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A TRIP THROUGH EUROPE’S FILMLAND
Personally conducted by HERBERT HOWE
“ELECTRICAL EXPERTS” Earn $12 to $30 a Day

What’s YOUR Future?

Today you are earning $20 to $30 a week. In the same six days as an Electrical Expert, you can make from $70 to $200, and make it easier—not work half so hard.

BE AN ELECTRICAL EXPERT!

Today even the ordinary electrician—the “screw driver” kind—is making money—big money. But it’s the trained man—the man who knows the whys and wherefores of Elec-
tricity—the “Electrical Expert”—who is picked out to “boss” ordinary electricians—to boss the big jobs—the jobs that pay.

$3,500 TO $10,000 A YEAR

Get in line for one of these “Big Jobs” by en-
rolling now for my easily-learned, quickly-grasped, right-up-to-the-minute, Spare-Time Home-Study Course in Practical
Electricity.

AGE OR LACK OF EXPERIENCE NO DRAWBACK

You don’t have to be a College Man; you don’t have to be a High School graduate. My Course in Electricity is the most
simple, thorough, and successful in existence, and offers every man, regardless of age, education, or previous experience, the
cChance to become, in a very short time, an “Electrical Expert,”
able to make from $70 to $200 a week.

I GIVE YOU A REAL TRAINING

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.

YOUR SUCCESS

So sure am I that you can learn electricity—so sure am I
that after studying with me, you too can get into the
“big money” class in electrical work, that I will
guarantee under Bond to return every single penny paid me
in tuition if, when you have finished my Course you are not
satisfied it was the best investment you ever made.

FREE—ELECTRICAL WORKING OUTFIT—FREE

With me you do PRACTICAL work—AT HOME.
You start right in after the first few lessons to
WORK AT YOUR PROFESSION in a practical
way. For this you need apparatus, and I give
it to you, ABSOLUTELY FREE.
For a limited period, besides making a
slashing cut in the Cost of my tuition, I will GIVE
each new student, ABSOLUTELY FREE OF COST,
a complete Electrical Working Outfit, consisting of
Voltmeter, Ammeter, Electric Motor, Bells, Wire-
Gauge, Wire for Wiring, Tools, etc., for home
and construction work.

BUT YOU MUST ACT TODAY

This offer is positively limited, and may
shortly be withdrawn. Fill in and send
me the coupon, or drop me a Post-Card,
giving me your full name and address, and
receive full particulars of this great offer. But
do it NOW—TODAY—before it is too late.

L. L. COOKE
Chief Engineer,
Dept. 443
1918 SUNNYSIDE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.
A finer typewriter at a fair price

Over 900,000 sold

Newest and finest Oliver

This is not a rebuilt or second-hand machine we offer. It is a new Oliver, latest model, and absolutely the finest product of our factory. It is the famous Oliver No. 9, the model that sold for $100 before the war. And you have the guarantee of a $2,000,000 company that it is the identical typewriter.

The Oliver is noted for its simplified and sturdy construction—for its freedom from trouble—for its year-in-and-year-out service and durability. It is distinguished for its handsome appearance, being richly furnished in nickel and olive green enamel.

Easy payments

Over a year to pay—Only $4 a month

If you decide to keep the Oliver after free trial, pay us at the easy rate of $4 a month. This gives you over a year to pay, and you have the use of the typewriter while paying for it.

Think of it—payments so small as to average only about 13c a day! Our liberal payment plan makes it easy practically for everybody to own the Oliver typewriter.

Don’t think of renting or buying a second-hand machine of doubtful quality when it is so easy for you to own the superb Oliver!

MAIL THE COUPON

The coupon brings you an Oliver for free trial. Mail it today.

If you wish further information before ordering, mark the coupon for our catalog and copy of our amazing booklet, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." Avoid disappointment—order now to ensure immediate delivery.

Canadian Price, $62

What great concerns think of the Oliver

National Suit & Cloth Co., New York: "In our business, typewriters are used eight hours of every day. It is necessary that we are machine that are not alone speedy, but those that will stand up under such conditions. It was for these reasons that we installed the Oliver, and we are now operating them in all branches, having standards in them.

Nan, Trush & Sevareinga Co., Cleveland: "Our typing is of great importance in our work as public accounts. It is highly necessary that we have typewriters that will operate well, and the best performance. That’s why we use Oliver Typewriters. The Olivet’s are on the go constantly in our office. The operators have no trouble with them and find them very simple to operate."

Tropical Point & Oil Co., Cleveland: "We find that the Oliver Machines stand up for years—and during their life they give complete satisfaction. The front and back striking type-bar—a distinctive feature of the Oliver—ensures perfect alignment, which is always a great advantage with a typewriter." Among other prominent users of the Oliver are: A. H. Hepp & Co., New York; Central Sugar, Boston; Elevated Railway, New York; Philadelphia & Erie, Chicago; the Continentals, and others of great rank.

Don’t Send One Cent

Our amazing free trial offer

Try the Oliver free before you buy. Send no money. Make no deposit. Mail only the coupon to get the Oliver for free trial.

Use the Oliver for five days as if it were your own. Put it to every test, to every comparison. Satisfy yourself that if any typewriter is worth $100 it is this superb Oliver with all its modern improvements.

If for any reason you decide that you don’t want to keep the Oliver, just send it back at our expense (express collect). We even refund the outgoing transportation charges. So you can’t lose a cent on the free trial. If you agree that it is the finest typewriter regardless of price, and want to keep it, take over a year to pay at the easy rate of only $4 a month.

You save $36 because you buy direct from the factory

A new Oliver nine, our latest and finest model, now only $64. The identical typewriter that sold for $100 before the war. Only our selling plan has changed, not the Oliver.

We now sell direct from factory to you. A sensible method, an economical method. We inaugurated this plan during the war, when conditions were upon us all of us as a patriotic duty. And we were glad to break away from the old system of selling typewriters. It was too complicated, too costly, too wasteful. It made service too high.

We no longer have over 50 branch houses and sub-offices throughout the country. We save for you money that was going for high rents, employes’ salaries, etc. We also save on traveling salesmen, warehouse salaries, factory overhead expenses, etc. It has to be paid for in the price of the typewriter. Our new plan dispenses with these superfluous sales methods. The saving is $36, and it goes to you.

Other prices went up with the war—the Oliver came down

Note how other commodities have soared in price since the first days of the war. Nearly everything has doubled or trebled in price. But the Oliver sells for $36 less than before the war! That shows the economy of our maker-to-user plan.

Let others think that costly sales methods are necessary. As for us we are perfectly satisfied with the Oliver plan. Our business has trebled in the past three years. And today we are again adding to our manufacturing facilities.

For further information just mail the coupon. We will be pleased to send all the information you wish. The coupon brings you an Oliver for free trial. Mail it today.

Canadian Price, $62

The OLIVER

Typewriter Company

1253 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

CommodityPricesJuly, 1914

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The OLIVER Typewriter Company

1253 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Don’t do a machine until I order it. Mail me your book,

"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy." That will show you the other information.

Name

Street Address

City

Occupation or Business

State
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What 1921 and Paramount Pictures have in store for you

1921 is going to be a banner year in the motion picture industry. The extraordinary Paramount Pictures to be released will alone make it such. All through the past year, and all over the world, the immense plans of Paramount have been in preparation for your 1921 entertainment. 1921 and Paramount will give you a flaming new idea, a totally new and magnificent conception of what the screen can mean to you!

Ideals plus immense organization—basis of Paramount Supremacy

The basis of Paramount's supremacy will continue to be one of immense organization both in production and distribution of motion pictures, and unlimited resource of talent, money, physical equipment and imagination. Paramount has enough studios and producing plants to equip forty ordinary motion picture companies. The chief of these studios are in California, New York, and London, England. The whole world-wide producing organization of Paramount Pictures proceeds on a basis of assured success for the photoplays produced. That is, thousands of theatres in fifteen civilized countries are waiting and eager to show them, and their audiences to see them.

Only Paramount organization can give Paramount quality

Neither time nor money, neither endless trouble nor terrible hazards of physical danger and difficulty, are spared to achieve striking results.

In some Paramount Pictures in 1921 you will see the stage, for example, as mere items of the staging of a single scene. If the tropics are required, or the arctic zone, the tropics and the arctic zone you will get.

In other 1921 Paramount Pictures you will see whole groups of great stars in the same picture.

One instance of many: in the cast of "The Affairs of Anatol," the play by the great Viennese dramatist, Arthur Schnitzler, directed by Cecil B. DeMille, there are no fewer than eight stars: Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Elliott Dexter, Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, Agnes Ayres, Theodore Roberts and Theodore Kosloff. All this galaxy of talent in one Paramount Picture, and there will be 101 of them in 1921 for you.

1921 will carry on the great national success of Paramount as represented by the high water mark it touched during the National Paramount Week in September, 1920, when more than six thousand American theatres showed nothing but Paramount Pictures, and sixty-seven cents of every dollar that was paid to enter motion picture theatres was paid to enter those theatres which were foresighted enough to have Paramount.

Foresighted is right, because there was not a single print of any Paramount Picture, not a single roll of film that was not working.

The people were out for Paramount then as they will be throughout 1921.

Greatest authors of Europe and Paramount writing for Paramount America

In addition to the most successful American directors, dramatists and novelists, who are naturally attracted by the sheer artistic and immense organization afforded their work by the Paramount equipment, it is now history that the greatest dramatists of Europe, men of immortal fame, are working and devising subtle new plots for Paramount. Some of them have already arrived over three thousand miles of ocean to collaborate more closely with the Paramount producing organization for your delight.

Paramount is the name which has enlisted Sir James M. Barrie, Henry Arthur Jones, Edward Knoblock, Sir Gilbert Parker, Avery Hopwood, C. H. Glyn, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, Joseph Conrad, Cosmo Hamilton, Arnold Bennett.

Paramount is the name of the organization which affords the greatest scope for the greatest directors, men of the stamp of Cecil B. DeMille, William DeMille, George Fitzmaurice, George Melford, William D. Taylor, Hugh Ford, and the Charles Maigne.

Distinguished artists and connoisseurs of stage design, such as Penrith Stanlaws and Paul Iribe (the great Parisian d-designer), contribute their special gifts to Paramount. In short, it is a fact that Paramount utilizes the services of all sorts of skill and craftsmanship whose function ordinary picture producers are not even aware of.

Paramount spends more on the perfect tiling of great feature pictures than some producers spend on the whole job.

Paramount has a special Fashion Atelier in Paris so that the women in the audience of your theatre shall get le dernier cri in gowns and hats with every Paramount Picture. See Paramount Pictures and you see the new Paris styles first.

Paramount has first call on the greatest American stories in the greatest American magazines when the stories are suitable for the films. The whole problem of printed or spoken dramas that might be suitable for Paramount Pictures is examined. Everything useful published in Italian, Spanish, German or French is studied as the opportunity are made of every stage play produced in America, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, London and Rome.

No one else can give the exhibitor or motion picture enthusiast as much. It all comes down to immense organization, and Paramount has it.

Every 20th person you meet in the street today will see a Paramount Picture today!

The simple way to tell a good theatre

Not a good theatre anywhere but books as many Paramount Pictures as its patrons can throng to see!

Counting foreign theatres, over one hundred million people paid to see Paramount Pictures in 1920.

Your cue is—find the words "A Paramount Picture" in the newspaper advertisements of your theatre, or in the billboards or on billboards.

Find them, before you go in, for that always means a great show and a crowded house!
What Do You Like About the Movies?
YOU THINK YOU KNOW, BUT THE CHANCES ARE YOU DON'T!

Like nearly every one, you probably think that you go to motion pictures to see something new, but producers, directors, authors, every one in the motion-picture business, in fact, knows that there are certain old things you always like. What they are, and why you like them, will be told by Helen Klumph in the next issue of Picture-Play Magazine. You'll find it one of the most interesting and instructive articles you have ever read about motion pictures.

ARE THEY REALLY NICE PEOPLE?
Herbert Howe has been asked that question about motion-picture people hundreds of times. He is going to answer it—frankly and fearlessly, in his inimitable way. If you have any pet illusions, prepare to shed them.

ABOUT AN OLD FAVORITE AND A NEW BEAUTY
Marguerite Clark, who is returning to the screen, and Justine Johnstone, a famous beauty who is just beginning her screen career, will both appear in next month's Picture-Play.

WHERE THEY GET THOSE STORMS
What would you do if you were a motion-picture director and you wanted a terrific storm at sea? You would send for John Wilder, of course. Marjorie Charles Driscoll will tell you all about him and the profession of storm, fire, and shipwreck expert.

IF YOU LIKE SIXTH-CENTURY CHIVALRY
Emma-Lindsay Squier went out to the Fox lot where they were making "A Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court," and found herself in the sixth century. She liked it—and you will, too.
LEARN MUSIC AT HOME
—New Way Makes It Easy

Either Playing or Singing—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—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—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 make-shifts 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 250,000 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 right—samples of the kind of letters I am receiving in practically every mail. My files contain 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.

On the other hand, if you are pleased with the course, the total cost amounts to only a few cents a lesson, with your music and everything also included.

When learning to play or sing is so easy, why continue to confine 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.

Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit.

LEARN TO PLAY BY NOTE
FOR BEGINNERS OR ADVANCED PUPILS

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SUCCESS

"Since I've been taking your lessons I've made over $250 with my violin. Your lessons are perfect for me."—Nettie Freeland, Moosup, N. J.

"When I started with you I knew nothing about the cornet or trumpet, but now I can play almost any piece of music."—K-csson School, Dramatic Co., Co., Nova Scotia.

"I want to extend the heartfelt appreciation of the course. It has done more for me than years of other lessons."—Maple N. Lewis, 319 Jefferson, N. J.

The folks at home are delighted to hear me play the Organ so well. You have a practical system of training music. A Cordial. I. H.
What About the Market?

What of the trend of the market by this time? The market is getting better. When this was written, in late November, all signs pointed to a revival of the original story, with the demand firm. Presidential year cut a figure in the movie-story market just as it always does in every line of industry. In a period of retrenchment and tight money the amusement business is first to suffer. The automobile manufacturers claim they suffer primarily, but not so. When money is tight the amusement business, deemed a luxury—though really a necessity if we are to have any pleasure on this old mundane sphere—is lambasted first. So for a time the producer has been a bit chary in stocking up. With the election over, things are looking up again.

The story market is a peculiar thing. It is the weather-vane of motion-picture land. If there is a storm brewing the first retrenchment is ordered in the scenario department. When conditions become easier, then the movies reach out for plot material. New York and Los Angeles are the two great buying centers for motion-picture stories. In fact, the other day I read a lengthy discussion tending to prove that Los Angeles was now the literary center of the world, both for screen and fiction. We'll let that pass. But I do know that when the brokers become unusually active across the continent, that activity is reflected in Los Angeles, and vice versa. It is certain proof that the manufacturer is casting around for material. As this is written, there isn't a good piece of fiction appearing in any of the weekly or monthly magazines, having real screen possibilities, that is not grabbed off by wire before the ink gets cold. One weekly publication the other day ran a short story by Calvin Johnston. It had the "makings" of a movie. The story was sold before one producer even got an opportunity to read and consider it. He read it, wired to New York to buy it, and was informed in reply that the story had been sold two weeks before!

This does not mean that the film maker will buy anything that comes along. For from it! It does mean, however, that the man or woman who can come across with material, basic material for filmland, ought to have a better chance to sell his or her stuff. And I think it will interest my readers to know that, having received several challenges from "DOUBTING THOMASES" of late, I am going to devote a large part of this department next month to citing individual instances—giving the names and full details—of persons, outside the industry, who recently have sold original stories for screen production.

Is It An Art?

Under the title, "Why I Write for Motion Pictures," James A. Scherer, former college president, recently wrote an article for the Los Angeles Express which I quote in part:

For a man whose pet avoocation has long been imaginative writing, but whose experience in educational work has brought the desire that such writing do more than amuse, the field of photo play offers a definite challenge. In my opinion, motion pictures give the teacher a great opportunity, not to indulge in propaganda, indeed, for the first aim of the photo play must be to entertain. It should be possible, however, to build an entertainingly dramatic story with a background, an undercurrent of wholesome and importance of theme that the audience will unconsciously absorb. It was with such an idea in mind that I joined the staff of writers at the Lasky studio when physicians advised a radical change in my work. I was glad of the unexpected opportunity to adopt the vocation of writing, for it meant the fulfillment of a lifelong desire. Heretofore writing has perforce been a mere avoocation.

Frank Woods, supervising director of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, said to me one day when we were in discussion: "The best motion picture is the one that tries to help along while amusing. Isn't that a challenge to the writer? For where can he find a volume of readers that compares with the photo-play audience? A book that sells ten thousand copies is doing well; but put your message in successful film form and forty million people receive it all over the world. They are calling the motion picture the "new art," and rightly so. The photo play challenges a writer's attention because it is so essentially democratic. It speaks a universal language reaching more of the real, homespun folk than any other medium of expression."

All-Star Casts

Perhaps I shall be charged with lèse majesty, but, like The Observer, I see the waning of the screen star. This assertion may be greeted with loud and raucoius cries, and acrimonious debate. It is true that the statement has been made before, annually, in fact. It is equally true that I never made it before, but I do make it now. And the waning of the screen star will have an important bearing on the screen story. Mind you, I do not mean to convey the impression that there will be no future stars. There is only one Mary Pickford, and there is only one Chaplin. What I do mean to state is this: Before the year
Would You Have the "Nerve"
to advertise for rent a house that existed only in your imagination? Terry Burns did and it changed the course of his life.

READ

"The House with the Twisted Chimneys"
Complete Novelette
By C. N. & A. M. WILLIAMSON
In the April Issue of

AINSLEE'S
THE MAGAZINE THAT ENTERTAINS
has passed there must be a showdown. There will be a few prominent
stars always powerful, with a world-wide following, but the smaller
celebrities will not be twinkling so brightly. There will be fewer
photo plays catering to the few talents of some leading star,
sacrificing the plot and atmosphere for flattery, twisting and
deforming powerful situations so that some egotistical player can "hog" the
scene, thus doing the great public out of thirty-three-and-one-third per
cent strength of play and cast.

Stories are beginning to be written with justice to the story. A few
producers are doing this now, and profiting thereby. Other producers,
seeing that the water is fine, are ready to leap in. In many cases
minor stars will be played up in one big stock company, each player cast
for the rôle he or she is best fitted to enact.

It certainly has been a halcyon period for the movie star. I have
ten-thousand-dollar stories ruined so that some star might not
have his or her feelings ruffled. I have seen strong and logical "busi-
ness," rightfully belonging to some other member of the cast, entirely
cut out of the scenario, and if photographed, eliminated from the film,
because some egotistical leading man or woman thought another more
capable player was getting a little too much footage. I have seen good
actors compelled to play a big scene with their backs to the camera be-
cause the star was afraid of the other fellow's acting and wanted all
the glory for himself.

I assert here and now, fearless of successful contradiction, that the
"rut" into which movie stories have become caught has not been due so
much to the directors as to the scenario writer—though all the
star has demanded the warping of a good play that he might have more
close-ups, more entrances, more foot-
age, that he might hog some big scene contrary to the meaning of the
production.

So long as a star's contract permits him to get away with such stuff,
just so long will the plot value of the story suffer. Few indeed are the
stars that will permit "fat parts" to members of the cast.

But the public is in rebellion. They are paying and want to pay to
see fine productions.

And to my readers, I would urge this: Study the plays in which the
playwright is not the star. Of these fine days they will all be
doing this sort of production, and well-balanced stories will be in de-
mand—stories not written around some star, but a story written around
itself. Just stick a pin in this prediction!

In my mail I note that many writers for the screen seem worried,
regarding film subtitles, captions, or leaders. Any name will do.
The writing of film titles is an art in itself. In my opinion it is sec-
ondary only to the art of writing the story, and sometimes I think it about
on an equal plane. I have seen several doubtful films absolutely saved
commercially and artistically by subtitles. Several former newspaper
men and women, paragraph writers, those who have learned the art of
boiling down, are successful in the film title-writing game. There is a
tendency on the part of certain produ-
cers to present highly flown, col-
orful film titles. It is always well
to remember that the photo play is made
up of appeal to the masses. The best
writers—Dickens, Stevenson, Poe,
and the like, were users of the short,
simple, and expressive adjective. Let
us have them more in filmland.

The film writer who can get
underneath the plot, bring out
the atmosphere and plot not carried in
action, is the one who will succeed.
The good old standbys, "That
Night," "And Then—" "The
Next Day," et cetera, have fallen
into disuse, and fun is poked at them
in the majority of studios. Yet it is
doubtful if the same expressions camouflaged as "Then Night Falls,"
"Dawn," et cetera, are any better.

Another good sign of a good title-
writer is short titles. It is better to
"break" a title than to carry a wordy
paragraph. The shorter or more
expressive a title, the quicker it is as-
sorbed by the spectator and the bet-
ter does the action carry on.

Art titles, so called, have been overdone. Much of the art, be it
silhouette, or black and white, predi-
cates the action of what is to follow.
In other words a scene in art titles
can run five hundred feet of costly
continuity, for it hints at what is to
come. A plain letter on a plain card,
sooner or later will come into its
own. That, at least, is my personal
opinion.

I have given this dissertation on
film title-writing for a purpose. I
suggest that those ambitious to write
movie plots, forget the titles. Of
course, if you have a strong scene,
and a title comes to you, put it in
your manuscript. Try to write your
synopsis, however, so that titles, dia-
logue, et cetera, are not essential.
In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Start point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

THIS is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davidson of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are more than a hundred thousand 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 write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas the past has handed down to us? And isn't there somebody named 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 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-makers, magazine and newspaper writers—they are coming, coming—a whole new world of them!" And do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—armies of them—young and old, now doing mere clerical work, in offices, keeping books, selling merchandise, or even driving trucks, running elevators, street cars, writing tables, working at barbecues, cutting grass, or tending the plow, or teaching in schools in the rural districts; and women, young and old, by scores, now pounding typewriters, or standing behind counters, or running spindles in factories, heading over

**LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!**

"It wouldn't take a million dollars for it."—Mary Watson, Farmington, N. Y.

"I read your book and I am going to write."—J. M. ROARK, New Castle, Texas.

"Every obstacle that seems insurmountable throws us.ReadOnly's new book. I have never read a book which had so much to teach me. I am going to write."—GEORGE M. LADD, Chicago, Ill.

"It contains a wealth mine of valuable suggestions."—Madeleine SMITH, New York City.

"I usually try to read a thousand words a day. I have read your book, and I have unlocked my brain. I have twenty stories I can write. I am going to write."—EUGENE M. MOORE, New York, N. Y.

"If of the compositions I have been wrote in this book, I find myself a writer."—H. H. SIBLEY, Co., Ltd., Motion Picture Magazine.

"With this volume before me, I feel ready to lift a play or photoplays that will make a fortune for me, if only the kind of it I have conceived is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?"—F. H. MILES, M. D., Atlanta, Ga.

"When I first saw your ad I was skeptical. Now I am busy working and writing. Always having worked hard, I am now starting a small newspaper. Always having worked hard and always having worked hard, I am now starting a small newspaper."—J. W. DAVIS, New York, N. Y.

"This book cost me nothing. I paid for it with my ideas. I paid for it with my ideas, and I paid for it with my ideas."—J. H. W. DAVIS, New York, N. Y.

"I have been so busy, I haven't had time to write. I have been so busy, I haven't had time to write. I have been so busy, I haven't had time to write. I have been so busy, I haven't had time to write. I have been so busy, I haven't had time to write."—J. H. W. DAVIS, New York, N. Y.

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Fugitive Flashes
By A. Split Reel

Movie mysteries: Hats with bows-in-the-back.

Sometimes life seems to be just one iris out after another!

Listen to this:

Twinkle, twinkle movie star,
Age or sickness is no bar—
When upon the screen we see
Damsels well past sixty-three!

Osmun Lile Poke’s personal appearance at a chain of movie theaters has been canceled. Audiences spotted the mole on his chin.

Wrong-for plug hats, crépe-paper beards, and wood sets should be tossed into the movie discard.

own movie fashion hints: Leather coats and goggles are now considered au fait.

Never drive to the studio in a flivver.

Sport shirts and speckled shoes are popular for morning wear.

A movie star is known by the company that keeps him.

There’s always a negative and a positive side to every motion picture.

Come to think of it, there should be scratches on every wild-animal film.

Sometimes we are certain sure that if all the world’s a stage, then all the people are movie-scenario writers!

Percy Ramsbottom, well known as the cake of ice in “Uncle Tom’s Cabin,” has a pressing part in the five reeler, “Hard Cider.”

Through some misunderstanding, not yet threshed out, Sylvanus Smucker played a cornet solo, “My Wife’s Gone to the Country, Hooray, Hooray!” during the death-bed scene in reel four.

Six months after the Idle Hour Movie Theater became popular in Walnut Hills, the council ordered wooden awnings, roller towels, and board sidewalks to come down.

Lem Holtapple, who played the mob in reel three, and doubled as Napoleon in the fifth reel, now wears a Windsor tie.

“Ten Nights In a Barroom,” with a high noon street parade, a baggage car of real bar fixtures, four horrible examples, and two floats, played to S. R. O. at the Odd Fellows’ hall.

A special musical program of songs of long ago, including, “Hail, Hail, the Gang’s All Here,” was rendered. There wasn’t a dry throat in the house after the fourth reel, but many scenes were more than the audience could swallow.

Mother Goose, up-to-date:
Little Jack Horner sat in a corner eating a Christmas pie.

He said: Here’s no fun, and started to run to a movie play showing close by.

Steps are being taken to curtail all dance scenes in motion pictures. Too much footage.

The Ladies’ Art Embroidery Club held its regular meeting at the home of Mrs. Marshmellow M. Mavette.

Mrs. Fern Bum read a paper entitled, “Why Rubber Collars Are A Greater Menace to the Movie Than Leather Coats.” Pieces of film were distributed as souvenirs.

Our happy thought:
Many a film is more to be pitied than censored!

Honorable Oscar O. Pusey, past president of Hodcarriers’ Association No. 4331, has accepted the office of State censor of moving pictures. Mr. Pusey is peculiarly fitted for the office. For several years he has read all the movie magazines, is a graduate of three mail-order courses in scenario writing, and his collection of autographed photos of movie stars is among the best. “I believe pictures are only in their infancy,” stated Mr. Pusey at his home. He blew on his saucer to cool the coffee and then continued: “I shall do my best to overcome the menace of tenor drums and artificial flowers and shall demand that principals in banquet scenes eat pie with their knives in the good, old-fashioned way taught by our fathers. I shall pay particular attention to film stories, having a complete file of Deadlee Dim Library and Old Cap Collier.” At the next meeting of the Priscilla Sewing Circle Mr. Pusey will continue his uplift work, speaking on the engrossing subject, “Parlor Magic, a Means to Combat Frivolous Fillums.”
What the Fans Think
An open forum of discussion by our readers, which you are invited to join.

In Defense of Pretty Clothes.

To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine,

Will you let another wife answer the plaint of J. R. C., who wishes Bebe Daniels’ pictures suppressed because one of them hypnotized his wife into going out the next day and paying eighteen dollars for a new hat? I infer that his wife isn’t generally extravagant, or this one purchase wouldn’t have excited him so much. He is probably the sort of man who wants his wife to keep on looking just as she did the day they were married, and thinks that the way to do it is to wear her wedding finery everlastingly; whereas it would really take the combined genius of Fannie Ward and Marguerite Clark, with the wardrobe of Norma Talmadge, to make a hat as it was.

Whether a hat at eighteen dollars is an extravagance, anyway, depends on the family budget. But granted that it’s wife it is, I still think that his complaint is unfair. Any woman is entitled to an occasional extravagance. Is any position to cast stones? Doesn’t he smoke? Doesn’t he occasionally play what you call Kelly pool or poker, with nothing to lose? Doesn’t he insist on dessert after dinner? If his wife’s hat is an extravagance, so are all the other things going to Bill Hart pictures. The difference is merely that she has been trained to regard her pet extravagances sympathetically or stoically, I’ll wager, that wife could give Lillian Gish pointers on endurance.

The average man has no conception of the force which drives the average woman into buying clothes. Sometimes, of course, it is innate extravagance and vanity. But the fact that this one extravagance of Mrs. J. R. C. created such a furor proves, I think, that it was unusual on her part. There is a far more subtle reason. Let any man recall his feelings the first time he realized that he would never inspire the “Ohs” and “Ahs” that greet every appearance of Wallace Reid, or the time that a new doctor or lawyer arrived in town and took away one of his best clients, or the first time that he heard his son referred to as “Young Mr. Brown” and knew that he himself was “the old man.”

That is the way Bill Hart feels when he realizes that she sees nothing but Mae Murray—when she finds crow feet creeping around her eyes or realizes that dancing makes her puff. So she goes out and buys herself a new hat. Heaven alone understands the connection. The average woman could no more analyze the vague groping toward beauty, the desperate clinging to vanishing girlhood that goes her into a purchase, than a baby could tell why he yells when he is hungry. And motion pictures have sharpened this instinct by putting beautiful women before us every day.

Probably the Bebe Daniels pictures do stir up longings for beautiful things in the heart of any woman, but so do the De Mille pictures and any others that show smart, pretty clothes. And it is a wholesome influence. Carried farther than the hat-buying stage, it is the same influence that makes her read worth-while books in order to keep her mind as fit as her body.

What a Chinese Fan Thinks

A translation of which will be found on the following page.

British Girls Have Crushes, Too!

To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine.

In the November number of your magazine I read with great interest a letter from “Dorothy W.,” Mount Vernon, New York. I had written it myself, I couldn’t have expressed my thought better. It seems to me that fans have crushes on exactly the same movie stars as I do myself.

In the days of my youth I simply worshiped Maurice Costello and Clara Kimball Young, just as she did. When that pass passed I fell for Wallace Reid. Then, in turn, I would have left my home for Owen Moore, Eugene O’Reilly, and Harrison Ford; but my present passion for Richard Barthelmess caps the lot. I am sure Dorothy W.’s can be nothing to it. It has lasted nearly two years—my others only about two months each—and although Tom Moore and Ralph Graves
come a good second and third, they don't, and I'm sure nobody ever will, give me the same sort of thrill that Richard does.

Of course, if I lived in New York I should simply haunt Griffith's studio morning, noon, and night in the hope of seeing him, and also Dorothy Gish, for whom I have a very soft spot indeed.

I must say that I certainly enjoy my crushes on movie stars a thousand times better than those I have on real persons.

Anyway, I never get disillusioned. So here's to Dick Barthelmess, and may he visit these shores one day! I'll do my best to see him."


This Ought to Please Tommy.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

Some time ago I read in a magazine that the popularity of a star is decided by the number of the star's fan letters.

This seems very strange, for surely it would never occur to the majority of persons to write to the stars.

For instance, there are eight of us, devoted admirers of Mr. Thomas Meighan. Our group includes two doctors, one second-year law student, one nurse, and three married women, whose husbands are admirers of Mr. Meighan also.

Now, not one of us would think of writing a letter to Mr. Meighan, but, just the same, none of us would miss one of Mr. Meighan's pictures.

It costs eight-fifty cents for a ticket at the Sunday matinee at the Rivoli, Rialto, Criterion, or any other first-class New York theater where his pictures are shown, whereas it costs practically no money, and our married friends' husbands never mind taking their children when it is a Tommy Meighan picture.

A GROUP OF DEVOTED ADHERENTS.

NEW YORK CITY.

What a Chinese Fan Thinks.

Hongkong, China, 5th day of June.

MISS RUBEY DE REMEY.

New York, U. S. A.

HONORABLE MISS: Your honorable pardon I ask. Your reproduction on the kinetoscopes mosquitoes attacked at times numerable, and your honorable likeness I have admired from afar, as you say, with interest extraordinary. We in China have for ages been ill-northern portrayed such as you admired. If pardon you will grant for me saying your beauty is like an elixir to us of the Far East. More of you, please. Will you do me the favor of gratification and to me post a photo study of your esteemed self? I am a most honorable wife and family have, and your phiz you wish to hang as a symbol of beauty in our most humble home.

A hundred years from now I wish you that your beauty will last, and all China will bow to your shrine.

A HUMBLE CHINESE ADMIRER—Kitchoo.

(Translation by Woe Kee.)

A Plea for Better Pictures for Children.

To the Editor of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.

I like to think of your Observer as the doctor who looks after the moral health of the movie people. Recently he placed his finger on the pulse of the parents. I have no way of knowing whether the response was strong or weak, except by turning to the "What the Fans Think" department. Apparently the fathers and mothers have not yet been heard from. When he said, "What about the children?" he opened up a very big subject and one which to me, as a parent, is of personal interest.

When he said, "The motion picture no longer caters to children," he spoke truly. I know because I have reviewed many pictures within the past year and I do not recall having seen one, except "Alice in Wonderland," that was arranged expressly for children, and it was only on account of the benefit of the Bryn Mawr endowment fund that we had that. Of course, Mary Pickford's plays usually interest children, especially her "Putty and Puffer," "Huckleberry Finn," was a universal favorite with old and young alike. Then there have been many pictures in which children and animals figure prominently, like D. W. Griffith's "Let Katy Do It," and "Through Eyes of Men," featuring little Ben Alexander and a circus in winter quarters; but your statement still holds good.

During the past four years I do not recall that any manager has ever catered directly to children in our city except once, and then it has been infinitely better if he had not. He had a very good educational film showing the marble industry from the quarry to the carved and polished state. Of course, the children came, my boy among them. Oh, horrors! the most dreadful things were flashed before their sensitive eyes, and before the day was over, including a highly sensational serial. Have the managers no souls?

A word as to the pernicious influence of some of the serials. All the outside of a great spindle city; its people are industrious by day and pleasure seeking by night. They flock to the motion-picture theaters, and there are ten of them. Also another kiddie company advertising the "latest Broadway releases," which runs photo plays Sundays and between seasons. Often father and mother both work in the mill, and the children, if small, are boarded out, or if old enough to get their own dinners, are left to shift for themselves. Of course, they go to the school to see the heroine extricated from the danger which was threatening her life in the last episode of the serial. Special seats are reserved for the gallery and they point out the "good guy" and "the bad guy" in audible tones. They go home to dream about what they have seen, and next day do the same scenes in their play with alarming realism. At one time we had as many as six serials running here simultaneously. One mother told me she had forbidden her boy to attend a certain serial because it had taken such a hold on him that his highest aspiration was to become a gentleman crook who robs the city.

Then there is the menace to the child's health through impure air and exposure to colds and other diseases. The best motion-picture house is a stuffy, roomy, and well ventilated, but how many of them can do a flourishing business with fresh air at a premium and get by the board of health inspectors is beyond me. Many wise mothers do not allow their children to attend the movies at all because they neither wish to expose them to germs nor worry prematurely about ugly and shocking things. Yet if these same mothers could be assured that some enterprising manager would open a child house in their city, at least have a Saturday-morning program which would be wholesome and within their understanding, they would be only too glad to patronize it.
The American boy who haunts the movies unsupervised is likely to become an old man before he is a young one.

In our city we are not getting as many educational films and travelogues as we had at one time. For instance, we really know very little about our sister continent, South America, and yet we would welcome glimpses of monkeys in their native jungles, the Andes Mountains, people at work on the coffee plantations, etc., etc., etc. Yet the stories are so slow in introducing educational films. Certainly there is no better or more delightful way to teach geography, history, architecture, or the natural sciences. I understand that the New York schools are ahead of Massachusetts in this respect. I hope to see the day when even the playground lessons will be illustrated in this way.

Yours in the hope of more suitable movies for children,

Mrs. Gertude Churchill Whitney—
Lawrence, Mass.

In Praise of "Way Down East."

To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine:

I have just finished sending in the last number of your magazine from one of your readers on the subject of D. W. Griffith's "Way Down East." I was very much interested, as I have just graduated from New York, where I saw this play not once, but three times! To me, "Way Down East" is a most impressive picture, and I think it will probably be the most popular motion picture in some time.

It is not, as a whole, a very great masterpiece, but I am one which will be more universally applauded. One of the screen masterpieces, "Broken Blossoms," which does not equal. "Way Down East" is thrillingly very. The climax reached in the ice break-up is the greatest I have seen. In the letter I referred to the writer says that this tremendous climax takes the attention from the true point of the play. This is true to some extent. On first leaving the theater you do think of the ice scenes and the miraculous rescue, and you do rather forget the rest; but soon, in several weeks, the thrill of the cliff scenes off the coast of the story of Anna Moore is simply unforgettable. You appreciate this part more and more. It, you might say, is the kind that "just lingers by". I say that no one who sees the picture will ever forget Anna Moore. Miss Gish gives a most remarkable performance—simply astounding.

Esther S. Fleming—Nashville, Tenn.

You'll Find This Answered by the Oracle.

To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine:

As I have been a reader of your magazine, I should like to write you a short note.

I enjoy most of all "Over the Tea Cups," and lately, "Romances of Film Folk."

I am a great admirer of Ethel Clayton and Anita Stewart, and, in fact, spent one whole day making myself a sweet candy for Ethel. About that time I got a letter from my friend in Chicago saying that he thought Ethel Clayton was stuck up for her. I thought she was a swell and I did not want her to throw the candy away and make fun of it, so I ate it myself. Do you think that she or Miss Stewart is "stuck up?"

Miss Dot Barnett—
Pawhuska, Oklahoma.

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Investigate by writing for my 64-page 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 keys. I'm learning something about harmony and The Laws of Music. This is an awful shock to most people, the "school," who still think that learning piano is solely a matter of "finger gymnastics." When you do go to the keyboard, you accomplish twice as much because you understand what you are doing. Within four hours you will play an interesting piece not only from the original key, but in all other keys.

I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are entirely unknown to the ordinary teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE, sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition is usually "nightmare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. This is a simple, hand-operated moving picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. You learn the fingers more. Instead of having your teacher's finger movements impressed in your Memory, which cannot be always accurate—you have one or more models before you during every practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained only from me and they will help you, anywhere even remotely like them.

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By Herbert Howe

E UROPE is invading America.
She's returning the compliment we paid her a while back. Only her mission is cinematic instead of militaristic. And she doesn't say anything about saving the world for the motion picture.
Oddly it is Germany who makes the first offering.
Says The Observer in the last issue of PICTURE-PLAY: "If the American people are going to accept 'Passion' with the same enthusiasm that they would show for an American production of the same class, American producers can well fear a German invasion."
Well, the American people have, and the producers may cover. If Germany, arising from her knees, can fling such an artistic gesture across the seas as to strike terror to the hearts of our prosperous magnates, we say let 'em suffer. It is a reflection upon our initiative if we, who have had the benefit of uninterrupted prosperity, are defeated in art by a nation which has been defeated in war, crushed with debt, and burdened with world hatred. Personally, I do not see why any American producer, not so greedy as to desire world monopoly, should fear. Germany has sent us "Passion," which, in my opinion, is equal to anything America has ever produced. She has sent us many other pictures which weren't worth showing. Surely one masterpiece is not sufficient to incite the hysteria of terrorism.

As for Germany carrying "German thought" throughout the world through motion pictures, we found the thought projected from "Passion" quite as exciting as any excited from a De Mille bath brochure or a Griffith prodigy. The Observer is quite right in saying that some people will conjure up reason for fear. Children must have their bugbears. If they're not fearing the Germans, they're fearing the Japanese; if not the Japanese, then the British or the Russians or the Mexicans. Fortu-
A Trip Through Europe's Filmland

nately most of us are blessed with only enough imagination to fear the landlord.

*Le guerre est fini!* Anyway all this jingo is beside the subject. Art has no nationality. Fancy barring the works of Wells, Shaw or Waite because our writers feared competition or invasion of "thought." Would any sympathy be extended to Robert W. Chambers or Harold MacGrath if they protested because Mr. Lasky invited the invasion of such English writers as Henry Arthur Jones or Sir Gilbert Parker—or even such a formidable competitor as Elinor Glyn?

Patriotism is shoddy stuff when it is used to cloak inferior goods against the competition of superior. It does our national ego a bit of good to get a jolt now and then. We go along imagining we are the only people who know anything about the manufacture or exhibition of motion pictures, until we see a German picture or hear about the Chinese method of running a theater.

Over in the kimono kingdom they have an amphitheater with five screens showing pictures simultaneously. I must say I like their policy as to admissions. A Chinaman refuses to pay for anything he hasn't seen. He doesn't wait in line at any ticket window. He wags his queue right into the theater, and the manager has to run off a few hundred feet of film before there's any talk about admission fee. If the Cheng Huans don't like the sample they get up and go out. If they approve they drop a couple of yen into a contribution plate that's passed. This certainly appeals to me when I think of the fortune I would have saved.

Another delightful innovation is practiced in Chinese theaters. The managers allow time out for towels and tea. No Chinaman will sit through a hot evening without being refreshed by a damp towel swiped over his brow and a flagon of oolong to revive him between reels. So the picture is shut off while ushers toss the mops and rush the pots.

No wonder the young Buddhist of "Broken Blossoms" thought we heathens needed some tips.

**EUROPE vs. AMERICA.**

Perhaps the invading hordes from Europe wouldn't have found victory so easy if they hadn't been headed by Pola Negri, who, incidentally, is a Polish countess. I have yet to meet the man who wouldn't lay down his arms at her command, just as did Armand, the Spanish ambassador, and Louis, King of France. When one encounters such a cardiac thriller he doesn't ask from whence she came or to what church she belongs. He casts fear to the winds and tries to stall the jane. Yea, verily, though I knew Pola's address to be the Rue Tres Chand in Hades, I wouldn't stop to put on an asbestos overcoat.

Since "Passion" is only one of the continental pictures which will shake our morale this year, it may be interesting to take a flyer overseas and get a preview of foreign films and favorites.

Europeans as well as Americans agree that the continental productions are inferior to ours in technique. Max Linder, the French comedian now working in this country, has an article on *Le Cinema Americain* in a recent issue of *Le Film.* With the fairness and appreciation characteristic of the Frenchman, M. Linder says:

"The French producer who has studied the methods employed by Americans must be struck by the departments into which the work is divided and by the specialization of each collaborator."

This division of labor with a specialist in charge of each sector constitutes American superiority, says M. Linder. Through organization we have evolved the best mechanisms of the craft.

"But," says Linder, "the point of weakness is apparent in the eyes of the most ardent American. The weakness is the scenarios."

With clear perspective he points out that the American public, particularly of the larger cities, is growing weary of seeing "toujours les mêmes histoires"—always the same stories.

"That is why," he continues, "they seek the aid of the novelists and dramatists of old Europe."

In conclusion we detect a wisp of ironic humor, delivered with more delicacy than we use in flaying our own work. He reminds the European author that for cinematic concoctions, as well as for champagne, there is the American taste to consider. Our lack of discrimination in the subtleties of wine, and our reverence for the champagne label because it signifies expense, is known full well by all Europeans.

This keen and jolly Linder seems to sum up our entire cinematic weakness in those final lines. We know how to bottle, but we have a lot to learn about distilling. We haven't yet acquired the discrimination for subtlety and banquet which is possessed by the Europeans. Therefore we should welcome their products for the qualities of vigor and beauty which ours may lack. In the development of our motion picture,
as well as for all phases of commercial advance, we need the collaboration of our friends overseas. The sooner we forget our we-won-the-war jingoism, counterfeited "Americanism," the sooner we will achieve the highest standard and discover "the great American photo drama."

Most European pictures have nothing to teach us. They wouldn’t even entertain us.

"But don’t forget," says our friend from Vienna, "that most of your American pictures wouldn’t be received in Europe, any more than ours would succeed here. Once it was every one in Austria was crazy about your Western pictures. Now they are tired of them. Always the same, they say. True, you are experts technically. You make the most of your stories, but your stories—they are so terrible!"

"Way Down East," "Over the Hill"—yes, of course, we want them. But such stories as ‘Madame Peacock’ or ‘Dangerous Business’ our people would not stand for. You Americans will stand a lot because of your stars. At least you endure very bad pictures in order to see them."

The Europeans seem to have struck a better balance between their forces of production. The picture in totality is the thing. "Passion," or "Du Barry" as it was known abroad, is not exploited as an Ernst Lubitsch production or a Pola Negri production. Each is given credit, yet the picture itself is the attraction. The Germans and Austrians have their stars, but they don’t let them dictate as to the number of close-ups or the amount of "sympathy" which must be thrown their way regardless of realism.

The principal studio zones of the continent in the order of their interest to us are: Germany, Italy, Sweden, Austria, and France. The main sources of our foreign supply for the next year or two at least will be Germany and Italy. And only their greatest pictures will meet with any marked attention here.

ON THE GERMAN LOT.

During the year 1919-20 there were something like one thousand pictures produced in Germany. This surpasses the number of pictures released during the same time in the United States, but probably does not equal the number produced. For the storage warehouses of New York do a flourishing business in films. Germany comes out of the war in a healthier film condition than the other countries of Europe, because she had to depend upon her own studios for pictorial supply during the imbrugo. The rest of Europe relied chiefly upon America. The Film Express, published in Berlin, reviews the German situation:

"The economical crisis which started with the war paralyzed the German film industry. Put with a wonderful energy the German film manufacturers undertook to keep their works running even when restricted.

"In 1912 the German film industry had eleven film manufacturing firms, which was doubled by 1914. As the war came to an end Germany had over one hundred and thirty manufacturing companies."

The principal companies are the Ufa, Decla-Bioscope, and the May Film. The small film has disappeared almost entirely. The middle line is held by five-part productions, while the large firms are occupied exclusively with the manufacture of "superproductions" running to ten and twelve reels. All the companies of Germany and Austria have united in a combine governed by the Ufa organization, which alone controls five studios in various parts of central Europe.

"Passion" is the first production of consequence to reach us from the German "lot." It is the work of the leading director of the continent, Ernst Lubitsch. "Passion" also introduced one of the finest actresses, Miss Pola Negri. Immediately critics sought to title her. She was described variously as another Nazimova, and a cross between Theda Bara and Norma Talmadge. All of which amuses, and indicates that Miss Negri is incomparable. Most people doubtless have concluded that she is Europe’s greatest actress. She certainly compares favorably with America’s greatest. And in the final judgment she may prove to be our favorite of continental charmers. However, she is not considered the supreme artiste over there. Asta Nielsen is given first place by German and Austrian producers with whom I’ve talked. They add, however, that she would
not catch on over here, because she has crossed the flapper line beyond which there is no referendum in America. Miss Nielsen is Danish, but produces in Germany. We may see her this year in her production of "Hamlet," in which she plays the role of the Dane. This is not adapted from Shakespeare's "Hamlet," but adapted from the legend of Hamlet which Shakespeare adapted. Shakespeare had the making of a great scenarist. Had he lived he might have been signed by Sam Goldwyn and become very famous.

The stars of German films who rank highest in European popularity are Asta Nielsen, Henny Porten, Pola Negri, and Fern Andra. Only one of the quartet is a German.

Fern Andra, who might be described as the Pearl White of the fatherland, is an American. She appeared here in vaudeville and in the early paleolithic films. Asta Nielsen, as already indicated, is a Dane. Pola Negri is a countess from the Poland made famous by Premier Paderewski. Henny Porten owns to the land of the pretzel, Wagner, and other things artistic.

The May Film Company is the German counterpart of our Talmadge family firm. Mia May, the most famous of the family, is another popular star. Her sister Eva is coming to the close-up, while the part played by Joseph Schenck in the Talmadge triune is interpreted by Joseph May in the May famille.

Mia May's most spectacular work is "The Mistress of the World," recently presented in London. It is a serial of forty-eight reels of six episodes each. Each episode of six reels has its locale in a different part of the world. The serial divertissement holds great lure for Europeans. That is one reason for the prominence in Europe of Pearl White, Antonio Moreno, William Duncan, and Eddy Polo.

Production in Austria is closely woven with that of Germany. The Sascha company is the principal producer and is affiliated with the Ufa combine. Its star is Lucy Doraine. Perhaps by the time this article appears she will be circulating America. Two of her pictures, known abroad as "The Stars of Damascus" and "The Lady of the Sunflower," are now in this country. The director of these productions, Kertesz, is ranked close to Lubitsch. Count Alexander Kolowrat, the president of Sascha, was in the United States recently to arrange for the marketing of his products. One of the capitalists of Vienna, he has experimented in films for the past fifteen years. At first he considered them as a hobby, and used to develop them in the bathtub at home. Now he controls several studios and is erecting an immense theater in Vienna.

The Germans and Austrians are producing historical and classic spectacles for the most part. This is a shrewd policy so far as their foreign development is concerned, for stories of German life would never exert international appeal any more than pictures dealing with problems and locale exclusively American will obtain maximum results abroad. Those who have seen recent German productions state that "Passion" is not the only one of great merit. "Sumurun" has been filmed by Lubitsch and will be exhibited here shortly. "Abenteuer," drafted from English history, has recently been completed. It is said to be of greater proportions than "Passion." The old London edifices, including Westminster Abbey, were constructed under the supervision of Richter, the architect who designed the settings for the "Du Barry" classic. Henny Porten has the title role in this Lubitsch spectacle. The Sascha Austrian company has completed "Cherchez la Femme," with Lucy Doraine and Alfonse Fryland as the stars. The action transpires in five quarters of the globe. Other productions based on historical and classic tales are: "Johann Baptist Lingg," taken from the life of Napoleon; "Manon Lescaut," with Pola Negri as star; "The Conspiracy of Genoa," based on sixteenth-century life in Genoa; Richard Oswald's film of "Dismal Tales," developed from stories by Edgar Allan Poe; Zola's "La Bête Humaine," with Lotte Neumann; "Figaro's Wedding," from the Beaumarchais story, starring Hella Moja; "Carmen," with Pola Negri; and Henny Porten in "The Doll's House," "Augustus the Strong," and "The Tarantula," under the direction of Lubitsch.

Having discovered the Talmadges of Europe, the Griffith of the old world, and the Pearl White of Germany, the proclaiming of another Mary Pickford was inevitable. Ila Loth of the Saturn films has the resemblance, according to The Film Express. It says:

"Ila Loth bears a remarkable resemblance to Mary Pickford, the celebrated American star, and many have found her even more lovely to look upon. Beyond a
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doubt she is superior to her American colleague in mimic ability, amply proved by the several Saturn films in which she plays the leading part.

Well, Ila will have to show us! Certainly The Film Express is nothing if not modest in its appraisal of the lady. Having gazed upon Ila’s photographic likeness I must say I am not one of the many who have found her more lovely than her American colleague. But it behooves us to hold our peace in view of the run which Pola Negri is giving our stellar dames. All we can say in reply to The Film Express is that we have a State called Missouri.

Among the other Saturn luminaries who are vaunted quite as highly as the Pickfordian Ila are Marie Dival, Camilla Hollay, Sandy Iglay, and the incomparable Pola.

"But where are the Wally Reids of Europe, the Charlie Rays, the Tony Morenos, and Gene O’Brien?" complains Fanny, the teacup tattler, impatiently. Dear Fanny: I regret to communicate that Ruddy Kipling was speaking of Europe when he said the petticoat was more persuasive than the pants. Lesley Mason, editor of The Exhibitor’s Trade Review, who made a pilgrimage to Europe to view film conditions for the benefit of the American trade, brought home the somber report that there were no male beauties of fame in the old country. The foreign fans don’t fall for the male. At least, not for their own males. Yet Fairbanks, Moreno, Polo, Reid, Chaplin, and other valiant and beautiful American boys are the subjects for crushes over there quite as much as at home. Thus the attitude of the European toward the home-grown garçon is inexplicable. I predict that our suffragists will discover their Apollos for them. The lady whose admission I paid to “Passion,” at the Capitol Theater in New York, nearly drowned the ninety-piece orchestra with her rhapsodic solos over the German gents. She denounced me as a punk authority on films when I couldn’t reel off the name of the Herr who played Armand. As for Louis XIV, she swore that Hollywood had not his equal.

One wink from his gorgeous lids and a high sign from his scepter, and she would have been his, so she asserted. I testify to the charm of running counter fire to my volleys for Pola. Bitter words followed, and for the first time, I’m ashamed to admit, I showed signs of lunacy by hurling the epithet “pro-German.” I suddenly became as one hundred per cent as The Observer.

But let the ladies adore the seidel hoisters, for the vamps are coming! the vamps are coming!--“Over There” with sides reversed.

PREPARE TO BE VAMPIRED.

Inasmuch as Pola Negri is our current screen guest and probably will come to this country to make pictures in the near future, it is interesting to know that her creation of Du Barry is no sporadic flaire. Her more recent portraitures in “Sumurun” and “Manon Lescaut” are perhaps richer in shade. As for her Carmen, I’ll bet she shakes a wicked castanet. Having had a couple of hand-organ renditions of the classic gyp on our screens, we would like to see what Pola would deliver. And J. D. Williams of First National assures us we shall.

The comparison between La Negri and La Bara already has been cited. Both did Du Barry. For the sake of our national pride let no more be said. The most ardent flag-waving fan will have to give Poland the odds as against Cincinnati.

Let preparedness be our watchword once again. We may as well prepare to be totally ravished by the European vamp. She is equipped with the beauty and the brimstone to reduce us to flames. While our screens are overrun with the ingénues of invincible chastity, the continental canvas is the stamping ground for the Rag, Bone, Hank of Hair, Inc. I fear for our jitney virgins when these high-powered vivandieres turn their caravans westward, ho.

While gazing upon the angelic blondness of Lucy Doraine, Austrian fil’s de cinéma, I inquired of Count Alowrat if at last I had met an ingénue.

“Oh, no, no,” he protested, horrified. “She’s a vampire!”

Europe is a veritable incubator for le poulet terrible. With venom in her heart that belied her smiling lips, is the way one is described.

Theda Bara is a pious soul compared to Fern Andrea. Even Theda’s worst pranks were no more than tag and the ringing of doorbells compared to Fern’s. In “Genuine,” for example, Fern plays a lady who has been raffled off at a slave market to an eccentric old geezer. The rapscallion takes her home and puts her in the basement, where he rigs up a private rathskeller as pretentious as any De Mille bath. The only nourishment which agrees with the gentle maiden is warm blood. And the hotter the better. I forget the number of buckets required per diem to slake her thirst. At any rate, a whole mob of men get lost on the lower

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Adventure

There is no more skillful emotional screen tells how she feels when enact

By Emma-Lind

The play was "Madame X." I was watching it at a big theater—one in which the large symphony orchestra, the lights, and all of the stage hangings combined to lull the senses and to carry you away to suffer or be happy with the heroine.

Distracted for a moment by a remark made by my companion, I happened to look around; and never have I seen an audience more spellbound. They were what you might call pye-eyed. Or, if you prefer, hypnotized. Almost every one in the great auditorium was sitting absolutely motionless; every eye was riveted to the screen; handkerchiefs were quite in evidence.

A whisper from behind me pierced the silence.

"Those ain't real tears—they're glycerin, I know. They're—"

At a whispered "s-h-h-h-h" the comment subsided.

But it set me thinking. I began to recall other comments I had heard about Miss Frederick which I happened to know were quite as untrue. "They say she starves herself till she's in a perfect frenzy," was one of them. "Before she makes a scene where she's supposed to look crestfallen they tell her that her last picture was a failure," was another.

I wondered if a great many of Miss Frederick's admirers in that audience—and thousands of other audiences—wouldn't be interested in knowing just what she does do that enables her to reach out from the silent screen and send such waves of feeling over the breathless crowds.

In one way, though, I rather dreaded the job. You—who have suffered and wept with her, but never in-

terviewed her—may think that to get the fair Pauline to talk about the technique of emotion would be an easy matter. I happened to know better.

If you go to interview Pauline Frederick, expecting to find her the stately, poised, and almost tragic figure that she is on the screen, you will be disappointed—or maybe you will be elated. In her pictures she rarely smiles; in real life she rarely does anything else. At the studio they call her "Polly." And she doesn't particularly care about indulging in soul-searching sentiments.

I once stood by as an innocent spectator when a dyed-in-the-wool interviewer approached her and asked what she thought of the advancement of the silent drama.

"For Heaven's sake," she whirled on him, "I don't think anything about it! Ask me something sensible, such as, do I answer my fan mail myself, and we'll talk!"

So I leave it to you, how was I going to ask her point-blank about how she achieved her emotional effects? I didn't want her Heavenly-sounding me, but I knew that's what would happen if I didn't proceed with caution.

I finally found out what I wanted to know while seated beside her at the lunch counter at "Fay's place," across the street from the Hollywood studios. But I flatter myself that she didn't know what was happening. I approached the subject tactfully through the medium of tomato salad, cheese sandwiches, and raisin pie.

"You should have been here yesterday," she told me. "I was sobbing out my heart from ten in the morning until five in the afternoon with only an asparagus salad at noon to break the monotony. We are making 'The Mistress of Shenstone,' and I ruined two handkerchiefs weeping make-up on them."

Weeping! There was the subject of the interview right in my hand. I wanted to come out in the open and ask her what she thought of the psychology of emotion, but instead I artlessly complimented the tomato salad and followed it up by inquiring nonchalantly whether or not she had used music to start the flow of tears.

"Yes, I've been using music a lot lately," she answered all unsuspectingly. "I remember I told you when you interviewed me out at Goldwyn's that I didn't think music was necessary or artistic; but I've asserted my womanly prerogative and have changed my mind since then, and I find that with certain pieces I can get very definite results. Yesterday I had the orchestra playing 'Jest a Wearyin' for You,' 'Waiting for Ships that Never Come In,' and 'The Rosary' all day long. When one of those three pieces is played I can understudy Niobe herself."

The conversation, skillfully manipulated, switched to "Madame X," the rôle in which Pauline Frederick so recently surpassed herself.

"Talk about weeping," she said—although we had
in Emotion

actress than Pauline Frederick; in this interview she
ing the tense moments in her plays.

say Squier

really been talking about lemon pie, its cause and ef-
icts—"at the end of that picture I was a wreck, but
it was wonderful! I loved it better than any picture
I have ever made. It took us only five weeks to do it,
and one reason for its success I believe was because
it was rushed along at top speed with every one work-
ing on high tension. That to my mind is one secret
of emotional acting. The heavy scenes should be made
as quickly as possible without all this wretched wait-
ing around for electricians to get the lights in order
and carpenters to finish up the set. The lights and
the sets should be in order so that when you have an
emotional scene to do and are in the mood to do it
everything is in readiness for you."

Well, anyway, that was one secret, and if the pie
held out long enough I had hopes of getting some of
the others. At the risk of being Heaven-saked I re-
marked on her wonderful make-up as the dope fiend.

"Make-up," she said, turning on me quickly. "I
didn't have any on."

I stared at her in amazement. And if you will
remember those scenes in which the unfortunate
woman drinks absinth and ether, if you recall
her haggard face and sunken eyes you will un-
derstand my astonishment at her declaration.

"That is to say," she qualified, "I had no
make-up on other than that which you see on
my face to-day." The make-up to which she
called my attention was of the most ordinary
sort, with pink "fleshing" and an outer
coating of powder, black above
her eyes, penciled eyebrows, and
reddened lips. My surprise made
me almost skeptical.

"But the lines that were in your
face," I insisted. "And your eyes
— they were absolutely blank."

She shrugged her shoulders in a
way characteristic of her.

"I felt the part, that's all," she
said. "More than that, I lived it.
If you can make your part get in-
side of you until it becomes you—
you don't need make-up. Your
face will portray the rôle you are
playing. That is what is
wrong with so many of
the pictures you see on
the screen to-day. The
actors rely on make-up
instead of thought to get
their part over. On the
stage, you see, it's dif-
ferent. If you aren't feel-
ing quite up to your rôle,
you can make your voice
cover a multitude of dis-
crepancies. You can even
think of
other things
and get away
with it. But

before the camera, your voice isn't there to back you
up. You are relying solely upon your acting. Act-
ing—" She broke off suddenly. "I hate that word,
there should be no such thing as acting a part. You
should feel it, live it, be it."

She paused for a moment.

"Does anybody know where I can find a dope fiend?"
she suddenly demanded. Outside of a few giggles, no
one answered.

"I mean it," she turned to me. "In my next picture
there are some scenes in which I have to play a dual
rôle, and one of the characters is a dope fiend, and
I want to find one somewhere to make a study of.
I'm told that in real life the drug addicts don't twitch
and sniff and go through all the horrible contortions
which we see on the screen. They may do that when
they are alone, but otherwise they are uncannily clever
in concealing their affliction — and I want to know."

It seems to me that that is another secret of Pauline
Frederick's art, her desire to portray life not as it
might be or seems to be, or as novelists have painted
it, but as it is. And yet she is full of contradictions.
For when I asked her how, if she had never seen a

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What Makes the Men

According to the nursery rhyme the answer you know, but Constance never does any scopic picture of her various

By Helen

In the middle of the great barren studio a dainty, flower-decked breakfast room had been built that needed only a rainbow-colored chiffon negligee and the season’s first strawberries to make it irresistible. But in sharp contrast to its brilliancy was the slender girl in a light-gray uniform of a parlor maid who leaned—or crumpled up, rather—against the wall, her head drooping and utter weariness in every line.

“Can’t any one do something for you?” a motherly looking woman asked, peering around the end of great racks of lights. One thought immediately of hot milk, and smelling salts, of foot baths, and eau de Cologne patted on her head.

“Yes,” answered the little maid, as she slowly raised her head, and revealed the radiant beauty of Constance Talmadge. “Bring me some make-up. I’ve laughed so hard at these people,” pointing to the rest of the cast, “that I’ve begun to cry. It’s made my make-up all messy; my favorite eye has just melted and rolled down to my chin, and I’ve acquired dimples all over my face.”

She pointed dramatically at Kenneth Harlan, her new leading man, and volunteered by way of explanation, “He’s signed a contract to play in pictures with Norma and me for a year, and when I try to kiss him he jerks away. Look at him—I’ll show you.”

They crossed the set and started rehearsing a scene. She was Constance as every one knows her now, keenly alive, efferves-

cent, and fairly dancing with every step. She was tantalizing, as she moved about, always just out of his reach, and mocked at him. His reluctance when she tiptoed behind him and kissed him on the cheek was not apparent. In fact, he seemed only too willing to turn the other one. And when she had gone off the scene long after the camera stopped grinding, he sat looking after her dreamily.

This brought back other scenes. There was the afternoon that a handsome youth came running out of a studio on West Fifty-sixth Street. “Somebody said you’re on your way to see Constance,” he called breathlessly, as the driver jangled the gears into a flying start. “Tell her I still love her; always will.” And he stood there looking for all the world like the little boy who was being left at home for punishment when all his friends had gone off to the circus.

Other times—other men, but always the same story. At the tennis tournament at Miami where she rushes every few weeks to make exterior scenes during the winter; at the hockey matches at Cornell, at the Algonquin at lunch time, or at a fashionable dance club toward morning, there is always the full quota of interesting young men who declare that they dearly love Constance.

“Is it true that you are engaged to her?” some one is always asking. “No, but I wish I were,” is the inevitable reply.

And at the studio even the electricians and carpenters hang over the top of her sets, out of range of the camera, and watch her admiringly.

If you ask what it is that makes her so attractive, men look at you as much as to say, “Analyze Connie? About as sensible as analyzing sunshine—or perhaps if it were in preprohibition days they would say champagne.”

But analyzing her is interesting, nevertheless. People are immediately attracted to her because she is so thoroughly alive, and after that—well she is a never-failing source of surprise. She never seems to be waiting for something to happen; she’s making it happen. And when she is with you she acts as though you were the one person of importance in the whole world. It is the same way when she is getting instructions from her directors. She doesn’t hear what any one else is saying. Constance never lives in the past or in the future; she’s always too busy living up the present.

“But don’t you ever get tired?” I asked her. “And don’t you lose interest,”

Constance listens to you intently until you try to make her your confidante.
Love Constance So?

should be “Because she loves the men, thing according to plan, as this kaleido-
moods will show you.

Klumph

"Tired!" she exclaimed. "I am half dead now. You know I finished a picture in a little over four weeks when I first got home from abroad. That was 'Dangerous Business.' Then we started right in on 'The Man From Toronto.' Had to go to Miami for the exterior scenes for that, and now we'll be going back to Miami on another one pretty soon.

"But I never lose interest," she added emphatically. "It's because I enjoy what I am doing. But that's a silly thing to say, isn't it? It's obvious that if I didn't enjoy myself at this, I'd be doing something else. We have loads of fun making my pictures. I couldn't lose interest in them because they keep me doing the same sort of things I'd be doing if I weren't in pictures. I get into scrapes and out of them, get pretty clothes and occasions for wearing them, and no matter how awful things look for a while they always come out all right.

"I don't ever want to settle down. I wish there were a thousand new places to go discovered every year. The most seductive music I know of is the sound of a steamboat or a train whistle. I can't resist them."

But the director called her then, interrupting

Winter in Miami is one of the joys Constance finds in her work.

the longest speech I have ever heard her make. Usually she just looks at you with her eyes twinkling while you start to pour out your very soul to her. But—and this is a suggestion to all those calculating young women who have been told that popularity lies in being a good listener—Constance always saves you from making an utter fool of yourself. She starts something. It may be an imitation of some one in the studio—it may be a funny story—but whatever it is, it is so irresistibly funny that you forget what you were saying. And her fun-making never hurts. She travesties only the pompous, the dignified, the conceited traits in people—never the unfortunate—and, of course, each of us thinks that she is making fun of some one else. There is a shrewd but happy-go-lucky head underneath that beautiful, bobbed, golden coif.

"I'm serious about those train whistles," she continued, as though the conversation hadn't been interrupted. "Not only when I am the one who is going away, either!" she added, attacking her peculiarities with the same impersonal zest that she would have devoted to another. "I like the rush and noise and hurry so much that I go to see people off even if they are only going to Philadelphia. I suppose I would see people off to Podunk if I knew any one
Is it a 'have to?'” she asked a little petulantly for her of the young boy who followed us about and persistently interrupted her.

“No it’s a ‘would like,’” he answered, apparently accustomed to her simplified speech.

“All right then.” She turned and beamed at him radiantly. “Whatever it is, say that I’ll do it.”

“That must be my miniature,” she explained thoughtfully. “I don’t know what to do about it. The poor artist who is trying to do it is frantic, but he’s so polite he just says that ‘He’d like’ to see me. It has to be finished by a certain date, and I’m so busy I never can sit for it. I suggested that he make it from a photograph, but he didn’t seem to think that black and white did justice to my eyes and hair. He might go ahead and paint me in ideal colors, and then I could make myself over to match. I’ll have to suggest that.”

And then a woman who represented a New York newspaper came in. “You are second only to your sister in our popularity contest,” she said with what was probably great vivacity for her. (Beside Constance any one else’s enthusiasm seems forlorn.)

“Oh, am I?” Constance asked intently. “Well, never mind. Other people’s friends will rally around the last day, and I will come out near the bottom.”

Of course, she didn’t, but I really believe that Constance thought she would.

Somewhere a clock was striking seven; a group of carpenters were perched on a high table just off the set, eating sandwiches and milk with the hearty appetites of boys just in from the football field; all over New York people were sitting down at glistening tables under shaded lamps, and deciding, perhaps, what show to go to after dinner.

But Constance was just working over a scene for about the eighty-ninth time, with unflagging spirits.

“Keep up with Miss Constance, everybody,” the director bellowed. “Don’t let the action drop.”

“Say,” he said, dropping his voice so she couldn’t hear, “you’d think she’d do it just like the well-known wooden Indian out in front of a cigar store. And she’s fresh and radiant as—a”—he groped about for a simile—“as herself. She hasn’t sat down to-day, and she’s been here since nine o’clock.”

“Better change this story, mister,” she called to him. “And make me a cripple. My back is killing me from standing all day. I’ll have to use a crutch.”

But the last thing I saw as I looked from the door was Constance dancing around the table threatening to throw cream on Kenneth Harlan’s shoes. At ten o’clock that night when most likely the lights and the actors in the other parts were getting through the scene without a hitch, Constance probably told her maid to lay out her evening wrap and some evening things, for as she had said earlier in the afternoon. “No; we never work late. Almost always through by nine or ten, and that leaves plenty of time to go on for a roof show and some dancing.”

The next time you feel a little languid, or tired, or you notice that people aren’t paying much attention to you—you might remember Constance.

who went there. No brass band was ever more fond of being part of the ‘Farewell, but not good-by’ and ‘Welcome home’ chorus than I am.”

And there you have Constance. If you favor adopting slogans by which to trade-mark your favorites, you might be tempted to choose for her, “Always on the go.” But not after you had seen her relaxed. Of course, not many people have ever seen Constance in a lazy mood—she’s that way so rarely—but if you had, you would think her the most drowsily luxurious person in the world. There is nothing furtive about Constance’s yawns. Once she makes up her mind that she must rest, she does it as completely as a Persian cat would. And as becomingly. She can stretch out on a chaise longue, and relax so completely that she reminds one of the great classic:

“I wish I was a rock
A’settin’ on a hill.
I’d never do another thing,
But just keep settin’ still.”

For the moment she makes restfulness seem the most desirable of attributes. The Constance of sparkling gayety is forgotten. Therein lies the secret of her charm. She not only forgets everything but what she is doing at the moment, she makes you do the same.

You may consider that something of an achievement under the most ideal conditions, but if you want to be just like Constance try it with telephone bells ringing, and people interrupting you all the time.
De Mille's Magic Spectacles

Figuratively speaking, you put them on when you read this article. For it will help you to understand why the De Mille pictures appeal so to your sense of sight—totally apart from the story they tell.

By Gordon Gassaway

The first thing I noticed was the tablecloths in an otherwise everyday café scene.

"Why the green cloths?" I asked William De Mille, who was using that set in "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," which he was making with Thomas Meighan.

"Just because, when you see a picture of people sitting at tables in a café, the first thing you notice on the screen is the white tablecloths. Isn't that so? The very whiteness of them distracts your attention from the actors. They glare at you. Now, when those pale-green cloths are reproduced by the camera they won't glare; their tone will be soft, like an inconspicuous gray. That is the art of proper coloring, which we are trying to attain; coloring that will center the attention of the audience on the actors, not on the sets."

And then the magic spectacles made their appearance.

I'd been wondering how De Mille could tell what a color would look like when the camera had shot it, when he answered my question before I could ask it by producing them. They're made of a special grade of blue glass, and neither William De Mille nor his brother Cecil is ever without them. He got them out that day to look at Kathryn Williams, who came on the set wearing a gown of light-blue silk covered with gorgeous pearl embroidery.

William squinted at her carefully through his spectacles and then announced that she'd do.

"You see," he explained to me, "Miss Williams is a striking blonde, and the effect I wished to convey to the screen was one of shimmering white."

"But how about the blue silk—why that?"

"Pale-blue silk, such as she was wearing, will photograph white, but at the same time it will 'show up' the pearl embroidery to remarkable advantage," he answered. "If the gown itself had been of white silk, then the white pearl embroidery would have had no 'background,' and it would have been indistinguishable. The final effect of the whole creation, however, will be of perfect white!"

This led to a free-and-easy discussion of the importance in proper coloring.

"We paint with colors and lights on the screen just as a portrait artist would use oils or water colors, but the final effect is not the same," he explained. "Although we use actual colors in motion pictures, the final effect we are after is that of a beautiful etching. That, in fact, is what I consider as the real future of the motion picture—the more artistic the production the more nearly it will approach the effect of a good etching."

"It should always be remembered in using colors for the screen that it is not the colors themselves which reproduce, but their relation to each other.
knacks, each of which claims for a moment the attention of the audience, is as disturbing as a series of inharmonious notes in music. If we do not carefully consider every color which goes to make up those backgrounds, then a jarring note may creep in unawares, and we find the audience looking at a bouquet of flowers against the rear wall instead of at the face of the actor who is doing the scene! The attention of the audience must be focused at all times upon the players in the picture—unless there is some important 'prop' or angle of a room which is included in the story and which for that reason must be emphasized."

In the present development of motion pictures, it turns out that this is a very important phase of the question indeed.

William De Mille says that as motion pictures develop the less motion they have. In other words there is more picture and less motion. At first it was all motion—and less picture! "We would not have dared five years ago, to use one hundred and fifty feet of film with only mental movement in it," he told me.

"Only now are we beginning to photograph psychology, because it is only now that we are getting the correct tools to work with—and the greatest tools of all are color and light. They are the material aids which will figure largely in the advance of the motion picture.

"The development in pictures from now on, as I see it, will be measured to a large extent by the degree to which we can photograph thought."

Consider any De Mille production—whether "C. B." or William—and you will recall the thought processes which they delight to catch with the camera net and transfer to the screen. They do not photograph a blush transfiguring the fair face of ye heroine, but they do catch that which goes on in her eyes as she thinks of this or that. They also catch the exchange of thought between two or more characters. You probably can recall examples of this from "Conrad" or that much-discussed later De Mille opus, "Midsummer Madness."

What about the future of color work in the movies? That was something I wanted to get an expert opinion upon. What about "natural colors" on the screen? One hears so much about the wonderful inventions that this person and that person is working on—inventions that are going to revolutionize the picture industry by new color processes. Would such pictures be more popular than the present projection of black and white?

"Colored motion pictures are not the pictures which will be popular in the future," answered Mr. De Mille. "It is possible now," he said, "to put pictures on the screen in natural color—dyeing them by hand, but the compensation is not sufficient for the effort and money necessary in the work. For one thing they are too hard on the eyes. Colored pictures will often be used, of course, in special scenes, such as used by my brother in 'Male and Female' for the Babylonian episode. But I am inclined to think that colored pictures will never be the most popular ones. No—I think, as I said before, that the ideal for us to strive toward is not the painter's canvas, but the print of the etcher."

"We can tell what this relationship will be by the use of the blue spectacles. They reduce everything to the degree of black and white.

"A red rose in the buttonhole of a black coat lapel might just as well not be there as far as the camera is concerned. We once had a girl pin a red carnation on the dark coat of a young man, and when that scene appeared upon the screen it was as though she had staged a great vanishing act, like Herrmann the Great. The red carnation simply disappeared!"

"Yellow is the trickiest color there is to use on the screen. Pale yellow, or lemon-yellow, will "turn out" to be white when the camera has winked at it. But an orange-yellow, or a very reddish yellow will develop as very dark or black, according to the amount of red there is in the tone.

In a William De Mille set, every color is considered with great caution. A bouquet of flowers must be blended with the background to produce the correct effect. The carpets, the walls, the molding, and even the cords on the window shades are given a careful scrutiny with the magic spectacles.

"Backgrounds are as important in picture making as the foregrounds. And the effect of a background is largely determined by the colors which are employed in its construction," De Mille told me. "It is the Old Master idea—a direct descendant of Rembrandt. He was the first one we studied for the lighting of motion pictures, and the correct lighting of a picture goes hand-in-hand with the correct coloring idea. Light modulations and color modulations are twins. Both can consciously be used to make the audience look at the thing or person they are supposed to look at.

"A gaudy background, cluttered up with knick-
Look Out for Misleading Titles

Some years ago clothing manufacturers found that it was a short-sighted policy to label cotton mixtures as all-wool, or to insist that the sheerest silk would wear like iron.

They discovered that there were persons who actually preferred cotton mixtures, and who shopped where they could find goods so labeled.

They also discovered that when a woman is handling a delicate piece of silk, the evanescent, perishable quality is the very thing that makes the appeal, and she doesn't want to be told that it will wear like iron.

Some day the motion-picture producers are going to learn to label their goods plainly.

That day will come when the public becomes utterly tired of titles that bear no relation to the picture, and which are simply chosen at random from among the large number of possible combinations of a small group of words that seem to indicate that the picture is somewhat lurid.

The first rumblings of this protest are beginning to be heard. They are showing up in our letters from the fans.

But until this far-distant day of plain labels for pictures arrives it behooves the intelligent fan not to be guided entirely by titles. Such plays as "Sex," "Male and Female," and "Passion" may be taken as an illustration. By their titles one might think them about alike; as a matter of fact they are not, as the readers of this magazine know.

The fact that plays so named are attracting tremendous crowds must be placed to the credit of the showmanship of the men who choose the names.

It would be interesting to know, however, whether their names of these plays have kept other persons away.

Color, When?

An official of one of the largest producing companies told The Observer the other day that at least ten thousand persons in America are experimenting with colored motion pictures in the hope of inventing a method of producing colored motion pictures at a reasonable cost.

Several persons have almost perfected the idea, but always there is a flaw somewhere that makes the plan commercially impossible. Special cameras, special negative and positive film, special projecting machines, special lighting equipment—all expensive to a prohibitory degree—are necessary in all the inventions. In most of them the actors must move slowly, for fast motion smears, leaving a ghost of color trailing the figure of the person moving.

When an inventor completes a colored film it can be shown only in those theaters equipped with special machines, and the special machines can be used only when a special film is available. This, of course, does not apply to hand-colored film, which is a process too tedious and too expensive for anything but short subjects.

Some day somebody is going to hit upon a process for coloring film that can be shown on the ordinary projecting machine. And that man will make more money in the following five years than any other man ever made in an entire lifetime.

But watch out! It's such a great idea that the stock jobbers are already using it for fake schemes to get your money. The men who actually are close to the secret of colored motion pictures are keeping all the stock themselves. Beware the others!

Hard Times?

Not Much!

As this is being written there is a heap of a hullaballoo about hard times in the motion-picture industry. A number of producers and theater managers are becoming panic-stricken.

A bit of a slump in business in general has frightened the unreasoning, and a lot of frontic folks are going to do things that may more or less affect you and me.

As a whole, the motion-picture business will not be hurt any more than a motor truck loaded with bricks going over a bump. Some of the weaker and smaller bricks may be damaged, but the load as a whole will be settled, and the truck will go booming right along.

In Akron, Ohio, in Detroit, and in certain towns in New England where factories have closed and have thrown labor out of work the theaters will suffer for a short time. But in general the motion-picture theaters will continue to draw the crowds so long as the shows are good.

All through the war, France and England found that motion-picture business increased in the face of the upheaval. The motion picture is a necessity, a staple like potatoes and bread.

Money is hard to get to finance motion-picture production and for theater building, and here's what that means:

The producer who is short of money and who has a number of pictures on his hands will rush them into the market in order to get money to continue to produce more pictures. This means a plentiful supply of good pictures.

The theater manager who owes money at the bank and finds it difficult to get his loans renewed will do one of two things. If he is a smart showman he will give you a better show than ever before, in order to get more of your money. If he is a short-sighted fellow he will give you cheaper shows, in the hope of making more profit by cutting the quality of the goods he is selling you. This, of course, will send him at once on the road to ruin, for in these days you are look-
The Observer

ing for your money's worth in motion-picture theaters as well as in clothing stores, and you're not going to patronize the theater that tries to bunk you.

With producers eager to get money, the keen theater manager has an opportunity to select better pictures than ever before. As a result, in the best theaters in your town, you ought to get a steady run of first-class pictures.

There will be no cut in admission prices. And no advance. The best theaters now have reached a basis of admission charge that allows them to pay good prices for their pictures, which in turn encourages the producer to make more expensive and better pictures. If admission prices were cut, the loss would fall upon the producer, and in order to continue to exist he would have to make cheaper pictures.

If you have a good theater and a foresighted manager in your town the prospect is fine for the best motion-picture season yet.

Authors in Profusion

The search for authors by Paramount and Goldwyn has at last met with success. These two companies now actually have some real live authors actually on the lot, walking around among the actors and directors and cooperating on the productions.

A recent news story from Los Angeles told of Elinor Glyn, Sir Gilbert Parker, Edward Knoblock, Avery Hopwood all at work at the Famous Players' studio. Goldwyn had Leroy Scott, Rupert Hughes, Gurtrude Atherton, and Gouverneur Morris together at one time.

At the Authors' League meetings these days they don't discuss anything much but motion pictures and "How to Get Money for Scenarios."

It's a mighty healthy turn for the business to take.

The Big Name

Some fiend for figures has doped out the information that 453 of the pictures released in 1920 were adapted from a play, a book, or a magazine story. That leaves about 150 scenarios that were written directly for the screen. No information is handy as to how many of the 150 were concocted by staff writers and how many were bought from volunteer scenario writers.

The authors who were most sought after were Harold MacGrath, Robert W. Chambers, Sir Arthur Wing Pinero, Robert Louis Stevenson, Augustus Thomas, Louis Joseph Vance, Gouverneur Morris, Rupert Hughes, Edgar Franklin, William Gillette, Jack London, James Oliver Curwood, and Rex Beach.

How many pictures can you remember by these authors?

The New Champ Is Coming

Grantland Rice once wrote a poem, "To Champions," in which he warned them, "Your conqueror is on the way."

Every champion falls some day. Popularity contests conducted by New York and Chicago newspapers would indicate that Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks no longer are champions in motion pictures. Their places seem to have been filled by Norma Talmadge and Wallace Reid.

Who'll be the next champions? Who'll take the places of D. W. Griffith and Cecil B. De Mille as the champion directors? Who'll displace Harold Lloyd?

They go up fast and come down fast. No star ever made a swifter ascent than did Nazimova. Nor has any star suffered a more sudden slump in popularity than she has on account of the mediocrity of her recent pictures, due, we understand, to her tireless insistence on personally superintending every detail of her own productions. How they come and go! It was only a short time ago that Francis X. Bushman was winning all the contests as the most popular male star, when Ford Sterling was the funniest man on the screen and when—let's see, who was the greatest girl of them all in those days? Mary Pickford! To Mary goes the sweepstakes medal. It took a mighty long while for her conqueror to arrive.

How Times Do Change!

A few years ago motion pictures were used as a "chaser" in vaudeville houses, that is they were put on the bill to make part of the audience go home so that the waiting crowd could be accommodated. Now their mission is quite different, in one town, at least. In Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, a motion-picture version of "Othello" was recently shown, one reel a night, in connection with revival meetings, to bring the crowds in.

Farmers Take Notice

When John Armstrong Chalonter's farm hands quit work, leaving him with a four-hundred-acre farm down near Cobham, Virginia, idle, he set out to find the answer to the popular-songs query, "How you gonna keep 'em down on the farm?"

He decided that motion pictures would do it, so he equipped a cow shed fifty by thirty-five feet with wood-burning stoves, put in rows of seats, and with electricity provided from a storage battery, started in to give regular shows.

The first night was a great success; there were twenty-one automobiles in front of the door, two hundred and fifty people in attendance at the show. Any theater owner would be proud of such a record in a district that claims only one thousand inhabitants to ten square miles.

But Mr. Chalonter is not content with this one experiment. This winter he will advocate government funds to provide motion-picture equipment in every school-house more than five miles from a town. The equipment costs ten thousand dollars, and with small admission fees could soon be paid for.

"The city's luxury merely tantalizes," Mr. Chalonter is quoted as saying by the New York Tribune. "There is more and better food in the country, so that honestly believe that it is the soothing, romantic merging of pictures and music in the movie that draws the farmer to town."

If this is the case, wouldn't it be profitable for the big farmers of a district to get together and provide shows? It looks that way.
Making Hay--akawa While the Sun Shines

(The New Fairbanks)

By H. C. Witwer

To the Generally Public:

Dear Madam: Well, this interviewin' movie constellation is certainly a delightfully job, and as Mons. Bertholon, the comin' D. W. Griffith, says, "We don't get much money, but we can laugh out loud!" I cannot for the life of me understand why all the boys and girls writes to the genial and comely editor of this publication sayin' that thus far they have found the movies a close corporation and cannot bust in and take their rightful places as stars, even though they have got their sheepskins from several correspondence universities. I have only been a inmate of California a scant pair of months and with no experience what the so ever, except that I voted the right way when prohibition come up. I have already played opposite such knockouts as Dustin Farnum, Sessue Hayakawa, Alan Dwan, Harold Lloyd, Vera Stedman—well, you don't expect me to interview nothin' but men, I hope!—Mildred Davis, and the best known of 'em all, Et Cetera.

For the benefit of my admirer, the picture I appeared in is called "Stills," and sensational scenes from it will startle the eye from time to time in this magazine exclusively. I am the debonair devil-may-care whose nose seems bigger than everybody else's in the scene put together, regardless of how many's in it.

I was all set to go swimmin' with Phyliss Haver to-day, when my handlers informed me that I had been previously matched to interview Sessue Hayakawa, and that the crowd was already believin' impatient. So we all jumped into a passin' limousine and was whisked to the Haworth studio. I was greeted enthusiastically by Colin Campbell, Sessue's director, that is he nodded at me, and fin'ly I was told to wait—by everybody on the set—till Sessue had finished an intensely dramatic scene he was then playin'.

Whilst waitin' for them to get through with the Bell-Howells, I devoted my time to a close-up study of Sessue Hayakawa at work, and I must say it was the most interestin' experience I have had in the past seventy-nine years. As a rule, I'm actor proof, but I got a real thrill watchin' the remarkable play of expressions on Hayakawa's strikin' features, expressions which told the action of the picture better than a dozen books. Fear, pain, hatred, rage, joy, grief, surprise, amusement, and the et cetera, all flashed across his face in—eh—alphabetical order. Don't let anybody ever tell you, boys and girls, that all you have to be is a good looker in order to become a movin'-picture star. 'Nothin', outside of "Robinson Crusoe," could be further from the truth. When Sessue Hayakawa, a member of a alien race, was able to battle his way through the traditional prejudice and the mob of our own good-lookin' and popular actors to a place at the
of one of the toughest games in the world, he must of had somethin' and that's that! There's a big story in Hayakawa—bigger perhaps than any he acts on the screen.

Well, finnly the picture went democratic, that is, got all finished and Colin Campbell, considerable director and a study in himself, dragged me over to Sessue. The latter had evidently wagered heavily on Cox in the recent walkover, as he was in bed with a wet towel around his head and a dejectedly look on his face. Meetin' me cheered him up practically immediately, however, and after he had caparisoned himself in citizen's clothes he took me outside and introduced me to nothin' less than Max Linder, which has just made a picture called "Seven Years' Hard Luck!" if it had of been one year more they could of made overtures to Pres. Wilson to appear in it, hey?

Whilst standin' about and gettin' in everybody's way, it occurred to me that now wouldst be a wonderful chance to give Sessue the surprise I had planned for him from the time I first signed articles for the interview. One of my two friends had gave me a book called "Jewish Jitsu," and as I had mastered a half dozen holds, I made up my mind I wouldst try 'em out on Hayakawa. So suddenly I reached out and grabbed his hand, givin' him the hasbendorf, which is a grip somethin' like that of the Masons, Elks, Odd Fellows, and Daughters of the Revolution combined.

Allowin' a well-modulated shriek of pain to escape him, Sessue got loose by jabbin' a shapely elbow into my equally attractive ribs, at the same time seizin' me by the wrist with two of his hands. The next instant he twisted my dumfounded arm half ways up my back, until I couldst of wrote my name on the

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**The Screen Into**

By Bar

**MOTION-PICTURE** producers, like every one else, have always known that the most important thing in all the world is mothers, but until this year the screen hasn't blazoned forth that fact. There have been mothers in almost every screen play, true enough, but they were just actresses playing the parts of mothers. They were all right in their way, but they didn't tug at your hearts, and make you smile through tears the way the thought of your own mother would have done.

Strangely enough, there were plenty of babies on the screen who made every mother in the audience want to stretch out her arms and take him; there were plenty of babies whose every action reminded mothers of little John, even though John had long since grown up to be a man. But screen mothers were a different matter. There wasn't one of them who so exemplified the whole-souled devotion and sacrifice of mothers everywhere that every one in the audience was reminded of his own mother. That is, until recently, for now there are two.

Vera Gordon, who played the mother in "Humoresque," and Mary Carr, who was the
The Devil Arrives on the Silver Sheet

By John Addison Elliott

If you follow the metropolitan stage, you are acquainted with George Arliss. If not, you will want to be, for he is about to appear on the screen in his most sensational play, "The Devil."

Arliss is an English actor who first attracted attention on our stage some years ago by his unusual portrayal of the saturnine character Lord Stuyves, in Mrs. Fiske's "Becky Sharp," and who has since been identified as a portrayer of historical characters, such as Disraeli and Alexander Hamilton and Paganini.

But for his screen debut was chosen the play that preceded this historical series, the play in which he first carried stellar honors. And what a play it was!

Produced first in Budapest, it swept over Europe, and a year later burst forth on Broadway in two theaters at once, being put on by two different producers. Brilliant and cynical, it made even New York gasp.

Like Otis Skinner, who has just made his screen bow in "Kismet," Arliss approached screen work somewhat reluctantly, and after long hesitation, having seen some of the other veteran stage stars make lamentable failures in the new medium.

But if Arliss succeeds as well in "The Devil" as Skinner did in "Kismet," another notable figure will be added to the large gallery of notable motion-picture players.

Mother Comes Her Own

Bara Little

Mother in "Over the Hill," may not look or act at all like your mother, but there is some intangible, universal characteristic in mothers—and they have brought it to the screen.

Fame has not found these women overnight; their struggles have been long and hard. Perhaps that is one reason why they play mother parts so convincingly.

Vera Gordon's mother died when she was but a little girl, leaving her to look after a number of younger children. While she worked and struggled to keep the little family together, she dreamed of going on the stage, but her chance seemed slight, as she lived in Russia, and being Jewish, had little chance of public appearance under the czarist régime. But at seventeen she appeared in an amateur production in an obscure village in Russia with the man who is now her husband, and played so well that her friends urged her to go on despite all difficulties.

It was several years before she could come to America to try her fortunes, and here she found not the land of promise, but a land where Jewish actors had a union with almost insurmountable barriers for a beginner. She

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THE MOVIE ALMANAC
MARCH 1921
Edited and Illustrated by Charles Gatchell

The boy stood on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
"Get ready for the close-up now!"
The brisk director said.

1—Tu.—J. Stuart Blackton and Albert E. Smith, who later founded Vitagraph, quit their jobs and put all their savings in their first motion-picture production machine, 1897.
2—W.—Mae Murray made her screen début in "To Have and To Hold," 1916.
3—Th.—The Bystander made the acquaintance of Fanny the Fan, at a tea given for Pauline Frederick at the Alexandria, in Los Angeles.
4—Fr.—Charles Spencer Chaplin signed with Mutual for what was then the record salary of $760,000 a year, 1916.
6—Su.—Estimates are compiled and published to the effect that in the preceding year 120,000 photographs of Norma and Constance Talmadge were mailed free to admirers requesting them, at a total cost of nearly $15,000, 1920.
7—M.—Mary Pickford signed with First National to make a series of pictures for $200,000 each, 1918.
8—Tu.—Lois Weber, now famous as a director and discoverer of talent, made her first appearance on the screen as the star of "Sunshine Molly," a Lasky production, 1915.
9—W.—Harry Carey discovered the emotional effect of rubbing his chin with two fingers, 1913.
10—Th.—Cran Wilbur took out a patent on expressing all emotions with the same movement on the eyebrows, 1912.
11—Fr.—Richard Barthelmess became a leading man for Famous Players-Lasky, 1919.
12—Sa.—Professional reformers discover that motion pictures are rapidly increasing juvenile delinquency, 1905 to ? inclusive.
13—Su.—Twelve new companies organized, announcing that they would completely revolutionize the motion-picture business, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920.
14—M.—One year later no one even remembers the names of the companies.
15—Tu.—Theda Bara bursts her famous line, "I want to be so bad that I shall be remembered," across the footlights for the first time, at the opening of her stage play, "The Blue Flame," 1920.
16—W.—The Edison Company started to build the first studio ever constructed for making motion pictures. It was a small tar-paper-covered shed, 1895.
17—Th.—William A. Brady, father of Alice, started a five-cent "store" show in New York City, 1909, 1920.
18—Fr.—Wallace Reid begins his first automobile play, 1919.
19—Sa.—The first picture ever released unheralded as "The greatest picture ever made" first shown, 1987.
22—Tu.—Thomas A. Edison's Kinetoscope, a penny-in-the-slot machine, put on exhibition for the first time, 1893.
23—W.—Robert Gosworth made his first appearance in a motion picture at Selig's, Los Angeles, 1909.
24—Th.—Mack Sennett began work as the principal character in his first Biograph comedy, "The Curtain Pole," 1900.
25—Fr.—Fox Film Corporation organized, 1914.
26—Sa.—C. Francis Jenkins exhibited the first motion picture shown in the United States, a fifty-foot film of a dancer, 1894.
27—Su.—Teddy, the Mack Sennett dog, born, 1914.
29—Tu.—278,606 applications for jobs were mailed to producers, pleading that the applicants' "friends say they look just like Mary Pickford," 1914, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920.
30—W.—Derby hat manufacturers meet and draw up resolutions condemning Charlie Chaplin, 1915.
31—Th.—News-ree editors decide to abandon the showing of the unveiling of a monument in each news weekly, 1917.

THE MONTH'S RECIPE.

FAMILY STEW.
Take one very stale marriage. Add one well-seasoned vampire. Bring to a slow boil, adding from time to time various bits of highly flavored gossip, misunderstanding, and jealousy. When well done, serve. This dish is usually accompanied with alimony tie-bits.

HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES.

A close study of screen modes will show the economical housekeeper ways of working over many household materials into new and serviceable things. If, for example, you will observe the screen beauties, you will see how you can work over your old lamp shade into your next summer's bathing suit.

The conscientious housekeeper, who wants her home to be in good taste, must think about her bathroom. Has it marble steps leading down into a sunken tub? Has it luxurious hangings? "But can we afford these luxuries?" inquires the prudent housewife. "Ah!" exclaims the wise one (under the spell of Cecil De Mille). "Can we afford not to have them?"

BEAUTY HINTS.
Don't use any more hairpins then are absolutely essential if you have pretty hair. Take a tip from the movies, and if a man so much as shakes your hand vigorously, let it come tumbling around your shoulders.

Stiff cotton in your cars whenever you start to undress, so that if any one intrudes you won't hear them. No screen heroine has ever been caught doing this, but it is obvious that she takes some such precaution.

Over décolleté gowns, scarfs are worn carelessly, if at all.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

Perplexed Mother.—No, it is not quite de rigueur to have a barefoot dancer perform on the center of your table at your dinner party. I know that this feature is never omitted from screen dinners, but really, good usage does not absolutely demand it, at least in the simpler homes.
Romances of Famous Film Folks

How Alice Brady and James Crane ran away and got married—how the news got into the papers, and—— But this ought to be enough to whet your curiosity, and set you to reading about one of the most interesting romances of the screen.

By Harriette Underhill

My favorite film,” said Alice Brady, as she but-toned the eighteenth button on her pearl-gray spats, “my favorite film is, ‘Why Change Your Husband?’ What’s yours?”

“I mine, ‘The Perils of a Newspaper Woman!’ What’s yours?” we asked, turned to James Crane, who leaned against the door between Miss Brady’s dressing room and her reception room.

We were in the dressing room talking to the star of “Anna Ascends,” while she “got out of her stage make-up and into her street make-up.” The expression is not ours but Mr. Crane’s, and, incidentally, he had a perfect right to be there and to participate in the interview, because he is Miss Brady’s husband.

That was what we had come to see them about—to make them own up—when, where, and why they had fallen in love.

“I suppose my favorite film ought to be, ‘Why Change Your Wife?’ but it isn’t,” he replied. “It’s ‘His Bridal Night.’ That was when I met my wife. I mean while I was making that picture.”

“Don’t misunderstand him,” interrupted Alice calmly. “I wasn’t his wife then, nor had I any intention of being at that time. Not until at least twenty-four hours later. Oh, yes, Jimmie, I knew it before you did,” she added.

“Then it was love at first sight?” we exclaimed, trying to think of that quotation by somebody, which says, “He has never loved at all who loved not at first sight,” or something like that.

“Yes,” assented Mrs. Crane excitedly, “it was. And didn’t it serve me just right! I had gone on record the previous day in one of the magazines as saying that there was no such thing as love at first sight—that it was foolish to dignify it by the name ‘love’—that it was only infatuation. Well, that shows how much I know about anything. The next day Cupid got me.”

“And did you know Mr. Crane was in love with you right off like that?” we asked.

“Well,” said the young wife modestly, “I wasn’t sure he was in love with me then, but I was sure he was going to marry me. You didn’t know that, did you, Jimmie?”

“No, I didn’t,” he replied. “And you took darned good care that I shouldn’t know it. We weren’t married until three months after we met, and Alice had me asking her every day for the last ten weeks of our acquaintance.”

“I didn’t ask you to ask me, did I?” she broke in.

“You see,” he went on, “the first time I asked her she said, ‘Not to-day, Jimmie. I’ve got to have my hair shampooed; but I will some day.’ So each day I thought maybe to-day was the day. If she was in the studio I asked her ‘would she.’ If she wasn’t, I called up and asked, ‘Will you marry me to-day?’”

“Now,” Alice interrupted again, “to make that story perfect you should say that I replied, ‘Sure, who is this talking?” But as a matter of fact I always said, ‘No.’”

“Until the day you said, ‘Yes,’” replied Jimmie.

“Were you surprised?” we inquired, reveling in the narrative and mentally crying, “Hear, hear!”

“I was surprised? I dropped the receiver in my astonishment,” said Jimmie.

“And I heard the bang and thought he had shot himself,” said Alice.

“And she said she would meet me at the studio,” said Jimmie.

“You see, I wasn’t going to give him a chance to get out of it. Right on his trail was I,” said Alice.

“And I wasn’t taking any chances, either,” chimed in her husband. “Stay where you are, I said, ‘and I’ll call for you.’ And I did.”

“And so they were married,” we said solemnly.

“And so they weren’t!” exclaimed Mrs. Crane. “Not as easy as that. Listen to this.” And while we listened we marveled.

Such a perfectly lovely sense of humor has Alice Brady! And wouldn’t it have been just the luck of this world if she had gone and fallen in love with a man who hadn’t a spark of it? But the best part of this story is that she didn’t.

Young Crane’s humor is of the same brand as her own, and it is quite apparent that after the first year is over they still find each other fascinating and mysterious.

For several weeks, at the beginning of this season, they played at adjoining playhouses on Forty-eighth Street—Miss Brady in her gloriously colorful interpretation of the Slav girl in “Anna Ascends,” and Mr. Crane as the young financier in that Wall Street melodrama, “Opportunity.” Their dressing rooms were right across the alley, and whoever got into their “street make-up” first after the curtain went down called for the other. And, between the acts, husband Jimmie visited wife Alice to see how the shows were going and to compare notes. That, you see, explains why we found him there after the matinée when we went backstage to ask Miss Brady whether she had fallen in love with Mr. Crane on sight or gradually.

“Tell her she is too thin. She won’t believe me,” he whispered, as we came in, interrupting one of the discussions concerning avoidupois in which the young Cranes frequently indulge.

“I’m not too thin, am I? I reduced from one hundred and thirty-five pounds to one hundred pounds, and it’s better for the pictures. If you wanted a large, fat wife why didn’t you marry one?”

“I did marry a fat one than I have now. You

Continued on page 98
A Billion-Dollar Cast

Millionaire members of San Francisco society acquired a new insight into picture making when they acted for Stroheim and for charity—and perhaps their experiences will give the same to you.

By Marjorie Charles Driscoll

ERICH VON STROHEIM, clad in the bemedaled uniform of His Grace, Count Sergius Aprazin, and with the California sunshine bringing beads of uncountly perspiration to his brow, stood on a bench and waved a megaphone.

"Move, please move!" he shouted. "Show a little life, can't you? You stand around like a—like a bunch of dead fish!"

And many million dollars' worth of extra people, who had never in all their expensive lives been called fish, dead or otherwise, obediently quickened their steps and displayed the required life as they strolled up and down the promenade at Monte Carlo.

It all happened on a certain warm afternoon at Point Lobos on the California Coast, and the "dead fish" were the top bubbles of the cream of San Francisco society, three hundred of them, who had motored down in their own limousines to provide the Monte Carlo crowds for the Universal feature, "Foolish Wives," and to receive from President Carl Laemmle of Universal a check for five thousand dollars for two San Francisco charities. Allured by the prospect of "getting into the movies," enjoying a unique week-end's entertainment, and garnering a goodly sum for the needs of the Children's Hospital and the Girls' Recreation League, society set aside other engagements, packed its most fashionable afternoon garb, and provided Director Stroheim with almost an embarrassment of riches in the way of crowds.

"Foolish Wives" is a story that takes place principally at Monte Carlo. Universal City furnished a sufficiently satisfactory location on which to erect the Plaza with the Hotel de Paris, the Casino, and the Café de Paris. But Universal City's resources in the matter of rocky coastline are limited, and Director Stroheim, stickler for detail that he is, demanded nothing less than a real ocean dashed against real cliffs along the Monte Carlo promenade. Fortunately it happens that at Point Lobos, some hundred miles south of San Francisco and near the famous Bay of Monterey, nature has kindly provided an almost exact replica of the Monte Carlo coast, astonishingly exact, say travelers who have visited both places.

By Marjorie Charles Driscoll

The picture of Henry G. Sell, taken at the real Monte Carlo, while filming Pathé's "Empire of Diamonds," is printed by way of comparison.
We know just how Charlie Ray feels. There's a letter to be answered—one that he's put off for weeks—now it's got to be done, and he doesn't know what to say, and— But why go on? You'd have known what it was all about if we hadn't written a line!

In the old days motion-picture directors liked novels scrambled, but now they enlist the cooperation of their authors to see that when made into pictures the novels come out right side up. Sir Gilbert Parker and his wife are among the latest additions to the Famous Players-Lasky colony.
Molly Malone didn’t quite understand what was meant when an inspired admirer said that she couldn’t possibly rub any one the wrong way, so she tried it on the Goldwyn cat.

Cecil De Mille has to lock his “Forbidden Fruit” up like this; but, of course, when they see a Lancelot riding by they can’t help playing that they are all Elaines.

Pictures make Wanda Hawley lead a merry dance most of the time, so she’s glad to see that Julia Faye has a program well filled with such notables as Mr. Camera, Mr. Klieg Lights, and that indefatigable cut-up—particularly when around Lights—Mr. Make-up.
Viola Dana believes that every dog should have its day, and the director believes that every theater should have its Viola Dana picture. You see, she and the dog win—for a while, at least.

Ben Turpin is willing to bet his most crossed eye that he could shoot Marie Prevost's hat off if she'd stand fifty paces away, but Marie is on the fence and doesn't mind if she stays there—unconvinced.

Now, if a director would only come along and see Walter Hiers disproving that "Nobody loves a fat man" and make him the hero in a Bebe Daniels picture, he'd gladly refuse a raise and challenge Wally Reid to a beauty contest.
Flashes from

We take pleasure in presenting the cinema royalty from their art, illustrative of "A Trip to Europe's in this

Above is an opulent panel from "The Stars of Damascus," the work of the Sascha company of Austria, which will be exhibited on our screens this year. Lucy Doraine is the star.

To the left Pola Negri appears with E. V. Winterstein in a scene from a new German production. The glowing Negri is sweeping triumphantly over America in "Passion," the first Continental production of magnitude shown in this country. It doubtlessly will be followed by "Sumurun" and "Manon Lescaut," with the same vivid star.
European Films

of Europe together with rich fragments of "Filmland" which Herbert Howe conducts issue.

The frieze at the top of the page is a segment from Gabrielle D'Annunzio's "The Sack of Rome," through which Ida Rubenstein whirled in melodic splendor. This picture is now being presented in London, where it is pronounced one of the most important of Italy's contributions to the international screen.

Mlle. Rubenstein is revealed in another posture from "The Sack of Rome" at the right. Famous in Paris as a dancer, the star has the further distinction of being proclaimed world empress of beauty by D'Annunzio.
The illustration above indicates the magnificence in space and color with which Victorien Sardou's "Theodora" has been endowed by the Italian picturization. The star is Rita Jolivet, who will be recalled for her work in American productions and by the fact that she conveyed Charles Frohman's last words from the sinking Lusitania.

Erna Morena appears in the panel to the left. She is an intriguing figure in a number of German-made pictures.
Mia May, on the right, is registered in Germany's blue book of filmland along with such favorites as Pola Negri, Asia Nielsen, Henny Porten, and Fern Andra. Her most notable production is "The Mistress of the World," a serial of forty-eight reels in six episodes of eight reels each.

The scene from "Passion" depicted below illustrates the skill of Director Ernst Lubitsch in handling spectacles of vast numbers. He has been titled "The Griffith of Europe." "Sumurun" and "Anne Boleyn," two of his latest productions which may be shown here, are said to surpass "Passion" in beauty and proportions.
THE NEW QUEEN ASCENDS

Betty Blythe, patrician of the silver cloth, holds sceptered sway not only as Queen of Sheba in the Fox spectacle, but as a singer, dancer, and beauty. During the holidays she appeared as Herodias in Marion Morgan’s dance fantasy on the stage of the Hollywood Community Theater—and we now await the sun dance of her creation as Sheba’s queen.
So at a cost of about one hundred thousand dollars—not press-agent figures—Universal proceeded to complete the job. Along the cliffs was constructed the Monte Carlo promenade, three hundred and five feet long and sixty feet wide. Above this were the terraces and the Casino; below, the white-walled villa perched on a rocky point. Like its original, the Casino turned its back on the sea. You might stroll through the back door, but if you insisted on coming out at the front, it meant a journey of some five hundred miles, for the other half of the Casino, showing the front view, was built at Universal City, far away in southern California.

A double battery of cameras, perched on lofty platforms beyond the end of the promenade, surveyed the scene for the purposes of "long shots." Between the camera platforms and a strategic point in the center of the set was a telephone connection. Director Stroheim, from the vantage point of the platforms, transmitted his orders to a regiment of assistants, who spread the crowd over the set, broke up too-thick clusters, kept the strollers moving, and generally pervaded the scene. A few score professional extras in the uniform of a dozen different armies, the demure garb of nursemaids, the picturesque rags of a flower seller, or the uniform of Red Cross nurses, helped fill in.

The first thing that society learned about "working in the movies" was that it meant getting up early. In the lobby of the Hotel Del Monte, where the extras assembled the night before the big day, stood a businesslike call-board. "Leave hotel at eight-thirty. Be on lot and made up at nine," it said.

Despite the late hours of a dinner dance the night before, society heroically got up at sunrise, yawned a little over breakfast, and embarked on the half-hour's drive to the location. So did all Monterey, Carmel, Del Monte, and way stations. To accommodate the many business men and women of many social engagements who took part, the scene was taken on Sunday. All the country for miles around decided to take advantage of the holiday to brush off the family Detroit and go to the party. When the first battery of extras reached Point Lobos at nine o'clock, the hills behind the set were thickly dotted with automobiles, and the set itself swarmed with visitors. By the time the most belated extra had arrived, the motor display outside the gates, the phonograph, the band, the lights, the great, red tent drew the crowd like a motor transport division of a two-reel comedy. Nobody took the time to count the cars, but the mildest guess was at least a thousand. Curious crowds investigated every corner of the set, tried to get into the villa where a determined assistant director stood guard over the precious black-and-white checker-board floor until sheer weight of numbers overcame him, climbed over the balustrade of the promenade, clambered into the band stand, where a military band from the Presidio of Monterey was stationed, roamèd over the Casino steps, and took snapshots of itself everywhere. It took the posse of Universal assistants a solid and strenuous hour to sort out the throng, herd spectators outside the rope, and chase the last sight-seer out of the one place where he should not be.

Some lucky extras won assignments to the tea-table brigade and sat comfortably at the terrace tables where correctly garbed waiters served them with real soft drinks and received real tips. The California sun had come out in midsummer brilliancy to help things along, and the fortunate ones who might sit down were the envied of those whose lot it was to stroll from one end of the promenade to the other and back again.

"All right," telephoned Stroheim from the camera platform. "All ready!" shouted the assistants. "Walk—keep on walking—don't all go one way—look out, don't get in a bunch!"

Then came the first real test. Close-up shots of the same scene were wanted, and it became necessary for the crowd to hold the pose while cameras were hastily moved down from the platforms. They did it like veterans, these first-time people. When hands that had been raised to hats when the whistle blew were cautiously lowered to relieve weary muscles the owners of the hands besought their neighbors to help them remember which hand had been up. At the tables, extras sat clutching their glasses and sipped not one forbidden sip. Out of the corners of their eyes they watched the fascinating and mysterious process of setting up cameras, placing reflectors, and getting ready for the next scene, but they obeyed orders and kept still.

For eight good hours the work went on, stopping only for a brief luncheon interval at noon when the basket lunches sent from the hotel vanished in short

Continued on page 96
A Girl's Ad Movie

The writer, a fan who knew the and through attending the thea Plainfield, New Jersey, was se persons who have written letters of her intense enthusiasm for observation—to make a trip and to write her impressions for began in the pre

many people, in every town, who are crazy to get into the movies—so many of them coming to New York all the time—so many more than there are jobs. You realize it, though, when you go to a studio.

We had to wait a few minutes in the outer office for Miss

Griffith; that's how I happened to have such a good look at the girls who were waiting there. She arrived in her car soon, however, and, as she jumped out of it, and her little Pomeranian, Billy, hopped out after her, I wished some one would pinch me.

I can't really describe her to you. She didn't have on any make-up at all, and she is smaller than you expect her to be, and has such a charming way about her. Her hair is brown—she particularly asked me to say that, because she so often wears a blond wig that people think she is light—and she wears it bobbed. Her eyes are grayish blue. And she seems so very young and girlish; really, she could be just a junior in high school, from the way she looks.

She had on a dark suit, with one of those short, straight coats, edged with fur, and a small blue hat, turned up all around, and trimmed with stiff feathers. She looked as if everything she had on had been bought to go with the other things she wore.

"We'll go straight to my dressing room," she said, "And we can talk while I'm dressing." So we did. It was the closest place, all done in pink, and so neat that I resolved to go straight home and clean my room. There were two big wicker chairs, and one of those tall lamps, with a pink shade. And her dressing table was in perfect order; you'd think an actress would have all sorts of powder and rouge and things around, but all Miss Griffith had on her table was a box of cream-colored powder with a puff in it, and a picture of Anita Stewart.

There was a chaise longue by the window, and I wish you could have seen the mail on it—hundreds and hundreds of letters, all of recent date, and from all over the world. Miss Griffith opened some of them and let me read them, and told me about a little girl in Canada,
ventures in land

movies only through reading stories in her home town of lected from among the many to this magazine—on account motion pictures and her been through the Eastern studios, our readers. Her adventures ceding issue.

who's been writing to her for several years now, and whose criticisms are some of the best she gets. She is awfully interested in all her mail.

It was lunch time when we went out into the studio again, so we went down to the restaurant. A funny old dog, who's been with Vitagraph since the studio was built, was waiting outside the dressing-room door; they say that he seems to know when Miss Griffith arrives at the studio, and follows her around every minute that she's there. Some people would have thought he was rather too smelly to pet the way she petted him, but when I spoke of that she just laughed and said: "Oh, he's an old dear, and I love him—if you love a dog you can make a lot of allowances for him!"

I felt awfully thrilled when I saw, on the door of the room next Miss Griffith's, the name "Miss Joyce." But imagine how I felt when, just as we sat down to luncheon, Alice Joyce herself walked in! She had run out to the studio to see some scenes of the picture she had just finished, "Cousin Kate." Miss Griffith introduced me to her at once. I can't tell you exactly how I felt, talking to these celebrities; it was like being in a dream, or meeting ghosts. Later, when I met Lillian Gish she told me that was the way she felt when she first met Mae Marsh. You feel perfectly certain that it isn't real, yet you know it is. You wish you could say something awfully bright, so they'd remember you, but you can't; you just look and look. Somehow, I wouldn't have been surprised to see Norma Talmadge and Clara Kimball Young and all the other stars who got their start with Vitagraph come in, or, if Antonio Moreno had suddenly burst through the wall or dropped down from the ceiling with a villain after him, the way he does in a serial, I don't think I would have been startled—anything seemed possible. It was like being in a dream—or a fairy story. So when Mrs. Sidney Drew, who had directed Alice Joyce in "Cousin Kate," came in, and little Gladys Leslie, who lives not far from the studio, appeared, it just seemed perfectly natural.

Luncheon was wonderful. Only I couldn't eat; my throat just wouldn't swallow—but listening to those people talking was better than eating.

They weren't quite ready for Miss Griffith after luncheon, so we went up to the projection room and saw "The Broadway Bubble," in which she plays two roles. Imagine sitting there beside Corinne Griffith and seeing two of her on the screen! And she told me all about how the double-exposure part was done. That's one of the loveliest things about her—her friendliness.

She made me feel as if I'd always known her, and as if she was really interested in what I had to say, which I think was pretty nice of her. Really, she is lovely.

After that, we went through the studio to the set where she was to work. There was a surprise in store for me when we got to the set; as soon as Miss Griffith finished her scenes they suddenly told me they were going to make a little motion picture of me with her. Imagine that! All the time they were working I just sat there and shivered—with stage fright, I suppose. Miss Sally Crute, who played Corinne Griffith's mother, was supposed to be dying, and Miss Griffith was saying good-bye to her—and each time the director would say, "Now we'll try it again," I'd take a long breath and hope something would go wrong. Maybe you think that was queer, but I simply couldn't help it.

Finally they were ready for me.

"You take this hand bag and stand outside the bedroom door," the director told me. "Then when I say 'Ready' Miss Griffith will open the door and you come in. Walk across the room in front of her, look all around, and then shake hands with Miss Griffith and talk to her. And don't look into the camera!"

Well, you can't imagine how hard it was for me to keep that in my head. It sounds simple enough, but with the crowd of electricians and carpenters, and the camera man and director looking on I felt so self-conscious that I could hardly move. I felt all wrong, somehow, and my hands and feet just got in my way and didn't seem to be useful at all. If I'd been working in a picture that was to be shown on the screen to the public, so that people who knew me could see it, I would just simply have died right there, I know!

Somehow I got through it. I don't know how. All the time I was acting I kept feeling that I really could do better than that, if I could just stop and get hold of myself, but, of course, the camera went right on grinding. I guess real actors feel that way sometimes, too. And after that experience I'll never again envy the girls I read about who have been "discovered" and
The Vitagraph studio is a great stone building that stretches all around the block, with a big court in the middle.

thrust into the movies—I don't care how self-possessed they are, they're in for a hard time of it at first!

"That's a common experience," Miss Griffith told me. "Many a time I've seen a picture of my own and wanted so much to do parts of it over again, but couldn't. Of course, we see bits of the picture as we go along, but unless there's some really glaring fault we don't go back and take them over again—and I really long to explain to the fans that I see my mistakes just as clearly as they do, and that I'm trying to remedy them."

Well, after that picture-making experience of mine I'll never again criticize a new player by saying, "He just walked through the part!" I'll know that, if the sound of the camera's clicking made his knees shake as mine did, and his throat go dry, and his hands get in his way, he was doing well to be able to walk at all!

It was late afternoon by the time we were through, and Miss Griffith said she would love to have me drive back to the studio with her. I was so pleased. It was an hour's ride back, but Miss Griffith's limousine was so comfortable, and she was so interesting, that it seemed like about ten minutes. It was lots of fun to see people stare into the car when we had to stop at street crossings, and often they would recognize Miss Griffith and point her out to other people. She didn't seem to notice it; I suppose a person wouldn't after being a public personage for so long.

She let me hold her little dog, and told me about how he was in a picture of hers a while ago. In it a man was making a speech, during which they took a close-up of the little dog yawning.

"He was very funny," Miss Griffith said. "But when I saw him on the screen I got so excited; mothers whose children act must feel like that, only much more so."

She told me a lot about her clothes for the screen.

"I had twenty-two changes of costume in my last picture," she said. "And in this one there are nineteen, so you see, I have to think of clothes all the time. My idea of perfect bliss is to be able to ride up Fifth Avenue and not look in a single window that has hats or gowns in it!"

I thought of all the girls I've known who considered buying their trousseaus a lot of work, and wondered what they'd think if they had to buy as many clothes as Miss Griffith does, and act in pictures at the same time. I began to see that acting in pictures isn't all the fun that I used to suppose it was.

I hated to say good-by to Corinne Griffith; she had been so nice to me that I wanted to keep in touch with her always. She assured me that we would see each other again, and I do hope we will. But whether we do or not, there's one thing sure—I'll never miss seeing her on the screen.

The next afternoon I saw myself on the screen. They had developed and printed the little piece that we took, and were to run it off for me in the company's projection room.

The projection room is just a big room, adjoining the company's offices, and used for nothing but the showing of pictures. In some ways it's much nicer than a good many of the regular theaters, for there was a thick, red carpet on the floor and there were huge armchairs to sit in.

I had begun to feel queer as soon as I reached the offices, for I'd read of how often the stars themselves were disappointed on seeing their own pictures. And when everything was ready I was so nervous I could hardly sit still.

Suddenly the picture was flashed on the screen! Corinne Griffith appeared at first, stepped to the door and opened it.

Then—slowly—in I came.

But I had no idea that I had moved s-o-s-a-w-y-y-y! It seemed as though I would never get through the door. I kept saying to myself, "Hurry, hurry! Move faster!"

Well, finally I did get into the room, and—gracious, I was like the old lady in the Mother Goose rhyme—I couldn't believe it was I! I began to feel like one of those persons with dual personalities. The person on the screen seemed familiar, and yet a stranger.

Then my heart began to sink. Oh, why had I grinned so much, I asked myself, and why did I bob my head in that queer way when I talked? If I could only do it over again, how differently I would act!

I'm convinced that there's nothing like seeing yourself on the screen for finding out your faults. You can see a dozen the very first time which you never knew you had. The mirror doesn't show them be-
cause you strike a pose when you look into it. The screen shows you up as you are, and what a revelation it is!

But I can understand, too, why the experienced stars are so perfect in every move and gesture. Having seen themselves for years they can correct or eliminate every fault. Your shadow self-teaches you what not to do better than anything else ever could.

When the picture was over I appreciated what a wonderful chance it had been to see myself like that. Then, to cap the climax, the publicity manager gave me the roll of film. To have had a piece of film with my own test on it would have been quite a wonderful enough souvenir, but to think of having my own private record of having appeared with Corinne Griffith—that was almost too much.

They showed, "Dead Men Tell No Tales," for me. too. It seemed so funny with just an audience of two when down the street at the Broadway Theater crowds were being turned away.

That afternoon I had another quite different and wonderfully pleasant experience. I had tea at the Claridge.

I had read many times, of course, of having lunch or tea at the Claridge—so many stars seem to be interviewed there. But what made this doubly exciting was the fact that I was to meet Lillian Gish.

It was beginning to get dark as we went up Broadway toward Times Square, which is the center of motion-picture life in New York City. Crowds of holiday people were pouring out of the theaters—for it was matinée day. The famous electric signs were just beginning to glow through the twilight, high in the air above us. Everything seemed so exciting and wonderful—I felt sort of prickly all over.

Times Square, the center of motion-picture activities in New York City. The tall building at the right of the Criterion Theater is the Hotel Claridge, where the writer had tea with Lillian Gish.
After Exposure—What?

A brief account of what processes every film goes through after it has been exposed, and before it can be shown in any theater.

By Charles Carter

Photographs taken in the Realart Laboratories

The process of developing films is not a mystery to the great part of the public who indulge in amateur photography, for even the pocket edition Kodak enthusiast has sometimes experimented with basins of developer and fixing bath. The method of developing motion-picture film is thereby robbed of its glamour for a great many people. But of the procedure that follows—the making of the positive from the negative, developing, examining, cutting, and assembling the print—little is known outside of the laboratories where the work is done.

Before the actual process of developing begins, the negative is sent to an examiner, one of whom is shown at work at the bottom of this page. This man is determining the various densities of light which should be used in printing each scene. He must be an expert, for there is a wide range of difference in the lights used in printing, and he must be able to determine at a glance just which one of the twenty-two degrees of density will get the best results from the film.

The man who examines the negative notes on a board the number of the lights to be used in printing each scene, and this notation is reproduced on a card. This card accompanies the negative when it is printed, and automatically operates the lights used.

The positive print is made from the negative in lengths of one hundred and fifty to two hundred feet, on a machine such as the one shown at the top of the page. The mechanism of this specially built motor-generator set is as delicate as the finest watch, having a meter that registers the slightest fluctuation of current. The greatest care has to be taken to insure reliable current, for the slightest variation from the light density determined upon by the examiner will impair the film.
After the positive film has been run through this machine, it is wound on flat, square reels and is sent to the developing room, where it is immersed in the developer, washed, and then put in a fixing bath. The tanks which are used for this purpose are shown in an accompanying illustration. If the film is to be tinted it is placed for a short time in a similar tank containing the color—red, sepia, blue, or green, as may be desired.

The film is then sent to the drying room, where it is taken off the reel and wound on one of the large cylindrical drying drums, such as is shown on the preceding page. These drums are continually in motion to prevent settling of water on the film which would afterward show up in the form of spots. It takes about twenty minutes to dry a film.

Throughout the plant where the raw stock is handled and in the drying room the temperature is always kept at the same degree by an air-conditioning plant situated on the roof of the building and operating through the floors, which are hollow. The air is drawn in through an aperture by a fan, passing through a spray which washes it, then over pipes which may contain steam or ice water, and through an aperture which may contain ice, all according to the original temperature of the air, whether it is necessary to lower or raise it. This same fan propels the air through the hollow floor into the room where it circulates and is withdrawn by another fan providing a suction. The temperature is regulated automatically by a thermostat and placed in every room, and is connected to a bell. Should any change occur this thermostat automatically rings the bell.

When the film has been thoroughly dried, it is removed from the drum in big baskets and sent to the cutting room, where it is assembled. Each reel is put through a polishing machine which removes all imperfections, and then it is sent to the inspection room. There it is shown in miniature, by means of specially built projection machines. These machines throw a picture about a foot square on the wall, and are so constructed that if an imperfection is noticed as the reel progresses, the operator can stop the machine immediately and remove that part of the film. Six inches of film can be cut from a motion picture without making a noticeable change in the picture when it is projected on the screen.

After the film has been thoroughly inspected, and pieced together, with the titles inserted in their proper places, it is wound on reels, ready at last for shipment. All of this work is done, not on one print of each film—but on every print; and since there are usually one hundred prints made of each picture, five hundred thousand feet of film must pass through all of these processes for every separate picture play.

Each week three million feet of film are used in the Famous Players-Lasky Eastern laboratory alone. This is, of course, the largest laboratory in the East—but the figure suggests the tremendous amount of film used.

After the final inspection, the film is pieced together, ready for shipment.
WHERE have you come from?" I demanded, as Fanny rushed into the Turkish bath, coiled her sheet around her, and subsided into a steamer chair.

The hot room was so crowded that it seemed almost as though the entire feminine population of Hollywood, Los Angeles, and points east had gathered there to grow thin or grow beautiful, whichever their pet theory about Turkish baths happened to be.

"Elaine Hammerstein's, of course," she retorted, raising her eyebrows in an obvious attempt to look like Bebe Daniels. "You know. I've never missed one of her birthday parties—not for years and—"

"But it couldn't be many years. You didn't know her until the fall she made that bet that she could live in the woods, catch her own clothes, and make her own food, or the other way around, rather—"

"But that was four years ago, don't you call that years and years? Well, to see Elaine now you would never suppose that she was able to rough it by herself four years ago. She looks about sixteen. Actually, when I saw twenty-three candles on her birthday cake I wanted to rush over and take a handful of them off, but Elaine insisted that she wanted every one."

By that time the bath attendant was trying furiously to "hush" us, though every one in the place was simply hanging on the edge of their chairs trying to hear what Fanny said.

"It's so hot in here," Fanny gasped. "Let's go into

the lounge and have tea. I see Margarita Fisher out there now. Do you know that she has formed her own company?"

"Yes, and she's almost as secretive about the picture she's making as D. W. Griffith would be. And there's Lois Wilson. She's just recuperating from an attack of appendicitis, you know," I added, knowing that Fanny couldn't possibly have heard about it. It's a great advantage to have Fanny go away sometimes—otherwise there's nothing to tell her.

"But what took you to New York?" I asked, as Fanny curled up in a big easy-chair and started reading a menu as intently as though it were a letter from Olga Petrova, telling that she plans to leave vaudeville and go back into pictures in the spring.

"Clothes, mostly, and Katherine MacDonald. She was going East to get clothes to wear in 'My Lady's Latchkey,' and she is such a good company I didn't see why I should put off my late winter shopping any longer. Besides, I wanted to know the secret of her wonderful complexion, and there's nothing like a train journey to bring out people's innermost secrets."

"Unless it's a Turkish bath," I reminded Fanny, trying to nudge her as Sylvia Breamer went past, looking like a Greek goddess in her bath outfit.

"But Katherine didn't have any startling beauty secrets," Fanny went on despairingly. "I expected her to completely engulf the drawing-room—if not the whole train—with jars and bottles of queer foreign..."
cosmetics. And all she had was a cake of soap! She looked so fresh and beautiful at breakfast that every woman in the diner hated her. As for me, I took to wearing a heavy veil. You know the sort that Alice Joyce used to wear so that she could get through crowds without being recognized. Maybe they thought I was Alice—well, life holds some compensations, doesn't it?

"Such mobs of people wanted to come to see Katherine, or to interview her for the papers while she was in New York, that she gave a tea at the Great Northern Hotel and asked them all to come. They did, and about a thousand more. I thought at four o'clock that they'd have to call out the police, and at five-thirty people were still coming. Through it all Katherine stood as gracious and unruffled as a queen. Some cross old lady telephoned down to the hotel clerk to ask why neither bribery nor prayer would bring a waiter to her room, and the distracted clerk told her that all the waiters were busy with the refreshments at the motion-picture party. 'What motion-picture party?' the old lady demanded. But the clerk didn't want Katherine MacDonald to get all the blame for utterly disrupting the hotel, because, of course, he'd fallen in love with her at first sight, just as every one does, so he told the old lady that Buster Keaton was marrying Blanche Harris and, forgetting what she came down to see, proclaimed to the world that if she had a daughter she would have wanted her to be just like Mildred. Poor little Mildred was so distracted that she rushed me away from the party with her, and insisted on going shopping to regain her composure. She didn't get it until she had bought three gowns, two hats, an ermine coat, and a gorgeous party bag made of ostrich feathers. It's a good thing she makes so much money; it would take fourteen brothers in the restaurant business to support her otherwise."

Fanny was obviously thinking of the tea check. After recklessly ordering chicken sandwiches, cheese muffins, and three kinds of pastry, she is always sure to start running down profiteers. So I tried to cheer her up by asking about weddings. Fanny has an incurable taste for romance, you know.

"I didn't get to Jean Paige's. I'll never forgive her and Albert E. Smith for getting married in Paris, Illinois, even if it was her home town. But that was just like Jean, wasn't it? I'd bet my new open-work shoes, that are just like Ruby de Remer's, that she wore a real lace veil which had been her grandmother's, and had her former teammates in the church choir sing, 'I Love You Truly.' But speaking of weddings, have you heard about Louise Glaum?"

"That she's gone and married her producer? They've been saying she would for months, but I didn't believe it."

"No, she hasn't been married, but she's the victim of the funniest
and the most widespread rumor yet. Some people named George Inscor and Isabelle Swartz were married down in Tennessee, and they were so annoyed when a reporter asked them if those were their real names that they answered, 'No; we're really Cecil De Mille and Louise Glaum, but don't tell anybody.' Of course, they didn't think he'd take it seriously, but he did. He telegraphed it to newspapers all over the country. Mrs. Cecil De Mille was at the hairdresser's when she heard it, and she was so stunned that she rushed right home to see if Cecil had disappeared from Los Angeles by aeroplane. She knew that he'd been at their breakfast table as usual that morning, just as he has been for the past eighteen years. But the world moves so fast nowadays she didn't know what might have happened. However, there he was in the library, with his own children and the boy from next door trying to get him to make a fourth at bridge. When she told him that he had just married Louise Glaum in Knoxville, he said that as Mark Twain remarked on the untimely announcement of his death, he thought the report greatly exaggerated.

Helene Chadwick, just a few feet away, set her glass of lemon juice down, glared at the creamy concoctions on Fanny's plate and started off toward the pool. But she paused long enough to remark, 'I hate you both: I haven't tasted sugar or cream for a month.'

Fanny looked at her commiseratingly, as she beckoned the waitress with the tray of French pastry to come back to her. 'Of course, the very first day I was in New York I went to see Norma Talmadge,' said Fanny, settling down to the important business of eating éclairs. 'What's the use of tramping through the shops to find out what's in style when one look at her wardrobe will tell you?' And besides I was dying to see her, anyway. The minute I went in the studio I knew that something terrible had happened. Everybody was running around looking so worried, and even Constance was poring over some papers and frowning.

'What on earth is it?' I asked Norma, when I finally located her in her gorgeous new French-ivory dressing room. 'It's Susie,' she answered despairingly, tucking the ermine-edged train of her gold-colored Georgette negligee around her feet. 'She's the best maid I ever had, and she's gone and entered a guessing contest. One of the newspapers here prints pictures of motion-picture actors and actresses every day, with part of their faces blacked out, and the person who guesses most of them correctly gets five thousand dollars. Susie has her heart set on winning, so every day that she can't guess them she calls up here, and the studio is completely disrupted until some one finds out who the pictures are. It's four o'clock now, and we've been studying to-day's pictures since eleven. Connie couldn't eat any lunch, and Harrison Ford is as distracted as though his mother were lost in the 'Way Down East' snowstorm.

"But I couldn't be interested in Susie after I caught a glimpse of Norma's clothes. If her studio ever catches on fire I am going to be the brave, brave fireman who rescues her frocks. She'll never see them again.

"But speaking of frocks, every time I went into a shop in New York I'd run into Barbara Castleton or Mollie King or Doris Kenyon or all of them. Mollie King is making 'Her Majesty,' with Creighton Hale as her leading man. Barbara Castleton and Montagu Love are making a picture that had no name when I saw her, and Doris Kenyon told me that she is going to act in a series of pictures directed by Leonce Perret. They all looked prettier than ever and were buying the most gorgeous clothes. And they all declared that they liked making pictures better than being on the stage. I miss their thrilling voices, though—'

"Oh, I see,' I interrupted hastily. "They go in pictures in spite of their voices while Follies chorus girls go in because of them."

"Well, all right, if you must be catty," Fanny replied icily. "But I can't imagine who you are referring to. The newest recruits from the Follies ranks are Jacqueline Logan playing in Alan Dwan's 'The Perfect Crime,' and Betty Francisco in Irving Willat's productions. They both have lovely voices. They weren't in the Follies long enough to get the Broadway twang.

"But speaking of voices, every flapper in New York seems to be imitating either Justine Johnstone's or Anna Q. Nilsson's. Justine's is very deep and husky, and Anna's is clear as a bell and with the cunningest French and Swedish accent. But their imitators are terrible! Why can't people be original?"

That from Fanny, in whose life no day is complete unless she copies Anita Stewart's sports clothes and Gloria Swanson's coiffure, quite regardless of the combined effect. I'll never forget how jubilantly Fanny came out of the theater after seeing 'The Truth About Husbands.' She had been worrying for weeks over how to make her eyes look dark and sparkling like Priscilla Dean's. And then she saw May McAvoy and found out that gray eyes could be the most enchanting things in the world—or in a picture at least.
"There's Mary Alden!" For one terrible moment I thought Fanny was going to play an old-fashioned slapstick-comedy scene trying to attract her attention with an éclair, but she saw us and came over.

"Don't mention food to me," she begged dramatically, "I hate it. Directors always make me cook in pictures. Lately I've cooked for Will Rogers, Thomas Meighan, Robert Edeson, and Owen Moore. I might as well run a boarding house as act in pictures under those conditions. If there are any cooking scenes in 'Snow Blindness,' I'll probably lie down in the snow and die. We are going as far north as we can get for that picture, you know. I thought I'd like the warm memory of a Turkish bath to take with me."

"'Snow Blindness' doesn't sound like a cooking picture," Fanny began, as Mary Alden left us—"

"But you never can tell," I continued for her. "In 'Should a Woman Tell?' 'Shore Acres,' and 'Mother Love,' Alice Lake simply had to live on the water. Now the company has come out and frankly given her a picture called 'Uncharted Seas.' They say she is so used to water by this time that she shouldn't mind. That one is going to be taken up north, too, so Alice Lake is busy shopping for some fur-lined stockings.

"You haven't asked me a thing about the most important person of all, and I can hardly wait to tell you about her," Fanny lamented. "Lillian Gish, of course." I guessed, if such a certainty can be a guess. "Where did you see her?"

"At the Pen and Brush Club in New York. She had been invited to make a speech to the women writers there, and be guest of honor at dinner afterward. She looked so darling that it wouldn't have mattered to me what she said. She had on a tailored suit of blue corduroy—almost cornflower color, a soft velour hat that just matched it, and her feet looked tinier than ever in heavy walking shoes.

"And you should have heard her talk! I don't believe that any one would have suspected that she could make such a wonderful speech. She looked so fragile in that room full of older women, and she was so clever. I had all I could do to keep from standing up on the side lines and leading a cheer. Louise Williams was there with her; she thought Lillian ought to get away for a few minutes' quiet before the ordeal of the dinner party, so in between tea and dinner we all rushed over to James Rennie's apartment next door. He was Dorothy's leading man in 'Remodeling Her Husband,' and he is in 'World Shadows,' with Lillian, you know. It was the most gorgeous place, all old Italian embroideries and antiques and a roaring big fireplace; an ideal apartment for a young bachelor. Ever since he acted in his first picture with Dorothy, people have insisted on announcing his engagement to her. And there isn't a word of truth in it.

"James Rennie showed us some furniture he had just bought, remarking, 'You know Jack says that there are department-store antiques and old antiques. I hope these are old ones.' I just gasped and sank into a big overstuffed davenport when I realized that by 'Jack,' he meant John Barrymore. After dinner at the club Lillian went into the kitchen and shook hands with the cook. She explained that some of the people in the drawing-rooms might not know her, but the cooks were always her old friends. I'll bet that cook demanded a raise the next day, because of the boost.

"I saw Vivian Martin, too. She had just finished making a picture at the Goldwyn studio on Long Island and had come in town to celebrate. She nearly bought out a toy store for her little girl. She looks as though she stopped playing with toys only yesterday herself, and claims that it is the Robert W. Chambers influence—he makes his heroines so young. His story that she had just finished was tentatively called 'Polly,' but Vivian said there was no telling what it would be called when it came out.

I saw the waitress looking distracted as Fanny finished the last éclair—I know that their supply had run—but then Fanny doesn't go to a Turkish bath to reduce. She likes the cozy atmosphere, every one sitting around in sheets and lounging in big easy-chairs.

"And Alice Brady is thinner than ever! She did a dance in her last picture, and actually her director thought she would break in half. She hasn't grown a bit upstage because the New York dramatic critics all hailed her as a great dramatic actress. She still sits and sings at the top of her lungs—and chats with every one from the other sets in the studio—whenever the camera isn't actually grinding.

"Come on, let's go," I urged, wondering what part of China it would take to grow enough tea for Fanny. "Let's get dressed and go over to the hotel to see if Dorothy Dalton is registered yet? She's been expected for days."

The resourceful Fanny, decreeing that finger bowls had gone out of fashion, tripped over to the edge of the swimming pool and dipped her fingers in the water. "Awfully convenient, isn't it? You can't tell me anything about Dorothy Dalton. She's going to make a picture written especially for her by Sir Gilbert Parker, and directed by George Melford. But that isn't important. The real news about Dorothy is that she's invented a headress of fruit and flowers that is simply alluring. It isn't bizarre, it's just startling when she wears it with a plain evening gown.

"But hurry," I pleaded, as Fanny turned to watch the newcomers. "I know where Lois Weber takes her young stars to shop. You can get stockings there that are almost as heavy as cobwebs.

"Cobwebs," she retorted contemptuously, as though she never tried to outdare Mae Murray. "I'm more interested in snowshoes. Have to hurry to catch the train to Truckee. Anita Stewart's company is up there.

"You can go away if you want to, but I'll stay here. I've subscribed to that New York paper Norma Talmadge's Susie takes, and I'm having an awful time guessing who the players are. This picture could be either Wallie Reid or Antonio Moreno—"

"I'd swear that was Herbert Howe," Fanny squealed delightedly. "But he hasn't gone into pictures. He's writing for Picture-Play. But, oh, he's so handsome."
RALPH INCE tossed a page from his notebook into my lap, touched a match to a cigarette, and sank contentedly into the capacious depths of an armchair. On the slip of yellow paper were these penciled notes:

One leading woman, distinctively clinging vine, accustomed to good clothes and knowing how to wear them.

One leading man, educated, athletic, well-bred, drawing-room type.

One villain, not of conventional order, all-round good fellow of small town, who can put over evil characteristics and yet create suspense with hero's wife.

One infant, retroussé nose, disposition to smile under all circumstances, even before the camera.

One character man for small part; excellent characterization essential.

"My shopping list for our next production," he volunteered, puffing energetically at his cigarette. "Buying humanity carefully, you know, is even more important than getting the correct settings for a production."

"Fashions in heroes and heroines change as inevitably as the latitude of a skirt hem in these modern times," he went on. "Some of the screen idols of 1913 would be as out of place before the camera to-day as the bonnet of five years ago on this season's débutante."

And after a thoughtful pause, he went on: "A short time ago the leading man was likely to have a distinctly middle-class appeal—to put it mildly."

"The modern idea is different. To-day the popular conception of a hero is an intellectual man. He is essentially a gentleman; his chief qualifications are breeding and education—which give him a certain poise that substitutes for the handsome but vapid features of an Adonis."

"This change in the style and cut of the leading man's pattern is undoubtedly due to a change in audiences. With more intelligent audiences coming to motion-picture theaters, productions have to be made more intelligently. The best audiences won't tolerate a man ignorant of all polite usage, in a society part."

"The director who starts out to shop for a cast to-day is not likely to find a 1920-model hero the first time he looks over his card index. His man must dress well, have a college education or its equivalent, and be an artist in the bargain. Many actors will possess two, or perhaps three, of the necessary qualifications, but to discover the man who has all of them, the director must shop as indefatigably as a woman haunts a bargain counter."

"The English actor, for instance, specializes in clothes. In this respect he surpasses the American, who is likely to place the emphasis on athletics. The director's search must aim for the man who has both the English and American characteristics and a few others."

"But what about new styles in heroines?"

I asked, fearing that he would stop without giving ambitious girls a hint.

"Must be the drawing-room type like the hero. It takes diligent shopping to find her, too, for she must have all the physical characteristics that are associated in the mind with the supposed weakness of the woman."

"The modern woman who runs for congress or secretary of state is not likely to become the heroine of many romances on the screen—at least for the present," he explained. "The man's woman, the appealing type, is still in the ascendancy and is likely to remain there. Poor Annie cannot starve to death convincingly on the screen if she appears thoroughly capable of taking care of herself. Nobody would believe her sad story."

"On the stage, of course, the self-reliant-looking woman might use a sympathetic voice to convince the public that her plight was pitiable, but on the screen her physical appearance is all she has to gain her point. So she must cling and look frail and dependent."

And if that doesn't surprise you, perhaps his next will.

"It is very difficult to find a woman who knows how to wear good clothes before the camera. There they are, with fortunes to spend, with the shops of the world and the most exclusive dressmakers at their call, and yet how many of them still look as though they were dressed in hand-me-downs. This can be attributed to the fact that they are not accustomed to wearing such exquisite creations as the picture productions call for. That is why the director is constantly looking for an actress who comes from a family whose women have always worn beautiful clothes. She will wear them with distinction."

"And how about villains?" I asked. "Is it hard to find just the right kind of dyed-in-the-wool, blown-in-the-bottle villain?"
Human Beings

for exact types for his pro-

duced that a bit of faded
to match as human char-

mental outlook.

Sexton

"Just like the others," Mr.
Ince said despairingly. "A 
conscientious director exerts 
every effort to find just the 
types the public wants to see. 
It may be that the particular 
actor he needs for a certain 
part is out of work and liv-
ing in an obscure part of the 
world waiting to be called 
back to his land of make-bel-
ieve. He may be filling an 
engagement in a distant city 
on the legitimate or vaude-
ville stage. Or it may be 
that among the unknown but 
ambitious aspirants to screen 
honors one will come into 
prominence because of a special suitabil-
ity for a part."

Mr. Ince is one of those encouraging di-
rectors who believe that there may be 
planets of Pickford or Fairbanks magnitude among the 
9,527,656 uninitiated fans who are constantly begging 
for a try-out.

"Just to illustrate my point," he continued, "I had 
to do a lot of screen shopping among actor villains 
past and present before I finally decided on Harry 
Tighe to play the heavy in our productions, 'Red Foam.' 
This was the unusual type which always necessitates 
a search. The man in the story to all outward appear-
ances was not a regular villain. He was somewhat of 
a Jekyll-Hyde villain at heart, but outwardly the man 
you have known back in your own home town, hale 
fellow well met, fat, good-natured, always with the 
latest story on the tip of his tongue. Just at that time 
the local market in villains was very discouraging. 
None of the actors available really fitted into the part. 
I had searched for days and days, and then some one 
reminded me of Harry Tighe, who was playing in 
vaudeville out on the road. He was just the man I 
wanted. I had an equally strenuous hunt for a juvenile 
for that picture. Most juveniles know little of make-
up, and the one who does is a rare find.

"The director casting a picture is much like a house-
wife on a shopping expedition. She makes her-pur-
chases with an eye to moderate price and wearing qual-
ities, because she knows these will prove the wisest 
investment in the long run. He looks for breeding 
and education when he picks a cast for the same rea-
son. An actor with years of experience, but without 
education, may not do nearly as well as the man with 
a good education and natural talent but little experience 
on the screen.

"One of the most striking instances of this sort of 
thing came to my notice at the studio a few months 
ago. A marine just out of service secured a job sweep-
ing out the studio. He did his work so well that he 
was promoted from one position of responsibility to 

Ralph Ince, who played the part of Lincoln in 
the Lincoln series spent many weeks selecting 
the actors for the famous cabinet. another until he finally be-
came my assistant.

"In time we discovered 
that he was a college grad-
uate, and that before the war had swept away his 
business he had owned a chain of ten restaurants and 
had an income of twenty thousand dollars a year. One 
day I had to cast the part of a colonel in a production. 
An actor who had the ease of manner and bearing 
necessary for the role was not at hand, so my assistant 
undertook the part. He not only played that one well, 
but has done several others since very creditably and 
has recently been offered a position as director himself. 
A year ago he had never been inside a studio, but to-
day he promises to become one of the leading men in 
motion pictures. He never would have been able to 
do any of these things without the education and breed-
ing which made him perfectly at home wherever he 
was placed."

After leaving Mr. Ince I discovered that he is not 
the only director who shops diligently and in many dif-
ferent markets for his casts. Sometimes a director on 
this side of the Atlantic has been called upon to duplic-
ate in New York or Los Angeles a character photo-
graphed in London, England, or elsewhere. Character 
duplication of this sort naturally must be accomplished 
with the same fastidious care a woman exercises in 
matching the shade of an evening gown when she has 
not bought quite enough material in the first place.

Not long ago a big producer had his camera man 
shoot some scenes of a railway station near London. 
They showed a side-whiskered, knobby-nosed old man 
alighting from a tram. Just at this point the producer 
decided the remainder of this particular scene must be 
finished in Brooklyn. He cabled to this effect, and it 
was up to the Brooklyn director to find as soon as 
possible the double of that particular old man. Not 
an easy task. But it was accomplished. After a thor-
ough search of all the professional humanity available 
the director's eye lighted on the studio cabinetmaker, 

Continued on page 92
I had no idea that Eileen Percy was a Mrs. Of course, most of the movie stars are married, off and on, but I just hadn't visualized the dainty blond Fox star with a husband in the offing. So it was a distinct shock to hear her say when she opened the door of her handsome Wiltshire residence for me one evening, "Do come in, I want you to meet my husband, Mr. Bush."

And you know I liked that about her. Most feminine stars keep Friend Husband very much in the background at an interview, and they generally tell you not to mention him in your story. The dear public, they explain, would much rather think their screen idols unattached than tied up for life—more or less—

Sometimes they present husband to you as "Big Brother" or as "Cousin," and once a diminutive ingenue introduced her bald-headed life partner to me as "Father."

But it wasn't that way with Eileen Percy. "There is so much talk about unhappy marriages," said she, "that I think the public would like to know about the ones that are a success."

"I am sure they would," I agreed heartily. "And how many years have you been married?"

Eileen and Friend Husband looked at each other rather sheepishly. "A year and four months," said Eileen.

"Four months—and three days," supplemented her husband.

"Well," I said dubiously, "a year and four months isn't terribly long."

"But it's long enough to make us perfectly sure that we're going to stick together for the rest of our lives," asserted Mrs. Bush, née Percy.

The senior member of the firm of Eileen & Company is good-looking enough to be a leading man or an assistant director—but he isn't. He's just a plain business man and thinks that one professional in the family is enough. So does Eileen. If you've admired Eileen Percy on the screen, you'd admire her still more in her home. It is a very lovely home, with a big fireplace, rose-colored reading lamps, a big yellow Angora cat, and sleek bull terrier who answers to the name of "Peppy." Eileen wears simple gowns of Crepe de Chine with round necks and short sleeves that set off perfectly her light-gold hair, gray eyes and perfect complexion.

Directed by
Friend Husband

Not in pictures, but everywhere else, and Eileen Percy likes it.

By Celia Brynn
Is her hair naturally that shade and is her complexion her own? Ask me something easy. I do not pretend to be a wizard on beauty secrets. I only know that the effect is all that it should be. Why ask more?

There is no pretense about Eileen. She doesn’t gush over you, and she isn’t upstage. I don’t think she’s travesty; she smokes cigarettes, and she won’t be outraged because I am telling about it.

"Why not?" she’d say. "It’s the truth, isn’t it?"

She has never spent a dollar for personal publicity.

"That’s piffle," she said, flicking the ash from her cigarette. "If your work on the screen doesn’t speak for you, then you aren’t worth publicizing."

Eileen was born in Belfast, Ireland. "Percy" is— or was—her real name, and she came to America in pursuit of a theatrical career.

"I had thought some of going back to Ireland for a visit this summer," she interrupted herself, "but I guess they have enough trouble there without me being there to stir things up."

"Oh, then, you’re a Sinn Feiner?" I asked.

Eileen stole a glance at Friend Husband. "Well, I’m not quite sure," she said evasively.

But I’ve a hunch that if we had been by ourselves, her answer would have been quite different.

Without much trouble she landed in the Folies, and if you’ll look at her picture, it won’t be hard to understand why. Then one night Douglas Fairbanks saw her from a box seat and went around the next day to offer her the lead in the picture he was about to make, "Wild and Woolly." So she came West three years ago and has played with Bill Russell, Lew Cody, Frank Mayo, and recently signed a contract with Fox to be starred in comedy dramas.

"They engaged me at Fox to take the place of Madlaine Traverse, who had broken her contract in the middle of the picture," she told me, "so I made 'Her Honor, the Mayor,' which was to have been her next feature. I was perfectly rotten in it," she said frankly. "It wasn’t my type of picture at all. It needed some one like Miss Traverse, who has a statuesque physique and a dominating personality. The critics were very kind and said that my work was good, but pooh! I know better."

Her latest pictures with Fox have pleased Eileen more. They are "Beware of the Bride" and "The Land of Jazz."

"Still," she said, "I’m not so crazy about comedies, I’d rather do dramas with heart-interest themes." This with another stolen glance at Friend Husband.

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KIMONOS

that cost $25,000! It sounds like the latest bedroom farce, or the reckless excursion of a De Mille costumer, but it really is the simple story of Tsuru Aoki’s visit to Japan after an absence of twenty years. We poor benighted Americans who think that a kimono at the breakfast table is a kimono, and nothing more, have a great deal to learn. Tsuru Aoki tells Emma Lindsay Squier, and she will tell you, in the next number.

The Agate Girl

Helen Jerome Eddy is that and more, but what she wants to be is a hyphen-woman.

By Helen Ogden

The nicest compliment I ever received," said Helen Eddy, "was when a man wrote me in a fan letter that I always reminded him of the girl around the corner in his home town."

And curiously enough I found by looking over her fan mail that she is thus regarded by her admirers—a sort of home-town girl—the girl you used to go skating with, the girl who helped you with your Latin declensions, the girl who slapped your face when you kissed her at the Sunday-school picnic.

But my impression of Helen Eddy was distinctly not "home-townish."

At first glance I summed her up in one word, "cold." A little later I changed the cold to "reserved," and still later to "quietly intelligent."
The Agate Girl

And now I'm not so sure. Even after a whole afternoon—and a delightful one at that—I cannot put Helen Eddy into a mental pigeonhole or catalogue her in any way.

When I think of her now she typifies an agate slab in the midst of a thousand pretty little pebbles. The brightness of the pebbles catch your eye, you run them through your fingers, admiring them briefly—and drop them. But here is a brown stone, vaguely grateful to the touch because of its coolness, but otherwise drab; then the sunlight catches it just in the right way—and instantly the eye is enraptured by the translucent beauty beneath its polished surface. There is not the brazen brilliancy of the diamond or the impish thickening of the opal, but there are dim tones of softness, there is a promise of steadfast beauty, a hint of mystery. That is the agate; and that to me is Helen Eddy.

There were three of us at lunch—Helen Eddy, Carol Klapau, a scenario writer at Lasky's, and myself. Carol was outspokenly thrilled at the prospect of being "in" on an interview of her chum, and ever and anon I detected in Helen's gray eyes a hint of worry because I hadn't asked her what her favorite sport was and what she thought of the future of the cinema.

It must have been a relief when I ran true enough to form to ask her what type of picture she liked best and whether she had any idea of specializing on one particular characterization.

"I like the simple human type of picture best, and I have in mind a very definite type of picture which I wish to do," she said, answering both questions at once.

"I want to be"—she leaned forward to fix on her steady gaze which might be altogether earnest or entirely humorous—one is never quite sure—"I want to be a hyphen-woman!"

Friend Carol speared an olive with a triumphant thrust. If that wasn't stuff to make an interviewer dizzy—

"A hyphen-woman!" I grooped.

But Helen is not the kind to be needlessly sensational. She came to my rescue almost at once.

"I want to be the sweetheart-mother of the screen," she explained. "You know, the woman who is devoted to her home and her children, but who is still her husband's sweetheart and comrade. The mother idea is the biggest thing in pictures to-day.

"Sex stuff has had a tremendous vogue, but it has passed. To my mind it was but leading up to the mother motif, and I believe that the public will be interested in it for a long, long time. The big pictures of to-day are not the spectacles or lurid melodramas. They are the pictures of human interest in which the element of unselfish love and self-sacrifice are the dominant notes. Mother love was the theme that made 'Humoresque' the success that it was, and mother love in all its varying phases is what I want to portray on the screen. I have a big plan just ahead," she went on, "and if it materializes, Carol will write my stories for me. Then I'll know they're good."

And Carol Klapau, accepting the compliment with a bow, returned the bouquet with a statement that Helen's acting would make any story good.

Helen was enthusiastic about her last picture with Alan Dwan, "The Forbidden Thing," principally because it is a mother picture.

In my first half hour with her, I would have scoffed—to myself, of course—at the idea of Helen Eddy's becoming the Madonna of the cinema.

She looked entirely too unmaternal, too much like a college girl at an antimarriage meeting. But when she showed me some stills of "The Forbidden Thing," it was again like sunlight on the agate.

In the face of the young mother pictured before me was the brooding tenderness, the quiet happiness of the woman who has fulfilled her destiny. It is my honest belief that in time Helen Eddy's characterizations of young motherhood will be placed in the same category as are Charles Ray's impersonations of the small-town boy or Mary Pickford's delineations of ideal girlhood.

Helen Eddy is almost a native daughter of California. She was born in New York, but came West at an early age and went through grammar school and high school in Los Angeles. She made her start in pictures almost at the same time that Carmel Myers made hers. Both she and Carmel were identified with high-school theatricals and were in plays together.

Her entrance into pictures was a mistake. What I mean is it was an accident. She was studying Greek mythology in high school and having become saturated with Olympic atmosphere, wrote a scenario in which goddesses flitted hither and yon, mingled with mortals ad lib, and had a gorgeous time generally. She took the "masterpiece" to old Captain Melville, in charge of the Lubin studio in Los Angeles.

"He said it was a rotten story," related Helen, "but that I looked as if I might be a good actress. He asked me if I'd like to go into pictures, and I said I would not. I explained loftily that I had been studying for

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ONE of the greatest joys of being associated with the motion-picture industry is that of knowing that the business is always in a critical condition. It is always on the brink of ruin or on the threshold of greatness. It is always in a state of intense excitement and tremendous upheaval. It is never normal.

After two months in the moving-picture business, the average individual is ruined for ordinary careers. The only vocations that compare with it are those of the human fly, the stunt aviator, and the motor-cycle dare-devil.

The motion-picture business is now going through the usual crisis. From now on, according to announce-ments, no one is going to make anything but super-extra-de-luxe specials! There aren't going to be any more unimportant pictures. All the movies are going to have all-star casts, and every director is mapping himself out a working program like D. W. Griffith's.

This is all very exciting to the onlooker. But it must be twice as exciting to the director who is really not equipped to make superspecials, and to the plain, ordinary actor or actress who has no de-luxe qualities. However, take it from the movie magnates, in future all pictures are going to run as long as "Humoresque" and have casts as bright and shining as the one in "Way Down East." Twenty-five great authors are going to collaborate on one scenario, and each picture will be two years in the making. In other words, the screen is going in for Big Things, and you must not refer to the results as "movies." When all this comes to pass, the critic will not be obliged to criticize: he need only murmur: "Oh!" and "Ah!"

This promise of splendor is very nice for the big producers, and it is very nice for the theater managers in the large cities, where a picture can be run for several months and given the benefit of artistic stage settings and good music. But which is best for the small town, the small house, and the neighborhood theater: the superextra-de-luxe special, or the short, snappy, and entertaining movie?

Marcus Loew, who controls nearly two hundred theaters, once told me that he wished he could make up his programs of short subjects—the type of two and three-reel pictures that were produced when Biograph, Kalem, Imp, and Vitagraph were the leading film trademarks. Some of his patrons, he said, only care to drop into the theater for a few minutes and can't wait for the unwinding of a six-reel drama. But the stars refuse to appear in short pictures, and the producers cannot afford to make them.

Just to be contrary, I should like, for the moment, to go against the popular trend. I believe that I could get a good deal of support for the statement that most pictures are too long—that their stories are told before the reels are unwound—and that the average subject is overestimated, instead of underestimated. So I am going to start a trend of my own against the super special and for the shorter and lighter picture.

"POLLY WITH A PAST." Example number one is "Polly With a Past." Metro purchased the rights to the Belasco comedy and engaged Ina Claire to re-create her stage rôle for the screen. The production was launched with great ceremony, because, very likely, the company was dazzled by the amount of money the play had made in New York. The film had a sensational début. It was shown to the Metro officials, and Polly's past set fire to the projection machine and burned up the Metro offices. And the story of the fire was printed in all the newspapers.

However, this is off the path of legitimate criticism. The real fault of "Polly With a Past" is that it is too long. The story is a light, vivacious, and frothy tale of a minister's daughter who masquerades as a French vampire in order to help out the love affair of a deserving young man. This merry story is told in six reels. And you can't be vivacious in six reels any more than you can be vivacious if you are six feet tall. The picture is an excellent version of the stage play, but it would have been twice as funny if it had been shorter by half an hour.

As for Ina Claire, who was engaged especially to repeat her stage success, almost any screen ingenue could have done as well. Ina Claire's gifts make her a personable stage figure. On the screen she is a good actress, but she hasn't that strange, elusive charm that makes the celluloid shine.

"OH, LADY, LADY." Example number two is "Oh, Lady, Lady," also adapted from a stage play, this time a musical comedy by Guy Bolton and P. G. Wodehouse. Bebe Daniels plays the part of the innocent vampi-re artfully because she used to be a slapstick comedy queen and a bathing beauty, and therefore she knows her business.

But why, oh, why, was "Oh, Lady, Lady" made in feature length? As a three-reel comedy it would have been a joy. As it exists now, it is pretty and amusing, but it lacks snap and distinction.

Example number three is "Flying Pat." It is
the airiest sort of Dorothy Gish story, written by Virginia Withey, but it consumes almost as much footage as the adaptation of a long novel. Consequently, you enjoy just about half of it. You enjoy Miss Gish's equilibrium test and other bits of her tomfoolery, but you realize too often that the picture has no story to guide it. The reviewer confesses a preference to the art of Dorothy Gish to the art of Margaret Anglin, because Miss Gish knows how to do more things with her face, but even a clever comedian can't be spontaneous for more than an hour at a stretch. Miss Gish's leading man is James Rennie, who, as you doubtless know, the other day led Miss Gish to the altar and signed up the little lady for a permanent costarring engagement with him in private life at the same time that Constance Talmadge became the wife of John Tialaglo.* As for Mr. Rennie, I presume that you will begin to hear a great deal about him. More I hesitate to say, not only out of deference to Fanny the Fan, but for fear that Mr. Rennie might rush out, form his own company, and start starring in seven-reel super-specials.

What I have said about "Polly With a Past," Dorothy Gish, and Bebe Daniels, goes also for the recent comedies of Wanda Hawley, Viola Dana, Shirley Mason, Edith Roberts, Carmel Myers, and a dozen other entertaining young persons who ought not to be too proud to do what Charles Chaplin, Harold Lloyd, and Buster Keaton do—make a few good, short comedies a year. Instead of appearing in vapid features or melodramas that are worn out before they are finished, Buck Jones, William Russell, Harry Carey, Lyons and Moran, and Owen Moore ought to try their hands at making three-reel comedy dramas. What we need is more entertainment and less celluloid.

"MIDSUMMER MADNESS."

Still in a controversial mood, I will take up the case of "Midsomer Madness." Some of my best friends say that it is the greatest picture of the year. Others of my best friends declare that they would not pay a two-cent stamp to see it. To settle several bets of gloves and handkerchiefs, I went to see it and emerged sobbing.

Oh, William De Mille, why did you do it? After I have proclaimed you my favorite director, you turn around and break my heart. Why did you film Cosmo Hamilton's book, "His Friend and His Wife?" Why didn't you leave sex problems to brother Cecil? Why did you forsake your charming and sentimental bohemia and go into society, where you will find nothing but arrant vulgarities? Come back to the sweet love story and the whimsical romance, William, and all will be forgiven.

However, I will control my emotions. "Midsomer Madness" is beautifully produced. The two ridiculous and vulgar couples who flirt with each other, as idle persons always will, really seem like human beings. Except for one or two glaring bits of bad taste, the scenes are deft and artistic. Lila Lee, formerly a star, now an actress, does some beautiful work, and so do Lois Wilson, Jack Holt, and Conrad Nagel.

"Midsomer Madness" is a Famous Players-Lasky special, and it should make a lot of money, to speak in the common parlance of the trade. Go to see it and find out what you think about it yourself.

"THE SIN THAT WAS HIS."

The career of Lewis J. Selznick has always inspired me with mingled emotions. For the most part, he seems satisfied just to turn out films. Certainly, in the days of the World Film Corporation, he managed to strike an appalling average of mediocrity. But every once in a while he sponsored a production that proved he longed for higher and better things. I think his soul is in the right place, but that he lacks the courage of his convictions.

The present Selznick organization has produced nothing up-to-date that has made me want to hang laurels on the brows of Lewis J. and his son, Myron, but we will now dust off the beautiful badge of merit we have been saving for them and present it with great ceremony. Mr. Selznick has made a high-minded, a beautiful, and an inspiring picture, "The Sin That Was His" may not be the

* An account of this double wedding will be found on page 101.
most popular or the most talked-of picture of the year, but it ranks with the most honorable. It is honorable because it refuses to make the slightest concession to sex appeal; it is honorable because it treats religion in a dignified and worthy manner; and it is honorable because it was made without one eye on the box office.

The story was written by Frank L. Packard, who wrote "The Miracle Man." It is a better story, although it hasn't so many elements of popular success. It tells of a gambler, a man who had deserted the priesthood in his youth, who, to save himself from a murder charge, is obliged to pose as a priest. The picture traces the progress of his redemption. The moral is that one cannot touch holy things without feeling their power.

Hobart Henley directed the picture without resorting to what I will call for want of a better term, "stained-glass-window attitudes." The picture does preach, and it doesn't pose. It lives before your eyes. William Faversham gives a performance that for restraint, power, and feeling, is one of the finest I have ever seen.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT HUSBANDS."

The obvious joke about "The Truth About Husbands" is that the full story cannot be told in six reels. Some women have given their life to telling it. The picture was made by Whitman Bennett, and the story was based on Sir Arthur Wing Pinero's play, "The Profiteer." Pinero was an important dramatist a few years ago. But somehow, nowadays, all his stories seem out of date. The unhappiness of the heroine in "The Truth About Husbands" arises from the fact that her husband has had a past, and this past crops up at an inopportune moment. I do not condone husbands with pasts, and I admit that the lady of the film had a right to be upset. But all the situations seemed to be "drama for drama's sake."

The picture is lightened by some fine acting, with May McAvoy giving a really distinguished performance of the idealistic young wife. You are going to hear a lot more about Miss McAvoy. Anna Lehr and H. E. Herbert are others who deserve praise.


"SQUANDERED LIVES."

Here we have it! Sir Oswald Stoll's first production for the American trade. It is called "Squandered Lives." What native producer could think up a cuter title? Sir Oswald is a high-up person in the English cinema world, whom you must not get confused with Captain Stoll, the gentleman who has been so kindly allowing the dear public on this side of the Atlantic to purchase stock in his productions. Sir Oswald acted as British distributor for Goldwyn until he and the intrepid Mr. Goldwyn had a falling out. Thereupon Sir Oswald decided to produce his own pictures and market them both in America and England. Sir Oswald corralled a bunch of eminent authors and set himself up in a studio.

The English complain because our American films are built so much from the national angle. After looking at "Squandered Lives," we may return the compliment. The story, written by Cosmo Hamilton, is a plea for the younger son. The problem of the younger son in Britain's nobility means no more in our lives

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The man who said that a prophet was without honor in his own country must have foreseen the tremendous volume of objections to our recent film forecast for 1921. Answers to some of these objections are served hot, together with some timely personal observations about this and that, and him and her, in motion pictures.

By Herbert Howe

The editor of this smart journal du beau monde referred in the last issue to my “biting pen” in a caption beneath the spreading grin of Miss Juanita Hansen. He stated that Miss Hansen was thus displaying her beautiful smile not because of enjoying the snow, in which she skied, but because she had escaped my omnivorous nonleak. Now I have lost as many fountain spurters as any normal boob, and I've wielded all sorts of scratchers, including a peacock quill from one of my host of feminine admirers, as a star would put it, but not even on Christmas has any one handed me a “biting” one. However, I admit that I often have prayed passionately for an invisible brick. My prayer has been answered with this; I'm endowed with a cootie-pointed self-feeder. I shall prepare to use it on the birds that bit chunks out of my forecast.

I received numerous retorts courteous and otherwise to my inspired utterance as to Who'll Be Who in 1921. Well have I learned the error of my ways. To the courteous first, by all means:

Mr. Robert A. Jordan, president of the Fan Club of Boston, remarks the omission from “the book of fame” of names belonging to Mr. Thomas Holding and Mr. Albert Roscoe. I make the correction at once with—the peacock quill.

My friend, Miss Mahnke, of Chicago, reminds me of Mr. Darrell Foss' worthiness. Mr. Foss, of "Red Lantern" activity, certainly belongs among the leading men. We all envy him—he has kissed Nazimova.

Miss Lola K., of New York, points out my astigmatism in foreseeing Mary Pickford as leader of the stellar femmes. Miss Norma Talmadge, I'm informed, won the popularity contest conducted by a New York paper. In reply would say:

1. That contests are not criteria, because every one does not vote. A larger percentage of Miss Talmadge's admirers might have cast ballots than of Miss Pickford's or Miss Louise Fazenda's.

2. I protected myself by stating cautiously that it was beyond my vision to foresee the favorite fair in the exact order of their popularity. I named Miss Talmadge among the big ten.

Another person hurts whole books of scripture at me in his denunciation of a popular star. He signed himself, “A father and a decent man,” otherwise I gladly would have forwarded the letter to the lady's husband.

Mr. George Tucker declares Mr. Wallace Reid leads in popularity over Mr. Charles Ray and Mr. Charles Chaplin. He delicately accuses me of being bribed. Far be it from me to say I wouldn't take a bribe of the proper amount. But how Mr. Tucker does misjudge Mr. Chaplin! As for personal preferences, I assure you I longed to place Mr. Joseph Martin at the head of the list. Mr. Tucker is correct in one statement: Candidate Reid, I believe, would win the majority of popularity contests fairly conducted at the present time. But as I said—

Popularity Contests.

There is a very large class of people which never indulges in popularity bouts. This class might poll an overwhelming majority for Mr. John Barrymore, Mr. Hobart Bosworth, Miss Lillian Gish, Madame Nazimova, or Miss Norma Talmadge. There is no way of determining popular favor except by a vote of all the people.

I speak of fairly conducted contests.

Then there is the common variety, properly conducted perhaps, but with ballot boxes stuffed nevertheless. Some years ago there was such a contest in Chicago. A certain male star, now defunct, was purchasing truckloads of the newspapers containing the voting blanks. Another male player, still popular, was giving him a close run and was not buying votes. On the last day of the tourney, this nonpurchasing star informed the other by telephone to lay off or be exposed. Although Mr. X. Y. Z. was eager, and able, to buy enough to carry him to victory, he quietly requested the paper to give first place to his rival. The amusing sequel was that the star who withdrew subsequently received enough unsolicited and unpurchased votes to have won the contest, had he not been forced to withdraw.

A more recent contest conducted, I believe, in the same city ran along with apparent sanity, when suddenly right over the heads of Nazimova, the Talmadges, Barthelmess, and Reid flew two performers scarcely known even in the film colony, to say nothing of the world at large, the explanation being that the young man in question was the son of a local police captain, and the lady his wife. To the credit of the paper conducting the contest, the editor, seeing the absurdity of giving this couple a higher popular rating than that of some of the most famous stars, removed them from the contest, and listed them and their votes separately, as "local favorites."

Address Your Congressman!

Instead of banning foreign-made pictures we suggest that congress ban American films committing the following offenses:

1. Showing courtrooms where people arise as a man and cheer. As a substitute, we suggest that they sing: "On Wisconsin" or "Boola Boola."
2. The incessant handshaking and shoulder-grasping by males. Let this be confined to the beginning and the end, as at prize fights.
3. Blaming absurd miracles to "the hand of God." Let the scenario writer take the blame; he's paid for it.
4. Making such remarks as that of the damsel in "The Jucklins"—"I come to you with a love as broad as God's smile when the earth's in bloom." Characters should not be permitted to use such language unless intoxicated.

**Enough Madness.**

William De Mille announces he wants only original stories from now on. He must have seen "Midsummer Madness," adapted from Cosmo Hamilton's "His Friend and His Wife."

**Stop the Epidemic.**

The Grill offers a prize of one diamond-dyed purple cow, guaranteed to give six quarts of violet cologne per diem, to any one discovering a cure for the great screen plague—heart trouble. More than a thousand villains met their death from this dread disease last year. At this rate there won't be enough left in a few years to carry on the dirty work, without which the photo drama will become a lost art.

**Why You Should See "Passion."**

1. Because the heroine does not say, "Take back your pearls, you dachshund, they cannot buy my honor."
2. Because the lover does not register passion by biting her shoulder blade. He kisses her foot.
3. Because Pola Negri does not need to remove so much as a shoulder strap to register seduction.

**He Must Be a Genius.**

Arthur S. Kane says Charles Ray is a genius. Once I said it, too, and was accused of being the gentleman's press agent. To save Mr. Kane from similar indignity, let it be known that he is only Mr. Ray's manager.

**New Type of Director.**

By the way, Charles Ray is now bawling through a megaphone, bounding on his hat and slicing the air just as Jerome Storm used to do for him. Which is to say that he has become a director of Charles Ray productions, and Jerome Storm, who used to serve in that capacity, says I'm safe in predicting that Charles will be a Great one. But I've predicted too much already about stars, so when I get a chance to ballyhoo a quondam confrère I'm going to open all stops on the old calliope and leap on the keys. Al Ray, who once wrote pieces for this magazine, is assisting the stellar Ray in direction. The last time I saw the distinguished Alfred wearing civilian clothes he was at a Vernon fight. Not once did he shriek, throw a bottle, or crash the guy next to him. Therefore I have every reason to believe he'll make an unusual director—even if he wears puts.

**Pola, You Must Come Over.**

On behalf of the interviewers' union of America I'm requested to invite Pola Negri to come over. In the words of Bert Savoy, "Pola, you must come over!" Fred Smith, who also gets lunches by doing interviews, said he'd bet the new suspenders he got for Christmas that he'd interview Pola before she got down the gangplank. Of course, if he loses he will be unable to interview her with any degree of dignity. As I have a hydroplane in readiness I'm advising him herewith to take some safety pins along.

**Nothing for Mickey.**

The Los Angeles Times says that those who have had a peep at Marshall Neilan's "Bob Hampton of Placer" declare that nothing like it has been done since "The Birth of a Nation."

**Nothing like "Dinty" was ever done.**

**The Lure of Europe.**

The Germans are after our young men and women. Betty Blythe is said to have received an offer from the same company that stars La Negri. Male players are particularly needed, we hear. George Stewart was sought by a European concern. George agreed to go over providing they would give him Fiume, the Potsdam Palace, half of Poland, and six seidels per diem. And George says he won't come down a single seidel.

**Sensations Supreme.**

A dear little cowslip writes to say she thinks I must be an awfully un-nice old cynic because I don't enjoy simple things. 'Tain't true. I always have enjoyed Marie Prevost's costumes. But the greatest sensations are not always to be obtained from seeing pictures. The recent sensations supreme have been quaffed from:

The rendition of Tchaikowsky's "March Slav," by Mr. Rothapfel's orchestra in the Capitol Theater, New York.
Ditto "La Marseillaise."
Grapefruit fantasie at the Claridge.
F. Scott Fitzgerald's "This Side of Paradise."
Harriette Underhill's reviews in the New York Tribune.

Betty Blythe dancing in batik draperies.

**Miss Underhill Will Oblige.**

We take pleasure in presenting this month, Miss Harriette Underhill, who will oblige with sophisticated selections. Miss Underhill once said that I was the best writer in New York, next to her. Since then I have always called Miss Underhill the cleverest woman in New York. For instance, her recent line, "I'd rather be wrong than be president." It seems she gave William De Mille's "Midsummer Madness" a trouncing. Mr. De Mille objected and asked her to give constructive criticism. The cleverest woman did. Mr. De Mille objected to each of her points. Hence her flinging epidemic, "I'd rather be wrong than be president."

Mary Miles Minter has been working continuously since September, many Sundays being included because of weather conditions. Mr. Kiesling won't tell what Mary does on nice Sundays.

Ray Leek, author of Metro's weekly press bulletin in twelve volumes, says:
For those who have seen Miss Dana in dashing roles of chorus girls, a reformed crook, a Japanese

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The Ken

Most stories of mountainers and their different, for the real struggle was not the story—but the struggle between the region. You'll like both of

By C. L.

her son had set out for the legislature. What it was all about she little knew. He was going down the river on a miserable raft with his Sunday clothes in a gummy sack, carrying a hamper of pones and "fried hawg" to eat upon the journey. And his mother's last words were a message of greeting he should bear to his brother who had preceded him there. She felt no pride for Boone that she did not feel for Jeff, although one went as a lawmaker and the other as a law defer. Was it true, after all, as this Blue Grass legislator charged, that the mountain people had no moral sense and were therefore unfit to have a civil government?

"If the gentleman from Roland doubts what I say," continued the vitriolic speaker, pointing his finger defiantly at the big mountaineer, "let him consult his own relatives. He will not have to go home to find them. The penitentiary in this town is full of them!"

Men shifted nervously in their seats and looked at Stallard. These were fighting words, and they expected to hear bullets hum. But the mountaineer removed his hand from his pistol and signaled for the recognition of the chair. A hush fell upon the house, and Stallard arose trembling, but steadied himself and began in a voice ringing with ill-conquered passion.

"The gentleman from Frankfort," he began—previously he had always called him Mister Marshall—"has done tol' you-all that a heap o' my kin-folks has been penitenciarized. I allow that's so. I allow they belong in jail, and I want to make the p'int that I helped put 'em there. I done stood by the State o' Kaintuck and helped the orficers of law and order to jail my own kin. An' if I hadn't done it, I'm here to tell y'all that they wouldn't none of 'em be behind the bars to-day.

"They ain't enough men in the Blue Grass country to go up into them hills and fetch back a Stallard—no, nor a Keaton, either. Right thar is the main reason why this bill to disrupt the mountain counties ain't no good. You can lead a hoss to water, the Bible says, but you can't make him drink. You can pass this bill to give the Blue Grass the right to go and govern the Red country. But when your men come up thar, they won't be enough level ground to bury 'em on, and we all will have to bury them on the sidehill. It takes a man with hair on his chest and corns on his knuckles to handle mountain folks, and you Blue Grassers is too soft for the job. We was all one people—you-uns and we-uns, long time ago when our daddies come over the mountings from Viginny and Carolin. And it war jest dum luck that some on us stopped in the hills and the rest went on to the valley.

"My old grandpap has told me afore now how his old pap came to Roland. With his wife and children, his goods and his gears, he war heading for the Blue

GOOD-BY, Boone, be a good boy. When you get down to the settlements you'll see your brother Jeff. Tell him his old mammy is honing for to see him ag'in."

Those words, spoken more than a year before, lingered in the mind of Boone Stallard, as he sat at his desk in the Statehouse and heard his opponent denouncing him upon the floor.

The mountain people were an inferior strain, his opponent was arguing to the legislators. They were half barbaric. They could not keep a contract, for they were like children. They murdered each other in their anger, they filled the penitentiaries, and they felt no shame.

"A people like that is incapable of self-government!" the speaker hotly contended. "And there will never be peace in Kentucky until these mountain counties are dissolved, and we of the Blue Grass counties give them a protective government, just as Uncle Sam governs and protects the backward peoples of his island possessions."

Boone Stallard listened with a stiffened spine and burning ears. He was leaning forward in his seat, his hand upon his pistol pocket. "Incable of self-government!" If he shot down his opponent, he would only prove that his opponent spoke the truth. He remembered his mammy's face when she told him to "be a good boy." His mother was an ignorant and simple woman. From the mountain shack in which she lived, the
Grass country. He done lost a linchpin and the wheel dropped off his wagon. So he couldn't go no further, and my folks has been livin' their ever since. If the linchpin hadn't got lorsted, my people would have reached the Blue Grass. They'd have had easy picking like you-all had, and I'd 'a' been a rich and eddicated feller like Mister Marshall settin' over there. But I ain't complaining about the hard life I've had. The older the coon, the tougher the hide, and the harder the sleddin', the better the hoss.

"Turn a hoss out on grass and he soon gets too soft fer heavy going. You Blue Grass fellers have got soft. That's my pint. Easy livin' has made you tame as a pet rabbit with his hind legs broke. That's why you-all don't have no feud and no killin's. But its hunger, friends, hunger and hard going that has kept my people wiry and tough and as full o' fight as a wild razorback. In the name of God let me he'p my people. They need corn and meat. You have grabbed all the level land, and you are fat. And because my people are hungry you claim that they're a wild and different race."

The mountaineer went on to heights of impassioned eloquence as he pleaded his people's cause. When he had done, the galleries were riotous with applause. The cheering was led by the governor's daughter Anne, who had been fascinated by the mountaineer's rugged honesty, and whose eyes were blinded with tears of sympathy as she patted her gloved hands together regardless of what surmise her friends might make.

As the House adjourned after this unusual demonstration, it was plain to every one that the Randolph Marshall bill to disrupt the mountain counties was dead. As Marshall emerged from the Statehouse he saw Anne and her friends not far away. As he started toward his fiancée, a hand on his shoulder detained him. It was Boone Stallard. The mountaineer drew his opponent to the other side of the colonnade and indicated that they should take the back path to the rear of the capitol grounds.

"Have you got a gun on you?" asked the mountaineer, as soon as they were away from the ladies.

Marshall nodded, and seemed eager enough for the wager of battle.

"I allowed you was ready to fight," Stallard said darkly. "And I would have loved to fitten you right then. But you-all claim that me and my people can't govern ourselves. I showed you that we kin. I've learnt a heap since I bin down hyar. I've learnt it from you and from the governor's daughter. You Blue Grassers don't allus say what you mean, like us hill folks, ner shoot at the first mad. You-all bides your time. That's why I didn't shoot you when you was a-making of that speech."

"You are smarter than I thought you were," said Marshall, "and maybe you can understand some things if I tell them to you. You have won the heart of Anne—she intimated as much to me yesterday. After your speech to-day, it is plain to me that if you want her, you can have her."

The mountaineer gazed at his rival incredulously.

"But I don't mean to say that you are fit to be her husband," Marshall continued coldly. "She has been dazzled by your crude eloquence and by a sense of sympathy for your people. She has been using on me the same arguments that you made—that I have been softened by easy living, that my moral fiber has degenerated. You are both damnably wrong there. That's why I decided to shoot it out with you, to challenge your fighting blood on the floor of the chamber, and let you have first shot—and then shoot you dead—with her in the gallery watching it."

"Fair enough," said Stallard, his brows dark with the look of murder. "But I'm proud to say I didn't take no advantage. I'm goin' to kill you fair."

The men separated a dozen paces, each watching the other like a fox. Each nodded at the same moment, aimed their pistols, and began firing. The mountaineer was not handy with a pistol, the rifle being his weapon, whereas the city man was a fair shot. But his nerves being overwrought, his first bullet went over Stallard's left ear, the second bullet was low to the right and ripped the coat pocket. Stallard's first two shots were even wilder, and on the third pull of the trigger his pistol clicked. It was empty. He recalled that he had put in only two cartridges. Mountaineers are poor, and it makes them frugal with their ammunition. He dropped his arms to his side and waited for the Blue Grass man to shoot him through the heart. A lost linchpin, a missing cartridge—such accidents as these had doomed him to defeat and given the fatness of the land to the luckier fellow.

But Marshall did not shoot him down. With the racial quickness of the old Kentuckians his eye told him that his rival's cartridges were gone. The aristocrat witheld his trigger. Slowly he lowered his weapon, then with a look of magnanimity he flung his pistol away. The two men slowly advanced, and though each was bitter at heart, they shook hands.

