free opinion. H. C. Martin, 1545 Chicago.


Letters to Editcr—

DETECTIVES EARN BIG MONEY. Travel. Great demand. We train you. Particulars free. Write American Detective System, 160 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

SIDELINE SALESMEN—We have an attractive line of premium assortments for salemen. Commission from $5.00 to $20.00 per sale. An advance is necessary. Write today, Cudahy Mfg. Co., 4003 Broadway St., Chicago, Ill.

155 Genuine Foreign Stamps—Mexico War issues, stamps and small postal cards. Guatemala, China, etc. Only 10c. Finest assortment. 90% to 95%. Agents wanted. Big 72-page lists free. We buy stamps. Established 25 years. H. Stuempel Co., 65 S. Louis, Mo.

MEXICAN DIAMONDS flash like genuine, fool experts, send tests, yet sell for 15th the price. Send for free catalog. Wanted to sell from handsome sample case; big production work. Write today. Mexican Diamond Imports Co., Box C D 3, Las Cruces, New Mexico.

WE pay $100 monthly salary and furlough for right type. Send us your ideas. Introduce goods to your home circles, poultry and stock brokers. Big Company, X.Y.Z. Write today.

SELL our迤y and underwear direct to elevators, drug stores, fruit and vegetable stores, plumbers trades, prompt deliveries guaranteed. Samples Write: The C & D Co., Dept. 15, Grand Rapids, Mich.


HUNDREDS RAILWAY MAIL CLERKS with good pay—write us. $12 month, first position. Write: American Federation of Railway Mail Clerks, Dept. 372, Rochester, N. Y.

DO YOU WANT TO EARN $5,000 to $5,000 a year? You can do it easily. See Advertising, page 472, Volume 19, July, 1928. Write us. Address: Trainman, Steam Valiant in this issue.

DETECTIVE Big pay! easy work; great demand. Write for full particulars today.


—prove that all mankind is akin in the love for romance and adventure.

Watch the audience when next you go to a theatre showing a Pathé Serial! All kinds and conditions of people there!

How they thrill as they see the stirring action; how they exult at the escape of the heroine from her danger, at the triumph of innocence over evil!

Everyone loves romance and adventure in motion pictures. That's why Pathé Serials, (the best in motion picture serials) are seen and loved by the world's audiences!

They will have an appeal for you!

Now showing—George Brackett Seitz in "Bound and Gagged", produced and directed by Mr. Seitz himself; Pearl White in "The Black Secret", adapted from Robert W. Chambers' famous novel "In Secret" produced by George B. Seitz from Bertram Millhauser's adaption. Ruth Roland in "The Adventures of Ruth "

Ask your favorite motion picture theatre when they will show a Pathé Serial!

Pathé Exchange, Inc.
25 West 45th Street, New York City
No matter what your occupation, one of the home study sets listed below will give you the training that will enable you to earn a better wage or open a new line of work, or increase your present earnings.

Any set you select will be sent for seven days' examination, and if you decide to buy it you may pay the rock-bottom price at the rate of only 50c a week, but you must try it now. The rising cost of paper and binding makes it impossible to continue to present this low price much longer.

These books are the work of seasoned authorities. They are written in plain, easily-understood language by recognized authorities, and contain hundreds of photographs, diagrams, tables, etc. that make difficult points as simple as A-B-C. Bound in durable boards in half or full genuine leather (except as noted), and stamped in gold.

Pay-Raising Books at Greatly Reduced Prices

**Select** your own subject—love your work, write what the heart dictates, then submit your poem to us. We write the music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Our leading composer is Mr. Leo Friedman, one of America's best-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," etc. spinach to your poems as they are received—prominently placed in the trade and in our own publication, popular with every music publisher. Publish your individual compositions—get your first royalty checks.—In fact, your success is guaranteed.

**WRITE A SONG**

Love, Mother, home, childhood, patriotic or any subject. I compose music and guarantee publication. **Send Words Today.**

**THOMAS MERLIN, 285 Reapear Block, Chicago**

**Learn to Write Photoplays**

The demand for moving-picture plays is tremendous and is constantly increasing. Large prices are being paid for original plays—and the supply never equals the demand. Never was there such an opportunity to profit from your own ideas in gold. It is not difficult to learn the rules by which one can turn a simple story into a properly written photoplay.

**AT LAST: A SIMPLE, PRACTICAL PLAN OF TRAINING HOW TO WRITE PHOTOPLAYS HAS BEEN PERFECTED**

The author is Adrian Johnson, who has written several hundred scenarios for such stars as Theda Bara, Wm. S. Hart, Virginia Valli, and others. His system is founded on his own experience and knowledge of the requirements of the art. It consists of 20 lessons which will qualify anyone who follows them conscientiously.

**AN ADVISORY BOARD**

Consists of photoplay plays submitted by students, and gives complete constructive criticisms. Our **SALES DEPARTMENT** is in touch with all the publishers, and place such plays as are acceptable. Endorsed by Stars, Directors and Producers. Write at once for our Free Booklet, "A FASCINATING CAREER.

**THE ADRIAN JOHNSON PHOTOPLAY SYSTEM**

(Interpretation)

200 West 42nd Street, New York, N. Y. Suite 9, American Theatre Building.

**Can You Play—are You Popular?**

LET this famous player be your music teacher. Let him teach you to read, to write, to compose. Let him guide you to the Hawaiian Ukulele, or the piano, or any other instrument. Let him teach you the tender strains of the harp or lute.

Write us at once for information. Let us introduce you to the Hawaiian Ukulele, which has become the most popular of all Hawaiian instruments. Small cost. Great result.

Write Mr. Clarke personally.

**HAWAIIAN INSTITUTE OF MUSIC**

Dept. 48 Chicago E

**Ask your dealer for People's Favorite Magazine**

Only 25c the copy, but a great pleasure and a big surprise!

Submit your song-poem in any subject for our advice. We review 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 repute and has written hundreds of big hits. Mail your song-poem on love, peace, victory or any other subject to us today. Poems are limited and examined free.

**BROADWAY COMPOSITION 175 77th**

104 E 42nd Street, New York, N. Y.
Winning Personality for Women!

Your Right to Happiness

Dear Reader:

I often wonder why there are so many unhappy, discontented women in the world. Truly my heart goes out to the young girl vainly reaching for that joy in life, for the light of heart enjoyed by others who seem to have everything their hearts desire. Compassion arises within me when I, as a friend, see women of more mature years struggling in the group of something that ever holds them back from the love, security and attention they so much crave.

How do I try to help them all, to whisper in their ear the secrets of success, the secrets of personality that have enabled many a woman to live life from gray obscurity to one of conspicuous happiness?

Study the Picture

I have had an artist draw the picture you see on this page to illustrate one particular case I have in mind.

I will call her Betty Brown because that wasn't the real name. Betty was a girl friend in one of our great cities. She was a nice girl, really pretty and had the lovely brown hair and brown eyes of the Bruns.

But Betty never seemed to get ahead. From her earliest school days until the time I speak of, she went through her uneventful, uninteresting life unnoticed, a victim of other girls whose pleasures and friends she could not share, unknown to the multitude, a victim of the world, a little girl of being anybody but just the unfortunate and unloved daughter of poor parents not near to good looking face and form.

You Must Have What She Lacked

Betty Brown's case was unique in life seemed to be that of her daily routine. Young, good-looking, self-assured, a little tart, a little coquettish, a little conceited, and surrounded by her little circle of friends.

Poor Betty! How she did long for just a little of the adulation and situations shown on her more fortunate friend. How she pined for a little of the delights of which she saw others surrounded.

Then, one day she turned her soul to a woman who seemed sympathetic.

"My Dear," this new friend told her, "you have a good character, but, dear girl, you are going to have to change. You lack that something which other girls want to be. You lack attractiveness, charm, self-confidence. You must be content with your lot for you are not worth changing to.

Charming Personalities Can Be Developed

But oh, how little this woman knew, how little she realized that she herself would have been the same as Betty Brown if what she offered she had not learned the secrets of a charming personality.

Betty's friend had a charming personality which, combined with her goodness, made her so popular.

The normalizing advisor of Betty also had a charming personality which had helped her husband much to achieve his success, and she didn't think, neither of them could help Betty Brown.

Love—Happiness—Success For You

But to Betty the thought was a revelation.

"I need a personality," she kept saying to herself, "one that will make me black, one that will draw friends to me, one that will bring me love, happiness and success. I must want to..."

And Betty, for the first time, became an obsession until one day she cried,

"Oh, how much I wish there were such thing as..."

And what she found was an advertisement of the Gentlewoman Institute in a magazine she was reading.

Perhaps she was a little daftish that Juliette Fara, could teach her the secrets I possess, that I could really be able to transform her from the sordidness she was to the lovely, popular girl she became afterwards.

Why Don't You Learn?

But Betty Brown took a chance. She wrote the Gentlewoman Institute and as I advised in the advertisement, she advertised the vital importance of secrets such as I am ready to impart to you, she found out her faults, trivial as they were, she became master of herself, she commenced to share the happiness that was her God-given birth right, the joy and contentment are prepared to which you, dear reader, cannot get a goal out of your present routine.

All this our Betty Brown told me in a confidential letter and it is but hypothetical of many other letters of appreciation from women whose lives I have helped to change from gloomy drudgery to bright sunshine.

Win Admiration

I have not room on this page to tell you half I would, so I wish you would send right to the Gentlewoman Institute for my Free Book "How."

They will send it to you in a perfectly plain wrapper, just with your name and address. And they want you to have a coupon for free book "How" so, please write and put it in the coupon below plainly, so there will arise no difficulty.

And, by the way, if you have been used to writing a letter if you wish, attach a coupon, this is a free book, there will be no charge for the book. And I wish you to understand, "How."

Remember—it is Free. I have seen it to personality that the Gentlewoman Institute, free book "How," makes you, to that extent, a little better human being, but doesn't it?

I wrote "How" to help you and it cannot help but do so. If it doesn't you lose nothing. Won't you write today?

Very truly yours,

Juliette Fara

Mail Coupon for Free Book "How"

GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE
615 WEST 434 STREET, 105E
NEW YORK, N.Y.

Please send me, postpaid, free of cost and without any obligation on my part, Madame Juliette Fara's little book entitled "How."

Name

Address

FREE

Obtain Juliette Fara's book "HOW" free, postpaid, in plain wrapper by filling out and sending in the coupon; or merely write a letter requesting it. Be sure to write plainly.

GENTLEWOMAN INSTITUTE
615 WEST 434 STREET
105E, NEW YORK, N.Y.
The GOLDWYN Combination

TAKE America's greatest authors who write exclusively for Goldwyn.

REINFORCE their stories with great stars.

SUPPLEMENT them with consummate direction.

SURROUND them with imaginative settings.

VISUALIZE them with crystalline photography.

And you have a Goldwyn Motion Picture—the envy of the motion picture world and the everlasting delight of the motion picture public.

GOLDWYN PICTURES
CORPORATION
SAMUEL GOLDWYN President
The Air Reporter

Unknown to the millions who see the results of his daring, he is producing some of the finest pictures shown on the screen.

By Charles Gatchell

H. D. Blauvelt, veteran celluloid sharpshooter, who has flown over many parts of the Western Hemisphere in search of pictorial thrills.

THIS is a story of a new craft, that of the air reporter; a craft comprising but a handful of volunteers from the ranks of the camera men employed by the film news-weeklies—those far-reaching agencies for pictorial news gathering which daily flash their vivid glimpses of the world’s great events on practically every motion-picture theater screen. It is a new craft because—though this type of bird’s-eye picture is not new—it has been only within the last few months that it has ceased to be merely an occasional novelty, and has become an almost weekly part of the work of covering great out-of-door events.

A hazardous calling, at times, this aerial reporting. Not, of course, when the assignment is merely to catch a glimpse looking down on a great parade, or to film the approach of a ship, bearing a distinguished guest of the nation. But the aerial camera man who hopes to hold the interest of a picture-loving public that has been surfeited with the wonders of the modern screen, must always be striving for the sensational. And I have undertaken to write about these adventurers in the hope of taking you along on one or two of their assignments, so that, perhaps, when you next see some of the results of their skill and daring, you will feel more keenly that you are riding with them—that your pulse may beat a little faster—that you will experience some of the real thrills which I experienced while flying with them a few weeks ago.

We had gone down from New York to Washington to make, with the aid of the army airmen, some “stunt” pictures. Our expeditionary force consisted of a detachment from that greatest of celluloid newspapers, the Pathé News, two other correspondents, and myself. For two days we had splashed about the mud of Bolling Field, chafing at the unavoidable delays in assembling the fleet of planes which were necessary for our work.

On the third morning, however, Major Martin F. Scanlon, in command at Bolling Field, telephoned us that the giant Handley-Page bomber, which we had been waiting for, had landed on the field, and that everything was ready for the first picture, a “leap for life” in a parachute, from the end of one of the wings of this monster.

The leap was to be made by Sergeant “Billy” Moon, who, in making experiments with aeroplane parachutes, had made some forty-two such descents on the other side during the war.

Two camera men were to record his drop. In the front cockpit of the bomber from which he was to leap was stationed H. D. Blauvelt, veteran celluloid sharpl
As we held our breath—off he slid!

shooter, who, with his camera, has followed strange trails in search of pictorial novelties over half the globe. "Bee," to use his nickname, was to record the picture of the lad as he edged his way out along the wing and swung off, while in a smaller, more agile plane, Tommy Haltzell, the "upside-down camera man," as they call him on Bolling Field, was to be spiraled round and round, following the sergeant on his descent. Beside the pilot of the bomber, and just behind "Bee," was stationed E. Cohen, editor of the Pathé News, who was to direct personally the taking of the pictures. When all was ready, and the great engines had begun their deafening warming-up explosions, the sergeant crawled up into the rear cockpit and sat there, calmly awaiting the moment for performing the "death-defying feat," which, to him, was but part of the day's work, while I wedged in beside him. There was nothing for me to do. It occurred to me that I was like the young man at the funeral who "just went along for the ride." And immediately thereupon, I wished that the thought had not occurred to me. One thinks of so many things that carry unpleasant associations when one is about to go up in the air, and, for that matter, while one is in the air. For example, it seems as though every time I make a flight I see so many cemeteries when I look down, and a cemetery is not a reassuring sight when you are booming along at a hundred miles an hour, a mile high, with nothing substantial beneath you.

But a moment later I forgot the ancient limerick as the engines suddenly increased their trip-hammer fusillade and we slowly swung round and began to taxi down the field, to make ready for the take-off.

A questioning look from the pilot to ask if we are all right. A nod in reply, and down the field we started. I am going to confess that I was uneasy. It's one thing to feel yourself cozily tucked away in a light two-man De Haviland, that rides as easily as a canoe on an inland pond, and quite a different one to be a passenger in one of those huge, lumbering six-ton conveyances which shakes and vibrates under the tremendous pressure of its great engines. It is like going on a joy ride in a sight-seeing auto—an exciting but rather an uncertain feeling.

Slowly we rose and gradually climbed higher and higher in a broad circle. It was a relief, at least, to note that the great plane always kept on a level keel; there was none of that tipping up on one wing which you experience in a lighter plane when the pilot makes a sharp turn.

Up, up he went, to an altitude at which the atmosphere looked clear and blue above, but thick and woolly off the horizon of mist that lay above the earth, of which only the part that lay almost directly beneath us was plainly visible. A little below us, and off at one side, Tommy's pilot was maneuvering around for position.

Then Cohen, having exchanged signals with the other plane, turned and nodded to Moon. With a good-natured grin and a matter-of-fact "see you later, old chap" sort of nod to me, the sergeant scrambled out onto the fuselage. Carefully feeling his way, but without the least trace of anxiety or uncertainty, he crept forward to the wing, and there, bracing himself against terrific force of the hundred mile or more an hour wind, holding onto the light wire braces with his bare hands, he edged along to the very wing tip where the parachute, done up in a bag, was suspended. "Bee," meanwhile, was grinding away from the forward cockpit.

Slowly the sergeant turned and sat down. A moment later he had buckled the parachute rope to the strong belt that encircled his waist. One final grin at the near-by camera, and—as we held our breath—off he slid! I turned to catch a glimpse of him as he flashed by. There he was—away off! Ah! the parachute had opened. For a moment I could see Tommy's pilot, his machine tipped up, almost on edge, starting his downward spiral. Then—they were out of sight.

That particular stunt was not an extremely hazardous one for the camera men—though those who saw it from the ground said afterward that their hearts had been in their mouths once or twice, when from the distance, it had seemed as though Tommy's machine was going

Captain Felix Steinle, who had charge of the flying.
The Air Reporter

15

to collide with the parachute. Certainly it was a bit of skilful maneuvering, as the picture showed, and I have described the incident because since these pictures were recently shown in the news reel, I am sure that a good many of my readers will remember having seen it.

Once down on the ground again, our generalissimo hurried over to headquarters to call up New York. For at no time was he away from a telephone long. Having camera men on assignments scattered all over the world, whose work he is constantly directing, is no small task. That morning he had sent two cables to Europe, beside several telegrams to staff men in different parts of the United States and Canada. Then we were told that Lieutenant Patrick Logan, the stunt man extraordinary, was ready to perform some spectacular flying, which Tommy was to record on celluloid.

Watching the taking of these stunt pictures taught me one interesting thing in connection with motion pictures of aeroplane flying. I had seen, some months before, some wonderful pictures of that kind, and at the time I had felt that I was being cheated of the real effect of watching aeroplane flying. The planes seemed so small, and appeared to be maneuvering so slowly that I could not credit the camera with having given me a true representation. But on watching this exhibition at first-hand I realized that I was getting the same effect as is given by the film reproduction. And I mention this for whatever satisfaction it may afford those who have been able to witness such a performance only through motion pictures.

For half an hour the two planes played about, a mile or more above us, Lieutenant Logan going through all the evolutions: the loop, the nose-dive, the tail-spin, the falling-leaf and the other stunts, the names of which have become so familiar. And all that time Tommy's pilot was going through nearly as many evolutions in order that the other plane might be kept within the range of Tommy's camera.

Tommy was rather reticent about commenting on his experiences in being tossed about up among the clouds. As a veteran of this new craft it had all become rather commonplace to him.

Was he ever scared? Well, no-o-o-o-o-o.

"You see, you've got too much to do just minding your camera to bother about getting scared," he explained, after some moments of deep thought.

"You just leave all that to the other fellow."

"But how does it seem—doesn't it give you some awful throbs in the pit of your stomach?"

"We-e-e-1-l, yes, maybe, at first; not any more. I guess I'm sort of used to it. But I don't reckon any one could work a camera very well while he was being stunted if he wasn't used to it," he finally admitted.

"You really don't know which side up you are, do you, while the shake-up's going on?" I asked, continuing my probe.

Tommy thought again.

"N-o-o-o-o-o, I reckon you don't," he finally decided.

After a few more moments of deep cogitation he suddenly looked up.

"I'll tell you how it is," he said in a tone of one who has at last solved a difficult problem. "Everything's sort of whirling all around and you don't try specially to figure out your bearings, 'cause there's no use. Well, all at once you come out of some sort of a flip-flop, and the earth and the sky have quit chasing each other around and you feel as if you're sittin' pretty again. Naturally you look down and you think it's funny you can't see land—only blue sky. Then you look up, and right up above you there's the earth. And for a minute you wonder what the earth's doing up there where it oughtn't to be. Then about that time your feet seem to sort of

[Image: Bee turned to see how we were standing it.]

The camera is usually mounted in the front cockpit, in front of the pilot. For this flight it was put in the rear.
rise up off from the floor and you have to push to put 'em down again. And then you know you're upside down. That's all I know about it. You get used to it, though."

"Well, I don't know whether I get used to it or not," said Bee, who had joined the group. "I know my wife doesn't. When I was packing up to come down here she asked me if it was another flying trip and I said I guessed not. But she probably looked around and missed my helmet and goggles. You see, I have some of my own flying togs.

"I think one of the worst flights I ever made was when I flew the length of the Panama Canal. You remember the picture?"

I nodded. It was that wonderful film, shown some time ago, in which, as you seemed to be flying with the pilot, the different locks were opened, and as you dipped down to meet the oncoming rush of water the deluge seemed just about to sweep over you. A picture that made audiences gasp.

"Well, the water actually did strike us—the spray from it, anyway. I couldn't see a thing through my goggles—just kept on grinding, and I was as wet as a rat when we landed. I thought two or three times we were done for. Every time I make one of these flights I swear it's going to be my last. But, I don't know—it's a lot of satisfaction to get a good picture."

The instinct of the reporter, I presume; that instinct that took Bee away from the peace and security of his former portrait studio in a quiet little Ohio city and made him a wanderer over the face of the earth. Last year he made, beside countless other trips, two jaunts down to South America. And on his return to New York he was expecting to leave for Halifax.

Unfortunately the pressure of events precluded my taking a trip with a stunt man to get at firsthand the sensations of the camera man on his more hazardous assignments. But I experienced a few of the milder ones that afternoon when we took the news picture that was called "Uncle Sam's Air Service," another picture which has been recently shown. In this, several planes were used. The purpose of the picture was to drive home to the American people the urgency of maintaining our air service. Taken, as it was, directly over the Capitol, it suggested the ease with which a fleet of enemy planes could demolish that wonderful building, unless we had a fleet capable of resisting them.

Both of our air reporters worked on this assignment, and it was my lot to fly again with Bee. Once more I found myself perched in the rear cockpit of a bomber. But this time it was a Martin, and the Martin, though a huge machine, is capable of more dexterous handling than a Handley-Page.

We were flying around and around over the city, a couple of hundred feet above the flock of planes that were playing about beneath us, when glancing up toward the forward cockpits, I saw Cohen lean over the side and then turn and nudge the pilot, giving him some directions by gesture. The pilot responded by a quick turn of the steering wheel, which on that type of plane, resembles the steering wheel of an automobile.

Then the horizon suddenly began to tip up.

Up, up, up it tipped until we were banked at about sixty degrees, as one of the photographs shows. At the same time the earth, which shows very little motion when you are riding on a level, started to spin round and round, faster and faster, and as the tipping and spinning increased, the earth and sky commenced chasing each other around in a dizzy helter skelter. There were moments in which I would catch my breath, thinking that we were turning completely over. Then we would seem to be righting again, and at last these curious sensations subsided and we were flying level once more. I learned afterward that we had been spiraling down in a maneuver that was to bring us near the planes below us. During the maneuver a "still" camera man who was riding with me caught a snap of the men in the front cockpits at a moment when Bee turned to see how we were standing it. But when we repeated the harrowing evolution a few minutes later he kept his camera going, and the result was a strange bit of photography which, when I saw it on the screen later on, took me back and gave me the thrill all over again. I can't say that I like being spiraled in a bomber. I kept thinking, "if we ever go into a side slip, how will this big freight car ever right herself?" It was really quite a relief when we landed.

Whether that was a hazardous bit of maneuvering or not I cannot say. I do not suppose that our pilot had any idea other than that we would get down all right, but after we landed, I had crawled out through the door in the bottom of the fuselage, I heard a mechanic who had been watching the flight from

continued on page 104
A Regular Home-Town Girl

Jean Paige is the kind you read about and like so much to meet.

By Selma Howe

Of all the motion-picture stars I know, Jean Paige is the girl I'd pick as the one who would make a model wife. Not that she has any matrimonial leanings just at present, for she hasn't. But she's the kind of "home-town girl" you read about in stories and rarely see—in a place like New York. To begin with, she's as pretty as a peach; has those big gray eyes that sort of make you gasp every time she looks at you—and she's so little that she has to look up at almost everybody—because you'd forgotten how lovely they were. Her hair is dark brown, and—but you know what she looks like, of course, from seeing her in pictures with Harry Morey and Earle Williams.

Next—she was brought up on a farm, and knows all about keeping house and the things that go with keeping house, and she's sweet and unspoiled and charming, with the delightful naiveté that lets you right into her life the moment you meet her. By the time we'd visited for half an hour in her little dressing room out at the Vitagraph Studio, in Brooklyn, I knew all about her Aunt Emma, with whom she lives, and Aunt Ruth, who was visiting them, and brother Jack, who recently came back from France and has gone into business in New York. And as for mother and dad, on the farm in Illinois—well, I'm perfectly sure that I'd recognize them if we met on the street.

"It's so lovely back there," she told me with a little sigh. "We moved to the farm when I was just a little tad—and we raised three boys beside our own three, so I always had plenty of playmates." You'd have thought she was an old, old lady when she talked of "raising" those boys! "And when I grew up I had a Sunday-school class, and everybody used to come over evenings and pop corn in the big fireplace, and sing. We had such good times."

"But how in the world did the movies ever get you?" It seemed incredible that the lure of the screen could ever have penetrated that haven of contentment.

"Well, I used to recite," she explained, drawing her knees up under the little red cape which she had slipped on over the "prayer-meeting dress" which she wears in "The Fortune Hunter." "And my senior year in high school, when we had our annual elocution contest, I was one of the two

She was brought up on a farm.
A Regular Home-Town Girl

The winners. I spoke a piece called ‘The Soul of the Violin’—all about a man who loved his violin so much that he starved to death rather than sell it. And I just loved that old man; he was the first character I’d ever really lived in, and I enjoyed doing it.

“The winners of the contest were sent to the big contest at the normal school, thirty miles away—and when the trials were held, one lovely spring day, I won. And I was happy because I loved that old man in my recitation—and because I knew mother and dad would be proud of me. I’d always wanted to recite in public—make that—my profession, I mean—and had been taking lessons so that I could, and finally it occurred to me that I’d like to go into the movies. But you can’t imagine how surprised I was when mother and dad said I could; I thought they’d surely object. Aunt Emma was living here in New York, though, and that was why they let me come, two years ago last July.”

It was a pretty lonesome July for her, too, for she stayed at the Three Arts’ Club—that’s a club for professional girls—and though it was nice, it wasn’t home. For Aunt Emma had left for the mountains, after seeing her settled, and she didn’t even unpack her trunks, because all of a sudden she felt that she wasn’t going to like pictures! The director out at Vitagraph, who was a friend of her aunt’s, insisted, before he even saw her, that she ought not to try to break in; she’d much better stay at home, he said—any girl had. But he introduced her to the casting director, and she was given a little part in an O. Henry picture.

“It was about a girl who had left home, too; that made it seem awfully real to me,” she laughed, wrapping the red cape closer about her. “After that I had a part in ‘Daring Hearts,’ and one in ‘Too Many Crooks’”—she didn’t tell me what I already knew; that in the last mentioned picture she made a star part out of a bit and so took mighty strides toward stardom—“And then I was Harry Morey’s leading woman for a while, and now I’m with Earle Williams.”

“And you’re glad you didn’t go back home, aren’t you?” For after seeing how her face beamed when she talked about her work nobody could doubt that it was the one thing in the world for her.

“Oh, indeed I am—I just love it!” she declared enthusiastically. “We had the most wonderful time last summer, down in South Carolina, making ‘The Darkest Hour.’ I bought the little rag rug that’s on this floor down there, and this little basket, too—that’s where I keep the string I wear around my hair in ‘The Fortune Hunter;’ it looks so that I can’t bear to have it around.”

And rather shame-facedly she drew out the bit of twisted cotton cloth. “I wear an old, torn apron and a funny little dress most of the time in the picture, and in the last one we did my wardrobe consisted of two torn aprons and two dresses—and I had the same sort of clothes in the picture before that one, too. I tell you, when I came back from my vacation on the farm a while ago I had to bring a whole trunkful of old things from home; they were running out of clothes for me in the wardrobe room here.”

Now, if I’d been a leading lady and anybody had asked me to wear things that in picture after picture, I’d have indulged in a regular attack of temperament, but as Jean Paige showed me the stubby little shoes that she had worn in that morning’s scene I tossed me a sunny smile.

“I only wish I could wear the overalls I used to wear with these shoes; I adore overalls!” she declared.

Just then one of the girls who plays supporting roles in Vitagraph pictures strolled in for a chat, and various details came to light in the next fifteen minutes. For example, a few days before one of the girls had finished her scenes several hours before the salaries were to be paid, and didn’t want to spend that time waiting around the studio. So Jean Paige had slipped in to see the cashier and he paid that particular salary early.

“She does things like that for everybody;” the caller informed me. “People here do things for her that they’d never do for any one else.”

And Jean Paige blushed furiously and changed the subject. But I’m sure she’ll be the same friendly little person even when, a year from now, she will have attained stardom. Oh, yes, that’s the present plan—she’s to be co-starred in a serial, then featured, and finally starred, and I wish her all the luck in the world every step of the way.
WALLACE REID

has escaped the doom prophesied for him—that he'd be "Just a matinée idol"—since he's been provided with such good stories as "The Lottery Man" and "Hawthorne of the U. S. A." (Douglas Fairbanks' stage success)—and has had a chance to prove that he's an actor of real talent.
BESSIE BARRISCALE

has assumed widely varied roles this season, ranging all the way from a favorite of the harem in "Her Purchase Price," to a competent physician in "Kitty Kelly, M. D." She will return in her next picture to American society life as a background, in a Kathleen Norris story.
SYLVia BREaMER

is an Australian girl who has a Triangle past and a Blackton Productions present. She played in "The Moonshine Trail" and "Dawn," and now is working on a picture temporarily called "Sunset"—and says she feels exactly like a sort of glorified weather man—or maybe like a barometer.
CORINNE GRIFFITH

appeared as she looks here in "The Climbers," which gave her an opportunity to wear many beautiful frocks. Then she began on "The Tower of Jewels," in which she's an aristocratic crook, and as "The Diamond Princess" wears more of the lovely gowns which delight her soul—and her audiences.
NORMA TALMADGE

has a magic treasure chest that every girl would like to own—it’s held both fame and fortune for her. She’s recently taken from it material for a wonderful New Year—a First National Contract, with "A Daughter of Two Worlds," by Leroy Scott, as the story, for her first release.
CAROL DEMPSTER

as a Chinese peddler could sell almost anything, we'll venture to surmise. As a matter of fact, her own ability provides her with many wares saleable in the entertainment market—for she was one of Ruth St. Denis' dancers before she made good in 'The Girl Who Stayed at Home.'
DOROTHY GISH

never likes her own pictures, according to popular report. Here's Dorothy's version of the way she feels when she sees herself on the screen—even anything as funny as "Mary Ellen Comes to Town," which she's working on now.
LOUISE GLAUM

began her picture career playing ingenue rôles under Thomas H. Ince's direction; now she is again working at the Ince Studio, though not under his supervision, in "The Lone Wolf's Daughter," having worked up the scale, through vampire parts, to heavy emotional rôles.
Lasca

Romance and tragedy rode together in the old days "in Texas, down by the Rio Grande," and the cowboys rode with them.

By C. L. Edson

I want free life and I want fresh air;
And I sigh for the canter after the cattle

I RECKON that cattlemen are born to be jest cattlemen and couldn't be nothin' else nobow—like some folks are born poets and tenor singers and what not. Speaking about tenors, I never did like men singers—he-nightingales, I call 'em; they ain't my kind o' cattle.