As Marshall let go of Stallard's rough, red hand he said:

"You almost make me believe your theory that all Kentuckians are of the same breed. You are a man, Stallard, but the trouble is, there are no others like you in the hills. Your folks didn't belong there, they stayed there by the accident of the lost wheel. You really belong in the Blue Grass. But the rest of the tribe stayed in the bushes because they are bushmen.

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"The Kentuckians"

Adapted from the Famous Players-Lasky picture which was based on the novel by John Fox, Jr., and played by the following cast:

Boone Stallard .......... Monte Blue
Randolph Marshall .......... Wilfred Lytell
Anne Bruce ............. Diana Allan
Mace Kenton ............. Frank Joyner
The Governor ........... J. H. Gilmore
Colton .................. John Milburn
They didn't dare to come out in the open, and they're there yet. If there were a hundred men like you up there, Stallard, you could govern them. But there is only one of you—and it can't be done."

"I ain't the only one," protested Stallard. "They're keeping the peace up there as I made 'em promise to. They ain't been no killings since I come to the legislature."

Marshall smiled sardonically.

"You haven't yet got the latest advices from your neck of the woods," he said coldly. "You'll find sad news when you reach your hotel."

That night Randolph Marshall called on the governor's daughter. Anne had heard about the exchange of shots between the two men. Her sympathies seemed all with Stallard, and Marshall was not blind to the situation.

"Can't you see that he is winning?" Anne asked, with that puzzling indefiniteness of manner that makes woman the eternal enigma.

"Yes, I can see that he is winning the legislature," Marshall answered, looking deep into the girl's unfathomable eyes. "Yes, he has beaten my bill. This weakens my chance to be the next senator. He is winning some of my following away."

"But I mean in the mountains," said Anne. "Isn't he winning——"

"No," interrupted Marshall almost fiercely. "His law-and-order plans have all gone to smash. The mountains are reeking with murder. The truce that he patched up to prove that the hill Billies could govern themselves has turned out as I said it would. It has proved that they can't govern themselves. They are shooting and stabbing and clubbing each other to death like a pack of locoed wolves that have turned and are eating each other."

"I can't believe it," said Anne. "Did the Stallards break the truce?"

"If you don't believe me, what is the use of my answering your questions?" said Marshall rudely. "But I tell you the truth. The Stallards didn't break the truce. It was the Keatons. And the first man they killed was Boone Stallard's cousin, Jake, the boy that takes care of Boone's old mother. This shows how little they are afraid of Boone. The killing has spread like sneezes from a pepper shaker. Thirty dead bodies was the latest count, and most of them Stallards, shot from ambush. The Keatons have now gathered in the open, an army of them, and they have seized Stallardville and have asked the governor to send them a cannon. You can ask your father about it. There are two kinds of law and order in the mountains, and both kinds are bloody murder."

"Where is Boone—Mr. Stallard?" faltered the girl.

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May Allison will appear in "Kissed," which Arthur Somers Roche, well-known vendor of popular fiction, was inspired to write when he first met her.

Custer's last fight is one of the thrilling events of frontier times, reproduced in Marshall Neilan's mammoth production of "Bob Hampton of Place," in which Wesley Barry, Marjorie Daw, James Kirkwood, and Pat O'Malley appear.

Elise Ferguson wears the most exquisite gowns of her screen career thus far in "Sacred and Profane Love," the Arnold Bennett play in which she appeared on Broadway last season, and which is being made into a picture play.

When Bebe Daniels finished the last scene of "Ducks and Drakes," a Real- art production, she went to Dallas, Texas, for a two-weeks' vacation before starting work with the all-star cast of "The Affairs of Anatol."

Viola Dana will appear as a hometown girl in "Home Stuff," a story written especially for her. Advance notices do not explain whether or not the particular small town where this story is laid was accustomed to one-piece bathing suits.

Nazimova bought the screen rights to "Aphrodite," which Dorothy Dalton played on the stage, but before she could get her production under way, "Aphrodites" almost without number threatened to rush on the screen. Morris Gest, who made the production on the stage, said that he would produce a screen version, the Mayflower company rented three studios and started to rush the massive scenes of their "Aphrodite" to completion, and meanwhile a canny gentleman skipped over to Europe and bought a film version of "Aphrodite" played by Georgette de Blanc, the former wife of Maurice Maeterlinck. Each of these producers claims to own the copyright of the name "Aphrodite," but since the lady was the heroine of a well-known legend, it is doubtful if any of their claims will hold. If all of these are released, they will certainly bolster up Grace Kingsley's predictions of a nude new year.

Stars may weep that they cannot have Wallace Reid or Antonio Moreno or Richard Barthelmess for a leading man, but it was another male star who haunted Katherine MacDonald's dreams. She couldn't be happy until he abandoned his starring contract long enough to appear in one of her pictures. Sounds romantic, doesn't it? The gentleman's name is Wesley Barry, well known as the freckle champion.

After his appearance as "The Devil" in motion pictures, George Arliss will present "Disraeli," another of his famous stage characterizations.

A comprehensive research department has been installed at the Famous Players-Lasky studio at Long Island City, to supply directors with information about customs and scenes in foreign countries, or in ancient times. There, a director can find out, on hardly a moment's notice, in which country his star can appear most undressed without being unconventional, and less significant details such as the outline of a Scotch railroad station, or an Australian ranchman's hut. It is to be hoped that there is no law requiring Cecil De Mille to consult with this department. Why should Gloria Swanson be guided by history in selecting her costumes or coiffures?

Sylvia Bremer has decided to settle in Los Angeles and make all of her pictures there.

Edward Kimball, whose daughter—Clara Kimball Young—is still more famous than he is, plays Judge Priest in Irving Cobb's famous story, "Boys Will Be Boys." Will Rogers is the star.

Robert Z. Leonard, who is Mae Murray's director, as well as her husband, has an ingenious way of making the job of star and wife overlap. In "The Gilded Lily," Mae Murray had some scenes which were supposed to be very domestic. Director Leonard suggested darning socks as a convincing bit of realism. So the next day, all unsuspectingly, and the next, and several more, Mae Murray arrived with a bundle of her husband's socks and devotedly darned them all through the scenes.

Marguerite Clark's first starring vehicle to be produced by her own company is "Scrambled Wives," a Broadway success of the past season.

Jackie Coogan, the lovable little player discovered by Charlie Chaplin and featured with him in "The Kid," fractured his skull in an automobile accident recently. Work on "Peck's Bad Boy" ceased until word came from the hospital that Jackie was all sewed up and as good as ever. His director is willing to bet that he's even better, for while resting he thought of a lot of new stunts to do before the camera.

Three studios in the East were used during the filming of "Idols," as R. A. Walsh, the director, kept contriving bigger, and yet bigger, sets. Some of the scenes depict European sites of historical interest. The cast includes Miriam Cooper, Conway Tearle, Anna Q. Nilsson, and Henry Clive.

Beatrice Joy, who played in "Bunty Pulls the Strings," keeps every one in the Goldwyn studio scurrying to and fro to get out of her way since she took to roller skating from her dressing room to the set where she is working. Her next picture will be "The Water Lily."

Priscilla Dean's next Universal jewel production after "Outside the Law" will be "False Colors."

King Vidor is going to direct a picture called "Mothercraft," for the Federation of Women's Clubs of America. Before he has a chance to select some one else, we should like to nominate Helene Chadwick of the Goldwyn Company for the leading part. In "Mr. and Miserable Jones," a comedy by Rupert Hughes, she has three children—one of whom is the tiniest baby ever used in a motion picture. The baby was but ten days old at the beginning of her screen career. Helene Chadwick has had intensive training in the care of children throughout the filming of this picture. Eva Novak is appearing in "It's Never Too Late to Mend," by Helen Christine Bennett for Universal.

An organization of officers who led combat units in the Battle of the Marne in the Great War have started

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Sometimes They Tell the Truth

Colleen Moore does most of the time—but on one subject she allows herself just a little latitude.

By Celia Brynn

There were questions about a diamond ring that Colleen wore and which she swore was a birthday gift from her father. Questions of the same sort about a ring which I wore and which I averred my mother had given me; and more pertinent queries about a frat pin that Elizabeth displayed conspicuously just below the deep collar of her linen frock.

Not much of an interview, you’re thinking. Well, it really wasn’t; although I did find out some things about this diminutive person that I hadn’t known before.

I discovered her real name, for instance. It had never occurred to me that she hadn’t been born with the name she has carried to screen success, but “Kathleen Morrison” is the way she was set down on the christening records just nineteen years ago.

“My grandmother, who is as Irish as a field of shamrocks, has always called me ‘Colleen,’ and every one else did, too, so it seemed more like me than the other. Mr. Griffith changed my name from ‘Morrison’ to ‘Moore,’ and the combination seemed to work so well that I have used it ever since.”

Colleen thinks that her face is typically Irish—and maybe it would be if both of her eyes were blue to contrast with the glossy black of her hair. One eye started out to be a pure Irish blue, but the other one staged a Sinn Fein revolution and came out brown. The two photographs alike, so no harm is done, and it gives to Colleen’s countenance a piquancy entirely original and quite captivating.

“I played Irish girl parts for so long that I got to thinking I couldn’t do anything else,” she told me over chocolate and fruit salad. Elizabeth, by the way, was the only one who was having tea. She could not afford to gain an extra pound, she declared, but as Colleen and I were trying to get fat, we ordered chocolate with great gobs of whipped cream.

“But not so very long ago Sessue Hayakawa wanted me to do a Hindu girl in ‘The Devil’s Claim.’ I got away with it all right, and a couple of weeks ago Marshall Neilan said to me—you know he is going to star me under his direction—if you can do a Hindu part with that Irish muck face of yours, you can do a Chinese girl!—and I’m going to do it!” she finished triumphantly.

“You won’t bob your hair?” pleaded Elizabeth, plainly fearful of the length to which Colleen’s artistic ideas might carry her.

“Oh, no,” Colleen assured her. “I’m to wear a

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Straight from the Shoulder

House Peters says his say without any hemming or hawing, and what he says is well worth while.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

SOME one said he was making a picture for Colonel Selig, the same Selig who cumbused the modern serial by unfolding the famed adventures of Kathlyn Williams in the Edendale jungles. You remember, even if you are not very old. Well, at the Selig film foundry they said Mr. Peters had just finished the retakes on “Isabel,” and was probably over at the Tourneur works, whither he had been called to do “The Great Redeemer,” with little Marjorie Daw, loaned for the occasion by Marshall Neilan, At Universal City, where the Gaelic Maurice is leasing space for the nonce. I found the elusive Peters was “on location,” than which there could be nothing more vague. So for a few weeks I gave up my house hunting, and let the story ride.

The other day I learned that he was doing the male lead in Stewart Edward White’s “Leopard Woman” opposite Louise Glauum. Hopping a trolley for the rather remote regions known as Culver City—three studios and a drug store!—I knocked at the gates of the Ince studios, and had House Peters paged. An hour later found me on an African desert set, watching the object of my search prepare for a Sahara snoop, so to speak. Finally the Nubian slave extinguished the candle lighting his tent interior, the baby spotlight threw a fitful moonbeam on the Peters face, his eyes closed in sleep, and the director yelled, “Cut!” Then I met House himself.

Take one of the original Stuyvesants or Van der Poels of old New York, add the modern touch of tailoring, and more than a touch of that which makes men say, “He is a virile-looking chap,” and women murmur, “Isn’t he handsome!” and you will have House Peters fairly well in mind. He was born in Australia. His speech gives one a faint suggestion of England; not the drawling, handkerchief-up-the-sleeve sort of Englishman that is so common to Hollywood, but rather the poised, reticent Briton. Overcasting this suggestion, however, there is a distinct American manner—brusque, plain-spoken, straightforward, with an occasional touch of sardonic humor.

His ambition at this particular moment is to have his own company, producing “good stories with good casts.” He is dead set against the modern way of a manager with a maid—if the maid happens to be a star.

“The danger lying in the star system,” he said, “is this: many stars are drawing cards with personality and a winsome smile, but they are not artists. Consequently it would be disastrous to surround them with capable actors. The result: poor pictures. When I have my own company, if I have my own company,” here he grinned broadly, “I’ll let no one but real actors and actresses play with me. If they’re good enough

to ‘take a scene away from me,’ let them, and more power to ‘em!”

“Another thing my company will have is a young, modest director, not one of these highly bill-boarded wonder workers, who attempts to play every role in the picture for each actor. After all, does it seem plausible to have a man who is getting five hundred a week explain to one who is getting a thousand how he should play a part? I can’t see how. That’s why I’m supposed to be so hard to direct—so difficult to ‘get along with.’ It’s because I will not have the old chest and light another cigarette to show how perturbed I am! Nothing stirring.” He waved his hands in disgust. “The sooner your director will subordinate himself to the business of technicalities, the sooner this art of picture-making will move forward. Henry Miller would make an ideal director. He realizes that the actor has brains occasionally. He won’t engage them if they haven’t. And he gets his results. Look at ‘The Famous Mrs. Fair’ and the rest of his successes. As an actor he best appreciates the actor’s viewpoint when he is directing the production of a play.

“Outside of Cecil De Mille and Griffith, what active directors are there whose work really counts with the audience? What director draws people into the theater

Continued on page 90
Concerning

There's a lot to be learned from the screen, for every star expert explains, in this article, some of the most interesting

By Mary

DOROTHY GISH tripped along behind the hairdresser, past rows of white-curtained booths, peeking into all of them whose curtains were even slightly apart. At the end one she paused and looked intently at the woman inside on whose head rose hundreds of little white tubes, like a gigantic octopus. The woman looked like the victim of some heathen torture, except that she seemed to be submitting gladly to the trim young woman who was winding even more of the little white tubes into the few wisps of hair that remained visible.

"She's getting a permanent wave," Dorothy whispered in a horrified undertone. "And I'm scared to death that she's getting the wrong kind for her. Her face is so slender and delicately modeled—oh, do you suppose I could stop and ask her if she's getting nice, deep waves that will fall over her ears gracefully? She may be having it done in little fluffy curls. That would be awful."

"Come on, Miss Dorothy, and have your shampoo," the attendant pleaded. "If she doesn't know enough to look her best, I guess you can't help her."

"But I can," Dorothy insisted. "If that woman did her hair right she'd be a beauty. But with hair all fluffed out—ugh!" But she yielded to the persuasive tug at her arm and disappeared into one of the booths.
Coiffures

has made a thorough study of the subject; and a beauty points, which you can bear in mind, for your own guidance.

Stuart

I strongly suspect that later on Dorothy persuaded her attendant to go in and tell the woman how she ought to do her hair. And if it had been almost any of the other prominent motion-picture stars, and you had been the girl who was getting her hair waved, they would have been tempted to the same kindly act. For if there is anything more essential to your looks than the way you do your hair—well, none of the big stars have found it out. And a woman who might be

beautiful if she only knew how appeals to them somewhat as the unassembled parts of an automobile appeal to a good mechanic. They want you to make the most of your beauty, just as they do. And although they may not have a chance to tell you individually how to do it, they are telling you every day on the screen.

Take Elsie Ferguson, for instance. You have noticed, haven't you, that she doesn't change the way she dresses her hair with every passing fashion? She knows what is right for her and she sticks to it. If you have small, patrician features, there is no better way to accentuate them than to copy this simple graceful coiffure.

Such regular features as hers are rare, though, and the girl who has even one feature as perfect as any of hers can count herself favored of the gods. By dressing her hair so as to emphasize her best feature, defects in the rest will not be noticeable.

Continued on page 90
A Self-made Westerner

By J. B. Waye

"I could ride to Universal City from there, too—Pete, my big chestnut hunter, and I used to make the trip together. But I sold that place and came to the San Francisquito Cañon; this is my real home, for good and all."

But as we rode over the broad acres I couldn't help remembering a Harry Carey who wasn't a cowboy; a chap who didn't care for studying law and living up to his position as son of a judge of New York State's supreme court, and who took to writing plays and putting them on himself, when nobody else would do it. "Montana" was one of those early productions, a successful one, too.

After that the pictures called him, and he went to Biograph, becoming the screen's first gentleman villain. And for the last four years he's been riding the range for Universal, a self-made Westerner, if there ever was one.

"So you've got everything you want?" I asked, as we went back to the ranch house. "Just about," he said, with a grin.

Harry Carey dropped an armful of dogs and pointed toward the far horizon.

"My land runs all the way over there—and if you've got time I'll show you the herd of cattle I've got grazing on some of it—just the kind of herd I've always wanted. In fact, this whole place just suits me."

"But you took to ranching some time ago," I reminded him.

"Oh, yes, at Newhall. That was a great place; as soon as I'd finished a picture I'd hike for home, get a bunch of cowboys together, and go off on a hunting trip in the San Bernardino and the Sierra Nevada range. Mountain lion, deer, scores of quail—it was good hunting, all right.
know lots of girls whose mothers would be perfectly happy if their daughters would dress as simply and sensibly as Lillian Gish did.

It was just a few minutes walk to the Claridge, which is the hotel where theatrical people congregate. I didn’t wonder that they like to stay there. Really, it is sumptuous. Thick, soft carpets, glittering chandeliers, an atmosphere that is quiet and luxurious, in spite of the fact that so many people are sauntering about. There were so many beautiful women, so many men, who might have fitted into a picture, most expected to hear a camera clicking. It is a grand, pretentious sort of place, yet Mr. Storm, who lives there when he is in New York, said to the head waiter, “I want that little corner,” and immediately we were installed in such a cozy spot that I felt perfectly at home. Just outside the windows Broadway roared—the clang of street cars, the honking of automobile horns, the shouting of newsboys, with the traffic policeman’s shrill whistle piercing them all, makes a sound that you can never forget.

Cushioned seats are built in around the sides of the dining room, which at first seems like sort of a funny thing—I mean, to be at a table and not have to sit up straight in a chair. I wish that they built dining rooms in homes that way—it is much more comfortable than stiff chairs. I felt just as if I were in a play—sort of lounging there in that great black-and-gold room, with music floating down from a balcony, and lovely Lillian Gish sitting there beside me.

And she is lovely. That word was made for her. Her skin is very white, her eyes are a wonderful, deep blue, and her hair the same pure blond that you’d imagine it to be. She looks very fragile and delicate—almost too good to be true. Yet when she shakes hands with you she takes hold of your hand so firmly, and she speaks rather briskly, definitely, as if she knew exactly what she wanted to say and why she wanted to say it. There’s nothing hazy or dreamlike about her, though she’s so ethereal on the screen.

I wish you could have heard her talk with Mr. Storm. He is directing her first starring picture, “World Shadows,” you know. He looks just like a successful business man; I mean, not the way the fans usually think movie people do. He is awfully interesting, and I imagine is lots of fun to know. Mr. Howe called him “Jerry,” but Miss Gish called him “Mr. Storm,” and she spoke of “Mr. Griffith” and “Mr. Fairbanks”—no familiarity at all with people you’d expect her to talk about the way the fans do, who’ve never seen them. To hear her say “Mary and Mr. Fairbanks” sounded so funny.

Then she and Mr. Storm started talking about directing pictures, and he gave her lots of advice that would help her if she ever directed another. My, the way they carelessly mentioned thousands for this and thousands for that just made my head spin.

Even though the conversation was so interesting, I found time to watch two girls who sat at a neighboring table. They looked just as you’d expect the girls in a big metropolitan hotel to—very smartly dressed, with lots of make-up on, and smoking cigarettes with such a blase, sophisticated air. I’d always imagined that motion-picture stars were like that, but, judging by those I’ve met, I’ve changed my mind.

Miss Gish had with her a little round basket with a cover and a handle, which, she explained, was for all the papers and things she has to carry about with her. “Dorothy brought me this beautiful thing from Paris,” she said, showing me the prettiest beaded purse I ever saw, “but it’s so small that it would never hold all these things.” And she showed me the important-looking documents that were in her basket.

Now, what impressed me was this: She could have bought a beautiful big leather case for those papers, or, if she wanted a basket, she could have had the prettiest one in New York. Instead of that, she had a basket that any one could have had; nothing at all pretentious or expensive. That’s exactly like her, it seems to me—just to do the natural thing in the very simplest way, instead of spending a lot of money and trying to have everything she does effective.

Lillian Gish simply worships Dorothy; to hear her talk you’d think she herself didn’t amount to anything much, and Dorothy was the most wonderful person in the world.

“She’s just gone back home to Ohio, to the town where we were brought up—Massillon,” she said. “Can’t you imagine her in all her Paris clothes in a town of less than twenty thousand inhabitants? Oh, but it’s such fun to go back there, where you know every one you meet on the street!”

“I see by the papers that Dorothy’s engaged,” laughed Mr. Storm. “Oh, wasn’t that terrible? I don’t see who circulates those rumors. Dorothy called me up awfully early this morning, simply wild, to know if I’d seen the report. ‘It’s in the morning papers, and it sounds so official—they’ll have me married by the time they get out the evening editions,’” she said, and she was just about crying. Lillian paused to laugh about it, too. “She seems to think that if the papers said it, it would be true.”

I asked her about “Way Down East,” especially the rescue scene on the ice, and she laughed.

“I still get excited about that,” she said. “I often go to the theater, to see how the audiences take my work, but when it comes to that part I find that I forget all about the audience and just watch the screen.”

“Afraid that some time Dick Barthelmess won’t get there in time and rescue you?” asked Mr. Storm, laughing.

“Just about,” she answered. “And oh, you should have seen my mother the first time she saw that part of the picture—she hadn’t known it was so exciting, and—well, next time I go on location she’ll probably insist on going right along!”

Well, I certainly didn’t blame her mother for feeling that way.

It was getting late by that time, and she had to go back to the office with Mr. Storm to see about some business matters, so we went out to the sidewalk and then said good-by. I felt like Cinderella leaving the ball. And yet, somehow, Lillian Gish had been so friendly that I felt that always, after this, when I see her on the screen I’ll feel as if we had had a visit together.

To be Continued.
The expressionists are much more radical than Urban. Yet they do not scramble with the Cubists. Particularly effective is the manner in which they project perspective. Not only does their perspective extend into the background, evolving by massed shadows and splotches of light a vista flowing away from the eye, but it projects from the screen in such a way as virtually to incorporate the

of Sardou's 'Theodora,' with Rita Jolivet in the titular role. We already are acquainted with Mlle. Jolivet, a French actress, through her work in American pictures of a few years ago and by her sensational rescue from the sinking Lusitania, from which she conveyed the final words of Charles Frohman.

While these photo dramas are superb, spectacular, and endowed with good histrionism, they are rather burly of movement. With careful editing in the way of titles and cutting they no doubt will be successful here.

If we fancy that all Europe is sedulously in attendance upon American favor because of our wealth, we have something to learn. Italian producers manifest the most amazing disdain for commercialism. They simply ignore the American dollar, even though it is worth a bucket of fires. Their indifference leaves the American flabbergasted.

Richard Rowland, president of Metro, made an advance payment on a contract for all Italian films starring Francesca Bertini. The Italians accepted the coin, but to date have ignored the incidental trifle pertaining to their part of the bargain—namely, the delivery of the films. Rather than tangle in litigation with persons of such peculiar commercial temperament, Mr. Rowland long ago ceased to consider his payment as anything more than a friendly donation. So heroically has he striven to delete the transaction from his memory that the very words 'Bertini' and 'Italian film' elicit a deprecating groan. According to the terms of the Metro contract Signorina Bertini is due to arrive in this country next year to star in Metro pictures. If the lady will accept the obsequious offer of some fifty times what she is making in Italy, she probably will appear in a production of a D'Annunzio story. Arrangements also have been made for the appearance with her in the same picture of the aviator-dictator of Fiume. But I have a hunch that our prohibition of liquor is going to act as a prohibition for a lot of European genius.

Mr. Rowland is not the only gentleman who has been baffled by the insouciance of our Italian comrades. The Luporini brothers, themselves Italian of birth, but Americans of business methods, have been nonplussed in their attempts to import "The Sack of Rome" and "Theodora." Recognized as the leading

Francesca Bertini is considered the greatest actress of Italy and one of the greatest on the continent.
Italian exporters and importers established in New York, the Luporini was sought for obtaining the American rights to these works of Italian filmcraft. Fifty thousand dollars was the price originally asked for “Theodora,” I believe. This steadily mounted with each cablegram from Italy until finally it hit three hundred thousand dollars. The Americans negotiating for the film agreed to the price, conditional to the acceptance of the print, and called the Italians to send over the film. The reply was to the effect, “If you want to see it come over and look at it.” This knocked the wind out of the patient American capitalists. Nevertheless, the Luporini brothers doubtlessly will succeed in gaining for our perusal these masterpieces, which fortunately deal with ancient times, else would be an ated by the time they reached us.

In recounting with much amusement this episode to a Frenchman, I happened on to an interesting impression of Americans as held by Europeans. And the national ego got another puncture.

“I am not surprised,” said my French friend, when I told him of the Italian ultimatum. “American business methods have not always been satisfactory to Europeans.”

I previously had inquired of the same gentleman as to how the French feel toward the Germans and German products. He said:

“The French, I think, are indifferent toward the Germans.”

“And toward the Americans, do they feel the same?” I queried, expecting in reply a kiss on each of the nation’s cheeks.

“Oh, no,” said he, “We distrust the Americans.”

He explained that representatives of American mercantile firms had in the past visited Paris with samples of excellent goods. Large orders were placed. When the goods arrived they were not at all the quality of the samples.

“We may not like the Germans,” he observed, “but they are to be trusted in business.”

I might have raised some objection had I not suddenly recalled the parting words of the Moroccans as our A. E. F. transport shoved off from Tangiers on the way home from France. We khaki heroes had pilfered the baskets of the Morrocan peddlars, had put over cigar coupons marked “26” as twenty-dollar bills, and finally had turned the ship’s hose upon their rowboats full of goods.

In response to our departing shrieks of hilarity, the dripping, pilfered gentlemen, robbed of even their fezes, shook their fists and screamed, “You Americans dam thieves!”

Thus honorable gentlemen of American business have to contend with the reputations strewed around by some of our renegades. But it seems to me that a foreign firm has no excuse for temerity toward such a company as Metro. At least they might satisfy themselves with a little investigation.

Signorina Bertini is considered the greatest actress of Italy, if not of Europe. Other Italian favorites are Pina Menichelli, Maria Jacobini, Maciste of “Cabria” fame, and Itala Almirante Menzini. I hate to think what will happen to these illustrious names when the American distributors finish with them. Our exhibitors are too considerate of their electricians and billboard artists, as well as their patrons, to hand them anything like Itala Almirante Menzini.

Ida Rubenstein, who stars in “The Sack of Rome,” is not counted a film regular. She was famous as a dancer in Paris when the versatile Gabriele D’Amunzio, running low on publicity copy, came along and dubbed her world empress of beauty. Whether that led to Ida’s appearance in Gabriele’s drama or whether her appearance in the drama led to the declaration I do not know. Anyway how she runs the choreographic scale with distinction on the screen and does very well, I’m told, with the histrionic.

FRANCE, ENGLAND, AND SWEDEN.

Crossing the sponge sea from Italy to France we find the lovely côte d’azur quite free of camera traffic. I fail to understand the cinema’s immaturity in a land where fine art comes to efflorescence in the more exquisite shades.

Only a few yards from the Casino on the promenade at Monte Carlo I met Charlie Chaplin postered out in stick and derby. The French call him Charlot and regard him affectionately, as they do most of our sheensters. When ten thousand of us struggled under packs and helmets up the streets of Brest, back in those martian days, one of the fellows yelled out, “Oh, pipe Louise!” There on the billboard Louise Glau in flaming devil gown smiled welcome. She was scheduled to appear that night in Brest in Le Loup Feme—her famous “Wolf Woman.” When we arrived in Langres, behind whose walls and drawbridges Cesar used to hang out, we encountered Charles Ray and Pearl White. A lively man’s elle gave a delightful imitation of the Ray gaucheries while serving us le vin rouge at a little café. Our Charles certainly is in bon bon with the French. All whom I encountered seemed quite frankly partial to the American cinema. And I wonder not. I was lured to a Langres theater by an old Vitagraph picture starring Antonio Moreno. The feature was preluded by a French film of three reels all about the adventures of a little dog—a poodle who would have fared badly in histrionic competition with our Teddy Sednett, Bobby Moreno, or Whiskers Ray. Before his rambles finished I was hoping that the thing would turn out tragic, with the pup running into a sausage grinder. While the French seemed well entertained by the dog drama, they saved their real enthusiasm for the dare-devil Tony.

I still have faith in the French cinema. Heavily shadowed by war, bled white of manhood, the country will be slow to catch up, however, with the more fortunate nations. Madam Dulac, a French producer recently visited America to study our methods. She hoped to secure some male players, for the war has robbed France of cinema man power. A number of English companies have taken advantage of the rare scenic backgrounds about Paris and along the Riviera. If Americans would be heartily welcomed, Douglas Fairbanks plans to do “The Three Musketeers” in Paris, while Mary will do “Little Lord Fauntleroy” abroad. The Prince of Monaco extended an invitation to Katherine MacDonald and her company to film “Passion’s Playground” in the actual locale of Monte Carlo. He offered to pay the expenses of the entire company from Paris to his principality and to entertain them while there. Miss MacDonald found it impossible to make the trip at that time, but she expects later to take advantage of the standing invitation.

Sweden is the only other country of the continent which is doing much production. Winifred Westover recently arrived in a Swedish picture, and Anna Q. Nilsson, also of Swedish birth, has been invited to visit the fatherland for a picture engagement. Lars Hansen, a star of the Swedish constellation, may be added to the European counterparts of American stars. Lesly Mason designates him “the Charles Ray of Sweden,” and considers him the best male bet of Europe so far as American popularity is concerned. The most popular of the Swedish feminine stars, according to Mr. Mason, are Tora Teje and Karin Molander. Mary Johnson, I’ve been told, is also...
When Good Fellows Get Together

By J. B. Waye

HAROLD LLOYD thinks that Douglas MacLean is so funny that he'd make a whale of a director for him if MacLean weren't busy with stuff of his own. And Douglas MacLean laughs himself sick at Harold Lloyd's pictures, wishing meanwhile that he might have him for a director. So they tried it one day, and you don't know how near you came to never seeing either of them on the screen—or anywhere else—again.

"Why not put a little pep into that scene by doing a fall and looking dazed?" asked Lloyd. "You know—just flop. Like this."

MacLean acted on the suggestion. Two friends picked him up, others ran for water, his wife, and the strongest home brew in the neighborhood.

NOW you cling to this ledge by your fingers," said MacLean to Lloyd, as they stood on the coping pictured above, "until the burglar appears at the window and says 'Hands up!' And then you put your hands up, and are dashed to death on the pavement hundreds of feet below. It will be a scream."

"Yes," Lloyd admitted thoughtfully, "my last."

So their first venture directing each other was also their last. Here they are, safe and sound, and the best of friends, because they didn't follow each other's suggestions.

But if any one ever consults either Lloyd or MacLean on new comedy tricks they'll just refer you to the other one.
“IT’S FREEMAN’S” in Milady’s Boudoir

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THE ORACLE
Questions and Answers about the Screen

DOROTHY DALTON FAN.—You see, perseverance finally wins out. Here you are at the top of The Oracle department at last. Dorothy Dalton is not married. She was born in Chicago, Illinois, on September 22, 1893. Is that last threat a promise? I hope so.

dot BARNETT.—So your friend said mean things about Ethel Clayton, did he? Well, confidentially, I think that he was jealous because you were going to send her a box of your good, homemade candy. Perhaps he thought you would send it to him instead. Ethel is really a sweet, charming girl—worthy of all the lovely things you thought about her.

HELENE R. M.—Thanks for your very enjoyable letter. But you forgot to ask any questions, so I can’t give you any answers. Better luck next time.

ELIZABETH B.—You are hard on the married men I should say. Maybe they aren’t so much to blame. Why don’t you ask one of them? Art Accord was born in Stillwater, Oklahoma, in 1890.

Bobby P. A. O. H.—Seena Owen has been appearing recently in Fox productions. She has just been signed up by Cosmopolitan to star in one or more of their productions. She is married to George Hush, and they have one child. Her correct name is Signe Auen, but she changed the spelling of it so the fans could pronounce it. She was born in Spokane, Washington. She is a blonde. Olive Thomas died in Paris as a result of accidental poisoning.

FAN OF THE SWEETEST GIRL IN THE WORLD—SHIRLEY MASON.—If your title had been any longer, we would not have been able to get all of it in The Oracle department. Your favorite first saw the light of day in Brooklyn, New York, in 1901. She is five feet tall and weighs ninety-four pounds. She chums with her sister, Viola Dana. Leonie Flanagan is Shirley’s correct name. She is the wife of Bernie Burnham, the actor, who is now directing his first picture for Fox. Shirley is still being starred in Fox productions. She lives in Hollywood, California. Her latest picture is called “Girl of My Heart.” It was adapted from the novel “Joan of Rainbow Springs.” Clara Kimball Young is to continue making features for her own company. I have two special favorites. Yes, I liked the “Walk-Offs” very much. Constance Talmadge’s birthday is April 10th.

M. W. ADMIRER.—It is always best to incline a quarter with your request. You are then sure of getting a photograph that is worth a nice frame. Marie Walsh camp and Kathleen O’Connor are not related. Marie has deserted the screen for the time being and is playing the ingenue with Maude Fulton in her stage play, “The Humming Bird.” Mary Pickford has released “Suds” and completed one picture since her trip abroad.

EMEER, FRISCO.—Thelma Percy is a younger sister of Eileen Percy. She is still very much in her teens.

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.

Lucille K.—Elaine Hammerstein and Alice Lake are not related. Jane Novak is not William S. Hart’s wife. Bill doesn’t possess a better half. Jane Novak was married to Frank Newburgh. She has a little baby girl. Mary Miles Minter’s correct name is Juliet Shelby.

A FAN CALLED FANNY.—Pearl White is making features for Fox. “Tiger’s Cub” is her latest release. Write to the editor of Picture-Play and inclose six cents in stamps for a copy of the Market Booklet, which contains the names and addresses of all the film companies with the type of stories they are in the market for. Dorothy Dalton and Lew Cody are divorced. Margarette Cortot was born on August 29, 1897. George B. Seitz is producing serials for Pathé. He doesn’t play in all of those he produces. His latest two are called “Pirate Gold” and “Velvet Fingers.” “The Phantom Foo,” with Juanita Hansen, was produced by his company.

MAY F.—I can’t help you to become a motion-picture actress. Fourteen is pretty young to make up your mind to leave school and become a star. You have to start at the bottom, you know—not at the top. I quite agree with your parents. Mary Pickford has been in motion pictures since 1908, when she made her first appearance on the screen for the Biograph Company. She has starred for a picture called “The New Hat,” produced by D. W. Griffith, with Mack Sennett playing Mary’s husband in the film. New York and California have about ninety per cent of the companies.

FRANCIS N.—Tom Mix was about everything a cow-puncher can be before he went into pictures. He was a member of the Rough Riders during the Spanish-American War. That is his correct name. “Tony” is the name of his horse.

GEORGES CARPENTIER ADMIRER.—“The Wonder Man” was the picture Georges made during his first visit to America. He has returned to France the second time now, but will more than likely see his smiling face on these shores again in the near future. You might write and see. I think he won’t be making any more pictures for a while at least.

BROWN EYES.—I just have to be jolly with all the nice letters I get. How can you blame me? Gloria Swanson’s latest picture is called “Something to Think About.” She has a baby daughter, Gloria, Jr., born the seventh of October, 1920. Yes, very. Norma Talmadge is the wife of Joseph Schenck, who produces her pictures for the First National, and also those of her sister, Constance. Katherine MacDonald’s latest film is “Curtain.”

THE FLORIDIAN.—Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver in 1883. Roscoe Arbuckle was born in Kansas, 1887. Theda Bara was born in St. Louis, Ohio, in 1898. Louise Fazenda was born in Lafayette, Indiana, in 1895. Bessie Barriscale was born in New York. Tsuru Aoki was born in Tokyo, Japan, in 1892. Mary Pickford arrived on this earth at Toronto, Canada, in 1893. ZaSu Pitts appears on the birth records of Parsons, Kansas, with the date 1888. Terre Haute is Valeska Suratt’s home town, while Russia claims the birthplace of Nazimova. Valeska is not on the screen at the present time, but is combining her efforts to her vaudeville act. She made features for Fox several years ago, and then retired from the screen. No, Dorothy Dalton is no relation. Jack is twenty-six years young.

(Continued on page 103)
NOTE: The object of this advertisement is to have you send for YOUR FREE COPY of the Hamilton low-price Catalog for Spring!

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From a Rancher: "Have been a barber for 30 years and never saw anything as good as Clear-Tone. Am I glad I know about it." (Otto Van, Hurin, Kansas City, Mo.)

From a Mathematician: "I am obliged to be in public work, and my complexion was a great embarrassment. Clear-Tone improved me greatly. Recommend it." (C. H. Lindsay, Ashland, Ohio.)

From a Student: "I cannot say enough for all the good it has done me. One bottle has cleared my face completely." (R. E. Ford, Young Men's Hour, St. Louis, N. Y.)

From a Soldier: "It certainly is wonderful. "Louis Langer, Troop B, Cavalry, Ft. Ethan Allen, Vt." (E. C. Godowsky's story, 'The Bronze Bell.')

From a Chemistry Student: "Has cleared my skin completely. I was so ashamed of my complexion that I could not look in the mirror." (R. H. Wilson, Pearson, Ga.)

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**Advertising Section**

**Straight from the Shoulder**

Continued from page 71

by virtue of his own name, unaided by stars? I claim that the public wants to see Flossie Fewclothes or Bulver Biffen, not how Morris Megaphone turned out the picture. Ask any fan what he or she goes to see, and list to the tale you will get. I appreciate the vast importance of good direction, but I maintain that the player remains the most important feature of the photo play. Of course, a good story is another essential. But without an efficient cast, neither De Mille nor D. W. himself could turn out big drama."

For the past year, House Peters has deserted thegetatious drama to attend to his business interests back in Australia. Previous to that he performed, in a celluloid way, for Famous Players, Triangle, Lubin, Brentwood, and Lasky.

"The first thing I ever did for the pictures was with Mary Pickford. 'In the Bishop's Carriage' was the play," he said. "The best thing I have contributed was, 'The Great Divide,' with Ethel Clayton, in which I believe I established something of a precedent by wearing a real beard. And what I would call my favorite role was the scrapping villain in 'Between Men,' for Triangle. Don't mention this 'Great Redeemer' thing, though! That was—well, don't see it!"

You will not find many actors advising you to stay away from their current exhibits. It was rather typical of the frankness and independence of the Peters temperament, however. He has a wife and a son and an automobile and a hunting dog and an amiable disposition. And after the "Leopard Woman," he said, he has contracted to lend his screen appearance to a Thomas H. Ince special, from the Louis Joseph Vance novel, "The Bronze Bell." Recent pictures are "Isabel," the James Oliver Curwood story, in which he was supported notably by Jane Novak, and the already mentioned Tourneur opus, which, it is only fair to note, Maurice himself had no hand in directing.

But it is when House Peters has his own company that the fur will begin to fly.

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**Concerning Coiffure**

Continued from page 73

If your nose is small and perfect, you should pull your hair down over your forehead so as to call attention to it. Agnes Ayres does it, though, of course, she doesn't have to, since she could as well emphasize the beauty of her eyes. And speaking of eyes, would you notice nearly so soon how long and languorous and almond-shaped Dagmar Godovsky's are, if she didn't wear her hair ripples down flat against her head, with two dips acting as exclamation points before and after them?

It sounds absurdly simple, but this theory is like a serial, the farther you go into it, the more involved it gets. You can't stop when you have found that an angular face must have a soft and simple coiffure and a fat face a precise one. That is just the A B C of it—and to really be successful you have to go all through the grammar of beauty, until you have a head and good voice. You can't dress your hair just to fit your features; you'll have to do it to correspond with your mental type as well.

There's the girl whose very dash and sparkle suggests constant activity. She is like a rippling, caroling stream in the mountains. Can you imagine her with straight hair, brushed simply back and looped into a loose knot at her neck? Not if you have seen Anita Stewart! Her hair sparkles and cascades. It twines into unexpected curls in the most bewildering way, and looks just like Anita does—unpremeditated. It frames her face in piquant angles, where soft, flowing lines would have detracted from her unceasing vitality. It is no wonder that people yearn for more close-ups in her pictures.

But the passive type is interesting, too. Just listen to the crowds any time at an Alma Rubens picture. She has the rarest thing in motion pictures—straight hair, and yet it is as eloquent in its way as Anita Stewart's. Alma Rubens' features are soft and indeterminate, and her expression is mysterious. If she curled her hair, or pinned it primly into a net, she would look incongruous. Instead she lets it fall simply and naturally about her face, providing a frame that is like the dark oval around a painting that is so fine in itself that nothing should be allowed to detract from it.

But perhaps you can't find a type on the screen to be your guide. You may be decidedly pretty, but not unusual looking. If you are, there's a coiffure for you that is as reliable as the simple blue serge that suits all
occasions. May Allison illustrates it for you. Fluffy hair, allowed to puff out at the sides, and coiled simply in back, is nothing prettier for the girl who has many good points, but no striking ones.

As for Dorothy Gish, when she comes out of that white-paned booth, her light-brown hair is softly outlining her features. But on the screen where she wants to accentuate the perfect regularity of her features and acquire an air of insouciance, she wears the bobbed wig that all fans know so well.

Directed by Friend Husband
Continued from page 59

A horn was honking out in front, thus announcing that the studio car was at the door and that the interview was over.

Eileen was going to tell me about some fan letters she had received from Sweden, where they imagine her on account of her blondness to be a Scandinavian, and she started to walk down the steps with me, but Friend Husband caught her hand.

"Don't stand outside in the cold, Eileen, dear," he reproved her.

She said, "Yes, dear," like a model housewife, and they went inside and shut the door.

Having seen all of which and having been duly impressed by it, I am sure that the fair Percy won't mind my calling this story "Directed by Friend Husband."

The Agate Girl
Continued from page 60

The stage. He looked at me with a twinkle in his eye and said perhaps even that wouldn't keep me from making a success in pictures, and offered me fifteen dollars a week to become a leading lady! But really, it wasn't the idea of being leading lady as much as the fifteen dollars a week that made me accept. That was five years ago, and I've worked steadily ever since.

It was more than time to go. Everyone else had left Marcell's, and I suggested that if we stayed much longer they'd be charging us for rent.

Helen looked at her watch and gave an exclamation of surprise. "I had no idea it was so late," she said. "I have a lot of shopping to do this afternoon, and then I have to hurry home and go to a taffy-pull party this evening."

A taffy-pull! Maybe the man who wrote about "the girl around the corner" was right, after all. But just the same, Helen Eddy to me will always be "The Agate Girl."

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A CLEAR, radiant, youthful complexion, what else but health can produce it? Health is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness. The texture of your skin, the brightness of your eyes and the sheen and lustre of your hair, all depend upon your physical well-being. Truly, the fastidious woman watches her health. She is careful to see that her bodily organs function properly, particularly those organs that eliminate waste from the body. If these do not act regularly and thoroughly, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood and carried to every body cell. These poisons are the most common cause of unattractiveness. Facial blemishes, muddy skin and sallowness are all traceable to them.

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Adventures in Emotion

Continued from page 23

Drug addict, she had managed to play "Madame X" so convincingly, she laughed.

"I don't know," she said frankly. "The day we made the scenes where I drank absinth and ether in the room at the inn, I came on the set in a sort of a daze. We had been working all the night before, and I was utterly and completely exhausted. I remember that my director, Frank Lloyd, looked at me rather queerly when he asked if I was ready to make the scene and I heard my own voice as from a great distance saying, 'Yes, I guess so.' I don't think there was any rehearsal—at least I can't remember any. I sat down at the table, and to this day I can't tell you what I did. My one thought was, 'I mustn't make it repulsive.' But outside of that everything was a blank. And the huge joke of it was," she laid her hand on my arm and laughed at the remembrance, "the ether they had me drinking was lemon juice and sugar; and when I finished off that bottle, I was absolutely dopey! Talk about the power of suggestion——"

Perhaps by the foregoing I may have given the impression that when Pauline Frederick is at work on such a morbid characterization as that of "Madame X," it affects her even when away from the camera; but that is not the case. I saw some of the courtroom scenes in the making, and while the cameras were being put in position and the lights arranged Pauline was chaffing the director, the carpenters, and the musicians.

"Ready for the legless drama," she called out when Director Lloyd was about to take a close-up of her. But when the lights flashed on the laugh-ter died instantly from her eyes, her face became a tragic mask, and she drooped like a creature stricken to death. The tension was so great that even the blasé carpenters felt it, and I heard one of them behind me breathing heavily.

"She's what I call an actress," he burst out. "She is by——" And I hardly noticed that he ended with an oath, for the expletive was so plainly only a symbol of the intensity which he was striving to give to his tribute to Miss Frederick.

Luncheon over we walked back to the studio together, and I asked what her plans were for the future.

"When I finish my contract with Robertson-Cole I'm going to produce pictures," she said. "Perhaps I'll act in them, too; and a lot of them are going to be costume pictures. I am going to stick a pin in the silly theory that costume features won't make money. To my mind the costume picture is one great aid to emotional acting. I am absolutely happy in a costume, whether it is rags or ermine. I want to do Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall,'" I won't play Rosalind and Portia——but they won't let me. I ask you," she turned on me with the directness which is characteristic of her, "how do you suppose any one can express emotion in a gown that comes almost to the knee? It can't be done!"

However, in Pauline Frederick's case, I am inclined to think it could be done. For she has that divine something, that much misused something, called temperament. In her case, it is the genuine article because she herself is genuine. So, after all, perhaps that is the big secret of her success. And like most secrets it is worth a fortune to her—and not the slightest bit unnecessary.

Shopping for Human Beings

Continued from page 57

Who was such a perfect double of the Englishman that not one fan has yet suspected two different men appeared in the part? Every director does his shopping for casts in a different manner. It is conceded that the man who has whims has ideas, and he is given a clear field without interference.

Some parts are so very unusual that the director must advertise his need very widely in order to get adequate results. One company which produced a Lincoln play was much concerned over the casting of the leading role. A Sunday newspaper in New York carried an advertisement for a man who could pose as Lincoln's double. By Monday noon the director found himself literally buried in three hundred applications for the job from points as far West as Chicago and presented in person, by special delivery, and by telegraph. The part went, not to an actor of years' experience, but to a versatile waiter in a popular roof-garden, whose resemblance to the emancipator was so striking that a second glance was unnecessary.
Bobbed wig and bangs. The working title is 'The Crimson Iris,' and I'm just crazy to start on it."

"I should think you'd want a rest," sighed Elizabeth, "after the years you've been working without even a week's vacation."

"What do you mean, 'years?'" I cut in skeptically. "You talk as if she were a hoary veteran."

"Well, I am kind of one," defended Colleen. "I started in motion pictures four years ago—and that's quite a while when you think of all the changes that have taken place in that time. I was going to school at a convent here in Los Angeles, but I was so anxious to make some money of my own that mother let me apply for work at the Griffith studio. I got it almost the first day, and I worked there for over a year. I played my first part with Bobby Harron. Poor Bobby!" Her eyes filled suddenly with tears. "You can't imagine what a wonderful boy he was, so—so good! I don't believe he ever had a wrong thought in his life. Of course, I was just a youngster with my hair down my back and wearing flat-heeled shoes, and then Mr. Griffith gave me a part as a young lady—that was with Bobby, too, and I wore high heels for the first time."

"And she wabbled!" declared Elizabeth with Cousins' frankness. "I'll never forget that picture. She'd wabble into a room on those ridiculous stilts heels, wobble out again, and once in a while look as if she was clutching something for support."

Colleen giggled, a delicious subdebbiggle, and Elizabeth and I joined in. The waitess looked at us rather provingly. I think she had her ideas about the dignity of film stars.

"And then," continued Colleen, starting in on a second cup of chocolate, "I made three comedies with Al Christie, 'Her Bridal Nightmare,' 'A Roman Scandal,' and 'So Long, Letty.' The comedy experience was invaluable," she assured me earnestly, "after I made those pictures, I was rented out. Yes, just like a horse or a typewriter. Of course, I didn't mind, it was wonderful experience. I did some pictures for Selig, I played with Charlie Ray in 'The Egg-crate Wallop' and worked in an all-star picture, 'When Dawn Came,' then I did 'Dinny' for Marshall Neilan, with Wesley Barry as the leading man, and now"—she raised ecstatic eyes to the ceiling. "Mr. Neilan has given me a contract that's perfectly wonderful! I think

Sometimes They Tell the Truth

Continued from page 70

This is to urge that you brush teeth for ten days in a new way. Combat the film. Bring other good effects. The whiter, cleaner, safer teeth will be a delightful surprise.

To millions of people this method is bringing a new era in teeth cleaning.

It combats film

One object is to fight the film—that viscous film you feel. This is the teeth's great enemy. It dims the teeth and causes most tooth troubles.

Film clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. The ordinary tooth paste does not effectively combat it. So night and day it may do a damage which few people have escaped.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Despite the tooth brush, all these troubles have been constantly increasing.

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The waitress presented a check, and the tip with which Colleen rewarded her restored, I am sure, her idea of what movie stars should be. "But you haven't asked me a thing," said Colleen, aghast, as she drove homeward in her new coupe, upholstered in elfin blue. "You didn't give her a chance to ask anything," reminded Elizabeth. "Well, there is something I'd like to know," I remarked tentatively, as I stepped regretfully from the couple's luxurious interior to the prosaic cement pavement. "Where did you get that rig?"

"Oh—father—" Colleen commenced. And I appealed to Elizabeth. "You see, they never tell you the truth when you do ask them questions," I said aggrievedly. "Well, father did give it to me!" she maintained with an emphasis entirely unnecessary.

And maybe he did, but as I said confidentially to Elizabeth, I have my own ideas about it.

The Screen Mother Comes Into Her Own

Continued from page 33

persisted, however, and a few years later was playing in the same East Side theater in New York where Nazimova first played in America. Her big stage success came in 1918 when she played in "The Gentle Wife." After that, she went into motion pictures, appearing in several Universal productions, but her triumph came in "Humoresque." The production had originally been intended as a star vehicle for Alma Rubens, but Vera Gordon's acting made all parts secondary to that of the mother. Her aspiration for her son, her sacrifices, were so real that she dominated the whole story—the depth of feeling changed it from a star vehicle to a glimpse of life. Since "Humoresque," she has appeared in "The North Wind's Malice," a Rex Beach story, filmed by Goldwyn, and she is at present starring in a vaudeville sketch called "Mother."

Mary Carr, the other truly great mother of the screen, gave up a promising career on the stage to take care of her baby. "Thousands of women can be actresses," she reasoned, "but only one can be the mother of Lonella." And after Lonella there were six other little Carrs, so Mary Carr had her hands full. She was cheerful, and contented, and patient with them, although it was hard sometimes when their childish troubles just seemed to engulf her.

She used to go up to the attic sometimes and open her old theatrical trunk, letting out memories of the amateur theater in Germantown where William Carr, who later became her husband, discovered what a talented actress she was. There were more brilliant memories of later days, days when she was a leading lady. But always a call of "Mother" would send her racing downstairs, the trunk and all of its memories forgotten. She would not have exchanged one of the little Carrs for all the triumphs of the stage.

But fame claims her own sooner or later. In Mary Carr's case it was later—almost twenty years after she gave up her stage career to take care of her baby. Her husband's health failed, and it was necessary for her to do something to support the family. She wouldn't go back on the stage, for motion pictures had become of first importance in the hearts of the public, and it was important for her to stay near her family. She was somewhat familiar with motion-picture work, as her husband had given up acting some years before to become director general of the old Lubin company, so she started out, in middle age, to seek a career in pictures.

For a few years she played character parts, and then her big chance came. William Fox chose her to play the mother in "Over the Hill," a production he had long dreamed of making. And he insisted that four of her own children should play with her.

Mrs. Carr didn't realize what a big part she was playing in the picture while it was being made. Those who worked around her did, though, for the simple homesomeness of her every action moved the spectators at the studio almost as much as she moved those in her audience later. Mary Carr was one of the most loved women in New York—as she will be in the whole country—when her picture was shown.

From a Director's Dictionary

Curled Mustaches—Denoting a villain.

Wavy Hair—Denoting a Hero.

Wide Eyes—Denoting a heroine.

Black Eyes—Denoting a vamp.

The Theater—A place always inhabited by stage-door Johnnies and gentlemen with villainous designs on the leading lady.
Making Hay--akawa While the Sun Shines
Continued from page 32
rear of my own collar with ease. The crowd by this time was yellin' for a knockout, and my Bulgarian blood was up. I landed two light lefts on the air near his head, and workin' close he clutched me by the coat collar and the right arm. As this was more like one of the new dance hold I was perfectly at home and for the next few minutes we reeled all over the place whilst Max Linder shouted frantically advice to Sessue and the rest of the wildly excited mob was all hollerin' for me, that is for me to be knocked for a goal. Fin'ly, just when it was beginnin' to look like the match would result in a stymie, Hayakawa locked his right leg in back of mine, give a shove, and I went down like the price of flivvers, the last thing I heard bein' the hoarse voice of a camera man sayin' to Colin Campbell, "Who's that dumb-bell?"

Well, boys and girls, you can see from the above that interviewin' movie stars is a tough job, and by the time I get through out here they probly won't be a whole bone in my body—unless it's my head.

In my next issue, I will give you the fruits of a day with Harold Lloyd, the famous tragedian, but after that I am goin' to interview the bathin' beauties or expire in the attempt. A guy's got to get some fun out of this portfolio, hey?

Yours and the like.

H. C. Witwer.

Loose Angeles, California.

A Trip Through Europe's Filmland
Continued from page 85
among the first in rank. The Svenski Film Industri is the leading company of Sweden. It has five studios, two of which are located in Denmark. It's stars are Karin Molander, Tora Teje, Mary Johnson, Edith Erastoff, Richard Lund, Rene Bjerring, and Gustav Eckmann. Thus far no Swedish films have evoked attention in America, although it is possible we shall be interested in some this year.

All European companies have been making the same mistake as we made earlier in our picture career. They have been trying to make film stars out of stage stars and in most instances have failed. They are now finding their real screen talent. England thus far has relied almost entirely upon the stage to furnish players. A number of British films have been exhibited here. None of them has been on a par with our best.

"Another $50 Raise!"

WHY, that's my third increase in a year! It just shows what special training will do for a man. When I left school to go to work I couldn't do anything in particular. All I could hope for was a job—and that's what I got, at $60 a month for routine, unskilled work. I stayed at it for three years, with one small increase each year.

"Then one day I woke up. I found I wasn't getting ahead simply because I couldn't do any one thing well. I decided right then to put in an hour after supper each night preparing myself for more important work. So I wrote to Scranton and arranged for a course that would give me special training for our business.

"Why, in a few months I had a whole new vision of my work and its possibilities. You see, I was just beginning to really understand it. I made some suggestions to the manager and he was immensely pleased. Said he had noticed how much better I was doing lately and wished he had more like me.

"Just after that an opening came and he gave me my chance—at an increase of $25 a month. Then I really began to grow. Six months later I was put in charge of my department and my salary went up again.

Since then I've had two increases of $50 a month and now I've got another $50 raise!"

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Genuine Aspirin

We will have the opportunity this year of passing upon a great many British products, however, as the Stoll company plans to release two English-made pictures a week through our Pathé exchanges. This company, one of the most important in Britain, is featuring Ivy Duke and Guy Newal as the principal stars. They made their first appearance in this country, I believe, in "The Lure of Crooning Water." The Stoll company is now producing here as well as in England.

Among the English stars leading in popularity are Alma Taylor, Chrissie White, and Violet Hepson. Peggy Hyland, an English actress who starred in Fox pictures, has returned to her native producers. She is making a tour of the world at present with an English company, filming in England, France, and Egypt. While England has not given us any great pictures she has contributed a number of great actors and directors and has given fine cooperation to Americans who wished to produce in England. Paramount has a London studio, from which we are awaiting the further productions made by Hugh Ford and Donald Crisp. David Powell, at present writing, is working in a Paramount British production of Oppenheim's "The Mystery Road," scenes of which are to be filmed on the Riviera in France. Bryant Washburn made his "Road to London" in London, and Bessie Love expects to depict Little Nell of Dickens': "The Old Curiosity Shop" in England some time this year. J. Stuart Blackton has opened studios in London and has signed Lady Diana Manners as star. He will film in France and Italy as well as in England. Herbert Brenon was one of the first American directors to make a camera exploration of the Old World. With our Marie Doro as star he created several pictures in England and in Italy. Spain has done nothing for the industry except furnish some backgrounds for George Seitz's Pathé serial. But Don Antonio Moreno promises to visit his native land this year and bring back its romantic glories in a Vitagraph picture.

Thus foreign sight-seeing is made easy. For two bits you can get a soft seat at the local Rivoli that entitles you to a run along the Riviera, a glance at Piccadilly, a gondola joy-ride through the Grand Canal—not as constructed at Coney Island or Universal City, but actually as is. A lot of the nobility out of jobs will perform for the same two bits right on the steps of the grand imperial shebangs from which they were evicted. I can think of nothing that would tickle me more than to see a couple of crown princesses and archduchesses being sloughed with custard and gas pipe on their own front porches. Think of the laughs you'd get seeing a real king crowned! Chaplin doing the crowning, of course. And what will the Sennett virgins do when cameras start shooting up the Turkish harems? The possibilities are infinite. But I'll say no more. Having offered this free curtain raiser, the little ladies will retire, the band will strike up, and the show'll commence.

A Billion-Dollar Cast

Continued from page 45

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will show reduction taking place in 11 days or money refunded. The Reducer (not electrical) reduces the weight lost instantly, reducing only the fat. Using the Lawton Method diet and eliminating superfluous fat from the system, results followed distinctly, do not require exercises, startling medical treatments; not only lost tons of fat, but improves appearance and general health. Llloc, physical and mental vigor, and enables you to retain and reduce your normal weight. Dr. Lawton (shown in picture) reduced from 111 to 132 pounds. This reducer and similar methods have been used whereby a large number of people throughout the United States and Canada have had the fat drained away without discomfort. Any amount of weight can be lost by people from 10 or 110 lbs. overweight, look better, feel better. The complete cost is $5.00. Book for your reducer today. Remember it is guaranteed. Office hours, 3-5 daily.

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Stillman Cream Co.

1171 W. 2nd Ave., Denver, Col.
Right Off the Grill
Continued from page 63

maid, and as a society miss, this may seem unbelievable. But Miss Dana is really a small-town girl.

"Viola was born in Brooklyn—"

The Chicago Tribune complains that its picture critic was barred from attending the première of "Way Down East," because of the ten-dollar admission fee. I sympathize, but it could be worse. The critic knew the fee in advance, so might have gone without her lunches for a month and saved enough to get in. I went to see "Passion" at the Capitol Theater in New York, with the entire amount of the admission fee in the corner of my handkerchief. That was all right, but when I got inside I found I had to tip the usher if I wanted to get within two miles of the screen. Luckily I had robbed my savings bank just the night before; so I had two bits. And yet I praise the confounded show, which proved how noble I am. Nevertheless this method of doing business reminds me of the old circus side show where you paid two bits to get in the big tent, where they told you that the girls put on the real humdinger show in the inner tent—for another two bits.

The New Way to Use Face Powder.

Now you can use a face powder that cannot spill. The powder is in cake form, covered with porous cloth. You can drop it on the floor and the compact will be just as perfect for use. You wipe the puff on the cloth covering of the compact and the powder comes through as needed. You could powder your nose in the dark and you would not get too much powder, and you are sure not to spray your clothes with powder. This new, perfect way to use face powder was invented by the specialist who perfected the famous, harmless La-may Powder. There are two qualities of packages. Both are very flat and convenient to carry. One box with compact and puff sells for fifty cents. The other, a German silver, gold-plated Vanity Box with hinged cover and two-inch mirror, containing compact and flat lamb's wool puff, sells for only one dollar and fifty cents. This beautiful La-may Vanity Box looks like solid gold and will not tarnish. It will last a lifetime. The La-may compact in the La-may Vanity Box contains enough pure La-may Powder to last for generous use for about two months. When the La-may Vanity Box is empty you refill it by asking your dealer for a fifty-cent La-may compact. The compact and puff from the fifty-cent package is made to fit the La-may Vanity Box. Ask your face-powder dealer to show you this splendid new idea. Remember, here, at last, is an entirely new idea in the use of face powder. The powder cannot spill and it comes out so evenly, you could powder your face in the dark. La-may Face Powder is also sold in the loose form for thirty-five and sixty cents. La-may is guaranteed absolutely pure and harmless. Because it is pure, and because it stays on so well, it is now used by over a million American women. If your dealer refuses to get you a La-may Vanity Box, you may order by mail from Herbert Roystone, 16 East 18th St., New York City. There is also a delightful La-may Talcum that sells in a beautiful large package for only thirty cents.
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Romances of Famous Film Folk

Continued from page 43 know unless some one stopped her
she would sacrifice her life for the pictures. Look at her hair!"

"Yes, look at it," she cried, snatching
off her wig, and revealing
spirad pigtails about three inches
long. "I had to cut it off for a pic-
ture when my bobbed wig, which I
had ordered, didn't come."

"Well, it wasn't like that the day
I married you!"

"No, it wasn't. And that reminds
me of the day you did marry me,
but nearly didn't. Would you be-
lieve it, that after teasing me for
two months, when I did say, 'Yes,'
he hadn't a thing ready and could
only say, 'Let's drive over to Ho-
boken.'"

"You see, I was still rather dazed
from the shock of being accepted,"

Jimmie explained, "and I had some
sort of idea that if we were mar-
ried in Hoboken it wouldn't get into
the papers. So we drove to Ho-
boken and found that we would have
to get a license and then wait three
days before we could be married.

Well, it wasn't very likely that I
was going to wait three days, was it?

Why, she could change her mind a
dozen times in three days."

"Yes," interrupted Alice once
more, "and I realized that as well
as you did, and I didn't want to
change my mind, so I said, 'Quick,
drive back to New York.' And when
we arrived there the clock on the
steeples said four-fifteen. But we
got in and said, 'We want to get
married.'"

"And the ogre in the cage said,
'No license after four o'clock.'"

"But not for nothing am I William
A. Brady's daughter; so I said,
'Stand back,' and I marched in
and tried all the doors, and one of
them was open. I called Jimmie, and
he repeated the formula. 'We want
to get married.'"

"No license after four o'clock,"
was the answer again.

But I've run away from home," I
said, trying to look young and
frightened, "and I don't dare go back.

"How old are you?" the man de-
manded sternly.

"Oh, I'm old enough, only fa-
ther doesn't want me to get mar-
rried." Which was true, all right,
only father was in England and
didn't know anything about it, and
the only person I had run away from
at home was the maid.

"Where did you come from?" the
man growled.

"From New Jersey," I answered.
And he looked at Jimmie as though he was an archvillain who inveigled a trusting girl from Little Falls into a runaway marriage with him. I guess he thought that he had better help me out or perhaps this chap, with his city ways, wouldn't marry me at all. So he gave us our license and directed us to the 'Little Church Round the Corner.'

"And so they were married," we said again.

"Yes," answered husband Jimmie, "and so we're married and—"

"But tell about the man not knowing us! No, I'll tell it; I can do it better.

"Well, you know I'm not puffed up with my own importance and neither is Jimmie, are you, dear?"

"I'm the husband of Alice Brady," said "dear" proudly.

"Yes, but to the clerk that didn't mean a thing in the world. 'This won't get in the papers, will it?' I said anxiously, for I didn't want it announced until after dad had received the cable which we were going to send.

"'Oh, no,' assured the clerk, 'the reporters ain't interested in folks unless they are somebody important.'

And he read from the license: 'Alice Brady—James Crane—William A. Brady—Doctor Frank Crane. Not a chance of that getting in the papers.'"

Now, I shall have to interrupt Alice's narrative just long enough to explain, for the benefit of those who may not know, that Miss Brady is the daughter of William A. Brady, one of the biggest theatrical and motion-picture producers in New York, and that her husband is the son of Doctor Frank Crane, who is generally considered the most widely read editorial writer in the country. But to let the story continue:

"Then, as an afterthought, the clerk went on, 'Say, you ain't any relation to William Crane, the actor, are you?' Jimmie assured him that he was not, and away we went. And I wondered how he felt the next day when he saw it in all the papers.

"He probably didn't read the papers," we suggested, "or he would have known who you were before that. But how did it get in the papers—who told?"

"He did," said Miss Brady, pointing an accusing finger at her husband. "He went back to the studio and told.

"Well, I had to," her husband explained. "At the last moment they wouldn't let me go. Said I had to stay and finish some scenes in the picture.

"But I've got to go," I told the director.

"That word isn't in my lexicon," he said.

"But I'm going to be married, and my bride is waiting for me."

"Who is your bride?" he asked incredulously.

"'Alice Brady,' I told him.

"'All right,' he said. 'You go; and if you come back not married I'll kill you, for we're behind on this picture now. So I had to tell him the truth to save my life. Not that I care, of course, but I didn't want you to be a widow so soon."

"And Jimmie and I were both in the middle of our pictures, so we couldn't have any honeymoon," said Alice, taking up the narrative. "And the day after our hurried wedding we had both promised to be at the studio early, so we hustled through our breakfast, and when we tried to get out the door wouldn't open.

"So I ran through the lounge door, and you don't understand it," I told Jimmie. "Let me try." But I couldn't open it—no, not even with a hairpin. So he called the desk and said, 'Come up and let us out of apartment No. 13.' And, finally, after bringing up all the mechanics in the hotel, they had to chop down the door. No, I won't tell you the name of the hotel. It might keep honeymooners away. And, it is rather disturbing, I'll admit. I'm glad I'm not getting married every day."

"So am I, unless I am marrying to you," concluded Jimmie. And this time we thought of the quotation we wanted: "There's nothing half so sweet in life as love's young dream."

"Won't you come and have dinner with us?" Alice asked. "We've got to hurry back for the evening performance, but we should love to have you.

We refused because we wanted to write this before we forgot it. So Alice took Jimmie by the arm and said. "Home, James."

THE PRETTIEST GIRL IN TOWN

attracted the notice of a dashing young chap from the city. Only then did King Vidor realize that he could never be happy if Florence Arto married someone else! He was just a home-town boy, and he was afraid that she would be dazzled by the airs of the man from the city, so he made an ingenious plan to elimate his rival. Grace Kingsley will tell you all about it in the next issue of PICTURE-PLAY—how Mr. and Mrs. King Vidor became engaged, were married—and their romantic adventures ever since.
a movement to place a print of Rex
Ingram's motion picture, "The Four
Horsemen of the Apocalypse" in the
Salon at Paris. Until the film is
shown, it is not expected that outja-
board enthusiasts will receive any
protests from Rembrandt, Rubens,
or El Greco.

The rumor persists that Doris
May and Wallace MacDonald have
been secretly married. Both parties
deny it, however. Rumor also has
it that Dorothy Gish and James
Rennie are, or soon will be, married.
It is also reported that May Allison
was recently married to Robert Ellis,
Selznick director.

Elinor Glyn's first picture play,
written especially for Gloria Swann-
on, is called "The Sheltered
Daughter." The secret of what the
story is all about is equally sheltered.
No one will admit, or deny, that it is
the least bit like the same author's
"Three Weeks."

John Emerson and Anita Loos,
loungers for the noise of a studio,
instead of the usual quiet of their
home library, where they write the
Constance Talmadge stories, betook
themselves to Los Angeles and
started a production of their own to
be directed by Victor Fleming. It
is called "Wife Insurance."

Douglas Fairbanks, who hereto-
fore has changed leading ladies with
each picture, has signed Marguerite
de la Motte for a year.

Wallace Beery, specialist in villain
parts, has been selected by Frank
Lloyd to play an important part in
his forthcoming Chinese production,
"The Water Lily." Beery's
"Magenta" in "The Last of the Mo-
licans," received enthusiastic praise
from even the jaded critics.

A visitor at the Metro studio
watched Buster Keaton reel back-
ward toward a flight of stairs, and
tumble down them headfirst. She
fainted, and Buster Keaton picked
himself up in time to assist in re-
viving her. "Why make the day's
work harder?" he refrained from
asking her.

Gladys Leslie, who was a Vita-
graph star, is playing in support of
Lionel Barrymore in "Jim the Pen-
man."

Eddy Polo enjoyed his recent trip
around the world so much, that he is
unwilling to film his next serial
any nearer to Universal City than
Cuba. Provided there are enough
ships afloat after the motion-picture
directors get through blowing them
up and burning them for pictures he
hopes to get his entire company
there.

If Viola Dana ever wants to stop
acting in pictures she can make a liv-
ing operating a marionette show.
She learned to handle the intricate
th侴ds which govern the dolls'
movements when she was rehearse-
ng for "Sorrentina," in which she
appears as the proprietress of a
marionette show.

"What's the Matter With Marri-
age?" "Are All Men Alike?" "Are
Wives to Blame?" and "You Can't
Fool Your wife" may sound like the
incomparable Cecil De Mille, but
they are not. The first three are
the result of the directorial labors of
Philip Rosen of the Metro Company,
and George Melford is responsible
for the last.

Peggy Hyland has been making
pictures in England since her de-
parture from this country. "The
Price of Silence" will be the first of
her new pictures to be released here.

Carol Dempster will play a lead-
ing part in "Hank Bottles," the new
"Limehouse Nights" story, by Thomas
Burke, which D. W. Griffith is pro-
ducing. Ralph Graves is the player
who steps into the shoes of the late
Robert Harron, and of Richard Bar-
thelmes, who is now a star.

Tom Forman presented a motion-
picture projection machine to Sing
Sing prison in appreciation of the
cooperation of the prison officials
who helped him to arrange scenes
behind the bars for his Paramount
picture, "The Quarry."

One afternoon recently it seemed
as though all the companies in the
Eastern Paramount studio were do-
ing repentance scenes. Ethel Clay-
ton, Billie Burke, Mae Murray—
every one seemed to repent doing
something or other in pictures. Soft
music was the order of the day.
Then Dorothy Dalton arrived with
three hundred extras to play in a
rough Western dance-hall scene, and
shooting was had by all. The re-
pentance squad couldn't endure the
noise, so all repenting was post-
poned until a quieter day.

Bette Blythe has succumbed to
the epidemic of "Mother" plays, and
will appear in "Mother," an Inc pro-
duction to be directed by Fred Niblo.

If a nonstar competition were
launched, winner to be the featured
player who had played the most and
the biggest parts in the past six
months, the victory would probably
go to Betty Blythe or Anna Q. Nil-
son. The latter's record includes
"Idols," for R. A. Walsh, "The
Brute Master," for Hodkinson, and
now "Temple Dusk," for Metro.
The Kentuckians
Continued from page 68

"He has gone up there to get shot from ambush. That’s what I hate about it. His death will give me the senatorial nomination by default. I wanted to win it in a fair fight, just as I wanted to win you, Anne. Stallard has lost his fight for law in the mountains, and now he will lose his life, I am sorry. For he is a good man. But his people are worthless. I've told you that all along, and you won't believe me, I am bitter, Anne. And I'll be candid with you. His rough strength, his romantic crudeness has turned your head. You think you love him. And if you love him you can have him. You are engaged to me. I release you. You are free. You claim that I am soft through years of wealth and culture. Well, if you like a hard, rugged man, take this Boone Stallard, for I'll admit that he's as hard as a nut as you'll find in a week in the woods. You say that all I have is breeding, and that is of little value in your eyes. All right, I will throw my good breeding aside. Go marry this mountaineer. If I said I wished you luck, I would be a liar. Both of you may go to the inferno, so far as I'm concerned."

With this outburst, Marshall strode out of the room, leaving Anne overwhelmed with his rudeness, and white with anger.

Boone Stallard had rallied his chief followers in his home county and had them sworn as deputy sheriffs. He was ready to attack the lawless Kentuckians in their barricaded town. As his forces approached the main street, Boone studied the lay of the land. With the eye of a born fighter, he noted that the Kentuckians had planned an ambush, as they always did. There were two big oaks beside the road and a hundred yards beyond was the barricade.

"Go ahead, men," said Stallard, "and attack the barricade. But don't expect to find the best fighters there. Look out for the crows on both sides of the street. I'll take keer of the chaps that's layin' for us in the rear."

The deputies then charged the barricade, firing as they advanced. There were answering shots from behind the breastworks, but soon the defenders began breaking from cover and running to the cabins on each side. They were mostly young men, and poor shots. As Boone had surmised, the real fighting came from the cabins. The deputies had been warned, and as soon as they captured the barricade, they flattened them...
What Is Life Without Movies!
Oh, how I pity each poor heathen clan
Way off on some desolate isle.
They never have seen a Chaplin stunt,
or Mary Pickford's smile.
than the greaser-cowboy feud does to the average Londoner.

Therefore we found the story tiresome. Moreover, in a technical way, the film is inferior to our own productions. (Business of waving the flag.) But the settings, both interior and exterior, are much more interesting than ours and an immense relief after too much California scenery. The acting of Ivy Duke and Guy Newall is conspicuously good. And, after all, the English producers give their pictures a certain refinement.

“MR. WU.”

The second Stoll production, “Mr. Wu,” is an adaptation of a London stage success. Outside of the fact that it is one of the most unpleasant stories I have ever seen, it is an effective production. I confess a prejudice against seeing stories in which Chinamen pursue white women. Lillah McCarthy has an important rôle and so has Matheson Lang. But Mr. Lang’s make-up wouldn’t fool any one with even the most superficial acquaintance with laundrymen.

“GODLESS MEN.”

Speaking of strong stories, there is Goldwyn’s film, “Godless Men.” It is a jolly little sea tale of a drunken old atheist of a sea captain and his abominable son. Most of the action takes place on board ship, and it is a dirty sort of ship. The captain gets hell-roarin’ hootched and casts covetous eyes at his daughter. Of course, he doesn’t know that the girl is his daughter, but the spectator does, and the effect on the nerves is perfectly delightful.

After you get through watching “Godless Men,” you feel as though you had been sitting in close proximity to a crate of not too new fish. Some folks have strange ideas of entertainment. Not one woman in a hundred will like it, and I don’t think most men want this sort of thing. ’Tain’t pretty.

Will producers, who pretend to believe that their main business is to please women, please remember that most women dislike scenes of dirt, disease, drunkenness, fights, and animal passion? The pictorial record of the heroine’s sea voyage in “Godless Men” will nauseate the average woman. A nice wallowing adventure story is quite all right, but this story goes too far. The events depicted therein would not be palatable unless properly De Mille’d.

“PRISONERS OF LOVE.”

Betty Compson’s first production at the head of her very own company is called “Prisoners of Love.” It is a perfectly swell fillum about a girl who goes along so beautifully that you cannot help crying over her. The story is filled with cabaret scenes and what young boys call “hot stuff.” It is disreputable in a harmless sort of way and should brighten the life of many a flapper, although I fear that I must disapprove of its moral tone.

But, Miss Compson, why did you wait so long to bring out your first picture?

Right now, I will say that, although I deplore “Prisoners of Love,” I admire the lady unreservedly. She is a baby Pauline Frederick when it comes to emoting, and she has what the French call “the beauty of the devil.” Moreover, she has an excellent camera man.

“The Spenders.”

It is the rich round humor of Harry Leon Wilson that makes “The Spenders” a picture for Hodkinson to be rather proud of. Mr. Wilson’s story is of a boy who brings good Western money to Wall Street and tries to be a Napoleon of finance. He is rescued by Uncle Peter, who is a pioneer, not a spender. Joseph J. Dowling makes Uncle Peter as funny as Mr. L. Wilson’s celebrated Cousin Eben, who could be pushed just so far. “The Spenders” is a bright story, rather indifferently produced.

AS FOR THE REST.

“Isobel; or, The Trail’s End” is a James Oliver Curwood story, directed by Edwin Carewe, and it is a rough, rough story of God’s country and the mounted police. I don’t know how it will affect you, but it gave me a good, honest laugh. It is exactly what George Jean Nathan thinks the average movie is, if you know what I mean. You get a whole serial for the price of one admission. House Peters and Jane Novak work hard, and you work hard, too, if you look at it.

I should like to say more about “The Misleading Lady,” because Metro deserves some compensation for my severe words about “Polly With a Past.” But I used “Polly” as an example of stretched stories, she pointed a moral and adorned a tale. “The Misleading Lady,” with Bert Lytell, is an agreeable version of an agreeable play.

—By N. J. COHEN.
“Broadway and Home” tells its own story in its title. A conventional story, yet pleasing withal. Eugene O’Brien acts with grace, and he has nice ways. The film tells of a boy who leaves his home town and goes to Broadway. And he returns, disappointed. Heigh! Ho! How about those who aren’t disappointed, and who never, never return home?

“Pagan Love” is Hugo Ballin’s first independent production. Mr. Ballin used to be art director for Goldwyn. The story, by Ahmed Abdullah, tells of the tragic and idealistic love of a Chinaman for a blind white girl. It is a curiously uneven picture, with some beautiful scenes and some other views that look as though they had been slipped from a news reel. Mabel Ballin proves herself a delicious actress.

H. B. Warner goes back to crook stuff in “Dice of Destiny.” Mr. Warner can put soul into melodrama. And heart into stone. And brains into ivory. “Dice of Destiny,” although a bit movie-esque, is the best vehicle he has had in a long time.

Just in passing, a few nice phrases should be bestowed on “The Charm School,” a bright and shining picture starring the bright and shining Wallace Reid. As for Charles Ray’s newest, “Nineteen and Phyllis,” it is funny in spots, but Mr. Ray, like William De Mille, is breaking my heart. Too much short, choppy action, trick subtitles, and indistinct photography spoiled the picture for me.

By the way, I have talked with a man who saw “The Kid,” Charlie Chaplin’s masterpiece. And this amateur critic said that it was wonderful. I also talked with Charlie. He smiled when he spoke of it. Those who have seen it declare that when it comes out the public will forgive Chaplin for keeping it waiting so long.

Extra! Extra!

Mr. Tialaglo is a Greek who has been in this country about five years. He was born in Constantinople twenty-eight years ago, and is—as you would expect—but, tall, and handsome. He is also enormously wealthy, speaks English without an accent, and has adored Constance ever since he met her at a dinner party two years ago. For more details about him, we refer you to Constance’s statement of a year ago:

“I will never marry a man who wears tan buttoned shoes, eats spinach, carries an umbrella, has a beard, says, ‘I’m feeling badly,’ wears a ring on his middle finger, or sings tenor.” Mr. Tialaglo does none of these things.

James Rennie is a Canadian, and was formerly a captain in the Royal Flying Corps.

The two girls have been chums ever since they first met. They learned their school lessons together, bobbed their hair together, grew up and went to parties and first nights together, and planned that when they got married they would have a double wedding. Together they are twice as impetuous as individually, so what more natural than that they should elope together?

The complete account of this double romance, which is one of the most interesting stories of its kind that ever happened in real life, will appear in the next issue of Picture-Play Magazine.
I T was July, and Mr. Bob had run down to his sister's country place.

Meanwhile, Miss Warner—told me one way or another, I had always secretly admired her clothes—and wondering how she could dress so beautifully on a teacher's salary.

Then, one of the teachers—Miss Warner—told me one way or another, I had always secretly admired her clothes—and wondered how she could dress so beautifully on a teacher's salary.

"Then one of the teachers—Miss Warner—told me one way or another, I had always secretly admired her clothes—and wondered how she could dress so beautifully on a teacher's salary."
DICK'S ADMIRER.—No, I am not related to any answer men. Richard Bar- 
thelness is working at the Griffith stud- 
is of Mamaroneck, New York. He 
is married to Mary Hay.

A. UNKNOWN FRIEND.—Eugene O'Brien is married. He is 
Irishman, as you imagine, except by 
his ancestry. He was born in Denver, Colo-
rado, in 1884. He is six feet tall and 
weights one hundred and sixty pounds. 
Wrote to the editor that.

MILBRED L. P.—I'm sure I can't see 
anything wicked about writing questions 
about the movies on Sunday, but, of 
course, if you feel that way about it, 
you don't have to do it. I'm not your 
patroness, after all. If you are, you'll do 
what you want. I'm not going to do 
your work for you.

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any doubt, the fact.

S. R. O.—I know that some of 
the motion-picture titles have very little to 
do with the picture, and oftentimes the 
fans are fooled by a title. It is up 
to the producers and not to yours truly. 
If they see fit to put them in, I can't stop 
them.

I. R. O.—I can't help you one bit un-
less you can be more explicit. If you 
even knew his name in the cast of the 
movie, you would be able to 
name him for you. I'll give you 
the cast, and you can probably tell 
from that. Wallace Reid and Grace Darmond 
had the leading role of the 
Giants." Will Brunton played Buck 
Osgood, Charles Ogle was John Cardi-
gan, Ralph Lewis was Colonel Penning-
ton, Hart Hoxie was Ben Henderds, 
Noah Beery was Black Minnord, Guy 
Oliver was George Sea Otter, W. H. 
Brown was Jackie Moore, Richard Cum-
nings was Mack Fleis, Ogden Crane was 
Mayor Poundstone, and Speed Hansen was 
Henry Poundstone. There were no other men in 
the cast.

KATHERINE D.—Emory Johnson 
was born in San Francisco, California, in 
his better life is Ella Hall. They have two 
boys. He appears opposite Betty Compson in 
her first independent picture for her 
company, "Prisoners of Love." He has just been 
reengaged to play opposite her in her next 
starring vehicle.

MARJORIE MILLER.—I am sure I 
cannot tell you why. You had bet-
ter write to him and find out for your-
self. So many of the fans want the stars 
to answer their letters that it is impos-
sible to do so. Suppose you received 
several hundred letters a week. Do 
you think you could possibly answer 
them all yourself? Natalie is the young-
ster of the Talmadge sisters. Eileen 
Sedgewick is playing Osgood. Mary 
Pickford has finished one picture since 
she returned from Europe, under the 
direction of Frances Marion, who also 
worked on the story. She is now working 
on "The Cricket," which David Kirkland is 
directing. "Ruth of the Rockies" is 
Ruth Rowett's latest serial. "Sherry" was 
an Edgar Lewis production made by 
Pathé. Jack Dempsey made one picture, 
a fifteen-episode serial called "Dare- 
vale," and made no other pictures 
since that time. Marjorie Bennet-
nett is a younger sister of Enid Bennett. 
Write whenever you have the time and 
as often as you have the inclination.
A New Orleans Girl.—May Allison was born in Georgia. She was educated in Tennessee. If she ever lived in El Paso, Texas, she has kept mighty quiet about it. I think she never did. Dorothy Dalton was Mrs. Lew Cody, but she isn’t now. The correct name is Waldemar. The reason Mary Pickford hasn’t had many releases lately is because of her trip abroad. She has completed an Italian picture which she released very soon by the United Artists.

Jack.—Fannie Ward was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1875. Charles Chaplin arrived on earth at Paris, France, in 1889. Harry Houdini was born in Appleton, Wisconsin. Eugene O’Brien is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. He has light-brown hair and blue eyes. Alla Nazimova is five feet three inches and weighs one hundred and sixteen pounds. She has black hair and violet eyes. Viola Dana is four feet eleven inches tall and weighs but ninety-six pounds, soaking wet. She has light-green eyes and dark-brown hair. William S. Hart’s latest Artcraft feature is called “The Testing Block.” Mary Pickford had a very quiet and simple ceremony when she married to Douglas Fairbanks. Marjorie Daw was her maid of honor at the wedding.

Musical Nut.—The majority of the stars play some kind of musical instrument. Yes, it is true that Wallace Reid can play the saxophone, piano, violin. I know because I refigured his head at it.

Aspire and Inspire.—I cannot help you to become a motion-picture actress, and I am sorry I cannot grant your request for a letter of introduction to the heads of the various film companies. You see, no one knows who I am, anyway, so it. I did give a letter to the film-company heads, they wouldn’t know who it was from, and therefore it would not do you a bit of good. I was talked to by a letter of introduction to become a motion-picture star. If you would aspire, you must perspire first. It takes work, work, and more work to be at the top, even after you have gotten started.

Nadine R.—Ella Hall has retired from the screen for the time being at least. Her two baby sons are the reason. She is devoting all of her time to them these days. Any one with two baby sons will realize that it takes all a mother’s time to look after them. Her correct name is Ollie Kirkby, not Kirby. She is the wife of George Larkin. Constance Talmadge was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1896. Her sister Norma was born at Niagara Falls in 1897. Not in Niagara Falls. It couldn’t be done. Emory Johnson played opposite Margaret Fisher in the American production “Put Up Your Hands.”

Elizabeth S.—Albert Roscoe is six feet tall. Charles Ray is one inch over six feet. George Walsh is five feet eleven. Alice Brady measures five feet seven. Mary Pickford just reaches the five-foot mark. Shirley Mason and Dorothy Gish are the same height as Mary. I never heard of your friend Ethel. The height of a person’s hair is different in thy country. The fans go to pictures to see acting, not to find out how tall an actress is. You will find your other questions already answered in these columns.

Bernie.—That is my name nine-tenths of the time. I should think that it had done its share. E. K. Lincoln and Elmo Lincoln are not related to each other. Your other questions already have been answered in the replies above.
By Gosh, Himself.—Carter de Haven and his wife are not making any more comedies for Paramount, so it would not do to submit the type of story to them. They are now making features for the First National Exhibitors' Circuit. "Twin Beds" was their first, and they are not through with their second film for this concern, namely, "The Girl in the Taxi."

Ruth N.—Jack Mulhall and Eugene O'Brien are not related to each other. Carlyle Blackwell is still very much in pictures, but with any special company. His latest picture is "The Restless Sex," in which he plays oppo- site Marion Davies. They are all Americans, born in U. S. A. I never heard of the people you mention. If they were ever in pictures, it must have been only as extras, for if they were even on a cast of a picture, I would have a record of them. Some people must look like the reissues, because if they didn't, the fans would not go to see them, and it would pay the producer to get out the prints. Of course, some companies have reissued pictures under a different title than the original, which is made in many cases has annoyed them greatly, for they have gone into a theater expecting to see a new film, only to discover that it is an old one they have seen long before.

Hope.—Haven't had a line from you for several months. Aren't you feeling up to snuff lately?

Archibald and Mike.—Your questions have already been answered in the above replies. Look for the addresses you want at the bottom of The Oracle department.

Filly.—Charles Rosher is a camera man, not an actor. He photographs the pictures of Mary Pickford.

Edith L.—Jack Holt was born in Winchester, Virginia. The editor has charge of all the interviews. Write to him about them. Margaret Fisher was born in Missouri Valley, Iowa—not in California. She formed her own company, which made an exhibition tour in the States in January. There are quite a few who have been "born and reared" there. Constable Binney's latest picture is "Thirty-nine East." She studied dancing as a child and was educated in Brearly School, in Westover, and in a French convent in Paris. Mabel Normand was born in Boston, Massachusetts. She has never been married. No, just having pretty hair will never be enough to con- vince any producer that he ought to start a girl in pictures. It takes more than this to days to get by in the films.

Miss Madeline C.—Alice Brady is married and Frank L. Crane is her proud hubby, as you probably know by this time you've looked through this issue carefully. "The trial of Miss Madeline C. and William A. Brady, the well-known theatrical- producer. She is making screen produc- tions for RealArt. She is also appearing on the stage in a play called "Anna Ascends."

Miss V. Taras.—Tracing lost relatives and running a correspondence bureau are somewhat out of my line, but this once I am glad to oblige a lady Helen Taras, who saw your story in this department wants to know if you are a long- lost distant relative she is looking for. If you care to write to her in care of this department, the letter will be forwarded to her.

Olivia.—You will find all your ques- tions answered in the previous replies.

Advertising Section

Tom Mix Fan.—That is his real name. Tom Mix is married to Victoria Forde. They have no little mixers.

Ducky Lucky From Pueblo, Colorado.—Robert Gordon is married to Alma Francis, the well-known musical-comedy comedienne. Wallace MacDonald is not married. Charles Ray is married to a nonprofessional, Clara Grant. Jack Pickford has no children. I'm a raisin fickle, so I had better not tell you. You mentioned three in your letter that you are already in love with, so I am taking no chances. Your other question already has been answered.

Billie.—Wallace Reid is not married to Ann Little. His better half is Dorothy Davenport. He was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas. Grace Cunard was born in Paris, France. She was married to Joe Moore, youngest of the Moore brothers. Hoot Gibson and Helen Gibson were married until Helen recently served from her husband Hoot. Charles Hutchinson is married. Wallace Reid is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and eighty-five pounds. He has light blue eyes. Louise Lovely was born in Sydney, Australia. She is not an Austrian, but an Australian. There's quite a difference, Billie. Just call me an Aus- trian and you will soon discover the fact, much to your regret. Most of the prominent players have had extensive education. Baby Marie Osborne was born in 1911.

—Anxious.—The actresses you asked about are all Americans, born and raised in the United States. Kathleen O'Connell was born in Dayton, Ohio, in 1897. Cleo Mosher was born in Chicago, Illinois. Kathleen is five feet four and one- half inches tall, and Cleo is an inch and a half taller than Kathleen. Edith Johnson was born in Rochester, New York, in 1895. She tips the beam at five feet four inches. James Levering was born in Bristol, England, in 1891. He is five feet ten inches tall. Cleo is an Eng- lishman. William Duncan was born in Scot- land. He is five feet ten inches.

Dorothy Louise H. and Ruth Eliza- beth C.—Eva Novak is Jane Novak's younger sister. She is doing very nicely with the screen, and has become just as popular with the picture fans as her big sister. She is William S. Hart's leading lady in his newest film. She has blond hair and blue eyes, and is still in her teens. Wallace Reid's latest re- lease is called "Always Audacious. He is now at work on a story called "The Trial of a Millionaire," of which will no doubt be called before the film is ready for public showing. Priscilla Dean's newest vehicle for the screen is called "The Law." It was written and directed by Tod Browning. It is said to be even better than her last one, "The Virgin of Stamboul." Bebe Daniels was born in 1907. Her latest picture is "Oh, Lady, Lady!" She is not married. Eva Novak is now being featured in Universal productions. Her latest picture is "Put That Jack Perrin is playing opposite her. Mary Pickford does not wear a wig. It is al- ways best to inclose a quarter to cover any loss. Vivian Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters, and they have an older sister, Edna Flugrath who is now in England, being featured in films by a British concern. Flugrath is the family name. Priscilla Dean is not related to them.
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Keddle.—There are many of the film favorites who were born in the South and who are newcomers. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada. Ann Little is still in pictures. She is with the Laske forces. The accents on the second syllable. Lew admits he is an all-around athlete. They are not divorced. Your other questions will be found answered already in this issue.

Marie From Maine.—Peggy Hyland has left her being starred in productions in England by the Samuelson Film Company, Ltd. It is rumored that she will shortly return to America and do her future work here in the future. Her name is often "Play the Rebel Bride." Pell Trenton is not a star. He is a leading man and supports stars or plays in special-event productions at various places. Yes, Billie is Billie Burke's correct name. She was named for her father. Rod La Rocque was born in Chicago, Illinois. He measures six feet in his stockings. That is his correct name. Vivian Martin is her name. She is Mrs. Jefferson in private life. The Song of the Soul is her latest picture. It is considered very pretty. Don't you think so? I can't tell from your description what picture you refer to.

An Alla Nazimova Admirer.—You will find all addresses at the end of The Oracle.

Bullet Proof.—Thanks for your very kind letter. The editor has mailed you a copy of the Market Booklet and also the "Guideposts" booklet. The amount in stamps was extra. William Farnum has not retired from the screen. He is just taking a brief vacation at his palatial home in Sag Harbor, Maine.

Jean F.—William Russell is two inches over six feet. His hair is dark. No, he is not married. All your other questions have been answered.

Isa Polo Grant.—Bessie Love was born in Los Angeles, California. She is all of five feet. Her correct name is Jeanita Horton. That's Lousie's correct name.

Ethel B.—You can believe that report. Pearl White is the wife of Wallace McCutcheon. Ruth Stonehouse has returned to the screen. She is now playing Metro productions. She is not supporting Eileen Percy in the Fox feature. The Land of Jazz. She is not married. It is true. Anthony Ross, the scenario writer. I guess your girl friend is mixed up a little. Ruth Stonehouse is at present living in Los Angeles and not in Pacific, Indiana, as your friend says. None that I know of. There is no studio in Indiana. Bessie Love has her own film company. Andrew Callahan is back of it.

Marguerite E. M.—I'm glad I don't mind what you say. Niles Welch was born in Hartford, Connecticut. He is six feet and weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. He has medium-brown hair and blue eyes. Albert E. Smith is president of Vitagraph. He is a very tall boy, although he probably feels like one.

M. H. A.—Mildred Harris has been granted a divorce from Charles Chaplin. She was born in 1901. For three or four years. Her name is "The Woman in the House." Nazimova has no children. Her latest picture is called "Madame Peacock." No, it is not true that Constance Talmadge is married. She was the wife of Malcolm Strauss, the artist. Charles Ray has no children. You are forgiven.

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VIVIAN D.—Theda Bara is an American. She was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. Nazimova is Russian. The way you had it your letter is correct. Lottie Pickford is a sister of Mary and Jack.

AMMIRER OF CONSTANCE.—Harrison Ford has been engaged to appear opposite Constance and Norma Talmadge in their forthcoming First National films. Pearl White is an American. She was born in Springfield, Missouri, in 1888. William Farnum was born in Boston, Massachusetts, in 1876.

DETROIT, Mich.—Pearl White wears a blond wig. The first Mrs. Fairbanks was not very professional. Tsuru Aoki is Sessue Hayakawa's wife. Ruth Roland is not married.

M. C.—Marguerite Clark lives near New Orleans. She returned to the screen recently in "Scrambled Wives." Her husband is not a professional. Bebe Daniels is now starring and will not play any more leads to the Lasky male stars. She was born in Dallas, Texas, in 1901. Olive Thomas was twenty-two when she died. Jack Pickford was born in 1890. They never appeared in pictures together. Jack's latest release is George Ade's "Just Out of College."

Miss A. M. R. T. E. P. K.—Ben Wilson and Neva Gerber had the leading roles in the serial "The Trail of the Octopus."

THE PIRATE, PRINCESS AND CAPTAIN KID.—Helen Ferguson and Ethel are not related. The Dolly sisters have appeared on the screen, but are not making pictures any more. They are both on the stage in Europe. The Fairbanks twins are not children of Douglas Fairbanks. He has a son 10 years old.

KATHLEEN O'CONNOR AMBREDA—Surely you will see Pearl White. She is making her debut for Fox. "The Thief" is her latest melodrama for that concern. Your other questions already have been answered.

MISS CORINNE C.—Richard Barthelmess is that young man's correct name. He is married. Theda Bara is not dead. It is reported that she is spread every once in a while. Theda must get a heart to laugh every time she hears that she is no more.

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111
Bill Farnum Fan.—You can rest easy. Your favorite is an American and a typical one. Your other questions already have been answered.

Miss Evelyn B.—Charlotte Burton was the wife of William Russell. He is not married. Does that straighten that up for you? Mary Pickford lives at Beverly Hills, California. She has another big home in Los Angeles, where her mother and sister, Lottie, with Lottie's baby girl, reside. Mary Pickford does a great deal for different orphans' homes.

A Lover of Stars, Screen, and Stage.—David Powell was born in Scotland. Lew Cody plays the part of Regie, Mabel Normand’s “Mickey.” Henry Olive played the part of Frank Clayton in “As a Man Thinks.” You will find all your other questions already answered.

Addresses of Players

Asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Mary Hay, Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Gish, and Ralph Graves, at the Griffith Studio, Edendale, Los Angeles, California. Mr. and Mrs. Carter de Haven, care of Charles Chaplin Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Mrs. Les, Clara Horton, Jack Mulhall, Walter Hiers, Ann Forrest, Conrad Nagel, and Wallace Reid, at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Roland, George Halke, Charles Kyrke, and A. E. Browning, 27 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Buck Jones, Natalie Rice, Dorothy Dalton, Mme Murray, and Elsie Ferguson, at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Errol Flynn, Douglas Maclean, Louise Glaudine, Roehm, and H. E. Winslow, 218 Sun los, Culver City, California.

Páuilin Preck, at the Robertson-Cole Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Norma, Constance, and Natalie Talmadge and Harrison Ford, at the Talmadge Studios, 516 West Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Dorothy Gish, Myrna Loy, and Alphonso B. Smith, 1753 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Mary Pickford, Mary Thurman, Lew Cody, Josie Sedgwick, Emory Johnson, Betty Compson, and Mae Marsh, at the Bronston Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

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Hints for Scenario Writers
William Lord Wright
Advice for the amateur writer.

What the Fans Think
An open forum of discussion about motion pictures.

Flowers Are for Easter
Herbert Howe
The searchlight is turned on the life of the movie colony.

The Old Swimmin' Hole
C. L. Edson
A "back-to-boyhood" story, based on Charles Ray's latest picture.

More Genuine Than Usual
Barbara Little
Catherine Calvert lives up to the impression of a fan.

Romances of Famous Film Folk
Harold Russell
This time it's a double romance—perhaps you can guess who the couples are.

The Master of Spanish Love
Harriette Underhill
Introducing James Rennie—a much-talked-about young man just at present.

The Observer
Editorial comment on timely topics concerning the screen.

The Four Horsemen
Charles Carter
A preview of one of the biggest productions of the year.

The Movie Almanac
Charles Gatchell
Wherein you will find much interesting information.

Favorite Picture Players
Some of the world's most attractive screen stars, in rotogravure.

To One Lot of Kimonos—$25,000
Emma-Lindsay Squier
A large item—but one which Sessue Hayakawa was not unwilling to pay when his wife presented the bill.

The Discovery of Dickson
Celia Brynn
A youngster who's been making good.

The Temperamental Blonde
Malcolm H. Oettinger
Mae Murray talks entertainingly about her work.

A Girl's Adventures in Movieland. Part III
Ethel Sands
This time she helps Bert Lytell in one of his biggest productions.

A Man Who Refused to Die
Malcolm H. Oettinger
His name is Hobart Bosworth, and his career is an interesting one.

Childe Harold
H. C. Witwer
America's premier humorist gets a page of laughs out of a visit to Harold Lloyd's studio.
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Never forget that the very greatest motion pictures, the kind you wouldn't care to miss, can only be made by an organization of world-wide scope, such as Paramount's, which counts no cost and shies at no difficulty or danger to make your Paramount schedule an unbroken tale of thrilling entertainment.

Don't be among those people who let their photoplays choose them; that is, they go to the theatre without knowing what's on.

Choose the Paramount Pictures, choose the Paramount Nights.

Those nights are as great as the nights called Arabian, nights of pleasure so entralling as to take you completely out of yourself into the enchanted land of Let's Pretend.

It is a simple matter to follow the Paramount schedule. Keep tab on the newspaper advertisements of your theatre and look for the phrase "A Paramount Picture."

You will notice this also in the theatre's lobby and on the posters.

Those are the nights to go!—The nights your theatre shows Paramount Pictures!
Jumping Back to the Sixth Century
A lively account of a visit to the scene of a big production in the making.

Emma-Lindsay Squier 52

Right Off the Grill
A department in which the author "hews to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

Herbert Howe 56

Over the Teacups
Fannie the Fan is here, as usual, with all the latest chatter.

The Bystander 58

You Can’t Tell Marguerite
Which refers to the little favorite, Marguerite Clark.

Caroline Bell 61

The Screen in Review
Critical comment on current productions.

Agnes Smith 62

Louise Lovely Is
As no doubt you well agree.

Louise Williams 67

Dame Fashion’s Smartest Daughter
Much can be learned about dress from Irene Castle.

Edwin Schallert 70

Have You Any Whiskers?
If so, see Russell Simpson.

Grace Kingsley 71

Those Cowless Cowboys!
Another yarn of humorous observation, by the author of "The Naughty Nude New Year."

News Notes from the Studios

They are doing much to make the movies more enjoyable.

John Addison Elliott 73

If You Start Young Enough
You may land a big job in the motion-picture industry.

Edna Foley 86

Snapped Without Warning
Favorite players caught by the camera while off stage.

Malcolm H. Oettinger 84

Low and Behold!
A brilliant pen picture of Louise Glaum.

Playing Both Ends Against the Middle
Mary Miles Minter has two strings to her bow.

The Picture Oracle
Answers to letters from our readers.

We are about to begin the most interesting feature concerning motion pictures which any magazine has ever offered its readers!

This is an extreme statement, we know, but it will be borne out in the next issue of Picture-Play Magazine. The article in question is the story of the wife of a motion-picture star. She had married him before he became famous. And during this long period of his rise to fame the two had lived, and seen, all that goes on behind the scenes in the life of the motion-picture world. All of the emotional joys and sorrows of her own experiences, as well as those which she saw around her, she has set down in an amazingly interesting and frank human document.

THE REVELATIONS OF A STAR’S WIFE

Which star's wife wrote it? This will be the question on thousands of lips next month. Perhaps you will guess. At least you will recognize, in all probability, some of the famous characters discussed in this remarkable story, which will begin in the May Issue of Picture-Play Magazine.
Why I Cried...After the Ceremony

Two whole months I planned for my wedding day. It was to be a truly elaborate church affair, with a richly decorated altar and sweet little flower-girls. Bob wanted a simple ceremony—but I insisted on church wedding.

"We are only married once, you know," I laughed. "And Oh, Bob," I whispered, nestling close, "It will be the happiest day of my life."

Gaily I planned for that happy day and proudly I fondled the shimmering folds of my wedding gown. There were flowers to be ordered, music to be selected and cards to be sent. Each moment was crowded with anticipations. Oh, if I could have only known then the dark cloud that overshadowed my happiness!

At last, the glorious day of my marriage arrived. The excitement fanned the spark of my happiness into glowing and I thrilled with the joy that I had known before. My wedding day! The happiest day of my life! I just knew that I would remember it forever.

A Day I Will Remember Forever

How can I describe to you the beauty of the church scene as I found it when I arrived! Huge wreaths of flowers swung in graceful fragrance from the walls. Each pew boasted its cluster of lilies, and the altar was a mass of many-hued blossoms. The bridesmaids, in their flowing gowns, seemed almost unreal, and the little flower-girls looked like tiny fairies as they scattered flowers along the carpeted aisle. It was superb! I firmly believed that there was nothing left in all the world to wish for. The organist received the cue, and with a long, sweet strain of the triumphant wedding march began.

Perhaps it was the beauty of the scene. Perhaps it was the strains of the wedding march. Perhaps it was my overwhelming happiness.

At any rate, the days of rehearsals and planning vanished in a blur of happy forgetfulness. Before I realized what had happened, I had made a mistake right at the beginning of the wedding ceremony. A hot blush of humiliation surged over me—and with crimson face and trembling lip I began to walk all over again.

It all happened so suddenly. In a moment it was over. And I think my day's blunders had spoiled my wedding day! Every one had noticed it, they couldn't help noticing it. All my rehearsing had been for naught. It was too late to undo what had happened. I had been so thrilled, I was almost overjoyed.

Of course, all my friends told me how pretty I looked, and the guests praised my wedding a tremendous success. But deep down in my heart I knew they did it to please me. They knew they could not mean it. I had broken one of the fundamental laws of etiquette and I had ruined my one chance to be perfect. I felt terrible. The memory of that day would be with me always. I would always be thinking of what I should have done. I would have liked to go back and change it. I was determined to avoid any further blunders in etiquette, and so I sent for the famous "Encyclopedia of Etiquette."

Blunders in Etiquette at the Dance

"Bob glanced over the chapter called "Etiquette at the Dance." "Why, dear," he explained, "I never knew how to dispose myself at a dance. I hope you didn't notice."

Yes, I did notice, and I had seen to it that I was served at the dance. I wanted to avoid any more blunders. I was proud of what I had accomplished."

"We will find invaluable aid in our Encyclopedia of Etiquette."

My Advice to Young Men and Women

I determined to avoid any further blunders in etiquette, and I sent for the famous "Encyclopedia of Etiquette." I was proud of what I had accomplished."

I Buy a Book of Etiquette

After the wedding there were cards of thanks and "Irish" cards to be sent. The wedding breakfast had to be arranged and our honeymoon trip planned.
We Accept the Challenge

If there were no opportunity for an unknown writer of plots to sell his material, then this entire department would be misleading, to put it mildly, and one should never see printer's ink. The writer would be holding out false hopes to hundreds of beginners in literary work. After years of experience and of observation in the movie game, the editor of this department contends that the future hope of material for the screen lies in the "amateur," so called, of to-day. He believes in the ancient adage that one cannot "make a silk purse out of a sow's ear," meaning that the beginner who has no plot conception, no sense of the dramatic or humorous, no talent for putting observations and ideas on paper, will never write motion-picture scenarios. He does contend that there are many workers to-day in the newspaper editorial rooms who will be the scenario writers of to-morrow, that there is many a man and woman with an inherent talent for writing who will be selling movie stories before many months—that those who strive to-day may become successful to-morrow.

The Letter that Started It All

In response to a letter from Mr. J. D. Davis, a beginner, the editor of this magazine queried the scenario departments of the large movie companies asking for opinions—as to whether there was hope for the amateur writer of screen stories. I shall first present Mr. Davis' letter, then quote from these scenario editors, and then give some other opinions and comments. I sincerely hope that this will close the argument, and that it will convincingly prove that there is an opportunity, and a big opportunity to those who have real ability.

"I heartily endorse R. J. Trebor, of Los Angeles, when he asks in your magazine that some one be candid and tell us that there is very little hope for an outsider to dispose of his stuff," writes Mr. J. D. Davis, of Rochester, New York.

"My own experience consists of a few scenarios, some receiving favorable personal mention, but none were ever accepted by any studio. Although encouraged by the letters mentioned, I am through with scenarios for the present, not because I am peeved, but because there seems to be almost no chance for an outsider who is not a noted, or at least, a professional writer.

"Mr. Wright tells us the original story is coming back, and it certainly is, but it is the well-known story of the well-known author. Maeterlinck, Rex Beach, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Gertrude Atherton, and a few of those who are now, or have been, in the studios to study conditions there, and then write their stories, and what possible chance has a poor, unknown struggler, even if his story happens to be good? "It seems to me to be wrong to encourage the thousands of struggling people who are spending so much precious time, energy, and hope on an almost hopeless case. I do not believe that all the stories which five hundred thousand people are writing are hopelessly poor, old stuff, or imitations. Now, if I am wrong in regard to the little chance which scenario writers now stand of having their work accepted, I will be glad to be corrected. If only three persons—beginners, of course, or unprofessionals—would write in your department saying they had scenarios accepted for five-reelers within the last two years by any reliable studios, or if Mr. Wright can tell us of three amateurs who within the past two years have sold five-reel plays, then I will cheerfully say I was mistaken and will gladly go to work again myself."

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 "Guide-posts 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.

Quoting from Scenario Editors

Scenario editors from a number of the companies written to replied to the inquiry as to whether, in their opinion, there was hope for the beginner, and if they knew of beginners selling stories. I will begin by quoting Mr. John C. Brownell, of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, who said, in part: "During my five years with Universal, I cannot recall but one instance where we bought a story from an unknown writer. We purchased 'Hitchin' Posts' from Harold Shumate. Later, I learned that, though unknown as a writer, he was an experienced newspaper man. The opportunities now for the screen writer are greater than ever before, but it is far more difficult for the amateur with a faint heart, the kind that gives up after two or three rejections."

Possibly no concern has done more for the development of the unknown or "amateur" screen writer than Universal. Giles R. Warren, who aided in organizing the Universal scenario department ten years or more ago, uncovered ten promising writers in one month. C. B. "Pop" Hoadley succeeded Warren and came from the wilds of the Michigan peninsula to become a New York editor. He was formerly a newspaper man and took up picture-play writing unhonored and unsung. A youth down in Boonville, Indiana—wherever that is—read that plots for picture plays would bring as much as twenty-five dollars each. He began to write. His stuff sold. President Laemmle went to French Lick Springs, Indiana, one fine day and Monte Katterjohn accosted Laemmle and asked for a chance. Katterjohn later became editor of Universal, and his career

Continued on page 10
 advocacy SECTION

LEARN MUSIC AT HOME

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Indicate
as a writer from then on is history. Lucien Hubbard, a newspaper man, walked into the Pathé offices in New York three years ago with an original plot for a feature film. He had never been heard of before in the industry. To-day he is scenario editor for Universal at Universal City, California.

Florence L. Strauss, writing as scenario editor of Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, states that Goldwyn has not purchased a single scenario the past year from an amateur writer. "In so far as I know," she continues, "there is no prejudice against amateur writers as such, it is only that these stories offer so little in the way of well worked out situations and characterizations that it is scarcely worth our while to work them up to feature-picture standards."

Mr. J. E. Burk, representing Hope Hampton Productions, writes: "We have not yet purchased any story by an unknown writer. However, should such a story of exceptional merit be offered us, we would most assuredly not reject it. I think it a very big mistake to turn down all writings of amateur writers, as some very good ideas may be lost in this way."

Here Are Melville Hammitt, of the Selznick Pictures Corporation, writes: "In answer to your letter regarding stories purchased from people who are not professional screen writers, would say that we recently obtained from George Hodenpily, Jr., an original story, 'The Fob,' from Garret Elsdon Fort the story, 'Don't Trust Your Husband,' and from A. Giulisti a story entitled 'Charlie's Ward.' I consider that much interesting material can be obtained from original writers who fashion their product for screen use. For picturization, it is the plot more than the literary dressing of a story that interests us, and consequently I can see no obstacle that would prevent anyone with well-developed faculties of invention and ability to set forth his thoughts in a fairly logical manner, from becoming an important contender in motion-picture writing."

Beulah Livingstone, of the Norma and Constance Talmaugh Film Company, writes that they get their material from the Emerson-Loos combination, the Norma productions being mostly adaptations from novels or plays. One story purchased solely on its merits was submitted by Stella George Perry. It was the first motion-picture play the author had ever written. Miss Livingstone explains, however, that the author had had some experience in the magazine world.

Edward C. Marsh, of Cayuga Pictures, Incorporated, believes that the tendency at present seems to be to pass over original work for stories taken from current published fiction not designed in the first place for the screen. Mr. Marsh thinks this tendency is all wrong and believes a change will come before long.

The Hal E. Roach studios do not purchase stories from outside sources, but maintain a staff of writers who prepare the material for the comedies. We might also state in passing that much of the original business always found in Harold Lloyd comedies is originated by President Hal Roach and Mr. Lloyd.

Mr. Chapman's Experience J. B. Chapman, of Federal Photo Plays, in a letter states that he thinks most producers are relying entirely on their continuity writers, who take any fiction story, however remote from screen possibilities, and build a scenario from it. In other words, they write their own story. They use a touch of the published story to justify the use of the title and for advertising purposes. "A reputable producer who maintains his own continuity staff does not care for stories written in continuity," he says. "No scripts have been purchased by any producer from non-professionals or unknown writers during the past year, so far as I know."

Two years ago Mr. Chapman wrote an original story in synopsis form. It was his first real effort. It was purchased by a producing company, and is certain to make a strong production. At that time Mr. Chapman was virtually unknown to the scenario field. His story did not run over two thousand words. Mr. Chapman's assertion that "the continuity writer puts most of the business into a story is true—not only with novels but with originals. Very rarely is there a book or a manuscript submitted for screening that carries enough action. This is true of any manuscript whatsoever, whether prepared by a professional writer, or otherwise. And the writers of continuity are going some on invention. Business and situations are repeated, and, when the unknown comes across with an original idea and also most of the detailed business, he will soon be wearing diamonds."

Continued on pag. 12
MAKE YOUR BEAUTY DREAMS COME TRUE

Science has rivaled nature. Chemists have applied their magic wand. The medical profession has expended its greatest effort in scientifically solving and mastering those problems that belong to the beauty world. It is the magic personality of the present complexion, hair, scalp, body, hands, feet, mouth, nose, ears, chin, neck, chest, breast or entire form—regardless of your weight—or too stout or too thin—regardless of your height, or the top of your head or the tips of your toes you can, for the first time in history possess any or all of these charms. "SCIENCE OF BEAUTY" in eight volumes comprehensively covers the 250 subjects on beauty, diet to grow thin, diet to gain weight and beauty of form through exercising. Every line—every page—every one of these seven books from cover to cover is scientifically written on this one vital subject.

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ADVERTISING SECTION

Mr. Felix Orman, of the J. Stuart Blackton Feature Pictures, Incorporated, states that the Blackton production, "Respectable by Proxy," now very popular throughout the country, was based on a story submitted by an author we have never heard of before. The script came from Chicago. Commodore Blackton read the story, liked it, the continuity was then written, and the picture made. There is a feeling on the part of independent writers throughout the country that, under present policies, they have little chance of selling their stories to the producers. There are many producers who want "themes." They feel—and I sometimes think mistakenly—that the momentary flash of a novelist's name heightens the interest of the audience in the photo play, also the use of such a name in publicity attracts patronage. The same theory held good some years ago regarding actors. Yet you can go over the list of the most popular stars of to-day for yourself and see that most, if not all, have little if any stage experience or promise. So it is, in my opinion, with writers. The name of a widely read author has its drawing power, for he has an established following, but that is true in a few cases. Mr. Blackton has no policy of clinging to names. Dramatic merit and literary quality are what he demands. If those essentials are met by a struggling school teacher in an Iowa village, they are just as sure to be rewarded by purchase and production as they would be if written by an established author in New York City.

Other Beginners' Experiences

About two years ago Kate Corbelay was unknown to the picture game. The wife of a civil engineer who had been called to China, she cast about to occupy herself during the hours her children were in school. A nonprofessional writer, she just brooded good sense, and talent, of course—to her work. Mrs. Corbelay came to the editor of this department with a story in synopsis form, entitled "And the Desert Shall Blossom." In the story she had embodied some of the adventures she had heard her husband relate of his civil-engineering experiences and to these adventures she had added drama and love interest. The story was exceptionally good. She sold it through Jack Cunningham, author and continuity writer, who was doing scenarios for Frank Keenan. Mrs. Corbelay was brought to the star's attention. He asked her to submit some material for him—for Keenan is not easy to write plots for. She did so. The result was that she was the author of a series of Frank Keenan stories with Mr. Cunningham doing continuities. Today Mrs. Corbelay has a number of feature picture plays to her credit and is prominently identified with a photo-play brokerage company at high salary. This is one recent instance of the success of an unknown writer.

C. L. Haynes wrote a Western story and submitted it for Mr. Dustin Farrum. The writer of this department opened the story in the usual course of business. The first two pages told him here was something fresh and original. Five hundred dollars was paid for the idea, the atmosphere, and several good situations. C. L. Haynes proved to be the wife of an author resolved to show friend husband that he was not the only one who could do it. She had never before written for the screen.

Robert B. Kidd, a former newspaper man, had never written for the screen in his life before he wrote a story entitled "When Dawn Came." It was a story on a dangerous topic, too. It involved a lot of religious elements. The fact that this story was accepted and made into a big, successful production speaks mighty well for a man who, until that time, had never sold a picture-play plot.

An Englishman came to America after the Great War. He wandered out to Los Angeles and received employment playing types in pictures. He had a good wardrobe and looked the English gentleman that he certainly is. He had never thought of writing for the screen or elsewhere. The editor of this department was engaged that summer in helping in the making of an expensive serial picture. L. C. Wheeler, vice president of the company, requested the writer to read a story submitted by an Englishman "name of Clayton." Not connecting him with the Captain Crose Clayton who had been engaged in the cast the story was carefully considered. It was purchased, and a top price paid to Captain Crose Clayton who, in odd moments, had written some of his experiences, weaving through them the plot of a strong love story.

I could go on for pages citing the stories of beginners, but space will not permit.
What the Fans Think

An open forum of discussion by our readers, which you are invited to join.

High Praise for Bert Lytell.
To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine.

For a long time now I have waited patiently to see if any one would write a word of appreciation for a certain star. In the February issue I was rewarded for my waiting. Under the heading of "What the Fans Think," Joan Harcourt, of Chicago, Illinois, considers Bert Lytell as the best actor next to John Barrymore. John Barrymore is wonderful, but, in my opinion, he is no better than Mr. Lytell.

I think an actor's worth is to be judged by the number of entirely different rôles he or she can play. That is why I have so high a regard for Bert Lytell. There is nothing he cannot play. Until I saw the "Price of Redemption" I never dreamed he could play a drug fiend. I always thought he was too young and good-looking. Now I think he could play any rôle. Contrast the crooks of "The Lion's Den" and "The Long Wolf," and "Alias Jimmy Valentine" with the struggling young minister of "The Lion's Den" or the country boof in "One Thing at a Time," with the temperamental man modiste in "Lombardi, Ltd.," with the brilliant but cynical lawyer in "The Right of Way," or with the young woman hater in "The Misleading Lady." Has any other star such a variety of parts to his credit? Comparisons are odious, I know, but I can realize this one: When Charles Ray tried something different, in "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway," than the country-boy rôles in which he is almost a genius, he failed. On the other hand, Bert Lytell in "One Thing at a Time" or "Day" equaled anything Ray ever did in that line, I think. True, Mr. Lytell is one of the few that deserve the name of star.

Nazimova is the most versatile woman. Every time I see her she is different. I have seen her as the bewitching apache girl, Joline, and later the Red Cross nurse in "Revelation," the gypsy girl in "Toys of Fate," the mother, maddened by her fanatically religious brother until she drowned herself, and later, the daughter, brought up by her uncle at the lonely lighthouse and never permitted to see other people in "Out of the Fog," as the Chinese goddess and the white girl in "The Red Lantern," as the pathetic little chorus girl in "The Brat," as the dancer in "Stranger Than Death," as the Russian princess in "Bit of Joe," a star may be thrilled to the skies, and in another she will be roasted all over the department. And I think it is good for all of us to get different persons' points of view—even when, at times, they irritate us.

Well, I've said all I want to, except that I think Katherine MacDonald is the most beautiful actress in pictures, and the least talented.

With all best wishes for your magazine, I am yours sincerely, Hartford, Connecticut. Rosalie Marsh.

A Tribute to a "True Old-Home Girl."
To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine.

Tell me why it is that so many fans have so much praise for a certain few of the stars, and completely ignore some others. I think it strange that I see so few references to Ethel Clayton, who, to me, is the sweetest, the most beautiful "home" girl we have on the screen to-day. I am not educated well enough to express my sentiments as others, but our friend from the Philippines, whose letter appeared in the February number of Picture-Play, expressed my sentiment precisely:

"The Name of Elsie Ferguson to Ethel Clayton. Elsie is a beautiful girl, but in my way of thinking, Ethel Clayton comes first of all. Their love is next in a neck-and-neck race, so to speak. I like our little Mary for the reason she was good to her mother, brother, and sister. Bessie Love looks so good and kind I know she would be the same if she had been in Mary's shoes.

Ethel Clayton is a great star. She could not be anything else in everyday life than what she is on the screen—a good-hearted, sweet-tempered, true old-home girl, and I sure wish her all the good luck she can possibly have. I know if I were a young man and worthy of Ethel, she would not be single long, or she would know that W. R. Foster had tried.

W. R. Foster.
Logansport, Indiana.

In Defense of Mr. Griffith's Policy.
To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine.

I have just read with a great deal of interest a letter in your magazine from Frederick C. Davis on that much-discussed subject, "Way Down East." He seems to be under the impression that this play will be shown only in the large cities until 1923. Mr. Griffith has announced that "Way Down East" may be shown in any town—large or small—provided that it is shown as a regular theatrical production—that is, not as a continuous show, but only twice daily, matinee and evening—and at regular theater prices, from twenty-five cents to two dollars and a half.

As for the ten-dollar seats at the opening in New York—they were not all the seats. Plenty were sold for fifty cents. In this contract for showing "Way Down East" Mr. Griffith is not working to prevent the small towns from seeing the play, but he wants them to see it right. He wants it shown with the special music, just as New York and Chicago saw it, and not cut down to fit the usual movie program, with a Mack Sennett "comedy" thrown in to "lighten" it. The picture is entirely too long to be shown in a "program," and Mr. Griffith wants it shown by itself. Not long ago he said, "The ideal show for which I am working requires from eight to twelve reels—an evening's entertainment—the audience should be seated before the picture is started, for a great deal of harm results when persons enter and leave when the picture is half over or almost ended." No one would think of taking a good book and reading from the third last chapter to the end before beginning at the first!

Nashville is not so small, but it isn't large. The motion-picture theaters are certainly not as good as they might be. I recall that when "Broken Blossoms" was shown here it was accompanied by a "Mutt and Jeff" cartoon comedy and "canned" music by the player piano. I think that was the second time it was shown. The first showing was better, but certainly far from perfect.
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WE APPRECIATE LETTERS LIKE THIS ONE.

To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine.

I have been reading the Picture-Play Magazine, and I will tell you how I happened to get acquainted with you. I live about five miles from town, and the roads are so neglected in the wintertime, are very bad. I seldom get to town, so I do not see many movies. I like them very much, and would go to see them every weekend, but as it is, I do not get to see a show once a month. This does not satisfy me.

To-day I bought a copy of the December volume of the Picture-Play Magazine, and have been reading it all day. I am beginning to think that if I bought a copy of the magazine once a month I would not notice the fact that I couldn't see a show as often as most people do. I think the Picture-Play Magazine is the best movie magazine published. I hope that you will publish this so as to help others who can't get to see a show as often as they hoped. Thanking you in advance if you should publish it.

L. E. F.

Millerville, Minnesota.

The "Serial Fan" Writes Again.

To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine.

I have just come from the theater where "The River's End" was showing, and for once I have seen a picture that was just as pretty as the book from which it was taken.

A picture is advertised as "Zane Grey's great novel, or James Curwood's or some other-Play's Magazine go for. We have read the book and enjoyed it. But, alas! It has been rewritten and so made over we do not recognize it. Why can't we have more pictures like "The River's End"? That picture has shown that it can be done.

I can only think of one other picture that was like the story I read, and that was "Lascas," with Edith Roberts.

Some of the parts of the original story with just a few changes. I don't say all of them are not good, for they are. For instance, "The Lone Star" was not exactly like the book, but it was well made over, and I enjoyed it very much.

But I am a great reader, and I always try to get a copy of the movies. That's why it disappoints me so to see them all made over.

A word about critics. They don't know anything about what they are doing. That isn't. The public is the best critic. Some of these pictures the public enjoyed most were marked "no good" by critics. Banish these critics, we know what is good and bad, better than we like to see, and what we don't, without them.

Thanking you for putting my last letter on your department, I again sign myself:

A SERIAL FAN.

P. S.—I don't want to forget the serial.

Have just seen the last of "Daredevil Jack," and thought it was great.

Why Doesn't Lew Marry?

To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine.

I want to know why Lew Cody always gets "left" in his pictures. Why doesn't he ever marry? I have just seen "Occasionally Yours," and it was a fine picture in every way but one, and that is that it ended bad. Why couldn't he learn to love one of the girls? Mr. Cody is a good actor, and I think he deserves better pictures, so I don't believe he has been given a picture in which he married? C. M. D. Birmingham, Alabama.

From An Admirer of Dick.

To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine.

Different fans have different opinions, and although I think of Thomas Meighan, and Niles Welsh are mighty fine chaps, I think that Richard Barthel- mess beats them all. Dick is getting more popular every day, and why? Because his wonderful black hair and soulful eyes are enough to make any young girl adore him. The first picture I saw was "Boots," Dorothy Gish playing the lead. This play impressed me so that I went to see every play in which he appeared,—"Three Men and a Giant," "Scarlet Days," "The Love Flower," and "Broken Blossoms," in which I decided that Dick was my favorite.

I am looking forward to "Way Down East" as being a great success, because I know Dick will play a good part. G. C. Indianapolis, Indiana.

An Appreciation of Elaine.

To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine.

I would like to voice an appreciation of Elaine Hammerstein. Any one who has seen "The Daughter Pays" and "Pleasure Seekers" can have nothing but praise for her. Her interpretation in these charming silversheet offerings.

The fine, modest, and noble characters she has contributed to the screen should make the sincerest advocate of censorship bow his head in shame. Censorship would never be thought necessary if all pictures were as free from vulgarities as those in which she has been successful.

Miss Hammerstein, through the medium of the screen, has furnished me with many happy hours; and, in return, I
Flowers are for Easter, and Easter is for hats; Wanda Hawley, the pretty Realart star, would add to the old saying an explanation that flowerlike, Easter hats, when not on heads, should rest in exquisite boxes. She is thoroughly satisfied with this one. Wouldn't you be?
INTO the midst of the giant industries, which slowly have grown to the top of the world, there suddenly sprang, full grown, an Aladdin with magic lamps whose rays flooded gold upon all they touched. Paupers became princes in a single day, and the François Villons had their wish. From tenements and agrarian wilds, from circuses and fly-by-nights, Cinderellas rose up from their ashes and became the queens of the ball, and beggar boys were plumed and knighted as favorites of the world.

Thus arose overnight the magic realm of the movies, as fascinating in its sudden glitter as any fairyland. Mere youngsters realized that universal dream whose condition is “If I had a million.” Never in the extravaganza of life was Youth so showered with largess. In other industries men have amassed fortunes, but not until age crept upon them to play the ghost at the banquet. In movieland wealth comes in the spring of life, before experience has urged moderation. So it is not strange that in the ecstasy of gold many grow heady and fall. The industrial parvenu quite naturally has the manners of the nouveau riche, whose extravagances appear to some as Dionysiac revelry and to others as censurable immorality. Whatever the category of this waywardness, it has sufficed to throw a scarf of glamour over filmdom, to invest it with an orgiastic splendor, an enchantment that is the charm of sin. From every side come queries as to the immorality of the Cinemese, a natural curiosity in this Era of the Great Suppression.

During one of those happy days before the war, when we had free speech and drinks, a friend and I had attained that round where talk inevitably turns to matters of morality—and immorality. My friend, esteemed in the home town as a church pillar and poker player, remarked that he always had been a great admirer of a certain screen star until he had learned through the newspapers of her amorous transiency. This lady was accredited with intrigues similar in motive to those of Du Barry, Montespan, and other historic gold diggers.

“I can no longer enjoy her,” sighed my friend, who recently had been divorced for infidelity. “She always represented to me a fine virtuous woman. Not that I’m a Puritan, but I thought she was. Motion-picture people are a pretty immoral lot, aren’t they?”

Not knowing the definition of morality I couldn’t reply with any degree of certitude. Since then I have given pious reflection to the whole gamut of synonyms: right thinking, righteousness, virtue, rectitude of life, conformity to the standard of right. Furthermore, I have risked my chances both of entering heaven and of being President of the United States by becoming a citizen of the movie colony. While dwelling amid the Cinemese I have been able to analyze their will-to-

raise-merry-hell, as James Huneker terms the complex. Yet I am vague still as to the stuff which constitutes morality. So much depends upon one’s training.

In view of all the lurid light of sensationalism playing fancifully over the Cinemese it was not strange that my dear ones should have been agitated when I determined to take the broad highway which leads straight to the Hollywood colony. Yet they felt, and rightly, that one with sound moral training could not go wrong, however sirenic the temptation. Our family is very old and distinguished. An aristocratic and high-church aunt, whose great grandfather was one of the first to gyp the Indians out of land, had our an-
THE MOVIE FOLK

writer sets out in quest of Sin in the movie as depicted below are said to abound.

Howe

RAE VAN BUREN

rectly traced by the Daughters of the American Revolution. My ethical training was exemplary. I attended Sabbath school every Sunday for six months and won a gold medal—which turned out to be brass. When only a sophomore out of college I wrote an editorial concerning morals, my maiden effort on becoming editor of a special page on a mid-Western paper. Immediately upon its publication an extra man had to be added to the circulation staff just to take care of cancellations of subscriptions. Soon afterward I left the paper, with the good wishes of all, and determined upon a career of adventure. I hesitated in my choice of destinations between Paris, Greenwich Village, and the Hollywood movie colony, these three being the centers

of sin, according to the Sunday supplements and the fiction moonshined by Middle Westerners. I do not regret my choice.

I arrived at night in the City of Angels, so named, I presume, in honor of those who back motion-picture flivvers. My first impulse upon alighting was to turn tail and retrace the rails to New York, so disappointing was the quietude of atmosphere. Night in Los Angeles is like unto that of the town in Dakota, where I was born, except that it hasn’t even the yowl of coyotes for merriment. Indeed, I soon learned that the chief quota of population was supplied not by the Cinemese, but by the Dakotans, the Iowans, the Minnesotans, and the Nebraskans, who had grown rich and old in the commerce of Holsteins and Plymouth Rocks.

On the day after my arrival I was invited to go to the Hollywood colony, an hour by trolley from Los Angeles, where a dance was in progress at the chief caravansary of the movie folk. That night I set forth.

I got off the trolley six blocks too soon and had to walk the lonely streets. It was nine o’clock. My heels clattered on the pavement, sounding for all the world like a fire horse in a sepulcher. I wondered where all the sinners were.

Then I arrived at the hotel and saw their gleaming chariots parked all about the drive under the sheltering shadows of the palms. Music was leaking out from the gay-lighted interior.

My friend rushed down from the veranda to greet me. As we ascended the steps, a lady, who seemed to be a composite of all the scents of California flowers, was introduced. When her name was mentioned I recognized it as the property of electric lights.

“I’m mad at you,” she said, with pouting lips as crimson as the rouge of pointsettias. Amours progress rapidly in the movie colony, thought I. I meet a beautiful dame, and at first sight she gets mad at me! True love never runs smooth, but in Hollywood it certainly runs swift, so I argued. Without explaining the reason for her wrath, she smiled, turned, and took the arm of a foreign-looking youth, who some time in his career must have been a contortionist, judging by the way he folded over the belt line when he bowed. Breathless with excitement from this first encounter, I permitted myself to be led into the mélée du danse within.

Later, when I took up my habitat in this maison, I learned that the dance is held once a week and is the one social event open to all entries in Hollywood. In the tavern dwell numerous players and likewise numerous female veterans who sit on the piazza and rock. On dance nights, when the film laborers gather, the venerable dames move their rockers indoors and form at the ringside. Miss Texas Guinan describes this aggregation as a lot of plush horses sitting around burying their dead. A self-appointed chaperon, with so

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The Old

Just a simple

By C.

Ezra's honesty wasn't the sort that would keep him from robbing orchards, stealing watermelons, or writing notes of excuse when he wanted to skip school. He was born with a taste for all of these things, like any normal boy. The trouble was that he wasn't foxy. And Skinny, his rival, was. This was what was puzzling Ezra as he sat on the bridge rail.

"Look at the big slob," he said to himself. "I can out-run him, outdare him, and outswim him. I bet I can lick him. And yet he's——"

It wasn't quite clear to Ezra just what Skinny was doing. He only knew that the fat boy always seemed to be beating and tricking him in one way or another, and had from the time they both started going to the same school. And Ezra began to make up his mind to see if he couldn't play that game himself.

His chance to try came soon, for down the road came "the gang," barefooted, like himself. As they drew up on the bridge Ezra was about to suggest a fishing expedition farther up the creek, when Skinny suddenly cried:

"Hey! Swimmin's the game! The last feller in is a sissy!"

Skinny bolted for the hole, and the gang followed, pulling off their shirts as they ran. Ezra started along, but while he was grabbing up his fish, he got the pole between his legs, and the hook caught in his trousers. He was the last to reach the swimming hole, but gamely he began shaking off his clothes as fast as he could. They all got in ahead of him, even the clumsy Skinny. Ezra had been outwitted again by the foxy fat boy. But this time it dawned on him that the deal was crooked. So he put his clothes on again and hollered:

"Aw! Skinny was the last one in! He's the sissy. I ain't going in. That hole's full o' snakes. I seen a bunch of water moccasins in there while I was fishing. You fellers will all get bit."

Ezra called his dog and hastened away from there. The kids knew that he was lying, even the foxy Skinny recognized the trick; it was just the kind of bluff that he himself was always making. But he was a coward at heart, and all he could think of was snake bite, so he crawled out shivering like a wet dog, and the gang followed him.
Edson was different. So she would do old-fashioned things with her Myrtle. Terrified by the thought of having to do handstands for the whole school, she shied away from the idea, and he came lollygagging over to Myrtle and suggested that they play Adam and Eve. Myrtle fed the apple to Skinny, under the guise of acting in a play. Ezra had to be the audience and pretend to applaud it. His applause was feeble enough, and as to an encore, he said to himself there “ain’t goin’ to be no encore.”

But there was an encore. After Myrtle had fed the fat boy the last bite of the apple, she took out of a corner of her handkerchief the two candy hearts with “I Love You,” “Kiss Me Quick” lettered in red ink on their saccharin whiteness, and one after the other she dropped them into the bottomless pit of Skinny’s gutter. Ezra was wild inside, and his brain was reeling. The whole world seemed to be going round and round in a cyclone. Trees, houses, people, and everything seemed to be scooped up in a whirlwind, funnel-shaped cloud, scrapped into a hash, and then poured through the funnel again, and the funnel poured the whole debris into Skinny’s insatiable gizzard.”

That afternoon Ezra couldn’t sit still at his desk. Lessons meant nothing to him now, for he had learned the great lesson of his life—the lesson that an honest man hasn’t got any chance against the politicians and the ladies.

Ezra had a white mouse in his desk, and he turned it loose, hoping it would run down the everlasting rat hole of Skinny’s throat. But the mouse ran under the desks of the girls, and soon the school was in an uproar. Everybody tried to throw books and rulers at the terrible beast, and Skinny’s flying geography hit the schoolmaster right on the nose. To save himself, Skinny hastened to inform the infuriated master just which boy it was that turned the mouse loose.

The master called Ezra up front, and telling him to hold out his hand, the old codger brought down a vicious blow with his brass-lined ruler. While the blow was descending, Ezra was thinking fast on the question of whether it was the part of a brave man to take a licking in front of the ladies. Or should he
"Give me that note before I black your eye and bloody your nose!"

"Who's a-goin' to bloody my nose?"

"This here," said Ezra, brandishing his fist. "This one's name is Sudden Death," waving his right knuckles. "And this one's name is Six Weeks in the Hospital."

"You don't dare to hit me," pleaded Skinny. "Leave me alone."

"They's just going to be two hits in this fight," swore Ezra. "I'll hit you, and you'll hit the ground."

Skinny had collected his scattered wits, and he saw that the best bluffer would win the fight. Suddenly his face wrinkled, and his eyes glared like a maddened bull. He threw off his coat with surprising speed for a fat boy, snorted, spat, jumped up into the air, and cracked his heels together. He came down in a cloud of dust, and crouched, sawing his fists back and forth like a wild gorilla as he yelled between his grinding teeth:

"This is the ground I grewed on. I can lick my weight in wild cats. I'm a howling wolf from Bitter Crick, and this is my night to growl. I took an alligator under each arm and swim up the river where the snags was so thick that a fish couldn't squeeze through 'em. It scraped all the hide offen the alligators, but I never got a scratch. I eat nothin' but human blood, and I ain't been fed for a year. Come on and get me, before I get any wilder."

This outburst so frightened Ezra that his knees collapsed under him. He fell forward and took a pass at Skinny. Skinny batted his eyes and swung wild. Both boys staggered around, fanning the air with mighty blows, but neither landed within a foot of the other. Both were fighting a defensive fight and keeping away from each other. Finally the fat boy's wind gave out, and he sank to the ground. Ezra was glad, for he had just made up his mind to run as soon as he could trust his legs. But though no real blow had been struck on either side, Skinny felt that he was licked. Ezra made him dig up the note and forge an answer signed by Ezra's dad, and this forgery Skinny took back to the schoolmaster.

Ezra had won his first victory over his craftier rival. That afternoon the whole gang went swimming right after school, but Ezra's mother sent him to the store to get some flour. She was baking a cake for him for the picnic on Old Settlers' Day and found that she lacked material to complete it. Ezra was sulky and sullen because he didn't want to be the last feller in swimming, for "the last feller in has got a frog in his stomach." But as Ezra was departing from the
store with his twenty-five pound sack of flour, he noticed that the storekeeper had received a stock of "shipped in" watermelons for the picnic. It would be a month yet before the home-grown melon patches would be ready to raid. Ezra thought what a killing he would make if he appeared before the gang with a stolen melon. He kicked one of the melons off the side of the store porch, and it rolled down the path behind a tree. Ezra followed, picked it up when he was out of sight of the storekeeper, and with his melon and his sack of flour he hastened to the old swimming hole.

The kids were diving and splashing, and they started to jeer him for being late, as they saw him coming through the bushes. Ezra set down his flour and came up to the bank holding the green-ribbed watermelon over his head. He tripped over a log and fell backward. Did the melon break? They always do. But the worst of it was that it broke right in the fallen hero's face. As the fall of a stone makes a hundred unseen frogs dive into a pool, so the bursting of the melon caused a flock of human frogs to dive out onto the bank. And before Ezra could wipe the juice out of his eyes, the kids had grabbed every fragment of the melon, and the fat boy, as was to be expected, had got the big, red, honey-dripping heart.

As Ezra looked hopelessly around for a piece of his melon, his face wore such a rueful look that the gang began kidding him:

"Don't worry, old Sock," they told him. "This watermelon won't hurt us none. You're afraid we'll get cholera morbus from eatin' the melon. But it prob'ly won't hurt us a bit. Cheer up, old Sock, the guy that ate the most melon will get the worst stomach ache if it's poison."

Then the mud fight began. Ezra had slipped out of his clothes and paused at the edge of the hole and gathered a nice handful of black, slimy mud. He pasted Skinny in the ear and made his head ring. Skinny grabbed a handful of clay and threw it at Ezra, but Ezra wasn't there, and another kid who had just come up from a dive got the full dose right in the eye.

Then the mud fight was on in earnest. White bodies suddenly turned speckled and then black, and the air was as full of flying mud as a swamp is full of blackbirds in the fall flocking days. The kids in the middle of the pond dived for the mud on the bottom and those at the edges scrambled for the easiest handfuls. Skinny got crowded clear out onto dry land where there wasn't any mud. He became the target of the whole gang, for his fat carcass offered a mark as big as a barn door. While he was skirrning around with both eyes plugged shut with mud, he stumbled onto Ezra's sack of flour. Lucky find!

He began pelting the mud slingers with the puffy flour and soon put an entirely different color on the situation. The ugly ducklings of a moment before now blossomed out as white as swans. The mud fight had been good, but the flour fight had it beaten to a custard. In vain Ezra pleaded that the flour was for his picnic cake. They were having the picnic right then, and Ezra found his "cake was dough." It was a tragedy, and Ezra in a panic of despair could find only one ray of consolation. The cake that he should never eat had been swallowed up by the swimming hole; for once it had escaped the gullet of the all-devouring Skinny!

The morning of the picnic dawned bright and fair—which is to say it was bright and fair to everyone in the world except Ezra. Ezra was in about as bad a case as it is possible for a sixteen-year-old man to be. He was forbidden to go to the picnic—that's about the size of it, and yet that isn't the half of it. He had been whipped, disgraced, betrayed by the gang, and made a fool of in the presence of the ladies. Now for fuller details. The whipping was administered by his father, who was a blacksmith.

The morning of the picnic was no picnic for Ezra. No cake had he to take to the festivities, nor could he sit quietly at home and brood about it, for his licking had rendered the idea of sitting quiet entirely out of the question. His folks all went to the picnic in

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More Genuine

Catherine Calvert presents the unusual spectacle

By Barbara

"Well, so is she. Every part is as different and as filled with romance as those pictures back there. And I am scared to death that some one will tell me that in real life she is not romantic, or that she reads humorous weeklies, or that she chums around with other stars."

My young friend can stop worrying, for I have met Catherine Calvert, and she does none of those things. She is as real and as different as her characters on the screen.

You would no more think of being jocular about some persons than you would of jarring "Pompey and Circumstance," or drawing a caricature of your favorite screen star. That is the way you would feel about Catherine Calvert if you met her. I had supposed that she shed the grand manner she wears on the screen, and became just like one of us, when she wasn't working before the camera, because I have known lots of other stars to be like that. But Catherine Calvert isn't. Not that she is cold or distant or anything of the sort—she is just exalted. You can't imagine her putting on a bungalow apron on the cook's night off and getting dinner; you can easily picture her in an old English garden clipping roses. You can't imagine her clinging to the seat of a chummy roadster, but she seems perfectly at ease in a luxuriously appointed limousine. She is the very antithesis of the girl who says, "Give me a good jazz band and a crowd of friends, and that's all I'll ask." Such a thought could never occur to Catherine Calvert.

"Well, as a matter of fact, my life is just one costume after another," Catherine Calvert told me, when I repeated to her the episode of the pictures in the museum. "I really ought to believe in reincarnation or something of the sort, because when I put on old colonial costumes, such as I wear in 'The Heart of Maryland,' or mantillas, such as I wore in 'Dead Men Tell No Tales,' Catherine Calvert ceases to exist, and I become a colonial belle, or a Spanish girl. I even find that my taste in reading changes with my parts. When I was down in Natchez, Mississippi, doing some of the scenes for 'The Heart of Maryland,' I found some novels written at the time the action of that story took place, and I was so delighted with them, I read nothing else the whole time."

"Even my critical young friend from boarding school would have been satisfied. I doubt, though, if she would have heard what Miss Calvert was saying, for she would have been so enchanted with the broad band bound around the lovely star's head, the deep rose-colored negligee of almost classic simplicity that she wore, and the lace-covered chaise longue on which she rested, that her whole attention would have been occupied with them.

Miss Calvert was forced to rest in a semidarkened room, because the studio lights had burned her eyes, so she had sent word by her maid and her irrepressible four-year-old son that if I didn't mind she would see

HOPE that I never read an interview with Catherine Calvert," the irrepressible young thing just home from boarding school announced emphatically.

And to my "Why?" of surprise, she explained, "I don't want to be disillusioned. They would probably say that she wore tailored suits, drove her own car, and liked chocolate cake. I couldn't bear it. There's little enough romance in the world as it is."

Thus spoke the wisdom of sixteen.

We were "doing" the Metropolitan Museum of Art, that wonderful art gallery that is located in Central Park, and before at least one painting in every room my enthusiastic companion stopped, and said: "She looks just like that sometimes," following it with the curt explanation, "Catherine Calvert, I mean."

"But she couldn't, honey. One of them was a Spanish dancer, another was a colonial belle, and another a medieval Madonna. They were absolutely different."
Than Usual
of a star who off-screen is as romantic as she is on.

Little

me in her boudoir. Mind? I was delighted, for if there is anything more revealing of a person's real personality than the room in which she keeps her most intimate belongings, I have not yet found it. Catherine Calvert's room is a pearl-gray, with ivory furniture, and rose-colored hangings—as serene, and dignified as herself. But it is the walls that give the most interesting key to her character. On them there is a profusion of colorful pictures—some dancing figures by Von Stuck, some water-color sketches by Sargent, and many of the well-known posters of Maxfield Parrish. The pictures are all hung low on the wall, so that a person sitting down can see them without any effort. The deep blues and vivid oranges of the Parrish pictures are like the vivid personality of the real Catherine Calvert.

"There's one advantage in playing out on location," Miss Calvert said, after the entrance of the maid with tea had interrupted my scrutiny of her pictures. "You can live in the character you are playing most of the time. But here"—and she extended her fingers slowly in one of the flowerlike gestures so familiar to her audiences—"here there are a thousand interruptions. There are so many dinner parties to go to, new plays to see, and always the lure of the shops, Catherine Calvert can't resist returning to life out of studio hours. I like better to go away to make a picture—and just live the part I play until the picture is finished. Then I like to have a month or more of vacation, so that I can see my friends, go about and get new impressions, and read plays.

"Not scenarios," she reiterated, "plays. And if I ever can find one that I think is really big, I am going back on the stage. I haven't seen a part that seemed just what I wanted since——" Her voice dropped to a whisper, and she didn't finish the sentence. I knew that she was thinking of big Paul Armstrong, her playwright-husband who died, and involuntarily my eyes turned to the picture of him on her dressing table.

"He was wonderful, wasn't he?" she said, with a little huskiness in her voice. It was two days later that I heard something about Catherine Calvert from a member of her company that revealed her real self to me more than anything she had said. When her company was making scenes near Natchez, Mississippi, for "The Heart of Maryland," throngs of people motored out from the city to watch, just as people always will when they hear of movies being taken. Catherine Calvert is gracious, at heart, but she thought that if those people really wanted to stay, they would pay for it. So, every day a hat was passed through the crowd, resulting in a collection of several hun-

dred dollars. More than a hundred little orphans are more warmly clad now, and there's a rug on the living-room floor at the asylum just because Catherine Calvert wouldn't be a free show.

Catherine Calvert never talks long about motion pictures or acting. She talks about her home, the new plays in New York—she simply won't make pictures in California because of missing them—and flowers. The latter subject is inevitable after you have seen her home. "Yes, I always have lots of them around me," she said, holding out her hands to her little boy who had come in staggering under an enormous box. He set it down on the floor and began to fumble with the strings.

"American Beauties," I groaned, thinking that at last I had found a point of similarity between Catherine Calvert and many other stars. But they were not American Beauties. The box contained wild flowers of all kinds, sprays of jasmine, great bunches of snapdragons, and clusters of pink roses and mignonette.

In a few minutes there were vases of them all over the room. Sweet and informal and varied they were—quite like Catherine Calvert.
Romances of Famous Film Folk

The story of the recent elopement of the two most beloved comediennes in motion pictures, and what their families had to say about it.

By Harold Russell

It was the night after Christmas and all over Greenwich, Connecticut, was that air of premonitory stillness which invariably suggests that the little village is again about to crash into the New York papers.

Something was about to happen.

Lights gleamed cheerfully from the windows of the Pickwick Inn, and around the fire the villagers had their cups of after-dinner coffee and spoke in whispers. Old Pop Green in the corner drug store pushed another strawberry sundae across the bar and cocked his ear toward the door that opened on the old post road.

"I remember it was a night just like this—" Pop began, when an automobile shot up to the inn steps, and a young man jumped out and ran inside.

He leaned far over the counter toward the clerk, and, after glancing nervously at the villagers, each with a coffee cup poised between saucer and lips—in that raptly indifferent way which these old villagers adopt when any one bustles in from the big world—asked timidly:

"How do you get married in this town?

"Justice of the peace," answered the clerk.

"Shush," said the young man, "don't talk so loud."

He leaned over and whispered something that brought a look of amazement to the clerk's face.

"Not really," said that young man incredulously, as he edged over toward the window and peaked out.

"Yes, both of them," the stranger assured him. "Can you—"

But before he could finish speaking, the clerk in an awed tone assured him that even on Sunday the justice of the peace would do anything to oblige some people.

Then he picked up the telephone and called the city clerk. And the city clerk called the J. P., and in a few moments, even though it was Sunday, Dorothy Gish, she of the dark locks and elfin manner, the youngest of the family, and Constance Talmadge, who has two sisters, Norma and Natalie, also rather well known, were married to James Rennie and John Pialoglu.

Now it is natural to suppose that any one who has been married as many times as Miss Gish and Miss Talmadge before a camera would know how to conduct themselves when it came time for them to startle a few million fans by a real marriage.

Such things call for proper notification of the newspapers, and an opportunity to provide for a movie of the scene which would have far more attraction for many of our best citizens than even the inauguration of President Harding.

Did they do it? Well, hardly. When it comes to getting married motion-picture stars are just like other folks. They don't want a lot of fuss and delay. They don't want the occasion dedicated to guests and caterers, when all that really matters is a bride, a groom, and a minister or justice of the peace.

So Constance and Dorothy took matters into their own hands.

There were no trousseaus, no bridal bouquets, no endless lists of friends who must be invited to the wedding. And best of all, to the four romantic youngsters, there were no photographs. This one moment of their lives—and a more precious one will never come to them, they are sure—belonged entirely to them. No one else has even a memory of it.

The two grooms blushed as determinedly all afternoon as though they were facing a church full of people, with the wedding march halting inexcessably just before the notes for the bride's entrance. And the brides, quivering as two young misses eloping from boarding school, were so nervous that they, Dorothy Gish plays the part of James Rennie's wife much more convincingly in real life than she does on the screen. Wouldn't you know they were bride and groom if you met them looking like this?
were both afraid of calling out enthusiastically, "I do," when the other one was getting married.

It only goes to prove that no matter how often one may be married one never gets used to it. And for days afterward Miss Gish and Miss Talmadge were just as full of mystery and excitement as they could hold, until their families were forced to believe that something out of the ordinary had really happened.

There was never a more honest-to-goodness, happy-go-lucky elopement in all the history of Greenwich. And that is a very sweeping statement.

When three days later word began to trickle out into the world that something had happened in the Gish and Talmadge households, I went down to Mr. Rennie's dressing room, as the proper starting point. There was no doubt about being on the right track, when on the wall beside his dressing room a picture of Dorothy Gish laughed at this seeker after romance with a big R.

Mr. Rennie was playing Pancho in "Spanish Love." He is one of the most ardent lovers that ever stalked through a hacienda. No man has any right to be so good looking. Also he is young and altogether boyish. I was almost sure I was on the right trail.

He threw up his hands and laughed through his make-up.

"Honest, old man," he protested, "I can't say anything about it. I really can't, you know. Why don't you see Miss Gish?"

So I traveled up to the Savoy Hotel, not knowing that just at that time Miss Gish was sitting out in a near-front row, unknown to her husband, watching him act.

"I guess she likes to look at him," laughed sister Lillian. And it was from Lillian and her mother that most of the story came.

There was a big Christmas tree in the corner of the Gish apartment, and it didn't need the tale of that Christmas night to confirm the impression that it had been a merry festival in the Gish family. Lillian Gish was curled up on a couch in a corner of the room, alternately opening a letter and answering the telephone.

"Yes," she said to an inquirer who rang up. "Yes, there's a man in the house."

John, the parrot, was gnawing away on a cracker and making sounds which suggested intense mental excitement. It turned out later that John was laughing, sometimes to himself and sometimes audibly. He's a droll bird. He has been a playmate of Constance and Dorothy ever since they were little girls, so he has been trying to pretend ever since the wedding that they told him about it in advance.

Mrs. Gish, who, ever since her girls were six years old, has been guiding them through their stage careers, came in. It is not hard to understand why the Gish family is such an inseparable unit after meeting Mrs.

Gish. Her quiet and kindly manner, her great affection for her daughters, which they return to her measure for measure, is reflected in her every word and look. It is impossible to help liking the Gish family.

She folded her hands in her lap and smiled faintly. It was evident that the elopement had rather dazed her.

"I didn't really believe it until this morning," she said. "I thought Dorothy was just joking when she first told me about it. But I guess it is true, for Mrs. Rennie has just been over to see me. She didn't know it until to-day. Either, nor did Mrs. Talmadge. We have all been rather upset.

"Not that I don't like Mr. Rennie," she added hastily, and emphatically. "I do, very much. He is a charming and cultivated young man, a gentleman in every way, but—we, we have been together a long time now, you know.

"Christmas night they were all here, Dorothy and Mr. Rennie, and Constance and Mr. Pialoglou. And

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“Spanish Love” is laid in that far-distant corner of Spain called Murcia, and there, in spite of the heat, they do things strenuously. Mr. Rennie doesn’t shout when he makes love, of course, but most of the time he is defying the whole township and refusing to let ‘Migale,’ his rival, shoot him offhand.

Our first view of Mr. Rennie was a celluloid one. He was Miss Gish’s leading man in “Remodeling a Husband.” Next came “Flying Pat,” where Mr. Rennie appeared again as Miss Gish’s husband, and this time we could no longer resist him. As Mr. Rennie was playing in New York it wasn’t necessary to resist him. We just called up Messrs. Wagenhall and Kemper, the owners of “Spanish Love,” and told them our story, and that night found us at the Maxine Elliott Theater getting our first view of the real James Rennie. We may as well say right at the start, and so get it off our mind, that in his Spanish costumes he was the handsomest thing we ever had gazed on, and if we were Dorothy Gish we should take him out of that show at once. Why, when he shouts and raves it is probable that every woman in the theater is trembling for fear he won’t leap off the stage, seize her in his arms, and rush off with her.

And if he did do this the rest of the people would think it was just part of the show. The actors play their parts all over the theater, and they make three entrances from the wings or out of the boxes or down the aisles, in “Spanish Love.”

Well, anyway, after Mr. Rennie had shouted his last shout and had carried Maria del Carmen away on his horse we went backstage to ask him why, when, and where he became an actor, and whether he preferred the silent or the noisy drama.

“I became an actor nine years ago, with two years out for the war, and I became a screen actor about one year ago, when I first met Miss Gish.”

“And how did you happen to do that?” we said, avid for facts. Mr. Rennie smiled broadly, showing all of his dazzling white teeth. “I didn’t happen,” he said. “Nothing ever just happens. Mrs. Rennie and her sister Lillian Gish went to see me playing in ‘Moonlight and Honeysuckle,’ with Ruth Chatterton; and Dorothy said, ‘Lillian, there is my leading man I’ve been look-

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About two years ago The Observer forgot his usual caution and because the weather was fine or because he had paid for all his Liberty bonds or for some other reason that makes men full of pep and recklessness—he ventured to make a prophecy.

He decided to tell the world a few things about coming big stars, and he announced that there were three young ladies who composed the bunch out of which the public would choose Mary Pickford's successor. These three were Dorothy Gish, who had just made the country chuckle at her charm in "Hearts of the World," Madge Kennedy, fresh from a quick rise to fame in the stage production of "Fair and Warmer," and Constance Talmadge, known mostly as Norma's sister.

Constance Talmadge was the long shot in the race. And the long shot has won.

Not that she has taken Mary's place. Nobody has yet done that. Constance is not yet the favorite that her sister has proved to be. But she is so close to the front in this contest in which youth always is the victor that we are willing to come right out in print now and predict that a year from now—there we go, getting reckless again—Constance will have a ticket entitling her to wear the queen's crown at least on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays.

Constance Talmadge has rushed to the front faster than any other motion-picture star, except Douglas Fairbanks and Charlie Chaplin, who were overnight successes. She has progressed because she has had good stories—something her older sister has often lacked—and because she looks to be a lovable lass, owning a heap of common sense. Folks like her, and they like her stories. That's why she draws the crowds.

A simple formula—but difficult to fill.

Perhaps Constance Talmadge's success can be charted so that others can profit by her course. Perhaps we've made a rare discovery that could act as a test for all would-be stars.

Constance Talmadge, to The Observer, is the kind of girl who, despite her success, would be genuinely tickled to shake hands with the grocery boy who used to deliver the potatoes at her house when she was a kid. She's the kind of a girl who would marry the man she loved, even if he didn't own a dime, and who would be happy in a four-room flat where she'd have to do her own cooking and pull up the dumb-waiter herself.

Constance has just married a man said to be wealthy, but that doesn't change the situation.

Take the test we have devised and try it on any motion-picture star. Mary Pickford and Norma Talmadge are that sort. Try it on some of the other stars who are in the medium-good class. You'll find that a lot of good actresses, who are supplied with excellent stories, have never reached the very top, and the reason is that they lack warmth. They don't appear to be one of us. They belong in show cases. You can't imagine them happy in a cottage. Glorious creatures, but not at all interested in the troubles and joys of the millions who go to see them.

Following the same clew, we come to two great screen mothers—Vera Gordon in "Humoresque" and Mrs. Mary Carr in "Over the Hill." Each is a real star, made so by vote of the public. Each of these women earned her laurels.

A great many months ago, The Observer, at the request of one of the readers of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE, started a search for a real screen mother. The search was futile. There was no such thing.

This one letter from a reader evidently was indicative of an unfulfilled desire on the part of many for a screen presentation of another type of genuine human being.

Until Vera Gordon did "Humoresque" there had been no screen mother who really typified what the word "mother" means to us. But now the producers are paying a good deal of attention to the mother roles.

Following the success of "Humoresque" and "Over the Hill" there will be a flood of "mother" pictures. Selznick will put Vera Gordon in one to be named "The Great Love." Ince is to do one called "Mother." It is our recollection that George Loane Tucker, before he became famous, made one by that title.

Like a rush to newly discovered gold fields is the dash of the imitators. "The Miracle Man" was a new note in pictures and a profitable one. Following the lead came the imitators. And some of them were terrible. "Humoresque" and "Over the Hill" and "Way Down East" are now being copied.

Imitations usually are unsuccessful, like sequels to stories. The first idea is welcomed because of its novelty. The imitation kills itself.

There are plenty of chances left for producers to make money by using their own ideas. The mother theme was an obviously popular one, but it was overlooked for years. The faith idea in "The Miracle Man" has been in existence since the world began.

A big production must have a big theme. "Mother," "faith"—both elemental words and big in meaning. There are many other themes based on feelings that are to be found in every heart. "Hope," for instance.

But a great play is more than a theme. That is
The theater manager now and then does a bit of imitating on his own. Two theater owners in Union Hill, New Jersey, recently were arrested on a charge of fraudulent advertising when they advertised an Ince production as "Homespun Folks, a Story of Way Down East."

Doesn't look like a crime, does it? But the theater men put "Way Down East" in type twenty times as large as "Homespun Folks," so that people would think they were seeing the Griffith production, Mr. Ince, whose picture was showing, and Mr. Griffith whose picture wasn't, are both equally interested in stopping this sort of thing.

A man who poses as a big mind in the motion-picture business announces with all the solemnity that Moses must have used in announcing the Ten Commandments, that "the motion-picture public is tiring of the same old thing and will reward only the producer who gives them things that are new and better."

If he had just left out the words "motion picture" he might have produced an epigram. We pause to point out to the great philosopher that the same old thing tires everybody, whether it is food, scenery, conversation, or amusement.

We don't know the name of the camera man who first discovered the "soft-focus" effect. Whoever he was, he brought to the industry an annoying and pestiferous mechanical effect. Everybody is soft-focusing these days, and if they don't stop it The Observer is going to stand right up in a theater some time and yell out his rage. Perhaps it will be futile, but so is applauding a picture, which is regularly done.

Profound Wisdom

Out With "Art"

"Help Expose the Crooks"

The day of the Spanish picture seems to be upon us, just as a year or so ago pictures with Chinese settings were the order of the day. Alma Rubens in "The World and His Wife," ushered in the Spanish influence some time ago; now we have the George Seitz serial "Rogues and Romance," a part of which was actually filmed in Spain; "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," one of the most pretentious pictures yet made; Viola Dana's "Puppets of Fate," and Edith Roberts' "The Fire Cat." Still another picture that testifies to the popularity of Spanish atmosphere is "The Passion Flower," a Norma Talmadge production. The play "La Malquerida," on which this picture is based, was the work of Jacinto Benavente, the greatest living dramatist in Spain.
PRINTING presses on two continents rumbled for two years or more grinding out copies of it; publishers wore out computing machines keeping tally of how many million people were reading it; squads of cameras clicked while armies of photo players moved to and fro in Hollywood translating it from the printed word to celluloid—IT meaning Vicente Blasco Ibañez's world-popular novel, "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

When the celebrated Spanish author startled the world with "The Four Horsemen," and it started on a career that culminated in winning for it the distinction of being one of the most widely read books today, there was a race among the big producing companies to secure the screen rights. Metro won. And having won, Metro undertook the production of a screen spectacle that resulted in the shattering of a whole flock of records and set new marks in the lore of motion pictures.

It took more than six months to translate the epic of Ibañez's into moving pictures—the picturesque earlier scenes in the Argentine, the gay, luxurious life of Paris that was darkened by the advent of war, the epochal sweep of the grappling armies across the peaceful little village on the Marne—the comedy and the drama and tragedy that throbs through the pages of the novel.

Blasco Ibañez himself went out to the Metro studios in Hollywood and spent weeks conferring with June Mathis on the preparation of the scenario. When he got there he didn't have any notion of picture making, but he soon learned. He found out how the pages of the book that had made his name famous on both sides of the Atlantic was being transformed by Miss Mathis into terms of screen action, and soon the screen won him. Incidentally, when he left Hollywood he had become one of the screen's most formidable converts and is going to write a novel direct for motion-picture production.

But it was when the actual filming of "The Four Horsemen" started that records began to fall. Rex Ingram, who directed the production, was given a free hand. To select a cast that would successfully visualize on the screen the characters of Ibañez's story—Don Madriaga, the rugged old "Centaur" of the Argentine; Desnovers, the Frenchman; T'On Hartrott, the German; Tchernoff, the Russian; the handsome, tango-dancing hero, Julio; the lovely Marguerite, the impetuous Chichi, and the other figures familiar to millions of readers—this alone was no easy task. Be-
The Four Horsemen

Don Madriaga twits Julio about the beautiful Spanish tango dancer in the Buenos Aires café.

the Germans it was shot to pieces while a corps of fourteen camera men recorded the various angles of the action, sometimes all shooting at once. Twelve assistant directors under Mr. Ingram marshaled the forces that were employed. In order to keep these armies supplied, an extensive costume factory, an armory, and two machine shops were established, and special field kitchens and a complete commissary were organized.

Over one hundred and twenty-five thousand tons of masonry, steel, lumber, furniture, and other construction material are said to have been used in the various settings of the spectacle, an excess of the materials used in the Woolworth Building, and as much as goes to build up all of Main Street in some towns.

Don Madriaga entertains an itinerant dancer at his hacienda.

A picturesque Argentine café type.

sides the long list of principals, several regiments of "extras" were mobilized for the big Marne scenes, and, in all, several thousand persons were ultimately utilized in various phases of the production.

Then came the settings for the farflung scenes of the book—the pampas of the Argentine, Buenos Aires, Paris, the historic locale on the Marne. An entire French village capable of housing six thousand persons was built in the hills near Los Angeles, and there amid the roar of artillery and the clash of the contending "armies" of the French and
The Four Horsemen

More important, however, than the bulk of materials used in building these massive scenes are the art treasures which were required for them. South American curios, rare musical instruments, paintings, and tapestries were needed to present the scenes as they were described in the book—treasures that could not be bought. At first, it was thought that copies of these paintings and tapestries would have to be made for use in the picture, but the museums and private owners who had them were finally interested in the picture sufficiently to lend valuable parts of their art collections. While these were in the studio they were closely guarded, and heavily insured.

More than half a million feet—five miles—of film were exposed in the photographing of this picture. In trying to give some idea of the length of this film, before it was cut for presentation, the Metro statistician figured that it would require eighteen working days of eight hours each to run this film through a projection machine.

The leading rôles are enacted by Rudolph Valentino as Julio Desnoyers; Alice Terry as Marguerite Laurier; Pomeroy Cannon as Madriaga, "the Centaur;" Nigel de Bruijler as Tchernoff, the Russian visionary, and Mabel van Buren as Elena, while other prominent parts are taken care of by Prinsley Shaw, Wallace Beery, Edward Connelly, and Harry S. Northrup.
Sunday April 1

I remember, I remember the town where
I was born.
They did not know the picture show with
a phonographic horn!
But now the awnings have come down;
Main Street's paved up slick;
The town's alive—a sure bee-vike—the
movies did the trick!

1—Fr.—Elise Ferguson, Bull Montana, and Fatty Arbuckle appear in an all-star cast of "Tea for Three," 1921.†
2—Sa.—Cecil De Mille made his first performance in the leading male rôle of "Hearts Are Trumps," a New
York stage success, 1900.
3—Su.—William G. McAdoo, former secretary of the treasury, resigned his $100,000-a-year job as counsel for
United Artists, 1900.
4—M.—Sessue Hayakawa formed his own company, 1920.
5—Tu.—Famous Players-Lasky's annual report showed a total business for the year of $27,000,000, 1919. Ten
million persons, reading this, decide to get into the
picture business.
6—W.—Nine million, nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand,
nine hundred, after trying for a year, decided that
the field was too crowded for them, 1920.
7—Th.—Chaplin fans began to ask, "Why isn't Charlie making
more pictures?" 1920.
8—Fr.—Mary Pickford born, 1893.
9—Sa.—F. Bennett resigned a position as stenographer in a
business office in Perth, Australia, and decided to
become an actress, 1911.
10—Su.—George Arliss born, 1868. Sidney Drew died, 1919.
11—M.—The Strand Theater, the first one to offer a complete
motion-picture program with orchestration, etc.,
opened, in New York City, 1914.
12—Tu.—Billie Burke became Mrs. Florence Ziegfield, Jr., 1914.
13—W.—Tully Marshall made his debut at the Winter Garden,
San Francisco, 1889.
14—Th.—Mary Pickford appeared on the stage in support of
Chauncey Olcott, in "Edmund Burke," 1904.

†April Fool!

THE MONTH'S RECIPE.
Spiced Peaches.
Choose perfect fruit only. Cling variety best. Simmer in piquant sauce made
of saccharin, roof-garden spice, and
generous dash of sherry. Garnish with
very light French dressing and serve.
Delightful accompaniment to stag dinners.

Fluffy hair, eyes of blue,
Make the movie ingenue.

HISTORICAL FACT.
Eight years ago, two men lunched to-
gether at the Claridge, in New York,
and throughout the meal the waiter eyed them
balefully, because they were waiting for a
perfectly good menu card by figuring all
over the back of it with a pencil. When
the finger bowls were brought on, the
men began to feel through their
pockets, and the result of their combined
search was just enough to pay their
check. For they were theatrical men,
and each had just been connected with a
colossal stage failure that had left him
very nearly dead broke.
One of them further dissuaded the
waiter by folding up the menu card and
placing it very carefully in his coat
pocket.
The next week one of the men started
out to California with the menu card and
some borrowed capital. He bought some
land back of a garage in Hollywood
and commenced building a motion-picture
studio.
This man's name was Cecil B. De Mille,
his luncheon companion was Jesse L.
Lasky, and from the arithmetic on the
back of the Claridge menu started the
business that is now the $25,000,000 Fa-
amous Players-Lasky Corporation.

INTERESTING FACTS.
Emma-Lindsay Squier receives as many
fan letters as some of the stars. Not re-
ceiving a star's salary, however, she is
unable to comply with requests for photo-
graphs.
Antonio Moreno is of Spanish descent.
Alan Dwan was once a professional
wrestler.
Richard Barthelmess, since living in the
country, has become very much interested
in farming.
D. W. Griffith was once a reporter on
the Louisville Courier-Dispatch.
Pearl White once played the rôle of
Anna in one of the companies that played
"Way Down East" on the stage.
Douglas Fairbanks worked in a broker's
office early in his career.
William Fox began life as a sponger
in a New York Back Side tailor shop.

Man wants but little here below—
Just four bits and the tax for the movie
show!
EMOTIONAL power, beauty, and extreme youth did not satisfy Betty Compson; she yearned for still more laurels. So she supervised the making of "Prisoners of Love," the first of her star pictures.
WHEN Alan Dwan saw Peggy Eleanor in the Follies, he thought of a story built around just such an aristocratic beauty. So he persuaded her to forsake the Follies for pictures.
JACQUELINE LOGAN is another girl whom Alan Dwan has spirited away from the Follies to appear in pictures. Her first appearance is in "The Perfect Crime," with Monte Blue.
DOROTHY GISH is not always harum-scarum. Here she is in a pensive mood just after saying "I do," thereby becoming Mrs. James Rennie. Before that she had signed her name to a new starring contract.
MOLLY MALONE is much too young to be "Just Out of College," but that didn't keep her from playing a leading rôle in the George Ade story of that name produced by Goldwyn.
The Follies, already twice mentioned in these pages, continues to be the finishing school for girls preparing for motion-picture careers. Here is another Follies graduate, Madeline Lubetty, who will appear in Robert W. Chambers' "Cardigan," a Goldwyn release.
CHARLIE RAY is all ready to set out on his first visit to New York! Can't you imagine the size of the crowd that would gather at the Grand Central station if they only knew when his train was due?
TSURU AOKI wishes that this beautiful vase could appear to better advantage in her pictures. She has almost decided that she would like its design reproduced in embroidery on one of her wonderful kimonos, about which you may learn some very interesting things by reading the story on the next page.
I HAD almost decided to move to Japan and become a geisha, or a jinrikisha, or a ten don; not that I know exactly what these things are, but they sound delightfully Oriental and no doubt something that one could be without loss of dignity or prestige. My Nippone inclinations were increased by hearing a missionary tell how rice is bought at two cents a keg; shoes at six cents a pair; parasols three cents each, and lollipops, Japanese variety, at five for a cent. In view of the high cost of everything in America, it sounded attractive, and I might even now have been in the land of cherry blossoms and pigeon toes had it not been that Tsuru Aoki, who in private life is Mrs. Sessue Hayakawa, crushed my Oriental tendencies into utter oblivion under a huge pile of kimons just brought from the flowery land of Japan. Not that she intended to discourage my craving for two-cent rice and six-cent shoes, but—wait and you shall see.

"This is very nice kimono for going to call," she told me, spreading out a butterfly garment in which the hues of the rainbow, Joseph's coat of many colors, and sunset in the Grand Canyon mingled flauntingly and audaciously.

"It isn't so very expensive, it cost me one hundred and sixty yen—about forty dollars American money, but the obi," she wrinkled her olive-tinted nose in an effort to recall the amount paid for the wonderful sash of heavy gold embroidery, "one hundred and fifty dollars American money."

"One hundred and—" I gasped, and eyed with awe the golden five-yard sash that lay across Tsuru Aoki's knees like the glittering skin of a Midas-touched serpent.

"One hundred and fifty dollars," she repeated calmly, "just for sash."

Her pronunciation, I noticed, was punctiliously correct, with only the faintest accent to remind one of her Japanese origin. Occasionally, she omits articles such as the, a, or an, but her vocabulary is a complete one, and her use of slang is thoroughly Occidental.

"It seems very expensive, does it not?" she continued. "But you cannot get one of any quality or beauty for less." She spread it out for me to admire. "The gold embroidery is all done by hand, and," she finished, as a clinching argument, "it is the same on both sides."

It was indeed so; inside and out, from top to bottom, and from stem to stern, the Japanese sash was a network of golden threads upon heavy crimson silk. Its weight, as I held it in my hands, was tremendous; and when I thought of being wrapped in that five yards of gold-and-crimson grandeur, perhaps on a hot summer day—somehow the charms of Japanese life began to fade.

We were in the spacious library of the Hayakawa home. Tsuru Aoki, correctly and effectively tailored in American style, had spread out for my inspection a dozen or so of the ravishing kimonos and obis she had brought with her from Japan, where she had been visiting her parents after an absence of twenty years. Her jet-black hair was coiffed simply, but smartly, and there was nothing in her dress or manner to indicate her Oriental birth. Her bull terrier, whose Japanese name means "Fire-eater," was also very much interested in the entrancing sartorial collection, and would have taken a more passive interest had his mistress permitted.

"I don't know why it is that people think Japanese dress is cheap," she went on, unfolding a symphony of gray and blue for my inspection. "You cannot get nice one for less than forty dollars, and many of them are as high as three hundred dollars; then the obis, as I have told you, are so expensive, and one must have a great many to keep in style."

"To keep in style?" I echoed. "I thought Japan was a place that Dame Fashion didn't bother with."

"Indeed not," she said decidedly. "A foreigner perhaps would never notice the change in style, but to Japanese, it is very apparent. The shape of the kimono and the width of the obi do not change from year to year, but the designs and materials differ almost as much as they do in America; for instance, this design"—she indicated the garment in her hands—"is very popular this year. These silver streaks are rain falling into the sea, represented by this gold embroidery, the white is for clouds, and these brown leaves mean that it is autumn, and the wind is blowing the leaves into the sea. It is a poem if you know how to read it. Next year, this design may not be used at all, and a lady wearing this kimono would be behind the times."

She held up another, a rhapsodic mélange of gold-tailed roosters, vivid pink plum blossoms, dignified storks, and...
green pine trees, writhing dragons, and zigzag lightning flashes.

The lining was of more fiery red than ever a boiled lobster or a ripe tomato could hope to achieve and was quilted heavily around the bottom.

"This is old court dress," she explained. "When a Japanese lady is called to court, the empress presents her with a dress like this which she wears on ceremonial occasions. It has woven into it all the Japanese symbols of good fortune; stork for long life, dragon for wealth, plum blossoms for virtue, rooster for wisdom, and pine tree for a happy home.

"The pine needles, you see"—she indicated the embroidery with a tapering olive-hued finger—"are always in threes. That signifies to us the father, mother, and the child. And if a lady wore this dress at court, she might give it to her daughter to be married in. It would be very appropriate."

When Tsuru Aoki visited the shops of Japan she found the merchants were ardent picture fans and very keen about selling her kimonos and obis for pictures, but they deducted not a yen from the original price—in fact, Mrs. Hayakawa suspects that some slight amount of profiteering was indulged in when it became known who she was.

Her collection of kimonos is valued at twenty-five thousand dollars, and she paid a duty of sixty per cent upon each garment and obi brought to this country.

"But it was worth it," she assured me. "I purchased material in Japan that is impossible to get in America, and many of these kimonos will photograph beautifully. I will wear them in my next pictures."

She showed me a marvelous garment of dull blue shading into old rose, which gave it the effect of batik. A gold-embroidered circle with a three-leaf clover on the shoulder was the only ornamentation.

"It is our family crest," she said. "It is always correct to have the crest embroidered on the kimonos one wears for evening." She pulled from the pile a heavy black kimono of marvelous crepe silk. The crest of the House of Hayakawa gleamed upon the shoulder.

"This is nice dress to wear for evening or for formal reception," she told me. "In this country the greater the occasion, the more brightly you dress; in Japan, the greater the occasion, the more plain is the kimono."

So now I know two things; one is why rice, shoes, and parasols in Japan are so inexpensive. When a Japanese husband finishes paying for his wife's yearly wardrobe of kimonos and obis, rice and shoes have to be cheap, or Nippon would go foodless and shoeless; the other thing I know is that I shall remain in America.

"How many dresses would a Japanese lady of fashion have a year?" I inquired, still with a lingering Nipponese thought in the back of my mind.

"Oh, perhaps sixty—and, of course, each one would have an obi to match," she added.

The Discovery of Dickson

He's a youngster who's been making big strides of late.

By Celia Brynn

A DIRECTOR at Lasky's was talking about "Dickson," and I thought it was a town where the company had gone on location. I was about to ask what the population was and what part of the State it was in, when the director interrupted my obvious ignorance by saying, "In twelve months from now that name won't be so unfamiliar. I consider that Ted Dickson is one of the discoveries of the year!"

And still I was completely in the dark about him—except that I knew he was a person instead of a place. Then Mary Miles Minter paused in passing and contributed a statement to the fact that Ted was the dearest boy; that he had worked with her in "Sweet Lavender," and that she was crazy about him.

So naturally I was anxious to meet this new discovery and to "discover" for myself the qualifications which had made the conservative Lasky director predict for him such a bright and shining future.

Over the phone his voice had in it the suspicion of a Southern drawl. And when he appeared at my office in response to an invitation to come down and get interviewed, I was positive that my long-distance estimate was correct. Somehow he looked as if he'd been born down in "Ole Kaintuck." He has crisp, curly, black hair, big brown eyes, and the most perfect array of teeth which I have seen for some time. Add to that that he is almost six feet in height, is just twenty-one, dresses correctly, but not flashy, and you have a picture of what

Dickson as he appeared in "Sweet Lavender."

Continued on page 91
The Temperamental Blonde

"No ingénue stuff for me," says the fair but stormy Mae Murray.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

It looked like the Rubaiyat beside the subway: Baghdad, New York; a caliph on an omnibus; Scheherezade dodging a Ford. This impression of the Famous Players studios will be better understood when it is chronicled that George Fitzmaurice was spoofing a Turkish-harem-and-mosque romance on the one side, with Dorothy Dalton spurning the villain's very modern advances in a Riversidewise apartment set on the other side of the barnlike building. The entering guest, then, was reminded of "The Arabian Nights" with an O. Henry obligato: Fifth Avenue, Cairo, and divers similar conflicting thoughts.

"You're lucky if you find Miss Murray working," my studio guide assured me, as we dodged in and out among wires, Klieg lamps, backings, and miscellaneous odds and ends of scenery. "She used to be in the Follies, you know, and when they've once been in the Follies, you might as well try to film the telephone directory as get them on the set before twelve."

It was eleven. We found our circuitous way to Mr. Fitzmaurice. He was directing two electricians.

"That moon," he said, "must be smooth, calm, steady, not like a spotlight. You understand? Dim it. Dim it!"

He turned to me, and showed me the photograph in his hand. It was a still of a scene that had been shot in Florida for the picture now in course of construction, and it was his task, and that of the electricians, to "match up" the moonlight they had registered there, with the moonlight streaming in through the window of the set.

In the midst of his explanation, Mae Murray made her blond appearance. She was the Harold MacGrath heroine to the life: fluffy, golden hair billowing about her slender shoulders, eyes wide and wistful, lips red and pouting. Whosoever christened hers the "bee-stung lips" had an eye for metaphor, or simile, or whatever it is. Her lips do look bee-stung. More provocatively bowed lips would be hard to find.

She came in, incased from head to foot in shimmering gold cloth, and wearing a barbaric headdress of feathers. The make-up box that she carried seemed crude and out of place, as did the big armchair that she sank down in. The chair looked like a comfortable home and fireside, and Mae most emphatically did not. She looked more as though she could break up any happy home!

"I heard that you were waiting for me," she said, "so I came out here to finish making up. What's the good word?"

"That was what I wanted to know."

"Well," she smiled, letting her eyes half close in a distinctly fetching manner, "there's a consolation in breaking away from ingénues and getting into some real heavy emotional parts, where I get shot, and shriek, and all that sort of thing. Emotion is the true test of the actress."

I couldn't refrain from a chuckle. It seemed so absurd to have a piquant little figure like Mae Murray handing out such a stock phrase in all seriousness. Mae and platitudes didn't seem to go together. But she was apparently most sincere.

"In 'On with the Dance' I had my chance," she said. "Then they decided to keep me in the heavy stuff, and gosh, how I love it! Ingénues, you know, are all very well for them as licks 'em, but deliver me! I've been ingenuous ever since I left home to be a Brinkley girl in Flo's Follies. I've had enough;" she finished emphatically.

"Being a blonde did it all," she confided, as she deftly applied her lip stick. "Blondes are always in distress. They look so helpless, too. Luck was against me when it decreed that I should be a blonde."

I couldn't sympathize with her. She is one of those rare, ash blondes, whose appearance in any lobby is greeted with Ohs! and Ahs! and Lookits!

"Of course," she reconsidered, "I would never have landed the Follies job unless I had been a blonde. The Brinkley girl had to be, you see. And not to have landed in the Follies might have meant never getting into pictures. It was in a screen scene of the 'Follies of

Continued on page 92
from Mars" as I was the very first time I saw the movies in the making. This time I was going to see Bert Lytell, whom I have always admired immensely, ever since his first appearance in "The Lone Wolf." You always get the greatest thrill when you meet your particular favorites, of course, and I was terribly anxious to see what he would be like in real life. I was almost afraid that he would be "actorish," or just bored to death, though goodness knows why I should. All of them I have met have been friendly and pleasant as could be.

But even the possibility of disappointment in him wasn't all that worried me. I was to have a chance to play as extra in this picture, too! Everybody knows that working as an extra is the only way that a person without experience can break into the movies, so, of course, I always had an idea that I might get to play "atmosphere" some time. But now that the time had come, I almost wished I could put it off.

No matter how you've planned and looked forward to it, when the chance finally arrives to do something like that, you can't help feeling a little nervous and fidgety about it. So I really was quite a bit excited when I met Louise Williams at the Picture-Play office, and we set out for the office of the Metro company. We stopped at a drug store in Times Square and bought some make-up; powder, lip stick, and mascara—the stuff players put on their eyelashes to give that starry effect. Goodness—there seemed to be enough make-up in that store for all the actors in the world!

The Metro offices are in the Longacre Building, and so are several other companies. Lots of girls who come to New York to get jobs on the stage or in pictures find that address in the telephone book, and make the mistake of going to the business offices instead of the studios to see the casting director. Maybe I would have found my way there some time on the same quest. My, how nice it is to be warned about little mistakes like that that any one might make.

We reached the eleventh floor of the building in no time. In a cozy little office where there were pictures of Bert Lytell and Viola Dana in their newest productions just heaped on the desk and table, we waited for the people who were going out to the studio with us. There was Fleta Campbell Springer, a woman who was so pleasant and friendly that I could hardly believe that she wrote stories for magazines, and Mr. Balch, the press agent. If the fans only knew how good looking he is, they would write for his photograph as well as for those of the stars.

"Here you are between the devil and the deep sea," Bert Lytell said to Ethel Sands. "Will you look at Mr. Karger or me when the picture is taken?"

A Girl's Adventures in Movieland

Part III. On this trip she acts in a picture, meets two celebrities, and finds out some of the studio secrets you would like to know.

By Ethel Sands

WHEN the editor of Picture-Play Magazine telegraphed me to come to New York to appear in a picture with Bert Lytell, the rest of the people in our town were almost as excited as I was. How the news got around is a mystery to me, because I didn't show the telegram to a soul. But even the boy who delivered it seemed to know what was inside. On my way to the movies that night several people stopped me and asked about it. It was easy to see that some of them didn't believe that I was being sent so as to write about it afterward for Picture-Play. Some of them didn't believe that I was going at all. They seemed to think that I had sent the telegram to myself, though goodness knows if I had done such a thing I would have shown it to every one instead of trying to keep it a secret. Maybe I would have been suspicious if some one else had received that same telegram! Anyway, having every one know where I was going made me feel awfully self-conscious when I hurried down to the railroad station to take the train to New York the next morning. I felt as though jealous eyes were peering out at me from behind every window curtain.

I was almost as much excited about going out to see the Metro company working on scenes for "A Message
As the Lytell company was not working at the studio but in a big armory far uptown, it was decided that we would have luncheon first, so we went to the Clarke. It was close to noon, and a lot of people were arriving, some sitting on the steps to keep appointments evidently. I looked at the corner to see if I could find Gish, Jerome Storm, Herbert Howe, and I had sat the last time I was there, and I was a little disgusted to see perfectly ordinary people that you might meet any time sitting there now. This time we had a table more in the center of the room, and we seemed to be completely surrounded by waiters who gave us great, huge menu cards or poured water or wrote our orders down in little books. The waiter said we would have to have breakfast, as it was only quarter of twelve and too early for lunch! I just gasped at the idea of any one eating breakfast at that time. In the hotels out our way they close the dining-room door and don't let any one in to breakfast after nine o'clock! But Mr. Balch just said as unconcerned as could be, "Well, you can take our order now, and we'll chat until lunch time."

There were so many things on the menu that I didn't know what to order, so I just chose chicken salad. My, but it was delicious. We had some other things and then ice cream for dessert, and it was the best ice cream I had ever tasted. No wonder—this was from a big metropolitan hotel, where they do things grandly—not just a corner drug store. It was like trying to watch every one on the stage at the Hippodrome or at a three-ring circus at the same time. Miss Springer is the most interesting woman—she told us some clever stories, and a lot about books and some movie stars. An orchestra up on a little balcony played such wonderful music that I could hardly sit still. Not being used to music like that with my meals I forgot all about eating. Then who should walk right past our table but a movie actor I recognized instantly. I nearly shouted, "Oh, look," so every one else would see him, too. It was Crawford Kent, who played so well with Alice Joyce in "Dollars and the Woman."

The Eighth Coast Artillery armory, where the company was working, is way up in that part of New York City that is called the Bronx. It is a huge gray stone affair with narrow barred windows. From the outside the place looked just like a prison—and on the inside, well—I never saw such a big place in all my life. Inside, an amazing sight greeted our eyes. Enough buildings had been put up in there to form a whole city block, and this huge set—the biggest set by far that I had seen, except the Scotch village, which was out of doors—took up only about a third of the floor. At one end there were a lot of fire engines standing around. I learned later that the Metro company had purchased a whole fire department especially for this picture, besides paying thousands of dollars for the use of the armory! And we fans only have to pay fifteen or twenty cents to see the result of all that work and expense.

When we got around to the front of the set, I saw the most realistic reproduction of houses I have ever been on since the "Sentimental Tommy" village. It was to represent a street in the fashionable district of London. On one corner was the side and front of a regular three-story, brownstone house which was to be the residence of the hero in the play. The rest of the houses were not completed yet, but would be in a few days, so they were taking scenes that only required the hero's house to show.

The whole story happens on Christmas Eve, and that set just breathed such a Christmas atmosphere. Real trees had been cut down and set up with plaster sprinkled on to look like snow. Typical London lamp posts were on the corners, and the ground was covered with tons and tons of salt that represented snow. Christmas wreaths hung in the lighted windows of glazed paper which looked exactly like frosty panes. Every little detail was correct, even to having the lights in some of the windows a different tone from the rest. The illusion was absolutely perfect. Even standing there in the studio, with carpenters hammering and calling to each other, you couldn't believe that there wasn't real furniture and rooms behind the fronts of those houses, yet the only real interior was the hall of the corner house, which could be seen a little as butlers or maids opened the door. Even the salt-snow made me feel as though I were really outdoors, because it absorbs moisture, and gets almost as cold to stand on as the real thing.

The technical director was responsible for all this and he certainly did a wonderful piece of work. Sometimes we fans complain when a great long list of names of people responsible for a picture are flashed on the screen. But now that I've seen what wonderful work all these people do, I wish that every carpenter and electrician and costume could have credit.

Crowds of extras were standing around, some in character make-up to represent poor slum people, who were to be rescued from a fire, some half clothed, or in rags, with their cheeks shad- owed and hair scrappy. "You ought to be with us when we film the tenement fire in a set they're going to build down on Long Island," one of the assistants told me. I've no doubt that would be thrilling.

I couldn't help thinking to myself how I would have felt had I been there "on my own." A beginner couldn't help feeling timid. Any one would feel small and unimportant in such vastness. It surely does take a lot of hope and courage to break into the movies and stick at it. Even always working as an extra, it is hard to get steady work, and as for "stardom," well, it is much farther away from merely getting into a studio than movie-struck girls realize. I know I refused to believe that that was the case until I saw it all. If you are very much like every one else, there isn't a chance of your being picked out of the crowd. Directors are always entirely too busy tearing around watching out for flaws to give even a passing glance or thought to the extras. You might photograph like a million dollars, but your chance of showing up in the rest of the background would be awfully small. As far as for displaying your talent—the greatest asset of all—there isn't much chance in a "walk through" part. And that is all that an extra gets. So there you are!
The trouble with us is that we became movie struck too late. The field is overcrowded now. Maybe if some of us had been born ten years sooner, we would have had an opportunity to work our way up like Anita Stewart and the Talmadge girls.

I began to wonder if we had arrived too late for me to appear in any of the scenes when I heard an assistant director say to some elderly ladies who had been hanging around all made up since goodness knows when, "We won't need you to-day. Report to-morrow at nine." Oh, the patience movie stars must have.

While our party was busy chatting, my eyes wandered around. I simply can't keep my eyes on one thing in a studio—I am always afraid that I am missing something else. I saw a car arrive, and a man get out. Though he was quite far away and had a cap pulled low over his forehead I was sure that it was Bert Lytell. And it was! Sometimes I catch myself feeling a little proud of being able to recognize every one of the movie stars the moment I spy them. But then, I can temper my pride—any other fan could do the same. The players all look like they do in pictures, except that sometimes they look prettier or thinner. Strange to say, the screen doesn't flatter people.

As soon as Mr. Lytell had a chance he came over to us. I was glad that he conveyed the same impression that he does in the movies; he seems polished and gentlemanly, without in the least being stagey or actorish. He looks just like a regular man, only he's much more handsome, tall, and dark, with a slight mustache, and he keeps his eyelids half lowered over gray eyes that have a trace of sadness in them. And that way of throwing back his head and then looking down at his feet while he's talking—you've noticed those mannerisms in his photo plays.

I don't believe that Mr. Lytell or the rest of the movie stars that I've seen will care for the way I've raved over their looks. But then they must remember that I'm a movie fan, not a regular interviewer, and I can't help describing things the way they impress a fan.

Bert Lytell had just come from the West Coast, and he seemed rather depressed by the gloomy weather. "You can be outdoors all the time in California," he told us. "You can't stand that here. Here you die physically, and out on the Coast you die mentally, so what are you going to do. Live in Omaha and do both, I suppose."

"Working in pictures is all right, but you never get the enjoyment of playing on the stage. The thrill and feeling of your audience out there in front of you—there's nothing like it." He paused dreamily and shook his head. "When I like a play I go to see it over and over again, sometimes five times.

"I've been on the stage ever since I was seventeen," he went on, "and my father, mother, and grandfather were actors, too, yet I never realized until now—from the time I was a young fellow on the stage and just ran around having good times—how much I had to learn. When men become actors or doctors they study for years—why shouldn't actors do the same thing?"

Then he told us about how foolish and self-conscious he felt a few days before when he was "snapped" by a news camera man. He was officiating at the laying of a corner stone with Ina Claire. I just couldn't imagine Bert Lytell feeling that way. He takes a tremendous interest in his pictures, I noticed, even in the scenes where he doesn't appear. Every little while he would go over to the director to make suggestions. For instance, he thought the cab horse running in cold weather would have frost around his mouth. So flour or powder was duly applied, much to the distaste of the horse. The pedestrians, too, walking along the snowy streets would have snow on their shoes, so since salt wouldn't stick, plaster was smeared over them.

Mr. Lytell seems to have a thorough knowledge of every branch of the movie business, yet he never cares to cut his own pictures. He says: "Every scene seems..."
too long and dragging to me. I want to cut this short, and that short, until I'd have the picture jumping all over, from one scene to another." He believes that every one on the staff contributes something toward the success of a motion picture. "You always hear argument over which one had the most to do with a good production," he explained. "The director wants to claim all the glory, the star thinks he is the whole thing, the camera man says, 'Where would you be without me?' and so on. It's like trying to decide which one of the four wheels of a wagon does the most work. If you took away one wheel you'd have a tricycle, two wheels, and you'd have a bicycle; three, and you have a wheelbarrow. And there you are."

They were beginning to take a scene now. This time I learned something new. Haven't you often wondered how they ever manage to handle those big scenes when they have a street full of people? Well, I found out how it is done. Each person in this scene was given a number and told to walk into the scene and what to do when their number was called. The character actor taking the part of a gangster came down the street, looked up at the house, and started mounting the steps. Then the director called, "One," and an elderly man walked briskly down the street; "Two," and a Bobbie came and watched the man on the steps; "Three," and a cab came toward the camera, and "Four," and a couple started up the sidewalk. So it continued—"five—six—seven—" and so on, until the street was swarming with people, each one doing what he had been instructed to do at just the right time, so that there was no confusion, no getting in each other's way. Later on it was explained to me that in some of the big location scenes where there are hundreds and hundreds of actors, they have a whole lot of assistant directors stationed at different points, each of whom gives orders to a certain group of actors who are responsible to him, in somewhat the same way that an army is directed during a battle, according to plans that are mapped out beforehand. I was surprised, though, that they didn't rehearse the scene much, but just filmed it over and over instead, with the idea of using the best "take." I had supposed that they shot a picture only once. Of course, filming a scene five or six times is sort of rehearsing, but it seems an awful waste of film to me.

Raye Dean is the leading lady in this picture. The press agent took me over to speak to her. It was awfully nice that I had seen her just a few days before in a picture—it was the first time, too. She's a pretty girl, awfully little, with light hair and brown eyes, and she doesn't seem at all like an actress. And she's been on the stage, too, before trying the movies. "I've only been in pictures since January last year," she told me, "and this is the first time I've worked for the Metro company and Mr. Lytell. I like them so much." Raye Dean does not want to go back on the stage, because as she expressed it, "I like having my evenings off." Sounds as though there were a man in the case, doesn't it? These motion-picture actresses are a lot like the rest of us, and what would we do if we never had any but Sunday evenings for receiving company?

Bert Lytell came back then, all made up "in character." They had a "still" camera set up, and the lights arranged, so I went over with him on the set to have some pictures taken. I'm not half as self-conscious as I was at first while posing for "stills." I'm gradually getting used to it. Yet I was stupid enough to move and spoil the first picture. But any fan can understand how thrilling it is to pose for pictures with your favorite movie stars. To have crowds of extras standing around wondering who you are to be so privileged, makes it doubly exciting. Mr. Lytell called Mr. Karger, his director, to get in the picture, too. I remembered his name from the Nazimova productions, of course—he's the director general of Metro—but he was very nice and friendly to me. Here I stood

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A Man Who Refused to Die

In spite of the dictates of doctors, Hobart Bosworth wouldn’t let an incurable ailment keep him from rising to stardom.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

If you knocked about from pillar to post in Hollywood for a couple of months meeting stars and directors, supers and camera men, juveniles and ingénues, carpenters and critics, you would find that the race is almost always to the swift, contrary though that may sound. The stars are young, beautiful women, and young, handsome men, the majority of them little more than girls and youths. The average star is a personable, friendly, carefully dressed individual with youth and a certain definite irresponsibility about life and its problems. You will find it exceedingly difficult to induce one of these spotlight creatures to discourse intelligently on anything foreign to diffusers, fat parts, or upstaging. You will find them a singularly easy-going set—worried neither by the rising cost of gasoline nor even the income tax.

Once in this fluffy, languid climate, imagine meeting a different sort of star. Imagine meeting a middle-aged, gray, stony-faced man with massive shoulders and glinting eyes and a determined jaw. It would strike you as a distinct novelty, just as it struck me.

You need only one good look at Hobart Bosworth to realize that you are looking at a man who has encountered life not once, but many times; a man who has met life on more than one plane, and who is now fairly convinced that life means fight. That’s the thought you get as you look at this Bosworth man. If you saw him on the street you would never set him down as “one of those movie actors.” Tweeds, a golf cap, and a sandy little mustache indicate the wary business man rather than the weary actor. And he doesn’t talk about himself.

When he does talk, it’s in a slow, bitter sort of drawl. He has had such a stiff struggle to stardom that now it seems almost too little a reward. He never intimated as much, but judging solely from his attitude and manner, I would hazard the guess that I’m right.

First of all, a malignant disease sent him West with the pioneer Selig troupe, disrupting what was undoubtedly a promising stage career. After a few successful years in Selig celluloids the call of the calcium proved strong enough to lead him, against his better judgment, on a vaudeville tour, from which he emerged a broken man.

“Go back to California and die,” advised his physicians.

He obeyed the doctor’s orders only partially. He came back to California, but he didn’t die. Instead he started working in pictures, doing character bits for Lasky.

“Every one thought I was about through,” he explained. “But Lasky’s were willing to take me on for characters.”

He flashed forth with the old-time vigor in

“Joan the Woman,” and an offer followed from Universal. It was a starring offer, and a step upward, so Bosworth accepted. For over a year he was half submerged in shoddy, cheap melodramas.

Then the tide of fortune changed. Thomas H. Ince saw in Bosworth the ideal man for a series of sea pictures he was planning, and accordingly offered him a contract. It wasn’t a gilt-edged, platinum-lined contract. It stipulated, as a matter of fact, a smaller salary to start than Bosworth was then getting at the “U.” But he saw the possibilities in an Ince engagement, and joined the Culver City producer, to make “Behind the Door.”

Then the new generation of fans began to talk about Hobart Bosworth. Did you see him in “Behind the Door”? If you did, you will understand why his name became a byword wherever films were shown. His power and force coupled with his bitterness and experience rendered his characterization of the apostle of vengeance one of the most stirring ever.
Childe Harold

A famous humorist visits a comedy factory, and discovers some very amusing things.

By H. C. Witwer

Author of "From Baseball to Boches," the "Ed Harmon" stories, etc.

To The Generally Public,

Dear Madam: Well, I have just got back from a voyage to the hoopskirts of Loose Angeles, where I pestered the life out of Harold Lloyd, the handsome young gent which has already made more out of a set of spectacles than the guy which invented 'em. Harold makes the movies which has got the nation hysterical, at the Hal Roach studios, a brisk walk from the town. In honor of Mildred Davis, Harold's charmin' leadin' lady, the place is called Culver City.

The now famous conference was arranged through the courtesies of the jovial Monsieur H. M. Walker, which was my interpreter, guide, and friend throughout the interview and which also acted as the castin' director for the "stills" which accompany this novel. In a handsome, luxurious tourin' car, furnished by myself, I was whisked to Culver City bright and early one mornin'. The mornin' was bright, and I was early. Mister Walker met me at the portals of the Roach studios and immediately escorted me to his private office, where we discussed the possible effects of prohibition in Califlima, provided it ever gets out this far. I hope, gently reader, you will not get the idea from this that we indulged in no forbidden brews, for such was far from the case. I am a strict teetotaler myself, whatever that is, and Monsieur Walker tells me he has not seen his famous namesake, "Johnny," which we all loved so well, in years. Well, after we have both sit down and boosted Loose Angeles to each other for about half a hour, I give vent to a politely cough and remind my genial host that I have came for the purposes of stagin' a interview with Harold Lloyd. Monsieur Walker looks a bit uneasy and says he's terrible sorry, but it seems that Harold has been interviewed to within a inch of his life durin' the past couple of days and is now a trifle gun-shy. This also goes for Mildred Davis and Hal Roach, the latter a big bug out here. Mr. Walker goes on to say that he will be tickled silly to show me around the lot and let me get my picture taken lookin' through a movie camera, et cetera, or somethin' equally original. I says I have come out to see Harold X. Lloyd in the flesh, and they is no use tryin' to appease me with somethin' else. In desperation, he says the Vanity Girls is workin' on a comedy not thirty feet away and how about treatin' my eye to them, but I shakes my well-shaped head and says they is no use to try bribery, either!

Well, as we stepped out of Monsieur Walker's voluptuous office I seen two well-set-up and comely young men talkin' with a little blond representative of the adjoinin' sex which wouldst of made Romeo throw Juliet's phone number out of the window. The minute they seen me they all gasped, and one of the men whispers somethin' to the other, and the next instant the trio has reached down and picked up some workmen's tools which is layin' around, and then they all start across the lot, like they was hurryin' to get back to the job. One of the men was no less than Harold Lloyd, which I recognize from his glasses; the girl was Mildred Davis, which I recognize from her beauty, and the other man was Hal Roach, which

"just a minute," I says, "I see you are all set for a homebrew party!"
I recognize from a director passin' him and sayin', "Good mornin', Mister Roach!"

Harold has got a box on his shoulder, Hal Roach is carryin' a carpenter's lumber man-curn' set, and the delightful Mildred is strugglin' along with a bucket of pitch. They thought they was gettin' away with it, but I stepped up to them smartly and held up my hand,

"Just a minute," I says, "I see you are all set for a home-brew party!"

Well, you should of seen their faces fall! Harold explained to me afterward that for a minute they was sure I was a revenue officer, because I looked too thirsty to be anything else.

At this point Monsieur Walker stepped into the breech, and explanations flew back and forth like sea gulls. For the next hour we all played around together and had a boocoo time. Like all the other dumb-bells which visits the studio I stuck my finger through Harold's glasses to find out are they real or not, and he let me read the scenario for his next rib-splitter, and they is some hair-raisin' stunts therein for Harold to do that I wouldn't personally consider if they give me

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I stuck my finger through Harold's glasses to see are they real.

Jumping Back to

This sounds impossible, but you see "A Connecticut

By Emma-

THERE are times when you and I together with the rest of the vox populi get frightfully sick of civilization and sigh for what we choose to term "the good old days" of knighthood, errantry and chivalry. We love to kick about paying income taxes and six-cent car fares, and wish that we could transport ourselves back into the days of sweet simplicity in the sixth century, let us say, when nineteen dollars was a year's income for a belted duke—or whatever it was that dukes girded themselves with in those days—and the high cost of living was thought of in terms of pennies and not dollars.

But if you could drop into the sixth century as Mark Twain's Connecticut Yankee is reported to have done, browse around mid torture rooms and underground prisons, live in a castle which lacked clocks, electric lights, windows, and bathtubs, go out to fight your next-door neighbor in a suit of armor plate weighing three pounds less than a ton—all this, mind you, with your twentieth century ideas and tastes—and you'd be mighty glad to sneak out of the sixth century's back door, creep into little old nineteen twenty-one and shake your income tax lovingly by the hand.

How do I know so much about it? Ods bodkins! I have

If the hero had not become absorbed in reading about the days of old, all the following adventures would not have befallen him.
the Sixth Century

it isn't, as you will learn when
Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

Lindsay Squier

but recently returned from a visit at King Arthur's
Court, and per adventure if this seemeth passing
strange, cry me mercy while I do hereby expound
the seeming mystery—if you know what I mean.

Unlike the Yankee whom Mark Twain has im-
mortalized, I did not fall into the sixth century. I
was invited to enter therein. The invitation came
from no less a person than Emmett Flynn, the Fox
director, who is responsible for the filming of "A
Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court."

They had reconstructed King Arthur's castle at
Camelot in the wilds of the Hollywood mountains,
he told me, and didn't I want to take a little flyer
back into the days of the Round Table, meet King
Arthur, Merlin the Magician, and that beauteous an-
estress of vampires, Queen Morgan la Faye? Of
course I did. Who wouldn't? I had had a row with
the income-tax collector that very morning, the price
of gasoline had gone up three cents per gallon, and
at the bootery they had assured me that I couldn't get
high shoes for less than twenty-two dollars a pair.
A quiet little jaunt into the sixth century looked good
to me.

At the end of a forty-minutes' ride by motor it was indeed as if
we had left the twentieth century
behind, for in front of us loomed
a gigantic castle with stately tur-
rets crowned by pennants that flut-

Herein ye Yankee encountereth a gallant knight, much
to his displeasure.
jumping in the breeze. The structure was surrounded by a moat across which a huge drawbridge lay. Hundreds of people swarmed about the courtyard in front of the mammoth building, dressed in the quaint holiday garb of long ago. There were knights in shining armor and plumed helmets. There were silk-tightened pages leading horses richly caparisoned. There were maidens of noble birth, with conical hats, well-nigh a yard in height, and buxom village wenches in short skirts and tight bodices. There was a general air of festivity in the spacious courtyard, for over at one side was a gaudy pavilion already occupied by King Arthur, who in modern life is Charles Clary, with Queen Guinevere and her ladies-in-waiting. In front of the royal booth was a platform with a stake affixed upright upon it, and piles of fagots grouped around the base.

"Is the king giving a party?" I asked, and Director Flynn nodded.

"Well, you might call it that. The Connecticut Yankee is to be burned at the stake, following a few minor executions in which a couple of criminals have "

I started to tell Director Flynn that I wasn't partial to hot stakes, or cold chops either, for that matter, but what was the use of springing nineteenth-century wit on a twentieth-century man in a sixteenth-century setting? Anyway, he left me to attend to the cheerful details of getting the fagots piled up just right, and I found myself face to face with a young man dressed in a Tuxedo coat and purple silk tights. This person had a misplaced eyebrow on his upper lip, and in his hand he carried a high silk hat.

"Oh, you're the Yankee, aren't you?" I said at once. "Would you mind telling me what is your name in real life? I don't think Mr. Flynn mentioned it."

"Forsooth, fair damsel, I hight Harry Myers," he responded, with a sweeping bow.

"Forsooth, you what?" I demanded, considerably taken aback.

"Oh—er—I mean my name is Harry Myers," he explained. "I take the part of the Connecticut Yankee who finds himself back in the court of King Arthur, and I've gotten so used to talking in medieval subtitles, that I'm hardly modern any more.

"When one of the extras steps on my toe, it's all to the stake, and two swarthy individuals approached with torches to light the fagots which surrounded him.

Merlin, like the crafty old parlor magician that he was, egged on the men for more speed, and the fair damsels in the royal pavilion were smiling with girlish delight at the spectacle. Clarence, the page, who in real life hight—I mean is called—Charles Gordon, was wringing his hands despairingly; for he liked Sir Yankee, you see, and was loath to see him seared sore unto the marrow—I mean—well, you know what I mean.

A battery of cameras clicked ceaselessly, but even
"Alack-a-day!" he walleth now. "Would I were back in those dear old modern days!"

this and the presence of directors and camera men in caps and puttees could not dispel the illusion of antiquity with which the whole scene was imbued. Indeed they seemed like outsiders who, like the Yankee himself, had passed backward through the centuries and ended up at the court of King Arthur of the Round Table.

Suddenly the Yankee raised his hand commandingly and pointed to the heavens. "Behold!" he cried to the astonished king and the frightened multitude. "In punishment for not receiving me in accordance with my rank and power, I will blot out the sun forever, and you shall dwell in perpetual darkness, so help me, Hezekiah!"

There was a murmur of dolorous alarm, and slowly the scene began to darken. The king put forth a trembling hand and begged the mighty Sir Yankee to stop his enchantment.

"Thou shalt have anything, even unto the halving of my realm," he promised, "Thou shalt be clad in fine raiment, and thou shalt have power in the kingdom, second only to mine own."

The Yankee shrugged his shoulders.

"O. K., king," he responded. "I will dissolve the frightful darkness presently, but remember thy promise, old scout, or it will be the worst for thee and thy kingdom, believe me!"

I promised Director Flynn that I would not reveal the secret of the eclipse which was as perfectly arranged as any real one photographed from the Lick Observatory. It was accomplished by a feat of cinema magic as great as any of that by which Merlin the Mighty made a living in days of yore, or by which Sir Yankee, "The Boss," gained the awe and respect of King Arthur and his Court.

Noontime came, and I had lunch at the Round Table. King Arthur was complaining that his whiskers would not stay on, Queen Morgan la Faye—Rosemary Theby—was smoking a cigarette—which by rights she should have known nothing about, they not having come into vogue until some nine hundred years later—and Sir Sagramor—George Seigman—dressed in full armor, was demanding of the assembled knights, also done up in tin packages, what they did when they had forty—well—a rich midway between their shoulder blades. Sir Lancelot suggested tapping it with a hammer, and Merlin wanted to know why a can opener wouldn't be useful.

After lunch the tournament scenes were filmed wherein the wicked Sir Sagramor, having challenged Sir Yankee to mortal combat, appeared at one end of the courtyard fully bedight—that is to say—dressed, in his cumbersome armor. The Yankee on the other hand appeared from his tent completely outfitted in cowboy regalia with broad-brimmed hat, leather chaps, and a brace of pistols at his belt. He rode a wily little steed—"I mean horse, and a coil of rope was looped around the horn of the saddle. The scene had been rehearsed the previous day, so it was all over but the shooting.

Do you remember Mark Twain's description of that tournament? Here it is as told by the Yankee himself:

The king made a sign, the bugles blew, Sir Sagramor laid his great lance in rest, and the next moment he came thundering down the court. When that formidable lance point was within a yard and half of my breast, I twitched my horse aside without an effort, and the big knight swept by, scoring a blank. We turned, braced up, and down we came again. Another blank for the knight, a roar of applause for me. Then Sir Sagramor lost his temper, changed his tactics and set himself to task of chasing me down. Why, he hadn't any show in the world at that. It was a game of tag with all the advantage on my side. I whirled out of his path with ease whenever I chose, and once I slapped him on the back as I went to the rear. Finally I took the chase into my own hands, and after that, turn or twist or do what he would, he was never able to get behind me again, so he gave up that business and retired to his end of the lists. I slipped my lasso from the horn of my saddle and grasped the coil with my right hand. The moment he was under way I started for him. When the space between us had narrowed to forty feet, I sent the snaky spirals of the rope cleaving through the air, then darted aside and faced about and brought my trained animal to a halt with all his feet braced under him.

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Right Off the Grill
A medley of up-to-the-minute observations and opinions, suggestions and satire, praise and protest—aimed at those who make the movies, act in the movies, who write about the movies, and who see the movies.

By Herbert Howe

The movie industry is the goat for a swarm of journalistic cooties unscrupulous as to prey. Small are these insects they are quite as irritating as the film star who believes in his divine right as the God-ordained grace of creation. When an interviewer is treated to fol-de-dwaddle by some poseur who thinks he's casting pearls there may be reason to hang the ham in effigy. There's no need of reverence toward a conceited bruiser whose only service for humanity is the wholesaling of his mug. Nor is there any reason for the existence of a writer who can only earn his sinner and coffee by throwing ink on a white character.

A press yarn recently went out across the continent concerning Lillian Gish. It stated she was begging for a job and inferred she was in dire want of employment. Only an ignoramus would swallow such a pill. Unfortunately there are a lot of ignoramuses, in whose eyes the star's value might be depreciated. As a matter of fact, it would be a reflection upon the American public if the finest tragedienne of silent drama were not appreciated. No star on the screen to-day seems more deserving of esteem, both as an individual and an artist, than Miss Gish. Certainly no one has more loyal advocates among men and women of the press. Because Miss Gish would be the last to ridicule another it seems particularly disgusting to find her the subject of a witless jest.

At present writing Miss Gish's problem is to choose between the offers made her. She may appear in a film, sponsored by Anne Morgan, for the benefit of devastated France, and she may sign a contract with William Randolph Hearst to become a Cosmopolitan star. Congratulations await any company fortunate enough to secure her.

Interviewers generally had the opinion that Madame Nazimova disdained the press because she would not, until recently, receive its representatives. They did not know of her experiences with some of the tribal hams. Upon one occasion a newspaper woman remarked at the termination of an interview:

"Madame, I am sorry I have to do what I must, and I want you to know that I, personally, admire you."

"What do you mean?" asked Nazimova.
"My paper has asked me to write an interview ridiculing you," was the reply.
"But you wouldn't do that!"
"One must earn one's bread and butter," replied the noble scribe.
"Very well, go along and ridicule me," said madame. "I only hope you can eat that bread and butter."

The interview, of malicious inference, was published several years ago.

Theda Bara has been considered legitimate prey by the same sisterhood. Because the fictitious character given her by manufactured publicity early in her career has been exploded, various writers have taken the license of weav- ing other fiction concerning Miss Bara personally. Several times she might have retaliated in such a way as to cost these reporters their jobs, but she generously refrained.

What sort of complex has a person who will malign charming, cultured women and then pound out fullsome rhapsody anent a gold-digger salvage from a Broadway show? I presume this ilk of literary street walker would reply in character: "It's the easiest way."

Predictions Fulfilled.
Whenever, by some freak of fortune, one of my predictions in Picture-Play's annual Forecast is fulfilled there's a celebration at the Grill.

Robert Gordon, whom I proclaimed the best bet of the unstarred, is soon to dawn on the First National horizon with his own company, according to present weather reports. Therefore we open with that familiar anthem, "There'll Be a Franchise—Everywhere."

And Paramount, not to be outdone, has negotiated with D. W. Griffith for the services of another sure bet, Richard Barthelmess. This jeune première will play the rôle of Youth in Fitzmaurice's edition of "Experience." If Paramount can secure a permanent lease on his talents, he may also appear in "Amos Judd," "Peter Ibbetson," and other choice literature which was selected for John Barrymore prior to that star's defection from the Paramount way.

Negotiations for the starring of Betty Blythe, whose ascension was also predicted, are being made in various quarters. At this moment William Fox and First National are said to be the highest bidders.

The heralded procession of foreign films is well on its way. Pola Negri's "Carmen," one of the record holders on the Continent, is to be released very soon by First National, which also is editing "Sumurun," starring Negri under the direction of Ernst Lubitsch. Paramount has made a deal for the entire output of the German Ufa combine, producers of "Passion," "Carmen," and "Sumurun." And several hundred films are being sent over by other Continental countries. It will be a strenuous year for the American director!

 Masks for Movie Actors.
I earnestly advocate the Benda masks for movie players. Agnes Smith, our tigerish critic, grants that these false faces, now worn by Broadway dancers and pantomimists, might improve screen appearances, but objects that they would permit of no expression. On the contrary, where a movie actor now wears the same
expression throughout a picture he could easily change it by a mask.

A Beauty Problem Solved.

The Benda mask would also solve the star's problem: how to be beautiful while expressive.

Critical Conventionalities.

Rules to be observed if you would be considered a picture critic:

Never admit that Wallace Reid is a good actor, but always refer facetiously to his female following.

Never admit liking Marion Davies, even though you think she is more attractive than various other film-flaneurs.

Never fail to use the word “human” and “hick” in eulogizing the histrionic ability of Charles Ray.

Never admit that Katherine MacDonald is as good an actress as a homelier star; hence never is as good.

Never refer to a player as rotten, but use the term “adequate” as much as you like.

Never say what you think of a picture, but say what you think the most ignorant portion of the public will think of it.

Never criticize.

Exhibitors’ Comments.

Critical comments made by exhibitors concerning any picture:

“The Curse of the Cuspidor”: A humdinger, knocks ’em dead. Star popular here, book it if you have to crawl to the exchange on your knees.

“The Curse of the Cuspidor”: Rotten, had to take it off, star unknown, pass it up if you have to break your contract and close your house.

Why, Oh, Why?

Whenever the picture industry gets a financial cramp a lot of homeopaths rush forward with the patent prescription—a cut in salaries of stars and directors. In reality what is needed is a major operation upon the business brain of the elephant. For instance: Can any one explain the economic theory of those purchasing a famous play by a famous author at a fabulous sum and then producing an abortive version under a different title, with the author’s name submerged or omitted utterly? Why not let Sadie Guggenslaughter, the scenario wizard, do the whole cheese and save the expense? We grant that the plays of Barrie and Schnitzler may not be suitable for screen purposes, and that the titles possibly may not have a lure for the Jinky-Dink theater. Then why waste money on them? Schnitzler’s famous “Affairs of Anatol” is being De Milled. It will come forth as “Five Kisses.” Mr. Schnitzler’s name subordinate, of course, to that of the producer. I suppose this is a necessary precaution lest any Schnitzler admirer creep in and raise a hullabaloo as did the Barrie fans over “The Admirable Crichton” yclept “Male and Female.” But why—oh, why again—“Five Kisses”? There was much more in the affairs of Anatol. Can it be that even De Mille is going back on us?

Verify the ways of the movie mighty surpasseth all understanding. Why not have the business heads and the actors change jobs for a while? Certainly nothing could be lost in the transaction, and we’d have the much-needed novelty.

Pola is Coming, Hurray!

Pola Negri accepted the invitation of the Interviewers’ Union of America, extended last month from the Grill, and she’s coming over, she’s coming o-ver. Paramount has signed her as a star. Her salary per annum, translated to marks, is said to be the equivalent of Germany’s debt to the Allies. Let us hope she’ll bring her own director, otherwise some member of the local brotherhood may decide to Americanize her.

Is Public Favor Changing?

A short time ago producers believed that the public would not accept the mature woman as a star. Mary Pickford had established the ideal. Because of her preeminence in popularity it was fancied that the public wanted only the little golden locks with the knock-knees and pigeon toes. Recent events seem to point to a change in type, or, rather, a lifting of restriction as to ideals. Pola Negri, the lush dark Latin, was received with ovation. The womanly Norma Talmidge seems gaining steadily in popularity. Katherine MacDonald, of a statuesque dignity, has proved a winner. That Junoesque Patrician, Betty Blythe, is considered a reigning beauty of potential power. And there’s not an angel child in sight! Since the time of my first favorite—Betty Nansen, a middle-aged Danish actress whom William Fox introduced to this country—I’ve wondered at the intolerance toward women of legal age and mentality. There’s no use going on looking for more Mary Pickfords. There never will be another. Besides, we’ve grown up to the height where we are ready to say: bring on the women!

Chaplin’s Conceit.

Charlie Chaplin boasted recently that “The Kid” is the finest performance of the screen. Before we could make sarcastic retort, he added, “And the credit goes to my costar, Master Jack Coogan.” Here is a unique type of stellar character, one who not only finds inspiration in the work of a subordinate player, but openly press agents it. It is reported that Chaplin has made the precocious youngster the chief beneficiary of his will.

Long Live the King!

“Who is this new star, Chaplin, that First National is trying to put over?” we remarked facetiously, at the preview of “The Kid.” Then the film flashed on and a mighty roar arose as two pedal dreadnoughts carried the pantaloons into view. Who said the king was dead?

The Fairbanks Team for Europe.

Douglas and Mary Fairbanks plan to leave this month for Europe. Doug to do “The Three Musketeers” and Mary “Little Lord Fauntleroy.” Other stories may also be produced abroad, which indicates a protracted absence of the well-known

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WHAT do you suppose has happened?"

Fanny hurled the question at me as she dashed into the lobby of the Alexandria Hotel, her henna-colored suit and hat quite putting to shame the minor brilliance of the Los Angeles sun outside.

Blinking a little, I murmured, "What?" though any one could have seen that what I really wanted to know about was her clothes, where she got them, and why.

"I've discovered that I am related to Dick Barherness!"

Fanny heaved a triumphant sigh, and then rushed after me into the café. I wanted to sit down comfortably, before the long and tortuous tracing of their relationship began.

"His wife's sister went to college with me," Fanny almost sputtered in her eagerness. "So that makes us sort of related, doesn't it?"

I didn't argue; one can't with Fanny. Signaling a waiter, I said "Tea" exhaustingly, and then waited while Fanny described the particular varieties of French pastry that she wanted, all pink, topping off the list with a mundane ham sandwich.

"But why the ham?" I asked.

"It has a red tone in it," Fanny explained airily. "Red expresses my personality. Mary Hay rushes home to the country after every evening performance in "Sally" in New York.

Miles Minter said so. She knows a lot about color; I'll tell you about it later. What do you think—my cousin in New York visited the Griffith studio one day last week. Dick was over there and Lillian Gish and a lot of other players who just can't resist visiting the studio now that they are not working there any more. She wrote me all about them."

Fanny leaned back and looked at me dreamily through half-closed lids. For a moment I didn't recognize it as a tribute to Pauline Frederick, it is so hard to keep up with whom Fanny is trying to be like at the moment.

"You know Dick and his wife, Mary Hay, have the cunningest little house imaginable up in Mamaroneck. It is three stories high, and has just two rooms on each floor. It is a real honeymoon cottage. Mary is playing in 'Sally' in New York, but she dashes to the train after the performance and gets home fairly soon after midnight. Dick goes to New York with her in the afternoon, goes to a show with his mother, and then plays stage-door Johnny, waiting to take Mary home. They have an old negro servant who runs the little home in the country. Dick wouldn't stop reading even long enough to eat if there weren't some one there to remind him that it was customary. He is simply devouring H. G. Wells' 'Outline of History.' He was so excited over the chapter on the religious history of China that he carried the book around with him, and almost got run over reading it on the street. You know a lot of his ancestors were missionaries and all that sort of thing. One great-uncle that he is particularly proud of was the Bishop of China!"

At last the tea came, interrupting Fanny, and thus saving me that trouble.

"I hear that Blanche Sweet and Marshall Neilan are going to be married," I said triumphantly. Fanny was appropriately aghast. "Some day you will read in the papers that Blanche Sweet is in New York on business—that will mean buying her trousseau. Then you will see that Marshall
TEACUPS

hibitation of tea, so long to tell the latest gossip.

Bystander

Neilan has rushed to New York with the original print of his new picture, or something like that, and you can just take the first train East then if you want to be on hand for the ceremony."

"Speaking of weddings," Fanny remarked breezily, "Larry Senon is also going to be married. Lucille Carlisle—she was his leading woman, you know—will be the bride. I always hate to think of comedians getting married," and she sighed. "Suppose they took to rehearsing at home?"

"Well, you don't expect an actor to act all the time, do you?"

"Just because a banker doesn't bank all the time, or a broker isn't always broke?" Fanny answered facetiously. "Don't shatter my pet illusion. I've always thought that it would be wonderful to be married to an actor, because whenever you thought you knew all his ups and downs, he'd just change his whole character, and you'd have the fun of getting acquainted all over again. Imagine Bert Lytell——"

"Or Hobart Bosworth," I broke in. "Incidentally, he married Cecily Per-cival, his secretary, a while ago. Perhaps you could persuade her to tell you if he changes as much off screen as on."

"Speaking of changing," Fanny took up eagerly. "You ought to see Marguerite Courrot. Of course, you can't, because she is in New York, or more likely in Weehawken, New Jersey, where she lives. She's grown so Spanish. She bought some beautiful lace mantillas and embroidered shawls while she was in Spain making 'Rogues and Romance.' She sent me her picture in one of them. She doesn't look really Spanish, of course, because she is too light, but then I suppose there are places in South America where there are brown-haired and green-blue-eyed people who are sort of Spaniards. And if there are not, well—she may not be Spanish, but she's stunning."

"Oh, there's Alice Lake," Fanny motioned frantically, until Alice came over, but she just paused long enough to say in a hoarse whisper, "Don't tell anybody that you saw me. I've been reminiscing with some old school friends ever since luncheon, and now I'm going out and tell my director that I was held up in a traffic jam."

She was hardly out of sight when Fanny asked, "Did you know that she may play 'Tess of the d'Urbervilles?'" I hadn't, so Fanny went on. "The Metro company had the funniest experience with that picture. They gave the book to a continuity writer about a year ago, and he worked over the scenario for weeks. When he finally finished it, he was all enthusiasm. It looked to him like a masterpiece. Be that as it may, it didn't look like 'Tess' to the scenario department. They thought it was a wonderful story, though, the way he had adapted it, so they put the characters in modern clothes and settings and called the picture, 'Should a Woman Tell?'. Alice Lake appeared in it last year. Now, they hope to start all over again, get a continuity writer who will really preserve the original story of 'Tess' in his scenario, and have Alice Lake play it."

"It may not have been 'Tess,'" I remarked, "but the modern clothes were prettier, anyway. Did you notice the dress she had on when she was here?"

"Did I? I always notice clothes," Fanny ejaculated. "Hers was just the right color for her. She always ought to wear salmon-pink, though I suppose she really couldn't have serge suits that color——"

"What is all this mysterious talk about color and Mary Miles Minter?" I demanded, finally unable to restrain my curiosity any longer.

"I don't know that you'll understand it," Fanny replied, in an attempt to be superior. "It is something that can't be explained; you have to feel it. Mary rarely ever tells any one about it, because they probably wouldn't understand, or if they did they would call her a precocious child. And you know how that provokes Mary. She wants to be judged on her merits irrespective of age. It infuriates her to be reminded that she is a mere child."

"But about her color theory—when Mary was a tiny youngster playing in 'The Littlest Rebel,' she traveled a great deal. So, to amuse herself she invented a game that consisted of trying to pick out the colors that reminded her of the people around her. She was a keen analyst even in those days. She grew so fascinated with the idea that she still thinks of people as
Mary Miles Minter is trying her best to outgrow the precocious-child stage.

colors. Her director, her leading men, her friends—everybody is represented in her mind by a color. She thinks a girl looks much better dressed in a color that suits her personality than in one that matches her eyes or hair. She wouldn't tell me what the color of her own personality is, but I think it is a beautiful emerald-green. The dress she had on the last time I saw her was the loveliest emerald-duvetyn you ever saw. She wore pale-gray suede slippers with it and a deep collar of tan lace. It was awfully becoming, but if I were choosing her color, I'd take forget-me-not blue or sunset-pink or orchid. And some one must agree with me about Mary and orchids, because there were great bowls of them all over the room. I wonder who sent them.

Fanny is an incurable romantic; she would be much happier if everyone would get engaged.

"There haven't been many weddings lately," Fanny commented sadly. "But there have been some terrible fires—"

I sometimes wonder if Fanny's insatiable liking for comedies is affecting her polite conversation. I asked her, but she ignored me.

"First there was a terrible one at the Fox studio. A big street set had been built for the Louise Lovely picture, 'While the Devil Laughs.' It caught fire one night, and about fifteen thousand dollars' worth of 'props' were burned. Thank goodness, it wasn't Louise Lovely's dressing room.

"And then the amusement pier at Venice burned. Any one would have thought it wasn't a million-dollar disaster, but a party especially planned for the motion-picture people. Frank Lloyd, the Goldwyn director, saw the flames, rushed to the scene with a camera man, and took a thousand feet of film of the fire. It just happened that he needed a fire in the picture he was making, 'A Tale of Two Worlds.' Claire Dubrey, who appears with Louise Glau, saw the flames from her house, and called up several of her friends to join her in a sight-seeing tour. King Baggot, Louise Glau, Marcia Manon, Helen Jerome Eddy, and Pell Trenton all went along with her and enjoyed the fire."

"But what about Lillian Gish? What has she been doing of late?" I finally asked, wondering how Fanny could talk so long without even mentioning her favorite.

"Oh, haven't you heard?" Fanny was breathless as ever at mention of her name. "Just a short time ago Joseph Hergesheimer, the author, and his wife gave a house party for her at their home in West Chester, Pennsylvania. The Hunt Club gave a ball, simply every one in that part of the country entertained, and Lillian fairly danced her slippers away, like the princess in the fairy story. I wish that the companies that are going to make pictures from Mr. Hergesheimer's stories would hurry up. If they don't, I'll simply have to read them. I felt badly enough out in the cold when Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess simply raved over his stories all the time, but now that Harrison Ford and a lot of other players have started, something will have to be done about it. Maybe I can get Mary Alden to tell me the stories of them. She's so clever, I'd feel just as though I had read them.

"Oh, I nearly forgot to tell you!" Fanny paused dramatically.

"Norma Talmadge is in Palm Beach, resting up for her next production, 'The Sign on the Door.' And guess who is to play the villain in that? None other than Lew Cody! Won't that be gorgeous?"

Fanny was so enraptured that she failed to see the waiter bringing our bill. It was as long as an anniversary-week program, but then if Fanny hadn't a young and healthy appetite she wouldn't be strong enough to keep up with the last word in filmdom the way she does.

"Let's take a taxi and charge it," Fanny suggested. "That's the way Viola Dana does when her own car is in the shop. She says the bill doesn't seem nearly so big when the first of the month comes around. We can go out to Vidor Village and play with the dogs."

"Dogs, nothing," I retorted. "It has just occurred to you that Florence Vidor's color ought to be grape, and you're going out to ask if she ever wears it."

I was sorry afterward that I refused to go with her. "You never could guess what I ran into," Fanny telephoned me excitedly a few hours later. "Let's have tea together soon, and I'll tell you all about it. I never was so thrilled in my life."
You Can't Tell Marguerite

Friends have tried to warn and advise Marguerite Clark, but she never heeded until her public spoke.

By Caroline Bell

DON'T do it," her friends urged, years ago, when Marguerite Clark insisted that she was going to act in motion pictures. "It will ruin your career."

It took more bravery than one would expect of four-feet-ten of piquant laughter and curls to disregard their advice, forsake a successful stage career, and go in for motion pictures when most people were still quite dubious about them. But Marguerite just cast her advisers one of her droll little smiles that says, "Wait and see."

The next they knew of her every one was saying, "Have you seen Marguerite Clark in pictures? She's adorable." Or perhaps the adjective would be "wonderful," or "exquisite." or any of a dozen others. Almost from the first she was ranked with Mary Pickford, and there were some, of course, who liked her even better.

"Just play fairy stories and kid parts," her friends advised when she had made several phenomenal successes in such pictures. "Don't try to change your type and do grown-up stories."

This time she answered with an airy little twirl and a bow that would have been a credit to a prima ballerina. It was her sweet little way of not refusing them. The next they knew of her she was playing flapper parts. The "Bab" stories introduced a new Marguerite Clark to the screen, a Marguerite as captivating as the dear little girl in the first fairy stories. And still people didn't stop advising her.

"To your public you are just a charming little girl. You owe it to them never to marry." She heard that on all sides. But, of course, she did. And the public loved her more than ever.

The great disappointment, the only disappointment, that Marguerite Clark gave to those vast audiences that love her was when she stopped making pictures about a year ago. She went down to her home near New Orleans then, forgot all about pictures for a while, and became just a little lady of the old South. She wandered through her gardens that she had known before only during hasty visits, learned the names of the different varieties of roses from the old gardener, explored the treasures of her linen chests, and gave big entertainments in a charming, leisurely way. She became as much the darling of society in a few months as she had been the darling of theatergoers. And she loved the peace and quiet of it all.

For a time her friends stopped advising her, but her public didn't. They clamored for her as strongly at the end of her year of retirement as they had at the beginning. They begged her by letter, by telegram, and in person, not to retire permanently from pictures. She had always been as unwilling to tell her plans as she had been to take advice, but she didn't like the assumption that she had retired. She had been playing steadily on stage or screen since 1899—twenty-one years. Couldn't she be allowed to seek a change for a while?

She really hadn't the slightest intention of retiring. But she gave her audiences the satisfaction that she had never given to her personal friends—she appeared to take their advice. She came to New York, bought the screen rights to "Scrambled Wives," a successful stage comedy, and organized her own company. Soon you will see her on the screen again.

She wants to take the public into her confidence now, so that there won't ever be another serious misunderstanding about her plans. "I am not ever going to retire permanently from the screen," is her message to her friends.

So in the future, won't you let her have a few months of rest at the lovely old home in the South, let her have plenty of time to find the stories she wants to screen? If you will, then she will always come dancing back to you as merrily as ever.
In writing a review of "The Kid," which I mentioned prophetically in the last paragraph of last month's Screen in Review, I wrote two stories about the art of Charles Chaplin and then tore up both of them. Or rather, so plastered were they with heated enthusiasm that they blew themselves up. In the case of a picture like "The Kid," the reviewer has to guard against, not disdain, but indiscriminate laudation.

It would be so easy to rush right in and declare that "The Kid" is the greatest picture ever made, to announce that Chaplin is the finest artist now brightening the world, and to proclaim that "The Kid" is the sort of film that ought to be made part of the curriculum of every school and college in the country. "The Kid" evokes smiles, tears, and superlatives. It is a dangerous picture. It leads cool-minded critics into hysteric.

However, let us face the facts about "The Kid" and then proceed to consider it with due regard for law and order. It is five thousand two hundred and fifty feet long—measuring a little less than a mile. It took Charles Chaplin nearly a year to make it, and its career was nearly ended by a certain widely advertised divorce suit. It was purchased by First National for eight hundred thousand dollars, which sounds like a lot of money; but wait until you have seen "The Kid."

"The Kid" has a plot, and some of its incidents are so serious that Chaplin himself was a little doubtful about the success of the picture. In fact, he showed it before an audience of women in Salt Lake City just to try it out, and the women cried harder than they laughed—which was puzzling to a comedian. The plot concerns a little boy who is one of the world's unfortunates—born in a charity hospital and a social outcast from his birth.

John's mother deserts him. There is nothing else for her to do. He is found in an ash barrel by Charlie, the tramp glazier who adopts him as partner, valet, cook, and companion. When the boy is five years old, he is wise enough to break windows for the glazier to mend. He is a man of the world, with a wide acquaintance among policemen and back-alley toughs.

The delicious humor and whimsical pathos of the scenes between Chaplin and Jack Coogan, who plays the boy, would do credit to Barrie, The fun is knock-about enough to catch the loud ha-ha of the vacant mind, but it is also fantastic, imaginative, and unreal. And in such a blending of qualities lies the artistic future of Chaplin. His comedy is simple enough to tickle the five-year-old Jackies in the audience, but it is also subtle enough to make the intellectual pause and connect it with the classic humor of the English stage and English literature. The other comedians who bounce about the screen merely have the knack of pulling snappy gags and of satisfying the popular craze for speed. Even in his early days, Chaplin surpassed his rivals in technique. In "The Kid," he proves that he is a humanitarian; that is, a man of deep sympathies and definite social purpose. Whereas a few years ago Chaplin outdistanced his rivals by his astonishing technique, in "The Kid" he rises as their superior through his wide understanding.

The Screen in Review

Our critic, quite unrestrained, tells you about the best, and some of the worst productions of the month.

By Agnes Smith

The chief difficulty of the screen critic in reviewing the average output of the month is to conceal a certain lofty disdain—a disdain of the stars who will insist on doing the same old things over and over again like tiresome trained dogs; a disdain of the directors who seem bent on spending much money and little thought; and a disdain of the authors who, for the sake of large checks, allow themselves to be taken in on the old shell game of "What the public wants."
This brainwork is evident in the direction, for Chaplin both wrote and directed “The Kid.” While Chaplin’s fun is unbounded, his pathos is restrained. The brevity of the pathetic scenes saves them from sentimentality. In his subtitles, Chaplin does not gush. He limits himself to half a dozen stories. The story of the unhappy mother is told in such a way that it could not offend either a child or a censor.

To most persons, the best part of the picture will be the tramp’s dream of Heaven. Here, literally, the fun soars. The inhabitants of the slums go about looking like winged choir boys. Even the policeman is equipped with wings, while a dog floats celestially about. But, alas, Sin enters, and the feathers fly.

Picture-Play Magazine has already told you the story of the boy, Jack Coogan. Chaplin says that he is the star of the picture. He is a miniature Charlie, a bit grave and serious, but with none of the abominable cutey tricks of the usual screen “kiddie.”

I have devoted much space to telling you about “The Kid.” It is unnecessary space, too, because most of you will see the picture. After having sobbed over Chaplin, his art and his intellect, let us proceed to some other picture and give it a good, old-fashioned panning.

“FORBIDDEN FRUIT.”

Looking about at random, we pluck “Forbidden Fruit.” It was directed by Cecil B. De Mille, and I have just a small prejudice against Cecil B. “Way back in my family tree, there is a Yankee ancestor. Every time I see one of De Mille’s pictures, this ancestor crops up and whispers in my ear: “This person wastes a lot of money to make an unjustifiable appeal to the senses.” Whereupon, I tell the ancestor that he is old-fashioned, that Mr. De Mille’s pictures sell very well, especially in the small towns where there are no cabarets to run in competition, and that a thing of beauty is a joy forever.

“Forbidden Fruit” is the new title of an old story called “The Golden Chance,” written by Jeanie MacPherson and produced by Mr. De Mille when you and I were young, Cecil. “The Golden Chance” was an excellent picture, with plenty of melodrama and an appealing love story. At that time, Mr. De Mille was doing fine, clear, and artistic work. In fact, he was contributing a lot in the way of lighting, story development, and stagecraft to our budding art.

The story relates the adventures of a modern Cinderella—a poor girl married to what is known in many sections of the country as a “bad lot.” The girl does sewing for a wealthy society woman who has oodles of cash and absolutely slitheringly gorgeous clothes and jewels. The husband of the above-mentioned society light is engaged in the oil business. When the story opens he is trying to interest a handsome and also immensely wealthy young man with curly hair in an oil deal which is most important to the society folk. But the young man is kind of indifferent and hang-offish, and he won’t stay to discuss the matter until the wife tells him that she has invited the most beautiful girl in the world—to meet him.

But the beautiful girl fails to show up, and, at the last minute, the poor seamstress is asked to take her place and ensnare the young man. The young girl is all dressed up with her hair marceled when she meets the young man. Bang! Right off—starts the love story. Everything is all orchids and champagne until the seamstress has to go home and wash the supper dishes for her husband.

The climax of the picture comes when the husband sets out to get some of the De Mille jewels. When he learns the rôle that his wife is playing, he tries to turn the situation to good account; he attempts to blackmail the impeccable young business man. The happy ending is easily achieved when the butler, partner in the crime, kills off the husband.

Instead of filming “Forbidden Fruit,” I wish that Paramount had revived “The Golden Chance,” with its original cast of Wallace Reid, Cleo Ridgeley, and Theodore Roberts. A great deal of good money would have been saved. “Forbidden Fruit” is a riot of expenditure. The clothes and the house decorations look as though they had been designed by a fifteen-year-old girl who suddenly had been left a million dollars and told to do with it as she liked.

Perhaps you have noticed Mr. De Mille’s extreme aversion to a nude telephone. To him the sight of a naked and unadorned telephone is as shocking as the sight of a bathing girl is to a censor. “Forbidden Fruit” boasts the latest thing in telephone decoration.
The modern instrument of torture is caged in a Queen Anne sedan chair. What could be more discreet?

Having treated "Forbidden Fruit" so cruelly, I shall not mention the atrocious wording of the subtitles nor the way that the society folk talk and act. Some short flashes of the story of the original Cinderella are staged with the lavishness of the latest roof garden show.

Agnes Ayres, the simple and delightful heroine of the O. Henry stories, is the Cinderella of "Forbidden Fruit." She is not another Gloria Swanson, but she is quite beautiful. At times, she looked just a bit ashamed when she appeared in her gorgeous gowns. She seemed to realize that she was part of an appeal made to the least admirable side of the American public, and that she was encouraging the national vices of extravagance, snobbery, and vulgar showiness.

Forrest Stanley plays the hero with a happy smile and no signs of any twangs of conscience. However, he wore no elaborate wardrobe. Even the hero of a De Mille picture merely dons the conventional black. By the way, the theater was simply jammmed when I saw it, and I understand that it's breaking records for popularity.

"BLACK BEAUTY."

When "Black Beauty" is shown in your neighborhood be sure to go to see it. Do you remember Anna Sewall's classic book, the autobiography of a horse? Children of all lands have sobbed oceans of tears over it. In an era when automobiles are taking the place of horses, and when the screen is running to showy and sexy stories, Vitagraph had the courage to produce Miss Sewall's well-loved story.

Of course, the picture isn't all about the horse, Black Beauty. George Randolph and Lillian Chester have woven another story about the human beings who own Black Beauty. The interpolated story is a romance that might have walked out of any Victorian novel. It has a thrilling climax which smacks of a serial, in which the hero, mounted on Black Beauty, races the villain for the hand of the heroine.

In every respect "Black Beauty" is the most refreshing picture of the month. The saddest parts of Anna Sewall's book have been glossed over, but the picture carries a real and sincere message of kindness and humaneness.

Out in the wilds of Hollywood, David Smith, the director, has managed to find some glimpses of English scenery. And he shows us an old-fashioned railroad train in action. The details of the costuming and setting give the picture a flavor that is quite unique.

Jean Paige is seen in the leading role. You remember that she recently married Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph. Mr. Smith has excellent taste. Miss Paige is a charming and ingenious girl, and the studio doesn't seem to have spoiled her. In "Black Beauty" she looks as though she had just stepped from an English print.

"MAN-WOMAN-MARRIAGE."

From the delightful and unaffected "Black Beauty," we jump into Allen Holubar's superhodgepodge, "Man-Woman-Marriage." I want to be fair to Mr. Holubar, but in my opinion, he is not a director of the first caliber, and therefore most of the money spent on "Man-Woman-Marriage" was tossed away. These are hard words, but I have been urged to be frank.

The story was written by Ida Scholl, and is a plea for feminism. All very well and good. I do not quarrel with the theme. But the picture itself is the weirdest mixture of good and bad that I have ever seen. Mr. Holubar has a certain gift for filming spectacular scenes, but when he tries to show us something simple like a child saying its prayers, a jealous wife, or a man getting religion, he uses the most banal and obvious terms of the screen.

The plot, in brief, runs thusly: Innocent young girl who refuses to be forced into an unwelcome marriage elopes with ambitious lawyer who has the urge for uplift. Several years of married life ensue with considerable cooling of the ardor of both love and ambi-
tion. Husband sells himself to political interests and immediately is elected to the senate. Upon becoming a senator, he develops a taste for flappers and orgies. Wife tries to attract him by joining the merry whirl, but the game doesn't work—the flapper is triumphant.

The wife leaves him and opens her own law office. She also goes into politics. With the coming of woman suffrage, she is elected to the senate and her husband is defeated. Not only is he defeated, but he is sent to jail. Behind prison bars, with no orgies or flappers to distract his attention, he gets religion and eventually returns home to the lady senator and the kiddies.

All of this plot would have been most simple if Mr. Holubar had not been seized with a wild urge to do a D. W. Griffith and get all entangled in history. He must have seen "Intolerance," and therefore he should have known better.

The history is laced out in flashes. Flashes showing the triumphant Amazons, the willful women of the Middle Ages, the Christian martyrs of the fourth century, and the cave women of the stone age. In spite of the pretentiousness of these visions, they are extremely distracting. For instance, we are shown the husband in jail getting religion and getting it hard. Then we are transported to a Roman orgy. Does Mr. Holubar really believe that he can mix religion with scenes of licentiousness and drive home a good clean moral? Or did he merely do it to be sensational?

Moreover, while we are on the subject, I object to the modern revel. The sight of a lot of intoxicated men and women is not a pleasant one. In spite of some of its beautiful scenes and a few bits of good feminist propaganda, the picture leaves you with an unpleasant feeling. More good effort wasted in an attempt to be sensational.

Dorothy Phillips, an intelligent actress, is the Amazon, and the popular James Kirkwood is seen as the roving husband. The picture is presented by First National.

"THE LOVE LIGHT."

By this time you probably have seen Mary Pickford's production, "The Love Light," which was written and directed by Frances Marion. Mary is, as always, the great artist. She plays the rôle of a full-grown woman—an Italian girl—and she suffers and suffers and suffers. The photography is good, but the agony is something terrific. "The Love Light" actually left us wishing for another "Pollyanna" so that we could be glad, glad, glad. The story is long drawn out; every time you think that it is going to end, some one else dies, and Mary suffers some more. If it were not for Mary's admirable artistry, the plot would be outrageously inane. But we take off our hat to Mary's camera man.

"THE DEVIL."

That naughty and sophisticated play, "The Devil," has been made into a movie and is released by Pathé. George Arliss plays for the camera his original rôle of the evil one, the suave society gent who is dangerous to ladies. Mr. Arliss is not quite at his ease before the camera. He has not caught the knack of making his best points register. But he is a young fellow, and he will learn.

The screen is not the medium for a play like "The Devil." On cool celluloid, it loses some of its brilliancy and wit. Still, "The Devil" is worth seeing, because, if you have not seen Mr. Arliss on the stage, you cannot afford to miss him on the screen. The settings are very fine, and the colorful and vivid acting of Sylvia Breamer is an added point in favor of the picture.

Adaptations of stage plays flock upon us from all sides. There is "Cousin Kate," with Alice Joyce as its star. It is a pretty and demure romance for a pretty and demure star. It was directed by Mrs. Sidney Drew, and you know what that means; it means that the titles are clever, that the characters behave naturally, and that the picture is free from the vulgar and the obvious.

"MAMMA'S AFFAIR."

No one knows why Constance Talmadge chose to play "Mamma's Affair." The play, by the late Rachel Barton Butler, was one of the cleverest presented in New York last season. But the rôle of the down-trodden and much imposed-upon daughter is not one for Constance. You cannot impose on Constance. The star of the picture is really Effie Shannon, who gives

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But this time I'm wrong. I admit it. Louise Lovely—is. I don't blame Carl Laemmle for applying the adjective to her as a name to be worn throughout her screen career.

"Carbasse' was my real name," she said to me during a lull in the quarrel scene, in which we ensconced ourselves on a sofa behind the battery of mercury lights and exchanged a series of rapid-fire and constantly interrupted questions and answers.

Louise isn't quarrelsome by nature, of that I'm sure. But her director, Bernard Durning, would call her back to the set ever and anon to give her screen husband the deuce for leaving her on that desert island—and he had gone off with Rosemary Theby to boot.

"But Carbasse seemed to be an absolutely impossible professional name," she continued. "They called it 'Garbage,' 'Carbarn,' and even 'Carbuncle,' so finally Mr. Laemmle—I was working at Universal then—said I'd have to change it."

"Oh, yes, I know," I interrupted eagerly. "He saw your work on the screen in the projection room and said: 'Isn't she lovely!' And the name clung."

Louise Lovely made a little grimace. "That's just publicity," she said. "He simply thought it would be euphonious, and I agreed; although I didn't like it very well at first."

That was one of the things I liked about her, her lack of affectation. She could have let me go on believing that publicity story, you know, but she wouldn't, and she didn't.

Her real name, "Carbasse," is documentary evidence of the much-mixed lineage which is hers. Her father was French and her mother Italian—or maybe it's the other way around—and she was born in Sydney, Australia. Even now she speaks French like a native of Paree, and her English has, it seemed to me, a slight, almost intangible, continental flavor. It is not an accent any more than the scent of a violet is a fragrance, but you feel that if it went just a bit farther, it would be.

Although not exactly born on the stage, she was at least born for it. She commenced playing in stock companies when she was nine years old, and they called her "Dolly Nicholson," which is the pet name of the Australians for Mary Pickford. No doubt you yourself

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Dame Fashion's Smartest Daughter

You can learn what to wear and how to wear it, if you will only study Irene Castle.

By Louise Williams

She's not exactly pretty — "You mean not essentially pretty. She's attractive, of course, and then being so slim, and wearing even that little gingham dress so well—oh, my dear, I have it—she's Irene Castle's type!"

The train pulled out of the little California town, on its way from San Francisco to Seattle. And I turned and surveyed the two girls who, occupying the observation platform with me, had thus commented on a girl whom we'd all seen standing near the railway station. They were quite right—she was Irene Castle's—or rather, Irene Tremain's—type. And, of course, you know what that is. It's not simply dependent on being very slender, or on standing and walking in a nonchalant, limber-spined manner—which, incidentally, can be achieved only by swimming and dancing and riding so much that your whole body is perfectly fit. It's rather the result of knowing how to wear clothes; of making them show that they've been put on carefully, and of being sure that each article of apparel is just the right thing to wear with everything else.

You have noticed that when you have seen her on the screen, of course. Her shoes, hats, belts, gloves—everything—look as though they had been designed and made to be worn together. And they are all worn with that insouciant air that is Mrs. Castle's greatest charm. It is due to this extreme individuality that Mrs. Castle's pictures are still in demand, for the producers for whom she has played seem to have gloried in providing her with poor stories. Each one was worse than its predecessor, but through them all Mrs. Castle danced and smiled and won the hearts of her audiences. Now she has her own producing company, and in the future you will not only go to see the charming Irene Castle in beautiful clothes, but you will see her in interesting pictures as well. She will make four pictures a year from now on for the Hodkinson Corpo-
Dame chance Mrs. blouse, Very sort made saw is strand

atmosphere, wear of creations that—It's mad

head dust. not long ago, and a very becoming one as well. Such a wreath may be of ribbon, of silk, or of tiny enameled leaves.

Occasionally Mrs. Castle lets her wreath act as an accessory

to the smartest dancing frock that I've seen in a long time. It is of apple-green crépe meteor, made with green Georgette crépe of the same shade. The skirt, which is made without a seam, is of pieces so shaped that when she dances they fly out like the petals of a flower unfolding. These pieces overlap, the heavier ones, on top, holding the lighter ones down.

Even the girl whose looks convince her that she's anything but the popular Castle type can profit by the Castle method of selecting other accessories. For example, there's the question of the fluffy blouse or equally fluffy chemisette. Even if a girl has but one new suit a year, she can see how smart an effect is gained by wearing really beautiful lace and embroidery as a supplement to it. Mrs. Castle is shown in the large photograph on the preceding page wearing such a blouse, with a strand of Oriental pearls to detract from the very white effect. Incidentally, the rage for distinctive veils finds expression in this same costume—for with her little embroidered hat Mrs. Tremain wears one whose edge is stiffened by a narrow, gilt ribbon. The embroidered hat is another proof that Mrs. Castle's wardrobe has space for only the newest creations of Dame Fashion—it is of satin which matches her suit, and is embroidered all over in braid and heavy silk thread. Some of these little embroidered hats are of silk, some of soft straw, and one exceedingly smart one was of soft, shiny, black leather, embroidered in vivid greens, reds, and yellows.

ration, and they will all be stories suited just to her. Of course, that means that the pictures will have a sort of Fifth Avenue atmosphere, that they will give her a chance to ride and swim and dance, and that—best of all—she will show you the newest creations of the great fashion designers, and the way they ought to be worn.

Now you may not be as slim and vivacious as Irene Castle Tremain is. Very probably you haven't a wardrobe as extensive as hers—few people have. But you can profit both by her selection of gowns for the early spring and by her choice of accessories to wear with them.

Just the other evening, at the first night of one of New York's big theatrical productions, I saw three girls who had done this very thing. They were in evening dress, and each of them wore on her head a little wreath of leaves—dark-green leaves, sprinkled with diamond dust. It's a charming fashion which the piquant Irene introduced not long ago, and a very becoming one as well. Such a wreath may be of ribbon, of silk, or of tiny enameled leaves.

In her coat-dress of white polo cloth striped with blue, Mrs. Castle lives up admirably to her reputation for wearing striking clothes.
Only the girl who wears her clothes with some of the smartness of manner which distinguishes Mrs. Castle can wear a wrap such as one recently designed for her. The front widths are not very full, but the back, which hangs from a yoke, is very full indeed, and is embroidered in fine threads. The wrap is of silk duvetyne and is edged all around with kolinsky.

Even before she became a national figure and bobbed her hair, Mrs. Castle was noted for wearing daring clothes, and she is still most capably living up to that reputation. So the girl who is her type will be delighted with a new coat-dress of white polo cloth striped with dark blue, which will prevent its wearer ever remaining in the background. It is rather simply made, with a vest and deep pockets, and has a narrow belt of red leather, just by way of variety. With this costume Mrs. Castle wears a smart little hat of light-gray astrakhan cloth, which is trimmed with yarn flowers.

For afternoon wear she chose recently a dark velvet frock which should have a prototype in the wardrobe of every schoolgirl in the land. It is very simply made, on straight lines, and has a small white collar of Irish crochet and Valenciennes and a light leather belt. Its most interesting feature is the row of buttons which runs up the inside of either sleeve to the elbow—both the buttons and the long buttonholes being white. With this frock goes a rounded toque, banded with an ostrich feather, which hangs down in “King Charles” fashion.

A similar frock, which a friend of mine dubbed “a perfect ingenue dress,” is of blue serge, with a wide embroidered skirt panel and a becoming oval neckline. Incidentally, it will pay you to study the necklines of Mrs. Castle’s gowns—there’s not an ugly one among them. She is a perfect artist when it comes to knowing exactly what she can wear and what she can’t. Would that more of us followed in her footsteps in this respect!

The burning question of the spring suit is solved easily, of course, when, like Mrs. Castle, one can have many of them. But even those of us who will have but one will be perfectly happy if it is as attractive as a certain blue serge suit which Mrs. Tremain selected not long ago. It is braided

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Russell Simpson hopes that some day a director will want him without any whiskers.

Have You Any Whiskers?

Maybe you can trade places with Russell Simpson, who's getting tired of his crape hair.

By Edwin Schallert

WILL you pardon me a moment? There is a lady waiting outside to show me her hair.

Russell Simpson gave me a nod and a half smile and walked out of his dressing room at Goldwyn studio, while I gave vent to a repressed "Oh—I see!" wondering what sort of piquant adventure was in store for the character actor whom I had come to interview.

Evidently the lady's hair was bobbed, or Simpson's taste for admiring tresses was dulled that day, for he very shortly ended the interruption—which I had considered rather frivolous—by coming back and seating himself before his dressing table, where he started to make up as if nothing unusual had happened.

"I suppose you are rather a connoisseur on hair," I remarked by way of opening the conversation, and with a certain curiosity concerning his odd penchant for beholding a woman's coiffure. I had visions of him selling dye or hair restorer, when he was acting.

"Oh, yes, I suppose I am. I do pick up a lot of hair that way," said he, nodding toward the door through which he had just returned.

"You say—" And I know my surprise was as wide-mouthed as the entrance of a subway. "You say you pick up hair—"

"Oh, yes, now and then," he broke in. "Down at the ten-cent store, around the beauty parlors, and some-times in a mattress store or rug dealer's shop. It depends a great deal on the part. Here's some I bought to-day at Woolworth's. Very good hair," he remarked, as he showed me a package. "Think I'll use it."

"That woman I was just talking to is going to cut off her hair, and she gave me first chance on a purchase. I generally pay pretty well for good hair," and Simpson commenced draping on a beard with the Woolworth switch.

I began to see that there was something in this hair stuff after all, And I recovered some of my equipoise, or whatever it is.

"You see, whiskers are my specialty," Simpson went on, as he surveyed the patriarchal beard that appeared on his chin in the looking-glass. "I've tried to get away from them, but I can't. They make such a lot of trouble.

"My wife, for instance, has objected from time to time at the disappearance of her switches. But perhaps I shouldn't say that, because she doesn't wear them now.

"I've had the misfortune to be cast in many roles where I had to wear a beard. Sometimes, when the part allows, I raise my own. I did that in 'Godless Men,' the new Goldwyn picture. Other times, I have to glue on the whiskers with spirit gum, which I obtain from the East—a special kind that doesn't show.

"I used a beard like that in 'Lahoma,' also in 'The Brand.' The one in 'Lahoma' was the longest—eighteen and a half inches," declared Simpson, with the precision of a mathematical expert.

"In 'Bunty Pulls the Strings,' of course, I wore only side-burns. That was easy. By the way, that picture gives me my best chance at acting—that and 'Godless Men.'

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Those Cowless Cowboys!

By Grace Kingsley

Oh, those cowless cowboys of the motion pictures! Those guys that go 'round all dolled up like a merry-go-round in the cowboy scenery but who never seem to have any work to do! Pictures are so educational, aren't they? You know, I always used to think in my artless Japanese way that cowboys really were on speaking terms with cows—that they were a bunch of hard-working guys that got up early in the morning, worked hard all day at cow-punching, and played cards at night for relaxation, drinking liquor, if any. But now I know differently. Cowboys probably wouldn't know a bossy if they met one in the lane. Cowboys never work. They don't have time. The hero keeps 'em too busy.

And how sympathetic and interested they always are in the hero's affairs! We wish sometimes when we are in trouble and things go wrong with us that we had a flock of sympathetic folks as devoted and helpful to us as that gang of cow-

boys always is to the hero. Take a William Russell picture I saw not long ago, for instance: when the boss of a mining engineer refused to give the hero more salary, the cowboys tied him up, gagged and bound him, and made him come through. Snappy service, I'll say!

But when the hero's girl gets lost or kidnapped—oh, boy! That's when the cowboys have a chance to show the stuff they are made of. They never seem to have a girl of their own. They couldn't! They're too busy looking after the hero's girl, for she has a natural genius for getting into trouble. And even if a cowboy gets him a girl, in a dance hall—or some place like that—it always turns out she's really the hero's girl, and he has to give her back to him. That's how it was in a recent Tom Mix picture. Even after the cowboy had rescued Tom's girl from a burning building, he never even got to hold her hand.

Yes'r, heroism, not work, is the cowboy's life job. I saw a bunch of cowboys at a round-up of cattle, all fitted up with lariats and things, in a Bill Farnum picture the other day, and I thought to myself, they really are going to work this time. Next minute, though, along came the hero and told the boys his girl had been stolen and his bank robbed, and—whoopee! off they rode. Those cows could go jump in the lake for all they cared. That ranch owner could just go whistle for his cattle. I wondered why he kept on paying the cowboys, but he did, judging from their handsome carved saddles and sombreros. Probably he was afraid of them.

But I will say for those cowboys they're a clever bunch when they get to sleuthing. If ever I lose a mine or a relative, I won't employ a detective. I'll get a bunch of cowboys to trail the criminal. They're so careless about where they go a-horseback, for one thing. They prefer tops of mountains in the sunset glow, for pictorial effect; but you will remember that when duty called the cow chaperons in one of Mix's late pictures, the boys never hesitated—they

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News Notes From the Studios

Some information about the productions that are being made and the players who appear in them.

Two old favorites who have not been seen in motion pictures of late are coming back. Florence Lawrence, famous as "The Biograph Girl" and Mary Pickford's early ideal, returns as the star of "The Unfoldment," a Producers' Picture Corporation production. J. Warren Kerrigan announces that in the future he will make five pictures every year. The first one will probably be an adaptation of a Richard Harding Davis story.

New stars, too, are coming to the fore every day. Charlotte Greenwood, who for three years has delighted theater audiences from coast to coast in the musical comedies, "So Long Letty" and "Linger Longer Letty," is starring in a motion-picture version of the first "Letty" play.

Wilfred Lytell, brother of Bert, is playing opposite Pearl White in her forthcoming production.

A near-riot was caused at Ellis Island, the immigrant station of the port of New York, recently, when it was learned that Mary Pickford's company was filming some scenes there. Crowds rushed to the scene and watched anxiously for Mary, but Mary never came, for although the scenes were being made for her picture, "Through the Door," Mary herself did not appear in them. If she had known how disappointed the crowd would be she might have rewritten the scenario and come on from California to appear in those scenes.

After studying classic dancing for years, in the belief that she would some time find it useful in her pictures, Norma Talmadge's first fancy-dancing role came in "Passion Flower," her newest picture. Unfortunately, she was called upon to do a Spanish dance utterly different from anything she had learned. For weeks she was as busy forgetting the rules of classic dancing as she formerly was learning them.

Apropos of Constance Talmadge's marriage it is interesting to note that two of her future pictures will be "Wedding Bells" and "A Butterfly in Harness."

Dorothy Dalton has withdrawn from the cast of "The Money Master," the first picture play written by Sir Gilbert Parker.

Roscoe Arbuckle does not want his admirers to get unduly excited over the title of his next picture, "Crazy to Marry."

Pauline Starke will play the title rôle in "Salvation Nell," a Whitman Bennett production of the famous play in which Mrs. Fiske appeared on the stage.

Metro has recently indulged in the popular pastime of changing the names of several of their picture plays. During production, Viola Dana's most recent vehicle was known as "Sorrentina," but it will be released as "Puppets of Fate." "More Stately Mansions," a short story by Ben Ames Williams, which was called "Are Wives to Blame?" when its script first reached the studio, is now titled "Extravagance." Jack London's popular novel, "The Little Lady of the Big House," is to be screened as "What's the Matter With Marriage?"

Ethel Clayton's next appearance will be in "Sham." Mabel Normand, having finally succeeded in gaining ten pounds, has declared her rest cure at an end, and is back at work in the Goldwyn studio on a picture as yet unnamed.

On the completion of "East Lynne," her husband's production in which she plays the leading rôle, Mabel Ballin retired to Lakewood, New Jersey, to rest.

Marcia Manon and Richard Dix will play the principal parts in "The Bridal Path," a motion picture to be made by Goldwyn from the play of the same name by Thompson Buchanan.

In "A Divorce for Convenience," a Selznick production, starring Owen Moore, a vampire part is played by Nita Naldi, who won her first laurels in motion pictures when she appeared with John Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

"The Love Special" is the title of the latest Wallace Reid picture. In this he plays the part of a railroad engineer, and Needless to remark, the heroine, played by Agnes Ayres, has eyes for no one else in the cast.


"The Opening Shutter," a popular novel by Clara Louise Burnham, has been purchased as a screen vehicle for Edith Roberts. Carmel Myers, her neighbor at Universal City, will next appear in "The Dangerous Moment."

Rudolph Valentino will play Armand Duval in Nazimova's production of "Camille."

A heavy blizzard at Truckee, California, sent May Allison and twenty other members of the "Big Game" company scurrying up there to film snow scenes.

Naomi Childers, a leading player in many Goldwyn productions, will play the leading rôle in "Courage," a Sydney Franklin production to be released by First National. Sylvia Breamer, formerly the leading woman in Sydney Franklin productions, has signed a contract to appear in productions sponsored by the Rubaiyat Press and Publishing Company.

The title of the first motion picture by Elinor Glyn, the celebrated author of "Three Weeks," has been changed from "The Sheltered Daughter" to "Her Great Moment."

Among the prominent people soon to make their mo-
Our New Temples of Art

How the motion-picture palaces developed, the problems that their further development will solve, and a glimpse behind the scenes, showing how their wonderful programs are put together.

By John Addison Elliott

Shortly after the close of the war, almost before any peace-time activities had been resumed, I remember seeing in Picture-Play the following comment by The Observer:

"What is the finest new building that is going up in your town? In nine places out of ten the answer is, "The new motion-picture theater." In a great many places that answer still holds good. Scarcely a week passes but in some city a new picture palace opens its doors. And in connection with these new theaters and their methods of showing pictures, may be seen the solution of some of the problems that have been vexing the producers, the theater managers, and the picture-loving public.

Like everything else in connection with the industry, the history of fine presentation of pictures has been one of brief and rapid development. It began only seven years ago, when S. L. Rothapfel came to New York from a small town in Pennsylvania, and with a vision of what was to come, induced capitalists to erect the famous Strand Theater on Broadway, the first theater to be devoted exclusively to pictures, embellished by orchestral music, artistic lighting, and incidental bits of song and dance.

Soon after that theater became an established success, the Rialto was built, replacing what until then had been the most famous home of vaudeville, and into this new cinema temple moved Rothapfel, there to develop further his now well-known theories of a "unit program," in which everything from manner of raising the curtain until its final fall was carefully worked out to combine in a unified and satisfying performance.

The success of the Rialto Theater, added to that of the Strand, started the building of these picture palaces all over the country, which culminated, a year and a half ago, in the opening of the Capitol, the largest theater in the world—a huge edifice that requires the services of three hundred employees, that seats fifty-three hundred persons, and, where, each week, from sixty to one hundred thousand persons are entertained.

These great amusement centers have accomplished two things of note. They have inspired an interest in pictures on the part of thousands of persons who would not have been content, a few years ago, to visit the old-fashioned "store show," and this encouraged the producers to strive for higher quality in production. Second, they have done more for the popularizing of fine music than any other single institution.

An example of this last statement lies in the fact that at the Rialto, Rivoli, and Criterion Theaters, in New York, all under the direction of Doctor Hugo
Riesenfeld, five hundred thousand dollars a year is
expended for music. It may interest the countless thou-
sands of persons who have visited these theaters to
know that out of every admission they paid, ten cents
was applied toward the musical part of the program.
And it may be of further interest to know that, thanks
to their patronage, Doctor Riesenfeld has been able
to found a school for the development and training of
professional singers and dancers. Nor are these pupils
confined to appearing in motion-picture theaters. Their
training and experience before the picture audi-
ences is but a stepping stone toward grand opera and the concert
stage. Already a large number of them have been graduated from
picture-theater work, and have found places in the Metropolitan and
the Chicago Grand Opera
companies.

The very latest development in picture theaters is now in
quite another direction. Hitherto the movement had been
toward larger and larger the-
ters. It is not likely that any
theater will exceed the huge
Capitol in size. And so, the
opening of the Criterion The-
ater as a picture house, a year
ago, answered a new need—
the need for a theater in
which a program of an inti-
mate and exquisite type might
be presented, and in which a picture might be placed
for an indefinite run.

The problem which this and other theaters of its
kind is expected ultimately to solve is the most vex-
ing problem that the producers face to-day: the neces-
sity of making every picture a sort of greatest common
divisor for the tastes of every one who patronizes
pictures.

As Doctor Riesenfeld recently explained it, under
the present system a producer is fortunate if his pic-
ture shows for a week in the largest house in the
largest city. In the smaller cities, and in the smaller
theaters, a picture is shown for only one day. Under
such a system, in order to get back the cost of pro-
duction and to make a profit, every picture must be
shown everywhere, in almost every town and city of
every size.

But the taste of theatergoers varies in different lo-
calities. Pictures that succeed in the large cities do
not always interest the patrons of the smaller places,
and vice versa.

Doctor Riesenfeld contends that if a chain of little
theaters like the Criterion, in which pictures can be
given an indefinite run, can be established throughout
the country, a producer can then make pictures which
will not need to have this universal appeal. And it
does not severely tax the imagination to vision several
such chains of small theaters, each devoted to a differ-
et type of picture, so that different classes of persons,
having different likes and dislikes, can choose a cer-
tain theater as always having the type of picture which
he or she most enjoys.

The picture palace will remain, however, no matter
how extensively the chains of small theaters are de-
veloped, for so interesting and colorful are their pro-
grams that they appeal to practically every class of
patrons—as does the huge New York Hippodrome,
and the great circuses that year after year play to
thousands every day, drawing the same sort of enthusi-
astic patronage from city, town, and country.

No one can visit one of these picture palaces with-
out wondering by what ingenious method the differ-
ent elements that go to make up the programs are fused
into a harmonious and blended whole. Per-
haps this unity is the most remarkable in the case of
the huge Capitol—not because it is any finer than the
others, but because it is so much larger.

"We never can relax for a moment in our striving for
absolute perfection," said Mr. Rothapfel to me,
recently, while discussing this phase of presentation.
"With an audience of more than five thousand per-
sons you can't slip up for a second. Thus the smallest
details of every program are gone over and over until
they are as near perfect as they can be made. Take
such a matter as opening or closing a curtain—you
wouldn't think there was much of a trick to that, would
you? Well, our men who do that work are as care-
fully trained as our singers and dancers. Every move is
timed to the exact second, and every move must be done—
just so."

"But how is the whole pro-
gram put together?" I asked,
"your huge orchestra playing
music that seems to flow along
in exactly the same mood and
rhythm as the picture?"

"Come around to our pro-
jection room at ten to-night
and I'll show you," he said.

In the tiny projection room that night I found Roxy,
as he is called, sitting,
in his shirt sleeves, be-
hind a high desk that
looked as though it be-
longed in the pilot house
of a steamer. All
along the top of it were
instruments of preci-
sion—chronometers,
speedometers, an
other mechanical de-

ices to tell him just
how fast his film was
being run off, at ex-
actly what moment the
film would reach a
given point in the story, and the like.

Beside him sat the librarian, whose sole duty is to
care for the theater's great collection of orchestral
music, and other members of his staff. At the piano
sat the principal conductor of the orchestra, who had,
for the last performance, turned over his baton to an
associate.

From a great stock of selections which had been
brought to him Rothapfel selected one and handed it
to the conductor.

"Try this one," he asked, signaling for the operator
Continued on page 83

On the following three pages are examples of the stage settings and
scenic effects used in recent programs at the different theaters men-
tioned in this article.
Such scenes as this give performances at the Criterion Theater, in New York City, an intimate charm that would be lost in a larger house. The quaint cameo effect shown below was achieved in the same theater by silhouetting an orchestral sextet behind gauze curtains.
Desha danced into the hearts of Criterion audiences with an airy creation called "The Bubble." Her success brought her an extended engagement there.

This rollicking scene from "Falstaff's Dream," which was presented at New York's Rivoli Theater by the New School of Opera and Ensemble, made this theater more than ever the delight of music lovers. Below is shown the pretentious spectacle which ushered in "The Garden of Allah," at the Strand Theater, also in New York City.
Maria Gambarelli, the ballerina of the Capitol Theater, is only seventeen years old, but she successfully creates dances for every type of feature picture on the Capitol program.

Refinement and delicacy reign throughout the prologues at the Criterion Theater. Gentility holds sway, leaving more dramatic effects for the larger theaters. One of the most striking and effective prologues ever seen in New York was staged at the Capitol Theater as an introduction to "Passion." The finale of it is pictured below.
You may be able to equal the achievement of one of these remarkable youngsters—if you start young enough. The motion-picture industry demands extraordinary talents—and hard work—but recognition, when it comes, comes swiftly, as this sextet holding important positions proves. Sarah Y. Mason, the young woman above, claims that she is twenty-five, but she is probably reckoning her age by continuities written, not birthdays passed, for she looks younger than that.

She started her screen career writing subtitles for C. Gardner Sullivan, then did continuities for Douglas Fairbanks, Metro stars, and ZaSu Pitts. Now the Selznick company has her under a long-term contract.

Irving Thalberg, to the right, is only twenty-one, and all the cares of being general manager of Universal City don't seem to make him appear older. When everything goes right in the film city, the credit goes to whoever can claim it first, but when anything goes wrong, it's a case of "See Thalberg about it."

Walter Wanger, at the bottom of the page, became production manager of Famous Players-Lasky Corporation at the age of twenty-six. He has charge of their studios in Hollywood, Long Island, London—and Bombay—and he has all the qualifications for the job except a pair of seven-league boots.
Kathryn Stuart, whose photograph is shown at the top of the page, has been appointed to adapt to the screen "Star Dust," the novel by Fannie Hurst, author of "Humoresque." Three years ago she was a novice in the Famous Players-Lasky scenario department; one year ago she had become one of their most capable scenarioists. She went to Realart then, where she has prepared the scenarios for all the Constance Binney pictures. "Everything comes to her who writes," is Miss Stuart's sincere conviction.

The distinction of being the youngest motion-picture director belongs to Marcel de Sano, whose picture is shown above. He is only twenty-two years old, and has had but a year's experience in a studio, but he is already a full-fledged director for the Universal company. He came to pictures by way of the French army and the Roumanian diplomatic corps. His first picture is "Beautifully Trimmed."

At the right is Robert M. Haas, whom you would have known as a brilliant young architect if Famous Players-Lasky hadn't come along and persuaded him to become head of their arts and decoration department in the East. He is still in his twenties, but he commands the army of workers at the big Long Island studio like a veteran general.

'It looks like a young man's—and a young woman's—game.
SNAPPED
WARN

Intimate glimpses of movie

The wondrous gardens of the Alhambra in Spain provided such exquisite settings as this for Marguerite Courtot in "Rogues and Romance."

Not the setting for a pie-throwing comedy, but the pie counter adjoining a motion-picture set where some big scenes were being taken, all ready for the extras' drive when the director called, "Time for lunch!"

Raymond Hatton plays "At Home" with his characteristic finesse. The dog wishes he would play it more often.

Photo by C. Heighton Monroe
WITHOUT

ING

folk, at home, and on location.

A striking silhouette from Marshall Neilan's "Bob Hampton of Placer," the great spectacle that revives frontier-days history, the small boy's delight.

Fortifications are not always as strong as they seem when you slip around and get a side or a back view, as the photographer did when he snapped this picture of the big set in George Seitz's "Rogues and Romance."

Anita Stewart is as romance-loving as ever; she won't go to the party until the story's heroine is safe.
If you didn't get a gracious "Thank you" right away from Jean Paige when you con-

gratulated her on her marriage to Albert E. Smith, it wasn't her fault, you see.

The philosophic Wesley Barry, all dressed up for big game, contents himself with pursuing goldfish.

Below is Monte Blue, who seemed simply perfect to many a fan, even before he started "The Perfect Crime."
Now—for a Novelty!

Herbert Howe has done a personality story that is different. It's a cameo of Corinne Griffith—a series of brief impressions of this most charming of the cinema stars, which will reveal her in varied moods and settings. It will appear in the next issue of Picture-Play Magazine.

Our New Temples of Art

3 P

to begin running off the picture, the one which was scheduled to be shown in the theater on the following week.

But after a few bars he cried out to stop. "It isn't right," he observed, as he waited until the operator could rewind the film he had run off, and make ready to begin again. "Not quite the right swing," he explained. "Try this."

The second apparently was unsuitable. But the third seemed to meet with his approval. As the end was reached he exclaimed, "Fine! fine! The finale comes at just the right place, too. Heaven's with us. Now let's see—what key is it in? We'll see if Heaven is really with us."

The key was given. Then, after digging out another selection which he had in mind as one which was suitable for the next few feet of the picture, he cried, "Well, Heaven is with us! Same key—what do you think of that?" And he signaled to try it out.

For two hours I watched him selecting, fitting together, rejecting—now jumping up and rummaging through the piles of music—now rushing over to the piano and with wild gesticulations, singing—in a not too pleasing voice—a few bars to show how he wanted a certain bit played. Never have I seen any one work more intensely. Not only he, but the entire staff that assisted him were tired out when they had finished.

At midnight they went out for a bite to eat, and thence home and to bed. All except Roxy. He was back in the theater at one o'clock ready to go through two hours of just as vigorous rehearsals with the staff that manage the lights—a feature that is almost as essential to the success of his programs as the music itself.

I did not stay for this rehearsal, but I did attend his final rehearsal that took place on Sunday morning, just before the theater opened for the first showing of the week. During the week preceding every executive—such as the ballet master, the orchestra conductor, the chief scenic artist, and the electrician in charge of the lighting—had been working out, with the help of those under them, the details of the general instructions they had received from Mr. Rothapfel. Now the time had come to see whether it would weld together properly.

Never have I seen a more interesting rehearsal. Though to the average person everything would have seemed smooth enough, there was scarcely a phase of it that Roxy left untouched. First, the brasses in the orchestra seemed to him to be too loud, and he ordered their position changed. The playing of several passages he criticized, and ordered different tempo or shading. The ballet did not suit him in every respect, and he ordered changed the stage setting for the prologue to the feature picture. In a last, final burst of temperament, he discharged the bass drummer. This came about because the poor drummer, smarting under a tongue lashing in which Rothapfel had charged him with having no style in handling his tambourine while the orchestra was playing the marimba, to accompany a beautiful tropical travel picture in color, gold, blending into a soft green—suddenly were transformed into a blaze of vivid yellow, and ending with the last strains of "The Good Old Summertime," which concluded a short picture showing a trip through some odd corners of old New York.

That picture had been chosen as a light diversion intended to dispel the emotional state in which the audiences were expected to be in after the feature, "Madame X," and to lighten it still further Rothapfel had scouted the town to get some of the old songs of a generation or two ago. How he had chuckled on the night of the rehearsal when his librarian finally came in with them: "The Sidewalks of New York," "A Bicycle Built for Two," and several of the others. He knew how those would hit a New York audience!

It became more clear, too, why he had slashed the news reels the way he had. At the rehearsal he had had run off for him all the week's issue of each of the big news reels—there were some forty or fifty subjects in all. From these he picked about six subjects. They were scenes of events being unveiled—no groups standing on the steps of the Capitol at Washington. They were pictures of animation and thrill—such as the new artillery tanks performing strange maneuvers, a picture that demanded the call of bugles, deep-rolling drums, and the crash of the brass choir as the huge tanks on the screen went crashing through a forest of underbrush.

Then, by way of preparing the audience for the feature, the master program builder had prepared a delightfully tinted travelogue bit, "A Trip Through Marimba Land," a picture languorous and tropical—save for one that place which had been so unfortunate for the drummer.

Was it any wonder, I thought, as the soft strains of the violins introduced the first scenes of the feature picture, that the audience is so carried away beyond the world of rascals, to love and to suffer with the heroine?

Some day performances—not so huge or quite so fine, but performances that will be perhaps quite as satisfying—will be given in the theaters in every city of any consequence whatsoever. It is not the size, but the quality that counts. The little Criterion seats only six hundred persons, and its orchestra is but a small one. Yet some of the finest productions have had their premieres there, and audiences continue to pack the tiny house each week, paying a higher admission, by the way, than is charged at the larger theaters.
Low and

But seeing Louise Glaum in décolleté

By Malcolm

It should classify the costume she wore as a distinctly O-model. From the waist up, her back was as bare as Mrs. Hubbard’s cupboard. A strand of determined-looking pearls disappeared over her left shoulder; that was all. It stood between Louise and the National Board of Censorship, so to speak. But it probably stood her in good stead. The picture is being shown at all of the best theaters.

My second meeting with Miss Glaum was a less sensational one. Her mother was there, and a dignified maid, and a tableful of cosmetics, perfumes, lotions, soaps, and salves. The table interested me immensely. I asked Miss Glaum whether she used half of the things I saw there, whereat she laughed long and loudly, and assured me that in addition to what was on the table, she used some ten other preparations regularly.

“Watch me make up,” she invited.

But I think that it would be more apropos to describe to you what she looked like before donning the greasepaint. You can see her on the screen any day.

Her figure is short and inclined toward the embompoint, but not, as yet, anywhere near the fatal point of fatness. Her hair is bobbed, brown, and boisterous, if you follow the metaphor. It is snarly and carefree and impudent, framing her face rouguishly, albeit alluringly. Her lips are the most attractive of her features. They are inviting. Her chin has a cleft that resembles Wally Reid’s, and her eyes are rather narrow and vampish. There is a come-and-play-wiz-me tilt to the Glaum head, and an eternal challenge in the Glaum manner. She is the single Californienne I have met who impressed me as a person similar to her screen-self—and yet so different! When she talks the siren in her stops abruptly, and the American woman steps to the fore.

“I guess I’m the last of the Mohicans at this vamp stuff,” she remarked as she touched up her eyelashes deftly. “It’s interesting work, too, I think. This vampiring isn’t the deadly boring stuff you would expect it to be. I make the lady use different methods every time. Dressing the part helps so much!”

There followed a detailed analysis of how Miss Glaum had dressed her last part and how she was undressing—that is to say, how she was dressing “Love.” Louise Glaum is wrapped up in dress and style and

EMPIRE gowns, the fashion editor tells me, are cut square. And, she adds, some décolletés are V-models. This inside information on modes and models does not help me a little bit in describing what Louise Glaum was wearing when I saw her being saved from violent death in the J. Parker Read studios and, more specifically, “Love.” I saw her from the back at first glance, and in my meager way, I

There is subtlety in veils and silks and satins—and in Louise Glaum’s eyes.

Photo by Albo
Behold!

and in private are two different matters.

H. Oettinger

costuming. She designs everything she wears, and her mother often makes many of the costumes. When Louise talks she uses her expressive forefingers to illustrate her points, and the result is as graceful as it is helpful. She leans forward, with chin thrust out, and eyes often staring up and beyond, as if dreaming. Her poise is complete and her pose effective.

Her ambitions are concentrated upon acting and writing.

"I want to be an emotional star on the speaking-stage some day," she told me. "And I want to publish a book of love poems that I've been working on for ages and ages. They're not Ellawheelerwilcox in any way. They are sincere, and I see no reason why they shouldn't be given to the reading public. I'd like to do a book on spiritualism, too."

I raised my eyebrows in polite surprise. There is nothing spirituelle about Louise Glaum.

"Honestly," she smiled, narrowing her eyes in what might have been a supremely earnest manner. "I believe in communication with the other world. I've done it. And I intend to write about it some day."

"Then," she concluded ambitiously, "there are the pictures. No one has done them justice yet, in print. I have in preparation a history of the photo play."

"I shall look for an autographed first-edition copy," I assured her gravely.

"And you shall have it!" she exclaimed. But she didn't take my address.

The pet Glaum aversion is visitors on the set during the making of one of her pictures. Signs are prominently displayed around her sets warning off "Admiring Friends" as they are classed in the notices. I don't know whether I came under that category or not, but I did see Louise in action. She is an intense worker and an energetic one. After each scene, her mother or maid hurried over to her with a great big tin box full of make-up utensils. Miss Glaum readjusted her eyes and lips after each scene, and every once in a while covered her arms and back with a white liquid soap that would register a gleaming tint, she told me, that would render her vampire-characterization the more vivid. Veils, she assured me were invaluable aids to the silver-sheet siren. And silks,

"There is a subtlety in veils and silks and satins," she said, "that register one hundred per cent, where other materials flop woefully. That's why you see so much filmy stuff all around this scene—it was the interior of a temple—it heightens the suggestion of romance and adventure."

She held out a beauty spot, with a smile, as she mas-
IN southern California you can swell your bank account suddenly by entering into either of two professions—the motion-picture business or real estate. And recently a little yellow-haired, blue-eyed girl deserted the camera just long enough to meet the real-estate crowd at its own game and prove herself the equal of any agent in it.

"People go to movies—and they go home," Mary Miles Minter had reflected. She was already in the movies—if she went into real estate, too, she could play both ends against the middle, as you might say; she'd have the upper hand of the money market.

So she and sister Margaret formed an investment company, bought a tract of land adjoining the California Country Club, divided it into residence sites, and promptly sold two of them for money enough to cover the original investment. And here you see the two principal members of the company, as they appear "on location."
The Screen in Review

Whitman Bennett, the producer, preferred to turn it into a plain, ordinary movie. The story of the shy artist who "plays dead" to avoid fame is burlesqued beyond all reason. The chief offender is none other than Lionel Barrymore. With a chance for a genuine comedy characterization, he gives us a routine portrayal of a vaudeville Englishman. Lionel was "off his game" when he made "The Great Adventure."

"PAYING THE PIPIER."

I am ashamed to say anything more about George Fitzmaurice and Ouida Bergere. But I am obliged to report that they have not reformed in their newest production, "Paying the Piper." It is an idle story of an idle society girl who learns that "money isn't everything." Yes, the settings are lovely. Dorothy Dickson, another dancer, is the featured player, but she fails to make the grade. However, she ornaments the settings and flits gracefully hither and yon.

"THE MOUNTAIN WOMAN."

Working against the handicap of a familiar locale—the Cumberland Mountains—Pearl White manages to give us something different in "The Mountain Woman." She plays the part of a gal who has been raised as a boy, and the story has the swing and the zest of the old Pearl White serials. Miss White is an active-minded, active-bodied young woman. Every day she lives, she grows more like Mary Garden. The fans know Pearl, and they know her worth. Maybe some day William Fox will encourage her to do something in the way of dramatic acting that will make us all sit up and take notice.

A GENERAL SURVEY.

Constance Binney's new picture is called "Something Different," but it is not. Mae Marsh's first picture for Robertson-Cole is called "The Little Fraid Lady." I got as far as the theater, saw the title, and ran the other way. Perhaps some day I will be brave enough to see the picture. Just now I have a sentimental feeling about Mae Marsh, and I hate to think of her as a little 'fraid lady. "The Highest Law," with Ralph Ince playing his favorite role, that of Abraham Lincoln, is worth your kind patronage. Another Selznick picture, with Vera Gordon as its star, is called "The Greatest Love." It is Mr. Selznick's "Humoresque," and is full of tears and laughter. Gladys Walton, a new Universal star, proves that she is a star by playing a dual role in "Rich Girl, Poor Girl." Have you heard that Paul Heflin has proclaimed Ruby de Remer the most beautiful girl in America? Miss de Remer adorns the screen. The title of her current picture is "The Way Women Love." It was adapted from a story called "Behind the Green Portières." Dear me!

I should like to be able to tell more about George Beban's production, "One Man in a Million." It is a kindly, wholesome story, human and sentimental. Helen Jerome Eddy and "Bob White," who is George Beban, Jr., are in the cast.

Unfortunately, I failed to see a picture called "Women Men Love." But the title is a masterpiece, and the cast, which includes William Desmond, Marguerite Marsh, Martha Mansfield, and Evan Burrows Fontaine, sounds interesting. The picture is described as the "story of a girl's passion for gambling."

Addenda: Since completing the Screen in Review and after having shown justice to all and mercy to none, I met an intelligent woman who told me that "The Kid" was disgusting, and that Charles Chaplin ought to be ashamed to wear such dirty clothes. And I met another intelligent woman who thought that "Man-Woman-Marriage" was a noble blow for the cause of feminism, and that "Forbidden Fruit" was a perfect dream of a picture! It is great to be a critic.

Low and Behold!

Continued from page 85

saged a final gob of cold cream into her face.

"And that," she said, "See that? Well, one little bit of court-plaster placed judiciously—or should I say injudiciously—will get across the lure of a siren lady more than all the cigarettes in the world."

Following the cold cream, rouge was deftly applied, and finally an overcoating of skin enamel. (So, at least the box was labeled. It looked to me like floor wax.) With a final pat of the powder puff, and a last rearranging of her carmelled lips, Miss Glaum arose from her dressing table and started toward the door.

"Have to start some more," she smiled. "And when I get through there's a dinner to go to, and a dance and a local appearance and letters that ought to be written and Heaven knows what else."

She helped a slipping shoulderstrap back onto her gleaming white shoulder. Somewhere outside some one with a megaphone was bowling for Miss Glaum.

"It's a great life," said Louise, as she left me.

I have my doubts.
PEGGY REBECCA.—Here you are, right at the head of The Oracle department! If at first you don't succeed, try something you cut out. Sadly unlike me, in fact. You will have to guess again. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1896. She was her very own hair, no one else's. Jack Mulhall has just signed a long-term contract with Lasky, and will appear opposite the Paramount and Realart stars in future productions. Bebe Daniels' first starring vehicle for Realart was "You Never Can Tell." He has been on the screen for the last four years. Louise Brooks is not with Mack Sennett's forces any longer. She is now touring the country for the Special Pictures Corporation, and will begin work in a series of comedies for them immediately upon her return to the coast.

MISS JULIA S.—You must write direct to the players for their photographs, not to me. All addresses at the end of The Oracle.

LASCA.—Where have you been keeping yourself? Cecil B. De Mille lives in Hollywood, where he has built himself a beautiful home in the hills. He has a wife and two children.

R. S. B. C.—Are you any relation to R. S. V. P.? "The Kid" is the title of Charles Chaplin's latest picture. It will be released by the First National Exhibitors' Circuit, the organization that has handled all his other recent pictures. Frank Keman was born in Dubuque, Iowa. You are right; they did go to Europe for their honeymoon. You might write them and try. Probably they would.

MELTING-PETE.—Douglas Fairbanks' first wife was Beth Sully, a nonprofessional. He has an only child, a son ten years old. Write to her at the studio. We do not give the personal addresses of the players. If you believe everything you hear, you will soon be in the same fix, don't you think? I'm sure I would be if I did.

LONESOME L. J. MC.—Being married doesn't interfere with their sending photographs to the fans. You will probably hear from her before long. Some of them will and, again, some of them won't. It all depends on how many requests they have and how much time to take care of them. None of the stars you mentioned are married, with the exception of Wanda Hawley, Constance Talmadge, and Dorothy Dalton. Wanda Hawley was born in Scranton, Pennsylvania. Shirley Mason arrived on this earth at Brooklyn, New York, in 1901. Mary Thurman, in Richfield, Utah, in 1894. Never heard of the other two you ask about. Dorothy Dalton is not married at present. I am sure I cannot answer that. Why is any one homely or pretty? Just because they weren't made any different, I guess.

JUST ME.—You are another of my regular old-timers who have been hiding out on me lately. Have you been keeping yourself? William Duncan recently married his serial leading lady, Edith Johnson. He was born in Scottsdale, Arizona, in 1899. Doris May hails from Seattle, Washington. Mary Miles Minter is just the arm that the lad at five feet. Their ages have already been given in the answers preceding yours. Jean Paige was born in Paris, Illinois, in 1898. Edith Roberts was born in New York City. Madge Evans is also a New Yorker, and 1909 is the year of her birth. Yes, I have been in Chicago several times. It's a fine city. You are certainly most welcome to write to The Oracle at any old time.

AN ADMIRER OF BEBE AND WALLY.—Write to the stars themselves, not to me. You will find all the addresses you asked for at the end of The Oracle. Wallace Reid is married to Dorothy Davenport and they have one little boy. Bebe Daniels is not married. Yes, that is her correct name. Her latest picture is called "Oh, Lady, Lady!" Wallace Reid's next starring vehicle for Paramount will be "The Daughter of a Magnate," from the novel by Frank H. Spearman.

A LOVER OF ART.—Casson Ferguson was born in Alexandria, Louisiana, in 1891. He received his education there and in Paris, France. His early career consisted of ten years on the stage in Shakespeare and in musical comedies in America. His screen career has been with Morosco, Lasky, Ince, Universal, Triangle, Hampton, Goldwyn, and Metro. He is five feet eleven inches and weights one hundred and fifty pounds. His hair is brown and his eyes are blue.

SASSY JANE.—You will find your questions already answered in this issue.

B. K. L.—You, too. All addresses at the end of this department. Your last question cannot be answered. It's entirely too personal and none of my business.

ALKALI IVE.—I guess you don't read much on motion pictures. The Alkaline comedies have not been made for several years. The character was first introduced by Augustus Carney in the old Essanay days, and later he left that company and continued in his character for the Universal. The comedies were known as the Alkaline IVE brand. I don't think that they will be revived.

SISTER SUE.—William S. Hart is working on his last picture for the Arclight program, and has announced that he will retire from the screen at its completion. I do not know whether Bill means to make it a permanent affair or not. It looks that way from all appearances, but let us hope not. He has a sister, Mary Hart, but not a wife.

Continued on page 106
When Eyes Are Close

Is Your Complexion at Ease

Does your complexion wince under the appraising gaze? Does it fear the verdict—"make-up"—"coarse"—"muddy"? Or is it a complexion of confidence—one that delights in close inspection? It is the latter if you use Carmen! For Carmen gives the beauty, the youthful bloom, the satiny smoothness that craves scrutiny, knowing that the more critical the gaze, the more pronounced the praise.

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A Girl's Adventures in Movieland

Continued from page 49

between a famous actor and director general! "Now, which one are you going to look at?" said Mr. Karger. That's what I had been trying to decide. And Mr. Lytell said, "It's like being between the devil and the deep sea," but I never could agree with him on that. I was wishing that I could be like Ben Turpin and look at them both.

Then the big moment of the afternoon arrived. Mr. Karger said that I was to "walk through" the next scene. I'd had a feeling almost of relief when I thought they weren't going to take me in any scenes that afternoon, and yet I wanted it more than anything else in the world. The scene was one where Bert Lytell brought home in his limousine the poor people he had rescued from the tenement fire. We were to be passing on the other side of the street, and stop to stare at the unusual sight. The technical assistant, who was just getting in the picture for the fun of the thing, walked with me. Our number was "two." It took the "prop" men so long to fix the lights and cover the wires with snow, that I thought the time for us to go on would never come, and it made me terribly nervous and shivery. Finally the director called out, "one," and the couple at the other end of the street walked toward us. "Two," and we started. "Keep on going," the director called, and I almost turned around to look at him when he said this, but just caught myself in time. Four times we went over this same thing.

Mr. Karger is more like my idea of directors than some I've seen. He wears high boots, and slams his hat on any way it happens to land on his head, and uses a megaphone. "Step lively there, people in the car!" he called in regular director fashion. "Don't be so wooden! Remember, you've just had all your belongings burned—you're homeless. Don't come in grinning as though you were coming to a party."

Somehow you're never surprised to hear that great actors were lawyers or physicians or artists or something else awfully educated before they became actors, but I'll confess I was surprised to hear that Mr. Karger had been first violin of one of the big New York symphony orchestras before he became a motion-picture director.

He and Mr. Lytell seem to be awfully good friends. I am not surprised that they plan to go on working together. Sometimes you wouldn't know which one is director and which one star just by watching them.

It was getting late now. Mr. Lytell had already gone off for supper at some little store in the vicinity. "Be sure not to ask for anything but ham and eggs," some one warned him. "That man nearly threw a guy out of his store last night for asking for a roast-beef sandwich." I couldn't picture a star like Mr. Lytell eating ham and eggs in some out-of-the-way store. It seemed as though he ought always to go to places like the Claridge.

Just before we left we were introduced to George Spink, who is playing the valet in the picture, and who wrote a song famous a few years ago. He has been engaged to write the music for Marion Davies pictures—a new idea that they are trying out—and he told us just how he is going about it. It won't be like the old music that used to accompany all pictures, "Hearts and Flowers" for sad scenes, and popular songs for comedies. It is going to be a symphony composed specially to accompany her next picture. I hope it will have some effect on the music in the theaters in our town—surely something ought to be done about it.

It was six o'clock before we left, and there was no apparent let-up in the work. Mother tells me that I saw "A Message from Mars" years ago when it was a stage play. I don't remember that, but I'll never forget this version. Even if I did play only a bit of the background, I have the satisfaction of knowing that I was in a real picture play, to be shown in a real movie theater!

TO BE CONTINUED.

WOULD YOUR FAVORITE FILM STAR—
be your favorite in real life, if you had an opportunity to know a lot of them? In "A Girl's Adventures in Movieland" next month Ethel Sands tells how she felt when she met her favorite. She also tells about the Rehearsal Club, a place in New York City where girls who are just beginners on the stage or screen live; what a casting director's office is like, and how some actors feel about playing love scenes. You will find this one of the most interesting chapters in the series.
The Discovery of Dickson
Continued from page 44
Ted Dickson looks like off the screen.
"But I'm not from the South," he drawled, contradicting my spoken guess. "I was born in New York and lived there most of my life. If I ever resided in the South it must have been in a previous incarnation."

When I asked the young man where he was working he hesitated, tried to speak with offhand non-chalance, and failed.
"I'm the leading man of the Van Curen Company." He said it in exactly the same tone your kid brother would use when announcing that he had kicked the school bully twice his size; trying to be modest about it, but intensely proud just the same.

I gasped.
"Why you were only an extra six months ago!" I exclaimed—having had this much data from the director. And Ted Dickson blushed like a schoolboy and twirled his hat in his hands.
"Luck, just plain luck," he said apologetically. "This company was going to make a series of Westerns, and for the lead of the first one they wanted a young fellow who didn't look like a 'native son,' as the story called for a boy who is an Easterner. The casting director was considering different free-lance actors, when I just happened to come along. And just by luck, at that moment the big boss himself came out of his office, stared at me for a minute, then said out of the side of his mouth to the man who stood by him, 'That's the fellow we want, right there! And I was hired out of hand on the spot, as you might say.'"

The interview was over, and the door was closing upon cinema's newest leading man, but suddenly, he flung it open.
"Say!" he said breathlessly, "I forgot to tell you I got a fan letter today! What do you know about that? It's from a girl in Iowa who saw me in a 'bit,' and she wants my picture. Do you think I ought to send it to her?" He finished anxiously.

I told him it was customary, in fact quite the usual thing.
"Well, it gave me one of the biggest thrills I've had since I started in the movies," he said.
"The other two were when I landed the lead in the Van Curen Company, and when you told me I was a discovery.
"I hope," he added earnestly, "that I won't disappoint that director. If I do——"
"But I won't," he finished firmly. And I don't believe he will.
Have You a Creative Mind?

Make This Test and See

This is an opportunity for you to test yourself in the field of photo work. Without effort or cost, if you have creative imagination and dramatic instinct, you have a great many in the motion picture industry offer you a wide field for your endeavors and perhaps a larger income than you could earn in any other way.

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Its purpose is to find those who really have the natural qualifications of a successful photoplaywright and to save the time and money of those who lack them.

Its purpose is also one of self-interest—to maintain a university standard for the Palmer Plan of teaching photoplay writing by correspondence. For the Palmer Institution represents the interests of the producers, who look to it for the development of new writers of new photoplays, now the industry's most pressing need.

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But first, mail the coupon for the Palmer Questionnaire. It may be a most important step for you.

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Department of Education,
631 W. Hellman Bldg.,
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Please send me your New-Method Confidential Questionnaire which I am to fill out and return to you for your personal and subsequent advice to me without charge. If successful, I am to receive further information about the Palmer Plan without any obligation on my part to enroll for the course.

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This new method of teeth cleaning gives needed help to Nature. High authorities have evolved the principles behind it. Leading dentists everywhere now advise its adoption. And millions of people daily see and feel its good effects.

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The chief object is to fight the film on teeth, the cause of most tooth troubles. You feel it now—a viscous coat. It clings to teeth, enters crevices and stays.

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It is the film-coat that 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.

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Dental science long has realized that we must combat that film. After years of research it has found the ways. Those ways are combined now in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And a 10-Day Tube is offered all to show the good effects it brings.

Watch the five effects

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These effects come from every application. The result is cleaner, whiter, safer teeth than old methods brought.

Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coat disappears.

The results, plus the scientific reasons for them, will bring to your home a new era in teeth cleaning. Do not delay this important test. Cut out the coupon now.

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Only one tube to a family
rode right into a lady's boudoir, and from there onto the stage of a theater. **Attraboy!**

When it is Mix or William Farmum or Duncan or Hart or Carey, the hero himself is a cowboy. I'm not talking about the king-pin cowboys, but about the common or garden variety that hunts in packs and takes care of him. He's such a reckless guy, that cowboy hero. I don't know what would become of him if it weren't for his faithful henchmen.

Why, that cowboy pack never seems to need food or sleep. They never seem to get their natural rest, at least in bed. Sometimes the hero lets 'em drop down all exhausted on the ground with their boots on, after days of hard riding, as I saw in a William S. Hart picture the other day. But a cowboy gang never does know when it's going to get its sleep out, because the hero does take the most ungodly times to find out that somebody has stolen his mine or that he has mislaid his girl. And as for food—away with it! The cowboys will start out on long trips across the desert in the hero's cause without a bite to eat. I don't know what keeps 'em up. Maybe their sense of duty well performed. Water they seem to take along in just sufficient supply so that one of their number can give his away and die nobly with his head on the hairy chest of Spike Robinson, who has a mother and five little sisters—pardner—and who doesn't forget any of the family census, either, when he's telling about it.

Cowboys, we learn from pictures, are natural ascetics. They never have any wives. And this is the more surprising as their paternal instinct is simply astonishing. Oh, how cowboys do love little children! I saw a Harry Carey picture not long ago, in which Carey had a perfect passion for adopting stray brats and bringing them up to charm the whole camp with their sweet, childish tricks, such as yelling out in the middle of the night and letting the Indians know where they were. One of the sweet little things drank up the supply of water when they reached the middle of the desert, playfully spilling in the hot sands what he didn't drink. In real life these artless pranks might annoy a cowboy, but not on the screen. Carey just looked on with a fatuous smile and then went out and paged another kid to adopt.

Cowboys in pictures have three accomplishments. They can ride horseback, they can roll cigarettes with one hand, lighting matches with their thumb nails, and they can play the accordion—or the guitar. That accordion playing is one of the things that reconciiles us to the silent drama being silent.

But, after all, picture cowboys have their rewards. Theirs is a free, workless, wild life. They don't have to associate with the rich relatives of the hero who live in the great mansion on the hill with iron lions on the front lawn and a general look inside as if it had been furnished with trading stamps. They don't have to be buttled by a film butler; they don't have to wear b'iled shirts; they don't have to meet screen vampires on tiger skins; and last, but not least, they don't have to get tied up for life to the rag-doll heroine.

Another compensation a cowboy has: He can kill, whenever so minded, and the law never does a thing about it. He can kill a wife-beater or a story-telling drummer or a prohibitionist, and still keep on having his health.

Finally the noble fellow dies with his boots on, after giving that-ar hell-hound what wuz coming to him, surrounded by all his reverent fellow cowboys with their hats in their hands and with the sun going down over yon hill. They take up his guns reverently—kind, good guns, that never done no harm to nobody that was on the squar', pardner—never killed more'n ten men. Burying him under the cactus he loved and cussed so well, they inscribe above the noble fellow's grave:

"Here lies our pal, the killer of eight; He mighta got more, but now it's too late."
Childe Harold
Continued from page 52

the ice-cream soda concession in Hades!

Mr. Roach called Harold away for a minute to go over a piece of "business" for a scene they were goin' to shoot that afternoon. So's in order that I wouldn't hear it, they went out in back of one of the ex-women's cars. Like a real reporter, I sneaked up behind, and Hal Roach was sassin' Harold Lloyd a block of wood in a vise, and he's sayin' that he thinks it wouldst get a laugh if he bounced it off of my bean as I'm leavin', but Harold says he won't stand for that, and I am thinkin' what a good guy he is, when I hear him say the reason he won't stand for it is because he has already arranged to have me walk over a busted trapdoor as I go out.

But seriously speakin', as is my custom, I made a close-up study of Harold Lloyd whilst he was sassin' me over the lot, and I can't remember when I've met a more regular guy. Harold's a kid which has never growed up—a clean, fun-lovin', big-hearted boy—that's absolutely wrapped up in his work and gets as many giggles out of making his movies as you do seein' 'em on the screen. They're no temperamental quirks or upstage affectation about this healthy kid's make-up—he's all on the surface, nothin' concealed. I don't know whether he ever did this or not, but I'm sure he wouldst grab a passin' stage hand after he's shot a scene and ask earnestly: "Did that hit you all right? Think it's funny?"

That's Harold Lloyd, and that may also be the reason he's a success. I know that on the lot, from camera man to Hal Roach himself, they swear by him!

Before leavin', I doped out a list of questions to ask Mildred Davis. I found she had hid away from me in a sleepin' car used in one of Harold's scenes, so I left her the list. She sent it back filled out to-day, and I am inclosin' it herewith:

Name: .................................................Mildred Davis.
Born: .................................................Certainly.
How long have you been in pictures? Yes. Married or single? No.
Do you like in pictures? Philadelphia.
Favorite flower? Buckwheat.
Favorite fruit? Since 1918.
Favorite sport? Neither.

Well, that's that, and my next interview will be with no less than Priscilla Dean. Fawncy that!

Yours and the like,

H. C. Witwer.
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“They made him manager today, at a fine increase in salary. He's the fourth man in the office to be promoted since January. And all were picked for the same reason—they had studied in spare time with the International Correspondence Schools and learned to do some one thing better than the rest of us.

"I've thought it all out, Grace. I'm as good a man as any one of them. All I need is special training—and I'm going to get it. If the I. C. S. can raise other men's salaries it can raise mine. If it can bring a better home with more comforts to Jim and his family it can do it for us. See this coupon? It means my start toward a better job and I'm going to mail it to Scranton tonight!"

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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 a million have done it in the last 29 years. More than 130,000 are doing it right now. Join them without another day's delay. Mark and mail this coupon!
LOUISE LOVELY—IS
Continued from page 66

have noticed the resemblance. I did. Her profile is like Mary's, her eyes are the same color, and the expression of the mouth is the same. At times the resemblance is uncanny.

"It was much worse when I was a child," she said, in response to my comment. "I had yellow curly hair, and I used to get lots of letters from people who had seen me on the stage and thought that Mary and I must be one and the same person. In those years I played all the standard child roles, Little Eva, Lord Fauntroy, and the child in 'Ten Nights in a Barroom,' who pleads for her papa to 'come home with me now.' I grew up in Australia and came over to the States in a vaudeville act with which I toured the country. When I reached California I went out to Universal with some friends to see them make pictures. I remember I was watching Frank Mayo in a scene, and though I didn't realize it Carl Laemmle was watching me. He asked me point-blank if I wouldn't like to work in a picture for Universal, and I said, 'Well, I might, providing the salary was enough.' That's how I started, and following my first picture with Universal I was William Farnum's leading woman for seven pictures. Now Fox is starring me, and I feel that my career as well as plenty of trouble is just ahead of me."

"Why trouble?" I asked. I had never heard a screen star speak of her career by that name.

"Well, it's such a responsibility. It's just next door to having your own company. Your fans expect you to make good, the company expects you to make money for them, and way down deep inside your heart you say to yourself, 'But can I make good? Am I really big enough to do all that they expect of me?'"

There is a wistfulness about her when she talks like that which is more than ever reminiscent of Mary Pickford. The resemblance is the bane of Louise Lovely's life.

"Of course, I'm glad that I look like Miss Pickford," she said, "because I can't think of any one who is quite as charming, but honestly, I don't want to look like any one. I've tried to overcome it in every way imaginable. I've drawn my hair straight back from my face, I've changed my make-up, I've tried to choose a different style of dress, and still I look like her."

The indefatigable Mr. Durning wanted Louise to quarrel all by herself for a close-up, and while she was monologuing before the camera, one of the carpenters touched me on the arm.

"Interviewing Miss Lovely, ain't you?" he asked me, and I said I was.

"Well, there's something you can say for all the people who have ever worked around her: She's got the nicest disposition of any girl I ever saw. Never loses her temper or swears at the director, and she always has a smile and a nice word for every one. She is kind even when she is tired out. Believe me she's—"

"Lovely?" I suggested.

"You said it!" he replied promptly, and I think he's right.

JUMPING BACK TO THE SIXTH CENTURY
Continued from page 55

for a surge. The next moment the rope sprang taut and yanked Sir Sagramor out of the saddle, Great Scott, but there was a sensation.

Sensation is right! It was pretty an exhibition of cowboy skill as I have seen in some time, and the bulky Sir Sagramor clanged down upon the earth like a cast-iron stove thrown from a second story window.

"Bravely smitten, forsooth!" exclaimed a voice in my ear, and I turned to confront Emmett Flynn, who blushed and pretended that he had been reading the script out loud.

They sent me home at sundown that day in a machine belonging to the Fox Company. The driver asked me where I wanted to go.

"Marry, good sir, an' ye will but hail me townward," I commenced, and the driver looked at me in a startled way and threw in the gears with a jerk. I heard afterward that he complained to Mr. Flynn that he had asked him to marry me and that he suspected me of being addicted to home brew; but that is untrue. In justification to myself, I want him to know that the only thing that alloyed me was a six-century hangover.
The Master of Spanish Love
Continued from page 28

...ing for. You'll have to direct him with me in my next picture.' When they sent for me and asked me to sign a contract I signed without even reading it over. I wanted to be in pictures, and I wanted to support Miss Gish."

"And now you've got a chance to," we interrupted irrelevantly. "Well," he continued, "I hadn't been working for more than a day when I concluded that being a screen actor was a pretty pleasant sort of thing. Fancy having Dorothy and Lillian for leading woman and directress. In our first scene, Lillian, who is very serious when she works, said: 'Ready, take her in your arms! Closer, closer, closer!'"

"No," piped up Dorothy. 'He's crushing me now!'"

"All right," said Lillian, in a businesslike tone, 'unhug.' And after that we all felt pretty well acquainted. And then I stayed on and made two more pictures with Dorothy, and now I'm making one with Lillian, and that's the extent of my picture acting."

"And did you always want to be an actor?" we asked.

"Always," replied Mr. Rennie. "I went on the stage straight from college and played in stock until the war broke out. I was for several seasons with the stock company at Northampton, Massachusetts, and was playing there when I left to enlist in the Royal Flying Corps. You know I was born in Toronto and had a theater of my own there. I must tell you about that theater. My father was a grain merchant, and when I was thirteen I persuaded him to let me have one of his old warehouses to turn into a playhouse. We built a stage in one end and rigged up a curtain and called it the Rennie Theater, and when that was finished I wrote the play. It was adapted from Sir Walter Scott's 'Lady of the Lake,' and was a very pretentious production. I was also stage manager and leading man, and at that time I wasn't quite sure whether I wanted to be an actor or a playwright. I just wanted to be noble and didn't care how I accomplished it."

"You sing, too, don't you?" It was an assertion rather than a question; for we were sure that any one with such a wonderful speaking voice must surely sing.

"Well," said Mr. Rennie, "I thought I did, but I guess I don't. Not long ago the man with whom I had been studying voice culture said, 'I'm giving a benefit, and I wish you

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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 your nose
appear attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is
alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging
you mostly, if not wholly, by your "looks," therefore it pays to "look your
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will lower your self-esteem. Upon this impression you constantly make, by
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My new Nose-Shaper "TRADEMARK" (Model 24) corrects most ill-shaped noses
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could take part, but you don't sing!' So after that unkindest cut of all I
stopped trying."

So we found Mr. Rennie just as
delightful and just as handsome
behind the scenes as he is behind
the footlights. He is thirty years old,
tall and broad-shouldered, and he has
the whitest teeth and the bluest eyes
and the blackest hair! We wondered
if he knew how handsome he was,
so we asked him. He said no, he
didn't. And let us add right here
that he also has a marvelous sense of
humor, and that is why he is such
a good actor. We believe that a
sense of humor is manifested, not
so much in what it makes a man do
as what it prevents him from doing.
And Mr. Rennie plays his screen
comedy with delightful repression.
He told us that he always wondered
what would happen if, when this
question is put to him in "Spanish
love," "Do you swear to shoot this
man on sight?" he should reply,
"No, I was only joking!" But
"Spanish Love" is serious business,
and nobody says anything he doesn't
mean. So, in the daytime, Mr. Ren-
nie has to get rid of his exuberance
of spirits by playing comedy in front
of the camera.

Dame Fashion's Smartest
Daughter

Continued from page 69
with black soutache, and the coat is
lined with apple-green, achieving a
delightful note of color. The blouse
worn with this suit is of heavy white-
corded silk, and the hat worn
with the suit is of white felt and black
satin.

Much of what I have told you in
this article I told a college girl friend
of mine not long ago. When I'd fin-
ished she said:

"But I'm not Irene Castle's type
—I'm fatter and has a head like
of course, and a little younger, too. But
I've learned something just the same.
Everything I buy after this is going
to belong with something else, or
I won't buy it. And if she gets that
zippy, smart effect by putting her
clothes on carefully, as you say she
does, and then wearing them as if
she liked to, instead of just because
a person has to wear clothes or get
arrested"—my own unfortunate
expression—"why, I'm going to be her
type inside even if I'm not on the
surface!"

May the girls who read this article
follow her example!
The Old Swimm'n' Hole
Continued from page 23

livery carryall, and Ezra decided to go on foot, and to be there even if he didn't have anything to eat. He could see the girls and hear the speeches, and that would be some fun. But when he started out on foot, he soon found he was assailed by a new woe. His dad had cobbled a new pair of shoes for him, and since his dad was a horseshoe by trade instead of a cobbler, it can be imagined how well the shoes he made fitted the human foot. Ezra saw that he would never get there in those seven-league boots and had sat down in despair, when suddenly he thought of his boat. His new boat! He had built it in secret to surprise the gang, and it was all painted and complete, hidden in the old watermill, all ready for launching.

Ezra limped hurriedly to his boat, shoved off into the creek, and gazily floated downstream two miles to the picnic grove. Triumph, hurrah! His was the only boat there, for the creek was narrow and shallow and not worth while for man-sized boats.

Myrtle, the curly-haired beauty, was watching for Ezra, expecting to wheedle cake and candy from him, and when she saw him sailing along in his little green rowboat, with a barrel stave for a paddle, she was the first to greet him and ask him for a ride. "At last I have won her!" thought Ezra. For no other boy had a boat, and they couldn't make one on the spot, so he felt that he would have no competition. Myrtle stepped into the boat, and Ezra shoved off from shore. But swimming from shore in a brook eight feet wide doesn't get a sailor far from land. Skinny came up grinning like a hobgoblin. "The everlasting Skinny!" thought Ezra, "the woods are full of him. Everywhere, afloat or ashore, I am always running up against Skinny Voorhees."

Skinny picked up pebbles and followed the boat, splashing the oarsman with his rudely flung stones. Ezra leaped out of the boat and began fighting. It was the old battle all over again, with wild swings and grunts and terrible threats by both boys. Ezra hoped to wear the boy out by putting on strength before the eyes of Myrtle, but this time he was handicapped by his new shoes. They weighed a ton and made him heavier on his feet than Skinny was with his weight of human blubber. Ezra lost all control of his feet. It was like fighting with a ball and chain on each leg. Finally one of the shoes turned clear around on his foot, and the next thing he knew he had fallen backward into the creek. He came up a drowned rat and saw Myrtle stick out her tongue at him and yell:

"Goody, goody, glee, out goes he!"

Those words cut him to the heart. There was no mistaking the meaning of that cruel sneer. The girl was a heartless flirt and had been using Ezra only for what she could get out of him. Now that luck had gone against him, she had given him the horse laugh and had gone off with the victorious Skinny, leaving Ezra to his fate.

"I am done with winnin'," vowed Ezra, as the tears of humiliation ran down his cheeks, mingling with the muddy creek water that was flowing from his hair. But an angel girl was wiping his face with her handkerchief and saying:

"Never mind, Ezra. They're nothing but a couple of smarties!" It was Esther. Was it possible that this girl who had always teased him was his true friend after all? Could she come to him, in the face of his defeat, and wipe away the muddy tears with her own sweet-scented lace handkerchief?

"Now you're all right," the loyal girl declared, "and we'll sit right down here and eat our dinner."

The girl's face now glistened with a light that Ezra thought was only seen on the faces of the holy angels. She opened her basket and took out two whole mince pies. She had two chicken drumsticks, two bottles of coffee, two of everything from ham sandwiches to fat dull pickles. She had known of his disgrace and his lack of food, and she had come prepared to feed him like a king. He saw in a jiffy that he was not "done with winnin'," he had only just begun.

Skinny and Myrtle watched Ezra eating olives out of Esther's hand and turned up their noses in malice.

Then Skinny, overwhelmed with that appetite of his, said:

"Let's us go eat.

"All right," said Myrtle. "Where is your lunch basket?"

"There's yours of asked Skinny, his eye peering in another."

Skinny was so mucd, and he had figured entirely on Esther's basket. Esther was a flirt and she had figured that Ezra would fill her with his usual cake.

But Esther had found his own true love, and he and she dined royally, while Skinny and Myrtle looked on with wolfish eyes.
Genuine Aspirin

Romances of Famous Film Folk

Continued from page 27

Dorothy said then, "I'm going to be married to-morrow." I thought she was fooling, and didn't pay much attention to it. The next day they all went out for an automobile ride, and when they came back after dinner, they danced around and told us they were married. I didn't believe them, for Dorothy has been with me ever since, and Constance has been with her mother also.

"Lillian ripped open another letter, and said decisively:

"They couldn't fool me. I was out in Pittsburgh, and when I got back Monday I knew something was up. Dorothy may be able to fool mother, but not little sister!"

"Well, she did very successfully, so far as I was concerned," said Mrs. Gish. "On Monday I couldn't believe it had really happened, but that night we went out to dinner and then to the Frolic, and Mr. Rennie showed me the rings and the certificates."

"Who was the justice of the peace?" asked the seeker after facts.

"His name was Meade. I remember, because I looked him up in the telephone book," laughed Mrs. Gish. "I was going to call him up and make sure."

"We really didn't suspect they were seriously in love," said Lillian. "All they did was sit around here and giggle and laugh."

"But that's one of the signs, isn't it?"

She nodded her head vigorously and shook one finger wisely in the air.

"I know now. I'll know what to look for next time."

The thought would pop in that perhaps the next time Miss Gish recognized the signs, she might have to stop and say to herself, "Look here, young woman, are you slipping also?" But it seemed tactful to suppress the thought.

"They were just like a couple of kids," she added, and laughed to herself. John chuckled on his perch, and then let out a cackling laugh.

"It was funny, wasn't it, John?" she asked. "Even he is amused. It has its funny side, even though it is rather a shock."

"We haven't been able to get a thing out of them one way or the other," Lillian continued, with a smile. "They are living in a sort of trance."

"I really think Dorothy is more afraid of having to leave me than anything else," said Mrs. Gish. "Lots of times when we have talked of her some time getting married, she has asked if she would really have to leave me. She used to stamp her foot and say she just wouldn't do it. So Mr. Rennie is keeping his bachelor quarters, and she is living here. But she spends most of her time with him."

Dorothy first saw her hero of the Greenwich elopement nearly two years ago when he was playing with Ruth Ghatterton in "Moonlight and Honeysuckle."

"She liked him so much that she said she must have him—for a picture, you know," said Lillian. "And so when she was to put on "Remodeling Our Husband," she had Rennie sent for, and he played opposite her. They were married early in the picture."

"That was the first picture I ever directed. It was made in the Griffith Mamaroneck studio, and they billed and cooed all through several weeks—in their parts. Constance Talmadge has always been a chum of Dorothy, and she used to come up there with Mr. Pialoglou. The four began to go around together, and I guess that is where the romance started. They have been together now for several months, most of the time."

Which naturally led me to go down to the Talmadge apartment a few floors below in the same hotel.

There was not so much serenity there. The elopement had been a startling surprise to the Talmadges, Constance, or Mrs. Pialoglou, was in bed with a headache, becomingly reclining on a lot of pillows. Her brand-new husband was near by, full of concern.

"How in the world did you hear of it?" exclaimed Miss Talmadge. "That justice of the peace said he would keep it a secret until the first of the year, or later, and that he would put off filing the papers."

Mr. Pialoglou scowled. He also wanted to know how the news leaked out. Oh, there was no doubt about this elopement being the real thing!

"How did it happen?" said Miss Talmadge, in answer to my question. "It would have happened eventually, so why not now?" with an arched look at her husband.

He agreed that in the natural course of human events it would inevitably have occurred.

"We just went out riding and decided to get married. What's all the fuss about?"

"Miss Gish and Mr. Rennie were married first, and we acted as wit-
nesses, and then we were married, and they witnessed our wedding. Theirs was at six o'clock, and ours at six-thirty, if you must know the exact time," she laughed.

"And are you going to keep house?" I couldn't help asking, in view of Miss Gish's indecision.

"Who knows?" coyly replied Miss Talmadge. "For the present I am here, and Mr. Pialoglou is at the St. Regis, and we are very happy and see each other as much as we want to, which is a lot. Isn't it, Jack?"

"Right," agreed Mr. Pialoglou.

So there is the account of how two young men acquired wives and fame in the little town of Greenwich, where extraordinary things do happen, and the reason why you will never see pictures of the Gish-Talmadge weddings.

A few days ago I called up Lillian Gish and asked her if her sister had made up her mind yet as to what she is going to do. She laughed as she said:

"Oh, she is going to stay with mother."

It takes more than matrimony to break up these two moving-picture families.

News Notes From the Studios

Continued from page 72

tion-picture debuts are Lady Diana Manners, who will appear in J. Stuart Blackton productions; Margaret Beecher, great-granddaughter of Henry Ward Beecher and niece of Harriet Beecher Stowe, who will be seen as the star of "Sunshine Harbor." Raymond Brathwayt, a noted English journalist, plays the part of an aged British peer in the screen version of Arnold Bennett's "Sacred and Profane Love," in which Elsie Ferguson appears. And best of all, to lovers of outdoor sports, Snowy Baker, the Olympic games hero, and wealthy sportsman of Australia, will appear in a series of five and six-reel pictures. These are to be made under the supervision of one of the veterans of the motion-picture industry, Colonel Selig.

During the filming of "Mr. Barnes of New York," Tom Moore avoided society, as he didn't care for the sideburns that he had grown to fit the rôle.

Doris Kenyon is returning to motion pictures in "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," which is being made under the direction of Frank Borzage, who directed "Humoresque."

Charm that has a Single Source

In beauty which serenely stands the scrutiny of repeated glances, artifice plays small part.

A clear, radiant, youthful complexion, the brightness of the eyes and the sheen and lustre of the hair have but a single source—internal cleanliness. Internal cleanliness is the originator of charm, the handmaid to beauty, the basis of personal attractiveness.

Nature uses the blood as a means of feeding the skin. Each one of the millions of skin cells lies as it were on the bank of a tiny bloodstream, whose function it is to bring nourishment to the cells.

If the organs of elimination do not function properly, poisons are formed, absorbed by the blood; and these tiny streams bring contamination, not nourishment, to the skin cells. Do you not see the danger? It is these poisons that are the most common cause of unattractiveness.

Facial blemishes, muddy skin and sallowness are all traceable to them.

Nujol has been found by many women to be an invaluable aid to a clear, radiant complexion. It encourages the bowels to regular and thorough evacuations, thus keeping the body free of those poisons that mar the skin and endanger health.

Nujol relieves constipation without any unpleasant or weakening effects. It does not upset the stomach, cause nausea or gripping, nor interfere with the day's work or play.

WORKS ON A NEW PRINCIPLE

Instead of forcing or irritating the system, Nujol simply softens the food waste. This enables the many tiny muscles, in the walls of the intestines, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system.

Nujol thus prevents constipation because it helps Nature maintain easy, thorough bowel evacuation at regular intervals—the healthiest habit in the world, and the single source of beauty, attractiveness and personal charm.

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Nujol is sold by all druggists in sealed bottles only, bearing the Nujol trademark. How and why internal cleanliness will bring beauty and attractiveness is told in a plain, informative and authoritative way in the booklet, "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN." Fill out and mail the attached coupon today.

Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co., New Jersey, Room 73, 44 Beaver Street, New York. Please send me a copy of "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN."

Name

Address
The Morals of the Movie Folk

Continued from page 19

many chins that her face appears to be taking a landslide, keeps an athletic eye on the trotters. Although near-sighted, she can detect a shiny clear across the floor in two shakes. Sometimes the dancers laugh. If they laugh three times it is whispered they have a bottle secreted somewhere. Dancing ceases at twelve. The wilder revelers then go over to a confectionery store across the street and imbibe heavily of fizz he's decorated with strong lemon. There's only one place open after twelve-thirty in Hollywood. That's John's café, where, as I've mentioned before, the strongest thing you can get is catchup.

Exhausted from my trip across-continent, and the meeting with the maid who was mad at me, I sank down on a rocker next to two of the plush monuments, who wore double-barreled glasses and a disappointing look. Before I whirled various players. Even though I had never seen them on the screen, I recognized them by their consciousness of being recognized.

"There is Anastasia Prunella," I heard the dormer-eyed lady next to me remark. "I suppose you've heard she is getting a divorce. Her husband used to beat her something terrible! The other night he tried to hang her out of the window by her hair. She said he was going just a little too far, and so she's getting a divorce."

"And there's the Lopdoodles," said the companion, by way of reciprocity. "I suppose you've heard that he is in love with the star he's directing. His wife wouldn't pay any attention to the rumors. But the other night she got to thinking about them after she went to bed. 'Now,' said Mrs. Lopodoodle to Mr. Lopodoodle, 'choose between us.' Mr. Lopodoodle chose the star."

"Then what happened?" wheezed the lady next to me.

"Mrs. Lopodoodle said, 'You can't have her. You come right home with me.' 'I hear they've been getting along very well since..."

Just then the lady of my romance whizzed into view. I tried to catch her eye to ascertain if she still were mad at me.

"Ah, there's Lulu Lastie," came an ejaculation from the lady next.

"Isn't she beautiful?"

"Yes," said the other. "But I suppose she knows she's a dope!"

I staggered from the room and found my friend on the veranda. I told him what I had heard.

"You poor prune," said he, in a contemptuous tone. "You've been getting chubby with the gossips. When those old ghouls have exhausted their scandal they bury the remains with the final epitaph—a Dope. That's the last word in movie malediction. Before you leave here you'll be a dope."

"I believe that," said I wearily.

"I've got all the symptoms now."

Thereupon I adjourned to a quiet retreat along the hall which leads from the dance floor to the lodgers' rooms. Over a cigarette I pondered as to why the lady was mad at me. It seemed so blamed unreasonable. Maybe she was a dope. But then, so must be the birds who sang of the gay night life in Los Angeles. I decided I must be in the City of Beautiful Nonsense. Just as I arrived at that conclusion the window opposite me slowly lifted and over the sill came a satin slipper and a beautiful silk-face stocking. Both were occupied!

I rubbed my eyes. Looked again. The hose and slipper, looking as though they were fitted on one of those artificial forms in department-store windows, hung over the sill. I looked at my watch. It was just midnight. The slipper seemed to be struggling to gain the floor. The flash of the window wouldn't budge higher. I took another glance at the sample on display and decided to see the rest. I crossed the room and raised the window. A wave of perfume dazzled me as a golden head popped through the aperture. Before me stood the mad lady.

"I didn't want to go through the lobby," said she, without offering thanks for my service.

"That's evident," I remarked dryly. "But tell me, why are you mad at me?"

With what must have been an effort on the part of her optic muscles, she raised her eyelashes, weighted with mascara, to their full height. Her eyes resembled twin heavens, done by Maxfield Parrish, into which I had the sensation of falling. Her perfumes were rapidly going to my head, and I wondered vaguely that she were not indicted for coming under the head of an intoxicant. Then came her voice, which obviously had been toned by incense of nicotine.

"Mad at you?" she repeated, with a smile which might have been a threat or a promise. "Why, you
cluck, I never saw you before in my life!"

Thus ended my romantic illusion. My friend put me to bed, I believe, asking where I had gotten it. He never would believe I hadn't quaffed of the forbidden. When I told him my tale, his only remark was: "Why don't you write another Thousand-and-one Nights?"

"I shall, if I live," I replied.

But I never again met the mad lady; hence nights have been less Arabian. Of course, I patronized the nocturnal resorts at Venice on the Pacific, just a half-hour's dash by speedster from Hollywood. Venice has the reputation of being a veritable Montmartre and the appearance of being a pewee Coney Island. In some New York hotels, I'm told, you can have your drink if you are a relative by blood or money to the head waiter and if you know how to do the licker repertoire. But I don't think you could get a drink at Sunset or any other Venetian resort even if you could turn six somersaults in the air and fall on your cerebellum as deftly as Buster Keaton. Some may bring their own. If they do, they must keep it in their overshoes under the table. Of this, of course, I cannot vouch, as I have been trained never to look under tables.

A clique of film society regularly visits these cafes. But the larger toll is taken from the immigrants from mid-Western prairies who come to see the famous filmers as they cavort to strains of Tents of Arabs and cream of tomato. I have visited these resorts several times without catching a glimpse of Chaplin, Fairbanks, Reid, Ray, Mary Pickford, Nazimova, or Anita Stewart. Even though I had seen them there, hanging heavily over their third cup of coffee, I feel I could have forgiven them and continued to patronize their pictures.

The players even have to bring their own cabboorying. These acts performed by persons known as comedians are replicas of those you see on the screen. The last night I was there it was rumored that a young fille de cinema had become incandescent. Every one became very excited. The women asked, "Who is she?" And the men, "Where did she get it?" The next day, the president of the gossip's union was retelling the news on Hollywood Boulevard. She was so sorry for the girl. She said she hoped it wouldn't get around.

After visiting all the public resorts, I besought my friend and guide to tell me where I could find Sin, for which I had come in quest. I confessed my disappointment in the samples I'd seen. He apologized and assured me that he'd heard there were private parties staged occasionally which were huddingers. I was invited to one of these. They played charades. I went to another given by a gentleman to celebrate his divorce; his former wife was guest of honor. We didn't play charades because no one seemed to know any words. It was an owl-eyed affair, toward the end of which there was a yawning contest.

Thus, like Irvin S. Cobb seeking atrocities in Belgium, I went about always with the promise that soon I would see the real thing. At the end of a year a physician told me I was suffering from something resembling sleeping sickness, quite common to the Coast, and which in the East is known as ennui. I hastened back to New York, where in moral society I soon recuperated.

I understand clearly why there are so many divorces among film players in the colony. There's nothing to do but to quarrel.

The only shocking thing I discovered is that, despite strict suppression of the news, there is a real aristocracy arising in the filmarchy. I understand an effort is being made to offset this bad influence to the reputation for immorality by an attempt to create a Greenwich Village. It will never succeed. Picture people have too much money and vanity. They would never eat from uncleaned boards, nor wear rubber-tired spectacles, nor read Freud. How, then, can a Greenwich Village be created?

The liveliest places in Hollywood are the churches. They play to standing room. If you want to get your weekly portion of gospel, even on a mid-week night, you have to go early.

It is my conviction that Hollywood, like New York's Bohemia, is a matter of press-agentry, based on the antics of a select few, who, like college boys, try to play hob by making noise.

Nevertheless I intend to keep my promise and publish a book on "Hollywood Nights." It will be a volume of blank pages.
Right Off the Grill
Continued from page 57

couple. Miss Pickford is quoted as saying that if she ever made a bad picture she would either shelve it or send it to Russia. If other stars were to adopt this policy the Russians might haul down the red flag and run up the white. It seems to me, however, that Russia has taken enough punishment from the world, and maybe that's what Miss Pickford thought when she decided to release "The Love Light" here. At that, "The Love Light" was the peer of any other picture shown on Broadway at the same time.

Star Salaries Coming Down.
Star salaries certainly are taking a tumble, so the wiseacres tell us. Anita Stewart, whose contract with Louis B. Mayer expires in September, has been offered the mean sum of six thousand dollars per week—American money. But then some star would shine in any weather.

No Work, No Gas.
The financial quakes have shaken a lot of actors off the cushions. Now's the time to buy a used car.

Screen Needs Man Power.
The word "personality" is about as explicit as the word "bolshievism." Yet it is the substance which makes or breaks an actor. The way an actor parts his hair, hoists a teacup, or snatches a match from the inky bazoo of a chicken determines his power of attraction. There's Eugene O'Brien with the corrugated hair and the gentle loving touch, Wallace Reid looking like a gridiron Apollo and with the I-don't-give-a-hang manner which gets the winn—such are the perennial parfais in popularity. And, as every one knows, the stellar election is controlled by the female contingent attending the theaters. The ladies determine screen idols. If men exercised any interest in the matter what a revolution would take place in the male personnel! But even with the women folk in control, most any ordinary he-man can walk on the canvas and make the present incumbents look sickly. H. K. H. Prince of Wales, even in a news reel got across more real masculine "personality" than most any celluloid Narcissus does in eight reels of hot love-making. And for the once I agree with my lady friend and the hired girl on the personality question—that Georges Carpentier was the most likeable and male-convincing figure that has gone through the lens. The trouble is that such males won't stay on because they can make good off. There's real opportunity for young men on the screen—and they don't need to know a darn about the technique of screen acting, if there is such a thing. The trouble is that fellows of the Carpentier mold won't take the opportunity except as an outing. But the fact remains we do need more man power. Give it a thought, gents, only don't send the producers a paste of your mug; that stunt alone let's you out.

Ouija Oaths Expected.
Metro has changed the title of Jack London's story, "The Little Lady in the Big House," to "What's the Matter with Marriage?" thus giving it a De Mille question mark and the lifting of a college yea. Grace Kingsley says she bets the late Mr. London is looking frantically for a ouija board.

Mary Hay on Stage.
Mrs. Richard Barthelmess is appearing on the New York stage in "Sally," a Ziegfeld musical show, likewise on the screen at another New York theater in "Way Down East."

A Ten Strike!
By Varra Macbeth Jones

In days of old
Ere robbers bold
Caused prices' high inflation,
Our family spree
Would always be
A photo-play migration.

Nor did we chant
EXTRAVAGANT!
After each expedition,
The baby, we
Could take in free.
The rest—"Five Cents Admission!"

But now, if we
En famille,
Dared movieward go flitting,
They would demand
Four bits each—and
Our baby's not admitted!
Agents and Help Wanted

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YOUR NAME on 35 line cards and case 20c. Agents $100.00. Large decorative specialties, John Burt, Cohoes, N.Y.

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WRITERS! Stories, Poems, Plays, etc., are wanted for publication. Literary Bureau, 175, Minneapolis.

PHOTOPLAYS: 85c—$5.00 paid on sale for suitable material. Must be necessary; complete outline free. Producers League, 430 St. Louis.


SHORT STORIES. Novels, Photoplays edited, critiqued, typed and marketed. Fred M. Whitlock, 115 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

MANSUPTSCRIPTS CORRECTLY PREPARED for publication. Copying—50¢ per thousand words. Specifications with revision—10¢ per thousand words. Ruth G. Taylor, Allendale, N. J.
Wallace Reid Fan — Barbara Castleton was Margaret Hill, John Bowers was John Ordnad, Sydney StransKY was Al Levering, Doris Pawa was Mabel Carter, and Mrs. Mr.T. Cau. Lawson But was Lord Bridgeminister, Edyche Chapman was Lady Bridgeminister, Ashton Deary was Walter Drel, Carrie Clark was Mr. Teddy, Lincoln Stedman was Sir Reggi Blanco, and Clarissa Selwyn was Lady Rossanodd in the Goldwyn production, "Out of the Storm." Mrs. Kennedy's latest picture is called "The Girl with the Jazz Heart," in which she plays a dual role. She has finished her Goldwyn contract and has returned to her first love, the stage. She has announced that hereafter her screen appearances will be made in her own productions. She is playing in "Cornered," on the stage. The "Wonderful Chance" is Eugene O'Brien's picture.

JEAN E. B.—That is her correct name. Alice Joyce was born in Kansas City, Missouri, in 1890. You will find your other questions already answered in the above replies.

D. B. I.—Mabel Normand has brown hair and eyes. She tips the beam at just five feet.

JIMMY Lou.—Douglas MacLean and Doris May are not married to each other. Douglas MacLean is a professional and Doris is still a Miss, and lives with her mother. Harrison Ford is not married. "Food for Scandal" is his last picture. He is hoping to alternate for a year, playing first with Norma, then with Constance. You must write to each one separately. You can't write to just one and get everybody's photograph.

THE IMP.—Theda Bara is not dead. Constance Talmadge is still as free as the air. Richard Barthelemes was born in New York City in 1895. He received his education in Hartford, Connecticut. There are several companies which make postal cards and photographs of the players, who can supply you with pictures.

LOUISE M.—Casson Ferguson is not with any special company. He is freelancing around the different studios in California.

RUTHE.—Mary Miller Minter's hair is natural. She is Mary Allison's. Write to the editor of Picture-Play Magazine, same address.

KIRYUS KATE.—Likewise. C. Fred G.—You, too.

MAN B.—No, "Midsummer Madness" was not made by Cecil De Mille. It is a William De Mille production for Paramount. The only one who has the two De Millies confused are his brothers, being sons of the late Henry De Mille, a playwright and author with David Belasco in several stage successes, and Beatrice De Mille, a play broker. William is the older brother. Both brothers attended Columbia University. Cecil graduated and started writing plays for the stage. William's first play was "A Mixed Fortune," in 1900, and the De Mille brothers and Beatrice Barriscale were in the cast. Cecil B. and William later combined in writing "The Genius," in which Charles Richman and Nat Goodwin played. This was produced by David Belasco.

A. B. C.—You will find the addresses you want at the end of "The Oracle" department.

Y. C. Q.—Charles Ray has no children. Wallace, Jr., is two and a half years old.

Betty.—Katherine MacDonald was born in Junction, Pennsylvania. She began her professional career as a child in California. Elaine Hammerstein was born in 1897. She works at the Eastern studios of the Selznick Pictures Corporation. Ethel Clayton was born in Champaign, Illinois, in 1890. She has never married again. She is five feet inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty pounds. Elaine is married and twenty. Their pictures appear in the magazine from time to time. You will have to keep watch for them. These are the names of thousands of people, who are the granddaughters of the late Oscar Hammerstein.

EDIE DENVER.—Betty Blythe is an emphatic brunette. Sorry you didn't care so much for that particular interview. That is one of the ways they get there too. Perhaps there will be one in the near future which will suit your taste better. That is all a matter of opinion. Personally, I don't care much what favorites, as I like them all. I couldn't possibly do it if I valued my life very much—and I do. "The Penalty," featuring Lon Chaney has been made the last time. "Outside the Law," in which Priscilla Dean has the leading feminine role, is his most recent feature. He is considered about the best character actor on the screen to-day. Wallace Beery is appearing in Frank Lloyd's latest Goldwyn feature, an adaptation of "The White Lily." He plays the dragoon. Certainly, they furnish their own clothes, and you are right that it must cost a nice little pile of the filthy lucre. No, he has not a spacey, a particular color. Anita Stewart's next film to be released is "The Tornado." Herbert Rawlinson has the leading male role opposite her. Thank you very much for the good wishes. Don't ask me how you can get any picture by the name of "Hearts and Silver." You must have it mixed up with something else.

MISS INQUISTIVE.—Pauline Frederich was the wife of Willard Mack, but they recently were divorced. Pearl White was born in Springfield, Missouri, in 1869. She is the wife of Wallace McCutcheon, who used to direct pictures, born in 1898, at the old Biograph studios on Fourteenth Street in New York City. They have two children. Mack Sennett's studios are situated at Edendale, California, a few minutes' ride from the downtown of Los Angeles.

MISS KEENE.—Frank, Pete, and Josie are not married. Eddie is.

JESSE FAULKNER HEARD.—Charles Clary is not with any particular company. He plays in pictures for nearly all of the studios on the Pacific coast.

MISS ETHEL B. L.—You will have to write the editor about the publication of pictures in this magazine, as I have nothing to do with that end of it. I have a hard-enough job as it is keeping up with my Picture-Play correspondence.


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I know because I was Deaf and had Headaches for over 40 years. My lost hearing helped me to drown out my Headaches. They are easily treated. Write for booklet that describes how I cured my Headaches and Deafness. Address: "Deafness is Misery," 2056 S. Beach Apartments, Los Angeles, Calif.

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Soup, Ointment, Talcum, &c., everywhere. Formulated and Guaranteed by Cuticura Laboratories, Dept. 19, Malden, Mass.
Two Inches in One Month
That Is My Guarantee

I will increase the size and development of your chest at least one inch in 30 days. Sounds impossible, but it is true. Well, I can and many others have proved it. Will it work for you? We will send you a special album and a thousand notices that you can have engraved and mailed to you for 3 cents. You will find these notices useful. Seventy-five cents will support your album for 3 months. You can write home to your friends and tell them how you are getting along. This will help you to make a good impression.

Select Proper Guidance
By following my instructions you are bound to retain your full height and a thousand notices that you can give away. If you can give away a series of notices and make the album useful for one day, will it work for you? Don't let these notices work for you; we have had them printed in the shape of small pictures, and it is certain that you can get a lot of them to use. You should have pictures printed in the shape of cards, and these cards will give you the proper guidance for your chest. I shall certainly make it in the same length of time.

The Man Who Knows
T. O'Brien is one of the best authorities on picture making in the world today. He has trained more world champions than any other. He knows every detail of the art, and he has written a book about it. I am sure that O'Brien is the best. What O'Brien has known through the years as one of the most powerful men ever produced, gives full credit to the photograph by Liederman, for his general condition.

Is the Best Too Good?
What you want is a perfect physical development. Do you want it in the quickest time possible. That's what you get from our course. And you will build up a condition of health which makes your chest the most visible in the room, and you will build up a condition of vigorous proportions. You will not only have a perfect body, but you will have the most beautiful face of any man on earth. This will make you the envy of all the other men. You will have a face that shows a clear active brain and a perfect functioning body.

Come Then—Let's Get Busy
I've got it. It's yours for the science. Don't be afraid. Join the army of strong men who are doing the big things in life. It means both body and soul to you. It means self-confidence, astounding health, and the full pleasure of life. What are you going to do?—Join the army of strong men and begin to show a clear active brain and a perfect functioning body.

Send for my new book
"Muscular Development"
IF IT IS FREE!

It tells the story and fabulously illustrated with 25 full-page photographs of myself and some of the ablest athletes whom I have trained, also full particulars of my splendid offer to you. This book, this offer, and splendid offer will be sent to you on receipt of only 10 cents, to cover wrapping and postage. Put right down now and fill in the coupon. The sooner you get started on the road to success and strength, the easier it will be to reach perfect manhood. Don't drag about one day longer—mail this coupon today.

EARL E. LIEBERMAN
Dept. 1404, 305 Broadway, New York

EARL E. LIEBERMAN
Dept. 1404, 305 Broadway, N. Y. City

Dear Sirs—I inclose beneath 10 cents, for which please to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book "Muscular Development." (Please write on complaint)

Name
Address
City State

Frances Brawner.—Anita Stewart is not dead. She has been taking a vacation. "Sowing the Wind" is her latest picture.

M. B.—I am glad that I don't care what I am called or I am sure that I should object to being called "Dear old thing," as I am not very old yet. Clarine Seymour is to be married to D. W. Griffith when she passed away. "The Idol Dancer" was her last picture. She took sick and died while working in "Way Down East," and all the scenes she had appeared in have been re-shot, with Mary Hay playing her role. It was certainly a loss to the screen. If I undertook to name all the stars whose pictures I have disliked, I should take the screen from the old "lady-killer," with Mary Hay playing her role. It was certainly a loss to the screen. It didn't go for a couple of months. Have a heart, Mary, and let them come a few at a time. She has appeared in nothing since she supported Dorothy Gish in "Remodeling Her Husband." I don't know whether she intends to continue her screen work or not. On the contrary, I should probably go crazy if I didn't have the letters to answer, now that I have become so used to the force of habit, once acquired, and the necessity of eating once in a white.

Fulla Howes.—That was a Paramount mount picture featuring Robert Warwick. It was a hit, and managed to read your letter all right, but, of course, it could have been a bit more legible.

A. R.—George Chesebro has never let me in on it, so I can't tell you. I never heard of Ralph Frank. Junior Hansen was born in Des Moines, Iowa, in 1897. No bother at all, I assure you. Come again when you have nothing better to do.

Bobby's Admirer.—You ask which I am, man or woman. I am one of the two, so if you take two guesses, you will certainly be right in one of them. Which one I let you guess.

Hoot Gibson and Eugene O'Brien Admire.—I never heard of your friend Minnie in pictures. I can't help you one bit in trying to locate her. Hoot Gibson was married to Helen Gibson, of the railroad thrillers, but they have been separated. He was born in 1892. Neither Eugene O'Brien nor Ruth Roland is married. Yes, she is considered very beautiful. I agree with the considerers. Your children, Katherine MacDonald is not married. Your questions concerning Constance Taladame have already been answered.

R. M. S.—Douglas MacLean is married to a professional girl. I doubt if you have any questions. You answer these questions, and I will be glad to answer the rest. You are welcome to see my pictures any day.

EARL E. LIEBERMAN
Takes Oct. 10, 1929

Latest photograph of EARLE E. LIEBERMAN

Advertising Section
A. & F.—You will find your questions already answered in this issue.

Wanna No.—If I could get positions for my readers as actors and actresses, I would certainly open up a motion-picture employment agency and quit being an oracle. I'd eat more regularly, too.

Bessie Love Fan.—Bessie Love's latest picture is called "Bonnie Bay." It is being released by the United States. It is "The Girl in the Taxi," taken from the stage farce of that name. C. B. & M. Harrison Ford is in New York at present, working in Norma Talmadge's latest picture. Charles Ray is married. His latest pictures are "The Outswimmer" and "Shanghai Iron." Albert Ray has deserted the screen as an actor and is devoting his time to directing these days. He is with Charles Ray.

A Minneapolis Girl.—Harold Lockwood has been dead for over two years. You should write to some of the firms who sell photographs of the players. They probably have pictures of him in their stock. Don't ask me to give you reasons for the names of the players in the United States these days. I don't know anything about the causes or effects. It's too different in the acting profession than in any other field of activity. Al Capone is, probably, more interested in the players, and it seems so to you. "Way Down East" has been released for some time. It is having wonderful runs all around, and is some picture. Charles Chaplin and Milford Harris were recently divorced.

Hoot Gibson and Eugene O'Brien Admirer.—I never heard of your friend Minnie in pictures. I can't help you one bit in trying to locate her. Hoot Gibson was married to Helen Gibson, of the railroad thrillers, but they have been separated. He was born in 1892. Neither Eugene O'Brien nor Ruth Roland is married. Yes, she is considered very beautiful. I agree with the considerers. Your children, Katherine MacDonald is not married. Your questions concerning Constance Taladame have already been answered.

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Dept. 1404, 305 Broadway, New York

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Dear Sirs—I inclose beneath 10 cents, for which please to send me, without any obligation on my part whatever, a copy of your latest book "Muscular Development." (Please write on complaint)

Name
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Skating Kate.—They have plenty of snow in California when the season comes around, but they go to snow away from it. They get their snow scenes Trucked in the rail car places with the film companies to go for all their snow pictures.

Halticale.—Mae Marsh and Billie Burke are not related, and they don't look alike off the screen.

Jackie.—No, Tom Moore has not left the Goldwyn Company. He is still making features for that company. He took a vacation after finishing "Officer 666." He is back at the Culver City studios. Robert Gordon is married. Billie Rhodes is in California. Her latest picture to be released was "His Painted Girl."
Honey Girl.—Naomi Childers was born in Pennsylvania. She received most of her education at the Maryville Convention at St. Louis, Missouri. Her early career was spent on the legitimate stage, where she appeared in "Madame X," "Ready Money," and with H. B. Warner in "Among Those Present." She was a star with the Biograph Company in the early days, and then she joined the Metro forces. Lately she has been appearing in many of the Goldwyn features, opposite Tom Moore and in their special. "Earthbound" is one of her latest successes with that concern. She is five feet six and one-half inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty-five pounds. She has dark-brown hair and blue eyes. Not far, but not much time.

Harrison Ford Admires—Harrison Ford was born in Kansas City, Missouri. He was educated there and in Los Angeles, California. That career consisted of stock in Baltimore, Maryland, and in Syracuse, New York, during the years of 1913-1914. His screen career has been principally with Paramount, Universal, and First National. He is five feet ten inches tall and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. He has brown hair and eyes.

Josephine E. M.—Yes, "Smiling" Bill Parsons is dead. He passed away over a year ago in Philadelphia. Pell Trenton was born in New York City. He is not married. Joe Moore is still working in pictures. He is with the L-Ko Company at the present time. Bert Lytell's wife is not a professional.

A. N. H.—Send six cents in stamps to the editor for a copy of the "Kmart Booklet." It will give you the names and addresses of all the film companies and the stories they are in the market for. You are entirely welcome.

Dardavella.—Where have you been all this time, that you have just discovered Picture-Play and The Oracle? I shall expect to hear from you regularly, now that we have become acquainted, to make up for lost time. The scenes are really taken on a boat and not at the studio. Where do you suppose they got that ocean at the studio? Thanks for all the nice things you have to say about us.

Farago.—Jack Pickford is the youngest member of the Pickford family. Lillian Gish is not married. Clarline Seymour died in a New York hospital on May 25, 1926. Norma Talmadge is the eldest of the three. Natalie is not as famous as her sisters, but may be in time. Who can tell? "The Branded Woman" is Norma's latest starring vehicle to be released. Charles Ray is married to Clara Grant. She is not in the profession. Yes, Albert Ray is also married. He recently became the proud papa of a baby boy, Charles Albert Ray. Wanda Hawley has been on the screen for several years. She has been featured in Lasky productions, but it is only in the last few months that she has become a star in her own right for the Realart Pictures Corporation. May Allison was never a Mack Sennett bathing beauty. Harpo Mar- wood's costar at the American Film Company and also late at Metro. Lew Cody was the husband of Dorothy Dalton. Chester Conklin is married. That is his correct name.

Alma Reaves Admires—Your favorite was born in San Francisco, California. She would be called a "native daughter." You hit the nail on the head. She is.

No More Wrinkles
Pimples, Blackheads Or Superfluous Hair

"It seems like magic, but Helen Clare's results, though swift, are simply Nature's own." Helen Clare's famous quotation. "Wrinkles are the footprints of Neglect, not time," is supported by her offer to help any and every woman who writes to her. "I removed my own wrinkles," says N'ine Clare. You will see no Blackheads, no Pimples, no Superfluous Hair on your face, in their place I brought back Loveliness, a Beautiful Figure and long, Enduring Eyelashes.

Take credit to myself for my own figure, I believe in what I have done for myself—that much I know. I welcome the opportunity to help any woman in the land who writes to me. Let my own Beautiful Book tell its own story.

Here are some of the chapters in the Free Beauty Book
How to remove dark circles under the eyes.
How to remove double chin.
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How to darken gray hair and stop hair falling.
How to stop perspiration odor.

Send today for Free Beauty Book to
HELEN CLARE, Suite 11-28, 3311 S. Michigan Avenue, Ill.
Another Fan.—Fannie Ward is in London, England, making features for the Joan Film Sales Company. She was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1875. Francis Ford and Harrison Ford are not related. Jack Ford, the Fox director, is a brother of Francis. Olga Petrova was born in Warsaw, Poland. Vivian Martin is married. She is Mrs. Jefferson in private life. Bill Hart and Neal Hart are not related. William and Dustin Farnum are brothers. Baby Osborne has not been making any pictures lately. Her mother won the custody of her. Mary Miles Minter’s correct name is Juliet Shelby. That is Margaret’s correct name. No, she is not a star. She is younger than Mary. Ralph Bushman is Francis X’s oldest son, not his brother. Charles Ray has no sister on the screen. Eileen is not related. You see him just as he is. Mary’s hair is all her own very.

ERNST AND FRANK.—Priscilla Dean is still making features for the Universal. “Outside the Law” is her latest release, and also her first since she made “The Virgin of Stamboul.” Tod Browning is still directing her. Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran have been making five-reelers for the Universal, but will make a series of special two-reelers early in 1921. They are the only team working in pictures at present, and started in for the old Nestor company with Al E. Christie in their days, when the Universal was but a pup, and the whole industry, as well!


Sr. CLOUDBYNN.—Norma Talmadge was born at Niagara Falls, New York, in 1887. Three of her Select releases were: “The Way of a Woman,” “She Loves and She’s Lonesome” and “The Life of Conquest.” “A Daughter of Two Worlds” was her first First National feature. The six pictures that Constance made for Select were: “Four of Them,” “Dressed to Kill.” “A Pair of Silk Stockings,” “Mrs. Leffingwell’s Boots,” “Sauce for the Goose,” “Romance and Arabella,” and “Happy—at Last.” “Saturday to Monday” was released some time ago, but you just missed it. Charles Ray has not deserted his rural characterizations by any means. His “Forty-One Minutes From Broadway” was something different, to be sure, but his following film, “Peaceful Valley,” showed him as the country youth again.

“A LITTLE VAMP.”—Seena Owen is the wife of George Walsh. They have a little baby daughter. Seena has just signed to be featured for Cosmopolitan. Pearl White has deserted the ranks of the serial queens and is confining her efforts to making feature films for Fox. Her newest film, “The Silent Avenger,” is the title of William Duncan’s latest Vitagraph thriller.

FRA.—You will find that all your questions have already been answered in this issue.

EMBA.—John Bowers was born in Indiana. He is not a bachelor. Your questions concerning Mary Miles Minter have already been answered. She is a decided blond. It was decided from the time she was born and not in later years. John Bowers has dark hair and eyes. I have no special favorites. I like them all.
Buster Keaton, Alice Lake, Mary Allston, Joan Davis, Nazimova, Casson Ferguson, and Bert Lytell, at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Charles Ray, at the Charles Ray Studios, Fleming Street, Los Angeles, California.

Charles Murray, Louise Fayaud, Marie Prevost, and Phyllis Haver, at the United Studio, Universal Studios, Hollywood, California.

Mary Pickford, Mary Thurman, Lew Cody, Josie Swigging, Emory Johnson, Betty Compson, and Max Marsh, at the Buntin Studios, Culver City, California.

Curtis Griffin, at the Vitaphone Company, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

William S. Hart, at the William S. Hart Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Mary Miles Minter, Constance Binney, Wanda Howley, and Bebe Daniels, at the Kayser Pictures Corporation, 459 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Hersie Love and Marjorie Dow, at the Hollywood Studios, Hollywood, California.

Mabel Normand, Tom Moore, Glen Landis, and Mabelle Malone, at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Elinor Hammonstein, Zoea Keene, Eugene O'Brien, and Owen Moore, at the Selznick Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

Jane Novak, Winifred Westover, Kathleen Kirkham, Eileen Bockwich, Charles Clark, Wallace Macdonald, Kathleen Wynn, Miles Wilks, Mary Shillinghale, and Hal Cooley, in care of Willis & Inzinz, Los Angeles, California.

Lottie Grifith, at the Vitaphone Company, 469 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Halsey Hamilton, the Lamb's Club, New York City.

Mildred Harris and Anita Stewart, care of Mrs. P. Mayer, 1590 California Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Douglas Fairbanks, Fairbanks Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Mae Dora Davis, Elsie Jordon, and Harry Polard, at the Reiner Studios, Culver City, California.

Antonio Moreno, George Beban, Albert Ray, James Kirkwood, and Thomas Meighan, at the Los Angeles Athletic Club, Los Angeles, California.

 Addresses of Players

As asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Miss A. H. Barthelemes, Dorothy Gish, and Ruby Carlisle, at the Griffith Studios, Mamaroneck, Orien Point, New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chaplin Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Lula Lee, Clara Horton, Jack Malin, Walter Hiers, Ann Forrest, Conrad Nagel, and Wallace Beery, at the Lasky Studios, Hollywood, California.

Ruth Roland, George Larkin, Charles Hesthourish, at Park Extension, 25 West Forty-fifth Street, New York City.

Marguerite Clark, Dorothy Dalton, Mae Murray, and Anne Case, at the Vitaphone Pictures Corporation, 455 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Doris May, Douglas Maclean, Louise Glaum, and Hobart Bosworth, at the Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

Pauline Frederick, at the Robertson-Cole Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Norma, Constance, and Natalie Talmadge and Harold Ford, at the Talmadge Studios, 51 East Forty-eighth Street, New York City.

Shirley Mason, Tom Mix, Louise Lovely, Eileen Percy, and Pearl White, at the Fox Film Corporation, New York City.
Advertising

Do you know that Clear-Tone—the wonder-working lotion—used like toilet water—

“Clears Your Skin”

of Pimples, Blackheads, Acne Erupions, Enlarged Pores, Oily or Shiny Skin? Elegant after Shaving, Indispensable for sensitive and refined women.

GUARANTEED to banish unsightly blemishes easily and quickly, and leave the skin clear and smooth.

BUBBLE AND DOT B.—A high flyer, eh? I should say you are curious. Inquisitive, I should call it. Mary Thurman’s correct name is Von Thurman. Olive Thomas accidently herself. Tom Mix is still with the Fox Film Company, and Margaret Loomis is with Lasky. Yes, her home has been completed. Jane and Katherine Lee are in vaudeville now, and are not making any pictures. Mary Pickford Rupp does not appear in pictures. She is four. Mary Pickford’s correct name is Gladys Stuathum. She is married to Douglas Fairbanks. Does that answer your question?

Mickey, the Aviator.—Yes, she is of Irish descent. Her death was a sad blow to motion pictures. “The Chicken in the Case” is Owen Moore’s latest Selicking picture. Not that I know of. I think you are the only one so far. You would have to get a photograph of Olive Thomas from some concern that sells pictures of the stars. There are several of them. Look in the advertisements. However, it could not be personally auto-
graphed, of course.

I. O. U.—Agnes Ayres appears in De Mille’s “Forbidden Fruit.” Yes, George Stewart, Anna’s young brother, had a part with Douglas Fairbanks in “The Mollycoddle.” Yes, that was a George Barr McCutcheon story. Douglas Mac-

len was born in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Gloria Swanson started her career with the Essanay company supporting Ruth Stonehouse. She then went to the Mack Sennett studio, and was featured in his comedies before going to Triangle to star in dramatic productions. The others are their correct names. It is Natalie. By the way, it has been pic-
turized. Selig made a special feature out of Rex Beach’s “The Ne’er-do-well.” No, my name is not Mabel or Mamie. Better guess again. I think the boy wanted to tell you something different, so he told you that story. You are a girl. Not that it makes a bit of difference I assure you.

Miss Irene La V.—The editor has already mailed you a copy of the “Market Booklet.” Glad you find the addresses you want at the bottom of The Oracle.

EUGENE O’BRIEN ADMIRER.—Your fa-
favorite was born in Colorado, in 1884. He is not married. I am not running a mat-
rimonial agency, so I am afraid I could not help you in that matter. It may have. Eugene has light-brown hair and blue eyes. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. “Speak for yourself, John.”

EDITHE IRENE.—All of your questions are simply matters of opinion, so you will have to answer them to suit yourself. Mary Hay will not appear in pictures with her husband, Richard Barthelemy. She has returned to stage.

This and That—Bill Baker is still as free as the air. He is not buying any new scenarios, as he has retired from the screen. For how long I can’t say. That’s for William to decide, not me.

MRS. LINCOLN.—You will find the ad-
resses you requested at the end of The Oracle.

Miss Etta A.—You forgot to inclose the self-addressed, stamped envelope you mentioned. Gaston Glass was born in 1895. Your other questions have already been answered. We are all well except Miss Irene Clear-Tone. We’ll gladly send copies of more interesting testimonials.

FREE Simply send name today for FREE Booklet, ‘4 A Clear-Tone Skin,’ telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for 15 years, and my $1,000 Guarantee to clear your skin of the above blemishes.

E. S. GIVENS, 237 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.
Thankfully Robert.—D. W. Griffith's "Way Down East" has been completed, and has been showing all over the United States at good prices for some time. The Griffith organization announces that it will not be shown at cheaper prices, due to its enormous cost. Lillian Gish has been in motion pictures since she started at the Biograph studio way back in 1908.

John M.—I'm sorry, but I can't help you even a little bit. I am only employed by Picture-Play Magazine to answer questions concerning the motion-picture plays and players, and not to secure positions for ambitious photoplayers. Moreover, there isn't anything I could do which would help you to get a position as a motion-picture player. You would have to apply yourself, in person, at the studios. Your other questions have already been answered in this issue.

Lonesome L. J. Mc.—Ruth Stonehouse and Josephine Hill are the two girls you refer to in Metro's "Parlor, Bedroom, and Bath." Griffith engaged Paltre and the writing male lead in that picture. You refer to Mary Miles Minter. Alice Joyce hasn't a sister who is playing in pictures. I don't know what musical comedy will come to Natchez this season. That is out of my line. Also, I am not a weather prophet, so I can't help you along that line, either.

An Admirer.—William Duncan is married to his serial leading lady, Edith Johnson. He was born in Scotland and he in Rochester, New York. They live in California.

The Blonde.—You must write to them personally for their pictures. Kenneth Harlan was born in New York City in 1895. He is married to a professional of the stage. His hair is dark and his eyes are brown. Ralph Graves is not married. He is twenty years old. His latest picture is "Polly With A Past," in which he supports Ina Claire. Write again whenever you have the time. That happens to be your line. However, I am sure you will find plenty of people who will not agree with you.

Miss Madeline C.—William Farnum's wife does not appear on the screen with him. "The Scoundrels" is his latest photoplay. Tom Meehan is a playwright who appeared opposite him in pictures, but is not playing on the screen any more. She was Victoria Forde before she was married. She used to play in Al E. Christie's Nestor comedies. Emma P. R. S.—That was a Griffith production called "The Greatest Thing In Life," Carol Dempster and Richard Barthelmess had the leads. Robert Harman's death was purely accidental. You might try. I'm sure I couldn't tell you. You could get a photo of him from the papers that sell pictures of the players. I don't think I would like it. A man who is very fond of cold weather. All addresses at the end of The Oracle.

E. R. S.—Antonio Moreno is still managing to dodge Cupid's darts. You will find the answers to your other questions in the replies above.

Horace C.—Your Olive Thomas questions have already been answered. Addresses at the end of this department.

Rena A. D.—Harry Morey was born in Michigan. He lives in New York. He is. There have been several announcements about the formation of his own company. Jack Holt was born in Winchester, Virginia. Bryant Washburn was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1889. You're welcome.

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This superb six-piece library set is made of selected solid oak throughout, fini-
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6 inches high, seats 17 x 17 inches. Rocking chair and arm chair are 36 inches
high, seats 17 x 19 inches. All four pieces are padded, seats upholstered in brown imitation Spanish leather.