Jack Davis surprised me most of any man I ever saw. I've met up with lots of fellers named Jack, but I never met one before that could sing by note while a lady played on the piano. The "Jacks" I knew were cowboys; and certainly couldn't sing by note. Of course they could sing; all cowboys can sing—what we call singing. Such songs as: "Oh, Bury Me Not On The Lone Prairee!" and—

I used to go riding upon my pony. Once in the saddle I felt so gay.
I first took to drinking and then to card playing.
Got shot through the heart, and I know I must die.
Write me a letter to my gray-haired mother,
One to my sister and brother so dear.
But there is another who is dearer than a brother.
Oh, how she would weep if she knew I was here.
Then beat the drum lowly and play the fife slowly,
And play the death march as you bear me along.
Take me to the graveyard and throw the sod o'er me,
For I'm a young cowboy, and I know I done wrong.

Cowboys have to croon such songs to the herd when a storm is threatenin' and the cattle are all millin' and stampin' and getting it into their heads to stampede.

Singing is mighty useful then to help gentle 'em down—

The mêlée of horns and hoofs and heads,
That wars and wrangles and scatters and spreads—

That kind of singin'—warbling to a herd o' steers was not the kind of singer Jack Davis was. He was a chorus man from the Grand Opera House in New Orleans. Imagine a white face like that horning into the herd at the Mooreland Ranch. He was the cause of all the trouble. I wish to God I had headed him instead of invitin' him along. Too much hospitality is what ruined me. You know I've got only one livin' blood relation, a cousin of mine, a widow cousin. She's a French tutor for the swells in New Orleans. She wrote me that she had a young lady pupil that was wantin' to make a trip to the cow country—thought ranch life must be powerful romantic and all that. I wrote 'em, sure, come along, and if she wanted to marry a cowboy I had about a dozen Mexican vaqueros, and she could look 'em over. Next thing I heard was that the girl's feller had heard she was going out to the short grass to spark a ranger, and he wanted to come along. I said, sure, bring everybody that wants to come along. No Texan ever cold-shouldered a guest, and everybody that wants to visit my ranch is ex-officio invited by the very nature of the case. That was writ into the constitution of Texas long before we turned the water into the Rio Grande.

Well, as I said, this fellow Jack Davis was the hell-
Lasca

Lasca was a famous Mexican trick-riding cowboy. He was known for his skill in handling horses and for his ability to perform daring stunts.

Once, Lasca was riding in the Wild West, and the crowd was amazed by his performance. He was so skilled that even the seasoned practitioners of the rodeo understated him. Lasca was a man of many talents. He could ride a horse with ease, and he had a natural talent for entertaining the audience with his acts.

Lasca was also known for his generosity. He always offered to help those in need, and he was respected by all for his kindness.

When Miss Clara, a ten-thousand-dollar beauty, arrived at the rodeo, Lasca was determined to impress her. He knew that Clara was a woman of discerning tastes, and he wanted to show her what he could do.

Lasca decided to perform a special act for Clara. He mounted a horse, and as the crowd looked on, he began to perform his act. He rode the horse with his eyes closed, and the crowd was amazed by his precision.

When Lasca finished his act, he dismounted and bowed to the audience. Clara was impressed by his performance and asked him to do it again.

Lasca agreed, and he performed another act, this time with a lasso. He threw the lasso and caught a calf, much to the delight of the crowd.

When the performance was over, Clara approached Lasca and asked him to join her on her ranch. Lasca was overjoyed, and he agreed to do so.

Clara introduced Lasca to her friends, and they all enjoyed his company. Lasca was happy to be with people who appreciated his talent, and he continued to perform for them for many years.

Lasca was a great trick-riding cowboy, and his performance inspired many others to follow in his footsteps. He was remembered as a man of great skill and a kind heart, and his legacy lived on for many years.
She was swayed by her passions to and fro
Like sultry winds on the tillopping wheat.
She was stirred from her head to her sandaled feet
By each gust of feeling; a sapling pine.
That grows on the edge of a Kansas bluff,
And wars with the wind when the weather is rough.
Such was Lasca, that pal of mine.

The next day Lasca, poor child, reproached me with having cast her aside for the fine lady from the city.
I laughed at her, poked her in the ribs. Before I could draw my hand away she was at me with a little dagger, and she gave me a little gash in the arm. Her eyes were blazing. I said: "Why, Lasca," and dropped my hands to my side. She melted and flinging down the knife, she grabbed my arm and began kissing the wound, and she tore off her precious reboso and bound up the scratch, sobbing and crossing her heart and calling on Heaven to forgive her.

She followed me back to the ranch house, and I told the chink cook to fetch me the amnica. He came with the bottle, and sized up the situation at a glance. You know, a chink doesn't say much. But he can look a heap. Well, coolly gave Lasca the Chinese eye. She wouldn't stand for that, and she set in right now, and busted a hundred dollars' worth of dishes over his head. I never saw such a mix-up of Chinaman and chinaire in all my born days.

Of course my cousin Caroline and Miss Clara learned about Lasca's knifing me, and they both threw a fit with tantrums. They said I must send her away, that my life wasn't safe and asked what property arrangements I had made in case of some such an accident. I had to tell 'em I had never made no will, and I didn't know how much I was worth. Well, they got busy figuring it out. How much was a steer worth, and how much was an acre of grazin' land worth? And how many did I have of one and 'tother? I gave 'em an estimate of yearlings, two-year-olds, three-year-olds, and she-stuff. Miss Clara worked like a beaver addin' up figures and they finally calculated that at prevailing prices the ranch and steers was worth one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Miss Clara's eyes glowed like a live coal fanned by a breeze. On a sudden I fully understood why she was so interested in me. Nothin' makes me have a chill quicker than a greedy, scheming pair o' petticoats. Little Miss Muffet had been makin' the doodle-bug eyes at me because she was figurin' on how much my hide would bring, once she had hooked me and skinned me and nailed my pelt to the door.

"You are worth a fortune, Señor Moreland," gushed little bright eyes, "when you close out your holdings you can retire."

"Close out my holdings? I says. "What do you mean?"

"When you sell off your cattle."

"Oh, I ain't never goin' to sell my cattle."

"What are you going to do with them?"

"Oh, just keep 'em;"

"Why, what good will they do you if you keep them?"

"Well, it 'ud be pretty lonesome here without 'em."

"But we're here," said Miss Clara, kind o' white and hard around the lips.

"Yes; but you ain't always goin' to stay here."

That shot must have paralyzed her innards. I never said as raw a thing to a lady in my life before. But she was as game as goat meat. She knew what she was after, and she wasn't going to let her feelin's stand in the way of her winnin' the stake. So she chatted on as friendly as a wet dog. Said I might as well indicate who was to get my property in case that "Mexican wrench" should murder me. I could see plain enough how it was that a high-climbin' young lady like her was stickin' so close to my middle-aged cousin Caroline. Some day Caroline would be rich, and Miss Clara would know how to invest it for her. So she pressed me to declare how I wanted my property to go.

I said: "Well, we ain't got no notary here to certify a will, but a spoken testament with witnesses is legal under the laws of Texas. I reckon you-all are right that it is time for me to indicate who I want to have my estate in case of sudden death. So, Miss Clara, if you'll write down what I say, Mr. Davis and cousin Caroline will witness it."

That pleased 'em all, except cousin Caroline. She was embarrassed at such shameless covetin' of my goods and gears. Bless her simple heart, she didn't want anything except long life and happiness to me and her, too. There wasn't a selfish hair in her head; that's why Miss Clara could work her so easy.

Well, Miss Flounces-and-turbelows took her pen in hand, and told me to say the words.

I said: "I, Anthony Moreland, being in good health and of sound mind do hereby declare and depose that this is my last will and testament. In view of the fact that I stand in constant jeopardy and danger of life and limb at the hands of a Spanish girl known as Lasca, be it hereby known that in case I should come to my death at the hands of this said Lasca, it is my will that all of my property, real and personal, totaling some one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, shall become the property of the said Lasca, and I hereby name the said Lasca to be the executrix of this will."

It was like a bombshell. Miss Clara and her Johnny turned green. They were plumb flabbergasted, all except cousin Caroline; she thought it was the most natural thing in the world. She was too kind-hearted to realize that the will was just a bluff. I had grabbed another chance to jab the bull prod under their miserable hides.

But they coopered me at that. Johnny, the snake, saw a chance to trump my card, and he went ahead and witnessed the will. "And as a codicil," he said, "in case of Miss Lasca's death before she has heirs of issue, who would you want the property to pass to?"

"By that time," I said scoraching, "I would want

Continued on page 86
AFTER all, if you're cut on a bird-of-paradise pattern, why try to be a feather duster? Perhaps you don't approve of highly spiced comedy; maybe you think woolen stockings more fitting than silk half hose—no, not more fitting; they couldn't be! I should have said more appropriate—and a blue serge dress a wiser choice for everyday wear than spangled bathing suits or tulle pinafores. Well, I'm not saying that you aren't right.

I Would—

That is, if you could.
Wouldn’t You?

By Caroline Bell

But if you were awfully pretty, and your beauty wasn’t confined to your face by any means, and if somebody offered you a golden opportunity to go into motion pictures, wouldn’t you be tempted to follow the lead of these four Christie girls—who happen to be Marjorie Payne, Peggy Davis, Florence Gilbert, and Helen Darling—and take to comedy like a duck to water?
What Every Woman Ought to Know

I WENT up to Yosemite to get away from the movies. I thought surely that for a month I would be so secluded that I might let down my hair, wear trousers, and forget that there were such things as stars to be interviewed, or interviews to be written.

But where is the spot so remote that the movies have not invaded?

The very first thing that met our eyes when we alighted in Yosemite village with the grandeur of El Capitan and hoary old Half Dome looking down upon us, was the familiar sight of an auto loaded with cameras, props, reflecting screens, and costumes! Then I was hailed by a familiar voice, and there was James Sullivan, the husband-director of Annette Kellermann. In less than a minute he was talking shop, how Annette’s new picture was entirely “different,” how they were making use of Yosemite’s beauty for scenic effects, and didn’t I want to interview Miss Kellermann, and when.

Did I sternly tell the gentleman that I was on a vacation and couldn’t be annoyed with interviews? I did—not! I rose to the bait as I always have and always expect to, and told him to lead me to her, or words to that effect.

Miss Kellermann was discovered sitting on the end of a high-diving board above the Camp Yosemite swimming pool. She told me hospitably to “come right on up,” and I went up, perforce. One cannot interview a star by shouting out questions from terra firma while she teeters perilously on a spring board some thirty feet above. She edged over so as to let me sit on the end of the board, though I tried to demur politely. She was wearing a blue mandarin coat over her bathing suit, and a cap of blue rubberized silk covered her hair.

“Isn’t Yosemite the most wonderful place?” she demanded, as I eased cautiously down beside her. “The air is so bracing up here. Yesterday we walked miles to Glacier Point to get some scenic shots, and this morning I went up to the top of Yosemite Falls and back, and I’m not a bit tired. I’m going to dive presently,” she added, leaning over and looking down at the clear green water. “It’s awfully cold,” she remarked irrelevantly, “snow water from the mountains, you know.”

I agreed that it must be cold, and wished that I were on the other end of the board.

“Who is your leading man?” I asked, hoping that she wouldn’t notice that I was gripping the board with both hands.
Annette Kellermann is going to show, by means of the movies, the way to health through athletics.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

"I haven't any," she answered quickly. "It isn't that kind of picture at all. It's an educational feature, showing women how they can have good health, and illustrating how my athletic stunts are done. I do them first with a regular camera registering what I do, then with a slow camera which makes the action appear on the screen eight times slower than it really is, so every movement can be followed accurately.

"Can you swim?" she asked suddenly, and I said well—yes—that is, I could, but didn't she think the water was kind of cold and wouldn't she hate to have to jump in after me providing I sank?

"Not in the least," she assured me. "It wouldn't matter; I've my swimming suit on."

I told her earnestly I wouldn't think of putting her to that trouble, and fortunately the aquatic conversation was interrupted at that point by Friend Husband, who called up that the camera man had gotten the range, and that she could dive any time she wanted to. He called her "Tootie" and she called him "Hon"—and they've been married six years, she told me, as I modestly retreated.

From the other end of the board I watched the fair Annette remove her robe and make ready for the dive. As the camera commenced to grind, she brought her arms straight above her head, poised on tip toe for an instant, then as lightly as if she had been flicked from the spring board, went out and down in a graceful arc, and cut the water so cleanly that there was not even a splash.

"Fine!" called Mr. Sullivan. "Just a minute while we lower the camera, and we'll take the swimming scenes."

"All my athletic achievements, except swimming and diving, were learned after I was twenty-one. Any woman can acquire some of these accomplishments."

Miss Kellermann's films will also show how some things should not be done, as in this case, golf.
What Every Woman Ought to Know

Miss Kellermann swam to the edge of the pool with swift powerful strokes, and seated herself on the lowest rung of the ladder that led down into the water.

"We can talk while they fix the camera," she said to me. "I particularly want to tell you about this picture, because I love it as much as I hated the 'Daughter of the Gods'."

"You hated it?" I asked incredulously.

"I certainly did," she said emphatically. "I'm not a star—I'm not even an actress, and so many people around—the confusion—the silly story—no, I thought it was ghastly.

"You see," she continued, "I want people to stop thinking of me as a sort of human fish. I made my reputation by diving and swimming, of course, but since then I've done all sorts of things. In vaudeville I combined in my act, wire walking, ballet dancing, fencing, swimming, and general athletic exercises, and this picture is for the purpose of showing women that they can have good health if they are willing to work for it. Not only that, but they can learn anything they like with concentration, perseverance, and will power. People often say to me that I must have had a great talent for doing the things I do—but I didn't; everything that I have learned came hard.

"When I was a youngster, I was what you called 'handy-legged,' and father had me take up swimming as a cure. That's how I started in that line. But all the other things I've learned—fencing, golf, tennis, wire-walking, riding, and ballet dancing, I have learned since I was twenty—and any woman can learn at least some of these things, especially if they see my pictures with the slow movements. That makes them so easy to follow.

"People ask me such funny things," she went on with her quick humorous smile. "They ask if I can smoke a cigarette under water or eat a banana at the bottom of the tank. I want to make them recognize me as something more dignified than a freak person who can do stunts in the water."

"And just what are you doing up here in Yosemite beside swimming?" I asked. [Continued on page 92]

An Alice Out of Wonderland

By Dorothy Faith Webster

DID you ever wonder what happens to fairy princesses when the story's over? Or how Alice in Wonderland felt when she came back to real life and found all the houses just the ordinary size, and people incapable of growing taller or shorter on a moment's notice? Well, when I went to see Virginia Lee Corbin I felt as if I were going to call on Alice after the book was closed; having wept with her when, as the beautiful princess in "Jack the Giant Killer," she was entombed in the castle dungeon, I couldn't see how matter-of-fact everyday life could possibly be interesting to her.

But I found that she still lives in fairyland—a very satisfactory sort of fairyland—which she shares with every child in the world who has an imagination. Sometimes she has one foot on the solid ground on which the rest of us live—and sometimes, as in the little matter of her literary pursuits, she's all the way over the border.

She met me at the front door the day I called.

"How do you do?" she greeted me, bobbing a polite little dancing-school curtsey, as is the custom of well-bred children throughout the land. "I'm glad you came to see me." She wore a fetching little frock of soft gray silk, with white organdie collar and cuffs, and a bit of rose-colored smocking at the baby waist. She has long-lashed eyes of the most vivid blue imaginable, and her fluff of pale-gold hair doesn't even pretend to be curly. In fact, she looks quite the Fairy Princess.

"I like your collar," Virginia Lee told me with engaging frankness, as she stroked my somewhat battered red-fox, after we had passed the preliminary stages of our conversation, and had begun to feel really ac-

quantiated. "It's seal, isn't it? Once I had a pretty little seal fur—it was white, with black dots."

"How nice," I replied, slightly bewildered before this avalanche of startling information; but before I could continue further, she went on: "What do you do?" she demanded.
She acts, studies, plays the violin—and writes.

"Oh, everything," she airily replied. "Everything under the sun, but mostly about fairies. Do you know the story of Cinderella? Well, I wrote it."

"Virginia Lee!" Mother Corbin stood in the doorway. Virginia Lee turned a startled gaze upon her frowning parent. "Anyway," she faltered, "I might have written it!"

"Your daughter has a wonderfully colorful imagination," I admiredly told Mrs. Corbin, who replied in a worried tone that the imagination was at times inclined to be lurid.

"I can direct, too," young Miss Corbin was continuing, evidently anxious to change the subject. "I direct my dolls; they're doing a serial now that I guess I'll call 'Jack and Jill went up the hill.' I—somebody read it to me," she concluded hastily, with one eye on her mother. "It's awfully exciting."

"I'm sorry, Virginia," her mother told her, "but it's almost time for your dancing lesson."

"So'm I!" Virginia Lee hastened to inform me, again dropping the funny little curtsy, this time in farewell: "Please come again some time. Do you keep a dog?"

Then, without waiting for an answer, as is a habit of hers—the child is positively psychic—she went on, "Won't you bring her out some time? Maybe she'd like to watch me work!"

Well, if Virginia Lee's "work" is half as interesting as her conversation—and I'm sure it's all of that—both me'n my dog are more than anxious to watch it.
In Somebody Else's Mind

Robert Gordon explains how he works out his characterizations.

By Warren Reid

Tell me about Tom Sawyer,” I urged, seating myself on an antique bench and watching Robert Gordon arrange himself on a couple of chairs and straighten out the manuscript he'd been reading. I'd wanted to talk with him about that role of his ever since he played it and robbed Jack Pickford of much of the glory of the star part in “Huck and Tom” and “Tom Sawyer.”

“No, let’s go back farther than that, and talk about the Tennessee Shad,” he answered, while I envied his agility in curling his six-foot self up in so small a space. “That was my role in ‘The Varmint,’ you know—and the Shad was a gawly, long-necked young freak whose physical characteristics I couldn’t hope to copy. So I decided to get inside the mind of the boy, and thought over all the freakish people I’d ever known, trying to work out their mental processes. I’d figured it out that, if I could put the feel-

ings and thoughts of the Shad over on the screen, my not looking exactly like him wouldn’t matter so much. And it seemed to be a successful hunch; anyway, it got me my first part in Commodore Blackton’s pictures.”

It sounded interesting enough, and I begged for more information.

“Well, of course, any actor tries to put himself into the character he’s playing,” he went on. “But I try to go a little farther; acting is not just mimicry of action or repetition of words—it’s the actual reproduction of a character, and I try to reproduce the character’s mode of thought in myself before I figure out costuming and make-up and all that sort of thing.”

“Then I suppose it was Tom Sawyer’s mind,” I began, but Gordon interrupted me with a laugh which made him suddenly seem just a boy, instead of a capable young actor with a line of successes to his credit. He really looks very boyish, with his thick brown hair, brown eyes, and the dimples which he loathes and which his charming young wife, Alma Francis, must envy.

“You’ll be getting a queer-sounding interview if you aren’t careful,” he warned me. “It isn’t so complicated as it sounds, this way of getting under a character’s skin. When I played Tom Sawyer I studied the boy in the book, not noting his actions so much as the way he seemed to think. I was sort of cast in the boy’s mental mold by the time the picture was made, and could let his scenes play themselves naturally.

“And how about the blind man in ‘Dawn’? He was very real.”

“Oh, that was the same sort of characterization; I didn’t want to make him one of the usual blind men, helplessly fumbling his way through life with a cane. So I tried to reproduce on the screen the thought of one who is sightless, rather than the outward signs by which he is recognized as blind.

“When this picture was finished one of the studio managers insisted that the effect was so real that the picture would never be a success—but the critics justified my convictions.”

“Come on down and see Robert’s new picture—first time on the screen.” It was Commodore Blackton’s voice that gave the invitation, so we went down to the projection room, and continued our conversation in whispers. There was still a lot that I wanted to ask Robert Gordon, and while I could see his pictures in a movie house, it might be a long time before I could talk with him again.

“Where did you get your training?” I asked, keeping one eye on the screen, where he was making love to a charming singer, and the other on his real self beside me.

“Producing amateur plays at Polytechnic Junior College in Los Angeles,” he whispered back. “In the beginning I played with the Community Players in Hollywood. My real apprenticeship was with Biograph; there I studied the studio from every angle—from the viewpoint of actor, director, man-

Continued on page 104
"I Knew Him When—"

By Charles Carter

Larry Semon's former newspaper associates have been opening their eyes of late.

THE oldest member of the New York Evening Telegram's art department put down the copy of the paper which the office boy had handed him a few minutes before.

"Three million, six hundred thousand dollars he's to get for a series of comedies to be made within the next three years!" he exclaimed. "And to think that I knew him when he worked right over in that corner drawing layouts, comic inserts—and a hall-room salary! Why, it doesn't seem more than a month ago when I used to watch him standing at the cashier's window looking scared as a rabbit for fear he was going to draw a blue envelope instead of his thirty-five beans."

The person he referred to was Larry Semon, author, director, and star in his own comedies, whose new contract with Vitagraph, and the account of it in the paper, the principal facts of which are stated above, had caused the outburst.

Larry Semon has made one of the most phenomenal rises in the field of the celluloid slapstick since that of Chaplin. By way of comparison between these two it has been said that where Chaplin dramatized custard pie, Semon set spaghetti to music, for without directly imitating Chaplin, Semon works in somewhat the same style; that is, he immortalizes the boob. A less pathetic figure, he aimlessly meanders through his pictures, caricaturing the ways in which human beings may make asses of themselves.

Though Semon did not, like Chaplin, go straight from the stage to the screen—for before he abandoned the drawing board he had become one of the very best sport cartoonists in the country—

he was not without some experience behind the footlights. In fact, Larry began his professional career at a very early age with a vaudeville troupe managed by his father, Professor Zera Semon, an exploiter of the wondrous works of hypnosis. To lighten the heavy, scientific part of the program, the professor also had a singer "who had appeared before all the crowned heads of Europe," an acrobat who had contorted before the same notables, and a dancer of equal renown.

Larry was the utility man—the pinch hitter of the outfit. Being young and adaptable he understood the entire group, including his father, and was likely to be called upon to double for any of them.

When he became a cartoonist he quite expected to remain at that profession, and a good many of his friends wondered at his abandoning it, and shook their heads dubiously. But Larry knew what he was doing, as recent events have demonstrated, though he didn't land at the top the first time he smeared his face with grease paint. He went to Vitagraph and expounded his theories of what a comedian could do just by facial expression. The directors were interested in a "we'll give you a chance to show us" fashion. They gave him a chance—to walk in and out of their Big V comedies—and try out his ideas. Gradually, as his work met with popular favor, he was given more and more to do, until now he has arrived at the top of the heap.

"I guess it's all because he was such a persistent cuss," said the oldest member of the Telegram's "I Knew Him When Club." "I remember going out with him years ago noon to bowl. He was the worst duck I ever saw. But he stuck to it and got to be a whiz."

You can draw several morals from this tale, and I leave it to you to pick your own.
Fade-Outs
By Harry J. Smalley

It Happens in Lotsa Films!
The bachelor girl of to-day doesn’t peer under the
bed before retiring, in quest of a burglar—Nix!
She leaves the window open, hoping a handsome
gentleman - crook, like Wallie Reid, for instance, will
sneak in, fall in love with her, re-
form and marry her in the last reel!
—

Guesses.
Charlie Ray was formerly a draftsman. He still
draws well.
That wheeze, which tastes like a minstrel joke, is
liable to start one on a sprightly speculative spree—
F’instance—
Can it be that Charlie Chap-
lin once toiled in a sardine can-
nery? He packs ’em in!
And was Fatty Arbuckle at
one time an explosion? He
brings out a crowd.
—

The Chink’s Would Go Broke
Entirely!
In Pekin, China, they paid
$3.00 a seat to witness Annette
Kellermann in “A Daughter Of
The Gods.”
Glory Be! what would happen if Mack Sennett’s
Bathing Beauties hit the town?
—

Oh, Well You Know How It Is!
In “The World And Its Woman,” the star, Geraldine
Farrar, vowed when a child she’d wed a Prince—and
as a woman, she did!
’Tis nothing remarkable. Every American vows he’ll
marry a Queen. And he does.
Ask your newly wedded neighbor if he didn’t.
Remember, now—we said “newly!”
—

A Light Suit.
In “Stripped For A Million,” the hero’s clothes were
taken away from him and he wore fig-leaves for one
night. Then his luck changed.
Good thing the weather didn’t!
—

A Helpful Hint.
Many times it has been our painful privilege to listen
to a fan describe to his friends a play he had seen the
night before.

’Tis especially horrific if the reciter knows the name of
the star only. His narrative then becomes a gob of
verbal goulash in which “Hero,” “Mary” and “The
Villain” simmer and sputter in heterogeneous chaos.
May we not suggest, that henceforth, in all plays, the
Hero be called “Jack,” the heroine, “Nell” and the
Villain, “Felix”?
This uniformity of characters would greatly clarify
a situation such as mentioned above and simplify mat-
ters for all concerned.
Don’t you think so?
—

Film Wonders Of 1919.
Charlie Ray’s Speech in “String Beans”.
Frank Campeau’s Butting in “Cheating Cheaters”.
Mary Thurman as The Fat Girl in “The Boobs”.
Dorothy Gish, (a woman!) playing with a mouse in
“Boots”.
Clarine Seymour’s Kisses in “The Girl Who Stayed
At Home”.
Viola Dana’s Chicken Costume in “Some Bride”.
George Walsh’s ladedah, sissycute wig in Reel One
of “Putting One Over”.
Wesley Barry’s Hard-Cider Jag in Daddy Long-Legs.
Mae Allison’s Pugilism in “Peggy Does Her
Darndest”.

The Cussedness of Donald Crisp in
“Broken Blossoms”.
What The Coal
Shute Did to Mary’s
Phiz in “The Hood-
lum”.

Marie Prevost’s
Curves in “Uncle Tom Without The Cabin”.
Bill Hart’s irenecasting in “John Petticoats”.

Ah! Thim Wor Th’ Days!
Certain incidents in the Donnybrook Fair scenes of
“Kathleen Mavourneen” were relegated to the discard
because the Fox researchers discovered the shillalah
was a figment of the imagination.
“Well,” as Mike Kelly, the mail-man, says: “I’ll
not be after a-sayin’ anythin’ of figments, which I know
not of—being more fa-miliar
with paves-
ments, of
which I
know a lot
—but, I do
say this: if
these Fox
guys claim
the shillalah was all imagination, then the Big Wind in Ireland was a balmy breeze from the bog! Sure, it's too bad me ould grandfather's ould man is not alive the day to listen to their research toomaroo!

"I'm doubting if they could ever make HIM believe the shillalah was imagination! Him it was that tread on the coat-tail of a Dublin onmadhaun at this same Donnybrook Fair. An' for doing which he received two bumps on the back of his head he could hang his brogans on!"

---

**All It Needed Was a Gong.**

Corrine Griffith of Vitaphone, owned an auto of an emphatic red hue. She changed the color after one public appearance in it.

The kids chased it thinking it a part of the fire department!

---

**A Human Target.**

Comedian Sid Smith, who was wounded three times in the Meuse-Argonne offensive (consult your anatomy dictionary)—has returned to the films and joined—what do you think?—The Bull’s Eye Film Co.!

---

**Personally, We Are a Violet.**

When asked if she believed in equality between men and women, Ethel Clayton pensively remarked:

“One does not talk of equality between a cabbage and a rose?”

Wonder which sex was which, in Ethel’s mind?

---

**Great Stuff.**

"Member, when you were a bare-footed, freckled-nosed tad; how the surging thrills crawled up and down your one-gallused little spine, as you stood and mentally gorged yourself with the bill-board glories of Barnum’s "Greatest Show On Earth"?

Well, don’t the ads of Helen Holmes in "The Fatal Fortune" remind you of those wonderful days?

="The Serial Queen Of The Screen"!
  Daring! Dashing! Captivating!
  She Has No Peer! She Has No Equal!
  FIFTEEN!
  Towering! Crashing! Death-Defying!
  Episodes!
  FIFTEEN!!

---

**'Tis Just A Way Carl Has!**

Carl Laemmle, President of Universal, changed Eric Stroheim’s “The Pinnacle” to “Blind Husbands.”

Carl probably figured there are more blind husbands than pinnacles in the world and they’d all go to see the play.

Even so, lotsa folks will wonder over Carl’s doing this—but not us.

Why, if he’d have figured to let the original title stand in order to draw the business of the penuchle players, it wouldn’t have surprised us—not any.

---

**But There Are Other Carls.**

And their efforts to perpetrate bizarre titles may soon result in something like this: 

“Blue Roses”.

“The Trail Of The Trail”.

“Midnight At Noon”.

“The Flea Who Loved An Elephant”.

“The Horrible Joy”.

“The Stationary Comet”.

“Reaching Down From The Bottom.”

---

**Random Remarks.**

(Inspired by recent titles)

“The Heart Of Youth”—Bill.

“Soldiers Of Fortune”—Pershing, Foch and Haig.

“Three Black Eyes”—No record-breaker; we’ve had a dozen.

“If I Were King”—I’d keep it a secret these days.

“Everybody’s Business”—The state of Mary Pickford’s health.

“Dangerous Waters”—Sure, all of ‘em are; we never use ‘em.

“Counterfeit”—And still it’s a reel drama.

“The Midnight Man”—He comes home earlier since last July.

“Mary’s Ankle”—Wait—that’s just the beginning!

---

**Advice.**

For the benefit of operators who insist upon jiggling their projection machines, we suggest that they read the following-named technical booklets:

“Die Vergrössernden Projektionssysteme.”

“Die Beleuchtungssysteme.”

“Über Die Konstruktion Von Kondensoren Für Vergrösserung Projekations Apparate.”

They may be purchased at any large book shop—(By any one who has the gall to ask for ‘em).

---

**We Never Thought Of That!**

Us: “Did you hear that fellow behind us reading the subtitles aloud?”

Ladyfriend: “Yes, wasn’t it awful! Why, half the time I couldn’t hear you explaining the plot to me.”

---

**Dry Remark.**

Why not change Louis Gleum’s “Sahara” to “United States”?

---

**A Glance Into The Future.**

Herbert Howe, in November “Picture Play” (back numbers for sale by all dealers)—attempts to pick the

Continued on page 90
Making a Man of Him
By Selma Howe

The family was making a man of Casson Ferguson—"Cass," as they called him down there in Louisiana. Privately, he indulged in the opinion that the job was pretty well finished already, but his sisters and brother-in-law didn't care for his idea of what he, as a "man," ought to be. So they set him to driving mules at his brother-in-law's construction camp. His only retaliation was to name his team "Jane" and "Jo" after his sisters—and to lose twenty pounds of flesh so fast that the brother-in-law, rather than be accused of murder, told him to go home.

Then somebody got him a job as one hundred and forty-second teller in a bank—Ferguson swears there were at least that many over him. He didn't mind that job particularly, but the one hundred and forty-one other tellers did; they said that coming to his rescue every night to help him strike a balance utterly ruined their dispositions.

"Oh well, do whatever you want to!" the family told him in desperation, and Casson gleefully packed his set of Shakespeare and set forth on a stage career, beginning with five years' work in repertoire with Robert Mantell. Later, discovering that he had a voice, he went abroad for five years more, to study and sing in opera, and returned when the war broke out, with an English accent and a walking stick that filled his brother with dismay.

"He wrapped the stick up in his overcoat, when he met me on the pier," chuckled Ferguson in telling about it. "But unfortunately he couldn't dispose of the accent so easily."