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NOTE: The object of this advertisement is to have you send for YOUR FREE COPY of the Hamilton low-price Catalog for Spring!

Hamilton's Prices for Spring Show Tremendous Reductions!

Our Spring prices have been readjusted to practically a pre-war basis!

As these reductions were brought about by an advantageous purchase of material when prices went below the actual cost of production, we believe our prices are now as low as they will ever be. We want you to take advantage of these savings.

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HAMILTON GARMENT CO.

Mail Order Department
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Which attracts men most—Blond beauty or the charms of dusky hair and skin?

"Brunette" one man will insist, and then believe his statement by displaying an intense interest in the fairest blonde.

"Blonde" another will claim unwaveringly as his preference, and then promptly reverse it by succumbing to the graces of a dark-eyed olive-skinned brunette.

The truth of the matter is that men are attracted by distinct types—by young women who stand out distinctly in their general coloring, whether fair or dark.

Intensify your type of beauty

The coloring of your hair, eyes, and skin is so subtly blended by nature that to disturb the color scheme by the slightest shade, detracts from the beauty of your type.

So closely does the smart Parisienne observe this, that she selects the shade and texture of her rouge and poudre with the utmost care. Even the occasional dabs on the shiny nose from her compacte must leave no jarring note.

The touch of color that she applies so artistically must harmonize perfectly with the tint of her poudre—must be unobtrusive in itself, yet so becomingly tinted that it makes her eyes appear more brilliant, throws into relief the gleam of her hair, accentuates her individual type of beauty.

It is only natural that the study of skin colors and skin textures has reached its zenith in the century-famed ateliers of Dorin of Paris—in the heart of France. There, poudres and rouges, of exquisite softness and refinement, have been perfected for the many types of brunettes and blondes—for the "indefinite" type (the brune-blonde)—for the Titian beauty.

These poudres and rouges are imported from Paris and sold throughout America—in the better drug and department stores in the handy-sized compactes (originated by Dorin) for all sizes of vanity cases and your dressing table.

Study your own coloring

As an aid in selecting the tints that will emphasize your particular kind of beauty, we have prepared a booklet, "What is Your Coloring?" It defines the various types of beauty and recommends harmonizing combinations of poudre and rouge for each type.

For 25c, in stamps or coin, this booklet, together with two miniature compactes (La Dorine Poudre and Dorin's Rouge) will be mailed you. Tell us the color of your eyes, hair and skin, so that we can select the exact shades for you.

Or send 10c, in coin and you will receive the booklet with two Dorin packets (one of poudre and one of rouge) in poudre (loose powder form). (Remember to send description of your coloring.)

Address your letter to F. R. Arnold & Co., Sole Importers, 5 and 7 West Twenty-Second St., New York.

DORIN OF PARIS
Poudres Compacts (La Dorine)—Rouges Compacts

There is only one Dorin, and each article he makes for the U. S. A. also bears the name F. R. Arnold & Co.
THE REVELATIONS OF A STAR'S WIFE

A woman's own story, disclosing for the first time the real, intimate heart
throbs in the lives of those whom you see upon the screen, begins this issue.
Be a Certificated
“Electrical Expert”

“ELECTRICAL EXPERTS” Earn $12 to $30 a Day
WHAT’S YOUR FUTURE

Trained “Electrical Experts” are in great demand at the highest salaries, and the opportunities for advancement and a big success in this line are the greatest ever known. “Electrical Experts” earn $70 to $200 a week. Fit yourself for one of these big paying positions.

BE AN “ELECTRICAL EXPERT”

Today even the ordinary Electrician—the “screw driver” kind—is making money—big money. But it’s the trained man—the man who knows the why and wherefores of Electricity—who is picked out to be the “boss” ordinary Electricians—to boss Big Jobs—the jobs that pay.

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You don’t have to be a College Man; you don’t have to be a High School graduate. My Course in Electricity is the most simple, thorough, and successful in existence, and offers every man, regardless of age, education, or previous experience, the chance to become, in a very short time, an “Electrical Expert,” able to make from $70 to $200 a week.

I GIVE YOU A REAL TRAINING

As Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works I know exactly the kind of training a man needs to get the best positions at the highest salaries. Hundreds of my students are now earning $3,500 to $10,000. Many are now successful ELECTRICAL CONTRACTORS.

YOUR SUCCESS GUARANTEED

So sure am I that you can learn Electricity—so sure am I that after studying with me, you, too, can get into the “big money” class in electrical work, that I will guarantee under bond to return every single penny paid me in tuition if, when you have finished my course you are not satisfied. It was the best investment you ever made.

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GET STARTED NOW—WRITE ME

I want to send you my Electrical Book and Proof Lessons both FREE. These cost you nothing and you’ll enjoy them. Make the start today for a bright future in Electricity. Send in coupon—NOW.

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1918 SUNNYSIDE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.
The Letter that Saved Me 36% on Typewriters

Received by a Business Man from a Buyer Friend

Dear Henry:

I hear that you are down in New York to open a branch office for your firm. You'll be buying a lot of things for the office, not the least important of which will be typewriters.

And that's what I want to talk to you about—typewriters. I want to give you the benefit of an experience I had some time ago, and thereby, I hope, save you some real money.

About a year ago I decided to buy a typewriter for home use. My first thought was to purchase one of the makes we were using in the office, which had been put in before I became buyer for the house. But when it came to digging up a hundred dollars for the machine—I just couldn't. Somehow or other it looked like too much money to me.

Then I thought about picking up a second-hand machine, but the price was about as high, and I had no assurance of service.

I was undecided as to what to do, when one evening at home I ran across an Oliver Typewriter ad in a magazine. I remembered then having read the advertising before and being impressed with the story.

"Why pay $100 for Any Typewriter?"—"When You Can Buy a New Oliver for $64?"—read the ad—and it went on to explain how the Oliver Typewriter Company had cut the price by selling direct and eliminating costly selling methods. It was clear to me as an experienced buyer how they could well afford to top off the $100 by their new economical selling plan.

The ad brought out the fact, too, that I didn't have to pay the $64 in a lump sum. I could settle at the easy rate of $4 a month. Naturally that appealed to me, for it was as easy as rental terms.

But the thing that decided me was their free trial offer. Without my sending or depositing a penny, they would ship me an Oliver for five days free trial. I could use the typewriter for five days just as if it were my own, and if I wasn't satisfied, all I had to do was to ship it back at the Oliver Company's expense. Well, I mailed in the coupon and got an Oliver for free trial. To make a short story shorter, I was more than pleased with the Oliver. I fully agreed with the Oliver Typewriter Company that if any typewriter was worth $100 it was this splendid Oliver.

Well, later when we found it necessary to replace some of the typewriters at the office, you may be sure I put in Oliviers, saving the company a nice $36 on each. At first the girls were reluctant about changing machines, but after a week or two with the Oliver, they wouldn't have any other.

Naturally now we are all Oliver enthusiasts—that's why I write this letter to you.

You just give the Oliver a trial and you'll be more than willing to buy me a good dinner when I arrive in New York next month.

Yours, J. B.

That is the letter that saved me $36 on each of my typewriters. I not only equipped the office with the Oliver, but my friend I also bought one for home use. Yes, I am more than willing to buy my friend a good dinner for his valuable advice.

Any reader may order an Oliver direct from this ad by mailing the coupon. No money in advance. No deposit. No obligation to buy. Return or keep the Oliver as you decide after five days free trial. If you decide to keep the typewriter, you may take a year and a half to pay at the easy rate of $4 a month. Mail the coupon today—NOW.

Canadian Price $13

The OLIVER Typewriter Company
1250 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Over 900,000
Sold

Save $36

A Finer Typewriter at a Fair Price

FREE TRIAL
Send No Money

The OLIVER Typewriter Co.
1250 Oliver Typewriter Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Send me (a) new Oliver Nine for five days from today. If I like it, I will pay you $10 at the rate of $4 per month. If I don't like it, I will send it back and save you expenses. Plus, if I don't like it, you will send me back the application coupon, and I will send the typewriter back to you for a refund. You can return the typewriter at your expense and save me expenses. I don't want a typewriter, but I will take this application coupon and send it back to you. I will not be obligated to buy anything by sending this application coupon.

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Street Address
City
State
Occupation or Business
PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE
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April 1, 1921, to July 1, 1921

Ask Your Theatre Manager When He Shows Them

George Melford's production "The Faith Healer."
From the famous play by
William Vaughn Moody.

Roscoe Arbuckle in
"The Dolly Year Man."
A rearing force written especially for the
great comedian.

Cosmopolitan production "Buried Treasure."
With Marion Davies.
A thrilling modern story of
romance and adventure.

William D. Taylor's production of Augustus Thomas' famous play, "The Witching Hour."
With Elliott Dexter.

Wallace Reid in "The Love Special."
With Agnes Ayres.
A spectacular production of
Frank Saperstein's exciting story.

Hugh Ford's British production
From the Dury Lane Melodrama.

Sir James M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy."
An immortal masterpiece brought to life
by an all-star cast. Directed by
John S. Robertson, who made
"Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Douglas MacLean in "The Home Stretch."
A Thos. H. Ince production.
Another comedy triumph from the lovable star of "235 Hours Leave."

Thomas Meighan in "The City of Silent Men."
From Frank Norris' story "The Quavery."
The story of a hunted man, filmed
partly in Sing Sing prison.

Cosmopolitan production "Proxies."
From the story of Frank R. Adams in Harper's Magazine.

Dorothy Gish in "Oh Je!"
A small town comedy as real and funny as
"Seven Women."

Sydney Chaplin in "King, Queen, Joker."
Written and directed by the famous comedian;
the biggest laugh spectacle ever made.

Lei Weber's production "Married Strangers."
An intimate study of a universal problem.

Elise Ferguson in
"Hated and Pretended Love."
William D. Taylor's production
of Arnold Bennett's play in which Miss Ferguson appeared on the stage.

William deMille's production of
Sir James M. Barrie's famous play
"What Every Woman Knows."
With Lois Wilson and Conrad Nagel.

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle in
"The Traveling Salesman."
A seemingly funny presentation of
James Forbes' popular farce.

Cosmopolitan production "The Wild Goose."
By E. Gouverneur Morris.
One of this writer's best stories.

Thomas Meighan in "White and Unmarried."
A whimsical and out of the ordinary
romantic comedy.

"Appearances," by Edward Kahn.
Made in England, with David Powell.

Thomas H. Ince Special "The Bronze Bell."
By Joseph Vacher.
A thrilling melodrama on a gigantic scale.

Douglas MacLean in "One a Minute."
With H. Ince production.

Fred Jackson's famous stage farce.

Ethel Clayton in "Sham."
By Elmer Harris and Genevieve Bonner.
The play in which Henrietta Crosman
made her greatest triumph.

George Melford's production
"The Money Master."
By Sir Gilbert Parker.
A drama of the Northwest, by the author
and director of "Behold My Wife."

Something to tell the folks

On the way home from business take your cue from the
lobby of any theatre that displays the line "It's a Paramount Picture."

That's the big news to take home and tell the folks.
That's the thing that will make them all say "Good! We'll go tonight!"

This idea of shopping for their photo-plays is gradually taking
hold of people.

Just the way they shop for suits, rugs or motor cars.

It may seem strange to shop for such a romantic thing as a
motion picture but good business
methods turn out as well in buying entertainment as in buying
anything else.

When you buy an automobile
that bears the proud brand name
of one of the greatest firms in the industry you are sure of the
finest.

Why? The name!

When you go to a theatre which is showing a motion picture
made by the foremost concern in the industry you are sure
you are in for a great time.

Why? The name, Paramount!

The birds sing not more sweetly in early summer dawns than your heart when you see a Paramount
love scene.

The terrible roar of tropic thunder is not more filled with a sense of awe than the greatest
Paramount dramas.

To get entertainment so thrilling that boredom is dispelled like mist before sunshine, see Paramount
Pictures.

They are announced in the newspaper advertisements, and
in the lobbies, as Paramount Pictures.

That is how the best theatres
everywhere may be distinguished: it is the pride of delivering
the best Picture.

If it's a Paramount Picture it's the best show in town.

Paramount Pictures
Look Out—the Censor’s Coming!

In many States and cities censorship bills are pending which would make motion pictures safe for the weak-willed, the feeble-minded, and for the seven-year-old child. Never before have the producers had to fight censorship as they are fighting it to-day.

The results that would follow the general acceptance of censorship throughout the country would be almost disastrous to the greatest form of entertainment which people have ever known. For, being bound up with rules and political red tape, the censors would ruin most of the best productions, if they did not forbid them from being publicly shown. It is very doubtful if “Way Down East” or “The Kid,” for example, would escape their shears.

What caused this widespread agitation for censorship? As a fan, you ought to know, for, as a fan, you are interested in anything vitally affecting motion pictures. The causes of the present condition are many and complex.

In the June issue of Picture-Play Agnes Smith will explain the censorship situation, will tell you what the producers are doing to fight it. Her article, “The World, the Flesh—and the Censor,” is a most timely one. You’ll be repaid for reading it.
How I Ate A Pound A Day Off My Weight

An Amazing discovery in weight reduction, no starving, no medicines, no special foods, no course of baths, no exercises, no "mind cure."

I had always led an active life, being fond of athletics, horseback riding and other exercises. My increasing weight made it difficult for me to get the exercises I needed, and I simply couldn't get around as fast as the others—even my walk was different; and besides any sort of physical exertion became unpleasant to me. I decided that the details, for any one with a tendency to gout, will well know what I mean.

This lack of exercise could lead to one thing or another, to an alarming extent, and I shall never forget the day when I realized that I was going to be as well as physically, I lost interest in my work, and concerned with social affairs. Anything requiring exertion was laid up. To understand me, please, I am not trying to show my physical and mental powers and pleasure decreased as was fast increased.

Starving Only Made Things Worse

You can probably guess my next move; nearly every "fat" woman has taken it. I became a follower of the "simple life." I cut down on my diet—and felt hungry all the time. Then I took a course of baths. According to what I had heard, "after" the baths cut down my weight. But within a day or so the weight was back again. The hope was suddenly dashed. The time seemed to go on, but nothing happened. To understand me, please, I am not trying to show what I mean. I am trying to show how my physical and mental powers and pleasure decreased as fast as was fast increased.

A Pound Less a Day Without the Slightest Hardship

It all sounded too good to be true, but I decided to try this method. I had a fair test. Right from the start my figure began to improve. Within a few weeks my weight was cut down to the point where every morning I looked in the mirror and said to myself: "Another pound gone!"

A Famous Scientist's Greatest Work

When I now look upon my former condition of suffering and Starving, I am not satisfied with it. I have the privilege of returning it to you after a 3-day trial. I am under-妇女 that you are to refuse my money ($2) if I return the course.

How You Can Try This Method Without Risking a Penny

Simply put your name and address on the coupon below and mail it NOW. Give the postmark and complete payment, when the course arrives. Look the course over carefully. Put it to the test. Weigh yourself before you start, then weigh yourself daily. Judge by results. You will notice a great improvement within five days after starting, send it hack and your money will be refunded. You can clearly see that an offer like this could not be made unless the publishers were confident that Eugene Christian's methods will produce remarkable results for you, as they have for thousands of others who gladly paid $2 for the course. But immediate action is necessary. There is no need for you to suffer from superfluous weight any longer—and remember, that special price can be held only as long as the few sets last. "Weight Control" will be sent in a plain container, and is not sent at once and be sure to avoid disappointment. You will surely agree that health and comfort are worth the trial. Write today.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY

Dept, 1955, 43 West 16th St., New York City

Corrective Eating Society.

Dept. 1955, 43 West 16th St., New York City.

You may send me, prepaid, in plain container, Eugene Christian's Course, "Weight Control" Base of Health," in 12 lessons. I will pay the postman only $2 on arrival. I am not satisfied with it if I have the privilege of returning it to you after a 3-day trial. It is, of course, un-
HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William Lord Wright

The Waning of the Stars

"Star worship is no longer the spontaneous action of the populace," writes Guy Price, the Los Angeles Observer of photo-play happenings. "The real stars may be counted on the fingers," he adds. "To be a star nowadays, a girl must be beautiful. Then she is placed before a suffering public. But the big pictures of the year are not star pictures. 'Way Down East,' 'Over the Hill,' and 'Humoresque,' have no stars. And to these we might add 'A Connecticut Yankee.' The story that pulls is the big box-office success. The players in the story may be admirable players; they may be stars in name; but it is the story, and the story alone, that pulls the romance-loving public into the theater and the shekel into the money box. So twinkle, twinkle little stars while you may. Soon you will be entirely in constellations, as members of a group, and your personality will be confined to your role in the story."

And we might add that those who are striving to-day to write acceptable plots may be those who will be writing the all-star or no-star stories of to-morrow. They should be looking ahead and planning for better photo plays—photo plays in which the stories will not be warped and twisted to fit the whims or stronger points of individual thespians.

Scenarios by the Bushel

Eight thousand scenarios a week are submitted to the big producers, according to an estimate made by W. Stephen Bush, The number is appalling, but should not discourage the amateur writer who feels that he has real talent. There are thousands of people playing the violin in the United States, but that does not obscure such men as Kreisler, and Heifetz. We take the liberty of reprinting a recent article by W. Stephen Bush which should be of interest to every writer of scenarios:

It is estimated that the motion-picture producers in the United States turn out fifty new subjects every week. The average weekly output of the vast army of volunteer scenario writers is not less than eighty thousand a week. One company alone receives on an average five hundred unsolicited scenarios every seven days.

This would make the chances of the scenario writer one in one hundred and sixty, but his chances are really much smaller. Out of the fifty companies producing pictures either regularly or irregularly, only about twenty-five buy outside "scripts." Consider now the undoubted fact that even the buying companies have their decided favorites, and the chance of the outsider becomes too elusiv for arithmetical pursuit. This it not written to discourage the amateur scenario writers—that is impossible short.

Scenario editors will tell you that the amateur's first effort is often good and acceptable, embodying in all likelihood some original dramatic event in the writer's life. The utter lack of art in dramatic composition does not entirely offset the dramatic values in the "script," and it is accepted. Immediately the idea takes possession of the writer that he is a newly discovered genius, and nothing can thereafter make him doubt himself. He remembers that Eisen was well past middle life when he scored his "best hits." He keeps on trying. There have been instances of determined scenario writers sacrificing their savings in an effort to produce their scenarios at their own expense.

One of the most exacting tests of scenarios is the ending of the "script." The rule is that the ending must be happy. The minimum is one. When works of standard fiction are to be filmed and there is no happy ending, it is the duty of the adapter to provide for it by force magique—thus "The Tale of Two Cities" in its screen version ends happily.

Budding playwrights with a trend to tragedy will never reach the screen. On the other hand many a poor scenario has been saved by the chances it offered to the heroine to wear sixteen different gowns. It must be remembered that women, who were no part of the audiences in classic antiquity and a negligible part in the days of Shakespeare, form at least sixty per cent of the audience in a motion-picture theater. Wedding ceremonies are, therefore, tremendously popular, and cover a multitude of sins against the hoary definitions of the drama. It is an undoubted fact that the so-called vampire films and all the screen plays that have dealt with such subjects as the starved maternal instincts of women, and the white slave traffic and birth control, have aroused the interest of women, for if they had not, they would have been financial failures instead of unequalled financial successes.

One of the successful scenario writers is the one who can outwitty the audiences. Scenario editors are always on the alert for that kind of dramatic genius. A clever short-story writer devoted some effort to a motion-picture scenario, taking his work quite seriously. He had everything planned with care, and even brought the heroine to life. Then the two evolved a scheme which brought excellent results. First "A" got his heroine into an impossible situation, where, according to all appearances, she would either have to jump from the cliff or marry the villain. No other extrication seemed humanly possible. Then he turned the "script" over to "B," whose duty it was to get the heroine out of her trouble in the most plausible way that could be found. Taking turns in trying and putting impossible knots, they succeeded in securing a gratifying flow of checks payable to their order.

Before the "feature" came into vogue and the unit of motion-picture entertainment was the single reel—one thousand feet—there was naturally a greater number of subjects and the chances of the scenario writer were a little better. The compensation in those days, however, was ludicrously small. Very little was paid for a scenario. Indeed, the average director always felt competent to write his own scenario on short notice. The story is told of one director who used to gather his players in New York and then take the ferry to Fort Lee,
New Jersey, where the studio was situated. He started to write his scenario in his stuff after the bear left the New York side. 10-day even a scenario of average quality brings from two hundred to five hundred dollars. Much larger sums have been paid and are being paid for available "scripts." Most scenarios are bought on the story. No detailed "script" is submitted to the studios, but the story is the story. If the story has the right possibilities, the building of the scenario is an easy matter.

The worst of all scenarios are the comedies. Of these probably the most interesting are those written by one who has long been absent from the screen. Charlie Chaplin for some time has been hawking his own stuff, trusting to his gifts of inspiration. The famous comedian would then get up in the middle of the night at the Los Angeles Athletic Club and down pad after pad of notes. These were then filed away.

A Queer World

Some of the most interesting letters received by this department are unsigned, or lack a complete address, which makes it impossible for us to send replies, or a Market Booklet, as requested. Here is one that we found interesting. No name was signed.

Queer world, this, isn't it? A number of years ago a friend of mine put in five years' apprenticeship learning a trade—a trade at which he will be a howling success. He took on writing as a side line—I met him the other day—he had broken into the movie game and had received his second reception. There was no arguing with him—the producers were a lot of nincompoops who couldn't appreciate a masterpiece when they saw it! I tried comparisons—tried to make him see that he was serving an apprenticeship at a new profession, but he would have none of it. Anybody could write movie stories—good ones, too—but what was the use of every hick, were passing judgment on their efforts?

I know a stenographer in this city—she's a good one. Some time ago she was hit by the movie-writin' bug—it first, then, good old two-reeler days she got by with one or two. Then feature pictures came in, and she was not equal to their demands, and for four years she has studied and worked—worked and studied. She showed me a letter from one of her former employers—in which he praised her work, though asking that she make some changes in the story. In six years this girl has sold thirty dollars—she is not at all discouraged nor "soured" on the producer!

Being an amateur myself, these two incidents count for much. At no time could I bring myself to believe in the hick, because he saw nothing valuable in the MSS I had sent him. At no time have I been laboring under any thought, "anybody can write a two-reeler a week." It can't be done, and the sooner we amateur scribes get this into our noodies the quicker we are going to "arrive". Abandon methods that work and study more—write and rewrite—most of the latter at the editor's suggestion. And the editor generally gives a reason for his suggestion—"and stop and do the reason instead of crossing the editor we would get where we are trying to go a little sooner.

Can You Write a Photoplay?

Neither could Martha Lord—at least so she thought until—

Martha Lord, a "novice," did not know that she could write a photoplay, but she desired to try, and so decided that she would. She carefully wrote her first story, "Hold Your Husband," to Faberchek.

Then came "A Gamble With Innocence," to the amusement of the world. Each brought a handsome check. But, more than that—those "un dreamed of" successes were a brilliant way beg for her. Can you do as well as she will, man or woman, make a simple test to try your fineness free?

Will You Make—

This Home Test

If We Send It Free?

The Palmer Plan of Instruction in Photoplay Writing now introduces for the first time in the history of education by correspondence, a new method of discovering in men and women who may learn to produce scenarios of CREATIVE IMAGINATION—that fundamental qualification which is the playwright's "key to success." If you have it in you, you should develop it.

If you lack it you should give up the idea of ever writing photoplays, for creative imagination is inborn and cannot be acquired.

Our simple test comes to you in the form of a confidential questionnaire prepared especially for us by Professor Malcolm Shaw MacLean, former instructor in short story writing at Northwestern University and University of Minnesota, in collaboration with H. H. Van Loan, America's most prolific photoplay writer, author of "The Virgin of Stamboul," "The Great Redeemer," etcetera.

You simply send for it and try it in the privacy of your home and without expense.

To those who answer it successfully, will be offered an opportunity to obtain competent training in photoplay authorship through the Department of Education of the Palmer Photoplay Corporation.

We will tell you frankly if you have or if you lack the essentials to success—for this institution serves the great producers who buy photoplays, as well as those who wish to learn the art of writing them; and, therefore, we must seek out only those who are fitted for real achievement in this field.

We are now beginning a search of the nation through this New Method Test. And this is your opportunity to try that test—up learn if you are fitted for this probable work. A new career awaits those who are as fitted and who will develop their inherent abilities by studying during spare time at home.

Thousands of new stories for photoplays are needed for next year's production and the present writers cannot possibly supply this large number of scenarios. Your chances, therefore, if you succeed, is generously ample and insures an ever waiting market for your plays.

When your creative imagination is determined, the Palmer Plan is available to you. It then teaches you the technique of photoplay construction. "Technique" is the form of writing which producers insist upon in the scenario before they will even read the play.

The Palmer Plan is Frederick Palmer's method of instruction—a method conceived and perfected by a man who, himself, wrote, sold, and had produced photoplays for five years. This course is of university caliber throughout and turns out fully equipped and finished writers.

The Palmer Advisory Council—the men and women who direct the well-organized institution—consists of Cecil B. DeMille, director general Famous Players-Lasky Corporation; Thos. H. Ince, head of Ince Studios; Lois Weber, foremost woman director, and Rob Wagner, world-renowned writer and film producer.

The Palmer Plan includes the largest photoplay sales houses in the world, through whose students sell and producers buy their plays.

The Plan has already developed many new writers and is developing new ones constantly. G. L. Red Clarke, a former minister, sold his first play for $3000 before he had completed the Palmer Plan, and he is but one Palmer student whose name has been but lately placed upon the screen.

These are facts, and yet there are more to tell. We can disclose to you, however, only after you have taken the test and completed the Palmer "New Method" Test.

Succeed in this preliminary test, the most courageous test of this kind ever adopted by an educational institution, and we will send you a "Palmer's Data for Beginners in Photoplay Writing," which describes the Palmer Plan in greater detail, and "Strategies of Success," containing the stories of successful students written by themselves.

Remember, the new Palmer Photoplay Educational Questionnaire is not a "literary" test. Clever "style" and polished diction are of secondary importance in the writing of acceptable photoplays. Hardly a word of what you write appears upon the screen.

Many have ability who do not know it. The thing to do first is to find out if you have creative imagination.

If you should like to write scenarios, the Palmer test will tell. Since it costs you but two cents to find out, it is certainly worth while to send this coupon. Send it now.

Palmer Photoplay Corporation, 622 E. 13 W., Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, California.

Please send me your New Method Confidential Questionnaire, which I am to fill out at my own expense and return in the envelope to you without charge. If success is yours, I will receive further information about the Palmer More Than a University obligation on my part to enroll for the study.

Name ____________________________
Address ___________________________
City _______________________________
State _____________________________

I enclose 50c, or my signature as confidential.
Must a Star Be a Type?

A review of the current favorites indicates that the public will not allow them to break away from those parts with which they are identified.

A review of the current favorites indicates that the public will not allow them to break away from those parts with which they are identified.

If we combed the hayseed out of Charlie Ray's hair, and separated Bill Hart from his six-shooters; if we made Mary Pickford vamp through a five-reeler, and limited Doug Fairbanks to one jump per picture; if we put Dick Barthelminus in whiskers, and Charlie Chaplin in bowmanash clothes—would these stars still be stars in your eyes?

You chorus "Yes!" but a grave doubt remains.

The stars of today have become established by the individual style of their respective roles, and by the unique manner in which they have stuck to these roles.

The classic example is that classic comedian, Charlie Spencer Chaplin. Never has he dared to remove the brushy mustachios, never has he discarded the ludicrous derby and baggy trousers. In "One A.M.," true enough, he wore respectable shoes, but his "type" remained distinctly his own. When so great an artist as this feels it imperative to stay in one, well-defined part, the necessity of creating a type and sticking to it becomes apparent.

Stepping from the ridiculous to the ridiculed, consider for a moment such a lurid trio as Theda Bara, Lew Cody, and Louise Glaum, vampires all. Whether or not they will continue to be successful is very much a question, at least in the case of the first two, but even the most biased observer will admit that each at one time created a vogue: a sexy sort of vogue, but a vogue withal. On the direct opposite hand, the premiere blonde of the galloping pastels has won her impregnable position in the hearts of the celluloid-scanning populace by adhering to "glad" parts: Pollyanna and Pickford are now as inseparable as ham and eggs.

Continuing on the through the list of flickering favorites, we come to the sisters Talmadge. Both of these talented actresses have realized the wisdom of "typing" themselves, and have profited thereby in no small measure. Norma has established herself as the young wife: Constance as the nationally emulated baby vamp. Norma has clung to the more emotional sort of thing; Connie to the brisker, friskier style of farce- and-bedroom comedy. The sympathy that was Norma's in her "Isle of Conquest" continues to be hers in "Yes or No," while similarly, those who haveiger through "The Veiled Adventure" will be prepared to chuckle again when they see Constance do the same sort of thing in "The Love Expert." There is more real logic than mere chance connected with this "one-part type" idea.

Two of the staunchest types the perpendicular platform can produce are Charles Ray and Bill Hart. Charlie is the closhopping yokel, the bashful farmer boy; Hart the two-gun Centaur of the California plains. Before he struck this métier Ray was all but unknown, an inconspicuous actor doing "juveniles" for the old Kay Bee Company. He tried to get away from it in "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," and the result was a failure. Hart has attempted more than once to shelve the flapping Stetson and the khemel shirt, but in "The Poppy Girl's Husband" the fans were able to see him only as a Western gentleman doing a Jimmy Valentine, so Bill returned, in his next release, to the broad highway, where men shoot straight and the sunset is always on hand for a final fade-out.

Dick Barthelminus is a rising young meteor now heading his own company, and giving all the advance signs of doing it extremely well. He is the well-bred, not overdressed college man of the capering chronos. Here is no sport-shirted, peg-trousered, high-jinking college caricature; here is a quiet, aristocratic man of manners doing the college man as he should be done. As a character actor he would undoubtedly be an artistic success, but it is as the college type that he will reap baskets of daily mail.

Fairbanks is, of course, the jumping hero of the titillating tintypes, the physical-culture boy of the silver sheet. As such he has rooted himself firmly in America's heart; a change in the slightest degree is invariably the signal for a storm of protest. Wallace Reid is another highly popular exponent of the speed idea in pictures, having devoted himself recently to a series of automobile stories concerned almost exclusively with "speed." In regard to Reid, it is pat to note that he has maintained a style all his own: a personality dominating all of his pie-
Fugitive Flashes
By A. Split Reel

While Henrietta Potee was swinging idly in the hammock, thinking out a happy ending for her film play, "Adenoids," her mother fell down the laundry steps with the family wash.

What would happen if—
The "Heavy" smoked stogies instead of cigarettes?
"Meg o' the Mountains" wore a hat and brogans, instead of a sunbonnet and bare feet.
In snow pictures some one failed to mishandle an Eskimo dog team.
In all rural dramas the interior of the general store and post office was missing.

What has become of:
Vamps.
Tiger-skin rugs.
Futtes and riding crops.
Artificial flowers in movie theaters.
Illustrated song singers.
Three-reel wild-animal dramas.
Bow-legged Indians.

11

SONG CONTEST

$100.00 in PRIZES

Do you like to write songs? This contest is for amateurs (fifteen years of age or more). Do not hesitate to enter through lack of experience. Select your own subject and then submit your song-poem to us.

First Prize, $40.00—and guarantee of publication by either a New York or Chicago publisher without cost.
Second Prize, $25.00 Third Prize, $15.00
Ten Prizes, each, $2.00

Our business is to compose and arrange music for songs, and to secure their publication. If you enter this contest and we find that your song-poem is adapted to musical setting, we shall offer to compose music and secure publication of your song.

Details of Contest

This contest open to amateurs. IMPORTANT—Only two verses and a chorus wanted. Music publishers insist on publishing songs with not more than two verses and a chorus. Look over all popular songs and you will find this true. Write your song in either longhand or have it typewritten. Songs will be judged and prizes awarded by the Staff of the Seton Music Company. Awards will be made on the basis of merit. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. This contest will close JANUARY FIRST, 1922. All song-poems must be in our office before midnight, DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST, 1921. Send us a song-poem WITHOUT DELAY!

SETON MUSIC CO., 264 Contest Dept., 920 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago

Write the Words for a Song!

Write the words for a song: We revise song-poems, compose music for them, and guarantee to secure publication on a royalty basis by a New York music publisher. Our Lyric Editor and Chief Composer is a song-writer of national reputation and has written many big song-hits. Millions of copies of his songs have been sold. Mail your song-poem on love, peace, victory or any other subject to us today. Poems submitted are examined free.
What the Fans Think

An open forum of discussion by our readers, which you are invited to join.

"More Power to Biting Pens!"
To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine.
I wish to say a word in praise of Herbert Howe, whom I regard as always intelligent, the style of which is richly colloquial and sensibly vivid, with dash, easy, and keen humor. It is not necessary always to agree with him in order to appreciate him. My own prejudices are not antagonistic; my passions are restrained and amiable; I put away the pupils, the students, and the stupid, the wholesome, the same, instructive American school—Miss Mary Alden, Miss Helen Eddy, Miss Kathlyn Williams, Miss Besse Barriscale, Miss Dorothy Phillips, Miss Lillian Gish, Miss Miriam Cooper, Miss Blanche Sweet, Miss Naomi Childers, Miss Josephine Crowell, Miss Mac Marsh, Miss Dorothy Gish, Miss Ruth Stone, Miss Helen Gish, and Miss Ann Forrest. Many of them, unfortunately, are young women not wholly known to opportunity; many of them, perhaps, unfortunately, not favorably recognized by fortune. Women of varying talent and type, and the possession of the highest attribute, they are clever, natural, unaffected, sincere, wholesome, poetic, with a talent for good things. Miss Alden is the screen actress unexcelled—approximating most nearly Mr. Warfield of the stage; Miss J. B. Berish with her youth, most decidedly; Miss Williams, Miss Crews—perhaps Miss Barrymore; Miss Dorothy Gish, Lotta or Miss Mitchell; Miss Crowell, Mrs. Gill, Miss Barriscale, Rejane and Miss Kendall; and again Miss Gish, the winsome Ellen Terry.

Admiring Miss Alden and reliable Miss Eddy suggest to me Portia and Cordelia. Tender Miss Gish, Ophelia; Miss Williams, Hermione, and Miss Sweet, the gay Perdita and Juliet; Miss Childers, Galatea, and the Barriscales, Rosalind.

Score one for The Observer as he notes the passing of Miss Pickford as the leader of them all in popularity. I do not cheer her passage; but simply appears to me to be a long-hated fact.

Picture-Play Magazine gains much with the acquisition of Miss Underhill. I invariably find her interviews amusing, clever, and sufficiently personal to avoid triviality or that disagreeable, disgusting quality of the "lady" interviewers—huskiness. The Bystander, also, is intelligent. She possesses ingenuity and creative skill. Her columning is always cleverest, able—artistic. Miss Underhill is the screen actress unexcelled—approximating most nearly Mr. Warfield of the stage; Miss J. B. Berish with her youth, most decidedly; Miss Williams, Miss Crews—perhaps Miss Barrymore; Miss Dorothy Gish, Lotta or Miss Mitchell; Miss Crowell, Mrs. Gill, Miss Barriscale, Rejane and Miss Kendall; and again Miss Gish, the winsome Ellen Terry.

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I would like to see the acquisition of an opinion from a Texas fan. Last week I was in New York and was fortunate enough to see life in the great metropolis from all angles, from the lowly little factory girl down on Spring and MacDougal Streets to a fashion shop on the Avenue, and ever and anon such questions as these arise. Do you live on a ranch, and are there any good-looking cowboys like those in the movies? "In Texas wild and wooly, and do they have dance halls and wild women? "Are there any large towns in Texas, and do you have to flag a train to make it stop?" One girl asked me if I had ever seen an automobile before I came to Gotham! I was frankly insulted, for I thought, as they say up there, "They are trying to kid me." Until I found out that they were really in earnest, and when I asked where they formed such opinions they always replied, "From the movies."

At first I tried to explain that, although I was raised on a ranch, I never did possess the care of a horse, a car, and several "Lizzies," besides some very fine horses; that I had spent a great part of my life in a near-by city with a population of about one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants—a city with the city and the town, the French town, the Jockey Club, and like leeches that cling to New York. I explained that I had attended high school and gone to a girls' boarding school, and where I learned everything except practical knowledge, and that fashionable clothes the which which Norma Talmadge wears can be purchased in San Antonio also. Although I tried to impress this upon their minds, the movie idea was so firmly impressed in their brains that they could not get away from it, and I saw that my explanations and descriptions of Texas were in vain. After I had taken four hours to explain to one girl all about Texas, when I left for the Southwest she wanted to know if she could send me some magazines when I reached home, as she knew that there were such things there. Do they study geography and history in the New York public schools?

In Texas, even that sometimes the movies would produce a picture of the real Texas as it is to-day. Of course, we do not have elevated roads and subways in the downtown part, but because we have plenty of room on the surface to travel; but we do have trolley cars, jitneys, and automobiles by the thousands. Poor men in Texas have cars where poor men in New York will never have them, because there is no room for them—there is scarcely room to live yourself. We have theaters and cabaret cafes and even grand opera, so I can't see that we are still in the primitive state of carrying a gun on our hips and riding wild mustangs. Why do the movies persist in showing such pictures? Whenever I pass a theater and see a "Western" poster, I get so disgusted I want to tear it down. William S. Hart is not very popular in San Antonio. There are lots of ranches in the vicinity of San Antonio, and the boys wear their wide-brim hats and boots on the ranch for protection against sun and thorns, but when they go to the city they "dress up," and you could not tell them from a middle-aged man of Broadway, and although now and then you may see one that sticks to his conventional rags, he never fails to drive into town in a car. I wonder how the movies get it that every cowboy rushes into town on a wild horse. As for a stagecoach, why a stagecoach in Texas is as much a curiosity as it would be on Fifth Avenue in New York. South San Antonio, Texas.

A Texas Blonde.

Some Serious Thoughts Concerning "Wallie."
To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine.
Don't you find the accounts of "Popularity Contests" enormously suggestive and amusing? I've been wondering, especially of late, whether Wallace Reid is helped or harmed by "wearing his halo carelessly," as Picture-Play puts it. It may be his defense against the charge of conceit, and results would for the moment seem to justify it, as he is genuinely and deservedly popular.

But human nature being a little prone to value lightly what seems to come easily, there is much wisdom to let his admirers forget that he is capable of big things.

Mary Pickford and William Hart, who have held a more enduring regard than most popular idols, have always impressed their public with the fact that they are working hard to maintain and earn their position of esteem. And a large share of the charm of Charles Ray and Richard Barthelmess lies in their appealing earnestness.

I suspect that a larger amount of thought and care than appears on the surface goes into the making of those appar-
To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine.

May I take a few moments of your time by sounding the praises of Harold Lloyd? I think he is without a doubt one of the best, if not the best real comedian the screen has yet produced. The last picture we saw him in, "Get Out and Get Under," made me want to tell every story of titles of pictures, not only for the story, but Lloyd's facial expressions alone are worth all the money you pay for the show. Why can't we have a few more of him, or doesn't the public care for anything as clean as his fun is?

Then there is Pauline Frederick. To me she is perfectly adorable, not just for her gowns, but for her real acting. Am I a good critic when I say she was wonderful in "Madame X"? She made me want to clasp her hand and tell her what I thought of her.

In the December issue of Picture-Play you mention changing the titles of plays or stories to fit the pictures, and let me say that right here in one of five cases I think it all wrong. For instance, Viola Dana in "A Chorus Girl's Romance" sounded very much like a very cheap story, whereas if it is known what it was taken from, we would all have been very eager to have seen it. As it was, few of my friends would go be- the title as ours with, and when I told them how good it was and what it was taken from, they said, "Well, why do they change those names like that!"

Miss Olivia Lowndes.

Stamford, Connecticut.

Robert Kay Hutton.

Why Change a Good Title?

To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine.

I want to say something about Norma Talmadge. To me she seems to be resting on her reputation. Her work is still more admirable than that of most of the stars, but it seems to me that she isn't putting her heart into her work. With each succeeding picture I am more and more despondent over her. I had an opportunity last week to see her in "Pantha," a picture at least four years old. What glorious work she did in those days! One lived the picture right through with her. Then just a few days later I saw "The Branded Woman." Even in the most touching scenes I felt no sympathy for the heroine. She is so good to look at that I could look but I couldn't feel with her or for her. This is a serious thing. She is an artist, but she is wasting her self. "The Branded Woman" was good, nevertheless, because of the general excellence of the cast, the beauty of the sets, and the way the dialogue was written. What a lovely old fellow George Fawcett is! Some day, I hope, he will have a real part. He always seems to be playing "The Man who Plays the Game." I did not get his name—was one of the most fascinating villains I have ever seen, I was certainly glad to learn that Harris Ford is to play again opposite Talmadge. It needs him most. Her few last alleged "comedies" have been sad affairs indeed, in comparison with those sparklingly

Panzer. My favorite actors are Wallace Reid and Crane Wilbur, but I like Wallace as a villain, like the part he portrayed in "Carmen," and I like Crane Wilbur as a good guy, like the part he played in "The Black Box."

Atlantic City, New Jersey.

A Disagreement About Dick.

To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine.

I should like to say a word as to the "suggestion for Dick Barinhelms" by R.W. Mount Vernon, New York.

R.W. has a "wild, wild crush" on Dick B., and would like to give him a little advice as to what kinds of roles he should play. But hasn't Dick climbed to stardom by playing parts in such pictures as "Broken Blossoms," "Scarlet Days," and "Way Down East?" Then why should he turn to society pictures?

It's true, they say, that every girl is crazy about him. I am, too. But I wouldn't care to see him playing society roles. I learned to like him just as he is, and I am concerned, I don't care to see him change.

The girls who have a "wild, wild crush" on him must have acquired said crush by seeing him as the Chishuman, the desperado, and the farmer boy. And also by seeing him with his hair parted in the middle. Perhaps if he changed to society pictures and parted his hair on the side, those same fans would care no more for him.

Of course, one to his own opinion. But I'll wager a very good take-up among Dick's fans, the majority would be of my opinion. We want "Our Dick" as we have known him.

Here's hoping Dick don't take R.W.'s kindly offered advice.

Gladys Shoemaker.

Princeton, British Columbia.

Oh, for the Days of the Old Serials!

To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine.

Being a constant reader of your magazine and also a lover of the moving pictures, I thought some of your many readers might enjoy few lines. I have been going to the pictures ever since I was old enough to go to-day, and the serials of a few years back seemed to draw a larger crowd the days they were shown than those of to-day. One or two pictures caught the attention of the old Kalem, Biograph, Essanay, Lubin, and other companies, I must say I certainly did enjoy lots of those pictures as well as the ones I do to-day, and the serials of a few years back seemed to draw a larger crowd the days they were shown than those of to-day.

One of the pictures mentioned by the old Kalem, "Panther," "The Perils of Pauline," or "The Clutching Hand," I agree with one writer in the December number, who says that the greater number of people who visit the movies get to seeing certain scenes and have to see them split up. I long to see a picture again with Pearl White, Crane Wilbur, and that good old villain, Paul

Better Plays for Norma.

To the Editor of Picture-Play Magazine.

I want to say something about Norma Talmadge. To me she seems to be resting on her reputation. Her work is still more admirable than that of most of the stars, but it seems to me that she isn't putting her heart into her work. With each succeeding picture I am more and more despondent over her. I had an opportunity last week to see her in "Pantha," a picture at least four years old. What glorious work she did in those days! One lived the picture right through with her. Then just a few days later I saw "The Branded Woman." Even in the most touching scenes I felt no sympathy for the heroine. She is so good to look at that I could look but I couldn't feel with her or for her. This is a serious thing. She is an artist, but she is wasting her self. "The Branded Woman" was good, nevertheless, because of the general excellence of the cast, the beauty of the sets, and the way the dialogue was written. What a lovely old fellow George Fawcett is! Some day, I hope, he will have a real part. He always seems to be playing "The Man who Plays the Game." I did not get his name—was one of the most fascinating villains I have ever seen, I was certainly glad to learn that Harris Ford is to play again opposite Talmadge. It needs him most. Her few last alleged "comedies" have been sad affairs indeed, in comparison with those sparklingly
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Clever comedies she and Harrison Ford used to play in. 'Change seems to hate to be true, but now he seems to be naught that it's positively harmful.

Wishing your magazine every success.

South Bend, Indiana.

Another Champion for Dorothy.

To the Editor of Picture-Magazine:

Regarding the letters sent in defense of Dorothy Gish, would like to give my opinion also. Dorothy Gish is a great actress, and should be given credit for all that is due her. Though her pictures are not many, they are the best. People may say that for her, she is the idol of most girls in their teens. I believe she is the best and brightest little actress, and that those who do not agree with me challenge you. Three cheers for Mrs. James J. May she continue making pictures much to the satisfaction of

Chicago, Illinois.

From Another Loyal Griffith Fan.

To the Editor of Picture-Magazine:

I notice a letter in the February number of the small town that 'Thinks About It,' and am surprised to learn how little some people know about making and booking a picture. What difference does it make, old one-act plays, to put them on the screen if you see if they show it in first-class shape? "The Birth of a Nation" was out three years before I had a chance to see it, and I would play it yesterday if it were in town. A good picture is the same as a good book; it never gets to be an "old thing," and if you read it ten years after it is published, it is new to you.

We are anxious to see the best pictures, and I have no doubt that "Way Down East" is one of them. But Mr. Griffith, as the managers know more about how a picture should be made and put on the market, so we should not try to tell them how to run a picture, but see it when we can.

ELMER C. MORRIS

2110 Eakin Street, Dallas, Texas.

Poor Old New York!

To the Editor of Picture-Magazine:

I can't resist the temptation to come to your open forum and tell of a situation that perplexes me every day. I think that something ought to be done about the cabaret scenes in the movies. I am not a crank or a prude, but I do feel that something will have to be done to restrain motion-picture directors from putting such wild scenes on the screen, supposed to occur in New York public restaurants. It never bothered me until last summer; I confess that I even deliberately sought such pictures sometimes when I felt I needed something sensational. But now they have become a real problem for me. Last winter I went to my cousin's, up in New Hampshire, for the winter, and while I was there we talked about movie stars, of course, that being one interest that girls both in the country and the city have in common. Dorothy Dickson was the hostess at the Palmers' Royal, and probably didn't make another picture after "Paying the Piper," because her days began for the season and kept her up so late nights.

And I remarked that I had seen Dick Barthelmess at the New Amsterdam Roof with his film "Ophelia." He and Griffith have some of the prominent stars that I've seen at the Century Roof. You should have seen the looks those girls gave me. They simply froze! Finally, after a deadly silence, my cousin spoke up, "Well, if I did go places like that, I wouldn't talk about it." Finally I dragged it out of them that they thought it was a dull evening when they saw Griffith's "New York Cabaret" when at least one man didn't come in, discover his wife with another man, and shoot them, or when women at dinner parties didn't get up and dance on a table. They should believe that those places are awfully select and quiet, and that any girl is mighty lucky to get taken there. The incident was amusing, but when I came back to town I didn't think any more about it, except sometimes when I saw wild scenes in the movies that were underneath for me, and I asked my Uncle Ned if he had ever seen a café where people acted like they usually do in the movies, and he just laughed and said, "It's Bless you, no. Not in New York, anyway."

Well, it still struck me as funny, until a few weeks ago, when Charlotte came to New York to see her father. He is my family's oldest friend, and we have corresponded ever since we've been able to write. Of course, I simply wanted to turn her town over to show her a good time. Well, the first night Uncle Ned and a college boy I know took us to see Sally, the musical comedy Mary Hay is playing in, and then, afterward, we went up to the Century Roof to see the Midnight Frolic. I thought it was simply gorgeous, but would you believe Charlotte was as blase as could be? "When do they start," she whispered to me excitedly once between dances. "What?" I asked her right out, but she wouldn't explain. And do you know that we took Charlotte or what we did for her, she seemed to think that the places were awfully stunning and the shows good, but the people didn't seem to care, and all because the people didn't jump on tables or the parties mix with each other or angry husbands stride in the way they so often do in pictures. Oh, people must have had similar experiences. Don't you agree with me that people are getting the wrong impression about the way we New Yorkers live and act? E. J. J.

New York City.

In Praise of Agnes Smith.

To the Editor of Picture-Magazine.

Although I have been a reader of your magazine for a long time, I only recently began reading "What the Fans Think," and now I am fanatical about it. It simply thrills me to find people all over the country feeling, just as I do, that Herbert Howe is a sort of safety valve who lets off steam for me when I can't stand that Fanny the Fan is a friend we won't miss for worlds, and that Louise Williams is simply invaluable in teaching us how to dress like her. I am not saying I understand is why the fans who write in seem to take Agnes Smith for granted! I think she is simply great. There isn't another hero who even come with her. Most reviewers make me tired; they set themselves up as authorities, and write in a lofty, inspired way that makes one wonder how they descend long enough to be a part of a mere movie audience. And then there are others who never see a picture as a whole, because they are so in awe of the discrepancies in the plot or the furniture or the heroine's etiquette. But worst of all are the ones—and the majority are like this—people who speak of films being "amusing," "adequate," or "moderately good." Dear editor, can anything be "moderately good" without being mediocre? And if it is mediocre, shouldn't they say so?

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A STUDY IN LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

THAT title applies, not only to this picture of Monte Blue, but to the story of the screen play from which the picture is taken. It is an Alan Dwan production, about a down-trodden bank clerk who, after years of patient observation, engineers an ingenious scheme to make himself rich, and it is called "The Perfect Crime."
The Revelations of a Star's Wife

Her own story, in which she reveals, as no one else could possibly do, the lights and shadows, the intimacies, and many of the secrets of the lives of those whom you know only as they appear on the screen.

Chapter 1.

Perhaps I am too daring in drawing aside the curtain and letting you see life behind the motion-picture screen as it really is. Yet I know that rumors of the truth have reached you. I know that you have wondered why this beautiful star married the man she did, why that handsome, clever young leading man suddenly left motion pictures and has never been heard of since. And I know that frequently the public, ignorant of the facts in such cases, resorts to fiction. Some of the stories which I have overheard concerning not only my friends in the film world, but even my husband, have made me feel that I must leap to my feet and cry out to gossiping strangers in train or theater or restaurant, “That isn’t so! This is what really happened.”

I’ve never done it; I couldn’t. But now, protected by a promise that my identity will not be revealed, I am going to tell you some of the things which the public never has known about motion-picture folk. I cannot mention names, of course, but doubtless you will recognize the persons most concerned, in some instances, at least. And even if you do not, you will gain a real insight into the lives of those who entertain you on the screen.

“Well, if my husband was a handsome young chap with half the women in the country in love with him, I’d be jealous.”

I settled back in my beach chair and smiled a little; I had been forced to listen to that sort of remark at least a dozen times in the three days that had elapsed since the company had come to that little Florida town, and each person who had tried, as this woman had, to see if I was jealous, had seemed disappointed when I answered, “Well, I’m not.”

“You see,” I went on that afternoon, trying to explain, “Hugh has been in motion pictures three years now, and I’ve grown accustomed to the thousands of letters and—”

“And the love scenes with pretty girls,” she interrupted, with a little laugh. She lived next door to the cottage we’d taken, and I’d thought she was going to be the nicest sort of neighbor, but I began to dislike her. “He and that Miss Burnet seem to like acting together awfully well,” she went on, a minute or two later.

“Yes; this is Carol’s first picture with Hugh, and she’s doing wonderfully,” I answered, gazing out across the water at the yacht where the company was shooting scenes that afternoon. “She’s been in comedies till recently—just a pretty bathing girl, you know—and I think she’s going to do some good work in this picture.”

“Well, she certainly got in some good work yesterday when they were doing that love stuff down on the beach,” she replied, with a significant smile.

I wanted to explain to her that to Hugh and Carol Burnet a kiss was just one of the tools of their trade, like a tape measure is to a tailor. Why, often when Hugh’s going to play a big love scene he makes me come to the studio and make suggestions. At first it hurt me a little when I had to offer up to the great god Success all the beloved little characteristics that had so endeared Hugh to me in the days when we were engaged. The way he would lift one of my hands and brush my fingers across his cheek, the way his arms would draw me up closer and closer to him, till all the world seemed shut out, the way his eyes half closed when he kissed me—all these I have given to you, the public. And yet, when I realize that Hugh’s wonderful love-making on the screen is all the romance that many starved hearts know, I feel that the sacrifice has been justified.

I couldn’t explain that to my neighbor, Mrs. Deane,
The Revelations of a Star’s Wife

of course, so I just watched the yacht and said nothing. And finally she went off down the beach, and Hughie junior came and scrambled up into my lap, and I forgot her insinuations.

But that night she came to me again. It was rather late, about half past eleven, but I was waiting for Hugh and sewing while I waited. I had made Hugh’s shirts since the days before he went into pictures, when he was a bond salesman in Chicago, and we lived in a four-room apartment out of the North Side and thought we were the most likely bride and groom in the world. And I’d never felt that our having heaps more money than we had then was any reason for my not continuing to do it. So I sat there, sewing, and glancing up at Hugh’s picture occasionally, for company. It’s a photograph that he’s never sent out for publicity, or given to the fans, but has kept just for me, and it’s a wonderful likeness of my handsome husband, with his sturdy six feet of height, his square, cleat chin, and the laughing dark eyes that inspire such affectionate mash notes from girls who don’t know he’s married or hope he’s unhappy with me.

Mrs. Deane came running in just as I picked it up to brush a bit of dust from the frame.

“I just came over to bring you some of the ice cream my daughter had for her sorority party,” she began; then as I thanked her she rattled on, “I’ve been down town to the movies with Sister Kate, and what do you suppose happened? It was a picture of your husband’s that they were showing, and who should be there but your husband and Miss Burnet. They weren’t making those bright scenes out at the beach at all!”

“Something must have gone wrong then—the lights, probably,” I answered. “You never can count on anything when you’re making pictures.”

“Well, maybe that was it,” she admitted. “Anyway, they were there, and when the crowd recognized them and cheered they finally went up on the stage, and your husband made a little speech. My, but they look well together—she’s so blond and little. Afterward they went into the Willoughby House for supper, and some of the crowd followed them over there, but they seemed too interested in each other to see any one else.”

I don’t know what else she said; she just talked on and on, and I sat there hemming one of Hugh’s cuffs and wishing she’d go. My throat felt dry, wet, and hot, and I couldn’t seem to think. I’d never been jealous of Hugh before, not even when I first saw him play a love scene—I knew that his whole heart was wrapped up in Hughie and me, and that all the time he was thinking of how soon he’d have money enough to buy the home he wanted for us. But now suddenly I remembered so many little things—the way Carol Burnet had clung to him when he was teaching her to swim, that morning, the realism she put into their love scenes, the queer, preoccupied way Hugh had been acting the last few days.

Mrs. Deane went home at last, but I couldn’t go on sewing; my thread snarled so, and I kept losing my needle. At last I just stopped and stared at Hugh’s picture. I wouldn’t believe that he was untrue to me, even in thought. But he’s such a boy that any woman could wind him around her little finger. And Carol Burnet is amazingly pretty; her yellow hair lies in little ringlets all over her head, as a baby’s does, and she has the biggest, bluest eyes I’ve ever seen.

I went into the bedroom to undress, and studied myself in the mirror of my dressing table. I’m not blond, and my hair isn’t curly; it’s thick and straight and so long that I can’t do anything but wind it in braids around my head. My eyes aren’t a limpid blue, but hazel; almost green sometimes. Hugh has always said I was the prettiest woman in the world, and I’d believed that to him I was, because he loved me so much—now I began to wonder. And finally I just walked the living room in a perfect agony of wretched, jealous fear.

Sometimes, when the clock struck twelve and one and two, I grew panic-stricken, for there had been an accident. The company had come down to Florida to do a feature picture the scenes of which were laid in India, and I knew there was to be a big mutiny scene. Perhaps one of the guns had been loaded with real bullets—perhaps Hugh had been shot! Then other times I’d just feel sure that Carol Burnet had won Hugh away from the boy and me, and broken up our home. And every time that I heard a car coming I’d run to the window to see if it was going to stop at our house, and then stand there wretchedly and watch it go on down the street.

But at last a taxi came chugging along and stopped, and Hugh got out. He didn’t come right up the walk, though; he stood there talking, and when he opened the window the prettiest little white arm was held out to him. I knew it was Carol’s. He took her hand in both of his, and I heard him say:

“Now, don’t you worry, little girl; I’ll see that this comes out all right.”

My heart thudded so that it seemed to me it would burst right out of my body, and I crept off to bed and slumped down in a heap. I almost wished he hadn’t come home at all. Anything would have been better than what had happened, I thought.

Hugh came whistling up the path a moment later and let himself in, calling me softly. Then he tip-toed into the bedroom and said, “Sally dear!” again, but I didn’t answer. Then he turned and tip-toed out to the kitchen, and I felt better as I lay there and listened to him rummaging in the ice box; a man who’s been feasting royally with a siren he’s infatuated with doesn’t come home and fill up on corned beef and doughnuts. I stood it as long as I could, and then I put on his bath robe and went out to the kitchen; our new cook had moved the bread box, and from the sounds that came to me I knew he couldn’t find it.

“The bread’s in the food safe; Lindy thinks there are mice in the cupboard,” I told him, curling up with my feet under me. I was on the verge of beginning with “Where have you been?” but I knew that would start me on a perfect harangue, and, anyway, I just couldn’t do it. When he saw me his eyes had crinkled up the way they do when he smiles—if you’re a fan you know that smile—and he’d hugged me up to him with one arm while he reached for the pickles and the other. There may not be as much

WE BELIEVE

document of its kind ever written or published about the lives of motion-picture folk.

Told, as it is, simply, and with no effort or intention either of concealing anything which may, with propriety, be revealed, or of dragging to light things which had better be left in darkness, it enlists the reader’s belief in the sincerity of the writer, whose only motive, as she explained to us, was to give the movie-loving public a true picture of the life behind the screen, which only such a person as she—under pledge that her identity be not revealed—could give.
The Revelations of a Star's Wife

The next afternoon I learned the reason for Hugh's preoccupation of the last few days—and blushed to remember how readily I had accepted an imaginary affair with Carol Burnet as its cause.

The company was making some scenes that Hugh wasn't in, so he and I were getting out his photographs. That's the most awful task, if a star's popular. Of course, many stars have their secretaries autograph and mail their pictures, but Hugh has always said, "If a person thinks enough of me to write for my picture, the least I can do is to scrawl my name on it myself.'

He had been so busy before we left New York that the requests had piled up dreadfully, so when we were leaving for Florida his secretary had jammed one large suit case full of the letters, and sent a great packing case full of pictures and photo mailers after us by express.

So there we sat, Hugh scowling, "Sincerely, Hugh Beresford," on a picture after picture, and laying them near him to dry, while I addressed the photo mailers. Perhaps it was undignified of me to do that: I know several women, wives of stars and leading men, who think it's disgraceful of me to do such menial work. But I've always loved to work with Hugh, and intend to go right on doing it.

"Feel like hearing my troubles, Sally?" Hugh asked, when we'd been at it about fifteen minutes.

"Our troubles, dear," I corrected him, and he leaned over and dropped a kiss on the top of my head before he settled down to tell them.

"It's this way," he began. "You know how it's been these last six months. I've been with the Magda Film people; they've found, especially since I did 'Heart o' Mine,' that they can coin money on films I do a lot of love-making in, and now they won't let me do anything else. My contract says that I can have a voice in selecting my stories—but you remember that thing I wanted to do, where the hero was a bum who made good—that was a reach of a role, and they turned it down for me and gave it to Larry Lane. And the critics said that because of the story it made one of the best pictures of the year. Well, I'm sick of it!"

"Yes, but what can you do? Your contract runs a year and a half longer," I reminded him.

"Break it," he answered, leaving the photographs and beginning to tramp up and down the room. He waved his fountain pen around so that I trembled for the white suit he was wearing, but I wouldn't have interrupted him for a dozen suits' spotlessness. "I've got plenty of cause, and if I keep on this way I'll be nothing but a Simpering Susie till I'm too old to do anything else. Nobody'll believe I can act, though in the pictures where I've had a chance, things like those I used to do, I got corking good reviews. I can do something else than kiss the heroine and wear evening clothes, but they won't let me! They say the public doesn't want anything else. Well, I'm going to find out whether they do or not!"

"How?"

"By leaving them and signing up with some people I heard from the other day, The Independent Era Film Corporation. I didn't want to bother you with it till I'd investigated and found out whether they were reliable or not. They made me a pretty good proposition: they'd give me my own company, let me pick my stories, and back me. I wouldn't get the salary I do now, but I'd get a royalty on the pictures. What do you think?"

Now, having his own company is the ideal of nearly every star. It's like giving the helper in a garage an establishment of his own, or letting a young lawyer hang up his own shingle. I knew what Hugh wanted me to say, and yet I hesitated,
"How are they going to release their pictures?" I asked. "You see, you might make the best picture in the world, but if you couldn't be sure of selling it to the men who own the motion-picture theaters all over the country you might just as well not make it.

"They're dickering with one of the big organizations. Of course, a good deal will depend on the stars who sign with them. They figure on getting me, on having Sonia Gerard for their big emotional star, Dick Burdette and Marjorie Craig for light comedies, and a good stock company for all-star pictures. Pretty good range, isn't it? Sonia had already signed with them, and Dick and Marjorie are pretty favorable. So—what do you think?"

"Just what would it mean to us?" If I'd been the only one concerned I wouldn't have hesitated so long, but it meant Hughie, too.

"It would mean economy for a while—till my first picture, and maybe my second, was released. We could rent the Los Angeles house for a good figure, now that the swimming pool's done, and you and the boy could go on location with me. Then I figure we'd make a killing, and could buy the ranch most any old time, instead of having to wait for it. It's a gamble, of course—but it looks like a good one to me.

"And the way things have been going lately I feel that I've got to clear out, even if it meant going back to selling bonds. Why, yesterday it was awful. We were doing one of my big scenes; you know, the one where I dash off through the jungle full of hostile natives, to bring help to the besieged garrison. Carol slips down to the secret gate with me, kisses a rosebud, and gives it to me as a talisman. I'm supposed to be in an awful hurry, every second precious.

"Naturally, I played that way; caught Carol up and kissed her once, and ran through the gate. And what do you suppose that fool of a director did? When I turned away from Carol he said, 'Wait a minute. Go back and kiss her again—hold her close and gaze into her eyes and tell her how much you love her—take out the rosebud and press it to your lips and then kneel down and ask for her blessing in farewell—it's moonlight, you know—this effect is going to be great—it's good for a hundred feet, and the audiences'll eat it up.'"

"I tried to argue with him. 'You're crazy!' I told him. 'No man worth his salt would dawdle around making love when a minute's delay might mean death for a hundred people. Think of the plot!'"

"The plot be damned!" he answered. 'It's you in a love scene that people want to see.'

"That's what I've got to get out of, if I'm going to go on making pictures. I'm not standing out for real character stuff, but if they tie me down to that sort of thing I'll be ashamed to have decent men know my name when I meet 'em. What I'd like to do would be to wire the Magda people, to-day, that I'm quitting them as soon as this picture's finished, and to send another wire to this new concern, that I'll come over to them. It's a gamble, I know—but what do you say, dear?'"

There were voices just then, outside, and steps on the porch. I heard Carol Burnet exclaim: "Oh, Danny, I hope they're home!"

I turned to Hugh quickly.

"Scoot out of the back door and telegraph!" I whispered. "I'll burn your dress suit while you're gone.

And his look of despair vanished in a broad grin as he caught up his hat and ran.

"We've come to you for sanctuary," Carol told me laughingly, as the maid brought them into the living room. "It seemed to me that I couldn't spend another
minute at the hotel. People keep pointing me out as
a motion-picture actress, and Danny and I never have
a chance really to talk because some one's always rush-
ing up to ask if we can't get them into the movies."

"And Mrs. Burnet is coming to-night on the New
York flyer, so we've got a lot of things to settle this
afternoon," Danny added, with an appealing glance at
me that was anything but difficult to fathom. Hughie
junior gave me an excuse to leave them alone, but the
house was so tiny that I couldn't get very far away
from them, so finally I settled down on the side veranda
with the baby. They could see that I was there, and
would know that I could overhear their conversation.
but I knew that they'd tell me about it later, anyway.

"You'll simply have to decide, Carol," I heard Danny
say. "If we wait for your mother's permission we'll
both be too old for anything but character parts by
the time we get married. Come on, let's get a divorce
and get Hugh and Sally to stand up with us this af-
fternoon!"

"Oh, Danny, dearest," Carol cooed, "I'd love to, of
course—but truly, it wouldn't be fair to mamma. You
know how she's slaved for me; I'd still be standing
around in the backgrounds of comedies if she hadn't
worked so to get me out and into something better.
And now she's got this starring contract for me—if
I married you that would never go through."

"No—but you wouldn't lose much. In the first place,
you aren't going to look like a kid much longer. Carol;
you're nearly twenty now, and even though you are
so little, you can't get away with that stuff forever.
(That was an awful mistake, telling her that; I wished
I could have stopped him.) "Then, too, after you've
had three years of that sweet-and-sissy stuff you won't
be good for anything else. Why not stay on and do
the kind of thing you're doing now; learn to act, and
when you are starred, in a year or so, you'll deserve
it because you really have the ability, not just because
you're pretty. That way you'll last as long as you
want to make pictures. Hugh's helped you a lot since
you've been working with him—he'd teach you no end
of things. Come on, honey—be sensible."

Well, Carol wanted to, of course, but she couldn't quite see
doing it. She loved Danny more than anything else, but she
didn't feel that she ought to disappoint her mother. And as she
prattled on and on I saw the whole thing so clearly. She
wanted to hang on to Danny, because she knew that he was
looked on as a comer. She wanted to keep him on the
string. If it would help her she'd marry him—but she
couldn't see that it would. I was reminded of a girl Hugh
and I had known several years before, a girl who had come out
of comedies and started in straight pictures a good deal as
Carol had. She'd married a man she thought could help her,
just for what he could do for her, and then she'd dis-
covered that he couldn't do much—but teach her to act.
So she learned all she could from him and then left
him. That seemed to be all the incentive he needed;
he pitched in and worked, and a month or so ago, in
New York, I went to see one of his pictures one after-
noon, at the Rialto, and saw her sitting in a back seat,
alone, so forlorn that I felt sorry for her.

After a while I heard Danny say, "But, honey, even
if you left the screen, we'd get along. I'll have a big
chance soon now—I know it's coming to me. It takes
just one big picture to make a man; look at Tom
Meighan and 'The Miracle Man.' And I think this
thing we're doing now is the one for me; Hugh says
it is. Of course, he's done it; he should have had
that big jungle scene, but he deliberately played it into
my hands—he's the best fellow I've ever known! Come
on, dear—let me take care of you."

I couldn't hear what Carol answered, but I could
picture her, with her golden curls flying, and her big,
flour pink hat drooping down so that it made a be-
witching background for her pretty little face. She talked
quite a lot, and then I heard a wicker chair creak as
Danny slumped down into it. I could see him, too—
dear, boyish Danny, who was almost as tall as my
Heights and who kept his crisp black hair cut so tight
it looked shingled, because he hated the way it curled.
Danny was an Irishman, with blue-gray eyes that could
charm the heart right out of anybody but a selfish lit-
tle thing like Carol. Hugh and I had known and loved
him for two years, ever since they took him out of the
ranks of the extras and cast him as Hugh's younger
brother in a comedy drama. Danny'd gone through
many hard times with us. When we were way off in
the mountains on location, and Hughie junior woke up
one night almost choking to death with croup, it was
Danny who rode ten miles to the nearest town for a
doctor, at breakneck speed. It was Danny who al-
ways went along on our little vacation trips between
pictures, and who saved us one time in a San Fran-
cisco hotel when a mob of souvenir-hunting fans
camped outside our suite and refused to leave till Hugh
came out and gave them each something to remember
him by—the fact that it was one o'clock in the morn-
ing and he'd been working like a slave since dawn o'clock
that morning before made no difference to them.
Danny had to turn in a fire alarm to get rid of them.

And Hugh and I had nursed him through grippe,
and became so attached to him that that afternoon I
felt my eyes filling with tears when I heard him finally
say to Carol:

"If that's what you really want, sweetie, I guess we're
through." His deep, voice
dragged like a dog that's been
hurt. "I can see how it looks
to you, of course—this seems
like your big chance, and I'm
not worth giving it up for.
Well, go ahead, and we'll say
good-by. You've got only a few
more scenes here, and then
you'll be going back to New
York; I'll take that offer to
make a serial and go to the
Coast, and then on to China,
where they're going to shoot
most of it, so we won't see each
other for a good while."

To me it was simply heart-
breaking. My tears brimmed
over when I saw him tramp
down the path to the street, his hat jammed down over
his eyes, but when Carol joined me a moment later,
and sat down on the top step and began powdering
her nose, she was as calm as a May morn.

She explained her point of view to me, and, of
course, I ought not to have blamed her so much—she
had one of those professional mothers whose job would
be gone if their daughters married and put them out
of a job. And it really wasn't her fault that she'd been brought up the way she had. But it was too much for me when she began to babble on about the wonderful contract Danny wanted her to turn down, and what a kid he was, anyway.

"If Danny were rich, like that man Cleo Phillips married, and could have given you a company of your own, you wouldn't think he was such a kid." I told her. I shouldn't have been so rude to her when we were in my house, of course—I excused myself to my conscience by remembering that it was just a rented house, anyway. "And you'll find that Danny's got a big future ahead of him."

"Yes, in serials," she cut in contemptuously.

"Maybe, for a while," I admitted. "But serials are the best means in the world of getting a following in the small towns, and that's the part of the country that makes or breaks a star, you know. Look at the following Tony Moreno worked up that way. I'll tell you, Carol, there's more to this game than just this year's releases."

She gathered up her vanity bag and parasol and turned to go, as Hugh came whistling up the street and cut across the lawn.

"Perhaps," she answered, with a fluttering little laugh, and tossed him a kiss as she ran down the steps. "And there's more to it than just making love—in pictures, Mrs. Beresford."

CHAPTER III.

"Well, I wired Madga and the Independent people," Hugh told me, as we settled down on the porch and watched Carol Burnet drive off down the street. "So now our bridges are burned behind us. Do you mind very much, honey?"

"Mind? Why, I'm glad—it brings the ranch and our trip around the world and everything else that we've wanted so much nearer," I answered. But in reality my heart was just a bit troubled. You can't ever tell much about these independent organizations—sometimes, even when they have lots of capital, they blow up higher than a kite.

"Well, we've got to get to work right off the bat, finding a story; I'll finish up here this week, and begin on this new contract the minute I've got something to work on. Seen any good stories for me lately?"

"Only one or two—and they weren't anything extra," I answered. Of course, with the Madga people Hugh's stories were usually picked out by the scenario department, but the best picture he ever made was based on a story I'd found in an old magazine, and I always kept an eye out for anything I thought might suit him.

All the rest of the time we were down in Florida I read stories like mad, but you've no idea, until you've tried it, how hard it is to find a good story. You have to go over all the action before you can tell anything about it, and evening after evening Hugh and Danny and I would rehearse stories, playing all the parts, and then have to throw them aside because they just wouldn't do.

The picture Hugh was working on had been held up; the character woman had broken her ankle and couldn't walk, and nobody could double for her, so things were hopelessly delayed. And the director decided to improve the shining hours by traveling up the coast about fifty miles with Hugh and Carol and getting a bit of scenery that was particularly beautiful. Then he'd get back in time to catch the character woman's stuff, and so not completely lose the time after all.
Justine Johnstone is so beautiful that she makes you want to say: "Don't act. Just stand still so that I can look at you."

JUSTINE JOHNSTONE, the very newest Realart star, is the sort of girl who wouldn't put powder on her nose or have her hair marcelled if her husband didn't approve of it. Walter Wanger is the sort of man who could say: "Don't have your hair waved. You look prettier with it plain," or "Don't put powder on your face — I don't like it," and have his wife flattered to death because he noticed whether her hair was plain or undulated and whether her nose was natural or dull finished. And, as Justine Johnstone is Walter Wanger's wife it looks to us like one of those very rare matches which are made in heaven.

When it was reported, more than a year ago, that Justine Johnstone was going on the screen every one seemed a bit skeptical. There are times when perfect beauty is a handicap rather than otherwise, for people are likely to think that when a woman has that God-given thing it will see her through any crisis in life without the slightest effort on her part. However, Miss Johnstone does seem to have been singularly successful in everything she ever undertook. In the first place she was an infant prodigy in kindergarten and then she graduated from high school when she was only fourteen years old. Miss Johnstone was born in this country in the city which is famous for its beans and its broad "a" — Boston, but she is of Scandinavian descent and perhaps that is where she gets her spun-gold hair and her peaches-and-cream complexion and her forget-me-not eyes.

In Spite of Her

Success of a sort came to Justine Johnstone when Charles Hanson Towne saw Miss Johnstone he wrote the following lines:

When God made you
He took the sunlight and dew,
Star dust and dreams,
Moonlight and mist,
Roses morn-kissed

That does describe Justine, although to us it is strangely reminiscent of the little verse we used to say as a child ending, "Sugar and spice and everything nice, that's what little girls are made of."

But we left our heroine back a paragraph or so graduating from high school. After that she was sent immediately to a finishing school — charm schools they call them now — to learn all of the things that a young lady must know before she can make her début. But little Justine had other plans; she wanted to be an actress, and so she came to New York and almost immediately she did make her début, though not as her parents had intended. It was in the Ziegfeld "Follies of 1915." She was one of the sensations of the season, and she was featured in the Follies for two years. But all the talk was of her beauty. It seemed to be because of her beauty, too, that a theater was named for her and then a popular club on Forty-fourth Street. Miss Johnstone was the club's hostess and had her name out in electric lights and everything. From there she went to the musical comedy stage, but no one ever asked her to act. She is the sort of person to whom you would be inclined to say: "Don't act. Just stand still so I can look at you." Miss Johnstone realized this, and, with a determination worthy of a plainer woman, she resolutely left New York and went to work in a stock company in Waterbury, Connecticut. It was after nearly a year of this hard work that Miss Johnstone became a star in the Realart Company. She has made only two pictures so far — "Blackbirds," a crook story, and "The Plaything of Broadway."

Mr. Wanger is extremely anxious — pugnaciously so — we might say — to have no one believe that he and his wife get anything without working hard for it. So instead of beginning at the beginning and thus having our construction and continuity beyond reproach we shall plunge right in and get it off our mind. Mr. Wanger hasn't a cent of money invested in the Famous Players. He is only the general-production manager, with twenty-six companies working under him.

"I haven't any money to put in it," he said emphatically, "and if I didn't make good I'd be fired tomorrow same as any one else. Then I'd be out of a job." This was in answer to our timid query: "You are starring your wife, aren't you?"

And immediately we learned that he had nothing to do with starring his wife.

"She was selected by a jury of twelve persons, and I was not one of them," he added.

So now that we have chronicled that fact we may
Beauty

stone easily, but she
than a famous beauty.

Underhill

begin at the beginning. The
beginning was nearly four
years ago when we met Mr.
Wanger just as he was about
to go across with LaGuardia's
flying corps. It isn't neces-
sary to tell about how hand-
some Miss Johnstone is, be-
cause those who haven't had
the pleasure of seeing her in
person will soon have the
chance to view her loveliness
on the screen. But no one
ever has seen Mr. Wanger on
the screen, and as they never
will we must put in how he
looks, because he is Miss
Johnstone's leading man for
life. He is twenty-five years
old and dark and so good
looking that when we saw
him in his aviator's costume
we thought he was the hand-
somest man we ever had
seen.

Although we had known
Mr. Wanger for so long we
never had met his wife until
the day that he took us both
to luncheon at the St. Regis.
Even before we had ordered
our grapefruit, Mr. Wanger
began to discuss pictures and
stars and directors with us,
for no matter how often we
are warned not to "talk shop"
we never get far away from
the subject which interests us
most. Miss Johnstone is very
gentle and sweet, and she just
smiled as her husband talked.

"You're not giving me a
chance to say a word," she
said at last, "and I've got lots of things I want to say,
too. You know the last time I was interviewed, the
man said to me: 'Miss Johnstone, what do you con-
sider the most important thing in pictures? 'My hus-
band,' I answered without stopping to think. And Mr.
Wanger said: 'That wasn't the right answer.'"

"Well," we said, "it probably wasn't the answer the
interviewer expected, but it was the right answer.
And Mr. Wanger didn't look very much displeased.

"I really don't believe you realize what a very hard-
working man my husband is. Why they don't engage
a star or a director nor any one without consulting
him."

Miss Johnstone looked so happy and proud when she
said this that we hated to stop her, but we had to make
her talk about herself else how could we write it. She
is a perfectly natural beauty without artificial aid of
any sort, and that is so rare in this age when even
the lily is painted. Elegant is the adjective which we
should choose to describe Miss Johnstone. She is so
quiet and simple in her dress and manner and so very
young. To see her you never would dream that she
could be Justine Johnstone, the professional beauty
of the Ziegfeld Follies, a popular hostess, and owner
of a theater. The "Nora Bayes" was originally named
for Miss Johnstone, and the "Little Club" was Justine
Johnstone's club. Miss Johnstone smiled when we told
her this.

"I started in young," she said. "You know I was
only fourteen when I made a picture with Marguerite
Clark, and I was cast for the vampire part. I don't
believe I even knew what it was all about."

"My wife was president of the dramatic society when
she was in finishing school, and I think she had an idea
that she would make her debut as Portia or Ophelia or
Continued on page 93
Romances of Famous Film Folk

The love story of King Vidor and Florence Arto, which you'll find was very romantic indeed.

By Grace Kingsley

Saw an awfully pretty girl downtown to-day. Fellow with me said her name was Florence something. Do you know her?"

It was a regular city slicker from New York—in Houston on business—who spoke and King Vidor looked up from some ads of motion-picture cameras he had been examining.

"I guess you mean Florence Arto," drawled King in his nice Southern way. "Yes," he went on rather proudly, for you see Florence was something of a belle in the just-out-of-high-school set. "Yes, I reckon I know her well enough to call her up on the phone and go to see her if I want to."

"Take me with you," quickly demanded the city slicker, following up his advantage.

But, of course, that New Yorker never did make good with Florence Arto. And let me say right now it's hard to create suspense in a story like this, because, of course, you all know how it comes out. But just read on, for even though you do know, there's some exciting stuff coming pretty soon.

King Vidor, of course, had to show that he really could call on pretty Florence Arto, even if he didn't feel very keen about taking a fellow along who knew all the jokes from the New York shows and wore silk shirts every day. He himself didn't think so much of silk shirts—they seemed a bit sissified to him, but how could a fellow ever tell what unreasonable notions a girl might take?

He was just a great big boy, was Vidor, same as he is now, and always will be, I reckon, kindly and courteous, with that fine Southern courtesy, and talking with that nice little Southern drawl that is so disarming, and as he spoke the city slicker thought to himself he was going to have an awfully easy time of it with Florence Arto.

But King Vidor was a canny and resourceful youth. Not for nothing did he come of pioneer stock. When he accompanied the other fellow to the Arto home, he took along with him the script of one of his scenarios, a bit of film, and last, but not least, a mighty good hunch.

Miss Florence herself answered the door when the young men called, and they went in and sat themselves down on the horse-hair furniture of the Arto front parlor. Naturally among three young people the weather didn't last long, and then the metropolitan youth launched forth into his most brilliant jokes gleaned from the New York shows, which naturally dazzled the feminine part of his audience a bit.

Sitting quiet meanwhile, Vidor listened a while, and then he handed the bit of film out of his pocket and began looking at it.

"What's that?" demanded Florence, interrupting the New York youth right in the midst of one of his best jokes.

"Oh, just a little piece of film!" answered Vidor nonchalantly, pretending he was going to put it back in his pocket.

"And so," went on the New York man, swelling with triumph, and not knowing that he was riding for a fall, "and so when somebody asked the chicken why a chicken crossed the street she said it was nobody's busi—"

"Let me see that film, please!" coaxed pretty Miss Florence, in her most wheedling Southern belle manner.
"Oh, all right; it isn't anything much," explained King Vidor, handing it over. "Why, you're making moving pictures!" cried Florence.

Suddenly the New Yorker found himself all out in the cold. He gave a little surprised blink, glowered a little at his rival, and finally hid his face from the ignominy of defeat behind the family stereopticon. After all these small-town girls really didn't know how to appreciate a regular fellow. Why, he could have looked himself cross-eyed through that stereopticon thing for all that Arto girl cared!

Florence and King sat with their heads together, looking at the film, and once his hand closed over hers, but she drew it away pretty quick. Then he began talking about his latest scenario, telling her the story, and not letting her in on the fact that he had written fifty-two and had sold only one— to the Vitagraph for thirty dollars; and though the New York caller coughed twice King never looked his way once, and Florence merely glanced around, suggested a cough drop, and said in that artless, Southern way which goes to the head if one doesn't watch out: "Why, you've got an awful cold. I'm so sorry. Don't you want to listen to Mr. Vidor's story? It's wonderful." Then she turned around and promptly forgot him in her absorption. "And what did the heroine do then?" she demanded of King. "But King Vidor knew then just as he knows now, how to strike when the iron is hot. Instead of answering, he demanded in thrilling tones: "Would you like to play in pictures?"

Miss Florence was a very quiet and cool-headed young lady, even if she did come from an old Southern family, but she had always wanted to go on the stage, and even if she didn't exactly clap her hands now, she did exclaim softly, in intensely thrilled tones and with sparkling eyes: "Oh, do you think I could?"

Then more than ever engrossed in King's plans, they chattered along until the New Yorker coughed again and said he guessed it was time to be going, and the two young men went away together, but not until King Vidor had pressed Miss Florence's hand in entire understanding.

But he got an awful jolt next day, when he met Florence's brother on the street. "What do you think," demanded Florence's brother, "some guy had the nerve to come to the house last night and ask my sister Florence if she didn't want to go into the movies!"

"You don't say so!" echoed King, swallowing hard. "Why, I wouldn't let that kind of a fellow into my house if I were you!"

The remainder of Miss Florence's family didn't appreciate the honor, either.

"I thought my family would be delighted that I had the chance to become a picture actress," said Mrs. Vidor, when she was telling me about it, "but when I broached the subject, next morning at breakfast, they surprised me by putting their foot down hard on the idea. I didn't say anything more, but——"

She and young King Vidor used to go out together a good deal after that. They used to drive and walk together, and she entered into all his enthusiasms about moving pictures, till all of a sudden she found herself all wrapped up in her lover's bright dreams and ambitions. But she went quietly on in her own fashion,
saying nothing at all at home about their ambitions. So, through several months, the two young people grew to be closer and closer friends.

But it was a long while before young Vidor dared aspire to kiss his goddess because there was something about Miss Florence that somehow kept a fellow at his distance, even when near.

"Will you kiss me?" he asked her suddenly, one night when they had come home from a party.

"How dare you?" demanded Florence Arto, just as any girl would have done, but probably secretly wishing all the time he hadn't asked, but had just done it.

"He wasn't a cave man, I must admit!" laughed his wife, in telling me about it.

"Aw, I just did that to give her confidence—let on I hadn't had any experience!" chuckled King in his own unctuously droll, twinkling way.

Anyway, next time he didn't ask. He just did it. And neither remembers when he proposed. Anyhow, they say they don't. Maybe he never did. Maybe the friendship and companionship just grew naturally into love, and somehow they just took marriage for granted. They did get married, too, as soon as King Vidor had finished some pictures which he wanted to take to New York to sell.

So their New York trip was their honeymoon, and the month was lovely September.

"I went around to the studios to see how pictures were made after I had been making them!" chuckled Vidor, "I was only twenty years old then, but I had already made a great many pictures. I had no studio. I made 'em with all the interiors front porches"—Vidor grinned humorously. "My father gave me some money, I earned the rest, and I used the simple village folk in most of my stuff. Lots of bits and incidents I use now in my small-town pictures are adapted from people and things I really saw either in Houston or in some sleepy town near by. I made some industrial films and a few stories with the meager facilities I had. I directed the stories, and sometimes I acted in them, too, and then I'd get some kid to turn the camera while I performed. It got so the kids would pay for the chance to grind."

He has a droll little wit all his own, has Vidor, and many of the flashes of this native and always kindly humor appear in his screen stories. He has a shrewd, keen mind, which, however, is singularly free from unkindly criticism of anybody. Mrs. Vidor is sweet, homey, conventionally nice and well bred and charming, thoroughly interested in her husband's work and in her own, but with a marvellous gift for home making despite her work. Though both accomplish so much, they never seem to be in a hurry.

In short they're real folks, the Vidor. Baby Suzanne is just two years old. She's a brilliant tot with big, brown eyes and yellow hair, and the evening I was out there her beauty had been somewhat damaged by the fact that she had a swollen lip due to having tumbled down on her inquisitive little nose and knocked two of her front teeth down her little throat. But though this hampered her style a bit, it didn't keep her from giving a very graphically impression of that childhood epic concerning Mary's lamb, nor did it subtract greatly from the inherently dramatic effect of Jack and Jill's adventures. If the Vidors are going to a party or to the theater, Baby Suzanne has to be put to bed by them.

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A Home-Made Star

Long before she saw a studio Alice Calhoun was destined to be a star, because she couldn't be anything else.

By Barbara Little

YOU would like Alice Calhoun, I know," an official of the Vitagraph Company told me. "She is the most genuine, most unaffected girl I ever knew. There is no pretense about her—she didn't acquire a new manner when she became a star. She—"

I interrupted his effusive description of the little lady at that point to ask what seemed to me a pertinent question.

"Who made her a star?"

"Nobody," he answered, unruffled. "She just was one."

A few days later he telephoned to ask if I would have dinner with her. "Glady," I murmured. "And where?"

"Oh, at her home, of course," he answered. "Home? Don't be funny, you know we're in New York, and no one has a real home here."

But Alice Calhoun is different. If you don't live in New York you can't realize how unique she is, and if you do, you have a right to be as skeptical as I was. "Real home folks," he had said. It hardly seemed possible in what Alice Calhoun's greatest gift is her genuineness. has been called the city of a
thousand homelike hotels and a hundred thousand hotel-like homes.

A few nights later when my taxi had successfully buffeted the frosty wind that was rushing down the Hudson and Riverside Drive, and had successfully climbed the hill at One Hundred and Fifty-first Street, I looked out. Before me was a huge, white stone building, impressive in its simplicity, and dominating in its height, but not very inviting, or homelike.

"Well," I sighed, "this may be his idea of a cozy little home, but it's not mine."

"Alice ought to be here right soon," her mother explained a few minutes later. She had taken me into Alice's room to take off my things, and then we had gone into the parlor to wait for her. On the way I stopped to look at a large photograph of a very beautiful girl in Old English costume. "To my darling mother," it was autographed, "the dearest woman in the world, my guiding star, from her little girl."

Something tugged at my heart then; here was a girl who did things in a whole-hearted way, even though she did live in an age of disdainful flappers.

If Miss Alice had stayed away five minutes longer, I should have hugged the rubber plant or Mr. Calhoun or Uncle Joe or all of them. We three were sitting there comfortably in deep, leather rockers, with the leaves of the rubber plant nodding benignly at us in benediction, as though we had known each other always. And the glow from the lamp gave a warm look to everything without being too bright, and a tempting odor of broiling beefsteak hovered in the air. It was the sort of scene that, put on the stage, makes hardened New Yorkers break down and weep. It was home—the sort of home one dreams of after years of studio apartments and buffet suppers, and meeting one's family only at breakfast.

The scene was disturbed at last by a series of sharp, staccato rapsings of the doorbell. Mrs. Calhoun rushed away, and in came Miss Alice like a gust of wind.

"Hello-o-o-o, everybody," she called from her mother's shoulder, as she twirled her arms about Mrs. Calhoun's neck and kissed her tempestuously.

"She always comes in just like a hurricane," her mother explained, when little Miss Alice had gone to take off her things, "We'd know something was wrong if she acted dignified."

It was a more subdued Alice who returned to us, an Alice demure in a simple black satin dress, and with her wavy hair brushed primly back.

When I finally persuaded her to tell me how she happened to go into pictures, she curled up into a corner of the big davenport looking for all the world like a girl at boarding school, preparing to tell about her vacation adventures.

"I never went to a dramatic school or anything like that," she said. "I just went to picture school all the time. When mother wanted to find me, she went to our neighborhood theater, down to the very front row, and there I'd be.

"In those days whenever I was trying to persuade my brother to do something, I'd say: 'You'd better, or I'll run away and marry Maurice Costello.' He was my favorite. Imagine how funny it was to play opposite him in my very first picture."

"But how did you start?" I insisted, wondering what could bridge the gap between this home and a motion-picture studio.

"That was awfully funny. One evening, about two years ago we went over to spend the evening at a friend's house, and there we met a Mr. Thompson. He told me that I was just the type he needed for a motion picture he was directing. I thought he was joking, but next morning, sure enough, he sent for me. It was for a Bessie Love picture, 'How Could You, Caroline?' And my part took just two days. But almost right away another director sent for me, and then another and another—and that's all there is to it. I just became a motion-picture actress without knowing it.

"Some of the pictures I played in were 'Belle of New York,' 'Echo of Youth,' and 'The Thirteenth Chair.' Then I was costarred with Charles Richman in 'Everybody's Business.' That picture made lots of friends for me in England. 'Princess Jones' was my first star picture.

"I think people ought not to study acting before going in pictures," she went on. "If their hearts don't tell them what to do, and if the click of the camera doesn't just change them into another person—then I think they can't appear natural on the screen. And I can't understand some actresses practicing expressions before their mirrors. They can be sure of looking prettier when the time for the scene comes, of course, but not nearly so natural or intense."

There is a newspaper man out West who calls Alice Calhoun "The girl with the thousand faces," because her pictures look so unlike each other. As I looked through a scrapbook in which she had pasted some of them I agreed with him. "That one is you!" I exclaimed. "But who are the others?" And later, "That looks like May McAvoy, and that one like Ethel Barrymore, and Pauline Frederick—"

"But I don't want to look like them," she exploded. "If I am just like something people have already seen, what's the use of my going on?"

At dinner she looked distinctly relieved when the

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WHAT DO YOU LIKE

If you like thrills, action, suspense—you are sort of person; if you like sweet and simple one. This article tells you the reason for that, most popular in

By Helen Klumph

The screen is a sort of magic mirror in which people see themselves as they would like to be.

I f socially you are a dud, if your solitaire no longer outshines those of your friends, if you want to keep little Rollo's craps and grandpa's own idea of the League of Nations out of the conversation, or if for any other reason you want first-aid to the center of the conversational arena, just step forward snappily some evening and say: "What do you like in the movies?" The age of theorizing about movies is hard upon us, so you will be an instant success. Most people do not know what they like in the movies, but they love to tell you.

For several weeks the writer asked that question of everyone she met—though not for any of the above reasons, of course. She asked it of the corner bootblack, a prominent evangelist, the owner of a chain of theaters, some chorus girls, and a convict—not to mention thousands of persons engaged in less colorful professions. A college professor could have a beautiful time with the data thus gathered. He could write a weighty tome on psychology that proclaimed among other things that vice and crime pictures are excellent for children, as they make them too blase to want to steal; that saccharine ingenues are a preventive of divorce, because the sight of them makes a man love his sarcastic wife—the more sarcastic, the better; and even that democracy means romance for every one. To understand that last we must look at case No. 3027, who is none other than Columbia the gem of my kitchen. Since arriving in this country and becoming a devotee of the movies, she is convinced that some day she will sprain her ankle in front of a hero with patent-leather hair, who will forthwith carry her off in his arms, and they will live like people in a fade-out in the movies ever after.

Some nice old professor could do that, but I have to be brief, so I will skip the first eighty-two chapters of my adventures and let you in on the summary. But first let me remark that this wholesale cross-examination of audiences was not original with me. The Goldwyn company has been carrying on such an investigation since last September, for their guidance in producing pictures in the future, and other companies are constantly doing it in one way or another. But they aren't telling what they found out, and I am. Any producer who finds himself a million dollars richer because of what he learns from this article can send his autographed ph o t o - graph to—to—well, to almost any one but me.

But to go on to the carefully collected data:

Heroines, to please women who are inclined to be stout—I am told there is no such thing as a fat woman; do my eyes deceive me?—must weigh in at the ringside at not more than one hundred and twenty pounds. Alice Brady, Estelle Taylor, and Rubye de Remer are the particular favorites of this group.

The wild antics of Douglas Fairbanks are the particular joy of the most conservative business men. They like to see him leap across an office desk and hit some dignitary a resounding whack between the shoulder blades—even though they wouldn't allow young blood so much freedom as changing the color of the blotters in their own office.

Pillars of the church, and ministers, fancy desperadoes of the William S. Hart variety.

Brisk women lawyers, and welfare workers approaching the dead-line of thirty, like their heroines guileless, and no older than Bessie Love or Mary Miles Minter.

Newspaper men like news films or crude melodrama, or any story in which there are explosions, wrecks, or disasters. You remember the story of the retired workman who bought an alarm clock, set it for five o'clock, and when it went off said: "I don't have to get up, darn you," and then turned over and went to sleep again. The case of the newspaper man at the movies is similar. In real life, any big occurrence is the signal for him to get out and dig up the facts about it, but at the movies anything can happen while he smiles in rest and content.
IN THE MOVIES?

probably a trustworthy and placid things on the screen, don't tell any and also something about what is motion pictures.

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

The ingénues of the rural districts like depictions of the perils of the city, while the city flappers like a simple tale best. "Bunty Pulls the Strings," is said to have gone begging outside of the big cities, and "While New York Sleeps" was a veritable knock-out.

Romance is the particular field of the suburban housewife, whose days are devoted to getting children to school on time, and husbands through breakfast and off to the city on the early train. The mere introduction of anything so crudely utilitarian as a broom, a mop, or a dustpan completely ruins a picture for her.

Statisticians, chemists, and other workers with facts, like movies that are highly improbable. Historical plays that disregard history, romances that disregard convention, and plots that, like the Mack Sennett animals run all over the place—suit their taste.

In the interests of this article I should have questioned a few crooks, but I couldn't get any one to admit that he came under that classification. I can, however, quote a murderer who was serving a life sentence in prison. "I don't care much for pictures like that," he said, pointing to the ad of the semi-weekly prison movies, a garish poster depicting high life in the metropolis, "I like stuff about home in the country and boys who find out that their mother is their best friend." That same statement goes for the typical Broadwayite, who apparently has that much sweetness and light, at least, in common with a murderer.

Having surveyed these facts, you will agree with me, I am sure, that the producer's job is not an easy one. Motion pictures cannot be put up in packages, plainly labeled, and sold to individuals. And with preferences so decided, it looks as though one picture couldn't please more than two or three of these classes at the outside. But the worldly-wise men who are concerned with the business of making motion pictures look at it this way.

You can have your favorite stars, you can have your favorite directors, you can even have your favorite screen writers, but it is not your keen interest in them that takes you to the theater, even though you may think it is. It is something more fundamental—it is your interest in yourself. What you really go to see in pictures is—youself. But you've never been in the movies, you say? That doesn't matter a particle. You go to see yourself, nevertheless. The screen is a sort of glorified mirror in which you see yourself as you would like to be.

A star's likeness to you is the measure of your interest in him—or her. A daring statement, that. You can now proceed to argue that the most timid and shrinking young woman you know simply adores Louise Glau, and that her one regret is the temporary absence of the supercilious Olga Petrova from the screen. You can even tell me that phlegmatic Uncle Oscar cares for none but Douglas Fairbanks; that your minister prefers the bold bad men of William S. Hart; that the "Do a good deed daily" scout master of your neighborhood is never happier than when some one wallows some one else with a custard pie or a panful of bread dough. That all proves my point. These people all go to see themselves as they would like to be.

You know our national joke about the tired business man and his taste for the risque. It must disappoint some of our best uplifters and reformers to find the aforementioned tired business men finding more real enjoyment and relaxation in watching the athletic exploits of Tom Mix and the stunts of Charles Hutchison than in all of the Holubar orgies or Fitzmaurice spectacles. But even granted that the tired business man does like the Sennett comedies, I'll wager—with a round dozen or more psychologists backing me up—that it is the spirit of recklessness, of gaiety, and most of all irresponsibility, that appeal to them more than the costumes—or rather the lack of them—on the comely maidens.

As for the feminine counterpart of the tired business man—the distracted housewife, and the tired-of-being-sensible business woman, they flock to such ecstasies of sartorial delicacy as the De Mille and Fitzmaurice
concoctions. After all, two thousand yards of chiffon might as well be two thousand yards of burlap, so far as most men are concerned. Seeing chiffon does not make them feel chiffon. But show a woman such a boudoir as Fitzmaurice—or rather Paul Tribe, the designer—has contrived for Dorothy Dickson in “Pay the Piper,” and she knows how she would feel in the midst of it. And since most women, even some of the tailor-made ones, have an innate longing for soft and perishable things about their person—Mae Murray, Gloria Swanson, Elsie Ferguson, and all the other exponents of luxury that transcends even the dreams of most women, draw them to the theater.

An interesting experiment was recently made at Yale University to determine just what caused a sober and steady business man to seek melodramatic thrills for relaxation. A man was put on a table delicately balanced to tilt to the slightest move. Then passages from various stories were read to him. So long as they were concerned with emotions, he remained unmoved. But as soon as they gave him a story replete with action and thrills, his reactions were so violent that the table dropped where his head rested, and the experimenters decided that mentally he was going through the experiences of the hero.

Motion pictures, it is believed, have the same effect. The man who gets little or no physical exercise all day, can see a motion picture crowded with action and go home to bed with much the same refreshed feeling that the exercise would have given him. And at the risk of offending that large part of the population which is made up of theater owners, I will add that though the mind is satisfied by this secondhand exercise, the body isn’t. It is like giving up a week in the country, and buying instead a phonograph record and a bottle of perfume—

But to go back to the producers and the ever-present problem of giving the public what it wants.

“The most successful motion picture that could be made would be one in which every man, woman, and child in the country appeared.” This statement was made by a producer who knows his business to the extent of several million dollars in profits. “But since that isn’t possible,” he continued, “the most successful pictures produced are those that are based on such universal traits that something on the screen is bound to remind every one in the audience of himself.”

“What is every one’s most vital aim?” he asked then, answering himself with, “Self-preservation, of course. Doesn’t that explain at least a part of the popularity of serials, and a certain type of melodrama, which are mainly concerned from start to finish with the struggles of the hero or heroine or both to escape destruction?”

And after self-preservation, he listed among those vital things that carry a sure appeal to every one: love of woman—particularly mothers; love of home; love of country; love of justice; anger, jealousy, revenge, lust, and treachery; ambition, self-sacrifice, etc. etc.

These are the fabrics from which the screen productions of widest appeal must be cut, he believes. The Goldwyn company, producing “Madame X” as sort of an experiment, found it a sensation. It was built on the “mother-love” theme, a factor whose power the company hadn’t adequately gauged. Considering its success, the Goldwyn scenario editor was moved to amend the foregoing list of themes to include only the “mother-love” theme, the “Cinderella” and the “Prince Charming” type of story. Every one can find himself in one of those.

A successful screen author has a different point of view. He maintains that people go to motion pictures to get entirely away from themselves, to see either very wonderful or quite bizarre people. In other words, he agrees that the screen is that magic mirror referred to before, that reflects people as they would like to be.

But what says the director, who after all, is the man who makes the picture? What does he think that people come to see? What little points does he stress in the conviction that they are what the public really likes? A massive scene, in which hundreds of extras appeared, was being filmed when I asked these questions of one of the most successful directors. “These big scenes mean nothing,” he said emphatically. “Here we have a lot of actors that photographed individually would be wonderfully expressive, but altogether are mere figureheads. It is the little intimate scenes between two or three people where souls are stripped bare—scenes without much movement, but with action of tremendous significance, action from within people’s hearts, that people go to see. They want constantly to be reminded of the big moments in their lives. Or if their lives have been so plodding and even that there haven’t been any big emotional moments, they want to suffer some vicariously.”

So—it all narrows down to this: people go to see a highly idealized version of themselves thrown into strange and exciting situations. And the people are saved by doing just what every-day sort of people—to wit, ourselves—hope that we would do under the same circumstances.

The old showman—what has he to say? The old showman, wise with the poignant memory of unexpected successes and colossal failures, says, “Hokum. People want what is sure-fire stuff.”

“Sure-fire stuff?” I can almost hear incredulous fans say: “What is that?”

And, in spite of the peril of smashing their tender illusions, I will tell them what the veteran showman told me.

“Some people have an idea that they go to motion pictures to see something new. They don’t; they go to see something old, frequently something with which they are entirely familiar. There are certain old stock situations that get the heartiest response from the audience, and hardly a producer of worth but knows them by heart. He may scoff at them, may affect superiority to any such cut-and-dried method as incorporating a certain number of these sure-fire situations in every picture play. But if he has his fingers on the pulse of the public he knows that a picture must have certain resemblance either to the spectator’s own life, his aspirations, or something he has seen in pictures so often that he accepts it as true.

If you went into a producer’s office and found him highly elated over a story he had just bought, you might assume that he had found something new and original. Most likely, you would be wrong. He prob-

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Your Name May Help

Alan Dwan says that promise of success may be there, as it was in the case of Jacqueline Logan.

By Helen Rockwell

Have you ever wondered, as you watched some little queen of the silversheet, whether you couldn’t do as well yourself? Have you ever had the idea you could show up Louise Glaum or Marguerite Clark or Dorothy Gish?

Well, what is your name?

Now, this is not a trick or hoax of any kind. It's the first question that Alan Dwan asks of every aspiring young person who comes to him with an idea that he or she can act.

Dwan actually says: “Tell me your name—your real one—and I’ll tell you if you can act.”

According to Dwan, it seems that if you’re a Calahan or an O’Toole or a Jacques or a Benoit, or a Francesca on your mother’s side and a Clancy on your dad’s, or a Tappe on your dad’s and a Murphy on your mother’s, your career is almost an established fact before you begin.

“The reason is simple,” says Dwan. “Certain nationalities possess certain temperaments, and histrionic ability is largely a matter of temperament. When your ancestry combines certain nationalities a certain temperament naturally results. If you have the temperament—an emotional nature—then you can act.”

Of course the question as to whether your nose is in the center of your face, and other such trifles, may also enter into the problem, but such matters are of minor importance. For instance, if you’re a Clancy we’ll bet on your getting there, anyhow! And so will Dwan.

The French have fire and spontaneity and make capital actors. They are quick to imitate. On the other hand the Germans are too stolid and too serious minded to throw themselves successfully into the profession. The Irish are keen at mimicry. The combination of French and Irish is ideal for the stage. The fact that both the French and Irish are tenacious is a help in their winning success and keeping it.

Any nationality that plays hard is usually adept in the silent drama, or the stage. The Yankees for instance seldom know how to play. Their outlook is serious and their manners solemn, and it is rarely that a real Yankee takes to the stage or screen.

At least, that's what Alan Dwan says.

Recently Dwan was struck by the beauty of Jacqueline Logan, who was tripping the light fantastic in the Ziegfeld Follies. He asked her name, and on being told immediately annexed her to play the leading role in his newest picture, “A Perfect Crime.”

“The name can’t be beat,” said Dwan. “A girl with a name like that is bound to battle her way to success.”

Her role in the Dwan picture was her first in motion pictures, and she is now playing opposite Thomas Meighan for Famous Players.

So get out the family tree if you think you can act, and if there’s a histrionic branch protruding somewhere, wave it in the face of the next director you see!
PREDICTIONS FOR MAY.

Many protests will be launched against "The Kid" this month by persons whose windows are broken accidentally by small boys. Producers are said to be taking special precautions against censorship blight this season. Although stars' salaries and prices paid for scenarios have declined sharply, there is no sign that admission to movie shows is to be any less.

1—Su.—Douglas Fairbanks, at the age of five, mastered the handstand and the double backward somersault, 1888.
2—M.—Norma Talmadge born, 1897.
3—Tu.—Irving Cummings, heroine manacer, appeared on the stage in support of Lillian Russell, 1908.
4—W.—Famous Players-Lasky organized a $3,000,000 corporation to produce pictures in India, 1919.
5—Th.—Mary Pickford, who began working for Griffith at five dollars a day, was raised to the hitherto unheard-of figure of one hundred and fifty dollars a week, 1912.
6—Fr.—Ann Forrest, unlike Hamlet, left Denmark, 1913.
7—Sa.—Theodore Roberts made his début at the Baldwin Theater, San Francisco, 1890.
8—Su.—Madge Kennedy started on tour, in her first really big stage success, "Little Miss Brown," 1912.
9—M.—The famous Italian film, "Cahibiri," was given its first showing in the United States in New York City, 1914.
10—Tu.—Will Rogers joined the Goldwyn forces, 1918.
11—W.—Wallie Reid was learning how to conjugate "amo, amas, amat" at the Freehold Military Academy, New Jersey, 1904.
12—Th.—S. L. Rothapfel, founder of five motion-picture presentation, took the management of the Capitol Theater, the largest theater in New York City—and, incidentally, the largest in the world, 1920.
13—Fr.—James Montgomery Flagg decides to abandon making motion-picture comedies, and to return to making drawings of pretty girls, 1919.
14—Sa.—Viola Dana reached the height of her stage career, playing the title part in "The Poor Little Rich Girl" in a New York theater a block from the one in which Mary Pickford appeared in "The Good Little Devil," 1913.
15—Su.—Monte Blue denied being the author of the blue laws, 1921.

16—M.—Dorothy Dalton's father told her he was going to make a lawyer out of her. Dorothy said she was going on the stage, 1904. (Guess which won the argument.)
17—Tu.—Barbara Little born, 1886.
18—W.—Universal Film Manufacturing Company was organized, 1912.
19—Th.—Charles Ogle left his law practice in Hammond, Indiana, that to become an actor, 1897.
20—Fr.—Blanche Sweet and Thomas Meighan were featured together in "The Silent Signal," 1917.
21—Sa.—Mr. and Mrs. Chaplin, of Capetown, South Africa, alarmed because their boy, Sydney, aged one year, swallowed a diamond in the rough, 1888.
22—Su.—Raymond Hatton, while playing a Russian mob scene for Mack Sennett, set his crêpe whiskers on fire, 1912.
23—M.—"Broken Blossoms" opened in New York and established a new top price of three dollars a seat for a motion-picture performance, 1919.
24—Tu.—William Faversham made his American début at the Union Square Theater, New York, 1887.
25—W.—Dorothy Gish made her stage début at the age of four, 1902.
27—Fr.—Charme Seymour died, 1920.
28—Sa.—Mack Sennett starts filming the Congressional Record, 1925.
29—Su.—William and Cecil De Mille made their stage début in the cast of "A Mixed Foursome," written by William De Mille. Bessie Barriscale was also in the cast, 1909.
30—M.—Mae Murray was turning 'em away by appearing as The Nell Brinkley Girl in the Ziegfeld Follies, 1915.
31—Tu.—Bebe Daniels became a Realart star, 1920.

Mother, may I go out to swim?
Yes, my darling daughter;
Be a Sennett bathing girl
And don't go near the water.

A SCREEN LITANY.

From leading men with marcelled hair,
Oh, screen, deliver us!
From stars who flaunt a baby stare,
Oh, screen, deliver us;
From male vamps with a rakish air,
From sirens weird and sirens bare,
From close-ups of stars in despair,
Oh, screen, deliver us.

RECIPE FOR ANY MACK SENNETT COMEDY.
Her and Girl,
Villain and Girl,
Custard Pie,
Girl and Hero.

HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES.

What every woman knows today!

If your husband doesn't believe you are responsible for his success, drag him out to see "What Every Woman Knows."

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

One hot afternoon in the summer of 1912, two slender little blond girls climbed the long stairs that lead to the studio of the great David Belasco. Their footsteps lagged, partly because the stairs were rather high and the girls very little—but more because they were very much frightened at meeting such an important theatrical producer. Up in his studio everything was swathed in linen to keep out the summer dust. Big statues looked like ghosts, and even fireside chairs had a fearsome aspect in their white coverings. The girls felt very little and shy, indeed. Mr. Belasco had to urge them to step forward. One ducked behind the other and pushed her ahead, hoping to escape being the spokesman. The one ahead slipped behind her sister. They repeated the performance until they were almost back at the door.

Mr. Belasco stopped them before they fled, and told the more fragile one that she could have the part in "A Good Little Devil" that they had come to apply for. The name of the little girl who got the part was Lillian Gish.

Blessings on thee, little man,
 Barefoot boy with cheeks of sun,
 To hail you as a new "screen type."
YOU can dress Elaine Hammerstein in the most exquisite chiffon and lace, but she is still the same wistful, wholesome girl who has steadily grown in popularity ever since she became a star.
A N old friend returns to the screen. Robert Gordon now has a company of his own, and is hard at work on one of his interesting character studies.
THE unfailing favorite, Thomas Meighan, keeps up his spirits in spite of the vigorous screen life he is leading. His next picture is "White and Unmarried."
AN old friend returns to the screen. Robert Gordon now has a company of his own, and is hard at work on one of his interesting character studies.
THE unfailing favorite, Thomas Meighan, keeps up his spirits in spite of the vigorous screen life he is leading. His next picture is "White and Unmarried."
DORIS KENYON can’t decide between screen and stage, so she made “Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford” for Cosmopolitan Productions while she rehearsed a stage play. After the play opens, she will return to films.
ALICE TERRY didn't particularly want to act, but she was just the right type for a leading rôle in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," so her career was determined for her.
As Acacia, in "The Passion Flower," Norma Talmadge has one of the most powerful and appealing roles of her whole career.
NEVER before was Elsie Ferguson so beautiful and so exquisitely gowned as in her forthcoming production, "Sacred and Profane Love."
EXQUISITE little Corinne Griffith glances in her mirror and sees faults to be corrected; Herbert Howe, looking there, seeks in vain for the faults in her, and finds only fascination, as he tells you on the following page.
In the Mirror of La Belle Corinne

Reflections en passant, with the flash of gems, the sheen of satin, the colors of the bird of paradise, and—a baffling perfume, the secret of which will hold you in suspense to the end.

By Herbert Howe

SHE paused before a little mirror.

A lovely lady thus enamored is a fascination.

Like a nymph in flower posture drooping toward a pool, she all but dips her beauty in its crystalline reflection. Never may we call her vain for never is she satisfied. Unlike the complacent lily, she would improve.

And so Corinne, displeased with her haggard pallor, rouged her cheeks with quick-circled touch—little disks of crimson such as grace a doll from the Rue de la Paix. The jewels on her taper fingers winked giddily at their own reflections, like fireflies in an ecstasy of pride. Around her face a bird of paradise formed an arch of golden spray, its color dropping high lights upon the bronze of short-curled hair. A finger flecked over the lips—already much brighter than rouge—and Corinne took from her maid a cloak of sable.

I call her Corinne not in familiarity, but in respect for her amбрósial persuasion. Would one speak of the fair Phryne as, say, Miss Phryne Jones? It isn’t done in Olympian circles. So I claim the right to waive mortal propriety in favor of the godly in presenting the reflections of Miss Corinne Griffith. If you met the maid, and you be male, you’d understand the license.

“Webster, did you call the car?” she drawled, a truly Southern and very charming drawl.

Webster had. Webster is not the butler. He’s the director, both on the “set” and at home.

At the Theater

I admit I can reproduce scarcely a single pearl dropped by Corinne in conversation. One loses grasp on sober topics under her satiric spell. Perhaps it is her perfume which sets up a clangor of the senses—rich, heady, Oriental fragrance—distilled, I fancy, in a seraglio by magic incantations. One may achieve a pleasant intoxication just by sitting next to her. In a moment of audacity, perfume-maddened, I told her so. She opened her eyes very wide, amber eyes, with facets of gray and green. Yes, she certainly comes under the head of an intoxicant. H. G. Wells may say what he pleases about us all coming up from ooz and being ninety per cent water, Corinne springs of different stock.

As I say, I lost all grasp upon such interviewing leads as “Nicotine and Its Effect Upon the Complexes of Future Generations.” I’m sure the subject would have evoked only a wide-eyed wonder anyhow, for Corinne does never touch nicotine. As for that other invincible line, “How to Hold Your Husband While Looking for Others,” Corinne doesn’t need to ponder and, unfortunately, isn’t looking. She seems devoted to her director, a devotion unusual in a star—toward her director, I mean.

She analyzed the structure of the play, “The Meanest Man in the World” I believe it was, and found it unconvincing. Until then I thought it rather good. But as I say, the perfume—

SOMETHING NEW!

Other interviewers have told you what Corinne Griffith wears, what she says, and how she impressed them—but there is an elusive quality about the little star that defies embodiment in words. Herbert Howe sensed this intangible grace in her personality and succeeded in getting it into words. He gives you an impressionistic picture of her, a vivid portrait of her inner self. It is a real novelty among interviews.

At Home

The play passed, as all things do, and we returned to the Griffith apartment in the Hotel des Artistes to idle and refresh until the hour for the “Midnight Frolic.”

The apartment reflects the mistress quite as effectively as does the mirror. The amber light from parchment shades blends into a mellow harmony the tints and textures: the sheen of rich embroideries and brocades hanging lazily from the balcony above, the long silken folds at tall studio windows, the cloth of gold flung over an ebony piano, cushions fanciful and frothy on a deep divan, and flowing through all the theme of faint seductive fragrance.

There were some pretty volumes, too, upon a table, some with markers in them. But the one that attracted my attention was a somber, well-worn book of black leather, looking like a Cinderella among gay sisters.

“You once quoted from that in a story,” said Corinne. “Can’t you find a quotation that suits me?”

“No unless it contains a recipe for beauty,” was my chivalrous retort.

“But it does!” she exclaimed.

“The recipe for beauty is to have less illusion and more soul.”

And another reflection passed over the mirror.

“Ah! Soul!—” I murmured, and then the maid handed me a cheese and egg sandwich. For the time I forgot all about soul.

It was just as well. One doesn’t need soul for the “Midnight Frolic,” but one may need a sandwich before it’s over.

At the “Midnight Frolic”

Our table was the central gem of the horseshoe which borders the open floor atop the Amsterdam Roof. When Corinne entered the poor girls dancing on the stage might just as well been home in bed. Even after we took our seats I feared lest attention would never again turn toward the stage. But with that admirable nonchalance, which only beauty owns, Corinne smiled.

“I feel so woozy,” she said, in those tones of rich languor which typify her. “You know I never go to cafes and not often to the theater. This is my wildest dissipation in a long time.”

I recalled an observation made only the day before. A cafe habitué who calls all stars by their first names—that is, most all stars—remarked:

“Someone you never see even at Montmartre is Corinne Griffith. It’s just as well for those present; they’d go into eclipse—and mayhap, in the going, slay her.”

The curtains of the vast stage parted for another number, and we were drawn into a vista of sun-bright blue which only Urban can paint. There were tall dark pillars which cast their shadows across the stage: beyond them the blue stretched on indefinitely.

“Look, Webster!” exclaimed Corinne, the languor ruffled with enthusiasm—as ruffled as that languor can be. “That is something like the idea I had for the
dream scene; only a night scene—great white pillars against the black sky, touched ever so slightly by moonlight. Don't you think," she observed, turning to me, "that simplicity is needed on the screen?"

"Certainly," I declared without the slightest hesitation. "There!" she said, turning to Webster, who was offering some foolish argument for a "set" already erected for the scene.

"But, my dear," he protested, "do you realize the time it will take to tear that all down and build one after your ideas?"

"I think it well worth the time if we gain something truly effective. Don't you?"

"Certainly," I rejoined. The eyes and the perfume were upon me.

There were several such discourses during the Frolic for Corinne was plucking ideas more abundantly than any scenarioist. The "Spirit of the Revolution," a tableau arranged by Ben Ali Haggin, with its stirring accompaniment of "La Marseillaise" quite melted the langour.

"Isn't it wonderful!" she exclaimed. "Oh, Webster, you never get enthusiastic. I always want to stand and scream when they play the 'Marseillaise,' don't you?"

"Always," I declared.

"I think some of my ancestors must have been revolutionists," she opined. "Maybe they were executioners at the guillotine——"

"Most likely they were some of the lovely ladies who lost their heads," thought I. Yes, Marie Antoinette—she it was whom I saw in the mirror, a sort of fade-back to a previous incarnation of La Belle Corinne. It is quite possible. Corinne came to efflorescence in slumberous New Orleans among the French and Spanish families—her own of French descent, I believe. And she has that sort of unconscious lure which is the charm of the French girl, the naive candor, the faculty for concentrating a sympathetic attention upon you which makes you feel you've made a conquest—until you discover, an instant later, the same concentration fixed upon another. How the French girl is misjudged, simply because she is more attentive, more considerate toward a squire than the haughty American lady-on-the-pedestal! No wonder we lose our heads and hearts to France.

"I love the French women," I declared passionately, keeping my eyes fixed steadily upon the "Spirit of the Revolution."

"Do you?" Corinne, surprised. "The French men, too, are nice, but I love American men above all others."

"You're a French girl all right," I declared positively. There was no further chance for personal parley with La Belle that evening, for she became engrossed with the "Ballet of Lights." She liked Night best—the lady swathed from head to foot in misty black, with just a sparkle here and there, like a muffled star.

At the Studio

A few days later I visited the Vitagraph studio in quest of further reflections. Other interviewers, male and female, have found it necessary to call several times to get a satisfactory interview with this star. "She's difficult to interview calmly," said one editor I know, who would hold up his presses rather than get out an issue without her portrait. "Strange—I think the perfume——"

Corinne waved from the set, where she was bullying her director with ravishing smiles.

"Mr. Campbell," said she. "Your star is leaving at once for luncheon."

"But just one more scene, Miss Griffith," he begged. "Not another one. You come right along to the dressing room and amuse us while I touch up my make-up."

The dressing room is a confection in orchid, I felt like a worm in the heart of a violet bon bon. The floor is velveted in orchid; the walls are powdered with the same faint hue; on a shelf were French hat boxes adorned with rose and orchid and fleur-de-lis; a cream enameled dressing table, orchid-topped; a chaise longue in a pattern of violet with blending cushions. The very air was tinged with orchid, in terms of fragrance. Corinne's fingers fluttered airy over the fragile glass and silver on the dressing table, lifted a powdery puff and touched it to her face without leaving a trace, made a thousand little motions de toilette without visible effect yet doubtlessly of great significance.

"Now if you boys must, you may have a cocktail—only one!"

Then she led us down a spiral staircase, which, if one should be so bold as to take a cocktail, would prove nothing short of a death trap. Our entrance to the dining room caused an agitation quite as significant as that on the Amsterdam Roof, for the charms of Corinne lose nothing of potency upon association. On all sides fellow players and studio employees offered quips and compliments for the delectation of her stellar majesty. What a vote she'd poll in popularity contests if all the world worked at her studio—or interviewed.

"Tell me," she commanded at luncheon. "Did you see Betty Blythe in California? She's doing marvelously and grows more beautiful. The producer who signs her as a star is a wise man."

Then I recalled what Miss Blythe had once remarked of friend Corinne—

"Did you ever behold any one so ravishing!" she exclaimed with the Blythe vivacity. "She is the quintessence of femininity."

Ordinarily when a lady liberates praise of her feminine friend, the male is suspicious of friend's qualifications. But beauty ennobles a woman. And there are at least two, I find, so beautiful that envy has been eliminated. Or perhaps, inversely, the elimination of pettiness induced the superlative quality so indefinable in their charm. Also, 'tis only given to a woman to know a woman. There may be secret wisdom in La Betty's define of Corinne——

Eureka!—that baffling perfume——

"Quintessence of Femininity——"

La Belle Corinne!

A MARVEL

THE movies are the wonder of the age."

This statement from my husband I o'erheard.

"I saw a woman in an awful rage, And yet, thanks be, she couldn't say a word!"
Alice of Old Vincennes

When she left her historic surroundings she was whisked into Pictureland, where she soon found the ladder of success.

By Mamie Thayer

EVERY once in a while we stumble upon the exception that proves that old rule about industry, constant plugging, and burning the midnight oil offering the only avenue to success.

This particular exception is the flaxen-haired Alice Terry, who actually sauntered into the movies and found a place waiting for her just as if it had been her birthright.

For some good fairy took that tall, steep, rickety ladder that is supposed to carry one on the long journey to success, knocked out all the rungs but three, and then placed it in such a position that Alice could trip right to the top.

And here are the three graceful steps:
1. Extra girl, three months.
2. Juvenile lead, two months.
3. Chief feminine lead in one of the most ambitious productions ever attempted by any company.

Of course, the film industry abounds with stories of success that sound as if they might have been plucked bodily from the Grimm's or Hans Christian Andersen of our childhood. But, at the risk of making a trite remark, I must say that never have I found a more complete parallel to my favorite fairy tale than the life story of the fortunate Alice.

In the gentle-voiced Alice I discovered a complete antithesis of the film queen of popular fancy. But I did find the queen of the screen as she is idealized by those of us who still make use of our imaginations.

For Miss Terry has no high-powered car with the latest devices for attracting the eye and torturing the ear. She does not drive a car and—believe it or not—she has no desire to do so. She does not go in for violent sports, does no daredevil deeds before the camera, and—wonder of wonders!—makes no pretense that she does.

Alice has wandered far from the Old Vincennes of fiction and fact, but she has retained the ways of her early girlhood. She carries a hand bag that is crowded, not with lip-sticks, make-up, cigarettes, and the other supposed tools of her profession, but with just the sort of fiction one might expect a normal girl of nineteen to consume.

On the eventful day that marked the beginning of my acquaintance with Alice, I found her seated in one of the towering sets on Metro's Hollywood studio grounds, embroidering violets in a dainty centerpiece while waiting to go before the camera for one of the scenes for "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

My first big surprise came with Miss Terry's introductory remark:

"No, I never had the slightest ambition to get into the movies," she said, anticipating my opening question by a full minute. "I didn't lie awake nights dreaming of a call from some great director, and I never have had the slightest desire to see how my name would appear in electric lights."

"Then—then how did you get here?" I asked, waving my hand toward the splendor of the make-believe world that every girl at some time or other yearns to inhabit.

In reply, Alice told me the story of her sauntering...
into movieland. I use the word "sauntering" advisedly. For any effort that this self-contained, perfectly poised girl may have made to succeed in her new profession, has been so quiet and unassuming that most of us would not have noticed it at all.

Alice was born in Vincennes, Indiana, nineteen years ago. She spent her early girlhood in the quaint old city of pioneer history and Indian legend, and there acquired the gentle ways that set her apart from the average worker before the camera. Five years ago she moved to Los Angeles with her parents. But this move into the capital of the film world did not cause her youthful heart to skip a single beat. For Alice's plans did not include a campaign against the offices of the casting directors.

A few weeks after she had passed through the trying stages of acclimation—so necessary to the acquisition of one's sea legs in this land of oranges and late sleepers, Alice encountered a girl friend who invited her to make a tour of a studio where the girl friend was playing the part of an "extra."

"And who knows? They might put you on!" gushed the friend.

Alice wasn't anxious to be "put on," but she went. She chatted with the director, and, a few minutes later, she actually had been "put on." Alice of Old Vincennes had come to the movies!

"Somehow, I didn't get the thrill of working before the camera that one is supposed to experience," said Alice. "I enjoyed it, however. I realized that I had become a mighty small part of a mighty big production. The director passed certain orders along to an assistant, who bawled them into a megaphone, and we carried them out as carefully as we could. Of course, as "extras," we had not read the script; we simply obeyed orders and waited until the picture was exhibited at our favorite theater to

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OVER THE TEACUPS

Fanny the Fan counts that day lost whose low descending sun finds no tea party and exchange of gossip about motion-picture players in progress.

By The Bystander

THERE'S simply nobody in Hollywood," Fanny exclaimed, as she pushed her way through the crowded lobby, and perched on the arm of my chair. "Elsie Ferguson has finished 'Sacred and Profane Love' and gone back to New York. She plans to make her pictures there after this, as she always has done before. Viola Dana has gone. She is coming back, though, with a long-term contract with Metro, just as soon as she has seen all the shows, and danced and shopped to her heart's content, Marjorie Daw has gone East to play in 'Experience.' Ruth Roland and Carmel Myers have both gone East on shopping tours, and Betty Compson is in New York on a visit. Goodness only knows how many more have gone."

But she seemed to forget that sentiment a moment later when the head waiter said that we would have to wait for a table. Hollywood is getting so English that it is more exclusive to go shopping in a ten-cent store than to have tea in a hotel.

"When do you suppose Lew Cody will come back?" Fanny asked despairingly, when we finally succeeded in getting a table. "We'll go over to his studio to tea then, and not be bothered with these crowds. He always has tea served to the girls in his company, you know. I should think that they would miss it when they go to work with a star who is less gallant. But then, nobody else could be quite so gallant as Lew Cody is."

I stared at her in amazement. I can't keep up with Fanny's favorites; besides, it has never been a man before.

"But what was it?" I demanded. "What was what?" Fanny answered, as wide-eyed and innocent-looking as Shirley Mason at her best.

"Have you forgotten, Fanny, that you had something so exciting to tell me, that you simply couldn't talk over the phone?" I asked.

"But you've probably heard it by this time. 'Buster"
Keaton and Natalie Talmadge are going to be married. The wedding's to be in June. Were you ever so surprised in your life?"

"Yes; when Tom Moore and Renee Adoree were married. They had just finished a picture called 'Made in Heaven,' and I suppose that made them think of marriages."

"You'll admit he has good taste," Fanny announced firmly. "If I had as pretty feet as hers, I'd probably wear bright red shoes and black clothes, and—." 

"People would think you were an advertisement for a Cecil De Mille picture and follow you to the nearest theater."

Just then Helene Chadwick came in, and everything else was forgotten. "Isn't she beautifully thin?" Fanny almost wailed. "But I suppose that having pneumonia is a heavy price to pay for the loss of a few pounds. And did you know that when she was first able to get up and go to the studio she had to do the most awful things? All the nice, quiet scenes for the picture had been taken. She had to be rescued from a terrible fire the first day; Tom Moore was the rescuer, and he was so enraptured by having Renee Adoree there, that Helene wasn't sure that he would remember to save her. But he did."

"Oh, I nearly forgot," she ejaculated, fishing around in her bag. "I had a letter from my friend, Jane. It's the most interesting thing. She lives in Cleveland, you know, where they have just opened the Loew State Theater, that's said to be the finest theater outside of New York. She says that, of course, she expected me to be there for the opening, but apparently Mr. Loew didn't, because he didn't ask me. Dorothy Phillips and Allen Holubar were there; she looked so charming that no one heard what she said. Zena Keefe was the envy of all the girls because she had played with Eugene O'Brien. But a lot of young fellows who sat in front of Jane said that they envied Eugene."

Fanny spread the letter out on the table. "Just listen to what Jane says: 'When Lew Cody came out on the stage I saw one young man take a firm hold on his wife's arm. I guess that he thought Lew was dangerous. Hope Hampton was radiant as ever, in a wonderful fur wrap and a dream of a gown. She had a terrible scare that evening. When she returned to the hotel she found that one of her bracelets was missing, a diamond-set one, worth fifteen hundred dollars. At first she thought she had lost it going out of the theater, but the next day it was found on the stage. She probably dropped it as she was throwing flowers out to the audience."

"Ruth Roland was intending to sing for us that evening, but she had laughed so much at the jokes and tricks that Will Morrissey the vaudeville actor, and "Torchy" Hines put on, that she lost her voice."

"When Lillian Walker came out on the stage she received a loud cheer, and she found out that even though she had been away from pictures for a long time, she was not forgotten."

"Montague Love, Creighton Hale, and Crawford Kent were present, but they didn't have much to say. Rex Ingram, who did 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,' when introduced, said he agreed with Allen Holubar that directors should not be heard off the set. Then he went over and sat down next to Zena Keefe. I don't blame him, either."

"Bert Lytell was the last to be introduced, and I just wish that you could have heard the cheering he received. He is one of Cleveland's favorites. He gave a splendid talk about Marcus Loew, all about how Mr. Loew had made good in spite of his struggles and disappointments in business ventures. I had never seen Mr. Loew, the originator of all the wonderful Loew theaters, before, but after meeting him I agreed with Bert Lytell that he is a wonderful man.'"

Fanny folded up the letter and sighed. "She stopped her letter suddenly because she was going to see 'Way Down East' again. June is almost as bad as I am. I don't see how any one else ever gets to see it, because the people who went first night keep going over and over. Lillian Gish has seen it dozens of times, and even she gets so excited when the ice scenes come on that she can't talk about it. Every one she knows begs her to take them, and tell them about the different scenes while the picture is being run. She is so obliging, she always does it. But when the picture gets well started she is simply speechless. Louise Williams went with her once, and Jerome Storm and David Belasco and Paul Helleu. Did you know that the etchings Paul Helleu made of her were on exhibition in New York and that every one simply raves about them? I can't wait to see them. And did you know that Griffith is going to make 'Faust' in pictures? He wants Lillian to play Marguerite, but she can't make up her mind about it."

"Oh, I hope she will." I said fervently, and then the terrible thought assailed me that Fanny might start wearing her hair in long braids over her shoulders in order to look like Marguerite. "But promise me." I added, noticing her new tam-o'-shanter for the first
make you look sparkling like Priscilla. You'd better make the object of your imitation someone fairer."

"And speaking of having things named for you," Fanny went on, quite undaunted. "A big jeweler in New York has just named an imitation pearl for Norma Talmadge. The pearls are simply beautiful, but I really don't see why Norma should be pleased about it. The pearls look as though they were genuine and aren't—but that's an awful sentiment to think of in connection with Norma."

Fanny is so particular about her favorites. "Have you heard about Betty Compson?" she went on, as she airily waved a fork at Bebe Daniels, who had just come in wearing the smartest little toque I had ever seen.

"Yes." I assured her, glad that I wasn't to play audience to her monologue all afternoon. "She went to New York and hadn't been there a day before she signed a contract to make pictures for Famous Players-Lasky. She's to be starred in her own productions, or appear in their all-star specials, whichever she prefers. And her first picture is to be written by Henry Arthur Jones."

"Do you suppose it will be a comedy?" Fanny asked eagerly. "I could die happy if he would write the sort of comedy that I am sure he can. When he first came over from England to write for Famous Players, I went to the library to get some of his plays to read, so that I wouldn't be quite so ignorant about them. I found out that I had seen nearly all of them—just hadn't remembered the names—so I took out a book of his essays called 'The Theater of Ideas.' I laughed so hard over it that I thought my taxi driver would drop me at the nearest insane hospital for observation. Oh, I hope it will be a comedy."

"But Betty Compson is so wonderful in dramatic roles," I protested.

"My cousin in New York wrote me that she went up to the Plaza Hotel to see Betty Compson the Tuesday after she arrived. She had left word that she would be in the tea room, but she was nowhere to be found. Finally, my cousin saw a crowd of people at one end of the room. It was Betty completely surrounded by interviewers and friends—though the former are all friends of hers, of course. She had on a sweet little pale-gray Georgette frock, all embroidered in blue and old gold, and a gorgeous sable cape that came to her heels. She's so beautiful, though, that I am surprised my cousin knew what she had on. I never would notice anything but her eyes and her complexion."

"Well, you know what made her eyes so wonderful," I insisted. "If you would only—"

"'Early to bed and early to rise,' I suppose you're going to say," Fanny answered, rather bitterly, I thought. "'Well, I know some people,' and she looked squarely at me, "who could sleep forever and their eyes wouldn't be lovely."

Sometimes I think that Fanny is catty.

"Betty Compson was born, not made, beautiful." Fanny finished triumphantly. Then she called the waiter to tell him that our tea was all cold.

"She has finished two pictures for Goldwyn since 'Prisoners of Love,'" Fanny went on. "'And 'Ladies Must Live' is at last going to be released. It has been held up for almost a year because the director, George Loane Tucker, was taken sick before he finished cut-
“But Betty Compson doesn’t like her part in that picture very well. She told me so, she likes more genuine, more vivid, people.”

“Oh, well,” Fanny answered airily, “she couldn’t be expected to enjoy just going to look at herself. She’s not that kind of girl. But she is so beautiful that all I ask is to go and look at her regardless of the part.”

“The ‘Better Films’ movement wouldn’t get much support from you then, would it?” I asked, trying to sound caustic.

“Mercy, no,” answered Fanny, as unruffled as a May morn or Gloria Swanson in a new frock. “We’ll keep the authors and the directors, because they seem to be nice people, and if they enjoy talking about ‘The play’s the thing,’ let them do it. But you know as well as I do that most of us go to pictures because we like to see our favorites. There’s one exception to that rule—Rupert Hughes, but at the Goldwyn lot. He has written one picture, at least, that makes me shriek with joy. It is ‘Dangerous Curve Ahead.’ Just wait until you see it.”

Fanny is always distressingly superior when she has been lucky enough to see a pre-release showing of a picture out at the studio.

“Speaking of scenario writers,” I spoke up, “have you heard about Harriette Underhill, the girl who writes those sparkling interviews? Well, two years ago she wrote a scenario in her spare time—she works on a newspaper, you know—and then just after she had finished it, she lost it. She searched everywhere, but it couldn’t be found. And after that she was so busy that she never wrote another. A short time ago, a new man came to work on the paper—the son of the man who wrote the ‘Torchy’ comedies, incidentally—and when he cleaned out the desk they gave him he found the long-lost scenario. He gave it to Miss Underhill, who was just starting for Hope Hampton’s house. They read it over together, and Hope Hampton liked it so well that she bought it.”

“Wonders never cease,” Fanny murmured, looking over at Bebe Daniels’ hat. I couldn’t tell whether she meant that or the scenario. “Bebe is a colonel now.” Fanny mentioned abstractedly, sketching the Daniels hat on the back of the menu. “When she went home to Dallas to visit, the Ninth Infantry Officers’ Club made her honorary colonel!”

There was a terrible commotion just then. Every one seemed to be getting up.

Constance Talmadge misled the fans she and Dorothy Gish had abroad last summer, and only recently found them.

“Oh, it’s Mabel Normand,” Fanny told me excitedly, calling down from her vantage point as she kneeled on her chair to see better over the heads of the crowd. “She’s just come back from the East, and everywhere that she goes she causes a sensation. She’s been in a sanitarium, recovering from nervous prostration; she’s still thin as a rail, but she looks wonderful. Her Goldwyn contract expired a few days ago, and guess what she did. She signed a five-year contract to make comedies for Mack Sennett. Oh, how I hope that she will go back to slapstick. Her first picture is to be called ‘Molly-O.’ Doesn’t sound very slapstick, does it?”

But Fanny was consolled a minute later, when coincidentally Wanda Hawley and a waiter with some wonderful French pastry arrived.

“Don’t offer me any,” Wanda begged. “I
hate the sight of anything sweet. In 'Sweetie Peach,' I play the part of a fat and sleepy wife, and the strain is terrible. It makes me want to go home and drink lemon juice."

"Don't." Fanny commanded in what seemed to me a high-handed way. "There are enough thin stars on the screen now. Just look at Constance Talmadge. Look, I beg of you, at the risk of weeping. Everyone who loves Conne, and that's everybody, almost, is worried to death over her being so thin. I always want to rush back to New York when I see a new picture of her looking thinner than ever, and pursue her with glasses of hot milk, and soft-boiled eggs.

"I always went through the thick and thin." I answered her. "But, then, I never was a catty." "Don't." Fanny interrupted. "She does look wonderful in her new pictures, doesn't she? But I never think of her as being stylish. She just wears beautiful things that are perfectly suited to her type, no matter what the styles are. I've heard that she is making scenes for her next picture, 'Her Lord and Master,' in the Jacob Schiff house in New York. She ought to be perfect in such a setting."

"And speaking of settings—" I started. "I know that you're going to say something about Alice Joyce." Fanny interrupted. "She does look wonderful in her new pictures, doesn't she? But I never think of her as being stylish. She just wears beautiful things that are perfectly suited to her type, no matter what the styles are. I've heard that she is making scenes for her next picture, 'Her Lord and Master,' in the Jacob Schiff house in New York. She ought to be perfect in such a setting."

"And speaking of settings—" I said. "I always want to speak of something when Fanny takes the words out of my mouth."

"Camille's boudoir," Fanny interrupted, running true to form, "Nazimova helped to design it for her production of 'Camille.' I went out to the studio the other day, and I never expect to see anything so stunning as the set she was working in. It was circular, and the bed in it was circular, and the canopy overhead looked just like a big basket. She is going to make Camille ultra-modern, you know."

"And with Rudolph Valentino as Armand she will have to do something startling to make girls even notice her." I added.

"How many times have you seen 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse?'" Fanny demanded.

I didn't answer her; I couldn't, though goodness knows I am not ashamed of it. I just drop in at the theater where it is showing whenever I have half an hour or more to spare.

"Have you ever been to a crying contest," Fanny asked me, a moment later, and then without waiting for me to answer went on. "I was out at the Goldwyn studio the other day when Mabel Normand, Helene Chadwick, Leatrice Joy, and Irene Rich were having one. The idea was that whoever started crying last had to pay for lunch. It looked as though Irene Rich would be the first, but just then her director came along and told her that her salary was to be raised. Of course, she couldn't cry then."

"There's nothing new about that," I answered scornfully. "Years ago Mary Pickford and Blanche Sweet and the Gish girls used to do the same thing. Blanche Sweet almost always won—but the victory wasn't great. A thirty-cent lunch check was as high as any of them plunged."
The Forty Best

There seems to be no law against picking all-American football teams, all-star baseball teams, or all-best motion pictures, and so, the National Board of Review is entirely within its rights in announcing its selection of the "Forty best photo plays of 1920."

Some folks, like our own Herbert Howe, not only tell us about the best past performances, but furnish us reliable information telling us what our favorites can be expected to do next year. The National Board does not go so far as that. It only speaks of the past, and it opens up great room for argument.

The board does not single out any that it considers unusually good in its list, carefully avoiding a bit of controversy by naming the plays in order of release. It's a list the board says, of forty, take it or leave it, write to the editor if you must, but there it is, says the board, forty—count 'em—forty. So you do count 'em, and find only thirty-nine, which may or may not be an important error in a list of "Forty Best."

Here is the list for you to pick to pieces:

- "The Devil's Garden," with Lionel Barrymore.
- "The Last of the Mohicans."
- "The Girl of My Heart," with Shirley Mason.
- "Godless Men," with Helene Chadwick.
- "The Leopard Woman," with Louise Glamm and House Peters.
- "Over the Hill," with Monty Carr.
- "Deep Waters."
- "Homespun Folks," with Lloyd Hughes.
- "Earthbound," with Wyndham Standing.
- "If I Were King," with William Farnum.
- "The Jack Knife Man."
- "Something to Think About."
- "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," with Thomas Meighan.
- "The Soul of Youth."
- "The Dwelling Place of Light."
- "Crooked Streets."
- "The Invisible Divorce." "I'm Call Me Jim,"
- "Will Rogers."
- "Humoresque," with Vera Gordon.
- "The Devil's Passkey.
- "In the Days of St. Patrick."
- "The Bottom of the World."
- "Desert Love," with Tom Mix.
- "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."
- "Down on the Farm."
- "Shore Acres."
- "Tresure Island."
- "Shirley Mason."
- "My Lady's Garter."
- "The Copperhead," with Lionel Barrymore.
- "Stronger than Death."
- "Queen Christina."
- "The Cup of Fury."
- "The Bloomin' Angel."
- "Madge Kennedy."
- "The Methuselah Fimb."

Few persons ever will agree with any expert's selection of an all-American football team, so it is safe to assume that the National Board is already in trouble with the fans.

Please note that these judges of good shows do not include Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, Mary Pickford, or Wallace Reid. Out of the thirty-nine pictures, only sixteen stars are named: Douglas Fairbanks, Lionel Barrymore, William Faversham, Shirley Mason, Louise Glamm, Pola Negri, William Farnum, Thomas Meighan, Ethel Clayton, Will Rogers, Tom Mix, William S. Hart, John Barrymore, Alice Lake, Nazimova, and Madge Kennedy.

Also observe that the leading director in the business, according to this list, is Maurice Tourneur, with "The Last of the Mohicans," "Deep Waters," "Treasure Island," and "My Lady's Garter"—four out of thirty-nine.

Probably you will disagree violently with these selections. The Observer has not seen all the pictures listed, but he has seen a good many of them and frankly he could pick out at least six that failed to rouse him to any such state of enthusiasm that would make him get all flustered and call thirty-nine pictures a list of forty.

What do you think about the list? Any good pictures left off? Any bad ones on it?

Chaplin Is Back

To those who say they never come back, let us point our accusing finger at one Charles Chaplin who has performed the old trick of the barnstorming hypnotist who allowed himself to be buried and then dug up, to the astonishment of all and to the confusion of those who said he was a dead one, came back to life and seemed to be as hearty as ever.

Chaplin has been in a comatose state for so long that we experts of the pulse of public performers almost made up our minds that he had outlived his burlesque act, and that when he was finally dug up that he would prove to be a mummy.

Some of us went so far as to say that Harold Lloyd and Fatty Arbuckle had entirely crowded Chaplin out, and that he would have to fight his way back.

Well, he has fought his way back, with all the hardships of battle experienced by a gentleman in killing a mosquito that has settled on the gentleman's nose. One slap and the fight was over.

"The Kid" is that one slap, and here we have a leading comedian again. It is the old Chaplin, the master of pantomime, the comedy genius who knows that the greatest comedy is that sprinkled with tears, and that the greatest acting of all is to show people as they really are and as they really feel.

Chaplin is at work again. He will turn out about three two-reelers in the next few months, and in the fall, they say, will be at work on longer comedies, like "The Kid" regularly. Welcome back, Charles! We never did find out exactly why you've been off the lot so long, but we're glad that whatever it was, is all over.

The Methodist Tribute

The Methodist Episcopal Church, so long a foe to the theater, is getting back of good motion pictures and is urging that its members support them. The Committee on Conservation and Advance of the Church is issuing a list of recommended films—a list chosen evidently by a committee of solid citizens who are not going to insist on mush-and-milk entertainment for their church members.
The committee suggests that churches showing these recommended films inspect them for small cuts that may be necessary in order to make them entirely acceptable to church members, but there is nothing narrow in their attitude.

They recommend, for instance, Bill Hart in "The Toll Gate"—Bill the two-gun man who, in spite of the fact that no one ever found anything suggestive or immoral in one of his pictures, has been pointed out by the Ladies Sewing Societies as an influence that might be responsible for the depressing fact that the youth of the country hungers for the life of a cowboy and a shooter-up of gambling dens.

They choose "Way Down East," which was not all the silly Canadian censors thought it should be, and they call "The Love Flower," "a very clean and charming romance," and do not recommend cuts, although, as we remember "The Love Flower," there are glimpses of unclothed feminine knees, which are so abhorred by the Ohio censors.

They praise Wallace Reid in "Excuse My Dust," even though it shows a young man who has disrespect for the laws of the commonwealth and who deliberately violates a law against speeding.

There should be genuine encouragement in the attitude of this committee. It is more liberal than the censor boards, and it strikes a constructive note in a sentence used in its recommendation of "Sweet Lavender," a Mary Miles Minter picture. Says the committee: "Church people should disapprove the statement that an absolutely clean picture will not pay." Which is the big idea that is going to increase the production of good pictures.

As The Observer has repeated many times, the way to get good pictures is to patronize only the best ones.

**The Clean-up Is On**

There has been a bit of gossip going about predicting that the year to come was going to be a bit of an undraped one, as far as pictures are concerned.

The Observer, hearing such scandals, went so far as to put in writing his prediction that the gossip was all wrong, that even though there might be in work in a number of studios productions that threatened to be a bit scandalous, these pictures would not be offensive when they reached the screens.

The flowers that we tossed into the air are now dropping upon our brow. The power has been turned on, and the cleaner is at work.

Producers realize that the public as a whole does not want suggestive pictures, and they are getting into the cutting rooms and ripping out the bad stuff. The news has reached them that the folks who live in the medium-sized towns are not in favor of suggestive titles and suggestive scenes, and the producers know that these substantial families are the people who elect our presidents and make our laws.

Even though their consciences may not be their guides, they are going to keep the screen clean, for their bank rolls are their compasses, and the bank rolls point the way toward clean pictures.

Directors, in a misguided effort to be sensational, often put into pictures scenes which are absolutely contrary to the policy of the producer. These scenes are being tabooed now in Hollywood, for the orders have gone out from the bosses of the better companies, at least, that this is not what the public wants.

This is one of the most important movements that has ever been started in connection with motion pictures. Just why it is so important, to the fan, as well as to the producer, will be explained at length by Agnes Smith, in our next issue.

**The “Sex Appeal”**

The Observer has no sympathy for the reformer who says that all sex appeal shall be eliminated from motion pictures. There is offensive sex appeal and inoffensive. The proper sort is a reflection of life and love, of the problems that are before us every day.

We have never been convinced that the young people of our generation are so easily led and so weak in ambition and so morally inert that a screen kiss lasting ten feet will send them to perdition while one that is half a second shorter will save them for service in the army of wholesome manhood and womanhood.

That is why we are opposed to censorship, for censorship has to make its decisions, not according to the spirit of the picture, but according to just such absurd, arbitrary rules.

**Pola Negri Conquers**

We have seen the Negri, and we are hers! What a thing these Germans have done to us! They send us a stupendous picture like "Passion," and they put in the leading part a Polish charmer who makes us forget everything except the fact that here is an actress of tremendous appeal. Not a German frau of heavy features and ponderous movement, but a girl of great charm who can act! Get that. This Negri is an artist unequalled by any woman we have had in motion pictures. Only is the great Chaplin to be compared with her in skill of pantomime, Nazimova we thought was an artist; Pauline Frederick, we thought had great moments of emotional appeal, but these two—probably our greatest screen actresses—faded before the Negri.

It is reported that she is to come to this country to appear in pictures. We hope not. Rather would we have her stay on the Continent for fear the change in atmosphere, the noise of the jazz bands in Hollywood, the crowding for publicity, and the other side lines of the creative art might make her less a great actress and more just a motion-picture star.

The German films are here. They will be shown throughout the United States, and we might as well accept them, for we understand that in order to get American films distributed in Germany we must show German films here.

We wait anxiously for "Sumurun," which seems to be held up by some mistakes in contracts. Paramount disputes First National's claim to what is said to be the greatest work of the Negri. It seems that Paramount owns the right to produce "Sumurun" in America, but that First National has some word of claim on the film itself.

It is to be hoped that the difficulties will be straightened out soon. We're tugging at the leash for another look at the glorious Pola.

First National is instituting for the first time a "Grand Picture" season, which is supposed to bear the same relation to regular feature or program pictures that grand opera does to the less pretentious productions on the stage. They consider that the year-round motion-picture season of more or less even tenor, should be changed in favor of a season of ups and downs. And since they are more interested in the "ups" than in the "downs," they are offering to exhibitors five pictures of exceptional merit to constitute a first "Grand Pictures" season. These five are Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid," "Passion," Dorothy Phillips in "Man, Woman, Marriage," Anita Stewart in "Sowing the Wind," and "The Oath," an R. A. Walsh production with practically an all-star cast.
A Girl's Adventures in Movieland

The fourth installment of what a fan saw and heard in the Eastern Motion-Picture Studio.

By Ethel Sands

HOW would you like to meet Pearl White?" For a minute I couldn't speak. Pearl White! The actress I'd had a crush on since I first saw her on the screen, in "The Perils of Pauline." It seemed too good to be true.

You know how it is with your crush. You like other actresses or actors, too, but the one you picked out in the beginning is the one you love to watch always, and see develop as motion pictures improve. Ever since I was thirteen I've been reading everything I could find about Pearl White, and saving her pictures, and going to see all of her releases, some of them two or three times. I've tried to do my hair the way she does, of course, I've envied the people who interviewed her. And I used to think that if I could just live in New York and have a chance to walk past the place where she lived I'd be perfectly happy. Now I was being asked in an offhand way, "How'd you like to meet Pearl White?" as if she'd been like anybody else!

The new Fox studio is a great big building, covering a whole block on Tenth Avenue, New York. Just inside the door sits a young man, at a desk, and when I saw what difficulty people had getting beyond him and into the building I certainly did feel sorry for people who want to get into pictures and think that if they could just get to a studio their troubles would be all over. Why, we had to tell him who we were and whom we wanted to see and why, and even then we had to wait and wait till he got the person on the phone.

The press agent, an awfully nice girl named Miss Peterson, came down right away and took us up to the floor, as they call all the part of the studio where they take the pictures. There was a lot of scenery around, so that we couldn't see far, but the most blood-curdling shrieks came to us, mixed in with screams and thuds, and with a man's voice shouting orders. My, but I got excited. We hurried toward the sounds, stumbling over electric-light cords, finding ourselves in places all shut in by scenery—some of them very stunning rooms, too—and suddenly coming out in front of a lot of lights that just blazed down on us. I never saw anything so bright as those lights are!

And then, all of a sudden, they went out, and the shouting stopped, just as a bell rang somewhere. I stared at the press agent, bewildered.

"Union labor—stops promptly at twelve," she explained, laughing. "But let's look up the serial company—they're doing 'Fantomas,' and it certainly is lively."

They came trooping out of the set just then, quite a lot of men and one pretty little, one pretty little, yellow-haired girl. Mr. Sedgwick, the director, was such a nice man, very jolly and full of fun. The more I see of directors the better I like them. He introduced me to the company—John Walker, who played the male lead in "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse," was there, and the pretty girl was Edna Murphy, who was in that picture, too.

"I'll show you how we choke the heroine," announced Mr. Sedgwick, and he put his hands around Miss Murphy's throat and just about did choke her—anyway, she screamed. They all seemed to be having such a good time together; I wondered if people who did serials didn't have more fun than the ones who do just feature pictures.

After that we went to luncheon, at such an interesting place, "The Rehearsal Club," it was called, and it is run for girls who are on the stage. It is in a big old-fashioned house, with a front porch and a yard—I hadn't supposed there was a house like that in New York, much less so near Broadway. The dining rooms were full of girls who all seemed to be actresses—they chattered back and forth from one table to another, about how this one was rehearsing in such and such a play, and somebody else was going out on the road. They all seemed to be so interested in their work—that was the only thing they talked about at all.

The food was awfully good, but somehow, just couldn't eat. I kept remembering that I was going to meet Pearl White that afternoon, and I felt sort of scared about it, eager as I was to have it happen. You know how it is—when you've wanted for years and years to have a thing happen, and never supposed it would, you feel sort of afraid at the last minute, and almost want to put it off. I don't suppose I'll feel any more panic-stricken the last few minutes before
I get married then I did that day when I was going to meet Pearl White.

She hadn't come yet when we got back to the studio, which gave me a few minutes' grace. We went in at a side door, and through the casting director's office, and I just wish that everybody who wants to get into pictures could have been with me. There were quite a lot of people there, sitting on the long benches in the hall, waiting to see the man who engages actors—they were all sorts of types, and most of them had photographs with them. It seemed to me to be such a hopeless thing to do—just sit there and wait hours, perhaps, before they even saw the man, and then have to go away and wait till he sent for them. I was glad I didn't want to be an actress.

We went into the extras' dressing room then, and I was surprised to find it so nice. Mirrors ran the length of the walls, with long tables beneath, and rows of chairs. There were lots of electric lights, and there was running water in the room—you couldn't want a cleaner or more comfortable place.

And then—the fatal moment came. We went back up to the floor, and I saw over at one side a door marked "No. 1—Miss Pearl White." And the press agent went over and knocked and walked right in. We waited outside, and I gulped down the lump in my throat and took one or two long breaths—I wondered if I'd be able to speak at all when I really met Miss White, or if I'd just stand there like a dummy.

The press agent came out in a minute or two, laughing.

"Pearl White and I use the same kind of cold cream—we're going to form a club," she said. "Guess how long it took me to find out what it was! I knew how interested all the girls at home would be—and I could just see the man who keeps our drug store ordering it by the hundred jars!

"I told her that you said she'd always been your favorite," the press agent went on. "And she said, 'Probably that's what she tells them all!' So you'll have to convince her."

Well, I just slumped. Here I'd been wondering if two camera men, the director, the leading man, and the villain—both very handsome, but with Pearl White around I had no eyes for handsome men.

It was a love scene they were making. Pearl White was a girl who had been brought up on shipboard, in a sort of uncivilized way, and the villain was a city man. The hero, of course, was big and rough. They rehearsed the action and tried different positions over and over till the director was suited, and every few minutes he'd step in and do the thing himself. You can't imagine how funny it was, when the villain had rehearsed putting his arms around Pearl White, to see the director go in and take her place—the actors didn't laugh, but I could hardly keep from it.

They began with Pearl lying on the floor, reading a book. Then the villain came in, sat down in a chair near her, and spoke to her. She looked up, and then he knelt down beside her and caught her up in his arms and kissed her, very hard and passionately, while she fought with him. And then the hero rushed in, caught him by the shoulder, and hurled him back against the wall.

The first time they did the kissing part I just couldn't look, I was so embarrassed and sort of ashamed for them. I put my hands over my face and turned away. It didn't seem possible that they could do it with so many people looking on. But when I looked back the villain was looking in a little pocket mirror and smoothing his hair, and Pearl was sitting on the floor, practicing different expressions. I needn't have been so sensitive. Of course, I'd known that sort of thing was all in the day's work for them, but I hadn't realized how it would be.

They did that scene over and over again, trying to get it just right where the hero hurls the villain against the wall. The first time they did it he threw him back so hard that the walls of the set shook, and they both laughed. But finally they got it. Then they shot it several times, and afterward the legs of the camera tripod were shortened, the lights were changed—you've no idea how much time they spend fixing the lights—and they took some close-ups. (Continued on page 96)
The Screen in Review

Critical comment on recent releases.

By Agnes Smith

The late James Gibbons Huneker once wrote that all criticism is personal; that is to say, the critic cannot tell you what you ought to like or what you will like. He can only tell you what he likes himself. If your critic is a frank person who openly admits his prejudices, his partialities, and his other defects in critical vision, you are able to make allowances for the personal bias and draw your own conclusions. If your critic declares any personal prejudices and hides behind the mask of academic authority or an impartiality which he does not feel in his heart, you are apt to believe that it is the mask and not the man behind it speaking.

Although some critics are such skilled ventriloquists that they can make you think that their own voice is a voice from heaven, every man or woman who has written about art, music, the drama, and motion pictures has written as an irrational and unreasonable individual. As a reviewer, I am willing to confess that I am both irrational and unreasonable and that I have certain prejudices which I cannot overcome.

For instance, many persons, I feel sure, think that I have been too severe in speaking of the recent productions of Cecil B. De Mille. If this is so, it is because I think Mr. De Mille is too good a dramatist to waste his time as a glorified fashion artist. I dislike "intensely dramatic sex dramas" and "gripping problem plays," because most of them do not even attempt to deal frankly and honestly with the subjects they set out to tackle. I have a predilection for slapstick comedies, provided that they are not vulgar or cheap, because I believe that they are honest in their purpose. And I like most serials and good blood-and-thunder melodramas, because they make no false pretensions and because they do not try to masquerade as "art."

A letter which appeared in Picture-Play Magazine last month made me extremely uncomfortable. It was signed "Serial Fan," and it said, among other things, that all critics should be abolished. I was afraid the editor would take it seriously. But in a way I agree with the serial fan. The critic who tells you what pictures to see and what pictures not to see ought to be abolished. This reviewer merely selects the most interesting pictures of the month, says a few words about them, expresses a few personal opinions and allows you to decide for yourself whether or not you will like them.

"THE FOUR HORSEMEN."

However, let's not talk any more about reviewers; let us talk about pictures. And, just now, the picture most worth talking about is "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." Very likely, in the heat of the war fever, you read the book and were tremendously stirred by it. As a Spaniard and as a mere innocent bystander, Vicente Blasco Ibáñez wrote the most vivid and powerful story of the war—it was written brutally in the fire of intense hate. Its claim to distinction lay in the fact that the verbose old Spaniard brought prophetic insight and spiritual significance to a hideous chaos.

Because it is a story of the war, you may say that "The Four Horsemen" comes too late. As a matter of fact, it comes too soon. Five years from now, it will be a greater picture than it is to-day. During the war, we did a lot of shouting, but we did not feel the intensity of the situation. We are just beginning to feel the emotions of the conflict. In five years, our memories of the summer of 1914 will be more poignant than they are to-day.

Artistically, "The Four Horsemen" is a great achievement for the screen. It brings into prominence a young director named Rex Ingram, who made the picture for Metro. And it also brings into prominence June Mathis, who visualized the story and wrote the scenario. The picture is such a literal and exact translation of the book that it might have leaped from the covers of the novel. It is so vivid, colorful, and stirring that it makes most pictures look like feeble shadow shows.

The story opens in the Argentine, where Madriguara, an old Spaniard, has settled and grown rich. He and his family are cut off from the Old World. One of his daughters has married a German and has three sons; the other has married a Frenchman and has a son and a daughter. It is Julio Desnoyers, half French and half Spanish, who is the hero of the story. After the death of his grandfather and before the beginning of the war, Julio goes to Paris, equipped with plenty of money and exact knowledge of how the Argentine tango should be danced.

While Julio is interesting himself with intrigues and
with dancing, the first of the horsemen appears in the world. It is War. Julio's place on the cabaret floor is taken by a singer who shouts forth the "Marseillaise." The Frenchwoman whom Julio loves answers the call and joins the Red Cross. Julio returns alone to his studio and there encounters a Russian—a stranger—who expounds to him the prophecy of the Apocalypse.

The scenes which tell of the first outbreak of the war fever in Paris are the most dramatic in the picture. Even D. W. Griffith has not filmed such stirring scenes as these. After them comes the interpretation of the prophecy of the four horsemen who follow the Beast—War, Famine, Pestilence, and Death. Mr. Ingram has lit these symbolic scenes with the fires of a rare imagination. He has followed the designs of Albrecht Durer and summed up in a few minutes the whole tragedy of the war.

The last part of the picture is not as fine as the first. It shows the sheer brutality and horror of war. Julio, the man without a country, is drawn into the conflict and dies face to face with his German cousin. The destruction of the château, the orgies of the German soldiers, and the terrors of battle are dramatically pictured, but they leave you with a feeling of revulsion. Perhaps one cannot love the Germans, but one cannot go through life hating them as Ibañez did when he wrote the novel.

The amateur soothsayers along Broadway are doubtful about the popular success of "The Four Horsemen." But none of these prophets are doubtful about the quality of the work of Mr. Ingram or Miss Mathis. Signor Ibañez ought to thank his lucky star that his novel fell into the hands of two such fine artists. "The Four Horsemen" might have been a spectacular and million-dollar fizzle. As it is, it is an artistic triumph.

In awarding the large bunches of cut flowers to director and scenario writer, I have forgotten the actors. Rudolph Valentino plays the rôle of Julio Desnoyers. He is such a fine actor that you forget how handsome he is and how well he dances. Alice Terry as Marguerite Laurier acts and looks like another Blanche Sweet. In plain and simple words, the cast is a wonder.

"A CONNECTICUT YANKEE." After going into a fine frenzy about a perfect adaptation, I will now grow equally enthusiastic about a bad adaptation. William Fox has filmed Mark Twain's story "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." Bernard McConville, who wrote the scenario, read the book through once and then went out and forgot the story. Emmett Flynn, the director, read the scenario through once and then went out and forgot it. Then somebody, under influence of George M. Cohan and Ring W. Lardner, came along and wrote the subtitles. The result is simply great.

"A Connecticut Yankee" has been battered beyond recognition, but it is one of the funniest pictures I have ever seen. It is full of harmless nonsense and loud, long laughs. In spite of the fact that Mark Twain has been treated irreverently, the picture sticks closely to the spirit of the story. It is a travesty on the costume play, it is a burlesque of royalty, it is a practical joke on romance, and moonshine chivalry. If Mark Twain were alive and saw the picture he might not recognize it, but he would enjoy it. After all, why take a book like "A Connecticut Yankee" and try to embalm it as though it were some boresome old classic? Why not bring it up-to-date and make it snappy? What could be funnier than the sight of a lot of knights in full armor dashing from the castle at Camelot on motor cycles? And what is more comic than the thought of Sir Lancelot earnestly rushing into battle in a Ford?

Harry Myers is seen as the Connecticut Yankee. Mr. Fox has made the Yankee a handsome young John Barrymore, who goes to King Arthur's Court wearing a dinner suit. Pauline Starke is a piquant Sandy, while Rosemary Theby is Morgan le Faye, a regular Fox vampire. Doesn't it seem like old times to see Harry Myers and Rosemary Theby in the same picture?
"LYING LIPS."

"Lying Lips," which comes from the Thomas H. Ince studio, does not inspire me to give three cheers. It was supervised by Mr. Ince and is presented as an Associated Producers' release. It must be fine for Mr. Ince just to sit around and supervise all day. But, because "Lying Lips" is creating some sort of comment, it might be well to give it passing and patronizing mention.

The story tells of an aristocratic English girl who meets a rough diamond, a pleasant sort of Canadian chap. In the excitement of a shipwreck, she decides to marry him. But when they are rescued, she repents and begs the man to deny that they are married. Can you be interested in a heroine like that? She uses up six good reels trying to make up her mind whether or not she will acknowledge the impromptu husband. As House Peters is the husband, I don't see why she was so uncertain. Mr. Peters is the brightest spot in the picture. Florence Vidor is the wabbly heroine: it was unkind to make her play such a part. The shipwreck scenes are exciting and well staged.

"BURYED TREASURE."

Life on the ocean wave also figures prominently in "Buried Treasure," a production that is ornamented by Marion Davies. The picture is interesting because Miss Davies wears a black wig part of the time. She appears as a girl with a double soul, second sight, a Spanish past, and a belief in reincarnation. As the psychologists say, it is an interesting case.

"Buried Treasure" has a dual plot. The story about the tough ways of the pirates is good and contains some excellent romantic melodrama. But the modern story is pallid and farfetched. However, you don't have to believe everything you see on the screen. Both as a blonde and as a brunette, Miss Davies is pretty, and she acts with unusual vivacity; in fact, she romps through the picture as though she were enjoying herself. The settings by Joseph Urban are lovely. George D. Baker directed the production which is presented by Paramount.

The same Mr. Baker also directed "Without Limit," for Metro. I can hardly believe it. "Buried Treasure" has lots of swing; "Without Limit" is plunged in gloom. It is the awful story of a minister's son who behaves just exactly like the ministers' sons of the popular songs. He breaks all the commandments and the eighteenth amendment. The picture shows us the underworld and sin, and it is a dismal sort of underworld and an unmercy sort of sin. In the end the cast—except the villain—gets religion. As Mark Twain would say, the ending is all full of tears and flapdoodle. Anna Q. Nilsson and Robert Frazer play the leading roles.

"THE OLD SWIMMIN' HOLE."

Charles Ray springs a neat little surprise in "The Old Swimmin' Hole." The picture was adapted from James Whitcomb Riley's poem. But that isn't the surprise. The surprise is that Mr. Ray and Joseph de Grasse, his director, have made a picture which has no subtitles. Moreover, it hasn't even a plot. When you see "The Old Swimmin' Hole," you realize how nonessential a plot is to a popular young man like Mr. Ray. Plots spoil a lot of otherwise good pictures.

"The Old Swimmin' Hole" is an idyl of youth—a screen poem. It pictures a few events in the life of an old-fashioned boy. It tells of the days when the youth of Indiana went barefooted and hooked apples and attended picnics. With Mr. Ray at his very best, this charming picture deserves your kind attention.

"THE CONCERT."

While Mr. Ray's picture is all innocence and youth, "The Concert," a Goldwyn adaptation of Herman Bahr's comedy, is all middle age and sophistication. Leo Ditrichstein gave the stage a memorable picture of the pianist whom all women adored and who only his wife understood. The comedy is a near little lesson for those who pursue the illusive matinee idol. But, in spite of some flashes of its original cleverness, it proves a rather hazy sort of screen play. Neither actors nor adapters have caught the nice shadings of its comedy. Lewis Stone is a capable actor, but it takes a man with a tinge of genius to play in "The Concert." Myrtle Stedman and Mabel Julianne Scott are the other sides of the inevitable triangle.

"WHAT WOMEN WILL DO."

How is that for the title of a good, clean story of mother love? I will award the prize for bad titling this month to Edward Jose. In the story of "What Women Will Do," he had a fine heart-interest melodrama; it is one of those "pictures with a sob and a tear" that most motion-picture patrons enjoy. But then he slams a title on it like "What Women Will Do" and spoils it all.

In acting, directing, or plot, there is nothing cheap about the picture, as you might expect from the title. It is a story of a mother who tries to communicate with her son who has been killed in the war. She be-
 Paramount picture reminds us of a George M. Cohan play; it concerns the adventures of two charming crooks in a small town. Do they rob the innocent rustics? No, they are completely reformed by the country air.

“Straight Is the Way” is a good comedy, pleasantly played. Matt Moore is seen as the engaging crook. Since it is the fashion to star the Moore brothers, why doesn’t some one star Matt? His performance in this particular film deserves recognition. Gladys Leslie, whom I haven’t seen for a long time, is the blond, wide-eyed heroine.

**THE EASY ROAD.**

And while we are on the subject of the crime wave, it is well to tell you something about “The Easy Road.” Thomas Meighan’s very newest. “The Easy Road” is not as good as the two other pictures I have just mentioned, but then, it boasts the presence of Mr. Meighan. Mr. Meighan is one of my partialities. There is nothing original, however, about liking Mr. Meighan. He is a fine actor and a regular person. But you may be disappointed in “The Easy Road.” Mr. Meighan is capable of traveling a much harder road. That is to say, he needs a big story.

As for the others: Alice Lake again is seen as a chorus girl in “The Greater Claim.” Because she first came into prominence as a comedienne, Metro gives her nothing but sad stories. Motion-picture producers evidently believe that all great emotional actresses once worked in Sennett comedies. “Colorado,” filmed by Universal, is a screen version of an Augustus Thomas play. It has one or two good thrills, but the melodrama is extremely conventional. Frank Mayo is starred in it.

Bebe Daniels has her little fling in “She Couldn’t Help It,” which is just a new title for the play “In the Bishop’s Carriage.” Our old friend Tom Mix goes his merry way in “The Road Demon” and tries to tame a wild Ford. It’s very funny. William S. Hart is his same rugged self in “O’Malley of the Mounted.” Another Western thriller is “The Killer,” which tells a wild but entertaining tale of a gentleman whose hobby is murder. Frank Campeau is the blood-thirsty person. He gives a fine performance, but I know he has a kind heart.

“The Saphead” is a Metro-ization of Bronson-Howard’s comedy “The New Henrietta.” William Crane and “Buster” Keaton are costarred. It is a picture that you don’t want to miss because both Mr. Crane and Mr. Keaton are two rising young artists. Mr. Keaton is seen in the rôle once played on the stage by Douglas Fairbanks. Realizing that he couldn’t beat Mr. Fairbanks at his own game, he gives an original portrayal of Bertie, the Lamb.

“The Black Panther’s Cub” is W. K. Ziegfeld’s first adventure in film land. And, what is more important, it brings Florence Reed back to the screen. All actresses who aim to play emotional rôles should watch Miss Reed and take a few lessons. Miss Reed has intelligence and beauty, and she knows her business. The picture is an excellent dramatic vehicle for her talents.

Conway Tearle is now a real star and is doing nicely, thank you. “The Road to Ambition” and “Society Snobs” are his current productions. Do not confuse “Society Snobs” with “Society Secrets.” The latter is a light little story from Universal with Eva Novak as the featured player.
D. W. Griffith Presents—

Unusual Carol Dempster in an unusual way.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

I WENT to see “The Love Flower,” because D. W. Griffith had made it, and because I would no more think of missing one of his pictures than I would think of missing Christmas dinner on December 25th. The picture proved to be frank melodrama, but Carol Dempster lifted it for me to what some people might call art. She held me, anyway.

When the picture was over, an elaborate notice was flashed, stating that Mr. Griffith and Miss Dempster were scheduled to appear in person at eight that evening. I looked at my watch. It was six o’clock. I sherlocked within myself as follows: there are two places where celebs dine in Boston, and D. W. G. would be at one of them with his little star. I made for the Touraine first, because it was nearest. Hardly had I stepped inside the lobby when I spotted the man who made “The Birth of a Nation” strolling toward the elevator. A slender, squirrel-coated girl accompanied him; Carol Dempster. I hurried over to him.

“Pardon my intrusion, Mr. Griffith, but the readers of Picture-Play Magazine want ten minutes of Miss Dempster’s time.”

He turned and smiled and said: “All right.” Then D. W. Griffith presented—not in the usual silver-screen way, but in a highly informal manner—Miss Carol Dempster in “Ten Minutes.” We stood chatting for a minute, whereupon the directorial genius left to greet a delegation of exhibitors, and we were alone.

The elusive, antelope eyes are exactly the same in lobby life as on the screen. And her hair is the color brown that you would expect, but her height surprised me. The whole girl can’t be more than five feet two, and as for weight—she hasn’t any! Ninety-one light pounds, but her personality is there.

She wasn’t used to being interviewed, she told me, and she simply felt that she wanted to be with Griffith always, and stay in pictures forever, and do things as interesting as she has been doing.

Carol Dempster has a slender little face, with delicate features, and big, expressive eyes. Her hair is crinkly and a deep, serious brown; her hands are long and slim, and so are her ankles. In her squirrel coat and squirrel turban, she looked like nothing quite so much as a boarding-school product, in town for tea and fun. It’s next to impossible to sit and ask such a girl about her “future,” there is obviously so much of it, and it’s evident that she would rather chat about the Follies, and whether the music is good for dancing at the Copley-Plaza. She did tell me, however, in a very low, quiet little voice, how she started to flicker.

“I’m about the luckiest girl in the world, I think,” she said. “I was studying under Ruth St. Denis out at Denishawn when Mr. Griffith came over one day to get some dancing girls for the bacchanale in ‘Intolerance.’ He liked me well enough to tell me that he would really use me in a picture part some day, and for two years I didn’t hear a word from him. Then, just as I was finishing high school, he offered me a part in ‘The Girl Who Stayed at Home,’ and I almost went wild with joy.

“He’s been perfect to me, and he has taught me absolutely everything. Since that first picture I’ve done ‘Scarlet Days’ and ‘The Love Flower.’”

“And some day,” I suggested, a bit cynically, “you’ll be a star, who merely ‘started with Griffith.’”

She shook her head vehemently in denial.

“I’ll stay with Mr. Griffith,” she assured me,
D. W. Griffith Presents—

Don't Change Your Language

So our well-known interviewer advises, but though she did that very thing she managed to learn several interesting things about Max Linder.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

INTERVIEWING a foreign comedian proves many things to one; that one's French vocabulary looks like a sieve; that an interpreter is the better part of valor, and that if one thinks one speaks French, a few moments with a native of that so dear France disillusion one; it even makes one wonder what was the language they taught that passed for French in high school.

By this preamble you may know that I went, I saw, and that I was conquered. Of course, I knew that Max Linder was from Paris, and that he and the English language are scarcely on speaking terms, but what of that? Had I not wrestled for two years with la belle langue, Fraser and Squair's grammar being the referee, and had I not emerged from the final round with an "A" for a grade, and a flock of irregular verbs harnessed meekly to my chariot wheels? Also, had I not read "Cyrano de Bergerac" in the original and bragged about it openly? I could even order meringue glacé at dinner without a quiver, and once I said "Bon jour" to a French head waiter, who looked properly impressed. Why then, I ask you, should I have had any qualms about a mere interview with Max Linder? As I remember the details of the sad affair, I upstaged the interpreter who wanted to translate Max into English and me into French. I told him airily that I was quite proficient in French myself, oh, yes, quite!

Being a man, he took me at my word. Being a woman, I afterward resented it. He should have known!

Anyway, the place was Universal City, the time very slightly in the past, and the scene was a table in the cafeteria. The participants in the linguistic duel were
Max Linder and myself. A sympathetic publicity man hung around the conversational outskirts, but he wasn't much of a help. He thought "pomme de terre" was the French way of saying, "What'll you have?"

Max is small of stature, with brown eyes of amazing brilliancy and vivacity. His face is marvelously expressive, and his hands speak every language in the world. He illustrates everything when he talks, from dying with the fever to sewing on a button. He is always on the alert, quick of speech and action, and a born pantomimist. He has a friendly way of putting his hand on your arm in moments of emphasis. He dresses in a manner essentially Continental, gaining an effect of smartness without ostentation. He has very small feet, and his shoes have sloping military heels.

I suppose, too, I should add a word as to who he is, though perhaps it is an unnecessary precaution. I had always heard of Max Linder, of course, but I did not know that he is the most famous of all Continental comedians, and that he is the idol of the French people just as Charlie Chaplin is ours. He has kept his place at the top of the European comedy ladder both in stage and screen work, and he finds it a little difficult to understand why Americans do not know more about him.

So much for that. This is what happened:

Me (on being seated): Oh, monsieur, je suis so glad to meet vous.
He (a little blankly): Comment, mademoiselle?

His face is marvelously expressive.

Me: I say—(aside to the publicity man)—how do you say "glad to meet" in French?

P. M. (helplessly): Gosh, I don't know!

Me (snappishly): Well, I should think you'd find out. (To Max):
Tell me, monsieur, how many years—er—ans, avez vous been in this country—er—pays?

He (with a Gallic shrug): Oh, mademoiselle, je suis ici depuis—

He was off, going at sixty miles a sentence. I held my hat and stuck to my seat, occasionally grabbing a word as it zipped past, and nodding my head rhythmically like a mechanical bear to give the impression that I was right at his heels. He finished up by saying something with a rising inflection of voice which I took to be a query if I had understood everything. I nodded vigorously. He said something to the waiter in French, who brought me a side order of beans. It appeared that I had given my consent.

"Mr. Linder has been in America this time about two years," said the publicity man ingratiatingly. "He was in the war for two years serving as a private, and after he recovered from being gassed and wounded, was sent to Italy to do propaganda work. Then

Continued on page 98
Where Do They Get Their Storms?

By Marjorie Charles

Dozens of directors know Wilder's abilities. He has assisted with so many pictures that he has forgotten the names of half of them until some incident recalls them. But just offhand he remembers "Way Down East," for Griffith; "The Sea Wolf" and "The Mutiny of the Elsinore," for Ted Sloman; "Under Crimson Skies," starring Elmo Lincoln and directed by Rex Ingram; "Shore Acres," another Rex Ingram picture, starring Alice Lake; "What Women Love," starring Annette Kellermann and directed by Nate Watt; "The Silver Horde," the Goldwyn-Rex Beach feature; "Beneath the Mast" and "Below the Surface," starring Hobart Bosworth, with Roy Marshall directing; "When the Clouds Roll By," the Fairbanks picture; "Behold My Wife," the George Melford production; "End of the Trail," an Edwin Carewe picture, starring Jane Novak; "The Purple Cipher," with Earle Williams as star and Chester Bennett as director.

Knowing the sea from long experience in all kinds of weather and on all kinds of vessels, Wilder is invaluable when it comes to checking the accuracy of marine detail. No sailor will wear Kollege Kut clothes or pointed toe shoes on board ship, if Wilder sees him. No ship will struggle along with nautically horrible things the matter with her rigging or her canvas. No sailor in an audience will burst into scornful laughter over a picture in which Wilder helped. Directors know this and accept his suggestions accordingly — most of them. Those who cling to the notion that knowledge of rowboat navigation fits them to order the affairs of a ship, find Wilder perfectly courteous and calm, but unaccountably swamped with other work the next time they seek his services.

Take the matter of fires, for instance. Sometimes ships are actually burned, but not every time that an audience thinks they are. Many a ship that apparently has been swept by devouring flames one night puts out to sea the next day, none the worse for wear. It's all due to Wilder and his fire contrivances.

Suppose that the scene calls for a fire in a ship's hold, flames pouring from the hatchway and licking the deck. Very well. In the open space of the hatch, Wilder suspends a wooden box lined with tin or sheetiron, a shallow box just a little smaller than the hatch so that it fits comfortably out of sight. The box is loaded with smoke bombs, fire pots, and other visually deadly contrivances. Neatly concealed about the

Photo by Witzel

John Wilder is storm, fire, shipwreck, and general marine expert of the Pacific Coast for motion-picture purposes.

WHEN the weather man says that it may rain to-night, it sometimes does. When John Wilder announces that at precisely eight o'clock there will be a violent rainstorm, half a gale, and possibly a few snow squalls, there isn't any doubt about it. The rainstorm, gale, and snow arrive exactly according to schedule. Wilder makes them.

When the dauntless hero staggerers through the clouds of flame aboard the burning brig and staggerers back with the heroine in his arms, the chances are that John Wilder and his assistants were artfully hidden somewhere, helping the clouds of flame on their heated way.

When sailors aboard the ships of filmland look like real sailors and act like real sailors, handle their oars like oars and not like brooms, and run up the rigging without looking as if they were climbing stepladders, it's a safe guess that Wilder has provided the real article from down on San Francisco's water front.

In other words, John Wilder, who has his regular business as outside man for the Crowley Launch and Tugboat Company of San Francisco, is the storm, fire, shipwreck, undersea and general marine expert of the Pacific Coast for motion-picture purposes.
Motion-picture directors can't wait for weather to fit their scenarios, so they send for John Wilder who delivers storms, fires, and wrecks to order.

Driscol

scene are half a dozen assistants armed with flame torches. These torches are very much like the torches carried in the old-time political parades. A tube filled with alcohol, cotton, or some easily inflammable material provides the kindling. The rest of the torch's head is filled with lycopodium powder, a particularly spectacular, but comparatively harmless fuel. The men, lying behind the shelter of the hatch with their torches in place, blow vigorously on the end of a tube which is the shank of the torch. The lycopodium powder promptly shoots out over the burning cotton, catches fire, and up leap the flames. Sometimes compressed air works a whole string of fire torches at once, but that makes rather too neat and regular a fire; not to be compared with the irregular and spontaneous outburst of flames that result from half a dozen men with varying lung power, each working his own torch.

Are fires so created realistic? Well, one night, not so very long ago, the navy tug Vigilance and the harbor board tug Governor Markham of San Francisco came racing at full speed to put out what their captains thought was a genuine blaze. It happened during the filming of "Beneath the Mast." The schooner Lily was "working." The big scene was on, and everything was going at top speed, including the flames, when the two tugs dashed up alongside the supposedly blazing vessel and turned unexpected and very cold streams of water on her. It took a personal appearance on the part of Wilder and the evidence of the cameras to convince the tug captains that the Lily was not about to burn to the water's edge.

Storms at sea are frequently called for. "Shore Acres" and "The Mutiny of the Elsinore" are two recent and particularly lively storms of filmland. The "Shore Acres" storm is the best that has ever been made, Wilder declares.

Wilder's storms are not merely water pumped through a perforated pipe or anything so simple as that. Every storm is a matter for careful individual consideration. The rain must come in gusts. If the wind is from the east, the rain must move accordingly. There must be no dry spots nor a calm and peaceful background while the foreground is filled with furious rain. In fact, such an apparently ordinary thing as a rainstorm takes on new complications when Wilder describes it.

To provide for those sudden gusts of rain or snow that make an audience shiver involuntarily, Wilder depends on a motor working a wind machine, which is not unlike a set of airplane propellers. It must be a motor of high

The storm in "Shore Acres" was the best one ever made, Wilder declares.

Wilder gathers his genuine shellbacks from the San Francisco water front.

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PRISCIL

By H. C.
Author of “From

To The Generally Public, Dear Madam:

Well, I am now in a position to announce the results of the world-wide votin' contest I recently staged with the ideas of gettin' a line on which type of movie star my brace of admirers wouldst prefer me to interview, to the viz, male or female. The complete figures is in with the exceptions of Ireland, who I understand is terrible busy right now and can't be bothered. It seems they are shootin' a picture of their own over there entitled "The Birth of a Nation," which when it comes to action, wouldst make the movie by the same name, which Griffith tore off, look like a "still" of Arlington Cemetery.

How the so ever, the results is as thus:

| Interview males only | 1 |
| Interview females only | 2 |
| Don't interview nobody | 238,651 |
| Not voting | 27,738,003 |

As the votes of my three constant readers showed such a decidedly preference for female interviews, and as your correspondent dislikes stallin' around with beaucont lookers the same way Rockefeller dislikes the oil business, I cast about for a victim the minute the Prince of Wales called me up and announced the result of the ballotin'. Never havin' been in the automobile, jewelry, or law business, I have not had the advantages of meetin' movie stars daily, so like Adam, I was at the loss where to begin. Now the so ever, havin' heard that they was a plot on foot to make movin' pictures out at Universal City, and that a comely young man by the names of Chas. Hertzman was one of the chief conspirators, I called him up with a phone and made known my modest wishes. To say Chas. was delighted wouldst be doin' his emotions a injustice, and finly he says:

"How would you like to interview Priscilla Dean?"

"How would you like to have Vanderbilt's bank roll?"

I answered demurely,

So that was all settled.

Clubbing with the Kliegs.

BACK in California!

Land of static sun and Klieg light!

The last stop was the first stop. That is, I started in where I left off when I went to New York —Wally Reid's dressing room, which I'm pleased to call the Great Oasis. It's just as illicit looking as when I left it. And Kelly, the plenipotentiary extraordinaire, just as efficient.

Kelly is my favorite artist of the Lasky atelier. He knows secrets of lost arts. He's something of a magician, able to produce just what and when you need; therefore he cannot be termed a valet, since valets never can. If all the world were Kellys, Wally Reid would win every popularity contest by an overwhelming majority of all the votes. As it is, Kelly has a great deal to do with Wally's popularity among pilgrim scribes.

Also among those present upon our arrival was Hezi Tate.

Hezi, I believe, thinks he's an assistant director or something of the sort. In reality he is a personality worker, unlike a confidence worker in that no one has any confidence in him. In a previous incarnation Hezi no doubt was the king's favorite jester. Even as he stands he's not so bad, not so bad. He talks copy equalled only by Ring Lardner, Texas Guinan, and Elinor Glynn.

I give Hezi this space because he says he reads this Grill. And laughs.

He asserts—ridiculous, is it not?—that he even knows

RIGHT OFF

Our intrepid commentator, having East, returns to the West where he regales you with news, rumors.

By Herbert

the sources from which I crib my original wit and bon mots. All of which shows he's a student of literature. In the future he may even become a source.

Meet Bill Reid.

Wally Reid recently took to new diggings alongside those of Bill Hart and Bill Desmond.

The Reid domus is of Moorish architecture, the principal features of which are a swimming pool in the backyard, a son, and the charming Mrs. Reid of Titian piquancy.

There isn't any butler.

But at the head of the stairs leading to the upper drawing-room I encountered a gentleman in overalls, who accosted me thus:

"I'm Bill Reid; who are you?"

I passed his grave survey, was admitted, and allowed to see if I could tear his strong fort breeches. He as-
Those which has nothin' else to do can imagine my astonishment at breakfast the next mornin', when a valuable tourin' car trolled up to my door, and after hastily gulpin' down my Arroyo Seco—native dish of Sunkist stewed eggs with sparrow's kidney—I was whisked out to Universal City. Before proceedin' to the sensational parts of this essay, I wouldst like permission to say that of all the interestin' and dumbfoundin' places I have ever been in, not barrin' Philadelphia, Universal City leads the league! They is Indians and Iguanas, cowboys and Mexicans, lions and elephants, palaces and huts, Ignoto villages and Parisian boulevards, frigid Alaskan towns and sizzlin' South American hamlets, Russian—but they is no use goin' into the matter further as this place wouldst baffle the guy which first baffled description. To describe it with a word, Universal City, with its dazzlin' and eye-widenin' wonders, can only be appreciated by a globe trotter or a guy which has enjoyed Delerium Tremens. And the last named does take one a few places and show one some strange sights, you must admit!

Honorable Monsieur Hertzman met me at his magnificent office, and after showin' me the acoustics therein he suggested that I sit down and read over some scenarios, on the chance of shop-liftin' a original plot for one of my stories so's to give my readers a shock. Ignorin' the compliment, I says why do I have to wait, and Chas. says he is tryin' to excavate a good man on "stills" for the oil paintin's which illustrates this vest-pocket novel. Well, I remarks, that since the prohibition-enforcement guys has raised their prices for confiscated hooch I have become a fairly good mechanic on stills myself. We exchanged laughs, with neither havin' a decided advantage, and then I says, like you are prob'ly sayin', "Well, what about Priscilla Dean?"

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Missionary Meighan.

Tommy Meighan in make-up was partyin' in a cabaret of a Lasky set, the principal fixture of which was an enormous caldron full of devils—gentlemen in red tights who resembled crabs with a fever. Tommy had just returned from San Francisco, where he and Tony Moreno had been competing with the Golden Gate and the seals as civic attractions. Both were exceedingly popular with the Friscans according to their own unbiased accounts. Theirs was a noble missionary call on behalf of the good name of movie players, left in bad odor by Wally Reid on his visit when he threw eggs at hoary citizens. Wally says it's a lie, that another party did it, and he got the blame. Being an upright journalist I give the denial the same prominence as the libel. Just the same I'd never take a chance of passing under a window where sat sweet Wally with a basket of sour eggs. Reid elder hasn't the dignity of Reid younger. He's excessively irresponsible, although they do say he hasn't been late a single day for his "Five Kisses," surnamed "The Affairs of Anatol."

Dizzy Stuff.

While still conscious I left the Lasky lot. It is not to my discredit if I were a bit dizzy. Ethel Sands, our adventuring Alice in flinthelm, says she always gets that way around stars. If Ethel ever visits Wally they'll have to carry her out. The day she met Dick Barthelmess and D. W. Griffith she admits she
Tony and Havana.

From the Lasky fastness the parade formed to the right and turned toward the Vitagraph studio. There was Tony Garrido Montenegro Moreno, the most regular guy who ever carried around an irregular name. He was dictating to two secretaries at once in two languages, the Spanish coming from the left and the English from the right of a Havana cigar. Owing to a four weeks' vacation Don Tony was looking so handsome that Adela St. John, my companion, went away and wrote a story called "The Twentieth Century Don Juan." That's giving Tony speed, I'll say. She described his color as being like unto a Rembrandt canvas, which, as I recall, is something like a russet shoe. "And they say men aren't cats!" said my friend. Well, to prove there's nothing feline about me I'll say Tony looks like a synthesis of all the Greek gods—with the muscles of Hercules beneath the skin of Antinous. Doggone, there goes that good line I was saving to describe mon ideal Georges Carpentier.

After I had delivered to Tony all the sweet messages with which I had been freighted by Harriette Underhill, Gladys Hall, Louella O. Parsons, and all the other Far Easterners whom he so ardently admires, I helped myself to a handful of Havanas, shoved the dog off the day bed, and proceeded to read the story of Tony's next screen play. Tony said he would tell it to me. If there's anything I hate worse than war and science it's the guy who tells me stories. But say, Tony could tell you the life story of a paralytic jellyfish and have you in a sweat of excitement. I never tell who my favorite screen actor is: my life is hard enough in these dark days of thirst and hunger, but I must say that offscreen, at least Tony is the male Bernhardt. He could recite "Poor Little Ice-cream Soda" and make you weep as intertemporally as does Margaret Anglin, only I don't think Tony's ice-cream soda would be that kind. It would probably make you climb a tree and throw coconuts at your ancestors. Well, just to show how excited he can get you, I caught myself passing him the very cigars I'd lifted with so great a trouble a moment before. After this faux pas, I adjourned with him to the projection room to see his first feature since he swore off serials. Since Agnes Smith would send me a bonbon frosted with ground glass if I dared review the picture before she put her forgettens to it, I'll say no more. But go and see it—no matter what Agnes says. You may expect some big Moreno masterpieces to ensue. (Adv.) A final hasty pass over the cigar box and I adjourned to the Goldwyn Parthenon, which is as full of eminent authors as Athens was of philosophers.

NEW YORK'S LOWER EAST SIDE

That famous melting pot of Occident and Orient, that land of buried hopes whose dirt and misery balances all the grandeur of other parts of New York—the district of the Bowery and Chinatown, long famous in fiction—is being reproduced for the screen version of "Salvation Nell." Helen Bullitt Lowery, a newspaper writer who has long delved into the secrets of New York's darkest slums, visited the studio where the making of the picture was in progress and saw the East Side as it was represented there. She contrasts this setting with the real one in the next issue of PICTURE-PLAY in a vivid story of the most colorful section of New York.

We were late getting there owing to my thirsty chauffeuse, who stopped at every stand along the road for apple cider. Luckily none of it was as strong as that brewed by George Stewart. George heard that if you put three raisins in a quart of cider you'd get a kick. George is nothing if not magnificent. He threw in a pound. That night the cork kicked out of the bottle and hit the ceiling with such a deafening report that Sister Anita screamed wildly, believing her delightful brother had been shot.

We found Will Rogers wearing a talkative waistcoat that quite out-talked that of Joseph's. Will was delivering an oration to a circle of visitors.

The Reverend Rogers said in part:

"Some of our soldier boys are still in Germany. They're being kept there to receive the mail sent to them during the war.

"I understand we also have some soldiers in Siberia, and they can't be sent home, because nobody in the war department knows where Siberia is."

"I am one of the few motion-picture actors who has the original wife he started out with. She's not bragging about it, but I am.

"I understand the police authorities are going to be more severe with murderers and holdup men. I hear that if they keep it up their names will be published in the paper."

When he finished, Mary Alden applauded wildly and screamed in endorsement:

"Hurrah for Bill! He never stuttered nor blasphemed once."

Bill ignored this evocation of ecstasy aroused by his eloquence and solemnly shook hands with his audience, bidding them go home and be good citizens and supporters of Sam Goldwyn, which they all promised to do.

The only other star remaining within the Goldwyn mosque is Tom Moore, who was away getting his marriage license and planning the Valentine Day's party when Cupid, with benefit of clergy, would rivet his heart and hand to those of Renee Adoree.

Cullen Landis was whistling around and acting democratic, not knowing perhaps that Goldwyn is planning to star him in boy roles of the type which Jack Pickford used to do. Jack, as you know, has quit supporting the Goldwyn lion to appear under the equally brave domination of his mother. The announcement read "With his own company," a line which has become the favorite epitaph of so many good little stars.

Mary Roberts Rinehart was just leaving for New York after showing one of her famous stories through the camera. She was entertained at a farewell publicity luncheon at which she solemnly shook hands with this guest:

"I always believed firmly in publicity, as firmly as the lady who wanted to join the Baptist church until she learned of the baptism. Complete immersion, did you say?" said the lady. "No, no, that's impossible. I couldn't afford to be out of the public eye long."

Another interesting character of the literary world was present. She is Anzia Yezierska, author of "Hungry Hearts." Miss Yezierska was an immigrant, later a sweatshop worker. She lived in an East Side tenement on crackers, mush, and milk for a year while writing her great series of human-vibrant stories. She still lives in the most severe simplicity.

Continued on page 87
Touch Up Your High Lights

That is what every gown of Elsie Ferguson's does; this article tells you how.

By Louise Williams

ELsie FERGUSON has the most exclamatory hair I've ever seen! remarked a friend of mine the other day, as we turned again to our luncheon after having paused to watch Miss Ferguson cross the great hotel dining room. "Somehow, you always notice it, don't you?"

"You do," I agreed. "Yet it isn't so bright colored or so curly as Constance Talmadge's or Anna Nilsson's or several other girls'. But, of course, Miss Ferguson makes her hair an exclamation point."

She does, you know. Just recall the times you've seen her on the stage, or at a theater or hotel, or on the screen. You remember her charm, her air of fragility, of good breeding, of course—but the beauty of her golden hair is one of the first things you recall when you're considering just her physical appearance. For in coloring, in line, subtly yet effectively, she emphasizes its beauty always, by means of her clothes.

Then, too, her costumes always have one particular high light, supplementing that of her hair. Sometimes it's a fan, sometimes it's a bracelet of deep-green jade, or a pendant, or perhaps a very beautiful strand of pearls. It claims your attention instantly. Now, if you'll stop and think a moment, you'll see the value of that.

Study Miss Ferguson's coloring and you'll realize that her deep-blue eyes and the delicate gold of her hair, though effective, are not vivid. Her features are delicate. There is nothing obvious about her appearance that shouts from the housetops, as it were; you know instantly when you look at her that she is lovely, but it is an impression of charm and aristocracy that you get first, rather than one of intrinsic beauty.

Very well. Now, when we consider such a type in a designer's studio, we immediately begin to plan for a high light, some one note that will attract attention, though not necessarily hold it. If the girl is of vivid coloring—Dorothy Dalton and Pearl White are good examples of this type—this note can be obtained by using brilliant color in the costume itself. But for a more delicate type of girl, it is well to provide something quite independent of the wearer's personality, that will make no demands on it, but will be self-sufficient.

For example, if a girl wears a bright-colored hat she can't afford to look tired; let her lose her enthusiasm for a moment, and she'll seem old and haggard. But attract attention to some one good point—some high light in her appearance by means of a brilliant-hued string of beads, and she needn't live up to them if she doesn't want to. If they are amber beads, and her hair is golden, they send the beholder's eye straight to it. Blue eyes and turquoise beads, a pale, clear complexion and pearls, a pretty mouth and a twisted strand of garnets—one can say "Stop, look, and listen" in so many, many ways!

But to return to Elsie Ferguson and her high lights. Her recent sojourn in Paris resulted in the creation of many a gown which carried out her remarkably good judgment in matters of dress.

"I simply spent all my time choosing gowns, wraps and hats," she told me shortly after she returned home. "I went to the modistes' the first thing in

A bracelet of jade and the bead trimmings on this frock are its high lights.
because of her hair. Incidentally, the blond girls who have always regarded yellow as a color meant especially for their darker-haired sisters will do well to follow her example and take to the various golden shades, if they wish to emphasize the beauty of their hair.

This evening gown is particularly interesting because of the trimming. It is embroidered in beads, in two tones of green, coral, and garnet. Ropes of pearls combined with pink topazes create an especially good effect, and a very new one. You can do a great deal by combining beads of different colors in this manner.

Beads play an important part in several of these new frocks. Much of the charm of one stunning creation of black satin depends on bead trimming, which is developed in crystal and black onyx beads. Long strands of them are brought down across the frock, crossed in front, then brought down under the gown from front to back. This use of long strips of trimming has been in great favor this year, and indications are that it will be equally popular for summer frocks.

Of course, it is necessary to remember that in selecting her gowns Miss Ferguson had to bear the screen in mind. Because she had to discount the color value of her gowns, you will find them notable for their lines. Of course, her beauty is of the type which does not lend itself to fussy trimming; her figure is beautiful and therefore she must let the lines of her gowns do it justice. They must not be broken by ornaments of the sort which we use when we wish to disguise a bad waist line or create a good corsage effect.

This appreciation of beauty of line cannot be better illustrated than by calling your attention to another evening gown, a Callot model—the three gowns described are all the work of this famous French modiste—which was developed in white and silver tissue. This gown also is trimmed with beads, pearl ones being strung on gold thread and applied in a striking design to the front of the gown. With this gown Miss Ferguson wears a Bacchante headdress of silver flowers and grapes, and carries a fan of white peacock feathers—these two accessories are the high lights of the costume.

Another gown which Miss Ferguson wears in "Sacred and Profane Love" holds many suggestions for the young woman who wants a simple, smart frock which she can wear on the street in summer without a coat. The girl who needs a dark, cool frock to wear to the office cannot do better than copy this one of Miss Ferguson's.

It is made of crépe de Chine—black, since she wears it when the heroine is in mourning. Its lines are extremely simple, and the trimming, the only unusual feature, is of dull black, triangular-shaped beads. For the belt and sash they are sewn to a strip of the silk; otherwise they are sewn flat on the gown itself. I would suggest that, if one did not wish to use beads, button molds be covered with the material of the gown, or small shapes of flannel can be so used, if it is desirable to avoid the hard effect of buttons.

If you are interested in seeing what sort of gown Elsie Ferguson designs for herself.
for herself, study the tea gown which she had made from a piece of embroidery which she bought in Shantung, China, when she was there last summer. And if you have a silk shawl, or a piece of embroidery or an embroidered robe which you wish to have made up, you will find that this gown, without the sleeve draperies, of course, is just what you have been looking for.

It is made in a straight gown, caught in at the waist by a gold girdle. The embroidery is black, gold and Chinese red—a color scheme which is excellent for blondes of the delicate type—and there are long, flowing draperies of black satin chiffon which fall from the armholes. This is a gown which has distinct personality, and its girdle and color scheme are worth remembering whether you wish to adapt the gown for yourself or not.

A cloak which Miss Ferguson brought from Paris suggests interesting possibilities for making a new wrap or remodeling an old one. It is black velvet, trimmed with monkey fur, and is lined with rose-pink quilted satin—and as Callot made it, it bears the stamp of authority.

Not only can a girl or woman of Miss Ferguson's type benefit by following her example, but any one whose coloring is more neutral will profit by her choice of gowns. For example, a girl with gray eyes and light-brown hair can learn much from Miss Ferguson, since she gets her effects frequently with pale-colored gowns.

Not that Elsie Ferguson never wears brilliant colors. I recall a velvet gown of deep rose color which she wore last winter, in which she was exquisite. But I think she appears to the best advantage in the gowns which blend with her rather delicate charm, and I would advise any one who even faintly resembles her type to follow the principles which have made Elsie Ferguson one of the best-dressed women on the screen.

It is needless to remark that the frocks which Miss Ferguson selects to wear on the screen are usually much too extreme for a girl to wear who is less in the public eye. The young matron who attends nothing more elaborate and formal than a dinner dance at the country club would hardly care to appear in a duplicate of Miss Ferguson's silver cloth gown, for instance.

Yet the lines of that gown can be successfully copied in some less ostentations fabric; black satin, for example, or wine-colored charmeuse. And the deft manner in which she emphasizes her high lights is certainly worth noting.

Not long ago a rather pretty, but not actually attractive girl was successfully made over by just this very plan of playing up her high lights. I think you'll be interested in hearing how it was done.

She was rather tall, but well built; especially about the waistline her figure was good. Her face was very round, and she had pretty brown eyes, but she parted her hair in the middle—the most trying type of coiffure there is!—and so made her face even more round and less attractive.

So—she was taken straight out of her coat and skirt suit and told never to buy another. Instead, she was given dresses, so fitted at the waist that even a critical modiste would exclaim: "What a pretty figure that girl has." She had been dowdy in her suit—really, it takes genius to wear a blouse and skirt and look smart in them. In a frock of midnight-blue duvetyne, with a vest of cream-colored net, she instantly attained distinction.

That took care of one high light—her good waistline. We still had her hair and eyes to deal with. And, properly handled, the former would take care of the latter.

Her hair was parted at the side.

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pay more for thin ice than for solid ground. But now it is my honest belief that Lois Weber makes the pictures she does because she wants to tell the truth about life as she sees it; because she believes that people should not hesitate to look facts in the face, and because she rebels at man-made morals being thrust upon womankind through the medium of man-made pictures.

Lois Weber must be seen to be appreciated. None of her photographs do her justice, nor do the word sketches drawn by typewriter artists. Many of the pictures she has made bear the stamp of the yellow journalist. But to know Lois Weber is to know that she is a white crusader bearing on her shield the flaming cross of her convictions.

It was to learn the inside facts concerning the much-mooted picture "What Do Men Want?" that I went out to interview her.

I had heard upon good authority—masculine authority I might add—that the picture was too utterly risqué for even the most hardened exhibitor to take a chance on. I heard that it had traveled from west to east and from east to west half a dozen times, arousing exclamations of horror each time from the director general producer down to the director general producer’s assistant secretary’s office boy. On each trip the shears of the cutter snipped virtuously and now that the fly-minded powers that be have sufficiently safeguarded the young and innocent picturing the generation—the same generation that sits spell-bound through such naïve little screen stories as "Sex," "Don’t Change Your Wife," and "The Thunderstorm"—the moral lesson contained will have all the terrific punch of a warm-milk cocktail.

I went, as I have said before, to get Lois Weber’s version of the much-traveled picture I thought to find a woman belligerent, tearfully resentful, sternly masculine in her conviction that she had been bitterly wronged. I found a woman who radiated charm, not only from her own personality, but who managed to surround the whole studio with a home-like and feminine aura. She is of medium height, and her dark hair lies in graceful waves around her face. Her eyes are green and turn up at the corners ever so slightly. Her mouth is firm and humorous and her handshake is as steady as a man’s. But she is intensely feminine. So is the studio. It is an old house converted into a screen-craft shop with a tennis court at one side and a green lawn in front. There is a fireplace in the outer office, which is furnished with rocking-chairs like a living room and in Miss Weber’s own sanctum there is another fireplace with a huge couch before it, piled with pillows. She told me that she made practically all her scenes away from the studio. If she wanted to film a kitchen, she rented one in somebody’s house; if she wanted a drawing-room, a jail, or a church, she didn’t build the sets on the stage behind the studio, she went where they really were, taking her lights, electricians, and actors along.

"Then what do you use the stage for?" I asked.

"To give dances on," she replied quickly.

She was not the least bit vindictive about the way her pet brain child had been manhandled. It seems to me that she stands outside of herself looking on at life, not as a participant, but as a spectator. She does

Lois Weber is a white crusader bearing on her shield the flaming cross of her convictions.

What Do Men Need?

Lois Weber has some very definite views on this subject, with some of which the producers do not agree.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

What men need," said Lois Weber, "is to see themselves as they really are. What they need is to face the truth about themselves—but they won’t do it. It is too bitter a pill."

If you are a man, you will smile cynically at this statement made by the famous woman director. If you are a woman, you will smile sadly, perhaps grimly. But however you smile, you will agree with her. Being a woman, I agreed; not because of a blasted romance or a trusting heart deceived, but just as a matter of principle. We women have to stick together.

Lois Weber, as you perhaps may know, has been called the "yellow journalist" of the screen. The photo stories which she has written and directed are consistently daring in their nature. They deal generally with sex.

Until I met Lois Weber I thought her daring was of the box-office variety. I thought she skated on thin ice because there is a certain type of public which will
not believe that anything is worth grieving terribly for; she thinks that loss of poise destroys one's sense of values.

"They said to me after seeing the picture"—she always refers to it as the picture—"it shows that a woman made this."

"I said to them: 'Yes, it does show that a woman made it. And it also shows that men are afraid to see themselves as they really are.'"

The story in brief, concerns a young man who marries his high-school sweetheart. He tells her he loves her; but what he really loves is her mouth, her long lashes, her creamy skin. He wants her, and he gets her. But married life pulls, although children come to bless the union. What does he want? Perhaps it is money and power. Through a fortunate deal in stocks he achieves wealth, and later, the power he has sought. But after a while life again takes on a dusty look and a musty taste. What does he want now? He meets a fascinating woman, a drug addict, whose conversation is racy, and whose attentions are flattering. Ah! That's what a man wants! The companionship of a woman who "understands" him. He goes to her again and again. His wife and children are neglected, his conscience goes vagabonding. Then somehow the woman's charm fails. He discovers that her voice is high-pitched, that to maintain her vivacity she must have drugs, that she is ready to give her favors to the highest bidder. He leaves her, disgusted with everything in life, and with the thought of his quiet fireside soothing his better end. But grief has done its work with the lovely girl he married. When he comes to plead forgiveness, her mind is so dulled by pain that she no longer cares whether he goes or stays. She accepts him again, dutifully, but without pleasure. "Do you know what men want?" he asks her, as they sit before the fire.

"What they haven't got," she says quietly.

"No," he replies, "they want the intelligence to understand that a home, honorable responsibility, and the companionship of a true woman are the greatest blessings of life."

I have left out the touches that make—or rather, make—the picture such a widely discussed feature. There was a scene, for instance, where a pool-room hanger-on, ogled a girl on the street corner, and mentally disrobed her. The outlines of her body were made to show through her clothes—in a double exposure, of course—and the powers—that-be fairly stuttered in an effort to express their horror.

"But men do it," Miss Weber told me. "I have seen them do it numberless times! It struck home, that's all."

There was another scene where the "other woman" is using her seductive powers to entrap the man she wants. She undressed—behind a curtain—and donned a black chiffon negligee. It was handled deliberately, but it was bold. The cutters' shears haven't left a remnant of that episode.

But aside from the bits—which, I frankly think should be left unscreened—are pictured fragments taken from life, so gripping, so analytical, and so real, that one is amazed at the caliber of the intelligence which would censure them. For instance: Miss Weber heard an actor on the lot telling of his "system" for winning the hearts of women. She eavesdropped without shame—and gave his "system" into the hands of the pool-room character. The powers that be thought it "dangerous."

After she had read the script to the assembled cast—including also the electricians and carpenters, for it is her custom to have every one who works with her familiar with the story she is making—one of the young men came to her in private, and told her with worried amazement, that she had him in the story. If she had taken scenes from his own life, he maintained, she could not have hit more squarely upon the truth.

Then another came and told her with awe in his voice that in that story she had things from his own life, and after that one of the carpenters wanted to know how much she knew about him, because there were things in that story—et cetera.

This really happened. It simply goes to show that whatever objectionable features Lois Weber had in "What Men Want," she at least had several grains of universal masculine truth—and the truth hurts.

"When I delivered the picture to the producer who had contracted for it," said Miss Weber, "I waited expectantly to hear the praise I was sure I would receive. Then one day a phone call came. It was the producer. He said in a slow voice weighted with portent, 'Mrs. Smalley,'—she is Mrs. Phillip Smalley in private life—'I have just seen your picture.' "

"'Yes?' I said eagerly.

"'And I want to tell you that I am shocked; I have never been so shocked in my life! It is lewd; it is disgraceful! It is altogether impossible!"

"And so," said Lois Weber to me with her humorous, understanding smile, "I say that what men want is flattery. What they need, is to be told the truth about themselves."

[As we go to press we are informed that the title of Miss Weber's forthcoming picture referred to in this article is to be changed. The new title has not, at this time, been decided on.—Eoron.]

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**News Notes from the Studios**

About players and forthcoming productions.

JOHN BARRYMORE, who has refused a number of offers to make motion pictures since his sensational success in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," attributes the long wait to a search for a director to his liking. He finally decided upon Marshall Neilan, obtained his release from another contract, and has agreed to make pictures for the next five years for a company bearing his own name.

James Young will direct Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy" for Pathé.

Hope Hampton will next appear in Hobart Henley productions released by First National. The first one will be a screen adaptation of "Stardust," the first novel by Fannie Hurst, author of "Humoresque."

Mary Pickford's next production will be "Little Lord Fauntleroy." Her brother Jack will assist in directing it, after which he will form his own company and make "Garrison's Finish," a racing story.

Three famous beauties will appear with Eugene O'Brien in a picture that is as yet unnamed. The story...
News Notes From the Studios

is by Ralph Ince, and the three beauties are Martha Mansfield, Kathryn Perry, and Nita Naldi.

The first picture in which Lady Diana Manners, the famous English beauty, will be featured depicts the traditional romance of the first Duke of Rutland, one of her ancestors. The most prominent scenes occur in Haddon Hall, ancient home of the Manners family. The period of the romance is the time of the London fire.

Carmen Myers will be the star in a Universal production called "The Heart of a Jewess."

When Lucy Cotton walked out of the Metro studio after finishing all of her scenes in "The Man Who," a Bert Lytell picture, she felt a little tired. In front of near-by theaters, she saw herself advertised in "The Devil," "The Sin That Was His," and "The Misleading Lady," and decided that she had a right to be tired. So she refused to talk business for a month, and embarked for Havana with her mother and some friends for a long cruise.

Helen Christine Bennett, who for the past ten years has been well known to readers of the big women's magazines as a writer of special articles, has begun writing scenarios. Her first motion picture has been produced by Universal, with Eva Novak in the leading rôle. It is called "Society Secrets."

When Mary Pickford wants to retire, there will be some one ready to step into her shoes. Her little niece, Lottie, five years old, has already started her motion-picture career. She appears as an extra in "The Nut," a picture in which her Uncle Douglas stars.

Mack Sennett's first romantic comedy, "Heartbalm," has Ethel Grey Terry, Herbert Standing, and Noah Beery in the leading rôles. These players were all borrowed from other companies for the occasion, but Mr. Sennett also gave parts to some of his regular players, including Charlie Murray and Katherine McGuire.

"Why Girls Leave Home," is soon to be presented in motion pictures with Anna Q. Nilsson in the leading rôle.

Wheeler Oakman is going to be starred in a series of Western dramas, to be known as The Broncho Kid Films.

Elzie Ferguson's next picture is to be "Footlights," adapted from a story of that name by Rita Weinman. It will be directed by John Robertson who directed "Sentimental Tommy" and "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Marshall Neilan plans to make a screen version of "Penrod" with Wesley Barry in the title rôle, as soon as that young actor finishes an engagement on the stage in the same play.

In "The Sky Pilot," King Vidor has not only used color to suggest different hours of the day, but also to induce certain moods he has scientifically played upon varying degrees of happiness and sorrow with suggestive colors.

Emi Bennett, former Ince star, will appear as the leading woman in "Keeping Up With Lizzie," a film version of the famous story by Irving Bacheller. Later she will form her own company.

Three graduates of the slapstick comedy school, "Fatty" Arbuckle, "Buster" Keaton, and Alice Lake recently held a reunion at the Metro studio in Hollywood.

Apropos of Alice Lake, a Metro bulletin announces that her mother has gone West to chaperon her. This bulletin is most circumstantial, and does not explain why a chaperon was necessary.

Will Rogers visited his home town, Claremore, Oklahoma, where he was accorded a big reception. His home-town paper gives the following account of it:

Will Rogers Had Time of His Life.

Speechless for the moment for possibly the first time in his career, and with his eyes welling with tears, Will Rogers, world-celebrated trick and fancy roper, humorist, and motion-picture actor, faced his friends at the Pocahontas banquet at the Elks Club Tuesday, and felt deeply the sentiment that after all, there is no place like home. Gathered to do him homage were those among whom he was reared.

Calling a square dance as in the days of yore, dancing the same dances with his friends of yesterday, the man who is paid thousands of dollars a week to amuse the public was a light-hearted boy having the time of his life. There are some gray hairs, but Bill is managing to keep young, and the spirit of this occasion was youth. Doctor Bushyhead himself "shook a wicked ankle" and swung his partner de-cce-do with the grace of twenty years ago.

The color scheme was red—the color of the old Pocahontas Club. The banquet itself was one that will never be forgotten. The part of the partook of the eats. There were many country hams, home cooked, and the tables fairly groaned with expressions of the culinary art of the members of the club. Ham and navy beans, a favorite dish, were on the menu.

After the banquet a public reception was held and the fun proper started. The music struck up and the guests, with great fun, danced the quadrilles and square dances, added to the pleasure of which was an Indian war dance led by Mr. Rogers. Over the floor, Bill would bend and then up with a war cry that took the roof. Chief Bushyhead also participated in this part of the festivities, together with a number of the other old guards. Mr. Rogers, Mrs. J. Herbert Moore, and Mrs. C. L. Lane gave fancy exhibitions of back-and-wielding. The dictates of strict convention were removed, lost in the discard, and the guests, with light hearts, enjoyed themselves to the utmost. It will long be remembered.

Corinne Griffith wears a gown made almost entirely of pearls in "What's Your Reputation Worth?"

When Jackie Coogan completed "Peck's Bad Boy," he was invited to go to San Francisco, make personal appearances at the theaters where "The Kid!" was showing, and be entertained by the mayor. On his return some one asked him if he found mayors interesting. "Yes," Jackie admitted, "but our ash man's better. He can wiggle his ears."

When Joe Ryan finishes the last episode of "The Purple Riders," a Vitagraph serial, he is coming East on a visit. He is a real Westerner, having been born on a Wyoming ranch, and never having been east of the Rockies.

Some of the beautiful homes in Santa Barbara, famous as the city of many millionaires, were photographed in scenes of "The Bridal Path," a Goldwyn picture directed by E. Mason Hopper.

Alice Calhoun's second star picture for Vitagraph is called "False Colors."

Ethel Clayton will star in "The Almighty Dollar," an original story by Cosmo Hamilton which will be directed by William D. Taylor.

Winifred Westover made such an impression on the officials of the Selznick Company by her work as Conway Tearle's leading woman that they signed her up

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She Makes Stars Feel at Home

Artists in motion pictures, always quick to recognize talent in others, have found an interior decorator who can express their personalities in their homes. How she expresses theirs—and a suggestion of how you can express yours, is told in this article.

By Helen Klumpp

Sunbeams dancing through chiffon of azure hue cast a glow on pillows shimmering with silver; overhead embroidered Chinese figures silhouette against the brightness of a silken shade. On table scarfs dance amid grotesqueries, that merge into a swirl of soft Baltik. And over all, predominant, there stands a vase that brings a little of the majesty of empires passed away.

Do you wonder that motion-picture stars want Hazel Adler to decorate their homes when she can create effects like these? The longing for a beautiful home is felt even more keenly by motion-picture actresses than by many other women, for day after day, and week after week, their work puts them in surroundings designed by the world's greatest artists. Rare fabrics of softest texture vie with decorative panels to create the most entrancing pictures on the screen. Lights, ingeniously shaded, throw in relief the striking outlines of furniture, designed by artists.

Can a motion-picture star go home, after being a part of such exquisite surroundings to a home any less beautiful? She can, perhaps, but in most cases she doesn't. And often the credit for the beauty of her home, whose decorations held her fancy even against the steady change of wonderful surroundings in which she works, belongs to Hazel Hyman Adler. For Hazel Adler does one thing superbly well—she catches the personality of an artist, and expresses it through the medium of home furnishings. And artists in motion pictures, always quick to recognize unusual talent in others, have sought her out, and commissioned her to work for them.

Hazel Adler lives in a big studio apartment on Central Park West, in New York City, in a building owned by famous artists, writers, and actors. There are many beautifully furnished studios there, but Hazel Adler's has an inviting and comfortable home atmosphere that is rarely achieved in such artistic elegance. Because of that, and because she is always exhibiting interesting works of art in her studio, it has come to be the meeting place for people interested in beautiful home decorations. "And no other people I have ever met," declares Mrs. Adler, "have half the interest and enthusiasm for interior decoration that the motion-picture actors who live here have. For a while I thought that their eagerness and devotion was a whim that would pass in time. But it hasn't. I dare say that if you complimented some motion-picture stars on their art, they would think that you meant interior decoration."

"George Fitzmaurice and his wife spend almost as much energy studying antiques and working out decorative schemes for their home, as they do in making motion pictures. Of course, any one would know from seeing a picture directed by Fitzmaurice that he had marked ability as a decorator. The same is true of Edmund Goulding. Marguerite Clark and Eugene O'Brien are wonderfully enthusiastic over modern art, and, of course, it is reflected in their charming homes. Oh, yes, and Nazimova is remarkable, too. When an art dealer gets something particularly beautiful, if Nazimova is in New York, he is likely to offer it to her before showing it to any one else."

Mrs. Adler's studio is decorated in peacock colors—varying shades of blue-green, orange, and violet, and is furnished in old mahogany and walnut. It is so beautiful that it is an inspiration to artists, many of whom consult Mrs. Adler about color harmonies. Alfred Cheney Johnston—who has charming photographic studies of motion-picture stars every fan knows—and Penrhyn Stanlaws, who recently forsook his painting to become a director for Famous Players-Lasky, have both used it as a background for their work, and Eugene O'Brien and many other popular stars have entertained there.

Her wonderful success in decorating her own home made Mrs. Adler one of the most sought after interior decorators in the country. It proved that she had a distinct gift for creating beautiful surroundings that were not merely charming in themselves—but brought out charm in the people in them. Her studio had beauty of an unobtrusive sort. It made a perfect background to live in—and that is what every home should do.

When Ruby de Remer saw this studio, she immediately asked Mrs. Adler to decorate her apartment for her. Luckily Mrs. Adler's next lecture tour was not scheduled to begin for several weeks, so she turned
She Makes Stars Feel at Home

her wits to the problem of creating a fitting background for the famous beauty.

"All beautiful women need a carefully selected background to make the most of their charms," Mrs. Adler says. "A woman whose coloring is delicately blond needs a dark background as a foil. The pale pinks and blues that were once considered so dainty and tasteful are a thing of the past so far as blondes are concerned. To-day beautiful blondes—if they are clever—select the rich, warm shades of the Orient as a background for the pale gleaning gold of their hair, and the blue and rose of their eyes and skin."

Rubye de Remer, being artistic and of a decidedly original turn of mind, wanted to discard all conventionalities in her home decorations and commissioned Mrs. Adler to strike out in new fields and create a home atmosphere for her that would be distinctive. All that she stipulated was that peacock coloring should be used, and she already had some Circassian walnut furniture which she preferred to anything else. The result was a radiantly beautiful home—one that mirrored in every detail the exquisite loveliness of Miss de Remer herself.

The walls were painted opalescent blue and lavender, and hangings of peacock-blue satin bordered with black and gold were used. The side lights on the wall were shaded with small screens, with appliqued Chinese figures, and the lamp shades throughout the apartment were of orange filet veiled in black lace and bound with black and gold. The rug was black edged with orange, the window seat covered with black velvet, and the table tops covered with deep peacock-blue satin bordered with black and gold. Against this rich and somewhat somber background a wealth of warm colorings was introduced in luxurious floor pillows of Batiked velvet in black, violet, and terra cotta, and smaller cushions on the window seat of violet and gold.

For her bedroom, a dressing table set of enamelled copper in peacock, violet and orange was procured, and a bed throw was made of peacock-blue chiffon velvet with a deep fleunce of violet chiffon. On this were heaped pillows of black and gold Chinese brocade and one of brilliant orange with an appliqued Chinese figure. This made a strikingly original bedroom, but Mrs. Adler was not quite satisfied with it. She wanted some beautiful pictorial effect to attract Miss de Remer's attention when she first woke in the morning. So she curtained the windows with orange gauze with an appliqued design simulating a branch of a tree with gay blossoms. This was veiled in violet chiffon—which gave the effect of looking at a distant landscape through violet haze.

Miss de Remer always has her rooms filled with flowers. They vary with the season, but they are always simply arranged and colorful. Iris, marigolds, hydrangeas, salmon-pink snapdragons, and deeply shaded zinnias are her favorites. She puts them in pottery jars and venetian glass vases—and except for two candlesticks of amethyst Capri pottery, this is the only bric-a-brac in the room.

Now everybody can't have Mrs. Adler to create a background for them, as Miss de Remer and many others have, and few people can afford such luxurious homes as Mrs. Adler provides for most of her clients, but every one can learn something from the way she handles decorative problems. In the story of how she expresses other women's personalities, are hints for every woman, for the furnishing of her own home, particularly in the color harmonies.

"The human mind has always reacted to human characteristics in terms of color," Mrs. Adler explains. "A person whose personality is rather negative seems colorless; a noble, trustworthy person makes one think of white; cowardly—yellow; loyal, courageous—blue; envious—green, and so on all through the range of colors." It is largely through deft selections of colorings that Mrs. Adler suggests those same intangible qualities that go to the making of a personality.

Particularly interesting to motion-picture fans is the color combination she selected to express the personality of Dorothy Dalton, for Mrs. Adler knew only as the fans do—through her work on the screen. The colors she selected were orange, jade-green, wistaria, and gray—and the story that precedes that selection is as interesting as the combination itself.

When Dorothy Dalton signed a contract to come East to appear on the stage and in pictures, there was one drawback for which no amount of money could compensate. She had to leave her home. All of the little treasures that she had been collecting for years, her furniture, and the house that seemed so integral a part of her life had to be left behind. She could have packed up most of the furnishings and shipped them East—but she didn't want to do that. In New York people live so differently that she thought she would want a different kind of a house, and besides she intended to return to California in a year or two and she wanted her home there intact then.

So she asked several of her friends who had lived in New York what she should do. She didn't want to live in a hotel, even for a short time, and she knew that she would be too busy to go house hunting on her arrival in New York. What should she do? As an answer, some one gave her a copy of "The New Interior," a book by Mrs. Adler. It was a description of Mrs. Adler's studio in this book, and an account of how she had selected the furnishings for it and why, that made Dorothy Dalton decide that her troubles were over. By telegraph she commissioned Mrs. Adler to rent an apartment for her, buy all of its furnishings, and have it ready for her to move into when she arrived in New York.

That provided one of the most interesting decorative problems Mrs. Adler had ever tackled. She went wherever she saw a Dorothy Dalton film advertised, and saw some of them several times, in an effort to grasp something of Miss Dalton's personality. Then she questioned several acquaintances of Miss Dalton's about her, to make sure that it was Dorothy Dalton's personality, and not that of the parts she had played, that had impressed her. Finally, she felt that she knew her well enough to design her home.

"To form a suitable background for Miss Dalton's energetic and strikingly individual personality," Mrs. Adler says, "it was necessary to choose a type of decoration that would be simple and restrained and at the same time be imbued with vigor and individuality. You couldn't very well imagine her amid the frivolous gold and glitter of a Louis XIV, or XV, interior, and

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A corner of the big studio belonging to Hazel Hyman Adler, where many film stars have entertained, and where impromptu debates on interior decoration—a pet hobby of film stars—have inspired many to go home and beautify their homes. Often Mrs. Adler only advises them, but sometimes she designs their home decorations throughout. Rubye de Remer is one of the fortunate ones for whom Mrs. Adler has decorated an apartment. The accompanying photograph of Miss de Remer, from a painting by Penrhyn Stanlaws, suggested the decorative scheme and the color harmony that was used.
One end of the spacious studio living room in Dorothy Dalton's apartment is shown above, and at the left another corner of the studio, showing her quaint old mantel with Chinese wood carving. Miss Dalton wears house gowns of Batik velvet, that harmonize with the furnishings.
A studio in silver and amethyst which Mrs. Adler decorated was Mae Murray's home for a while. There she rested in a gown of softest rainbow-hued chiffon. Below is shown Dorothy Dalton's breakfast room, a refreshing harmony in Pompeian red and Chinese gold.
One of the important
by R. A. Walsh from

When the work of one of our best directors is not seen on the screen for months and months, rumors are ripe. Either he is said to have lost his cunning or his work at the time is said to be the “biggest and most significant production ever attempted.” R. A. Walsh forestalled both of these comments by telling everyone he was making a picture called “The Oath,” and letting it go at that. He wanted the picture to stand or fall on its merit, not on its advertising. It does. It is one of the big successes of the year. Almost unheralded, it was selected by First National to be one of their “Big Five,” which includes such pictures as Charlie Chaplin’s “The Kid” and “Passion,” the foreign production.

Its photography, alone, would mark it as a big picture.

“You are a splendid liar, Irene.”

Humiliated, Minna decides that “The Oath” was a bitter mistake.
The story of "The Oath" concerns Minna Hart, the daughter of an orthodox Jew, who marries a Christian. Because of her father's prejudice, the young couple bind themselves by oath never to tell of their marriage. When Minna's father is murdered, her husband is under suspicion, and almost the only way that he can be saved is for her to break her oath and tell that Hugh, her husband, was with her the night it happened. Minna will not take this chance to save him, but Irene, a former sweetheart, willingly perjures herself for him. There follows untold suffering for Minna, which is ended only when she sees what a cruel mistake the oath was. The cast includes Miriam Cooper, Anna Q. Nilsson, Conway Tearle, and Robert Fisher.
Below is Wallace Reid, who modestly refrains from calling attention to the vast amount of fan mail he receives. Oh, well, this is the only letter that really counted, anyway. Is it yours?

Theodore Roberts, affectionately known as "Pop," is willing to bet he could surprise Lois Wilson if she would only shut her eyes.

Antonio Moreno is still the subject of matrimonial speculations, but the dog is here to say, "No brides wanted."
You all know his methods on the screen, but would you suppose that Harold Lloyd would try to win Mildred Davis this way in off hours?

"Why let a mere mountain change one's style of dress?" asks Alice Lake as she starts out for a hard climb in tight skirt and French-heeled shoes.

Wesley Barry was just indulging in a star's prerogative—temperament, but Marshall Neilan, holding him, and James Kirkwood, hitting him, called it plain temper, and treated it like this.
"Dangerous Curve Ahead" is not a signal for Helene Chadwick to go carefully around her Cupid's bow, but the title of the Rupert Hughes-Goldwyn picture for which she is making up. Below, Carmel Myers has found a quiet spot in the Universal studio and is utilizing a pocket-edition make-up box.
The Revelations of a Star's Wife

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He reached that decision in a great hurry, and Hugh barely had time to rush home and pack a suit case.

"There's no chance that we'll be gone more than a few days—but why don't you come along on the afternoon train, anyway?" he urged, as I sorted out his make-up and got together what he thought he'd need.

"They tell me there's another company somewhere in that locality—" Bert Lytell, I think they said it was; perhaps somebody we know will be along.

I couldn't help smiling a little at Hugh's transparency; he never wants to be away from Hughie and me, but he always covers up his suggestions that we follow him by some inducement as that.

"I'm very fond of Bert," I told him. "But, somehow, I'm fonder of you, and Hughie and I will take the afternoon train, because we're tagging along after Hugh Beresford, and not because we want to see Bert Lytell."

He laughed, too, at that, and dashed for the taxi that was waiting at the curb just as he leaped into it he turned and called back to me: "Oh, I forgot to tell you where we're going—the name of the town's Onowanda."

I hope there's no town anywhere by that name—I made it up just now on the spur of the moment, because I should hate to have any one identify the persons who are most concerned in what follows. And to tell it properly, I'll have to go back six months and relate an incident that happened there.

We were home, in Los Angeles, and I was out in the garden planting some rosebushes that my mother had sent me from my old home in the East, when a woman I'd never seen before came up the drive. She went to the door, and the Jap let her in and then came down and told me that it was a lady asking for Mr. Beresford. I had on gardening clothes and was a bit earthy, so I told him to tell her I'd be in immediately, and went up to my room by way of a side entrance.

It must have been fifteen minutes later when I went down to the living room, and there I found, not just a woman caller, but a man, too. He was one of those men you just can't help liking; many a time when Hugh's been on location in a little country town Hughie and I have made friends with just such men as he was. Usually they're prosperous farmers or keep the main store, and they're middle-aged, and maybe a little bit bald, and—oh, they're so dependable and nice that somehow they represent the very backbone of America, to me, at least.

However, this man wasn't being quiet and dependable; he was simply raging up and down the room. I paused on the stairs, wondering whether I ought to go in or not.

"Just as I thought," he stormed. "You've followed the actor to his home—had an appointment with him, I suppose—going to run away with him, maybe. Oh, Florence, can't you see the truth of this thing? Can't you see that these fellows are all alike, that to him you'll be just one more pretty girl, and that when he's through with you—my God! I can't stand it!"

Well, I was beginning to feel that way myself, what with his raving around till the colosseum jar on the piano simply danced. The woman was huddled down on the window seat, staring out toward the mountains, and just hunching her shoulder occasionally, in contempt, while he talked.

"It's my business," she answered sulkily, when he stopped. "I've been writing to him for a long time, and I've written to him, and I want to come here and meet him personally, that's my own affair. If I want to go into the movies, I don't see that you can do anything about it."

"But, my heavens, Flossie, you're my wife. I've got that much to do about it. Doesn't it mean anything that you're married to me? I tell you, rather than have you take up with this picture actor I'd see you dead right here. I know what the life of these studios is; I've read about 'em. And you'll go back with me or—"

"I'll never go back with you. I tell you, I'm in love with Hugh Beresford! And I'll stay here—I'll stay here, I tell you!"

For an instant I slumped down on the floor. That last announcement of hers simply took the wind out of my sails. Then, even as I gathered myself together and started across the hall to the living room, I pieced the facts together.

It was so plain. She'd been writing to Hugh, didn't know he was married, and had lost her head. I had a sneaking desire to laugh as I entered the living room; it was such a very big tempest in such a tiny teapot. Hugh and I had often said that we'd like to see some of his correspondents; his secretary would come in with a pile of letters for him to sign—you see, he had to dictate most of them, because he'd never had time to write all of them—and he'd say, "Wouldn't you like to see all these people, Sally, and know them intimately? Some of them are old friends, it seems to me." I wondered which one of them this woman was.

The scene that I walked into certainly looked melodramatic; the man had the woman by the shoulder, and she was cowering down on the window seat in anything but a defiant attitude. As I crossed the room he let go of her, and she moved to the other end of the window and turned to me with a hauteur that I envied under the circumstances.

"You wanted to see my husband?" I asked her. "He's at the studio this afternoon, but he'll be home at five."

There was a frigid silence. Then, "Your husband!" she repeated icily. "I wanted to see Mr. Hugh Beresford."

"Yes—that's my husband," I answered. "He'll be back soon now."

The fat little man began to beam. He drew down his vest and straightened his tie and looked as if life had begun to be worth living. But the woman had stalked across the floor to me, red with fury.

"I don't believe he's married!" she snarled at me, and I shrank away from her. "Why the letters he's written me—I've got them here!"

Now, Hugh has never written a misleading letter to any of his correspondents. He gets an unbelievable amount of mail, from girls all over the country, from women, from boys, from men—true, people you'd never believe would write to an actor they don't even know write to Hugh. Women tell him how tired they are of their husbands—Hugh always consults me when he answers those. Young girls sometimes offer to leave their homes and come and work for him, just to be near him. That's terrible, of course; I sometimes wish I could turn their letters over to their mothers. It's just puppy love, but it ought to be restrained; what if their letters went to a man who would take advantage of them? And there are thousands of really nice letters, of course, that it's wonderful to receive.

Well, I looked at the letters she'd had from Hugh. They were just nice, friendly ones, of course, written by the secretary and signed by Hugh. Never once had he intimated that he was an unmarried man, or unduly interested in her, or any of the other things that she seemed to have read into them.

"I'll wait and see him," she announced defiantly, when I told her that. "We'll see who's right."

And at just that moment, most dramatically, Hugh's roaster came humming up the drive, and a couple of minutes later he came dashing into the house.
I can't describe the scene that followed. Hugh told the poor, misguided woman how mistaken she'd been, and she wept on her husband's shoulder, and that delighted little man told us he was awfully grateful to us—I don't know just why, unless it was because his wife's wild dream had been shattered—and that if he wanted us to be sure to look him up if we ever came to Onowanda, Florida. His name was Silas Huggins. And because it was such a queer name I'd remembered it. So that spring afternoon, as I jolted along toward Onowanda, I thought of Silas Huggins and decided that Hugh and I must go and call on them; probably Mrs. Huggins had recovered from her disgust at finding Hugh married, and would be glad to see him.

It was late when we got in—late and very dark. I hadn't brought Hughie's nurse with me, and he was asleep in my arms when the train stopped at Onowanda. I gathered up my traveling bag and made my way out of the train, wishing I'd brought the nurse, and with the conductor's help got down to the station platform. There were one or two cabs waiting in the street, and there was a telegraph operator in the station, yet everything seemed very dark and quiet. The air was heavy with the scent of flowers, and I thought I could hear the murmur of the sea. I set down my bag and called to one of the cabsmen—and then suddenly, as the train pulled out, I realized that I had dropped my purse in my seat in the car and hadn't picked it up again!

I was furious at myself, of course; it was such a ridiculous thing to do. Hughie had awakened and clutched his fat little arms around my neck as he realized that he was in a strange place, so I couldn't put him down. My hat was sliding down in my eyes, the cab driver was asking where I wanted to go, and for a moment or two I felt helpless and lost and just a little bit put out with Hugh because he hadn't met me. He might have known I'd take that train.

But the telegraph operator said he'd have the station agent at the next town see if my purse was turned in there, and I went on up to the town's one hotel; as we jiggled along through the sleepy streets I reflected that Hugh would take care of everything for me, and I needn't worry, anyway. That's one of the wonderful things about Hugh: tremendously popular as he is, and despite the flood of adoration that might swamp a less sensible man, he's always the dear, big, dependable husband that I used to dream about when I was a girl.

At the hotel I asked for Hugh. The clerk shook his head, then looked at the register again and yawned. No, there wasn't any Mr. Beresford there.

"But there must be! He came this morning. Is Mr. Daniel Gardner registered?—Mr. Bivsham? Miss Burnet and her mother?"

No, none of them. Evidently the clerk recognized Hugh's name. He looked at me suspiciously.

"I'm Mr. Beresford's wife," I told him. "And I've left my purse on the train, so I've simply got to find him. I have to pay the cabman who brought me here. The company was to be here to-night. There must be some mistake." I tried to be dignified, but I'm not very tall, or very old, and when the clerk began to grin I thought I'd die of shame and embarrassment.

"Oh, Chet!" he bawled at the man in the pool room at one side of the lobby. "Here's a dame says she's Hugh Beresford's wife—ain't got no money!"

Chet, evidently the manager, came out of the pool room, cue in hand, followed by two or three other men, all in their shirt sleeves, all chewing tobacco. They looked me over with sly, leering eyes, I could feel my cheeks blaze.

"Guess you'd better try that somewhere else, girlie." Chet told me. "Can't get credit here with a story like that; too old. Pick somebody else beside a movie actor and maybe you'll have better luck."

I picked up my heavy bag, held Hughie closer, and marched out with my head high, though my knees were shaking. To think they'd be so insulting, not merely to me, but to Hugh's profession. Of course, there are all sorts of people making pictures, and a few of them do terrible things—but there are so many of the right kind of people in it, so many who are just trying to earn their living by good, hard work, that I can't bear to have them judged by the others.

The cabman was waiting for me but I hardly knew what to do at first. Then, like a ray of light, came the remembrance of Silas Huggins.

The driver knew of him, luckily. And once more, as we jiggled along through the warm night, contentedly, I thought to myself. Just to be able to put Hughie down on a bed and lie down beside him would be perfect bliss. I could borrow money and get home the next day, if Hugh didn't turn up. Probably the company had been delayed somewhere.

Every one seemed to have gone to bed at the Huggins home; it was all dark. The driver rapped on the door with the handle of his whip, and finally from an upper window there was thrust a head, wrapped in a shawl. I recognized Mrs. Huggins. Somehow I wished it had been her husband.

As briefly as I could I explained my errand. I reminded her of the time she and I had met, when she and her husband were touring California with me.

"I'm sure he'll remember me," I concluded falteringly, as she remained forbiddingly silent. "If you could just take me in for the night—or lend me money enough to get home—"

"Huh! Nice way to come around at midnight and want to borrow money from a man!" she snorted at me. "He's out of town, anyway—wouldn't lend you money if he was here. Nice person you are, after the way you treated me in Los Angeles, telling me your husband didn't mean what he said in his letters, and that you'd helped write 'em yourself!" And she slammed the window.

Never before had I known what it was to be perfectly helpless. No money, nobody to turn to, no knowledge of where Hugh was—it was ghastly. It was the cab driver who came to my aid.

"I've seen your husband in pictures," he told me reausingly, as I sat huddled up on the horse block. "And when my little girl wrote and asked for his picture, and didn't send no quarter nor nothing, she sent her one and wrote her a nice note, too. I guess if you're any kin of his I can take you home with me."

As we drove back through the town I looked up at his bent back, hunched on the seat in front of me, and thanked Heaven that my husband believed in answering his fan mail. Where would I have been without it! And as we straggled past the hotel, I caught sight of a

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A PROPOSAL BEFORE THE CAMERA

Priscilla Dean is never serious in real life. So, when Wheeler Oakman proposed to her in a picture, he seized the opportunity and made it a real proposal. What happened then will be told by Grace Kingsley in the next of the "Romances of Famous Film Folk" series. Don't fail to read it.

They never even thought of turning back.

"I had told my father I was going to California to make pictures as good as anybody's," said Vidor, "and it would have taken a good deal more hardship than we suffered to have made me turn back."

Even the delicately nurtured girl, who had never known hardship before in her life, bore even the hardest things uncomplainingly, through long times during the journey, she must have thought of the banker's son's back home who had been devoted to her, and of the half dozen other young men who were her slaves, with none of whom would she have had to travel a couple of thousand miles in a flivver, often cold and sometimes almost hungry, but if she did she never let on to her young husband; and as for King Vidor, his good nature never failed.

Twenty cents was all the money they had in the world when they got into San Francisco. They got there at night, and King found a pawnshop where he pawned his revolver to pay a night's lodging in a hotel.

"It was a modest little hotel," said Mrs. Vidor, "but never, never, I am sure, shall I forget how wonderful it seemed to sleep in a real bed once more, and to have a warm bath before retiring."

"The trip had been one of suspense," said Vidor, "because every town we struck we had expected to receive a check from the New York firm to which I had sold my pictures. But in every place we were disappointed. In San Francisco finally we did get the money. Then we came down to Los Angeles by boat."

That was just six years ago. King Vidor was engaged by Vitagraph to write scenarios, after they bought one of his old stories. Mrs. Vidor went to work for the same company at ten dollars a week. But that seemed a wonderful thing at the time, she says, as she tells about it laughingly now to be a real actress with a real salary! She stayed with Vitagraph about eight months, getting exactly the experience she needed.

Then King Vidor went with Universal as property man, at twelve dollars a week, because he wanted to learn every angle of the picture business. After that he became assistant director to Carter de Haven, and next was engaged to direct the first picture ever made on the Chris-tie lot, and then became director for Judge Brown, making twelve boy pictures.

Next Mrs. Vidor made a spectacular hit. Everybody was talking of the beautiful girl in William Farnum's picture, "A Tale of Two Cities," who appeared with Sidney Carton on the screen, giving such a remarkable performance of the mere bit of a role that her success was assured from that moment. She played leads always after that, being almost at once engaged by Lasky, and making a special impression in the roles she played opposite Sessue Hayakawa.

Then we lost her for a while from the screen, after she had whispered something to Mr. Vidor. Vidor's husband in the meantime wrote, "The Turn in the Road," and produced the picture which made him famous all over the world. He went to New York after that, and got offers from literally every producer in the film business, signing up finally with First National. That was just four years after he had come to California in his little old flivver. And he's only twenty-six now.

That was a red-letter year for King Vidor, anyway. For the very night of the opening of "The Turn in the Road," when all the critics were buzzing its good qualities, little Suzanne was born. So King Vidor's cup of happiness was full.

Mrs. Vidor returned to the screen, prettier and sweeter than ever, and the future looks even more hopeful for those two. Not only has Mr. Vidor built a big studio which is one of the show places of Hollywood, but the
How's the Simple Life?

“Great!” says Elliott Dexter, who is living it right now in Hollywood.

By Edwin Schallert

WHEN I met Elliott Dexter he had just returned from a trip to the Northwest, and the first question that flared into my mind was one about duck hunting, for I had heard around the Famous Players-Lasky studio that he had been engaging in the sport while he was away.

He laughed when I asked him about it.

“No,” he said, “there’s nothing to that. Most of the time I was up there it rained. There were no ducks where I was except tame ones. I wouldn’t have had the heart to shoot them, even if I’d wanted to. You see I was enjoying a quiet vacation on a farm near Seattle, and most of the time I spent indoors reading.”

Then he went on to explain that the climax of his stay had been a picnic high up in the fir-clad and snow-banked mountains—something he had not indulged in since his youth. His dark eyes not only flickered, they flashed at the recollection of how much fun it had been to motor up the pine-pillared mountain highway, build fires in the open, and prepare an al-fresco lunch on.

“You see I’m leading the simple life,” he mentioned, by way of explanation.

“Yes,” I said, trying to fit this in with my usual conception of the leading man’s eccentricities and hobbies, which range from golf to reading Epictetus, and sometimes a little beyond. “How do you like it?” I queried still trying to solve the problem of his apparently wild enjoyment of a dismal two weeks in the duck country.

“Oh, it’s great!” And he paused. “The best part of it is that I’ve found I can live it right here in Hollywood.”

“How do you do it?” I asked inadvertently. But he was too enthusiastic to notice my skepticism, and went on to relate how beneficial he’d found the quiet influence of the surroundings in his sequestered retreat on a narrow side street in Hollywood, whither he had come to visit him.

Meanwhile, I took a glance around his living room at the homely but well-cushioned furniture, at the cheese cloth curtains which refracted sunlight and reflected optimism, and saw through the windows the more pretentious dwelling behind which the cottage of Elliott Dexter was sheltered. Even a hopeful young real-estate agent would hardly call his house a bungalow. And while I knew this Famous Players-Lasky actor could, if he wished, corner a suite in some plush-carpeted hotel, or luxuriate in some alabaster-fronted apartment house, I began to perceive as he went on talking that he really did prefer hermiting in his story-and-a-half home. And I had to admit that possibly there was something in the simple-life business after all, even though I myself, being still barely thirty, am rather fond of the gay and giddy, mad and mellifluous whirl of a Broadway, with its brightness, beauties, and brilliancy.

I noted that he was not entirely without entertainment, however. There was a miniature Victrola on the sideboard, and he mentioned that he had the latest records, too. This took my gaze to the dining room again, where I observed Mary, the colored maid, who seemed to be smiling ebonied joy over something or other. I learned afterward it was because she had found some strawberries out of season for her master’s luncheon.

I made up my mind as I went along that Dexter was really having a glorious time, and that while I might feel in a kidding mood at the mention of the simple life in the film colony—he was really perfectly sincere in his joy over his interesting if ingenuous existence, which you might associate with an eulogy of Vergil or a poem by James Whitcomb Riley. He had even gone so far in his enthusiasm as to dispose of the two aristocratic cars that his chauffeur formerly piloted and bought a Ford coupé, which he flivers himself.

“I suppose it really does fit in better with the width of the street,” I remarked.

“Oh, yes,” he smiled in answer, “I can turn on a dime and have a nickel for change.”

Dexter’s perspective is really like that of a neophyte who for the first time has found himself in tune with the infinite. He freely admits a change. The illness which overtook him about two years ago, just after he had finished “For Better, For Worse,” left him an

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**Right Off the Grill**

**Another Prediction Fulfilled.**

No matter how wild my forecast of some months ago, producers insist upon fulfilling it to the letter. Now it is Mr. William Fox to whom I'm indebted. He is starring Harold Goodwin, first in "Oliver Twist, Jr." It was no wild prediction I made about the nineteen-year-old Goodwin. I've been watching him ever since he played with Bessie Love in "The Sawdust Ring," four years ago. Since then he has achieved long pants, but he's still just the unspoiled kid, with loads of sincerity and talent.

I said in the forecast for 1921:

"Harold Goodwin is one of the best bets among the younger generation. He's a Ray in the making."

Remember them words! And watch young Goodwin!

**The Grill Dictaphone Says:**

Wallace Reid will start on a world tour this year. Cecil B. De Mille plans to make "The Prisoner of Zenda," with Wallace as the star. Mildred Harris, erstwhile Chaplin, has been signed by Cecil B. De Mille for the leading role in his next picture.

King Vidor is negotiating with Marshall Neilan to secure Colleen Moore, who so distinguished herself in Mr. Vidor's "The Sky-Pilot" that her services as a star are desired for a term of years.

Wallace MacDonald and Doris May positively will be married, if they have not been by the time that this appears. No doubt you have been worn ragged by such rumors in the past and have had nervous prostration under the fire of assertions and contradictions. Be at rest, 'twill happen at once.

Wally and Doris just called to look at an apartment next to mine, wishing to start upon their wedded life by breaking right to carry on the swells, Miss May has signed to star for an independent concern.

Maurice Tourneur is doing "Foolish Matrons," by Donn Byrne.

Our old friends, "Foolish Wives," still are fooling around the Universal lot to the distraction of Carl Laemmle and the other Universal spendthrifts. Eric von Stroheim, the imperturbable director, has been working on the picture since last June, during which time he has built a Monte Carlo that will endure as a monument to the gambling spirit of the prodigal Mr. Laemmle. Many miles before the end of the production, Rudolph Christians, leading man, passed away, and Von Stroheim was confronted with the task of finding a double to carry on the part. In the Ambassador Hotel he mailed a gent who was just the type, but to his flabbergastation the gent refused to work in pictures—said he was a banker and had never wanted to be an actor. I believe he was taken before the board of insanity, which, of course, will incarcerate him.

Jesse Lasky, having robbed London of its intellectuals for his authors' colony, is making amends by sending over Agnes Ayres. She will star.

Now Mary and Douglas Fairbanks announce it is to Mexico they will go. They seem bent on getting out of the country, but somehow can't hit upon the route.

Gareth Hughes will make his stellar debut in "Barber John's Boy," by Ben Ames Williams.

Lillian Gish has returned to D. W. Griffith's establishment to appear as Marguerite in "Faust."

Corinne Griffith is coming West. California is not such a bad place after all.

Tommy Meighan is doing "White and Unmarried"—a novelty for a movie star.

The recent depression has not affected the divorce business, and no one has gone to jail thus far for failing to pay alimony.

No, Marie, I am not the author of the famous poem:

"Count that day lost, whose low descending sun,
Finds in movie land no divorce suit lost or won."

Fanny, the orange-pekoe socialist, wrote that, I fancy.

**Breaking the Silence.**

A number of the silent workers of ye drama are breaking out vocally upon the stillness of Hollywood by appearing on the various stages hereabouts. The Hollywood Community Theater, which is to this village what the Greenwich Village Theater is to New York, claims some distinction. Marion Morgan presented Oscar Wilde's "Salome" recently with Betty Blythe playing Herodias. Sir James Barrie's "Dear Brums" is to be presented at the little playhouse on Larr Street with a cast which includes Helen Raymond, Wedgwood Nowell, and other filmers. Olga Printzlaw, Lasky scenarioist, has done a one-act play for the Mummer's Workshop in Morgan Place. Conrad Nagel and Claire MacDowell have the leading roles. On the same program is "The Lily of Fire" with Florence Deshon. Attempts are being made to inveigle Wallace Reid into doing "The Affairs of Anatol" at the Egan Little Theater about the time the Mille film of the Schnitzler dramas is released.

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Enter—A Deep-Dyed Villainess

She is the 1921 successor to the vampire, as you know if you have seen her with Von Stroheim.

By Helen Ogden

In the good old days—which weren't so particularly good when you stop to think about them—vampires had only one mission in life. They wanted to make some man love them, against his will. Taken by and large—which as you may have noticed is the way that nature intended most vampires should be taken—vamping was a comparatively easy job in those days. Now, hiring one man is just the beginning of the first reel of a modern vampire's evening. Before it is over her craftiness and guile must have deflected the harmonious courses of a dozen lives, made reason totter, and empires fall. She must be subtle and relentlessly cruel. She must be thin and wiry, or she never could stand the strain.

That is the sort of part that Mae Busch plays on the screen, and she does it exceedingly well. She does it so well, in fact, that when you go to see her, you want to take a lorgnette along to hide behind. That is, the first time that you go to see her. The next time you would be more likely to take your pet Pe-kingese along to play with hers.

She was sitting carelessly on the very edge of a chair just inside a big set in the studio when I first saw her in real life. She was poised with the easy grace of a dancer, one hand on her hip, as though she were just about to glide off into the slow movements of an apache dance. She looked dreamily through half-closed lids and a haze of cigarette smoke, and the jangling noise of the studio no more disturbed her reverie than it would have had she been in some distant Parisian café.

To that extent she lives up to the impression created by the wicked rôles she plays. But the angular, insinuating, and beautifully gowned creature of dynamic moods that she made Odera in "The Devil's Passkey" is forgotten when she comes to meet you.

Her voice is a little husky, not hard, as might be expected, and she receives her friends as graciously as though she had never had experience in plotting and deceit. The Mae Busch of real life is a girl you might have known, for she went to St. Vincent's Academy in Madison, New Jersey, having come all the way from her home in Australia alone at the age of five. At sixteen her stage career began, and a few years later she went into motion pictures. As she looks back over her stage career she can see where she made wrong decisions, false steps. She is studious, and has the greatest respect for the people she works with. Not much like the haughty Odera, is it? And not much like the Princess Vera, the equally wicked part she plays in "Foolish Wives."

"How did I happen to be cast in 'The Devil's Passkey'?" She smiled. "It was just another lucky hit for me. I had heard that Stroheim was looking for a suitable girl, so I went out. They showed me into a room where there were gathered about twenty other girls.

"I looked once and said—flippantly I must admit—'What's this? A tea party?' "Then I saw Stroheim standing dapper and stiff and eying us all in a most melancholy way. I spoke up again.

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he would seem out of place surrounded by cumbersome English or ornate Italian furnishings. She needed brightness, spaciousness, a decisive use of color and the careful selection of rare and beautiful objects, and since the most beautiful objects which are unusual, choice, and simple are those of the Chinese, it was Chinese art adapted to modern needs and environment which gave the decorative idea for Miss Dalton's apartment.

Since the furnishings of the studio living room were to be colorful, Mrs. Adler selected gray, stippled in darker gray, for the walls of the apartment. The woodwork was painted jade-green, and yellow furniture with Chinese decorations was used. The rug was an old Malah, of orange, gray, and blue tints, and a Chinese brocade altar cloth in orange and blue was used as a table scarf. Center and side lights were all shaded with emerald-green metal cloth, showing linings of orange brocade, and at the windows curtains of crinkled orange gauze edged with lavender beads was used. Over these hung curtains of wisteria silk, edged with Chinese braid. "Oh," said Dorothy Dalton in awed delight when she saw this room, and you would have, too.

Miss Dalton's bedroom was made as unusual as the studio. It was furnished with dull old blue furniture of quaint, old-fashioned design. The bedsprays and window valances are of old Colonial floral pattern on a cream-colored ground. The hangings are of cherry-colored satin, while the glass curtains are of cloudy-blue organza. On her dresser which has a marble top and an oddly decorated mirror, is a cover of blue organza with cherry-colored ruffles. There are Chinese prints on the walls and rare bits of Chinese embroidery in cushions and table cover.

Adjoining the bedroom is a study furnished in dark walnut and hung in black and green chintz. It is this little room that Miss Dalton likes to rest in after a strenuous day's work.

Another striking and unusual room in Miss Dalton's apartment is the breakfast room, which is decorated in Pompeian colorings. The furniture is old gold stippled with bronze and with a painted decoration in Pompeian red and green. The curtains are of light Pompeian red striped with green and white, and the rug has Chinese figures on a gold-colored ground. No room could be more pleasant or bright, more capable of making a Californian forget that she is breakfasting in New York on a raw winter morning. The quaint porcelain wall pockets filled with fresh flowers and trailing plants even provide the fragrant and refreshing atmosphere of the out of doors, which does much toward making Miss Dalton feel that she is back in California breakfasting in her garden.

Perhaps the most interesting room to housekeepers is the kitchen, and Miss Dalton's would inspire even the most tired housewife to cook. Perhaps if Miss Dalton had been furnishing her own apartment she wouldn't have attached so much importance to the kitchen, since there was a dumb waiter leading to the restaurant downstairs, but Mrs. Adler decided that when Dorothy Dalton became a stage star she might, like many of the rest, want sometimes to bring some of her friends home for an informal supper after the theater. So she put red and yellow calico curtains at the cupboards, had the woodwork painted gray with a red stripe, and put a Swedish peasant design on all of the cupboard doors. Then she stocked the cupboards with Swedish peasant pottery, and put in table linens of dull yellow, white, and orange. Her prophecy was right. Every one who saw that kitchen wanted an invitation to go home with Dorothy and just take "pot luck."

There are many other motion-picture stars who rejoice in surroundings perfectly suited to their individualities—thanks to Hazel Hyman Adler, but these two homes show how differently she decorates for different personalities. She plays no small part in the happiness of the motion-picture stars for whom she decorates. She doesn't provide them with miniature museums, she doesn't fill their homes with certain colors or styles of furniture simply because they are the fashion—she makes stars feel at home.

"Is that May McAvoy?" Fanny asked, looking up as a girl passed us. "You know she was expected to arrive yesterday. She has signed a contract with Realart to be starred in pictures."

"Can't tell until I see her eyes," I muttered, staring at the girl. "Oh, why did she wear that face veil—I can't see her eyes through that."

"Probably because it's becoming," Fanny answered flippantly. "Come on, let's go shopping. Clara Kimball Young has the most marvelous new Louis XVI. ring, and I want to see if I can get one like it. She wears it in all of the scenes of 'Straight from Paris,' her newest picture. She didn't get hers here; it was sent to her by an admirer in India, who had inherited it from a colonist of the early French revolutionary period. But I'll find something like it."

Our waiter was nowhere in sight, of course.

"Mildred Harris has her own company now," Fanny remarked. "She's building the most gorgeous new home; I should think that it would take all of her alimony, but apparently not, for she is hiring directors, writers, and all sorts of luxuries for her company."

"But how about Cecil De Mille?" I asked.

"I can't understand," Fanny admitted. "Every one admits that some sort of an offer has been made to Mildred Harris to appear in Cecil De Mille specials and other Famous Players-Lasky productions, but she won't tell what her answer is, and she goes blissfully along with arrangements for her own company."

"Mary Alden and Dwight Crittenden age twenty years during the course of their new picture, 'The Old Nest.'" Fanny remarked languidly then. "But I'll grow old faster than that if our waiter doesn't show up. Every one interesting has gone home. Come on, let's start without paying. That will bring him fast enough."

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**WOMEN DON'T HAVE TO ACT**

in order to attain success in motion pictures. They can write, they can direct, they can design costumes and scenery, and they can act as agents—supplying actors, writers, or whatever a studio happens to need. A few women in these lines have forged their way to the top, made big reputations for themselves, and shown other women, ambitious to get into the motion-picture business, ways to do it, if they can't—or don't want to—act. The story of who these women are, and what they do, will be told next month by Celia Brynn.
FRENCHIE.—Here you are, right at the very top. Creighton Hale was born in Cork, Ireland. He was educated in Dublin and London. He is of a famous theatrical family, and his stage career began when he was a tot. He first came to America with Gertrude Elliott's "Dawn of a To-morrow." He appeared in many Broadway productions. His screen career has been principally with Pathé, Metro, World Film, and Griffith productions. He is under contract to D. W. Griffith at present. "Way Down East" is the latest picture in which he appears. You will have to take that up with "the honorable editor," as I have not a thing to do with that end of the department. As a rule pictures of that kind are not very good likenesses. You will see Harrison Ford in First National features for a while, as he has been signed by Joseph Schenck to appear in Constance and Norma Talmadge's features for the present year. Come as often as you like.

VIRGINIA DARE.—Ann May and Doris May Walker did not marry each other. Jane Walker is not starring in any picture.

THE LIGHTNING Bug.—On the contrary, I enjoy hearing from new readers all the time. Yes, I have heard of your football team, and even managed to follow some of your games. I have a very interesting sport. That is her natural hair she wears, and not a wig. Sylvia Breamer is rather noted for her wonderful hair. It is dark brown and so are her eyes. She is not married. She is being featured in Sidney Franklin's features for First National. You might write her and see. Perhaps she doesn't care to have photographs taken like the one you mention, and even if she did, we couldn't print it, so there you are.

E. J. O.—Pearl White was born in Springfield, Missouri, in 1889. She weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Her eyes are blue. Norma Talmadge has brown hair and eyes. Gloria Swanson was born in Chicago, Illinois. Enid Bennett was born in York, Western Australia. These addresses are at the end of this department.

D. G.—You will find the addresses at the end of The Oracle.

S. B. O. F.—The weather you describe certainly sounds inviting enough. Wish I had time to take advantage of your invitation and come down there and enjoy some of it. Yes, it is the same Whitfield Greenwood who used to appear opposite Edward Coxen in the American Film Company productions. Betty Bouton has had quite some experience. She was with Nat Goodwin in "The Merchant of Venice" and in stock. Clara Kimball Young has been married but is not now. James Young, the director, was her husband. Pearl White is married to Wallace McCutcheon. I managed to enjoy the holidays very nicely, thanks.

E. G. T. LAFAYETTE.—The snow scenes for the Antonio Moreno serial, "The Perils of Thunder Mountain," were taken at Truckee, California. Joe Ryan's beard is all his own, and not one he can take off and put on at will. He is married. Thanks for all the nice things you have to say regarding Picture-Play.

DANARIS.—Madeline Traverse was born in Boston, Massachusetts. She is five feet nine inches tall and weighs one hundred and sixty-five pounds. She has dark-brown hair and hazel eyes. That is her correct name. She is not married. You will have to write to her personally. All addresses at the end of this department.

DOROTHY HARRIS.—Winifred Greenwood is appearing in Lasky productions. Eugene O'Brien was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1894, and not in Ireland, as you supposed. Your other questions have already been answered.

MAY E.—Ethel Clayton was born in Champaign, Illinois, in 1890. Marquiee Clayton is not related to Ethel. Francis Ford was born in Portland, Maine, in 1882. He is making pictures for his own company at the present time. Helen and Elsie Ferguson are not related.

OSCAR WILDMAN.—That is merely a matter of personal opinion and not a thing any one can judge correctly. The nearest approach one can have as to the popularity of certain stars with the public is on the sales of the various star films. They don't sell as well, you know. Mary Pickford is still the biggest drawing card with exhibitors. William S. Hart is not making any pictures at the present time. He has announced that he is going to retire from the screen, for a while at least.

S. & S.—Dorothy de Vore is not married. Yes, she is the girl you saw in Christie comedies and with Charles Ray in "Forty-Five Minutes From Broadway." "Scape Iron" is the title of the latest Charles Ray feature.

ORNAMENT.—Your Pearl White questions have already been answered. You will find his address at the end of The Oracle.

SHAKESPEARE'S FRIEND.—Robert Mantell and his wife, Genevieve Hamper, have appeared on the screen together in several Fox photoplays. Forbes-Robertson played the title role of "Hamlet" on the screen for the Knickerbocker Films several years ago. The Fine-Arts made the screen version of "Macbeth," and John Emerson directed it.

MARGARET G.—Elsie Ferguson was born in New York City. She is Mrs. Thomas Clarke in private life. Alla Nazimova was born in Yalta, Crimea, Russia. Katherine MacDonald was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Clara Kimball Young is a product of Chicago, Illinois. Both Annette Kellerman and Woodham-Stan- dming are married. Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn, New York. You will have to write to some concern that handles the photographs of the various stars to find the one you refer to. Mildred Harris has obtained a divorce from Charles Spence- cher Chaplin. No, Madge Evans is the only star of that family. She has a sister and two brothers. The lady-in-waiting in Dorothy Gish's feature, "Little Miss Rebellion," was played by Marie Burke. Your riddle certainly did cheer me up. When you think up any more of them send them along.

Continued on page 106


Everybody will wear them

You will look good—

in a Priscilla Dean Tam. Oh—because it's attractive—chic, because it has a charm that's distinctive.

For sport wear it's just the thing, and for school wear, or street wear generally.

Priscilla Dean Tams are made of "Suede-Like," that wonderful fabric so closely resembling suede leather. Picture your tam in your favorite color, trimmed with band and bow of grosgrain ribbon. It drapes gracefully—looks good from every angle.

Miss Dean designed it. Looks good on her, doesn't it?

It will look just as good on you. And the price is only $2.50.* You can get it in the color you prefer at your dealer's.

If they haven't it at the store, of course you can get it direct from us by sending the coupon and the price.

*In Canada, $3.00.

BAER BROS. MFG. CO.
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Dealers—write for information—our proposition will interest you.
What Do You Like in the Movies?

Continued from page 32

ably had just procured a story so filled with tried-and-true situations, that it couldn't fail."

These situations are almost numberless, but there are a few that are more used, and may therefore be assumed to be a little surer fire than the rest. Here they are:

1. Hero rescuing girl on runaway horse. Tom Mix uses this in his new picture, "Prairie Trails."

2. Hero breaking in door to rescue heroine held captive. Usually this scene is taken showing both sides of door; hero frantically trying to get in, and villains on other side preparing either to kill the heroine or to get her out by a secret passage. The Griffith variation of this situation is to show the girl almost helpless in the villains' hands, and then cut in a scene showing the hero rushing to the rescue, alternating these scenes so as to produce high tension.

3. Parent and child situation, where one saves the other from ruin. This is usually more effective if they have long been separated, and the relationship is not known to both. "Heliotrope" developed this situation in one way: "Madame X" in another.

4. All mother stuff—such as girl finding locket with mother's picture in it just as she was packing up her belongings to elope with the villain. Innocent person serving prison sentence to save one dear to him whom he believes to be guilty. Peggy Hyland is the self-sacrificing one in her English-made picture, "The Price of Silence."

6. Impersonation stuff. This includes all those stock situations where the hero or the heroine changes places with somebody, usually to avert a marriage that has been arranged by a guardian. The inevitable result is, of course, that the two for whom the marriage was arranged, really fall in love with each other, and the deception is confessed. Madge Kennedy in "The Girl with the Jazz Heart" uses this situation.

7. Desert island stuff, where apparently the real work of the day is not housework and food chasing, but finding one's true mate. Eva Novak in "The Torrent" is the most recent of these, and De Mille's "Male and Female," the most famous.

8. Girl forced to masquerade as boy, falls in love with man who rescues her. Blanche Sweet in "That Girl Montana" is a new variation of this.

9. Fugitive from justice who im-

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Advertising Section

Which is the Mother?

It is good health which keeps womanly beauty fresh. Cosmetics can only hide the traces of the years in a once pretty face.

Mothers who are still young at the age of forty can teach their daughters the value of a good aperient in keeping the bluish youth in their cheeks.

NR Tablets (a vegetable aperient) act pleasantly and naturally to clear the skin of blemishes and preserve a healthy, youthful appearance.

All Druggists sell the dainty 25c. box of NR Tablets.

All Druggists sell the dainty 25c. box of NR Tablets.

L-ABLACHE Face Powder

To have and to hold a fair complexion,—use Lablache. Delicate skins welcome its gentle caress. It's a sweet tribute to lovely women. It goes farther, and is so natural.

Refine Substitutes

They may be dangerous. Flesh, White, Pink or Cream, too hot of druggist or of mill mill. boxes sold annually. Send for free sample box.

BEN. LEVY CO.

Shave, Bathe and Shampoo with one Soap.—Cuticura

Cuticura Soap, the favorite for astarters and shaving.

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10. Reformed outlaw who nearly loses his wife and child through misunderstanding. A typical Bill Hart theme.

11. Dealers in worthless stock or real estate, outwitted by novice they hoped to trim. Sometimes what they considered worthless turns out to be good; sometimes the hero or heroine beats them at their own game by selling them something worthless in return. Charlie Ray made this situation ring true in some old pictures, and Carmel Myers suffers under bad handling of the theme in "Beautifully Trimmed."

12. Faith of orphan reforming and saving every one in sight. This has always been a favorite. Shirley Mason does it in "Girl of My Heart."

13. Race between a locomotive or a high-powered automobile and a homemade contraption, or contest of any sort between an invention of the hero's and something backed by the villain. Almost any struggle between wealth and poverty—with poverty winning, of course. The exclusive rights to this situation ought to belong to Charles Ray.

14. Forgiveness scene—where hero or heroine tears up incriminating letters or other evidence, and a clinch follows.

15. Almost any love scene in the moonlight.

16. Child praying for the safe return of his mother or father, whom the audience knows to be dead.

17. Dying hero kissing flag.

18. Priest laying crucifix on dead hero, who had been mistaken for a villain all through the picture.

But what about comedies? That is a story in itself, too long a story to be condensed in less than fifty volumes. There are enough sure-fire comic situations packed in one Bennett comedy to keep the old showman talking for—well until he got so interested that he ran out to the first theater where there was one showing.

And that proves that the sure-fire stuff in motion pictures is sure-fire. Even the veteran showman who can recognize an old situation at any distance, in any newly contrived disguise—likes it as well as you and I do. So that's what you go to see in the movies. You don't want movies made any more like life; if anything must be changed, let life be changed to be more like the movies.
In Spite of Her Beauty
Continued from page 25

Juliet, and instead of that Flo Ziegfeld saw her and persuaded her to go in the Follies. That was the first time I ever saw her, and she was dressed in an American flag. Miss Columbia they called her.

"Yes, and he came to me and told me I ought to be on the dramatic stage and offered me a part in his company. He was then twenty years old, and I didn't have much faith in him."

"And I thought her a foolish and misguided young woman not to prefer my direction to any other."

"Then it was not love at first sight?" we said.

"I should say not! Mr. Wanger finally decided not to save me from my musical-comedy career, and I went from the Follies into 'Watch Your Step.' Then followed 'Oh, Boy,' 'Stop, Look, and Listen,' 'Betty,' and 'Over the Top.' Last year I met with a change of heart and about the time that I married Mr. Wanger I decided that I would go back to my first love—the dramatic stage. I think there is nothing like stock work to build a sound foundation, so when I got a chance to play leads with the Poli Stock Company in Waterbury, Connecticut, I accepted it gratefully. It is hard work, but wonderful training. You know I've made only two pictures—'Blackbirds,' and 'The Plaything of Broadway.'"

"It's funny we didn't see 'Blackbirds,'" we said, "how was that?"

"No, it isn't funny. I'm so new at the game that I didn't want to be foisted on the public with a splash. I wanted to be sort of eased in and let them get used to me gradually. My next picture, 'The Plaything of Broadway' will be shown at one of the big theaters, I think."

"Is Miss Johnstone very good on the screen?" We put this question to Mr. Wanger, for he is such a honest young person that we knew he would tell us even if the verdict wasn't favorable. But he was most enthusiastic over his wife's work. In fact he didn't hesitate to say that he thought she was going to be extremely popular. "She is so beautiful," we said enviously.

"Oh, it isn't her beauty," he retorted scornfully, with a man's ignoring of a woman's greatest asset. "Lots of people screen just as well as she does. But she works with her heart and her brain."

"Thank you, Walter," said Justine sweetly, "for believing that I have both. That is one of the nicest things you have ever said to me."

Age-Old Mistakes
Are still made in teeth cleaning

Countless people who brush their teeth daily find that they still discolor and decay. The reason is, they leave the film—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth. gets between the teeth and stays.

That film causes most tooth troubles. To clean the teeth without removing it is one age-old mistake.

Film ruins teeth
Few people escape the trouble caused by film. Those troubles have been constantly increasing. So dental science has spent years in seeking a combatant.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar.

Other essential effects

Pepsodent brings other effects to accord with modern dental requirements. Right diet would also bring them, but few people get it. So science now urges that the teeth paste bring them, twice a day.

Each use of Pepsodent multiplies the beneficial bacteria, which is Nature's great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies the starch digesting in the saliva, to digest starch deposits that cling and may form acid. It multiplies the alkali of the saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause tooth decay. Another ingredient is pepsin.

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.

Combat it daily

Modern science has found ways to combat that film. Able authorities have proved them by many clinical tests. Now leading dentists everywhere advise their daily application.

The methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And to millions of people it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.
Where Do They Get Their Storms?

Continued from page 63

speed, anywhere from eight hundred to fourteen hundred revolutions per minute, and flexible enough to stand the severe strain of throwing it wide open from slow speed to its limit of power. It would be very embarrassing if, in the middle of a big storm scene, the motor suddenly ceased from trouble and the storm lay down and went to sleep. To overcome such difficulties that he has met in the course of his storm making, Wilder is now working out a scheme for controlling the motion of the wind machine's blades by friction so applied as to increase the resistance of the blades to the impulse of the motor, a device which will permit fine shades of propeller motion to be obtained.

Working out new mechanical contrivances for use in picture production is, in fact, Wilder's hobby, and he has a brain full of new ideas waiting for a leisure moment to be developed.

Providing at short notice, any known variety of vessel is one of the tasks to which Wilder has no master. Motion-picture directors are so inexperienced in their desires. One day Wilder gets a request for a luxurious private yacht, available for a week's use. The next day somebody wants a whaler of a period of a hundred years ago. The next mail brings a request for a three-masted schooner that can be run ashore, a battered derelict, a sunken steamer, and a ferryboat. But he gets them; that is the point. Battleships, ocean liners, yachts, submarines, barges, canal boats—he gets them somewhere and somehow.

The majority of the owners of these various craft are obliged enough in lending their property or, more frequently, renting it. When there is trouble it is due, as a rule, to the carelessness or destructive habits of some director or star who has had previous use of the owner's boats. Unfortunately not all companies are rigidly careful in their use of borrowed property. The company headed by a well-known feminine star once made use of a Japanese liner, and left it in such a condition of disorder and actual damage that it took many weeks of patient negotiation and actual guarantees and promises before the owners of the line would give permission for the use of another of their vessels. Luckily it happened that the next director to ask for the use of a ship owned by this company was George Melford, who was then producing "Behold My Wife." Melford has the reputation of leaving a location actually in better condition than he found it, and therefore the company gave the desired permission.

In Wilder's opinion, realism is the reef on which many pictures are wrecked. Realism is what he seeks in his suggestions to directors. For instance, he knows that a ship's crew, launching a small boat, will pull oars like sailors, not like landsmen navigating rowboats at a Sunday-school picnic. Many is the time that he himself has donned the garb of the sea and has taken his place in a boat to be stroke oar for a ragged crew. If a boat is supposed to go straight for the eye of the camera, Wilder hates to see it slitter crab-fashion all over the ocean, oars dipping any old time.

If a ship is to be manned by a crew of genuine shellbacks, Wilder gathers them in from the San Francisco waterfront. Studio sailors are all very well for close-ups, but when it comes to handling a wheel or working out on a yard, anything less than the real thing worries him, and he manages to make it worry the directors.

There was a picture in which hero and heroine were swept ashore, clinging to a spar torn from a wrecked vessel. The director was in a hurry, so he shot the scene without paying much attention to details and rushed back to the studio.

A little later Wilder saw the picture and the scene. The first thing that Wilder noticed was that the end of the spar which had presumably been ripped loose from the ship was neat and square and smooth, just as the saws had left it, instead of being splintered and broken.

It is just such little things as that, minor details perhaps, but none the less important, that Wilder believes can make or mar a picture. Personally he is never quite satisfied with his own work, and he is always planning to make his share of the next picture just a little better. He has been working along his own special and decidedly unique line in pictures for three years, and says that he knows possibly one per cent of what is to be known about picture making. He would rather spend hours of patient work to make a scene correctly in every detail than to have his name on the screen in letters a foot high.

Wherefore, his work is worth while.

-----

Do you know that Clear-Tone—used like toilet water—
Clears Your Skin

GUARANTEED to banish unsightly blemishes easily and quickly, and leave the skin clear and smooth.

"Clear-Tone Skin"

This Free Booklet tells how you can easily and quickly at home obtain a clear skin, free from all blemishes, like Nature intended you to have. Thousands of copies of this interesting book are distributed every month.

Clear-Tone is not a cure-all or mail order treatment, but a scientific, reliable SKIN LOTION, perfected after 50 years of personal experience by Mr. E. S. Turner, who knows every embarrassment one has to suffer with a bad complexion. Endorsed and prescribed by physicians, druggists, and thousands of enthusiastic users, and sold on a direct and positive guarantee of satisfaction or money back! The marvel of Clear-Tone is that it clears the complexion so quickly, no matter what the cause.

Clear-Tone has had an unprecedented success as evidenced by thousands of voluntary letters written by men and women who had very bad blemishes and tried various soaps, ointments, and doctors without relief.

Read These Letters!

From U. S. Hospital: "Find myself improving wonderfully. Anyone I know that has skin troubles your wonderful Clear-Tone will be recommended to. Clear-Tone, U. S. Hospital 41, Staten Island, N. Y.

From a Barber: "Have been a barber for 30 years and never saw anything as good as Clear-Tone. All barbers should know about it."--W. Van Burn, Kansas City, Mo.

From a Maid: "I am glad to be in public in this profession was a great embarrassment. Clear-Tone improved me greatly and I strongly recommend it."--C. H. Leonard, St. Louis, Mo.

From a Lady: "I cannot thank you enough for all the good it has done me. One bottle has cleared my face completely. "--Mrs. Mary Vegas, Havana, N. Y.

From a Soldier: "It certainly wonderful. Looks younger. Trong, E. S. Cavalry, P. E. Allen, Va.


From a Man: "Have barred my skin completely of pimples and blisters. Everyone who sees me is amazed."--E. Wilson, Plattsburg, Ola.

From a Young Lady: "Thank you for Clear-Tone. We'll gladly send copies of most interesting testimonials.

FREE Simply send name today for FREE booklet, "A Clear-Tone Skin," telling how I cured myself after being afflicted for 15 years. and my $1.00 Guarantee to clear your skin of the above blemishes.

E. S. DIVER, 237 Chemical Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.
Alice of Old Vincennes
Continued from page 46

find out what it was all about. After that I was called for several other pictures, in all of which I appeared in the rôle of an 'extra.' My parts were so small that I think it little short of marvelous that I, who had no more desire to climb out of the ranks, should have been noticed at all. But the unexpected did happen.

"I was working at Universal City one day, when I noticed a good-looking young man who seemed to be making inquiries about me. Feeling that I ought to find out who was seeking my name and address, I asked the assistant director about the inquirer.

"'Why, that's Rex Ingram, one of the big directors out here. You'll probably hear from him,' he said.

"Sure enough, I did receive a note from Metro's casting director a few days later, calling me to appear for a screen trial for 'Shore Acres,' which Mr. Ingram was directing. I had a very small part in the picture, but I enjoyed it because I understood the story and knew what I was doing.

"Then I took a long rest. My next call was for a real part. Mr. Ingram asked me to play the leading rôle in 'Hearts Are Trumps,' a big Metro all-star production. I didn't mind saying I hesitated before responding to the call this time. I wondered whether I, as inexperienced as I was, had any right to take such a gambing chance with somebody else's money. But Mr. Ingram persuaded me that I could make good in the part and—well, some of the reviewers were kind enough to say that I had.

"Then came 'The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse,' and an invitation to play the leading feminine rôle in it. I wonder what gave me such assurance, but I felt quite natural playing that part. Nobody can judge their own work, but I hope the picturegoers like me in that part, I really worked mighty hard in it."

On completing that rôle, Miss Terry, acting like the little Alice of her Vincennes girlhood, overlooked applying to the casting directors of other studios for such parts as might be open to her, and went home instead to resume her reading, her embroidering, and her matinee going. But one director after another sent for her. So Alice of old Vincennes, quite without willing it, continues to be Alice of feature films.

"Don't cry, dear—I know the way to clear your skin"

"M Y doctor has often said that almost any woman can have a clear, soft, even radiant complexion, if she will only obey a certain law of hygiene."

"Your skin is poor because you have disregarded that law. Mine was too, until I observed the law; and ever since, it has been clear and fine.

"It seems that woman's besetting trouble—clogged intestines—is largely responsible for a poor skin. When the food waste is not regularly and thoroughly eliminated, poisons form, which the blood absorbs and carries to the millions of tiny body cells. These poisons are the most common cause of skin troubles. Blochines, eruptions, dullness, are some of the results.

"And not only the skin shows the effects of this poisoning—the hair becomes dry and brittle, the eyes are dull, and you lack animation and life.

"My doctor told me that what most women with poor complexions need is Nujol, which induces the good habit of regular, daily evacuations.

"Instead of irritating or forcing the system, Nujol simply softens the food waste. This helps all those tiny muscles in the intestinal walls, contracting and expanding in their normal way, to squeeze the food waste along so that it passes naturally out of the system.

"And one of the things you will like about Nujol is that it is absolutely harmless and pleasant to take. It works without causing griping, or nausea, and does not interfere with the day's work or play.

"Buy a bottle of Nujol, my dear, and take it regularly. It assures internal cleanliness, the only secret of a good complexion."

Nujol

Nujol is sold by all druggists in sealed bottles only, bearing the Nujol trade mark. For authoritative booklet on how to remove toxins that mar the skin, mail this coupon today.

Nujol Laboratories, Standard Oil Co. (New Jersey), Room 705F, 41 Beaver Street, New York (In Canada, send to Nujol, 22 Bl. François-Xavier Street, Montreal.) Please send me copy of "A LOVELY SKIN COMES FROM WITHIN".

Name

Address
Then, almost before I knew what was happening, the press agent said, "Here she is," and I was being introduced to Pearl. I can’t begin to tell you how it felt to shake hands with her, when I’d seen her on the screen so many times. She seemed like an old friend, a very intimate one, yet to see her that way gave me a sensation that I can’t describe. I don’t know what I said to her, but I hope it was the right thing. I guess I wouldn’t have known it if somebody had pinched me, because all the regular feelings you have all the time seemed to have stopped. I’ve never known anything like it.

Pearl was so natural, though, and so awfully pretty. Her profile is wonderful. Her eyes are her best feature, though—they are a light, golden-brown in color, and very big and expressive, tawny eyes, with long, curly lashes that give them a starry effect. And she has a way of opening them so wide—well, when she looks at you you’re thrilled clear through.

She doesn’t talk much, but when she does she speaks directly to you. Her sentences are short and clear-cut, and she brings out her words rather suddenly. Her voice is exactly right—I mean, not awfully sweet and affected sounding, the way some actresses seem to think they have to talk on the stage.

And she is so sort of like a child. For instance, there were some board railings about a foot high on the floor near us, arranged like a ladder, and she went over there and, holding one foot in her hand, hopped over them. It made me think of the lighthouse child Nazimova played in "Out of the Fog."

There were so many things I wanted to say to her, but when you meet your idol all the things you meant to say seem so silly and gushing. The star seems so sensible and human that you feel that she’d laugh at you if you raved the way you’d like to rave now. It was awfully hard to talk at all. Pearl had a book, a French one, that she was reading, and she’d translate bits of it. It was the letters of Napoleon and Josephine—it seemed to me sort of a school book, rather than something a person would read for pleasure, but she could hardly be torn away from it. She even read during part of the picture, where she was lying on the floor; you’ll see it. Oh, I forgot to say that the picture is called, "Woman or Tiger."

She doesn’t wear any fancy clothes in it; “Only in a few scenes I do,” she said. “And then I get them on upside down. In one scene I wear a very beautiful gown, but have to dash out in the rain in it. But, of course, it doesn’t make much difference whether you ruin your clothes in a picture or not; they get so dirty being trailed around the studio, and get so full of grease paint, that they aren’t fit to be worn again. And, of course, almost any star who gets a decent salary doesn’t wear a gown in more than one picture, anyway.”

“Do they sell them?” I asked.

“Oh, no—who is there to sell them to? There are always servants or poor relations who can use them, anyway.”

So that settled that question.

Her maid came to speak to her then about a package, and Pearl chatted away in French with her in a way that made me resolve to get out my books and go to work. She spoke it beautifully. Then she took us to her dressing room, which was the last word in comfort and coziness. It was hung with pink cretonne, and had a couch where she could sit, and a big dressing table.

From the desk she took out half a dozen big photographs and told me to pick out the one I wanted—that was a treat I hadn’t expected, and I just stood there and stared for ages, it seemed to me. I simply couldn’t make a choice; first I’d think I wanted one, and then I’d decide on another. Finally I did select one I fell in love with a while ago, when I saw it in a theater lobby, and she autographed it for me. I have ever so many pictures of her that I’d written and asked her for, but, of course, none like this—it’s my most prized possession.

She had to go back to work then, and we had to go on, so we told her good-by.

“I just can’t thank you for this,” I told her, when she gave me the stunning photograph, and she laughed and said:

“Well then, don’t try.”

I went away feeling perfectly satisfied, and more devoted to her than ever. I think perhaps it’s because she’s so natural; there’s no pose about her. I don’t believe she’d do anything in a different way from what she was used to no matter who was there; she wouldn’t try to impress anybody. She lets you take her just as you find her—and that’s quite enough for me!
Chas. explains to me that contrary to the wide-spread idea, movin'-picture constellations is not crazy about bein' interviewed, and many has been known to scurry wildly away in alarm when a typical interviewin' pest pokes his head over the transom. So Chas. thought it wouldn't be better all around if I took Miss Dean by surprise, instead of dashin' right over and askin' her what chance she figured Georgie Carpenter had against Dempsey, and the like.

Well, I learned through underground sources that Miss Dean was fond of apples, and as she is a pippin' herself they is no reason why she shouldn't be, hey? At any rate, with rare presence of mind I got hold of a basket of the fruit which put Eve over and tipped to the set where Miss Dean and her retinue was shootin' her latest and most successful picture. (Advt.) From where I stood behind the scenes they was apparently no way to get in on the stage, but I have learned by experience how to always find the entrance to a set which a star is workin' on. It has a big sign on it which says: "KEEP OUT THIS MEANS YOU!" and you can't miss it.

I seen they was busy so I asked Miss Dean's director if he wouldnt get mad at me if I staged a interview with his star. I says it will only take about a hour.

"Go right ahead," he says jovially. "You can have four minutes if you want!"

Just then Miss Dean seen me with the basket of apples, and she asks how is it that hucksters is allowed to roam wild on her set, and whilst everybody, with the slight exceptions of me, is laughin' at my blushin' confusion Chas. introduces me. Well, havin' seen Priscilla Dean in the bulk of her pictures, I was prepared to meet a beautiful girl, but I was not prepared to meet any such hashish-eater's dream of loveliness which smiled at me standin' there open-mouthed and pop-eyed like a goof, and tried to put me at ease. I had a long list of questions all memo-rized to ask her, but when Priscilla placed a apple in her mouth and in-vited me to have a bite I forgot all about the questions and also several gross other things. With one minute of the round, or interview rather, to go I was practically out on my feet from gazzin' into the most wonderful eyes, I, you, or anybody else ever seen and after Priscilla revived me with a few blasts on a saxophone, I was led off the set dazed.

I have sit up all night tryin' to put

---

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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 attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your "look," therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise; it will injure your welfare. Upon the impression you constantly make means the failure or success of your life—which is to be your ultimate destiny?

M. TRILETY, Face Specialist, 1478 Ackerman Bldg., Binghamton, N.Y.
Don't Change Your Language

Continued from page 61

he was released from service and came over here to make a picture that was called, 'Max Comes Across.' He went back to France for a while, but now he is over here on a two-year contract with Robertson-Cole to make eight comedies. He has finished 'Seven Years' Bad Luck,' and is now making his second picture, called 'Too Much Pep.'

I thanked him rather peevishly. I didn't like the way he was smiling. Mr. Linder, whatever he may have felt, was disguising his feelings nobly. He even beamed upon me when I attempted a question in perfect high-school French as to how long he had been connected with pictures.

The publicity man groaned. Every one in the world, it appeared, knew that but me.

"Oh, mademoiselle," said Max with his infectious smile, "I am what you say"—he thought deeply for a moment—"pioneer—in picture work. I commenced depuis huit ans en Paris before le cinematograph was in l'Amérique."

I nodded with sort of a set smile, and took refuge in my beans while I thought it over. After considerable digestion I arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Linder had worked in the movies seventeen years ago in Paris, considerably before America became infected by the noiseless drama.

"Oh, mon dieu!" I said brightly. "How interessant!"

"I made ze first—comprenez-vous—la première comédie zat zez wair made, and we made one comédie a day. It's 6 zins fam ween nine in ze morning to four in ze afternoon, and ze—she was finisheh!"

I could see that he was storming the heights of the English language
in an effort to reach my mental elevation. I tried desperately to ask what was the difference between the French and the American screen comedies, but only managed to make the word “risqué” intelligible. The publicity man cocked his ear attentively. He recognized the adjective as something pertaining to lingerie farces.

"Ze French screen comedies risqué," repeated Max, his whole face expressing repugnance at the idea. "Oh, mademoiselle, non, non, je vous assure!"

He plunged passionately into a pounding surf of tanged verbs, alliterated adjectives, and staccato expletives. His lamb chop cooled while he splashed in the monologue. I gathered that the French screen comedies were not risqué.

"Let me tell you," he finished, emerging onto English sands, "in France zey would not permit Cecil De Mille to deeeplays hee picture like 'Don't Change Your Husband.' On ze stage in France, ze risqué is all r-right; but on ze screen—oh, nevair, non, non!

"Pourquoi pah?" I asked, having taken a moment to think up the way to say "Why not?" in French. A series of shrugs, of voluble gestures, and enlightening facials, and elucidations, and enlightening facial expressions.

"Because, ze stage is expensive, n'est-ce pas? Only ze people who have plente of money go. Alors, bien; zey have, how do you say—decescrimination, zey are not effect by ze risqué. But ze screen is for children—for everyone; compréhens—You see, it is necessary to be very careful. I never make a screen comedy which is risqué—jamais!"

The interpreter, who is also Max's secretary came up just then, and from the conversation that followed, I gathered that the luncheon hour was long past, and that the cast were on the set awaiting Mr. Linder's orders—for he directs as well as takes the lead in his comedies.

Max was lovely, and pretended that he had enjoyed the interview. I think Frenchmen are the most charming prevaricators in the world. But the publicity man wasn't so tactful. As I climbed into the machine which was to take me back to town, he bowed very low.

"Bour jour, mademoiselle," he said in atrocious French, "come again, won't you?"

And I'm not ashamed to say that I stuck out my tongue at him. He was adding insult to my injury.

D. W. Griffith Presents—Continued from page 00

so foolish, I really want them to know I did do it."

When I had seen it, I was a bit skeptical about the identity of the Kellermann queen in question, but now I harbor nary a doubt. Carol Dempster did it herself. She says she did! And if you had heard her say that, she said it herself, you would be equally as convinced as I am.

Before leaving I asked her a very personal question. And the answer was short and whispered.

"Nineenth!"

Several weeks later when I watched her at work in the studio at Manaroneck, near New York City, I decided that she had exaggerated. She couldn't possibly be more than sixteen! The scene she was working in was a carnival, supposed to be in the crowded streets of lower London. There must have been two hundred extras on the set, all rushing about, blowing horns, and throwing streamers in the air, but one little slim person dominated the whole scene. Unfortunately, the screen can never record her sparkling laughter of that day, but it will show such vivacity as you rarely see on the screen or anywhere else. Carol Dempster was quite obviously having the time of her life. She was irrepressible, irresistible. And sixteen seemed almost too many years to grant her!

Later in the week I visited the Griffith studio again, and discovered one of the reasons for Carol Dempster's amazing development as a pantomimist. She never stops. No frame of film is wasted on the set. Carol Dempster is somewhere near by, watching Mr. Griffith and carrying out all his orders. Hour after hour while he worked with Ralph Graves on some particularly difficult close-ups, a party of visitors at the studio—including, by the way, Ethel Sands—were chatting and laughing a few feet away from the set. Most young actresses would have fluttered toward that crowd as naturally as a bee toward honey, but not Carol Dempster. She sat just outside of the range of the camera and worked over and over that scene, just as hard as though it had been hers.

Late that afternoon, when almost every one else had gone, she was still there, flitting from one facile expression to another, her hands and feet, even, seeming to tell their part of the story. Let the others be concerned with the making of "Flaming Lamps." Carol Dempster was busy on "The Making of Her Career."
Genuine Aspirin

Name "Bayer" means genuine
Say "Bayer"—Insist!

Aspirin

unquenchable optimist. He attributes his cheerfully captivated outlook to a mental evolution very similar to that in "Something to Think About," the Cecil B. De Mille production. If you remember in this picture the cripple learns the value of serenity of mind only after a struggle with the forces of skepticism.

"When I read in the papers that they were saying it would be impossible for me to work again, I knew that they were wrong," declared Dexter. "I determined that some day I was going to return and do greater things. How this was to come about I did not know, for at that time I had not learned the philosophy of mental control."

"It is only by cultivating mental control—repose—that one can really succeed. The mind is like a lake. If it is calm and unruffled it will reflect everything in beautiful reality; if it is disturbed it will reflect nothing. If it is in commotion one cannot hear the voice of inspiration. It is essential, therefore, not to worry or be disquieted; it is only by maintaining harmony in yourself that you can bring outside affairs into harmony with yourself.

"When I used to have important meetings I would rehearse what I expected to say, for instance, and would try to anticipate the conversation of the other person. Then, most of the time, he would not speak as I had expected. My own view, moreover, was distorted, and my expressions of opinion prejudiced. Had I laid the matter on the shelf until the proper time I would have been able to act properly and for good because I would have been free from prejudice, and would have been guided naturally in my actions and answers."

"It is the same with playing a part on the screen. I do not think about what I have to do before I go on the set. I maintain mental repose, and when the time comes to act I know I shall be properly guided."

"Personally I have no objection to the type of part I play. I told Cecil De Mille I would appear in any picture that had a moral. I told him I would even do Srevangi in "Trilby," because that play has a moral. The evil is killed as it must necessarily be in man's progression."

Mr. Dexter's picture career began in New York some four years ago. He played the leading male rôle in Marguerite Clark's "Helene of the North." Later he was lead with Alice Brady, Mary Pickford, Marie Doro, and others. Finally he became associated with the De Mille productions, and had featured rôles in "We Can't Have Everything," "The Whispering Chorus," "The Squaw Man," "Old Wives for New," and then "For Better, For Worse." Since making "Something to Think About," he has also played the lead in "The Witching Hour."

He is to take an important part in De Mille's next picture, "Five Kisses," a transcription of the Anatol plays by Arthur Schnitzler. This will feature an effusive star cluster, including Wallace Reid, Gloria Swanson, Wanda Hawley, Bebe Daniels, Theodore Roberts, and others. Later Dexter may go to New York and then abroad, with the privilege of making pictures in Europe if he wishes.

As I was leaving his house I noticed a brief inscription on a card on his writing table. It carried a curious certainty of conviction in its message, for it said:

"You do not have to fight.
You do not have to struggle.
You only have to know."

Which I am sure is now the Credo of Elliott Dexter.

How's the Simple Life?

Continued from page 86

"Are all these girls trying for the same part that I am?"
"Apparently they were, so I turned about and said, I'll be back later."
"Oh, no you won't!"
"Stroheim stopped me, considered me for a moment, and then dismissed the rest. The part was mine."

It is not Mae Busch herself, but the type of rôle she has created, that is unique. From the crafty smile on her lips to the soft bracelet of monkey fur twining about her wrist, she makes the women she plays calculating and hard, yet there is a subtle fascination about them. They are brave and reckless and strong, but not the least bit masculine. They delight in soft silks and gold-and-silver tissue. They are so built of artifice themselves that they will have nothing artificial around them."

Only the most resplendent jewels, the softest furs can satisfy them.

It is impossible to reconcile the Mae Busch of real life to the haughty sirens she enacts.

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YOUR FAVORITE'S PERSONAL LIFE

Continued from page 88

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"Apparently they were, so I turned about and said, I'll be back later."
"Oh, no you won't!"
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Only the most resplendent jewels, the softest furs can satisfy them.

It is impossible to reconcile the Mae Busch of real life to the haughty sirens she enacts.
very first home they have ever owned is now being built in Laurel Canyon, Hollywood. The house is in the old English style, picturesque, roomy, sunny, and delightful, with a big garden, sleeping porches, swimming pool, and a large nursery for Suzanne. A feature of the house will be an organ, for Mrs. Vidor plays beautifully, while King Vidor has a fine baritone voice; he also writes music.

If I have told a good deal about their professional progress, it's because their work is so inextricably a part of their life romance, their love and work and play all so essentially a part of themselves, and their lives so utterly interdependent, their companionship so complete, that one must tell about it all in order to give any idea of their happiness and its sources.

We took a good-night peep at the rosy little Suzanne in her slumbers.

"Is she going on the screen?" I whispered.

Mrs. Vidor started to shake her head, then she smiled, remembering her own family's objections to her career.

King Vidor's eyes twinkled, and he smiled.

"I s'pose she will," he drawled, "if she wants to!"

A Home-Made Star

large coconut cake her mother had baked that afternoon was left uncut.

"Now I can take it over to the studio to-morrow," she said. "And we'll have a picnic with the electricians and everybody on the set." Later I learned that she takes one almost every day. I learned other things, too—some of which are: that she doesn't know many other people in pictures, that she puts her car in storage in the winter and rides to and from the studio—forty-four miles altogether—in the subway, that she keeps her Cleveland high-school yearbook on the parlor table so that she can glance at it over frequently, that she loves emotional roles—and would like to play a real shrew just once, and that she does not like being kissed by actors!

Later, when Uncle Joe escorted me over to the Fifth Avenue bus, it occurred to me what had made her a star. It was her home.
Touch Up Your High Lights

Continued from page 69

and waved in very wide, deep waves.
It was brought down rather close to her face—this took away from the roundness, you see. Also, it directed the beholder straight to her eyes, because it framed them so effectively. In the back it was drawn into a soft puff, in order not to spoil the really beautiful shape of her head.

So far she was all in one key. We needed one more high light. We got it by having her wear a string of beads that came from a little Italian shop—beads of dull yellow, apricot and orange, shading into creamy-coffee color and brown—the very shade of her eyes, you see. And the effect was so tremendously successful that I'd like to have had her tour the country, to show girls what they can do with their looks if they just up their high lights.

The Revelations of a Star's Wife

Continued from page 84

broad back, and a well-posed head.
I'd have known anywhere. Without waiting for the dawdling cab to stop I clutched my sleeping son and leaped to the street, crying, "Oh, Hugh—Hugh!" as I stumbled into that hateful lobby.

"You don't mean to tell me that you let her go—without any money—that you didn't believe her!" I'd never seen Hugh in such a rage before. He wasn't shouting; he was just glaring at the white-faced Chet, who'd been so scornful to me a while before, while the blubbery clerk huddled behind his counter and said not a word.

"Hugh! I'm here!" I cried, and felt myself sort of crumpling up all over. Faintly I heard Hugh say, "Dan—grab the baby—I've got her!" and then I didn't know what was happening until I came to with Carol Burnet simply deluging me with water, and Hugh rubbing my hands and swearing to have the life's blood of Chet and the night clerk.

Even after we'd gone upstairs my mind felt too hazy to comprehend Hugh's explanations of how he happened to be so late in getting to On-owanda, just being there and having him to look at after Hughie and me was enough. But one thing I did comprehend; as he hung up his coat a telegram fluttered out of it:

"Sorry—capital gone back on us—release you from agreement," it read. It was signed by the president of the Independent Era Film Corporation.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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The writer of this remarkable story would—and did. All the money that she had saved as a bulwark against times of trouble was contributed to his big business venture. It was a gamble—but her faith in him made it a glorious gamble.

In the East, where they came to launch his company, the writer renews old friendships and makes new ones among the motion-picture players. Their stories are interwoven with hers.

IT IS THE MOST AMAZING AND GRIPPING STORY EVER TOLD ABOUT MOTION-PICTURE PLAYERS. DON'T MISS THE NEXT INSTALLMENT.
Right Off the Grill
Continued from page 87

As We Would Like to See Them.
John Barrymore as Dorian Gray.
Bette Blythe as Flavia to Wallace
Reid's Rupert of "The Prisoner of Zenda,"
Mary Hay as Peter Pan.
Theda Bara as Olympia to Georges
Carpentier's "Alexander the Great."
Will Rogers as Ichabod Crane.
Wallace Reid as Ivanhoe.
Bette Compson as Rosalind.
Charles Spencer Chaplin as Don
Quixote.

Rattling Good Education.
In the auditorium of California
University beneath an arch inscribed
impressively, "Education Is Learning
to Use the Tools Which the Race
Has Found Indispensable." Mr.
Wallace Reid demonstrated the use
of his indispensable saxophone, Miss
Shannon Day shook her well-
creamed, ball-bearing shoulders, and
Miss Betty Blythe used eyes, voice
and tout ensemble in a way that
pleased even the classical professors.
The saxophone, the shiny, and the
song were welded into one grand
synthesis for the benefit of the Uni-
versity, which is seeking to furnish
a new suite of rooms. The rooms
will be well furnished. Miss May
Allison, deterred from appearing be-
cause of illness, sent a Tiffany tea
set. Miss Blythe was introduced as
the Queen of Sheba, and caused the
manual training class to project
themselves at least a foot from their
collars. Mr. Reid was introduced as
the screen's premier actor and
scholar, and caused the domestic
scientists to burst several shoulder
straps. Miss Day, announced as
coming down directly from the Mid-
night Frolic roof, caused the collars
to melt and the shoulder straps to
shake in sympathy. Mrs. Wallace
Reid, sitting in the audience, was
compelled to arise and bow as the
first lady of the evening. But both
sides had respect for the brawn of
Hercules-Adonis Reid, who nonchal-
antly tossed Miss Day over one
shoulder and bore her away to the
wings. Mr. Rupert Hughes' ad-
dress, which closed the evening, was
on censorship. It seemed superlu-
ous after the program. The audi-
ence would have shot the first censor
who tried to snatch away the tools
of the race which had proved so in-
dispensable that evening.

Good-bye to Gray Hair!
Here's the way to stop it
This way is easy, quick and sure,
and it works a transformation. You
simply apply a clear, colorless liquid
through your hair—in from 2 to 4
days the gray disappears and the
natural color returns. This colorless
liquid is the triumph of modern science, which
has produced a true restorer.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer
We prove the truth of these statements
with a trial bottle, sent free if you fill out
and mail the coupon. Full directions
and a special application comb come with
it. Try it on a single lock—then get a
full sized bottle from your druggist or di-
rect from us. Don't accept imitations.

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Don't send me one cent, let me prove it to you, you will
have done over $1000 worth of business in 6 months.
I claim that "Gray Fairy" is an absolutely success-
ful hair remedy. Hundreds of thousands may go and
I want you to let me send you this remedy, entirely at my
expense, I don't care how disastrous you feel with your
condition—you cannot try it and not be convinced of the
effectiveness of it. I guarantee you the remedy. I
have tested it on myself and have had every confidence in
the results and I have tested it on others and everyone has
been convinced of its efficiency. I guarantee the re-
duction of gray hair, and I will prove it and you pay nothing
for it. If you are not convinced of the results I will refund
the price of the remedy. I will prove the results and
you will be satisfied.

Your Bunions Can Be Cured
Prove It At My Expense

Instant Relief
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have done over $1000 worth of business in 6 months.
I claim that "Gray Fairy" is an absolutely success-
ful hair remedy. Hundreds of thousands may go and
I want you to let me send you this remedy, entirely at my
expense, I don't care how disastrous you feel with your
condition—you cannot try it and not be convinced of the
effectiveness of it. I guarantee you the remedy. I
have tested it on myself and have had every confidence in
the results and I have tested it on others and everyone has
been convinced of its efficiency. I guarantee the re-
duction of gray hair, and I will prove it and you pay nothing
for it. If you are not convinced of the results I will refund
the price of the remedy. I will prove the results and
you will be satisfied.

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Red Fox Balm
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Any Handley, Harby, Briston, or Wister
Solvent for removing hair

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Fashion's Decree
this season is light, filmy fabrics. Delatone enables discriminating women to wear them with perfect freedom.

DEL-A-TONE
is a well-known scientific preparation for removing hair safely and surely from underarms or underarms.
Prepared scientifically, it leaves the skin clear, smooth and perfectly smooth. Easy to apply.

Advertising

News Notes from the Studios
Continued from page 72

on a long-term contract to play leading women's roles.
Evelyn Greeley, who has been absent from the screen for some time, is William Farnum's leading woman in the picture he is making under the direction of J. Gordon Edwards. Like many Fox pictures this one is being made before being named.

The latest number of Good Words, the monthly publication edited and published by the inmates of the United States Penitentiary at Atlanta, Georgia, contained a review praising Tom Moore in "Stop Thief," a Goldwyn production.

Mary Glynne, a young English actress imported by the Famous Players-Lasky Company, will play the leading part in The Princess of New York, the next Donald Crisp production. Mr. Crisp, his assistant, and David Powell, who will play the leading man's role in the picture, are all British born.


The next Cecil De Mille production after "The Affairs of Anatol," will be "Laurels and the Lady." by Leonard Merrick.

J. Robert Pauline, who for fifteen years has been one of the most prominent hypnotists on the American stage, is going to direct comedies for Educational Films Corporation. It is said that he will hypnotize the actors under his direction. This department will furnish the names on request of several actors whose work, it believes, could be improved by that method.

Barbara Castleton will play the leading role in "Muffled Drums," which will be presented by First National.

Richard Headrick, three years old, the champion baby swimmer of the world, has been engaged by Anita Stewart's company to appear in a forthcoming production, as yet unnamed.

King Vidor has joined the ranks of Associated Producers. His first picture for them will be "Love Never Dies," part of which will be filmed in Vidor village in Hollywood. For the exteriors, the company will be brought East, and scenes will be taken in some of the most famous sections of New York City, including the Fifth Avenue shopping district and Washington Square.

For the first time in history a grand opera has been adapted from a motion picture. "The Cheat," by Hector Turnbull, in which Fannie Ward and Sessee Hayakawa appeared, was presented early in February at the Opera Comique in Paris. The operatic version is called "Forfeiture."

Agnes Smith, our intrepid reviewer, who once spoke of "Lila Lee, once a star, but now an actress," inspires two similar comments. Louise Lovely, once a Fox star, has become an actress in "The Old Nest," a Goldwyn picture by Rupert Hughes, and May McAvoy, once an actress—see "The Truth About Husbands," or "Sentimental Tommy"—is now a Realart star.

When William Russell's company went north to film snow scenes for "Bare Knuckles," they took with them a wind machine. Hardly had they arrived when a blizzard began, and for several days they had all the wind and snow they wanted without artificial aids.

The Friendly Screen
By Alix Thorne

Last night I saw a homestead old,
Among tall maple trees.
A garden full of fragrant blooms.
I almost heard the bees—
Far off there rose the guardian hills,
My eyes grew dim with tears.
The country seemed to call to me,
As in my boyhood years.

I longed to take the winding path
And find an open door,
A gentle face must welcome me,
I'd seen it all before.

Far off the city's rush and din.
I watched great branches lean,
A wondrous visit I had had,
Upon the friendly screen.
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cience, automatic transmission, buyers guide, simplified, etc. Clearly explained, profusely illustrated. American Automobile Digest, 306 Butler Building, Cincinnati.

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ASTROLOGY—STARS TELL LADIES story. Send birth date and data for reading. Emily Gore, president, Kansas City, Missouri, Apartment 74.

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IT'S LIKE FINDING MONEY when you mail us false teeth (with or without gold filling or filling), old looking gold watch, watches, old gold, silver, platinum, magnets, gold or silver ores and nuggets—War Bonds and Stamps. Highest prices paid. Cash by return mail. Goods returned in 10 days if not good. Send stamped, self-addressed envelope, Frank McNeel & Co., 253 Lexington Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.
ADVERTISING SECTION

Picture Oracle
Continued from page 90

Stasia R.—You failed to enclose the self-addressed stamped envelope for a personal reply. You will find the addresses you are seeking at the end of The Oracle.

Bennie Wm. N.—All addresses are printed at the end of The Oracle each month. That is, all the addresses that are asked for during the month. You will have to write to them personally for their photographs. Clara Kimball Young is not married now. What do you mean by asking me if you had the pleasure of seeing her little baby? She hasn’t any children. Some one was spooping you. Roscoe Arbuckle’s new autobiography, ‘The Pierce-Arrow’ with a special body. You refer to Bebe Daniels and Lila Lee.

Breech.—From the opening tone of your letter I must admit that I thought just what you guessed I would. I have certainly been listening to an awful lot of terrible untruths concerning several of our very best stars. Let me tell you right here that ‘Tina Dano’ is not in any of the statements made to you by some scandal monger. You will find out that you can never trace those rumors to genuine sources. The one who tells you will simply say, if questioned, that some one told them. Gareth Hughes has been doing very well since he played opposite Vida Dana in “The Girl’s Romance.” His latest picture is “Sentimental Tommy,” a Paramount special production. Antonio Moreno is not engaged to be married to Vida Dana. George Stewart and Anita Stewart’s brother. He made his first appearance with Douglas Fairbanks in “The Mollycoddle” and then with Mildred Harris in “Old Dad.”

Miss Catherine R.—The addresses you want will be found at the end of The Oracle.

Miss Aline H.—The “Market Booklet” has been mailed to you. I can’t help you about the titles of those pictures unless you can be more explicit. It is too bad the picture was spoiled for you because “Humoresque” was a truly wonderful production, but, as I say, I can’t help that any, because a theater manager has such peculiar ideas about running his own show. I am glad I served as a means to relieve your mind, at least.

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Complete and Concise

History of the World War

By HOUSE OF SMITH


STREET & SMITH CORPORATION
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New York City

1. In a 15-gallon vat that had been kept in the cellar for three years, I have a book which the reader may want to know the title of. It is "The Story of My Life." It has been in the cellar for so long that the water in the vat has turned green.

2. In the cellar there is a barrel that has been kept for ten years. It contains a book of which the reader may want to know the title. It is "The Life of Daniel Boone." The barrel has been kept in the cellar for so long that the water in it has turned yellow.

3. There is a book in the cellar which the reader may want to know the title of. It is "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn." The book has been in the cellar for so long that it has turned brown due to the mold.

4. In the cellar there is a book which the reader may want to know the title of. It is "The Scarlet Letter." The book has been in the cellar for so long that it has turned red due to the mold.

5. In the cellar there is a book which the reader may want to know the title of. It is "The Great Gatsby." The book has been in the cellar for so long that it has turned yellow due to the mold.

6. In the cellar there is a book which the reader may want to know the title of. It is "The Diary of Anne Frank." The book has been in the cellar for so long that it has turned brown due to the mold.

7. In the cellar there is a book which the reader may want to know the title of. It is "War and Peace." The book has been in the cellar for so long that it has turned green due to the mold.

8. In the cellar there is a book which the reader may want to know the title of. It is "Ulysses." The book has been in the cellar for so long that it has turned yellow due to the mold.

9. In the cellar there is a book which the reader may want to know the title of. It is "Pride and Prejudice." The book has been in the cellar for so long that it has turned brown due to the mold.

10. In the cellar there is a book which the reader may want to know the title of. It is "The Hobbit." The book has been in the cellar for so long that it has turned yellow due to the mold.

11. In the cellar there is a book which the reader may want to know the title of. It is "The Maltese Falcon." The book has been in the cellar for so long that it has turned green due to the mold.

12. In the cellar there is a book which the reader may want to know the title of. It is "Moby Dick." The book has been in the cellar for so long that it has turned red due to the mold.

13. In the cellar there is a book which the reader may want to know the title of. It is "Invisible Man." The book has been in the cellar for so long that it has turned brown due to the mold.

14. In the cellar there is a book which the reader may want to know the title of. It is "The Catcher in the Rye." The book has been in the cellar for so long that it has turned yellow due to the mold.

15. In the cellar there is a book which the reader may want to know the title of. It is "The Great Gatsby." The book has been in the cellar for so long that it has turned red due to the mold.
THE THUNDERBOLT OF ILLINOIS.—Of course there are others, but not from Illinois. William S. Hart has made his last picture for Paramount and has retired from the screen. His sister, Mary Hart, is not a professional. Olive Thomas was born in Charlestown, Pennsylvania, on October 20, 1888. Yes, I read nearly all of Alger’s work when I was young, Mary Pickford’s latest feature is an original story from the pen of Frances Marion, who also directed it. “The Love Light” is the name of the picture. Perhaps some day one of those books will be pictured.

AGNES AND FRED.—Thanks for the stamps. The editor has mailed you a copy of the “Market Booklet” and the “Guideposts for Scenario Writers,” as you requested. I will find them very interesting and helpful.

CURIOUS Mr.—Antonio Moreno was born in Madrid, Spain, in 1888. He is not making any more serials. His latest feature is called “Three Sevens.” Sounds as if the dice were good to him, doesn’t it? It depends upon the story, not on the amount of words it takes to tell it.

PRISCILLA DEAN’S DOUBLE.—Alice Brady was born in New York City. House Peters is still in pictures. His latest film is “The Leopard Woman,” in which he plays opposite Louise Glaum. Yes. It’s not as thrilling as you said. She married a wealthy tobacco merchant of New York very recently. Priscilla Dean was born in New York in 1896. Her latest picture is called “Olivia of the Lame.” Wheeler Oakman was born in Washington, D.C., in 1890. Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay are married. Fannie Ward is not a Russian. Theda Bara has not returned to the screen.

BED JONES.—At present Evelyn Nesbit is not on the screen. I do not think you will see William Fox on the screen, as he is not actively inclined. Charles Ray has been married for six years. I think you have been listening to idle gossip. It is not true that nearly all the screen stars are of one religion. Each to his own belief.

SARAH E.—All addresses at the end of this department.

M. A. P.—Back Jones was born in Vincennes, Indiana, so you see he is not a Texan. Tona Nix’s early career consisted of riding the plains as a cowboy and as a deputy sheriff and special officer on the trail of bootleggers. You will have to write to him personally to find out. You are great on the “Bill,” are you not?

KETTE KUTUP.—I think you have misunderstood that article about Tony Moreno and Viola Dana in the January Picture Play. The first was that the rumor started the rumor that the two were to be married, but we have Tony’s word for it that such is not the case. Ralph Graves, and Eugene O’Brien are not related. No, I can’t say that I think they look alike. Viola Dana is no relation, either. Her latest picture is called “The Off-Shore Pirate.”

Mrs. J. P.—Am glad you enjoyed the department so well. The editor has mailed you a copy of the “Market Booklet.”

FEMALE IMPERSONATOR.—Gloria Swanson is five feet three inches tall. You are correct. Bothwell Browne was born in Denmark. His stage career dates back twenty years. He is forty-four years old, Julian Elntze was born in 1888. I didn’t need to look, so you see I hadn’t forgotten you, as you imagined.
DEAF?

Make Us
Prove That You Can Hear!

We do not expect those who are hard of hearing to suddenly say the Acous- 
ton will make them hear clearly one-
more—no, that would be asking too much for that.
We do expect, however, that for their own individual satisfaction, be-
fore giving up what has always been the most
welcome. Yes, Wallace McCutcheon
was in the late war. He received a ma-
jor's commission before he was sent home
wounded. I think you will be pleased as the
answer. There is a serial called "Ruth
of the Rockies," featuring Ruth Roland.
May Allison has not left them, and the
is still making features for the Metro
Pictures Corporation. See the News
Notes Department. Don't make any bets
as to whether they will, because you have
no way of proving your wager is right or
wrong, and why tie your money up like that?
You will find that all your
other questions have already been
answered.

C. D. H.—The editor has mailed you
copies of both the "Market Booklet" and
"Guideposts for Scenario Writers.

ANY and George—I can't give you a
list of the pictures that are going to play
at your local theater. The best way to
find out is to inquire from the manager of
the house you will see to find him
only too glad to give you that infor-
mation.

THIS and THAT.—Sylvia Breamer is be-
ing featured in the Sidney Franklin
features to be released by the First
National. She is not a Rembrandt, and I don't
agree with you that she looks like one.

F. B. de G.—Yes, it was the lady her-
self who appeared in "Ways Down East,"
and not some one merely using her name.
That isn't being done these days with any
degree of success. Lady Diana Mansers
will soon be an active photoplay
be produced by J. Stuart Blackton. The
first one has not been completed as yet.

PEARL WHITE FOREVER.—You are cer-
tainly an ardent admirer, and I think you
deserve an answer; but they have so many
fans just as enthusiastic as yourself that
asking for a personal reply that they couldn't
possibly answer them all, even if they had
all day in which to do nothing else.
Kathleen O'Connor is not married.

PERFECT 99.—I never heard of that size
before, but I have learned something new.
You will have to get the editor to do that for you. It is not in my line.
He has charge of all articles and photos
published in this magazine. I have all I
can do to take care of The Picture Oracle.

ANNA E. S.—Charles Ray was born in
Jacksonville, Illinois, in 1807. Richard
Bartholomew is four years younger than
Charles, and Jack Pickford is one year
younger than Dick. Antonio Moreno was
born in Mexico, in 1871, and Dorothy Gish in 1898. Antonio
Moreno is going to make five-reel fea-
tures for Vitagraph instead of serials.
His latest one is "Home and Hand." His
first feature has been named "The
Three Sevens." Thomas Meighan is not
deserting the screen for the footlights.
His newest feature is "Cousins in Quest
of His Youth." That is the safest way.
If you want a personal reply, be sure to
inclose a stamp, self-addressed en-
velope.

E. M. B.—Thanks for the letter. The
erator has mailed you a copy of the
"Market Booklet.

LILLIAN F.—I eat macaroni whenever
I have the wherewithal to get it.
I am not particular as to what day I parake
of it. I do not think of it. It is my choice.
you want at the end of The Oracle.

MRS. CARROLL A. M.—The cast for "Old
Hartwell's Cub" was: Bill Desmond as
Bill Hartwell, Mary Warren as Mary
Hartwell, Gregory as Edward Jones, Walt
Whitman as Reverend DavidLane, Percy
Challenger as Tom Hartwell, Doro-
thy Hagar as Mag Jones, Graham Pete
as Young Tommy, William O'Leary as
Martin, and W. J. Ellington was Benton.
In "A Man's World" Emily Stevens was
Frannie Wade, David Powell was John
Dorsey, and Franklin Gaskill was
Franklin. Florence Short was Lore
Brune, and Walter Hiers was Larry Han-
on. Cullen Landis is married.

LITTLE CURLY LOCKS.—Welcome to our
midst! Tom Moore was married to Alice
Joyce, and they have a little daughter,
Joyce. George Moberuster dis-
vires her time with her father and mother.
Tom's latest film is "Officer 066." Jean
Calloun appeared opposite him. Viola
Dana's new film is "Cinderella's Twin" is her latest release. "The
Man Who Had Everything" and "Just Out
of College" are Jack Pickford's latest screen
efforts. He recently went to London to
film the scenes for his first independent
production for his very own company.
"Breaker's Millions" is Roscoe Ar-
tucke's last film has been
appearing opposite Will Rogers. In his
latest film, "The Guile of Woman," Doris
Paw plays opposite him. Gloria Swan-
son is now working on Elinor Glyn's stories, "A Sheltered Daughter,"
for Paramount. You asked your share.

SINISTER.—All addresses at the end of
this department. Evidently you are
going to do some writing.

LASCA.—I can't regulate the month in
which your answers will appear. It just
depends on when the editor receives them.
Every letter is answered in the order
in which it is received, and no favorites are played in The Oracle. The veterans
and the newcomers are treated alike. I
never heard of you before. There was
no one by that name with the Orme
Locklear Company. "Skeets" Elliott was
the other prominent aviator with Lock-
lear, and met his end in a film stunt.
Gloria Swanson has been married over
a year. She has a little baby daugh-
ter, named after herself. "Lasca" was
a Universal feature and has been re-
leased for many months. I should say
it was almost ready to be called in.
Edith Roberts and Frank Mayo were fea-
tured in it. It may not be played to Phila-
delphia a long time ago. You probably
overlooked it when it was there.

KING BAGGOT FAN.—King Baggot is
married and has a son. He was born in
St. Louis, Missouri. He must be a Re-
publican, because they know he voted for
Harding and Coolidge.

ANNXOU—I do not send out photo-
graphs of the stars, so do not send me
any money for them. You should write
to the stars personally, and include a quar-
ter with your request, and I am sure you
will receive their autographed photo in
due time.

LUCILLE B.—There are four Moore boys
living. They are Tom, Owen, Matt, and
Joe Moore, and all of them are featured on
the screen. No matter how much repre-
sentation from one family, eh? Why is
ever one so crazy about Mary Pickford?
Just go and see her in "Polyanna," or
any one of her recent plays, and you will
be able to answer that question yourself.
F. E. S. Appleblossom.—Am glad to hear that you found your answers all right and that they were so satisfactory. Theda Bara has been touring the country in the stage production of "The Blue Flame." If you haven’t seen her in your town already, you will not catch her in that piece, as she has finished her tour. That is a question Theda will have to answer herself, if she will. If you had better write to her. I think you have the right idea about believing all you hear. "Vice versa" ought to take care of it very nicely. Some people have nothing else to do but to think up a lot of scandalous lies so other people will think they know something. At least, The Love Light is Mary Pickford’s latest film to be released by the United Artists’ Corporation. "How could any one look as pretty on the screen, and still be so homely? You must think the camera performs miracles. It does in cases of photography, but as to beautifying one who is not, they have not found out how to turn the trick. The camera is a very severe critic when it comes to poor personalities. E. F. Bor- man has been vacationing in New York, but is now back on the Pacific coast. "What Happened to Rosa" is the newest Goldwyn film of hers to be released. So you enjoyed Pearl White in "The White Moll?" The Fox forces are claiming that "The Mountain Woman," her most recent picture, is her best. Ann Pennington is still on the stage in the "Scandals." Thanks for all the kind words.

Wm. E. A.—The first time, but, let us hope, not the last, eh? Your letter was truly very interesting and quite different. Sorry, however, that there were no questions to answer for you.

Tuffy.—Zasu Pitts lives in California. She is not working on any picture at the present time. There is only one Nazimova, Viola Dana is now working on a new picture for Metro called "Home Stuff." She is not a blonde. Where did you get the idea that she was? She has dark-brown hair and green eyes. Orme Locklear is dead. He was killed in company with Lieutenant "Skets" Elliott while they were filming the last scene for his picture, The Skywayman, for the Fox Film Corporation. Addresses at the end of this department. You will find your other questions already answered in the replies above.

SYLVIA T.—A copy of the "Market Booklet" has been mailed to you by the editor. All addresses at the end of The Oracle.

ALFRED T. S.—There isn’t any place you can write where you can get the "real particulars" on how to become a movie picture actor that will do you a particle of good. I would suggest that you save your money.

MYRTLE G.—You would have to apply at the various studios and register with the casting director. There isn’t any studio that uses expert divers anyway more than another.

PATIENCE, PLUCK, AND PERSISTENCE.—That would be a wonderful motto for any one to follow. It would certainly lead them up the stairs of success. If you will send six cents in stamps to the editor of Pictorial Play Magazine, he will mail you a copy of the "Market Booklet." It contains the names and addresses of all the film companies and states the type of stories they are in the market for at the present time. It ought to be of great help to you.

BERTHA AND BLANCHE.—You will find all the addresses you asked for at the end of The Oracle.

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Mr. Delmar K. N.—The critics were practically unanimous in their praise of John Barrymore’s acting in “Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.” It was a remarkable document from that point, and one that will live in the memories of all who witnessed it. It was certainly gruesome, but it compelled your interest throughout. He is not working on any pictures now, but will, no doubt make another feature very soon. Enid Bennett has hazel eyes. “Always Audacions” and “The Charm School” are considered very entertaining plays. Miss Lilac played with Wallace Reid in “The Charm School.” You will find the addresses you want at the end of this department.

A. J. M.—Gloria Swanson is five feet three inches tall and weighs one hundred and twelve pounds. Her real name is Mrs. Herbert Somborn. You think he is a very lucky man? I agree with you. Your other questions have already been answered in this department.

Miss Beatrice W.—Ruth Roland has been married, but is not in the sea of matrimony at present. Matty Roubert is a child actor of considerable talent. He has his very own producing company, and a short time ago was presented with the title of “Heritage,” by Willard Mack. I appreciate your wanting my photograph, but must disappoint you. In the first place, it would give away the plot and would not make me very much people wonder who I was, and so I would lose my job. In the second place, I never get time enough to even look at a photograph, much less have one taken of myself.

Tomma and Tony Worshippers.—You can collect on your bet, for that was a Metro feature with Bert Lytell in the stellar role. It was a circus story called “One Way Ticket” and was released by Metro last July. Cecil B. De Mille was born in New Washington, North Carolina, in 1881. William De Mille was born on July 26th, 1858. Antonio Moreno is not married, and no one has heard him say that he is going to be. Alice Lake is still as free as the air, and Gola Divine, who was born in 1896. Miss Washburn was killed during the first influenza epidemic in New York.

Mosquito Bite, Hornet’s Nest, Yellow Jacket’s Lodge.—I’m afraid that the name of your lodge is far from inviting, especially to our boy, in personal contact with any of the three aforementioned species, but maybe you want to scare them away and make it exclusive. Gertrude T. Hamilton played the title role opposite Mary Pickford in “Daddy Long Legs.” He lives in Los Angeles. Lloyd Hughes is a very likable chap, indeed.

Mutt and Jeff.—There were two heroes in the Pathé serial “Hands Up.” George Chesbro was the first, but he was called away to war when he was half finished with the picture, so George Larkin was then engaged to take his place, and began where George left off. Noble Johnson was a workhouse of a picture, a picture at the present time. Creighton Hale has not left the screen. He is still with the D. W. Griffith forces. “Way Down East” is his last picture.

Lucille S.—As you failed to enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope for a personal reply, I am answering your question in the magazine. You will find all the addresses you wrote for at the end of this department.

Wallock Orberta.—Yes, the coupons to the equivalent of twenty-five cents will answer the purpose. You will find the addresses requested at the end of The Oracle.

Teishro Takoohum.—Your questions have already been answered in the replies above.

Lonesome Eta.—Creighton Hale is married. Carol Holladay’s boy is dead. She played opposite Antonio Moreno in “The Perils of Thunder Mountain.” Mary Miles Minter has neither red hair nor freckles. She is not yet married, and is a very beautiful woman. Nazimova has black hair and violet eyes. Quite some combination, eh? You didn’t guess right in either case. Bette Davis. Doug MacLean is married to a nonprofessional. Pauline Frederick probably looked sad in the picture in which you saw her because her part called for her to be that way. That is not a sign that she is not happy in private life.

Arizona Bill.—I don’t know anything about your matrimonial theory, as I have never tried to put your test in effect. Francis Ford and Jack Ford are brothers. Harrison Ford is related to them. Francis Ford is married to a nonprofessional and has one child. You will find your other questions already answered.

Harry F.—Those tricks are left to the camera. Pickford’s son is named after his famous papa. Wallace Reid, Jr. Harold Lloyd used to be billed as “Lonesome Luke” in his early comedies for Pathé. He dropped that character quite recently.

Penney.—Bryan Washburn was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1889. He is married and has two sons. He has dark brown hair and brown eyes. Constance Collier is older than her sister Natalie. Jack Pickford was born in 1896. Yes, Mary, Jack, and Lottie are brother and sisters. Their real family name is Smith. Addresses at end of The Oracle.

Every Night Fan.—Yes, I said that Mary Nolan. Nolan’s features.

Johnston, New York.—Marshall Neilan’s baby is a boy. He has brown, curly hair and brown eyes. He lives in Los Angeles, California. Yes, he is married to Gertrude Bambick, the former Biograph star, and has a son, Marshall Neilan, Jr. Wesley Barry was born in Los Angeles, California, and that is where he resides at the present time. He is four feet and eight inches tall and weighs forty pounds. His hair is red and his eyes are blue and he is just as freckled as he appears on the screen. He is being featured in Marshall Neilan’s features.

Lorita Swanson was born in Chicago, Illinois. She is the wife of Herbert Somborn, and has a baby daughter. Gloria is five feet three inches tall and tips the beam at one hundred and twelve pounds. She has brown hair and blue eyes. Blanche Sweet is also a native daughter of Chicago, Illinois. She is related to the Swansons and resides in Los Angeles. O’Malley was born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1892. She is five feet eleven and weighs one hundred and sixty-eight pounds. Her hair is black and his eyes blue. You were quite inquisitive this time.

Theophilus Thistlebones.—If we but profit by our mistakes, it is often a good thing that we make them. All addresses at the end of The Oracle.
J. C.—Whatever that is you called me, I trust it is something nice. I'm sure it must be. Harrison Ford is not married, and neither is May Allison, although it has been rumored about that she and Robert Ellis were secretly wed. May is five feet five inches and weighs one hundred and twenty-five pounds. Katherine Mac-Donald is five feet eight inches and tips the scales at one hundred and thirty-five pounds. Betty Compson is not married. She has blue eyes and light hair. Edith Johnson was born in Rochester, New York, in 1895. She has brown hair and brown eyes. She started a blonde role in her serial with William Duncan. Maybe they think it is more becoming to them than their own hair, or perhaps the color of their hair is not so photogenic as well enough to suit. Mollie King is still making pictures. Creighton Hale has been loaned to play opposite her in her latest release, "Her Majesty."

DAREDEVIL—Jackie Saunders was born in 1893. Elnor Fair was born in 1902. Harold Lloyd was born in the same year as Jackie. They all live in California. Some of the leading screen players have never been on the stage, but they are far and few between. We have several daredevil screen actresses. Helen Gibson is being featured in a series of five-reel photoplays by her own company. Helen Holmes was not working in any picture at the present time. Weren't their stunts thrilling enough for you? You must be immune. Constance Binney is a star in Raelart photoplays. Her latest release is called "Something Different." Ward Crane and Crane Willard both appear in her support in this feature. Any old time you like.

Helen G.—Baby Marie Osborne is not dead. Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, on April 1, 1902. She has been on the stage since she was a tiny tot. One of her best-known portraits was the child with Dustin Farnum in "The Littlest Rebel." Charles Ray was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, in 1891. He has been married for six years. His wife is a nonprofessional.

Ruth H. M.—Because some one lives in Los Angeles it is no reason why they should be there every minute. The city wouldn't move away if they left it for a little while. She has been on a trip to New York, but, nevertheless, her home is in Los Angeles. Kimball Young was the wife of James Young, but she is not married at the present time.

Dorothy P.—Texas Guinan is still on the screen. She is making a series of Western features, which are being directed by someone. She is married to Julian Johnson, the critic. All addresses at the end of this department.

M. O. R.—You will have to give a better description of that picture if you want me to help you. If you knew the name of the company who produced it, some of the players in it, or the gist of the story, I could perhaps tell you the name of it.

L. O.—I never heard it.

A. A.—You will find that question answered in the reply to Ruth H. M.

IMA NEWONE—Welcome to our city! You will have to write to the editor about the picture you would like to see published in Pictures. Any information you do not have anything to do with that department. The Oracle keeps me busy all the time.

MILBRED A.—Addresses at the end of The Oracle.
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Elsie Ferguson in "Sacred and Profane Love." William D. Taylor's production of Arnold Bennett's play in which Miss Ferguson appeared on the stage.

Sir James M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy.", an immortal masterpiece brought to life by an all-star cast. Directed by John S. Robertson, who made "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde.

"Appearances" by Edward Knoblock.
A Donald Crisp production.
Made in England, with David Powell.

George Melford's production
"The Wise Fools"
By Sir Gilbert Parker.
A drama of the northwest, by the author and director of "Behold my Wife!"

"The Mystery Road.", a British production with David Powell, from E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel.

William A. Brady's production "Life"
By Thomas Buchanan.
From the melodrama which ran a year at the Manhattan Opera House, and was acclaimed the biggest production ever staged.

Dorothy Dalton in "The Curse.", an adaptation of the famous novel by E. Phillips Oppenheim "Juanita of the Marches.",

Gloria Swanson in Elton Gry's "The Great Moment."
Specialy written for the star by the author of "Three Weeks.",

William DeMille's "The Lost Romance.",
By Edward Knoblock.
A specially written screen story.

Ethel Clayton in "Wealth."
By Cosmo Hamilton.
A story of New York's artistic Bohemia.

"Bella Donna"
The thrilling colorful romance by Robert Hichens, to be produced with a star cast.

Roscoe "Fatty" Arbuckle in a specially written story by George Paramount Pictures

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PARAMOUNT has assembled, and maintains, perfection and completeness of personnel and mechanical equipment in its immense studios in Los Angeles, Long Island City and London.

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It means that in the future, as in the past, as you approach your theatre and see the legend "A Paramount Picture," you will, as always, "Know before you go" that you will see the best show in town.
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**Do You Want Better Movies?**

Helen Christine Bennett will tell you in the next issue of *Picture-Play Magazine* how to get them. Incidentally, she will tell you many things about yourself—and motion-picture producers.

**Beauty on the Screen**

If you were asked to select eight great beauties of the screen, who would you choose? Could you defend your choice? Could you analyze the charm of your favorites? Opinions may differ—but Herbert Howe thinks that he has selected the eight foremost beauties of the screen to discuss in next month's *Picture-Play*. Make your choice—then see if it agrees with his.

There will also be many other interesting features; a day with Constance Binney at home, by Ethel Sands; an interview with Edith Roberts by the irrepressible H. C. Witwer, and an enthralling story of Arctic City, where snow pictures are made.

**And As for the Men—**

Get acquainted with two of the most admired young men on the screen through next month's *Picture-Play*. Doubtless, you already know Eugene O'Brien, but perhaps you do not know him as well as Harriette Underhill does. She can tell you many fascinating things about him. Don't miss it. The other young man is Gareth Hughes. Emma-Lindsay Squier will tell you about him in her inimitable style.

**Don’t Miss the July Number of “Picture-Play”**
Mellin's Food

Mellin’s Food, properly prepared, furnishes every element a baby needs to grow and develop as Nature intends. That is why Mellin’s Food babies grow strong, robust and vigorous.

Send today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin’s Food and start your baby right.

Mellin's Food Company, Boston, Mass.
Heartiest Congratulations!

The following letter, which I received a short time ago, speaks for itself. It is worthy. I believe, of a prominent place in this department, to encourage others who have been attempting to write for the screen.

Mr. William Lord Wright

Dear Sir: For more than two years I have been a faithful student of your column in Picture-Play Magazine, and have written you at different times, asking questions in regard to the work, although it is unlikely that you will recall my name among so many. However, I thought that you might be interested to know that I have had two stories accepted recently, and that for my first one which was accepted, "Ethan of the Mountain," I was paid fifteen hundred dollars. In my struggles for success I have appreciated whatever help I have received from others. Often I gave up in despair. But every time the new Picture-Play would come out and I read the "Hints for Scenario Writers" I would immediately start writing a new story again. I have waited until I have sold something before telling you this, and I now take this opportunity to thank you for your help.

Sincerely yours,

Sarah Waters

Cumberland Hotel
Los Angeles California.

As to Westerns

Westerns in this country. They go to the minor theaters and are profitable only as program fillers. A lot of them are being made right now—but for export. When we cease being at war with Germany it is hoped that we can cash in over there with Western stuff—for the Germans are said to like the raging cow-puncher, the sheriff, and the bad, bad foreman of the Cross L Ranch. Better Westerns can be built by the staff writer than the outsider can supply, because the beginner is likely to stray into the old stereotyped stuff, and the skilled writer, receiving only a small remuneration for short Western plots, is apt to slight his job, or stick to features. Five-reel Western features are dead in England, and the quantity will diminish before the year is out.

Dramatic Royalties

The photo-play writer who writes so good a plot that he is offered royalties for its stage presentation is fortunate. One writes us to this effect and asks regarding negotiations. We would place the matter in the hands of a responsible agent.

The Girl Who Would Write

Sophie Irene Loeb, writes in the St. Louis Post-Dispatch an interesting communication to girls who would write, and her message is just as applicable to men. It follows:

Many, many letters have come to me from young women who want to be writers, journalists. Most of them want to be newspaper writers. There is the girl in school who has written splendid compositions, and who has been praised for them. She thinks her vocation is writing.

There is another girl who has imagination and loves stories. She thinks she can write better stories than she has read. There is many a college girl who looks upon the writing business as a means of livelihood because she has been able to stand at the head of her class in writing essays and other school features.

(Continued on page 10)
Two whole months I planned for my wed-
ing day. It was to be a little church affair, with arches, bridesmaids and sweet little flower-girls. Bob wanted a simple cere-
mony—but I insisted that there was going to be wed-
ding. "We are only married once, you know," I 
laughed. "And Oh, Bob," I whispered, nestling closer, "it will be just like a fairy tale."
Gaily I planned for that happy day, and proudly I fondled the shimmering folds of my wedding gown. There were flowers to be 
ordered, music to be selected and cards to be 
sent. Each moment was crowded with antici-
pations. Oh, if I could have only known then the dark cloud that overshadowed my happiness.
As last the glorious day of my marriage ar-
rived. The excitement fanned the spark of 
my happiness into glowing and I thrilled with a 
joy that I had never known before. My wed-
ing day! The happiest day of my life! I 
just knew that I would remember it forever.

A Day I Will Remember 
Forever

How can I describe to you the beauty of the 
church scene as I found it when I arrived? 

Huge wreathe of flowers swung in graceful 
framing from ceiling to wall. Each pew 
boosted its cluster of illies, and the altar was 
a mass of many-hued blossoms. The bridesmaids, 
in their flowing white gowns, seemed almost 
real, and the little flower-girls looked like 
tiny fairies as they scattered flowers along the 
carpets aisle. I firmly believed that there was nothing left in all the 
world to wish for. The organist received the 
cue, and with a low deep clanging of 
the strains of the triumphant wedding march 
began. 

Perhaps it was the beauty of the scene. 
Perhaps it was the strains of the wedding 

March. Perhaps it was my overwhelming 

happiness. At any rate, the day I rehearsed 

and planning vanished in a blur of happy for-

giveness, and before I realized what I was doing, I had made a mistake.

I made a mistake right at the beginning of the 

wedding march, despite the weeks of careful 

preparation and the days of strict rehearsal!

One Little Mistake—

And My Joy is Ended

Some one giggled. I noticed that the clerg-

yman raised his brows ever so slightly. 

The sudden realization of the terrible blunder I was 
making caused a pang of regret that I had not 

read up, somewhere, about the blunders to be 

avoided at wedding ceremonies. A hot blush 
of humiliation surged over me—and with 
crimson face and trembling lip I began to 

the march all over again.

It all happened so suddenly. In a moment 
it was over. And yet that blunder had 

spoil my wedding day. Every one had 

noticed it, they couldn’t help noticing it. All 

my rehearsing had been in vain, and the event that I had hoped would crown the glory of my life, proved a miserable failure.

Of course, all my friends told me how pretty 

I looked, and the guests proclaimed my wed-
ing a tremendous success. But deep down in 

my heart I knew that I looked a very bad thing if 

they could not mean it. I had broken one of 

the fundamental laws of wedding etiquette and 

they would never repair the damage. 

Monday that evening I cried as though my heart 

would break—and, incidentally, I reproached 
myself for not knowing better.

I Buy a Book of 

Etiquette

After the wedding there were cards of thanks 

and "at home" cards to be sent. The wedding break-

fast had to be arranged and our honeymoon trip planned.
HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

There is the married woman whose “life would make a book.” She thinks she ought to write it. In fact, why anybody believes he has a book to write.

Out of six million souls in New York, I venture to say there are not more than two hundred newspaper women writers in the city.

Now, any young woman who thinks that she can be one of this two hundred must have something with which to write. She won’t be encouraged except just the desire to write. We might as well face the facts. The girl who will face the facts cannot be discouraged. She will accomplish her purpose.

No amount of disharmonizing criticisms will keep her from her goal.

There is one consolation in the profession of writing. You can’t become a writer by influence or by favoritism or by “lacking.” In the vernacular, you’ve got to “produce the goods.” Writing is one profession which money cannot buy. That is to say, you cannot become a writer by paying for it in money. You must be able to write—write what is wanted.

The history of journalism and writing generally shows invariably that the writers who have succeeded have been unknown, unheralded, and have had to take their chances and enthusiasm.

That is why I believe so many people want to be writers, especially young people. I would say to them that the fairest rule to follow is this: that unless you can find any other kind of work but writing, you might well choose another profession.

This may seem severe. But when I see the energy and enthusiasm that is wasted by many, many would-be writers, I am impelled to an effort to save them unnecessary heartaches.

I repeat that there is room for the writer who has something worthy to give; in fact, if there is no room, room is made for such a one. And though he hide himself in the innermost woods, as the saying goes, “the world will make a path to his door.”

A CHANCE FOR AMATEURS

W. Scott Darling, of the Christie Film Company, is one of the veteran scenario editors who finds an occasional story from a beginner, and whose letter, explaining the story situation from his standpoint, should be of the greatest value to those who are striving to write acceptable comedies. He says:

During the past year we have made about seventy one or two-reel comedies. Of that number twenty-six were written by writers outside of the Christie scenario department, which is composed of Frank Roland Gooden, and myself. The balance being credited to either one of us.

Of the twenty-six bought outside, four were by bona-fide amateurs. By amateurs, I mean, not earning a living or attempting to earn a living by writing. Two stories were bought from Clyde Campbell, Box 1302 El Paso, Texas; one from George Murphy, South Limite Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania; one from John hall, Hotel Nas- on, Los Angeles, and one from Martha R. Waters, 2343 London Street, Los Angeles.

The rest of the twenty-six were bought from the following: M. B. Harvey, A. H. Bracken, W. B. Flanigan, H. Beers_beers_Jene, Ben Cohn, Keene Thompson, and Sam Taylor, with the exception of two stories bought from actors in our own company, Walter Howard and Jimmie Harrison.

With the exception of the actors, all the others are professional writers, either free-lancing or with other companies. All of these numbers were submitted by mail. Since the first of the year, the total, I am informed by our filing clerk, is sixty thousand and sixty-four. Out of this number of submissions we have purchased four, so you can see the percentage.

Everybody who thinks he can write a motion-picture story generally tackles a one-reel comedy first. A large number of the aspiring comedy authors, judging by their stories, are under the age of sixteen. Of these, forty of all submissions are in continuity. Although all scenario departments and you own department steadily advise against this, they will attempt to render their version of motion-picture continuity. This militates very much against their serious consideration. A reader will cheerfully go through a four or five-page synopsis to see just how it ends, but if you receive thirty or forty pages of “continuity,” the chances are you are going to read the first page, and if nothing develops there, to toss it in the rejection pile.

There is a large amount of miscellaneous thievery going on among the amateurs. A recent story in one of the prominent magazines was submitted to us, after it appeared, from three different parts of the country, very thinly disguised.

A very frequent exclamation in the scenario department is, “Ah, this gentleman has been reading last month’s issue of the So-and-so Magazine.” Just now we have a flood of out-of-town board stories; there is at least one a day in the mail. Before that it was the monkey-gland story.

Whenever we find a neat, workmanlike script that has a real story, we always pass it on to the department and encouragement, but they are few and far between. The reading staff goes through the day’s submissions, the stuff they like is passed on to me, and I pick out the material to submit to the directors.

Whenever a director needs a story, the basket containing the “possibles” is passed over to him. If he can find one he likes, there are three hearty cheers; but if he cannot, then the department has got to get busy and dig one up. Often the director has the beginning of an idea himself which starts department off, and there is a considerable amount of “talking” and the story is built up around the round table. Then some one is detailed to write a synopsis of the story, which is submitted to Mr. Christie for his approval. Mr. Christie, however, is not earning a living or attempting to earn a living by writing. Two stories were bought from Clyde Campbell, Box 1302 El Paso, Texas; one from George Murphy, South Limite Street, Lancaster, Pennsylvania; one from John Hall, Hotel Nation, Los Angeles, and one from Martha R. Waters, 2343 London Street, Los Angeles.

In our own department there is competition between the writers in the studio and those submitting through the mail. We have quite enough work to do in hunting for material, continuous writing, substituting, and editing, without attempting to do any original work at all.
Fugitive Flashes
By A. Split Reel

Would close up.

Movie-serial stars rush in where angels fear to tread.

Scenes of custard-pie throwing always make instantaneous hits.

Babies are generally howling successes on the screen.

Poney Mopps, the movie hero, has been stricken with double exposure.

There should be temperance in all things including the use of eyebrow pencils.

Osmun Liles, who has completed a course in motion-picture acting, has four diplomas, a ton of mail, and no job.

Our own Movie Mother Goose: Little Jack Horner won't sit in a corner. Eating a Christmas pie. He goes each day to some movie play. For he's an up-to-date guy!

In a moment of mental abberation, "Buckshot" Hayessey picked his teeth with a fork, and the big dinner scene in "Among The Four Hundred" was spoiled.

"Diana of the Hollyhocks" played to S. R. O. yesterday afternoon and evening. The reel is doing one-night stands through the oil fields. Ebenezer Potee, as "Bun Hampton, a diamond in the rough," gave a sparkling performance both on and off.

Shiny elbows and twenty-sheet posters are almost insurmountable obstacles to reel success.

Allen O. Tush, the leading heavy, smoked a stogie, instead of a cigarette in the full shots of "Asthma," and a lot of retakes were essential.

Here's one:

Jack Spratt would eat no fat.
His wife would eat no lean;
But they would go to the movie show
With Norma on the screen!

"The Reporter's Scoop," a thrilling five-reel feature of newspaper life, was unusually realistic. The reporters did not carry stenographer's notebooks, and there were no job presses in the composing-room scene.

**SONG CONTEST**

$100.00 in PRIZES

Do you like to write songs? This contest is for amateurs (fifteen years of age or more). Do not hesitate to enter through lack of experience. Select your own subject and then submit your song-poem to us.

First Prize, $40.00—and guarantee of publication by either a New York or Chicago publisher without cost.

Second Prize, $25.00        Third Prize, $15.00

Ten Prizes, each, $2.00

Our business is to compose and arrange music for songs, and to secure their publication. If you enter this contest and we find that your song-poem is adapted to musical setting, we shall offer to compose music and secure publication of your song.

**Details of Contest**

This contest open to amateurs. IMPORTANT—Only two verses and a chorus wanted. Music publishers insist on publishing songs with not more than two verses and a chorus. Look over all popular songs and you will find this true. Write your song in either longhand or have it typewritten. Songs will be judged and prizes awarded by the Staff of the Seton Music Company. Awards will be made on the basis of merit. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. This contest will close JANUARY FIRST, 1922. All song-poems must be in our office before midnight, DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST, 1921. Send us a song-poem WITHOUT DELAY!

SETON MUSIC CO., 265 Contest Dept., 920 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago.

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BROADWAY COMPOSING STUDIOS
253 Fitzgerald Building
Broadway at Times Sq.
NEW YORK, N. Y.
ROLAND YOUNG, one of the most popular actors on Broadway—where he has played consecutively for almost four years—is soon to make his début in motion pictures. He will be featured in the first Ouida Bergere production, "Sweethearts and Wives."

Elise Ferguson and Wallace Reid will appear in the screen version of "Peter Ibbetson" to be made by George Fitzmaurice for Famous Players-Lasky.

Thomas Meighan will play in "Cappy Ricks," following his appearance in "The Conquest of Camelot." In the latter he is supported by Doris Kenyon and Agnes Ayres.

Tom Terriss, who formerly directed feature pictures for Vitagraph, has been chosen to direct Lionel Barrymore in International productions. Marguerite Marsh, a sister of Mae Marsh, will be his leading woman.

Alice Terry, whose work in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" brought her into prominence, has been engaged by Rex Ingram for a leading rôle in his next feature picture.

Will Rogers' next picture, "Doubling for Romeo," indulges in fun at the expense of the motion-picture industry in general and a few well-known stars in particular. In this picture Sylvia Breamer plays opposite the star, and Raymond Hatton and Sydney Ainsworth have important rôles.

Mae Murray will not appear in Paramount pictures after "The Gilded Lily." She and her husband, Robert Leonard, have formed a company of their own which will release through Pathé. Their first picture will be "Peacock Alley," which was written for the star by Ouida Bergere, who was also the author of "Idols of Clay" and "On With the Dance," two of Miss Murray's greatest successes.

The motion-picture version of "The Bridal Path," Thompson Buchanan's stage play made by Goldwyn, will be called "Look Before You Leap."

Richard Bennett, one of the foremost actors of the American stage, has signed a contract with the Famous Players-Lasky Company to study motion-picture making at their Western studio with a view to becoming a director. Penrhyn Stanlaws, the famous illustrator, who joined the company about a year ago, under a similar agreement, is directing Betty Compson in her first Paramount picture, "At the End of the World."

The Methodist Episcopal Church has issued a list of motion-picture players of whose work they approve. William S. Hart heads the list, and the others are Lillian Gish, Charles Ray, Wallace Reid, Dorothy Gish, Marguerite Clark, Forbes Robertson, Robert Warwick, Shirley Mason, Mary Miles Minter, Bryant Washburn, Roscoe Arbuckle, and Elliott Dexter.

"Humoresque," one of the greatest motion-picture successes of last year, is going to be adapted for stage presentation by J. Hartley Manners. Laurette Taylor will play the rôle of Mamma Kantor which was played by Vera Gordon in the picture play.

Ann May will play a leading rôle in the first Oliver Morosco production, "The Half-breed."

The latest famous melodrama to be transferred to the films is "Human Hearts," which Rollin Sturgeon is directing for Universal. With "Way Down East," "Shore Acres," "East Lynne," and "Why Girls Leave Home" already made into motion pictures, "Ten Nights in a Barroom" may be expected soon.

Grace Darmond, after appearing opposite Thomas Meighan in "White and Unmarried," was engaged for the leading rôle in "Reminiscence," a Jacques Jaccard production.

In order to get some special snow scenes for "Fanny Herself," the Edna Ferber story, which Tod Browning is making into a motion picture, William Fildew, his cameraman, traveled from California to New York. All along the way he just missed the snow. Finally he heard that there were vestiges of winter covering left in Appleton, Wisconsin, so he hastened there and recorded the fast-disappearing drifts.

"Hungry Hearts," by Anzia Yezierska, is being made into a motion picture by Goldwyn.

Louise Frussing will play the leading rôle in the next Oliver Curwood story to be released by First National. Previous to her appearance in motion pictures she was hostess at the Vanderbilt Hotel in New York, and before that at the Blackstone Hotel in Chicago. She has appeared in six Selznick pictures and in one with Corinne Griffith.

Rosemary Theby and William Mong, both of whom appear in "The Connecticut Yankee," play the leading rôles in "Shame," which was also directed by Emmett J. Flynn for Fox.

Bessie Love will play opposite Sessue Hayakawa in "The Swamp."

Doctor James B. Scherer, a college professor who recently joined the ranks of the literary colony at the Lasky studio, has finished his first story for the screen. It is called "Tall Timbers" and will serve as a starring vehicle for Wallace Reid.

Gouverneur Morris' first story to be written directly for the screen has just been completed. Wallace Worsley will direct the picture, which bears the working title of "The Ace of Hearts," and the cast includes Lon Chaney and Leatrice Joy.

Mary Miles Minter will appear in a screen version of "Moonlight and Honeysuckle." Many fans will remember this play as the one in which Dorothy Gish first saw her husband, James Remar.

One of the most elaborate sets ever built for a motion picture was constructed at the Famous Players

Continued on page 14
Have you a back yard, or vacant lot, now growing flowers, grass or weeds? If so, plant a vegetable garden and be independent. Last year there was a shortage in all crops and the demand was the greatest in history. That is why vegetables are now expensive luxuries.

**BACK-YARD GARDENING**

By Thomas R. Best, has been published to help avoid another shortage in the vegetable crop. It tells what can be done with a small plot of ground; how to lay it out and plant; what to plant early and how to secure a succession of crops—and thus get double service from the same ground in one season.

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Associated First National pictures are made by independent stars and producers who are striving only to please you.

Look for the theatre that has a First National Franchise and

C'mon! Let's Go!

News Notes from the Studios

Continued from page 12

studio on Long Island for George Fitzmaurice's production of "Experience." Striking sets are also a feature of "The Lost Romance," an Edward Knoblock story which William De Mille is filming.

"Ave Maria," a story written by a Dominican nun, is to be made into a motion picture by Hugo Ballin with Mabel Ballin in the leading role.

The announcement that Rosemary Thelby is to star in pictures made by her own company will grieve many of her friends, for many a star is lost to the screen for months at a time when she forms her own company and starts work without the advantages a big organization offers.

Charlie Chaplin's picture, "The Kid," established a record in New York City that theater owners believe can't be beaten. The picture was shown simultaneously in seventy theaters, all of which played to capacity.

Montague Love, who has been appearing in pictures for the past four years, has returned to the speaking stage.

During the making of "The Light in the Clearing" Clara Horton reported to the studio every day for six weeks only to find that she was not needed that day. She drew her pay checks just the same, but she requested her friends to announce that she had not retired.

King Baggott is making a series of feature pictures for Universal.

Mr. and Mrs. Carter de Haven, whose screen comedies "Twin Beds" and "The Girl in the Taxi" have proved big successes, are going to make "Marry the Poor Girl" into a motion picture. The work played on the stage by Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne.

Anita Stewart has changed the title of her picture "The Tornado" to "Playthings of Destiny." Since completing that picture she has made "The Invisible Fear" and started work on "The Price of Happiness."

Louise Glaum is making a picture called "Daughters of Joy."

"The Son of Wallingford," which is being directed by George Randolph Chester—who also wrote it—requires a whole city for some of its scenes. Several towns in southern California are bidding for the honor. Tom Gallery plays the part of the Son.

Marion Fairfax, who has prepared the scenarios for Russell's Marshall Neilan productions, is trying her hand at directing a picture which she wrote. Marjorie Daw hastened West as soon as she had completed work in "Experience," to play the leading role in this picture.
You Will Want to Know

The new feature writer for Picture-Play Magazine.

Like you, she is a motion-picture fan.

And like you, there are many things in motion pictures that she wants to know more about.

Best of all—she is fitted to find them out and tell them to you in an entertaining way. She is a keen observer, a trained analyst, a brilliant writer. Her introduction to motion pictures was through the filming of one of her stories called "Society Secrets," a current Universal picture starring Eva Novak. Now she is living in the motion-picture colony in Los Angeles, seeing the things that you would like to see if you were there. She has a fresh point of view—your point of view—so she notices things that escape many other writers—things that you will enjoy hearing about. She is an enthusiast, and she makes enthusiasts of others.

For several years she has been one of the most prominent writers for the biggest magazines. She has moved in the vanguard of great movements, and kept the public informed on big questions. Women all over the country have learned from her about such varied things as simplified housework, professions for women, gardening—and all sorts of cooperative movements. She has gone into the motion-picture studios with your point of view, and in a series of articles—beginning next month—she is going to tell you the things you would like to know.

Her Name is Helen Christine Bennett

Perhaps you already know her. Thousands of readers do, and thousands more will want to.

Don't Miss Her Article in the Next Issue of Picture-Play Magazine

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This dainty little dress had been worn and **washed 52 times** before this picture was taken!

If you saw this dress you probably would say that it couldn’t be washed—its French organdy is so sheer and its wool embroidery is in such delicate shades of rose, lavender, green, blue and yellow.

But the mother who bought it for her little girl has washed it fifty-two times with Ivory Flakes, and everybody thinks it is brand new. Its lovely green is as bright as ever—not a bit of color has run from the dainty wool flowers or from the black yarn button-holing that trims sleeves and neck—not a thread is broken.

Such records are the usual—not the unusual—thing with Ivory Flakes. It is so remarkably and uniformly safe because it is simply the flaked form of genuine Ivory Soap, the same soap that has been proving for forty-two years that it does not harm any fabric that water alone does not harm.

A package of Ivory Flakes and your bathroom washbowl are all you need to keep your pretty clothes and your children’s garments fresh and lovely. Try it and see how it prolongs their beauty.

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WHERE "WAY DOWN EAST" WAS MADE

A CAMERA MAN, flying high above the Griffith studio at Mamaronack not long ago, snapped this picture of the twenty-nine-acre estate where Mr. Griffith lives and works. The principal points of interest are as follows:

1. The old Flagler mansion, now used for the executive offices of the Griffith organization.
2. The studio, where all the interior scenes are taken.
3. The laboratory, in which the films are developed and printed.
4. An apparatus, consisting of two huge poles, connected by a cable, on which an aeroplane was hung, so that close-up pictures could be taken showing the plane apparently in flight. This was used by Dorothy Gish in "Flying Pat."
5. The lodge house at the entrance to the estate.
6. The set used for the outside views showing the home of Squire Bartlett, in "Way Down East."
7. The orchard, which supplies fruits for the studio restaurant.
8. The garden, where vegetables are grown for the same purpose.
9. The gardener's house.
10. The stables built for the Flagler family.
12. The trees under which the snowstorm scenes for "Way Down East" were taken. So terrific was the gale which was blowing when some of these scenes were taken that the trees, under which Lillian Gish had to stand, were fastened with heavy chains for fear that they would be broken by the wind and fall on her.
13. Mr. Griffith's private pier.
14. Summerhouse built by Flagler.

The estate is on Long Island Sound, about two miles from the village of Mamaronack, which is an hour's ride from New York City.
The motion-picture industry is doing its spring house cleaning. The windows are open, the carpets are being aired, some of the old furniture is being discarded, and a few skeletons are being dragged from the closets. And the reason for all this cleanliness? The reason is simple. The neighbors have complained and threatened to "have the law" on the movies if they do not use a little soap and water on the screen. The neighbors are the advocates of legalized censorship.

Never, in the history of the industry, has the agitation for censorship been so widespread or insistent. At the time that this article was written there were bills before the legislatures or city councils of twenty-three States. The actual number of the bills is hard to state definitely because censorship measures spring up in cities and little towns overnight, blossom, wither, and die. Every little indignant group of "better picture advocates" starts a movement all its own. Some of these movements fail because they are so ridiculous; others thrive. For instance, New York State is the scene of a determined fight for a board of film commissioners. Ohio, which already has a board of censors, is asking for stricter supervision. The wave of purity has even spread to England, where "Tay Pay" O'Connor's semiofficial board of censors is coming in for some hard criticism, and several members of the House of Commons have suggested that England establish an official body. Willbur Crafts, president of the International Reform Bureau, is said to sponsor a Federal act to prohibit the showing of offensive pictures in the United States.

I am telling you how widespread is the cry for censorship to show you why the producers are scared to death and why you should be more than casually interested in the subject. The primary cause for the agitation is quite simple. The motion picture, accessible to any one who can earn or borrow a dime, is the most democratic amusement the world has ever known. You don't have to learn to read or write to enjoy the motion picture. You don't have to have any taste, education, or discrimination to become a "fan." The screen appeals to the three-year-old child just as powerfully as it does to the adult.

For that reason, uplift groups, and circles of serious-minded individuals have grown afraid of the influence that the all-powerful movie has upon the young, the ignorant, and the impressionable. And so a whole flock of local bills, sponsored in many cases by well-intentioned but short-sighted persons, have cropped up and thrown the whole industry into a panic.

The reason that the public has not shown a greater interest in these measures is because so few persons realize how irresponsible, how autocratic, and how unreliable are the rulings of the small boards that try to pass upon the entertainment made, not for the censors, but for millions of normal and open-minded human beings. The public does not yet realize that censorship is not only wrong in principle, but slipshod, ineffective, and unfair in practice.

Kansas, Maryland, Ohio, and Pennsylvania have long enjoyed the moral benefits of censorship. These boards have given the producers and exhibitors some trouble, but they have become so firmly entrenched in the industry that they are taking more or less as a matter of course. The sudden crop of new bills, however, introduced in all sections of the country, has given producers, stars, and directors something to worry about. They are beginning to realize that censorship is not the whimsical fancy of a little group of reformers; in other words, it is no laughing matter.

The producers, to put it frankly, find themselves in the same position occupied by the brewers and distillers a few years ago when prohibition first became a real political issue. Like prohibition, censorship is not a movement backed by the majority. It is not popular with the public in general. But it is being forced to the front by a solid, determined, and influential minority. And any one who knows the A B C's of politics is aware of the fact that a legislature is just as likely to pass a minority measure as it is to pass a popular bill.

Before I tell you more about the causes that have brought about this agitation, I should like to explain to you the workings of a censorship board. As a rule these boards are made up of three members. Every film, with the exception of news reels, intended for exhibition in the State where the censors rule, must be approved by this board and must bear a tag explain-
the Flesh—and the Censor

and found them lurid seek to control your entertainment, say what shall be censored? Every fan should be in censorship, and the following is a fair and frank presentation. It is of vital importance to you.

Illustrated by

![Image of a theater scene with a man cutting a picture with scissors]

The chief object of these censorship boards is to keep immoral, inhuman, sacrilegious, and crime-inciting pictures from appearing before a sensitive and easily influenced public. All of which sounds reasonable enough. I do not believe that the majority of motion-picture goers care to look at pictures that are immoral, inhuman, sacrilegious, or criminal. We would be only too willing to have all such productions eliminated.

But who are these censors who have the power to decide what is immoral and criminal? They are three human beings, and like all human beings, they have their prejudices, their faults, and their moments of short-sightedness. And so they make mistakes. Sometimes their mistakes are merely silly and harmless errors of judgment. The Pennsylvania censors take especial pleasure in cutting down love scenes. The hero may not kiss the heroine for more than three feet of celluloid. Because Chicago was recently enjoying a crime wave, the Chicago censors, acting under the order of Chief of Police Fitzmorris, began to use the scissors on crime. Several serials, infamity by the Chicago board, emerged as two-reel dramas.

To prove to you that censors are human and fallible creatures, I will tell you that it is seldom that two boards agree on the same eliminations. What is meat in Ohio is poison in Pennsylvania. The Kansas board of censors seldom agrees with the opinions of the Maryland board. For example, “The Battle Cry of Peace” was refused admittance in the theaters of Pennsylvania because it tended to incite a military spirit. This ruling was made before the United States entered the war. After we entered the war, the board of censors in Maryland refused to pass “War Brides” because it gave too much encouragement to the pacifists.

Though the four States that boast of censorship boards have ceased to give the producers much anxiety, there are indications that these boards are not pleasing the public. The censors are a constant storm center. The public complains that it doesn’t get the pictures it wants to see. When “The Birth of a Nation” was barred out of Ohio, the action caused so much comment that all good Ohioans who lived near the boundary of that State flocked across the State line to get a glimpse of the forbidden picture.