Then he drifted into pictures, playing juvenile leads for several companies, though usually the Lasky studio is his headquarters. And now he's building himself a home in Laurel Canon—a home where he can landscape garden and sculpt and practice sales to his heart's content—and proving that, despite the family's objections, he knew best how to make a man out of himself.
A Painter in Fabrics

Claire West illuminates the characters in De Mille productions by the gorgeous gowns which she creates for them.

By Louise Williams

Cecil De Mille strode into the mirror-lined room; a room vivid with color, alive with the glimmer of cloth of gold and the deep luster of satin as blue as the midnight sky, rich with the sheen of heavy, supple velvets and the glory of flame-colored chiffons. Almost engulfed by the swirl of gorgeous fabrics, a fair-haired woman knelt in the middle of the floor, draping a mass of rose-colored tulle on the slim, nonchalant girl who stood before her.

"I want a negligee that is feline, beautiful, enticing," said the director general, as he stood, his hands thrust in the pockets of his riding breeches. "A negligee that would make a man love the woman who wore it, make him long to caress her just for the feeling of that silky, soft material under his hand."

"And that is how Cecil De Mille gave me the idea for the negligee around which, you may be interested to know, 'Don't Change Your Wife' was written." Across the tea table from me Claire West, designer of costumes for the De Mille productions, leaned back in her chair with a reminiscent little smile. "I was working on an evening gown with one of my models," she went on, "but I let her go and sent for Gloria Swanson, and that day I worked out the negligee, in velvet of such a deep purple that it was almost black. Both Gloria and Bebe Daniels wear it in the picture."

"But you don't work that way as a rule, building the story from a gown, do you?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh, no," she replied. "That was an exception. And I've no doubt that Mr. De Mille had some idea, at least, of the story when he specified the garment. Usually I get the complete script of the play and study it to find out exactly what sort of characters the women in it are to be."

"Most of them are rather extreme types, of course," I suggested.

"Y-e-s," she replied. "Most of them are. The De Mille productions are exotic, unusual—daring. Naturally the costumes are in keeping. I have to exaggerate in order to get effects—just as an actress has to put mascara on her eyelashes.

"I presume that most persons think of a
A Painter in Fabrics

designer working by making preliminary sketches and plans first," she continued. "And, indeed, many of them do. But I prefer to drape the materials on a mannequin. Of course, other people do the sewing and all that sort of thing. I have a perfectly huge establishment—there are sixty-eight persons under me: tailors, French flower-makers, seamstresses, stock girls—it's like the usual modiste's shop—except that it's part of the Famous Players' studio."

"And do you just start in and make all the clothes before a picture is begun, or how do you go about it?"

The flame-colored feathers on her tip-tilted little hat shook as she leaned across the table earnestly.

"No, indeed," she declared. "I make the frocks as Mr. De Mille calls for them. And I never know what he's going to want next. It all depends on what part of the picture he's going to make."

"You must have to work quite a bit ahead of the styles?"

"Oh, naturally," she replied. "But our styles are really authoritative. We're constantly bringing out costumes which are accepted six months later by people in general, at about the time the picture is shown. Last spring I made those short-skirted frocks, such as are now being sent to us from Paris. Of course, while the dressmaker who wants new ideas or the little girl in the small town who's planning her trousseau, probably wouldn't want an evening gown such as I design for Bebe Daniels, still, she can get an idea for a new draping of her skirt or an unusual way of cutting the neckline from it. Then again, some of the ideas which I develop in screen costumes could be used by any one. For instance, I made a dress for Gloria Swanson which was trimmed with wool embroidery and deep bands of silver net interwoven with narrow strips of raffia, which was used also as a finish for the cord girdle. The effect is striking, and I should think that any girl could copy it."

"But how will they know whether they can wear even adaptations of your designs or not?" I wanted to know.

"Just by trying them," was the serene reply. "I can't help being impatient with women who say 'But I couldn't possibly wear a high waistline,' or 'Oh, I'd never in the world wear a short skirt,' when they've never tried it. Now, there's a principle in advertising that applies to designing clothes. You've heard advertising men speak of attention value, haven't you. You know how, sometimes, they'll leave almost a whole page blank in order to call attention to the few words it contains? Well, that's the principle I go on, partly. There are dozens of ways of calling attention to a woman's good points and so discounting her bad ones. A different neckline, an uneven drapery, an unusual color combination will work wonders."

"I wish you'd illustrate that with a concrete example," I urged. "For instance, take Gloria Swanson. She used to be a bathing-suit comed}-queen; most of us had never heard much of anything about her until she blossomed forth as a professional beauty in De Mille productions. How did you do it?"

"Well, Gloria has a beautiful back, so I show it in evening gowns and negligees. In fact, she has a lot of good points—"

"So you show them all?" I asked. Claire West's blue eyes twinkled as she shook her head, and I wondered how it happened that such a gay young person had charge of the costuming of Famous Players-Lasky pictures, to say nothing of personally designing the costumes for De Mille productions.

"Not quite all," she was answering. "I stop far short..."
of that. But one of Gloria's good points is her hair, and so I have it dressed so that it will always be noticed and yet fit in with the general scheme of the gowns I design for her. Gloria used to be like many other women—she didn’t know that she could wear clothes, but just blindly followed the styles. But you know how she looks when she wears dresses that bring out her best points. As I said, her back is very pretty, so I design her evening gowns to show it. Her hands aren’t especially good, so I either make her sleeves long enough to hide them or give her one long, trailing sleeve and leave the other arm bare, emphasizing her arms, which are beautiful, rather than her hands. She doesn’t wear bracelets or rings, except perhaps just one very large ring that almost hides her little finger, and attracts attention to itself. She has pretty feet and ankles; I can always show them to good effect, so I do.

"And what I did with Gloria Swanson any woman can do for herself, in a measure, at least; I’d like to go through New York on a personal campaign, begging women not to be slaves to fashion plates any longer."

My sigh was half one of sympathy with her exclamation and half one of awe at her independence.

"I’d like to know how you began all this; what you did way back in the beginning, that led up to this work," I asked.

"Well, I had a grandfather who was governor of his State, and a family who thought a girl might better do nothing all her life than work. However, I knew what I wanted to do, and fussed at them till they let me learn stenography. Later I got an appointment as court reporter at the capital of one of the Western States. But I wanted to make clothes; I simply couldn’t keep my hands off from fabrics, and when I’d refashioned all my own things I’d fall to work on my friends. Sometimes they’d be rather startled when they’d come home and find me slashing into some new frock that they’d just bought, but in the end they’d always admit that my remodeling had improved it. And finally I decided to be a designer—it was the one thing I wanted to do.

"The first picture for which I did the costumes was 'Intolerance.' I did all the research work also—spent two years on it. Then I took a rest, and afterward did the costumes for Theda Bara’s 'Cleopatra.'"

"Oh, I saw those in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, here in New York," I interrupted. They were shown there because the authorities considered them such faithful reproductions of the ancient Egyptians’ garb.

"And it’s since then that I’ve been with Famous Players-Lasky. I'm perfectly in love with my work—I'd just as soon put in eighteen hours a day at it as not. We have such an interesting establishment; I only wish that every one who goes to Paramount-Artcraft pictures could see the stock room where we keep costumes that have been worn in them. Of course, the stars frequently furnish their own clothes, but——"

Just then she was summoned to the telephone. I followed her across the hotel lobby, noting the details of her dark-blue velvet frock with its bountiful hips and delicate tracery of embroidery that matched the gay feathers on her hat. As she passed there was a change in the atmosphere; conversations were left hanging by an exclamation point; newspapers slid to the floor; heads were turned and necks craned. Why? The answer’s simple; Claire West preaches what she preaches. She knows her own attention value.
WHEN you take leave of a friend do you ejaculate "Pip pip!" Do you murmur "Toodeloo" at appropriate moments? Well, if your slang hasn't yet taken on the smart new English twist it will when you see Owen Moore in "Piccadilly Jim," in which he first appears as a Selznick star. You see, the picture is based on the story of the same name by P. G. Wodehouse, and everybody who's read that charming tale—and what a corking part it offers the second Moore brother, who's graced the screen so infrequently of late—knows the hero corrupts the most conservative vocabulary.
Our esteemed co-critic Herbert Howe has put his foot in it! And we aren't a bit sorry for him. The Observer is forever writing things that bring in mail bags full of complaints, penned cries of rage, and hot words among which "stupid" seems to be the favorite. So when another fellow gets the fans after him do we feel sorry for him? Ha! Ha! And Ho! Ho! Now he knows what it means to have the wrath of fandom pick him up and put him down in his place!

Mr. Howe wrote an excellent article, "New Stars for Old," which appeared in our November number. And through one of those perverse workings of fate he left out Harrison Ford. He didn't mean to leave him out—we know how Mr. Howe feels about Harrison Ford. But he did. Did you ever go to town with your mind set upon buying handkerchiefs and come home with candy and a lot of other things—but with no handkerchiefs?

That's the way it happened. But we're glad of it. Now the fans have somebody beside The Observer to pick on.

Our desk is piled high with letters about Mr. Howe's selections. We wish we could print all of them, but it would take a couple of magazines this size. It seems as if all the fans are doing these days is to pick the dark horses and to discuss their chances of winning big type on the billboards.

Harrison Ford, by a big majority, is the fellow they have their eyes upon. He's the best bet, with Richard Barthelmess running second. Cullen Landis also seems to be a big favorite. Strangely, no great interest seems to be taken in the girls. As one fan puts it, "we need more young men stars, not more girls." Douglas MacLean and Monte Blue are close up in front.

The girls are headed by Clarine Seymour, with her "True-Heart Susie" performance being used as a guide. Betty Compson's work in "The Miracle Man" is evidently causing a heap of talk. To us, an extraordinary thing is that Gloria Swanson, De Mille's beauty, is not mentioned in any of our correspondence. Is it possible that Gloria appeals only to the "tired business man," who is too tired to read his opinions?

What are we going to do with this comic? One day she's on the edge of the ring that holds the best of 'em. The next she slips back.

It is our guess that she has found herself. Under the direction of Victor Schertzinger, who went over to Goldwyn from the Ince lot, she seems to have come back into the spirit of "Mickey" and the Sennett days.

It is our belief that Mabel Normand, given a steady hand to guide her, will rise quickly into genuine popularity such as is the fortune of not more than half a dozen of our stars. She has the stuff. All she needs is the right director and the right stories.

"The Noisy Drama Borrows"

It wasn't so long ago that dramatic critics and others who were still looking upon the moving picture as a toy, gasped in astonishment at the audacity and ignorance of a producer who took "The Cheat," a moving picture and made it into a noisy play.

To the great relief of these folks, "The Cheat" on the stage was a flop. On the screen it had been a sensation. "So look!" said they. "The screen produces no ideas worth taking into the real drama."

And lots of people believed them. Because, at that time, they were right.

Now we have running on Broadway no less than three plots that had previously appeared in motion pictures. "See Saw" is a musical play that first saw light on the screen as "Love Insurance," with Bryant Washburn starring. "Scandal," a Cosmo Hamilton tale, was a vehicle for Constance Talmadge. Now it's a success on the stage. "The Little Whopper," another musical comedy, first was Marguerite Clark's classic "Miss George Washington."

It is no slap at the screen that "Love Insurance" and "The Little Whopper" were made into musical comedies, which are usually considered better when the plot amounts to as little as the chorus girls' clothes. These two productions are successful on the stage because of their plots, because they are real comedies with music, not just girls and costumes and music and a few lines to connect the songs.

The screen ought to be rather proud of itself, for the general method of buying screen material works against the screen-to-stage route. Producers of pictures would rather have the material tried out. They don't care if the plot has done service in magazines and on the stage before it is done in moving pictures. They have found that a story is always good for moving pictures—if it is really good.

Take "The Miracle Man," George Loane Tucker's
wonderful emotional magic. First it appeared in a magazine, then in a book, then as a play. But the Tucker version of the story is considered by a good many as better than the Frank Pickard tale or the George M. Cohan play, for Tucker had two men's ideas to work with before he started with his own.

And the reports as to the success of this picture do not indicate that anybody is staying away from it just because they have read the book or have seen the play.

After all, the producers are rather canny. Let the publishers and the producers of speaking drama take the chances! Then pick the best of the tales and make them into moving pictures.

*The Bathing Girl* Arrives

If Claire Briggs were to take up seriously the question of "Wonder What a Bathing Girl Thinks About," as a cartoon subject these days, he'd have only one subject to draw—if he stuck to the truth.

All the bathing girl thinks about now is getting out of the comedies and into the dramas. And if she thinks hard enough she may get her wish. For has she not a noble lot of precedents before her?

Cecil B. De Mille took Gloria Swanson from the Mack Sennett tank and made her a glorious gown model. If he keeps on, one of these days we're going to have to admit that she's learning to act.

So successful was he with Gloria that he went over to Harold Lloyd's place and gathered in Bebe Daniels who, you'll admit is oh, so lovely in her new type of rôle.

In the meantime George Loane Tucker was making a real actress, not just a gown model, out of Betty Compson, late of Arbuckle comedies and Christie comics.

And Griffith was establishing as one of the most popular of his girls none other than "Cutie Beautiful," Clarine Seymour. While Mary Thurman, the famous diving-school teacher from Salt Lake City, began playing small parts with increasing success until Bill Hart made her his leading woman in "Sand."

All of these former bathing girls have made good. All are beautiful, all are ambitious, and reports have it that there isn't a one of them that isn't trying seriously to become a real actress and to earn an honest living by what is inside the head rather than what is outside of it.

Of course their beauty didn't hinder them any, nor their ability to wear more, or less, clothes. But each girl was ambitious and was fortunate to get into the stock company of a director who knew how to make people act. The ballots are not yet counted on Mary Thurman but all the others have been elected. They're on the map to stay.

*The Director Again*

We often have had kind words to say about the director as an important figure. We have had unkind words for him when a picture is bad, too, for if he is to get the praise when he's good he must take the blame when he's bad.

It is our opinion that a good director and a pile of money is all anybody needs to make successful pictures. But mark you well that word "good." He must know a good story when he sees it. That's his first job. So far there has not yet appeared a director who can pick his stories one hundred per cent.

That proves that directors are human beings, not inspired by the gods. They're much like great stage and opera producers, and editors, and men who buy new winter overcoats, and women who buy eggs. Nobody picks 'em right every time.

But given a good story, a first-class director need not worry about actors. He can go out and get Gloria Swansons and "Cutie Beautiful" and make them great actresses, for if they don't do a thing right the first time he can take and retake the scene until it is perfect.

Great directors don't need stars, but great stars need first-class directors. Few stars are as fortunate as Charlie Chaplin in having such a great director as C. Chaplin to handle them. It isn't often that as fine a director as Eric von Stroheim has proved himself to be in "Blind Husbands," gets hold of as good an author as E. V. Stroheim, nor is so fortunate as to have in his company as sympathetic an actor as this fellow Stroheim.

*Artists* 26. *Producers*

We thought it was pretty big news when Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and D. W. Griffith organized the "United Artists." It looked like a combination of the biggest talent in the business.

But now comes the "Associated Producers," who are Thomas H. Ince, Maurice Tourneur, Marshall Neilan, Allan Dwan, Mack Sennett, and George Loane Tucker. To The Observer the "Producers" seem to be a stronger combination than the "Artists." It is our belief that, on the whole, the man who makes a picture is more important than the persons who act in it. Ince has proved it with Douglas Maclean and Doris May. Tourneur demonstrates it in "The Blue Bird," "The Life Line," and "Victory." Neilan can point to "The Unpardonable Sin," while Dwan has "Soldiers of Fortune," and Tucker has "The Miracle Man." Sennett has lost Chaplin, Arbuckle, Mabel Normand, and other comedy stars, and still remains the greatest of comedy producers.

A producer can vary his subjects, while a star cannot. That is why we believe Griffith to be the strongest of the Big Four—strongest, we mean, in ability to furnish a steady supply of good entertainment to the fans, which is all that concerns us. Charlie Chaplin, because he is now producing very few pictures, no longer is a very important factor in the life of moving-picture patrons. No matter how luxurious the service, a railroad would be of smaller importance if it ran only two months out of the year. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are getting into form again and are back on a schedule of about one picture every two months.

The "Associated Producers" will be able to turn out one feature picture a week. Ince, alone, has supervised an average of about thirty-five pictures a year in the last three years. Sennett can be counted upon for a two-reel comedy every other week.

Looked upon as a source of entertainment, the Associated Producers stand up as a very important body of men. When they once get under way—watch them!
Incognito Clothes
Here's Pearl White's idea of a disguise.
By Muriel Andrews

DEERSKIN gloves and hat and a woolly brown-and-plaid scarf—those were the highlights of Pearl White's costume the other day, when I met her indulging in a cross-country tramp near her Long Island home.

"But you weren't supposed to recognize me!" she protested. "These are incognito clothes—so much like those that everybody else wears this year that even a movie star is disguised in them."

"Maybe so—I'll admit that every girl in New York hides her light under one of those scarfs this year—but I knew you just the same," I answered.

"Well, come on home and see the rest of my new things; they're all designed to make me look just fashionable—and that means looking like all the world, you know; people seem to expect stars to be specially marked, somehow; I thought I could walk down the street in 'em and not have every child that passed shriek 'There goes Pearl White!'",

So she tried on the new clothes for me—the fleecy blue-and-white scarf like a soft cloud; the henna-colored tricollette suit and blue fox furs, and the blue duvetyn suit and white blouse with frills as crisp and crackly looking as popcorn.

"I used to think I'd have to wear a black veil and a raincoat if I wanted to go shopping without being recognized, but I believe it could be done in any of these outfits, don't you?" she asked anxiously. "I'm sure they're fashionable enough to be inconspicuous; they might be anybody's clothes, mightn't they?"

Well, she was right—they certainly are the kind of things that all the fashionable world is wearing nowadays, aren't they? But do you think they'll let Pearl get away from the crowd unnoticed? Neither do I!
They ate their Peas with knives, So Harry Did the same; He knew that They were rude But he was Being game; He put to shame The saucy dame.

The daughter of a packer and a cattle shipper meet; A case of town and country, now observe them, how they eat. The lady, Helen Merritt, is a-laughing at her guest, The man is Cheyenne Harry, he's a rancher from the West. He's come to see the packer 'bout the title to his land; The packer wants to get it and to steal it he has planned; He has fogged the rancher's title in a clever legal way, And has gobbled Harry's acres and he doesn't have to pay. When Harry came to see him, why, the packer tho't it fine To make an ass of Harry by inviting him to dune. They sat him at the table with a bloomin' British earl, And the packer and his lady and their classy, sassy girl.

Next month the whole caboodle Went camping in the West; The Earl of Monkeydoodle, The girl, and all the rest. They camped upon the acres They'd stolen from Cheyenne, This new-rich bunch of fakers And the English monkey-man. Meanwhile poor Cheyenne Harry Was hiding in his hole, And while that bunch made merry, He nicked 'em for their roll; He robbed their messenger and skun The packer of his roll of mun.
Fighting Tleman
from the Universal picture for you this time.

Edson

Cheyenne hid in
An outlaw lair;
He and the packer
Now were square.
The packer's
Daughter made
An error,
And Cheyenne
Harry got
Still squarer.

So Harry had the lady and he wouldn't take her back;
He housed her in the mountains in a lonely little shack;
He made her live on pork and beans and other humble chow;
"You're dining with a white man, not a social monkey now."
He made the lady like it; it was working like a charm,
And then her father's hirelings came and shot him through the arm.
He woke within a hospital, and there he saw the "frail."
He lamped her through the foot-bars and he thought he was in jail;
But the packer's daughter kissed him with a kiss that was a treat,
And the packer gave his blessing—and then raised the price of meat.

The girl-struck English geezer
Conceived a little plan,
To have kidnappers seize her,
Then prove he was a man.
He hired Cheyenne Harry
To seize the dimpled dame.
Then he—the English Jerry—
Would get into the game.
So Harry, from his saddle,
Grabbed up the Bit o' Fluff,
And started to skedaddle,
And skedaddled sure enough!
The Briton tried the rescue stuff,
But Cheyenne bumped him rather rough.
Snapped Without Warning

There's nothing like having a camera handy when something interesting happens.

The days when the Civil War was the “big war,” and top hats and pantalets gave fashion writers something to say, were revived when Lionel Barrymore did “The Copperhead” for Famous Players-Lasky, and an entire village was built on Long Island as a setting for the picture. Rebuilt twice, it served as a background for life during three different generations.

You can’t blame these people for having a postcard picture taken when the opportunity offered; they so rarely have a chance to be photographed! Then, too, Richard Barthelmess had just fallen in love—with the stuffed pelican—and Clarine Seymour and Creighton Hale yearned to prove that they were on terms of intimacy with an alligator, though he was just an imitation one. Miami, Florida, furnished the background, and D. W. Griffith the reason for their being there.

Yes, Constance Talmadge had a bathing suit on under her bathrobe, and intended going swimming—but, as you will note by the leaves on the trees, it was on a warmer day than this one. We print this just to remind everybody that summer’s not so awfully far away.
Coming events cast their shadows before, and also behind, in a case like this one. When Emerson Hough's story, "The Sagebrusher," was filmed by Benjamin B. Hampton, a few unintentional shadows were cast on the sand, and the director—Edward B. Sjoman—and the camera men found themselves in the picture. The shadows cast on the screen when this picture is released will be slightly different from these, of course, but to us they won't be more interesting than these are.

Well, here you have both aspects of the case; you can take your choice. Go for a real salt-water swim, in an honest-to-goodness bathing suit, and you'll have to follow Norma Talmadge's example and take a shivery shower afterward, getting your hair dripping wet in the bargain. Or—choose a black lace-and-ribbon beach costume like Kay Laurell's, and you'll never need to go near the sea, or the shower either. The parasol? Oh, that's to keep the sun off. Too bad to limit a girl's activity this way, isn't it, especially when she swims as well as Miss Laurell does.
Harrison Ford is interviewed—but not with his own consent.

By Jane MacNaughton Baxter

It struck me that the publicity man had improved wonderfully since the day he took me to see Billie Burke; he'd only had his job a short time then, and when Miss Burke spoke to him he was so embarrassed that he was afraid to give her some newspaper clippings about herself that she was probably most eager to see. Now he was trying to convince me that a leading man was bashful! Why, just on the face of it that was preposterous. I'd gone to the studio to interview Ford because I knew that people all over the country were proclaiming him their favorite among the younger actors. How could he be bashful in the face of such popularity as that?

Then a young chap who'd just started across the studio happened to see us. He hesitated a moment, then came on, so interested in Miss Clark that he paid no attention to us at all. He stumbled over electriclead cords and bumped into chairs—but he kept his eyes on Miss Clark, and so, away from us. The publicity man smiled significantly, and finally, after the young man had wandered around and talked with carpenters and directors and electricians, he called "Oh, Ford—right this way!" And the stranger, with all the nonchalance of a convict about to be hanged, acknowledged an introduction as Harrison Ford. The publicity man had told the truth.

I'll pass lightly over my attempts to make him talk. Where was he born? He wouldn't say. Later I learned that his early days had St. Louis as a setting. Was he married? He didn't answer.

"He never tells," said the publicity man, who reminded me of a young mother trying to make her offspring recite for his father's rich uncle. "Tell her—tell her about your books!" he finally exclaimed in desperation.

"Yes, do!" I urged. "And then let's get a camera man to take a picture of you with a lot of books around you, and—"

A look of mingled agony and contempt silenced that outburst.

And the publicity man, with a gesture of despair worthy of Nazimova,

H's horribly bashful," the studio publicity man warned me. "He hates to be interviewed and won't talk—really and truly thinks he's not worth talking about. He's just a corking good fellow without any conceit. And when I phoned him that you were here he said the phone had waked him out of a sound sleep and he wasn't dressed or anything, but he'd come over as soon as he could.

Pleasant prospect, that, of interviewing a man who wouldn't talk, and probably felt grumpy over being waked from a nap. The publicity man went on telling me how bashful Harrison Ford is, while we stood around and watched Marguerite Clark do one scene of "Easy to Get" over and over, and
A Very Diffident Young Man

fled to his office. As for me, I gave up the idea of interviewing this difficult young man and began to talk.

"Having a good time while you're here?" I asked. "I suppose you've seen Ethel Barrymore's new play?"

"Nope—couldn't get a seat," he answered gloomily. Five words!

"What a shame—I sent two back yesterday—you might have had them."

"My heavens!" he exclaimed, with sudden change of mien. "Don't ever do that again. If you can get seats for that or Jack and Lionel Barrymore in 'The Jest,' or anything good, let me buy them from you, please! I've got to go back to California as soon as this picture's done, and every ticket for every show is sold weeks in advance! And what do you think? Yesterday Rachmaninoff was playing at Carnegie Hall, just a block from here, and I had a ticket, and then I couldn't get away—had to work all afternoon. And maybe I'll get off for the symphony concert to-night, but probably I won't."

"Awful, isn't it?" I sympathized. "Don't you get good things in Los Angeles in the theater?"

"Oh, yes, a year or so after they've been put on here. The Russian ballet came out there—I went every night—and do you remember the Chopin things Pavlova danced? Well, somebody in my hotel plays them—late at night, usually—and I can't sleep in this town, it's so noisy, so I lie there and listen. Wonderful!"

"It must be," I was congratulating myself on this feast of reason and flow of soul. And then I told him about a little bookstore, famous all over the country, where you meet visiting authors and artists, and he said he'd go there, and he told me about how, the first day he got to New York, and had just half an hour before he had to leave for Loon Lake with Marguerite Clark and her company, he dashed down to Brentano's, the big bookstore, and bought an autograph letter of Joseph Conrad's.

"I went down there because I wanted to see a lot of books at once," he explained. "Out in Los Angeles it's so different—you hear about a new book and rush out to get it, and either they haven't got it yet or it's all sold out. But here you can get books from anywhere—and think about my getting that letter of Conrad's!"

Then I mentioned that I was going to see Constance Tal madge that afternoon whereupon he promptly murmured, "Ah, the Queen of Heaven! Give her my very dear love, won't you?" Incidentally, when Constance got that message she said, "Wasn't that sweet of him!" Then she added, with a little twinkle in her eye, "You know, people are always announcing my engagement to nice men like Harri-
“Don’t Do It, Marjorie”

There were other people going to the studio; I didn’t know what car to take, so I stood near them.

I TOOK the ferry at eight the next morning, feeling most awfully professional. To me that little journey across the Hudson was as momentous as a trip to Europe; the boat seemed to go at a snail’s pace, yet as the Palisades loomed up bigger and bigger I almost wished it would stop; now that I was actually going to get into pictures I felt a little shaky about it.

There were other people on the boat who were going to the studio I was headed for; I heard them talking about it while we were all waiting for the street car. Several of them had suit cases, as I did, and one of the men had on evening clothes under his overcoat. I didn’t know what car to take, so I stood near them, thinking I’d just do what they did, and so I couldn’t help overhearing them. They mentioned a lot of the pictures I’d seen at home, and told about their parts in them; I was awfully interested, and finally one of the girls turned around and spoke to me.

“I’ve been in pictures three years now,” she said when we’d been talking a few moments. “Sure, I’ve had parts; doubled for a star once. But I can’t count on steady work—haven’t ever had a contract. How’d I get in? Registered at an agency. Say, did anybody ever tell you to try to get started by hanging around the studios waiting for a chance? Well, don’t you try it—I did, and there’s nothing to it! Why, out in California I did nothing else at first—many a day I’ve sat on that bench in the yard at the old Mutual Studio—fourteen companies working inside, and not a thing for an extra most of the time, it seemed to me. I know all the studios around Hollywood—but I think New York’s a better place to break in; there’s more chance to get work here in between times, you see. Los Angeles is full of women who can’t do any kind of work and who want to get a job—men, too. Here you can get something—out there there aren’t jobs enough in town to take care of the movie extras—’tisn’t a very big place, you know. Now I’ve got a job clerking in a department store, and they dock me when I take a few days off to work in a picture, but they’re glad to keep me on the pay roll because I’m a better saleswoman than most of their girls. That keeps me going when I can’t get work at the studios.”

Three years of it! I couldn’t help being glad that I had that money I’d brought from home.

The studio looked as grim and forbidding as a factory, except for the glass roof that covered part of it. When we got inside a man divided the crowds of extras; the girls whom the director of the picture and Mr. Rowe had sent for were given a big dressing room together, and all the others were put in another room, which rather crowded them. A line of lockers ran down the middle of the room, and a mirror ran the

We lined up for the little box lunches.
The second installment of the experiences of a girl who became a motion-picture actress despite all obstacles. The first part, printed in the January number, told of how she came to New York and got her first job as an extra.

length of either side wall, with a wide shelf below it. There were lots of electric lights, and some of the girls got out curling irons and began making elaborate preparations as we girls at home used to when we were going to a dance. They had lots of make-up; some of them had brought three or four kinds of cold cream, and powder, and they all had lip sticks and black stuff for their eyes.

One girl settled down and curled her hair all over her head in long curls—I noticed her afterward, and she was away back in a corner where she'd never show in the picture at all. And several of the girls changed all their clothes, and fussed around as if they had been stars. Somehow, it struck me that they didn't have any good mirrors at home, maybe, and were making the best of this one—they seemed to appreciate it so. I thought of the little dressing table in my pink and white bedroom at home—and then stopped remembering it as quickly as I could.

The girl who spoke to me when we waited for the car sat next me at the mirror, and helped me to make up; she said the powder I'd bought at one of the theatrical drug stores on Broadway was too dark, and gave me some of hers; it was very coarse and quite a deep yellow, and stood out in little grains all over my face and arms. She fixed my eyes, too; she heated a toothpick in a candle flame and rubbed it on a cake of black stuff and then along my eyelashes, making them dreadfully heavy, so that they stood way out and looked awfully exaggerated. She said they'd be wonderful and make my eyes look much bigger in a picture. Janet—her name was Janet Powers—looked much nicer without her mouth made up and her eyelashes fixed, but she said that her kind of looks wouldn't get over on the screen at all without lots of make-up.

What stunned me, as I sat there all dressed and waiting till it would be time to go up to "the floor," was the number of awfully pretty girls I saw there. Every one of them was pretty—some of them were beauties. I'd never seen so many pretty girls together before, and I wondered how Mr. Rowe and Jeanne Phelps had kept from laughing at me when I urged that because I was pretty I ought to have a chance in pictures. Why, if all they had to do to make a picture successful was to get pretty girls no director would have a worry in the world.

Some of the girls had brought wonderful evening gowns, and some of them wore the shabbiest, flimsiest little suits and hats when they came, and got their evening clothes from the woman in charge of the wardrobe room. Janet said that was one thing that made it hard for the girl who didn't have money to get along—clothes counted so much in lots of scenes where they used extras, and if you were well dressed

Continued on page 94
He’s Going Some!

It wasn’t hard for “Lefty” Flynn to qualify for the title of Rex Beach’s “Going Some!” He’s been doing it all his life.

Maurice B. Flynn became “Lefty” at Yale, where he earned fame as one of the fastest sprinters, greatest-kicking full backs, and all-around athletes in Eli history.

When the war broke out “Lefty” Flynn left his Colorado ranch and enlisted in the aviator corps, with the idea of making the Hun “go some” in the air.