Just as the public complains because the boards are too strict, so do the extremists complain because they are too lax. As I have said, Ohio is considering stricter supervision. In Chicago a strong plea is being made for more drastic censorship. A gentleman named Timothy D. Hurley tried to keep “The Kid” from the screens of Chicago because, he complained, it taught small boys to break windows! He also said that he would like to do away with all pictures presenting stars who had figured in divorce suits. Fortunately, Mr. Hurley complained in vain. I merely quote his opinions to show you that censorship does not satisfy the extremists and that it is not the safe and sane finality that its advocates would have you believe.

Facing the prospect of catering to the whims of a score of local censorship boards, the producers and the distributors are worried. The producers are worried over the problem of how to produce pictures that will please all these boards. The distributors are upset because the censors throw monkey wrenches into their well-oiled machinery. While the censorship boards are debating the moral qualities of the pictures, the pictures themselves are laying on the shelf. And the longer a picture is delayed before coming before the public, the greater is its depreciation in market value. Moreover, suppose, for example, that the board of censors in Mamosa orders certain eliminations. The picture is cut and sent to the theaters there. Then the picture is pieced together again and sent to Kalahoes where an entirely different set of cuts is ordered. By the time the picture has passed under the scissors of a number of such local boards, the distributor has a hard time collecting the fragments and assembling the original story.

As you can see, censorship by cities and States is an awkward and unwieldy machine. It represents a perfect patch-work quilt of local and petty politics.

However, at the beginning of this article I promised to give both sides of the case. And here is the case for the censors. For a long time the professional spiers against censorship have been telling you that those who advocate reform are either in it for the graft or
that they are crazy fanatics. As a matter of fact, most of them are honest, and most of them are not only sincere but absolutely sane. They are not "old maid," "prudes" or "long-faced parsons." The producers are going to lose their fight if they consider them as such.

The woman who induced Governor Nathan Miller of New York State to give his approval to the Clayton-Lusk censorship measure is Mrs. Clarence Waterman of Brooklyn. She is young, charming, and well bred. For five years she was at the head of the Better Motion-picture Alliance of Brooklyn, and it was the duty of her organization to stamp out all the vice and white-slave dramas that crowded the theaters of a section that is populated mostly by un-American foreigners. Mrs. Waterman succeeded in keeping these productions from theaters by appealing to the license commissioner. In New York City the license commissioner has the power to revoke the license of any theater showing objectionable entertainment.

But a change in the city administration made Mrs. Waterman's task harder, and it became evident to her that through the department of licenses she could not cope with the problem. So she appealed to Assemblyman Clayton, of Queens County, and now New York State faces censorship.

When I talked with Mrs. Waterman, I found her a likable and broad-minded woman. Moreover, to my horror—for I did not want to sympathize with an advocate of censorship—I discovered that we agreed on many subjects. She is a motion-picture fan, and she enjoys going to the movies in the evening with her husband and children. She even goes further; she has no objection to comedies, even if they are a trifle obvious and low-brow, because she thinks it is wrong to deprive an amusement-seeking populace of a hearty laugh. The pictures that she objected to, I found, were exactly the pictures that I had criticized most severely in the Screen in Review of "Picture-Play Magazine.

Mrs. Waterman, like the other men and women who have worked earnestly for censorship bills, is not making a lone fight. She represents the sentiment of thousands of women—the women who have made their clubs and their churches powerful in their communities. From her experiences with the producers and exhibitors, I realized that she had been treated tactlessly, that the men whose duty it is to fight censorship had underestimated her intelligence and her political astuteness. And, furthermore, they evidently did not know how much understanding she had of the film industry.

Because I wish to be fair to the sincere advocates of censorship and because I believe that Mrs. Waterman represents the sanest element in this movement, I will repeat some of her arguments in favor of State censorship. In the first place, she wishes to protect the children. Although there is a law in New York State that forbids the admission of minors into motion-picture theaters unless they are properly chaperoned, the exhibitors have great difficulty in distinguishing between a big boy of fourteen and a small boy of eighteen. Parents who want to go to the movies take the children with them because they cannot leave them at home alone. And so children do see pictures that are meant only for the adult mind.

Mrs. Waterman also wants to make sure that the great foreign population of New York City does not see any pictures that will give the newcomer a false idea of American life. She believes that the "society drama" that presents the American woman as an idle, grotesquely gown and flirtatious person stuns any ideal the immigrant may cherish about his adopted country. She also believes that the young people who are "keeping company" can derive no good from the false ideas of sex and morality that are often displayed on the screen. She admits that censorship is not an ideal measure, but she claims that it has been made necessary by the persistent refusals of the producers to keep the cheap and the sensational out of their pictures.

In answer to Mrs. Waterman, let us see what the producers have to say. Although they have made some bad blunders in dealing with the censorship situation, and, although, in many cases, appearances are against them, I do not believe that the majority of producers have any desire to make objectionable pictures. I believe that they would rather present clean pictures than indecent ones, and I also believe that they would rather make artistic pictures than crude ones.

Just for the sake of truth and convenience, I will assume that the average motion-picture company is in the business to make money. In order to make money, these companies are obliged to turn out pictures that they can sell to the exhibitor.

The exhibitor, too, wants to make money, and so he books the pictures that will draw the crowds to his theater. Most of the exhibitors are running their theaters in the face of terrific competition, so if they want to attract patronage they must offer something bigger, more gorgeous, more sensational, and more eye-attracting than the man who manages the theater just two blocks away.

It is easy to see why the exhibitor flaunts sensational advertising before our eyes. It is also easy to see why producers rack their brains to find luring titles for their productions. If the public is asked to choose between a picture called "The Happy Farmer," and one called "Why Girls Go Wrong," it is safe to wager that the theater showing the latter production will gather in all the quarters in the neighborhood.

Every reputable producer in the industry has tried to make clean, beautiful, and artistic pictures. But, at the same time, these producers have fed the public foolish problem plays and silly sex dramas. The money that they make from these cheap productions pays for their artistic failures. To put it frankly, "Godless Men," pays for "Bunty Pulls the Strings," "The Restless Sex," pays for "The Inside of the Cup," and "Passion Fruit" pays for "The Great Redeemer."

Unfortunately, if you want to gain a reputation for morality, you must be good all the time; otherwise you are apt to be misunderstood. And the producers have been misunderstood. They have followed the incon-
sistent policy of trying to cultivate a democratic, wholesome, and popular art, and, at the same time, of encouraging a taste for the sensational. It can't be done, and you must not blame intelligent persons if they misunderstand the producers and accuse them of trying to degrade the morals of the world.

The exhibitors, like the producers, have made the mistake of listening to the call of quick and easy money. Instead of trying to attract the best class of patronage in their community, they have sought to draw to their theaters the people who are tempted by anything that looks as though it might be a bit naughty. While both producers and exhibitors have tried, at financial risk, occasionally to give the public something artistic and really beautiful, neither the producers nor the exhibitors have had the patience to force the public into accepting a high standard of artistry and moral outlook by consistently and persistently keeping everything artificial, tawdry, gaudy, and distorted, off the screen.

Therefore they are faced with censorship. And they bear only half the blame for it. They are threatened with laws that make it impossible for the screen to attain the stature of the other arts—music, the drama, literature, and painting. To make a bad joke, at this moment the producers are more to be pitied than censured.

As you can see, the exhibitors, themselves, are not to blame for the censorship wave. They have been placed in a difficult position. Almost any exhibitor will tell you that his public fails to support the best type of pictures that he brings to his theater. Both producers and exhibitors have found that the public, unthinkingly, are likely to blame the faults of the movies on the public. Of course, there is a certain, rather large, element of moviegoers who demand the sensational. But there is a still wider class that is kept away from the movies merely because pictures like "The Supreme Passion" have been exploited unwisely and too well. This particular production caused a long word war. In reality, it was simply a love story founded on the song "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms."

The reputable producers—the men to whom we look for our best entertainment—are doing their best to clean house. You are probably aware of the ruling made by Jesse L. Lasky. Mr. Lasky outlined fourteen points for his directors. In many ways, this list of "do's" is more drastic than the restrictions imposed by any censorship body. Samuel Goldwyn, too, has taken a stand against the story of the underworld and the sex drama. The most important phrase in Mr. Goldwyn's statement is that which says: "Nothing is to be pictured which might instruct in the methods of committing crime." And Mr. Lasky has ordered his company to refrain from salacious titles or advertising.

I have said the producers have been unwise in their methods of fighting censorship, but I am willing to give them credit for seeing that any "clean up" of the industry must come from the inside. Censorship boards can only eliminate the immoral and sacrilegious episodes in pictures according to certain arbitrary rules. The producers can do more good by seeing that the scenarios and the productions themselves are moral.

Just as the producers have made mistakes, so are there facts that the censorship advocates overlook. There are some questions about censorship that have never been answered satisfactorily. Isn't censorship unfair because it is class legislation? The stage, the novel, and the magazines, to say nothing of the newspapers, may go as far as they like provided that they do not run afoul of the police or Federal authorities. But because the motion picture is essentially a popular amusement, and because it appeals to such a large public, the well-meaning moralists in every community step forward and demand that a small board of similar well-meaning persons be appointed to control the entertainment of people who, they assume, have not the taste or discrimination to pick their own amusement.

As class legislation, censorship is dangerous because it may so easily become a political weapon. In fact, in Europe and in provinces of European countries, censorship is almost entirely political. The censors and police authorities are much more anxious to prevent rebellions and risings than they are to erase immoralities from the screen.

Many voluntary boards have tried to grapple with the censorship problem and most of them have failed. They have failed for the same reason that legalized censorship fails, because these boards are composed of a limited number of human beings who are apt to make serious errors in judgment. Take, for instance, the National Board of Review. The National Board of Review is in disrepute because it is subsidized, to some extent, by the producers. The expenses of the board are carried by the producing companies who founded the board as a protection against legal censorship. The National Board of Review works hard, and it tries to be conscientious. It issues an elaborate system of bulletins and tries to sort and classify the various productions that come before it. In most cases, its judgments are correct, and it does its best to encourage worthwhile productions.

Those who are in favor of censorship do not trust the ruling of the National Board of Review because they feel that, being under obligations to the producers, the board is too lenient in its decisions. But personally, I feel that the errors of the board are due to the same reason that cause the legalized censorship boards to pull what are known as "terrible bones." No group of human beings can ascertain what is right and what is wrong for the public to see.

The National Board of Review placed "Godless Men" on its merit list. One of the chief situations in this picture centered about a revolting and unspeakable crime—the sort of crime that even the newspapers do not write about. But because the picture was well produced, technically correct and well acted, the board gave it the stamp of "art." This same board also passed "Idols of Clay," although "Idols of Clay" boasted a heroine who took drugs and behaved in a manner that

Continued on page 89
Springtime—and Dorothy

If this story doesn't make you want to become a screen actor, nothing ever will. But even though it doesn't, you'll enjoy every word of it; that we guarantee.

By Tom Douglas

I t hasn't been so very long since I "did" all my movies from a regular seat in a small movie theater down in Louisville, Kentucky. I loved them then—loved them all the more because I either had to skim on the lunch money or choose between the m. p. and a chocolate soda. But I forgot the pangs of the absent éclair and manfully passed up the regular afternoon refreshment when Dorothy came to town.

Dorothy Gish was my passion. I fell in love with her as The Little Disturber in "Hearts of the World" and have never quite recovered. I was in high school then. Used to cut my last class so as to see the first afternoon show—and habitually sat through the second one. I think I've seen everything the younger Gish ever did. Plopped down in my seat with my knees punishing the nice old lady in front of me, I used to sigh under the weight of my schoolbooks and wonder if I should ever really see her—if her eyes could be as blue as they seemed. And when Dick Barthelmess and Ralph Graves were playing with her, how I envied them—and hated them.

Upon finishing high school I spent a summer in arguing my family into allowing me to study for the stage. As happens sometimes even in the best-regulated families, they consented. And the next thing I knew I was deep in an academy of dramatic art. How I loathed that school! If there is anything which can kill any acting instinct which is born in you, it is a dramatic school. Finally I decided that the only way to keep from being a regular "Class of 1920 Hamlet" was actually to get to work. Fate must have been with me, because, as luck would have it, I lost my voice and had to leave school.

Voice gone, my only opportunity for immediate activity seemed the movies. The season which followed brought much that is painful to relate. From one movie agency to another I plodded, a bunch of newly made photographs under my arm and a nice little fib about previous experience well concocted. I believe I visited every known motion-picture agency in New York. They were all exceedingly kind. The things they said were very much the same. "Good type—nice personality—leave phone number, please—call you as soon as something suitable turns up." I waited—and nearly starved.

Suddenly it dawned upon me that there were several thousand other people in the movie world just as good as one Tom Douglas, and that I should have a long sit if I intended waiting for them to find me out. So I did the rounds daily. I called on all the agencies, and most of the studios.

Finally I got a bit to do, a nice bit—and more work followed. I tried to be on time, behave myself, and look all right. I even began to celebrate a particularly good week, I gave a little party on one of the roofs. Some one pointed out Dorothy Gish, a small girl in a very attractive little lavender taffeta frock. When she danced past our table my heart nearly stopped beating. Dorothy Gish! The only screen "crush" I'd ever had. I could scarcely contain myself. She was far lovelier than I had ever dared hope.

I am a lucky bird. The boy who pals around with me knew her! Ten minutes later I had met my divinity—found her to possess a nice quiet little voice—discovered that, though not too volatile, the things she did say were really clever. She was far lovelier than I had ever dreamed her to be. The eyes were bluer than even my ample imagination had dared conceive—and though I missed the black wig, her blond hair was fixed in approved flapper fashion with tiny lavender bows on the sides which quite won me.
Connie Talmadge was with the party. I knew Connie, and we danced together, but I couldn't keep my eyes off Dorothy Gish and Bobby Harron as they glided about to the strains of Art Hickman's best syncopation. She could dance, too! Deep down in my heart I'd always hoped that some day I might play with Dorothy Gish. That hope became a determination. There must be something in concentration, for it wasn't many weeks later that the Griffith studio sent for me. I went. They wanted me for a picture with Dorothy. I accepted—accepted without even a thought as to salary—and within a few days I was actually making a picture with Dorothy Gish!

How perfectly great she was to work with. It was the very best part of the spring. The first few days were given over to work on location. We were using a tiny little farmhouse with its garden, picket fence, and old well. Between shots, Dorothy would flop down in the shade of a blooming hydrangea bush and talk. To hear her talk is something to be grateful for. She knows life—remarkably for a girl of twenty-one—and she knows her books. Books are the thing with Dorothy. How we used to laugh over Stephen Leacock and F. Scott Fitzgerald. And she isn't afraid of the deeper, finer works of which most of us talk much but secretly hedge away from reading. I remember giving her a copy of "The Happy Prince." I watched her read it. I know just how sincere is her appreciation of the finer things.

To be in Dorothy Gish's company is to be in a flapper part. We were known as the members of the "Kid Company," and from the prop man to the camera man they all had it that our picture should be entitled "Broken Bottles!"

What fun we had! We'd start out in the morning in a big car for some little town perhaps an hour's drive from the studio. It was the greatest company I've ever seen together before or since. Glenn Hunter, who played in "Clarence" last year and upon whom the heavy honors of the picture fell; Raymond and Albert Hackett, of "Abraham Lincoln" and "Charm School" fame—two of the finest kids I've ever known—and Mildred Marsh, Mae Marsh's younger sister. The six of us were a riot. Sometimes we'd lunch in funny little village lunch rooms.
CHAPTER IV.

I shall never forget that next morning—even the little details of the background are still clear in my mind. Hugh and I had breakfast out on the porch—the gallery, they called it down there—that ran around the second story of the hotel. Below us, in the courtyard, a little pickaninny was marching up and down, singing "Dixie" in a sort of minor way. And there was a magnolia tree in blossom, its great, waxy white flowers reaching out like ghosts' hands, it seemed to me. Even with the sunlight streaming across our breakfast table I couldn't help shivering as I looked at them.

"It's this way, Honey," Hugh explained, when we'd each had as much of a cup of coffee as we could swallow. (When you have a husband in the movies you and he grab stray moments for your important discussions; we'd found that breakfast was about the only time we could count on, so we always fortified ourselves with coffee before the discussion began.) "The Independent Era people have gone bust, absolutely. This wire came yesterday too late for me to let you know about it, but I phoned them in New York, and it seems that the jig is up. They had half a million when they began, but—'s first picture cost so much that the men who were putting up the money got cold feet and backed out. It seems that she spent all they'd allowed her for her first picture on just half of it; then they put up fifty thousand more, and that lasted till another quarter was done. She asked for enough to finish it, but the money wasn't forthcoming—so the game is up. The company has a long lease on a studio, and enough equipment for two companies—and that's about all. They can rent out space in it, which will help some, of course—"

Now, as Hugh went on his voice had dragged more and more. And his eyes never moved from my face. I'm not clairvoyant, of course, but any wife who's loved her husband and considered him just about every single minute for five years gets so that she can tell pretty well what's coming when he does that. And I knew what was in Hugh's mind perfectly well. I knew,
too, that he hoped I’d suggest it so that he wouldn’t have to. So I did.

“You could do ‘Unredeemed;’ form your own company—cast it to suit you—take a hand in the directing—”

I’d said enough. To mention “Unredeemed” to Hugh was like waging a scarlet parasol at a bull. He’d read the book and fallen in love with it the year before. But the Magda people couldn’t see it at all as a vehicle for him, and turned it down. Whereupon Hugh bought the screen rights, and ever since had lived in hope of producing it. Now at last he had the chance.

“I will do it,” he told Sennett. “People would give me a good rate on the studio,” he began tentatively. “And they’ve got just about everything they need there—plenty of lights, including a sunlight arc, some good stock sets, all that sort of thing. But the industry’s in rotten shape they tell me, right now—it might be hard to get backing, you know.”

That was the time for the plunge. I took it, though I could feel my teeth longing to chatter.

“We’ve got enough money saved to back it ourselves.” I told him quietly.

Now, that may not sound so very daring to you; you probably think that, with all the money stars earn, it would be very strange if we didn’t have a good deal. I’ll admit that Hugh had earned a lot, especially during the last few years, but if you’ll pause and consider our expenses you’ll see why we hadn’t saved so very much. We’d built a house—and we’d built the kind of house we’d always wanted to have, which is saying a good deal. Recently we’d added an extra sun porch and a swimming pool. We kept two cars, a roadster for Hugh and a sedan for me. Hugh helped support his parents. And—no mean detail—wherever he went on location, Hughie and I tagged along. Hugh always claimed that it brought him luck to leave us behind, and we both liked to go, so we did—to Alaska, to Honolulu, to the Bad Lands of South Dakota, we went, with a train of nursery refrigerators, specially prepared milk, hampers of alcohol stoves and cereals and all the other paraphernalia that a young mother thinks necessary in these days. Once, in a much-tamed part of the wild West, as I was preparing Hughie’s dinner, I looked about me and thought of the mothers who had braved that same country years ago in pioneer schooners, with children even younger than Hughie, never knowing when they’d come to water, or be attacked by hostile Indians. I felt a little bit ashamed of myself for being so fussy about my young son. Yet when I saw anew how sturdy he was, how big for his age, how perfectly healthy, I felt justified even in the face of memories of those prairie mothers.

Add to these expenses the fact that motion-picture people get charged extra for just about everything, and you’ll have some idea of the money we had to spend. Butchers, bakers, vegetable markets, fruit dealers, dry-goods stores—every one overcharges them. Once when I went over my butcher’s bill and found that I was paying just twice as much for meat when the butcher knew who it was for as when I sent a new maid for it, I dashed down to the market and accused the meat man of robbery.

“Oh, but your husband is in the motion-picture business,” he told me coolly. “You people all have lots of money—why shouldn’t we have some of it?”

Needless to say, our marketing was done elsewhere and in different manner after that. But it isn’t always as simple as that to straighten things out. Sometimes one just can’t protest. Of course, it’s partly the fault of the people in the industry. So many of them were almost poverty stricken before they went into pictures that when they finally had plenty of money it just went to their heads, and they were like children turned loose in a candy shop. And now all of us suffer for it.

But I’ve gone a long distance from the breakfast table where Hugh and I were settling our future. We talked the thing out from all points of angles. We must consider Hughie; had we any right to risk the money that would safeguard his future?

“You’ve always taken care of us so far—you always will,” I told Hugh. “Besides, with a father like you Hughie won’t need a fortune.”

Then we discussed the probable cost of the picture, which was absurd, because we could tell nothing about it. There was no knowing how hard it would be to get a good leading lady, or whether any of the ones we considered possible would be free or not. We wanted some one who looked like Mary Miles Minter and could act like Norma Talmadge—and would do it for just about the salary of a Sennett bathing girl. Modest, of course! We wanted somebody else for the part of an older woman—Mary Alden was ideal, but we were sure we couldn’t afford Mary. That was the way it went. We needed stunning sets such as those that Joseph Urban made for the sun room in “Humoresque” and the courtyard of “The World and Its Wife.” We would have liked to have a director like Jerome Storm.

“Yet the thing’s got to be done well or it isn’t worth doing at all,” declared Hugh at last, and the look in his eyes begged me to agree with him. “How about it? Shall we rent the Los Angeles house and try to make a go of this, or shall we go back to the Coast and start over again?—wants me to sign again with them; they heard about the Independent’s bust-up almost as soon as I did, and they made me a corkscrew offer to come back; it was forwarded to me this morning. We wouldn’t lose anything then. If we buck the game with our own organization, we may land at the bottom of the ladder, or we may make the very top. What’s the word, pardner?”

Well, every woman whose husband has given up a good job in a lawyer’s office or a hardware store or a garage and gone into business for himself knows how I felt. I tried to be fair to everybody—to Hughie, who was playing train under my feet with his father’s hairbrushes, to Hugh, who was standing there across the table from me with his eyes begging for the answer he wanted. He got it.

CHAPTER V.

“There’s one thing you’ve got to promise to do,” Hugh warned me a few days later, as our train scudded along through the southland and on toward New York. “You’ve got to buy some clothes.”

“But we must economize.” I urged, with a sinking
The Revelations of a Star's Wife

"Where'll we stay?" I asked, hardly daring to hope that he'd say what I wanted him to. He turned to me with that boyish grin that the screen fans know so well.

"You'd like to pick out some little, quiet, cheap hotel on a side street, wouldn't you?" he laughed. "Or it would suit you even better to take a little apartment somewhere and do light housekeeping. Well, it would suit me better, too, but it can't be. In order to economize we've got to be extravagant in some things, and just sensible in others. And we'll stay at the Claridge. I'll have to be near the people I need to see, and where I can be seen easily. If we stop at the Claridge or the Astor, everybody in the industry will know where I am. If we pick a small hotel, they'll have to scout around and find me. No, my dear, we'll have to be in the heart of things."

Well, I like the Claridge, sometimes; I like having Broadway roar up at my windows, and having the lights of the Great White Way stream into my room at night. But I didn't like to think of the bills.

"I hate your old profession!" I told Hugh one evening shortly after we reached New York, as he dressed for a dinner we were giving. I should have been dressing, too, but I just couldn't face the gown I was going to wear. I had on an old blue kimono that had been lifted at my trousseau; a friend had brought it to me from Japan, and now, with its cheery blossoms all faded and its edges all frayed, I loved it better than anything else I had. "I wish you were a grain-and-feed merchant in a little country town, and when we needed to be economical I could get into an old gingham dress and do the washing myself. I wish we were regular people!"

"So do I, sweetheart," he answered, lunching up on the foot of the bed beside me, with the ends of his white tie dangling under his ears. "But we're not; we're the world's dancing fools, and we've got to suffer for it. Don't you care, though; we'll clear out as soon as we can—in three years, if this company of mine makes good. Then we'll have a ranch somewhere, and travel a lot, and the public will forget all about me."

Oddly enough, I was afraid I would want the public to forget about him. I sometimes hated sharing him with it, and I usually resented the sacrifices we had to make because he was everybody's property but his own and mine, yet I did love having his pictures so tremendously popular, and having people everywhere so fond of him.

I suppose all the money I'd spent was justified that evening when I crossed the dining room of the Claridge, for a little breathless silence fell over some of the tables as I passed, and an occasional remark that was absurdly flattering floated up to me as I went over to one of the tables near the windows overlooking Broadway, where our table was.

Of course, it was my gown; of silver tissue and peacock-colored gauze, it had one of those silly, snaky little
trains weighted down with a heavy tassel, that you have to tuck into a man's pocket when you dance with him, so that it won't wind around your ankles and trip you. It was draped where no sane modiste would have dreamed of draping it, and it was the most becoming thing I'd worn in years. Yet I could have torn it to shreds and hurled it into the wastebasket—which would have been much too large for it—for the chance to spend the money it had cost on getting a better leading woman for Hugh's picture.

We were giving a small dinner—just six guests—but there were a lot of people we knew in the dining room, so we had a sort of progressive dinner party, with people coming over to eat a salad with us and tell the latest news they'd heard, and the members of our party paying calls at other tables. Tony Moreno had just made one of his impetuous dashes on from the Coast, and came over to drink a demi-tasse at our table while we ate fruit cocktails; he'd just gone when Hugh went over to the next table to talk with Dorothy Dalton—they played together a long time ago—and Kenneth Harlan took his chair for a few moments.

One of the people who joined us for a few moments was Lorraine Tevis; I must call her that, because it's a name so unlike her own, and though I can tell you her story, of course, I must conceal her name. She is one of the most beautiful girls in pictures, as well as one of the most capable actresses, though she's so young. She has been on the screen for some time, and I believe would have won her way to the top just by her own merit, but, like many another girl, she had a scheming mother. By way of trying to help her, Mrs. Tevis married Lorraine to a man who owned a big interest in one of the large motion-picture companies. We were in Los Angeles when they were married, and Lorraine talked the thing over with me the evening before the ceremony took place.

"I don't exactly love him," she told me, "but I don't care for any one else, either. And though I've done pretty well so far, I'm out of a contract now, since the Foursquare Company failed. Everybody tells me I can do big things—but you know how it is; you've got to have somebody behind you, some company to work with, or you can't get anywhere. You can't just sit in your own room and make pictures."

"But you'll get a new contract," I objected. "Just hang on—you've been doing wonderful work, and everybody knows about it, so something's bound to turn up soon. Don't marry just to help your work."

"But mother thinks it's what I ought to do," she answered thoughtfully. "I have to support her, you know. Tom says if I'll marry him he'll absolutely make me a big star within a year. And well, he says if in five years I want to leave him I can. Besides, it's not to be a real marriage, you see—just a business contract, really."

I suppose I should have been prepared for such a cold-blooded arrangement as that, but I wasn't; I'd had three years of life in motion-picture colonies by then, but even so I wasn't really accustomed to the way some of the actors did conjuror's tricks with the marriage laws. I begged and pleaded with Lorraine, urging her to wait six months at least. She knew how happy Hugh and I were—that was why she had come to me, I think. Ours was really the happiest marriage she knew of, she told me. And I wanted her to be happy, too.

Of course, Tom Seward was not so impossible. He was awfully clever—he'd begun life as a bootblack, and fought his way up to where he owned a big interest in one of the very biggest motion-picture companies, and several theaters as well. He was awfully homely, and about ten years older than Lorraine—ten years that

had meant a good deal of rather wild living. But he adored her, and would do all he could for her. However, since she wasn't going into it for any but mercenary reasons, it didn't seem to me that there was much chance of her getting much happiness out of the arrangement.

And there was another man in the case, I learned—a young chap who was playing in Western pictures. He was awfully likable, and Lorraine had made one or two pictures with him, and was awfully fond of him. But his future was a question, and her mother did all she could to oppose the match. Of course, Lorraine wasn't really in love with him, either. Had she but known it, he was to be one of the big stars of the industry, but, of course, Mrs. Tevis couldn't look far enough ahead to see that. So she did all she could to make Lorraine marry Tom Seward. And late the next afternoon, when I was sitting out on the veranda watching for Hugh, Lorraine phoned me. She and Tom Seward had just been married by a justice of the peace.

"Happy, Lorraine?" I asked her. It was cruel I suppose, and she just rang off, with a little sob that came to me over the wires.
The Busy Bedroom

Apparentl motion-picture directors feel that you do not really know heroines until you have put them to bed.

By Grace Kingsley

The heroine never seems to take a bit of comfort in her room, natty a place as it always is. Here is Gloria Swanson as Anatol's wife, obviously looking for trouble.

W HOEVER spoke of a bedroom as a place of sweet repose had a wrong hunch. We wise picture fans know better. We know that bedrooms are used for everything except to sleep in.

I remember a time when sleeping was supposed to be nobody's business but the sleeper's, but those times are past. There was a time when a bedroom scene on the stage, with the heroine merely coyly murmuring something about retiring, brought forth stinging rebuke from press and pulpit. It's different now. You don't feel these days as if you really knew the heroine until you have, so to speak, put her to bed.

Bedrooms in motion pictures are used preferably to hold conventions in. Even the old maid with her hair done up in curl papers is not exempt. But it's the heroine's bedroom that's the favorite gathering spot of all the rest of the family and even of her friends.

If there's a lightning storm pulled off or burglars break in or a bad-luck telegram arrives, everybody in the house and some of the neighbors forgather in the heroine's room to chat about it. It's as if they had a date there. The director's motto seems to be: When in doubt, go to the heroine's room.

Sometimes you see the heroine when she seems to be asleep, but only for a moment. Next minute she's wide awake—so wide awake you suspect she has been playing possum all the time. She never seems to take a bit of comfort in her room, either, natty a little place as it always is. Even if you see her asleep one minute, you know that the next there's going to be an earthquake, or some other kind of trouble that will call the family in.

The other people in the picture mostly do their sleeping off stage. Maybe they go out into the garage to get their rest. We know that they must sleep somewhere at times, because we often see houses robbed in ribald fashion, with fights between the robbers and hero, or there's a murder pulled off loudly, and yet not a soul in the whole house wakes up. Even the servants seem to have taken dope. But hold! Probably this is the first chance these folks have had to sleep in many a week, so naturally their slumber is heavy.

Then there's the comedy relief. We know he sleeps sometimes. And he always snores. Also he always ducks under the bedclothes when the telephone rings. This the directors consider is just too killingly funny for anything.

But to get back to the heroine's bedroom, A pleasant duty. For the room is always beautifully furnished with a canopy bed and ivory furniture. The old folks, her parents, probably sleep in a plain little room, but the heroine always has not only a bedroom, but a whole suite. So the family could hold its conventions in the boudoir or the sun parlor; but there appears to be something eternally piquant to a director in discovering the heroine in bed. In the brief glimpses we catch of the heroine asleep, we find that she always sleeps on her back with no covers up over her above the waist. This
sleeping on her back must cause the heroine to have bad dreams. Often, in fact, the story that follows seems like one.

As for the heroine's nightgear, her bills for that item must be something enormous! If she is in comedy, she always wears pajamas; if in drama, she usually wears a long, filmy nightie. Sometimes you can't see where the light comes from, but it's always there. We set the phenomena down as a dispensation of a kindly providence and let it go at that.

And her night clothes are never mussed up, nor her hair in disorder. In real life a girl often wears a wrinkled nightie and does her hair in curl papers—the prettiest of them do it—and by the time she's got on her cold cream, well, you'd never know her for the same girl you took to the party last night! But as she grows older, her hair seems to straighten out. Her mamma, too, may once have been a heroine, but when you chance to see her in the middle of the night, her hair is always in curl papers. And, oh, that boudoir cap! How chic it is! And always on straight! Any woman will tell you that there's something impossible about that. There's a peculiar cussedness about a boudoir cap which takes a mischievous delight in making a lady look a fright. It has a fashion of creeping over one eye in a manner to make anybody look drunk; or else it rears back on her head in a way to give the mildest old soul a fiercely warlike look. Even though the heroine be ill, that cap stays on perfectly straight.

Everybody else in the bedroom convention is disheveled and ruffled, but the heroine's hair is smooth, her cap is straight, her lovely nightie is uncreased, and she has a perfectly good dull finish on her nose.

Nobody except the heroine, even in rich families, ever seems to own any nice-looking night clothes. Probably it keeps the rest of the family from supposing her. I saw a Norma Talmadge picture recently in which that young lady wore five different sets of night clothes and six negligees. No wonder her father was ruined.

And yet it didn't seem to occur to her to rush into the breach and save the day by raffling off her lingerie or her bedroom furniture.

Even when she is poor, she, the picture heroine, always has nice negligees. Seena Owen played a poor shopgirl heroine in one picture: but, oh, boy, you ought to have seen her when she got into the bedroom scenery!

Nature is kind in another way, too. It's always moonlight in the heroine's room. This enables us to see her lying there in her innocent slumber—on her back, yet not snoring—with her bright hair showering her pillow, and with her chest uncovered. It may be as 'dark as the inside of an infidel' outside, but in her room the sweet moonlight always sleeps. Ain't nature grand?

To some people that moonlight would be dangerous, because it is said that moonlight affects people's minds; but the heroine doesn't have to worry about that, because usually she hasn't any mind to affect.

But at that, the moonlight is the only thing that gets a chance to sleep. As I said before, even if you catch the heroine asleep for a minute, the very next they're bringing her a telegram to tell her that her dear old saintly grandfather has been murdered for his store of booze, so she isn't an heiress as she had hoped. Or maybe the villains hold a convention in her room to talk over their plans. Either this or they do it just outside her door, so that the poor girl can't sleep. Or her poor old father discovers in the middle of the night that he is ruined, and takes the rest of the family into her room to talk about it. Or else her lover isn't sure she's true to him, and so he takes the straightforward, manly course, by going right to her room to find out.

How chummy indeed the heroine is about her bedroom? We know young women who are fussy about having their rooms invaded. Not so the heroine. She never even seems to lock her door. Any time anybody has any troubles to tell, the party is on.
I saw a picture the other day in which the hero meets the heroine for the first time at a friend's home where she is visiting, and next you know he's skipping up to her room on the second floor. Never had to pause a moment to find out where it was. I'll tell you, there are moments when, if you didn't know the girl—oh, well, we'll let that pass.

In real life lovers in the best circles do not seek the bedchambers of their fiancées. It simply isn't done. But in pictures it is different. If a man has a quarrel with his girl, up he skips to her room to talk it over, and they are as nonchalant about it as if they were sitting in the front hall.

In short, the poor girl never seems to have any privacy at all. You'd think she'd get nervous prostration. But such is that wonderful girl's constitution, that no matter how great the stress and storm of the night before, behold, she comes down to breakfast next morning looking as fresh as a daisy. Other people's troubles, especially, seem simply to freshen her up and do her good.

Picture heroines get so used to having people come into their rooms that they seem to get hardened in a way. While in real life the first thing a girl will do if anybody happens inadvertently to stick his head into the door or to come in to get the liniment to rub on the cat is to cover herself all over and pull her garments up tight around her neck; in a picture she hardly ever seems to think of it. The whole family, including all her male relatives, may decide to hold a convention in her room; the police may come to ask her if it's true her father has a gallon of whisky secreted in his safe; or the nearest villain-in-law may come to get her to sign the papers, and it never seems to occur to her to pull the top of her gown together. If she only had a chest protector or something! Or if she chance to put on a negligee, by some odd chance it always seems to be left open at the most becoming places.

Out in the street, say, or anywhere else, the heroine may be as shy and modest a girl as you'll wish to see; but once she's in her nightie, her whole nature seems to change.

I saw Florence Vidor in a scene in which she received the hero in her nightie. Of course, it was a shipwreck scene, and it was thundering and lightning, and the poor girl didn't want to be left alone; but her hair was as neatly flowing as though a maid had just brushed it, and even though the weather was cold, she didn't drape over her shoulders the coat the hero had left her.

In a May Allison picture I saw not long ago, there was a lightning storm. Where did the folks congregate when the lightning hit the roof? Did they go out to the garage or take shelter in the library or down cellar? No, sir. It was the heroine's room for theirs. But May was all ready for them. She had on the sweetest nightie, which nearly hid part of her figure, and her hair was in the most careful disorder, the trained lightning having been instructed on no account to make it stand on end, and her little cap was smooth and straight. She told the folks she thought the storm was over now, and if the roof didn't leak she thought they'd better all go to bed. They did. They hadn't thought of that.

Speaking of storms, did you see that scene in Mildred Harris' picture in which, while a tempest raged outside, and doctors were gathered around the deathbed of a little child, the villain opened the French windows, letting the wind and rain swirl in, while he did a little plain and fancy taunting of the hero? They let him get away with it, too, those strong men, and never even invited him in to get the taunting off his chest while they shut the storm away from the sick child!

Next to the heroine's bedroom, the college hero's is the busiest bedroom of them all. It's all dolled up with banners and streamers and upright pianos—what would a college hero be without a piano?—and the rah-rah boys come in to smoke and play cards and sing till all hours of the night. Some of these college boys look pretty old, too. Probably it's the life they lead. They still seem to have their beer, too. I wonder where they get it? The temperance folks should get hold of some of these college pictures to show the evil effects of a wild life.

And oh, those bachelor apartments of the rich hero! You remember Lew Cody's sumptuous rooms? As big as the high-school auditorium and as ornate as an antique dealer's shop. Lew certainly is the bedroom boy. He has nineteen smoking jackets, and all his girls visit him in his rooms.

Then there's the adventuress. She usually dwells in

When anything happens, every one in the house, and some of the neighbors, gather in the heroine's room and chat about it. Lew Cody and Elinor Fair act as though it were quite the thing to do.
For several years The Observer has hammered repeatedly upon what he believed to be the one and only way for the public to improve the quality of motion pictures. It is the quite simple process of buying your motion-picture show as you buy your groceries—tell the manager of the theater what you want, and, if he doesn't give it to you, trade elsewhere. But, if he does give it to you, spend your money with him.

The theater manager has the power to regulate the morals of his entertainment, to shape his shows as no censor board ever can do.

The National Federation of Woman's Clubs is becoming vitally interested in the "Tell-the-manager" idea, and clubwomen everywhere are beginning to move along the lines first suggested by Picture-Play Magazine. They are finding that the process is simplicity itself—that in several California towns, for instance, a committee of clubwomen, through conferences with the theater managers, have been able to change entirely the policy of theater managers who believed that the only way to make money was to run pictures full of bloodshed and crime and wild women.

There comes a letter, however, from Nebraska. A woman writes saying that she and her friends complained to a theater manager and that he offered as his alibi the statement that he had nothing to say about his films—that they were booked by him "sight unseen" and that he had to take whatever the film exchanges sent him.

If this exhibitor believes he is telling the truth, he is in a town that offers a great opportunity for a live man who wants to start a motion-picture theater.

The lazy theater manager does take whatever his film exchange sends him. He doesn't bother to try to find out what is in the pictures. He does not read his trade magazines nor the advertising matter furnished by the producing companies. He is the sort of fellow who can be reformed only by dynamite.

Every theater manager can find out with very little effort just what he has booked in the way of pictures. Throughout the United States are prosperous theaters that show good, clean pictures regularly, and they do so because their management buys its shows with the same care that a department store buys its goods. True, even these theaters do not always show pictures that are good for children to see. But when they get a fine picture that appeals particularly to adult minds they put into their advertising some line such as "this picture is not recommended for children." Thus do they exhibit "Passion" and John Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" and other first-rate productions that do not belong in the juvenile department.

Vulgarity that appeals to no one, they bar. Any theater manager can do the same.

If your exhibitor tells you he has to show whatever the exchange decides to ship him, buy him out. Then you shop for the pictures you show, just as the public should shop for the pictures it sees.

And if some film exchange does try to make you take a vulgar picture, refuse it and do your best to get the case into court and into the newspapers. The Observer knows of no better advertisement for a theater than that it refused to show a picture that the management thought was indecent.

We Weep for the Salesman

We have been asked to "lay off" our attacks upon the motion-picture stock-jobbing schemes that for a time were infesting the country. A stock salesman came in to see us the other day and made the appeal.

"I'm selling stock in the so-and-so proposition," he said, "and your infernal magazine cheated me out of a good commission. I had a prospect all ready to buy this stock and then he saw an editorial by The Observer, and now he won't spend any money with me. He's suspicious. Lay off this thing, won't you? We've got a great machine, and if you'll come around I'll show you how it works! It's going to revolutionize the motion picture industry."

We didn't have time to go see the machine, for the reason that we had to sit down and write this editorial.

Every stock-selling scheme, beginning with perpetual motion, is based upon a machine or a scheme that will work—as long as the stock selling is in progress. Some of the schemes turn out all right. There are a number of legitimate buys in motion-picture production or equipment stocks for persons who understand the business and know what they are doing, but the average is so low that the only safe way to do is to buy Liberty Bonds.

If you must invest in motion pictures, choose a stock that is listed on the New York Stock Exchange, a going concern that already is paying dividends. Then you always are assured of a market if you want to sell.

Beware of the fellow who is selling stock in something that is contemplated. The dividends seldom get past the contemplating stage. Consider the fact that if a man has a real idea for a picture or for some motion-picture process, he seldom has difficulty in raising the money through the banks, who give the proposition a thorough test before they lend the money or agree to help sell the stock.

Ask your banker before you buy any stock—motion picture or any other kind.

We're sorry Mr. Salesman, to cut you out of any commissions, but we can't lay off this month.

Until the danger of people losing their money in bad investments is past we won't stop warning them against motion-picture stocks.
The pictures that are going to make the big money in 1921 are already completed, already released. What are they? "Passion," a German picture; "The Kid," in which Charlie Chaplin proved that he was not dead, only sleeping; "Humoresque," produced by a comparatively unknown director with a cast of unknowns; "Over the Hill," another hit from unknowns; "Forbidden Fruit," Cecil B. De Mille at his usual tricks; "Way Down East." D. W. Griffith back again, and perhaps one or two others.

Why are these big pictures? Because they tell a real story, every one of them.

The scenario department of every producing company is the heart of the works. A bad scenario department, made up of persons who write mediocre stuff and buy mediocre stuff, means a mediocre producing company.

"Stories are mighty hard to get," the scenario department will answer. "Even the best magazines and the best book publishers get a good one only now and then. And when we do get a good story, we never are sure that the director won't botch it up. What are you going to do about that?"

To which, in order to calm the scenario editors, we hasten to reply that we care for no alibis, we motion-picture fans.

If we find that the directors are balling up the good stories selected by the scenario editors, we shall later have a few words to say about the directors.

The case we are now considering is the scenario scout who does deliver the stuff to directors who do put over the stories in the proper manner.

One of the sickest spots in the motion-picture industry is in the scenario department. One of these days some company will go out and get a super-judge of good material who will never write a line but who will just pick and choose. He will be paid a staggering salary, and he will be worth it, for never after he gets on the job will his company produce and release a stupid picture.

When he goes to work it will take four pages, instead of four lines, to list all the big pictures of the year.

Here's Opportunity

"If I had a boy who was just getting out of college," a motion-picture producer told us the other day, "I would send him over to any studio and make him get any sort of a job they would give him—property boy, stage hand, wastebasket emptier, or anything else. The big opportunities of the world right now are in motion-picture studios for the fellow who goes in at the bottom and works his way up to become a director."

A few days later a young college graduate called upon a scenario-editing friend of ours and asked him for a job. There was nothing doing.

"They don't want college men in the movies," the young man said. "I'm going to get a job in a bank. I was over at the studio and told them I wanted to learn to be a director, and they laughed at me. Now I tell you I want to learn to be a scenario writer, and you tell me you can't use me."

So away he went. And it is just as well, for he should not have the spine necessary for success. It takes plugging to get a start. We know of a girl who is making a pile of money writing scenarios who pestered the life out of a scenario editor for three months until finally he gave her the job she asked for—work as typist at twelve dollars a week. She planned her campaign before she started, and she took the first trenched before she began to worry about the last one.

We know a young man who is now assistant to one of the leading directors. He wrote twenty-six letters and made eighteen calls at a studio before he accepted his offer to work as a stage hand. He started at twenty dollars a week and was delighted to get it.

Most young fellows want to get a job the first time they ask for it. There are men being hired every now and then in all studios, and the fellow who gets the job is the one who has been aggressively after it for a long time.

Here's opportunity, if you have the ability to make the fight.

The Miracle Workers

George Loane Tucker's sleuths have found that a horde of miracle men rose up after the exhibition of his famous picture—that forty-one different miracle workers worked wonders after "The Miracle Man" was released, where only three or four had operated before.

Some of these men have actually performed wonders, according to witnesses, as extraordinary as those of the Tucker patriarch.

The motion picture's influence is not confined, reformers might be interested to know, to the making of boys play bandit.

News comes from Kansas that the De Mille influence is being felt in the most isolated homes, and that the demand for those old-fashioned plush envelopes that used to be used to cover a teapot to keep it warm, is unprecedented. Investigation by storekeepers showed that these are now being used in the De Mille manner to cover up the telephones.

Wallace Reid, it is reported, has almost overcome the Francis X. Bushman influence that had the college boys wearing black-bordered white ties and white socks as a part of their evening dress, and it is hoped that in time from Maine to California, the Talmadges will, through their example, be able to do away with the tightly tied hair net.

Truly there are a lot of miracles worked by the movies.

The Old-fashioned Press Agent

The old-fashioned press agent is with us again. We thought we had buried him along with Theda Bara, but to our desk has just come some of his work.

The o. f. p. a. was the one who talked in a careless way of millions of dollars. If he heard of another production that cost half a million dollars he announced that his cost a million. If a rival bought a play for a hundred thousand dollars, his next scenario cost two hundred thousand. If his company hired a star, she never received less than a million dollars a year.

So that folks began to believe there were enormous profits in motion pictures, and, when the congressmen in Washington began talking taxes, the first thing they picked on was the motion pictures. For the press agents had told them that motion-picture people were rolling in wealth, and they believed it.

The motion-picture business has sobered down, especially of late when money became hard to get and a number of companies closed down their studios for several months.

But the old-fashioned press agent evidently has come back, probably after a sojourn in the oil or automobile industry. And he sends us word that his production up to February 20, 1921, has made $2,475,000, which is the greatest number of figures that any press agent heretofore has been able to think of.

We have to hand it to him, even though he was a million dollars too high in his estimate. It is some achievement to be able even to think of two million dollars.
May and the Bridal Path

Soon you will know May Collins on the screen, but this story tells you things that the screen never could.

By Celia Brynn

EVEN while I was being introduced to May Collins on the Goldwyn lot, I wondered where I had seen her before. I kept wondering about her even in the throes of the first conversational banalities concerning the weather and the latest pictures, then all of a sudden it came to me. This brunette flapper, this leading lady of "The Bridal Path" was—but wait. Let me follow the time-honored movie custom and cut back a couple of months.

The scene was the dine-while-you-dance salon of the Alexandria. The usual number of stars, superstars, and near stars were clattering up the floor to the dance of the latest Broadway syncopation, when all of a sudden Charlie Chaplin entered with a strikingly pretty girl on his arm. Now Los Angeles is tolerably blase when it comes to screen celebrities. The native son or daughter merely raises a tired eyebrow when Wally Reid, Frank Mayo, or Gloria Swanson strolls by. But that night—well, Mr. and Mrs. Alexandria and all the little Alexandrialets craned their necks with shameless elasticity. Edna Purviance, I remember, was sitting at a table in one corner and Mildred Harris—

that is to say, Mildred Harris, was dining with a party of friends at another. You can see for yourself that the entrance of Charlie Chaplin with a young lady on his arm was in the nature of a sensation. Naturally I did my share of earnest gazing, with the result that four months later at the Goldwyn studio—yes, you’ve guessed it. May Collins was—the girl.

I think I used the word “flapper” in describing her. That was a mistake. To be sure that is the first impression you get from her sparkling blue-gray eyes, her saucy nose that has just the suggestion of a tilt, and a mouth that a rosebud might envy. Then, too, she is petite and terribly young—she made me promise not to reveal her real age, or rather, the lack of it—and she is bewitchingly pretty. With such a combination you don’t expect brains, but May is a deceptive little person. She reads essays and things, discusses heredity and environment. She doesn’t smoke and she doesn’t drink.

"Not that I’m against other people doing it if they want to," she explained, "but I made my resolution, oh, years ago, and so far I have kept it intact. Smoking injures the voice and drinking affects one’s looks. It’s silly to deliberately handicap yourself, don’t you think?"

I suppose I should start back and tell how, although so young, May Collins has appeared four times on Broadway in ingenue leads; how Anita Loos met her at a tea and offered her the job of leading lady in "Red-Hot Romance," and how, when that picture was finished and she was on her way back to New York, Goldwyn wired her to come back, and play the lead in "The Bridal Path."

But I have an idea that all of the lady readers—and maybe some of the gentlemen ones, too—are more interested in knowing how she got acquainted with Chaplin, whether she goes about with him a lot and whether the friendship is only that or whether—well, they want to know all about it.

Concerning her friendship with Mr. Chaplin, little May Collins is delightfully naive. She met him in New York, she told me, and when she came West to work at the Brunton studio he saw to it that she didn’t have any lonesome moments in the strange city. He introduced her to Mary and Doug, who made her welcome in their home and had her spend Christmas Day with them. Her attitude toward him is very frank hero worship.

"I stand in absolute awe of his genius," she said earnestly, "and it makes me catch my breath to think I actually know him well enough to call him ‘Charlie.’"

Of her own work she says amazingly little. Egotism—even the entirely excusable variety due to youth—is a trait which she does not seem to possess. She is willing enough to talk of the screen success of others and to delight you with her mimicry of filmdom’s higher-ups, but when it comes to speaking of herself, she screws up her nose, and her blue eyes twinkle at you.

"Oh, I’m not much to talk about. As an actress I’m simply bla-a. I get stage fright almost every time I go on the set. If I have the footlights before me, I can carry off a scene beautifully, but with just the Continued on page 93
PREDICTIONS FOR JUNE.

Severe censorship eruptions will be observed in the North Atlantic and Middle West regions this month, the most severe disturbances occurring in the State capitals. Motion pictures, showing scenes from weddings or wedding preparations, will be largely attended by prospective brides in all sections of the country. Reels will continue to show pictures of new office holders in Washington, burning oil wells, naval wrecks, and immigrants at Ellis Island, and will begin featuring spring floods and early scenes at the bathing beaches.

1. W. — Ibsen's "A Doll's House" was released, with Elsie Ferguson as the star, 1918. Seven hundred and forty-six exhibitors put the line, "Bring the Kiddies," in their advertisements of the picture.

2. Th. — Charlie Chaplin made his first appearance on the London stage, at the age of six, 1921.


4. Sa. — Emma-Lindsay Squier arrived in New York on her first trip East, 1921.

5. Su. — Wallace Reid got a job understudying a steam shovel on the Shoshone Dam, Wyoming, 1909.


7. Tu. — Theda Bara began to notice that the boys seemed to like her, 1903.


10. Fr. — Smith Center, Kansas, welcomes the biggest man who ever came from there—"Fatty" Arbuckle, 1921.

11. Sa. — From four to twenty producers announced that beginning the following fall, they will make fewer and better pictures, 1915, 1916, 1917, 1918, 1919, 1920, 1921.


13. M. — William S. Hart will turn his Pinto pony out to pasture and begin his first real vacation, 1919.

14. Tu. — Channing Pollock sold the screen rights for his play, "The Sign on the Door," to Joseph Schenck for $75,000, 1920. Four million scenario writers groaned, "How do they do it?"

15. W. — Anita Loos and John Emerson were married at the Talaludge home, Bayside, Long Island, 1919.

16. Th. — Robert Bosworth ran away from home and enlisted as cabin boy on the schooner Sovereign of the Seas, at San Francisco, 1879.

17. Fr. — Pearl White forfeited the world's serial championship by becoming a Fox star, with a contract to appear only in features, 1916.

18. Sa. — Richard Barabellos and Mary Hay were married, 1920.

19. Su. — Eight hundred thousand young women admitted being heartbroken, and that life held nothing more for them, 1920.

20. M. — The wise ones told Cecil De Mille that he would never make another good picture without: Geraldine Farrar, 1916; Mary Pickford, 1917; Gloria Swanson, 1919; Agnes Ayres, 1921.

21. Tu. — Censors get after the film version of "Experience" and order Paramount to cut the episode in the third reel by which the characters play Intoxication and Prohibition, 1921.


24. Fr. — Dick Barabellos decided that he would play the part offered him in Nazimova's "War Brides," instead of going back for his senior year at Trinity College the following fall, 1916.

25. Sa. — Tex Richard and the promoter, offers a million-dollar purse for a race at Belmont track, New York City, between the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse, 1923.

26. Su. — Lois Wilson, a Birmingham, Alabama, schoolteacher, earned a trip to the Panama-Pacific Exposition and a try-out in the movies by winning a newspaper beauty contest, 1915.


28. Tu. — First hot wave of the season strikes New York, and three directors from Paramount's Long Island studio decide that Bar Harbor, Maine, is the only suitable place for taking the exteriors of the pictures on which they are working, 1921.


30. Th. — Tom Douglas cajoled the principal of the Louisville, Kentucky, high school into giving him a diploma, and began a hard summer's job of persuading his parents that he was intended for an actor.

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

A young lady in Chicago wrote a letter to Thomas H. Ince, the film producer, and said: "I am very anxious to get into the movies. I will come out to California next week, and you will give me a part." Mr. Ince wrote back: "By all means don't.

The next day a telegram came from the Chicago young lady. It read: "Am leaving Chicago for your studio to-morrow.

Mr. Ince flew to the telegraph office and wired back: "Stay home. Not a chance for you here."

When the young lady arrived at the Ince studio, Mr. Ince said helplessly: "I told you to stay home. I haven't a thing for you to do. You've had no experience. You'll probably starve to death." But the young lady said: "I've got a little money. I'll hang around a while."

So she did. And the next day a girl who was working with Bill Hart in a picture called "The Disciple" took sick. Mr. Ince, hard up for somebody to put in her place, decided to try out the Chicago girl.

To-day she is star. Her name is Dorothy Dalton.

Note: There are a lot of others who tried the same thing and found it didn't work out that way.

Poor old Robinson Crusoe.

However could they do it?

They filmed the hero of every tale since poor old Robinson Crusoe!
COLLEEN MOORE so distinguished herself in "Dinty" and "The Sky Pilot" that she earned an enviable reward. She was chosen to play opposite John Barrymore in "The Lotus Eater."
SINCE forsaking serrals and making one feature picture, "Three Sevens," Antonio Moreno has despairingly struggled with the search for a suitable scenario.
MATT MOORE refuses to be a mere hero. In “The Passionate Pilgrim” and “Straight Is the Way” he proved himself one of our most engaging character actors.
WITH the triumph of "Madame X" still unabating, Pauline Frederick continues her distinguished work in "The Mistress of Shenstone" and "Salvage."
CLOTHES cannot make the actress, but Alice Joyce can make clothes a most important consideration—as she does in "Dangerous Heritage," her newest picture.
GRACE DARMOND lends her blond beauty to drama—to comedy—and to drama again with equal effectiveness. Her most recent excursion into drama was in support of Thomas Meighan in “White and Unmarried.”
LEATRICE JOY stepped into the front rank of comedians when she played in "Bunty Pulls the Strings." Then she proved her versatility in "The Night Rose," which Wallace Worsley produced for Goldwyn.
There is a depth to Naomi Childers' screen characterizations that surpasses even her haunting beauty. Her charm is mysterious, ineffable. In the informal chat with her which follows you may find the secret of that charm—you may find the answer to what you have always wondered about her.
Naomi—Future Tense

A player whose distinguished work has brought her renown, feels that her real success still lies ahead of her.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

AND," she continued while I hung breathlessly on her words, "you will always be able to hold the man you love.

"Really?" I murmured, fascinated.

"Absolutely," she reiterated. "And furthermore—you were born at midnight, weren't you? Well, you'll have success about midway in life. At the age of forty, I should say."

"How thrilling!" I sighed. "And do tell me if—"

Then it suddenly occurred to me that I was lunching with Naomi Childers not to be told about my future, but to get the facts about hers—also her past. But she sort of took me off my feet.

The lunch had started out conventionally enough with soup and avocado salad—if that conveys anything to the Eastern mind—and I was just about to ask what she thought of the future of the cinema or some other time-honored query which every interviewer asks and which no fan cares to read, when she, leaning over the table to look at me intently, said, in her soft lovely voice with its soupcan of a Southern drawl: "You were born in December, December?

I admitted it with pride. Also with amazement. How in the world—

"I can nearly always tell the month a person was born in by looking at them," said Miss Childers. "I've studied astrology ever since I was sixteen."

"You really believe in astrology, then?" I queried. Between you and me and the gatepost, I have leanings that way myself.

"Of course, I do," she answered emphatically. "For the simple reason that I have never known a well-cast horoscope to fail. Everything that was prophesied for me in my chart, has, up to date, come true. Everything!" Her earnestness was in italics.

"Now, you—" she generously began again, and I interrupted her only out of sense of duty. I wanted to hear about myself, goodness knows. Who wouldn't rather discuss the great I Am rather than the lesser You Are. But this was an interview. Besides she was paying for the lunch.

"Tell me what has been prophesied for you," I urged.

She glanced down at a magnificent diamond, sparkling on the finger where a diamond ought to sparkle.

"Well," she said, reddening a trifle, "my horoscope says that I am to be married twice, once at the age of twenty-seven, and again when I am about thirty-five."

My inquisitive eyes asked a mute question, which my tongue—although belonging to an interviewer—was too polite to utter.

"I am twenty-seven now," she answered, in response to my unspoken query, and she blushed again.

And what with the prophecy, and the ring—well, astrology is a wonderful science!

"I was born in October," she went on, "about two o'clock in the morning. That means that if I will achieve success, it will be late in life."

"That horoscope was wrong," I interrupted triumphant. "What about your screen success—now?"

She looked at me in that peculiarly intent way she has. She smiled, ever so little.

"I haven't done a single thing that's worth while," she said simply. "Perhaps I will amount to something some day—but I doubt it."

That, if you please, from one of the best-known leading women of the films, a woman of whom I had repeatedly heard the assertion—"She is a snob."

And right now, while the salad plates are being removed, and the chicken giblets on toast are being waited for, let me say that Naomi Childers is not a snob. And she is not upstage. I take great pleasure in making these two statements. One reason is because I believe them. Another is because she asked me to make them.

"It hurts me so to be told that I am considered snobbish," she said. "Heaven knows I don't intend to be—I am just as human as any one else, and I know that I haven't any reason to put myself above a soul. The whole thing is, I can't be boisterous and act the part of what they call out here in the West—a good scout. I am naturally shy. A roomful of people actually frightens me. I can't rush in and call out: 'Hello, old kid, how are you. I love that shade of hair you're wearing.' I can't do it. I am fond of my friends, and fond of books. But I don't 'kid' the carpenters and the electricians when I'm working on a set. I'd rather read.

"I think most people take moving-picture work too seriously. They think if they get fan letters, and the newspapers begin to speak of them as 'stars,' that some sort of a pose is demanded of them. It's nothing wonderful, you know, to be a screen actress, and I can't feel any loftiness of spirit about it. I'm just as I was before I was ever on the stage or the screen, and I don't think I'll change."

I didn't tell Miss Childers this—the arrival of the chicken giblets prevented my doing so—but I believe that one reason for the wrong impression people get of her is from the kind of parts she has been made to do. She is invariably cast as a patrician, a heartless society woman or a sickening snob. Her aristocratic, almost Grecian, features lend themselves admirably to these rôle's. But off the screen she is an entirely different looking person. She is much more youthful appearing, and one misses entirely the suggestion of hauteur which she inevitably is made to register in her pictures. Her eyes are a wonderful gray that rest upon you frankly, quietly, and sincerely. Her complexion is an enviable cream and rose, and her mouth, which I had never noticed as particularly attractive upon the screen, is really charming in its contour. Her teeth are small and white. Her manner is that of the gentlewoman, natural, and unostentatious. I liked her immensely, all

Continued on page 97
A Girl's Adventures in Movieland

Part V.—A visit to the D. W. Griffith studio.

By Ethel Sands

Not once, when I was a very little girl, mother took me on the train up to Mamaroneck, so that I could see one of the most beautiful parts of Long Island Sound. I guess that I hadn't ridden on trains much then, because it seemed awfully exciting. I fairly hung out of the window to watch things rushing past. It seemed as though the train fairly flew. I couldn't help thinking of that time when I went up to Mamaroneck again just a few weeks ago. This time the train couldn't go fast enough for me. I didn't see a single thing that we passed, and kept wishing that I could get out and run. For I was on my way to visit the Griffith studio. Would you care how many millionaires' houses you could see from the train, or what pretty views there were, or what stunning sports clothes the girls had on who were waiting at the railroad stations, if you were on your way there? Not if you were a movie fan! And I guess that most everybody is a movie fan where Griffith is concerned.

When I had just about made up my mind that I could get there faster if I got out and walked, the train drew into the station, and I rushed out. It was very cold, so I was glad to find a bus marked "Griffith Studio," at the curb right where I got off the train. I climbed in and was no more than seated inside when who should come in but Ralph Graves! My day was beginning very well, indeed.

He sat over in the corner, and it was awfully hard not to stare at him. I just looked at the floor and said to myself, "I'm going to meet him to-day." I felt sort of superior to the rest of the people in the bus, until it occurred to me that they must be connected with the company, or they wouldn't be riding there.

After a short trip, we turned into the grounds of a beautiful estate, and I realized that this was the famous Flagler place where the Griffith studio is located. I had read about it, of course, but this was much more gorgeous than I had expected. There was a big iron gate with stone pillars at the entrance of the grounds and a little stone house where the gatekeeper lived. I wondered if he stopped every one who didn't belong there. Probably he did. My, but I was glad that I was invited.

EVERY FAN

who has never seen the Griffith studio grounds will be interested in the above picture, and in comparing it with the one on page 17. In the foreground of the picture on this page may be seen Mr. Griffith's house, with the greenhouses across the way. Further back is the old Flagler mansion, and joined to it, the huge studio. At the extreme right is Mr. Griffith's bath house and the beginning of his private pier.
Almost in the center of the spacious grounds were the remains of the old farmhouse in "Way Down East"—it had been terribly battered by storms—and at the end stood the great white mansion itself. Built on one end was the studio extension, a big ugly building, like a factory. In the midst of all that grandeur, it seemed horrid. But then I remembered that to me—

to all the fans—that studio was the most important part of all.

Inside you find yourself in the most stately hall; in the center it reaches clear up to the roof with balconies looking down from the different floors. Unless the Flaglers had a lot of children, the house must have seemed awfully big and empty to them. There was a stairway with mirrors at the landings, and magnificent carved posts at the bottom. It seemed a place fit for princesses, so it was rather startling to see signs everywhere—"This Way to the Stage," "Men's Dressing Rooms," etcetera.

Victor Georg, a photographer, whose name you have probably often seen on stars' photographs, came and took us into his office—a room that looked like a drawing-room, except that it had desks in it. The walls had beautiful woodwork, sort of like the Claridge Hotel, and the ceiling wasn't flat like our ceilings at home. It had a thick design carved on it, and it was gilt.

Mr. Georg said of course we'd want to see the studio, but he wouldn't show us around much, because Dick Barthelmess was coming over later to do that. My head just swam then, and I was glad when he took us into the rooms where the still pictures are developed so that I could hide my blushes in the dark. Dick Barthelmess! Why, when the news went around town that his mother was stopping at Truell Inn in Plainfield, once, half the girls in town went out of their way to pass there two or three times a day in the hope that he would visit his mother, and they would have a chance to see him.

I was terribly anxious for him to come, because I kept getting more nervous every minute—so nervous that I was afraid that when he came my knees would just cave in, and my throat get so dry I couldn't speak.

While we were waiting for him I saw the art department, where there were beautiful sketches of scenes, streets, and rooms covering the walls. A young man there was working on some clay models of sets. They were the most perfect little imitations of houses and streets imaginable—even to the lamp-posts, cobblestones, and little people. He makes them to show to Mr. Griffith, then Mr. Griffith selects the ones he likes, and the big scenes are copied from them exactly. The former dining room at the end of the house is used as a rehearsal room now.

There is red and gold hand-tooled Spanish leather on the walls that is worth two hundred and fifty dollars a yard, but no one seems to care. It is peeling off in some places. Mr. Griffith's own office is about the only room that seemed to me entirely in keeping with the former atmosphere of the old mansion. It was used for directors' meetings in the old days, they told me, and is, of course, awfully big—much bigger than you would think an office would have to be. It is richly furnished in red and green with a thick carpet on the floor, and a mirror over the mantelpiece that reaches to the ceiling. The enormous mahogany table, handsomely carved, was filmed in the Dorothy Gish comedy, "Remodeling a Husband." Everything seemed more interesting because of the romantic memories of bygone days. Mr. Flagler, who built the place, was a millionaire, you know, and Mr. Rockefeller was a frequent visitor there. I don't suppose there's anybody now, though, who doesn't think that Mr. Griffith is a bigger man than even Mr. Rockefeller.

Then we saw the wardrobe room, where all the costumes are kept that belong to the company. It used to be Mrs. Flagler's room—and I've seen whole cottages that couldn't have been much bigger. All kinds
of quaint, old-fashioned costumes lay in piles on tables or hung in racks. In little cubby-holes on the shelves that ran around the room there were odd little coats and comical hats, something like the clothes Lillian Gish wore in "True-Heart Susie."

"But these are only the rags," the wardrobe mistress insisted when I started to rave over them. She took us to a closet then and unlocked the door. My eyes almost popped out of my head when I got a glimpse of what was inside. Rows of the most gorgeous gowns of all colors—mostly evening costumes of velvets, silks, and satins. There was a beautiful gown of some kind of gold material, and a little short velvet jacket that Doris Keane wore in "Romance," another darker velvet gown all embroidered in pearls that some extra wore in "Way Down East," and a little pale-green taffeta dress that just seemed cut out for Dorothy Gish. I could hardly tear myself away from such splendor. Oh, what I wouldn't have given to have the key to that room, and a couple of friends from home! I would have tried those gowns on, every one. It's enough to make any girl want to be a movie actress to get a chance to wear such costumes.

Something that interested me particularly was a little room where the fan mail was answered. On the desk I noticed a couple of letters which made me look around to see if there was any evidence of my own photo-collecting craze. It wasn't so long ago that I helped to keep the overworked secretaries busy. On the walls were lovely portraits of all the Griffith players, most of them taken by Mr. Georg. Then I saw the kind of photos that are sent out to the fans who inclose a remittance, and the smaller ones that are sent free of charge. I was sorely tempted to stick the latest picture of Richard Barthelmess in my pocket, but I was saved by the suggestion that Dick himself might give me one.

I was sitting with my back to the door, but when I heard some one enter the room I jumped to my feet, and faced Richard Barthelmess and Herbert Howe. Though I knew that Mr. Barthelmess was coming I was so ruffled that I acknowledged the introduction without knowing what I was saying. I leave it to any girl—wouldn't you have been dazed after raving over all those Barthelmess pictures, to be confronted by the real Dick?

In telling about him I waver between getting him disgusted with me—because I know that he's the kind that hates being raved about—and my natural desire as a fan to be loyal to the rest of the fans and tell them what he is really like. So here goes, girls. I want to announce that Richard Barthelmess is everything that he seems to be on the screen and a great deal more. Further description is hardly necessary, but to those who want it—I don't know the exact length of his eyelashes—but I can tell you this. He's very boyish looking, and he speaks rather rapidly. He has dark-brown hair, and eyes extra large and expressive. He's really enough to take any girl's breath away. I've met quite a few stars by now, but I was never so sort of swept off my feet at first glance, the way I was by him.

"I know we'll be friends," Mr. Barthelmess said jokingly, looking around at all of the fan mail, "if you never wrote me a fan letter."

I simply couldn't answer for a minute. So much depended upon my answer. But he has the kind of brown eyes you can't lie to, so I took a long breath and said: "I have, though, twice. And I got pictures from you both times. But they weren't mash notes, really. Just requests for your photo."

He acted sort of embarrassed then, and said with a laugh, "Well, if you'll promise to tear them up I'll give you a good one." I promised, knowing all the time I wouldn't keep my word. And I couldn't help liking him better because he was kind of shy about meeting some one who admired him as much as he knew I did.

"What do you think of our studio?" he asked me, but I couldn't find words to tell how magnificent it seemed to me. "You should see it in summer," he went on enthusiastically. "It is wonderful out here. There's a fine drive to ride horseback on, and when we're not needed in the studio we go swimming in the Sound."

Down in the studio the floor was crowded with props and sets, and the carpenters were putting up more. Mr. Griffith was busy taking some important close-ups, so his set was surrounded by big white screens. I couldn't hear much noise from behind them, just the clicking of the camera and sad music playing on a victrola. And I might just as well make a confession about Mr. Griffith right here—the truth is bound to come out some time. I never used to think that there was any Mr. Griffith! I sort of thought that a "Griffith" picture was like "Sterling" silver, just something that guaran-
need its quality. I had sort of an idea that a lot of men working together made those pictures. You see, a friend of mine used to use cold cream that was supposed to be put up by a woman. She wrote letters asking her advice about getting rid of freckles and all sorts of things like that, and got answers signed with the name. And then there was a lawsuit in the papers that proved there never had been any such person, and that the cold cream was the invention of a French chemist! And then somebody told me that the "Advice to the Lovelorn" column that a lot of girls I know read, was written by a young man reporter. So after hearing of a few more things like that, that obviously weren't made by the people they were named for, I just decided that there was no D. W. Griffith. No one man could possibly do so many wonderful things. Of course, I had begun reading about him, I dismissed my old suspicions as childish, but being in his studio so long without seeing him made me feel awfully funny. Just the way ghost stories that you know aren't true make you feel on Halloween—all creepy in spite of yourself.

When Mr. Barthelmess took me to see the projection room they were just running off a part of the picture that had been made a few days before. "No one from outside is allowed to see part of a Griffith production before it is completed," Mr. Barthelmess said. "So that will be a treat for you. Go on in." I did, and stayed until all the film they had, had been shown. It was a carnival scene, several different "takes" of it. I suppose the men who were having it shown, were picking out the best one, to save Mr. Griffith the trouble. Carol Dempster was so good in it, that it was simply tantalizing not to be able to see the rest of the picture. You can bet that when "Dream Street" is shown in our town I'll see it first thing.

We found a little corner between the scenes and sat down to talk, and Herbert Howe showed me the beautiful gold cigarette case that Charles Ray gave him. Then Dick—it's awfully long to call him Mr. Barthelmess every time, so you'll have to excuse this familiarity—showed me the lovely silver cigarette case, striped with gold, that his wife gave him. It was so wonderful the way he spoke of her. "She's always buying me things," he explained. "You know she doesn't have much time, sleeping mornings, and playing two matinees a week, but I think that all the spare time she has she spends shopping for presents for me. Every day has been like Christmas since we've been married."

"Did she give you Well's 'Outline of History?" Herbert Howe asked. All of Mr. Barthelmess' friends love to tease him about that book. They say he gets so enthusiastic over it that he's likely to break into the midst of any party to announce, "Did you know that Lao-tze was a popular revivalist in China centuries ago?" or "Do you realize that there were no newspapers in ancient Rome?" as though it were late news about some motion-picture player.

Mr. Griffith came out from behind his screen then and walked right over and shook hands without waiting for any formal introduction. I couldn't have been more excited if President Harding had shaken hands with me. Nobody said much the first few moments. They seemed to be waiting for me to speak, and I was so awed with the mere thought of being in the presence of D. W. Griffith that I was speechless.

He asked me if I had lost interest in movies since I had been behind the scenes, and I just shook my head. Somehow, my voice had gone completely. "Well, the movies are nice for everybody but the director," he said, in a joking way. "If any one you know ever says he is going to be a director, just kill him. He'll be happier." I hoped that some one would ask Mr. Griffith why he was in such a cynical mood, but no one did, and I couldn't. My voice was still gone, and I wondered if it would come back at all, or if I would just have to go on all day nodding and shaking my head.

A photographer came over to take our pictures, so Mr. Griffith had the electricians light up the big set, and took me over there. It was just like one of the little models we had seen downstairs. Ordinarily, I can talk better when I'm left alone with a personage, but this time I had stage fright pure and simple. This was no player I could talk to about his work on the screen. For me to compliment Mr. Griffith on his work would have seemed simply ridiculous after all the homage he has had. And besides you don't want to just waste time talking about things like that with him; you want to say something brilliant so that he'll remember you. He's so accustomed to brilliance around him that I felt awfully out of place, and grew more tongue-tied than ever.

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"Honest to gawd, miss, this here scenery is makin' me forget all me manners," he observed. "I was raised on the East Side, an'—gee, this certainly takes you back."

It was just another tribute to the realism of the modern movie setting.

"When the cops pulled the crap game this morning," the youth continued, "I sure thought for a minute it was the real thing!" Remarkably he stroked the bruise on his cheek. This was not surprising, for the director, Roy Webb, had just been telling me of how the police who officiated had been given permission, at their own suggestion, to make the raid "the real thing."

No doubt you know something about New York's East Side—the colorful district with its opium dens, settlement houses, queer foreign shops, pushcarts, great, seething crowds of immigrants from every quarter of the globe. One phase of it was wonderfully depicted in "Humoresque." Now it is being reproduced for Whitman Bennett's screen production of "Salvation Nell."

I had been "behind the scenes" of the movies before. I know that many feats of realism are daily being achieved. But never have I witnessed anything quite so real as this huge set that occupied a goodly part of a big uptown armory. Houses, street cars, and cobblestone pavements—the very underwear on the lines—had been put up in exact replica of the immigrant quarter, where New York's four million live and breed and throw orange peels.

"How did you get it all so dirty?" I asked of the art director, who grinned, with a wave of his hand, "at the persons who had been assembled for the mob scenes, these were squatting on the doorsteps, calling to each other in Italian and Yiddish."

"I just brought up the inhabitants from the real East Side and turned them loose on our stage streets. I think it's the East Siders that make the East Side dirty instead of the other way round."

The Italian he pointed at took his pipe from his mouth and spat—as my friend the slouching-youth actor had found himself doing in memory of his youth—upon the pavement.

A group of child actors dashed across the cobbled street to the corner where a Yiddish pushcart stood full of oranges. The bearded owner defended the raid—but, while he cuffed two ragged children, the other children knocked over a crate of overripe oranges, smashing their pulp on the cobbled streets. The old dealer screamed curses in Yiddish. A flash of light—and the camera man had turned the handle—preserved the scene for posterity. Again the art director smiled knowingly.

"We brought these pushcart merchants with their own pushcarts, right up from the real East Side—picked them up off the street and offered to pay them six dollars for a day's work. But we told them that we would not buy their stock. I guess we knew how to make them "act" natural when a raid of kids was launched. The street is considerable mused up, eh? with that patch of bursted oranges. Of course, we'll make the loss good—but they don't know it."

Nothing was overlooked that might heighten the realism—even to the broken whisky bottles thrown on top of the battered ash cans.

Screening the Melting Pot

New York's East Side has been reproduced with remarkable fidelity in "Salvation Nell."

By Helen Bullitt Lowry

SLouching East Side youths, with two days' growth of beard, leaned against the only saloon door left that can openly defy the Volstead Act—the saloon of movieland. I could see from the professional make-up about their eyes that they were true actors, and not merely "roughnecks" imported for a scene, to give realism. One of them, without a collar and with a bruise on the side of his face, took the cigarette from the corner of his mouth and spat comfortably on the pavement of the stage street. He saw me and reddened beneath the two days' beard and the make-up,
The scenes from "Salvation Nell" are exact replicas of that most interesting part of New York City known as the East Side.

He went on to tell the details of how the set had been made. First, photographs had been taken of a typical corner on the East Side, where two streets meet in that zigzag way which is relic of the days when old New York was laid out two hundred years ago by accident and cow path. Then the builders of scenery were told to reproduce the corner in wood and plaster. The corner was actually reproduced, even down to the streetcar tracks and the street of quaint old secondhand cobblestones, bought from one of those wrecking companies that makes a business of tearing down old buildings and saving the pieces. These wrecking companies furnish a good many details to the movie property man.

After the houses and streets were built, they were told to look at the little birdie in the camera and get their picture taken. And behold, a metamorphosis had occurred. The years had dropped from those ancient houses that date back to the days of Washington. The windows shone cleanly as they had not shone in a full century. Old doorways opened graciously under the fanlight doors. One could almost imagine behind them the butlers of the days when New York had negro slaves, and her churches had slave galleries.

It was a ghost city that had been photographed by the camera—the ghost of aristocratic old New York—of the days when the present East Side was the "smart" residential section and grand ladies were carried in sedan chairs across the cobbled streets. This, of course, was no surprise, for such a set, like a modern piece of "antique" furniture, is never finished until it has been "aged." These first photographs showed the technical staff what needed to be done, and they set to work.

They battered and crumbled the edges of the bricks. The slab of perforated iron in the pavement that gave entrance to a cellar was made to lose a few circles of glass. The paint on the door was "antiqued." The curbstone was nicked as if by the bumping wagons of full half a century. The years were turned in on the quaint old section and allowed to do their ravages.

The art director went down to the East Side and made water-color drawings and mental notes of just how the paint peels from a fire escape. He studied just what specks the flies of a decade make on a restaurant sign of "Soup 10 cents." There is a man in each motion-picture company whom they call the Go Get It Man. They sent him down to Mulberry Street. He parked his car on the Bowery and plunged into the labyrinth of side streets to nose around in the old junk shops.

"If they knew I belonged to a picture company they'd boost up the price," says the Go Get It Man, "but it's a piece of luck that I look ornery enough to be needing secondhand window frames and secondhand fire escapes for myself."

The art director watched how the "wash" hangs on the lines slung from fire escape to fire escape across the cobbled streets. Then the Go Get It Man dived into the secondhand clothing shops and brought him out red
flannel drawers and desperate-frayed wrappers and slung them from fire escape to fire escape in his manufactured East Side. The very colors and discolorations on the surface of the bricks were repeated verbatim, although the camera can register only black, whites, and grays.

By such careful study of detail was the East Side reproduced. They even thought of such little touches as the small heap of ashes near the entrance of the fire department, where they naturally would be dumped from the fire engine, and the whisky bottles thrown on the top of a battered ash can.

And after the set was made—without life—even as this world at the end of the fourth day of creation, the art director had his work photographed again for the twentieth time. But this time he declared his work good. Then the East Siders themselves were turned in.

For one half of the extras, you see, were simply East Side inhabitants whom the Go Get It Man had seen on the streets and to whom he had offered a day's wages to come up for the day and act natural. The other half were professional actors, like my slouching-youth friends—made up as East Siders—whose job was to do things so that the non-English-speaking amateurs would know, by imitating them, what things to do.

The things which they all did will come out when "Salvation Nell" is released. With those things I am not concerned—for I stood on the streets of this manufactured East Side when the camera man was not taking pictures; where the familiar scene of the East Side daily life had been so completely reincarnated that the East Siders fitted into the stage life as automatically and comfortably as if each Italian or Jew were sitting on his own front steps on Pearl Street. They looted about and spat and gossiped in foreign languages as if they were at home.

A hand grasped my sleeve as I picked my way over the dirty cobblestones.

"Nice carpets," crooned a Yiddish voice, "for you lady, I will make the same bargain." Pushcarts lined the imitation streets, and the pushcart vendors, true to their traditions, were trying to sell their wares to the professional actors and to their own East Side's imported population. My Yiddish friend's pushcart was loaded with rolls of cracked linoleum.

"How much?" asked I, in a businesslike voice. Slowly his eye wandered over my best tailored suit, as if trying to size up whether I could be a star of fabulous salary—those stars who could afford to pay anything for the linoleum for their bathrooms. Then "Thirty-five dollars," risked he brazenly.

"Nonsense," I snorted, as I had seen the women of the real East Side snort, whose entire shopping, from dried fish to lace-trimmed petticoats is done in the department stores of these pushcarts which line the crooked, dirty streets. I saw rising respect for me gleam in his eye as he recognized a worthy combatant in this favorite East Side game of striking a bargain—instead of a mere uptown sucker. (Continued on page 98)

The "Yankee" Talks About Himself

Harry Myers seems to have been born just to play his droll part in Mark Twain's sixth-century travesty; and you'll find him just as whimsical while puttering around his own garage as he was in King Arthur's court.

By Grace Kingsley

HEY gave me the part of the Yankee in A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court simply because they couldn't get anybody else!" That's how Harry Myers, with a modest grin, explains it. But the remark cuts two ways. For a certainty the Fox people tried out a score of actors before they assigned Myers to the role. It was found very hard to secure an actor who could both play the part and really look it. Interviewing Harry Myers is like interviewing a bush-league Thomas H. Edison, a budding cartoonist, and a Will Rogers all at once. And he's likely to turn into any one of the three characters without a moment's notice. But always he refuses to take himself seriously, outwardly at least, always he's as breezy as an afternoon at the beach—a regular Yankee both in and out of King Arthur's court.

It's a nice-looking house built in regular California bungalow style, in which the Yankee lives, as I noted while walking up to ring the front doorbell. There was no answer to my ring. I waited a while and then went around to the side of the house and looked up the driveway. There in front of the garage I caught sight of a man in working clothes. He had an eyeshade pulled down over his eyes, and he was holding a two by four on the back bumper of an automobile with one hand while he sawed with the other.

I called out to him, "Are you Harry Myers?"

"Well, that all depends," he said. "What with that businesslike look in

Harry Myers always refuses to take himself seriously.
you eye and those papers in your hands I don't believe I am. I just have a little room here, and the people, rather than have me in the house, said I might watch the garden, look after the garage, keep the front yard clean, also the back yard, the side lawns, the front porch, and the back porch, not to mention the cellar. But I'll tell you confidentially they keep part of the cellar locked when I am in it, and——"

"Oh, then you're the gardener." I interrupted.

"Wait a minute. What do you want Mr. Myers for?"

"Oh, just a little write-up," I answered.

"That isn't necessary." replied the pseudo-gardener seriously, but with a twinkle in his eye. "I heard him say that he read a lot of patent-medicine labels and sent testimonials with some photographs to all the firms, and now he's waiting for the ads to come out with his pictures in 'em. But if you're sure those papers you have in your hand are not a summons I'll get Mr. Myers for you."

I assured him the papers were nothing of so painful a nature as that, so he said, "All right, I'll get him."

Whereupon he squeezed through the garage door, past the car, turned around, squeezed back through the door again, and exclaimed: "Sorry to keep you waiting!"

"Do you think you were fooling me?" I demanded. "Who'd forget the Yankee's grin?"

Then we settled down for a real interview: that is, as much of a one as you could expect with a person who refuses to take anything, himself included, seriously. For instance, when I spoke to him about his stock experience in Philadelphia, he exclaimed frankly: "Oh, I was lucky to be a decent-looking butcher once in a while! Say, I made all the cannon balls for 'The Girl I Left Behind Me.' And they were good cannon balls, too. I invented 'em myself."

That was where we got off onto the mechanician side of Myers. In a minute we were to meet the artist-designer.

"What were you sawing the wood for?" I asked.

Myers said it was to make a dog pergola. Asked what kind of a dog he had, he answered whimsically that he hadn't any. Then I asked him what he was building the pergola for, and he said, pointing, that he was making it for the same reason he built that little Belgian dog house over there. The dog house was painted yellow, with a stencil of vines over it. It had a Gothic door, round windows with awnings and a black chimney, and on the porch was nailed a little sign, "To rent—to some good dog!"

Its interior was nicely decorated, and I thought how I'd have loved it for a doll's house when I was a little girl. Then he showed me a toy automobile which he had also built. No wonder he knew how to turn old suits of armor into Fords in "The Yankee!" It seems that when not acting, Mr. Myers loves to putter about with mechanic and carpenter tools, and that if he weren't an actor he could choose from among a number of other callings.

About his acting career, Myers told the story in his own whimsical, kidding way. His father was born, he said, in a little town in Connecticut, named Windsor-locks—"which you have to look on a railroad map to find, and then it says 'tank town.'"

Oddly enough, Myers, senior, knew Mark Twain. He was a sort of master of all trades, and when he met Twain it was as a seller of cigars, thinking he might advertise his firm's goods by saying Twain smoked them.

"But when I found the kind that Twain smoked, I didn't insist," Myers, senior, told his son. "I was afraid I'd do my firm more harm than good."

"It was in New Haven that pop met mem," said Myers, "and then along came me, and as soon as I was able to think about things, and long before I could talk, instead of gumming things all up by trying to speak, I pantomimed my dislike of New Haven.

"Say, mother," dad said to her, 'this child just made a good suggestion in pantomine. He says, 'Let's get out of New Haven and see something of the world.'"

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THUNDER of righteous bulls have been issued recently by the movie mullahs enunciating the decline of the star system. Some of the more fanatical have declared that the great art would attain salvation only by the decease of this pernicious power. They hailed the author as the messiah whose coming would obviate the need for stellar personages. This forensic attitude may be a reason for the dearth of new personalities on the current screen. Time was when screen prophesying was a humming industry, each season fruity with ripening personality. But of late the pickings have been on a par with those in China. I have had no more use for the tripod and smoke pots than the cookie has for chopsticks. Yet I remain steadfastly at the adytum, firm in the theory of Mr. Oscar Wilde, who says:

"I sometimes think that there are only two eras of any importance in the world's history. The first is the appearance of new medium for art, and the second is the appearance of new personality for art also."

Hence Signor Rudolph Valentino comes as a Hoover to the famine. His portraiture of Julio in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" is so vibrant in color that I am moved to mid-year theomancy. If I wait until the new year, my prophecy will probably already be fulfilled. So, I hasten—

RIGHT OFF

The prophet's toga and the cap and bells both the first to enhance an addendum to the recent

By Her

Forecast Addendum.

RUDOLPH VALENTINO: This young signor, wafted from Italian vineyards some eleven years ago, is worthy, I feel, of being catalogued among the young masters of the cinema Louvre. A dubious honor, perhaps, but the best that can be offered. Jealous of my oracular power, lest the gods snatch my charter, I have examined the master as well as his work. His color is not etiolated under withering scrutiny. He brings to the screen a desired type, as demonstrated by his engagement, after a process of elimination, for the role of Armand, companion to the Nazimova Camille. He is, I might add, the logical candidate for the tunic of Demetrius to the Chrys in "Aphrodite." No one, with the exception of Antonio Moreno, could envisage so graphically the torero El Gallardo of Iñáñez's "Blood and Sand," which I understand that Metro controls. A wealth of characters has been awaiting the infusion of such Latin blood. Even the elephantine perceptions of our movie comptrollers will in due time, I fancy, fix upon the stellar fitness of this young Italian. Simple is my faith! "But faith has moved greater bulks than movie magnates. Famous Players let Dick Barthelmess slip away to Griffith when many of us were extolling that young man's potentialities, now to borrow him back for some nine times the sum they were allowing him three years ago. Robert Gordon, whose fidelity other charmers of characterization is second only to that of Ray, has been permitted to graze about while glossy lewicodes were seized upon as popular deities. But let us turn to another Olympian:

JAMES KIRKWOOD: I am repeating my prognostication of the 1921 Forecast in declaring the stellar eminence of Mr. Kirkwood, who turned from the duties of director last year to play in Alan Dwan's "Luck of the Irish." I claim no Delphic perspicacity in discerning his power in that picture: immeasurable others felt it. Yet no producer invigiled his signature. It was well for Kirkwood. He was receiving seven hundred and fifty dollars a week at that time; to-day his salary is near two thousand dollars. For a period he was receiving twenty-five hundred dollars each Saturday by playing in two pictures simultaneously, such was the value of his presence. There is no need for me to make testimonial to his distinction and genuine virtuosity: the screen is doing that with such late works as "Man, Woman, and Marriage," "The Scoffer," "The Heart of a Fool," "Bob Hampton of placer," and Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Money Master." It is bruited that Mr. Jesse Lasky would like to secure Kirkwood as a Paramount light, but Kirkwood is not dazzled by any astral glory. He wants to be assured that the pictures in which he appears will receive as fine investiture as any production bearing the sticker of

James Kirkwood is promising star material.
"The Four Horsemen."

All about me the air is filled with paean from press literati inspired by the Metro canvas of Ibañez's "Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse." This paper seems to act as a drug upon the critical senses, causing them to foam in a frenzied ecstasy. Hark ye to this psalmist:

"What Homer in his Iliad did to poetry, what Tolstoy did in prose, what Vereschagin did in painting, Rex Ingram and June Mathis have done in the great art of the cinema.

We are further impressed with the "aside" that Yale University is to confer upon Director Rex Ingram the degree of Bachelor of Arts. True, Yale never did this to Messrs. Homer, Tolstoy, and Vereschagin, but it has done it. I'm told, to some estimable head waiters.

In the past critics have been accused of wreaking venom on a work of art simply because they were in a gastronomic temper. Perhaps they were in the throes of starvation, as critics invariably are, and sought to appease the mutiny in their gullets by attacking the masterpiece. Such was not my complex. I had dined like an epicure at the prodding board of the Mahlon Hamiltons. I had, on the afternoon of the Los Angeles premiere, consumed with Miss Mabel Normand on the subject of Stephen Leacock, a combination for amiability that cannot be topped. I had previously partaken of spaghetti with Signor Rudolph Valentino and of watermelon with Miss Alice Terry, foods and persons very much to my liking. Metro had graciously reserved two seats, when but one was needed, and I had missed the mush prologue attending the tableau. Could fortune have been kinder? Yet "The Four Horsemen" left me as cold as they did Julio.

I'm told that this picture is a meticulous film inscrption of Ibañez's proximate novel. It certainly appears to be a novelized drama rather than a dramatized novel. Let me confess at once that I feel toward Ibañez as I do toward Dickens, that his pages are not so much for judicious reading as judicious skipping. But the comparison is flattering to Signor Ibañez, whose pages I find difficult even with skipping. I managed to jump through his "Blood and Sand" with some interest in his characterization of El Gallardo, but in "The Four Horsemen" and "Mare Nostrum" I was swamped somewhere mid-stream. Naturally a film edition of "The Four Horsemen" bogged me. I wanted to be thrilled. I clapped mightily when the French tricolor swept o'er the screen, for I am lustily pro-Franco.

and when "La Marseillaise" is played I feel, in unison with Miss Corinne Griffith, the desire to stand and shout. Had I known while witnessing the picture that its director was to receive a Bachelor of Arts degree, I might even have delivered a college yell, for I flunked that very degree, and I dare say I'll never be thus honored if the condition is the producing of a "Four Horsemen."

Yet justice must be done the producers, for they seem to have satisfied the Ibañez admirers, and that is a great deal. A director in reproducing a novel or a drama usually is confronted with two alternatives: he may literally picture the work, or he may interpret it pictorially so as to make a photo drama. Mr. Cecil B. De Mille was denounced for taking liberties with Sir James Barrie's "The Admirable Crichton." Mr. William De Mille was adversely criticized for making a conscientious and complete transfer of Sir James' "What Every Woman Knows," which reviewers claim, is not good photo drama. Thus a producer must make a choice, sure in any instance of displeasing some

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I asked her to marry me during the making of a scene in 'The Virgin of Stamboul'—had to say it—it was in the play—and she took it to heart. That's all!"

Wheeler Oakman grinned with quizzical fondness across the table at his wife, Priscilla Dean. It was quite a long look, one that spoke volumes. Just the same, Priscilla made a little noise at him, exclaiming:

"Why, Wheeler Oakman, did you hear what you said? I'll tell you what he really did." she went on, turning to me first, and then leveling a sort of feminine, well-you-drove-me-to-it, flashing glance at her husband. "You used to say on an average of once a day: 'I'll steal you and carry you off up to the mountains if you don't marry me!' And naturally, you just home from the war, and so strong and everything, I was pretty much afraid you might do it!"

"Anyhow, you aren't sorry, are you, Mr. Oakman?" I demanded.

"No, I'm not sorry—at least I think not. Depends on the birthday present she gives me!"

At which, the honeymoon being nowhere near over, even though they have been married a year, Priscilla felt it incumbent to pretend to be very cross.

Indeed she acknowledges now that the more she thought of the idea, the better she liked it, because the more she saw of Wheeler Oakman, the better she liked him. For Wheeler Oakman is one of those genuine people whom you either like very much or not at all. He is forceful and magnetic, and there's not a bit of what Dickens' Mr. Muddle used to call "begod nonsense" about him. He was one of those actors who, during the war, managed to forget all about their good looks, giving up fine engagements to shoulder a gun. Oakman was in the engineering service, having studied to become a civil engineer before fate made him an actor.

"But," said Priscilla, as she served the salad which Wheeler had made himself—he learned to cook away back home down South, he says, when he was a kid and used to go on long hunting and fishing trips—"Wheeler finally made up my mind for me. In fact, I began to think that if he did steal me, I'd stay!"

"You know," she went on confidentially, "Wheeler didn't like me much when he first knew me; did you, Wheeler? He thought I was too fresh—didn't you Wheeler? That was away back in other days, before he went to war. We met often at parties and once or

Romances Film

The love story of Priscilla

By Grace

Then I got at the truth about the proposal. It seems the first time Wheeler proposed to Priscilla really was while "The Virgin of Stamboul" was being filmed. He and Priscilla had been going about a good deal, and that day, after he had proposed to her in the scene, she came off the set, went over to where Priscilla was standing, quite alone at one side, put one hand over hers, and said, in quite dramatic fashion: "I meant it, Priscilla!"

"Meant what?" asked the saucy Priscilla. Maybe she thought that was too casual a way to propose, when he had been seeing her so often in the moonlight.

"That I want to marry you," declared Wheeler firmly.

But Priscilla had lots of other admirers, one of them a famous aviator, another a millionaire, and she wasn't in any hurry to make up her mind, or at least to let it be known that her mind was made up.

"Oh, lots of people want to," she rejoined, but evidently gave him a glance from her talkative eyes that bid him not get discouraged. In
twice at Universal City, but never thought of each other at all. The very first time he noticed me at all, in fact, was the day out at Universal when I had forgotten the key to my dressing room, which was next to his, and I had to break into my room by breaking the window. Wheeler was awfully annoyed by the noise, and he stuck his head out of his door, calling out loud, so I'd hear him: "Who is that loud-mouthed girl?"

"But I didn't find out," put in Wheeler teasingly, "until after we were married. Or I should never have married her!"

"Oh!" cried Priscilla, "ask me and see if I care!"

The real beginning of it all was one day after Oakman came home from the war, and was working with the American at Santa Barbara. Priscilla saw him one fine afternoon, sauntering down one of the suburban streets of that picturesque city. Whether it was the wine of spring that was in her blood, or whether it was Wheeler Oakman's beautiful and romantic background which made him look so handsome to Priscilla, she doesn't know. But at any rate, the minute she saw him she exclaimed to herself: "The very man to play the lead in 'The Virgin of Stamboul' with me!" Tod Browning, her director, was driving with Miss Dean at the time. He stopped the machine after Priscilla told him of her inspiration concerning Wheeler, turned around and motioned to Wheeler, and when Wheeler caught up with them asked him if he would be at liberty the next week. Wheeler would be. And so it was arranged.

"And Wheeler used to come around and talk to me every day at noon. He'd usually tease me, saying as solemnly as an owl: 'Give me a nickel for lunch money. Ruth Clifford always gave me lunch money.'" Priscilla went on mischievously. But Wheeler refused to be teased.

"Yep," he admitted, "I'll bet I owe Ruth Clifford a dollar and a half to this very day."

"Just imagine!" exclaimed Priscilla, blushing brightly. "Anyway," she changed the subject, "as I said before, since I couldn't make up my mind about getting married, Wheeler made it up for me. We were engaged three months.

"We decided to go away and be married quietly. So, though it was mid-winter, we went up to Reno. Mother and I drove all the way to San Francisco. There we met Wheeler, and all three went over to Reno. We were married at noon the next day by a justice of the peace, putting ourselves on the back all the time that we weren't going to be found out. But we were recognized, and that night it was in all the papers.

The Wheeler Oakmans live in a big ten-room house in Hollywood, in which they declare they rattle around, it's so large. But they're soon to build their own home, and to it they'll transplant their dogs and turkeys and canary bird.

"Wheeler just dotes on a kitchen," declared Priscilla, "and he's even proud of the fact, aren't you, Wheeler?"

"Sure am," said Wheeler, who is a laconic person.

There's to be a ten-foot fireplace in the kitchen, to cook over, and especially to barbecue meat. It will be finished in red and white tile, and is to be furnished with every modern appliance. In fact to hear them talk, you'd think the kitchen will be built right in the front of the house. Then there is to be a large patio which will serve not only as a garden spot, but which is also to be big enough to dance in.

Oh, yes, and it was just the very day that Priscilla promised to marry Wheeler that he got his starring contract with First National.

"Maybe she brought you luck!" I suggested to Wheeler.

"I'll say so!" responded Wheeler, laconically slangy.

"Anyway"—and he leaned over to pinch his wife's pink cheek—"anyhow she is?"
OVER THE TEA-CUPS

Let others tell the news; Fanny the Fan passes on the latest gossip about motion-picture players.

By The Bystander

YOU'VE got it, too," Fanny exclaimed as I approached her table in the window of the little Chinese room at the Algonquin. Not a word of welcome, not a question about what called me to New York so soon after she came.

"Got what?" I demanded.

"The walk of the 'Four Horsemen,'" she reported. "I watched you come all the way down the room, and you do it perfectly. Like this." And to the horror of the out-of-town gathering at the next table, Fanny got up and circled our table with a slinky-hipped, double-jointed knee effect.

"Oh, don't mind my noticing you; absolutely every one is trying to do it," she murmured airily as she sat down again and fanned herself with the menu card. "Of course, it's that wonderful tango that Rudolph Valentino does in the picture that's responsible for it. Half the girls I know here look as though they had the spring halt. But then, Valentino—"

I didn't like the look in Fanny's eye. It convinced me that she knew something about me that I hadn't intended to tell, so I decided to make a clean breast of it at once.

"I take back all of the things I've said about your devotion to Lew Cody," I cut in hastily. "I'll admit perfectly frankly that I think Valentino's wonderful, that I can't hardly wait to see him in 'Camille,' with Nazimova, and that I'll bet the baby alligator Coleen Moore brought me from Florida against your dingle-dangle earrings like Dorothy Dalton's that there is one close-up of him in 'The Four Horsemen' that's going to make him the champion heart-smasher of the screen for at least six weeks."

Fanny regarded me suspiciously, not even looking away while she told the waiter that she'd have strawberry ice cream and some little cakes like those Conway Tearle, two tables away, had ordered for the girl with him.

"Is it in the first part?" she demanded.

I maintained a discreet silence.

"You might just as well tell me. Is it—oh, well, I don't care, anyhow. I like that picture well enough, of course, though I must confess that the strongest effect it had on me was to make me buy a monkey. By the way—"

But we'll never know what was on Fanny's mind. She glanced out the window as she was talking, and when she turned back she looked as though she had seen a ghost. "It can't be," she said dramatically.

"But it is Elliott Dexter," I said, following her glance. "Doesn't he look well? Oh, I wish that he'd stop reading the concert announcements on the side of the Hippodrome and look this way."

"Well," Fanny observed complacently, "Los Angeles must be simply deserted. Every one is here."

And as though to prove it, Wesley Barry strode by at that instant, trying to whistle Tchaikowsky's "Danse Chinoise," which proved that he, too, had been to the Rialto Theater and fallen under the spell of Doctor Riesenfeld's orchestra.

Photo by Ediein House Humor

Every one hopes that Mildred Harris will be happy in her rôle in the next De Mille production.
"Well, I've always said," Fanny began in a manner that was vaguely reminiscent of a school-teacher, though I suppose that it was intended to emulate Constance Binney's terseness: "That if you sit at one of the window tables at the Algonquin, you soon see all the world and his wife passing by."

"The world and some one else's wife, I think, you mean." But Fanny pretended she didn't hear. She probably regretted that she hadn't thought of it first—she loves so to appear sophisticated. I don't know what Fanny will do if censorship banishes vampires from the screen; she won't have the same interest in imitating screen stars. I intimated as much to her.

"Oh, censorship," she repeated eagerly, quite as though it were her latest hobby. "Aren't you amazed at Louise Glaum? She started to organize all the players into a committee to act on censorship, but none of them seemed to understand whether she was for it or against it, so it hasn't progressed very far. One player thought perhaps it was an invitation for the film colony to censor Louise's new picture, but another one said that the idea was to join the ranks of the censorship movement and fight the enemy from within. That sounds like intrigue. Wouldn't you love to see Louise vamping all the nice old whiskered gentlemen at a censorship meeting?"

"But censorship enthusiasts aren't like that," I protested. "They're attractive clubwomen. I know because I went to hear Agnes Smith speak on censorship at the Woman's City Club, thinking that all the women who were in favor of it would be hopeless frumps, and one of them might have been Norma Talmadge herself. She told me that she had brought up two children, saving them from all harm, and that now she wanted censorship to help save other women's children.

"Haven't you any social conscience?" she asked me, when I admitted that I hated the thought of censorship. "Don't you want children saved?" She terrified me so that I could hardly answer. "No," I finally gasped. "Jackie Coogan is the only child I'd like to have saved, and I think that he can take care of himself, thank you!"

Fanny quite obviously wasn't listening. She doesn't when you talk of women's clubs or anything like that.

"What was happening when you left California?" she asked dreamily, looking out through half-closed lids, which I recognized as a tribute to Mae Murray even before I saw her just a few tables away.

"Oh, James Kirkwood was nearly drowned. Buster Keaton was in the hospital with torn ligaments, Charlie Chaplin hurt his foot, and——"

"You're a perfect calamity Jane," Fanny interrupted. "About as cheerful as the first reel of a serial episode. And speaking of serials, did you see Ruth Roland? She was here until two days ago wearing the most beautiful sables you ever saw. She bought them up in Canada where she went to make personal appearances with her pictures."

"Mary and Douglas are taking a vacation," I continued, quite as though she hadn't interrupted me. "They've gone to Mexico."

"And they may come East before they start work again," Fanny added. "Never mind who told me: just wait and see if they don't."

"Well, if you're always right, how about the Marshall Neilan-Blanche Sweet wedding you predicted?"

"That's coming," Fanny added airily. "She's ill with appendicitis, but just as soon as she's well enough she's coming East. And Colleen Moore is scared to death that they'll go and elope. If they do she'll be cheated out of going to a wedding, and you know how she loves them."

(Continued on page 106)
To the Generally Public,

Dear Madam:

Last fall when I staggered off the train at Los Angelasky, Calipickford, it was with the praiseworthy intentions of spendin’ a merely week-end—whatever that is—in the land where all the actors gets from $1,500 thee week up, not countin’ tips. Well, so far, I have spent 32 week-ends in succession here and also a amount of jack which they is no use mentionin’ as the income tax collector might smell a rat. It was my idea to do no work what the so ever whilst in what I have nicknamed the “Golden West,” so’s to give my other constant reader a much-needed rest, but as the bunk-alows out here rent for sums which would cause Jack Rockefeller to bite his nails I have been busier than a three-headed rat in a cheese foundry, tryin’ to make at least one end meat.

Mabel Normand could be described as a “funbeam.”

Harold Lloyd might be called a “mirthquake.”

Jack Pickford is an artist to Mary Pickford’s finger tips.

Alice Lake enjoys swimming in summer and skating in winter.

Miss Frederick exerts such an appeal that no one could possibly say “Nay, nay, Pauline.’’

Mae Murray believes that one good “M” deserves another.

Mary Miles Minter believes that one good “M” deserves two others.

Blanche is certainly Sweet.

Arlene is certainly Pretty.

Louise is certainly Lovely.

But Tom is certainly not Meighan.

“Are you a Mason?” Ask Shirley.

Photo plays featuring May Allison and June Caprice are especially appropriate for the spring months.

FILM CLIP

Betty Blythe, Betty Compson, and Betty Hibburn are leading ladies in the movies. It is hard to decide which is “the one best Betty.”

Sessue Hayakawa, although a native of the Flowery Kingdom, has adopted the American golden-rod as his favorite emblem.

Elsie Ferguson eats all her meals from fashion plates.

Billie Burke is as sweet as honey. In fact, she is the Queen B.

Pola Negri came. We saw. And she conquered.

Harold Lloyd has gained popularity by leaps and bounds.

Mae Murray, the dancer, is good in moving pictures, because she jazzticulates.
unforgettable night when I went out to see a preview of an educational film, entitled "Making Echoes in Switzerland" or something like that. Still, I must admit that at no time since I have been near-by have I been in danger of yawning myself to death.

The latest victim of an interview with me was no less than Alan Dwan, the famous director, which I have long wanted to meet because no matter how many supers he uses in a picture he doesn't call it a "Super-Production." Besides being a artist in every sense of that much-abused word, Monsieur Dwan is a regular guy both on and off the lot—a combination which, for one thing, has put him at the top of a profession which is by no means as soft as the comic weeklies would have you believe. Dwan is a good story-teller and a good listener, he's got personality and a well-developed sense of humor instead of the upstage effectation which marks the small-timer, gettin' his first taste of the mob's applause. Success hasn't doped his ambition—he's got the assured poise that comes with it, but he works as hard to-day as he ever did when his name meant nothin' except to his immediate family.

I got all this as a result of a couple of hours spent gamblin' with Hon. Dwan about his studio the other day. I also got a thrillin' lesson in how to become a movie star whilst I was a visitor there, and I will now give you the low down on the way screen favorites are made. They is no extra charge for this sensational inside story—the most darin' expose of life on a movie lot since Mack Sennett began layin' bare the facts and

—theh—everything else. So hurl away your correspondence course lessons, pull up your chair, and I'll tell you how Alan Dwan taught me to register everything from 'stupidity' to 'no sale.' (That last one's rather deep, but I can trust my audience!)

First of all, Mr. Dwan took me out and showed me the private cemetery which is attached to all picture studios, for the purpose of buryin' the daily slew of handsome young shippin' clerks from Succotash Crossin', Iowa, and the beautiful milkmaids, of Goofy, Nebraska, which wouldst just love to crash into the movies. This failed to discourage me, as I am neither of the above. So callin' a near-by and grinnin' camera man, Mr. Dwan begin the tests to find out whether I am a second Fairbanks or a new Chaplin.

The most important requirement for a prospective

Continued on page 100

PINGS

By Harold Seton

Larry Semon receives a high salary for a low comedian.

Mack Sennett and his bathing girls get along swimmin'ly.

Mary Miles Minter lives on a diet of skimmed milk. That is what makes her so kittenish.

Mabel Normand suffers from "cute indigestion."

The scenarios used by William S. Hart are written with a pen-point stuck in the muzzle of a revolver.

De Milles of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding small.

One good Tournier deserves another.

Alice Brady begins well, at any rate, for her initials are A. B. C., her husband being James Crane.

Handsome is as Eugene O'Brien does.

Pauline Frederick, whether in or out of the films, presents a series of moving pictures.

John Barrymore is said to be haunted by the ghost of Edwin Booth.

Marguerite Clark is such a tiny little creature that we always want to see more of her.

Three cheers for red, white, and Monte Blue.

Dorothy Dalton generally has a film before her eyes.

Everything about Tom Moore is free and easy except his professional services.

Viola Dana is so sweet that audiences flock to her like bees to a rosebush.

William Farnum, being a man of weight, has acquired a substantial reputation.

Miss White is the "Pearl of great price."

Mack Sennett believes that instead of saying "the female of the species is more deadly than the male," we should say "more lively."
The Witchery

In the making of motion pictures the lighting is

PHOTOS BY LEWIS W. PHYSIOC,
Superintendent of the Goldwyn laboratory

MOST of us use a mirror, under ordinary
conditions, for the practical purpose of
seeing that our hair is properly arranged,
and we're generally presentable. There's no un-
usual fascination that accompanies a glance in the
glass by plain daylight.

But who—at least, what girl—has never felt the
thrill of delight when, pausing before a dressing
table which was lighted only by candlelight, she
has seen, standing out cameo-like
against the dark velvet shadows, a
face—half familiar and half
strange—a face dramatic in its
intensity—a face upon which the
expression and even the form
changed as the one who looked
moved the candle from one posi-
tion to another.

That fascinating, ever-changing
face in the mirror was given its
mystery and charm by the way in
which the light was thrown upon
it. It is an interesting study, that
of lighting, and nowhere has it
been worked out more effectively
than in the motion-picture studios.

It is not always the dramatic
power of the star that makes her
look more old and haggard as the
picture progresses. Nor is it al-

The strong contrast of light and
shadow on the face of the figure on
the right was deliberately produced in
order to heighten his sinister ex-
pression.

The accompanying pictures show what
wide varieties of expression and form
may be obtained by different lighting.
The same plaster cast was used for
each illustration.

At the left is an example of
what is called "flat lighting." The
face is stupid and ex-
pressionless. It is bad and in-
effective lighting.

In the picture above, the head
is lighted from below and from
one side. Such lighting is
dramatic. It is effective for ac-
centuating a sinister ex-
pression, but tends to make the
features appear rather gross,
hard, and angular.

At the right we have the per-
fect lighting for bringing out
feminine charm and beauty,
and the true characteristics of
the face.
one of the most important features, enhanced or destroyed by lighting, and is of use in everyday affairs.

This is an example of a bad effect obtained by conflicting lights. A back and a front light, meeting in the center of the face, destroy the roundness and give an angular structure to the head. The counter front light brings out all the defects.

ways youthful beauty that shines on her face. Frequently these appearances are but the result of clever lighting. Not only will a change of lighting alter completely the character and expression on a face, it may make a stout person appear thin, a thin person stout, and add on, or take off, almost any number of years. As the stars grow older, and their youthful freshness begins to wane, more and more care and skill has to be exercised by the camera man and director to see that they are shown in the most favorable light possible.

You may wonder what value all of this is to you. If you study motion pictures closely for a while, and observe closely how the different sets are lighted to produce different effects you may pick up a good many pointers to be used in arranging the lighting in your own home. And if you study the way in which the lights are thrown on the players you will be able to get some new effects with your Kodak. You will not, of course, have the advantage that the director has in the way of every kind of lighting apparatus obtainable, but you can do a good deal with sunlight alone as it streams in through a window or doorway. And by way of preliminary experiment, don't forget the candlelight.
The Maker of Queens

Presenting the Plutarch of the picture-play and his latest royal lady.

By Herbert Howe

H e's a queen maker in a dual sense.
He has made Cleopatra what she is to-day, and he has been the high priest at the coronation of current queens.
No mortal alive knows so many royal ladies intimately—not even Elinor Glynn.
He has been tyrant in the régimes of Cleopatra, Salome, Du Barry—
He has known males as well, though not as many; Solomon and François Villon—
He's the Plutarch of the photo play.
Before he has finished he will have outlined history as complete pictorially as H. G. Wells has outlined it typographically.

J. Gordon Edwards.
Mr. Edwards is a director, yet unlike any director I have met. Perhaps it is the royal associations which have given him a certain distinction. If he were casting himself for a rôle in a picture I think it would be that of a foreign diplomat with a red ribbon across snowy linen or perhaps a scholar of to-day with dignity of mien. It would be judicious casting.
You would never cast J. Gordon Edwards as a motion-picture director. Yet after you have talked with him you would go forth convinced he is a great director, even though you never had viewed his celluloids. Tall, with gray-toned hair, deep, dark eyes, and the manner at once aristocratic and democratic which is the exclusive attribute of the gentleman, he is of the prime-ministerial order which one would desire in an escort of royal dames.
I have spoken of his intimacy with the Egyptian siren, with the dancer seven-veiled, with the mistress of Louis XV. There's still another, who, to us at least, is quite as much a figure of the imagination—Theda Bara.
While Mr. Edwards was unveiling Salome, and undoing the mummied garments of Cleopatra, he likewise was bringing forth into the clear light of the Kliegs, the full charm of Theda Bara, than whom there has been no character of fiction more ensnaring.
When I first encountered Mr. Edwards he was planning the coronation of yet another queen—two queens to be exact.
They were the Queen of Sheba and—Betty Blythe.
He had spent weeks of research in the pages of biblical lore and ancient history. All about his bungalow office on the Fox lot in California were old prints representing Solomon and Sheba with scenes from the great epoch. Across the street great walls and temples were being reared and in the hills beyond a huge amphitheater was being constructed for a chariot race. Mr. Edwards had just accomplished the most difficult feat of all, the selection of the queen.
He would talk of nothing else.
The next time I visited him he was in his office at the Fox studios in New York.
"Well, well, it has been several months since we met," he exclaimed, holding out his hand. "And in the meantime 'Sheba' has arrived. You know I told you that we hoped to surpass 'Salome' and to come close to the success of 'Cleo—

J. Gordon Edwards is the director who has made former queens live and given living ones prominence.
patra.' Mr. Fox has just told me that the unanimous opinion is we have not only overtopped 'Salome,' but gone way beyond 'Cleopatra.'"

Mr. Edwards was exhilarated with success, yet it was "we" who had succeeded, not "I." He never uses the ego pronoun.

Taking up the conversation where it had broken off in California six months previous, he continued.

"From the first I could see Miss Blythe as Sheba—beautiful, magnificent, sensuous yet patrician, the very embodiment of the queen. What I did not realize were her dramatic potentials. Again and again she amazed me with her virtuosity, the depths and heights of her emotion and the facility with which she ran the scale. When 'Sheba' is released she will be unanimously proclaimed a new queen of the photo play—"

"But the interview is with you this time," I interrupted.

"Every time I've made the attempt I've come away with a lot of fine impressions about your players."

Mr. Edwards paused, a trifle surprised.

"Why shouldn't I talk of them?" he said. "They are responsible for my success."

As I said, one would never suspect Mr. Edwards of being a director.

I insisted, however, upon a chapter concerning his own career.

For several years he managed the Academy stock company in New York, then under the management of William Fox. About seven years ago Mr. Fox became interested in the motion picture then stirring into life. He sent Mr. Edwards abroad to observe the work which was going on there. Upon his return, with enthusiastic reports, he was appointed general manager to inaugurate the William Fox films. Among the first stars was Betty Nansen, the Danish court actress. With something like Delphian perspicacity, Mr. Fox declared that Mr. Edwards was the one to direct the celebrated lady. As I said, Mr. Edwards has the prime-ministerial bearing which augured his success with royalty. His pictorial translation of Tolstoy's "Resurrection" with Miss Nansen still lingers in the memory. Partly do I remember it because until then I had been among the scoffers of the founding art. Miss Nansen was my first film favorite.

And then came Theda. Mr. Edwards directed her for some four years—in "Carmen," "A Fool There Was," "Du Barry," "Romeo and Juliet," "Salome," "Cleopatra," and all of her repertoire.

Many stories have circulated since the day of Theda's ascension to the celluloid eminence, hailed as a mysterious lady from the hot Sahara. To-day Miss Bara's name is famous the world over, as widely known as that of Mary Pickford. The coming dictionaries may incorporate her name as a synonym for siren. Every one has his own version of this strange deity of lens light. Hence I was interested in knowing her through the mind of the one man who has known her intimately during all her career. I approached my subject warily, having heard that Miss Bara had been extremely 'temperamental' with her director, indeed unbridled in her eccentricities.

"Miss Bara is temperamental," said Mr. Edwards, "Miss Blythe is temperamental. Any actress who has any quality is temperamental in the true sense. It is the high-strung, sensitive woman who can best portray emotion. Temperament in the real sense is the most desirable possession of the artist. Indeed, it is a requisite. Oftentimes I would tell Miss Bara to take her horse and go for a ride of an hour or two before commencing work, just by way of invigoration and refreshment. That, perhaps, is the reason for those stories which have been spread concerning her tardiness on the 'set.' There's no truth in them. She always gave me splendid cooperation. I consider her a remarkable woman, an extraordinary personality. The public does not like her in namby-pamby roles, but if she returns in a part suited to her individuality she will be as popular as ever, I feel."

"I am enthusiastic concerning Miss Bara," he said. "Why shouldn't I be? I feel she put me on the map. I am enthusiastic concerning Miss Blythe, because she has given me finer portraiture than I ever expected, more than fulfilling my imaginative conception of Sheba. No other actress
influence incalculable. A time is coming, I believe, when history will be taught to the young by pictures, pictures created by such a master. Already masses of people who never would have perused over drab text books, even were they able, have been brought into touch with vital characters and vital moments of world life. As I read H. G. Wells' "Outline of History" and came upon the thrilling, sweeping, magnificent story of Alexander the Great, I wanted to communicate with J. Gordon Edwards at once that I might see the fascinating character as I mentally visualized it.

"Yes, Alexander fires the imagination," he said. "And there are innumerable others I want to bring forth. This seems to me the greatest work of the films, the recording of history as human documents that all may understand. When I finish the picture I'm now directing with William Farnum I may return to California to do a big biblical story. And, of course, I want—I hope to have—Miss Blythe—"

Again he was free of the reserve with which he talks of himself and was impressing me with the talents of the new queen. But it is repetition; therefore I turn to Miss Blythe's picture of Mr. Edwards in action. I met the new queen upon my return to California. She had just received a letter of congratulation and praise from Mrs. Edwards then in New York. Miss Blythe said:

"I never knew a director who could accomplish such vast work in such a short time and with such quietness. He never seems to rush his players, yet accomplishes so much with them. He seldom laughs, yet has a marvelous sense of humor. Only once did I see him break that quiet reserve. It was after our chariot race in the great amphitheater. It really was a thrilling thing, one which I believe will bring to mind that great chariot scene in 'Ben Hur.' Upon the completion of the scene, Mr. Edwards threw down his hat and shouted. The occasion certainly warranted the wildest applause, for he had created a mighty spectacle that amazed even the sophisticated extras. While directing, Mr. Edwards sits quietly in a chair and speaks in an even tone, employing the megaphone only when necessary. He never shouts. I do not believe in hypnotism, but I do believe that a person can control and inspire by thought. Mr. Edwards has this mental magnetism. If I prove as great a queen as he believes, it is because of his belief in me and because every moment I was treated as a queen by him and his associates. I never had a more pleasant experience in my life."

Such coordination between units of pictorial creation is the true secret of the photo play's ultimate success. Without striving for personal honors, but seeking only to create in a faithful and representative manner a perfect representation of a great moment in the life of the world—that is the motive behind "The Queen of Sheba."
Gloria with Reservations

Because she believes that the public should know only her screen personality.

By Willis Goldbeck

It was outrageous of me, of course. Luncheon with Gloria Swanson should have made me ecstatically unexacting. But it didn't. I kept returning to the possibilities of deliberately spilling my ice cream. I wondered, madly, what would happen. I wondered if in that way I couldn’t make her start up, or exclaim, or do something impulsive. I wondered whether she had ever known the silly joy of giggling, or of sticking out her tongue at people. I thought furtively of what I might accomplish with a pin. Mentally, I was impossible. Actually I was concerned with the careful manipulation of my spoon and with timing my nods to the various things that Gloria was saying.

We were in the dining room of the Beverly Hills Hotel. Gloria, her husband, and little Gloria occupy one of the several bungalows clustered in the grounds. Her husband was there, just across the table, apparently unconcerned over the stupendous miracle of being her husband, and there were two others, pleasant guests. They were all going over to the automobile races after lunch.

Gloria, stunning in a subdued sort of way, was wearing a heavily feathered hat and large fur coat, which she had flung back over her chair. She was passing up a perfectly good meat course to expound to me the inadvisability of taking the public into your home. And I, being one of the public, was fidgeting and interjecting a few futile “Yes, buts!” and wishing that the feather fringe wouldn’t persist in covering her eyes. And she was telling me, without a great deal of enthusiasm, that, as one of the public, I didn’t have any right to be having lunch with her, to know her husband, to be poking questions at her about her baby, that the only thing I had the right to know about her was her screen self. She said it all politely, indirectly, graciously—but beyond a doubt she said it. It was the one subject upon which she permitted herself to be positive.

“So many times,” she said, “the postman or the milkman have come to my door, expecting probably to find me in a train, a towering coiffure, and my screen mannerisms. And when I answered the bell in a simple little house dress their disappointment was almost funny. But”—she raised her shoulder ever so little—“I am absolutely different off the screen. I have not the same way of dressing, of manner, or even of walking. And I don’t think the public should know it. I think they want to be fooled. They love illusion.”

Thus Gloria. Right or wrong you must decide.

She did talk generously about the baby and sighed, as other mothers have, over the prospect of its first unsteady steps. But somehow, I don’t know exactly why, I wanted a more sumptuous response, a flash of fire. Gloria seems always remote. Her eyes, widely beautifully gray, return your look curiously, in a detached way that admits of no interest. I could imagine that, with Agnes Ayres she could sigh, “I’m so tired of interviews.” But Gloria never would. She is, above her detachment, her stillness, unfailingly considerate. Her grace is of manner as much as of beauty. But again, there is that unavoidable something, as though she had dropped a curtain of glass about her, that gives one a distinct sense of removal, of being outside.

She was generous, too, in her praise of Elinor Glyn, who has written her first starring vehicle, “The Great Moment.” She even ventured so far as to wish that,

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Count 'Em—Five—
Count 'Em!

A visit to the Talmadge studios discloses an unusual aggregation of attractive and alluring masculine talent, gathered there to enhance the charms of Constance and Norma.

By Helen Klumph

...ballyhoo, other words fail me. I can only beg of you in approved circus fashion to “Count 'em, five.”

Perhaps it is an injustice to introduce them that way, for they are not circus performers—they are artists. There isn’t one of them who has a brass-band disposition, who likes the mad fanfare of publicity that his work has forced upon him. If you don’t believe it, just try some time to interview one of them—Harrison Ford, for instance. You will probably find him engrossed in a volume of Joseph Conrad. If you want to talk about Conrad, well and good. Or, if you want to argue about who the greatest violinists are, Harrison Ford will enter into the conversation with zest. The cleverness, beauty and charm of the Talmadge girls is another subject on which Harrison Ford is eloquent. But ask him about himself, and you will probably find that Harrison Ford has been hurriedly called away, or that he has a script which he simply must study. In the latter case, he is graciousness itself in the way he does it. He would be glad to have you stay and discuss the script with him. But stay and discuss Harrison Ford? It can’t be done.

The presence of these five actors in the Talmadge studios gives the old buildings the air of a house party. They had it before to a certain degree for the wit and charm of the Talmadge sisters and Anita Loos would make any one forget that she was in a workshop, not a home. What does it matter that the studios are two ugly old buildings near the ugly East River? What does it matter that wherever one stands or sits that is the one spot in the world that the carpenters must have? The company makes you forget the place. Norma has been called “The perfect hostess,” Constance “The perfect companion.” Granting that, then these five men surely make it “The perfect company.”

A scene of “The Sign on the Door” was being

Charles Richman is as attractive as he was twenty-one years ago, when he was leading man in Daly’s company.
taken when I went out on the balcony at the Talmadge studios and looked down at the stage floor. Likewise hanging over the railing to watch were Mrs. Talmadge and Natalie. At the other end of the balcony stood a slight figure topped by a mass of curly, blond hair. No one but Constance could be so thin—but Constance was in Palm Beach making a picture. The thin one passed, and fluttered an airy greeting—you know those fingers that are rarely still—and smiled. Her own smile is not the thousand-candlepower one you know on the screen. It is more subtle, more confidential.

"But you’re in Palm Beach," I protested.

"I was," she corrected, "but we worked hard and finished the scenes so that I could come back. You see, my husband was here."

It is a more sweetly romantic Constance who speaks now, but it is still Constance with the incomparable flash in her eyes.

Down on the stage floor I found a scene in progress.

"Gentlemen, a toast," the sturdy voice of Charles Richman called out.

"Lew—where are you Lew? Come in here and have a drink. Wait for him, boys."

"And any one would know," Lew Cody remarked to me quietly, "that in real life they wouldn’t have to wait for me to come and have a drink. I would have been the first one there."

Only a man with such clear eyes, and the ruddy, healthy glow of an athlete, could afford to joke so about drinking.

A few minutes later the scene had been shot, but the men still held their glasses. "Why, John," one of them called to the property man, "you’ve given us the real stuff!" And the rest of the company, taking up the joke, drained their glasses of cold tea, and then thanked John effectively for giving them whisky. The actors put it over! For, five minutes later, Charles

Lew Cody wants it known that he is not a ‘male vamp.’

Richman and I saw one of the stage hands crowd on the deserted set to taste what was in the bottle.

"Norma Talmadge is just as delightful to-day as she was five years ago," Charles Richman told me later. "She played my sweetheart in the Vitagraph production, The Battle Cry of Peace. Then, she’s one of the highest-paid artists in the business to-day, and she must have been among the lowest paid then—but she hasn’t changed a bit. Last month she took my wife and me to Palm Beach for a week, and gave us a wonderful vacation. My entire week’s work consisted of getting in and out of an automobile twice one morning. She is the most generous person I have known in my entire career—generous with every one. One afternoon I found her and her mother having an argument in the lobby of the hotel at Palm Beach. I was stunned, because Norma and her mother are the best of friends and never disagree. But I soon found out that they were at odds because Norma wanted to buy her mother a little jeweled tassel that cost ten thousand dollars!"

Herbert Brenon strolled up then, and before he could speak Richman hailed him. "Going to call me again, are you? Can’t get out of the habit." And Herbert Brenon explained that twenty-one years ago he had been call boy at Daly’s Theater, one of his duties being to call the leading man in time for his cues. The leading man was Charles Richman. "Ever since then they have been close friends, and Richman has rejoiced over every step of his young friend’s success. And when Brenon came back from abroad and started to direct Norma in pictures, one of the first things he did was to telegraph to Richman to come on from California to play in his company.

(Continued on page 102)
A STRANGE, new type of picture has been shown recently in New York City. Originally purchased by the Goldwyn Company merely to be studied as a model for possible new effects, it finally has been tried out on the public. Having seen it previous to its first public showing in America, I am somewhat baffled by it. I know what I personally think of it, but what the motion-picture public will think of it is another matter. If I come right out and say that it is one of the most important and significant productions of the year, some Picture-Play reader is likely to misunderstand me and ask the editor to have me committed to an insane asylum.

"Doctor Caligari and His Cabinet," as the picture is called, is a German production. It is an excellent example of the workings of a morbid, scientific Teutonic mind. And it is also an example of the imaginative stagecraft that has made the German theaters the finest in the world. No American director would have had the cold nerve to produce a futuristic picture with settings inspired by the drawings of Picasso and Matisse. In this country, futuristic art is a joke—and an old joke at that.

But to the reviewer, a picture with a story that might have been conceived by Edgar Allan Poe, and with settings that are both weird and effective, is a dazzling and beautiful novelty. To the average motion-picture patron who takes his wife and children for a quiet evening at the movies, all this scenery cut on the bias is likely to be as pleasant as a trip through a lunacy ward. And so "Doctor Caligari" may not reach the theaters throughout the country. That, I presume, will depend largely on its reception at the Capitol Theater, in New York.

Although you may never see "Doctor Caligari," you ought to know about it because you will feel its influence in other pictures that are to come. It contains the germ of a great production idea and while American directors have not had the courage to blaze new trails away from convention, they probably will not be slow to follow a good road once it has been pointed out to them. "Doctor Caligari" may seem queer and ridiculous to those who have been trained to enjoy the routine movie, but it is only by experimenting with the queer, the ridiculous, and the out of the ordinary, that motion pictures can hope to escape from machinelike precision and utter banality.

I have told you that the story suggests Poe. Its hero is a lunatic, and the narrative of the picture is his autobiography. He tells you the story of a Doctor Caligari, a magician who goes about to country fairs exhibiting a somnambulist. At the instigation of Doctor Caligari, the corporeal sleep-walker suggests and commits all kinds of crimes. Investigation of the strange tale proves that the hero is an inmate of an asylum, and the man he has imagined as the sinister Caligari is really a doctor of abnormal psychology. At the end of the picture, you learn that the terrible stories of crime, the nightmare backgrounds, and the whole tale of horror are the ravings of a lunatic. In other words, for six reels the picture gives you a fairly accurate and psychologically correct idea of the workings of an insane man's mind. It is not a pretty idea, but you must admit that it is something absolutely new.

From the public's point of view, "Doctor Caligari" will be interesting because of its bizarre settings. It has no natural scenery; its backgrounds are the distorted inventions of an imagination gone mad. It is so extreme that you may take it either as a weird mystery story or as a comic novelty.

The significance of the production to American directors is the fact that it hints at a new way of telling stories on the screen. Most pictures are presented merely in terms of action. That is to say, the director tells his story in the way that the average hack fiction writer tells his story. American directors, especially, have developed a habit of dealing in externals. In adapting novels and plays to the screen, they have carefully followed the action and have told us merely what the characters did and how they looked. But they did not indicate what these characters thought, what they felt, or how their minds worked.

"Doctor Caligari" unfolds its story as a series of impressions. It tells, not the story of a man, but the story of a man's mind. You see the events of the plot,
not as they happened, but as the
lunatic imagined they occurred.
D. W. Griffith succeeded in get-
ing some impressionistic ef-
fects in "Broken Blossoms" and in "Way Down East." In
"Broken Blossoms" you saw
Battling Burrows, not as he
looked in real life, but as he ap-
peared to his terror-stricken
daughter. In "Way Down East" you see, in flashes, not
Anna Moore, but a picture of
idealized innocence.
"Doctor Caligari," with its
weird and terrible story, is a
consistent development of an
idea that has been only half
realized by American directors.
It is an idea that is worth en-
couraging, because it brings to
the screen a third dimension
that it has hitherto lacked. It
shows us that motion pictures
can be made of mental as well as physical action.
If you take the children to see "Doctor Caligari" just
because I have said it is an interesting picture, don't
blame me if they have nightmares.

"GYPSY BLOOD."

At the risk of being accused of a lack of patriotism,
I am going to pin a medal on another "foreign-made"
picture. Pola Negri, the Du Barry of "Passion," has
gone and done it again. "Gypsy Blood" is the name of
her second picture for First National. The picture is
called "Gypsy Blood" because the distributors assume
that the public has had three Carmen and is no longer
interested in the story.
You may have seen Geraldine Farrar, Theda Bara,
and Edna Purviance play the rôle, but until you see
Pola Negri you never have seen a real, honest-to-gad-
ness Carmen. Ernst Lubitsch, who also directed "Pas-
sion," has drawn the screen story from the novel by
Prosper Merimee and not from the "doctored" libretto
of Bizet's opera.
Carmen, as she is depicted on the operatic stage, is
a beautiful, elegantly gowned and high-spirited gypsy
girl who is just a bit of a flirt. Triana, the gypsy
quarter of Seville, is a colorful but clean place. The
cabaret, conducted by Lillas Pastia, looks like a modern
Palais de Danse and the smugglers are like irrepro-
achable gentlemen garbed for a fancy-dress ball.

Lubitsch and Pola Negri have discarded all the tinsel
and trappings. La Carmen, as played by Miss Negri,
is a disreputable, low-down and rowdy gypsy girl. Her
clothes are in atrocious taste, her finery is shabby, and
her morals are unquestionable. That is to say, they
are unquestionably bad. Miss Negri doesn't try to look
pretty, play to the camera, or attempt to be alluring.
She simply gives a marvelously faithful picture of a
vulgar, ignorant, and wanton gypsy girl.

"The Little Fool," featuring Ora Carew, is a mediocre version of a good Jack London story.

Triana is shown as a down-at-the-heels and filthy
down. The cabaret of Lillas Pastia is transformed into
an ugly saloon, and the smugglers are a set of regular
crooks. Even Don Jose is no hero. He is merely a
Spanish peasant who is foolish enough to be taken in
by the wiles of an elemental and primitive girl. "Gypsy
Blood" isn't as beautifully finished and technically cor-
rect as our American productions, but it has fire, dash,
and flashes of real inspiration.

"SENTIMENTAL TOMMY."

However, it isn't fair to hand all the laurels to enemy
directors. So let us place the biggest wreath of all on
the deserving head of John S. Robertson, scholar, gen-
tleman, and director of "Sentimental Tommy." If you
don't like "Sentimental Tommy," you ought to join
"Doctor Caligari's" cute little insane asylum, because
something is wrong with your finer feelings.

To my knowledge, "Sentimental Tommy" is the first
of J. M. Barrie's stories to reach the screen. It is the
first to reach the screen in full possession of both body
and soul. Several of Barrie's stories have come out in
celluloid form, all dressed up and "adapted," but I will
not dwell on the subject. "Sentimental Tommy" is so
good that the producers are afraid it won't make much
money. But they have sent a print to the author.

Mr. Robertson has combined two of Barrie's novels in
the picture—"Sentimental Tommy" and "Tommy and
Grizel." The story is quite simple. It tells of the tragic
romance of Tommy, who looked at life through his
mind's eye, and of Grizel, daughter of the "painted
lady," who saw life through her own eyes and through
the eyes of her mother. It is a tale of Thrums, which
you cannot find on the map of Scotland because it ex-
ists only in Barrie's imagination.

The story begins when both Tommy and Grizel are
children. The romance starts as a childish comedy;
The atmosphere is not just the conventional “Scotch location stuff.” The Thrums of the screen is Barrie’s dream village. And the persons who dwell there are strange and unreal beings who have a knack of acting human. They are Barrie fantasies who stir our emotions because they are like shadows of ourselves. Mr. Robertson is the first motion-picture director to comprehend the obvious fact that Barrie is an unrealist, and that his stories must be told like fairytales.

The acting in “Sentimental Tommy” is so good that I have no doubt but that all the players will soon be stars. Gareth Hughes, for instance, is already being featured. Mr. Hughes is Tommy. He is the only actor on the stage or screen who could have played Tommy.

May McAvooy is Grizel. A few months ago I told you that Miss McAvooy was a promising actress. She has kept her promise. Do you remember Mae Marsh when she played in Griffith pictures? Miss McAvooy’s acting has the same illustrative and wistful quality. As the little girl Grizel, she is delightful; as the woman Grizel, she gives a performance that makes you think of Maude Adams. If I were a producer, I would trade six “stars” for Miss McAvooy.

Although she plays in only a few scenes, Mabel Taliaferro, as the Painted Lady, does some memorable and exquisite acting. In casting the picture, Mr. Robertson probably was aware that Miss Taliaferro and Miss McAvooy resemble each other. This astuteness in selecting the players is responsible for some of the most effective moments in the picture. George Fawcett is seen as Doctor McQueen, the dear, dour old bachelor who rescues Grizel. Leila Frost is excellent as Elspeth, Tommy’s adoring sister, while Virginia Valli, a miniature Olga Petrova, is seen as Lady Alice.

I hope that Famous Players-Lasky makes more pictures like “Sentimental Tommy.” And I also hope that Mr. Robertson is chosen to direct “Peter Pan.”

“THE OATH.”

In praising three pictures right in succession, I have broken all critical records. So to vary the monotony of panegyric, I shall consider, more severely, “The Oath.” “The Oath” was directed by R. A. Walsh, and is released by First National. I think Mr. Walsh is a good director when he sticks to melodrama. But “The Oath” was too much for him. It was adapted from a novel by William J. Locke called “Idols.” The scenario is incoherent, not to say hectic. The story is constantly boiling up to a climax and then cooling down again. The idea of the plot is good, but it has been battered beyond recognition.

Miriam Cooper is seen as a beautiful young Jewish girl who is in love with a poor Christian gentleman. Because she fears the prejudice of her father, she entices the helpless suitor into a secret marriage. When she gets a bit irritated because her husband is so spineless that he doesn’t dare face her father with the bad
news, she tosses him from her home and makes him swear he will not divulge the fact that they are married.

The unfortunate man promises, and, alas, that night father is murdered, and the husband is arrested for the crime. Because he cannot tell about his marriage, he cannot prove that he is innocent. The girl is so stubborn that she refuses to testify in his behalf. Just as the unhappy jellyfish is about to be sentenced to death, the girl changes her mind and rushes to the court. But another lady has beaten her in the race. A casual friend of the doomed man jumps up and sacrifices her honor to save him. When she tells her husband that her motives were entirely noble, he refuses to believe her. You can't blame the husband for being a bit doubtful. Just at that point in the picture, I was a little suspicious myself.

Mr. Walsh has a terrible time straightening out the tangle so that the four persons concerned can live happily ever after. He should have allowed them all to die miserable deaths, because I never met such a set of careless characters in one picture. The production is "richly furnished," and Miss Cooper and Anna Q. Nilsson, who play the leading feminine roles, wear beautiful clothes. Conway Tearle is seen as the hapless husband and has a wretched eight reels of it.

"EAST LYNN."  
I don't see why Hugo Ballin felt that he had to produce "East Lynne." Perhaps, he was trying to do another "Way Down East." Anyway, he has taken the novel by Mrs. Henry Wood, brought it up to date, and made it into a picture that is easy to look at, but not particularly exciting. Mr. Ballin can do wonders with settings and with lighting. He also gives his pictures a sympathetic and human touch. But when he tries to work up a big dramatic scene he gets wobbly. Personally, I should have liked to see "East Lynne" presented in old-fashioned clothes and as an old-fashioned melodrama. Mr. Ballin's production has refinement and charm, and it is worth seeing. However, Mr. Ballin has yet to hit his stride as a director. Mabel Ballin and Edward Earle are seen as our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle.

"OLIVER TWIST, JR."  
Another old story has been modernized. William Fox offers "Oliver Twist, Jr.," suggested by the novel by Charles Dickens. The idea of Americanizing Dickens is a quaint one. Shorn of its atmosphere and its character drawing, the story looks like cheap melodrama. It introduces a new star, a boy named Harold Goodwin. Mr. Goodwin is said to be about eighteen years old. He is over six feet tall. But he plays Oliver Twist. Mr. Goodwin may be a good actor; I didn't see him do any acting in this picture.

"SNOWBLIND."  
"Snowblind," a Goldwyn production, is another one of those powerful stories. Katherine Neville Burt wrote the plot and Reginald Barker carefully shifted it to the screen. The picture has some well-developed dramatic situations: it is not too obvious, and it has streaks of being interesting. But it is rather gloomy, and its gloom is unpeneetrated by any vital human appeal. It relates the story of a dance-hall girl in the Northwest. She is stricken by snowblindness and befriended by a terrible old man who lives in seclusion because he is wanted for murder. He allows the girl to believe that he is young, noble, and handsome, and so she falls in love with him. But, unfortunately for him, she recovers her sight and sees his young brother. And then—oh, dear me!

Russell Simpson, Pauline Starke, and Cullen Landis make up the eternal triangle. Mary Alden has a small part and does the finest acting in the picture. Won't someone please write a good scenario for Miss Alden and turn her into the Mrs. Fiske of the screen?

"A SMALL-TOWN IDOL."  
If you want a loud but honest laugh, go and see Mack Sennett's new comedy, "A Small-Town Idol." It isn't art, but it is funny. See Ben Turpin as the handsome cross-eyed hero, see Charley Murray as the Sheriff, and see James Finlayson as the wicked villain. And while you are looking don't forget to cast a glance or so at Phyllis Haver and Marie Prevost. "Love, Honor, and Behave," another Sennett picture, is also recommended to those who like to see their movies move.

"SCRAMBLED WIVES."  
"Scrambled Wives," a farce presented by First National, is as welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring, because it brings Marguerite Clark back to the screen. Miss Clark is younger, prettier, and more sprightly than ever. The farce is concocted after the usual Broadway recipe, but Miss Clark can make any picture seem lively and snappy. The picture, produced by the star herself, is charmingly staged.

"POOR DEAR MARGARET KIRBY."  
"Poor Dear Margaret Kirby," offers fair material to Elaine Hammerstein. The story of a frivolous woman who is obliged to face some of the
What the Fans Think

The Domestic Weather Vane.

It was interesting to read the Meighan fan letter from one of the group of eighty admirers, and fun to guess which one wrote it.

Thomas Meighan seems to be the married people’s favorite. During the ten plus years of my married life I have found it more pleasant to omit any favorable comments about males. Imagine my own surprise and delight to find that I could really discuss Thomas Meighan within the family circle without causing a cooling of the atmosphere, and without having to exert myself to cook enough rice puddings—favorite food—to “cool up” the situation. But womanlike, I also wondered about it and became very curious. So I cut one of Thomas Meighan’s pictures out of a magazine and waited anxiously to hear what Husband would say when he discovered the conspicuous placing of it. Husband came in and saw the picture. He moved it where a better light might fall upon it and said: “I like that picture of Thomas Meighan. Where did you get it?”

That might I went upstairs, turned up all the lights, and studied my reflection in the mirror. Finally I decided that I had either lost my charm, or had better buy a new hat.

Best wishes to Picture-Play.

Of course I can’t sign my name.

P. S. 1—I bought the new hat and the other things that go with it.

P. S. 2—Husband has made unfavorable criticisms about one of the married women who raves about picture people. He hopes I won’t do it.

P. S. 3—Do you think men are subtle?

Mount Vernon, New York.

Norma Can’t Pass This Censor.

I am, I know, one of Miss Norma Talmadge’s greatest and most earnest admirers, but as I am only a young girl my mother forbids me seeing her pictures. Mother says Miss Talmadge’s pictures are not suitable for my mind. I agree with mother, for if I had a daughter of my own I am sure I would not care to have her see Norma’s pictures, but I just love Norma Talmadge, she is one of my favorites, and I do like her pictures even if they are a little speedy. I think she was wonderful in “The Branded Woman.”

Can’t some one, maybe Miss Constance or her husband Mr. Schenk, persuade her to play in something a little tamer? Sincerely,

A. B.—Garden City.

What One Woman Wants.

If producers are honestly interested in what people out in front of the theater want, then I hope that this letter will come to their notice. I am only one unimportant person in a town they probably never heard of, but I dare say that there are a great many people just like me. No one—in my entire life—has accused me of being “different.” I believe that no one ever will. And for that reason I feel that there must be hundreds of other people who long for the same sort of motion pictures that I do.

I want the romance of every day. I want the poignant tendernesses of my childhood days recalled to me. I want people who are not great, nor heroic, except in intention. And I want to see pictures in which the little, every-day unrelated actions of simple people are sublimated and made a part of some great eternal plan. Now I’ll admit that dishwashing is just dishwashing to me; furthermore it is drudgery. But somewhere there must be a motion-picture director who sees in the continual drudgery of hundreds of thousands of housewives a heroic gesture.

I’ll admit that I must be hopelessly middle-class, for many pictures on the screen in nowise hold the mirror up to the nature I have known—human or otherwise. Underworld pictures show me a society of which I know absolutely nothing, and which interests me about as much as a direly educational portraying the customs and habits of the Hottentots. Society pictures carry no more real sentiment to me than the plaster wedding cake which has stood for twenty-odd years in the window of our town caterer’s establishment. But somewhere between those two extremes, there must be thousands of gripping dramas that concern people like me; dramas in which husbands and wives remain devoted to each other and find strength in each other to meet every crisis—dramas in which the sparkling gayety of a houseful of romping children makes one forget that up the road a little way there are people who live comfortably upholstered lives. And I believe that this can be done without getting drowned in the sea of sentimentality where so many motion-picture directors have floundered.

I don’t mean to say that this has never been done. It is being done all the time by certain players who have a flair for that sort of thing. But they are only isolated cases in an industry that is largely given over to glitter and to gloss.

After writing all this, it has occurred to me what I want motion pictures to do. I want them to give me perspective. My life is made up of little things, which however necessary, seem trivial. I want some motion-picture director to come along who can mirror lives like mine, and show us to what end we are dedicating ourselves.


Continued on page 104
Ladies' Day

Women have gone into the motion-picture business and found that all that flickers on the screen is not acting.

By Celia Brynn

When equal suffrage was still a debatable subject in high schools and at hearthstones, one big argument was that women going to the polls to vote would be "contaminated" by the roughness of masculine politics. I remember when I went to cast my first ballot —suffrage had been in vogue then for several years—I half dreaded to enter the polling place. I dimly expected to find men in hot, sulphurous disputes; men with their feet up on tables; men blowing thick clouds of venomous smoke in my direction.

Of course, there was nothing of the sort, the men were mild-mannered persons who showed me to the balloting booth with the utmost politeness, and who took off their hats when they talked to me. It was almost disappointing. I confided my anticipatory fears to one of them. He smiled.

"Woman's influence," was what he said.

Perhaps you think this has nothing to do with the movies. Perhaps it hasn't. But I can't help but believe that there is a parallel. Whether you are a feminist or a masculinist, you will have to admit that woman's influence is generally for higher ideals and general betterment of conditions.

Women are adepts at picking flaws. I grant you that, but just now what the screen needs is a hearty dose of fault-finding tonic.

This story does not concern itself with movie queens. They have had a prominent part in uplifting the silent drama. But just at present I am thinking of those women behind the screen, the women who never don grease paint, yet who have a mighty share in guiding the footsteps of the infant eighth art, of directing its morals and solving its problems.

In the early days of motion pictures, it was considered that woman's place was in front of the camera. The restless sex was not supposed to know much about the stuffing of the movie pie. If Dotty Dimples emoted six hours a day and drew her weekly pay check of fifteen dollars, the better halves of mankind were supposed to be adequately represented in the studio world. Of course, there were women script-holders, stenographers, and wardrobe mistresses, but the writing of pic-

Mabel Condon is business manager for many successful stars.

tures, the direction, and the thousand and one technicalities which have become a vital part of the industry's internal mechanism, were in the hands of the masculine gender. In those pioneer days, the cinema was not an art, it was a business. And business is the domain of man.

Then woman suffrage quietly sneaked in through the side door of the studio and was established before the men woke up to what had happened. Lois Weber was one of the first to demand equal rights in sharing the directorial megaphone. She commenced her career as a stage artist, but gave up that work because it entailed long periods of separation from her husband. When he—Phillip Smalley—decided that motion pictures had a future, she sort of trailed into the business with him. Acting once in a while, writing one-reel stories, and making useful suggestions generally.

Later on, she thought she could direct. That was ten years ago, when for a woman to believe she could handle a megaphone was as foolhardy
as for Susan B. Anthony—at a somewhat earlier period—to think she had intelligence enough to cast a ballot. Miss Weber—was poo-pooed and pifflle-pifflled, but with friend husband to back her up, she got a job at Gaumont directing one and two-reel "features." And right there was when the feminine touch began to be felt: for she proceeded to do things in a woman's way. Miss Weber was the first director to work her players to the strains of an orchestra. She invented an electric-light generator for use in her pictures. She was the first woman in filmdom to get twenty-five hundred dollars a week, and was the first woman to own and manage her own studio.

"The feminine influence is needed in the films," says Miss Weber. "In the direction of pictures alone there is a wonderful field for women. A good physique is the first requisite. I often work sixteen hours a day; I never remember when lunch time comes, and sometimes I work my people unmercifully simply because I am unconscious of the passing of time. The next big requirement is dramatic instinct. I do not hesitate to say that the average intelligent woman, gifted with the same sense of dramatic values as the average intelligent man, will make a better picture than he, for the reason that the woman, in addition, will have an eye for detail. She will know instinctively the proper dress for every pictured occasion. A woman director would not have allowed the vampire wife in 'Earth-
Frances Marion, who is said to be the highest-paid motion-picture writer, recently added to her laurels by becoming a director. Under a new contract it is said that she will receive one hundred thousand dollars a year, a record star salary only a few years ago.

Ethel Chaffin, the costume designer for the Lasky studios, prefers designing clothes on Margaret Loomis to designing them on paper. On a recent trip abroad she bought fabrics and jewels worth a king's ransom, but soon they will all have been used in costumes for Paramount players.
Jeanie Macpherson, whose picture is shown above, is famous for her screen adaptations of plays and stories. At her left is Mary Roberts Rinehart, said to be the highest-paid woman writer in America, who is now with the Goldwyn Company writing stories direct for the screen. Catherine Curtis, at the left, is the first—and as yet the only—woman producer of motion pictures.
Olga Printzlau, above, is scenario writer for William De Mille and author of a great number of screen successes. At her right is Lois Weber, writer-director-actress, considered by many the foremost woman in the motion-picture business. At the left is Claire West, costumer for the Cecil De Mille productions. She has the unique distinction of having had some of her motion-picture costumes exhibited at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.
Clothes Make

Old-fashioned furbelows
the most modern

Let whoever thinks that motion-picture players grow up survey this evidence of their liking to put on fancy dress and play they lived a long time ago. Priscilla Dean acquires a new dignity in period dress, while Mary Miles Minter remains her irresistible self.
Clara Kimball Young, clad in the crinkly silks of Victorian times, reminds one less of the vivid Clara than of some old portrait of a well-remembered ancestor. Naomi Childers, when she dresses up, acquires the hauteur of a court beauty of olden times.
The staff which prepared the scenario of "The Affairs of Anatol." From left to right: Lorna Moon, Beulah Marie Dix, Jeannie Macpherson, and Cecil B. De Mille.

Wanda Hawley plays the part of a stenographer to whom wealth and advantages come— but not always happiness.

Monte Blue plays the part of Abner, a husband who is victimized by the extravagant dreams of his wife, played by Agnes Ayres.
The most celebrated cast ever assembled for a single motion picture appears in the Paramount production, "The Affairs of Anatol." Into the famous old play by Rudolph Schnitzler new elements are introduced to make more vivid screen material, but the engaging character of Anatol—whose mind was a mausoleum of his dead loves and a magnet to his new ones—is preserved. "The Affairs of Anatol" is expected to be one of the outstanding features of the year's motion pictures.

Elliott Dexter, as Anatol's dearest friend, is shown at the top of the page with Vivian, Anatol's wife, played by Gloria Swanson. Below, and to the left, is Theodore Roberts, who plays his usual wicked part, and at the right Wallace Reid, as Anatol, and Julia Faye, as maid to the wickedest woman in New York, appear.
Wallace Reid, as Anatol, visits the wicked-est woman in New York, played by Bebe Daniels.

Anatol's wife, played by Gloria Swanson, is the victim of a hypnotist.

Raymond Hatton plays the old-fashioned professor who takes himself seriously.
EVERYBODY down to the booth at the end of the street to have pay checks cashed," bawled a stentorian voice through a megaphone. "Step on it, too!"

The last admonition was unnecessary, for before it was uttered there was a mad stampede. The motley throng surged, swirled, eddied, and tore down between rows of false-front houses. Clad in habiliments that might have come out of a giant grab bag, they looked like a huge crazy-quilt caught in a tornado. With shoutings and cries, bumpings, and jostlings, they hurtled forward in a free-for-all race.

In a moment a fast sprinter had reached the window of the booth with a crash that made the structure sway, and, following the impact of those behind him, almost topple over. The mob swarmed around, buzzing and clamoring, pushing and scrambling, each member struggling for a better place.

The man with the megaphone shouted to them to form a line, after the manner of a duty sergeant. Gradually, under his beratings they made a ragged file: their faces meanwhile were electrified, their mien was joyous, their conversation boiled and gurgled over the prospect of pay.

I heard the man with the megaphone remark—"Well, we got some action out of that, don't you think, Mr. Holubar?"

"I'll say we did," answered Allen Holubar, rubbing his hands. "It pays to make them wait for their money. I never saw a better chase by the mob in my life."

Which lets you the picture fans, in on one of the secrets of making recalcitrant extras register excitement. If a director can't manage it one way, there are, as in the instance of checking a feline's career, various other tricks to stir a mob's dormant feelings.

You've heard, of course, how an obstinate star has been kept on the set until four o'clock in the morning by a director who was determined to make her cry. Don't imagine that this method is good only for the solo actor; it is quite as effective with the extras.
Director Holubar had tried for two days to make his mob stage a frantic pursuit in his new spectacle, "Man, Woman, Marriage." And they simply wouldn't. They limped, loped, and trotted, but, either because the weather was hot, or California malana bacteria were busy, they declined to do the required football rush. So, in disgust and despair, Holubar told them they'd have to wait for their pay.

After their fashion, they immediately went through all the display of temperament usually associated with a star. First they sulked. Then they grumbled, grunted, and growled. The bolsheviki-dispositioned, an ever-present quota, threatened bombs and barricades—rocks and revolutions.

All morning the crowd sat around in muttering groups, while the principals went through some special scenes. Finally, in the afternoon, when everybody was worked up to more or less of a frenzy, Holubar had the news flashed about money and shot the scene.

This is to be a mobblish season in pictures, the reason being that the spectacular feature has come into temporary vogue again. Some of the new releases will show small armies of extras. Ordinary sources for this talent were several times exhausted during the making of such features as "The Queen of Sheba" and "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," and untrained reserves were used to fill out the ranks.

Even with its raw recruits, the mob has become something more than a mere ornament in recent pictures. They've had to engage in real action, and lots of that. In the battle scenes that are a notable part of new specials, the fighting had to look as if it was fighting and not a game of polo or a Fourth of July fireworks. Consequently the massed extras were urged to do their utmost to "win the fight." Some of them did, too, leaving off the quote marks from "fight." In the "Queen of Sheba" two zealous foot soldiers battling on a tower got so mad at each other that they had to be dragged apart after all the rest had declared peace and started to eat lunch.

Certain directors have been successful in stimulating massed extras to finer emotional expression. This is work for a Tantalus, but it can occasionally be very convincingly accomplished. It is possible to conceive of developing a high degree of esprit among extras, by keeping them constantly on the qui vive, through well-organized disciplinary tactics and affording special opportunities to those who manifest talent; but tricks like that employed by Holubar generally bring a quicker and more vivid result.

The chance effect, too, is often picturesquely realistic. In "The Four Horsemen," for instance, the entire mob wept while Rose Dione recited the poem of the "Marseillaise," to the accompaniment by the band, which played the French national anthem. Miss Dione had stood on a table in a Paris café and voiced this same poem at the outbreak of the European War, and she renewed the pathetic thrill of her previous inspiration.

The thunders of cannon, the trampings of soldiers, the explosions of mines and bombs brought extras in this picture to a feverish state of mind. One young girl who had been in the war-torn area in France, found it impossible again to go through scenes that so closely resembled her own experiences. A shell-shocked youth had a collapse under the strain of mock warfare.

Violent causes for emotion are not always present. Sometimes the extras have no other stimulus than the acting of the principals, but they will often react to cries, tears, or laughter of some star who possesses especial magnetism, or who is a particular favorite. Mary Pickford, because of the widespread admiration for her, is unusually successful in obtaining real acting from the minor characters in her plays, or even from groups of extras. So, too, are Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, Lillian Gish, and Charles Ray.

Sometimes, when no particularly favored star is present, the scenes will carry a heart appeal. In "The Faith Healer," for example, the mob manifested intense astonishment and wonder over the supposed curing of a permanently injured child. Again they registered the semblance of anger in the storming of the house of the faith healer with a barrage of rocks, when he failed in a cure. The presence of many cripples among the extras probably produced the needed sympathetic harmony with the theme.

The mob in "The Faith Healer" was a rare and colorful panorama of life in itself. The types were drawn from all the highways and byways. They ranged from...
six-year-old pickaninny with sharp-pointed pigtails to kind-faced patriarchs. There were lazy Mexicans, onorous-voiced Swedes, and gesticulating Frenchmen. The lame, the halt, and the blind, usually seen on downtown street corners in Los Angeles selling papers and pencils, were on hand, with their ailments temporarily turned into assets. Men who might double for Buffalo Bill, Abraham Lincoln, or David Warfield stood about in solitary grandeur.

The women were clad in dresses that might have originated in the mid-Victorian or even pre-Elizabethan period. Most of them called each other "dearie," regardless of age or appearance. Coy old ladies ingeniously their way from group to group, gushing gossip and reciting a hundred reasons why they should have been starred instead of the principals. These, of course, were among the "experienced atmosphere."

Those more sincere and less ambitious generally took the forward rank before the camera, occasionally, even, gaining the coveted place in a close-up.

One little woman became so affected by the acting of Grace La Rue, a principal, that her weeping attracted the attention of Director George Melford, and he made her step out of the group and lay her head on Miss La Rue's shoulder. Another burst into hysterics at the wrong time and was sent back into the crowd. The intelligent extra often knows the moment of opportunity, and some good minor actors have been "discovered" just through such chance revelations.

When large mobs are employed, naturally the director has to be relieved of some of the responsibility of managing them. A regular general staff is then established. When the mob goes on location sergeants and corporals are appointed for apportioned groups. These noncommissioned officers are required each to look after the welfare of the people in his charge, seeing that they are properly fed and report for duty.

It is well known that you have to watch some of your recruits carefully to see that they work. There is always a certain percentage of stragglers and "gold bricks." Especially at lunch time will the slackers seek to evade further duty and spend their time taking a siesta or loafing. They will take their lunch to some distance from the scene, hoping to be forgotten.

Each director has his secret-service agents who look after such cases, and generally they are disposed of by permanent elimination.

It so happens that in rough scenes, occasionally, ex-crooks and yeomen will be used. And this necessitates even greater precautions. Recently, I know, a director kept a force of detectives busy seeing that no robberies or pocket-picking stunts happened while he was on location. He had difficulty, though, in preventing gambling sharps from fleeing the unwary.

Instructions to the mob are generally intrusted to an interpreter who is accustomed to use the mob vernacular—some man who knows the game of handling men, and who can keep them interested and amused. Not the least distinctive feature of the "Queen of Sheba," with its giant towers, its sweeping palaces, its flying chariots, champing horses, and costumes rich as Solomon's mines, was the Irish assistant of J. Gordon Edwards, who stirred the crowd to action. Gifted with a voice that carried all over the five acres of the biggest "Sheba" set, he would stand in front of the listless crowd, and, wildly waving his arms to portray enthusiasm, would yell: "Do it this way. Look as if ye were up and awake!" Then giving a feeble wabble in imitation of the mob's indifference would yell again: "Not like this. That's cheating. Remember, ye're not at a fancy-dress ball!"

Then he would probably do a series of capers and frantic maneuvers that would start the mob laughing and liven up their laggard disposition.

His recipe is: "Keep them smiling. If ye cross a mob, it will have ye the raz." But he gets away with a lot of strong talk incidentally.

Not always is it the rough exterior that has to be penetrated. Quite different, for instance, were the sightseers at Eric von Stroheim's Monte Carol in "Foolish Wives." Half of San Francisco's elite took part in the scenes staged at the fashionable seaside resort, Del Monte.

Von Stroheim's original sallies and retorts, occasionally arid as the desert, and his precise military manner, apparently, won the proper appreciation and sym-

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...tion. I can appreciate Mr. William De Mille's determination to use only original stories from henceforward; it is, on the whole, the safer policy.

"The Four Horsemen" impresses me as being a somewhat rambling, burlesque-carrying some adequate players, a lot of film and an introductory title almost as abstruse as an inaugural speech. I think the continuity must have been constructed as the director went along. In plan it suggests the house that Jack built. There are the customary "human-interest touches" provided by the customary animals. I live in the hope that some day the human actors may put across the human interest. But at present it would seem Will Rogers is right: we need the animals. Then there was a delightful touch of color which first appeared on a rose. Later it skipped to the candles and flickered brightly. This vagrant dab of red did hold me in suspense. I was wondering whether it would land on the nose of Julio or that of Marguerite.

The story is undoubtedly interwoven with a "Belasco realism," a realism that seems unreal. No doubt the Paris salon full of furniture is according to a Paris salon, but it only reminded me of the lobby of the Ambassador Hotel, which Miss Katherine MacDonald describes as "an Iowa hotel under a magnifying glass." The four horsemen, themselves, seemed as real as Ku-Klux Klan riders, whereas I felt the symbolism might have been more symbolic. A close-up of one of these scriptural jockeys made me think of Hubert Stowitts of the Pavlova ballet in his "Brigand's Dance."

The chief fault of the picture seems to be vagrancy. It roams amid many scenes and characters. I didn't have time to get acquainted with any one of them. Had there been a concentration of interest, by a careful elimination of nonessentials as in "Passion," my sympathies might have been intrigued. Julio, who had the greatest claim to sympathy and who carried the theme, is allowed to meander on long vacations from the camera. That he is vivid is due not to the Mathis-Ingram Julio, but to the Valentino Julio. No player could have been so completely in character as Signor Valentino, and credit should be given Mr. Ingram for this wisdom in casting. The director and scenarist might have done better had they followed Julio more closely. Once he escaped from sight, and all we ever saw of him again was his grave. I felt a deep regret that I couldn't drop a tear over it. The only moment that I felt any pathos seeping under my tough hide was when Valentino-Julio bid his parents good-by before setting off for the front. Here the actor showed a master emotion which was not afraid to reveal tears. I wanted to accompany Julio to the front and observe his regeneration under fire, for this seemed rather important to me; but I had to stay behind with the old man, about whose flappings I didn't give a centime.

The scenes of carnage with shot, shell, and shudder some Germans seemed like Halloween in comparison to the inferno that Griffith raised in "Hearts of the World." I could watch these scenes impersonally because no one that I cared about was in danger. The Germans haven't improved a darned bit since "Hearts of the World," but we've hated them so long and so hard that now there doesn't seem to be any more kick in hating them than in hating the devil.

Hearkin not to my lamentation, for no doubt I am a hard-boiled Pharisee; but list to the press Davids, of whom, I believe, my sage neighbor, Miss Agnes Smith, is one. If you enjoyed the Ibáñez novel you probably will be satisfied with it in illustration, even though I think more feeling might have been injected. Furthermore I'm told that the print shown at the première in Los Angeles is not the best, yet it elicited the rhapsodies to which I have referred. Anyhow, it is worth while making the acquaintance of Signor Valentino and of Miss Alice Terry, who has ability and a golden charm.

The Promising Year

This year has opened with a much finer flourish than that of last. "Passion," which I now view in calm retrospect, is on a plane with D. W. Griffith's "The Birth of a Nation" and "Broken Blossoms." Mr. Chaplin's "The Kid" is of the same level. The Connecticut Yankee at King Arthur's Court," a Fox visualization of Mark Twain's tale, is another notable contribution. I have not yet seen King Vidor's "The Shepherd," but I'm told it surpasses all previous Vidor works. This assurance keys my curiosity.


Mabel Normand in F. Richard Jones' "Molly-O."

Mack Sennett's serious comedy "Heartthrob."

Pola Negri's "Gypsy Blood" and "Sumurun," the latter directed by Ernst Lubitsch, who made "Passion."

And, by no means last, "The Lotus Eater," a contribution from John the Magnificent, Barrymore.

William Fox Evicts the Vampire.

We used to look askance at William Fox's house of sensationalism where lodged the vampire. Now we find Mr. Fox has evicted the vampire and cleaned house with shining results. Without heralding any regeneration through Eminent Authors or superstar convocations, he has gone about producing some well-selected pieces of literature and history. I do not esteem his "Over the Hill" as a masterpiece, but the public cottoned to it. The Mark Twain picture, "A Connecticut Yankee," has been shivering records in Los Angeles. "Oliver Twist, Jr.," Dickens' tale brought up to date with young Har- old Goodwin introduced as a star, is about to be presented.

New Thespian Paradise.

The Hollywood players have a new nocturnal pleasant; that is, they have if they have the stellar wage. It is a white pachyderm diplomatically named the Ambassador Hotel. It owed me from the first when George Stewart had to pay seventy-five cents for the privilege of parking his bolshievist-colored speedster, thus leaving George a monetary wreck. The white marble corridors remind me of New York's subway without the aid of the green line. Without this line to guide one, one is liable to wander for hours and end in the Turkish bath when one intended the movie theater. The theater, somewhere in the maze of marble, is very swell, patronized as it is by the film elite and showing the works of same.

On the night of my auspicious entry via the seventy-five-cent parking place, Anita Stewart and husband Rudolph Cameron were in attendance, thus I did not regret the one-fifty I paid for admission. Anita was superradiant, as the film chroniclers would say, after two weeks of rest and milk diet. She fell asleep during the exhibition of the picture, which shows just how human a star can be. She assured us, however, that this was no reflection upon the
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tell is too exaggerated, too inhuman to be interesting. Cheer up, Mr. Lytell is a good actor, and one bad performance cannot blight his career. He may yet be one of the screen's finest.

"A TALE OF TWO WORLDS."

Gourouneur Morris may have tried to write an original story when he wrote "A Tale of Two Worlds," But I doubt it. I think he was just trying to put over all the old hokum he could remember. "A Tale of Two Worlds" is decidedly reminiscent. I am getting awfully tired of Chinese girls who are really Americans in disguise. To make his melodrama effec-

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you what you would like me to do for you as a return favor when I am in the White House."

Various favors were requested. Finally the president to be reached Miss "Texas" Guinan.

"And what would you like, Miss Guinan?"

Then up spoke the valiant Texas. "I would like," said she, "the privilege of shooting craps in the Blue Room."

The Classic of the Month.

The following poetic thriller in the advertisements of "Sowing the Wind," with Anita Stewart is, in my opinion, the most noteworthy literary contribution of the month:

"From Love's First Kiss to Hell's Abyss—
It Hits the Heart Like a Hurricane."

Qu'elle horreur!

Producers' Aids.

Inasmuch as the motion-picture trade papers give helpful aids to the exhibitor—such as "when showing an Alaskan picture, fill your lobby full of ice and freeze your patrons out"—I've decided to aid the producer. As every one knows, the chief work of the producer is changing the bad titles, which authors pick out for their works, to good ones which will please all exhibitors. I don't see how authors ever sold their books without the aid of the picture producers. Such stupid titles. For instance, "The Admiral Crichton"—as one of our most intellectual exhibitors remarked—"now who wants to see a naval war story?" But with a nice, sexy little thing like "Masquerade"—not dog boy but sure am going to jazz their trailin' feet right into the box stalls. And so "The Prodigate," thus

serious facts of life was written by Kathleen Norris, who is wise to the ways of her own sex. Miss Hammerstein gives a sincere, thoughtful, and convincing picture of a sympathetic woman.

"THE FAITH HEALER."

"The Faith Healer," filmed by Famous Players-Lasky, comes as an anticlimax to "The Miracle Man." But it is unfair to blame it, because it was produced too late. William Vaughn Moody's play is one of high principle and sincerity of purpose. George Melford has produced it in a reverential spirit. I am sorry I haven't space to tell more about it because it deserves more than pass-

ing notice. It is the sort of picture that you ought to welcome when it comes to your neighborhood theater. Milton Sills, Ann Forest, and Fontaine La Rue are the players most conspicuous in a fine cast.
While we were having our pictures taken, Mr. Griffith kept bursting out into song. He has a merry twinkle in his eye, and has a great sense of humor—he was kind enough not to laugh at my embarrassment though. You wouldn't expect such a person to be the master builder of tragedies, would you? Perhaps he's different when he's making sad pictures. "Dream Street," has a happy ending, he told me.

Then we rejoined Dick and Herbert Howe and went to luncheon in the cozy little lunch room at the end of the studio. I spotted Carol Dempster right away at a little table near the door. I was glad that no one was very hungry, because, though I wasn't as frightened as at first, I knew that I couldn't swallow. I just sort of played with my sandwich the way I've seen actresses do when they aren't hungry, and watched Mr. Griffith. Of course, he's not hand-some like Dick Bartholomew, but there's something about him that makes you love to watch him. I think that even if he were with a crowd of famous stars you would prefer to watch him. And my, how he talks. It just seems as though he knows everything, and he can tell things that you've studied about in your school histories so that they're so interesting you just wish he'd go on. He told us about a carpenter who used to work for him out in California who went back to Russia to live because he thought he was a Bolshevik. But he's back with Mr. Griffith now, "a sadder and a wiser man," as somebody said. That started Mr. Griffith talking about reformers—he doesn't like them, as you probably remember from "Intolerance." Then somebody asked him if it was true that in Canada "Way Down East" had been criticized severely, and he said: "Yes, but that will be good advertisement for it." Isn't that queer? But I'm sure he knows, so I'm not going to get vexed any more when I read about some one condemning a favorite picture of mine.

After a while Mr. Griffith said to me: "So you're going around to meet all the movie people, are you?" And I said: "Not all. Just the most interesting ones." Then he turned to the others and said: "See—she's getting diplomatic already. That's the way I used to be. I'd say, 'We're only interviewing the important people, so I came to see you first.'"

"Did you write, too, Mr. Griffith?" I burst out, so surprised that my voice came back.

"Started as a boy," he answered. "Wrapped papers first, and later wrote recipes. Then I'd take a picture of a lot of cobblestones to illustrate the puddings."

Hereafter, I'll have little faith in the recipes I see in the newspapers. I've met so many gentlemen, now press agents, who confess to business like that.

When Mr. Griffith had to hurry away to get back to work, I had a good chance to talk to Dick Bartholomew.

"What sort of rôle do you like me in, best, character or juvenile?" he asked me.

That was rather difficult. The matinée girl side of me remembered the Marguerite Clark and Dorothy Gish comedies, but the thought of his wonderful work in "Broken Blossoms" and "Scarlet Days" made me waver. I had to say that I liked him best in whatever I saw. That's one nice thing about Dick Bartholomew. He really seems to give some thought to what his fans like best. Somehow, I got the impression from some stars that they thought the public ought to be glad to have them play anything at all for them.

Then, when I asked him what kind of parts he was going to play in his own company, he said: "Just now I've accepted an engagement with the Famous Players-Lasky Company to play Youth in 'Experience.' It's too good a chance to miss. But I can hardly wait to begin with my own company. I'm going to play character parts, young character parts, though I'll get old quick enough."

When we went back to the studio, Mr. Griffith let us come inside the screen to watch him direct. Some one explained that in the morning they had been making love scenes with Miss Dempster, and that she would never let any one watch her. I thought that was sort of nice—she's been acting such a short time, she couldn't be expected to be accustomed to it like some of the older actresses. Mr. Griffith came over every little while and spoke to us in the most friendly way. I was so proud of knowing him like that. After a while something some one said about Mr. Griffith made me understand that his friendliness was one of his greatest gifts. If people didn't feel like telling him all their secrets, he'd never know just how to put characters on the screen in any situation.

When Carol Dempster came off the set, she was introduced to me. There were two chairs off in one corner, so we went over there and talked. You'd be surprised to see how different she looks off the screen. You'd think she was dark, wouldn't you? Well, her hair is the prettiest, odd brown—a sort of tawny color. And she has eyes of the same color—so bright that they fairly dance. She was dressed in character for her part, and she looked awfully cute. You don't feel a bit strained with actresses like Miss Dempster who are so young, and not a bit conceited. When I praised her work, she said: "Oh, thank you—thank you," just as if it pleased her awfully that I should like her.

Some one started the victrola then, so I asked her if music helped her very much. "Not very much," she told me. "It's getting yourself into the spirit of the part that counts. Then she asked me if I knew Mary Hay and Ralph Graves, and I said "No, but I hope to," and asked her if she ever played before she came to Griffith, and she said "No, do you think I seem inexperienced?" We went on like that asking each other questions, and I found out that she didn't like pictures at all, at first, but likes them better all the time now. And that she is awfully happy to work with Mr. Griffith because she's sure he brings out all the best in her. She had to go on the set then. Mr. Griffith sat by the camera right up close to them.

I had always longed to see how he worked—and here I was at last. The music was dreamy and sad, and Mr. Graves started to act—not moving around at all, but just changing the expression on his face—and the camera clicked away. It was a very dramatic scene. I didn't know the drift of the action, but Mr. Graves was evidently supposed to be feeling awfully badly about something, anyway. Mr. Griffith kept talking to him very low, but distinctly. He'd say only a few words at a time, for Mr. Graves to repeat after him, and as he lowered his head, Mr. Griffith said, "Slowly—slowly—that's it!" And that was all. Yet everything was so tense that I just sat, hardly breathing.

In another bit of action Mr. Graves suddenly looked over my way with a horror-struck gaze. I was startled and shifted uneasily. My goodness, what was there about me to startle Ralph Graves so, I wondered. Then I discovered that he wasn't noticing me at all: I was in the line of his vision, and he was rehearsing a scene where he had to look that way.

I began to wonder if my boast in the bus would not come true, for I hadn't met Mr. Graves yet, but the first time that he came over my way, I was introduced to him. I'm beginning to lose patience with the camera, because it doesn't half do justice to some of the players' good looks that I have seen. And that goes for
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The World, the Flesh—and the Censor

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give, Mr. Morris has borrowed a device from Edgar Allan Poe. If you have read “The Pit and the Pendulum,” you will recognize the “big thrill” of this Goldwyn picture. Leatrice Joy appears as Ting Toy—I beg your pardon—as Sui Sen.

Now for the good, the bad, and the different. Among the good ones I shall list “Beau Reuel,” an ince production, with Florence Vidor and Lewis Stone in the leading roles. Fine acting, a story with an attractive flavor and beautiful settings make “Beau Reuel” a picture that is a little better than good. “The Love Special” stars Wallace Reid, but Theodore Roberts runs away with some of the honors. Another favorite, Pearl White, has an interesting picture in “Know Your Men.” “The Gilded Lily” stars Mae Murray and proves that you mustn’t blame it all on Broadway. It is the most human story that Miss Murray has been blessed with. Robert Leonard directed it. Please give it your kind applause. Miss Murray and Mr. Leonard will henceforth produce pictures in collaboration. “Guile of Women” has Will Rogers for its star. That is enough recommendation for any picture. “The Magnificent Brute,” presented by Universal, stars Frank Mayo and has some beautiful scenery as an added attraction.

The bad ones include “The Schoffer,” by Alan Dwan. Mr. Dwan ought to blush for shame. This is the sort of picture that simply creates censorship boards. “The Supreme Passion” has a bad title, and it has been unwisely advertised. But what do you think is the leit-motif of the story? The whole plot is based on the song “Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms.”

As for the indifferent ones, you might try “Playthings of Broadway,” in which Justine Johnstone struggles against a mediocre story; “Out of the Chorus,” in which Alice Brady struggles against a mediocre story; “The Little Fool,” which is a good story by Jack London made mediocre; “Jim the Penman,” in which Lionel Barrymore proves that he likes to act—once in a while; “Extravagance,” starring May Allison, which is a light bit of dessert served up as a whole meal, and—but why go on?

Addenda: Don’t forget to go and see “Sentimental Tommy.”

was most revolting to the sensitive persons who saw it.

When “The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse” was brought up before the National Board of Review, certain members wanted to cut out the tango scene. If you have not seen this picture, I must assure you that the tango as danced by Rudolph Valentino is not half as bad as the dances that are performed before chaperons at any boarding-school hop. But because it was beautiful in a sensuous and tropical way, the board thought it immoral. And so you can see that it is humanly impossible for individuals, acting in a censoring capacity, to distinguish between good art and gutter art. Theoretically, it would seem as though this would be possible, but in actual practice it never has worked out satisfactorily; the experiences in every State or community in which censorship has been tried have proved this conclusively.

So far, I have considered the motion picture merely as an industry, but when I get into discussion about such pictures as “The Four Horsemen” and “Way Down East,” I am obliged to point out the difference between routine and commercial productions—which comprise at least seventy-five per cent of the releases—and pictures that have honesty of artistic purpose. When the censors attempt to regulate a commercial industry, they have some right to stand; the meat-packing and the automobile industries are regulated by strict laws. But when they attempt to curb an art that is just beginning to feel its power, they are going beyond the limits of their legal rights.

The censors of Montreal, Canada, banned “Way Down East” for reasons which I hesitate to repeat because you might doubt my word. For one thing, they objected to a scene showing a man drinking liquor out of a bottle labeled “Life Long Bitters,” because it encouraged deceit. The entire story of “Way Down East” was condemned and all of D. W. Griffith’s efforts to make the picture a beautiful and human story was looked upon askance.

In a suburb of Chicago, Winnetka, to be exact, the censors refused to allow “Kismet” to play at the local theater. Instead, the farce “Twin Peds” was substituted. Though “Twin Peds” is an entertaining enough bit of rowdy humor, there is no comparison between its value as an artistic performance and the value of a picture like “Kismet.” When art and the censors meet in a friendly bont, in nine cases out of ten, art is counted out, and the censors come out as champions.

As a motion picture “fan” you stand on neutral ground, and it is up to you to choose between censorship and a free screen. Naturally, you want to protect your children and your foreign neighbors from the cheap, misleading, and ridiculous pictures that occasionally are brought out by fly-by-night companies. Even if you do not have censorship in your community, you have the legal and moral power to ban these pictures. There is a Federal statute that prevents the sending of objectionable and immoral films from one State to another. Moreover, you may appeal to the police department or the license commissioner and ask him to have removed any picture that goes beyond the limits of decency.

The most effective weapon that you possess is the good old-fashioned personal complaint. Do your own censoring. If you don’t like the type of pictures that are being shown at your theater, tell your manager that you object to them. Or remember the name of the producer as it flashes by on the screen. Write to him and express your unqualified protest. Both the manager and the producer will listen; you need not be afraid that your complaint will fall on deaf ears. In the past, you have written many flattering letters to the directors and the stars, telling them how wonderful they were. Now is the time to write criticisms as well as compliments. Just at this moment, the motion-picture folk realize that their only hope of killing censorship is by winning the right sort of public opinion to their side.

If you see a theater advertising something like “Her Greatest Sin,” don’t let your curiosity get the better of you. Stay away from the theater and let the manager know why you stayed away. Go to the rival theater and see Mary Pickford, Charles Ray, or Will Rogers. Remember that the censorship of public opinion means something more than stamping out the bad pictures; it means that you must do all you can to encourage the good ones.
THE ORACLE

Questions and Answers about the Screen

BOIS OF THE WEST.—I guess this is the first time you have ever landed at the top of The Oracle department, isn't it? It just so happened that your letter was the first one that I opened this month. Hence you. Katherine MacDonald was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. She is five feet eight inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty-four pounds. Her hair is black and blue eyes. Alla Nazimova was born in Russia on May 22, 1879. She is five feet three and weighs one hundred and six pounds. Her hair is black and eyes are violet. Katherine MacDonald's latest release is called "My Lady's Latchkey," taken from the novel "The Second Latchkey" by Bele Daniels was born in Dallas, Texas, in 1909. Viola Dana was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1898. "Dana" is pronounced with first "a" given long sound, and last "a" short. Her correct name is Flugrath. Did you happen to see Gloria Swanson in "Something to Think About?" She was decidedly a different Miss Swanson in this. Many people thought as you did until they saw the picture, and then they changed their minds. That ought to help some. Surely, write any time you care to.

FRANCES S. WISCONSIN.—Edith Johnson and William Dunson were recently married. You see, the answers were all correct, even if they did seem a bit confusing. William was married before, and they divorced, which made him unmarried again, and then he married Edith, so there you are. Does that straighten it out for you? You will have to write to them personally to find out.

PERCY.—Carol Holloway was born in Wailamstown, Massachusetts, in 1862. Her last serial with Antonio Moreno was called "The Perils of Thunder Mountain." Antonio has deserted the ranks of the filers, for the time being, at least. He is now devoting his time to making features for Vitagraph exclusively. "Three Sevens" is the title of his first feature since getting in this. Many persons think that Lilian Gish is prettier than her sister Dorothy, and others think the opposite. It is merely a matter of opinion and taste.