On his return, his father, a Wall Street banker, had planned a commercial career for “Lefty,” but “Lefty” met dad’s friend, Rex Beach. Straightway plans were off, and so was “Lefty”—off for California.

He fought his way to recognition as the thug in “The Silver Horde” and then sprinted away with honors in “Going Some.” Watch Him Go!
HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William Lord Wright

Introducing Mr. Whitman Bennett

Few persons who write for the screen have any conception of the workings of a scenario editor's office, or of what really happens to a script when it reaches one of those mysterious places. We have, therefore, asked Mr. Whitman Bennett, production manager for Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, to tell us how the scenario department of his organization, the greatest of its kind in the world, goes about the business of procuring the stories for their productions, and he has generously complied by writing for this department the following article, which he calls "A Million a Year for Motion-Picture Plots." To all who are in any way interested in writing for the screen I recommend a careful reading of what Mr. Bennett has to say:

In the motion-picture business figures are always appalling to the people in the business as well as to the layman who only hears rumors of almost fantastic expenditures and returns. A year or two ago the ten-thousand-dollar-per-week star was the sensation of the motion-picture world. Now, it is the sixty-thousand-dollar-story. As a matter of cold fact, not more than half a dozen stories in the whole field of possible motion-picture fiction are considered to be worth this price, but two or three sales have been consummated at approximately this figure and rumor has done the rest. It is seemingly impossible to make authors, editors, and publishers—or play producers for that matter—understand that these rare instances are only the result of the story's advertised success in its literary or dramatic form. A few high prices are paid for a few of the world's most successful and widely advertised book and dramatic hits—and the whole world goes crazy. It would have been better for the business if the few big subjects really worth these big prices had never been done than to upset the common sense of a whole business.

So the first big prevailing fallacy in connection with moving-picture stories is that they are worth fabulous amounts. The second fallacy is that they are extraordinarily difficult to find.

Our organization takes the most extraordinary means to search for material, because we want to find the best, and that which is at the moment most appealing to the popular mind; but this does not mean that material for motion pictures is more difficult to find than really fine novels for publishers or really fine plays for producing stage managers. On the contrary, the picture producer has the benefit of being able to draw material from the publishers and from the dramatic producers.

However, the finding of enough material which will combine a certain grade of artistic merit with popular elements, to make somewhat more than one hundred important feature-film productions a year, obviously offers some difficulties. It takes about a million dollars in money, and the time of many capable men and women. The publisher may have his problems, and the dramatic manager undoubtedly has his trouble—but film literally "eats up plot" as no other form of publication or production. A five-reel film is shown in about one hour and ten minutes. Yet a two-and-a-half-hour play will have to be expanded to provide sufficient plot; and often even a four-hundred-page novel, though it may contain many incidental episodes, must be discarded, will need additional essential action.

The high-grade film of to-day, which makes due and increasing allowance for characterization, does not simply revel in crude overcrowding of plot, as did the films of a few years ago. But the fact remains that the best films are those which, not lacking in characterization, nevertheless have plenty of good, active plot.

Questions concerning scenario writing, addressed to this department, will be gladly answered, when accompanied by a stamped and addressed return envelope. Beginners, however, are advised first to procure our "Guideposts for Scenario Writers," a booklet covering all the points on which beginners usually wish to be informed, which will be sent for ten cents. Those who wish the names and addresses of the principal producers, with statements of the kinds of stories they want, may procure our Market Booklet for six cents. Please note that we cannot read or criticize scripts.

Combining the World for Material

It has been pointed out that a brief description of the methods by which we conduct this eternal hunt in the fiction jungle may be of interest. As already mentioned, motion-picture figures have at least the fascination of size—and it is just a bit staggering to consider that we have in the home-office scenario department of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation about seventy-five hundred synopses of books and plays, made either in the office or by paid outside readers. These synopses are all based on works that were not impossible; for the obviously impossible material is dismissed with a paragraph.
Hints for Scenario Writers

The chief of this "scenario" or reading department—the actual continuities are made at the studios in association with the directors—is Robert E. MacAlarney, a professor of Columbia, who taught in a school of journalism, and formerly city editor of the New York Tribune, as well as a successful fiction writer. He now has his department so arranged that readers actually in the office work in virtually all the modern languages—English, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Russian, and the Scandinavian tongues. Every issue of every important American or European magazine is read immediately upon publication. Nor is this all done in New York—for we have a direct representative in London, who is connected with our English company, but who reports directly to the New York office by mail and by cable.

Although we have done our best to encourage original writing for the screen, the developments as of date are not anything to flatter ourselves about, and most of our films, as every one knows, are founded on published stories and books or on Broadway dramatic productions. This has led to certain interesting arrangements for getting the proofs of novels before they are printed, and for seeing the Broadway shows even before they have reached Broadway. Every big business must have its carefully oiled machinery. But the big problem, which we have not yet satisfactorily solved is how to get a better class of original film material without drawing upon ourselves veritable deluges of illiterate and worthless stuff, which must all be glanced over and courteously returned in order not to make enemies—and in order not to miss the possible good story or the writer who shows "promise."

Of course, all editors and all dramatic producers and all film producers, looking for stories naturally turn first to the established writers. This is the safe and sane policy and one which naturally returns the highest percentage of results, even though many good authors have a habit of trying to sell the film companies the stories that have been rejected by editors or the plays that haven't been good enough for the theatrical producers.

The conclusion we have come to, in general, is this: Some persons are so naturally novelists, or short-story writers, that they cannot properly express themselves in any other form, and it is better policy to buy their novels and stories—simply explaining to them the value of writing novels and stories that will also be suitable for film—than to try teaching them original film synopsis writing. Some persons are dramatists so absolutely that they don't do themselves justice except when writing dialogue and giving stage directions; and the best that can be done with them is simply to indicate how much more the play will bring in if it also has certain cinema elements. But—thank Heaven!—there are a number of playwrights, story-writers, and novelists who are perfectly capable of writing directly for the screen if they can only be persuaded to stomach a few failures and find out how, just as they originally had to study their other forms of expression. And—thank Heaven, twice over!—there are some people now just coming into view who have such a specific talent for writing moving-picture synopses, that they do this better than anything else! In these authors—these dramatic and plot-creating visualists—lies the greatest hope of the future for our business.

How a Story Is Read

Many persons have asked to be informed as to just what happens when a book, story, play, or synopsis is submitted to our office. Before going further, by the way, it is well to explain that we never want continuity from outside writers—but just "synopses," good, readable ten to twenty-page "stories" of the film as imagined by the author, with the main incidents and sufficient characterization, arranged not in the sequence of film presentation, but in the natural and most graphic sequence of the imagined events themselves.

Whether the story, book, play, or synopsis comes to us directly or through an agent, the procedure is all the same. It all goes to the scenario department, is recorded, and is assigned to a reader. In the case of short stories and synopses—if they are reasonably brief and to the point—they go from the first reader to the supervising reader in the original form. In the case of books and plays, if the material shows any promise, adequate synopses immediately are made. These synopses are made by really competent people and must always simply present the story to the best advantage, without making any plea for or against the narrative. It is a rule that readers must not editorialize in their work.

The supervising reader discards a certain amount of material, but refers to Mr. MacAlarney, the head of the department, anything that is by any chance a possibility, explaining something about it. Mr. MacAlarney has been informed by the production managers what sort of stories are particularly wanted at the moment, for what stars and to be produced by what directors. He naturally bears these instructions in mind—but also refers, in due course, certain other stories to the production manager, recommending them for purchase on general principles, though not needed at the moment.

Mr. MacAlarney cannot read everything that gets to his desk, but he does read an enormous amount of material, and has the assistance of certain very expert associates—one the sister and private reader of one of the world's greatest stars, another who is herself a recognized dramatist, and a man who has edited or vitally assisted in editing three or four famous magazines.

Mr. MacAlarney, acting as rapidly as is consistent with sound judgment, refers to the production manager perhaps twenty or thirty subjects a week. The production manager is the general go-between, compromising the issues between "art" and "business" and keeping the machinery of studio work in actual operation. He knows, as a matter of course, what material is required at each studio for each star or as a "special" for certain directors, and he reads with these practical facts always in mind. Most of the material goes back to MacAlarney, but he refers to each studio perhaps three times what it will actually require, with the name of the star or director suggested. In other words, he tries to apply the material.

Continued on page 82
A Man’s Complaint

Against the screen; read on—
You’ll see just what I mean.

By Adam Whipple

O h, wad some power the giftie gie us,
   To see oursel’s as others see us—"
This plea of Burns has been reversed,
Now others see us—at our worst!
The camera’s eye, with scorn and spleen,
Bares all our secrets on the screen.
The husband, bachelor, or beau
Whose dignity was guarded so
Finds no seclusion in his lair.
The camera comes and shoots him there.
It looks through kitchen, bath, and stair
And pots its victims everywhere!

The spoken drama doesn’t show
Its hero in his shirtless woe;
Great Hamlet would be called a dub
If Shakespeare soaped him in his tub.
Could Romeo still coo and flirt
While butt’ning on a balky shirt?
Could Don Juan set all hearts a-buzz
While shaving off his stubble fuzz?
What idol of the matinée,
Belov’d of all the girls gay,
Could make those hearts still buzz like bees,
While he patched up his B. V. D.’s?
Oh, no; the spoken drama rings
The curtain down on all such things;
It won’t suggest by deed or word
The things that make a man absurd,
But, oh, you motion-picture folk,
You make us out to be a joke!
Can any girl such pictures scan
And fail to have a laugh on—man?
Bringing the Summer Home
By Helen Ogden

They're the kind of kodak pictures any young married couple would love to make.

Evidently the Tellegens enjoyed a second honeymoon last summer on the coast.

THERE we are in the garden—and this was just a glimpse of the sun parlor, where we often had breakfast. And—oh yes, that was on one of the side paths.

It sounds like the description the girl next door gives you when she gets back from a visit, doesn't it? But it happens to be the sort of thing Geraldine Farrar says when she shows you kodak pictures taken last summer out at her California home, when she and her husband, Lou-Tellegen, were making Goldwyn pictures and having a vacation from their theatrical engagements.

"We brought the summer home with us in these pictures," she told me happily. "They're just little glimpses of our every-day life out there, but you've no idea how vividly they bring it all back; even in wintry New York they make me feel the California sunshine and see the flowers."

And the care with which she tucks those pictures away in their particular nook in her dressing room at the Metropolitan is proof of just how happy a summer she spent in California, and just how precious are these reminders of it.
A Dancing Star

Her name is Carrol Dempster—she tripped onto the screen after dancing with Ruth St. Denis—and the hardest thing she ever did was to kiss Dick Barthelmess!

By Grace Kingsley

Down the steps of the prettiest little rose-covered cottage you ever saw—no, not one of those motion-picture houses without any insides, but a real, sincere cottage with a papa and mamma and an Airedale terrier in it—danced about the prettiest girl in the world, I guess.

You've heard about people who danced through life, and I'll bet the one little word that crossed your mind when you heard the expression was "Nonsense!" You didn't think anything in the world danced through life except whirling dervishes and water skippers, now did you? But listen! It can be done. I captured one of the dancers-through-life the other day and tamed her long enough to find out all about it.

As I was saying, she danced down the steps of her rose-covered cottage, which is set against a green hill. If I didn't say anything about the green hill in the first paragraph it was because I couldn't work it in. She was clad in a long heliotrope gown of the style of 1949—one of those dresses whose demureness is belied by the naughtily undulating hoop skirt. On her head was perched one of those picturesque little pancake hats. On her dancing feet were Mary Janes. The California sun glistened on the red gold of her curly hair, and her pink and white skin was like a rose petal, while her brown eyes danced—well, they did—as she told me—

Well, I thought surely it was going to be about last night's cotillion.

I just had to rub my eyes to realize she was a picture star who had dressed at home in her bungalow for her day's work, and that even now there was dashing up to her door a coach-and-four of the sort that smells of gasoline, which would whirl her away to the place of the all-seeing camera.

"Hop in!" she commanded—just like that—instead of making the prim little curtsy that rightly belonged to the costume.

That brought me thoroughly to, and I said, "Oh, hello, Miss Dempster!"

Because, you see it's Carrol Dempster I'm talking about, whom you've seen in the last few Griffith pictures, and who, so far, has danced her way through life.

She began right away about the dancing as soon
as ever we had settled back comfortably and were watching the Glendale scenery glide by.

"Mother says when I was a teenty baby they used to lay me on the bed and start the phonograph to playing, and that I'd kick my baby legs in time to the music. Of course I haven't any photograph of me doing it, but you may read it in my baby book—and you know how careful mothers are about things like that—they're just never mistaken!

"But crying so that you break up the first show you were ever in, and then getting angry at having to grab and kiss a boy without any previous rehearsal—because never, never in your life have you done such a thing—well, those don't seem like very auspicious beginnings for a screen star, now do they?"

Carrol laughed as she told me about these things, because it's her way to laugh about everything; and besides the show was a school flower cantata and she was only a year old, and though the boy was Richard Barthelmess, the kissing was in a picture when she was eighteen.

"I'm just nineteen now and it was away back when I was a year old that I made my début with my sister, in a boarding-school flower cantata in Duluth, Minnesota. We were right in the midst of a number, and a bunch of little girls were singing about being glad, oh, so glad, they were pansies, and I suppose I suddenly realized that mother was away, way off outside the pansy bed, or maybe I'd decided I'd rather be a rose than a pansy—anyway, I suddenly began to bawl to go home, and disgraced myself and my family by breaking up the show.

"And maybe you don't believe me, but never in my life had I kissed a boy when, in 'The Hope Chest,' with Dorothy Gish, they made me not only kiss Dick Barthelmess, but made me dash at him and grab him around the neck! It takes previous rehearsals to do things like that, I guess, and I won't conceal that I was awfully mad! You see I was brought up in a convent—"

"Oh, of course," I said.

"Honestly!" Carrol smiled, and we clambered out of the machine. "Life for me was just one boarding school after another, with a number of convents on the list. You see father was a captain on the Great Lakes—he's retired now—and that kept us moving."

At that moment we began to thread the maze of the Griffith Studio, which is so complicated it has put all the regular, professional mazes out of business. It was awfully early, but Mr. Griffith was already there, and Carrol sat down and began to daub fresh powder on her nose in anticipation of his call. But just at that moment he was having his troubles with a bear—for what would be a '49 story without a bear? Next moment Mr. Griffith called "Miss Dempster!" and Carrol danced into the set—but stopped short, according to orders, when she saw the bear.

In a minute she came back and put her little pancake hat straight—it had gone all askew when she registered very real terror when the bear came toward her.

"Want some more story of my life? Well, after the cantata fiasco I never saw the footlights again until I was all of seven. Then I went on the stage of the theater at Santa Maria during an amateur performance of some play I can't remember anything about except that the villain wore a red flannel shirt and high, shiny boots, and sang and danced. The song was called 'My Yankee Sailor Boy,' and I did a lot of high kicks in it which made the woman who gave the show tell my mother she ought to have me learn to do fancy dancing.

So I learned, and when we came to Los Angeles I began at once to study with Ruth St. Denis and Ted Shawn, her husband. When I went out with Miss St. Denis on her tour as a solo dancer and a partner of her husband's in another number, Mr. Shawn said I was the best dancing partner he had ever had for the 'Joy of Youth' dance.

"I never thought much about pictures, but when I decided to stay at home instead of going out again with Miss St. Denis the next season, I made up my mind I'd have to do something. Oh, but I forgot! Before that, while I was studying with Miss St. Denis, I played in 'Intolerance' for D. W. Griffith, doing a bit and also appearing as one of the dancers in the Babylonian episode. Mr. Griffith came over to Denishawn where Miss St. Denis had her school and where she lived, too, and picked me out with several others. Then when I decided I must do something to make my living, and that pictures seemed to be the best thing, I went out to the Griffith Studio one day when Mr. Griffith was making a picture. He remembered me from 'Intolerance,' and asked me if I'd like to have a test. Would I! Well, I did, and then, without ever playing an extra part at all, I stepped

Continued on page 91
OLLING on the couch in the darkened living room of a house in one of the oldest quarters of Seville, Concha Perez listened to the medley of noises that floated up from the courtyard. Dogs barked and gaudy parrots in cages squawked truculently. The voices of women, on their way to or from market, exchanged tidbits of gossip. For the court—or patio, as it is called in Spain—was common to the whole block of squalid tenements that closed it in on all four sides.

Concha paid no attention to what the chattering women were saying. She was listening for a certain voice, the tones of which, softly modulated and aristocratic, would strike an incongruous note in the vulgar babble of the quarter.

"Will he come to-day?" she murmured. "Ah, that fool of a Don Mateo! That scented fop, with his fine manners! I hate him. I wish he would leave me alone." She paused and stared at a picture of the Madonna, barely visible in the gloom. "I don't always hate him," she admitted to herself. "Sometimes, I think I love him. But he is such a fool! He does not know how to win a woman."

Lying there, her corsage daringly open almost to the waist, a red rose thrust into her hair above one ear, her beauty was such as to attract instant attention even in a land where all women are comely. Her calling was that of a cigarette maker, but it was many days since she had been to the factory. Had not the noble Don Mateo, a captain in the army and brother of the mayor of Seville, made things easy for her and her mother by paying all their debts? Señora Perez, indeed, had lately taken the stand that the cigarette factory offered "too many bad examples for a girl!" Glad of the excuse to loaf, Concha had accepted her mother's dictum. But though the old woman was willing enough to let the generous Don Mateo have her, Concha reflected with fierce pride that she had not permitted herself to be sold. Don Mateo, as yet, had not touched more than her finger tips.

The voices in the court trailed into silence, as the gossips separated to go about their daily household tasks. Then, suddenly, Concha heard her mother greet effusively a new arrival. The latter's tones were cultured. Where had she heard them before? Ah, she remembered! This was none other than Bianca Romani, the Neapolitan singer, the recognized mistress of Don Mateo before he had commenced his frantic courtship of the beautiful cigarette maker. She had seen them together the night of the carnival on the Las Delicias promenade.

"Can I speak with your daughter?" Bianca was asking.

"By all means, my lady," Señora Perez replied obsequiously. "Will you condescend to step into our humble house?"

Her eyes snapping, Concha leaped to her feet. "I will come out into the patio," she called. "Let me have
just one minute to make myself pretty for so important a visitor."

In less than the time she had demanded, Concha appeared, a black lace mantilla draped picturesquely about her. She carried both hands on her hips. A cigarette she had lighted for effect smoked between her red lips. She smiled impudently as she approached the woman she had supplanted in Don Mateo's heart.

"I kiss your hand, my lady," she gibed. "How does it happen that you honor me with a call, I who am so much dirt under your feet?"

Bianca flushed. She could not fail to understand that the other was trying to lash her into a rage and make her ridiculous.

"I have a few questions to ask you," she said haughtily. "Will you be frank with me?"

"It depends on the questions. If you want to know whether I think you a great singer, I shall say 'Yes,' though I never heard you except on the phonograph. Or, perhaps, you want to know whether the noble captain, Don Mateo, finds you beautiful? Well, he has the bad taste to prefer me."

Concha spat out the words with insulting bravado. As she finished, she snapped the fingers of one hand.

Bianca Romani was a proud woman. She had come resolved to treat this cheap cigarette girl, as she considered her, with condescending irony. Already, however, she realized that she had met her match. Her lip trembled. She was ready to burst into tears. Controlling herself with an effort, she pleaded for her happiness.

"I have come here to defend my love—my life itself—against you," she cried. "Before the carnival, Don Mateo belonged to me alone. He loved me and I was happy. But from the cursed moment when he saw you he has changed. You must give him up. I will not be robbed of my lover."

"I think the beautiful señorita must be ill. A touch of sun, perhaps. She is saying things I do not in the least understand," declared Concha, her eyes round with affected innocence.

"Do not torment me, you impertinent wench!" retorted Bianca, beside herself. "Don Mateo loves you. You said yourself that he found you more beautiful than I. And of course you love him. No girl of your sort could fail to be flattered by his attentions."

"I love Don Mateo!" stormed Concha, her mood capriciously changing. "You do not know me, señorita, if you think I am to be captured by every dandy who chooses to smile at me. He finds me beautiful—yes. But to me he is only a monkey in uniform. Hundreds

Bianca was not accustomed to the tempestuous jealousies, the twisted pride of the women of Seville. Nor did she appreciate the fact that a girl like Concha was perfectly capable of saying the thing she did not mean, simply on account of its dramatic value. She clutched eagerly at the hope that Don Mateo had been unsuccessful in wooing this daughter of the people. A little tact, and Concha could be made into an ally instead of a rival.

"I used to be so happy," she said gently. "I want to be happy again. Promise me you will send him back to me."

"I will not help you. I hate you both," flamed Concha. "But it warms my heart that you should have come to me for help, my fine lady. Your kind does not understand love. If I had had a man I wanted to hold, he would have been mine forever."

Hurt and humiliated, Bianca was about to reply, when a step sounded in the archway that led from the patio to the street. Both women turned, instinctively aware that the subject of their dispute was about to catch them together.

To Bianca Romani this was a new cause for shame. The more primitive Concha gloried in the situation.

A slender figure in his faultlessly tailored uniform, a pair of white gloves in one hand and a cane in the other, Don Mateo entered the courtyard. He started violently as his eyes fell on Bianca and Concha, with Señora Perez in the background. In his lovesick state of mind, the cigarette maker could do no wrong. He smiled fatuously at her, then addressed Bianca with frigid disapproval.

"I hardly expected to find you here, señorita," he said.

"Oh, I am not spying on you," answered Bianca bitterly. "I had heard from many sources that you visit this young woman every day. I did not need to confirm the gossip. But I had things to say to her, and I have said them."

"Leave me out of your family quarrels," cut in Concha, taking the rose from her hair and placing its stem between her teeth.

"Family!" repeated Don Mateo, trembling with agitation. "Why should you use that word, beautiful one? This woman is nothing to me."
"Mateo! Can you shame me like this before such people, I who have given you all my love? Mateo! Mateo! I suffer. Remember our happiness in the old days. Be merciful to me." The singer's voice rose to a piercing wail in the intensity of her agony.

"Ah, a good thrust! Now you have the bull staggering. He is almost yours. Strike for the heart next time," sneered Concha, dropping into the vernacular of the national sport.

Ignoring the cruel gibe, Bianca stretched out her hands to her lover. Don Mateo made a move to respond, but recoiled as the cigarette maker's voice rang out again:

"Bravo! You have the bull by the horns. Strike for the heart like a good matador."

Don Mateo writhed under the mockery. "Go home!" he shouted at Bianca. "Get out of my sight! I want never to see you again."

The curt dismissal was more than the singer's pride could endure. Her head bowed, she disappeared silently through the archway.

"Now, do you believe that I love you?" demanded Don Mateo, his voice raised in a high falsetto. "I have made my choice. I have sent away a woman who was devoted to me, who has given me everything, for your sake who have refused me even a kiss."

Concha shrugged her shoulders, then turned and ran into the house. He followed her. She was waiting for him in the dim living room. Always in the past she had repulsed him. Now she threw herself passionately into his arms.

"Yes, I love you! I love you!" she cried. "Dios! How could I resist loving a man who would humble a proud beauty like that one for me."

Don Mateo caressed her with fierce ardor. For a few moments she responded. Then, eratically, she pushed him from her.

"Return to me on Sunday, the day after to-morrow," she said imperiously. "Then you may love me all you will. To-day I must be alone. I must think about this new thing in my life."

Don Mateo was too experienced in the caprices of women to argue with her.

He kissed her hand ceremoniously and swore that no power in heaven or on earth could keep him away from the rendezvous on Sunday.

"I believe you, my little Mateo. You have worked so hard for me. Of course you will come," cooed Concha. "But remember this. Not a word to my mother. I will not have my mother know what I am doing."

"Oh, I shall not tell her," promised Don Mateo.

On his way through the patio, he encountered Señora Perez. The latter approached him fawningly. She felt that all was now well, and that her daughter's protector must be flattered. She praised him for his gallant bearing and his great generosity. Eager to cut the interview short, Don Mateo took out his purse and handed her a fifty-peseta bill.

"There," he said, "buy silk stockings for the little one."

It was an unfortunate move. Concha had come to the window to watch him from behind the curtains. She witnessed the brief interview, though she could not hear what was said. Her face, as white as chalk, she beat her breast with her clenched hands. She snatched the rose from her hair, threw it on the ground and trampled on it.

"He has tried to buy me, me, Concha Perez," she moaned.

The instant he was out of sight, she called her mother.

"We leave Seville to-day," she declared.

The old woman's amazed protests failed to induce her either to explain or to modify her ultimatum. And she, the strong-minded one of the family, had her way as usual. The only audible comment she made on the situation was addressed to herself.

"Ah, that fool of a Don Mateo," she muttered. "He does not know how to win a woman.

Many weeks passed before Don Mateo learned the whereabouts of the girl who had come so near to being his sweetheart. Frantic with grief at her disappearance, he had fallen seriously ill. On his recovery he had enlisted the aid of a friend, a young French-
I KNEW the minute that Enid Bennett spoke to me that she wasn't an American; at least, that she wasn't born in America. She says "idear" and "owful," drops an occasional "oh, I say!" and "isn't that jolly," and says "rilly" in a way that stamps her as a daughter of Britannia. By rights I should have asked her how she liked pictures, that being question number one in "Rules and Regulations for Interviewers." But I didn't; I asked her where she got her accent. Some stars, you know, put it on and take it off together with their corsets and complexions. But hers was real—I knew it was, or I wouldn't have asked.

"Have I still got an accent?" she asked me, in the delicious soft voice that is characteristic of her. "Why, I supposed I left that in Australia, where it came from."

"Oh, then you're an Australian?" I remarked quite needlessly.

"I certainly am," she responded with pride.

"I was born in York—well, never mind how many years ago, but it wasn't so owfully many; and I didn't come over to this country until about five years ago."

We were sitting in Miss Bennett's dressing room at the Ince Studio, and she was in a pink silk negligee, with her yellow-brown hair pushed carelessly back from her face. And I noticed that it wasn't at all curly; it didn't even pretend to be; and it struck me that that was one of her chief charms—her entire lack of pretense. Her eyes are large and gray in color. She has a creamy complexion, and a very sweet and sympathetic mouth. She doesn't look one bit like a star, and I imagine that she was glad she didn't—she's that kind.

"I certainly love Australia," she continued, since we were on that subject. "In fact, that's one of the reasons I like California so well—the climate here is so similar to that of Australia. We have big groves of oranges, and lots of eucalyptus trees—I suppose you knew that the eucalyptus trees of California came from Australia, didn't you?"

And I had to admit that I didn't know it; I had thought that they were native sons.

"The winters are much more severe, of course," she continued, "but otherwise it's much the same. And the people here"—she hesitated a little—"well, of course they're lovely, and they've been wonderful to me; but—oh, I say, don't you think they're a bit fed up on celebrities? In Australia there are fewer stars and the communities are smaller. People there take stage favorites to their hearts much more than they do here; and they aren't
so critical, and they are owfully fond of them when they make good. They don't forget as easily as people do here."

Just then Fred Niblo came to the door. He is Enid Bennett's husband, as well as her director. And the way they looked at each other—well, I thought they were newlyweds! I really think, if I hadn't been there, they would have held hands.

"The set will be ready in a few minutes, darling," he told her, and I couldn't help admiring his deep, rich voice.

"All right, dear," she responded dutifully, and they smiled at each other as he turned to leave.

"Freddie is perfectly wonderful!" the fair Enid confided as she pinned her hair back on her head and applied a layer of cold cream to her face. "We've been married exactly nineteen months to-morrow. My first theatrical work was with him in Australia; and though I admired him very much, our romance didn't start quite then. We came over to this country and I played opposite him for a while, then I played the ingenue lead with Otis Skinner in 'Cock o' the Walk.' And when we were separated—he broke off with a smile—"we found we simply couldn't live without each other. So when I came West to go into pictures with Mr. Ince, Fred came out and we were married, expecting to go back to New York to live, but Mr. Ince made him such an attractive direct- ing proposition that we decided to stay; and here we are!" she finished.

"And what picture are you doing now?" I inquired, that being question number two on the interviewer's list.

"The Woman in the Suit Case," she answered. "It sounds terrible, doesn't it? I thought it meant a body cut up in pieces and put in a suit case; but it rilly doesn't," she assured me hastily. "The woman in the suit case is only a photograph."

We continued to talk shop while Miss Bennett put on her make-up and had the maid wave her hair. She admits that she is a picture fan, and spends many leisure moments in movie theaters. She likes comedy dramas best of all, and likes to act in them. She liked "Partners Three" better than any of her other pictures, and enjoyed doing "The Haunted Bedroom" because it was so spooky. She has been with Ince throughout her entire screen career, and has no desire to change.

I asked her if she golfed or tennis or anything, and she answered naively that she didn't. "I'm not athletic," she confessed. "I'm rilly not a bit interesting. I don't even drive the car. I'm just a quiet home body. I like being home with Fred and mother, and I almost never go to parties. And do I have to say anything about the art of motion pictures," she went on plaintively. "I hope not; I don't know so very much about art."
A Forecast of Future Films

In which the screen reviewer peeps into the future and hazards a prophecy for 1920.

By Herbert Howe

The past is like a funeral gone by; the future is a welcome guest.

Take the film adapter’s license with the simile of Gosse to suit the public attitude toward the evanescent shadows of the screen.

What new type of plays may we expect in 1920?

Who will be the dominating stars?

Which of the directors will deliver the goods, which the hookum?

It requires no Delphic pretensions to forecast film tendencies. The best prophet of the future is the present. The successes of to-morrow are indicated by the successes of to-day.

The Spiritual Drama.

While the stage holds a hand mirror up to a segment of nature, the screen is a gigantic pier glass reflecting life as it streams by. The war tragedy turned humanity from a quest for those things which satisfy the senses to those that satisfy the spirit.

“Sorrow is salutary. It never leaves us where it found us.”

This spiritual renaissance is mirrored on the screen by three of the best 1919 pictures, progenitors of the 1920 drama. These three are “The Miracle Man,” “The Turn in the Road,” and “Broken Blossoms.” The first two are to be indexed as spiritual drama, while “Broken Blossoms” endeavored to manifest spiritual import by its interpretative subtitles, reminding us that unkind words are oftentimes as brutal as the lash of Burrows.

By consensus of opinion “The Miracle Man,” by Frank L. Packard, is one of the finest of camera creations. Under the megaphonic wand of George Loane Tucker this inspiring subject was visualized in an inspiring and reverential manner. Mr. Tucker will continue to produce thematic drama. “Ladies Must Live” is one of his pictures which will issue from the projector after the old year fade-out.

King Vidor, creator of “The Turn in the Road,” is achieving precocious success because he is doing what has been deemed impractical by “practical” picture manufacturers. He presents a play with a moral. He insists that a play must be based on a principle. The picture which commands interest only while on the luminous square is not for him. It must project thought worthy of retention after the plot has faded from the mind.
D. W. Griffith continues the supreme composer of shadow symphonies. He struck a lyric strain this year with "Broken Blossoms." This silent opera had a spiritual motif, which will be evident in some Griffith compositions scheduled for the new calendar. Already, "The Greatest Question," a drama based on spiritualism, is in circulation. Mr. Griffith also plans to produce "Wild Oranges" and "Java Head," both written by Joseph Hergesheimer, one of the finest contemporary writers. The principal criticism directed at Mr. Griffith in the past pertained to his selection of stories. In several instances he has reared magnificent structures on foundations unworthy of them. His choice of the Hergesheimer stories presages greater strength and symmetry for his productions.