TRIXIE.—Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. She is just five feet tall and weighs but one hundred pounds. She has golden hair and hazel eyes. Viola Dana is four feet eleven and weighs ninety-six pounds. Constance Talmadge was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1899. She is five feet five and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair is golden and her eyes are brown. Viola Dana has dark-brown hair and green eyes. Norma Talmadge has dark hair and brown eyes. Dorothy Dalton was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1893. Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1887. One of Pauline Starke's latest pictures is "The Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," by Mark Twain. She plays in Maurice Tournier's "The Life Line" and "The Broken Butterfly," and in Alan Dwan's "Soldiers of Fortune" and Jack Pickford's "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come." At present your other questions concerning Conway Tearle answered in the reply above your own. Wallace Reid's latest picture is an adaptation from Frank H. Spearman's novel, "The Daughter of a Magpie," which will be released under the title of "The Love Special." He also appeared in Cecil B. De Mille's all-star production, "The Affairs of Anatol," playing the role of Anatol.

DIZZY.—Clara Kimball Young has no understudy. Why should she? Clara is perfectly capable of starting and finishing her productions, and where do you suppose you could find an exact double of Clara to fill her place in case something should prevent her from completing a picture? Fay Tincher is still making Chris- tic comedies. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. He married to Dorothy Davenport, and they have a young son. Wallace, Jr., who is just four. See addresses at the bottom of The Oracle department. You will find your other questions already answered.

MISS WILLIAMINE B.—Anita Stewart makes her films on the Pacific coast at the studios of Louis B. Mayer, in Los Angeles, California. Her latest feature is called "The Tornado." You will have to expect more than two weeks to elapse before you hear from her, if you hear at all. Just remember that the stars get several hundred letters each week, and ninety-nine out of every hundred ask for a personal reply. Can you tell me how they can all be answered? You have guessed right. They can't.

PETTY.—Look at the end of The Oracle for the various addresses that you desire.

SELF-SEEK SAR.—Hello, yourself! The cast for the Cosmopolitan feature "On With the Dance" was Mae Murray as Sonia Varinoff, David Powell as Peter Demouv, Alma Tell as Andy Joone, Robert Schanable as Jimmie Southlander, and John Millerton as Van Vechten. Two of Mary Miles Minter's latest releases are "Eyes of the Heart" and "All Souls' Eve." Two of "Sally" Pollard's latest comedies are "Whirl o' the West," and "Open Another Bottle." Buster Keaton was born in Kansas. Madaline Traverse wears a wig in her pictures. She is not working at present. Write to them for their pictures, and not to me, as I have none to send out to fans.

X, Y, Z.—Meaning what? Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco, California, in 1885. She has been married and divorced. Her latest serial to be released by Pathé is called "The Avenging Arrow." That is her correct name. "Fighting Fate" is the other William Dunson-Edith Johnson serial. (Continued on page 108)
How I Ate A Pound A Day Off My Weight

An Amazing discovery in weight reduction, no starving, no medicines, no special foods, no course of baths, no exercises, no “mind cure.”

A RENT you heavier than you used to be? This would nearly always be the first remark I heard whenever I met an old friend or acquaintance. And they were right. No doubt about it. I was fast putting on weight to a noticeable extent.

At first I took it as a sure sign of vigorous health. I had always thought that the accumulation of fat was Nature's way of storing up health and energy—a sort of reserve to draw upon in time of need. So I revelled in my good fortune and felt genuinely sorry for my friends who were not so favored by Nature.

But soon my condition began to be serious. I was getting neglected all the time. Increasing stoutness began to be about all I could think of—it entirely occupied my mind. My friends began to mention it. I couldn't walk a block without pulling. My heart became affected.

I Gave Up Pleasures to No Avail

I had always led an active life, being fond of athletics, horseback riding and other exercises. My increased weight made it all the more difficult for me to “go in” for these things. I simply couldn't get around as the others—even my walk was different; and besides any sort of physical exertion became intolerable to me. I don't need to go into details. Anyone who is not easy to stoutness will know what I mean.

This lack of exercise could lead to one thing: I took on weight to an alarming extent. I cut down on my diet—and felt hungry all the time. Then I took a course of baths. According to weights taken “before and after” the baths cut down my weight. But within a day or so the weight was back again. The baths had only a temporary effect. And I soon learned to me that they were wasting my vitality.

Then I tried the plan of going without liquids: omitting certain foods from my all-too-meager diet and using widely advertised "reducing foods," and finally of taking medicine.

By this time life had lost much of its joy for me. As my weight increased so did my distress. I simply had to do something. So I started to find out all I could about obesity. I questioned physicians, surgeons, army doctors, health specialists, friends of many women and men who were similarly afflicted. Soon I became a walking encyclopedia of weight reduction. But still I was putting on weight.

Starving Only Made Things Worse

You can probably guess my next move—nearly every "fat" woman has taken it. I became a follower of the "simple life." I cut down on my diet—and felt hungry all the time. Then I took a course of baths. According to weights taken "before and after" the baths cut down my weight. But within a day or so the weight was back again. The baths had only a temporary effect. And I soon learned to me that they were wasting my vitality.

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A Pound Less a Day Without the Slightest Hardship

It all sounded too good to be true, but I decided to give the methods a fair test. But the first time I started to improve, I was met with the same old objection: "How much will I have to give up?"

I decided to give the new method a try, and I did not do too badly. But every time I went on a new diet, I had the same old objection: "How much will I have to give up?"

A Famous Scientist's Greatest Work

When I now look upon my former condition of stoutness it all seems like a horrible nightmare. I can hardly believe that I could ever have been so grotesque. But I think it is better to look upon the time as a lesson, as a warning to others.

Fat People Die Young

One day I experienced a shock. I was reading some health statistics by life insur-
The Revelations of a Star’s Wife

Continued from page 27

However, she had seemed to be fairly contented with Tom, and I’d begun to wonder if perhaps I’d been wrong. She wore wonderful gowns, and her husband bought the best stories for her and gave her everything that could be desired in the way of good directors and wonderful publicity. Publicity does more to make a star than you’d think, too.

Of course, with some one like Norma Talmadge or Mary Pickford, it can’t count so much, because they’re really big enough to reach the top just because of their own ability, but with most every one it’s of the greatest importance. And Lorraine certainly got enough of it. Her pictures were shown in all her husband’s theaters—she bought enough so that he owned a chain in all through one section of the country, and you could hardly pick up a paper without reading that Lorraine Tevis had won a popularity contest in some town or other. Some of these, of course, she won honestly enough. Others were won because there was plenty of money to help her win them. I don’t believe she knew anything about that; she was working very hard, and trying just as hard to have a good time; night after night you’d see her at theaters and restaurants and dance clubs—that was the only thing that made me suspect that she wasn’t very happy with Tom. And yet there was never any breath of scandal about her.

That evening at the Claridge she was looking simply wonderful. Her gown, which was cut lower than almost any she could have worn, was one of flame-colored gauze, weighted with embroidered butterflies of gold. It was very short in front and very long in back, and it wound around her lovely, slim body like a gorgeous sheath.

She was dining with her husband and a very handsome young leading man who had been playing with her for some time. He had a remarkable personality, apparently, though it had never been so noticeable until he began playing with Lorraine. He was good looking in an unusual sort of way, and they made an ideal couple on the screen. Their love scenes were marvelous; even I, staid married woman in love with her husband that I am, and knowing all I do about love scenes on the screen, wouldn’t have missed one of their pictures for worlds. And people all over the country were crazy about them; in fact, I think that the support which Bruce Kildare gave Lorraine had been largely responsible for the success of her pictures.

Lorraine paused beside me at the table, after she had spoken to the others, and presently she moved the man, who was sitting next me, into Hugh’s chair, which he’d vacated to dash across the room and exchange greetings with Robert Gordon and his wife. Lorraine slipped into the chair beside me and leaned her head on one hand; the flexible diamond bracelets that she wore slipped down her slender arm like a shower of drops of water.

“Sally, I’m in a terrible mess,” she told me, almost in a whisper. “It’s ghastly, and I don’t know what I’ll do. You’ll have to help me. Where are you people going from here?”

“I see that musical comedy that Dick Barthelmess’ wife is in; they say she sings a song that’s a parody on the movie version of ‘Way Down East,’ taking all the parts herself—Lillian Gish told me that it was a screamingly funny, and I want to hear it. Then we’re going on to dance somewhere—at the Midnight Frolic, I think.”

“I wish you’d make it the Century Roof instead—see if you can’t, won’t you?” she begged. “That’s where we’re going, and I can’t ask Tom to change his plans. And I’ve simply got to see you to-night for a few minutes. Will you do it?”

“Of course, I will,” I assured her warmly, and laid my hand over hers for an instant. She smiled at me then—a pitiful, wan little smile, and a moment later went back to her own table, walking slowly, as if she were very tired. I looked after her beautiful little scarlet and gold figure, sorrow for her than I had been for any one in a long time.

And then I noticed a girl at the next table, one of a group of people who quite obviously were not New Yorkers, but had come in from some smaller place. In fact, I heard one of the men mention going back home to Battle Creek. They had been tremendously interested in everything that went on around them, especially in our dinner party; they had recognized Hugh and Connee Griffith right away. And, of course, they got excited over Lorraine. One of the girls looked after her as I did, and then turned back and said to the others, enviously: “Oh, just imagine being that girl!” It was that remark, as much as anything else, that made me want to write the truth about the motion-picture world.
May and the Bridal Path
Continued from page 33

dicking camera in front of me and
a director telling me what to do with
my hands and feet, I get terribly
self-conscious.”

Little May Collins found no moun-
tains in her path to success. Not
even so much as a pebble of an ob-
stacle. She was going to boarding
school in New York and by chance
met a girl who was going the rounds
of the managerial offices looking for
work. Instantly May was stage-
struck. She asked the girl for a list
of the managers and the girl with a
sly smile gave it to her. The next
day she took the first one on the
list—Mother Collins knew nothing
of all this, by the way—and it
happened that this particular manager
was about to stage Maeterlinck’s
“The Betrothal.” He wanted about
forty girls of certain height and com-
plexion as supers for the production
and when he looked May up and
down he thought she’d do and told
her to come back the next day.

“And when I went back the next
day, what do you think happened?
One of the girls who had an impor-
tant part was ill or something, and
the manager had me read the lines.
He was satisfied and engaged me on
the spot, Talk about luck!”

So little May Collins at the tender
age of—there, I almost gave it away—
opened on Broadway in a part
which many a more experienced ac-
tress might have envied. Then she
ingenious in two Broadway successes,
was engaged by a stock company in
Baltimore to do ingenue leads and
baby vamps and went back to New
York to play in “The Outrageous
Mrs. Palmer.” That was when Anita
Loos found her and brought her to
the Coast.

Hollywood gossips are wondering
whether the fact that she is playing
in “The Bridal Path” may not be a
prophetic coincidence. They won-
der if she will play the lead in an-
other “bridal-path” romance. One
can’t help wishing that it might be
so; she is the kind of a story-book
girl of whom you’d like to read—
and she lived happily ever after.

For Warm Afternoons

Try a copy of next month’s Picture-
Play. It will transport you to Arctic
City, where snow scenes are taken for
many big motion pictures. It will in-
trude you to Dorothy Dalton and her
company on location, and it will give you
an enthralling picture of life “on loca-
tion.”

---

This Test
Told Millions the way to pretty teeth

Millions of people have already made
this simple ten-day test. And the glis-
tening teeth you see everywhere now are
largely the result of this method.

We urge you to make it. Then see
and feel how your teeth conditions
change.

Must fight film
You must fight film to keep your teeth
whiter, safer and cleaner. Film is that
viscous coat you feel. It clings to teeth,
gets between the teeth and stays. The
tooth brush, used in old ways, does not
remove it all. So very few people have
escaped the troubles caused by film.

It is the film-coat that discolors, not
the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It
holds food substance which ferments and
forms acid. It holds the acid in contact
with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They,
with tartar, are the chief cause of pyor-
rhea. And all these troubles have been
constantly increasing.

To daily combat it
Dental science has for years been search-

ing for a daily film combatant. It has
now been found. Careful tests under
able authorities have amply proved its
efficiency. Leading dentists everywhere
now advise its use.

The methods are embodied in a den-
tifrice called Pepsodent. It is the

Ask for this ten-day test

Ask for a ten-day test. Then judge by
what you see and feel how much this
method means.

Each use of Pepsodent brings five de-
sired effects. It attacks the film in two
efficient ways. It leaves the teeth so
highly polished that film cannot easily
adhere.

It multiplies the saliva flow—Nature’s
great tooth-protecting agent. It multiplies
the starch digestant in the saliva, to digest
starch deposits that cling and may form
acid. It multiplies the alkalinity of the
saliva, to neutralize the acids which cause
tooth decay.

These results all accord with modern
dental requirements. Everybody, every
day, should get them.

Send the coupon for the 10-day Tube.
Note how clean the teeth feel after using.
Mark the absence of the viscous film.
See how teeth whiten as the film-coat dis-
appears. You will be convinced. Then
benefits to you and yours may be life-
long in extent.

Cut the coupon now.

---

Pepsodent
The New-Day Dentifrice

For a ten-day test. When judge by
what you see and feel how much this
method means.

Each use of Pepsodent brings five de-
sired effects. It attacks the film in two
efficient ways. It leaves the teeth so
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benefits to you and yours may be life-
long in extent.

Cut the coupon now.

---

10-Day Tube Free

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
Dept. 658, 1104 S. Wabash Ave.,
Chicago, Ill.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family
A Girl's Adventures in Movieland

Continued from page 88

Ralph Graves. He is tall and blond, and has nice blue eyes—and he's awfully nice, beside that, too.

It was beginning to get late. Mr. Barthelmess came to say "Good-by," and gave me a lovely big photograph autographed, "To Our Fan." I think that of all the stars I have met he is the most perfect realization of every fan's idea of what a movie actor ought to be like in real life. He's just a regular young man who stands out because of his intelligence, good breeding, and good looks.

A little later when I was busy watching Ralph Graves repair his make-up, I heard a commotion just beyond the screens. Then Mr. Griffith came and led in one that made me fairly rise from my chair in astonishment.

There stood Theda Bara!

If it had been Mae Marsh or Lilian Gish I would not have been nearly so startled—I've heard they often drop in. But Theda Bara! It was a final climax in the most thrilling day I had ever known. I had met the greatest director and some favorite players—now here was the most famous vampire.

She looked just as though she had stepped out of one of her pictures—a rather young, slender Theda Bara though, with her hair pulled around her face. She speaks in a very soft voice—and, oh, those eyes! So large and dark, I actually got frightened when I looked into them. I couldn't help associating them with some of the close-ups of her in wicked characters. Her costume was very much in keeping with a fan's illusions. When she slipped off her turf coat, I stared at her dress of black satin with wide henna-colored panels edged with silken monkey fur. Her hat was very large and black. She carried a beaded bag, and I noticed an odd necklace around her throat. She hardly spoke to any one, she was so engrossed in watching Mr. Griffith direct.

Perhaps the way I've described everything will seem too good to be true, but it is just the way things seemed to me. I know that I shall never forget any of the people I have met, and particularly Mr. Griffith, because he is the great master of the screen. Now that I've met so many stars, and had so many adventures in movieland, I'm really happy to say that far from being disillusioned, I'm a greater movie fan than ever—if such a thing is possible.

Making the Mob Emote

Continued from page 85

pathy from his "Four Hundred" extras. He had trouble over their make-up, though, for all the elite arrived in the red used on the street or stage. If he had allowed them to work before the camera with their faces thus adorned they would have looked like a Nubian army. By dilgent explanation, however, he made them see the matter in the light of photography.

As he surveyed their ranks after the necessary adjustment of view-point and pigments, he caught sight of a distinguished gentleman in the background whose appearance did not please him.

"Take that red paint off your nose, if you please," shouted Von Stroheim to the notable who could autograph a check for several millions.

"That is not paint, sir," said the old gentleman testily.

"Well, then," replied Stroheim, "take me to your cellar."

And even the millionaire San Franciscan had to laugh at the reference.
Screening the Melting Pot

Continued from page 50

"For you, lady, and for nobody else will I make this carpet with a border all round for three dollars." I turned away as I had seen Jewish women in fur coats turn, who have come down to the East Side from up in the Bronx where they had moved after they have grown rich and prosperous in this new land. Many such women continue to do their shopping and marketing down on the pushcart streets, simply because there is to them no adventure in shopping where an article has just one price. It's in the bargaining that the love of the game comes in. "Too much," I murmured and turned away.

"Don't you need a nice broom?" a little dark man asked ingratiatingly. Then suddenly and passionately, before I could answer, he raised his fists to heaven. "All this day have I sold the brooms—thirty-five dollars' worth of brooms have I sold before that cam-e-ra—all pretend like sells—not one penny do I get! They hand me air before that cam-e-ra!"

Around the corner, ever searching for his one customer came my linoleum friend. "For you, lady, one dollar—with the border all round!"

Up in the next street and around the corner an old bearded Jew muttered unknown Yiddish words as he polished the apples in his pushcart upon the knees of his trousers and then wrapped them afresh in tissue paper. "Do you like your new job?" I asked him.

The three thousand years of Israel's tragedies looked out of his eyes. "For me, home I would go. Home I would go." So sang the Scribe of Judah beside the waters of Babylon. "For here is the adventure, no. Here there is not the excitement of how much you will sell next never to know. Here, ah, to sleep I would go but that the children would steal my apples. Therefore for the children I am glad. When I was a boy in Poland, I wanted to be the actor. Oi!"

"How much do you charge for your apples?" suddenly I ask him.

"For you, lady, for you I make it three cents." The sorrows of Israel dropped from his back. He simply had not grasped the possibilities of selling on the imitation East Side. I paid him the three cents, and, as if the pennies had been dropped in a slot, his boredom changed to joy. Down the cobbled streets over the orange peels and the banana skins, he pushed his cart calling: "Nis fine apples, four cents apiece!"

I had done my one kind boy scout's deed that day.

For every girl

who spends time out-of-doors, in sports, motoring or boating, a tam is indispensable.

And here is a tam—the Priscilla Dean Tam, that is distinctive, becoming, cleverly designed, and made of beautiful, soft, serviceable, "Suede-like."

Fashion has sponsored the Priscilla Dean Tam; it is the vogue—the stylish outdoor headwear everywhere and for all occasions. No wardrobe is complete without it. The fetching drape, the pliable softness, give it a charm that's distinctive. It's becoming from every angle, and on everyone.

You will look good

in a Priscilla Dean Tam. You can get it in your favorite color to harmonize with any costume.

You will wonder how you ever got along without one—will find it appropriate for almost any informal occasion. And it will certainly enhance your appearance. It's the ideal hat for general wear—and only $2.50.

You can get it at your dealer's; or send the coupon and the price to us.

BAER BROS. MFG. CO.
904 W. LAKE ST. - CHICAGO, ILL.
The “Yankee” Talks About Himself

Continued from page 51

“So we moved. I tried a number of lines of work, all through my youth, but finally decided I’d rather act than do anything else. I romped through five years in stock with the Durland and Sheeler Stock Company, at the Girard Avenue Theater, Philadelphia, under direction of Drew Morton. He was a wonderful man was Morton. He was so outspoken and sincere. I remember one day my mother came to the theater and asked him how I was getting on and he looked up, half smiled, and said, ‘Isn’t there anything else the poor boy can do?’ My mother answered, ‘If there is, I don’t know what it is.’ He saw the pathetic look in her eyes so he said, ‘All right; let him stay here. It will keep him off the street, and I’ll put him up on the paint frame where they decorate the scenery.”

“So I stayed there two seasons more, and at the end of the second season he complimented mother on the way I played butlers and led the mobs!”

As a matter of fact, though, despite Myers’ kidding, I’ve learned from other sources, that while his acting wasn’t considered any great shakes at the time, his designing of sets and painting of scenery was considered one of the big assets of the theater. But you couldn’t wrest that information from himself by hook or crook. After that Myers had two seasons with Forepaugh Stock Company, still in Philadelphia, followed by experience in repertoire companies on the road. His first big part was Charlie Anguish in “Granstar,” in which he played throughout the East, scoring a hit. His picture career began with the Lubin Company, with whom he stayed five years, but he grew so stout that directors refused to cast him for leads any more; so, to reduce, he went into training by going to San Antonio, Texas, and enlisting as a cowboy. He liked the life so much that he remained six months.

Then Myers went south with a Universal company, wrote some scenarios in which he played the leads, came to California, played heavies, and though longing all the while for comedy roles, never got one until they needed somebody for “The Yankee.”

That was his big chance. He had his test, but there were objections of one sort or another from every quarter—producer, director, and contending rivals. The part was actually given to another man, who played it in two weeks, but somehow he didn’t just fit. Meantime the optimistic Myers had gone and purchased the wardrobe for the part, and one day he went over to see Emmett Flynn, the director.

“Got the wardrobe, did you say?” inquired Flynn. “Well, come along. We’ll give you a trial!”

Even after he got started, nobody believed so very much in him, and Myers tells about it in his own kidding way.

“Emmett Flynn had a grouch on all the time we were making the picture,” he explained. “I don’t believe he ever really could see me in the part. He used to say, ‘For Heaven’s sake stop clowning and act!’ Everybody else was running around all dressed up, with all their eye paint and lips on, and every time Flynn looked at me he’d have a duck fit. I just didn’t belong to the outfit, that’s all. I was only the star walking around playing the part. Take Charlie Clary, who plays the king, now. He was every inch a king. He got to kinking around one day, and accidentally threw out his arm and knocked me right out of the scene. I picked myself up and said to Mr. Flynn, quite meekly, ‘I’m in this scene, ain’t I, Mr. Flynn?’ He said, ‘Why, certainly!’ So I crawled back into the camera lines again.

“And I’ll never forget how all the company acted when I came out with my Boss suit on. It’s a big hit in the picture, all right, but the company kidded me to death. My legs were lily-white, and Charlie Clary sang out, ‘You look like Shuberts’ best showgirl!’”

“The Yankee,” everybody agrees, owes Myers as much as Myers owes it, for you simply can’t imagine the comedy without Myers, now, can you?

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A STAR AT HOME

Almost every fan has wondered at one time or another what a motion-picture star’s home is like. Ethel Sands did often—but she never expected to find out. Imagine how excited she was over visiting Constance Binney at home! And think of all the little intimate things she found out that a regular interviewer never would have thought of. She tells you all about it in next month’s Picture-Play. Don’t miss it.
Naomi—Future Tense
Continued from page 43

the more because I had half formed the popular conception of her from such snobbish roles as the society girl in "Hold Your Horses" and "The Gay Lord Quex.""

Getting back to facts concerning past and future, Miss Childers was born in St. Louis—hence the authenticity of the faint Southern accent. Diana was the name by which she was christened, but she didn't like it, and so took Naomi, her middle name, when she went on the stage. There were several years of "trouping," and, showing what an unusual person Miss Childers is—she liked the "one-night stands!"

"I love adventure," she said in explanation. "The never knowing what is just beyond. Of course, I disliked getting up at six in the morning to take a poky train to some other town—but there was always the thrill of the unknown, wondering what the next place would be like, what would happen—I'll always be like that."

After the stage, came pictures, with Vitagraph, Metro, and later a contract with Goldwyn. She loved best of all her role in Basil King's production, "Earthbound," although she was a wreck afterward from crying for sixteen weeks straight. If you remember her role of the wronged wife, you will realize the emotional demands of the part. She likes comedy, too—particularly her part in "Hold Your Horses." Her comedy is subtle, delicate.

"I just finished a picture for Frothingham," she told me, "and now I'm off to New York. Why? I don't know. I haven't the least idea why I am going. Something in me is urging me eastward—my horoscope says that something interesting will come of the trip—and I'm going."

I was curious to know more of the future as predicted by Miss Childer's chart.

"Hard work for the most part," she smiled, "a big offer, a disappointment, a lot of small successes, and later on"—her gray eyes looked far ahead into the years—"something really big. I don't know what. I only have faith that it will come. If I put myself into a receptive state of mind for it, and do my best, nothing can keep it away from me."

And I am certain that the big thing will come to her. If the chart said so, it surely will make good. I know I wouldn't disappoint Naomi if I were a horoscope.

Can You Measure Up to Her Vision of Manhood

Do you look forward serenely, confidently to the day when you will win the girl you cherish? Do you picture in your mind a happy home with a loving wife and healthy children of your own flesh and blood? This is the vision that every man should some day realize, but you may be one of those who has fallen a victim to Youthful Folly, which has undermined your manly powers and made you almost hopeless of ever being physically fit to marry. You hesitate to propose lest you make a mistake out of some pure girl's life. You must

Make Yourself Fit Before You Marry

It is a crime to marry when you know that you are not physically and mentally fit. You know that you cannot measure up to her vision of Manhood. You must not deceive her. You dare not marry in your present physical condition. If you do, your wedded life will be a miserable failure—your wife's and your own happiness will be blasted and you may beget sickly, defective children that will be a burden and a reproach to you as long as you live. The future looks dark to you, but CHEER UP, my hand is always out to you in friendship. I want to help you. I can help you with

STRONGFORTISM
The Modern Science of Health Promotion

Strongfortism has lifted thousands of weak, ailing, impotent, discouraged men out of the bowels of hopelessness and despair and placed them on the Straight Road to Health, Happiness and Prosperity. Strongfortism has added Nature in overcoming such ailments as Cataract, Constipation, Indigestion, Rupture, Nervousness, Bad Blood, Poor Memory, Viral Depletion, Impotence, etc., and the results of neglecting and abusing the body. Strongfortism has restored the Manhood they thought lost forever and gave them renewed confidence, vitality, ambition, success and fitted them for the responsibilities of Marriage and Parenthood. It can do the same for you, irrespective of your age, occupation or surroundings. I guarantee it.

My Methods Restore Men

Do not confuse the Science of Strongfortism with ordinary gymnastic or so-called physical culture courses. My long years of study and research have taught me scientific truths about the healing and correcting forces of Nature that are embodied exclusively in the Strongfort Principles. That is why I am able to secure astonishing results and banish the use of drugs, dope and numerous other unnatural materials that pretend to restore Health, Strength and Vitality.

Send for My Free Book

The experiences and research of a lifetime are contained in my wonderfully instructive book, "Promotion and Conservation of Health, Strength and Mental Energy." It will tell you frankly how you can make yourself over into a vigorous specimen of Vital Manhood. It will show you how you can fit yourself to be a father and be a credit to your wife and family. It is absolutely free. Just check the subject on the free consultation coupon on which you want special information and send it to me with a ten cent piece (one dime) to help pay postage, etc. I will do the rest. Send for my free book Right Now.

LIONEL STRONGFORT
Physical and Health Specialist
Department 300 Newark, New Jersey
Ladies' Day
Continued from page 74

flippancy in subtitles. Every one is doing it now, but there was a time when a subtitle, to be in good standing with its union, had to read primly and conservatively: "Later that night" or "Geraldine then decided to visit her mother." Now, would the well-bred film editor have thought of introducing the heroine's husband with such an irreverent subtitle as "A husband is what is left of the sweet heart when the knife has been taken out." It just wasn't done. But Anita Loos didn't hesitate to prick the bubble of tradition with her sharp pen. The scenarios which she and her husband, John Emerson, have written in collaboration are famed as much for the cleverness of the interpolated lines as for the originality of the plots. For some time they have been supplying Constance Talmadge with vehicles, and now in addition to that they are writing and producing pictures of their own.

Jeanne Macpherson is another example of the high place in the film world which can be attained by the woman who has brains, initiative, and originality. Her screen adaptations of "The Admirable Crichton" and "The Prince Chap" are famous, as is her work as a continuity writer. Speaking of continuity, here is another field in which women can and do succeed. It offers perhaps the greatest opportunity in the industry, for women I mean, as fundamentally it is a line of work which is made up of detail. One hears little about continuity writers; there is a great deal of drudgery connected with the work; at the same time the continuity is one of the big reasons for the failure or success of a picture. The writer must know instinctively what scenes are to be grouped together when a cut-back is necessary and when a close-up is permissible. June Mathis is easily near the head of the list of high-salaried continuity writers. She has just completed what is probably the most ambitious task ever undertaken by a woman writer. She wrote the screen version of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," arranged the continuity, passed upon the members of the cast, the costumes, and even some phases of the battle scenes. It is not surprising, of course, that women should be in charge of the wardrobes in the large studios such as Metro, Goldwyn, Lasky, and Bennett. In many cases the wardrobe mistresses have graduated from caretakers of gowns to designers of gowns. Claire West is one of these. It is she who is responsible for the

YOU HAVE A BEAUTIFUL FACE

In this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world is more willing to listen to you if you appear as fresh, as white, as youthful and attractive, and neat. The most important thing that you can do is to keep your face clean, neat, and fresh. If you do this, you will feel far more self-confident, and your appearance will reflect this. A well-groomed face is one that is free from blemishes, spots, and other imperfections. It is important to take care of your skin and to use good quality cleansing agents. You should wash your face twice a day, morning and night, using a gentle cleanser. Avoid using harsh soaps or detergents, as they can strip away natural oils and cause dryness. After washing, pat your face dry gently with a clean towel. Apply a moisturizer to help keep your skin hydrated. It is also important to protect your skin from the sun, as UV rays can cause skin damage, premature aging, and increase the risk of skin cancer. Use a broad-spectrum sunscreen with at least SPF 30 every day, even on cloudy days. In addition to regular cleansing and moisturizing, you can use special treatments to target specific skin concerns such as acne or hyperpigmentation. For example, retinol is a popular ingredient that can help improve skin texture and diminish fine lines. Benzoyl peroxide is effective in treating acne breakouts. It is important to practice good skincare habits daily to maintain healthy, glowing skin.
creations worn by Gloria Swanson, Wanda Hawley, and Bebe Daniels.

Sophie Wachner, who heads the Goldwyn wardrobe department, not only costumes the women, but the men as well. She does everything from dressing ghosts and scarecrows to creating de-luxe vamp gowns or smart-tailed Malefios. Under her is a corps of cutters and fitters who are constantly at work. To hold such a position, it is necessary to know the photographic value of every material from silk to burlap. Miss Wachner can tell at a glance how colors will register. She knows that a light yellow turns into white on the screen, a dark yellow becomes a muddy black. An art department is with many studios a recent innovation. Formerly it was not considered necessary to have a separate department in which to study the photographic values of sets, furniture, and decorations. But to-day it is considered a necessity in the up-to-date studio. and usually a woman is in charge. Grace Lynch, head of the Goldwyn art department, goes through the script of every picture before it is commenced and makes a study of the period or character around which the story revolves. Then she sketches out the sets to the most minute detail, with an eye to the photographic value as well as to the beauty of the furnishings.

Betty Huntington Brown, who according to report, is soon to be mad art director of one of the big Eastern companies, has worked independently for some time making sets for several producers. She has, perhaps, the most thorough training of any woman in such a position, for after studying at the Art Students' League in New York, she took courses in both interior decoration and architecture.

Mademoiselle Natacha Rambova, formerly a Russian ballet dancer, has forsaken the footlights to assist Nazimova in the designing of sets and costumes for her forthcoming productions which will include “Camille” and “Aphrodite.” She was formerly with Theodore Kosloff, both as dancer and designer of costumes, and is employing bizarre and futuristic ideas in obtaining the effects which are necessary for Nazimova's exotic personality.

Another line of work about which one hears little, yet which in reality is a sort of power behind the throne job is that of being secretary and business manager to the stars.

Mrs. Maude Latham, the sister of May Allison, has handled the vast correspondence of the blond star ever since her entry into the motion-picture field. Mrs. Latham also super-

serves a corps of clerical workers in handling the voluminous fan mail, and is Miss Allison's business manager.

In this connection, Peggy Hager is probably the best-known secretary in the movie world. She commenced as personal secretary to Nazimova and gradually took on the supervision of the correspondence and photo selling of half a dozen other stars. As a side line, she has accumulated a small fortune by arranging interviews with stars and various corporations with investment schemes. It is a tremendous responsibility, as she must make sure that the propositions are bona-fide ones, and that it would be really worth the star's while to grant the interview. Needless to say, a generous commission follows in the wake of successfully closed deals.

Publicity, the much-abused, but important step-child of Mamma Movie, is never so happy and healthy as when taken in charge by a woman. Mabel Condon has perhaps made the greatest success in the publicity line. She combines the work with an employment exchange where she secures positions for actors and actresses, arranges contracts, places scenarios, and sells the screen rights of novels. It was she who started Bessie Love on her upward way to stardom. It was she who took Gloria Swanson to interview Cecil De Mille. For many years she has been Bill Russell's business manager, and she has handled publicity for William Duncan, Margarita Fischer, Carmel Myers, and Anita Stewart.

There is one angle of the film industry which so far has been but little invaded by the feminist movement, the producing end of the game. Women as a rule have been content to let the men furnish and spend the money for pictures. Cathrine Curtis, is, so far as I know, the only woman who is actually using her own money to back a motion-picture company. Miss Curtis is the High Mogul behind the King Vidor productions.

And so, as I said before, woman suffrage has invaded the silent drama. It is Ladies' Day, and no one with brains, perseverance, and originality is barred. By this I do not mean that the industry is putting in want ads for female help. It is not easy to break into any department, but it is possible. As with every other worth-while business, it is necessary to begin at the bottom. But what these women have done, others can do and are doing. It is largely a matter of determination, and of Work—spelled with a capital "W."

"Keep Your Eye on Jim!"

"It's not alone what a man does during working hours, but outside of working hours that determines his future. There are plenty of men who do a good job while they're at it, but who work with one eye on the clock and one ear for the whistle. They long for that loaf at noon and for that evening home in the alley. They are good workers and they'll always be just that—ten years from now they are likely to be right where they are today.

"But when you see a man putting in his noon hour learning more about his work, you see a man who won't stay down. His job today is just a step towards something better. He'll never be satisfied until he has the top. And he'll get there, because he's the kind of man who in this firm's responsible positions. You can always depend on a man who is working his way up.

"Every important man in this plant won out in the same way. Our treasurer used to be a bookkeeper. The sales manager started in a branch office up state. The factory superintendent was at a hat factory a few years ago. The chief designer rose from the bottom in the drafting room. The traffic manager was a clerk.

"All these men won their advancement through spare time study at the International Correspondence Schools. Today they are earning four dollars a day—some of them ten times as much money as when they came up with us.

"That's why I say that Jim is one of our future executives. Keep your eye on him. Give him every chance—he'll make good!"

Employers everywhere are looking for men who use their spare time to build themselves. If you want to make more money, show your employer what you're trying to do with your spare time. If you want to make more money, show your employer what you're trying to do with your spare time. If you want to make more money, show your employer what you're trying to do with your spare time.

For 29 years the International Correspondence Schools have been training men and women right in their own homes or with a little help, or whenever they had a little time to spare. More than 12,000 men and women are starting every month. Can you afford to let another priceless chance go without making your start towards something better? Here is an offer—without cost, without obligation, mark and mail this coupon. It's a little thing that takes but a moment, but it's the most important thing you can do today. Do it now!
The Stung Visitor

Continued from page 59

screen idol outside of cast-iron nerve, says Mr. Dwan, is the ability to register the popular emotions with your features so's that the customers, by merely glancin' at your face as you are flashed on the sheet, will know exactly what has taken place before your entrance.

"For example," says Mr. Dwan, "you are the star, we will say, and according to the plot of the picture, your wife has just eloped with a chorus man, your house has burned down, you have lost your fortune in Wall Street. Afghanistan has voted itself dry, dynamiters have blown up the city hall at Fort Wayne, Indiana, you have a raging toothache, and putty has dropped twenty cents a pound, wholesale. Now—let's see how you would make all that perfectly plain to your audience, with a single expression!"

I started to, and, thinkin' I was enjoyin' a fit, the camera man took the air.

The next subject was "action." Under the able direction of Mr. Dwan I was thrown into a cell and threw out of it, to the great enjoyment of the guilty bystanders. Then we both got on a couple of wooden horses and galloped all over the lot, the idea of this bein' to see what shape my sense of the ridiculous was in. Next we climbed into a rowboat half buried in the earth, and I was told to imagine we was out in the center of the ocean, the only survivors of a terrible shipwreck. Whilst the cameras clicked merrily away, Mr. Dwan instructed me to register amazement, derision, enjoyment, fear, grief, happiness, insanity, joy, love, misery, osteopathy, pain, relief, surprise, terror, vanity, and worry. He had a chart in his hand, and, as I give vent to each of the above emotions, he give me a mark for 'em, one hundred standin' for "perfect." Well, I got 135 in "insanity," and zero in the rest of 'em, and the comical part of it to me is that when he called out "Register insanity!" my features remained absolutely in repose!

Mr. Dwan promised to send out broadcast the pictures he had made of me, and he also says they is no doubt but that in a few days I will be swamped with offers that wouldst startle Europe, from the various film companies. So far, the phone ain't rang once. He also claims that about forty leadin' men will take carbole when they see my stills, and he likewise predicts a long and brilliant future for me—provided I keep away from the studios.

My next interview will be with no less than Edith Roberts, the dainty Universal star, unless somebody tips the girl off in advance that I am comin' out to see her.

Yours and the like.

H. C. Witwer.

Gloria with Reservations

Continued from page 65

when she had attained the same age, she might be as clever, as brilliant; that she might be like her.

I looked at Gloria, the richness of her skin, the limpid gray of her eyes—and didn't second her wish.

Somehow, though not strangely, our talk turned to the subject of C. B. De Mille. I suggested, with a smile, that she probably looked back on her days with him, from her present position, with little regret.

"Stardom!" She swept it aside with a gesture, a disdaining sneer.

"It is nothing! It means only increased responsibility. No indeed! Given the chance I would go back to Mr. De Mille in a moment. With him I have always some one to fight for me, to lift the burdens. Rather than miss my last chance to work with him I played in 'The Affairs of Anatol,' six weeks after my baby was born.

Speaking later of little Gloria she said: "Of my own volition I shall never place her in pictures. So long as she is still a child I hope she may never enter a studio. I have seen too many movie children!"

"But after that, when she grows to have a mind of her own?"

"Then," said Gloria, "if she wishes to take up pictures she may. I shall put no obstacle in her path. I think that every one has the final right to his or her own life."

I was reminded of the story of how De Mille had attempted to remodel Gloria's nose when she first went to him. He had insisted upon an operation. Gloria had wept her refusal. Since then her nose, with its sweeping curve, has become world famous.

Word came in again that friends were waiting outside. Gloria bestowed herself to rise.

"I am sorry," she said, "that we could not have met at the studio. Here I am so like every one else!" She smiled faintly, showing her white teeth. I felt that she was miles, courteous miles, away from me.
Sprinetime—and Dorothy
Continued from page 23
perched up on the counter stools—
sometimes in lovely little roadside
tea rooms. The menu seldom varied.
Ham and eggs—with ice cream and
strawberries to finish. Dorothy liked
her strawberries squashed over the
ice cream. She taught me how to do
it. I shall never use my fork to
squash a strawberry without a gra-
iful thought of her.

The ice-cream cones that company
could consume! Dozens of them.
Sometimes Connie joined us. The
time really started when Dorothy
and Connie got together. Connie often
brought us candy—big boxes of the
funny little butter cones that kids are
so crazy about. Connie is a practical
joker—but she is practical.

Work at the Griffith studio is the
easiest in the world. Certainly no
studio is more ideally located. The
long spring days there were picnic
days. Dorothy, Mildred, Glenn, and
I usually had luncheon together. Af-
fterward we would wander out to
the sea wall and watch the ships go out
to sea, or the birdlike yachts, in pre-
paration for the races, as they
skimmed across the water—or perhaps
we would swim, Dick Barthel-
ness and Mary Hay joining us.
Sometimes we simply stretched out
on the lawn and slept until some one
called "On the set!"—and we went
back to work which wasn't work at all.

Often we drove home at night with
Dick Jones, our director, Dorothy in
the seat beside him, Glenn and I
perched on the forwarding boards. And
the little Stutz roadster sped along
the shore road in a way to tantalize
the best natured of motor-cycle cops.
Dorothy says she loves to fly. If I
may judge from her face as we drove
along those nights, I can well believe
it. She is a sport—clear through.

Sometimes we had dinner at
Glenn's apartment, or at Delmonico's,
and then we'd drive up to the Savoy
and see Connie and "toddle" around
the apartment to Art Hickman's "à
la victoria." When we weren't too
tired we would dress up and really
dance up at the Club de Mont Martre.
The Mont Martre orchestra—and
Dorothy to dance with! Gosh! I've
often thought what a hit she would
make at a Southern school dance,
where the kids take dancing so seri-
ously. What a peach she is. How
well she could outflap the best of them!

To Dorothy Gish I owe one of the
happiest experiences of my life.
With her I did the first worth while
bit of acting in my career.
The Talmadge studios are busy places. A scene is finished, a set dismantled, and one settles down to chat with some of the actors, thinking that every one is through for the day except the ever-busy carpenters. And then, hearing voices from the adjoining studio, every one hurries over there and finds a rehearsal in full swing. There is Norma, wrapped in a light fur coat, and Lew Cody with a resplendent blue and brick-red checked velvet bath robe going through the action of the scene; there is Herbert Brenon, busily going about and playing both parts to illustrate how he wants them done. Tea arrives, but does not interrupt the rehearsal. Only in the most dramatic moments does Norma have to put her cup down on the table; Herbert Brenon handles his with the grace of a magician, even gesticulating with it. Perhaps he learned that during his sojourn in England.

His part of the rehearsal over, Lew Cody joined us at the tea table.

"The proudest moment of my life," he reminisced, as he looked somewhat disgustedly at the tea, "was when Jack Dempsey, Benny Leonard, Strangler Lewis, and Babe Ruth all came to my house to dinner the same night, and got me up to Beef and Cabbage. And for that one evening I forgot the disgrace that this business has brought me."

"Disgrace?" That is not the usual way for an actor to speak of his success.

"Yes," Lew Cody went on very seriously. "There's one thing I wish everybody knew about me. That is, that the title 'Male vamp' was given me through no doing of mine. An acquaintance started calling me that in the studio one day to annoy me. He knew that nothing else could hurt me so much. Then, in some unexplainable way, newspapers took it up—and some exhibitors even advertised me that way. People have proved themselves real friends by not dropping me. That gave them a perfectly good excuse."

"This may not be the Lew Cody you have imagined. But this real Lew Cody is a much more likable and charming chap than pictures or stories have ever made him. You will have a chance to know the real Lew Cody soon, for after finishing this picture with Norma Talmadge, he will go back to Los Angeles and start working on his star pictures again. In his new plays he will be a man of the woods. And if any one feels like scoffing at the idea of Lew Cody being an outdoors man let them pause and consider that he has been training with Jack Dempsey."

One of the most recent and trying problems of the Talmadge studios concerns Kenneth Harlan. He is playing opposite Constance in a picture tentatively called, "Beauty or Brains," and people insist upon asking him if he is playing Beauty. He cannot be interviewed on the subject, as he is always in the midst of a scene. When he is not in the midst of a scene, he is leaving the studio at a much higher speed than he would mention to a policeman.

And that brings us to Courtenay Foote. You ought to be very happy to have anything bring you to Courtenay Foote, for he bears the unique distinction of being the man who can make Charlie Chaplin laugh. In addition to that, he is an interesting actor.

Everything that he says sounds perfectly sensible at first, because he talks so fast. You find yourself laughing at his remarks several minutes after he makes them. And that makes you miss some of his witticisms entirely.

"I was perfectly happy in my rôle in "The Passion Flower,"" Mr. Foote remarked in one of his more serious moments. "I wore old corduroy clothes that were a joy to get into. You know, putting on evening clothes in the morning as we frequently have to, makes you feel about as sensible as getting into an empty bathtub. In my last production, 'The Bronze Bell,' I played a dual rôle. If I could have changed the scenario I would have had the hero chafe to death from changing his clothes.

"One thing about pictures that amuses me is the way directors tell you that you are the perfect type for a part, the one person in the whole world whom nature has endowed to fit a part perfectly. And then they show you how to make up for it! But there are lots of amusing things here, aren't there? A visitor seeing me standing around the studio the other day asked me if I had done much that day. I thought it over carefully and told her. I had broken four glasses, two shotguns, and a chair, shot my wife and kissed my daughter-in-law. Anything further would have seemed ostentatious."

These are the five men who—with the Talmadge sisters—make up the big show. Like a ballyhoo, I introduced them—and now playing the ballyhoo again I beseech you, "Count 'em five."
The Busy Bedroom

Continued from page 30

a weird suite fixed up like the peacock tea room of a Palm Beach hotel. But she isn't satisfied to stay in it. She just goes on visiting the rich bachelor's apartments. But he's little bobby bright eyes himself when it comes to sartorial preparedness. He always has on a nifty dressing gown in which he looks just too tall and handsome for anything, and he usually smokes. He wears his hair à la Hudson seal, and it's never been mussed up. He must know the heroine's beauty secret. Even when the adventuress throws herself into his arms and drags his head down to kiss it, the performance does not rumple his hair.

His living room always has six doors to it, and is subject to invasion without notice, just like the heroine's. You'd think the pair of them would get married and go live on a desert isle.

Tearing ourselves away from the hero's and heroine's bedrooms, we come quite naturally perhaps to the baby's bedroom. Oh, those baby garages! Most infants would have the blind staggers if they had to live in those overdecorated cells. Animals, like nothing the ark could offer, gallop around the walls; birds, unknown to science frit across the ceiling, and Mother Hubbard is ravaged for freak characters to decorate the place. If their constitutions withstand the shock of the decorations, the picture kids grow up to be heroes and heroines themselves. But in some cases they just pin away and die, going to a better world where directors cease from troubling, and camera men are at rest. In any case we'll say one thing for the care of them. They're always bathed—not modestly, but right before the camera. Can't you imagine how some of those babies will feel, when, grown up, they go to witness a revival of some picture in which, in the altogether, they prance on the edge of a bathtub? But they hold no grudge. While still babes of two or three, they always lead papa and mamma back to each other's arms. Oh, it's just too touching. Yet they're allowed a lot of freedom, too, we do not see them tipping over great jars of jam, and pulling the cat's tail? And aren't they allowed the joy of going out and losing themselves in the woods?

Sly little minxes, they know they're the directors' best bet! If all else fails, heave in a kiddie, and the film is saved.

For a little child in its nightie shall lead them to the picture theaters!
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Over the Teacups

"Why not have one of her own?"

I suggested, but apparently that rumor hadn't got around to Fanny because she didn't jump at my bait. She just said: "Oh, I do wish that you would mention Betty Blythe because I am daily to say that in her Sheba costume it is hard to tell what is hide and what is hid."

Fanny's voice sort of dwindled away, the way it does when she sees one of her favorite stars coming, or when she wants to listen to some one at a neighboring table.

"You know my nature, dear," a saccharine voice at the next table was cooing. I hoped that Fanny wasn't considering any such vocal extremities, but to be on the safe side I hurried to tell her that Mildred Harris was really going to play in the next De Mille picture and so was Dorothy Dalton, and Conrad Nagel was to be leading man—hoping to drown out our neighbor.

"And the picture is to be Leonard Merrick's 'Laurels and the Lady,' isn't it?" Fanny asked. "I do hope that Mildred will play the Lady. And if that will only make her happy, that's all I ask—I know of at least a dozen people who would rather have Mildred happy than to have any good fortune for themselves. There's Pauline Starke and Colleen Moore and Lillian Gish and..."

"What about Lillian?" I demanded. "You haven't said a word about her for at least an hour."

"You know my nature, dear, always reticent," Fanny cooed in imitation of her neighbor. "But if you really want to know about Lillian, I saw a prominent theatrical producer the other day, and he told me that he was getting a reputation for being original by not making her an offer to go on the speaking stage..." Fanny remarked, twisting around in her chair to see who had just come in. "Lillian has turned down all the offers, but apparently she is interested because she is having her voice trained. For a whole week she had to say every word very slowly and carefully. Her friends kidded her about it, and tried to make her forget it, but they couldn't. And then one of the elevator men at the Savoy, where she lives, got on to it. She would say, 'Fourth,' or 'Eleventh,' or 'P-le-a-s-e,' so slowly that the elevator would almost be there before she finished. Then he'd pretend he didn't hear. 'What floor, please? ' he would ask. 'Fourth,' she'd say quickly, and then remembering, she'd say it over, sounding every syl-

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table. It amused Marjorie Daw so that she nearly collapsed in the elevator."

"Is she here, too?" I asked incredulously.

"She was. And like every one else, the first thing she wanted to do was to go to 'Sally' and see Dick Barthelmess' wife. There's Mary Hay, just coming in now. No one else could wear a hat as shapeless as that and look pretty in it. If you want to call the roll of the latest motion-picture-players to arrive in town, just go to 'Sally' and then to 'Blue Eyes.' Carmel Myers' husband wrote the music for that, so, of course, every one wants to hear it.

The voice from the next table cooed again: "You know my nature, dear."

This time I recognized it—one star that Fanny had never before imitated! I might as well expect the worst, I tried to distract her attention by telling her that Anita Loos had just come in.

"She and her husband finished their picture, 'Wife Insurance,' and decided that they wanted a new title for it," Fanny announced. "So they asked every one to submit ideas, and Basil Sydney, the leading man, won with 'Red-Hot Romance.' If that was the best title submitted, I'd hate to know the worst one."

"What was yours?" I asked as sweetly as I could, and for once Fanny didn't call me down for being catty.

"If you think you are going to see your beloved Valentino all dolled up in knee breeches and lace jabots or whatever it was men wore in Camille's time, you're mistaken," she rattled on, apparently forgetting the dulcet-toned neighbor she had been trying to imitate. "Nazarine doesn't look her best in hoop skirts, so presto—she has moved Camille into this century. Whoever said: 'The play's the thing,' lived before the days of the star system. It's the costumes and settings that are most important nowadays. And speaking of settings, do you remember that hideous sofa that Lionel Barrymore had in "The Great Adventure"? Well, every one agreed that it was the worst-looking piece of furniture they had ever seen, and they all congratulated Roy Webb, the art director, on finding anything so awful. And then Lionel Barrymore discovered that it was comfortable! By the time the picture was finished he was so attached to it that he bought it and put it in his apartment in the midst of all his beautiful things. His friends are thinking of organizing a bandit crew to steal it and burn it up, because only the man who sits in it is blind to its faults, and that is always Lionel himself. Incidentally, he has signed a contract with International and is going to play 'Boomerang Bill.'"

She seemed to have exhausted all her news, and was looking around the room for some one she could ask to join us in time to pay the check when she glanced out of the window and saw a cream-colored limousine gliding by.

"Oh, dear, there's Catherine Calvert," she lamented. "But we can catch up with her, anyway. We're sure to find her in the nearest bookstore, saying, 'I'll take this and this and this,' as she strolls past the counters. No one as beautiful as she is needs to read or be clever, but it doesn't seem to restrain her any. I had luncheon with her yesterday at the Ritz, and even one there just stared at her. Paul Hellen, the French artist, who did Lillian Gish's portrait, was sitting at the next table, and all through luncheon he kept making sketches of her. She was a vision in black and white and red. I got so fascinated by the diamond and ruby bracelets shimmering against her ivory skin that I was always about three laps behind her conversation.

"She always has luncheon at the Ritz, and frequently dines there—and really you would think that Caesar, the waiter, was her guardian. He would be broken-hearted if she dared suggest what she wanted to eat. And for her guests—well, Caesar evokes symphonies of food for them. He is the Louise Williams of food—he seems to read your personality and select food for you just the way she selects clothes. I don't know yet what I ate, but it was vaguely reminiscent of Debussy's music."

I stared at Fanny in amazement. "Are you getting to be a highbrow, talking about Debussy and Tchaikowsky and—"

"Well, you know my nature, dear," she retorted in her most casual manner. "I have to keep up with Harrison Ford."

"Who is that man?" she demanded a moment later, but I couldn't turn around and stare at him. "It's some one I know perfectly well, and yet I can't place him," she continued.

"It isn't Tommy Meighan or Dick Barthelmess or Tony Moreno: it isn't Herbert Rawlinson or Robert Gordon or Elliott Dexter—"

"Fanny!" I exclaimed in horror, as I turned around to look at the man of mystery who was interesting Fanny's attention. "Pay the check and come with me to the movies. I think you are losing your mind. That's the manager of the hotel."
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PICTURE ORACLE

Continued from page 90

PEARL'S FAITHFUL FAN.—"Sunshine Sammy" is the little colored boy who plays with Harry Pollard in his Robin comedies. He used to play in the majority of the pictures in which Baby Marie Osborne was featured before he joined the Robin forces.

MISS E. CHAUSNEY.—Marguerite Clark's hair is still the same color, guess you refer to the picture in which she wore a blond wig. She is back on the screen with her very own company. Her first release will be Scrambled Wives. She was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1897. That is her correct name. Douglas Fairbanks' first wife was Beth Sully, a nonprofessional. Mary Pickford's name is Gladys Smith. She was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. No, Justine Johnson has not dyed her hair. She is still a blonde. The different light on it may make it look darker at times. The same applies to many of the players. Every one doesn't always look the same in pictures.

WHISKEY JUG—You make some very rash promises. You had better be careful or you will be seen up and ask you to fulfill some of them. Eddie Polo is married. Kathleen O'Connor is very much in the land of the living. She has been seen opposite Tom Mix lately. Pearl White's hair is aurora. Dorothy Dalton was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1904. Thelma Perc is still in her teens. Yes, it is true that Theda Bara has deserted the screen for the stage. I never get any time to find out how I would be if I had the time.

JERRY ANNE.—Why does every one come to me with their grouchies? It is comforting however, to know that The Picture Oracle is used as a means of relief. There was a short announcement of Dorothy Gish's marriage in the March number of Picture-Play and a much longer one, with full details, in the April number. You must write to the editor concerning interviews and photographs in the magazine. That is out of my department. If you can write to the paper you like, providing you outlive me. I warn you, however, that the palmists all tell me I have a terribly long life line, so wouldn't hold out too much hope, if I were you.

RUTH.—May Allison's hair is golden. All addresses at the end of this department. You will find your other questions already answered in the replies above.

JULIA H.—Richard Barthelmess went to Trinity College in Hartford, Connecticut. He also went to the Culver Military Academy. Betty Blythe received her education at the University of California and in Paris. Are you the career precede her work on the screen. She was with Warner Bros. for a year and two years with Comstock & Gest.

ABE AND JAKE.—Your questions have all been answered. Look for them in the above replies. Always removing hair from the face, neck or under-arms.

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RICHFIELD, OHIO.
EVELYN B.—Write to the editor about the interviews you would like to see in Picture-Play. He attends to them.

RAISIN JACK.—I've been pretty busy, as always, so naturally you didn't see me at the party yesterday. You would have known who I was, so what's the difference? If I hadn't been in the best of humor when I received your letter, I certainly would have let you know about my finished reading it. You certainly radiate cheerfulness. Eugene O'Brien is starring for Selnick. Perhaps he has been too busy to write; better luck next time. His latest picture is called "World Apart." Olive Thomas' death was due to accidental poisoning.

O. M. B.—Actresses do not discard their clothes after each picture. They keep them and find that the older the one becomes, the more they know about their profession. They never get through with them, as there will always be some kind of a part they will be useful for. Tommy Tiger was engaged to a Fox director. She is not in pictures at the present time. Anita Stewart is Mrs. Rudolph Cameron. She was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1896. She is now living in Hollywood, and her films are released by the First National. Gloria Swanson is Mrs. Herbert Somberg. Her baby is named after her.

DIMPLES.—You say Henry Walthall is a cousin of yours. I know more about him than I do such as the case. He is not in pictures at the present time, but touring the country in the play "Would You?" which was formerly called "Taken In." He started off on his tour with Isen's "Ghosts," but switched after a few months. His wife, Mary Charleson, brings the leading man leads the tour with him. William Desmond is married and has a daughter. His wife is Mary Maclyor. He was born in Dublin, Ireland. He and his wife are both on the stage now, playing in Oliver. Morocco's newest play, "Slippery McGee." Gem—Douglas Fairbanks received his education at a military academy and the Colorado School of Mines. Harrison Ford received his degree at the University of Chicago and in Los Angeles, California. Cecil B. De Mille's latest picture is called "Forbidden Fruit." The Affairs of Anna T. will be in next release, with all the Lasky stars appearing in this production. Anna Nilsen is a featured player, but not a star—as yet. She was born in Ystad, Sweden, and received her education there. Her stage career was in Sweden and in America. She is five feet seven inches tall and weighs one hundred and thirty-five. Her eyes are hazel and her complexion and has blond hair and blue eyes. She appears in "The Oath," a First National picture, and "Temple Dusk," a Metro production.

COLLEEN MOORE, INQUISITOR.—Colleen Moore is not related to the Moore brothers, Tom, Owen, Matt, and Joe. That is her professional name. Her correct name is Kathleen Morrison. You will have to write to her personally for copies of her photographs. I can't send you one.

SENNETT FAN.—"A Small Town Idol" is the latest feature to be turned out by the Mack Sennett studio, and, incidentally, is his first color picture as well as one of his best. Ben Turpin has a prominent part in this and contributes his share to the fun. "Love, Honor, and Behave" was his latest picture for the First National.

LEWIS TE. C.—You will find the addresses you desire at the end of this department. Anne Luther is not working on any picture at the present time.

BLUE EYES.—Yes, I'm always glad to have new comers. Anita Stewart has no children. Her husband was a leading man, but he is now her business manager. Yes, I see, "The Lost City" is the title of her latest picture to be released.

MISS MARIE C.—You failed to inclose a stamp with your request for a personal reply. I will try to write you a letter at this department. Eugene O'Brien was born in Denver, Colorado, in 1889. Clara Kimball Young was born in Chicago, Illinois, in 1893. You must write to them personally regarding that, as that is out of my line. You will find their addresses at the end of this department.

TOM SAWYER.—"The Lost City" was an animal serial produced by the Warner Brothers at the Selznick Studio in Los Angeles, California. Juana Hansen was the star. She is still in pictures, and is making serials for Pathé. Her latest picture is called "Yellow Arm." Marguerite Courtot and Warner Oland are also in the cast. George Chesbrough has been supporting Texas Guinan in her films. Frank Clark is appearing at the first game, and has appeared with numerous leading companies, and with the old Selig company in the old days. Yes, the actors really got as close to the lions as you please them in the picture. They just have to take those chances, that's all.

THE BEBE DANIELS WORSHIPERS.—Often, before a picture is really started, they change the cast, and that is probably what happened in your case. They may have a picture all cast, and even started, when one of their players will be taken ill, and some one have to be substituted in the part and all scenes retaken in which the unfortunate player appeared. Whoever told you that was Theda Bara's son liked to listen to his or her own music. This is no children, so you must use your own judgment when you meet that party again. All addresses at the end of The Oracle.

E. K.—If you did take a trip down to my office to find out what I looked like, you would find no one in the whole place knows who I am with the exception of the editor, and he's afraid to tell. Robert Harron died September 12, 1925. He was accidentally shot when a loaded revolver exploded as it fell to the floor. Clarine Seymour died May 26, 1926. She was ill but a few days. Orner Looker died on August 9, 1925, when the plane in which he and "Skeets" Elliott were flying crashed into earth. Let me know which players' names you wish, and I can help you.

FRAM Mounted Enlargements. Mexican Elizade has made pictures for the Lasky Company and for Fred Balshofer, "Over the Rhine," "Countess Charming," "Croesus," Mrs. Carfax," "The Widow's Might," and "The Adventures of the Future" are some of his pictures. He is soon to return to the screen at the head of his own company in the "Fascinating Widow," to be directed by Harry Beaumont. Bothell Browne has made only one motion picture, which was Mack Sennett's Yankee Doodle in Berlin, in which he toured the country making personal appearances with the Mack Sennett bathing girls as added attractions.

FOOLISH HEART.—Jean Calhoun has the leading feminine role opposite Antonio Moreno in the picture. He will find all your other questions concerning him already answered in the replies above.

EVELYN K.—Betty Compson was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. She has never worked on any picture at the present time.
I'VE THE MONTE BLUES.—Write your request to the editor personally. I think there is not any place you can get an original autographed photo of Clarine Seymour.

MISS MILBA AND MABEL A.—William and Dustin Farnum were brothers, but Franklin Farnum is not related to them. His correct name is William Franklin Smith. Eileen Sedgwick is married. She has blond hair and dark-blue eyes. Eileen Percy is the wife of Ulrich Busch, but Thelma Percy is not married. Thelma's hair and eyes are the same color as her sister's. Margarete and Ethel Clayton are related, but neither are John and Eugene O'Brien. You refer to Charles Meredith. All addresses at the end of this department.

HOLMES H. TAMPA.—Eric von Stroheim is making a big new feature production for Universal. He is also the producer of the picture, and he wrote it as well. Outside of this he has nothing to do with it. Wallace Beery was the husband of Gloria Swanson, but it is a source of great trouble that he has not married again. John Barrymore had a nervous breakdown last season when he was playing in "Richard the Third" in New York City, but he is quite himself again. He is the sister of Ethel, in a new play by her, under the Frohman management, this year, on Broadway. The play is written under the name of Michael Strange, the pseudonym of Mrs. Barrymore. This is the first time in four years that John and Ethel have appeared in the same play. He has also just signed a five-year contract with F. J. Godsal, and Marshall Neilan is directing his first picture.

EMILY C. B.—William S. Hart has re-tired, for the time being, at least, from motion pictures.

C. X. AND C.—All your questions have already been answered in this issue. All addresses at the end of the Oracle.
PRINCESS KORDYKE.—If you mean Carl Stockdale, he appeared in the serial “The Fatal 30,” with Jack Dempsey. He also played an important part with William Russell in “Brass Buttons” for the American Film Company, and “Up Romance Road.”

LILLIAN W.—Write to the editor of Picture-Play Magazine and inclose six cents in stamps for a copy of the “Market Booklet.” Lillian was born in 1895. Your other questions have been answered in this issue. Look in the other replies.

JUST JEAN.—Lloyd Hughes was born in Bisbee, Arizona, in 1899. He was educated at Porter School High School in Los Angeles. His screen career has been with King Vidor, Universal, Metro, and Ince.

EDWARD S.—Ralph Kellard is married. Eva Novak is not married. She is still in her teens. Bound in Morroco was a Douglas Fairbanks picture. Paul Curley played the feminine lead in it. Alan Dwan handled the direction.

BY THE RIO GRANDE.—I’m afraid that type of picture is about dead as far as the film public is concerned. They don’t seem to want them any more. The market is so overloaded with them at one time that the public tired of them, and there hasn’t been any demand for the type of picture for years. Some old settlers films since, except, of course, by the youngsters, who never grow tired of this type of film entertainment.

HELEN S. M.—Mabel Normand was born in Boston, and Samuel D. Goldwyn married her. She has never been married. She has completed her contract with the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, and is now back under Mack Sennett’s management, making a feature film called “Mitch-O.”

BLUE-EYED PETE.—You will have to ask the editor for the pictures that you desire to see on the cover, as I have nothing to do with that end of Picture-Play. What would you like to know about Helen Jerome Eddy? You forgot to mention what it was. Let me know, and I’ll do my best to satisfy your curiosity. Baby Mabel Normand is playing attractive pictures at present. The players have much chances to get realism into their films. A fake always looks just like what it is on the screen. Not all the players that are married are married to their husbands or other. There are no more divorces in the motion-picture profession than in any other walk of life. It is just because the players are in the public eye all the time that you read about them. If you see Mrs. Jones getting a divorce, you think nothing about it, but if you read that some star married the same thing, you sit right up and take notice.

JEAN.—Creighton Hale is married. Culen Landis is married and has a baby boy. George Walsh is the husband of Seena Owen. You will find the addresses at the end of this feature.

D. L., SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA.—Probably that was an old picture of William S. Hart’s that you saw which had been reissued and put out under a different title so that misleading. Eileen Percy was in the Fairbanks picture and not Marjorie Daw. That was before Marjorie’s start with “Dough.” Bert Lytell was born in New York City. Jack Holt had the leading role in the Mary Pickford in “The Little American.”

BETTY.—Pauline Curley is not married. “Fighting Fate” is William Duncan’s latest serial for the Vitagraph. Your other questions have already been answered.

BILLIE O.—All addresses at the end of this department.

CHECKERS J. B.—Louis Bennison is married. You will have to write and ask the editor about the interviews you would like to have published in Picture-Play Magazine. You have nothing to do with any portion of this magazine with the exception of The Oracle. That takes up all the time they deal out in this little world of pictures, particularly in Oklahoma, and then became a famous outlaw. It is no wonder he was so successful, with the training he had as a lawyer. His screen career dates ‘way back to 1913. He has a couple of two-reel pictures based on his life. Mary, Jack, and Lottie Pickford are Mrs. Charlotte Pickford’s own children and not adopted. They never married Mary was christened Gladys Smith. However, they have taken the name of Pickford legally as well as professionally.

DICK C. S. AND TUCKER E.—Frank Mayo is married. Eugene O’Brien is still single. Ralph Granger in Cleveland, Ohio, twenty years ago. His screen career was with Essanay, Tournour, Universal, D. W. Griffith, and Metro. His latest picture is Polly With a Past, in which he supports Mary Pickford. He is six feet one inch tall and weighs one hundred and sixty pounds. His hair is light brown and his eyes are blue. All addresses at the end of The Oracle.

BEULAH R.—You will find all the addresses you requested at the end of this department.

BEATRICE C.—Gloria Swanson first started her picture career with the old Essanay Film Company and then joined the Mack Sennett comedy forces. From Sennett she went to Triangle, and from Triangle to Laemmle where she has been ever since. You will have to write Lulie Rickson and Johnny Jones personally. You will find their addresses at the end of the Oracle. Jane and Katherine Lee are not related to Lila Lee. The Lee kiddies are now appearing with great success in vaudeville. Madge Kennedy is married to Jack Regan. Madge Osborne and Madge Lee are related. Eva has her very own motion-picture company now, and when she again appears on the silver sheet it will be under the direction of her own organization. Alice Joyce is married to George Regan, Jr. Marguerite Clark is married to Palmerson Williams. The first motion picture of a story is credited to Edison’s “The Great Train Robbery,” which was around five hundred feet long. G. M. Anderson, who later became famous as “Brachon Billy,” played the leading role in it.

MISS DOROTHY F.—If you wanted a personal answer you should have inclosed a stamped, stamped envelope with your letter. As you didn’t, I will answer it in these columns. You refer to Wesley Barry. He played with Mary Pickford in “Daddy Long-Legs.” Addresses at the end of The Oracle.

JIMMY JOHN, TACOMA.—You will have to write to the concerns who make a business of selling players’ photographs to get the pictures you want of Olive Thomas and Robert Harron. You will find a four-page section of Picture-Play Magazine. I don’t know how long you will have to wait for a personal answer from Billie Burke and Gloria Swanson. I know they couldn’t possibly answer all the requests for personal replies, but there is always the chance that you may be one of the few lucky ones.

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BY HELEN CHRISTINE BENNETT
HAVE you a back yard, or vacant lot, now growing flowers, grass or weeds? If so, plant a vegetable garden and be independent. Last year there was a shortage in all crops and the demand was the greatest in history. That is why vegetables are now expensive luxuries.

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William Lord Wright
Advice for the amateur writer.

News Notes from the Studios
The latest news about plays and players.

Off for a Rest
Bebe Daniels departs for an unwanted vacation.

The Movie Almanac
Charles Gatchell

Do You Want Better Movies?
Helen C. Bennett
Some pointed suggestions about how you may help to get them.

The Revelations of a Star's Wife
The third installment of disclosures about motion-picture players and their exploits off the screen.

Sentimental Gareth
Emma-Lindsay Squier
An amusing story of the faiths and foibles of a distinguished young player.

Little Edith
H. C. Witwer
Vivacious Miss Roberts entertains the well-known humorist.

The Yearnings of Eugene
Harriette Underhill
Some interesting discoveries about "The Perfect Lover."

Something Different
Old friends of the silver sheet in new guises.

How They Do It—When It Can't Be Done
Charles Carter
A studio story in which the carpenter stars.

Whose Beauty Reigns Upon the Screen?
Herbert Howe
A panoramic answer in words and photographs to a question that dazzles even this fearless and astute critic.

A Girl's Adventures in Movieland, Part VI
Ethel Sands
She spends a rapturous day with Constance Binney at home, and visits a movie palace.

Marjorie Daw—in Love
Barbara Little
A new rôle that she expounds with enthusiasm.

He Grew a Foot in One Picture
Jerome Weatherby
And you will want to know Harold Goodwin, who is also growing in public favor.

Romances of Famous Film Folk
Grace Kingsley
The love story of Wallace Reid and Dorothy Davenport.

America's Maciste
Gordon Gassaway
The real personality that is masked behind the ugly man of Hollywood.

Continued on the Second Page Following
When there's nobody home but the cat

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  Dorothy Dalton in "The Idol of the North" by J. Clarkson Miller.

- Paramount Super Special production "Deception."
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  Lois Weber's production "Too Wise Wives"
  An intimate study of a universal problem.

- Elsie Ferguson in "Sacred and Profane Love"
  William D. Taylor's production of Arnold Bennett's play in which Miss Ferguson appeared on the stage.

- Sir James M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy"
  Directed by John S. Robertson.
  Roger "Fatty" Arbuckle in "The Traveling Salesman"
  A thrillingly funny presentation of James Forbes' popular farce.

- Cosmopolitan production "The Wild Goose" By Governor Morris.
  Thomas Meighan in "White and Unmarried"
  A whimsical, romantic comedy by John D. Swain.

- "Appearance" by Edward Knoblock
  A Donald Crisp production.

- Thomas H. Ince Special
  "The Bronze Bell" By Louis Joseph Vance
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- Douglas MacLean in "One A Minute"
  Tom Ince production of Fred Jackson's famous stage farce.

- Ethel Clayton in "The King."
  By Elmer Harris and Geraldine Bonner.

- George Melford's production "A Wise Fool" By Sir Gilbert Parker
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- Cosmopolitan production "The Woman Who Cheated" By Doran Byrne.
  Wallace Reid in "Too Much Speed" The new popular star in another Comedy novelty by Byron Morgan.

- "The Mystery Bag" A British production with David Powell
  From E. Phillips Oppenheim's novel.

- William A. Brady's production "The Life"
  By Thomas Buchan.
  From the melodrama which ran a year at the Manhattan Opera House.

- Dorothy Dunne in "Behind Masks"
  An adaptation of the famous novel by E. Phillips Oppenheim "Jeannie of the Marshes."

- Gloria Swanson in Elton Gwyn's "The Great Moment!"
  Specially written for the star by the author of "Three Weeks."

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We've Never Seen His Satanic Majesty
in any of the news reels that are shown each week at the movie theaters;

But If It Were Possible
to get a photograph of him, we know it would already have been done. For wherever human beings can go the news camera men have gone. They are the real soldiers of fortune of to-day, and their exploits make those of the "Yan-
kee in King Arthur's Court" look pale.

We're Going to Tell You
something about these modern adventurers and their fearless undertakings in an article by Charles Gatchell, which will give you added interest every time you see their work on the screen. Don't miss this article. It will appear in an early issue.
New Discovery Takes Off Flesh Almost "While You Wait!"

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Mail the coupon NOW. You be the sole judge. If you do not see a remarkable improvement in 5 days, return the course to us and your money will be immediately refunded. But mail the coupon this very minute, before you forget. Surely you cannot let so positive an opportunity to reduce to normal weight pass by unheeded.

Remember, no money—just the coupon. As we shall receive an avalanche of orders for this remarkable course, it will be wise to send your order at once. Some will have to be disappointed. Don't wait to lose weight, but mail the coupon NOW and profit immediately by Dr. Christian's wonderful discovery.

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HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS

By William Lord Wright

Be Wary of the Censor

Not so long ago I warned you writers of photo-play plots to be wary of the censor. As Agnes Smith explained in the last issue of Picture-Play, the public has been sorely tried by revolting scenes on the screen, and a wave of public opinion now demands that scenario writers should clean up their plots. Only a few States have boards of censors now, but producers are establishing a voluntary censorship which all stories will have to pass in the future.

Certain reformers have tried to lay the blame for the recent crime wave on the movies, overlooking the well-known fact that the motion-picture screen was largely responsible for the abolition of the saloon and its attendant evils, thus striking the greatest blow to real crime.

However, it is not my purpose to enlarge my ideas on censorship. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof, and the fact remains that censorship is with us, and that you writers must be more and more careful of the kind of plots you submit for picture purposes. No holdups, no sex stories, no torture, no knife play, etcetera.

The movie serial so beloved by juveniles is the greatest sufferer, and if recent drastic rulings are enforced, serials will be a thing of the past for they depend on thrills and action, and yet more action.

Be careful of the kind of plots you originate and keep them free from underworld atmosphere if possible. There is plenty of good, clean drama in this world of ours—so go to it!

"Hello" to Original Stuff!

Probably there is no better known authority on screen stories than John Blackwood. For years an editor with Thomas H. Ince, Universal, and other well-known motion-picture concerns, he has brought to movieland a wealth of experience gained by years of work in the spoken drama. Many of the best-known screen dramas are of his selection and, in addition, he has written a number of stage successes.

Mr. Blackwood agrees with the editor of this department that original plots are in great demand and that more and more and more in demand as the months go by. Mr. Blackwood gives you the following message:

"If you are a writer of original stories for the screen—if you have mused up a ream or so of virgin copy paper typ- ing your plot, and sent it scurrying to some studio—and if you have eagerly and excitedly—areted the daily coming of

the postman until the great visit is an actuality, and you find that an unappreciative, unintelligent, and uneducated scenario editor has returned your effort not with a personal letter pointing out the defects as they may have occurred to him, but merely accompanied by a rigidly worded, printed slip—I say, if you have experienced all the misery, all the worries, all the heart pangs that come to almost every writer of original material for the screen, don't lose your nerve, be of good cheer, for what-ho! the author of original stories for the photo plays is about to come into his own!

The day of the stage play, the era of the printed volume, the period of the moss-eaten nonroyalty romance are all of the past!

One of the best evidences of the paucity of first-class screen material is the fact that some of the most important of the producers are revising their former successes—sometimes badly doing so, and in other instances hiding their heads in new titles, but never changing the story at all.

Eminent—and otherwise—authors have been imported from abroad, and writers that have achieved popularity in our own country have been lured to Hollywood, Culver City, and Fort Lee by the blink of the celluloid kings' gold. Dramatists that have one or two successful stage plays to their credit have been implored to turn their attention to screen authorship and in divers other ways have the screen emperors. And have the eminent authors, the successful dramatists and the other intelligensia that have answered the call of the coin made good in their new line of endeavor? With a few exceptions, not so you could notice it!

In fact, for the greater part, they have flopped, and flopped most miserably.

They have failed to shake hands with their new opportunity with the proper degree of cordiality. They have looked upon the screen as the exponent of easy money, and any one who has had any studio experience will hasten to assure you that there is no such thing as easy money—certainly, not this season. That's all in the past, and no writer can hope to sell his wares on the strength of what he did in the long, long, distant past.

But to the writer of original material who has acquainted himself, or herself, with the requirements of the modern producer, let me say in all verity that their day is here—that if their stories are worth while they need have no fear of the studio scenario departments not welcoming them!

Words of Caution

Don't bother the scenario department with your own continuity. It's a poor sort of a studio that does not boast of a staff of experienced continuity writers. Be content with submitting your story in synopsis form, and do not go to any great length with this synopsis. The average scenario editor can tell if a synopsis of from five hundred to two thousand words is what he wants.

And another thing: there's nothing that quite upsets the average scenario editor so much as to receive a

Continued on page 10
In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

This is the startling assertion recently made by E. B. Davison of New York, one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is its astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who really can and simply haven't found it out? Well, come to think of it, most anybody can tell a story. Why can't anybody just write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift that few possess? Isn't this only another of the Mistaken Ideas that have banded down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. To-day he dives like a swallow ten thousand feet above the earth at a height greater than that of the tallest tiny mortal atoms of his fellow-men below! So yesterday's "impossibility" is a reality to-day.

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 any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to piece together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazing how the mind grasps the simple "knob." A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest writers were the poorest scholars. People rarely learn to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they really learn to write from the great, wide, open, boundless Book of Humanity! Yes, weaving all around you, day by day, hour by hour, minute by minute, in the whirling vortex—the bosom and jetstream of life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents for stories and plays—a wealth of material, a world of things happening. Every one of these has the seed of a story or a play in it. Think! If you want to a life or save an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if writing is so 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 you about the Irving System—Starting New Easy 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 tell their own amazement that their simplest ideas may furnish brilliant plots for Plays and Stories. How can's

own Imagination may provide an endless goldmine of Ideas that bring Happy Success and Handsome Cash Royalties. How new writers can with 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!

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Send me ABSOLUTELY FREE "The Wonder Book for Writers." This does not obligate me in any way.
Hints for Scenario Writers

Continued from page 8

story that is not accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed envelope, unless it is to get a story that has hitched to it a prolix letter from the author, commending the story and setting forth the kind criticisms it has received from a host of well-intentioned but obviously scantily experienced friends, acquaintances and relatives!

At Sacramento, California, in March, the final State legislative approval was given a bill to protect the rights of scenario writers. The bill provides that scenarios or stories may be filed with the Secretary of State and thereafter be used as prima-facie evidence in actions wherein theft of plots for motion pictures is charged.

The Tabloid Feature

A year ago I predicted that originals were coming into their own as stories for the movie screen. This prediction was greeted with much merriment in certain places. My prediction, today, is generally acknowledged to be true. Now I will go further. If the average five- or six-reel feature photo play does not pick up in points of action, plot, and color, there will be a return to short-length photo plays. I do not mean the old-style Westerns, but I look for a revival in favor of two and three reel features—in other words five and six-reelers condensed. These shorter productions will carry a modicum of human interest, action, a thrill or two, and will go over fast. Good photography, color, atmosphere, and high-class casts will make these tabloid dramas popular.

There is too much atmosphere and not enough action at the beginning of many of the so-called five and six-reel features of the present period. They do not open fast enough. The reel and a half or two reels of introduction are too slow.

Burl Armstrong, in charge of the reading department of the Universal Company, at Universal City, California, gives some valuable information to our readers on the artificiality of some stories. He says:

If you had passed upon thousands of screen stories in a year, and the procession of them had been like a sour blur before your jaundiced eyes, and you had sought diligently for something meritori-

ous always with fading hope, and every one from the boss down to the office boy had expressed in no uncertain terms just what stories we no longer want, and you had given up all expectation of ever finding anything suitable, and then along a peach of a yarn came in about real people, which do natural things in a different way (because they are natural)—'ain't it a grand and glorious feelin'?'

If you had nursed and cuddled this story as though it were your very own, and you had built it up hand in hand and strengthened it there, and had brought it to the point of almost absolute perfection, and had blessed its author with silent fervor, and then had discovered some obstacle to its purchase, 'ain't it a—no it ain't."

An author in St. Louis wrote one story—no more. He sold it. A writer in Cleveland wrote a thousand—no less. He sold none. The St. Louis fellow was not a student of screen requirements and couldn't talk the language. But he sold his story. The Cleveland fellow wrote about people who don't live, except in his misinterpretation of the characters he sees on the screen. His stuff is full of the nomenclature of the screen. The difference between the man from Missouri and the man from Ohio is that the former told a plain story about plain people, and naturally did not have to strain himself to invest his characters with abnormal motives.

In the striving to get something different, thousands of authors, old and new, have created artificial people, artificial situations, motives whose psychology is punk and the result is stories "written especially for the screen" which are futile.

Your State passes thousands of statutes beginning with "It shall be unlawful" and not one commencing with the liberal line "You shall be permitted to..." Any editor of screen stories can sidle away an hour or so telling you off-hand what is taboo. The "Don't list. He would stutter on the first syllable of a speech telling you what he wants.

The answer is: Your human nature and learn the method of translating to the screen the natural human emotions. Cut out the artificial, the scotch-collared "kick" and the sentimental "twist."

Buying the Title

In nine cases out of ten when a motion-picture concern buys a book—the only items of value are the book title and the name of the author. The value lies in the reputation of the author and the publicity given the book over his name. The humble writer of movie plots must originate business and action to carry the picture play five or more reels, and the posters give the author of the book all the credit. And yet many of the novelists flatter themselves that they are indispensable to the screen and never yet have we encountered one who is willing that the movie staff man or woman, be given any credit for putting drama, color, and action into the production. Many readers complain that such and such a book "was different on the screen." The reason is that the book
had not enough action to carry the photo play anywhere.

Changing Styles

There is no better known individual in the film game than Hugh Hoffman, veteran movie-trade journalist, scenario writer, and general expert, his observations are always interesting. He addresses this department as follows:

Niagara Falls never stops falling, and styles never stop changing. So there is only one thing to do and that is to keep in style. Style applies not only to clothes. In a broad way it covers everything. There are styles in street cars, machinery, printing, dogs, and everything else, including the movies, which not only have to keep up in all other styles, but they have to devise new ways of doing things all the time in the way of presentation. Things that were right in pictures a few years ago are all wrong to-day, and vice versa. And this applies not only to direction, but it is equally true of scenario writing. The motion picture picture is a teacher and a leader and has to be a few jumps ahead of the public all the time.

Some sharp-witted person once said, in reference to Europeans touring America, that they discover only the obvious. And that is largely the misfortune with those who aspire to be stylists, whether for movies or anything else. They discover the obvious. And then they rush off and write about it after everybody is pretty well aware of it. Styles are generally the result of some radical change in human forces or economics. The late war brought on more styles in more kinds of things than any one agency ever did before, and that included the war fiction on paper and on celluloid. The signing of the armistice swept away a million styles in an instant, and incidentally millions of dollars that were tied up in writing styles and stories and movies, and lots of other things.

This shows how important it is for the stylist in any line to be able to see further ahead than his particular line. Novelty is the watchword. And that brings us down to what seems to be doing behind the scenes in the movies just now. Prohibition brought about a vast change in treatment and has had a strange effect upon Western pictures in particular. It has introduced a rich vein of comedy, and many of our recent serious Western actors have become comedians, due to the difficulty of obtaining liquor even in a mining camp. Prohibition has literally turned everything upside down. To a fascinating degree the script writing on stories is going strong just now, but it is likely to wear out soon or take a sudden flop if something else comes along.

And so, the wise writer is looking ahead for that mysterious something which is a look into the future. The fellow who guesses right is in right. He who guesses wrong goes wrong. But we are living in a radical period and anything is likely to happen any day that will sweep away the old and bring in the new. What the moving-picture makers are trying to do is to avoid the other. That is the only trend that I know anything about. They must keep ahead of the public. And to do things because everybody else is doing them is not being a leader. It is very similar to discovering the obvious. The answer to it all seems to be to look ahead instead of looking around.

Advertising Section

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Do you like to write songs? This contest is for amateurs (fifteen years of age or more). Do not hesitate to enter through lack of experience. Select your own subject and then submit your song-poem to us.

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Our business is to compose and arrange music for songs, and to secure their publication. If you enter this contest and we find that your song-poem is adapted to musical setting, we shall offer to compose music and secure publication of your song.

Details of Contest

This contest open to amateurs. IMPORTANT— Only two verses and a chorus will be accepted. The publishers insist on publishing songs with not more than two verses and a chorus. Look over all popular songs and you will find this true. Write your song in either longhand or type rewritten. Songs will be judged and prizes awarded by the Staff of the Seton Music Company. Awards will be made on the basis of merit. All contestants will be notified of the prize winners. This contest will close JANUARY FIRST, 1922. All song-poems must be in our office before midnight, DECEMBER THIRTY-FIRST, 1921. Send us a song-poem WITHOUT DELAY!

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Items of interest about motion-picture players and productions in which they appear.

The incomparable John Barrymore has often been suggested as the ideal actor to portray Oscar Wilde's Dorian Gray on the screen, and rumor had it that he had purchased the film rights to this story. The rumor was without foundation, apparently, for "The Portrait of Dorian Gray" is announced as the initial offering to be made by a new company which will feature Joseph Schildkraut, one of the most celebrated actors in Europe. Mr. Schildkraut has appeared on the speaking stage in New York and made a highly favorable impression. It is believed that he will take his place as one of the foremost actors in America.

Maud Adams has been experimenting for some time with a new color process for motion pictures, and intends to produce at least one feature film in colors. The picture, which is to be made from a story written by Miss Adams will be called "Aladdin." She will not appear in the picture herself.

A film version of "King Lear" is to be made by John M. Stahl.

Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, after a vacation spent in Yosemite Valley, are hard at work on "Little Lord Fauntleroy" and "The Three Musketeers." Mary Roberts Kinehart's first original story for the screen, "The Glorious Fool," is being produced at the Goldwyn studio.

"Who will play 'Peter Pan'?" is the question which is at present most discussed among both motion-picture players and fans. It is said that during the summer Sir James M. Barrie will come to America to advise the officials of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation in casting the production. Betty Compson and Georgette Cohan, a daughter of George M. Cohan, have both been mentioned as possibilities for the part of Peter. The Morning Telegraph, of New York City, believing that the public ought to choose the actress to play Peter, has invited expressions of opinion on the subject from its readers. Marguerite Clark is the choice of most of the correspondents, and Shirley Mason has a number of supporters. Heywood Broun, of the New York Tribune, suggests Charlie Chaplin as Peter and Jackie Coogan as the Pirate, but Fanny the Fan won't be happy if Wesley Barry isn't given the title role.

Viola Dana is appearing in "Life's Darn Funny," and says that it just expresses her sentiments.

Charlie Chaplin's next comedy is to be called "Vanity Fair."

Marjorie Daw will play the leading part in "The Lying Truth," the first production to be made by the Marion Fairfax Company. Miss Fairfax wrote the continuity for several Marshall Neilan productions previous to forming her own company. She will act as codirector of her productions with Hugh McChung.

Mary MacLaren, the much-admired sister of Katherine MacDonald, will play a leading rôle in "The Three Musketeers" with Douglas Fairbanks.

Elinor Glyn has become so interested in motion pictures since arriving at the Famous Players-Lasky studio in California that she has decided to act in her picture, "The Great Moment," which is Gloria Swanson's first starring vehicle. She will play the part of a noblewoman and have plenty of opportunity to wear her famous jewels.

Hazel Daly, who was well known several years ago as an Essanay player, will play opposite Tom Moore in "Beating the Game."

Charlie Ray's next picture will be "The Barnstormer." Charlotte Pierce who has appeared in Benjamin Hampton's productions will play opposite him.

Myrtle Stedman's son, Lincoln, is to be starred in a series of two-reel comedies made at Universal City. Rita Weiman, who recently completed her first original scenario, "The Grim Comedian," for Goldwyn, is now at work on a scenario for William De Mille.


John Harron, a brother of the late Robert Harron, will appear in the Goldwyn production, "The Grim Comedian." The last picture made by Robert Harron before his death is to be released by Metro under the title "Coincidence."

"Hail the Woman" is the title of the next Thomas H. Ince production. Florence Vidor will play the leading rôle, and others in the cast are Theodore Roberts, loaned by Famous Players-Lasky, Madge Bellamy, and Tully Marshall.

Alice Terry, the beautiful heroine of "The Four Horsemen," will play the leading rôle in the next Rex Ingram production. Rumor has it that this production will be an adaptation of a Balzac story and will be as ambitious an undertaking as filming "The Four Horsemen" was.

In "Footlights," the Rita Weiman story which John Robertson is filming, Elsie Ferguson casts dignity to the winds and appears in a rôle utterly different from anything she has previously attempted. During the filming of a scene where she does an impersonation of Eddie Foy, it was impossible to get carpenters, electricians, or property men to work farther than fifty feet from her set.

(Continued on page 14)
The Summer's Best Fiction

is in the AUGUST number of

AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE

Here are a few of the really fine stories you will find:

Seven Years By Josephine Meyer
Jambalaya By James Francis Dwyer
Jilted By Rebecca Hooper Eastman
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Ask Your Theatre Owner If He Has a First National Franchise

NEWS NOTES FROM THE STUDIOS

Continued from page 12

Ruth Roland's next Pathé serial will be "The Golden Cañon." Bert Lytell has gone to the West Coast Metro studio and is making a film version of "A Trip to Paradise." Virginia Valli is his leading woman.

Harry Myers, whose "Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court" endeared him to the hearts of all who saw it, has contracted to appear opposite Bebe Daniels in "The March Hare."

Charlie Murray is very much elated because he has been decided that he does not look old enough to play Mabel Normand's father. He will, therefore, not appear in "Molly O."

Ben Turpin has returned from a hard-earned vacation and has started work on a series of two-reel comedies.

"The Face of the World," by Johann Bojer, is to be pictured by Irvin Willat, with Eddie Hearn in the role of the doctor-hero.

George Bunny, a son of the late John Bunny, is making two-reel comedies for Hodkinson release. "Angel Feathers" and "Indigo Sunday" are two of his most recent productions.

Will Rogers appears in doublet and hose in "Doubling for Romeo," causing much comment on his shapely legs. "Don't people know I was in the Folies five years?" he asks.

Lon Chaney has a sympathetic rôle in "The Age of Hearts," which ought to make up for all the months he has been perpetrating villainy on the screen.

Norma Talmadge's next picture, under Herbert Brenon's direction, is to be "The Wonderful Thing," an adaptation of a play by the same name which appeared for a short time on Broadway last year.

Hugo Ballin felt that he had made an astounding discovery when he found an actor who had never appeared in movies. He promptly engaged the curiosity, whose name is George Bancroft, for a prominent rôle in "Ace Maria." Wyndham Standing and Mabel Ballin play the leading roles.

Betty Compson has been selected by Sir James M. Barrie to portray Lady Babbin in the screen version of "The Little Minister."

Some autographed photographs which Alice Calhoun gave to some friends who were left in a taxi-cab, and neither Alice nor her friends expected to ever see them again. They were returned to her at the Vitagraph studio, however, with a note which said merely, "Such is fame."
Off for a Rest

Or you can spell it arrest if you prefer, for it is because of her arrest that Bebe Daniels recently said good-by to her friends for a ten days' sojourn in jail.

SHE has led men astray, wrecked countless homes, and danced to the pipings of temptation. For months, years almost, she has been the bad little girl of the films. And yet everybody loved her—that is, everybody except Justice Cox and twelve men on a jury who recently sentenced her to ten days in jail for speeding. They were heartless enough to think that a nice young girl—even so nice a young girl as Bebe Daniels, the wicked charmer in the films, is in real life—ought not to drive at a rate of fifty-six and a quarter miles per hour down the Orange County, California, boulevards. And so, the vivid Daniels smile was destined to languish ten whole days behind the bars of the Santa Ana prison.

She might not have had to serve her term in jail, for her attorney appealed her case and had hopes of winning her acquittal. But Bebe heard that the case might not be settled for three whole months, so she decided that ten nice, quiet days in jail would be much better than that long period of uncertainty. So after a quiet dinner party at the Alexandria at which her friends tendered sympathy, and promised to remember her when she was free again, she set out for the Orange County jail at Santa Ana. She arrived at eleven p. m., thereby saving one day of her sentence, as the hour before midnight counts as a whole day. Her mother insisted on accompanying her, as she was not accustomed to allowing her daughter out alone nights. They occupied a front cell on the second floor which was provided with a bed and a cot, and Miss Daniels' first important action on assuming the duties and privileges of a jailbird was to seek a piece of wood to knock on, while she remarked, "It never happened before." And, of course, she added fervently, "And it never will happen again."

New Faces Wanted for the Movies

Get this Book Today

FREE TELL why photographers directors say there is a great demand for new screen faces. Write for a free copy of "The New Door to Movieland." Without obligation, to you, mail address below, your booklet, "The Niagara Method."
A Chicago girl wore this coral wool sweater and washed it fifty-five times during the past three years. After the first twelve washings she altered the neck and armholes with some of the unwashed yarn. Much to her surprise the new yarn could not be told from the old! And through the other forty odd washings, the sweater has kept its color, its woolly softness, and its original shape. It looks good for another three years' wear.

Its owner credits this remarkable record to the fact that she used nothing but Ivory Soap Flakes for every one of the fifty-five washings. Ivory Flakes gave her the unequalled purity of Ivory Soap plus the convenience and safety of rub-less laundering. She says each washing took only five minutes.

You may never need to wash a sweater as often as this one was washed, but you undoubtedly own garments which you do not want to subject to the dangers of rubbing and of doubtful ingredients in soap. For such delicate pieces, Ivory Flakes will give you the utmost convenience and safety. Use it for woolens, silks, satins, laces, chiffons. It will harm nothing that water alone will not harm.

This wool sweater had 55 washings before this picture was taken

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PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE
Volume XIV
JULY, 1921
No. 5

THE MOVIE ALMANAC
JULY 1921
Edited and Illustrated by CHARLES GATCHELL

PREDICTIONS FOR JULY.

Pictures showing winter scenes in Alaska will be very popular wherever shown this month. Discerning motion-picture lovers will begin to observe that the titles of the pictures are becoming somewhat less sensational, at least at the better theaters. News reels will begin showing convention parades and Fourth of July oratorations, and will continue to display pictures of ship launchings and the exploits of structural steel workers.

1—Fr.—Prohibition went into effect, 1919.
2—Sa.—Several motion-picture directors announced their intention of going to Cuba, Bermuda, and different parts of Europe in order to get the right atmosphere for their pictures.
3—Su.—Alice Brady became a Reallart star, 1919.
4—M.—Police reserves called out to disperse the mobs of feminine film fans gathered around Famous Players-Lasky's Long Island studio when Alla Nazimova arrives from the Coast to work on "Peter Ibbetson" with Elsie Ferguson, 1921.
5—Tu.—Censors start a campaign against Mary Pickford's appearing in "Little Lord Fauntleroy," because she wears boys' clothing in the role, 1921.
7—Th.—Raymond Hatton born, 1922.
8—Fr.—D. W. Griffith, who had just been made a director at the old Biograph studio, completed his first picture, "The Adventures of Dollie," 1908.
9—Sa.—"Queen Elizabeth," starring Sarah Bernhardt, the first feature picture ever made by a famous stage actress, completed, 1912.
10—Su.—A producer openly admits that he is releasing a picture made in Germany, 1919.
11—M.—Clara Kimball Young began her career as a motion-picture actress by going to work at the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn, 1911.
13—W.—Following the success of Penrhyn Stanlaws as a movie director, Neya McMein, Clarence Underwood, and Howard Chandler Christy start in as apprentices, 1922.
14—Th.—The Einstein theory denounced by the Actors' Equity Association because it attacks the star system, 1921.

OUR MONTHLY RECIPE.

Baste one critic with toothache or headache.
And then keep him fast to his post.
Choose a good baking day.
And no matter what it is.
It is quite safe to count on the roast.

HINTS TO HOUSEWIVES.

Never go to see Pauline Frederick without taking an extra handkerchief.
If you want to get on the good side of your husband, don't dreamily ask him if he doesn't think that Thomas Jefferson isn't simply wonderful, but say sm AR-
"I hear that Ben Turpin is being featured in a new comedy. Don't you want to go?"

HISTORICAL ANECDOTE.

Back in 1911, a young man fresh out of school was working as a cub reporter on a Newark, New Jersey, newspaper.
The young man was very tall, good looking, and green, and one day the editor sent him out to cover a fire which he had heard had started in the biggest hotel in the city. When the reporter got to the hotel, the fire was apparently out. He was disappointed, because he had wanted so much to write a big story. Locating the proprietor, the young reporter talked to him about the fire. The proprietor was a good talker and advertiser.

The reporter dashed back to his office and tore out a story about the flames flashing high, the guests fleeing, in scant attire, the terrible damage wrought, and what a hero the proprietor was.
After he had handed in his story, the city editor called him.
"Young man," he said, "You possess too much imagination for this sheet. We had a phone message that that fire was a false alarm. So are you, You're fired."
Afterward the young man went into the movie business. His name is Wallace Reid.

INTERESTING FACTS.

It is estimated that all of the film that has been taken showing Earle Williams, Ruth Roland, and Mary Pickford, if laid end to end, would reach from San Francisco to Peking.
Very few motion pictures are made in Iceland.
Mary Miles Minter has never played a vampy rôle.
Richard Barthelmess is one of the most popular young men on the screen.
Douglas Fairbanks is said to be very well to do.
Elsie Ferguson is reputed to have a very large and expensive wardrobe.
Visitors are seldom admitted to motion-picture studios.
Mrs. Sydney Drew began her professional career as an entertainer on the Redpath Lyceum platform.

Rupert Hughes, who has made a fortune out of writing for magazines and the screen, has never learned to run a typewriter.

George B. Seitz is the author, director, star, and business manager for his company.

THE L. C. M.

We can't afford to dine abroad.
Our purse is always low.
It's emptied by the cruel hand of H. C. L., you know.

We can't afford to go to games.
We wouldn't have a chance.

Of buying proper clothing for A tea or dinner dance.
If we should hear McCormack sing.
Or Kreisler play, I fear
We'd have to live like Becky Sharp.
On nothing for a year.
They've pushed our rations out of sight.
They've boosted up our rents.
But praises be it the movies still.
Are bought for 'leven cents.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

GERTIE.—You are quite right in breaking your engagement with the young man who pronounces it "fillum."
Do You Want Better Movies?

If there is anything about the movies which you think might be improved read this article. It will show you that you have more influence than you realized—if you will only use it.

By Helen Christine Bennett

ILLUSTRATED BY ULRU TRUGO

BEFORE I started out for the Coast I attempted to make a study of the spectators at motion-picture theaters. The object of this was to find out whether the folks who go to see motion pictures were as dissatisfied with them as I was. I gave the thing as fair a trial as I could, visiting all kinds of houses from the dollar-and-a-half house to the fifteen-cent one. And I came to the conclusion that most folks who attended motion pictures felt just about as I did. I sat in the biggest motion-picture house in the country one night—the Capitol Theater, in New York City—and heard the people about me titter at a picture which showed a man in a Northern village, at least the setting looked as if it were so intended, assaulted and an attempt made to tar and feather him because of a supposed political betrayal! There was a fourteen-year-old schoolboy sitting next to me, a well-set-up, intelligent chap, and when he came to this scene he sighed disgustedly. "Oh, gee!" Something was wrong; he sensed it, and he complained to his father about the bad show during the rest of the picture. At another time in a theater of equal prominence, I was sitting next to one of the most ardent fans of my acquaintance. The story wasn't a bad story, although half the spectators drifted out before it was finished, but at the conclusion, human credulity was strained to the point where the other half hastily rose, and my friend the fan remarked in tones of wonder, "Let's get out. How on earth do you suppose they figure on getting away with anything as bad as that?"

I took these remarks and others of the same kind with me to the Coast, and since I have been here I have used them judiciously in the studios which I have visited. To my surprise every producer, director, and editor whom I have seen at once admitted that pictures would have to be better!

I don't mean to intimate that any one admitted they were bad. But every one concerned with pictures has sensed this discontent among the people who go to see motion pictures and admitted it is going to try to do better in future. More than that most of them have admitted that they were going to make better pictures because the people are demanding them.

It was pleasant to find every one in accord with me; the only difficulty was that most of the persons concerned in the production of pictures were quite vague as to how they were to be made better. And before I go any further with this article I want to state that I am not using "better" to refer to morals. The matter of censorship is agitating the whole motion-picture producing world. With five States possessing boards of censors to guard the morals of the screen, and thirty-eight bills pending in thirty-eight legislatures proposing similar boards of censorship, censorship and morals of pictures form burning and vital topics of conversation. I have no use for vulgar or indecent pictures, but I have still less use for a board of censors. No more idiotic institution could be founded than a board of censors. If you don't believe it look up the board in Pennsylvania. In that State the censors have determined that motherhood is immoral. If a perfectly respectable woman is expecting a baby she cannot work on baby clothes on the screen; the censors prefer her to have the baby without warning and to suddenly shock the spectators rather than to give them any intimation of the horrible impending fact.

Anything more immoral than to make motherhood a hidden shame I have yet to conceive. But having thus registered myself as against censorship I reiterate: I am talking of "better movies" in another sense.

In a picture play I saw recently, at a high-priced theater, the lovely heroine, a dressmaker's model, tried on some exquisite clothing consisting of an embroidered chiffon evening gown over silk or satin and a light coat trimmed with ermine. In the course of the evening this young lady, in these clothes, was abducted, by mistake, gagged after a struggle, thrown into a motor car, carried out to a small frame house, where she was locked
in. The house was empty and dismantled and presumably pretty dusty, since houses in this condition usually do accumulate dust. The hero arriving rescued the young lady, but they had to grope their way in the darkness about many rooms, and finally they climbed out a second-story window, and the girl slid down a water spout, entered a second car, and was driven to a ball.

I give you my word that she entered the ballroom with no more preparation than brushing back a vacant look of hair! She looked fine, too. The chignon dress was not even marked up, and the cape was as good as ever. Her white throat and neck showed no signs of the rough hands of the men who had gagged her. Still further on she engaged in a struggle with the villainess. This lady almost lost her dress in the struggle, one shoulder came off entirely. But when the struggle was over the heroine, brushing back the vacant look, returned unscathed to the ballroom, and the villainess, calmly buttoning the dress on the shoulder support—it had conveniently been made that way it seemed, perhaps in forecast of this struggle—smoothed back her dark locks and went to the ballroom, too. At the end of the play when the heroine got back and removed her cape the lovely dress was still perfect.

Now this would seem too ridiculous to mention if it were not for the fact that this is a recent picture, made by a first-class company, widely advertised, and foisted on an unsuspecting public. Rob Wagner says that American spectators are the most patient in the world, that in France and England the people applaud when they like films and hiss when they do not. I think a little well-applied hissing is much needed in this country.

Would it have any effect? It would have a profound one. The only method a producer has to tell whether his pictures are liked or disliked is to watch the box-office receipts. Managers of local theaters are invited, urged, and almost implored to tell how pictures are received by the spectators. As we do not often applaud, except in news reels, and do not hiss, except the villains of serials, the attendance is the only criterion. But there isn't a place in any industry where direct connection between consumer and producer is more needed than in the motion pictures. If for one year a very small percentage of the motion-picture fans would tell the maiden at the box office, or the local manager, or better still write to the producer every time a bad picture was shown—or an exceptionally good one—and sign an honest name and address to the communication, I believe it would do more to hasten the day of better motion pictures than anything else.

Why? Because a good many producers, perhaps all of them are still basing their pictures on the idea of the intelligence of the ten-cent audience, and yet these pictures are shown first to, and make their reputation on, the fifty-cent to a dollar audience. After this they are shown to the cheaper audience, but in the case of the great majority of pictures it is this method of distribution that is used, and it is the verdict of the first and high-class spectator that makes or breaks the picture. Motion-picture producers and directors have reminded me at every opportunity that they had to consider that they were making pictures for a mass of spectators. They are not; they are trying to capture the high-class audience and then build up a reputation for a picture that will carry it with any spectator at any price. In the future there may be more distinction made in picture plays, but at present this is the general method. A few hundred letters to producers would have a wonderful effect, more wonderful than you would imagine.

Very few of the public realize what letters can do. As a magazine writer of years of experience I know what they do in that world. Even a single letter with regard to an article or story is regarded as proof that it aroused an especial interest. A dozen letters on a story make a hit, a hundred a big hit, because we don't write often when we like a thing, and still less often when we don't like it. In the motion-picture world letters to producers are rare things. I wound up one director general on this matter, and he said warily he would welcome letters.

"The weakest point in this industry," he said, "is that we get our barometer of public feeling secondhand. We depend on the local theater man for information. If we could develop a way to find out firsthand what the public thinks we would be able to do better work in suiting the public."

In justice to the producer, whom I have been treating rather badly thus far, it ought to be stated that the picture you see is not always the picture he sent out. In the first place the boards of censors—they really cannot be kept out of this article it seems, delete a picture according to their notions of morality. This notion varies according to the people composing the board of censors. In Chicago, where the board is composed of police officers, it is easy to imagine that any film permitting anything derogatory to a policeman is cut at that point. Do not imagine that because your State has a board of censors that this cutting may not affect you. Chicago is a center for the releasing of pictures which go to Michigan, parts of Wisconsin, and of other States near, as sent out from Chicago, which means cut to suit the whim of the Chicago police, from whose decision there is no appeal. The picture you see may have started out as a logical story, but it is cut then and there, and the remains passed on to the public. Now suppose that particular picture passes the censors, what next? Next comes the exhibitor. He has it within his power to make or mar a picture. When I saw the "Mark of Zoro" it was shown so fast that no one could follow the picture except at a hop, skip, and jump, which made it a painful process. I reported the thing in person to Mr. Fairbanks, and he ordered word sent at once to the operators of that theater—it was one
of a chain—that if such a thing happened again he would not release to them.

"They will do it," said Fairbanks in disgust. "It is a little long, and they run it over."

They do more than run it over. Very often they cut out a whole line of scenes because it is too long or because they, the exhibitors, do not like them. One theater owner cut a picture because as he said:

"I don't like the man's face there: I'll just cut it out." Sometimes an exhibitor does like a particular part of a film so well that he keeps it for his private and personal collection. What we see is often what all the people have left of the original. There is just one way to stop it, Complain if your theater cuts films, to your knowledge; you can often tell by comparison with other theaters. Complain if the picture has gaps unexplained, complain of anything that does not suit you. It will not take long for theater exhibitors to find out that a picture must be shown as it leaves the producers' hands. Then we can take up our quarrel with faults with the producer.

That is your part and mine in helping to get better movies.

If I have read the people about me aright in my visits to study motion-picture spectators the thing the people want most is a greater fidelity to life. If a girl gets disheveled we want her disheveled even if her beauty is less for a moment. We don't care about all merchants being alike, all country folks looking alike, all mothers being very old, and all fathers likewise. Would that the stage or the screen would occasionally show us parents of young folks of about forty-five instead of about sixty-five! I took several producers to task for these aged parents of seventeen-year-old-daughters, and they shrugged their shoulders and said,

"Oh, that is for contrast." Now I appeal to you if the contrast that is so great as to be incongruous is really effective. If I could see one motion picture with a sprightly set of parents for the hero and heroine I should feel immensely relieved as to the future of motion pictures. I want to see a captain of industry who is not clean shaven, nor choleric, nor given to fits of temper. I really know several captains of industry who are none of these things. I want to see some ingenues with brains as well as elastic joints that permit them to do acrobatic stunts. Such young women exist and are often good looking. In other words I want to see the screen stop using stock types and to use individuals in its picture plays. One scenario director whom I interviewed—I shall not use his name as he might be swamped with objections to his present products—says he is going to do it. He says the day of stock types is over, and the day of individuals has come. I hope for our sakes that it has.

I want to see things happen logically. I don't want them to happen as in life, because, as every editor knows, life obeys laws too little understood to make its happenings convincing. Take the example I gave. Now it might have been that in life some man who lived in a Northern village was tarred and feathered as retribution for a political betrayal, but even if it did actually happen—once—it could never be convincing to us, who know that it could not happen but once. A thing that is true to life is true to life as we know it year in year out, not true to life on New Year's Eve. No one wants to bind the films to realism; we love fairy stories and want them always, but we do want to have them presented in a way that makes us believe in them, and so we must have the characterization built on life as we know it.

I have arrived this far without a hint of sex. What of sex stories, problem stories, and so on in the motion pictures? Temporarily, as I am writing, the big companies are preparing to follow the fourteen points laid down by Lasky. At present any sex picture is overlaid with the moral pointed out. Sex is going to survive. So is sin. It always has in fiction, and it has enabled many picturegoers to get their ideas of gilded vice a bit more accurately than they ever could before women particularly. Eagerness concerning the much-talked of unknown demi-monde accounts for a large part of the interest in sex pictures. That curiosity has been largely satisfied, and the vamp picture now has to have a real story in addition to clothes and the vamp. Some of the disgusting pictures will go. But, to my mind, the picture which is most in need of extermination is the salacious comedy, the one or two reeler which is vulgar, suggestive, and often indecent. Under the guise of humor these present matter that ought to make any spectator hiss with vehemence.

There isn't any question but that the air out here is full of statements as to "better motion pictures." When you recall, however, how much the phrase, "fewer and better pictures," has been used in the industry merely as an advertising catchword in the campaigns of previous years, you are likely to distrust any predictions of this sort which the producers put out regarding their own particular wares. So what is going to come of it all I can't even guess. But of one thing I am certain. This industry ought to be yours and mine; it depends directly on us and our kind for support. We have every right to be considered. Therefore if you want better movies get out your pen and ink and paper and prepare to write and write and write—and get all your friends to do the same. We get legislation by this means; even a minority can get a measure passed in Congress or in a State legislature if it is a determined-enough minority; we can get better movies if we are enough in earnest to kick and boost until they arrive.
The Revelations of a Star's Wife

An intimate story of the joys and sorrows that make up the real lives of the players.

CHAPTER V.

FROM the Claridge we went to see "Sally," the musical comedy in which Mary Hay, Dick Bartholomew's wife, was playing; she's such an attractive thing that I adore watching her. It was raining when we came out of the theater—a light, spring rain that did little more than make the pavements wet, so that the lights of Broadway were reproduced in a beautiful, blurry reflection wherever there was a clear bit of space. That was not often, however; the whole theater district was jammed with automobiles, and in each hotel entrance and theater lobby was a great crowd of people—women with bare heads, their evening cloaks gathered close about them, waiting while their escorts found their cars; men taking the opportunity to smoke while some other, more unlucky fellow chased a car for their crowd. Every few moments a taxi would go by with a man standing on the running board, protecting his find from the dozens of men who tried to get it away from him, and the uniformed doormen apparently summoned autos out of thin air, and coined money as a result.

Lorraine Tevis arrived at the Century shortly after we did, and a few moments later, when I was dancing with Hugh, and she with Bruce Kildare, she maneuvered so that we were near each other when the music stopped.

"Please come with me after this dance," she said, slipping her hand into mine. "I need you.

So I did. She and Kildare and I made our way from the crowd that faced the stage and out to a secluded corner, from which we could look down across Central Park. The rain had stopped, and the spring air was very sweet and clear. From here, when the city came up to us, like surf breaking on a sandy shore, and behind us the dance music lifted with its broken rhythm.

I was not surprised to find Tom Seward waiting for us; he was tramping up and down in the little corner, an unlighted cigar between his teeth. Despite the perfect cut of his dinner coat he had a rumpled appearance, as if the disturbed state of his thoughts had affected even his clothes. He wasn't at all the quiet, courteous-looking person he'd been at dinner.

"I'm glad you've come, Mrs. Beresford," he said, holding out his hand to me. "Of course, people will never know what really happens here to-night, but it's just as well to have some outsider know, in case of difficulties.

I wondered why, if there was to be a scene, he hadn't chosen a more private place as the setting for it. Lorraine answered my thought as she stepped closer to me.

"I told you at dinner that I wanted to see you this evening, but I didn't know that it would be quite so serious," she said, ignoring her husband and Kildare.

"I just wanted to ask your advice, but now it's too late. This—this meeting, if it can be called that, is the result of an argument that came up quite suddenly, and I—well—"

"She's afraid that if we have it out in a more private place I'll forget myself and shoot Kildare," Tom Seward broke in bluntly. "That's a mistaken idea. I'm a sane man, in the first place, and in the second, I know that I have no cause for wanting to do such a thing. But Lorraine seems to have taken the plots of some of her own pictures seriously, and was afraid to go home.

"Yes, I know that this seems queer to you—but you must remember that motion-picture people aren't like ordinary folk; they do things more impulsively, their lives are less restricted than most people's are, and settling an important matter in public is an every-day occurrence to them. So staging this little affair at a popular after-theater resort, was nothing unusual.

"Now, let's have this thing out," Seward went on.

"You've admitted that you're in love with each other, haven't you?"

Lorraine merely nodded; Bruce Kildare squared his shoulders and said, "Yes, we have; we've been in love for the last year."

"But we tried not to be," protested Lorraine, twisting her hands together so that her bracelets clinked faintly; an extravagant simile flashed into my mind; they seemed like delicate but firm fetters. "You said when I married you that you wouldn't ask much of me, but that you would insist on my being true to you. Well, I have been. As soon as we fell in love with each other—that is, as soon as we knew that we had—Bruce asked you to release him from his contract, but you refused. We had to keep on playing love scenes; all our pictures had them in. But Bruce never kissed me except when he had to, and every time he took me in his arms—in every single one of those moments that were so sacred to him and me—the director was saying 'Hold her tighter—kiss her again—' and lots of people were looking on—you, often enough, were there, too. And the whole world saw it on the screen."

I felt suddenly ashamed. Think of it—you girls who are in love—you and I shared with them the tenderest moments of their lives. It seemed to me that I never wanted to see another love scene.

"Yes, that's true, I know," Seward was staring down over the city now. I wondered if he realized..."
that it was the people in that city, and in the other cities and little towns of the country, who had taken Lorraine away from him. They had found romance in the love-making of his wife and Bruce Kildare, and had demanded more and more of it; that had made these two a money-making team, turned them into a veritable goose that would keep on laying the golden egg for years. As a result of that, he himself had refused to separate them.

"We've got to end the thing, though," he went on, turning back to her suddenly. "I can't have it—I won't let this thing go on. You must decide whether you will give Bruce up and forget all about him, or whether you will leave me and go with him, I'll release you both from your contracts, and you can get a divorce from me and marry him. Or you can stay with me, and Bruce can go. Which is it to be?"

Lorraine stared at him helplessly. She had never had to make up her mind unaided before; her mother had done it for her for years, and then Tom had done it after their marriage. She turned to Bruce Kildare, who was leaning against the wall with his hands in his pockets.

"If Bruce leaves, I'll put up the money to star him," Seward offered. You see, he worshiped Lorraine, and was willing to bid high for her. "That will put him on his feet, and you need never regret having pushed him out of a snug berth. What about it, Lorraine?"

She turned from him to Kildare, and her arms went out to him instinctively.

"I love you, Bruce," she said, and her voice appealed to him to help her.

Back where the crowd was they had turned down the lights, and on the stage two acrobats were performing, doing wonderfully beautiful feats of balancing with a slow, unbroken grace of movement, to the softly played strains of a waltz written in delicate minor chords. They seemed unreal to me, but not half so much as did this scene of which I was a part.

Kildare straightened up for an instant and took a step forward; then he leaned back against the wall again.

"I don't believe you'd better choose me, Lorrie," he said quietly. "First thing we knew we'd have to try to be happy together. I couldn't give you even a decent car. I'd have to scout around for a contract—so would you—and even successful as we've been, it's a question what sort of deal we could make right now, with more pictures on the market than can possibly be used."

I hated him for that; I believed that he was just trying to get the most he could out of the situation. But then I saw him turn his head away from them and blink back the tears, and I knew that he, like Tom Seward, was trying to consider Lorraine's happiness first, and that he didn't believe she'd be happy with him, without much money.

She turned to Seward, then, and began to sob; she'd had a little glimpse of happiness for a short time, but the thought that Kildare could even pause to consider having her come to him, instead of taking her in his arms at once, had ruined everything for her.

Of course, it was a complete misunderstanding; being the only one of them who was on the outside of the whole affair, I could see that. Kildare thought he'd be doing Lorraine an injustice if he deprived her of Seward's wealth, and she thought that he didn't care enough for her to make the sacrifices he'd have to in order to take her. As for Seward, his triumph was sorry enough; I knew as well as he did that Lorraine was no more his wife than I was. But he smiled a little as he turned away from us, with his arm around her. She leaned heavily against him as they walked away, but Seward's air was one of victory. I think he felt that he had taken a long step toward really winning her.

Kildare went back to her sister, who was with the party. But he took me to my table first.

"Don't think me a cad, please," he begged me. "If you didn't see how things were I can't explain them, but—well, I won't take Seward's offer to give me my own company; I'll hunt up a job somewhere else."

"But why not take Lorraine with you?" I urged him impulsively. I couldn't bear to have these two parted. "You and I know what her marriage to Seward has been—just a nominal marriage, hardly more than a business contract. She's leading a starved, empty life, in spite of her gorgeous gowns and jewels and all the rest of it. Are you going to leave her to know nothing but that?"

"I've got to," he answered wearily. "Don't you see—all the things that Seward's money gives her she's come to expect; they're part of her life. Alone I couldn't make enough to keep her happy. Of course, we could probably earn a lot, together—but it would be some time before she could do much. It would take a year's residence in California or somewhere like that before she could get a divorce. Then, too—you know how fast popularity wanes in the movies. She might be almost forgotten in a year. And often divorce hurts a star terribly. Lorraine's quite different from some naturally—more popular and all that, but people have been devoted to her because they knew there never
was any scandal about her. If she left Seward, even though there wasn’t any gossip about it—and there’d be no real cause for any—people would wonder and talk, and it would hurt her. In time they’d forget—but in the meantime it would be hard for her. Oh, I know that all this may sound to you as if I was hedging, but I’m not; I’m just trying to show you why I didn’t do what I wanted to so terribly to-night—take Lorraine in my arms and tell Seward that he’d lost her.

I tried to show him that he was wrong; that Lorraine wouldn’t have minded getting along on whatever he could earn till she could help out, and that she wouldn’t care even then if they didn’t have as much as she’d been accustomed to. Of course, it was hard to tell how good a market her pictures would find without Seward to back them; the fact that they were shown in all the theaters he owned made some difference, and then, too, with his money behind her she could always have the best of everything when she made a picture, and the exhibitors knew it. But even so, if she and Bruce Kildare really cared for each other, I couldn’t see why they didn’t risk it. It seemed to me that he was need-lessly afraid of jeopardizing her future.

A week later she and Seward were to sail for France. She came to see me the morning they were due to go, and sat down on the foot of my bed—I had been up late the night before and was having breakfast there—while she told me about it. She looked very lovely, in her trim, closely veiled hat with a great bunch of orchids and lavender sweet peas pinned to her blue coat. But she was very pale, and her eyes looked as if she had cried until something had died in her heart.

“You think Bruce and I made a mistake don’t you?” she asked abruptly.

“I do,” I answered.

“Sometimes I think so, too,” she said slowly. “Yet settling things this way means that he’s to be starred; that’s a step up for him. And evidently I was mistaken; he couldn’t have cared so very much, after all.”

Then I tried to tell her the other side of the story; that Bruce, quixotic chap that he was, had felt he’d be doing wrong in asking her to give up the luxury and success Seward gave her and face the whole world with him. Also that he had refused Seward’s offer to star him.

“I suppose that was because I told him once that when I was a youngster, and we were awfully poor.

I used to have to help with the work, and that I had to wash out the handkerchiefs and other little things,” she told me. “I said that I’d rather die than ever wash handkerchiefs again—and he must have remembered it.”

Seward phoned her just then; he was waiting downstairs, and they had just twenty minutes to catch their boat. Was she coming?

“Am I—going, Sally?” she asked me suddenly, turning away from the phone.

“Bruce is stopping at the Algonquin,” I answered. “You could phone him—and stay here at the Claridge with us for a while, and then go West and get your divorce—”

She walked across the room to the window and stood there staring down at Broadway. Just across from her, on the top of a building, was a huge electric sign—“Lorraine Tevis in ‘Hearts Aflame’”—it read. Only a few blocks away was the hotel where Bruce Kildare, who had made that very picture with her, was staying.

Continued on page 100
I am tired to-day, I was out late last night.

"Working?" This from me sympathetically.

"No, up on top of Mt. Lookout—in the moonlight, making love."

And, gentle reader, the speaker was not Lew Cody or any of the self-confessed Roméo of the screen. It was Gareth Hughes, the boy with the face of an acolyte, he whom C. B. De Mille called "the young idealist," Barrie's choice for the picturized version of "Sentimental Tommy."

We were gliding along North Broadway toward Elysian Park in Gareth's correctly upholstered sedan. A perfectly groomed chauffeur tended the wheel. Gareth was garbed in ultra-modish things, loose fitting, Byronic. His nails were polished to a pink glow; he toyed with an ivory-tipped stick—a useless thing. Sophistication.

But, a golden cluster of daffodils flaunted their bloom from the cut-glass vase at his side. Gareth grinned boyishly.

"I love them. They are the national flower of Wales. Spring makes me crazy!" Naïveté.

He is, somehow, a series of contradictions. You feel always that wistful, youthful appeal for which his screen characterizations are famous, and yet you by no means think of him as an incurable idealist. In an instant he changes from a blase man-o'-the-world to an eager, credulous youngster. He peers at you from behind horn-rimmed spectacles, gravely discusses the kind of a person that Hamlet really was—and then offers you an orange-flavored lozenge. He tells you of poverty in New York, in the days when he came to America with the Welsh players—looks at you wide-eyed while he speaks of starving in a garret—"yes, absolutely, my man, myself, and my two dogs"—and then brings from his vest pocket a cluster of useless, golden things, and displays them proudly; a fountain pen, a pencil, a knife, and a toothpick that screws in and out. "I call it 'Ebenezer,'" he says.

His voice is that of the typical actor, low and vibrant, with an accent which one would mistake for being French unless one knew that he was born in a town in Wales with an unpronounceable name. He

Sentiment

"A queer little deevil, but a not quite understand"

By Emma-Lind

Sometimes he is a blase man of the world.

Photo by Hoover

A grin begins shyly, and finishes widely.
al Gareth

lad wi' charms." You may him—but you'll like him.
say Squier

uses his hands a great deal, makes short, abrupt gestures, illustrates his every mood with his long, tapering fingers—is it affectation, you wonder?
Then the orange lozenge again, and a grin that begins almost shyly, and finishes widely. He loves Chinatown, he tells you. And look at the amethyst ring he had made up for "Sentimental Tommy." He displays it with the utmost candor, a huge stone set in dull gold, too large for ordinary wear—but he will wear it, just as you used to wear rings from candy sticks—no, it isn't affectation.
"How old are you?" I demanded suddenly. He puzzled me, and I had to know.

At times he is an eager, credulous youngster.

"Old enough to be rejuvenated by spring," he answered gravely.
I looked at him almost respectfully. Was he really a veteran? One of these old men who cheat time and retain their youth?
"I am twenty-three," he finished.
He was toying with the magnificent amethyst. He pointed out the fact that a cross was engraved on each side of the stone.
"If there is anything in reincarnation," he said suddenly, "I was in some former life, a priest, or at least an acolyte. I love altar cloths and stained-glass windows. I have the symbol of the cross engraved on my rings—yet I am not religious. I love the service of the Episcopal Church because of its dra-
matic beauty. If I ever have a home of my own I will have one room fitted up as a cloister.

He leaned forward toward the impassive chauffeur. (If only I could have found out what his "man" thinks of Gareth!)

"We must be turning back, I have to be at a little red-headed girl's house at eleven."

The chauffeur—and red-headed girls!

"I don't think I shall ever marry," he told me gravely. "I am selfish enough to hate responsibility, and I shouldn't like to have a baby."

If I was in a breathless state of mind by this time, it was excusable. He made me feel young and unimportant when he spoke of having created the rôle of the young son in Barrie's "The New Word," of having played in Wales, London, and New York, of his triumph as Ariel in the huge out-of-door production of "The Tempest." Then he talked me to a high pinnacle of maturity when he said earnestly, "Tell me about the Hollywood parties they say are so bad. I've never been to one. And tell me, is Ben Turpin really cross-eyed?"

His greatest screen idol, if you can stand the shock, is neither Nazimova nor John Barrymore. It is Ben Turpin. When I told him I would arrange for him to meet the famous comedian, he gripped my hand in an ecstasy of delight. He plied me with a dozen breathless questions about him. Was his neck really that way? Was he well educated? Could he have his picture taken with him?

Little Edith

The heroine of many dare-devil escapades doesn't mind being interviewed by the world's champion humorist if she doesn't have to answer any questions.

By H. C. Witwer

Author of "From Baseball to Boches," "The Leather Pushers," etc.

To The Generally Public,

Dear Madam:

Well, since last I grabbed hold of a typewriter I have been to no less than South America, where they shake a mean volcano and hurl a nasty earthquake. I made the trip to the land of the Incas, tortillas, revolutions, and frijoles in fifteen minutes by auto from my Hollywood bungalow, which you got to admit is fast time even for Loose Angeles, hey? On the way I passed Monte Carlo, the South Sea Islands, the African jungle, Cripple Creek, Fifth Avenue, Newport, and the Yukon. In fact, durin' the last five minutes of the quarter-hour jaunt from Hollywood to South America, I saw Indians and cowboys passin' the time of day with bathin' beauties, Zulus shootin' craps with Mexican carambas, Eskimos hobnobbin' with Russian vodka, et cetera, et cetera, and even et cetera.

Before the gently reader gets the idea that I have fell a victim to delirium tremens

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or have just devoured a plate of hashish, I will explain that all the above, includin' the duplicate of South America, is on view at Universal City where I went with the idea of interviewin' Edith Roberts. As they was exactly twenty-four companies at work on two dozen different pictures when I got there, the effect on the naked eye was bewilderin' to say the least. Any one which is inclined to let forth a sarcastical smile when they hear about the dismoundin' amount of jack it takes to furnish "atmosphere" alone for the average five or six-reel thriller, should make the pilgrimage to Universal City. Let 'em gaze at some of the brain-staggerin' scenery built by scores of carpenters workin' day and night shifts, costin' sums which wouldst startle Europe and then maybe bein' used for but a single "shot." For the example, there's the remarkable reproduction of the gamblin' casino and plaza at Monte Carlo, built for Eric Stroheim's "Foolish Wives," at a cost which wouldst make Rockefeller gnash his teeth. It is correct down to the smallest astonishin' detail and a beautiful thing to look at, except perhaps to the baby which was handed there to be edumacated. Amongst the admirin' spectators I handled words with as they paused in their labors to watch the nervy Eric point with pride to his Monte Carlo the day it was finished. was Gladys Walton, lookin' cuter than the word itself with her hair down her back, a tattered and extremely brief dress and her—er—stockin' fillin's bare, Tod Browning, the proud father of "Outside the Law;" Lyons and Mornin, the incurable cut-ups; Hoot Gibson; Frank Mayo; Norman Dawn; Walter Long, the world's champion villain; Priscilla Dean of the dazzlin' eyes, and her handsome and good-lookin' husband, Wheeler Oakman.

I found Edith Roberts in the midst of the artificial South America mentioned before, windin' up the last scenes of "The Fire Cat." In this picture, by the way, a typical South American town was erected in every detail down to the smallest dobe hut, at Universal City where it seems nothin' is impossible, and then blowed to pieces by a mechanical earthquake. It made a wonderful scene and what's two hundred thousand dollars amongst directors?

Miss Roberts, a five-foot-one-inch brunette pulsethquicken which wouldst of caused Paris to tear up Helen of Troy's phone number, greeted me with a charmin' smile and the assurance that she wouldst be only too glad to be interviewed, provided I didn't ask her any questions. This, of course, made it very easy to write a intelligent interview, and Norman Dawn, Edith's director, further simplified matters by remarkin' that they was no hurry as he wouldst allow me a full three hours of her time. So with practically all day to work in, I shot between six and one hundred and seventy-five queries at the beauetous Edith and got the followin' inside information which I am passin' on for the benefit of her admirers, not that nobody asked me to.

As no gentlemin' argues with a lady regardin' her age, I will simply say that Edith is old enough to wear short dresses, and has a couple of wonderful reasons for doin' so. Although she has engaged in many daredevil escapades on the screen it's evidently all different in real life as she is still unmarried, or was on the day of our conference—since then I don't know—girls will be girls, as Adam remarked. She resides with her mother, and when you meet this dear lady it's easy to see where Edith got her genuine womanly charm and fascinatin' vivacity. (The first thing I know I'll be speakin' English!) They live in Hollywood, where Edith has just bought a beautiful house, with, I suppose, three or four days' wages.

It might be interesting to add, for the benefit of my lady reader, that Miss Roberts has portrayed so many South American and Sea beauties of late that she is seriously thinkin' of applyin' a permanent dark stain to her skin. So if this is to be the latest fashion set by Miss Roberts, i.e., to have the skin you love to touch stained a olive color, why here's a chance to be amongst the first to follow Edith's lead. She giggled when she told me this, so it's just possible that she was kiddin' me. I wouldn't be surprised if she was—it has been done before. But all apple sauce to one side, the most strikin' thing about Edith Roberts apart from her singular beauty, is her absolutely unaffected and highly contagious temper. She's as full of life as a new kitten and certainly appears to act as a tonic on her associates at the studio. You can't get that tired feelin' within earshot of Edith's merry giggle or eyeshot of her radiant smile. A composite impression wouldst be that Edith Roberts is a awfully sweet and unnervin'ly attractive little grown-up kid, unspoiled by either her success as an artist or as a woman!

I told Edith that I wanted to get a couple of stills movin' pictures that don't—which wouldst not look as if we stood around all day posin' 'em. Somethin' darlin' original such as her showin' me how to look through a movie camera, assistin' me to put on make-up, or standin' beside her automobile. Edith thought a minute and looked around the scene she was then shootin', which happened to be the interior of a South American igloo or whatever they call their domiciles down there. They was a table in the center of the room loaded down with tortillas and frijoles which was three weeks old when Washington was playin' with a rattle. Seatin' me at the table, Edith suggested that a picture of me eatin' this stuff wouldst make a novel still. I gazed at the soggy mass of antedeluvian beans and the like, and says let's try somethin' else. The camera man crept up and somebody hollered for lights. With a polite, but inclined to be nervous grin, I started to ease away from the table.

"Guess you needn't trouble about that picture," I backsldes.

"Ready," orders Edith.

"But I don't—"

"Eat!" snapped the fair Edith.

I looked up and the delightful Miss Roberts is covin' me with the largest revolver in the wide wide world.

"Ah—I—" I begins.

"Eat!" she interrupts, takin' aim.

I eat.

In the oil paintin' which illustrates this novel you will notice I have a garland around my neck whilst Edith stands hard by smilin' merrily. She said it wouldst make a strong finish. She said a nose full. The garland was composed entirely of garlic.

Yours and the like,

H. C. Witwer.
HAVING known Eugene O'Brien ever since he was born—in a manner of speaking, of course, meaning for the last ten years—we find every time we interview him that there is so much about him we never knew before. With each story we write about “the perfect lover” we say, “There—that’s the last one. There’s nothing more to say.”

But Eugene has a way of saying what he thinks—which is very unusual. Perhaps the reason more people do not say what they think is because they don’t think anything. However, the last time we “did” Mr. O’Brien he was all upset about his humility complex. Oh, it was very strong! We called him up at the Town House Club, where he lives, and said, “We hate to seem importunate, but an interview is imminent.”

“Fine!” came back over the wire. “Go right ahead.”

“But we haven’t interviewed you yet,” we remonstrated.

“Can’t you write some of the things you know about me?”

“Perhaps that would not be discreet, and besides this has to be different. You must give me your opinion on the future of the motion picture and something about the great American drama.”

Mr. O’Brien laughed loudly. “As though my opinion mattered!” he observed.

“You mustn’t say that! That’s your humility complex working overtime. You must be conceited and haughty; what you are now is very pleasant, but it doesn’t get you anything.”

“You’re right, it doesn’t,” answered Eugene. “Come up to tea and we’ll talk it over.”

Mr. O’Brien was born in Boulder. That doesn’t mean anything much, but it really is twenty-five miles from Denver, which, in a way, places it on the map. Just at present his mother is visiting him. She looks exactly like Gene and exactly like the miniature of her which he has standing on his desk. Eugene has her voice, too, so when people speak scoffingly of “Eugene O’Brien’s English voice” and intimate that his accent is an affectation, they do not know whereof they speak. It isn’t English, it’s Irish, and he gets it from his mother. If you haven’t a right to anything you inherit from your mother, what have you a right to in this world? This isn’t all that Eugene has inherited from his mother, either. She is an extremely handsome woman. It may be inferred that we rather like Eugene O’Brien which is only half the truth. He is the finest, truest, most generous gentleman that ever went up in his lines. And Gene is prone to that, too. The last time we saw him on the stage was in the tryout of a play which was put on for a couple of performances. In a scene with Miss Varesi Mr. O’Brien forgot his lines. It was a long speech about “Am I a magician that I can pull a white rabbit out of the silk hat of circumstances—” he faltered, then stopped. “Oh, the deuce!” he exclaimed. “What am I doing?”

“Taking a white rabbit out of a silk hat,” said Miss Varesi calmly.
of Eugene

and who wants to do big things—like and getting married.

Underhill

Every one in the theater applauded. That's why you love Eugene. He is so human. Every one who stops to speak to him is cordially received. Of course, being the perfect lover of the screen, it is impossible for him to go anywhere without being recognized. The night that Francis Wilson and De Wolf Hopper revived "Erminie" at the Park Theater we attended the opening with Mr. O'Brien. As we stepped from the taxi in front of the theater the usual crowd which gathers on the sidewalk on an opening night congregated around us. You could hear: "That's Eugene O'Brien! Oh, isn't he grand?" et cetera. Mr. O'Brien was quite oblivious to it all. He is used to it no doubt, but we reveled in all the reflected glory. It thrilled us much more than it did him. Finally, one little girl, who was so young that she should have been in bed hours before, walked up and said: "I know you're Mr. O'Brien. Will you give me a ticket to see your picture fer nothin'?" She was bold, but she was pretty, and she will undoubtedly get on in this world. At any rate, Gene thought she was cute and gave her fifty cents.

Well, the last time we saw him was that day we had tea in his new apartment. And what a gorgeous apartment Eugene has—with its long French windows overlooking Central Park, and couches all around, and heavy tapestries, and Chinese rugs.

"Yes, I like it," said Eugene calmly, in reply to our exclamations of delight. "I thought I'd buy it outright and be comfortable in my old age." Gene must be all of thirty, but he talks about his old age as though he really meant it, and probably he does. He has been on the stage and on the screen for fifteen years now. At one end of the apartment hangs a life-size portrait of the owner. The artist whose name we have forgotten insisted on doing it and making Eugene a present of it. It really doesn't look in the least like him, but we didn't tell him this, and he never will know it, because he never reads anything that is written about him. At the other end of the immense living room is a huge fireplace and in the corner stands a grand piano with a tall replica of the "Winged Victory" on it. Eugene's mother made the tea and toasted the muffins while we talked.

"Now," we said briskly, "just a few words about the future of the motion picture—not forgetting the drama.

Eugene regarded us with a faraway look. Then, irrelevantly, "Do you know, I think all actors ought to marry."

"Yes, I expect so. Why wouldn't you have me?"
As Mr. O'Brien's mother was present we couldn't possibly construe this into a proposal. Besides, he didn't mean, "Wouldn't you have me?" What he meant was, "Wouldn't you have me get married?"

"Well, I don't know. Don't you think being wedded to your art is enough?"

"No, and besides one can't think so much about his art when he is meandering about the world and wasting his substance in riotous living. Every man needs a home."

"All right, my gente Gene," we said, thinking it best to humor him, "get married if you like, and I hope you'll live happy ever after. And now what about your work? Do you intend to go back on the stage again?"

"Decidedly I do. You know there's money to be made in pictures, and, while it isn't essential, it's handy. But after my contract is up, in about another year, I'd like to do a play."

"What sort of play, a society comedy or something like that?" Gene shook his head, and then we learned that he has changed in other ways as well as in his views on matrimony. "No, there is only one man whose plays I'm eager to do. His name is—" "George M. Cohan," we interrupted. "William Shakespeare," he corrected.

"Not Shylock, or King Lear, or any of those horrid old men with beards?"

"I want to do Hamlet and Romeo."

"But you—" we faltered. "The perfect lover—why this sudden wish to do Shakespeare?"

"Isn't Romeo the perfect lover, the most perfect the world has ever known?"

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Society roles are all right for those who like them, but Alice Brady prefers to travel far and wide in her characterizations. In "Little Italy" she adopts the hopeful outlook of an immigrant.

Fans may never tire of Marguerite Clark as she is, but apparently she likes variety even in her countenance, for in "Scrambled Wives" she assumes these grotesque Benda masks.

Gloria Swanson, undemilled, is still the fascinatedly aloof charmer who reigned amid crystal and chiffon. She dons this simple costume in "The Great Moment," her first star picture.
Different
something new under the Kliegs.

Gay, insouciant Bebe Daniels is always herself, but there is a never-ending variety to her costumes. Considerately, she introduces this bathing suit in "Two Weeks with Pay" early enough in the summer for all to copy it.

And here we have George Fitzmaurice and his camera man getting "Experience." Richard Barthelmess as Youth proves how near the mimic world is to the real.
How They Do It—When It Can’t Be Done

The motion-picture studio carpenter provides for such emergencies as Nature has overlooked.

By Charles Carter

SOMETIMES scenario writers seem like the domineering potentates of old, who, we are told, gave orders just to see if their hapless subjects could in any way contrive to carry them out. These rulers asked for strange flowers, jewels, and spices—and straightway knights were sent into strange lands to seek them. Scenario writers, likewise, ask for strange wonders—and their knights are the studio carpenters.

When one of the Selznick companies returned from Maine, where exterior scenes for a picture had been made, the director called his scenario staff together. “We'll have to cut out that stuff where the two trees fall together,” he informed them. “Couldn’t make it work, tried in the woods for days.”

But the scenario staff would not relinquish that bit; it was essential to the picture, they insisted. So they called John—and I might digress here to add that all motion-picture makers do not send for the same John. "John" is as much an accepted cognomen for studio carpenters as "George" is for quick-lunch waiters.

"I've got to have two trees fall together," the director started, "and they've got to match two trees that I've used in some other scenes."

John interrupted, “Anybody can get that. Any kind of tree that grows can be found within a couple of miles from here.”

"Oh, but it is a snow scene," the director added. So John, considering that winter was six months or more away, volunteered to supply the scene. "You can't have it until Thursday," was his only comment.

Thursday morning when the director arrived at the studio there had been erected on a platform a miniature model of his scene, exact to the last detail, as shown in the picture at the top of this page. Salt, which is studio snow, lay plentifully on the ground beneath and on the trees. Obligingly, when the word was given the trees fell together. That the illusion was perfect is shown by the picture below.
Whose Beauty Reigns Upon the Screen?

Times have changed since Paris awarded Helen of Troy the Golden Apple for loveliness; the motion-picture screen presents such a wealth of beauty that our shepherd, turning aside for the moment from separating the Cinemese sheep from the goats, to choose the greatest beauty—finds himself dazed, and awards not one golden apple, but eight!

By Herbert Howe

SINCE I have withstood the ultimations and fanged threats pursuant to my annual forecast, the Neronian editor of this scroll has elected me as entrepreneur of an ambrosial festival, the object being to determine the fairest goddesses of the cinema. 'Tis such an ordeal as a Roman emperor might conceive for a minister of the gospel, and as such an apostolic martyr I face my fate, hymnal in hand and megaphone at lips loudly imploring the deity. Like Paris, the gentle chauffeur of sheep, I am summoned to bestow the golden apple. But Paris played for a pretty stake. Aphrodite offered him as bride the classy Helen, wife of some old Spartan alderman. Thus he had some compensation for the grief which Hera and Athena wreaked upon him. But I, right or wrong, get nobody's wife. Therefore I shall toss the apple high in the air and let the ladies scramble.

WHO WILL SUPPLANT VENUS?

I do firmly believe that in some hundred years from now Venus, Psyche, Phryne, and all the sundry classic drapes will be evicted from Olympus by the great god Cinema and their lodgings leased to Katherine, Betty, Corinne, and other skirted fancies of this age.

As feminine beauty of old was immortalized in marble to set the aesthetic standards of the future, so in this age it is being preserved in gelatine for the delectation and instruction of posterity. The Phidias and Praxiteles of to-day are the Jesse Laskys and Sam Goldwyns. These engravers of celluloid outmatch the sculptors in the certitude with which they record contemporary beauty, for their scalpel is the soulless camera.

While the classic features of Greek intaglios and those of medieval canopies are the basic models of physical beauty, ideals are constantly being altered by succeeding artists. The modes of Angelo, Veronese, Rubens, and Giorgione are already antiquated. We now get our laws of beauty from the magazine covers painted by Penrhyn Stanlaws, or from the deft-lined façades of Florenz Ziegfeld. Far better be a Follies girl than a Greek goddess if you want celluloid immortality. Were Venus de Milo, of copious curves, to seek film work to-day she would be turned down or placed on a diet. Nor is her form alone against her. As an applicant at most any film atelier she would be addressed somewhat in this tender style: "Not a chance, Miss de Milo. You gotta rotten shape in the first place, and you haven't got sex attraction." You simply gotta have "sex attraction" in the movies. Venus, poor girl, didn't have much, as she found out when she made her play for Adonis. With this against her she would have as much chance of becoming a film star as Theda Bara has of becoming president of the Y. W. C. A. Even though some director with a Turkish strain did like her liberal contours, her chance of longevity before the public would be that of a schooner of lager in dry Milwaukee. Nay, though she pondered till eternity over the beauty secrets of Miss Dorothy Dalton, hoping by abstinence from potatoes and nougat bars her excess pounds to shed away, yet would she be condemned to servitude among the extras—and only to that oblivion on condition she could ride, swim, and shake a shimmy. Mr. Penryhn Stanlaws backs me up in this sorry picture of Venus at the film tribunal.

WHAT IS BEAUTY?

"We are always inclined to consider classical features as a standard of perfection," he observes, "but as a matter of fact the beauty of the Venus de Milo has long since been relegated to the ash can and what we really in our honest souls admire is a piquant little nose and 'smiley' mouth. Venus would have a mighty hard time trying to become as popular as Mary Pickford. And who wants to imagine the Venus burying her classic profile in his coat collar and bursting into tears? But if it were Betty Compson! Ah! that, as Kipling would say, is a different story."

While the screen is gradually establishing a standard for physical perfection, there still is much dissension. The Sultan's favorite would never be a Sennett. She would stand no more chance of breaking into pictures than Irene Castle of breaking into a swell Turk's harem. There are broad lines of distinction. Even in America, where everything is standardized from limousines to baked beans, there are hot schisms over pulchritude. No two pairs of eyes see quite alike.

In selecting, then, a patriciate from out the screen seraglio, I hope for no salvation even though I compromise and follow expert counsel. I have at hand the warning of Dryden: that beauty, like ice, our treading does betray. But like the gobs who harkened Nazimova in motion is a poem of mystic nuances.
to the siren's song, I cheerfully hit the toboggan, vainly clutching now and then at the opinions of others.

THE WORLD'S BEAUTY MARKET.

Although observers will disagree as to the eight most beautiful cinema hours, they must admit that among the picture fair are the most beautiful women of the world. The screen has become the cosmopolitan beauty market, a convenience we may well appreciate when we think of the beauty-starved folk of the past. In the fifteenth century the citizens of Toulouse obtained the aid of civil authorities to compel the lovely Pauline de Vigniere to appear publicly on the balcony at least twice a week. In England, Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton, was so famed for her face and form that upon one occasion seven hundred people sat up all night at an inn in Yorkshire to see her driving in the morning. Now for two bits at a movie you can see far more of Pauline or Elizabeth than you ever could while they were driving or sitting on the piazza.

A MATTER OF PERSONAL REFLECTION.

At this solemn moment of pitching the apple, I make no attempt to define beauty. We all have personal canons. I do feel that outline is but one element, and the least. Beauty without expression tires. A woman may be pretty, graceful, and elegant, but, until she speaks to the imagination, not yet beautiful. Nazimova holds me in an optic trance far longer than any of the vestals herewith enthroned. Nazimova in motion is a poem of mystic nuances. An enigma of variant mood and color she holds the gaze. I confess a weakness for the Oriental type, hence I prefer this Slav enchantress than any Follies virgin, just as I prefer the Sphinx to the Grand Central Station, the Fleurs de Mal of Beaudelaire to the lifted verse of Ella Wheeler Wilcox. I am a victim, too, of the toxic charm of Theda Bara. The good and the pure are not always beautiful to my eyes. Emerson rules that all high beauty has a moral element. But for me only a sensuous element is required. It matters not whether beauty be saintly or satanic so long as it stirs the imagination. I think a snake swimming in the water quite as beautiful as a dove flying in the air. A crystal of champagne thrills me a great deal more than a mug of Vichy. Yet my prejudices balance. A candlelighted altar affects me more profoundly than any brilliant stage.

Thus beauty seems not measured by a thing itself, but by its reaction upon the senses. I am not in accord with the young actor who recently showed me a portrait of himself with eyes uplifted. He assured me that he had not attempted to strike a beautiful pose.

"I merely thought 'Beautiful,'" said he. "That's all right," said I, "providing the guy who looks at it thinks the same."

SCREEN BEAUTY SECRETS.

Character gives splendor, and thought molds character. I do not hold, however, that by thinking beautiful I can convince Jesse Lasky that I'm a better bet than Wallace Reid. But I can, by thinking of the income tax and the laws, attain a certain sinister radiance that far outshines that of Theda Bara.

When I requested from Mr. Penryhn Stanlaws an opinion of true beauty, particularly as reflected by the feminine octet herewith presented, he remarked:

Beauty so far as the screen is concerned is a moderate amount of good looks plus a large amount of personality and charm. Of course, we must all bow down and worship Anita Stewart's eyes, but for my own part I think I do it as much for the way she uses them as I do for the way God made them. And the loveliness of Betty Blythe's figure is just fifty per cent the way it is made and the other fifty per cent the grace with which she moves. The sweetness of Mary Pickford's personality is at least equal to her beauty, and so, on the screen, is a far more valuable asset."

THE EIGHT MOST BEAUTIFUL.

In selecting the octet of Beauty, I have considered actual beauty as well as photographic. There sometimes is a wide chasm between the two. Many a lens charmer is a very plain creature when not bedizened with fine raiment and aureoled with the light of Kliegs. While the camera may glorify some, it fails to do justice to others and oftentimes tricks you into a false conception. My impressions are derived from observing both the shadow and the real. After reviewing all the elysian throng, weighing carefully the harmony of features, the tints, texture, and charm of expression, I would choose for the inner shrine of the temple to Aphrodite these ladies:

Miss Betty Blythe.
Miss Betty Compson.
Miss Corinne Griffith.
Miss Harriet Hammond.
Miss Katherine MacDonald.
Miss Mary Pickford.
Miss Anita Stewart.
Miss Florence Vidor.

The order is alphabetical, for there is no rank in beauty.

QUEENLY BETTY BLYTHE.

The camera, I feel, gives a false focus on Miss Betty Blythe's personality. She is not a lady of languor nor of marble majesty. She is volatile, a reed of quicksilver; opalescent and shimmering as jewels in the sun; sparkling with the golden effulgence of champagne Epernay. Not the quiet lily of an Alfred Cheney Johnston pose, but tall, plant, an iris in the breeze. A symphony by Praxiteles, she moves a goddess, looks a queen. Her grace, as Mr. Stanlaws has said, infuses with charm a perfect mold. Dark shining hair, lustrous gray eyes, nose retroussé, and rose-parted lips, she is a favorite subject for portraiture, while on the stage and silvertuch she is ever crowned a queen: Herodias, Queen of the Jews, in Oscar Wilde's "Salome:" voluptuous Queen of Sheba in the Fox canvas by J. Gordon Edwards; resplendent Cleopatra, gliding to the music of Cadman and the chant of her own glorious voice, in the pageant for children's hospitals at the Hotel Ambassador.

ELUSIVE BETTY COMPSON.

I agree again with Mr. Stanlaws that Miss Betty Compson's beauty is the most difficult of all to describe. Since Mr. Stanlaws recently put aside his palette to direct Miss Compson for the Lasky screen, I leave the task of portraiture to him.

"Artists classify her beauty as 'elusive.' It is always changing in everything except its charm. We make up our minds that it is the eyes that contain most of the charm, and then the eyes close and the lips open, and we realize at once that it is the mouth; we wonder how we could possibly have thought it was the eyes. And then we look up and see the eye looking at us and then—oh, well—then nothing matters, anyway."

Continued on page 43
The grace of Betty Blythe infuses with charm a perfect mold. Dark, shining hair, lustrous gray eyes, nose retroussé, and rose-parted lips make her a favorite subject for portraiture.
HARRIET HAMMOND'S is the virginal beauty of white and gold, shaped with dryad grace and delicacy. She has that perfection of form so typical of Sennett sprites, and a sensitive ethereal face which is not so typical.
CORINNE GRIFFITH is an ivory girl with amber eyes. She suggests those favorites of the South one sees in paintings reclining on beds strewn with petals beneath silk purple curtains. Here is the lady of languor.
CALM, gracious, perfectly poised, Katherine MacDonald is the American woman, from the polished tip of her manicured nails to the last burnished strands of her immaculate coiffure.
ANITA STEWART has the verve, the candor, and the flowerlike grace of perennial youth, her charm is that of a breeze filled with flowers in a meadow.
ONE thinks of Florence Vidor as the theme of harp melodies in moonlight, scented with jasmine. Her beauty cannot be defined in terms of lineaments or complexion. It is an ineffable charm emanating a sense of peace.
ALLEGRI might have modeled the oval of Betty Compson's face, the oval of a nymph or a saint, tinged the flesh with that soft, warm whiteness, and fashioned that angelic, yet seductive smile.
MARY PICKFORD is the eternal Juliet. The beauty of her face is but the mirror of her mind. No one need expatiate upon the nobility of her character; her face expresses all.
I think Diana in her youth must have resembled Miss Compson—a passionate purity with sex sentiments Allegri might have modeled the oval of her face, the oval of a nymph or saint, tinged the flesh with that soft, warm whiteness, and fashioned that angelic yet seductive smile. To me she suggests the harmony of the little gold girl in the gold room of whom Wilde sings so passionately:

"Her ivory hands on the ivory keys
Strayed in a fitful fantasy—"

CORINNE GRIFFITH—PERFUME.

Already I have borrowed from Miss Blythe a definition of Miss Corinne Griffith. She is the "Quintessence of femininity": An ivory girl with amber eyes, "pulling the leaves of pink and pearl with pale green nails of polished jade." She suggests those favorites of the South one sees in advertisements reclining on beds strewn with petals, beneath silk purple curtains, with bracelets and necklaces of colored gems, softly fanned by peacock plumes while dreaming over their little mirrors. Here is the lady of languor, the perfumed languor of night in Asia. More potent far than any lineal features is the ineffable fragrance of her personality, a pulsing perfume that floats to the soul and throngs the senses.

HARRIET HAMMOND’S REFLECTION.

Harriet Hammond is a Burne-Jones nymph gazing shyly in a sylvan mirror. A lily snatched from a woodland pool to adorn Mack Sennett’s! Hers is the virginal beauty of white and gold shaped with a dryad grace and delicacy. The fresh bloom of health belongs to Rubens, while the chaste lineaments are from one of Raphael’s divinities. She has that perfection of form so typical of Sennett sprites, and a sensitive, ethereal face which is not so typical. Her pale-gold hair is of such wealth that she could wear it as a mantle—and pass the sensors. Her eyes are of a tremulous blue completing the vestal harmony. As illumined by James Abbé she appears an angel passing in heavenly flight to give the earth a final once over.

KATHERINE MACDONALD, PATRICIAN.

Katherine MacDonald has long been celebrated in advertisements as the American Beauty, which alone suffices to fire one with patriotic ardor. And for once a publicity metaphor is justified. Miss MacDonald is a typically American efflorescence. She couldn’t possibly belong to any other country. Hail Columbia, happy land! This accomplishment alone should prove to the world the superiority of American products. Calm, graceful, perfectly poised, she is the American woman from the polished tips of her manucured nails to the last burnished strand of her immaculate coiffure. The serenity of her beauty is never ruffled, nor is the calm of her low-toned voice. Her mentality is as clear as her cerulean gaze, as definite as her beauty. Her profile is like chiseled Parian, the oval of her face as exquisite as a Cellini medallion. Her eyes have the brilliant intensity of Parrish skies. And the irregular sweep of the brows accentuate their glory. Democracy’s patrician. The incarnation of America in blue and gold and ivory.

THE NOBILITY OF MARY.

Mary Pickford is the eternal Juliet. "Her beauty makes this vault a feasting presence full of light." The beauty of her face is but the mirror of her mind. No one need expatiate upon the nobility of her character; her face expresses all. Hers is a supernnal loveliness. "Does perfect beauty stand in need of praise at all? Nay; no more than law, no more than truth, no more than loving kindness nor than modesty."

ANITA STEWART, SLIM PRINCESS.

Anita Stewart—le printemps! When James Abbé, who makes paintings with a camera, was going to photograph Miss Anita Stewart he asked me to describe her personality. I replied. "She is springtime! Yes, springtime is le mot juste. She has the breeze, the candor, and the flowerlike grace of perennial youth. Her charms is the charm of a vivacious breeze in a woodland meadow filled with flowers. For all her stellar glory she is naive. The picture which titled her best was "The Wood Violet," but the wood violet splashed with sun and sparked with dew. Her features have that slight irregularity which Poe declares enhances beauty. Mr. Abbé has photographed the most beautiful women of stage and screen. He declares that Miss Stewart’s is a radiance which the camera cannot comprehend. The brown-gold of hair and eyes, the petal colors of the skin, the rhythmic grace of supple form are the prismatic expression of life itself. No film can catch the spontaneity of springtime. Miss Stewart is the slim princess of the silvercloth.

WOMANLY FLORENCE VIDOR.

When I once asked Miss Stewart whom she considered a beautiful woman, she replied, "My idea of a beautiful woman is Florence Vidor," Miss Betty Blythe said the same. So it would appear that Miss Vidor is a favorite beauty of the beauties. One thinks of her as the theme of harp melodies in moonlight scented with jasmine. She has the womanliness that never goes out of fashion. To every man she suggests the mother, the wife, the sweetheart, but never the siren of fickle fancy. Her beauty cannot be defined in terms of lineaments or complexion. It is an ineffable charm emanating a sense of peace.

No evidence which I could marshal would serve as extenuation for my crimes of omissions in this tourney. My final words before facing the guillotine are: I did not include some of my own particular favorites, as, for instance, Nazimova. I tempered my own convictions and reactions by current standards of beauty as established by our foremost artists as well as by those of classic days. The restriction to the eight superior beauties is harsh. I might have listed sixteen or twice the number. I personally delight in the golden glory of Grace Darmond and of Ruby de Remer. Equally entrancing to my senses is the luscious, poppied Bebe Daniels. The sparkling witchery of Mabel Normand is so much a part of her comeliness that I cannot tell where the one commences and the other leaves off. Anna Q. Nilsson is a noble example of the Norse type. Gloria Swanson is chic, Irene Castle both svelte and chic, Marjorie Daw’s level gaze and pure charm does so appeal that I feel ere long I will be predicting her
THERE is one thing that we motion-picture fans never tire of discussing, and that is—not pictures—but the kind of homes motion-picture stars live in. Of course, all we have to go on is our imaginations and pictures we've seen in magazines, but that doesn't stop us any. It is hard to imagine some of them at home at all; others we think of as living either on Riverside Drive or Fifth Avenue, and I've even expected them to live on Broadway, though now that I've been there I know that it's mostly theaters and shops, not homes. I had pictured stars as living in the midst of De Mille splendor, with lots of ceremonious servants, but after meeting some of them and being impressed by their humanness, I sort of modified my notions a bit. And it wasn't as easy then for me to imagine the kind of homes they had, as it was before I knew them at all!

I never supposed that I would be invited to meet an actress in her own home, so when I got the news that I was to visit Constance Binney, I was just as excited as the first time I went to a studio. Constance Binney is such a real "home girl" on the screen that I wondered if she would be like that in real life. I expected that she would, just as some other actresses seem to than she looks in pictures. Her dress was plain; it was made of gray material with little touches of green in it. Her eyes are dark blue; her voice is very sweet, and her speech is beautiful. I have noticed that the players who alternate between stage and screen have the loveliest voices. Apparently stage work cultivates it, and it's a pleasure just to hear them speaking, regardless of what they are saying.

I felt at once that Constance Binney was just an enthusiastic girl like myself—that I didn't have to stand in awe of her in the least—and she made me feel at ease at once with her girlish friendliness and interest. Then, too—there wasn't any press agent around! Of course, all the press agents I've met have been very nice and as interesting as some of the stars, and I don't mean to say anything against them. But when you meet a movie star you like to have them to yourself—you feel bolder to say what you've stored up in years of screen worship. You all know how we fans feel toward our favorites. Even on first meeting, it seems as if you've known them for years—that comes from being so well acquainted with their screen selves, of course. But saying the little things that you always wanted to say to them doesn't come so easy before a
tures in Movieland

heroine visits at the home of a prom-and has a chance, at last, to see one of natural and informal circumstances.

Sands

nice, but perfectly strange, press agent. So, for the first time, I was alone with a star. And such a lovely little unaffected actress to be with. At last I had the chance completely to unburden myself and tell her or ask all the silly little questions a fan wants to know, such as whether they love to wear those beautiful clothes, and like to play with good-looking leading men, whether or not it's exciting to begin work on a new picture, and so on. The answer was 'yes' to most all of those questions.

"Now we can talk just like two girls," Miss Binney said. "You have no idea how hard it is to talk to some of those superior men interviewers who ask your ideas on love, politics, marriage, and philosophy." I remembered pondering over that some years ago. It seemed to me to be one of the drawbacks to a prospective movie career. How in the world, I wondered, had all those little movie actresses been able to speak so authoritatively on all those hard topics the interviews were so full of, and how any ordinary player could solve all those problems, talk about their "souls re-born," and think out philosophy all by themselves used to puzzle me. Now I've come to the conclusion that interviewers who write such stories just make up a lot of what they quote the stars as saying. I wonder, anyway, whether the fans really care what their favorite stars think about philosophy and politics and all of those queer subjects? Of course, with a person like Nazimova, who's been a great actress for so long, and who's lived all over the world and met brilliant people everywhere and read a great deal—well, you'd rather expect her to be a bit unusual. But none of the stars I've met talked to me about their "soul re-born" or previous incarnations, and I'm glad they didn't.

But to get back, the maid came in and announced that a photographer had come to take our pictures, and Miss Binney asked me if I would wait for her just a moment. "I suppose I'm just like every other girl," she said. "I don't feel dressed until I've had a look in the glass to see if my nose is powdered. I'll get my dog and kitten to amuse you." She went calling through the house for her pets and brought them in to play for me. Which they did by the big brown dog rolling over while the tiny handful of kitten made playful assaults on him and pretended to nip his nose off.

In no time Miss Binney was down again with her hat and coat on, a short, green velvet jacket, little, round, burnt-brown-feathered hat, and fur piece. She looked more like her camera self in this. We went downstairs out into the back yard where the photographer awaited us. We stopped in the doorway and got so interested in watching the dog and the kitten that we quite forgot the camera—which gives you a very comfortable feeling when you're told that it's "all over."

When we were through with this she asked, "Do you want to come up and see my room?" Of course, I nodded eagerly, so we climbed three flights of stairs stopping to peep in her mother's room which was very large with thin purple draperies at the windows, until we reached the top floor. "It isn't very nice," she said,
“not as pretentious as some movie stars have.” But I thought it as nice as any one would want. We got a glimpse of Faire’s room next to hers, as cute and tiny as a doll’s, but Faire is little enough to fit in it. Constance’s room was so girlish, wholesome, and simple that it just seemed to express her personality. It was small and cozy, done in white, with blue chiffon hangings at the windows. Her bed was a small four poster; a bureau, chiffonier, and dressing table stood by the two windows, and a writing table quite filled the room.

“Take off your hat, and if you want to rearrange your hair here’s a nice clean brush, and there’s some powder on the dressing table,” she offered me, “and if you’ll sit over here we can talk. You see, this floor is Faire’s and mine, but we haven’t much room up here yet, because the servants occupy the back quarters. But next year we’re going to build another floor over this, and then I’ll have all this part, Faire’s room being made into mine, and she’ll have the rest of the floor. This being a north room, blue is the wrong color for it. It should be done in rose or yellow or some other warm color, you see,” she explained to me.

I think she could see how tremendously interested I was in everything—and what Faire wouldn’t be—so she asked me if I wanted to see some of her things, and, when I assented eagerly, she opened the bureau drawer on top and showed me her ribbons and veils, all very neatly arranged. In the next was lovely white crêpe de Chine lingerie, chemises and camisoles trimmed with Irish lace, all so exquisite and dainty enough to delight any girl. “Nanny, who has been with us for years makes them all for me,” she said. “You see this?”—holding up a lacy, dainty pink and blue piece. “It’s a French one, but it’s hardly any prettier than those Nanny made me, do you think?” She took out a pair of adorable, pink satin ballet slippers. “And she darts these at the toes for me because the satin is very slippery to dance on. Did you see ‘Something Different’? This is the black lace mantilla I wore in that picture. Do you like to see me dance in my pictures? I love to do it. I’m having a story written for me now. In it I’m to take the part of a little vaudeville actress, and it gives me a chance to dance. You see, it happens that many stars have nice voices— Alice Brady for instance has a lovely voice—but few can dance, and many of them often have to use a double, so my experience and training comes in handy. John Robertson directs me in my next picture. I’m to start work on next week. He’s so jolly and nice to work with.”

I quite agreed with her on Mr. Robertson’s being so nice, because I remembered how favorably I had been impressed with the first director I had met. That was when he was directing “Sentimental Tommy.” A pile of manuscripts lay on the bureau. “Every single day I am sent several of these manuscripts and scenarios to read,” Miss Binney told me.

“Oh, can you choose your own stories?” I asked.

“Well, I can pass on them—except when they purchase a story especially for me—like ‘39 East.’ But it gets tiresome after a while having to read a scenario or story every day.”

She showed me a beautiful big photograph of herself, to show me the new way she was going to wear her hair in the new picture. That gave me the inspiration to ask for a photo so she brought out a whole handful of them all in different poses. They were all very pretty, but I picked out the one I liked best, and she sat right down at her little desk and autographed it for me.

The bell rang for luncheon, but it was some time before we got downstairs, and her mother spoke to her about being late. Think of that! A movie star—and to be spoken to just as I, or any of my chums, might have been spoken to for being late at home.

And in the green decorated dining room her mother sat at the table set for three. This was the first mother of any movie player I had met, and she was very charming and gracious. Very pretty, too, she was, with lovely blond hair and she looked almost as young as her own daughter. She was gowned beautifully, in a heavily beaded black Georgette dress, and she wore the most wonderful diamond necklace and earrings.

I sat between her and Constance, and, throughout the dainty luncheon of fish, potato salad, tea, and dessert, we all talked together almost constantly about pictures, that being the thing I’m most interested in. This made me feel very much at ease. Constance told me little inside secrets about some stars, and that she’s going to do “The Bishop’s Carriage,” or was it “Such a Little Queen?”—anyway, it was one of Miss Pickford’s old parts.

And she said, “I hope they have the wedding scene so that I can wear some nice clothes. In ‘39 East,’ I only had about three changes, and they were very ordinary costumes.”

“If they do have that scene—tell them to show it long enough on the screen and have some close shots of it, Constance,” advised her mother. “All those beautiful scenes in ‘Forbidden Fruit’ were shown on the screen hardly long enough to get a good look at them. What’s the use of going through all the trouble and expense to make a beautiful scene and then just give the audience a glimpse of it?” To which I heartily agreed, for what is more aggravating than to see in the movies just a flash of some exquisite setting or gorgeous costumes and have it snapped off before you can really take it all in?

“I’ve ordered all the papers for you, Constance,” her mother said. Miss Binney turned to me and explained, “You see a play was written for me called ‘Nice People,’ but I refused it, because I wanted to stay in the movies. It’s opening in a few nights, and I want to read what the critics say about it. If it’s bad I’ll be glad I didn’t play in it—if it’s good, then I’ll be sorry.”

She asked me who were my favorite stars, named hers—and we gave our reasons for our likes and dislikes about the different ones. When I mentioned Pauline Frederick as one I particularly admired, she said, “Oh, I always liked her!” and her mother related how at one time she had seen Miss Frederick in a restaurant and how beautiful she was at the time.

We went on like this until we realized we’d be late for the matinée at one of the Broadway movie palaces. Constance asked me which theater I preferred to go to—the Strand, Rialto, or Rivoli. “I’d take you to see ‘Way Down East,’” she said, “but it’s so long, and I have to be back by four o’clock. When you see that picture you just cry and cry. But I think it would be better to see an ordinary picture at the Capitol than any other theater showing perhaps a better picture—because the theater is so beautiful.”
Of course, having heard so much about the largest and most beautiful theater in the world I was eager to see it.

I waited for Miss Binney in the drawing-room while she ran upstairs to put her hat and coat on. It was a very impressive room, being large and high-ceilinged, the walls and carpet being gray, and the chairs, divan, and hangings of plum color. Faire's picture was on the grand piano, and a massive screen stood between this room and the library—a very handsome screen, with white flowers carved on it. As I sat there on the divan I had to fairly pinch myself to realize where I was. To think I was actually in a movie star's home! The bright sun came streaming in from the library, the rumbles of the city only drifted in faintly, and it seemed so quiet and peaceful—it hardly seemed possible for it to be so secluded in rushing New York City. And yet to hear one of the family calling to another about little favors or duties, or the cat or dog strolling in, made it all so perfectly homelike and livable. This was all so different from my former ideas of their metropolitan existence. Of course, maybe other screen players do live that way—but I like to remember the Binney way, best of all. It has a more attractive appearance, anyway. It would be admirable, I think if all the movie stars could boast of such a comfortable, refined home in such good taste, and live such a wholesome life as Constance Binney does.

Miss Binney came down, and, as we left, I heard Faire's plaintive voice floating down from above begging her mother to come and hook her up. Constance told me that Faire—whom at home they call Fritzie—had intended to go with us, but wasn't dressed, and, as we were already late, we couldn't wait for her. So all I know of the younger Binney is her voice. She's to appear in a stage play soon. Outside, Constance's trim little car with the chauffeur waited. "I haven't a limousine yet, and I do so love to drive myself that I got this," she said.

We passed a big building that looked to be an apartment building on Fifty-seventh Street. "That's where I learned to dance," Miss Binney said. "There was a very famous dancing teacher there that taught me."

"Did you ever have any ideas about being an actress at first?" I asked her.

"No, I just wanted to be a dancer, but Winthrop Ames, the theatrical producer, noticed me dance at a charity affair and suggested that I go on the stage. When I demurred he said, 'Why, I believe you'd make a very good actress.' So I danced in 'Oh, Lady, Lady!' where Maurice Tourneur saw me and put me in 'Sporting Life,' my first picture. Then I played in '39 East,' which was written for me, and now Realart has made me a star."

It seems as though all people had to do was get a glimpse of Constance Binney, and, right away, they wanted her.

"The hard part of being on the stage," she went on, "is that you must work constantly whether you're sick or not. And you have to save yourself for the evening so much, keep all your vitality and spirits for your

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We walked through such a grand lobby that the splendor of it fairly took my breath away; the marble floor, thick carpets, gorgeously decorated ceiling, five large dazzling rock-crystal chandeliers looking like masses of diamonds, and rearing up before us a broad flight of white marble steps.
Marjorie Daw—in Love

It is a new rôle for her, but—as she confessed—she always likes things the first time.

By Barbara Little

HERE I am playing Love,” Marjorie Daw remarked distractedly. “And I’m not at all the sort for the part. Tell me, do I look like a person in an allegory?”

She didn’t. She hadn’t any of that stuffed with cotton and mounted on stilts look that some actresses achieve immediately after being chosen to typify Faith or Hope or Prosperity, or any of those intangible things that are so dear to the hearts of allegory writers. She hadn’t any of that stark, staring magnificence that made some of the actors in the ill-fated film version of “Everywoman” look like animated monuments. What she really looked like was the younger sister of the prettiest girl you ever saw, or a composite picture of dozens of boarding-school flappers in New York on vacation.

Although she said, “Here I am playing Love,” she wasn’t really at that moment. She was in New York for the purpose of playing Love in the Famous Players-Lasky production of “Experience,” but at the moment she actually was playing hockey from the studio. She should have been there making up for work, but instead, at twelve-thirty she was just eating breakfast in her hotel, some miles away.

“Love brought me to New York,” she remarked with mock dramatic intensity, her eyes twinkling. “But honestly it is the theaters I am thinking of all the time. I don’t see how any one gets any work done here. Out on the Coast, our work is the whole thing. There isn’t anything else so interesting going on. But here—there’s a different theater to go to every night. I love the excitement of it all, but I expect that it gets tiresome after a while. The first day that I went shopping here I felt just like a fairy princess who had been granted several wishes. I bought dozens of things that I know will be perfectly useless, but I couldn’t resist them.”

When Miss Daw finishes speaking, she looks at you as though to say, “Well, what next?” I suspect that she looks at life that way. It has given her so much while she is so young. When she compared herself to a fairy princess she did well, for she has not only the beauty, but a little of the queenly poise that a princess should have. And only a fairy princess, or the Red Queen out of “Alice Through the Looking-glass” could have such a delicious, ironic sense of humor.

Sometimes there is a faint suggestion of a gleam in her eye that says, “Go ahead and size me up if you want to; you’re not perfect, you know.” And that proves that Marjorie Daw has not acquired the motion-picture star manner. That manner—as you may know—is similar to the bedside manner of many physicians. It makes you feel of overwhelming importance, it makes you beam and glow. It makes you self-satisfied and comfortable, and after the flattering effect of the person with the manner begins to wear off, you say to yourself, “What a fool she made of me!”

Assuredly, Marjorie Daw is not like that. She is just a little bit brusque, I suspect that when she is older she will be more graceful, and that will make her more popular with people who like to be flattered. But give me Marjorie Daw as she is; sometimes her shrewd scrutiny makes one squirm, but she is genuine all through. “I don’t want to ask any one to champion me,” Miss Daw insisted when I asked her why she was considered upstage and undependable. “But it would be nice if the truth were told about me once or twice. That story about my utter disregard of appointments with important people all grew out of one little incident. Some one had arranged for me to meet two writers one after-
noon, and I understood that I was to meet them at the McAlpin. It was a glorious afternoon, I had been invited to go yachting, and I was a little bit nervous about meeting them—I never got over that feeling, you know. But I would have kept that appointment in spite of anything. I went to the hotel and waited and waited. Finally thinking there must have been some mistake, I called up all the hotels I could think of—but I missed the Astor, and that is where they were waiting. They didn’t even try to find out if there had been a mistake, but immediately put in the paper that success had apparently gone to my head. And all the time I was waiting, the most forlorn-looking spectacle in the McAlpin.

“That one newspaper article might not have made much difference, but since then those writers have rarely missed a chance to criticize me, and their remarks have been quoted in other papers. It must be a disappointment for you to meet me and find that I am not so terrible.”

She smiled at me roguishly as she said that last sentence. It was as though she confided, “See what a good imitation I can do of a misunderstood ingénue who begs the dear representatives of the press to be kind to her.” As a matter of fact she doesn’t care much what critics and interviewers think of her. It is the fans out in the audience that she wants to please.

“It’s quite confusing coming from the California studios here.” She returned to the subject of motion pictures after a lengthy discussion of desserts suitable for a twelve-thirty breakfast. The argument—and the luncheon ended with pineapple ice, incidentally.

“The studios here are so businesslike! The buildings are so like factories, that you feel as though you’d come out in a can or a package, neatly labeled. Out in California they are quite different, just great, rambling, informal places. It seems to me that Mary Pickford has the ideal studio, and Lois Weber next. They are like big homes, and over at Mary’s, even when they are working hardest, it seems like a crowd of neighbors on some one’s front porch. I remember one afternoon when I went over there some one had brought Al Green, the director, a fox terrier puppy to take home to his little girl. He stuck it in his pocket, and all afternoon—all the while he was directing some very serious and dramatic scenes, that fat little puppy, with his front paws and nose hanging out of Mr. Green’s pocket, surveyed the world as placidly as could be. There are always lots of animals around for every one to play with, and no one seems to be too busy to stop and chat. And yet they work awfully fast.

“That seems to me the best sort of atmosphere to work in—best for the actors I mean. Anything that makes your work more friendly, more human, ought to be encouraged. That reminds me of Love. You know Mr. Barhhelmes and I are trying to play Youth and Love as though they were Mary Brown and the boy who lived next door. When we were rehearsing we called each other Dick and Marjorie, and when we changed and tried to say “Youth” and “Love” we acted so stiff and unnatural that the scene was ruined, to my mind.

“I don’t suppose that I’m romantic enough for the part. I’ve never been swept off my feet by the wonderful big love scenes I have played in. Instead of looking desperately in love and wide-eyed with wonder I am always afraid that I will look cross-eyed and lovesick. Once I did in a picture with Mr. Fairbanks. I was trying so hard not to laugh at him.”

And Marjorie Daw can say all of these things with impunity. For she is ideal for the rôle of Love. She is simple and unaffected, and under her pleasantries there is a poignant tenderness that bespeaks hidden depths. She pretends shallowness sometimes, I believe, in an effort to hide things from an ever-prying public that are precious to her. She is one of the most unmannered young actresses on the screen to-day. She hasn’t a single cute trick, and she is so deliciously pretty that her director never has to devise beautiful tableaux or striking backgrounds for her; he can just let her walk through her scenes naturally, knowing that everything that she does will make a beautiful picture. If you doubt this, just go to see her in “Bob Hampton of Placer.”

As for her not being sentimental, well—there is a difference between sentiment and sentimentality, and Marjorie Daw has lots of the first with none of the latter. And as for romance—this has nothing to do with it, but I just thought you might be interested to know that the young man she goes around with is so short that she has been shopping for all sorts of beautiful slippers with flat heels. Even a beautiful motion-picture actress has to compromise sometimes.
He Grew a Foot in One Picture

And Harold Goodwin continues to grow fast in public favor. As for acting, he says, "Pretty soft."

By Jerome Weatherby

of him draped informally over a table. Although experienced for eight years as a motion-picture actor, he was trying to qualify for the first time as an interview subject. I asked him if he intended to continue acting. He jerked his hat from his head and ran a long hand through his hair which was of the same tawny sheen as his skin. A glance at him and you know he's a swimmer—one of the gang. As for continuing as an actor—

"I sure am," he said in answer to my question. "It's the easiest thing I ever heard of."

He realized then that his utterance wasn't conventional. He inspected his cap soberly, then suddenly thrust it back on his head.

"Guess I better keep my hat on," he muttered, "My hair isn't combed."

He just drifted into pictures, he told me, at the age of ten, over at the old Mutual-Reliance studios. For his first work as an extra, he received fifty cents. He played around at the various studios for four years and then decided to go to high school.

"I just got started at school when they wanted me to play in 'The Sawdust Ring,' with Bessie Love, and after that I kep' a-going. Let's see—I've played with Mae Marsh, Bessie Love, Dorothy Gish, Enid Bennet, Mary Pickford, Mary Miles Minter, Dorothy Phillips, Lebe Daniels—"

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Romances of Famous Film Folk

The story of the courtship and marriage of Wallie Reid and Dorothy Davenport.

By Grace Kingsley

MY word, but he's a rotten actor! Where in the world did you get him?"

That doesn't sound any way to begin a romance, does it? But that was the question that beautiful Dorothy Davenport asked of Jack Conway, her director, concerning her new leading man, one Wallace Reid, away back in the old Universal days, seven years ago, to be exact.

The subject of her remarks stood a few yards away, just outside the Western set, and nonchalantly chewed a straw. He was a very good-looking youth, was Wally Reid—they began calling him "Wally" right away—and while he heard what Miss Davenport said quite plainly he really didn't care a hang. Anyhow, he says he didn't.

If she wanted to sting his pride into making him work the way she thought he ought to, she was losing her bet. He didn't believe in the style of acting they were doing, for one thing—scenery chewing and all that. Besides, if she liked the curly haired, dimpled-chinned style of leading man, why hadn't they got her that kind? Maybe, he reflected, if they thought he was bad enough as an actor, they'd put him back into the scenario-writing end, where he wanted to be, anyhow.

Besides he had a lot of other things to worry him besides the whims of a mere hand-painted doll of an actress. There were the Universal cowboys, for instance. What were they going to do to him? To be sure he had a good card up his sleeve; the only trouble was, maybe they had a better one.. To-morrow would tell.

So he let his leading lady rave on.

Would they, he thought, as Miss Davenport, giving him a final look of disgust out of her dark-brown eyes, turned on her heel to leave the set—would they spring something new on him?

The "they" were the U cowboys aforesaid. Wally knew he had to ride on the morrow, and he didn't know what the cow larrupers might do to him. One thing was certain—they would do something. But what they didn't know was.

Oh, well, it all happened next day. And while it does seem quite awful to mix those roughneck cowboys up with the romance of such an extraordinarily romantic-looking person as Wally Reid, still it simply has to be done. Because it was partly Dorothy Davenport's sympathy and later her admiration for the leading man she thought so "rotten," professionally speaking, which got her, womanlike, a little bit interested in him later on.

As I was saying, Wally had to ride next day. He came out on the lot prepared for something exciting.

Maybe there was a little extra padding in his clothes, I don't know. They started in on the riding scenes. The cowboys led a certain horse out for Wally to ride. Perhaps I should say an uncertain horse. Wally noted how much was visible of the white of the animal's eye, and admits his heart had a tendency to drop down among his other works. He saw that the auburn-tressed Dorothy was looking on, too. Her glance was a blend of keen amusement with a tiny flicker of sympathy. That settled it. He would do or die.

Onto the horse's back he bounded. The horse began to buck, and the cowboys whooped. But he stayed on! During a lull he reached down and took a bur from beneath the saddle. But the horse kept right on bucking in all sorts of plain and fancy ways. And still the good-looking boy from back East didn't fall off!

I claim that's right where Dorothy Davenport began to get interested. Though she thought of Wally as a boy, and moreover considered his profile was far too perfect to permit of his having any brains, she did admire his pluck and skill! Wally continued to stick to that horse right through the whole proceedings; and the gleam of admiration and astonishment in Dorothy Davenport's eyes was a part of his reward.

But really there was nothing miraculous about it. How could those cowboys know he had spent a whole year on a ranch in Wyoming?

After that folks began to listen a little more respectfully to his views on acting, though, of course, this was entirely irrelevant. Afterward he began playing star rôles in Indian pictures.
Romances of Famous Film Folk

"He was playing G-string Indian rôles," explained Mrs. Reid, "and he used to sail up past my dressing room a-horseback, dolled up in bolanena and not much else. He used to kind of roll his eyes around to see if I was looking. Well, I will say he looked well in a G-string! He was only twenty, and straight as an arrow. Oh, yes, and I want to say right here, he had carried his family since he was thirteen years old, and this was the first time he had had a chance to get away from them and do something for himself."