**The Weavers of Shadows.**

Believing that in union there is strength, five of our megaphone commanders will form a league about the middle of the year. The object of this federation, according to the pronunciamento, is "quality rather than quantity of productions, the producers confining themselves to super-productions of the type which they feel confident will meet with the approval of the public."

The "Big Five," which appears to be an alliance with financial and artistic aims similar to the "Big Four," is composed of Thomas H. Ince, Maurice Tourneur, Alan Dwan, Mack Sennett, and Marshall Neilan.

Mr. Neilan, whose forte is "human-interest stuff," as writers term it, is capitalizing his particular genius by a transcription to celluloid of the Penrod stories by Booth Tarkington. Mr. Wesley Barry, of the freckled façade, who came into fame as a hard-cider drinker in "Daddy Long Legs," will be in the lead. Others of moment in the Neilan stock company are Marjorie Daw and Jane Novak. The stories which Mr. Neilan is bringing to life include: "River's End," by James Oliver Curwood; "Don't Ever Marry," a stage play; and "The Eternal Three," from Randall Parish's "Bob Hampton of Placer."

While George Loane Tucker is shading out his backgrounds in order to bring into bas-relief the figures of his canvas, Alan Dwan, of the same directorial fraternity, is emphasizing the details of setting. He chooses stories which afford decorative backgrounds, such as "Luck of the Irish" and "The Heart of a Fool," the latter by William Allen White.

With the exception of Mr. Ince and Mr. Sennett, the members of the quintet are excluding stars from their creations. The story is the thing—and the director. You will behold the name of the producer in the place where the star used to be, unless theater managers see reason to feature individual players of the cast. Although Messrs. Ince and Sennett will continue to exploit their principal players, they, too, are giving more regard—and money—for the story. The ovation
accorded "Twenty-three and a Half Hours’ Leave," with the joyous duo of MacLean and May, is a good tip on the Ince market.

Cecil B. De Mille, while not affiliated with the "Big Five," has an identical policy. He is specializing in stories of sophisticated life, where the sex problem engrosses. Like Alan Dwan, Mr. De Mille delights in spreading optic feasts. He caters to the senses. No definite production schedule has been formulated. There will be important changes in the De Mille company of players. Thomas Meighan is to star individually for Paramount-Arcaft, and rumor reliably insists that Gloria Swanson will become a star of the Equity corporation, which sponsors Clara Kimball Young productions.

We also learn of William De Mille productions, issuing from the Lasky laboratories in Hollywood. The first of these will be "The Prince Chap," starring Thomas Meighan.

THE 1920 CONSTELLATION

It might be deduced from the foregoing survey that the star system is doomed. That opinion has prevailed since the early days of the first star, Mary. It is a radical notion. The late Charles Frohman once said: "Stars will exist wherever there are democracies." When a man excels in the military profession he is promoted in rank; when a writer proves his ability to please the public he is featured on magazine covers; and the player who attains distinction is going to be a star, because the public will elect him. The fault of the system is that it contains stars not created or else not sustained by public demand. Their claims are false. During the last year there has been a process of elimination. The ensuing months will be a season for further threshing of wheat from chaff.

Who will be the players of the new year exciting the most interest, exerting the greatest attraction? Which promise the greatest advance in popularity? The pantomimists commanding most attention in the 1920 constellation according to my best astronomical deductions—based on personal observation and upon consultation of the public pulse through the mail arteries of this magazine, will be, first, the men, for this is the day of the male in the movies. Of this gender I select a line-up of fifteen:

A purchaser of the best in dramatic and feminine wear.


The contestants for leadership in a feminine detachment of a likely twenty are Alla Nazimova and Mary Pickford, followed by Dorothy Gish, Norma Talmadge, Bessie Love, Viola Dana, Constance Talmadge, Dorothy Dalton, Katherine MacDonald, Dorothy Phillips, Elsie Ferguson, Lillian Gish, Madge Kennedy, Alice Joyce, Betty Blythe, ZaSu Pitts, Corinne Griffith, Pauline Frederick, Priscilla Dean, and Doris May.

While I have found more women on the present stellar lists than men, the number of popular leading males throws the balance of interest in masculine favor.

"Dick Barthelmess is not only going to be a great star, he is the greatest already," pens one fervent commentator upon my recent article "New Stars for Old."

Mr. Barthelmess unquestionably merits stellar position, and eventually he will have it. Being a young man of foresight he prefers for the present the tutelage of D. W. Griffith to the blaring exploitation that another producer might give. The policy of watchful working is far wiser than that of leaping impatiently to stardom where the foothold is precarious. Mr. Barthelmess will arrive a star-to-stay in about 1921.

Other leading men having magnetic qualities are: 'Tom Forman, Cullen Landis, Harrison Ford, Ralph Graves, Monte Blue, Kenneth Harlan, Casson Ferguson, Nigel Barrie, Conway Tearle, Darrell Foss, Mahlon Hamilton, Niles Welch, Lloyd Hughes, John Bowers, Jack Holt, Jack Mulhall.

The names of Tom Forman, Cullen Landis, Monte Blue, and Lloyd Hughes will probably be cast in large type within the year. Joe Ryan and Buck Jones, both Western rangers, have cast their lariats starward. Mr. Jones will be seen in Fox entertainments. Mr. Ryan is booked for Vitagraph serials, having registered conspicuously in support of William Duncan in "Smashing Barriers" and other black-and-blue "drammers."

Both Betty Compson and Gloria Swanson have stellar attraction.

Mary Thurman, who, like Gloria, is a charter member of the Sennett sorority, serves as the effulgent high light of Dwan tableaux.

Alice Lake assumes her coronet as a member of the
Metro royal family following her presentation in "Should a Woman Tell?" She will be tried emotionally in "Shore Acres" and "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

Among the ladies in the anteroom to stardom are: Jean Paige, soon to be featured by Vitagraph; Jane Novak, featurette of Neilan productions; Florence Deshon, a young Pauline Frederick, appearing in Eminent Authors' productions; Wanda Hawley, hoovering close to the heights in Paramount plays; Helene Chadwick, Edith Roberts, Helen Jerome Eddy, and Bebe Daniels.

Charles Chaplin remains slapstick champion. He is the world's beloved clown. Following him at some distance in the parade are "Patty" Arbuckle, Harold Lloyd, Al. St. John, Larry Semon, Charles Murray, Charley Conklin, Ford Sterling, and the team of Montgomery and Rock.

Of the gentler sex Louise Fazenda is the custard Apache. She is a crack shot with either pie or pistol, never missing the risibles. Polly Moran and Fay Tincher come in for honorable mention as rough housekeepers.

Mildred Harris Chaplin became one of the aristocracy when she married the crack shot, Sir Charles. Whether her fame will be a transitory reflection or whether she will substantiate her position remains a question for the year to answer.

Edith Storey, Mac Marsh, Blanche Sweet, Anita Stewart, and Owen Moore are A. W. O. L. culprits who are coming back after a longer or shorter period of absence from the screen. Theirs is a dangerous offense, but perhaps the public will be more lenient than certain of our military chiefs.

I believe that the dominant star of the year will be Charles Ray. He has arisen slowly and truthfully. His characters are as human and realistic in detail as those of Dickens or O. Henry. Lately Mr. Ray has been confined largely to the farm. Because he has perfected a lovable, real, and admirable hero of the R. F. D. sectors, he has been restricted to the type. It pays well. By such characters as the heroes of "The Girl Dodger," "The Clodhopper," and "The Busher," he has been recognized the foremost actor of the silent space. The public which adores him has forgotten or, perhaps, never has seen "The Coward." But Mr. Ray is not a mono-type actor. He just happened to score in yokel parts, and he has kept to them because the producer coined on them. Charles Ray can vify any role. During 1920 he will conduct his own company over the National route. He is determined to afford something besides suspenders, overalls, and bandannas, and I am going to prophesy that you will be surprised by a revelation of still greater genius from this young man.

One reason that William S. Hart and Douglas Fairbanks are being surpassed in popularity by other stars is their continual one-key characters. You know what they will do before you see their pictures. Both Mr. Hart and Mr. Fairbanks are splendid exponents of certain types. Perhaps they are capable of others. They have been independent producers for some time, however, and the tenor remains much the same, nor are there signs of variation.

Mary Pickford holds her position. She is a shrewd show woman. "The Hoodlum" was sheer slapstick in parts. We saw Mary kicking a policeman in the breeches and the policeman returning the delicate salutation as nearly as he could. Spectators laughed. Hoodlum hokum triumphed momentarily. Mary, capable of "Stella Maris," is playing for get-rich-quick returns. She is an ambitious financier.

Did you see Bessie Love in "A Fighting Colleen"? If you did you have an idea of this young girl's ability. Weighted by miserable stories and incompetent direction, little Miss Love has struggled on her starry way sustained only by her personality and talent. With just fair cooperation this soul-eyed child will far surpass anything she has ever done.

Antonio Moreno is another star whose work should be of especial interest this year. He not only has enjoyed a large following in this country, but in South America, Europe, and the Orient he has been elected to a premier position. Perhaps his superior recognition abroad is due to foreign partiality for serials, in which he has appeared for the past few years. But Mr. Moreno, who shone so auspiciously in "The Magnificent Meddler," "Dust of Egypt," "The Tarantula," "The Isle of Regeneration," and other Vitagraph features of a few years ago, is worthy of better treatment than he has had in the crazy-quilt drama. With proper attention to stories and production, this magnetic Americano might develop a special field for himself as have Messrs. Ray, Hart, and Fairbanks. He is the ideal romantic hero—not the simp
in the sport shirt and the curl above the middle of his forehead—but the magnetic, fiery, irresistible adventurer. Vitagraph has assured us that he is to have the best feature productions, commencing this month.

Mary Miles Minter, whose sparkle was temporarily subdued by inadequate productions, has been enthroned in the Realart court and surrounded by the best attendants that money can hire. While prejudiced toward the overworked curling iron, I believe M. M. M. has much more to recommend her than a crown of shavings. "Judy of Rogue's Harbor" is her latest effort. She will have expensive plays and exploitation during the year.

With Clara Kimball Young promising to retire after eight pictures, Elsie Ferguson ever languishing for her true love, the stage, and Geraldine Farrar losing phonographic lure which was the reason chiefly for her cinematic—youthful ladies of mature emotions are needed, and they are arriving.

Katherine MacDonald and Betty Blythe are two recent arrivals in the firmament who demonstrate that a lady may have emotions without obesity or optic circles. Miss MacDonald makes her new year entrance in "The Guest of Hercules," following Robert W. Chambers' "Japonette," screen-titled "The Turning Point." Miss Blythe, at this writing, is vivifying the principal character of a Brentwood play, "The Third Generation." She, too, holds a passport over the First National system. Her vehicle will be a version of James Oliver Curwood's "The Yellow Back."

Nazimova continues the sorceress of celluloid. She throws a wicked spell. The public doesn't love her; it adores her. She is the mysterious, all-powerful Alla. Like the goddess of the red lantern, she is regarded not as human, but as fascinating, magical, picturesque. The praise of Alla will continue to sound. Succeeding her East Indian picture, "Stronger Than Death," based on two stories by I. A. R. Wylie, who wrote "The Red Lantern," will come "The Heart of a Child." The latter is an English story by Frank Danby. For reasons sagacious and artistic, Madame Nazimova will continue to offer variety in the way of theme, setting, and character in her plays. While generally preferred in exotic roles matching her personality, she is not permitting the public to get a line on her. She wisely keeps her devotees guessing.

Wallace Reid is the prince charming in many a schoolgirl's dreams, though he is not without masculine friends. Mr. Reid has been more fortunate in the matter of productions. So long as he has such support and keeps his good looks, present girth, and geniality, the Paramount star will be popular. He is at his height now. It is doubtful that he can go higher.

Tom Moore is another triumph of personality. He smiles away criticism. A favorite doesn't have to possess the talent of Edwin Booth if he's natural, frank, and Irish. Goldwyn has given Mr. Moore some good plays and some very bad ones.

Madge Kennedy is the discreet mistress of indiscreet farce. She's a bedeviling innocent. Her progress in pictures has been retarded because her plays have not been as clever as she is. She and Mr. Moore will prove the surest Goldwyners of the year.

Another witching comedienne is Viola Dana. She has shown versatility beyond her years. Like all Metro stars, she is receiving the most famous stories and stage plays that can be purchased. "Eliza Comes to Stay" will be her next picture after "The Willow Tree."


Mitchell Lewis, a Metro acquisition of the new year, Continued on page 96
Mary Pickford's Understudy

To have an understudy for the tedious part of arranging light effects is the latest luxury for a picture star.

By Dorothy Faith Webster

PARDON me, Miss Pickford—"

"Pardon me," interrupted the soft little Mary voice, "but I'm not Miss Pickford."

"You're not?" I exclaimed. "Why you must be Miss Pickford! Don't you remember, I had lunch with you not quite a month ago?"

Then I turned and—gracious Heaven! There at my elbow stood another Mary! I was at that moment in complete sympathy with the little old woman in the nursery rhyme who in terror declaimed, "Lawk a mercy on us, this is none o' I!" And my face must have registered my conflicting emotions, for both Mary's laughed.

But at this point, Mary number two took pity upon me, and turning to Mary number one, said, "This is Louise Du Pré, who is understudying my 'Pollyanna'."

"Then you're the real Mary?" I wanted to know, still somewhat mistrustful.

"Well, I guess I am," Miss Pickford laughingly replied, "though to tell you the truth, I'm not always perfectly sure of my own identity.

when Louise and I are together."

And small wonder, thought I; though now that I knew which was who I discovered some slight differences in the matter of facial contour—Louise's cheeks were a shade thinner than Mary's, and her mouth a fraction of a degree larger. But at a little distance the illusion was complete.

"Just what do you mean," I said to Miss Pickford, recovering my interviewerish faculties, "when you say she's your understudy? I've heard of movie doubles, but——"

"Oh, Miss Pickford doesn't use a double," her double assured me. "This is really quite the latest luxury for a star. My job is to rehearse every scene with the company, and to pose while they adjust the lights to get just the right effects, taking her place until the camera man is ready to shoot. Then I make way for the real Mary. It just saves her the tedious drudgery, you see."

"Oh," said I, beginning to comprehend, when Miss Pickford broke

Continued on page 103
She

portrays only

wholesome
girls.

the
still

his

some people
remember that I'm
role,

daughter, or the
impresario's

famous

granddaughter, instead
of the fact that I'm an actress.
Yet why should being related
to a man who produced operas
and one who produces plays

Miss
Independence

—neither of them ever
—help me to act?"

acted a

bit

Elaine Hammerstein's

famous

last

Susie Sexton

of in a

be
my grandI DON'T wantgranddaughter
deto

just

!"

father's

I
*

clared Elaine Hammerstein, her

dark-blue eyes very serious and her
voice very
vehement.
"Oh, of
course, I'm proud of him; every time

any one says that Oscar Hammerstein
was a wonderful man, and raves
about his building opera houses of his
own here and in London and presenting opera the way he thought it should
be done, no matter what tradition said
why, I'm perfectly delighted.
But
I want to be something more than just
his granddaughter
I want to succeed
by myself, and sometimes it's pretty

—

—

hard.

You

—

see,

my

I

see

didn't

why it should, meanwhile making a mental photograph of her.
She looked as if she belonged on
a country-club veranda instead

might as well be Jones.

By

admitted that

I

name

her

soft

white

apartment,

satin

skirt

Her dark

vivid blue sweater.

in

and
hair

waved and rippled about her candid blue eyes— and though I knew
that she doesn't want to be a type
and play the same sort of parts always, I set her down as the model
American debutante she's exactly
the kind of girl who comes out at a
big tea and dances and rides and

—

plays her

way through

a

season or

two, before she has a big church wedding and settles down as one of our
But Elaine
popular young matrons.
Hammerstein only looks like that; she's
really

a

rather

serious

young persor

who, much as she might

father's a theatrical

producer and though I've never appeared in his productions except when
he couldn't find any one better suited to

New York

Elaine wants to

stand on
own two

her
feet.

wouldn't
sidetrack any of life's
bigf realities for it.
like

frivolity,


"You've never been in many stage productions, have you?" I asked. She's only twenty-two, you know, and it isn't so very long since she was graduated from Armitage College, in Philadelphia.

"No, not many—I was in 'The Trap' and played the lead in 'High Jinks,' of course, but most of my work was on the screen; 'The Argyle Case' was my first picture—and then I did some more Selznick ones, and some Jewel productions, and now I'm back in Selznick pictures again."

"Don't you love selecting your clothes for them?" I asked. It must be a joy for such a pretty person to try on hats!

"Oh, I never go shopping if I can possibly help it," she answered quickly. "Mother designs my things or buys them for me. I don't like shopping, and haven't much time for it, either; you see, I read all the stories that are considered for me. I'm never going to appear in plays that have heroines of questionable character. I think the public likes to see wholesome girls on the screen. So I read all my stories pretty carefully before they're bought. Only the other day Mr. Selznick sent me a script to read, but though the story was good the moral value was rather doubtful, and I didn't like it for that reason. Mr. Selznick was so nice about it—said I was quite right in turning it down and that something else would be chosen."

A girl who won't rest on family reputation, who doesn't like to shop, and takes a serious interest in the value of her pictures—it's rather an interesting combination, isn't it? Well—the other day I read that the late Oscar Hammerstein had become a magnetic figure in New York and London because of his real originality—and, despite Elaine's independent and determined efforts to stand out from under her family tree, I'm inclined to think that in this instance there's something in a name.

There's something in choosing your own stories, too, if we are to judge by Miss Hammerstein's first two pictures made under her present contract with Selznick, for both "The Country Cousin" and "Greater Than Fame" gave her roles that were well suited to her talents. She was preparing, the day I talked with her, for a trip to Florida, as the exteriors for her next picture, "The Woman Game," were to be made there."

"But we must have a good leading man; it's a fine role," she told me. So perhaps she inherits an instinct for casting productions from the men of her family."

She looks like a model débutante.

This boat's hopping all hollow!
My dear, I saw Anita Stewart today. She's so glad to be back from New York, and she's the prettiest thing you ever saw! I had tea with her in the frescoed porch of her Italian villa, where it's all roses and arbors and little Cupidly fountains——

"No wonder she looks pretty in such a setting as that!" I interrupted, as Fanny paused for breath.

"Oh, she'd look pretty anywhere!" declared Fanny positively. "Friend husband, Rudey Cameron, is with her, of course, and they seem to have fallen under the spell that governs that house. Oh yes, it's really historic, and haunted into the bargain, you know, but by a happy sort of spook. It's the house Fred Stone and his wife and little girl lived in when they were here, and Charlie Chaplin and Mildred Harris had it after that. People seem to grow angelic when they live there; anyway, they say that Fred Stone never even went to prize fights when he lived there, and neither did Charlie Chaplin, so the place must be haunted by some sort of missionary spirit. Still, maybe it's the thought of the awful hill they have to climb when they come home that makes some men give up going to the bouts at Vernon. I always do suspect something when men grow too angelic, don't you?"

"I suppose the lovely Anita is still slim and willowy as ever," I commented, as Fanny settled back more comfortably in the biggest chair at the tea table and ordered tea.

"Well, not quite; she's grown a little plumper, so that her dimples show, but it's very becoming. She says heaven knows she doesn't want to get too big, though, because then you don't get any sympathy on the screen."

"Imagine calling her a ball and chain!"

"It's sort of too bad that her husband isn't going to play in pictures with her, isn't it?"

"Oh, I don't know; she says he has his hands full acting as her manager, and she'd rather he wouldn't act. But her kid brother, George, who is awfully tall and blond and good looking, is going to work in her next picture."

"She's one of the most happily married girls I know," I declared, going back to the subject of Anita. "She told me it was nice to be married if you were happy, though, of course, a girl had to give up a lot—beauties and flowers and candy from lots of different suitors, for instance—and that her husbands were liable to say when they saw their wives coming, 'Well, here's my ball and chain!'"

"I can't imagine anybody calling Anita Stewart a ball and chain!" declared Fanny indignantly. "Certainly Rudey Cameron wouldn't think of it. He seems to be a well-trained husband—stays home and plays the phonograph evenings."

"Well, I hope Gloria Swanson will follow Anita's advice and refuse to let matrimony lure her away from the screen," I remarked. "Of course, she says she's going to go on making pictures, and Mr. Sanborn is a most obliging fiancé and takes an interest in the business end of making pictures himself, so probably she'll be starring in her own company some of these days."

"I've heard she's to be starred by Equity, but I don't believe she'll ever leave Lasky; she's too happy right where she is." Fanny was most emphatic about it. "Have some more crumpets with your tea? I'm just having some more tea to finish my crumpets with; it's an endless round, isn't it? By the way, speaking of food, I had luncheon with Mary Miles Minter, at the studio, the other day. We had weiners, yes'm! She says she always does when her mother isn't around to watch. And what do you think? Mary Miles has taken the house Mary Pickford used to live in. Are you superstitious? I don't know whether it's significant or not. You know what a large house it is, and how beautifully furnished. Well, when I asked Mary Miles what she looked forward to most in it, she said the big old-fashioned four-poster into which she'd hop at nine o'clock every night after her hard day's work."

"She's an odd little sub-debby sort of person, isn't she?" I contributed. "Loves to talk about the league of nations and hard things like that. I suppose it's being so much alone. And then she'll switch off onto beasts and clothes. I asked her, the last time I saw her, about her love affairs, and she said she'd never really been in love, she guessed, although at the time when she was having them she took her two or three little romances rather hard."

"She has such a funny little sense of humor. I asked
her if she was Irish. 'Just Irish enough,' she answered, 'to make me love em—and want to spank em!'"

"Well, I don't know whether Doug Fairbanks has a streak of Irish in him or not—but the way he teases Charlie Chaplin looks like it. Charlie gets even, though," and Fanny paused to chuckle. "The other night they were driving down on Broadway, when the streets were full of people. Mildred Chaplin was with them, and got out of the car to buy something at a confectionery store, leaving the two comedians in the car together. That was Doug's chance. He leaned out of the car, calling out like a circus ballyhoo:

"'Yes, here's Charlie Chaplin! The great and only Charlie! Take a look at him!"

"Chaplin sat back in the car, looking as mad as if somebody had bit his dog. But he got his revenge. Presently a big car drove up, and a handsome, well-gowned woman alighted. She bowed to Chaplin, and the comedian hopped out of the car, went over and talked a long time with her, paying no attention to Doug.

"'Who was that lady?' asked Fairbanks later.

"'That? Oh, that was Mary Roberts Rinehart!' answered Chaplin nonchalantly.

"'Well, why the deuce didn't you introduce me?' demanded Doug.

"'Oh,' answered Charlie, 'how did I know how you'd act?'"

"Isn't that Fairbanks youngster a chip off the old block, though?" I commented.

"You know the story the papers carried about his wrecking the hotel lobby in Atlantic City? Well, here's the letter his father received about it, the other day:

"'Dear dad: That ain't true about my wrecking the hotel lobby. It was Bobby Black, not me at all. And so did it. I was roping Bobby, and he got up in the mezzanine floor. My lariat flew around his head and pulled him over the railing, busting the chandelier and the light on the staircase. But I couldn't help that, could I?'"

"I suppose Lew Cody has much that same sort of excuse for having so many lovely ladies around him in 'The Butterfly Man'—it isn't his fault at all, it's the scenario's—but nobody is saying who chose the scenario! Anyway, Louise Lovely heads a list of seven beautiful damsels, which is doing rather well, even for Lou. He runs true to form, doesn't he? And so does Texas Guinan—she simply can't make her trigger finger behave, and now she's signed up with the Bull's-eye Film Corporation for a series of two-reel Westerns.

"Maybe Fatty Arbuckle will be consistent, too, and not leave the screen after all." Fanny's gasp of amazement was my reward for saving that bit of news. "Oh, yes, he says he isn't going to sign any more contracts after his present one expires; that he can afford to act on the stage—funny way of putting it, isn't it—and
that he's going to do it. And he isn't going to make any more two-reelers, either; he says he's going to do five-reel pictures, but won't try to keep up the funny pace all the way through; there'll be some drama sandwiched in with the laughs. And he isn't even discouraged at the prospect of having to reduce—
says he knows a system by which he can take off fifty or sixty pounds easy as anything.

"Wish I knew what it is!" said Fanny yearningly. "I may not be in Fatty's class, exactly, but I'd like to be farther from it than I am. However—let's have some more cake. By the way, won't Mary Pickford be sweet as Little Lord Fauntleroy? She'll out-Wesley Wesley Barry! She's playing the mother, Dearest, too—she'll be lovely in that rôle."

"The nicest young mother I've ever seen lately is Bryant Washburn's wife," I declared enthusiastically. "Have you seen the new baby? He was just two months old the day I was there, and looked very Irish, with his red hair and long upper lip. I think they took quite a chance, naming him after Dwight Moody, the evangelist, but Mrs. Washburn says he was an uncle of Bryant's and so it's all in the family. And little Sonny Washburn is so pleased with the baby—his father and mother told him that the baby belonged to him, and he feels so responsible that they can hardly get him out of the nursery."

"I heard the funniest thing the other day," chuckled Fanny as the second order of cake arrived. "It was during the filming of one of Fatty Arbuckle's pictures, and Mollie Malone made up the best subtitle of the season; they're going to use it in the picture. They were taking a thrilling scene in which she was in a burning house, and her clothing was supposed to be burned off, while Arbuckle, outside, called to her:

'Jump out of the window, Mollie. Jump!'"

"And she stuck her head out of the window and shouted back:

"I can't—the censors won't let me."

"She'll be writing scenarios one of these days, with a start like that," I prophesied. "Tony Moreno's made a change; did you know that? Oh, no, he's still making pictures, but he told Vitagraph that the black-and-blue drama was awfully tiresome, and asked if he couldn't switch from serials to five-reel ventures, and now he's not to be continued-in our-next any more."

"Which reminds me that Priscilla Dean seems to think she's playing a serial in Vancouver," Fanny cut in. "Ever since she spent that vacation up there she's adored the town, and nowadays she's never happier than when she's all doiled up in her skating togs, which make her look like a winter magazine cover. She even had a photographer make a picture of her with paper snow and everything, so that she could have it to look at while she's sweltering down here and longing to rush back up north again."

"Well," I remarked, fishing in my bead bag for money to pay the check, "here's hoping it's only a longing for winter sports that makes Priscilla yearn for Vancouver."

"If I made puns I'd say maybe she longed for a winter sport," murmured Fanny as she followed me out of the tea room.

"You know that mere man, even in numbers, never could attract Priscilla enough to take her to Vancouver," I reproved her as we sauntered out to the street. "One has attracted Peggy Hyland, though. Oh, no—not matrimonially; he's an English film producer, and signed her up when she left Fox to make pictures with a company he brought from England."

"Well, as long as she doesn't go back there I won't object," replied Fanny. "Going to get somebody to give you a lift home? I wish Jack Pickford would fit past in his new aéroplane—I'd take a tip from the Universal people who did The Great Air Robbery and climb on the wings or something."

---

**LIFE'S IRONY**

SHE makes a pie upon the screen:

It only takes a look,

To tell most any one, that star

Will never make a cook.

EACH person to his line, I say,

And yet, it took such tact

To make my wife (who cooks so well)

Stop thinking she could act!

---

FANNIE KILBOURNE.
CERTAINLY do not like your town at all!" Bill Russell straightened his top hat and glared belligerently at some of the sets for "Eastward, Ho!"

"And as soon as I finish this picture I'm going to start west—back to my dogs and horses, where I can have all the outdoors I want."

"But why—" I began.

"And I'm not going to get home half as fast as I'd like to," he went on. "We're stopping off along the way to make native scenes for 'The Lincoln Highwayman.' But when I do get back West I'm going to stay."

"Don't you like our theaters and restaurants?" I asked hopefully.

"Oh, well enough. But you don't know how to live here—riding on a Fifth Avenue bus is the most exciting thing I've found to do. Can't have a really good horseback ride in this country."

Now, visiting motion-picture stars are not wont to talk this way; if they don't care for Riverside Drive or Fifth Avenue, they praise the theaters; when all else fails, one can show them the skyline from a ferryboat at twilight and settle all criticism. However, I set Bill Russell down as a native son of California; they're not likely to care much about the East.

"Maybe when you know New York better you won't feel this way."

"Know New York!" he exploded. "I was born in New York!"

And after that there was nothing more to say.
Their Chums

Your favorite actress has a pal who's as dear to her as yours is to you.

By Barbara Little

Nazimova and ZaSu Pitts have a brand-new friendship that's flourishing beautifully.

Do you remember the little girl across the street you used to tell all those wonderful "secrets" to? Goodness, a lot of times you had to make 'em up, for those precious "secrets" you must have. No well-regulated chums are ever without 'em. Usually, truth to tell, the secrets weren't about anything—but when you and your chum walked about looking important—oh, how irritating it was to other pairs of chums, and how you gloried in the air of mystery with which you had surrounded yourself.

Now a chum is a very satisfactory institution; and naturally in Filmland, where little stars have every other luxury, chumships grow luxuriously all about the place. In fact, chums are being much worn this season, with, of course, the prevailing fashions coming in contrasting shades of blond and brunet.

For example, it's pretty likely that when you catch a glimpse of Madlaine Traverse's blue limousine, if you take another peek you'll see that lively young person, Peggy Hyland, beside her. Maybe Peggy will be running the car! Sometimes they race their cars side by side, but Peggy is really the most adventurous of the two, and often gives her chum Madlaine bad half hours when she, Peggy, is at the wheel in a particularly lively mood. For Madlaine Traverse and Peggy Hyland, the long and the short of it, are fast friends. I don't know how Madlaine ever keeps up with that lively Peggy person, except that she can take longer steps than her diminutive friend.

There's only one thing about each chum that the other chum doesn't approve of. Peggy, being a conservative little English body, doesn't approve of Madlaine's plunging wildly into the buying of ranches and picture-company stocks, though up-to-date Madlaine has been able to tell you, "I told you so," as she points to her success. And Madlaine doesn't approve of the heterogeneous array of woebegone animals that Peggy is always cluttering up her house with. Madlaine likes animals, too, but she doesn't see any sense, she says, of turning your own house into an Old Animals' Home.

Any old time you see the blond Dorothy Gish—only she's a brunette nowadays in pictures, isn't she? For she says her personality just fades into her background when she appears on the screen without her dark wig—any time, I say, you see Dorothy without Constance Talmadge, that is, when they're both in the same town, you'll know that either one of 'em is ill in bed. Indeed, there's a very genuine little note of devotion in their friendship in the fact that when Constance had the "flu" last winter—Dorothy had it afterward—Dorothy insisted on coming to her friend's bedside every day to cheer her up. When Constance went East it was a big pull, but I've heard that Dorothy is going East, too, and so by the time this is printed, perhaps the two will be palling around New York together, happy, and doing the "perpetual-motion" stuff as of yore. Once in a while the twins become a trio. That's when Dick Barthelmess is along with them. And you can just imagine what a true friendship it is when they consent to share a man—especially when that man is the attractive Dick Barthelmess.

While Constance is palling around with Dorothy sister Norma has picked up a chum for herself. And
who should this chum be but Anita Loos, or, as it has been several months now, Mrs. John Emerson. Anita of the wonderful satirical stories and Norma of the equally wonderful acting. Could there be a better pair?

An odd little friendship which has just sprung up in Filmland is that between the classic Alla Nazimova and the droll little comedienne, ZaSu Pitts. It all came about from Nazimova's being so charmed at watching Miss Pitts' work in "Better Times," that she sent for ZaSu to have tea with her. ZaSu was all fussed up at the first meeting—said she just couldn't talk to save her life—but as the great actress charmed the younger girl with her own vivacity, ZaSu unfolded her clever mind to the other; and now the two, both the possessors of a great big human sense of humor, find wonderful enjoyment in each other's company. For after all, as George Eliot said, what's more vital to a companionship than the possession of a kindred idea of humor?

It is justly fitting that Mabel Normand and Edna Purviance should hang around together. We'd naturally expect it. And you can always be ready for a good time when these two get together, for it is sure to be forthcoming. Edna has a quiet sense of drollery, but Mabel acts out her funny stories with the comicalest little gestures and mimickings. And when these two romp—they romp! Jazz is putting it mildly when you try to describe the antics of this pair in their entertaining mood. If any one can go to a party with them and come away with a grouch, that person ought to be watched. He's up to no good. Of course they have their confidences! No doubt Edna knew all about the handsome aviator Mabel was supposed to have been engaged to—only it was all broken off—and Mabel could tell you whole reams—only she won't—about the millionaire polo player who was awfully devoted to Edna, but to whom, it is said, she said "No." And as for the practical concerns of life, one thing Edna won't do, and that is buy a hat without Mabel's help, while on the other hand, Mabel simply won't go to the photographer's without Edna's being there to help while away the tedious hours. "Because," as Mabel justly says, "I make my living posing for pictures—so why waste my perfectly good off days at that awful photographer's—and for mere stills, too?"

Another pair of chums, one an actress, the other a writer, are Mary Pickford and Frances Marion, who frequently write the continuity for her friend's pictures, and I know of no more solid friendship than that which exists between these two. In fact, it was responsible in a way for Miss Marion's wedding—for when Mary Pickford was made godmother of a California regiment, before it sailed for France, Frances Marion went to the christening ceremony—if that's what you call it—with her, and she and Lieutenant Frederick Thompson fell in love at first sight. And when he got back from France the last of October, the wedding was held up until Mary Pickford could come on from California and be matron of honor.

It is a rare thing to find two chums playing at the same studio, yet this is the case with Viola Dana and Alice Lake. They are both at the Metro Studio, Viola being starred in "Please Get Married," and Alice carrying the leading rôle in a new play that at present is without a title. Each can always very easily be traced through the presence of the other. It is only necessary to ask if one of the couple is at a certain place, and if she is there, the other is sure to be in the near vicinity. They are working in adjoining sets at the present writing, and between scenes, visiting is the vogue, so the poor directors are still trying to de-

Continued on page 93
Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 58

When this material goes to the studio—any one of the four now in operation—it goes to the supervising editor of the studio, who is in charge of all continuities—the actual working script from which the director works. He considers the story from close range, consulting the star or the director, and in many cases both of them. Except in the instances of stories of particular value or importance which are distinctly ordered to be made because of indisputable merit, the final decision is reached by this supervisor in consultation with his staff and his directors. Sometimes he will think the story is right but the suggestion of star or director wrong, and then he will wire the main office for permission to consider it for another form of handling. The main office virtually never forces the studio to produce a story it does not want. This is the one surest way to get bad film, and is no more just to the author submitting the story than to the audiences destined to see it. This does not mean that a story which is not immediately acclaimed at the studio is immediately discarded, but it does mean that the production manager works by persuasion and argument.

If a subject is suggested for one studio and rejected, but the production manager believes in its value, he will often get it accepted at one of the three other studios by another director and another star. The first director didn’t “see” it but the second does “see” it and will make a correspondingly better picture. Also, certain material which must be useful but cannot be immediately placed is bought by the manager with Mr. Lasky’s approval and simply: put away for future production.

This whole process sounds lengthy. As a matter of fact, it is comparatively brief. The studios and the main offices are all in daily telegraphic communication, and the people involved are all vitally interested. We usually can give an author his definite answer within two weeks.

If we decide that we want the story, then the production manager is in charge of negotiations, subject to the approval of Mr. Lasky. We do not encourage “freak” prices and we try to abide within the limits of sound business, but no genuine value is too great for us to appraise it honestly and pay for it generously.

One of the questions that reaches us most frequently is: What do you want right now? The answer is: What the public wants. But what does the public want? We believe it wants substantial romantic modern stories and lots of human nature.

Comments on the Preceding

You will notice that Mr. Bennett brands as a popular fallacy the oft-repeated report that motion pictures are extraordinarily difficult to find. That is a truth which perhaps deserves a word of explanation. Since the scenario departments of the film companies find a considerable part—though by no means all—of the world’s output of contemporary plays, short stories, and novels suitable for adaptation on the screen, and since, beside this available material, original stories are constantly being written for the screen alone, both by specially trained motion-picture plot writers and by ambitious beginners, it must be evident that his statement referred to is correct. Yet Mr. Bennett points out in the very next sentence that his company takes the most extraordinary means of examining every possible source where story material might be found, in order to get the very best—that is, “that which at the moment is the most appealing to the popular mind.” And he might have added that the executive heads of every other company—except those whose material is obtained from special sources—do the same thing, so far as their means will allow. Not every company, of course, can afford to maintain so huge an organization for combing the story market. Nor could every company compete with his organization in bidding for the stories which have the greatest timely market value. But each company, working within its own field, is constantly striving to get the best material possible for its own needs. Discouraging? Of course, if you had the idea that writing for the screen was an easy field to break into, a means of picking up some easy money. But not if you’re trying it for the love of the thing, because the field is open to every one who has the gift, who has the good sense to study the market, and judgment enough to decide for himself the most likely market is for his particular kind of literary ware.

You noticed, I hope, that Mr. Bennett said that no matter through what channel a story comes to their attention, their method of examining it with a view to its purchase was the same. That should dispose of the idea so prevalent in the minds of many persons that only those with a “pull” can sell their wares, though common sense should have disposed of that idea without the need of such a statement from one speaking with authority. But, you ask, if they are all trying to get the best, what chance have I? At least as much chance as a beginner has in any similar line of work. A magazine editor whom I know—a man with a reputation for having broken in more new writers than almost any other editor in New York—said to me once, “Developing new talent and searching for new talent is a big part of my work. But I consider myself lucky if I get hold of more than two or three youngsters each year whose work I can use. Of course, the first consideration really is the procuring of the best stuff in our field.”

Every intelligent person in the world who sets out to buy any sort of goods or services tries to procure the best he can get, for the purpose he has in mind, and for the amount of money he has to spend. Yet, despite this fact, beginners are always finding ways to wedge themselves into every profession and occupation. A beginner would not be so likely to sell his first story to Mary Pickford, perhaps, though there is no reason why that might not happen if the story chanced to appeal to her strongly enough, for there are authentic cases of young persons in almost every line of literary work who have had the exceptional good fortune to land their early efforts in some of the biggest markets. As a general thing, however, the beginner is more likely to meet with success at screen writing, as in magazine writing, through some channel in which big names are not sought after.

And I can give you a concrete example. I recently chanced to learn that Miss Emma-Lindsay Squier, a contributor to this and other magazines, not long ago sold a series of comedies, her first attempts at screen writing, to Lyons and Moran. While interviewing them she had become interested in the way they worked out their plots, and, learning that they were looking for stories,

Continued on page 92
When They Were Little

Jane and Katherine Lee, who are back on the screen, will have it distinctly understood that, though they are only youngsters, they—well, we'll let them tell it.

By Edna Foley

WHEN we were little," began Jane Lee. "I looked at this six-year-old in amazement, but she chattered calmly on. And it dawned on me that after all, she and Katherine have been in pictures long enough so that they really have a screen past—Katherine began when she was two, in "Neptune's Daughter," you remember—and so they must feel rather grown up.

"We used to play in regular long pictures," Jane was telling me, as we motored down to a favorite spot of hers on Long Island. "But now we're just making two-reel ones, you know—they're much nicer."

A sage observation, that; nevertheless the Lee youngsters certainly appeared to advantage in those Fox features they made before they struck out under their own banner. Their mischievous tricks made them about as well known as any children of the screen—and more than one mother offered up thanks that they didn't belong to her. However, Mrs. Lee seems to have weathered the storm pretty well, and takes an active hand now in directing their careers and business affairs. She also feels that this new series of shorter pictures is going to prove better adapted to them than the longer ones were.

"They're called 'The Comedy Kids Playlets,'" volunteered Katherine, when telling me about the two-reelers.

"And they're awfully funny," chuckled Jane. "We get to laughing over them all the time when we're working. That picture we made this summer about a circus—I guess they'll call it 'In Circusland'—well, that was lots of fun. And so was the next one—'Kids of Dixie.'"

Apparently everything was "lots of fun" to them. The tour of the country which they made when they were off the screen for a short time, and which took them to various motion-picture theaters where their pictures were being shown, was no end of fun; the fact that they appeared in a little sketch at each theater, and held a reception for their admirers afterward, was simply one more lark. During our little motor trip they were hilarious over every one of the three punctures that we had, and even the news, received when they got back to town, that they'd have to work the next day at the studio, instead of having a vacation, could not dampen their ardor.

"'Tisn't really work, you know," Jane confided to me, as I left them, "it's just being allowed to do things, like playing tricks, that you couldn't do at home. Really," and she glanced at Katherine for confirmation, "it's just lots of fun!"
man, named Philippe Ferger. Together, they had scoured Seville and
the nearby villages. No trace of Concha Perez could be found. Going
farther afield, they reached Cadiz, the picturesque port of white
houses and orange trees struggling about one of the bluest bays in the
world. On the water front, frequented by sailors of all nationali-
ties, scores of cafes, dance halls, and cheap theatres lured the wanderer
in pursuit of pleasure. Most popular of these lurid resorts was the
baile of Pablo Orozco, a sort of cafe chantant which advertised by means
of gay posters that there, and there only, was the genuine Flamenco
danced by qualified performers.

Loitering near the door, uncertain as to whether they should enter, Don
Mateo and Ferger watched the passing crowds. Suddenly the Spaniard
grasped his friend's arm. He had seen approaching two girls known as
Pipa and Mercedes and their brother, El Morenoito, all of them boon com-
panions of Concha in the old days in Seville.

"Where they are, she will be found," stammered Don Mateo, be-
side himself with excitement.

He made a move toward the three Sevillaans, but they entered the baile
before he could speak to them. Almost dragging Ferger after him, he
hurried through the door. His guess had been a correct one. In the open
space that served as a stage at one end of the room stood Concha,
dressed as a ballerina, clacking cas-
tanets in either hand, as she pre-
pared to launch into the sensuous
measures of the Flamenco.

She had always been noted for her
dancing. But that she should descend to being a public performer in a
low port resort horrified Don
Mateo. Jealousy in a new form tor-
tured him. Nothing was more cer-
tain than that the men she met in
this place must seek to win her.
Had she been able, had she even wished, to repulse their advances?

Huddled in a chair, he waited for her to see him. When this finally
occurred, she did not even start.
Raising one eyebrow, she smiled
cryptically, then began to dance.
Her rendering of the Flamenco was
a masterpiece. It was passion in
three acts: desire, temptation, and
possession. Her audience of fisher-
men, sailors, and chance tourists ap-
plauded frantically. She outdid her-
self in an encore, but refused a sec-
ond call.

Strolling between the tables in
the direction of Don Mateo, she stopped
to lay her hand on the sleek black
head of her little friend, El Mo-
renoito.
"You are beautiful to-night. You
should have been dancing with me," she said for every one to hear.

The youth started up, but she
eluded his clasp, sat down at Don
Mateo's table and waited nonchal-
antly for the captain to speak. For
a few moments, he resisted the temp-
tation, then asked thickly:
"Are you not afraid I will kill you?
"I am not afraid of anything. But
why should you want to kill me? I
love you as much as ever."

"You damned coquette! If you
had loved me, you would not have
left me in Seville."

"That is easily explained. I left
you because you broke your promise
to not to tell my mother that I had ac-
cepted you. You even gave her
money, thinking to pay for me, I
suppose."

Don Mateo's astonished protests
failed to make her retract a word of
her statement. She swore he had
been a traitor, and that though she
loved him she could never pardon
him.

"Nevertheless, you are going to
leave this place with me," he said.

"Make me, if you can," she
laughed.

Leaping to her feet, she returned
to the stage. Through dance after
dance she tantalized him. He, who
had been accustomed to having
things his own way with women,
found it impossible to get even a
word with her. The evening length-
ened, and the crowd in the baile
thinned out. Don Mateo sat sul-
lenly until the last. Hours earlier
he had dismissed his friend, Ferger.

At midnight when there was no
one else in the cafe, Concha capri-
ciously joined him.

"You know how to wait, at all
events," she said, "I like that. If I
agree to love you, will you give me
a house of my own?"

She was too clever to confess that
she had long since sickened of the
sordid life in the baile. Her words
implied complete surrender, and
Don Mateo seized her hand.

"I will give you more than a
house. You shall have jewels and
Paris dresses. Everything that your
heart may desire shall be yours
without the asking."

"That is fine," answered Concha,
plucking at the tassels of her gor-
gorous dancer's mantilla. "When will
the house be ready?"

"To-morrow we shall choose one
together. And to-night—you come
with me do you not?"

"To-night—without you—oh, no!"
she said flouncing away from him.

"To-night I go to El Morenoito, who
is the most beautiful boy in Spain
and who is to be my lover until you
learn how to win me."

Don Mateo felt himself grow cold
all over. She had played with him
too long. He remembered a paint-
ing by Goya, showing four women
on a lawn using a shawl to toss a
ridiculous mankin. He, the proud
Don Mateo, brother of the mayor of
Seville, was in the position of that
mankin. The only possible title
for his love story was, "The Woman
and the Puppet." It was not to be
endured.

Pallid with anger, he leaped after
Concha, like a panther pursuing a
fawn. He caught her by theoulder,
spun her round, and slapped her
face. The spitfire was too astounded
to protect herself and he slapped her
a second time.

"Madre de Dios!" she shrieked.
"No man does that to me and lives."

She drew a dagger hidden in her
stocking, but Don Mateo seized her
wrists, twisted them until the weapon
flew from her grasp, and forced her
to her knees. He struck her again
and again, stopping her cries of fury
with blows. It was the work of a
few seconds to deprive her of all
power of resistance.

In the reaction that followed, Don
Mateo knew all the tortures of shame
and remorse. So this was the
end. He had maltreated the woman
he loved. He had behaved like a
drunken peasant. Staring at the fig-
ure still crouching at his feet, he told
himself that it would be useless to
try to explain or to apologize. She
was lost to him for ever.

But Concha crawled forward and
closed his knees with her quivering
arms.

"My lover," she whispered bro-
klyn, "love is war and you have
conquered me. Promise you will
strike me again if I offend you. You
have learned how to master a Span-
ish woman, my wonderful lover!"
Quality First

Velvet Grip

Hose Supporters

FOR ALL THE FAMILY

The Unique Velvet Grip Feature—an All-Rubber Oblong Button

Is Proof Against Slipping and Ruthless Ripping

WORN THE WORLD OVER

Boston Garter—Velvet Grip for Men
Velvet Grip “Sew-Ons” for Women & Misses
Velvet Grip “Pin-Ons” for Boys & Girls
Baby Midget Velvet Grip for “Little Ones”

GEORGE FROST COMPANY
MAKERS, BOSTON
Lasca

Continued from page 29

you to have it, you and Miss Clara. I think you’ve earned it.” Well, sir, they added that codicil as solemn as you please and signed it as witnesses. I strode out and jumped on a broncho and rode out onto the range as fast as I could go. I had to get away from there before I lost control of myself and kicked the pesty skunks out of my house. When you’ve invited a man into your house and broken bread with him, the laws of hospitality won’t let you turn around and fan his coat tails with your boot. As I was makin’ for the open air, Lasca jumped out of the patio and signaled for me to wait. I turned back and picked her up onto the pommel of my saddle, and away we flew.

For the first time I had come to a realization of women. I compared that hot-house orchid from New Orleans, the cowardly, clingling parasitic kind, that would drain my veins like a spider sucking the blood of a fly. Then there was Lasca, the wild, free-giving, independent soul. She was afraid of nothing; she used to bully rag the steers to see how near their long horns could come to catching and rending her.

She would go hungry to let me eat,
Would choose the bitter to give me the sweet;
There was something fine in her smile
or frown,
Her curling lip and her instep high,
That showed there ran in each pulsing vein
Mixed with the Aztec’s wild strain,
The proud, pure blood that she got from Spain.

Well, Lasca, and I poured out our hearts to each other that time. We sat there, afar on the grassy turf and the afternoon went by without our noticing the flight of time.

The air was heavy, the day was hot; I sat by her side and forgot, forgot—
Forgot the herd that were taking their rest;
Forgot the air that was close oppress;
That the Texas norther comes sudden and soon;
In the dead of night or the blaze of noon.
And if in the storm the herd takes flight,
Nothing can calm their frantic flight,
And woe to the rider, and woe to the steed,
Who falls in front of their mad stampede!

A roll of thunder awoke us from our reverie. We looked up, and the cloud was curling like a volcanic smoke in the sky. It was a norther and the herd was between us and the oncoming storm. But the boys will lull the herd, I thought, and hold them steady. They will drift before the gale until they get down into the willows in the river bottom and there they will weather it out. But I had not reckoned on Jack Davis. He had seen the gathering storm and had ridden around us, and even as I looked I saw him on a hilltop behind the herd. He had stampeded them even before the norther broke. As I looked, I saw him blotted out by the storm.

I sprang to the saddle and she clung behind.
Away! On a hot chase down the wind.
The mustang flew and we urged him on;
We had one chance and we had but one.

We must outride that sweeping avalanche that bore down upon us. The meaning of Jack Davis’ codicil was plain. If I should die, and Lasca too, the ranch and herd and everything I had in the world would go to Jack Davis and the adventuress, Clara Vane. What a fool I had been to try to jest with them. Then suddenly—

The mustang stumbled, and down I went,
Clinging together, and—what was the rest?
A body that spread itself on my breast,
Two arms that shielded my dizzy head,
Two lips that hard on my lips were prest;
Then came thunder in my ears
As over us surged the sea of steers!
Blows that were splattering blood in my eyes.

Then came agonies beyond the power of flesh to endure, then darkness and merciful oblivion.

When I next opened my eyes, Lasca was dead. The prairie that had been hard, dry turf, was trampled into a quagmire. The horse’s hide had been cut to strips by the feet of the steers. I had fallen half under his body and had received some shelter. Lasca, in her death grip had fixed her little body above my head, so that she had taken the full brunt of the cruel blows. It was late afternoon—we had lain there twenty-four hours. I saw the footprints of Davis, where he had come and looked at our bodies and had gone away, doubtless well satisfied indeed.

I struggled to my feet, shattered in every nerve, aching in every muscle. I picked up the rigid form of Lasca and staggered toward the hacienda.

When we were crossing the bottom, whom should we meet but Davis. He was riding to San Antonio to probate the will! The scoundrel had not even stopped to bury his victims. His horse reared at the sight of the mud-covered form; he sniffed the blood, and leaped, whirling. He threw Davis to the ground. I dropped my burden and tried to struggle to him. I wanted to tear him to pieces. Of course he was too quick for me, I was slow like a drunken man. I reached for my pistol. It was back there in the mud where we had lain. Davis ran down along the river bank to circle me. I ran as fast as I could, but it was no use.

“God,” I prayed, “let him not escape me. Let me take vengeance, vengeance in the name of this innocent one that he has slaughtered.”

But my limbs weakened, and I remembered the words “Vengeance is mine,” said the Lord, “I will repay.” And as I struggled to overtake the murderer, my legs moved slower and slower, and at last I stood as in a catalepsy reaching out my clutching hands. And as I stood there like one whom God has stricken in a trance, my enemy passed beyond the reach of my poor helpless hands, beyond my power to do him ill. He had blundered into the quicksands by the river and slowly he sank, screaming, into a mud-smother of oblivion before my eyes.

Forty years have passed since then! I am too old for heartache now. The years that have divided us, lengthening now are bringing us nearer together. Almost any day I may expect to meet her now, and clasp my Lasca in that happy land where parting is unknown.

Meanwhile I daily come to pray at the white chapel shrine I built to Lasca’s memory.

And for forty summers the vines have spread
Their wreaths of petals above her head;
And the little gray hawk hangs aloft in the air,
And the prairie’s coyote runs here and there,
And the black snake glides and glitters and slides
Into a rift in the cottonwood tree;
And the bizzard floats like a ship at sea;
But the joy in these things is not for me,
I no longer hope, I no longer care,
For my heart, in the tomb, is sleeping there.

In Texas, down by the Rio Grande.
"$100 a Week, Nell!\nThink What That Means To Us!"

“They’ve made me Superintendent—and doubled my salary! Now we can have the comforts and pleasures we’ve dreamed of—our own home, a maid for you, Nell, and no more worrying about the cost of living!

“The president called me in today and told me. He said he picked me for promotion three months ago when he learned I was studying at home with the International Correspondence Schools. Now my chance has come—and thanks to the I.C.S., I’m ready for it!”

Thousands of men now know the joy of happy, prosperous homes because they let the International Correspondence Schools prepare them in spare hours for bigger work and better pay.

Why don’t you study some one thing and get ready for a real job, at a salary that will give your wife and children the things you would like them to have?

You can do it! Pick the position you want in the work you like best and the I.C.S. will prepare you for it right in your own home, in your spare time—you need not lose a day or a dollar from your present occupation.

Yes, you can do it! More than two million have done it in the last twenty-eight years. More than 100,000 are doing it right now. Without cost, without obligation, find out how you can join them. Mark and mail this coupon!
HERE we are again, a little late, but better late than never, you know. Of course it is not in our nature to be able to answer all your questions on time, but when the printers all over New York City had their big strike, why of course we couldn’t get our magazine printed. Now that’s all over, we hope, and we’re going to catch up just as soon as possible, and be right on time every month hereafter. And now let’s see what we have to say to:

U. No Hoo.—Evelyn Greeley is a World Film star. Norma Talmadge and her sister Constance are with First National. Julian Eltinge is not dead. He has just finished his tour of the United States at the head of his own road show, and is now making some additions in California to a picture he made over a year ago.

A SPIRIT WEB.—It is Tom Mix—not Minx.

K. D., BOSTON.—I’m not surprised at your asking what the “Pennsylvania Censorship Law” is; Pennsylvania seems to have acquired a reputation for being remarkably strict about its censorship of motion pictures. As a matter of fact, it seems more or less a matter of personality. You see, each State has its own censorship board—Pennsylvania’s consists of three persons, appointed by the governor—which passes on pictures; the national board of review also passes on them. And each board has a long list of things to which they object, such subjects as suicide, lynching, et cetera, being tabooed. It happens that in various instances the Pennsylvania board has been thought unfortunately—absurdly—strict in its judgments. Its rules, however, do not differ greatly from those of other State boards of censorship.

A NUTTY NUT.—What could be worse? See the end of The Oracle for addresses.

H. K. S.—It is always better to inclose a quarter or a Thrift Stamp with your request for a photo. It costs the stars more than that to send them out. Albert Ray is his correct name.

Mrs. Ralph E.—Elmo Lincoln was born in Rochester, Indiana, on February 6, 1889. He is doing a serial for Universal called “Elmo the Mighty,” at present. I don’t think they will play together any more. Eugene O’Brien is being starred in Select Pictures, and Norma Talmadge is being featured by the First National.

JIMMIE H.—See above answer. Roseoe Arbuckle began his career as a singer of illustrated songs in his father’s motion-picture theater in Kansas. He used to do a lot of funny stunts with them, and was a riot in his own home town. He finally got a job with a road show, and later toured the world with a musical-comedy company. Arriving in California, he thought he would kill some time by working extra in the movies, and went to work at Sennett’s Keystone Studio. It wasn’t long until Roscoe was a steady fixture there; then came his own company for Paramount. Lila Lee is not starring at the present time. She is leading lady for Wallace Reid in his latest film, “Hawthorne, U. S. A.”

JERRY & MARIE.—So you think The Oracle wonderful? Thank you for those kind words. I only wish the editor felt that way, he might give me a raise. You think that I am a woman because I give such sensible answers? You and your sister must be man haters. The Market Booklet gives a complete list of all the studios in the United States, and tells just what kind of scenarios they are in the market for. You can get it for six cents in stamps by writing to the editor. Violet Radcliffe was born in Niagara Falls, New York, in 1900. Kittens Reichart was born in 1911. Budde Messenger arrived in 1909. Forty-six pictures! Sounds as if you had your share already. Certainly you can put a thrift stamp in your letter. Do you think they’ll eat it? Richard Barthelmess is a very good actor. His best work was done in Griffith’s “Broken Blossoms.” Dick started his career in stock. His mother was in the play, and a little girl was taken sick. Mother immediately got a wig and the girl’s dresses, and put them on him. He did the part much to his indignation, and was so good in it that they kept him playing the role during the entire run of the piece. After that he never wanted to see the stage again. He started in pictures as an extra man, and finally Herbert Brennon took a liking to him and gave him a bit with Nazimova in “War Brides.” After that everything went fine for him. I can’t tell you whether you will be tall or not. Of course, there’s no harm in writing for pictures.

ARLE—You sure are getting to be on the job every month. Keep up the good work. Nazimova is Russian. You refer to Jack Mulhall. Charles Bryant is Mr. Nazimova in real life. Your review for the month was very good, or was it only for part of the month?

A GREAT ADMIRER OF MOVIE STARS.— Olive Thomas was born in Chaleri, Pennsylvania, in 1898. Corinne Griffith has blue eyes. Olive Thomas has light-brown hair. You will find the addresses you want at the bottom of The Oracle.


MISS DOROTHY S.—Geraldine Farrar was born in Melrose, Massachusetts, on February 28, 1882. “The World and Its Women” is her latest film for Goldwyn. Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1887. That is for you to decide.

Continued on page 98
In a certain sense motion pictures are just like folks—
they are all the same, yet all different. Pictures, like folks, differ widely in personality.

And it is because SELZNICK PICTURES have such a distinct personality that they are so popular.

Not only is the powerful personality of SELZNICK PICTURES evidenced in the family of stars, but also is it felt through a subtle something—difficult to define exactly, but best described by one word—"quality."

Personality is only one of the reasons why

**SELZNICK PICTURES**

CREATE
HAPPY
HOURS

[ portraits of stars ]
Fade-Outs
Continued from page 39

Good Picking!

While making "Broken Blossoms," Griffith had,
They say,
Some difficulty finding just the lad to play
"The Bruiser."
His choice of Donald Crisp to play the part
Showed his
Great class: with due respect to
Donald's Art—
Dave is
Some chooser!

Whoe'er picked "Ev'rywoman's"
cast I'll lay
A dime,
Had eyesight that was wonderful,
I'll say,
Or I'm
A Zult!
- "Beauty"—"Wanda Hawley!"—
she's that, I'll swear,
Gee Whizz!
Which proves that as a picker he is there—
He is
A hulu!

-0-

We have discovered why one of those two-reel comedies of the brand you so warmly dislike usually follow the feature you came to see.
Nuts always come in at the end of a feast.

Rocking the Boat Both Ways

WHEN there's a storm at sea in the Selznick Studio—as was the case in Olive Thomas' picture, "Out Yonder"—the "boat" is placed on two sets of rollers and rocked backward, forward and sideways to give the proper nautical atmosphere.
A Dancing Star
Continued from page 62
into 'The Romance of Happy Valley' and then into one of the principal parts in 'The Girl Who Stayed at Home.'

"Mother didn't like me at all in that last one. She went to see it at the theater, the opening night, and she said: 'You look like a cartoon of yourself! Back to boarding school you go!' But I didn't. Instead here I am, playing a leading part in another Griffith picture, 'Scarlet Days.'

"Here's a funny thing! You know they say that a person born in December has the gift of prophecy—that they say things without knowing why themselves that afterward come true. Well, the last time I visited Santa Maria, I told my relatives up there about my picture ambitions. They laughed. 'Well,' I said, 'I'll never come back here until I'm a picture star!' And I never did. Next time I went up there for a vacation, I had already played that part in 'The Girl Who Stayed at Home.'"

"What's the hardest thing you ever had to do in a picture?" I asked by way of variety.

"I told you—kiss Dick Barthelmes," answered Carrol promptly. Which does sound hard—to believe! Eh, girls?

"I wouldn't have minded his kissing me so much—but to have to grab——"

"What did Mr. Griffith say?"

"Oh, it wasn't Mr. Griffith's picture. But Mr. Griffith came by and was watching. He saw the love making was hard for me, and he asked me, 'Weren't you ever in love?' 'Not that I know of,' I said.

"'Well,' answered Mr. Griffith, 'if you were ever in love you'd know it!'"

"And what of dancing?" I inquired.

"Oh, I'll love dancing forever! I go to private parties and dance and dance. I dance all over the house. I'll die dancing—and if they don't let me dance in heaven—well I won't stay, that's all!"

---

Why Pearly Teeth Grow Dingy and Decay

All Statements Approved by High Dental Authorities

You Leave a Film to Mar Them

Millions know that teeth brushed daily still discolor and decay. This is the reason for it:

There forms on the teeth a slimy film. You can feel it with your tongue. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays. Brushing in the usual way leaves much of it intact. It may do a ceaseless damage. And most tooth troubles are now traced to film.

That film is what discolors—not the teeth. It is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Film-coated teeth are cloudy and unclean. So dental science has for years sought a way to combat film. That way has now been found. Able authorities have proved it by careful tests. And leading dentists all over America are now urging its adoption.

We Now Apply Active Pepsin

This film combatant is embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is being sent for home test to everyone who asks.

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.

Only lately has this method been made possible. Pepsin must be activated and the usual agent is an acid harmful to the teeth. But science has now discovered a harmless activating method. And that method now enables us to fight that film with pepsin.

The results are soon apparent. You can see them for yourself. The 10-Day Tube which we supply will show. Get it and know what clean teeth mean. Cut out the coupon now.

Pepsodent
The New-Day Dentifrice

Send This Coupon

Then note how clean the teeth feel after using Pepsodent. Mark this absence of the slimy film. See how teeth whiten as the fixed film disappears. In ten days you will know what is best.

The PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 994, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name ..................................................
Address .............................................
Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 82

tried writing some along their style, after having carefully studied some of their pictures on the screen. One of her stories was rejected because it repeated an idea which they had done once before, but the others were accepted and have been produced. This was a good market for a beginner, because the Lyons and Moran comedies are of a peculiar type and have to be written along certain lines, as was explained in an interview with Lyons and Moran in our January number. I wish that it were possible to give, for the benefit of the beginners, a list of markets which are the most likely to be available for them. That is not practicable, however, because there is always the possibility of selling a story to any company which does not state definitely that they are not open to outside contributions, and if I were to make out such a list as like as not, before it ever got into print, some of the companies would change their policy, would possibly purchase through some source a series of stories enough to last them a year and then, when they advised my readers that “they were not at present in the market for stories,” I should be held responsible for setting them on a wild-goose chase. In this one respect the person who is on the “inside” does have an advantage. It is not because he has a pull, but because he is in a better position to find out what companies are especially in need of stories, and just what type they are looking for. But though that is an advantage, it does not definitely close the field to the outsider who has a good judgment, determination, and a real gift for story writing.

What Every Woman Ought to Know

Continued from page 34

“Oh, a little of everything,” Miss Kellermann replied. “I have a screened tent and in it we are making the scenes for what I call ‘Athletic Housework.’ It is sort of a burlesque on housework, and I do everything according to physical culture rules. I pick up things from the floor without bending my knees, dust the chandelier with my feet while standing on my head, and use the lamps like dumb bells. Then too, I did a wire-walking scene over Ver- nal Falls—oh, yes, I suppose it was dangerous,” she admitted in response to my startled gasp, “but I balanced myself right, though the wind was so high that I had to throw away my Japanese umbrella and trust to my own devices. Then I drove a golf ball from ‘Overhanging Rock,’ and we’ll call that ‘The longest drive in the world,’ because it’s four thousand feet straight down, and that measured into yards would take the cake, wouldn’t it?”

Overhanging Rock, by the way, is only ten feet wide, and strong men sometimes tremble and grow pale when asked to walk out upon it to get a view of the valley, a dizzy distance below.

“Sorry, Tootie,” came Husband’s apologetic voice, “but the light’s too poor for the swimming scenes. We’ll have to shoot ‘em to- morrow.”

“Right-o!” said Annette amiably. “In that case I’ll come out of the swim and dress for dinner.”

“There is just one thing more I’d like to know,” I said apologetically, as she stood up and threw her robe around her, “Can you eat bananas under water?”

She said she could not, and added something about a “poor fish.” Any- how, that ended the aquatic interview in Yosemite.

The first Pathé serial in which Lillian Walker stars is “One Million Dollars Reward,” written by Arthur B. Reeve and John Gray.

James J. Corbett enjoyed making “The Midnight Man” so much that he signed a contract with Universal a while ago.
Their Chums
Continued from page 81

cide which one each is really di-
recting. Viola lives in a sweet little
house all covered with vines, and
there's always a place set at the
dinner table for Alice so that she is
at liberty to dash in after work
any time she wants to. Parties the
same way. It would be a regular
faux pas to invite Viola without
Alice, or Alice without Viola.

If Marjorie Daw had a secret and
wouldn't tell it to Mildred Harris
Chaplin—well, Mildred would be
awfully peevled, that's all! These
two have been chums ever since they
worked together as very little girls
—it was only four short years ago—
over at the Griffith Studio. Both
wore their hair down their backs
then, Mildred's in blond curls, Mar-
jorie's in a fat braided zone. They
used to go about the studio arm in
arm, making up secrets.

These are only a few of the femi-
nine celebs that are chums and are
proud of it. There are many more
among the stars and just as many
more among those that haven't yet
reached the pinnacle. To try to
chronicle them all would be too
much of a task to tackle. And yet
people talk sometimes about the lack
of true friendship in the film colony.

They just ought to take a peep at
the twentieth century Ruths and
Naomis of the studios.

A Very Diffident Young Man
Continued from page 53

"Why, I knew that chap back in
Syracuse, in the days when he played
in stock there, and all the girls were
crazy about him but he didn't seem
to care a whoop," he declared.

"Pretty good in pictures, isn't he?
I've been following his work ever
since the first picture he did—that was 'The Crystal Gazer,' you know,
with Fanny Ward. And I've seen
most of the ones he's done with Con-
stance Talmadge—and 'Girls,' with
Marguerite Clark—he was good in
that, wasn't he? How old is he?
Oh, about twenty-five. Say, is he
still bashful? He used to be like a
scared rabbit, but I guess he's im-
proved now.

Well, if he has I pity the people
who tried to interview him back in
Syracuse!

How to Clear
the Skin Peppered
with Black Heads
Use Acne Cream—one
of the "Seven"

When oil glands fail
to throw off oil needed
by a normal skin, the
fatty material which be-
comes imbedded in the
pores is surmounted by
a black tip—hence

Marinello
A Beauty Aid
for Every Need

Faces Made Young

The secret of a
youthful face will be
sent to any woman
whose appearance
shows that time or
illness or any other
cause is stealing from
her the charm of girlish
beauty. It will show how
without cosmetics, creams, massage, masks,
plasters, strips, vibrators, "beau" treatments
or other artificial means, she can remove the traces
of age from her complexion. Every woman,
young or middle aged, who has a single facial
defect should know about the remarkable

Beauty Exercises
which remove lines and "crow's feet" and
wrinkles; fill up hollows; give roundness
to eye corners; lift up sagging corners of the
mouth; and clear up muddy or yellow skin. It
will show how five minutes daily with Kathryn
Murry, simple facial exercises will work won-
ders. This information is free to all who ask for it.

Results Guaranteed

Write for this Free Book which tells just what
to do to bring back the firmness to the facial
muscles and tissues and smoothness and beauty
to the skin. Write today.

KATHRYN MURRAY, Inc.
Suite 259
Garland Bldg.
Chicago Illinois

Remoh Gems

Look at this "$2.40 diamond." It is
made of artificial enameling. It will
not stain or melt. It is a perfect dis-
cussion piece and gives a lasting
impression. 

Thry Erase

The O. K. Mfg. Company
you were lots more likely to get good places in a ballroom scene or anything like that, and have the director notice you. Maybe that was just her idea—she believed enough in it to have a lovely dress herself to wear that day, though she told me she'd bought it when she didn't know where her next week's room rent was coming from.

When we got up to the set, on the floor above, we were given partners from among the men who were waiting around. I got one of the men who'd come out on the ferry that morning. Janet knew him and a friend of his, and they all picked out a little table right in front of the camera for us. I forgot to say that the set was a reproduction of a famous Paris restaurant, with little tables all around, and a clear space in the middle for dancing, while the orchestra—a good one—sat on a platform at the end.

I'd rather have sat way back somewhere, but Janet and the two men said we had a dandy table.

"It's right behind the star's," she told me as we sat down. "Probably we'll all show. And lots of times in these restaurant scenes they have food for the people near the star to make it look more realistic, you know; I wish we'd get some to-day —all I had for breakfast was three Graham crackers, and it's half past ten now."

The star hadn't come yet; somebody said she wouldn't be there till afternoon. They were going to take some of the restaurant stuff first—scenes showing people dancing, and the professional entertainers, and that sort of thing.

The director picked out the people who were to dance, and Janet and one of the men were chosen; so were my partner and I, but he didn't want to dance; he said they'd take those scenes over and over, and with the thermometer registering nearly a hundred under those lights he wasn't going to work as hard as all that. So we sat still and drank lukewarm ginger ale out of wine glasses—served by real waiters, who rushed around and pretended to take orders—and watched the others.

It was awfully funny to watch Janet and her partner try to stay in front of the camera; all the other extras were maneuvering the same way—they all wanted to "show," of course. Some of them would stay right in one spot till the director would shout at them to move on —then they'd dance off to one side, but pretty soon they'd be back again, and if they could they'd look into the camera. Next time you see a crowd dancing in the movies watch for that little trick—it's amusing, and it's rather pathetic, too, when you think of how much depends on it for these people.

Finally, after we'd been there for nearly two hours, the star appeared. She was wearing a marvelous ermine evening wrap, and thousands of dollars' worth of diamonds. I was awfully anxious to see her, of course, and she sat so near me that I had a good chance, but the blue stuff on her eyelids and below her eyes, and the yellow powder and heavy red on her lips made her look almost grotesque; it was hard to recognize her real beauty under that disguise.

Her part of the scene wasn't very long; she was supposed to be introduced to the hero, who sat at a neighboring table, and to be dreadfully overcome when she recognized him as a man she'd known before, and hurry out of the restaurant. They took five shots of her coming in, and as many more of her sitting there at the table, and then when she was introduced to him and almost fainted with amazement they did it three different ways, and took it each way several times. And in between shots they waited and waited till it seemed to me I'd go stark mad. It seemed perfectly endless.

"Action, there, behind!" the director would shout at us when they began taking the star's scenes, and then Janet and the two men and I would lean over and talk and try to seem to be having a good time. Janet Powers really enjoyed it; once she said something really funny to one of the men, and the star overhead it and turned to look over her shoulder and laugh, and the director called, "Good stuff—we'll keep that! Do it again." So they did it twice more, and Janet was so pleased that when we were finally dismissed she pinched my arm so enthusiastically that it was black and blue.

"Isn't that simply gorgeous!" she cried. "If I'm good in that bit maybe I'll get a chance in the next picture.
this director does." And she went on talking about it all the time we were dressing.

She and I each got three dollars and a half for that day's work; the people who'd been sent by an agent would get paid by him, so that he could deduct his commission.

I went out on location a few days after that; they were going to take a big scene calling for several hundred people, Mr. Rowe's stenographer said, when she phoned, and I was to be part of a mob—a real mob that wrecked a store and chased a man out of the little town they'd built for the set. This time I wore a dress out of the company wardrobe, a thin, slazy cotton dress, it was, and I had a brilliant yellow shawl, too—I felt exactly like a real actress. It was rather a cold day, and between waiting for the sun to shine and for the carpenters to do something that everybody thought had been done the day before, we spent hours just sitting around. At noon we stood in line—such a long line!—for the little box lunches that had been provided for us. The lunches were really good, but I don't believe I'd have cared if they hadn't been, for I was actually in the movies; I'd walked down the street right toward the camera, with nobody between me and it, I heard somebody say that that pretty little dark-haired girl—meaning me—was pretty good, and I'd learned how to put my make-up on all by myself; that was enough.

My next job was an awfully interesting one; I was maid of honor at a screen wedding, and wore a dress that was specially designed by one of the big modistes. But imagine my disappointment when I saw that picture and realized that in the scene at the altar the actor who played the best man had held his silk hat so that my face didn't show! However, I got ten dollars for that day's work.

Of course I hoped Mr. Rowe would send for me again, soon; the little taste I'd had of picture-making made me more eager than ever to do more of it, but finally, after a week had gone by and I hadn't heard from him, I decided to go to the agent to whom Ted's father had given me a letter; now that I'd had experience, perhaps he could get me a small part.

To be Concluded.

**LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!**

"If all the compositions Elvira reads to this subject, I feel sure the book will be a winner. It will be a good companion to the Work Book."

Mary H. Chicago, Ill.

"With this volume before him, The World will be moved, and many papers on the subject of a 'Story-Writer's Handbook' will find a ready market. The best of the compositions, according to Elvira, will be published in the magazine.

The Niles Press.

"Ingrid Jackson has made excellent progress in her work. She has written a story of 128 pages."

Mrs. LeRoy F. Evans, Niles, N. Y.

"If I find myself working in New York, I will have told stories, and one day I hope to write a book."

Eliza S., 325 West 65th Street, New York City.

"What am I going to do with my story, and how can I learn the ordinary rules of writing?"

Elvira, 147 West 20th Street, New York City.

**LETTERS TO THE EDITOR**

"To Her Majesty the Queen.

I am a member of the British Empire and am writing to express my congratulations on Your Majesty's accession to the throne."


"I would like to know what to do with my story, and how can I learn the ordinary rules of writing?"

Elvira, 147 West 20th Street, New York City.

**LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!**

"I feel quite ready to begin working in your magazine. Here is my story, which I have written in the style of a letter."

Eliza S., 325 West 65th Street, New York City.

**LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!**

"I find myself working in New York, and I will have told stories, and one day I hope to write a book."

Eliza S., 325 West 65th Street, New York City.

"If I find myself working in New York, I will have told stories, and one day I hope to write a book."

Mary H. Chicago, Ill.
A Forecast of Future Films

Continued from page 72

will be seen first in a Jack London story. This will be followed by other tales of rugged character.

Constance and Norma Talmadge, Lady Cresuses of movieland, are extravagant purchasers of the best in dramatic and feminine wear. Constance is the exponent of frothy caprice, a delicious bit of French pastry that satisfies after dinner. The senior Talmadge continues a leader in the emotional set.

Dorothy Gish is without rivals. She’s our best comedienne. And because her funisms are her own there need be no worry as to the source of supply.

William Russell has mental as well as physical weight. The financial fate of the old American-Mutual rested largely on the shoulders of this young Hercules. Despite mediocre productions and inaudible exploitation, Mr. Russell’s popularity has rolled on with constantly gaining momentum. He is now a pillar of the Fox forum.

Tom Mix has roped in a large herd of followers during the past year. I believe he will throw his lariat with equal success during 1920. At the crack of the pistol in the new year race he seems to be at the head of the cowboys.

“The Miracle Man” put Thomas Meighan over the line. Before that opportunity his work had been passing under the damming praise of “adequate.” He is scheduled for a place among the gods and goddesses of Paramount.

“The Hand of Blackton” has in its grasp a genius. He is Robert Gordon. Possessing character, sympathy, and talent, and a clean youthfulness, this boy appeals in the same fine way as does Charles Ray. The Blackton plays haven’t given him a fair chance. Without handicap, Robert Gordon will be one of the first at the goal of popularity toward the close of next year.

In his first star play, “Twenty-Three and a Half Hours’ Leave,” Douglas MacLean cleared the hurdle and landed among the sure winners. Doris May, his partner in the A. W. O. L. spree is going to keep pace with him. This is the swiftest mounting team in the film field.

Of the reliable emotional vibra-
tors, Dorothy Dalton and Dorothy Phillips are the most progressive. Elsie Ferguson enthralled in metropolitan centers.

Pauline Frederick maintains considerable prestige. At one time she was the unrivaled emotional star of the screen. Now competition is more keen, and the public is on the alert for new personalities. The past year has not been a good one for Miss Frederick. Realizing this, the star struck for better plays and secured six suited to her measure. “The Woman in Room 13,” a Broadway stage play, is the first on the list for production.

Corinne Griffith is a lovely grace who is constantly developing her powers. Her portraits are shaded with exquisite sensitiveness. A number of excellent stories have been placed in the Vitagraph library for her use.

There is a tranquilizing quality about Alice Joyce that gives charm to her work. She has a personality that pleases more on better acquaintance. This star has been raised to a high pinnacle during the past year by means of famous plays. The next twelve months should be the best of her career.

Zsa Zsa is a unique personage. Given a director of discernment and sympathy she may be promoted to rank with the “Big Few” of filmland. Miss Pitts will complete her Brentwood contract early this year, and there will be eager bidding for her services.

Eugene O’Brien is the special delight of sundae consumers. As a leading man he was champion heart-thriller, but as a star he is less invincible. “The Perfect Lover” was not an auspicious conductor to stardom. With more carefully fitted parts he may endure as a seminary hero.

Priscilla Dean is an arch thief and wicked coquette. The public recently has discovered that she is “different,” this reputation causing lines to form when her name appears.

He would be a hazardous person who would prophesy what Pearl White’s place on the screen will be under her new contract with Fox. It remains for the future to show what will be the place of this here-
tofore serial queen, when she appears for the first time in features.

The day for character players as stars seems to be dawning. Once it was held impractical to feature for any reason except beauty or personality. Youth was deemed a requis-ite, yet Frank Keenan grimly proceeds on his incandescent way, and Sessue Hayakawa holds his ground despite the difficulty of securing plays appropriate to him, while Lew Cody is to be a star in his own peculiar field. Will Rogers, the famous "stage cowboy" has made a good start as a whimsical character star.

The theory that a star must rely on his own personality and appearance to gain attraction is rapidly being exploded. Mr. Barthelmess obtained decision as to stellar merits by his characterization of the Chink in "Broken Blossoms," for which his personality was submerged and his entire appearance transformed. He scored again in "Scarlet Days" as a Mexican bandit with a beard.

The year will discover more stars turning to character rôles for variety. Virtually every type of "straight" part has been done. There is an increasing demand for his- trionic talent, a diminishing interest in mere personality. Patrons of spoken drama show a similar preference. Lionel and John Barrymore have achieved glory by their char-acter delineations in "The Jest." Frank Bacon in "Lightnin" offers further evidence. The character favorite is coming.

The costume play, another banned bugbear, already has begun to show signs of returning. If the populace will buy standing room at ticket brokers' prices to see a play of the Medici period on the stage, why will it not do the same for a screen play? It will. "Romance" is the perennial record-holder of the stage. It is to be translated to pictures, I am informed—costumes and all. Yet I hear producers say "no costume plays—they don't get over." And the star exclaims, "No character stuff—the public wouldn't like me." Both beliefs are erroneous.

The picture industry is not in its infancy. It is passing through its teens toward a well-rounded ma-turity. Now that players, directors, and authors have been recognized as forces equally necessary to a well-knit whole, the growth of the photo play during this year promises rich attainments.

Instant Bunion Relief

We want you to try Fairyfoot at our expense and without the slightest obligation on you to spend a penny—now or later.

We want you to experience the wonderfully quick, soothing relief which a single application of Fairyfoot brings, no matter how painful and swollen your bunion may be.

You may doubt this. Perhaps you have tried all the so-called bunion cures, half-ways, pads, appliances, etc., that you've ever heard of and are so utterly disgusted and discouraged that you think nothing on earth can bring such amazingly quick relief. Nevertheless we have absolutely proved to more than 12,000 bunion sufferers within the last six months that Fairy-foot does everything we claim for it. And certainly you will at least try it and put our claims to the test, since it doesn't cost you a single penny to do so.

Fairyfoot

This simple home remedy not only removes the pain instantly put from the minute it is applied it draws out the inflammation. It softens and literally melts away the accumulated layers of cartilage which form the bunion. Soon the enlargement disappears and the deformed foot is restored to its normal shape—and all the while you are wearing your tight shoes as ever without the least discomfort.

Don't suffer bunion pain another day. Send at once for the FREE Fairyfoot treatment. Don't send a penny. Just your name and address on a postal card brings it to you. No promise or obligation on your part except to use it as directed. Write today.

Foot Remedy Co., 3661 Ogden Ave., Dept. 118 Chicago, Ill.
I'm not capable of judging that. Ellie Ferguson was born in New York City. Lillian Gish was born in Springfield, Ohio, in 1896, and sister Dorothy in the same State, but in Dayton two years later. The majority of them took frequent rides in airplanes, but outside of Syd Chaplin and Cecil De Mille, I don't know of any of them who own and drive them. To say who is the oldest and who is the youngest movie star would be flitting with the corners. None of them want the former honor, and there are too many seeking the latter to take a chance with my young life. You don't have to be born a movie star. No one is.

WALTER W.—Romaine Fielding has deserted the screen as an actor, but is directing. You might write to her. "The Squaw Man" was never done on the screen with Monroe Salisbury in the leading male role.

GLADYS COLLORY.—Mrs. Vernon Castle, Pearl White, and Carlyle Blackwell are not related. Whatever put that into your heart? It is not true. Don't believe the story again. "The Firing Line" is her latest. She was born in New Rochelle, New York, in 1893. Antonio Moreno hails from sunny Spain. He arrived there in 1888.

MARGARET W.—The villain of course. Ruth Roland does not wear a wig. That's her very own hair.

PETER PAN.—Mary Miles Minter's correct name is Juliet Shelby, and her sister's name is Margaret Shelby. Wallace Reid is his correct name. Likewise the others. He was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. Alan Forrest was born in Brooklyn, New York, in years ago. Wally. Reid's latest picture is "Hawthorne, U. S. A." Alan Forrest's is "Over the Garden Wall," opposite Beswick Love. Jack Holt played the part of the German officer in "The Little American." "Advisor." "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Dorothy Davenport is not working in pictures any longer. She has her hands quite full keeping care of young Wallace, Jr.

U. H. P.—Little Mary McAlister was born in Los Angeles in 1910. She was educated by private tutors. She is four feet one inch tall and weighs forty-seven pounds. Her eyes are brown and her hair is golden. Her screen career has been with Biograph, World, and Essanay.

STAR BRIGHT.—Yes, I know Phyllis Haver. Her father is your uncle by marriage, but still that doesn't make you any relation of hers. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. She is just five feet tall. Madge Kennedy is the same name. In private life she is Miss Harold Bolster. She is a native daughter—born in California. "A Fool There Was" was Theda's first screen play. Yes, there is a child actress by the name of Doris Baker, but Doris would be quite imitated if you called her that, because she's getting to be a big girl now. Just ask her if she isn't. "In Old Kentucky" is Anita Stewart's latest feature. "The Hoodlum" is Mary Pickford's latest, too. It is being followed by "The Heart of the Matter." The audiences would buy any name. I've called lots of names, mostly by the editor. I am only one person. Phyllis Haver was born on January 6, 1899. Doris Kenyon was born in Syracuse, New York, on February 5. Mary MacLaren—not MacLaren's born in Montana. Yes, she starred in "Shoes."

I. U. O.—I'm glad somebody does. Creighton Hales is not with Pathé any longer, but is now starring in photo plays for the World Film Corporation. No, that is not his real name. On the birth records in Cork, Ireland, where he was born, you will find that he entered this world as Patrick Fitzgerald.

H. K. E.—The first real motion picture ever made was "The Great Train Robbery," produced by Edison. The exhibitors were all dubious when they heard that Edison was to make a film eight hundred feet long. They didn't think their audience would sit that long. But they have called it to be entirely too long. The film cost four hundred dollars to make, which was a great expense in those days. The public ate it up, and Edison cleared just ninety thousand dollars on it. G. M. Anderson, who created the character of Broncho Billy, played the leading role in it.

BUNNY.—John Bunny was born in New York City on September 21, 1863. He died in Brooklyn, New York, in April, 1915. He was educated in the public schools of Brooklyn, New York, and started out in life as a clerk in a general store. He always had a yearning for the stage, and finally, after appearing in various amateur entertainments, he got a job as end man with an obscure minstrel show, where he was twenty years old. He was on the stage for thirty years, his last engagement before joining the Vitagraph Company being with Weber and Fields. He started in with the Vitagraph for forty dollars a week, but was one of their highest-paid players when he left that organization to head his own road show.

ANITA STEWART FAN.—No, I haven't forgotten you, although it has been over a year since I heard from you. It has been released. I should say it was nice of you. I'm sorry, but I'm not who you think I am. Can't blame you for guessing, however. I shall send on your request for a photo to Albert Ray, and I am sure he'll send you one. I thought that picture was very poor, too. "The Game's Up" was much better. You'll have to guess again. You're getting nearer.

PEACHS.—There isn't enough room in the entire Oracle to publish the names of all the motion-picture players, Peaches. Why don't you watch the addresses at the bottom of the Oracle every morning, and you will get pretty nearly all of them.

V. K.—You can get a list of all the motion-picture studios by sending six cents
in stamps to the editor for a copy of the Market Booklet. It will give you all the information you desire.

EVELYN FOX.—I'm sorry, but it is against the rules of the magazine to print your request.

ANNIE N.—There isn't any place I know of where you can write and become a movie star. It takes quite a little more than mere penmanship to star in features these days, Annie.

MRS. REX M. L.—The nearest motion-picture studios to you are in New York City. It's a long way from Yazoo, isn't it?

IRA SUMAN.—The only way to get a position in a motion-picture laboratory would be to apply in person to the man in charge of it at any of the various plants. Your ten years' experience should help you in getting a position. I am not familiar with the salaries paid to developers or printers in these places.

FRENCHIE.—See below for addresses. Of course, artists have other ambitions besides acting. There are many of them in other branches of work even while appearing before the public. A great many of them have large ranches. Syd Chaplin, the Paramount comedian, is one of the shrewdest business men there. He owns a big airplane business in Los Angeles.

FARRAR-TELLEGEN.—Geraldine Farrar is still making features for the Goldwyn Company at their studios in Culver City, California. Her husband, Lou-Tellegen, is playing opposite her. He was born in Holland, and is part Dutch and part Greek.

ESTER S.—No, it was not really President Wilson who played with George Walsh in "On the Jump." Ralph Faulkner is the actor who impersonated the President in that play.

THOMAS H.—There is nothing that I can do or say which will get you into motion pictures. It is a hard job these days to get in, because there are always plenty of talented people with experience at liberty, due to the plan in vogue of engaging artists by the picture. The only way for you to do is to try and get some extra work.

CHESTER D.—See the above answer.

AUGUST M.—Moving-picture companies always need extras. You must apply to the studios direct for that work, and not to me. I run The Oracle, and not a film employment agency.

M. A.—May Allison's features released by the Metro Company are all five reeds. "Fair and Warmer" is her latest. The Quja was wrong. It is not the fourth of February. The pups have grown up. I should say you are pretty lucky.

As You No.—Clara Kimball Young is still making features for her own company, under the management of Harry Garson. "The Eyes of Youth" is one of her latest features. Her parents were French, and the name was spelled Kemble, but when they came to America they changed the spelling—of it to Kimball.

La-may Face Powder
is now used by over
a million American women

A specialist has at last perfected a pure face powder that is guaranteed harmless to the most delicate baby skin. It beautifies wonderfully, because it helps to lighten, and protect the complexion from blemishes. And it really stays on better than any other face powder. Of course, every one knows the famous La-may Powder (French, Poudre L'Amè). This is the powder that does not contain starchy rice powder or dangerous white lead to make it adhere. White lead is a deadly poison and rice powder turns into a gluey paste that ruins the complexion by causing enlarged pores, blackheads, and rice powder irritations.

Five thousand dollars reward will be given any chemist who finds that La-may contains any white lead or rice powder. All dealers will carry the generous thirty cent size.

When you use this harmless powder and see how beautifully it improves your complexion you will understand why La-may so quickly became the most popular beauty powder sold in New York. We will also give you five thousand dollars if you can find another face powder anywhere at any price. Herbert Roystone, Dept. V, 16 East 10th Street, New York. Save this notice.

48 Photos of Movie Stars
reproduced in half-tone. On cardboard suitable for framing. Arquette, Barn, Chaplin, Eck-
cluse, Greta Garbo, Pearl White, etc. Both male and female STARS are all here in CLASSY PORTRAITS. By mail posted 15 cents, Stamps or Coin. Ardee Publishing Co., Dept. 149, Stamford, Conn.

FREE

TENOR BANJO

Uncle Tom's Hawaiian Guitar, Violin,
Mandolin, Guitar, Cornet or Banjo

Wonderful new system of teaching note study made by mail. In few weeks in each locality, you give a bill search. Whole families teach notes at home. People of all ages learn to play. Better, easier and safer free. Very small donors for brains only. We guarantee teens, or all back. Complete outfit free. Write for particulars.

SQUINLEN SCHOOL OF MUSIC, Inc. Dept. 29 CHICAGO, ILL.

VETERINARY COURSE AT HOME

Taught in simplest English during spare time. Diploma guaranteed.
Cost within reach of all. Satisfaction guaranteed. Have knowledge of animals in 18 months. Graduates assured in many ways. Low rate. 10 pieces of the larger size included in stock sent for $1. Write for catalog and full particulars.

FREE

Veterinary Correspondence School
Dept. at London, Ontario, Can.

MORE THAN $100.00 A DAY

CLARE BRIGGS, the man who draws "When a Fellow Needs a Friend," receives more than $100 a day. There are many other cartoonists whose income would look good to a bank president.

If you have ideas and like to draw, you may have in you the makings of a great cartoonist. Develop a natural ability in the greatest need to success.

Through the Federal School of Applied Cartooning, the 30 most famous cartoon artists of America teach you. What this school will do for you in your spare time is told in the 34 page book. A bond to Hagners, Things, and a stock of picture cards. A chance for you to do professional work and make as much money as you want. Get the first 10 cents program for 3 cents. You will not mind the extra 7 cents.

WRITE FOR THIS BOOK TODAY
FEDERAL SCHOOL OF APPLIED CARTOONING
0222 Warner Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota
Miss Pearl T.—William Stowell played the part of the son, John, in "The Heart of Humanity." Eric von Stroheim was the German officer in that picture.

Serial Fan.—There is no money or anything else required to get an answer in The Oracle. All you have to do is have some paper, pen, and ink, and a two-cent stamp. Antonio Moreno's latest picture for the Vitagraph Companies is "The Perils of Thunder Mountain." I don't think he will return to the Pathé banner for some time at least. Yes, Mary Pickford had the influenza, and pretty bad, too, but she is not away from all right. The Rise has just finished her first feature for the new United Artist's Corporation.

Maude E. S.—Mildred Harris doesn't play in Los Weber productions any longer. She recently signed a contract with Louis B. Mayer to be featured in First National releases. I don't know what they will call her for or to judge Chaplin or not. That remains with the exhibitor. Probably some will and some won't. She will be known as Mildred Harris Chaplin, Ann Pennington, Billie Burke, Enid Bennett, Margaret Clark, Mae Murray, Tom Forman, and Vivian Martin are all seen in Paramount productions. Ann Little, Harry Hilliard, Jean Southern, Marin Sais, Mary Anderson, Marguerite Cortot, Thelma Salter, and a dozen more for different companies. David Desmond is with the Jesse Hampton Productions. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are with the United Artists. Jackie Saunders is starring in World Film photoplays, and June and Katherine Lee are being featured in two-reel comedies by the Rogers Film Corporation. The Fairbanks twins are not playing in pictures any longer. They are with the Zeigfeld Follies now. Yes, it is true that Harold Lockwood is dead. He died a year ago October from influenza. Dorothy Phillips is still being starred in Universal features. William S. Hart is producing for Arctraft and May Allison and Viola Dana are with Metro. George Walsh and Albert Ray are starred in Fox releases.

Carchon.—Madge Evans was born in New York City in 1909. I think she will send you one of her photos. Write and see. Mary isn't playing in any pictures at the present writing. There is no magazine that contains articles regarding only are you mixed up. Yes, Madge's parents are living. She has two brothers and another sister.

Harold Lockwood Mourned.—No, May Allison did not go to France to do war-work. Harold Lockwood left a son ten
years old when he died. Yes, that is his real name. Jack Pickford is Mary's real honest-to-goodness brother. John Smith is his name. Whatever put it into your head that Tom Moore acted with Mary Pickford? Tom is starring in Goldwyn features, and Mary in United Artists' offerings. Why can't you? There's lots of room.

Miss I. B. S.—It was Carol Holloway who played with William Duncan in "A Fight for Millions." Edith Johnson appeared opposite him in "A Man of Might." Joe is a very nice sort of fellow personally, and nothing like the villain he appears to be in the Duncan serial. I am always too busy. You should read the magazine more carefully and you would see more about him. Bill began his theatrical career with a road show as a wrestler, meeting all comers, and not as an actor. The man the game appealed to him, however, and he switched.

Ann Admirer—You mean Warner Oland, don't you? That's his real name.

S. B.—It is customary to send a quarter or a Thrift Stamp with your request to any of the stars for their photograph. Photos, like everything else have gone up, and it costs the player more to send them out than they receive for them.

H. E. T.—The Squaw you refer to in "Mickey" was played by a real Indian who is called Minnie Prevost. She never told me what the Indian for "Mickey" was. She has worked in films for the various companies on the coast for several years, and can really act. She is always in demand and always busy.

Bernice Glees—New York is the birthplace of Jack Mulhall. He has just finished playing opposite Peggy Hyland in "Immortal," but he is not yet released. Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, in 1901. Bryant Washburn was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1889.

K. M.—J. Warren Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1889. He was educated in Kentucky. He was on the stage before entering pictures with Essanay. Then he went to the American Company, and from there to the Universal. After completing his contract with the U, Jack went with Jesse D. Hampton Productions. He is six feet one inch tall, and weighs one hundred and ninety pounds. His hair is black and his eyes hazel. His latest film is "The joyous Liar." Write and see. Lois Wilson was born in Birmingham, Alabama. She is not married, and neither is J. Warren.

A Spanish Girl—The English was quite all right, and I got through it perfectly, so you need not worry about writing it. Spanish, as that's Greek to me, Mary MacLaren is being featured by the Universal. "A Petal on the Current" is not one of her latest. You are right about Antonio Moreno. Certainly. Write again.

Betty R. K. H.—Wait until the serial is through, and I'll tell you. It would spoil it. Let you in on it so soon. Mary Warren was born in Philadelphia. Vivian Martin was born near Grand Rapids, Michigan. Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1883. Yes, Mary Pickford is a decided blonde. I have no choice. Like blondes and brunettes.

Will Wyatt—Write to the editor in closing six Sundays for a copy of the Market Booklet. No, I cannot furnish you with pictures of the players. You will have to write to them personally for their photographs.

Theodore W. S.—Yes, there is a Margaret Thompson. She is the wife of E. D. Allen, manager for William S. Hart. She plays in pictures every now and then. She is five feet one inch tall and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. "Pinkie" is her nickname.

A. S. and M. D.—George Cheshire is an actor.

Jack Pickford Admirer—The Lee Children were born in Glasgow, Scotland. Send six cents in stamps to the dector for a copy of the Market Booklet. I think you'll change your mind. You're young yet.

Texas—You will find your questions answered. See addresses below.

Little Sister—Bert Lytell was born in New York City. Earle Williams is a native son. He was born in Sacramento, California, in 1890. I think you mean Frank Mayo. He was born in New York in 1889.

Dreamy Southern Girl—There is always room for one more in The Oracle department. Dorothy Gish is a blonde and not a brunette, although she seems so on the screen. She wears a dark wig in all her picture for the Paramount program. She is the same complexion as her sister Lilian. How should I know which actress has the worst temper? They are all mighty nice to me. Jean Paige was born in 1898. That is the right name. Lottie is sometimes called Lott in age, and then comes Jack. Jean has blue eyes and dark hair. Not a bit, do you? Remember the old adage, "Beauty is only skin deep."

Skylight—If he told you he was a motion-picture star, he has a very good imagination, because there is no one playing in pictures by that name.

Muriel Virginia F.—Francis Carpenter was born in 1911 and Virginia Lee Corbin in 1912. Both have light-blonde hair and blue eyes. They are not related. Madge Evans was born in 1900, and so was Buddie Messinger. George Stone was born in 1911. Violet Radcliffe arrived on this earth in 1908. Muriel C. McClellan is a child actress. What made you think that she was? She was born in 1897.

Violet S.—Elmo Lincoln's latest picture is the serial, "Elmo the Mighty."

Ann—"Traffic In Souls" was produced several years ago by Universal and is not a new picture. It was about three thousand feet in length, and at that time was considered a good picture. Walter MacNamara directed it and Matt Moore and Jane Gail had the leading roles.

Arlie—Your letter was among the top ones this month, so you will get your answer a little ahead of your usual place

The Man You Would Like to Be!

He has a commanding appearance, a strong personality and a decided manner of his own. His strength is supreme and his muscles are well developed. He has broad shoulders, a well-shaped neck, a powerful back, arms of steel, and a deep full chest. His muscular legs, uninflated, give him an added strength and the springy resilience of youth. He possesses everything you lack and admire.

He is a Master of Men! Why Not Be Like Him?

Earle Liederman
The Acme of Physical Perfection

This Man You Would Like to Be! never has indulgence, but he can eat whatever he likes, for his stomach can assimilate anything. He never suffers from constipation, liver trouble, nervousness, insomnia, or any of the common ailments that most of the people have. Neither is he a slave to bad habits, but he is master of himself.

Are You Master of Yourself?

You cannot expect to control others or command their respect until you can first control yourself.

You Are Judged By Your Appearance

Get a good healthy color in your face, feel strong, look strong, be somebody—he is the way you would like to be. Give me a chance to help you. I have helped thousands—taken them out of the crowd of physical wrecks and turned them into powerful athletes. I am doing it every day and shall continue to do it, for it is my life's ambition.

I Have Trained Some of the World's Strongest Men

My pupils really amount to somebody. You can, too, if you will let me take hold of you and help you make the most of yourself. You don't know what you are missing by not being an athlete. It is a pleasure to feel bubbling over with vital, healthy, always—never to feel tired. Think of it! After a hard day's work—and still feeling refreshed.

The 6th Edition of My Latest Book, "Muscular Development" has just come off the press. This book describes the exercises I have worked out and includes 25 full-page photographs of myself and of some of the finest athletes the world has ever seen or heard of. You have not as yet read this interesting and hand-some illustrated book, all music needs for a copy. After you have received it you will be mighty glad you did, as it contains some first-class advertisement to send for a free copy, for I want to make the man you would like to be. Simply tear off coupon below and mail me with 10 cents, stamps or cash, to help pay cost of printing, post-age, and mailing. I will, of course, notify you when you have the book, which I believe you will like. The sooner you do this, the quicker I can get this latest addition to theあれやキドンクーポン NOW—while it is on your mind.

Earle E. Liederman
Dept. 1402, 203 Broadway, New York City

Earle E. Liederman
Dept. 1402, 203 Broadway, New York City

These sir-is one handsome boy! Is he for you? to send boy out and get some of his photograph, whatever, a copy of your latest book, "Muscular Development." (Please write plainly.)

Name ____________________________

Street ___________________________

City ___________________________

State ___________________________
As good as winter clothing

Because, like winter clothing, Polio's protects young and old from the effects of winter weather. It relieves coughs and soothes irritated throats and hoarse-ness. Always keep it in the house—its use often prevents little ills from developing into real sickness.

Get well—be young—grow tall.

This University discovery is the most important health invention of the century. It rapidly stops coughing in the throat. It prevents a sore throat from becoming a bronchitis. It relieves coughing, spitting, wheezing, and all symptoms of bronchitis and colds. It is not a sedative. You don't take it to sleep. It is not a cold medicine. It is not a stimulant. It no more relieves coughs than it relieves colds. It relieves coughs by soothing the throat. It relieves colds by stopping the cough. As a cough medicine it is the finest discovery of the century. Ask your druggist for the genuine.

P.O. Box 129, New York, N. Y.

As good as winter clothing

or places, as I should say. Theda was supposed to be brazen in that picture, so how could you expect anything else? Elliott Dexter opposes Ethel Clayton. I liked "The Zero Hour" too. Mary Miles Minter is not playing in any film at the present time, but is expected to return to the screen in a short while.

P. E. B.—I don't know of any from your home town. Eddie Polo is quite popular with serial fans. He is just back from Europe where he was making a serial for United. Nita is not on the screen any more. Theda Bara has a brother named Mark. There isn't any hook that can make you a motion-picture actress. You can read the books in the world, and they will never make a screen star. It takes more than the art of reading to get you over on the screen. Mabel Normand looks just the same off the screen as she does on. Natalie Talmadge has been in a few pictures, but has never stuck to it. She played in one of Roscoe Arbuckle's comedies and in "The Broken Barrier" with Norma.

PEARL.—You are quite right. May Allison did not play opposite Tom Moore in the Goldwyn photo play, "Thirty A Week."

KIWI.—Your informer is all wrong: Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, and not Dunedin, New Zealand. Also Mary's father was never a fruit dealer there. Yes, I have quite a few correspondents in New Zealand. They seem to be great motion-picture fans there, and don't hesitate to say what they do and don't like on the screen. Suppose I'm not his kind? Your compliment then becomes a knock, see?

CHARITY.—Now I have all the three sisters, Faith, Hope, and Charity, as regular questioners. June Caprice is appearing in pictures for Pathé. She is not married. Yes, I know her personally. Edna Mayo has been off the screen for some time. You are one of the few who do not want to become motion-picture stars, and taking into consideration your good looks, it is quite remarkable. Eileen Percy is playing in a serial for Louis Gasnier for Pathé released. Wanda Petit is now Wanda Hawley. She is supporting Wallace Reid in his latest picture for Paramount.

ISADORE S.—I can't give you the address of every actor and actress on the screen as there isn't enough room in five Picture Oracles to do it. If you take them a few at a time I will be glad to help you. Just look at the addresses published every month at the end of The Oracle, and I guess you will find the ones you want. If you wanted a personal reply, you should have sent a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

H. M. H.—You don't have to be a subscriber to Picture-Play to have your questions answered by The Oracle. Write to the subscription department of this magazine regarding back numbers.

Creighton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland. Grace Cunard has just finished playing the feminine lead in the Universalserial, "Policeman and Mormon." Francis Ford's latest serial is "The Mystery of 13." I am sure that he would send you one of his photos. He was born in Portland, Maine, in 1882.

HYMAN H.—You and Isadore evidently got together on this, because your two posts arrived together, and practically the same wording, and without a doubt the same writing on both post cards. Now, did you write them just or did Isadore? The same answer I gave him will take care of your question.

ROSLINDALE DUKE & BEEF STEW.—Don't ask me how you can get a job as a motion-picture actress, because that's one thing I can't tell you. You seem to have an abundance of confidence in yourself, so why don't you go around to the different studios, and maybe you could talk them into giving you a job as a star or something? You would have to do some jumping around to meet all the actors and actresses you name in your letter!

MOVIE FAN. R. E.—There are schools for acting springing up all the time. Some stick it out longer than others. Some have certain set prices, while others charge whatever they think they can get. No, I don't know any addresses to give you.

C. S.—You would have to know all about the taking of motion pictures, and understand running a moving-picture camera before you could expect to be able to get a position as a camera man with a motion-picture concern. The camera man is one of the most important factors in making a photo play, and he must be thoroughly experienced.

FRANK V. F.—Your joke was very funny. I also laughed at the idea that Charlie Chaplin was deaf and dumb, but I suppose you were perfectly serious about that. I can truthfully say that Charles has A No. 1 ears, and the same goes for his speech. Mollie King is Mrs. Alexander in real life.

H. B. H.—Wallace Reid's latest picture is called, "Hawthorne, U. S. A." It was taken from the famous stage play of that name in which Douglas Fairbanks appeared before the footlights. Dorothy Dalton was born in Chicago, Illinois, on September 22, 1893.

MYRLE M.—Falling off rocks and diving into water is hardly the requisite of a motion-picture actress. It takes more than that, Myrle, to earn a place before the camera. Don't you think that at the age of twenty-five you might be a bit young to contemplate becoming a motion-picture actress? You have lots of time. I would stick to my studies at school, if I were you, and by the time you are in high school you will probably have forgotten that you ever wanted to be an actress.

BEATRIX H.—Rod LaRocque had the leading role opposite Mabel Normand in "The Venus Model."

M. D. M.—Marguerite Clark was born in 1887. Margarita Fisher changes her leading man with each picture. Pearl White isn't going to do any more serials. She is now starring in features for the Fox Film Corporation. Wallace MacDonald is back in pictures after serving
in the Canadian army. Charles Ray was born in 1891. Yes, William S. Hart has his own studios.

B. B. H.—Charles Chaplin has not completed his First National contract.

**Addresses of Players.**

Katherine MacDonald, 127 North Manhattan Place, Los Angeles, Cal.
Anna Luther, Authors’ Film Company, Los Angeles, Cal.
Lucile Lee Stewart, Fox Film Corporation, 150 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.
Edith Storey, Haworth Film Corporation, 5211 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.
Rosemary Tushy, 6621 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles, Cal.
Ruth Roland, 250 South Alexander Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.
Arlene Pretty, care of Lanning Masters, 501 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Jean Paige, Vitagraph Studio, Fifteenth and Loust Streets, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Kathleen Clifford, 421 Olive Street, Long Beach, Calif.
Helen Eddy, 1911 North Van Ness Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Doris Kenyon, 820 West End Avenue, New York City.
Chester Conklin and Vera Stedman, Sunshine Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.
Tom Mix, Gladys Brookwell, Pearl White, and Thelma R. Ford, Fox Film Corporation, 150 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.
Charles Ray, Erid, and Margery Bennett, and Louise Glaum, Irene Studios, Culver City, Calif.
Mary Pickford, Beatrice Joyce, Dustin Farnum, and Suzanne Hawink, Ernest Studios, 5953 Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.
Arthur Ashley, Johnny Blue, Greentown Halt, and June Fillidges, World Film Corporation, 150 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.
Bert Lytell, Alla Nazimova, Viola Dana, and Alice Lake, Metro Studios, Los Angeles, Cal.

Mary Pickford's Understudy

Continued from page 73

in, "I really have been able to conserve a great deal of strength in this picture, thanks to my understudy."

"You're not the first person who has made that error," said Miss Du Pré. "A good many funny little things have happened during the making of 'Pollyanna.' Of course my costumes are exact duplicates of Mary's, which makes things even more confusing.

"And when this picture is finished," I wanted to know, "are you going to continue this work with Miss Pickford?"

"Oh, no, I'm just doing this to fill in," she informed me. "I've been 'in the movies' for ages—ever since 'Perils of Pauline' days, when I did my first bit with Pearl White. Now that I'm out on the West coast, I'm going to stay until the big opportunity comes. Please don't place too much emphasis upon my resemblance to Miss Pickford. Of course I think she's perfectly wonderful," she hurried on, "but I'd like to be—just myself."

**EYEBRIGHT**

BEAUTIFUL EYES—

**LA ROSE'S EYEBRIGHT**, a simple, absolutely harmless preparation, will positively strengthen weak and tired eyes, and help to make them clear, strong, bright and alert.

This is the day of the Lady Beautiful, and **LA ROSE'S EYEBRIGHT** will serve to make her more so by giving her a preparation which will beautify her eyes, and make the "windows of her soul" clear and shining.

You read in this and other good magazines on how to take care of your hands, face, hair, eyelashes, but nothing is said about the most important and beautiful organ of the human body—eyes.

Nature intended your eyes to be strong, bright and beautiful, but hardly anyone takes care of their eyes until too late, and then expensive specialists are necessary.

**20,000,000 Americans wear glasses, mostly because they neglect their eyes.**

By using **LA ROSE'S EYEBRIGHT** you not only add to the beauty and brightness of your eyes. You strengthen them against possible future weakness and many expensive eye specialists.

**LA ROSE'S EYEBRIGHT** is perfectly harmless.

It will improve your eyes 100%. We will cheerfully return your money if **LA ROSE'S EYEBRIGHT** does not satisfy you in every way.

Send one dollar to

La Rose’s Eyebright Co.

Room 406

225 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

TEAR OFF THIS COUPON

**LA ROSE'S EYEBRIGHT CO.**

225 Fifth Ave., Room 406, N. Y. City

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

Address .....................................
The Air Reporter

Continued from page 16

the ground call up to Bee as he was unfastening his camera, "Say, did you guys know just how close you were to passing through the pearly gates on that trip?"

Captain Felix Steinle, however, who had had charge of the flying part of the undertaking, shrugged his shoulders and said that almost anything could be done with a Martin. But as we walked off the field, and he informed the ambulance crew that they were through, he added, "Well, I'm glad we got through without an accident. We've been pretty lucky."

You can say what you like about the safety of modern flying, it has not been robbed of all its hazards. The results of the recent cross-country flights gave evidence to that, as have more recent news dispatches. "We try not to take any unreasonable chances," Cohen said to me on our way back to New York, while we were talking about the work of his air reporters. "Our men are never ordered to make a flight—even the simplest kind. Some of course, can't, because of the way their wives feel about it. Those who do, volunteer for the jobs and, of course, that sort of work always calls for a bonus."

"Me! Oh, yes, I go up with them quite often. Assignments like this need a good deal of directing, as you've seen. Moreover, they've become a mighty important part of the news reel. People remember a picture like our parachute drop, for example. Then, too, I don't like the idea of asking a man to go anywhere that I wouldn't go myself—and I never do."

"And when will your air squad be going up again?" I asked.

Cohen shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe to-morrow—it's just according to how things break."

I suppose that by the time this account has appeared in print the flying camera men, not only those who went on this Washington expedition, but some of the other news-picture reporters, stationed in different parts of the world, have made several similar flights, and have risked their necks in a score of other ways. So, when, in future, you see a "thrill" picture in the news reel, just give a bit of applause for the nameless camera man who took it.

For, as Bee said to me when we parted at the Pennsylvania Station, "I'm glad we're going to get a little credit for once—we don't get any on the screen, you know."

Would You Film Well?

Did you ever ask yourself: "If I had a chance to become a screen player, would I be a good subject?" That question will be answered in an article by the above title, written by the editor of Picture-Play Magazine, which will appear in the February number of People's Magazine. Besides enabling you to decide whether your qualifications would pass you through the studio doors, the article contains certain information about motion-picture photography which will explain a good many things you may have noticed on the screen. February People's will be on the news stands about January 26th.

In Somebody Else's Mind

Continued from page 36

ager, and electrician. It was after that that I played in 'The Varmint'; later came ' Huck and Tom' and 'Tom Sawyer,' and then I began making pictures for Commodore Blackton; 'Missing' was the first one, and 'The Wife's Other Husband,' which we're finishing now, is the latest.

"How about screen idols—have you any?" I asked. He seemed such a boy that you expect him to be like the rest of the youth of the land—an enthusiastic fan who could be counted on to have his favorites. "Oh yes, I have two—Wyndham Standing and Theodore Roberts, but I don't try to copy their style, of course; I just study their work and try to take the best points from it."

That brought us up to date, and as the showing was over and young Gordon was due to go back to the glare of the Kliegs, I bade him farewell, feeling quite sure that I'd never see him again. For, of course, after that chat it would be impossible to think that I was seeing Robert Gordon on the screen; I'll know that, though he looks like himself, he's really quite submerged in somebody else's mind.
A Perfect Voice Is Priceless!
Yours can be made perfect
—The Feuchtinger Method of Voice Culture will do it

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.

Any Voice Can Be Developed
The Feuchtinger 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 unerring results in countless cases. Your voice will receive almost immediate benefits, and your progress to perfection should be swift and sure.
Mr. Feuchtinger 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 unfailing 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 Feuchtinger 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 Feuchtinger 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 Feuchtinger 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. Feuchtinger’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 1582
Chicago, Illinois

Feuchtinger

method
of voice culture
BE A CERTIFICATED ELECTRICIAN

I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME

A REAL POSITION LIKE THIS—FOR YOU

The country needs thousands of trained, Certificated Electricians to fill good positions—and at big pay. It's all a matter of knowing how, and I will teach you by my up-to-date, modern instruction. You can learn at home, without interfering with your regular work, by my highly successful method of Home Instruction in Practical Electricity.

Prepare NOW and be ready in a few months to earn your $46 to $100 A WEEK

Send for this Book

My book, "HOW TO BECOME AN EXPERT ELECTRICIAN," has started thousands of young men on the way to splendid success. A new edition of this Book has just been printed. I want every young man interested in Electricity to have a copy, and will send you one, ABSOLUTELY FREE AND PREPAID. Write me today.

How I Train My Students

As Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works I know exactly the kind of training a man needs to enable him to get and hold good positions, and to earn big pay. I have trained hundreds of men who are holding splendid electrical jobs. Many are now successful Electrical Contractors. I give each of my students personal attention and a complete and thorough training. I give him a SPLENDID ELECTRICAL OUTFIT FREE, and much of the training is done by actual work. When my students graduate and receive their Certificate, they are ready for a real position. But still more, at any time you wish you can come to our splendidly equipped Electrical Shops for special training. No other school can give you this.

A Real Opportunity for YOU

Wishing is never going to make your dreams come true. You've got to study—to learn. A man is worth $2 or $3 a day from his neck down—and no more; but there is no limit to what he can be worth from his neck up.

A trained mind is what gets the big pay. It is this training that you need, and I can train you in a few months. Are you ambitious to make a real success—then send me the coupon—today.

Electrical Outfit FREE

To every student who answers this ad I am giving a Splendid Electrical Outfit of standard size Electrical Tools, Instruments, Materials, etc., Absolutely free. Furthermore, to every Electrical Student I give a truly valuable surprise that I cannot explain here.

Free Employment Service

I am continually receiving requests from employers to send them trained Electrical men. I assist my students to secure good positions. I keep in touch with them for years, helping and advising them in every possible way.

Write Now—Don't Delay

Delay never got you anything. Action is what counts. Get started—and get started now. Write me, or send me the coupon, right NOW.

L. L. COOKE, Chief Engineer
Chicago Engineering Works
Dept. 442
441 Cass St.
CHICAGO

YOU CAN DO IT
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  
4305-47 Grand Boulevard  
CHICAGO
CHARMS
The Pure FRUIT TABLETS

A Luscious Treat!

CHARMS are a hit. In just a few months their luscious goodness has made them the most popular novelty candy in America. You will want to try each one of the famous Eleven Luscious Flavors:

- Lemon
- Butter
- Lime
- Raspberry
- Orange
- Peach
- Wild Cherry
- Clove
- Assorted
- Grape
- Horehound

Made by The CHARMS CO. at Newark, N.J. The city of CHARMS
I take great pleasure in recommending "Lash-Brow-Ine" as a most beneficial preparation for stimulating and promoting the growth of the Eyelashes and Eyebrows.

Yours sincerely,
VIOLA DANA.

"The LASH-BROW-INE GIRL"

Viola Dana  Star in Metro Pictures

Haven't You Always Admired

Viola Dana's Lovely Eyelashes?

How wonderfully they bring out that deep, soulful expression of her eyes! You, too, can have lovely Eyelashes and well-formed Eyebrows, if you will do what so many stars of the stage and screen, as well as women everywhere prominent in society are doing, apply a little

**Lash-Brow-Ine**

to your Eyelashes and Eyebrows nightly. Results will amaze as well as delight you. "LASH-BROW-INE" is a pure, delicately scented cream, which nourishes and promotes their growth, making them long, silky and luxuriant, thus giving charm, beauty and soulful expression to the eyes, which are truly the "Windows of the Soul." Hundreds of thousands have been delighted with the results obtained by its use, why not you?

**SATISFACTION ASSURED OR MONEY REFUNDED**

Two cents you and me. At your dealers or sent direct, prepaid upon receipt of price.

Substitutes are simply an annoyance. Be certain you are getting the genuine "LASH-BROW-INE," which you can easily identify by the picture of the "Lash-Brow-Ine Girl," same as shown in small oval at the right, which adorns every box of the genuine.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4305-47 Grand Blvd., CHICAGO
No. 7A1410
This solid gold solitaire is the most popular ladies' ring in the world. Beautifully finished, the essence of good taste. Setting is a flashing Lachnite Gem weighing about 1 carat.
Price $18.75
Deposit 4.75
Monthly 2.50

No. 7A1504
This solid gold ring is shaped and finished by hand. No finer or more fashionable ring could be made. It is set with a brilliant Lachnite Gem weighing about 3/4 carat.
Price $19.75
Deposit 4.75
Monthly 2.50

Send the Coupon
- we'll send you a Lachnite

Send NO MONEY. Just send us your name and address and we will send you, prepaid, on approval, a genuine Lachnite Gem mounted in a solid gold ring. Wear it ten full days. These sparkling gems have the eternal fire of diamonds. Their brilliance and hardness are guaranteed forever. We wish you to select a ring from this advertisement and wear it ten full days at our expense. Then, if you can tell it from a diamond, send it back. 100,000 people are now wearing brilliant Lachnite Gems. These people have proved they could not tell Lachnites from diamonds.

Pay As You Wish
When the ring comes just make the first small deposit ($4.75) with the postman. This is only a deposit. It is not a payment. The money is still yours. Put the ring on your finger and wear it everywhere you go for 10 full days. Then, if you decide to keep it, pay the balance at the rate of $2.50 a month without interest. But if, during the trial, you decide to send the Lachnite back, your deposit will be refunded instantly. You run no risk.

Send the Coupon!
Don't send us a penny. Just put your name and address in the coupon. Write the number of the ring. Be sure to send us your finger size. Cut a strip of paper that will just meet around the middle knuckle of your ring finger. Be sure to send this strip. Send the coupon now for a Lachnite on 10 days' free trial. Act AT ONCE!

Harold Lachman Company
12 North Michigan Avenue
Dept. 1961 - CHICAGO, ILL.
"The Lash-Brow-Ine Girl"

Fair as the bright clouds of morning
That mountains imprail,
Her beauty all know and admire—
"THE LASH-BROW-INÉ GIRL."

Why do dark lashes sweep her cheeks
Like a fairy queen?
The magic word she softly speaks,
It is—"LASH-BROW-INÉ."

You, too, a heritage may win
Like stars of stage and screen;
Delay no more, at once begin
Applying "LASH-BROW-INÉ."

—E. M. C.

LET nothing prevent You from following this good advice poetically expressed, but none the less good and True. Hundreds of thousands of women, in society, as well as those whose beautiful Eyes and Eyelashes you have so often admired on the screen and stage, owe much of their beauty and charm to the helpful aid of

Lash-Brow-Ine

"Lash-Brow-Ine" is a pure, delicately scented cream which nourishes and promotes the growth of the Eyebrows and Eyelashes and makes them long, silky, and luxuriant, a boon to beauty seekers, and perfectly harmless. Substitutes are simply an annoyance. Be certain you are getting the genuine "LASH-BROW-INÉ," which you can easily identify, for safety's sake, by looking for the picture of the "Lash-Brow-Ine Girl," same as shown here, which adorns every box of the genuine.

Two Sizes, 50c and $1.00, at Your Dealer's or direct from us, in plain wrapper, prepaid Ask for it Today
Maybell Laboratories, 4305-47 Grand Blvd., Chicago, Ill.
Olive Thomas

in "THE GLORIOUS LADY"

AT ALL THEATRES WHERE QUALITY RULES
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 are 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

**Lash-Brow-Ine**

for a short time. Hundreds of thousands of women, prominent in social circles, as well as stage and screen stars, use and enthusiastically recommend this harmless, delicately scented cream, which nourishes and promotes the growth of Eyelashes and Eyebrows making them long, thick and luxuriant. Why not you?

TWO SIZES 50c and $1.00. AT YOUR DEALER'S or sent Direct in plain cover, on receipt of price. SATISFACTION ASSURED.

_It was to be expected that so conspicuous a success as "LASH-BROW-IN" would be imitated, as it has been. So, in case of getting the genuine, look for the picture of "THE LASH-BROW-IN GIRL"—same as at left—on every package, and thus avoid disappointments._

**MAYBELL LABORATORIES**
4305-47 Grand Blvd.
CHICAGO

© PHOTOGRAPH BY EVANS
A Holed-up and a Life Saver

This young footpad has just demanded "Money or your Life Saver." He's being bought off with the pure, ever-fresh candy-mint-with-the-hole. Real life-savers for kiddies and grownups too.

LIFE SAVERS
THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

These happy, snappy mints are the ideal sweet-tooth satisfiers. Crisp, spicy, slow-dissolving, they last longer than other forms of candy. They do not cloy nor upset digestion. They aid it.

MINT PRODUCTS COMPANY
New York Montreal

Four Holesome Flavors:
PEP-O-MINT
WINT-O-GREEN
CL-O-VE
LIC-O-RICE

To drown the taste of medicine, give the children a Life Saver. No danger of choking with a hole to breathe through. Buy the quality mints—Life Savers.
Gloria Swanson's BEAUTIFUL EYES

are framed in long, silky, luxuriant EYELASHES and well formed EYEBROWS, and these are largely responsible for the deep, soulful, wistful expression of her eyes and the great charm of her face. No face can be really beautiful without the aid of beautiful Eyelashes and Eyebrows. You too, can have beautiful Eyelashes and well formed Eyebrows, if you will just apply a little LASH-BROW-INe
to them for a short time. It is a pure, harmless, delicately scented cream, which nourishes and promotes the growth of Eyelashes and Eyebrows in an amazing manner when used as directed. Long, thick, luxuriant Eyelashes and well formed Eyebrows lend charm, beauty and expression to an otherwise plain face. Stars of the stage and screen, as well as hundreds of thousands of women everywhere, have been delighted with the results obtained by its use. Why not you?

SATISFACTION ASSURED OR MONEY REFUNDED

Two sizes, 50 cents and $1.00. At your dealers, or sent direct, in plain cover, upon receipt of price.

The wonderful success attained by "Lash-Brow-Ine" has caused the name to be widely imitated.

Look for the picture of "The Lash-Brow-Ine Girl," which appears on every package of the genuine "Lash-Brow-Ine," and refuse imitations.

MAYBELL LABORATORIES
4305-47 Grand Blvd.
CHICAGO

© PHOTOGRAPH BY EVANS
To be well groomed and well gowned—to have a graceful step and a ready smile—to be self-possessed and brilliant in conversation—is worthy of the ambition of any woman.

But—why ruin the effect with a complexion that cannot stand the closest glances? Why attract by other charms and repel by a rough or blemished skin?

Be fair of complexion—be fair to yourself.

CARMEN COMPLEXION POWDER gives that final touch which counts for so much in winning admiration and praise.

Wherever you are, have your complexion above criticism. Carmen will do it—it's the powder that stays on.

White, Pink, Flesh, Cream and the New CARMEN-BRUNETTE Shade

50c Everywhere.
Haven't you always admired Viola Dana's LOVELY EYELASHES? You, too, can have lovely Eyelashes and well-formed Eyebrows, if you will do what so many stars of the stage and screen, and women everywhere prominent in society are doing—apply a little to your Eyelashes and Eyebrows for a short time. Results will amaze as well as delight you. Thousands have been delighted with the results obtained by using Maybell Laboratories.  

Lash-Brow-Ine is a pure, delicately scented cream, which nourishes and promotes their growth, making them long, silky, and luxurious, thus bringing out the deep, soulful expression of the eyes. SATISFACTION ASSURED OR MONEY REFUNDED. Two sizes, 50 cents and $1.00. At your dealers, or sent direct, upon receipt of price, in plain cover. The wonderful success attained by "Lash-Brow-Ine" has caused the name to be closely imitated. Look for the picture of "The Girl with the Rose" which appears on every box of genuine "Lash-Brow-Ine."  

MAYBELL LABORATORIES 4305-47 Grand Blvd. CHICAGO
THIS Cream, with its soothing, healing effect upon windburn and sunburn, is a necessity in midsummer to every woman. The easiest cream in the world to use,—no massage nor prolonged process—simply moisten the skin gently, morning and night, or at any time.

'Twill cool and soften and freshen most delightfully,—keeping the complexion always attractive. Its economy is due to the small amount required,—only enough to moisten the skin.

The other Hinds requisites, daintily pink-packaged, may be had in sample form, or the trial sizes in a box, as described below. There's summer comfort and charm for you who begin now to use these surpassing necessities.

SAMPLES: Be sure to enclose stamps with your request. Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 2c. Both Cold and Disappearing Cream 4c. Talcum 2c. Trial Cake Soap 8c. Sample Face Powder 2c, Trial Size 15c.

Attractive Week-end Box 50c

A. S. HINDS, 251 WEST ST., PORTLAND, MAINE

_Hinds Cream Toilet Necessities are selling everywhere or will be mailed, postpaid in U. S. A. from Laboratory._