So it was shown. But Dorothy Davenport was a great belle among the players in those days. Her night at Levy's café, down in Los Angeles, which was always the place of round-up for the picture stars in the evenings, was Tuesday. And it was the ambition of every handsome actor and every other man who knew her to take Dorothy Davenport to Levy's on that night. Wally Reid's pride was touched. Also he admits he was beginning to fall very much in love with her. Finally, one evening, the capricious and slightly haughty Dorothy condescended to go with him, and they went downtown in his funny little roadster, which was capable, when in good condition, of going all of twenty-five miles an hour.

But Miss Davenport thought of Wally as a boy. She liked older men much better. However, that boyishness somehow began to appeal to her, just as it appeals to everybody nowadays, and she began to go out with him oftener. Besides it's likely his profile began to get in its deadly work. There's simply no place in the world for observing a profile like a motor car, or riding abreast on horseback. And besides going out together, they used to ride back and forth from their work at Universal Ranch on their horses.

Finally, Wally somehow let it drop that he hadn't a very good boarding place. Dorothy Davenport and her mother were living in a little home on Alta Vista Street at the time. She asked him to come and board with them. He said all right, and Gene Pallette, his pal, would like to come, too. So that's how it happened the four found themselves living in the modest little cottage, with Wally taking care of the horses and building the barn!

They used to take long trips a-horseback together, Wally and Dorothy, after that. And it was during one of these trips that Wally proposed. The thing happened up in Griffith Park, where it would take a far sweeter nature than Wally's to resist the combination of lovely girl, moonlight, and picturesque background of hills and trees.

"But, do you know, I got the gravel from Dorothy's horse's hoofs right in the eye!" explained Wally ruefully, but in a way which showed he had never quite gotten over the surprise of it. "She ran right away from me! No, I'm sure I never proposed again. I was awfully hard hit, I'll confess, but I was too proud for that. I went up to Santa Barbara a short time afterward for the American—stayed a year, and—"

"And we kept up one of those proxy battles by letter," explained Dorothy vivaciously.

"Anyhow," Wally went on, "when I came home from Santa Barbara, somehow we were engaged. I'm sure I don't know how it really happened. Dorothy doesn't, either. I guess."

"And I insisted on being married on the thirteenth," went on Mrs. Reid. "I was just daring fortune to throw me down, I guess. Ruth Roland was maid of honor. We were married on Monday night and went to work on Tuesday morning. When we got to the studio, the company had put up banners announcing us. The company was all standing en masse on the corner, ready to greet us. And, of course, we were late!"

Mrs. Reid had begun telling me about the romance over in their beautiful home in Beverley Hills, and Wally had come in, toggled up in an auto racer's garments. He had been making racing scenes for one of his pictures, out at the saucer track, and had driven a great many more miles than was necessary, of course. Bill Wally, Jr., small son of Dorothy and Wally, had begged to be allowed to take his father's lunch over to him when the chauffeur went, this being only a ruse, of course, to get a mad trip with his dad around the racing course.

"Why, the very first word Bill ever said was 'wheel,'" said Mrs. Reid.

Enter, too, the family dog, Scotty Bob, whom everybody falls over at least six times in the belief he is a rug. Then Bill had to show me the phonograph which is concealed in the head of the sofa, and which is the pride of both masculine Reids' hearts.

That phonograph is right next to the library, with its full cases of books, and maybe the combination typifies Wally Reid in a way. It's such a combination of intellectuality and boyishness.

In the magic land of films, where one day you walk the streets looking for a job, and the next you own a fine house, three cars, and a sable coat, and get 'em squarely, too, because you've happened to please a few million people more or less throughout the world in some particular impersonation, there's not a more deeply interesting couple than Wally Reid and Dorothy Davenport, his wife.

There's a very wonderful palispe between these two. Both are fond of good literature, for one thing, and both have a tremendous sense of humor; added to which there is that subtle but potent something which we will call compatibility, which has its roots down deep in the vital sources of life, without which no marriage is a success.

"She's a great girl!" says Wally, and there was warmth as well as admiration in his voice when he said it.

And maybe all the big words in the dictionary couldn't describe Mrs. Reid any better than that.

"No, I'm not going to Vancouver. Nobody wants to see a wife along," explained Mrs. Reid with a cheerful little laugh, when I asked her about her husband's "personal appearance" trip to Canada.

Being the husband of a matinée idol isn't the easiest job in the world. Maybe in fact it's the hardest. It makes a mere foreign diplomat's job look like a street cleaner's.

For there are many beautiful women in the world, and there isn't one of them, I guess, who meets Wally Reid who doesn't love him in one way or another, according to her quality. He has mental brilliancy for the Hypatias, good looks for the empty-headed, a strongly vital appeal, and an easy and supremely appealing courtesy for every woman he meets.

HE'S A DEVIL within the law—likely to break out at any time. That's why the ladies are going to like him.
He suggests romance with a crimson thrill.
His narrow. Lotus-lidded eyes are enigmatic. Another reason for the interest of the curious sex.
That is the way in which Herbert Howe introduces Rudolph Valentino, the magnetic young Latin who is thrilling feminine hearts wherever "The Four Horsemen" is being shown.
Mr. Howe's pen portrait of Valentino—one of the finest interviews he has done—will appear in the next issue of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE.
Probably there has never been an actor in the world who had greater universal appeal to both men and women, for that matter. And that Wally's and Dorothy's matrimonial bark remains steady through the tempests and gusts of emotionalism which sweep around the most appealing male star in the most emotional profession in the world bespeaks character as well as genuine devotion on both sides.

For one thing, Wallace Reid, by some miracle, remains unspoiled. That means he has a fine sense of proportion—as well as a sense of humor and good horse sense. Everybody adores him down to the very caddies who retrieve his golf balls, and whom he has a hard time restraining from calling him "Wally" right before the most important personages. Not that he really cares a cent, only sometimes such procedures embarrass the conventions.

And on Mrs. Reid's part, she has big brown eyes which look life squarely in the face, and do not flinch at what they see. She has beauty, a brilliant wit, good sense, and a fine sense of proportion in dealing with life's problems, but most of all she has a genuinely unselfish and wise devotion to the man she is married to. He wouldn't think of going into any business deal, for instance, without her advice, and that advice has never proven wrong.

And he is a great boy, too, is Wally. If Mrs. Reid is thoughtful for his comfort, without being prosaic, he on his part is never failing in those small courtesies which make home life pleasant. And moreover, he has a keen appreciation of the fact that his wife is a very pretty, interesting woman.

She is a very wise woman in another way, is Mrs. Reid. She never allows herself to sink into the sofa-cushion type of wife. She's as alert as he is, she keeps abreast of the times in matters of world concern; she is authoritative as well as painstaking; keen as well as kind.

The superficial observer might say that Wally was the least bit afraid of his wife, but it isn't that, I'm sure. Truly, he is slightly in awe of her keenness, her wisdom, her efficiency. But beneath it all is a real understanding, a genuine companionship. And there's a sort of charming girliness about Mrs. Reid, too, that never fails in its effect on her husband, and always there seems the desire to please him.

"I planned our house," Mrs. Reid tells you with pride, "because Wally says he always like surprises.

"And I always have to bring him something home when I go shopping," she went on laughingly, but with a shy pleasure in the telling. "The only trouble is, there's not much left to bring him. He's been a matinee idol so long, you see!"

It's a very beautiful home in Beverley Hills, where they simply can't help being happy, those three Reids.

The house is built overlooking a quaint winding road, and its back door looks right up at the eternal hills. Bill Hart's pretty New England house is on one side, while Bill Desmond's colonial home is across the street, and Dustin Farnum's beautiful villa is right around the corner.

The Reid home is in the Spanish style of architecture, and has a beautiful patio; and a swimming pool is being built just outside.

"Do you ever want to go back to the films?" I asked Mrs. Reid.

"No," said Mrs. Reid, without the least bit of wistfulness in look or voice, "no, I like to stay at home."

"Oh, mother!" called out little Bill lustily, "nurse's gone; come play!"

I'm sure the look of happiness in Dorothy Davenport's eyes was deeper at that childish call than at any curtain call she ever took!
America's Maciste

All Hollywood loves "Bull" Montana, who is one of the most picturesque characters in the Western film colony.

By Gordon Gassaway

He has the heart of a child and the soul of a shepherd, this ape-giant of Hollywood. Hollywood loves him, and denies that he is the ugliest man in the world. It says that "Boot-nose" Mullen and "Spike" Robinson, the other musketeers of the famous trio taken West by Doug Fairbanks fourteen months ago for picture purposes, are both uglier men than "Bull" Montana, for it is of Bull we sing.

Rodin put Mr. Montana into the soul of his Thinker, but Rodin never knew it. Marshall Neilan put Bull into "Go and Get It," and, as a result, "Go and Get It" did go and get the box-office receipts as well as a fair crop of shivers from a lot of fair spines. You remember the Rue Morgue ape in that Neilan picture, don’t you? Of course, it was Bull Montana—with a little make-up on.

It was with some trepidation that I prepared to meet the great Montana out at the Lasky lot, half believing some of the wild stories current in Hollywood regarding his playful tendencies to toss would-be interviewers over the nearest studio just because once he had once been annoyed by a reporter. But he is, I found, as gentle as a kitten.

"Hey, you, Bull!" It was the genial Arch Reeve, factotum of the Lasky lot, arranging our formal introduction.

Bull separated himself from a group of people, which proved to be Roscoe Arbuckle, and came over. I was presented. A pair of kindly but direct brown eyes looked me over as our hands met. We withdrew to a quiet corner away from the interruptions interpolated by Wallie Reid and Roscoe, who were seemingly thrilled by the fact that Bull was being interviewed.

"Fourteen year ago I come from Milano, Italy, to thes contry. My family, they give me three swell suits clothes—swell in Italia, but in N'Yorck? Well, anyway, I think I pretty swell, an' I throw out my chest and walka up Broadway."

Here he threw out his great chest, cocked his hat on the side of his head and gave a correct imitation of a young Italian gentleman but recently arrived from the old country, controlled by a spirit to conquer the new.

"I lasta about six block. Some fresh N'Yorck gink they maka beeg fight with me. I smasha the face and getta keek in the rib. Soon I find good work up in Conne'ticut. I work in a stone quarry. Then I was young an' strong—jes' twenty. One day I quit that boss and get better work. Nex' day I go back to see some ol' fren' an' they got a beeg horse at my ol' job.

"No, in Italy they do not call me Bull. There I am Luigi Montagna."

Bull has had some interesting experiences in renting apartments in Hollywood, for various reasons. Finally he decided to try a new system. He approached the proprietor of our most exclusive community hotel in the sacred precincts of his office.

"How do you do," said Bull correctly. "I am Signor Luigi Montagna from Eetaly an' I would lika the beeg apart."

"Certainly," graciously responded mine host, "with pleasure. Just step this way."

So at last, Bull was safely encased in the dream of his recent life—a twenty-thousand-dollar home. But alas for well-meaning friends.

The next day a taxi rolled gaily up to the magnificent apartments and deposited on the curb two gentlemen of uncertain visage. They were Boot-nose Mullen and the redoubtable Spike Robinson, Bull's only rivals for beauty. Immediately they besieged the office.

"Bull Montana live here?" cried the proper pro-

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They’re springing up every day, these German pictures. We have had “Passion,” followed by the shrill shades of a spook on a spree, known as “The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari.” Close on the heels of these two, First National is presenting Pola Negri in a version of “Carmen” called “Gypsy Blood,” and Paramount is giving us “Anne Boleyn” under the title of “Deception,” both made by Ernest Lubitsch, who directed “Passion.”

Paramount also is said to be considering the release of “The Golem,” a picturization of a Jewish fable about a statue of a huge man that came to life and wrecked a heap of expensive scenery.

Whether the war is over or not, it seems that American films are being distributed in Germany and that some sort of reciprocity demands that German producers be given a chance to sell their wares in America in an attempt to earn money to pay part of the expenses of buying the rights to show American films in Germany. At least the rumor has it that trade in films is much like trade in other wares, and that if Germans buy from us we are supposed to buy from them.

So, no matter how you feel about it, you’re going to have a little German film in your town every now and then. The Observer at one time was all het up about this German invasion. However, after watching the crowds go to see “Passion” and come running out of the theater shouting praise, and, after watching them go to see “The Cabinet” and learning from their very lips that it was nothing that comes under the head of entertainment, The Observer has ponderously come to the conclusion that a show is a show, and that if it is a good show it matters not if it was made by the seven fiends of Hades—folks will go to see it. On the other hand an uninteresting show, even though it were written by such a moral gentleman as Major Funkhouser, directed by Doctor Wilbur F. Crafts, and played personally by the members of the Pennsylvania board of censorship, would be immoral, un-American, and a menace to our civilization for the one reason that it wasted the time of the folks who went to see it.

So let the Germans come with their pictures. To date they have been able to interest us only through masses of people, lavish settings and weird effects. They do big things and startle us, for to our minds big things like “Deception” impress us as being very expensive, and what do we worship more than expense?

But in Germany they have been hiring extra people for the price of three bad meals. They pay workmen one tenth as much as we pay, so they can produce a “Deception” for—it is reported—a sum equal to twenty thousand dollars in American money. To make such a picture in Hollywood would cost more than half a million in real cash.

Germany has not turned out any good comedies nor any picture of genuine heart interest. For one “Passion,” they make a hundred impossible pictures impossible, at least, from the point of view of the American consumer. Hundreds of reels of film have been brought from Germany to America, but seldom is one found worthy of being released in this country. Several tons of German films, entirely worthless pictures, of absolutely no interest to Americans, have been junked by the agents who had brought them here in the hope of selling the American rights for anything from a hundred dollars to a hundred thousand.

Much like searching for radium is the process of trying to find a German picture worth releasing in America. So we might as well take the good ones and have a look at them.

The real European menace affects the inhabitants of Hollywood. It is quite possible that American producers may go to Europe to make some of their expensive pictures, in order to save money in the hiring of extras, the making of costumes, and the building of sets.

Metro, it is reported, could have made “The Four Horsemen” in France cheaper than in Los Angeles, and certainly Universal would have saved money had they sent Von Stroheim to Monte Carlo to make his “Foolish Wives.”

In England, telegrams come on tapes. A sort of ticker machine types it on a thin strip of paper, which is clipped off and pasted on a sheet of paper. This is delivered as the telegram.

Recently a director, making a scene supposedly in England, had genuine English telegrams sent to him for use in the picture. He was rather proud of his realistic touch in the close-up which showed a telegram reading “You lost your fortune, so now the girl won’t marry you,” or whatever the telegram was. This, like all English telegrams, was printed on tape and pasted on the blank form.

The picture was released. From a Nebraska city came a wire from a theater manager, “We can’t show the crude picture you sent us. You were too cheap to have a regular telegram made and instead used ticker tape and pasted it up on a sheet of paper. You can’t put this stuff over on us.”

After Clara Smith Hamon’s trial and acquittal by twelve good men, and true, somebody offered her a lot of money to go into pictures. She was in the picture business just long enough for the news to get through the United States and for the theaters of the country to wire back the answer. The theater managers rose in a body and said, “We will never show Clara Smith Hamon’s picture.”
The Observer

So, since it would hardly pay to make the picture just for the benefit of her friends in her neighborhood, the thing was called off.

Motion pictures have passed the cheap vaudeville and burlesque period of their existence. No longer is a person who has nothing to offer but a burst of sudden and temporary notoriety an attraction in films. As a matter of fact, the few pictures in which persons of that sort have appeared never had any real success. Certainly now, since the motion picture has become family entertainment, there is no room for such films.

The action of the theater managers, by the way, shows what power they wield. They might do well to get together and rule out a few of the folks already in the business of making pictures. If they did that there would be no more need of censors.

Another

Beauty

You know Pola Negri now. But soon you will hear of an actress who is said to out-Pola Pola. She is Francesca Bertini, and she is Italian. Inside dope from the stable says she is a dark horse who is going to take the next important derby. Paramount is said to have a scout on his way to Italy to get the inside information and to see whether she will do for America.

The information regarding the proposed importation of Negri to America is as yet rather vague. It would be interesting, though, to have The Negri, speaking Polish, and The Bertini, speaking Italian, working on emotional scenes at the same time in one and the same studio, each trying to out-emote the other!

Uncle Sam

in the Show

Business

"When Women Work," starring Carley Ellis, presented by the United States' department of labor, women's bureau, is a production of the new year. It is only a two-reeler, but it is one of the most popular pictures that has been made recently. It seems that when the women's bureau started out to try to improve working conditions for factory women, it decided that the motion picture was the best method to use. A real picture was produced, with a real story. It tells of women who work under bad conditions and women who work under good conditions. The women's bureau will send it free to organizations who guarantee to show it under proper conditions.

Picking

the First

Five

The New York Times is now picking the best pictures of the year, and the Times list is interesting in that it shows the broad viewpoint that is being adopted by even the most conservative newspapers. There was a time when all the newspapers that appealed to a more or less intellectual type of reader felt that "the movies" were beneath contempt. These newspapers had a good deal to say about heavy-weight prize fighters and thought it rather neat to write funny things about women who were trying to get votes, but "the movies" meant nothing in their lives.

Now the Times chooses the best five pictures shown in New York in the first three months of 1921 and starts its list with Charlie Chaplin in "The Kid." It names Charles Ray's "The Old Swimmin' Hole," classing this as an advance, because there were no subtitles in the picture. The other three are "The Four Horsemen," "Sentimental Tommy," and "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari."

Truly a mixed list, but probably as interesting a list—because of the varied types represented—as could be found.

If we were going to see five motion pictures on five successive days, probably these five would give us as pleasant a week as any five we could select. There are pickles and pastrami, roast beef and salad in the motion-picture meal that the Times selects.

If you, for instance, were going to be cast away on a desert island, what five motion pictures, shown in the last three months, would you want to take with you? There's something for you to think about, and to write about.

An Educational

Institution

Rumor has it that a large and reputable scenario school took in four hundred thousand dollars as payment for instruction last year. If this is true, the profession of teaching scenario writers is about equal to the profession of teaching almost anything else. There are a good many colleges that take in less than four hundred thousand dollars in tuition payments in a year.

Scenario schools, the first thing you know, will be having college yells and football teams and fraternity pins.

To Censor

the

Censors?

Only a few States in the United States have adopted motion-picture censorship. Something more than thirty turned down the censorship bills at the last session of the legislatures.

In those States in which censorship is in force, organizations are being built up by reputable citizens, including club women, authors, and members of various societies, to censor the censors. These persons watch carefully the eliminations made by censor boards and, every time a ridiculous, narrow, or prejudiced elimination comes through, trouble is started. Letters are sent to newspapers, to legislators, to the censors themselves, pointing out the absurdity of the elimination, and it is hoped that in time the public of each censorship State will be so sick of having a few persons dictate what many shall see that action will be taken to repeal the law.

Motion-picture producers and exhibitors have not been asked to help in this movement, for it is to be kept on an entirely unselfish basis, a movement for the public good.

We Ask

Will some one tell us who practically all serial pictures have to be wild and woolly and full of violence, clutching hands, masked men, trapdoors, and spooks? Much of the complaint against the motion picture has been based upon the serial, and most of all upon the posters that advertise the chapter play photos. Seldom are the pictures themselves as harrowing as the posters.

Just because a picture is continued does it have to be as violent as a volcano? We ask for information. Reputable magazines publish in serial form stories by good authors, but the motion-picture folks seem to think that when a story is divided into chapters it must be a tale of a crazy hero who is on the track of a bunch of mad men.

Why doesn't some producer try the serial plan on a real story?

Suppose "The Miracle Man" had been done in three or four parts. Would you have come back for the second, third, and fourth chapters? We would, and we believe that there are many other persons who would. They say that Universal's "Foolish Wives" is going to be in forty thousand feet and hard to cut. Why not try putting it out as a serial?

We are serious about this. Why hasn't it ever been done?
Over the Teacups

In Fanny the Fan’s philosophy nothing is more vital than a cup of tea, a listener, and plenty of gossip about motion-picture players.

By The Bystander

DON’T offer me food,” Fanny begged dramatically, as she sat down with us in a sunlit window table at Sherry’s. “I’m the most overfed person in New York.” But a moment later I saw her glance stray past radiant Justine Johnstone a few tables away, and rest on the tables of French confectionery and pastry that were on display. “I’ve just come from Corinne Griffith’s, and you know what that means—a tea table heaped with tiny sandwiches filled with tropical indigestibles you never heard of before, and little cakes that are, well—just like perfume. She was so busy sewing on a wonderful orchid-colored lampshade that she had me pour. And, of course, I ate enough for both of us. Still, I suppose it wouldn’t be loyal to Lillian Gish if I came here without getting some Boston cream pie, so you might as well signal the waiter.”

I didn’t have to; he was hovering right behind Fanny’s chair. He has seen her with so many celebrities that he is dying of curiosity to know who she is. And since she has taken to emulating Pola Negri and Nazimova and Doraldina so strenuously, I am sure that he thinks Fanny is the much-heralded Francesca Bertini from Italy. Sometimes, I think that she deliberately encourages him to think that there is a mystery about her.

“Corinne has finished making ‘What’s Your Reputation Worth?’ and is about to start another picture,” Fanny babbled on. “And speaking of reputations have you heard about those two men in the Famous Players-Lasky Company who had such a terrible time?”

I stared at her incredulously: where does she hear everything?

“They had a beauty contest, you know, all over the country to see who would play Beauty in “Experience.” Edna Wheaton, a music student in New York, won, and Juliette Henkel from Detroit was such a close second that they gave her the part of Charm. Well, of course, the Famous Players company wanted to show those girls a good time before they started work at the studio so they assigned two men in the office to show them the sights of New York, and buy them the clothes they needed for the picture. That was where the trouble began. Both men are young and good looking—and recently married. They are so devoted to their wives that they hardly give Gloria Swanson more than a passing glance when she comes to the New York office. But, of course, their wives’ friends kept bumping into them with the two beautiful girls who were quite obviously having the time of their lives, and they drew their own conclusions. The result was so tragic that only an explanation from George Fitzmaurice himself saved the two happy homes.”

“But why didn’t the men do something about it?”

“What, for instance?” Fanny asked pertly, and I congratulated myself that I recognized her imitation of Bebe Daniels.

“Well, they could have explained to the girls, and given them a signal whenever they saw any one they knew coming into sight. Then the girls could have
Over the Teacups

Fanny never hears of Eva Novak getting married or divorced or even engaged. She seems to confine all her attention to getting prettier and making more pictures.

saved the day by popping into the nearest doorway or a passing limousine or a manhole or something.

"You've been haunting the Sennett comedies again," Fanny accused. "I know the signs. You get a perverted idea of what a perfect lady can do and what is much worse you expect every girl to be as resourceful in real life as Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver are in pictures. That's the difference between real life and pictures; pictures are made up of the things you never do in real life, because you think of them too late."

"When you say things like that you ought to hold up two fingers to show that you are quoting," I remonstrated.

"But I'm not." Fanny insisted. "I thought of that all by myself while I was watching some of Carol Dempster's scenes in 'Dream Street.' Did you ever see anything so adroit as the way she kidded Ralph Graves about his feet to distract his attention from love-making?"

"I didn't know that you even noticed the picture at all," I told her, determined to be frank. "Because I noticed that Dick Barthelmy and his mother sat in front of you."

"Wasn't she beautiful?" Fanny enthused, ignoring my intended gibe. "I do wish that she would make a picture with him some time. If it's true that Famous Players is going to have him for some more pictures, I wish they would hurry up and do 'The Wanderer.' They've talked about it long enough, goodness knows. Dick Barthelmy should play the prodigal son, and his mother ought to play the mother part. Wouldn't she be a wonderful mother for the prodigal son to come back to? I don't wonder that Dick himself never wandered from home at all.

"Fanny! These mother pictures aren't making you sentimental, are they?"

"Nothing could make me sentimental," Fanny protested, choking a snuffle in her handkerchief. "But every time that I go to see Mary Carr in 'Over the Hill' or Vera Gordon in 'Humoresque' I want to go around pinning medals of honor on all the mothers I know. I've followed 'Humoresque' from Broadway palaces to shacks on the river front, and now if I want to see it any more, I suppose that I'll have to cross to Jersey."

Fanny was never meant to be tearful, so I tried to jazzy the conversation back to normal by asking, "Who's married now?"

She revived instantly, and quite ignoring the re-enforcements of fresh strawberry ice cream, French pastry, and limeade that the waiter brought, launched into her favorite subject. "Tom Moore and Renee Adoree went to Honolulu on their honeymoon and had a beautiful time. They are back now, and he is working on 'Beating the Game.' She is tying bows of tulle on the gaslogs or redecorating his house in some equally interesting way to make it suit her exquisite French taste, and when she is through she will probably play in Goldwyn pictures, too. She is the proud possessor of a gorgeous gold vanity case that Mabel Normand gave her. Mabel was at the Goldwyn studio the day the bride and groom went away to get married, and she was so thrilled with the romance that she dashed out to the nearest jeweler's, bought the case, and had it engraved, 'To Renee on her wedding day from Mabel.' And speaking of weddings, I've heard that Tom's brother Owen is thinking of marrying again. Kathryn Perry of the Folies is the girl. He's been around with her a lot lately. And the rumor about Charlie Chaplin and May Collins keeps in circulation even though they deny any engagement, and so does the one about William S. Hart and Jane Novak. But you see there's a reason. Their divorces aren't final for a year after they get a decree, so it would be unconventional to say the least to announce an engagement.

"There's only one person I know who never seems to get engaged or married or divorced or anything, and that's Eva Novak," Fanny continued. "She just goes on quietly getting prettier all the time and making better pictures and growing more popular. I never see her at parties, only occasionally at the theater. She never seems to think of anybody but the fans. She's playing 'The Evil Half,' now, though what bearing that sort of title would have on her, I can't see."
"Neither can I, but there are lots of things I don't understand. And that reminds me of Jack Pickford."

Fanny glared at me malevolently. Any one related to Mary is to her mind beyond reproach. But she couldn't resist telling me about him.

"He goes around a lot with Marjorie Daw, and somewhat with Alice Lake, but rumor has it that Mildred Harris is the real object of his affections. That makes Hollywood romance terribly involved because Gareth Hughes likes Mildred immensely, too."

Our conversation came to a sudden end, as we both stared out of the window. With mincing steps a true Parisienne was crossing the street. From the rounded tip of her tiny French-heeled shoes to the fluttering ends of black paradise on her hat, she was the picture of bored sophistication. A moment later and she had entered and was looking at some favors and decorated candy boxes.

"It's Constance Talmadge!" Fanny gasped weakly. "I thought she was ill. And it's really true about her wearing a diamond anklet. See, she has it on now! Colleen Moore and I experimented with a dog collar, but we didn't like it. But Constance wears an anklet as carelessly as last year's wristwatch."

And true enough, she did. It was there for all Fifth Avenue to see, and every one to the last bus driver was looking at it.

"She's probably just rehearsing for her next picture," Fanny volunteered when she had sufficiently regained her breath. "And she is trying the rôle out on Fifth Avenue to see if people will take it seriously."

And having delivered that opinion, she took up her vanity case, which was almost as big as a traveling bag, and looked at her reflection searchingly.

"I know you're going to ask me where I got this," she offered. "It was Lon Chaney's idea. It's a fishing-tackle case, really, but it's wonderful for a vanity box. So roomy! He decided that he would never have leisure to go fishing again, so he converted his into a make-up box like this to carry out on location, and now everybody in 'The Night Rose' company, and almost every one in the whole Goldwyn studio has them. There's a run on the sporting goods store in Hollywood now."

"Is he really going to do 'The Hunchback of Notre Dame' in pictures?" I asked her, but she was so busy executing a difficult curve around her mouth with her lipstick that she merely nodded.

"And what is the idea of all that make-up?" I asked despairingly.

"That is the latest fad in countenances," Fanny answered blandly, as though it were quite natural for one to change her face to fit the season. "Just go out to the Famous Players studio and look around if you don't think so. With all those girls in 'Experience' out there, it is the best place to catch on to the latest style. The idea is not to make up your eyes, but to open them very wide and innocent-like, and concentrate your drawing skill on your mouth. The eyes express ingenuousness, and the lips are seductive, as though they illustrated the text—Let not your eyes know what your lips are doing. I don't know who started the fad, but I suspect Mae Murray."

"And speaking of Mae Murray," Fanny continued, "Did you see her at the opening of 'Dream Street'? She had on a tulle dress that was just like rainbows and mist, and she wore an ermine coat that was one rippling layer of fur over another. I hope she wears them in 'Peacock Alley.'"

"Yes; and I saw Carol Dempster and Ralph Graves and a little, dark, bobbed-haired girl."

"Who is she?" Fanny asked. "Is that another romance? They were at the Palais Royal after the show. So was almost every one else, principally Colleen Moore. Of course, I could hardly see any one else if she was there."

"She looks so alive all the time, she makes every one else look faded and old. She went to the Lambs' Gambol, and before the evening was over, every one was asking every one else who she was. Afterward she went to a party at the studio of Ben Ali Haggan—who arranges the tableaux at the Ziegfeld Frolic—and at least three débutantes decided that they would try to get into motion pictures. They played wall flower while Colleen, quite unconscious, held court."

Continued on page 100.
RIGHT OFF THE GRILL

Our free-lance critic pays his respects to blue-law enthusiasts and other worthies, and tells many interesting things which happened when the Hollywood film folk recently forgathered at a charity affair.

By Herbert Howe

CONSIDERING the patronage of several saints and reformers, it is irrelevant to say that the film folks raised merry Hades. Yet that's the only way one could account for the presence of certain reprobate characters.

It was the pageant devised and presented in the ballroom of the Ambassador Hotel in Los Angeles to benefit the Children's Hospital. The principal participants were the astral ladies and gentlemen from Hollywood way.

If I go too far in saying that they raised the torrid regions, at least I may say they raised the dead. Notorious shades of history passed in glittering cavalcade. The Dark Ages certainly were lit up.

Contrary to historical gossip, the ancient autocrats were not at all upstage. They seemed quite at home in democracy. Old Roman emperors and New World diplomats acted like Brother Moose. I did detect some envy on the faces of Nero and Napoleon as they chummed with Foch and Clemenceau, just as I did when Shakespeare glanced at Elinor Glyn. They say Cesar was furious at the reception given Jackie Coogan. But there were no serious outbreaks with the exception of those stirred by Cleopatra and Gareth Hughes. Gareth suggested to certain social climbers of the industry that they admit the shade of L'Aiglon. The ladies demurred, not quite sure as to the social position of L'Aiglon. Gareth informed them that L'Aiglon was—well, I can't say it as Gareth did; but it was to the effect that L'Aiglon was the son of a free loving king. Madame Pompadour therefore refused to consider him eligible. I presume all the other characters had to show their birth certificates. Cleopatra, at least, concealed nothing.

The first tableau presented was of Shakespeare pleading his case before Queen Elizabeth. It seems that the censors were after Will. The bard presented his case by calling his favorite characters as witnesses. Kathlyn Williams came as Rosalind. Juliet, subpoenaed, was no other than Mary Miles Minter. But Cleopatra, physically endowed by Betty Blythe, really cinched the case for the scenarist. Her beauty created an ovation that lasted until the Asp demanded service.

The French procession came to a crescendo with the appearance of the tricolor, Foch, Clemenceau, and the poilus marching to "La Marseillaise." The vast assemblage in the ballroom rose as one, like the occupants of the bleachers when the home team comes in, and remained standing while the French emblem passed through the flowered aisle. Among the prominent frogs were Napoleon and wife, Empress Josephine. Elinor Glyn envisaged the empress. I wondered how Napoleon ever managed to put her away. He was a great strategist, Napoleon. Just the same, I'll bet if he tried the stunt to-day he'd pay a pretty alimony. The prettiest figure of the French was Mae Allison as a Watteau shepherdess escorted by Herbert Rawlinson, as the leading striker of the sheep chaperons. Other graces of the Watteau picture were Mary MacLaren, Doris Pawn, Mrs. William Desmond, Conrad Nagel, Lloyd Hughes, and Nigel Barrie. Irene Rich as the armored Jeanne d'Arc, looked like a polished fire engine. In those warlike days every fighter wore his own tank. No turret ever held fairer contents. Any man who wouldn't surrender to such as Irene would be a coward. And any one who would desert the flag when borne by Kathleen Clifford wouldn't be worthy of a Y. M. C. A. emblem.

Priscilla Dean was the queen of the Italian carnival. She came all surrounded by patriarchal saints, popes, and nuns, but her eyes were just as wicked as ever. Helen Jerome Eddy, as a pale madonna, made goodness quite as attractive. One of the most glorious moments of the evening occurred when the Adriatic flowed down the ballroom. Its first wave was Margaret Loomis, dancing in fluvial movement. Behind her bilowed a sea of nymphae.

Gloria Swanson came in a palanquin as a celestial queen. Marguerite de la Motte shimmered and fluttered as a firebird of scarlet and gold. Mrs. Robert Branton was borne on the shoulders of black slaves amid the swirling incense and barbaric changor of Indo-Persia. Agnes Ayres, in the white splendor of a Russian bride, stirred admiration.

It was a night of imperial purple. Beauty thrilled the senses with all her rapture of music, dance, and color. After the velvet curtains had fallen on the iridescent past, the present came foxtrotting forth to frolic. Most of the revelers appeared in their carnival costumes, but to the disappointment of every one Cleopatra changed. The diamond brooch had been replaced by a jet and gold gown.

Fifteen thousand dollars was the amount raised by this soirée for the Children's Hospital.

The Movies vs. Christianity.

It was well that Shakespeare lived when he did and that his case was tried before a tolerant tribunal. What would have been his fate had he been reserved for this epoch?
Miss Betty Compson has called my attention to a copy of *Signs of the Times*, a magazine which declares to be "A Champion of the Bible, God-breathed, Complete, A Perfect Rule of Life." She asked me to read an article by a Mr. Robert A. Thurber, titled "Gods of America." Neatly paneled in this text is the assertion:

"The god 'Movie' makes crime less criminal, sin attractive, and the Christian life a bore. But the gods of America fatten on falsity."

Other "God-breathed" lines are:

"The movie presents very little of life as it really is, and much less of what it ought to be."

An investigation of the great studios where the original shows are staged, and an examination of the daily lives of the men and women who play the characters, will prove the artificiality and the moral menace of the whole business.

I wonder who has investigated "the daily lives of the men and women" who appear in motion pictures? And why has this investigation been limited to workers of the fourth greatest industry of the world? If secret sins are to be uncovered and daily lives examined it is only fair to give the same attention to bankers, brokers, editors, farmers, merchants—yes, even the reformers should have justice. If only movie folks are to be tried at the final tribunal, where are all the rest going?

As in the army there was physical inspection, so I suggest that we have soul-inspection if the blue laws go through. Let all the populace line up and have their souls X-rayed for sin. This spectacle will compensate for the loss of movie amusement. It might also draw business to those edifices which Mr. Thurber declares are now without attraction.

"What is the matter," he asks, "with our communities, urban and rural alike, that they crowd the doors of the theater and shun the portals of the church?"

The matter is, such attacks as "Gods of America." Stoning does not drive sinners to church. It usually drives them to the grave and thence straight to heaven.

The author is unfortunate in his communities. He should move to the film colony. The churches here are filled to overflowing.

The same faculty of messiahs are worrying about the glimpses they catch of the feminine human form. They agree with the serpent that it should be clothed upon all occasions. Salvation, it seems, is largely a matter of lengthening women's skirts. There is no excuse for nudity in art. Let us put a bathrobe on the Venus de Milo and see to it that the angels wear aviation togs.

But out of all this reshaping and reforming and investigating of daily lives" great good may come. It may give Charlie Chaplin a comedy idea.

**The Barrie Heroine.**

The eternal question of film row has been, "Who will be the Barrie heroine?" Maude Adams has relinquished Peter Pan to the film fair. Sir James Barrie held such admiration for Miss Adams, who created his heroines on the stage, that he made her their guardian. Miss Adams found that she could not present them effectively on the screen, so she has tossed the prize to picture ladies. Betty Compson has been elected to play *Lady Babbie* in "The Little Minister." It is a judicious election. She may also do *Peter Pan*, desired by all ambitious stars. Jesse L. Lasky would like to have Sir James supervise the productions. I wonder if he has thought to show the author a picture of Miss Compson.

It might have the same effect it did upon Henry Arthur Jones. The dean of English playwrights was shown "The Miracle Man" to observe the work of Thomas Meighan, for whom he intended to write a play. Before the showing was over the venerable author volunteered to write one for Betty Compson.

**Chaplin's "Vanity Fair."**

Charlie Chaplin was not wasting his time last winter at the social functions of New York's four hundred. His next film is "Vanity Fair." Georges Carpentier vied with Charlie as an idol of the New York social season. I wonder if he has created a Vanity Fair waltz for the delectation of M. Dempsey.

**High-Brow Exhibitors.**

In filming "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse" *Continued on page 103*

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**Somebody Did It!**

**WHEN** mortals err, as mortals will,  
And hectic tales the papers fill  
With acts that shock, and facts that thrill,  
From some reel of life's movies.

Then the reformers of the day  
At some one's door the blame must lay,  
And now it is the usual way  
To blame it on the movies.

Oh, I'm quite sure on judgment morn  
When Gabriel loudly blows his horn,  
These censors will rise up in scorn,  
And blame it on the movies!

**VARA MACBETH JONES.**
In "Dream Street" an outrageously absurd and sentimental melodrama is told in Griffith's own hypnotic way.

The Screen in Review

In which you are informed as to the relative merits of the big productions which are now being brought out for late spring and summer entertainment.

By Agnes Smith

The flowers that bloom in the spring (tra la) on New York's main street are the superdeluxe motion-picture productions, the silent dramas that replace the noisy dreams of the winter season. When the theatrical season begins to wane, every film producer, who has a little million-dollar spectacle in his vaults, rushes out, leases a big theater, and puts on his show as a rival attraction to the legitimate offerings. You pay your money, and you take your choice.

Among those seized with this spring fever was D. W. Griffith. "Dream Street" is his contribution to the silly season. It is one of those pictures that Griffith tosses off in his less-inspired moments. But, as you know, Griffith's less-inspired moments are, at least in some respects, better than the topmost flights of fancy of most of his rivals.

If you are looking for typical Griffith thrills in "Dream Street," you will not find them. But you will find much in it that captivates your imagination. The story, like the well-known mattress, was built—not made. The characters were suggested by Thomas Burke, the London reporter who discovered the Limehouse district—imported to this country in "Broken Blossoms." The continuity of the alleged plot was written by Rose and James Smith, who are not related to the reviewer. If the personages in the piece were suggested by Burke, the story obviously was suggested by Victorien Sardou, who wrote "La Tosca."

However, it is not fair to judge a Griffith picture by its plot. Griffith does not believe in plots; he believes in pictures. And, judged solely as a succession of beautiful pictures, "Dream Street" is an enchanting entertainment. Griffith has an eye for composition and rhythm. By an adroit use of lights, by clever settings and by skillful handling of his players, he can make you laugh, cry, and get all excited over the silliest kind of wish-wash, clap-trap situations. The master magician of the movies hypnotizes you, and, while you are
spellbound by his pretty pictures, he slams at your head an outrageously absurd and sentimental melodrama. In telling the simple story of a cheap vaudeville singer and her rowdy suitor, he weaves an atmosphere that is worthy of a tale from the "Arabian Nights."

Griffith exercises this hypnotism not only on his audiences, but on the players in his company. Take, for instance, the case of Carol Dempster. Miss Dempster is young, pretty, lively, and a beautiful dancer. After seeing "Dream Street," you would go before a notary and swear that she is an emotional actress. But she is not; she is merely graceful and attractive. Although she is a fascinating young person and more obviously pretty than Lillian Gish, she hasn't Miss Gish's great charm. Ralph Graves, seen as the rowdy suitor, was only half hypnotized. Sometimes he acts, sometimes he merely makes faces at the camera. Charles Emmett Mack, another important member of the cast, is a clear example of Griffith hypnotism. Before he was an actor, he served his art as property man. Griffith made a few mystical passes before his face, and, behold, he gives a creditable performance of a difficult rôle. Two old-timers, W. J. Ferguson and Tyrone Power, are also seen in the cast.

That Griffith believes that visual appeal is more powerful than the written word is evident in the sub-titles of "Dream Street." They are perfect examples of gawdy English. Whoever wrote them ought to be presented with a handsome rubber plant. All the lovely mirth in the picture about love, religion, good influences, evil spirits, and Hades probably was invented by Griffith himself. Griffith is like the old man in "David Copperfield," who could not keep the head of King Charles out of his conversation. The magician of his movies cannot make a picture without throwing in a few biblical references.

In spite of some obvious faults, "Dream Street" is worth seeing. After all, it is rather fun to be hypnotized.

"DECEPTION."

Something ought to be done about this German fellow, Ernst Lubitsch. The situation is growing embarrassing. With a lot of agitation on foot to ban German films in this country, the reviewer hates to praise a German picture. But Herr Lubitsch makes such good pictures that it is annoying to be forced to say that few directors in this country can compete with him. Lubitsch can do a great personal favor by coming to this country, taking out citizenship papers, and turning into a one-hundred-per-cent American.

"Deception" is his latest. The title was made in this country. In Germany, the picture was known as "Anne Boleyn." Both names are unsuitable. The picture should be called "Henry the Eighth." It is a marvelous character study of the greatest husband in history, and when you leave the theater you feel as though you had been at the court of Old Harry himself.

Until I saw "Deception" I doubted the educational value of the screen. I believed that all this talk about educating children by showing them motion pictures was part of a pleasant sort of propaganda. Most "educational" pictures seemed to me to be either animated postal cards or boresome trash. But "Deception" is history brought to life and made interesting and vital. The court of the second of the Tudors lives before your eyes.

When I went to see "Deception," I took my eleven-year-old nephew with me. Because he is studying English history and making a hideous failure of it, I did not tell him that we were going to see an historical story. But when he got one flash at the screen, he shouted, "Look, there's Henry the Eighth." And after he had watched the picture for five minutes, he cried, "Henry was some king. Those were the good old days." When he reached home, he fairly demanded to be allowed to read more English history.

The average director with a Hollywood night-school education would have made the story of Anne Boleyn a series of rampant spectacles and vulgar intrigues. There is nothing cheap or tawdry about "Deception." Lubitsch has Old World and New World accuracy. His historical characters are not mummies in fancy costumes; they are human beings. He waves his wand and the London of the early sixteenth century lives before your eyes. It is a gorgeous, dirty, half-civilized capital governed by a hard-drinking, hard-eating, pleasure-loving king.

The rôle of Henry is wonderfully played by Emil Jennings, who might have walked out of a Holbein portrait. Although you are supposed to sympathize with Anne, you leave the theater with real affection for the base Henry. The jovial monarch chopped off the lady's head and found it empty. He was no fool himself; he flirted too much, cared too much about eating and drinking, hunting, tennis, and tournaments, but he was a real king and the father of Queen Elizabeth, who inherited his temper and his Mack Sennett sense of humor. Jennings looks and acts so much like Henry that you can almost hear him swear in rousing old Anglo-Saxon.

Henny Porten is Anne Boleyn. She is an emotional actress of no mean gifts and gives a sustained characterization. Some of her scenes are immensely effective, especially the tragic ones.

"Deception" is released by Paramount. See it; you cannot be disappointed in a picture whose hero had six wives. It makes the average production look like a Saturday young peoples' club performing charades. If this be treason, make the most of it.

"THE QUEEN OF SHEBA."

History has hit Broadway and hit it hard. William Fox's contribution is "The Queen of Sheba." It was produced by J. Gordon Edwards, who loves to cut loose with a million dollars and ten thousand "extras" and make a smashing historical pageant. "The Queen of Sheba" is a successor to "Salome" and "Cleopatra."

But Theda Bara is not among those present. Her place in the royal line of wicked charmers is taken by Betty Blythe, with whom you all are acquainted.

Miss Blythe steps into the beaded draperies of Miss Bara with ease and grace. She is so beautiful that she fairly glitters. Unfortunately, her costumes are designed in such a way that they take your mind off the plot. Her clothes are so scant that she has no chance for acting. As soon as she begins to act, the scene is cut. Whenever she moves, she takes an awful risk. It is impossible to sit through "The Queen of Sheba" with any feeling of certainty. What if the beads should begin to unravel?

When one says that Miss Blythe has a pretty face, one has not told the half of it. And when one praises
her ability as an actress, one has not mentioned the principal reason for her popularity. But fortunately, Miss Blythe has a merry smile, and she makes you believe that her intelligence was such as to interest King Solomon, the wisest man in the world.

The story is an elaborate romance built on a slight legend. It was written by Virginia Tracy and is an entirely adequate framework for a dizzy spectacle. Even leaving Miss Blythe out of consideration, the picture has spectacular appeal. The whirling thrills of the piece is a chariot race. It is so stirring that it takes the edge off any future productions that may be made of "Ben Hur."

With remarkable restraint, Mr. Fox has neglected King Solomon's nine hundred and ninety-nine other love affairs. The famous harem is not in evidence. Fritz Leiber plays Solomon and makes him a dashing person. He might have been wise in state affairs, but wasn't so canny in love. Solomon should have borrowed some of the philosophy of Henry the Eighth, who killed 'em off when they got to be troublesome.

"MOTHER ETERNAL."

Even Ivan Abramson has had his fling on Broadway. "Mother Eternal" was his bid for electric-light fame. For a long time, Abramson specialized in producing heart-rending stories of domestic tragedies. He showed us why homes are broken up and why husbands and wives throw crockery at each other. "Mother Eternal" is as pure as the driven snow. It is a story of mother love and guaranteed to tug at the heartstrings of those persons whose heartstrings are a little loose, anyway.

Naive, simple, and sentimental. It is like "Over the Hill." It was made to please those who can break down and sob over the old ballad, "She Was Happy Till She Met You."

Vivian Martin plays the rôle of the mother, and in the first part of the picture, when she is young, she gives a delightful and appealing performance. The sincerity of her acting does much to make the picture worth seeing. As a woman of fifty, Miss Martin plays cleverly, but she cannot look the part. Make-up cannot age her. Thurston Hall also does commendable work in the picture.

"BOB HAMPTON OF PLACER."

Marshall Neilan deserves three rousing cheers for filming "Bob Hampton of Placer," a Western story by Randall Parrish. It is just the kind of picture that the whole neighborhood turns out to see. It tells the story of Bob Hampton, officer in General Custer's regiment. Hampton is court-martialed for a crime of which he is innocent. Years later, after serving his prison term, he goes West and becomes a professional gambler. By a trick of fate, he is cleared of the charge that drove him out of the army, and he joins Custer's regiment just in time to put up a gallant fight against the Indians in the famous "last stand."

"Bob Hampton of Placer" has romance, pathos, thrills, and plenty of action. Neilan can be trusted to give the public its money's worth. Moreover, the production was made in Montana, and it is a scenic treat and a great relief after too much California. Neilan has corralled hundreds of Indians, and so the picture has plenty of atmosphere. The Indian fights are enough to drive a small boy crazy with joy. Like "Deception," it is a worthy educational picture because it mirrors faithfully a stirring and picturesque period of history.

The cast is just one long list of favorites. James Kirkwood is a fascinating Bob Hampton. Marjorie Daw is Hampton's daughter. Miss Daw is youth and innocence personified. As the lucky hero who marries Marjorie, Pat O'Malley gives a convincing portrayal of a regular fellow. Another regular fellow is Wesley Barry, who acts as the imp of comedy in the picture.

Put "Bob Hampton of Placer" on your list.
Marshall Neilan deserves three cheers for filming "Bob Hampton of Placer." The Indian fights are enough to drive any young boy crazy with joy.

"THE SKY PILOT."
As a good outdoor story, "The Sky Pilot" also deserves recommendation. It is adapted from the novel by Ralph Connors and directed by King Vidor, whose work, like Neilan's, has distinction. "The Sky Pilot" is a neat combination of Western melodrama and religion. Vidor's pictures are clean and wholesome, and they carry a message to those who are looking for messages. "The Sky Pilot" gives evidence of Vidor's sincerity of purpose and of his keen sense of character drawing. Do you remember "The Jackknife Man?" "The Sky Pilot" is just another such story. The principal roles are played by Colleen Moore, John Bowers, and David Butler.

"THE HEART OF MARYLAND."
Vitagraph has staged a revival of "The Heart of Maryland." About six years ago, David Belasco's play was filmed by Herbert Brenon, and Mrs. Leslie Carter enacted the rôle she made famous on the stage. Unfortunately, the successes of an actress' youth are not the successes of her maturity. Mrs. Carter played Maryland Calvert with French trimmings and Bernhardt costumes.

The new version of the play, directed by Tom Terriss, is immensely successful. Ever since "The Birth of a Nation," directors have shied away from Civil War plays. Mr. Terriss neatly avoids the issue by cutting short the battle scenes and by making the war a nice, polite intrigue that is fought in the parlor of a Southern beauty. If you believe in the Belasco play, you will think that history was framed for the particular benefit of Maryland Calvert and that the whole war centered on that lady's athletic feat of swinging on the bell. The curfew did not ring that night and the Union was saved.

The story itself is the work of a master mechanic, and it runs like clockwork. The charm of the picture is its settings. Mr. Terriss directed it with a soft Southern accent. It is the gentlest-speaking piece you all have ever seen. The backgrounds are all hung over with Southern moss, and all the characters are perfect ladies and gentlemen—except, of course, the villain, who was thrown in to make things lively. Catherine Calvert is a luscious, dark-eyed heroine. And who do you think is the hero? None other than our old friend Crane Wilbur, one of the original heart-throb matinee idols of the screen. Softened by his experience as a Broadway actor and playwright, Mr. Wilbur gives a good performance. Another interesting member of the cast is Buster Collier—now a grown boy and known as William Collier, Jr. How the children do grow up!

"THE PASSION FLOWER."
Speaking of Herbert Brenon, that energetic director has come back to this country and is now guiding the artistic destinies of Norma Talmadge. Miss Talmadge is an astute star; instead of resting on the glowing reports of countless popularity contests, she insists on gaining recognition as an actress. "The Passion Flower," a Spanish drama by Jacinto Benavente, was brought to the New York stage last season by Nance O'Neil. It is a really vital play, although to the casual theatergoer it may seem a bit morbid. But the intensity and realism of its drama make it a splendid screen subject.

Miss Talmadge is seen as Acacia, a young girl who has the misfortune to arouse a tragic love in the heart of her stepfather. The man fights it for years, but the situation is brought to a climax by the announcement of the girl's betrothal. Unknowingly, Acacia returns his love, and so tragedy is the inevitable ending of the drama. The play is a subtle and interesting psychological study, made all the more effective because it concerns simple peasant folk. (Continued on page 104)
BEAUTY IS AS
Not every one can be as beautiful as a woman can preserve her beauty as
By Mary

used to visit my grandmother often. And she had the loveliest garden—one of those with a high brick wall all around it, and all sorts of old-fashioned flowers growing everywhere. But the herb bed was what I loved most—I used to hang over it, just adoring the scent of sweet lavender and rosemary and all the other plants.

“Grandmother did all sorts of things with them; some of them went into the kitchen, and some to the linen closet, and some of them were made into beauty preparations.”

I left the dressing table and established myself on the foot of her bed. I wished that I’d brought a notebook with me.

“I ought to stop right here for my favorite sermon,” she went on. “It’s about the so-called beauty preparations that are sold in the shops. Oh, it makes me just long to speak to

ANTA STEWART’S dressing table is the most fascinating one you ever saw; on it there are beautifully shaped flagons of crystal, and squatty little jars of terra-cotta pottery, and round bowls of iridescent glass, with lids whose handles are clusters of flowers. Not long ago I talked with her while she, curled up in bed, ate her breakfast, and after I’d peeped into one jar and sniffed at the contents of two flagons, the inevitable question came out, of course.

“Won’t you tell me what’s in ’em?” I begged. “Please! It’s your business to be beautiful, so that dressing table must simply bulge with secrets. Do you import cold creams from Paris, and send to Persia for your perfumes, and—”

I wish you could have heard her laugh! She made me feel amused at myself, somehow, though I couldn’t see why until she let the cat out of the bag—or the secret out of the dressing table, if you prefer to put it that way.

“My beauty secrets all grew in an old-fashioned garden,” she told me, with a final chuckle. “Every single one of them. You see, when I was just a very little girl, I

She goes right out into the garden for her beauty preparations.
girls when I see them buying cold creams and powders simply because they like the box, or because the salesgirl—who probably gets a commission—recommends them. They ought to be careful to buy only the preparations that come well recommended, or make them for themselves. I make some, you know.”

“For instance?” I waved my hand toward a fat yellow jar that was tied with black linen tape, so that it looked like a little boy with the mumps. “What’s in that?”

“Exactly.” Anita smiled. “In my mind is a remedy for labored brain and so out of your face, if you’re tired, I’ve found. And it’s so easy to make. You put an ounce each of dried mint and dried sage, three ounces of dried angelica, half a pound of juniper berries and one pound of rosemary leaves in a jar, shaking them together well. When you come home dragging one foot after the other, too tired to think, if you just toss half a handful of that mixture of herbs into a moderately hot foot bath and keep your feet in it for fifteen minutes—well, you’ll be a brand-new person.

I jotted the formula down on the corner of my handkerchief, and selected one of the impressive-looking flagons as the next victim.

“Oh, that’s for my hair,” Anita told me.

“I don’t believe in shampooing one’s hair more than once a week,” she told me. “Yet when I’m out on location a lot in warm weather my hair gets so dusty that I can’t do it so that it looks well. The remedy for that state of things came straight out of a corner of grandmother’s garden—at least the orris root did. Powdered orris root mixed with as much pure alcohol or cologne as will shake up well with it is what that flagon holds. I have my hair brushed with a brush dipped in that solution, and the heavy, dusty look leaves it at once. Try it and you’ll be delighted!”

A maid appeared just then to say that they were phoning from the studio that they’d be ready for Miss Stewart in three-quarters of an hour. Anita promptly slipped out of bed and went over to the dressing table.

“I have to,” I told her resolutely, pinning on my hat. “My grandmother lives in a city apartment and never did have a garden—but I know where there’s a drug store. If they don’t carry herbs, they’ll have to order ’em.”

Which they did, most obligingly.
He Really Can Smile

And strangely enough it was in the hospital that "Buster" Keaton first proved it. There's a good reason for his smiling—and her name is Natalie Talmadge, soon to be Natalie Keaton.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

WELL, Mr. Keaton," I said kindly, "I'm sorry to have to interview you here."

"Well, Miss Squier," said Mr. Keaton just as kindly, "I'm sorry to have you."

That made it unanimous. I, the interviewer, was standing at the foot of a bed. Buster Keaton, the interviewee, was in the bed. The bed was in a hospital. So was Buster.

All around the white walls of the perfectly antiseptic room various sign cards were posted, all typically Keaton-esque. Having one's ligaments wrenched out of place doesn't deaden one's sense of humor—if one happens to be a screen comedian.

"Standing Room Only." One of them read. Other masterpieces were: "We Close Saturdays at One O'Clock."

"No Shooting Allowed on These Premises." "Not Responsible For lost Valuables." "Furnished Room For Rent."

One effusion was hand printed, and was the result of Buster's bump of poetry—which, however, is not the bump that put him in the hospital.

"Hi diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon.
If an old cow can do it,
I thought I'd improve it—
I'll be out of the hospital soon!"

Strangely enough, Buster Keaton was smiling. And that's more than you've seen Buster do, even if you've watched him through his sixteen years on the stage, and his subsequent three or four years on the screen. They call him the "melancholy comedian" in pictures, because his sadness never lifts. Kicked or kissed, it is all the same to him. His expression of gentle gloom doesn't change. They tell me that when he was in the army no one ever saw him smile—but then, the army is no laughing matter at best.

As I said before, he was smiling, though his leg was in a cast, and his face was a trifle wan. His sense of humor seems to be always on the alert. His mother sat beside the bed. She was smiling, too. The joke was a page from a Muskegon, Michigan, paper. It contained an ad for one of Buster's comedies, and it read, "Muskegon's Own! Buster Keaton! His latest picture to-night, straight from the Capitol Theater, New York!"

"Muskegon's Own!" repeated Buster. "Sounds like a bottle of catsup."

"Were you born there?" I asked.

Buster and his mother grinned at each other. She looks young enough to be his sister, and you can see that they are great pals.

"No, but I lived there between seasons on the road and went to school—oh, it's the old home town, all right—I get an awful kick out of that ad. When I come back from the East after getting married, I'm going to stop off and see all the gang. Maybe get up a little impromptu act for one of the theaters."

"The reason I smiled when you asked about my birthplace," he went on, "was because the place where I was born isn't there any more. It was in Kansas, and shortly after I arrived, there was a cyclone that demolished the place. They never did build it up."

We talked some more about the prospect of his returning to Muskegon.

"I will probably have the same experience that Will Rogers did," he said. "He went back to his home town—somewhere in Wyoming I think it was—and met one of his old cow-puncher friends on the street,

"Is that you, Will Rogers?" the old friend said. Will owned up that it was.

"Well," said the other wonderingly, 'where have you been all these years?'"

I asked Buster when he and Natalie Talmadge were going to be married.

"I don't just exactly know," he smiled, showing a long dimple in his cheek that you'd never guess was there. That's up to my better nine-tenths—meaning Natalie—and, of course, the condition of my leg has something to do with it. I've been in bed now for five weeks, and the doctors think that I'm in for three more. Then I'll have to dash around on crutches for a while—and after that—New York!"

He sighed ecstatically. What he really meant, was, "Natalie!"

I was curious to know the details of his accident—the first one he has ever had—but he was reticent. On a revolving stairway the mechanism had gone wrong, his leg was caught—that was all. His mother regarded him with pride.

"He has never hurt himself in a fall—and he has been doing acrobatic tumbling ever since he was a small child."

I wanted to know if the falls he takes weren't rather painful.
"They don't hurt," he replied. "Great Scott, if they did, they'd kill me off. It's all in knowing how to take the fall. It isn't nearly as difficult as it looks."

He picked up his ukulele from the foot of the bed. He strummed a few chords softly and hummed a tune. I had heard somewhere that Buster turns out clever parodies of popular songs. I asked for one.

He smiled, and ran a chromatic scale on the string. When Buster handles a ukulele it does everything but speak in Scandinavian.

"Here's one," he said, and commenced:

"A good girl is hard to find,
You always get the other kind,
Just when you think you've got a regular pal.
Lew Cody drives in his Marmon,
And it's good-by, gal!
And then you swear,
You tear your hair,
But it don't get you anywhere,
So don't go near Alex,
Take this little up,
Stay away from Vernon,
Don't take her to the Ship,
For a good girl nowadays is hard to find!"

There were other parodies, too, "Rose of Universal Square," and a paraphrase of "Here We Are Together Again," that commenced, "Here I am, together again, together again, together again,

They have called me the little iron man,
But there are some things that iron
won't stand—"

On the set, they tell me,
Buster is the "life of the party." He is never
at a loss for an original song.

"Why don't you ever
smile in your comedies," I asked, when the concert was over. He insisted that his stunts aren't nearly as difficult as they look.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered, "it's just
my way of working, I guess. I have found
—especially on the stage—that when I fin-
ish a stunt, I can get a laugh just by stand-
ing still and looking at the audience as if
I was surprised and slightly hurt to think
that they would laugh at me. It always
brings a bigger laugh. Fatty Arbuckle gets
his humor differently. The people laugh
with him. They laugh at me."

Buster Keaton commenced his theatrical
career when he was just a toddler. He toured
the country many times with his mother and
father. They were billed as "The Three Kea-
tons," and later he traveled by himself. He
played in Roscoe Arbuckle's company for three
years, and is now making his own comedies under
the Metro banner. "Convict No. 13," "Seven
Days," and "Hard Luck" are some of the com-
dies in which he has starred.

A screen comedian, he says, has little future.
About four years is as long as any one can hope
to keep on thinking up new ideas to make peo-
ple laugh.

"I made eight comedies in the last year. I
intend to make that many next year. And
each one has almost a hundred 'gags' in it
—just figure that out and see what happens
to your imagination at the end of
three years. That's why practically all comedians go sooner or
later into five-reel stories with a comedy angle. It's easier
to let some one else worry about the laughs. I string
all my stuff together—no, not alone, because every
one in the company helps. But I mean that I've never
bought a scenario, and I've

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Without Benefit

After years of waiting, Rudyard Kipling, like at last consented to aid in the filming of his article gives you a vivid glimpse at the first while still in

By Edwin

It is a story of an episode in a man's life—and of woman's whole existence.

As Kipling tells it, the pestilence "smote a walled city and killed two hundred in a day. The people crowded the trains, hanging on the footboard and squatting on the roofs of the carriages, and the cholera followed them, for at each station they dragged out the dead and dying."

And these two, Ameera and Holden, the lovers, "in the gray dawn saw the dead borne out through the city gates, each litter with its own little mourners. Wherefore they kissed each other and shivered."

View with me now a somber procession of strange chants, mystic lights, ecstatic sorrow. We are on a misshapen street, in the Indian city of Lahore. Rude dwellings and shops are half visible in the eerie glamour of the studio lights; in the background the towers of a temple glow with a subtle quiet radiance. Slowly coming toward us and the camera a misty group of figures, four together, carrying a dark object between them.

A light gleams in a window at our left. A fragile girl steps forth on a balcony, her head and waist adorned by the long flowing sari, her fingers bedecked with the many-colored semblances of rubies, emeralds, and pearls. About her neck a dangling necklace of similar precious stones. Beside her now stands a tall adventurer. You associate him immediately with the Orient. His tweed suit and riding breeches speak of the British subject; he faces the perils of the plague as he would face all other dangers in the line of duty.

As the cortege nears we hear a low melancholy dirge. The voices are chanting a death song. The black figures are sharply silhouetted against the illumined temple.

Even with the everyday conversation of the director and camera man breaking the spell, there is something ominous, sinister about this pageant of death. One can feel the spirit of fatality about it. Jimmie Young, the director, yields to the witchery of the scene, his voice in its intensity approaching the character of a lamentation. There is a tremulous note, too, in the voice of the girl as she speaks to the man on the balcony. In the improvised studio dialogue Holden is urging Ameera to fly the plague-stricken district for the peace and safety of the mountains. She tells him that she cannot leave him, would never forsake him to the possible care of the mem-log—the stranger white women—who were always the fear of her short life.

Thus did two sentences of Kipling become a dark ceremonial wherein pathos and tragedy blended with the poetry of darkness, just as they do in some of Kipling's own remarkable sketches of the East like the "City of Dreadful Night."

The material of "Without Benefit of Clergy" is primitive. It is the story of an episode in a man's life—a thing apart, as it were, and of a woman's whole existence. In the original there was no suggestion of a marriage ceremony between the Englishman and the native girl, thus bearing out the title, but to meet the demands of censorship, a marriage was introduced, although this is only the native Indian rite. The most picturesque part of this only will be shown, where the bride and bridegroom are bound to each other.
of Clergy

the other great writers, stories. This colorful of these productions the making.

Schallert

by a garland of yellow marigolds, the marriage flower of India, bestowed by a group of dancing girls.

Ameera's purchase by Holden, but lightly mentioned in the story, is to become a heated contest between the idealistic Englishman and the greedy sheiks of the Punjab realm. The slave girl here appears in all her childish youth, wearing the airy raiment, the anklets and bracelets, spangles, silks, and rings, even on her toes, that allure the prospective buyer. Here and elsewhere have all the enriching bizarrerie of the Orient been employed according to the plan of the author himself.

For a long time Kipling was averse to having his stories filmed. He would not consider the thought of their being picturized elsewhere than in India. It was only with great difficulty, I understand, that a meeting was arranged between himself and Paul Brunet, president of Pathé. The deal was settled at a dinner given in London by Lord Beaverbrook, minister of communications during the war.

Kipling also detests interviews and publicity. It is told of him that once when a company desired to interest him in pictures he visited a theater to view a film. A box having been set aside for his occupancy, he went with his wife and daughter. Some wily publicity agent of the company arrived there in advance in order to gather material for exploitation. But his zeal proved dismal in its result, for his first questions so aggravated the author that Kipling left the box in a rage.

Lest there be any similar disaster in convincing him of the feasibility of making "Without Benefit of Clergy" in California, the Pathé organization delegated Randolph Lewis, an experienced writer and newspaper man who is now supervising the filming of the stories, to visit Kipling at his Elizabethan home in Sussex, England.

At that time the author was chiefly familiar with the weeklies, and had seen comparatively few picture plays. Mr. Lewis pointed out to him that the weeklies were pictures with action, but without art, and consequently, but flat reproductions. He indicated that the superior lighting facilities of the studios allowed for perspective and a high degree of beauty, and enabled the producer to get the exact atmosphere and spirit of a story more successfully than by attempting to photograph just the natural background. And at last Kipling was convinced. He then set to work and wrote the scenario for "Without Benefit of Clergy" and scenarios for two of his other stories which the Pathé organization is to produce later.

Mr. Kipling, E. P. Kinsella, the London artist, and Mr. Lewis then spent several days in the India section of the Kensington Museum, gathering material on India dress, architecture, and the plans of the city of Lahore. The street bazaar in the India section, Ameera's home, which Kipling himself called the "House of Love," are absolute reproductions of native buildings. So, too, are the shops in the bazaar, many of them showing over the door a cast of the Hindu god of the threshold Ganesh. The same is true of the earthenware, water jars, and baskets, with which these are liberally supplied. In the interior sets, the furniture gleams with the lacquer finish, parrots, and other East Indian birds of rich plumage are properly domiciled, and grilled windows suggest the harem.

"In Lahore, where Mr. Kipling's story is laid, and, in fact, throughout the Punjab, the European residences in the Bengal presidency are of thatch walls and bamboo roof," Mr. (Continued on page 102)
A Fan's Confession.

When you started running the story of Ethel Sands' adventures in the motion-picture studios, I just thought to myself that some reporter was going to try to be funny. I had a terrible suspicion that the whole thing was a fake! But before I had read very far in her first article, I knew she was real. In fact, she was the realest writer I had ever read, because she found out just the sort of things I'd like to if I were in her place.

And now since she has opened our eyes and told us what the studios and the stars are really like, I can't resist the temptation to tell you what I thought they were like. Honestly, I never would have known what an imagination I have if I hadn't read her articles and been set right about some things.

In the first place I didn't believe that stars were so human. Of course, interviewers have told us that they are—but most interviewers are just as unreal to me as players are, so I'm not sure that I'd bank much on their opinions. They know so much! When a star says something very lofty about art, they always have a come back. And they always seem to have a lot of questions up their sleeve like, "Would Hamlet have made Ophelia a good husband?" or "If you read your horoscope and your husband didn't fit it, what would you do with him?" I love to read the things they write—simply devour every interview I see—but when I read Ethel Sands, I feel differently. I feel as though I'd been there myself.

But now for my confession! I thought that if you told a star you had written to her she'd just say, "Oh, did you? Well, I couldn't be expected to remember." And instead of that, they all seem happy over it. And I thought if you raved about clothes or jewels they wore in any production, they would just act bored and say, "Did I? I had quite forgotten."

And wasn't I surprised to learn that they were so businesslike! I thought directors spent all the time when they weren't actually directing to making love to the star ardently. And I thought that she repulsed him, saying something like, "You forget, sir, that I have a husband." And I thought all the men in the studio moaned around, looking soulfully at the star. I wouldn't blame them if they did! But for them to be just friendly, and stand around talking and joking like we would between the quarters of a football game, well, I certainly feel more friendly toward them.

But that isn't the worst of it! I also thought:

That leading men had Hindu servants who muttered strange imprecations if you came near them.

That young stars always had a detective or a bodyguard go around with them.

That stars' dressing rooms looked like a De Mille set, with sunken bathtubs and all that sort of thing.

That studios were beautiful white buildings in the heart of New York City, with uniformed flunkeys to open auto doors, et cetera.

That policemen stopped traffic when they saw any stars coming.

And that isn't the worst of it! I thought that their maids always walked ahead of them to announce Miss—is coming now, so that every one would stand up and stop talking. Was anybody else as foolish as I was? I wonder!

CORA MAY BRENTNER.
Cairo, Illinois.

Better Plays for Women.

Is it easier to procure good vehicles for the male stars, than for the women? There seem to be few good stories for the actresses, and I have wondered if that is the reason for the men climbing higher than the women. Most of the women seem to be standing still. To me the most promising and most satisfying of all screen actors is Mr. Bert Lytell. When I am an old old woman I shall still have the wonder and pleasure of his great piece of work in "The Right of Way," as a treasure in my memory chest. That is one time that the audience sat spellbound, even the two old pests who always sit back of me forgot to "rip any one tip the back."

DORIS DOTY.
Crockett Hotel, San Antonio, Texas.

Is Lubitsch Fair to Other Countries?

When I read in PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE about "Passion," the foreign-made picture which introduced the glorious Pola Negri to American audiences, I could hardly wait to see it. I went the first night it was shown here, and enjoyed it immensely. Since then I have read with the greatest interest about other pictures directed by the same Mr. Lubitsch. I want very much to see them, or at least I did. But I am beginning to wonder about them.

The first one, "Passion," was the story of DuBarry, which showed France at her worst, and made her people seem weak and mean. The

Continued on page 106
WHEN I put in a query for Bryant Washburn at his office in the Brunton studios, the stenographer glanced up snippily and replied: "Mr. Washburn is very busy. He's getting ready to go over the road to London."

"You don't say so!" I exclaimed. "I thought he just came back from there. What's he going again for?"

She tossed her head and said: "Well, you can't see him unless you have an appointment."

"But I have. And I've got to see him before he leaves," I answered with melodramatic emphasis.

After gazing at me quizzically and asking my name, she clicked the lock on the door that led to the lot.

I caught sight of Mr. Washburn close by, surrounded by a group of technical experts, and hurried up to him.

"How are you traveling, Mr. Washburn?" I asked, with visions of everything in mind from an airplane to a wheel cart, inspired by the stenographer's jauntily expressed information about the trip abroad.

"Traveling?" he exclaimed. "Traveling? I've had enough of traveling for a while. After a five-thousand-mile location trip to England, I'm glad to be back in Hollywood. There's no place on earth like it. Why—you can build your interior sets a thousand times better here. And they look as good as any English drawing-room or hotel lobby. That's a certainty. But it is different with the exteriors. They're great abroad, and——"

I gasped, but managed to explode a question before he got any further.

"Aren't you going to London again?" And I explained what the girl had told me.

"Right enough," he laughed. "We are going over 'The Road to London.' That's the film I shot in England and that's what she meant. She's a cute girl."

I made up my mind right then that Mr. Washburn might know a lot about pioneering camera expeditions, but that he didn't know much about women—even if he was married—especially fresh stenographers. One never can tell, of course, but I recalled that I had a rather serene impression of him as a real home-loving star. Incidentally, I made up my mind that his stenographer was off my calling list, until she mended her manners toward interviewers.

"We've just been discussing subtitles," continued Washburn, indicating his surrounding court. "We have a picture here which is something of a scenic. So while we're telling people the plot—we haven't slighted the story—we're trying to acquaint them with the geography
and sights of London. And we want to do it without being obvious.

"For instance, I've tried to edge in a line to the effect that Piccadilly Circus is a sort of circular boulevard de luxe where fashionable Londoners spend their spare time, as New Yorkers do on Fifth Avenue. I don't want to take any chances on the unsophisticated thinking it's a wild-animal show.

"It is the same with Pall Mall. That sounds like a scramble. And it is—in a high-class way. But you've got to get over the fact that it's a nifty London thoroughfare and not a game of hockey."

Since talking to Mr. Washburn I have had a feeling that his enterprise of locationing in Great Britain's metropolis may stimulate other picture stars to hazard explorations in famous places, to enrich our knowledge of the world, while they are enhancing their story backgrounds. We may even have an era of photo-play scenes. I know that Mary Pickford has been considering a Dutch picture on the Zuyder Zee, and Douglas Fairbanks is thinking of doing the "Three Musketeers" in France. Famous Players-Lasky has already established studios in England and India, while various concerns are looking toward Nice, Monte Carlo, Spain, and Italy, and even such distant and widely separated places as Egypt and Australia as objectives for their globe-trotting activity.

Washburn's expedition was unique. He took with him only members of his technical force and scouting equipment. All of his actors were hired abroad, and he depended on nature's endowments and aristocratic concessions for his scenery and settings. Very little studio stuff was incorporated in the picture, because, he says, he found that the British are virtually in the oil-lamp period as to interior lighting, and still frequently use the painted drop.

He staged his picture largely in the open. The principal sequence was an auto chase, during which he whizzed up and down London thoroughfares in a motor. On foggy days he managed to install a lighting system on some of the prominent streets of the English metropolis, where he took static episodes. This attracted mobs of people to whom the camera, while not unknown, was unfamiliar. He also obtained permission to invade the vicinity of Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, The House of Parliament, and other noted places, made familiar to the reading public through the English novels. All these privileges were accorded him because he was careful to avoid conflict with the British authorities.

"The police of London told me that most of the clashes between picture producers and themselves had arisen through failure to obtain permissions," continued Mr. Washburn. "I found the police exceedingly courteous, and they conceded practically everything I asked. This gratified me, because I had heard so much about the opposition to American film makers abroad.

"The people themselves were a joy. They were wild to see us work, and we never had any trouble about extras for our scenes. Sometimes we could hardly keep the bystanders out of camera range.

I suppose I could have had dukes and duchesses in my picture if I'd so desired, but I preferred to keep to the script. One thing—however, I was married abroad by a real minister.

"What's that?" I interjected.

"Oh, only for this picture," smiled Mr. Washburn, quieting my qualms which viewed him as a possible bigamist. "We had to have a wedding for the climax. When we finished touring London, and secured some shots on the Thames, we started out into the country."

"'Oh, shucks,' said Eugene Mullen, my director, when we had speeded a few miles, 'we haven't anybody cast for the minister in this play.'"

"I'll tell you what," I replied. 'We'll drive up to the first vicarage and ask the curate there to officiate. Do you think he'd do it, Miss Morgan?" I said, turning to my leading lady, Joan Morgan.

"'Oh, yes,' she said, with a laugh in her voice. 'And then we'll really be married."

"'No, no, that won't do. Mrs. Washburn might object.'

(Continued on page 95)
THIS season the exquisite natural settings that England offers will become familiar to picturegoers not only through American productions made there, but through English picture plays as well. The Pathé Company has secured all of the productions of the Stoll Film Company of England, one of the largest producing companies in the world, and will release them in America. Until recently, the work of British producers did not interest the American public, but now they are engaged in filming English novels that have been popular successes in America, and it is believed that their pictures will be received with acclaim, as other fine foreign productions have. The above scene is from "The Four Feathers," a screen adaptation of the novel of that name by A. E. W. Mason. It was directed for the Stoll company by René Plaisiey, an American who has lived abroad for several years.
Many of the scenes for "The Four Feathers," an A. E. W. Mason novel filmed by the Stoll company of England, were taken in Algiers. The picture above, and the one below, which are both from this production, suggest the wide range of striking exterior scenes that this picture includes. More than three months were devoted to the making of the exterior scenes in the Algerian desert alone.

Another A. E. W. Mason novel which was filmed in the Algerian desert is "The Broken Road," a scene from which is shown above. No stage Arabs were employed in this picture, but thousands of real Nomads of the sands appeared, furnishing a colorful background for the swift action of the story.
Madge Stuart, said to be one of the prettiest girls in England, plays the leading role in "Innocent," a film adaptation of Marie Corelli's novel of the same name. She is often compared to Pauline Frederick, as she has tremendous dramatic power in addition to her regal beauty. Another of England's most popular players, who will soon be introduced to American audiences, is George K. Arthur, who is called the English Charlie Ray. He is here shown in "Kipps," a film adaptation of the H. G. Wells novel. He rejoices in one of the largest salaries ever paid to an English film star, an honor that was forced by lively bidding for his services between a prominent American company and the Stoll company of England.
The influx of foreign-made films continues, and with each new production to arrive in this country admiration for the technical skill of our neighbors across the sea is heightened. The scenes on this page are from "Gypsy Blood," a German-made film adaptation of "Carmen," presented by First National, in which the fiery Pola Negri is the star.
Another production made by Ernest Lubitsch, who was responsible for the direction of "Passion," is "Deception," the story of Anne Boleyn, which is being presented in America by Paramount. Helen Porten, who plays the role of Anne is one of the foremost dramatic artists in Europe. Above Anne is shown at the court of Katherine of Aragon, and in the lower picture she is shown with Henry VIII.
Their Favorite Setting—Home

The unassuming taste of two popular players who might easily afford magnificence, is reflected in their simple and charming homes. At the left are shown Mr. and Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, who are never happier than when they can idle away the long, drowsy summer days on their vine-clad porch, or in the rambling gardens that surround their little stone cottage at Harrison, New York. Below is the home of "Lefty" Flynn, the popular Goldwyn player, who lives just a short distance from the Culver City studio. In this picture he shares honors with his wife, his daughter Barbara, and his bull terrier, Cap.
"How Directors Spend Their Money" might be illustrated by the two photographs on this page. The one above shows Ralph Ince, the Selznick director, and his wife just starting for their daily hike across the broad fields that surround their Long Island home, which is shown on the opposite bank of the stream. At the right are Ouida Bergere and George Fitzmaurice, on the terrace of their sumptuous home at Great Neck, Long Island. It is here that they work over the scripts of his Paramount pictures, and plan the many features that make his productions notable.
HARD-RIDING, steel-muscled heroines of brisk manner no longer move the serial hero to desperate exploits and thrilling rescues, for the day of the dainty serial heroine has arrived. Lucy Fox, whose flowerlike beauty adorns this rich setting of soft satins and plumes, will play opposite Charles Hutchison in his next Pathé serial. She was previously seen in Leonce Perret's "Empire of Diamonds."
An Emotional Excursion

For five weeks Eulalie Jensen, accustomed to shallow vampire rôles, gloriéd in the tragic demands of her part in "The Passion Flower."

By Caroline Bell

EULALIE JENSEN, one of motion picture's most popular and most-bissed vamps and lady villains, has bade farewell for the duration of one picture to making folks squirm and fidget and has turned her art to making them sympathize with her most heartily. She has made them weep copious tears and wonder how such a wonderful woman could torment any one—even in a picture.

When it was announced that Miss Jensen was playing the highly emotional rôle of Raimunda in "The Passion Flower," the same rôle that Nance O'Neil made famous on Broadway last year, I decided that she would have a lot to tell of interest. I was not disappointed.

Eulalie Jensen lives in a cozy little apartment right off New York's busy theater district, an echo's throw from the noise of vehicles and the glare of myriad electric lights. She chatted of inconsequentialities with contagious friendliness while I settled in an embracing armchair.

"How do you like mother rôles, Miss Jensen?" I asked. And before she has time to answer, just picture a tall, regally graceful woman in her late twenties, an almost perfect Spanish type with large black eyes that are wont to flash in moments of intensity; the sort of person whose mass of soft, black hair, makes you want to pin a red rose in it.

"Don't plural rôle," she came back, with a laugh of negation. "I am not specializing in mother parts. Frankly, I don't care for them. I much prefer being a vamp, or something just as interesting, wearing stunning clothes, and bearing cynical enmity against the 'sweet young thing.'

"I was undecided about playing even such a tremendously dramatic rôle as that of Raimunda. Ror Raimunda is the young mother of Acacia, known as 'the passion flower.' Miss Talmadge—Norma stars as Acacia—and Director Herbert Brenon were so enthusiastic over the character, and I myself was so prejudiced by Nance O'Neil's portrayal of her in the play last winter on Broadway that I—well, I couldn't resist. I simply went ahead and did it."

"And I'm glad now that I did. For it is a unique rôle. Mr. Brenon declares it to be the greatest tragedy rôle the screen has known since 'War Brides,' in which Nazimova played several years ago. "Raimunda' still interests me extremely, even though the picture has been completed. She is a tragedy type, a Spanish woman of a sweet, calm temperament, until the moment comes when she realizes that her second husband, Estaban, loves her daughter, Acacia. Then her violent Latin passions rise in wave after wave to a thundering torrent. It is a climactic tense with a hysterical woman faced with tragedy, and a quiet, suffering girl also faced with tragedy. Between the two stands the man, husband of the older woman.

"The hysterical woman is Raimunda; the girl is Acacia. The man is Estaban. The old, old triangle, formed in a new way. "One other reason why I was happy to play the rôle of Raimund was that neither Miss Talmadge nor Mr. Brenon would consider the idea of slicing this very important character in or-der to enhance that of Acacia.

"Each of us had to live our parts. There was no going to theater and cabaret after a short day's work—if we had one—was completed. I, for one, could no more have done such a thing than I could get up from this chair right now and fly across the room. I was Raimunda. I ate as Raimunda, thought as Raimunda, walked as Raimunda, dressed as Raimunda, garb-tered as Raimunda. Eulalie Jensen for five weeks, the time necessary to make the picture, was a comparative stranger to herself."

"But the picture is worth it. I consider my work in 'The Passion Flower' the best of my career."

And her career has been one crowded with good

Continued on page 102
Off the Gridiron Into the Films

That is the route that "Lefty" Flynn took—a good one, his admirers say.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

The scene was the dining room of the Hotel Maryland in Pasadena. The time was at noon on Armistice Day of nineteen twenty. The dramatic personae included a Newspaper Woman, a Magazine Lady, a Writer Man, myself, and a Fascinating Mystery Man dining all alone at a near-by table.

The conversation went somewhat like this:

The Newspaper Woman: For the love of Mike, who is that vampish-looking bird over there in the corner?

The Magazine Lady: Vampish is hardly the word, my dear. He utterly ignores our adoring glances.

The Writer Man (caustically): Shows his good sense. I (after an absorbed contemplation): Isn't he impressive. He must be a personage of some sort.

The Writer Man (still more caustically): Prize fighter probably. (A chorus of scathing feminine denials envelops him like a cloud.)

The Newspaper Woman: He's probably the managing editor of some big Eastern paper out here to cover the football game.

Lefty Flynn is not handsome, but there is something tremendously attractive about him.

The Magazine Lady (enthusiastically): His profile reminds me of Alfred Noyes. I'm positive he's a poet.

I (supplementing): Or the author of a best seller.

The Writer Man (emerging from the fog): Or a movie actor. (The feminine triumvirate again ridicules him into verbal obscurity.)

This scene took place as I said before, on Armistice Day. We forgot all about the "Unknown God" as we called the Mystery Man in the excitement of the football game that afternoon, and it was not until months later that the Writer Man, dropping in at the office after a trip to the Goldwyn studio announced that he had discovered the identity of the man I had raved about at the Maryland. Of course, womanlike, I had forgotten all about him and was inclined to resent the statement that I had done any raving. But the Writer Man assured me that I had. The Unknown God, he told me was none other than "Lefty" Flynn, the erstwhile renowned Yale football star and famous athlete. "So he was a movie star after all," he added. Which is just like a man.

But what was unusual—for the Writer Man at least—he came very near to raving about "Lefty" Flynn, whose real name it appears is Maurice, A regular he-man, was what he called him, unlike any movie actor he'd ever met, not the least bit upstage, a regular fellow—and a gentleman. All of which constitutes a pretty strong recommendation.

So I interviewed him. And told him how we had wondered about him.

"Oh, yes," he said, "that was the day of the Army and Navy football game. I knew some of the fellows on the Navy team. Marvelous backfield work, wasn't it?"

Not one bit impressed because three women had spent their luncheon hour making wild conjectures as to who he might be.

We were at a table in the studio café. Mr. Flynn looks—I refer you to my first impression of him—like a personage. He is not handsome in the accepted sense of the word, but there is something tremendously attractive in the contour of his strong irregular features, the deep blue eyes, the rather high cheek bones, and his finely modeled mouth. He is tall and powerfully—although slenderly—built. One can imagine him as a member of the Northwest Mounted Police, as a gentleman of fortune out for adventure, or, what conforms more accurately to facts, as an ex-college man who has retained all the physical and mental stature which he acquired at his Alma Mater.

We talked of Yale, of football, and of athletics in general.

"I little dreamed in those days that I'd ever be acting in the movies," he said. "I thought when I was through with football that I was finished with hard knocks."

"A case of getting off the gridiron into the fire?" I asked.

"Well, I'd hardly call the films that," he replied. "You know I'm tremendously keen about pictures. I don't think I'll ever get out of them.

Continued on page 99
Just Martha

In spite of the fact that many artists have declared her to be the most beautiful girl in New York, and that the public wanted her to be a star, Martha Mansfield remains simple and unaffected.

By Hortense Saunders

A SLIM, girlish-looking figure, wearing a heavy brown cloth coat and a little round hat that was pulled down carelessly over her ears, shod in flat-heeled shoes and brown wool stockings, carrying an armful of berries and leaves she had gathered in the woods on her way in from Fort Lee—that was the Martha Mansfield that greeted me as I waited in her apartment. I neglected to say that she was beautiful, but perhaps it was unnecessary since every one knows that.

It was an important day in Martha's life. She had just signed a brand-new contract which made her a star and called for a star’s salary. And as she talked about her new contract and was so honestly surprised at her own success and modest about her achievements, I recalled that just six months before I had gone to see her in the same little apartment, when she had just signed a contract to appear in featured roles in Selznick pictures. I remember she said then:

"It's such a wonderful opportunity. You don't know how hard I'm going to work to make good."

In six months, she evidently had accomplished much, for here she was a star. Her whole stage career doesn't include more than five years, and here she is at the top, where some actresses work half their lives to get, and most of them never realize.

"I'm going to work so hard," said Martha in the same earnest, unaffected tone she had used six months before. "The higher you get, the more conspicuous your work becomes—doesn't it, and the more people expect, and the more personal responsibility you feel. I'm going to work harder now than I ever worked before in all my life. Things don't come without an effort, do they?"

And yet, taking a bird's-eye view of Martha's achievements, one would feel inclined to believe that things come to her pretty easily. One might even say that fate had practically prepared everything in advance for her, then let her happen along at the psychological time and perform. Her career has been a record of successes.

"Early in life I decided to be an actress," she explained. "So when we moved from Ohio to New York, one of the first things I did was to apply for a job on the stage. I got it, too, and after that I never had any trouble getting engagements, though offers came more frequently after I had been in the Follies and the New Amsterdam Roof."

"During that time I vibrated between the screen and the stage," she continued. "My first experience in pictures was with Max Linder, the French comedian. I played opposite him in a series of six comedies. Then I played with Eugene O'Brien in "The Perfect Lover." A little later I had the part opposite John Barrymore in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and opposite Thomas Meighan in "Civillian Clothes.""

It was at this point in Martha's career that the Selznick Company decided Martha needed the steadying influences of a contract, so they signed her as a featured player, giving her to understand that stardom was the natural step from leading woman, but also warning her that sometimes it is a long step. But Martha was perfectly satisfied to appear in featured roles.

"Of course, I intended to become a star some day, but I didn't expect it quite so soon," she said.

Neither did the Selznick Company, for that matter.

Continued on page 97
The gelatin edition of Charlie Murray retains all of those characteristic touches that distinguished the Murray of the early music-hall days.

**He Hasn't Changed Since '87**

The same Charlie Murray with the same old jokes entertains you just as he did your father. Only his leading ladies change—they will grow up and become stars!

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

The above caption does not refer to Charlie Murray's collars nor yet to more personal things. Despite his chronic custard-pie tendencies he dallies with the bathtub at really surprisingly regular intervals, and his linen is ever spotless. Regardless of the fact that he works in celluloid as his medium he does not affect that kind of neckwear. However, he hasn't changed since '87. It's this way.

When your father used to go the varieties in what he probably terms the Good Old Days, he always enjoyed the funny man with the quizzical expression and the Woolworth chin foliage. The funny man your father enjoyed is the same funny man you chuckle at in the current canned comics. The gelatin edition of Charruls Murray retains all of those characteristic touches that distinguished the Murray of the early music-hall days from the ordinary run of comedians.

With a fatherly arm encircling the eye-filling Mademoiselle Hammond, with whom he had just finished a scene, he told me how prohibition had affected his work, what he thought of censorship, and how he missed Mary Thurman, his former vis-a-vis in the Sennett slapsticks.

"Put me down for an old-timer," said Charlie. "It was back in '87 that I left 'Honest John' Robinson's circus troupe, and formed a vaudeville partnership with Billy Mack, an old boyhood chum. That team of ours lasted twenty years. We played every hall in these here United States, including Tulsa, Albuquerque, and all the other trick towns. And we used to go big, I must admit." What's more, he claims, they invented one of the five standard jokes now circulating in vaudeville with perennial success.

"Mack would ask me who the lady was he been seeing me with last night and I'd say, 'That wasn't no lady, that was my wife!' and they'd tear up their seats. And it's still pulled today. And Mr. and Mrs. Audience still laugh. It's the sure-fire old hokum that gets across with the biggest bang. It's the same with picture comedy. A pie in the face is worth three in the oven, as laugh-getters."

From the footlight arena Murray was inveigled into the dancing dagerrootypes back in 1910. Of course, he started with Biograph. There he transplanted his Irish comic to the screen and evolved a series of uproarious comedies with Skelly as the pivotal figure. Those were the days of the split-reel, when half a spool of celluloid packed twice the laughs of the average two-reel comedy of to-day. "Hail the King!" was what many considered the star Murray effort for Biograph. In it La Belle Normand discharged herself as a shapely page, with a couple of excellent reasons for being in the pictures. Fred Mac and Mack Sennett were also drawing pay in the same picture.

"It usta be great," sighed Murray, puffing on his clay Jiminy pipe. "We'd shoot whole pictures in a day. The big idea was to get private grounds and use as much out-of-door stuff as possible. Nothing had to be set up but the camera, so it all cost practically nothing."

He beamed affectionately upon the petite Harriet at his side.

"I train 'em all," he said proudly. "Whenever they're in with a new chick to be a principal, they turn her over to Uncle Charlie."

There was Mabel first, and then Mary Thurman, and after she graduated into five reels I took little Phyllis Haver under my wing. Now she's got her own company here, so I'm showing Harriet how to act. Nice girl, Harriet."

The demure Miss Hammond smiled shyly. These bathing beauties are the original blush ing violets away from the beaches and Kliegs.

Murray is the veteran fun maker on the Sennett lot, having left the cradle of the creep ing pastels with Mack himself when that impresario departed to found the famous Keystone brand of comedies. And when the Keystone ceased to be, it was Murray who helped Sennett found his present studios out on Alessandro Street, Los Angeles.

"These studios," said Charruls, indicating the mass of rather ramshackle structures around us, "have grown from a single shack. That shack was a dressing room, and now we've spread to all this. It isn't pretty ex-

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They All Turn Him Down

Intensive training in the art of proposing has apparently not made Walter Hiers any more acceptable. He is known in Hollywood as "the rejection specialist."

By Celia Brynn

Then I proposed to Louise Huff, but she wouldn't have me. I asked Ethel Clayton, and she refused me. And when I proposed to Hazel Daly and Marguerite Clark—at different times, of course—they both turned me down flat—for Tom Moore. Can you beat it? Nobody loves a fat man."

It was Walter Hiers speaking, round "polite" comedian of the Lasky studio, and he was relating for my benefit his misadventures in screen romances.

Not that he was dejected in speaking of the various ladies of the cinema who had refused his heart and hand. It was all in the day's work he gave me to understand, for Walter Hiers is undoubtedly the most rejected man on the screen. He always gets turned down for a fellow with a matinée-idol face, and brilliantined hair, and the public, heartless gang that it is, laughs riotously at Walter's amorous avoirdupois and never wastes a moment's sympathy on him.

"The only time I've ever been married in a picture," continued the comedian, who has a pink kewpie face with a dimple in the top layer of his chin, "was when I was Grace Darmond's husband in 'So Long Letty'—and that only happened because it was a 'married-life' story. I guess they figured that the next funniest thing to having a fat fellow turned down was to have him married."

Walter Hiers started his "heavy" comedying on the vaudeville stage. Then early in the picture game some one induced him to work at the Lubin studio in his spare time for ten dollars a day—and lunch. Walter always insisted on the last item. That started him going, and he has been on the screen ever since as sort of a rejected suitor specialist.

He played with Louise Huff in "Seventeen," with Pauline Frederick in "The Fear Woman," and with Marguerite Clarke in "The Valentine Girl." He proposed to all these ladies—and earned his salary by getting turned down.

Furthermore, Walter Hiers has the unique distinction of never having had a fan proposal. All other Lasky heroes, Wallace Reid, Harrison Ford, Conrad Nagel, and the rest of them—in spite of being perfect private-life husbands, have been ardently proposed to by hundreds of adoring ladies throughout the country. But Walter Hiers—who takes this occasion to state most emphatically that he is un无数次 and unmarried—has never received a single letter from a member of the feminine sex saying how she loved those eyes, that mouth, those dimples, and couldn't she hope to be his blushing bride.

"No," said Walter Hiers, with a semblance of a sigh, "they just write and tell me that they like my work on the screen, that I look as if I was good-natured, and will I please give them my picture. Sometimes they even send the letters C. O. D. just because they think I'm so good-natured that I won't mind."

Undoubtedly Walter Hiers has evolved an entirely new type of fat man's comedy. There is nothing slapstick about his work. He has never done a fall in his screen career. He has never thrown a pie or hurled a papier-mâché brick. He gets his effects by taking advantage of the psychological premise that a fat man is funny; that a fat man in trouble is twice as funny, and that a fat man in love is a triple-plated, copper-riveted riot.

Bebe Daniels floated by just then, and Walter Hiers reached out a departing hand, the size of a small ham.

"Come on over and get a soda, Bebe," he suggested.
And the young lady flashed her best baby-vamp smile at him and accepted with alacrity.

"Who says I always get turned down?" beamed the weighty Walter Hiers.

A SCREEN ROMANTIC

"Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the West;
Through all the wide border his steed was the best,
And, save his good broadsword, he weapon had none;"

His double's the chap that needs a good gun.
But He Doesn’t Look Like Lincoln!

By J. B. Waye

That’s what you would probably exclaim if you met Ralph Ince, who has represented Lincoln so often on the screen that he has become identified with the rôle. And it is true that Ince doesn’t look like Lincoln, as the late Benjamin Chapin did.

His ability to make himself resemble the former president lies in skillful make-up, and these pictures show the principal steps in the transformation.

First, you see Mr. Ince entering his dressing room. Below, in the circle, he is shown just starting to work. All he has done is to build up his nose, and you will notice that he still bears no resemblance to the character. In the next picture the “Ince” look has almost disappeared, and the Lincoln characteristics are beginning to show. And at last you see him, the counterpart of the nation’s idol, as he will appear soon in “The Land of Opportunity.”
Passion and Pleasure are two headstrong maidens who almost wreak havoc with the career of Youth in “Experience.” They haven’t any civic pride, they don’t belong to the Girl Scouts, and it has been years since they read the Ten Commandments. And so—since they haven’t any other virtues—Director George Fitzmaurice said that the girls who played those roles must be very beautiful. As the accompanying photographs attest, they are.

Above is Nita Naldi who plays the part of Passion. Her intense, haunting beauty is known to many film fans who saw her as the vampire in “Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde,” in which she scored a triumph second only to that of John Barrymore. She has also appeared in several Selznick productions. At the left is Lilyan Tashman who plays Pleasure. “He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man,” as is pointed out in proverbs, so perhaps it is fitting that the casting director found Pleasure playing in “The Gold Diggers.” Both Miss Naldi and Miss Tashman are famous beauties of the Century Roof show in New York City.
We walked through such a grand lobby that the splendor of it fairly took my breath away: the marble floor, thick carpets, gorgeously decorated ceiling, five large dazzling rock-crystal chandeliers looking like masses of diamonds, and rearing up before us a broad flight of white marble steps. I had hardly recovered from this when we passed through an arched doorway into the darkened theater, where I became suddenly conscious of the most entrancing music floating over the house. Far away in the distance I saw the screen, a travelogue picture all in colors was showing.

Several young ushers in grand uniform came for our tickets. They must have recognized Miss Binney all right, because they were wonderfully polite and courteous. They were just in keeping with this palace-like place. It was easy to imagine they were the courtiers, Miss Binney the princess, and I her lady-in-waiting. Our tickets were for orchestra seats, but Miss Binney wanted loge seats, and we were told that the best loge seats were upstairs. As we mounted the thickly carpeted stairs, I could feel my feet fairly sink in, and I couldn't hear a sound. How different from the best theater we can boast of back home, where the sound of the people coming up the stairs grates on your nerves as you're trying to get your mind on the picture, and people getting into their seats in the balcony have their shadows reproduced against the screen and bother your eyes.

The balcony of the Capitol seemed to reach back so far I could hardly see the end of it in the distance. The size of the theater is simply enormous. It seats considerably more than five thousand persons, and you can easily believe that when you see it. "Where do they get enough people to fill this theater?" I asked Miss Binney.

"Oh, it's often filled to its utmost capacity," she told me. "Sometimes hundreds of people are turned away." I wondered what it would be like to sit in the last seat in that balcony. I should think the screen would appear to be a mile away. We were taken down to the first row where the seats, instead of chairs, were almost as big as divans, with wide arms and high back so you can recline in perfect comfort. It was like sitting in a big stuffed chair—only you never saw a stuffed chair that was so completely restful.

The boxes seemed fit only for royalty to sit in, with their gorgeous draperies and special glass chandeliers. The ceiling had a large dome-like center with another wonderful

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**Dressing Up**

When the picture on the screen fades out, and a title lights in, you have another picture before you. Stately trees, dancing elves, or a misty cloud rising from a dank swamp frames the text and evokes the mood of the scene that is to follow. Such art titles sometimes play no small part in the effective telling of a story, and their making is almost as interesting as the making of the picture itself.

The accompanying photographs show how some striking and unusual title frames were fashioned of clay for use in a Selwynk picture. These build up the ideas suggested in the subtitles.
big chandelier of glass showing a thousand different colors, and around that rows of smaller domes with lights, too.

Then I noticed the enormous big stage was filled with an orchestra that had so many musicians I got mixed up trying to count them. There must have been nearly a hundred. The music was simply wonderful, and when the orchestra went out for a brief rest, a pipe organ was played, so softly at times you could hardly hear it, then it rumbled so loud that it seemed to fairly shake the house.

I reveled so much in the beauty of the place, trying to take in everything, and trying to get used to the fact that I was really in a Broadway screen palace with a movie star alongside of me, that my mind was rather distracted from the travelogue. But when that was finished I was sufficiently calmed to give all my attention when a pair of curtains behind the orchestra were drawn back, disclosing a wonderful little setting of the northern lights, and a girl and man came out and did a dance in quaint Scandinavian costumes. This I later discovered was sort of a prologue to the picture. We had missed the first part of the show, but I saw from the program that the Grand Orchestra leads it—then there's a dance with a ballet; a mixed quartet of singers; the Capitol News; the travelogue, the prelude, and now the feature—Will Rogers in "Guile of Women."

First the dim outline of the picture was thrown on a thin dark curtain which parted to each side and then the picture appeared clear and distinct on the white screen.

Constance Binney was as enthusiastic over the different parts of the picture as I was. We laughed over the comedy incidents, and both got excited at the thrilling parts until I almost forgot that I wasn't back home with some girl friend fan, instead of an experienced actress herself.

**ARE THEY BORN—**
or made—these motion-picture cameramen? Where do they come from, and how do they get their training? The combination of magician-like trickery and artistic skill that is vested in many of them has aroused great interest in camera men, their professional schooling, and opportunities. Do you want to know about them? Frizzi Remont will inform you in the next issue of PICTURE PLAY.

"I'm just like you," she told me. "I enjoy seeing pictures so much. I thought after I was in the movies myself I would lose interest, but I haven't a bit."

A great many people think they are able to enjoy the movies just as much in an ordinary movie theater as if they saw them in one of the picture palaces. But that is impossible. You cannot, I know now, you think you do—that is because you've never seen a presentation in a movie palace. Why, the quietness, the luxurious comfort, the exquisite lighting, and the entrancing orchestra playing so well in keeping with the picture—your senses are just steeped in the story as they never can be in an ordinary theater where the clatter and inappropriate music detracts from the best of the films. "Guile of Women" was only a mediocre picture, and yet it held the interest and seemed ever so much more interesting because of its presentation.

Going out, I noticed little lights under the steps so that you could see your way when the theater is dark. All the lights being turned on, a lot of people in the audience stared at Constance Binney. They knew who she was, I guess.

Walking along the mezzanine floor that seemed almost as long as the entire house, with its wonderfully decorated ceiling, rows of divans and chairs and beautiful mural paintings on the wall, I was thrilled to the depths with the magnificent splendor of it all.

"To think of what the movies have come to!" I had to gasp to Constance Binney.

She joined me in my admiration. "Yes, isn't it wonderful!" she said.

They surely are all that their name suggests—those movie theaters on Broadway—truly picture palaces in every sense of the word.

When we parted, Constance Binney said, "Now, next time we won't be so partial to the movies, we'll go to a regular theater."

Still, I hardly think anything could ever come up to seeing just that plain, ordinary picture, in the gorgeous Capitol movie theater with Constance Binney beside me!

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*The Subtitles*
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.

CHRISTENED "The Divine Sarah" by her admirers in Paris for her marvelous acting, Elaine Hammerstein was born in 1867. She is the grand-daughter of Oscar Hammerstein, operatic impresario. She was educated at Armitage College, Pennsylvania. Her stage career dates back to her appearance in "The Trap." Later she played the lead in "High Jinks." She weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Elaine's hair is brown and her eyes are gray. She has been on the screen only a few years. "The Point of View," "The Daughters Pay," and "The Pleasure Seekers" are some of her latest releases for Selznick.

SMILES.—No bother at all. Come as often as you like. That's why I am here. Harrison Ford has signed with Joe Schenck to appear opposite the Talmadge sisters in their latest pictures.

E. M. A.—You will find your questions concerning Clara Kimball Young answered elsewhere in the columns.

L. W.—Norma Phillips is not appearing in pictures any more. I'm sure I don't know why they don't bring her back. Perhaps she is busy somewhere else. Join me. I can give you no address.

SHIRLEY D.—Edith Johnson is married. Her husband is William Duncan. Eddy Polo is married. Write as often as you like.

THE MARCHIONESS.—The surest way of getting a picture is to inclose a quarter to cover the cost of mailing. Antonio Moreno's first feature is called "Three Sevens." You didn't annoy me. Why should you think so? Surely you may write again if you like.

MISS M. P.—"Amarilly of Clothes Line Alley" was a Mary Pickford picture and not a Vivian Martin, as you thought. Juana Hansen was born in 1897, Ruth Roland in 1893. Write them and try, is all I can tell you.

GRANDMA.—You will have to wait until that picture is released. Even then it may be the same story and you wouldn't recognize it, for they are often changed for picture purposes. Gaston Glass appeared in "The World and His Wife."

RUBY D.—Kenneth Harlan is married. So is George Cheseboro. He played in the serial with Grace Darmond, "The Hope Diamond Mystery." All addresses are given at the end of this department.

FRANCES AND PANSY.—June Caprice has light hair and blue eyes. Mary Hay is in her early twenties. There is no picture star of your description. Wesley Barry was born in Los Angeles, California, about eleven years ago. He lives with his mother. I can't see that Lilian Gish and Mrs. Saxby are suited to each other as leading man and woman. They do very different pictures of utterly different types.

MARIE T.—You might write. I can't tell as to results. A quarter is what they generally inclose. Charles Ray and Bryant Washburn were the first two "Romances of Famous Film Folks" to appear. Douglas Fairbanks was born in 1883, Wallace Reid in 1892. Pearl White arrived in Springfield, Missouri, in 1889. Olive Thomas' birthday was October the twelfth. Anita Stewart arrived in the year 1902. Viola Dana was born in 1892, and Marjorie Daw in 1902.
6 Piece Set
Fumed Solid Oak

A Room Full of Furniture

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The Yearnings of Eugene

"But he died—and so did Hamlet. Oh, don't do the gloomy Dane whose obstinacy drove Ophelia to seek a watery grave! You know he murdered all of his relatives, likewise Polonius, and then killed himself."

"It is a great play," observed Eugene solemnly.

"Yes, but even for the sake of being a great Dane you won't desert the screen and all your humble worshippers like us, will you?"

"Of course he won't," said Mrs. O'Brien calmly. "Don't worry about Gene. Ever since he was old enough to talk he's talked like that once in a while, and he's so convincing. What a lawyer he would have made! You know we had him cut out for a barrister from the time he was born."

"No doubt many a perfect lover has been nipped in the bud by aspiring parents. But when did you learn that your hopes were futile?"

"Oh, he always insisted that he was going to be an actor. I didn't mind so much because he was so handsome. I wanted other people to have a chance to see him. And it doesn't matter what a lawyer looks like."

"Oh, was he good looking when he was young?" I inquired in a chastening spirit, though Gene hasn't a particle of conceit about him even if he is the handsomest bachelor on the screen.

"It was Jennie Bailey who started him wrong."

"That remark needs to be explained, mother. You see there was a girl in our town who went on the stage. She ran away to Denver and joined a stock company and after that no one would speak to her and when she visited her parents they hid her in the china closet if they had callers. She fascinated me, and, one day when she came to town, I talked to her, and when she went back to Denver I accompanied her. I left a note for mother saying, 'Have gone to be an actor.' You see, in those days I was optimistic."

"And did they take you?"

"They did. At eight dollars a week! Then some one told me that I could get twenty dollars a week if I went to New York. I started for the metropolis with this unheard of wealth in view, but I got stranded and landed in the chorus of one of Anna Held's companies. When, finally I did reach New York I was eighteen and had acquired nothing but a little experience. No manager seemed to think that I was worth more than twelve dollars a week, and I sang in a quartet for a while, the only trouble being that we could get no food for only about half the time."

"I was appalled at the lack of consideration which I and others received. If the big people noticed me at all it was only to be disagreeable and then and there I made up my mind that if ever the time came when I could afford two rooms or if by any chance I ever became a star that I should spend my time being nice to everybody."

"And you've kept your word. Every one loves you, and you're a regular little ray of sunshine." "Yes, maybe so, but I still insist that I shall before long become 'The Melancholy Dane.'"

He Grew a Foot in One Picture

"Which actress do you like best?"

"Gee, I'd better not say that around here." He glanced around at the publicity force. Then he blurted out, "Well, all I've got to say is if I could always play with Mary Pickford, that's all I'd ask for."

"It was in 'Heart of the Hills' that I grew a foot all at once. Mary kidded me about it, and I didn't match up in some scenes, because I'd grown so much since the picture started."

As for the art of acting—"All I can say about acting," he observed, leaning over on the table and glancing away from me, "All I can say about acting is you just put your heart and soul in it and think you are what you're supposed to be.

That's all I do, so I don't know much about acting, I guess."

As Harold remarked, "It sure is a good business with lots of good fellows in it. And there's one good fellow who is going to land right on top, for the same reason that Charlie Ray has. Harold Goodwin doesn't know anything about acting. He just puts his heart and soul in it, and because both are clean, young, and entirely honest, they make friends with other hearts and souls. The Fox company was lucky enough to recognize this promise in Harold Goodwin, so they gave him a starring contract. He will follow "Oliver Twist, Jr." with "Youthful Hearts," a film adaptation of Mrs. Southworth's famous old novel "Ishmael."
The Road to London
Continued from page 74

"Oh, it wouldn't be legal," answered Miss Morgan briskly. "The bans haven't been published!"

"Well, I'll take a chance," I said, striving to remain faithful and be game at once, but with expectation of having to explain several things to Mrs. Washburn—who accompanied me on my tour abroad—upon my return to our hotel.

"We drew up at the vicarage of the Reverend Doctor Batchelder, whom Miss Morgan happened to know personally, and he didn't manifest the least opposition to performing the ceremony for the films, because it gave him a thrill to act in them.

Most of the players engaged abroad for "The Road to London" had had stage or screen experience. Prominent parts were assigned to Saba Raleigh, widow of the late Cecil Raleigh, the writer, and Gibbs McLaughlin, an English actor. Miss Morgan, the leading woman, had been in the films in America, as lead for Henry Miller in an early production.

Among the nonprofessional people who took part in Mr. Washburn's photo play was Sir Bertram Hayes, captain of the Olympic, who was in some scenes aboard the steamer.

"The Road to London" is Mr. Washburn's first independent production, following the termination of his contract with Famous Players-Lasky. He chose to film it abroad because he wanted a distinctive beginning to his independent career. His experience was especially valuable in acquainting him with the opportune season for London filming.

"I would not advise anybody to go to England to make pictures later than May," he declared. "We set out in June, and we had to race against oncoming winter in the final scenes. If we hadn't there would have been flaws in our scenery owing to the falling of the leaves.

"The summer is fine abroad, and England is enriched with natural attractions that are only to be compared to a Corot landscape. The dwellings and public buildings possess what we lack in America—historic atmosphere. I was greatly elated over my outdoor shots, because they speak so eloquently of aristocratic grandeur and picturesque nature. In fact, I should rather like to return to England again this year to make another picture."

The Same Teeth
With film removed. See what a change

This ten-day test will show you something of what film removal means. How it beautifies the teeth—how it cleans and gives better protection.

You should make this test. It is free and delightful. To millions it has brought a new era in teeth cleaning.

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You feel on your teeth a viscid film. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays.

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It is film-coats that discolor, not the teeth. Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

Millions of germs breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea. Thus most tooth troubles are now traced to film. And, under old methods, very few escaped them.

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Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Able authorities have amply proved them. Now leading dentists everywhere advise their daily use.

These methods are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. With it, countless people, night and morning, now combat that film.

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Certain aids to Nature are also embodied in Pepsodent.

Pepsodent stimulates the salivary flow. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva. That is Nature's agent for digesting starch deposits. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva—Nature's neutralizer of the acids which cause tooth decay.

Thus every use aids Nature to protect the teeth.

Watch the change
Send the coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscid film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. Watch the other good effects.

You will see and feel what Pepsodent is doing. And you will realize quickly what it means to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

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THE PEPSODENT COMPANY.
Dept. 774, 1104 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Only one tube to a family.
America's Maciste
Continued from page 54

priest of his important callers. "I should say not. I never heard of him! We don't have prize fighters and wrestlers living here!"

"Aw, g'man," interposed Boot- nose, "we knows you got a guy by name Montana livin' here. We dumped him here last night."

Then suddenly a horrible light broke upon the consciousness of the proprietor. "Did you say Montana? There is a refined Italian sculptor by the name of Luigi Montagna living here, but surely—oh, dear me," and just then Bull made his appearance, pulling on a pair of gray suede gloves.

"That's the guy," yelled Boot- nose and Spike with one voice, and Bull's dream of grandeur crumpled to the ground.

The next picture in which Bull will appear is Roscoe Arbuckle's "Crazy to Marry." In this the eminent matinée idol will portray the part of an abject criminal. I suggested "burglar," but Bull corrected me and said no, that he was playing a "criminal." If there is any more criminal-looking white man in New York or America, I should like to see him.

For this picture they had to shave Bull's head, to get him ready for an operation supposed to be performed by Roscoe in the rôle of a doctor. When the lawn mower had done its bit over the irregular terrain of Bull's cranium the result came under the Arbuckle gaze.

"Great scissors!" gasped Roscoe, "no operation can ever do you any good!"

No ultra-ultra movie ball or regal benefit in Los Angeles is complete without Bull, decked in evening's splendor, and with the momentary queen of his heart on arm, for this big boy of thirty-four years likes beauty above all else.

"I gotta the bum map," he explained to me, "so I v.eara the gooda clothes." Now he has just purchased himself a speedy car of late design, and his parting morn to me was:

"All thesa sweet mama wanta to ride; weeta Papa Bull now he gotta swell auto. I getia the beega blackjack!"

The famous Maciste who charac- terized Cabiria, and who was a countryman of Luigi's, was a mightier man in weight—Bull weighs only one hundred and sixty-eight pounds—but when it comes to bull—oh, boy, I'll take the Montana kid!

Sentimental Gareth
Continued from page 26

"I am going back to the stage some time soon," he said, lapsing into his grown-up professional manner. "Arnold Daly wants me to play Hamlet. I want to play Dorian Gray, Pendennis, and David Copperfield."

We had stopped at Fifth and Spring Streets. I had to deposit some checks, and he accompanied me to the door of the bank.

"Why, this is my bank!" he exclaimed. "Yes, sir, I have twenty shares of stock in this bank, I'm going in to talk to the president right now!"

And in he went, swinging that absurd stick, flaunting the huge am- ethyst ring—then he came running back.

"Don't forget about Ben Turpin, will you!" I said I wouldn't, and bumped into three people without apologizing. I was trying to make him out. I haven't done it yet.

He Really Can Smile
Continued from page 69

had thousands of them offered me. I can't find funny scenarios. If I could, I'd play a wonderful price for them."

The nurse "ahemed!" politely. I took it that the visiting hour was over.

"Come and see me at the studio in New York," he invited. "Or, better still, stop off in Muskegon, Michi- gan, on your way East. The folks there are mighty nice to strangers and."

But I don't think I will. If Bus- ter was there, what chance would I have? None, with "Muskegon's Own" taking up all the attention.
Whose Beauty Reigns Upon the Screen?

Continued from page 43

a star. Lillian Gish is a lily maid whose beauty is perhaps too ethereal for appreciation by mortal orbs. Elsie Ferguson is the grace of aristocracy, but, I feel she is her love-liest on the stage. Mary Miles Minter is the photographer’s delight. Her prettiness is camera-proof from any angle. Agnes Ayres, too, is photographic parfait. The sprightliness and piquancy of Constance Talmadge, queen of flappers, has optic value, so, too, has the womanly beauty of Norma Talmadge. And so I might go on—Mae Murray, Alice Joyce, Margarette Armstrong, Madge Bellamy, Colleen Moore, Marie Prevost, Phyllis Haver, Lu-cille Carlisle, Justine Johnston, Martha Mansfield, Alice Terry, Pris-cilla Dean, Mae Allison, Mae Busch—but why? The wrath of the fans will rise up against me, anyhow.

Yet one name I must breathe in this chapter, and that is—Vola Negri! A passion flower among anemones, a rajah’s ruby flashing among pale Puritan gems, the colors of old Burgundy beside a lemon phosphate! But already I have hymned apotheosis to her—see any recent issue.

The golden apple bounces off! I now leave to your optic judgment the lady worthiest of being catcher.

Just Martha

Continued from page 85

But the public got ready and wanted Martha starred, and it became simply a matter of giving the public what it wanted.

Martha Mansfield is beautiful—not with the sort of beauty that dazzles, but the sort that holds because of its very perfection. She is as lovely under the morning sun as by candle glow. But if she herself realizes that she has an unusually high percentage of pulchrine, she conceals this knowledge wonderfully. She has that gracious unaffected manner of a person whose head is unturned by admiration. She has had her full quota of artists who have declared her to be the most beautiful girl in New York, or some other geographical limit, but she has a sense of humor and a streak of common sense in her makeup which keeps her delightfully normal and unaffected.

She is one of the few beautiful actresses who doesn’t tell you that she thinks beauty is a handicap to an actress and that she really wants to play character parts.

She lives in an unassuming apartment, characterized by a complete ab-

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La Goutte-a-Goutte

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Gray, faded, streaked or lifeless hair restored to any shade in one application. Do not discolor scalp, fade, nor run off on the pillow. Makes a lasting, rich, lovely color. No after shaving necessary. You can apply it in the privacy of your own room in a few minutes. Anyone of 92 shades given from one package.

Send me a Little Lock of Your Hair—I’ll color it Without Charge
Cut it close to head and say what color you wish. I have helped thousands of ladies with dandruff, city or dry scalps, falling hair, getting bald, etc. Write fully. No charge for frank appreciation. “SECRETS of BEAUTY,” my new booklet, mailed free on request.

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Face Powder
Lablache is accepted in the most select circles, as fashion’s favorite powder for the complexion of fair women. Approved by the Four Hundred, used by millions—It is natural and delightfully fragrant.

Refuse Substitutes
They may be dan-gerous. Fresh, White, Pink or Tanish, not by mail. Over two million boxes sold annually. Send for a sample box.

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this season is light, filmy fabrics. Delastone enables discriminating women to wear them with perfect freedom.

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Produce a natural, beautiful ripple wave that remains in straightest hair a week or more even in damp weather or when perspiring. If the hair is fluffy only use the wavers once or twice a week.

Send for Water Wavers (patented) today—stop burning hair with hot irons or resorting with curlers which breaks the hair. Absolutely an-tisepic—universally successful—endorsed by soci-ety’s leaders. If your dealer doesn’t handle them send us by registered mail, small deposit.

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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 is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your “looks,” therefore it pays to “look your best” at all times. Permit no one to see you looking otherwise—it will injure your welfare! Upon the improvement you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life. Which is to be your ultimate destiny?

My latest Nose-Snapper, “Tea-Tree Model 19,” U. S. Patent, with six adjustable pressure regulators and made of light polished metal, corrects new ill-shaped noses, and gives you an immediate, attractive, safe and permanent correction. It is pleasant and does not interfere with one’s daily occupation, being worn at night.

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No matter how unattractive your eyes may now be, "MAYBELLINE" will make them magic, will beautify them instantly.

Just a touch of the little brush with "MAYBELLINE" will make light, short, thin, uneven eyelashes and brows appear naturally dark, long and luxurious, thereby bringing out the hidden charm, beauty and soulful expression of the eyes.

The marvelous beautifying effect of "MAYBELLINE" was first discovered by Stage and Photoplay Stars. However, it is now being offered to the general public and many thousands of beautiful girls and women in all parts of the world use it regularly with the most delightful results.

Please remember that "MAYBELLINE" is entirely unlike other eyelash preparations. It is absolutely harmless and greaseless, will not smear or spread on the face.

"MAYBELLINE" comes in a dainty purple and gold box, containing mirror and two brushes for applying. Two shades, brown for blondes, black for brunettes.

Price 7c at your Dealer.

When purchasing be sure and accept only genuine "MAYBELLINE" as it is different.

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Film Clippings

By Nat N. Dorfman

A most unusual thing happened recently. A movie director produced a story just as the author wrote it. He was the author!

It's a long lane that hasn't got at least one moving picture theater on it.

GONE ARE THE GOOD OLD DAYS.

And with it The old-fashioned moving-picture theater that used to charge five cents admission.

Mary Fuller who used to be the most popular film actress in America. The slide that used to be flashed on the screen every few minutes during the run of the picture: "One minute intermission, please."

The fellow who used to sing illustrated songs. The audience that used to join in the chorus. The ushers who used to order you out of the theater at the end of the show unless you could show him a half stub of the admission ticket, which proved to him that you didn't see the entire performance.

The piano player who made a lot of noise when the villain choked the fair heroine.

The piano player who used to play "Yankee Doodle Dandy" when the soldiers came to the rescue of the hero captured by the Indians.

The one reel drama that used to end any old way because only a certain amount of action could be crammed into one thousand feet of film.

John Bunny who used to make us laugh in spite of the nickel we paid for admission.

The Indian-cowboy pictures that showed the West as it wasn't.

The girls who used to think the motion-picture theater wasn't a respectable place to go to. And went.
Off the Gridiron Into the Films

Continued from page 84

Not as long as any company wants me."

Mr. Flynn did not immediately graduate from college into that other school of experience, the silent drama. He wanted his father to buy him a ranch, but father wouldn't do it until he was assured that his son could hold down a job for a reasonable length of time.

So Lefty migrated to Texas, where he punched cows in the Panhandle district.

"The fellows in that outfit certainly were wonderful boys," he told me with that enthusiasm which is so characteristic of him. "At first they were inclined to resent my being there, but when they found I was willing to take good-natured kidding, and, besides being anxious to learn all about cattle, they accepted me as one of them. I could play the guitar—

that helped some, too. They taught me cowboy songs that have from thirty-five to forty verses. One of them I remember told the sad story of a cow-puncher who came to grief through too great a hankeering for the bottle. The chorus was a dirge that went something like this:

'CARRY ME OUT ON THE WIDE PRAIRIE

PLAY THE DRUM SOFT AS YOU BEAR ME ALONG,

BURY ME DEEP AND PUT THE SOD O'ER ME.

FOR I'M A POOR COWBOY, I KNOW I DONE WRONG!"

"They had a little tin phonograph there, with cylinder records, and each fellow cut his initials in the record that belonged to him. If he heard any one else playing his tune, he fought started just that minute. Mother sent us out a magnificent victrola the first Christmas I was there. Gee, how did we work that thing overtime. It came on Christmas Eve, and we played it steadily until six o'clock Christmas morning."

Well, Father Flynn found out what he wanted to know about the sticking qualities of his son, and bought a ranch for him in Colorado. He would have been there yet had it not been that the climate was bad for his wife's health—yes, there is a wife, a perfectly charming girl, and an equally charming little girl of six years—and the Flynn family, junior, came to California. He had many friends in Los Angeles, and it is not surprising that he finally met socially one of the higher-ups of the Goldwyn studio who knew the renowned Lefty by his athletic exploits at Yale. He offered him a chance in pictures, not only because his football record was an excellent exploitation angle, but because he thought Mr. Flynn would screen well and probably could act.

He did both to the entire satisfaction of the Goldwyn authorities. They found in him a man who was game to do anything at any time. "My very first picture was 'The Spookers.'" said Lefty, with a reminiscent grin. "I had several parts. That is to say, I doubled for several people. I jumped off a ship for one man, was knocked off a ship for another, and drowned six or seven times in that cold Puget Sound water, because no one else liked such a chilly bath. I wrote mother about working in the picture. and, of course, she went to see it and tried to locate me. She did finally—she recognized my wrist when I joked it above the water as I was drowning."

After "The Spookers," Mr. Flynn was put under contract with Goldwyn for a year and a half. He played in "Just Out of College," "Stop Thief," "Crossroads of Destiny," and is now working in a picture with Will Rogers, the title of which is "Doubling for Romeo." His role is that of a movie hero in the studio where Will Rogers, as the ex-cow-puncher, comes to get a job. The script demands some honest-to-goodness fights between the two.

"And we sure let each other have it," said Lefty. "We don't mind getting knocked up a bit. only yesterday Will jumped on my back with both his feet, and I'm a little lame to-day."

As a raconteur, Mr. Flynn is without equal. Everything you say reminds him of a story. Here is the prize one related that day at lunch: Two Englishmen both in a state of alcoholic hazing are traveling together in a railway coach. Says Algij, leaning groggily toward Percy: "I say, dear old thing—hic—have you—hic—the time with you?"

Percy manages a blear-eyed smile and reaches unsteadily for his watch. "Oh, rawther, sweet old pet," he stutters, "I—I always have the time with me." Business of consulting his watch intently. "It's just Thursday!" he announces. Algij blinks at him: "Thursday—is it?" Then he springs up. "Then this is my station!"
Advertising Section

The Revelations of a Star’s Wife

Continued from page 23

She stood there for a long moment, and I held my breath, wondering. She knew how Bruce would greet her—I think she could even feel his arms around her. She knew how empty the days would be if she turned away from him, how the long nights would drag when she lay awake and thought of him, how heartbreaking would be the moments when she awoke from a dream of him and realized her loneliness.

The telephone jangled suddenly, cutting across the silence like a bolt of lightning across a summer sky. And she turned away from the window and went toward it slowly. How I hoped that somehow it would happen to be Bruce!

But it wasn’t. She listened an instant, and then said, in a steady monotone that went to my heart:

“Yes, Tom, I’m coming.” And, gathering up the trailing ends of her sable scarf, she went slowly from the room without a glance at me.

For a moment I longed to see the conventions smashed to smithereens. Probably lots of people will blame me for wanting to break up this marriage, simply because it was a business contract sanctioned by a minister instead of by a lawyer. But I couldn’t bear to have Lorraine go dragging through her youth, just making the best of things, as I’d seen so many people do. I longed to dash down the corridor after her and drag her back.

“I could phone Bruce,” I told myself, jumping out of bed. “He could come over here, and—”

But just at that moment the telephone rang, and when I answered, who should speak to me but Bruce himself!

“Will you pull me out of the mire, please?” he begged. “I’ve got a contract here to consider, and my mind’s full of just one thing, and I can’t think straight. Can I come over?”

“Come just as fast as you possibly can!” I told him. And then I sat down and made a face at fate. It never occurred to me that tragedy might come of a meeting between Lorraine Tevis, the man she loved, and her husband.

TO BE CONTINUED.

Over the Teacups

Continued from page 59

“There’s one way to reform society,” I offered. “Put all the flappers in motion pictures, and they would be too busy to lead the gay reckless lives that movies and newspapers would have us believe they lead.”

“Everywhere I go I seem to see Colleen,” Fanny started.

“Because you’re always tagging along with her,” I accused. Not that I am jealous, but I’ve hardly seen Fanny since Colleen came East. “Tell me the truth—was there a day last week when you didn’t lunch or tea or go to the matinée together?”

Fanny paused thoughtfully. “I wonder if there was. Of course, Monday we went to see ‘The Sky Pilot.’ That was her picture—so we wanted to listen to what people in the audience said. But no matter how many times we stayed to see that picture, I’d get so excited watching her that I didn’t even know there was any one but me in the audience. And then we saw ‘The Bad Man’ and ‘Nice People,’ and the other days she worked, so I went out to the studio. It’s really better than any show in town to listen to Marshall Neilan and Wesley Barry, but I suppose that Colleen is used to it. She and Wesley never talk like other people; they have a sign language of their own. They are always giving each other peculiar signals with their hands. It’s terribly embarrassing, you don’t know when they are talking about you. And Wesley is so shrewd, there is no telling what he might find out about me.”

I wanted to suggest that he might find out about the false curls that mark the days when Fanny is trying to look like Mary Pickford or Mary Miles Minter—Fanny’s devotion to vampires is anything but steady, you know—or about the time that she invited Marjorie Daw to luncheon and Marjorie paid the check before she even noticed that it had come. But Fanny forestalled all interruption by talking fast.

“The other day one of the musicians came into the studio, wearing a lovely new scarf. When she said that a friend had given it to her, Wesley signaled something to Colleen, and Mr. Neilan burst out laughing. ”Gold Digger” he announced triumphantly, and the guilty expression on their faces showed that he had read the signal right.

“Aw, now we can’t use that one any more,” Wesley remarked dis-
gustedly. 'At least not about any of Mr. Neilan's friends.' And then he ran before Mr. Neilan could catch him. Most of the time when he's in the studio he is running away from somebody, or chasing them. He looks like a human hurricane. Some one ought to give to the world, the fans, and the men who write catchlines for exhibitors' posters a title for him—Wesley, the Unchastened.

"Colleen told me that he was surprised that the chorus girls at the Hippodrome wore cotton stockings. He got all excited over it, and said 'She made that up. She said that she was going to tell it to somebody. I wasn't looking at their stockings at all.' And having thus settled his innocence of that remark, he added cynically, 'But weren't they old birds!'

"That reminds me of Jackie Coogan. He arrived in New York a few days ago, and was entertained at the circus. Some one introduced him to Mr. Ziegfeld, of Follies fame, and Jackie politely, but firmly, informed him that he looked like a circus. Mr. Ziegfeld will never wear striped trousers again!"

"Speaking of Colleen," I cut in, "if you expect to see her to-day you will have to adjourn tea to the Plaza. She is over there with Pauline Starke."

"No, she isn't," Fanny announced airily. "Because I saw them leave there a few minutes ago, and come over to the Savoy. I bet they are at Lillian Gish's, talking over old times. You know, Mildred Harris and Colleen used to go into Lillian's dressing room out at the Fine Arts studio to see what kind of soap and powder she used, and then they would save to get the same kind."

"Colleen save?" I exclaimed, in amazement.

"That was a long time ago," Fanny admitted. "To see her now in those wonderful gray and henna-colored hats and coats and dresses she has been getting, you'd wouldn't know that she had ever heard the word."

"Almost like a trousseau," I offered, forgetting that the word always spurred Fanny on.

"Doris May is here," she announced explosively, "getting hers. She's to be married as soon as she goes back to California. She and Kathleen Kirkham are here with the Tourneur company getting some New York exteriors for 'Bright Lights.' Douglas McLean and his wife had planned to entertain a lot for her, but they were called away just before Doris arrived. He was invited to go to Washington to meet the president. Nothing else would have torn him away, I am sure. He

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He Hasn't Changed Since '87
Continued from page 86

actually, but it has all of the comforts
of home! And that means a lot
to a trooper like myself."
The man is just what you expect
him to be: a jovial, genial son of
Erin, with a whimsical sense of hu-
mor, a broad form of wit that fails

Advertising
was so excited over showing Doris
around New York that the first time
I saw him he wouldn't tell me a word
about himself. Every time I asked
him about his last picture, he'd say,
"What should she see of Greenwich
Village?"—"Is Grant's Tomb still the
most popular memorial in town?"—
"Is it true that after the roof shows
and dance clubs are all closed every
one goes to a delicatessen on upper
Broadway to get sandwiches?"
"And when I saw him," I cut in,
"he and his wife were dining at the
Ritz, recalling their courtship days.
And they both looked simply radi-
ant."
"O-oh," squealed Fanny, as she
reached under the table. "Rudolph
Valentino, don't you dare to bite me,
or I won't bring you out in society."

Without Benefit of Clergy
Continued from page 71

Lewis told me, while explaining the
care that was used in the settings.
"The Punjabi native lives in a mud
hut, while the Bengali lives in a home
of bamboo mats with a thatch
roof. In the picturization of 'With-
out Benefit of Clergy,' if the houses
had been of bamboo and thatch it
would have been as palpable an error
as if a huntsman's hut in Florida
jungles were thrown on the screen
and labeled an Iowa farmhouse.
"That is what we have had to

An Emotional Excursion
Continued from page 83

work. Only last year, Miss Jensen
appeared in such pictures as "Re-
spectable by Proxy," "Man and His
Woman," and "The House of the
Tolling Bell," all J. Stuart Blackton
productions; "The Whisper Market"
and "In the Shadow of the Dome.
"How," we wanted to know, "how
did you work yourself up into a
frame of mind that was dynamic
enough to be called Latin?"
"Maybe because the 'frame' was
there already," laughingly. "My
great grandmother was of the Span-
ish nobility. And I always seemed
to have a generous portion of the
Spanish in me. Even as a child,
I was given to fiery outbursts and to
gesturing all over the place.
"Say that the spirit of my great-
grandmother permeated my being in
portraying the role of Raimunda in
'The Passion Flower."
"And bidding farewell to my tem-
porary Spanish self and getting down
to earth again as Eugalie Jensen re-
sulted in a mental jerk that laid me
up for a solid week. I'm feeling in
fine fettle now, thank goodness," she
added emphatically.

Which is as it should be. For to
think of Eugalie Jensen being "down
in the mouth" would be rather in-
congruous—if we may put it just
that way. She's too peppy. She is
one of those personalities that
carry charm and win by sheer magnetism.
Right Off the Grill

Continued from page 61

the director made two endings, one happy and the other as written by Ibañez. Metro then permitted exhibitors to choose. Seventy per cent chose the sad finale as against thirty for the pollyannic. Now the question is: are the exhibitors becoming too highbrow for the public?

Choose Your Own Ending.

Nowadays a tragedy is always filmed with two endings, one as written and the other with the happy clutch thrown in. Thus one version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" would end with Little Eva going to heaven, the other with her going to a cabaret. Which do you consider the happier?

That Maeterlinck Scenario.

What has become of the photo play which Maurice Maeterlinck wrote? He traveled all the way to this country to write it in the film zone. When he set sail for France he handed the script to an official of the company. Since then, silence. When queried, the official is said to have replied:

"Ach! He writes me a story with the chief character a bee."

That, dear reader, is what is known as delicate symbolism.

History Resumed.

I continued to apotheosize "Passion." This immigrant film has done much to reform the minds of the movie mightly. It has turned the eyes toward the jeweled wealth of history's literature. The only producer in this country who has been true to the ancients is J. Gordon Edwards, whose Queen of Sheba now cooperates with Madame Du Barry in a renascence of costume drama. Mr. Edwards has gone to Europe to create "Mary, Queen of Scots." He may also bring forth a story of Nero with William Farnum. "Joseph and His Brethren," likewise is mentioned as a part of his repertoire. Paramount is unfolding the story of Anne Boleyn, renamed "Deception" for the benefit of stenographic intellect. First National yields "Gypsy Blood," none other than the alluring Carmen, jeweled with Pola Negri.

Nazimova Leaves Metro.

In "Camille" Nazimova makes her Metro farewell. At this typing she is not prepared to reveal her future allegiance. She has the ambition to do some pictures abroad. "Bella Donna" in Egypt perhaps, and "Aphrodite."

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The Screen in Review

Continued from page 65

"The Passion Flower" is Miss Tal- madge's guarantee of good faith to her admirers. It proves that she doesn't mean to cash in on her popularity by throwing cheap and easy successes to the public. She has the great gift of combining intelligence with emotional fire, and this gift is brought into play in "The Passion Flower." Mr. Brennon brings color, charm, and feeling to the picture. The cast is an especially fine one and includes Ena Lime Jensen, Courtenay Foote, and Harrison Ford.

"SAVED AND PROFANE LOVE."
Another return to the fold, another adaptation of a stage play—Elsie Ferguson in "Sacred and Profane Love." The history of "Sacred and Profane Love" is a long and a sad one. First it was a novel, "The Book of Carlotta," by Arnold Bennet. Then it was made into a play for Miss Ferguson, who appeared in it before she took her trip around the world. And now it is a movie.

The story, in all its guises, is particularly annoying because it contains such a strange mixture of good drama and weird trash. The heroine is an English girl who defies Victorian conventions and becomes involved with a temperamental pianist. A little Chopin and a little Wagner, and she tosses herself at the poor man's head.

Somehow or other, Miss Ferguson manages to make the lady eminently correct in direct contradiction to her actions. Moreover, Miss Ferguson's clothes are beautiful and her hair dress is above reproach. And so we are glad she has come back to our simple movies. Conrad Nagel forgets that he is a nice young man and plays the rôle of the pianist with great abandon. The picture, presented by Paramount, was directed by William D. Taylor.

"I AM GUILTY."
Louise Glau is struggling with the great problem of how to be interesting though good. So, like many other women, she compromises by being misunderstood. She is mis- understood all the way through "I Am Guilty," and what is worse, she seems a bit hazy about herself. The plot hinges on the fact that its heroine doesn't know whether or not she has committed a murder. Do you believe that a woman can be uncertain about whether or not she has fired a revolver?

"I Am Guilty," presented by Associated Producers, is so illogical that it is positively interesting.

"MADE IN HEAVEN."
Those who follow the romances of Famous Film Folk—and who does not?—will want to see "Made In Heaven." Tom Moore's new comedy for Goldwyn, Top Moore's marriage to Renee Adoree was "Made In Heaven." Although Helen Chadwick is the heroine of the story, all interest centers on Mademoiselle Adoree, who plays the rôle of the hero's sister.

The comedy itself is a congenial Irish story and tells how one bright lad made good. Moore is seen as a fireman who achieves wealth and social distinction by inventing a fire extinguisher. But before he dons the golden wreath of prosperity, he enjoys all the thrills of the life of a fireman.

As for the others: Alan Dwan is "The Scoffer" by presenting an original and clever story. It is called "The Perfect Crime." "The Scoffer" was only an imperfect crime. Monte Blue's acting does much to contribute to the entertainment. "Desperate Youth" is a Universal picture that gives us another chance to judge of the merits of pretty little Gladys Walton. The picture is one of F. Hopkinson Smith's delightful stories of the South, filled with mellow atmosphere and clever character drawings.

"Proxies" is from Cosmopolitan—a light, fairly amusing crook comedy. "The Shadow" serves as a starring vehicle for Muriel Ostriche, who doesn't seem to be able to make up her mind whether she is an emotional actress or an ingenue. It is an old-fashioned melodrama.

"The Sky Ranger" is a new Pathe serial with a touch of Jules Verne about it. It is aimed to appeal to the imagination, and its first few episodes promise well for the rest of the continued story. The adventures center about George B. Seitz and June Caprice, "The Tomboy," with Eileen Percy, concerns baseball and bootlegging. It is as timely as a topical review. William S. Hart tackles a capital-and-labor story in "The Whistle" and forgets his deart but wild West. "Uncharted Seas" is Alice Lake's latest and it is reasonably interesting. Perhaps if I tell you that Rudolph Valentino is in the cast, you may make an extra effort to see it.

Confidential to the Picture Oracle: Is Rudolph Valentino married? Personally, I am not interested, but a great many women have asked me.
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What the Fans Think
Continued from page 72

next one, I understand, is "Gypsy Blood," made from "Carmen." Now the operatic "Carmen" is so obviously theatrical, that we never think of it as belonging to Spain. It seems more to belong to one of those "never-never-lands" that George Barr McCutcheon used to write about. But "Gypsy Blood" is said to be based on the original story by Prosper Merimee which paints Spanish peasants in the blackest of colors. It vividly portrays a group of Spaniards who are vulgar and base—and gives no hint that all Spaniards are not like that. "Larceny," the third of the Lubitsch pictures, is the story of ill-fated "Anne Bolena," which no historian has been able to twist so as to do credit to the English king.

Any one of these stories might have been selected by chance. But does it seem reasonable that all of them were selected just because they were good screen material? If these pictures are followed by others, depicting Russia under Catherine the Great, and Italy under the Borgias, my suspicion will have become a certainty. It seems to me that these pictures are likely to undermine our understanding of our foreign friends. Should that be done?

If Mr. Lubitsch will put on a single picture that presents a story from Germany's history that gives such undue prominence to a lamentable part of their past as these pictures do for France, England, and Spain, I will accept his pictures in good faith as works of art. Until that time I hesitate. Am I right or wrong?

Detroit, Mich.  
H. C. Wortzel.

A Warning to Producers.

I think the greatest trouble with the American producer is that when they develop some star who becomes unusually popular, they rush the market, so to speak, and the public soon wearies of the favorite. If the public were given fewer pictures of the star, or maybe not fewer, but at least not following each other so closely, they would await the next picture more eagerly, and the star would not fall out of favor so quickly.

I live in a town of about twenty-eight thousand souls. For a couple of years we did not hear much of Doug or Charlie, with the exception of a few old pictures at one of the small shows for the benefit of the kiddies. But some time ago, when their pictures appeared in such rapid succession, people became tired of seeing them so much, as I well recall. Roscoe Arbuckle started to do this, but his films were stopped before the public had grown tired of him, and now his new pictures are seen just often enough to be hailed with enthusiasm. When his last picture was shown, the house was packed on each of the three nights the film was there. This was because a film of his hadn't appeared here for a long time, and the people were eager to see him again.

I will never tire of my favorites, Charles Ray, Norma Talmadge, Constance Talmadge, and Wallace Reid, so long as the producers don't flood the market with their pictures.

Vaughn M. Henry
Mansfield, Ohio.
Some Favorite Plays and Players.

The past season has produced some splendid new work, and among those pictures I think that “Way Down East” is the greatest. It is a great picture because it has heart interest; the characterization throughout is splendid, and it is true to life in all its aspects. My admiration for Mr. Griffith is unbounded.

The other pictures which I enjoyed most for several reasons were as follows:

2. “On With the Dance.”
3. “Humoresque.”
4. “Madame X.”
5. “Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway.”

I have more favorites among the male stars than the female, principally because I think the mates are usually more stably character than most of the women.

It goes without saying that among the women Mary Pickford is my favorite star, with Elsie Ferguson a close second. Here I might add that I think Miss Lilian Gish the most versatile actress on the screen. Her work in “Way Down East” was unexpected. Dorothy Dalton, I think, is a splendid emotional actress, and so is Pauline Frederick. Vera Gordon, as the mother in “Humoresque,” was certainly superb. She also has a warm place in my heart for Miss Shirley Mason and her sister, Viola Dana.

Of the male stars, my favorite is Charles Ray, with Richard Barthelmess running very close second. John Barrymore is splendid, too, I think. Bert Lytell, Wallace Reid, George Walsh, and several others are all excellent types of men, and are very fine to see on the screen.

As for the directors, after D. W. Griffith, Thomas Ince, Cecil De Mille, Maurice Tourneur, and Marshall Neilan have all contributed a great deal toward good “movies.” We all like the best pictures that can be had, and these men are striving to give us them.

CHESTER R. BRYANT.
Shrewsbury, Mass.

Words of Praise in Roundelays.

I take your magazine; it’s the best I’ve ever seen—on the movies—which is sayin’ quite a lot. And so well I like your plan, that I speak as man to man, and I hope that you will forgive me the dot.

Now that Wily Lordly Rite is helping many in their fight; he hands out pies that’ve never seen a filler! Still, I guess no one will kick, if he sticks to pies, not bricks; then he’d get a reputation for a killer!

In the letters from the fans I have yet to see a ban to the sentiments a body may express—or parcel post. It makes the ink run for me when I know that I will see true opinions, though some stars may depress.

Then that Witwer—he’s a trump! He’s foxy on the jump, and he shakes a wicked adjective at the root. With his more than crazy talk, it is worth the monthly walk, and the quarter that it takes to buy a smile.

But I find my little wheelie quickly changes to a breeze, so perhaps I can’t have room to praise the rest. Of course, they’re more than good, but stopping when I should, I’ve only time to praise the very best.

Flint, Mich.

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READER.—Most five-reel features run close to five thousand feet of film, and it should take almost minutes to run them off if the projectionist runs it at the regular speed. Motion-picture titles are painted on black cards and are then photographed by a motion-picture camera.

As Admiring of Beverly Bayne.—Your favorite—Beverly Bayne, Minneapolis, Minnesota, in 1895. Yes, she is just the same off the screen as she is on. She is to return to the screen with her husband, Francis X. Bushman, in plays to be produced by Oliver Morosco's Photoplay Company. She is to be seen in "The Master Thief," first, the play in which she and Bushman toured the country under Morosco's management. They are now appearing in vaudeville in "Rich Man, Poor Man."

I. M.—The letter to Norma Talmadge was readdressed as you requested.

JUNE AND EDA.—Picture-Play Magazine is the only one I am connected with. "The Education of Dr. Leech" is one of Billie Burke's recent releases. Yes, "Homoque" was an exceptionally fine picture.

CLARENCE R., JR.—Edith Roberts is starring with Universal-White Youth and "The Fire Cat" are two of her late pictures.

PUGGEY P.—You will have to write to the editor for those interviews you would like to see, for I have nothing to do with them. Both Mabel and Buck Jones are appearing in Fox features. "Prairie Trails," "The Texan," and "The Untamed" are some of Tom Mix's most recent pictures.

EVANGEL L.—Natalie Talmadge is not with the National Film Company. In fact, she does not appear with any special company. Sometimes she appears in support of her famous sisters in First National pictures. Lew Cody has been married to Dorothy Dalton, but since their divorce neither of them have married again. I'll let you decide for yourself who is the most beautiful of the Talmagades. Skin is a great deal a matter of taste, and perhaps ours would not be the same. Then, too, I rather enjoy living, and don't care to share his gloom. Viola Dana is not engaged, unless she has been keeping something from me. I don't think she would do that.

MISS CECIL S.—Eddy Polo has only recently returned from Cuba, where he has been filming scenes for his forthcoming serial, "The Seal of Satan." He has been in the West Indies for about eight weeks. He is married. Eddy was born in San Francisco, and if you want to write him personally for his picture, Thelma Percy is not making any picture at the present time.

E. H.—Harrison and Francis Ford are not related. Mrs. Francis Ford is not in a picture now appearing on the screen, either, at present. He is directing Texas Guinan in her latest Western. Mr. Ford was born in Portland, Maine, in '67. Where have you been that you don't know who King Bagot is? At one time he was one of the most popular leading men on the screen. He is still a great favorite.

MISS CURIOUSITY.—I should think Theda Bara and Leatrice Joy are not the same persons. They are two decidedly different persons. Miss Joy is appearing in Goldwyn productions. She is unmarried, although she is wearing a large diamond on the all-important finger. She says she will not marry until she reaches the top of the ladder. Mary Miles Minter was born in Shreveport, Louisiana, in 1902. She stands just five feet two and tips the scale at one-hundred and thirty two.

JUX.—Louise Lovely is married. She has just completed her contract with the Fox Film Corporation and gone to Goldwyn. "Partners of Fate" is one of her recent productions. Her correct name is Otto Elmo Linkenhelt. He is five feet eleven and one-half inches tall and weighs two hundred pounds. He is one of the strongest.

POST TOASTIES.—I never heard of that picture. You may have it twiced in your memory. You refer to Kathleen O'Connor. "Buck" Jones was born in Wisconsin. He is married. You will find all your other questions already answered.

MISS CURIOSITY.—You mean Matt Moore. Owen Moore is starring in features for the Selznick Pictures Corporation. Tom is still a fixture with Goldwyn. Oliver Thomas has been signed by Morosco's. He is to appear in "The Last of the Mohicans." His marriage is to be on December 26. Constance married John Plagolou, a tobacco importer, of New York City. Dorothy became the bride of James Rennie, her leading man in Paramount features. Dorothy is just five feet tall. Lillian is almost a full two inches taller than Dorothy. Nazimova is five feet three. Mary Pickford is just right for you while Marjorie Daw is two and one-half inches taller than Mary. She was born in 1902. Roy Talmadge is no relation. Wallace Reid was born in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1892. He is six feet one.

MISS ROSEMARY.—Rosemary Theyb had one of the prominent roles in the Fox production, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court." "Kismet," Francis Ford is not dead. He is directing Western pictures at present featuring Texas Guinan. Addresses at the end of this department.

BILLY.—Mabel Normand was born in Boston, Massachusetts. She has never been married. Her latest picture is called "What Happened to Rosa." She has been vacationing, but is back to work once again.

BUNNY BRIGHT EYES.—Besie Barrassiko was born in New York. She is the wife of Howard Hickman, the director. Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Grace Darling was born in the English stage. Elmo Lincoln was born on February 6, 1889. He has played in a great many pictures which were not serials. All of your other questions have already been answered.

VIOLA'S ADMIRER.—You imagine I am a "real nice young man," and ask me to say yes or no. Which? Yes, Viola is the best picture hero. Her hair is dark. She was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1898. "Cinderella's Twin" was released in February. "The Off-Shore Pirate" is her latest picture. Viola is older than Shirley. Their correct names are Eliza and Eunice. Eugene O'Brien was born in 1881.
Bessie G. S.—Perhaps I never received your letter. I don't remember the questions, so I'm sure I didn't. Suppose you send them in again, and I will do my best to aid you.

Whiskers.—Viola Dana and Shirley Mason are sisters. Their family name is Plugg. Their hair color is the same. I never heard of De Cassins. Jackie Saunders has a small daughter.

B. F.—Dorothy Gish is the wife of James Jennie. He played opposite her in "Remodeling Her Husband" and "Fly-Ing Pat." Corinna was born in Prescott, Arizona, in 1912. She lives in Los Angeles, California, with her mother and an older sister, Ruth. Addresses are in the Oracle.

C. E. F. A.—No one individual controls or could control the motion-picture industry, although there are plenty of them who would be more than willing to assume the responsibility, if they were given half a chance. Dorothy H.—Monte Blue is married to a nonprofessional. David Powell is a married man. Conrad Nagel has blond hair and blue eyes. He is about twenty-nine years old and is married to Ruth Helms. Forrest Stanley is also a blond. There is a Mrs. Stanley. Rod La Rocque was born in Chicago, Illinois. He has dark hair and is unmarried. William Scott was born in 1893. He is of light complexion. He is scott-free. You are all wrong about Elise Duster. You will have to ask the editor for those stories you would like to have published. Going to the picture shows does not injure the eyes, as the photography is uniform, and the screens the very best that can be had at the best of the juvenile photography and the sheet screens it was considered a bad strain on the eyes to go to motion pictures. "The Misfit Wife" was produced by which studio? Alice Lake was the featured player.

Just Sagerhurst and Cactus.—William Farnum's wife does not appear on the screen, and they have not been divorced. Where else is the story? Irene Castle is Mrs. Tremaine in private life. Stars' salaries differ a great deal. They are paid by their box-office value. The stars who pull the largest crowds to the theater usually have the largest slice of the bacon. All addresses at the end of the Oracle.

Anxious.—There are several of you, aren't there? I think you must refer to 'Behold Your Man,' Edith Denby and Milton Sims. The feminine lead was not taken by Julianne Johnson, as you thought, but by Mabel Julianne Scott. She played the role in "Lily's in Love." She is a twin sister of Lily Lee. In fact, she isn't even related to Lily. Constance Talmadge did not marry a Hebrew or a Frenchman, as you thought. Constance Talmadge is the name of a Thracian goddess, who is Greek. There was quite an article about her marriage in the April number of Picture-Play Magazine. I have noted down what with the casting of pictures, so don't take it out on me because Mary Hay didn't play the lead in "Way Down East" instead of Lillian Gish. T-B-D. What is Griffith? Personally, I think that Lillian Gish must be due a beautiful performance, and one which could not be improved upon by any of our feminine stars. In the first place, Mary Hay had enough screen experience to undertake such a tremendous role. You say you would not like to see some woman making love to your husband on the screen. Then you must keep your husband off the silver sheet. Ethel Clayton was not divorced from her husband. He died from pneumonia. You are all wrong. As for the above, you should straighten things out for yourself.

Betty Compton Admirer.—Casson Ferguson played the part of Pauline Frederick's son in "Madame X." Yes, I agree with you that Betty Compton gave a wonderful performance in "The Miracle Man." And she is continuing to do notable work in her new starring vehicles. Betty was born in Salt Lake City, Utah. Her eyes are blue and her hair is light. At present, she is in California. She took a short trip to New York recently to sign her contract with Lasky, and then hurried back to the coast to begin her work at Lasky studios there. Phyllis Haver was born in Douglas, Kansas, January 6, 1899. She appears in Mack Sennett comedies. I don't really have time to be bored or tired.

Baby Doll.—Marie Walcamp is not appearing on the screen right now. She is living in California with her husband, Harlan Tucker. Harlan is appearing in support of Sessee Hayakawa in his current production, William Desmond was born in Dublin, Ireland. He is living on the coast with his wife, Mary MacIver, and his baby daughter. He will be seen in John Stahl's production of "The Child Thieves." A Bure.—Harry T. Moreau is not making pictures. Harry Deppe is still in pictures but is not working at the present time.

Ethel E.—It can't be a producing company that you ask about. It depends upon whether the young lady can act. How, in my far-away office, can I judge your ability? School is the best place for a girl your age, should say.

A Gulf Port Fan.—"The Moon Riders" is a Universal serial which is being shown under the name "An Adventure in the Far South." There was a small part for a blonde girl in it. He was born in Stillwater, Oklahoma, in 1899. Art was a cowboy and ranchman prior to his stage career. He was with the first film, the West Show in 1919, with Buffalo Bill in 1911. His screen career was interrupted by eighteen months in the service. He is six feet one and one-half inches and one hundred and eighty-five pounds. His hair is light and his eyes are blue. There is only one Edith Johnson in pictures. She is now the wife of William Dwan. They have been married only a few months. "Married Life" was a five-reel Mack Sennett Comedy. Ben Turpin, Phyllis Haver, Marie Prevost, and Louise Fazenda were some of the Sennett favorites who appeared in it. Douglas Fairbanks has no picture called "Married Life." I know of no place where you could get a complete list of all that have been released in the last four years. Some list! Buster Keaton's wife and child do not appear in the movies, because Buster has never had a wife or child. He is, however, engaged to Natalie Talmadge, and they are to be married in June. There is no studio that employs camera women. There are women why a husband and wife do not play together in pictures. Often one signs with one company and one signs with another. Most of the women are employed in production. Some of them work together, but not many. A few of the stars are directed by their husbands.

Ficker-Tail.—Francis Nelson is a young lady, not a masculine person, as you supposed. She is a brunette. Frances is not appeared in pictures for some time. The company you referred to was the "Fox." It is no more.
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LEAH R.—Tom Moore and Alice Joyce have been divorced. Alice is now Mrs. James Regan, Jr. Tom has recently married Rene Adoree. They have returned from their honeymoon, which they spent in Honolulu. Tom is now back at the Goldwyn studios hard at work. Most of the stars change their leading man or woman, as the case may be, with each picture in order to cast some one suited to the part. That is why you have observed the same faces.

FIG-LEAF—Katherine MacDonald has blue eyes and blond hair. That doesn't sound much like black hair and "purple eyes," does it? So I guess you will be safe in saying, "So there!"

VONA MCF.—Charles Chaplin was born in Paris, France, in 1889. His screen career dates back to the old Keystone days. His hair is brown and his eyes are blue. He and Mildred Harris have been divorced. King Baggot is married and has a small son, going by the name of Kerrigan. Kerrigan was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1899. He is unmarried. Gloria Swanson is Mrs. Herbert Somborn. Your other questions have been answered below.

E. O. WALTER Hawley played opposite Wallace Reid in the "Lottery Man." Gloria Swanson's baby is called Gloria, Jr. Wallace MacDonald was born in 1894. Yes, "Passion" has been released and has already been shown in the first-run houses. Oliver Thomas died from accidental poisoning. Her hair was light brown. "Connie and Dorothy" have taken no honeymoon as yet. Sylvia Breamer hails from Sydney, Australia. Juanita Hansen is not married. You will have to write the players for their pictures. Each one personally. I can't help you any. Dorothy Phillips and Allen Holubar have been married several years. If you send that chocolate cake. I will promise you to eat it all. Try me.

R. L. R. ALABAMA.—I don't think there are many church-going people any more who are against pictures.

MISS LA U S A F.—Priscilla Dean and Viola Dana are not related. Shirley Mason and Viola are sisters.

MISS MONTZONA LA PERCH.—Yes, I think it a funny name. But that's the one you picked out, and if you can stand it, I can stand it for you. William Scott is, as yet, an unmarried man.

HISHER V.—I remember your other questions, Hester, and they were answered, so by this time you have probably gotten them. Mary MacLaren and Katherine MacDonald are really sisters. Katherine's hair is blond. Mary's is the same. Both have blue eyes. Mary, at the present time, is not married. Katherine is at the head of her own company. Her latest picture is called "My Lady's Latchkey," from the novel. The Second Latchkey, by Wallace MacDonald, in relation to her. Generally a star has something to do with the selection of his or her pictures. It depends, however, on how big a star he or she is. They are at the head of their own company always do. Probably that was a new idea, as you said.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Carte de Havens played "Twin Pears." Madame Harriet Ford was divorced. Norma Talmadge is one of the most popular players of the day. Your "Market Booklet" was mailed to you.

MISS C. H.—You will find the addresses you wrote for at the end of this department.
E. Brown.—Lon Chaney has lost neither of his legs nor part of them. If you saw "The Hunchback," you didn't see him introduced after the picture using both his legs to show you that it was just as marvelous acting that he had been doing the part of a cripple in "The Miracle Man."

Ruth J.—If I had just your letter answering the question where you are, then I think I would probably have room and time. As there are others, however, I haven't written again when you are not quite so curious. A few questions at a time will make them last longer, as I expect to be here a long time.

Pauline T.—Elmo Lincoln is married. He has no twin brother. Ruth Roland is not married at present. She has been, but is divorced. Pearl White is married and has two little children. Juanita Hansen is unmarried. I don't know who Miss Nichols is.

Frances.—Marguerite Clark has her own company. Her latest release and her first picture since the screen was called "Scrambled Wives." She has been living in New Orleans with her husband, and, incidentally, has been taking a big role in the development of Long Wharf on her second picture. Margarita Fisher was born in Iowa. Missouri Valley was the place. Juanita Hansen is also from Iowa.

Des Moines is but one of his own tastes. Richard Barthelmess is playing the part of Youth in "Experience," George V. Hobart's play, which George Fitzmaurice will picture for Paramount. Marjorie Daw is playing the part of Love. Douglas MacLean's latest picture is called "The Home Stretch."

Bill Hart Admirers.—William S. Hart has finished his nine pictures which his contract with Paramount calls for and is going to take a long rest. Whether he will come back to the screen remains to be seen. I don't think he will be able to stay away for good. Not if he listens to admirers such as you, he won't. I think, however, he has deserved some rest, don't you? He has been working steadily for seven years.

F. Menendez.—Elmer Clifton played opposite Constance Talmadge in "The Hobby Horse," and is now playing opposite Charles Chaplin in "The Emigrant" and "A Day's Pleasure." She also appears in his latest picture, "The Kid." It is a sequel of "The Squaw Man" for which Foss was one of the original stars.

June G.—Tom Mix is married. Victoria Forde is his wife. They have no children. Frank Eaton has no relation to William. No, William Farnum and William Fox are not the same person. They are not related. William Fox is the owner of the Fox Film Company.

Jean L.—Mahlon Hamilton is married. He was born in Baltimore, Maryland. Mrs. Hamilton is not appearing on the screen. Eugene O'Brien was born in 1883. Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. New York City is sufficient.

Leny O.—The artists you asked addresses for are on the legitimate stage at present. All but Linda Cavallieri. She expects to make films to be known as the C-A-L productions.

Wayne E.—You will have to write those requests to the editor. I have nothing to do with the gallery or the cover pictures.
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Anna Q. Nilsson, Admire.—Your favorite is not married. You will have to ask the editor to publish the pictures you want. Write to him, also, for your subscription. Anna Q. Nilsson will be seen opposite John Barrymore in his new pictures, "Lotus Eaters." Wesley Barry will also be seen in this picture. Marshall Neilan is directing Miss Nilsson who was born in Ystad, Sweden. She divides her time, lately, between New York and California. At present she is giving New York all of her time. She does not work for any one company, just by the picture.

Kelcy.—Either place would reach her, but California is more direct. Bebe Daniels is starting now, so you won't see her opposite Wallace Reid. However, they both appear in Ceci B. De Mille's production, "The Affairs of Anatol." Wallace Reid appears as Athol. Bebe was born in Dallas, Texas, in 1901.

Gertrude F.—You will find how to reach Georges Carpentier by letter given elsewhere in the columns.

Gene Ostby.—Lew Cody was married to Dorothy Dahan, but they have been divorced. He was born in Waterville, Maine, in 1885. Marguerite Clark has no children.

M. Q.—Marjorie Rambeau made "The Fortune Teller" for Metro. She is again back on the stage, traveling with her company, "The Sign on the Door." Willard Mack is engaged to Pauline Freder- ick after he and Miss Rambeau were divorced. Now Miss Frederick and Mr. Mack are divorced. Miss Rambeau has since married again. Dorothy Gish and James Nicholson, Constant Talmadge and John Plaugolou were married December 26th. They were very quiet about it.

Miss Elllie T.—Norma Talmadge does not have any certain leading man. "The Passion Flower" is one of her latest releases.

Texas H.—Monte Blue was born in 1896. His wife does not play in pictures. Wallace MacDonald was born in 1891.

Constance B.—Write to Bebe Daniels and Marguerite Clark personally for their pictures. Addresses are given at the end of the department. It is best to inclose a quarter for a quarter sheet.

Miss Edith L.—Hoot Gibson and Helen Gibson were husband and wife, but have recently been divorced. Helen Gibson is to make pictures for the Associated Pictures. Your other questions have been answered.

Sadie C.—Eugene O'Brien is not dead. He is making pictures for the Selznick Pictures Corporation. Alice Brady is starring in Rea flat pictures. Her latest is temporarily called "The Tower of Sten-

Jery.—Glady Walton is starring for Universal. "All Dressed Up" and "Rich Girl, Poor Girl" are two of her pictures.

Blue-eyed Mary.—Katherine Mac- Donald has been married. Jack Dempsey is not married. His new leading woman is Babe Ruth. Babe has gone back to his base- ball career, and at the time 1 wrote he is in training. Nigel Barrie's wife is a nonprofessional.

Elizabeth W.—The addresses you wished to see printed appear at the end of this department.

Nathan C.—Your answers were mailed to you some time ago.

Mrs. Edith N.—Yes, it is quite true concerning Constance Talmadge's marriage. She is going to continue pictures. Her latest release is "Allama's Affair." Connie's husband's name is John Pilo- glo. You will probably receive her picture if you inclosed money for mailing it. It is long time, but don't give up hope.

Waldorf F.—"Stop This Thing" was a Tom Moore picture. William S. Hart is an American, and he was born in New- burg, New York. Douglas Fairbanks' latest picture is called "The Nut." Mary Pickford's latest is called "The Back Door." Eugene O'Brien's latest is a story by Ralph Ince. Martha Mansfield will appear opposite him. His latest release is "Deeds Again." Mr. Penney has not made any pictures for a long time. She is still on the stage in New York. Mae Murray's most recent attempt was "The Gilded Lily." David Powell is not appearing in it with her. Lowell Sherman takes the lead. "The Mistress of Shenstone" is Pauline Frederick's latest screen vehicle. Ethel Stewart stays with her. Don't complain to me about the way stories are "harrowed." I have nothing to do with it. Next time write earlier and your questions will get answered earlier. Still, I do serve the fudge, don't I? Your questions concerning Lew Cody and Antonio Moreno have been answered elsewhere.

Ruth T.—"Boots" was a Dorothy Gish picture. Harrison Ford and Beatrice Prentiss have been divorced. You win.

Mrs. Helen G.—Harry Houdini played the lead. That is his name, Tsurin Aoki is Sessye Hayakawa's wife. She has played with him in some of his pictures, but has no special woman. "The First-Born" is the name of his latest Robertson-Cole production.

Vona MCF—You inclosed the self-ad- dressed envelope all right, but you forgot to put a stamp on it, so I will have to answer you in the future. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1893. She is just five feet tall and tins the scales at an even one hundred pounds. W. J. Reid is married to ethel Dav- enport. They have one small son, Billy. Dorothy has been on the screen until recent years, then her time has been taken up with her home. However, she has lately made a picture. If you are so anxious to see her, watch for "Every Woman's Problem."

Sally Streebunk.—The Talmadge sisters were ill. Barbara of New York. Elliott Dexter has been ill, but is now back on the screen and starring in Famous Players pictures. His first is called "The Wishing Hour." William D. Taub is producing "The Lost." You never heard of the Miss Harrison you asked about, no one on the screen by that name. Sorry.

Lloyd E. S.—Marguerite Clark was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1887. You refer to Betty Harrington. Fred Packard, Wesley Barry was born in Los Angeles, California. He has only been in pictures a short time. Thomas Meighan and Bessie have the leads in "The Miracle Man." Betty has recently signed with Lasky, so you will see her in their future pictures.

Bessie B.—Antonio Moreno's name is Antonio Garrido Montecasino. He is of Spanish origin. Born in Madrid in 1888. Probably so.

Marie W.—Your letter to Cullen Lan- dis was forwarded.
Addresses of Players

As asked for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Address Harry Carey, Gladys Walton, Priscilla Dean, Eddy Polo, Erich von Stroheim, Frank Mayo, and Jane Novak at the Universal Studios, Universal City, California.

Conway Tearle, Elaine Hammerstein, Martha Mansfield, Ralph Ince, and Eugene O'Brien at the Selznick Pictures Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.


Elmo Lincoln at the Century Studios, Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Thomas H. Ince, Doris May, Florence Vidor, Lloyd Hughes, Douglas MacLean, Hobart Bosworth, and Louise Glau at the Ince Studios, Culver City, California.

D. W. Griffith, Lilian, and Dorothy Gish, Richard Barshinov, Mary Har, and Ralph Graves at the Griffith Studios, Mamarache, Oriental Point, New York.

William Fox, William Farnum, and Pearl White at the Fox Film Corporation, New York City.

Eisen Percy, Buck Jones, Shirley Mason, and Tom Mix at the Fox Studios, Hollywood, California.

Alice Brady, Fafre Blincey, and Justine Johnstone at the Realart Pictures Corporation, 405 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Bebe Daniels, Wally Havre, and Mary Weeks at the Morgan Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Corinne Griffith, Alice Joyce, Harold Hale, and Alice Calhoun at the Vitagraph Company, 405 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Earle Williams, Edith Johnson, and Antonio Moreno at the National Studio, Los Angeles, California.

Alphonse, Mary Allison, Buster Keaton, Casson Ferguson, John Dunn Mitchell, and Dominia at the Metro Studios, Hollywood, California.

Bert Lytell and Hope Hampton at the Metro Pictures Corporation, New York City.

Marjorie Daw at the Paramount Pictures Corporation, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

June Capricle, Ruth Roland, Jeanne Hagen, George B. Seltz, and Marguerite Cournot at the Pathé Exchange, 25 West Fortieth Street, New York City.

Pauline Frederick and Susie Hayakawa at the Robertson-Cole Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Charles Ray at the Charles Ray Studios, Fleming Street, Los Angeles, California.

Cullen Landis, Mabel Normand, Tom Moore, Molly Malone, Richard Cramer, Lawrence Joy, Will Rogers, and Mary Alden at the Goldwyn Studios, Culver City, California.

Katharine MacDonald at the Katherine MacDonald Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert Heres at the Hollywood Club, Hollywood, California.

Carlise Blackwell at the Lambs Club, New York City.

Marguerite Clark, Lionel Barraque, Anna Q. Nilsson, and Wenda Harvy at the First National Pictures Corporation, New York City.

Anita Stewart, Gertrude Astor, and Walter McCardy at the Mayer Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Blanche Sweet, Mary Pickford, Mary Thurman, Lew Cody, and Roscoe Arbuckle at the Brunton Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Vesta Marlin at the Goldwyn Studios, New York City.

Vivian Marlin at the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, 405 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

George Cheesemore, Texas Guinan, and Frank Ford at the Foots Studios, Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Jack Doyle at the National Film Company, Hollywood, California.

William H. Hunter at the William H. Hunter Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Chet Kimmell Young at the Harry Garrett Studios, Edendale, California.

Douglas Fairbanks at the Fairbanks Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert O'Rear and Mildred Davis at the Rolin Studios, Culver City, California.


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Then, comes the office — the general manager sitting at his desk, his cheery “Good morning, I see you are exactly on time” ringing in my ears. That old tingle of exaltation comes back to me even now, for I realized that I had made a right start, for the man before me was an “on time” boss.

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If you don't want to keep the Oliver, simply send it back at our expense. If you do agree that it is the finest typewriter, regardless of price, and want to keep it, take a year and a half to pay at the easy rate of only $4 a month.
PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE

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A GOOD vacation means above all else change of scene. The city-dweller longs for the country or shore.

The country-dwellers seek the excitement of metropolitan life.

Whichever class you are in you will find that Paramount has anticipated your motion picture wants.

In the country you will find that the fame of Paramount has penetrated to your resort, whether it be in a theatre that seats three hundred or three thousand. You can see the same fine Paramount Pictures there that you were accustomed to at home.

The visitors to the cities will discover any number of Paramount Pictures to choose from.

Take train anywhere; take steamer or aeroplane, and you will inevitably arrive at one of the theatres on the Paramount circuit of enchantment.

Whether it is 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 Pictures.

They both show the same pictures! Paramount Pictures.

The resort that has Paramount Pictures is in the swim—a Broadway show in the heart of the country!

Paramount has achieved this national recognition by steadily delivering great entertainment,

—entertainment conceived and interpreted by the foremost actors, dramatists, directors, writers, impresarios and technicians,

—photoplays made with the idea that each one had to beat the last,

—motion pictures so good that in the United States alone more than 11,200 theatres, not counting summer theatres, depend on them as the chief source of supply.

Whether you see Paramount Pictures in a metropolitan theatre or in a summer theatre that vanishes with the first frosts, you are equally sure of fine entertainment.

When you see that phrase, “It’s a Paramount Picture,” park your car, motor-boat or canoe and go in,

—because if it’s a Paramount Picture it’s the best show in vacation-land!
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A DAZZLING ARRAY

Four Sensational Features for Our August Number

Don’t Miss the September Number of PICTURE-PLAY MAGAZINE
Mellin’s Food Babies

The proper use of Mellin’s Food and fresh cow’s milk will enable your little one to have the healthy and robust appearance so typical of all Mellin’s Food babies.

We will be pleased to send you our book, “The Care and Feeding of Infants,” also a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin’s Food.

Mellin’s Food Company, Boston, Mass.
The photo dramatists around Los Angeles are sharpening their pencils and renovating their typewriters. A new vista of expression has recently been revealed. The signs are in the heavens; the stars as ranged in the order foretold by many of the film prophets of old—but, better yet, the signs are upon the earth. There is likely to be a demand for three or four times as many screen stories in the fall of 1921 and the spring of 1922 as there has been in years and seasons past and gone.

One of the long-established studios in Los Angeles announces the early release of a series of two-reel dramas, which has just been completed. They are going to continue making them, as their main policy. Stars of unquestionable popularity in five-reel features have been signed for them. The drama editor of a leading Los Angeles newspaper has seen several of the initial two-reelers, and is profuse in his praise of their artistic merit. He believes they will immediately influence the public mind. His surmise is founded on the fact that brevity has ever been the soul of American literature.

It is reasonably certain that other producing organizations will follow the leader in this two-reel renaissance. Ever since the old Biograph days there has been discussion as to the feasibility of making two-reel productions. Now the die is cast, and the screen writer of to-morrow will be pocketing numerous and sundry substantial checks—his earthly reward for stories long since written and pigeonholed because his brain children could simply not be reared to the estate of mature five-reelhood. They were the natural offspring of two-reel ideas, mistaken by an inspired parent for embryonic five-reelers.

The renaissance two-reel photo play parallels the short story, the most popular literary pabulum of modern times. Our short-story magazines are legion. The vaudeville stage has a tremendous following; and it is obvious that Americans like their entertainment brief and variegated. The wise photo dramatist will know in what direction lies a fair proportion of his future art expression, and—of course, purely incidentally—his future tea and cake.

The two-reeler will call for a finer, subtler artistic touch than the five-thousand-footer, just as the short story requires far more delicate treatment than the novel. The art of Stevenson, Poe, O. Henry, Merrick, Lafcadio Hearn, and Joseph Conrad will find its proponents in the creators of the land of shadows.

There is power in compression and concentration of force. The two-reel photo dramas will probably be more vivid, more powerful, more intense, more exciting than their older brothers of extensive footage. Incidents and moments of life will be detached from the vast hubbub, and held before us on the screen as pictures of eternity's high-water marks, making us conscious of fugitive moments when we glimpsed, behind the illusion of events and circumstances, vistas of deeper beauty and meaning.

Like an overture or prelude, "While New York Sleeps," a series of three entirely separate and distinct two-reel stories strung together under the above nocturnal title, blazed the way several months ago.

The photo dramatist can adjust his collar button and perspective, and face the world with high hopes.

During the year 1920 the Eastman Company had a monthly output of sixty-five million feet of motion-picture film. They report that the output up to date in 1921 is holding up consistently. This would indicate that photo-play production has not entirely disappeared from the face of the earth.

For our readers who wish to engage in screen writing we publish a booklet called "Guidedposts for Scenario Writers" which covers every point on which beginners wish to be informed, and which will be sent for ten cents in stamps. For those who have written stories which they wish to submit to producers we publish a Market Booklet giving the addresses of all the leading companies, and telling what kind of stories they want. This booklet will be sent for six cents. Orders for these booklets should be addressed to the Scenario Writers' Department, Picture-Play Magazine, 79 Seventh Ave., New York City. Please note that we cannot read or criticize scripts.

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In "The Wonder Book for Writers," which we will send to you ABSOLUTELY FREE, these famous Movie Stars point out the easiest way to turn your ideas into stories and photoplays and become a successful writer.

Millions of People Can Write Stories and Photoplays and Don't Know It!

This is the startling assertion recently made by one of the highest paid writers in the world. Is his astonishing statement true? Can it be possible there are countless thousands of people yearning to write, who have neither the time nor the inclination to find it out? Well, come to think of it, most of us have a story that can't most anybody write a story? Why is writing supposed to be a rare gift? Perhaps that is the only reason that the Mis-taken Ideas the past has handed down to us? Yesterday nobody dreamed man could fly. Today 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. I think these people are coming, waiting—a whole new world of them," ad lib. What do you know what these writers-to-be are doing now? Why, they are the men—artists, scientists, business men, lawyers, doctors, storekeepers, professors, teachers, truck drivers, street cars, working on tables, working as barbers, waiting for the news of the world—rural districts; and young, old, by scores, new young writers, or standing behind counters—running minis in factories, bending over sewing machines, or doing housework. Yes, you may laugh—but there are the Writers of Tomorrow.

"What's the use of writing isn't only for geniuses as such. Don't you believe the Creator gave you a story-telling faculty just as He gave you any other? You are a writer? Only a few are simply "bluffed" by the thought that you "haven't the gift." Many people are simply afraid to try. Or if they do try, and their first efforts don't satisfy, they simply give up in despair and abandon. It. They're through. They never try again. Yet if you can tell a story in any way, you've learned the simple rules of writing, and then given the imagination a few rein, they might have astonished the world.

But two things are essential in order to become a writer. First, to learn the craft of writing. To learn to write stories and plays that will sell, to learn to exercise your faculty of Thinking. By practicing a thing you develop it. Your imagination is something like your right arm. The more you use it the stronger it gets. The principles of writing are no more complex than the principles of spelling, arithmetic, or any other simple thing that anybody knows. Writers learn to place together a story as easily as a child sets up a miniature house with his toy blocks. It is amazingly easy! After the mind forms the idea how.

A little study, a little patience, a little confidence, and the thing that looks hard often turns out to be just as easy as it seemed difficult.

Thousands of people imagine they need a fine education in order to write. Nothing is farther from the truth. Many of the greatest stories and plays have been written by people who never learned to write at schools. They may get the principles there, but they really learn to write from the great, open, boundless Book of Humanity. Yes, scooting all around you, every day, every hour, every minute, in the whirlwind vortex the flotsam and jetsam of Life—even in your own home, at work or play, are endless incidents 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. Think! If you want to a fireside, or saw an accident, you could come home and tell the folks all about it. Unconsciously you would describe it all very realistically. And if somebody stood by and wrote down exactly what you said, you might be amazed to find your story would sound just as interesting as many you've read in magazines or seen on the screen. Now, you will naturally say, "Well, if writing is as simple as you say it is, why can't I learn to write?"

LETTERS LIKE THIS ARE POURING IN!

"I wouldn't take a million dollars for it. I'd rather have the World's Fair.
"I wasn't living at the time, so I was very interested. It was a fine story."

"This is the best book I have ever read. It will be a great help to me in my writing."

"I was interested in the subject and felt that your book would be helpful in my work."

"I have read this book and have been greatly interested in it."

"It has been a great help in my writing."

"I have been studying writing for some years and have found this book very helpful."

"I am a reporter on a newspaper and have found your book of great value."

"I have been interested in writing for several years and have found your book very helpful."
Chats with Screen Authors

Continued from page 8

who believed in infinite goodness, was a far cry; but it was of such contrasted elements that one of the outstanding photo plays of the last several years was fashioned. A good story's the thing—the biggest thing.

Since "Earthbound," no photo play based on spiritualism has evoked even a slight measure of public approval; only Jeanie Macpherson and the De Milles have consistently evolved popular domestic problem plays. What is the answer? A good story creates public interest in its theme!

Photo Playwrights and Scenarioists

The rapid growth of the art of photo-play making has resulted in a terminology that is frequently confusing, especially to those who are not in close contact with the studios. Eventually we shall settle down to a more or less permanent nomenclature. Among the most misused designations are “scenario,” “scenario writer,” “photo-playwright,” and “photo dramatist.” It has become a habit to call any one who has to do with the preparation of a screen manuscript a “scenario writer.” This, applied to a freelance writer, is a misnomer. Anthony Paul Kelly, H. H. van Loan, or any other author who creates a story for the screen is a photo playwright or a photo dramatist. The term “scenario writer” should be applied to the writer of continuity. The detailed synopsis or original narrative of a screen story is often referred to as the scenario, but the scenario is really the scene continuity that is prepared by the scenarioist—the continuity writer. C. Gardiner Sullivan and others who work as he does are both photo dramatists and scenarioists. Mr. Sullivan creates most of the stories that he handles, yet he puts his work directly into continuity form after he has formulated the action in his mind.

The Eighth Art

We have called the photo play an art. We wish that every one who has to do with the making of motion pictures, or who is interested in the motion picture to any degree whatever, would realize that the photo play is the eighth of the fine arts—the embodiment of the youngest—the only one born in America. It is only twenty-five years old; just emerging from its swaddling clothes and attaining the dignity of an art after its first few years of experimentation. It is an art, however—the most plastic and completely universal of all. A photo play dealing with the fundamental human emotions appeals to the native of Servia just as effectively as it does to the resident of South Dakota. They fall in love in Mongolia just as they do in Minnesota; they pursue happiness and woo Fame and Fortune in New Hebrides as much as they do in New Jersey. The photo playwright, therefore, who gets genuine "heart interest" into his screen stories—who makes an emotional appeal that is universal, regardless of race, tongue, or environment—is the surest of success.

Stories—Not "Ideas"

Time was when photo-play producers, despairing of ever getting enough real screen dramas to satisfy the demand, advertised that they would pay for "ideas," fragmentary situations and plot germs. To-day complete screen dramas, in detailed narrative synopsis form, are being sought. We have discussed this with many of the representative producers, editors, and directors, and each and every one has emphasized that free-lance writers should spend sufficient time and thought on their stories to work them out completely from the establishment of the basic premise to the rounding out of the final climax. Changes may be made in the studio after the story has been purchased, but these are mere matters of strengthening a character here, a situation there, rebuilding action to cut down the number of sets, et cetera. The writer would do better to take three months in which to complete a real story that will sell than to dash off "ideas" at the rate of one a week and accumulate a collection of rejection slips.

The Amateur Photo Dramatist

I recently received a letter containing the following plaintive wail: "I am informed, most reliably, that there is no longer any opportunity for the amateur scenario writer. If this is true, it would seem to be a waste of time to write stories and send them to the studios." To this we replied as follows: "You are absolutely right. There is no opportunity whatever for the amateur writer of screen stories. But why be an amateur? Why not work and study and try to become a professional? Heaven knows, there is nothing to prevent you from doing what others have done during the short life of the motion picture if you really have the gift for it. If you desired to be an attorney you would not go to court first and ask to try a case, but you would find a source of legal knowledge and study law. Scarcely two decades ago there was no such thing as a photo playwright. Those who have succeeded during the intervening years rubbed no magic lamp, no genius guided their pens, nor did they wave mystic wands over white paper and find talismanic stories written thereupon. They recognized the photo play as a new art, requiring a new technique, and they set about to master the situation. Go thou and do likewise."

Overproduction

That there was an era of overproduction in picture making is an accepted fact. But now all signs point to the assimilation of this overproduction in the immediate future. What does this mean? It means a return to more than normalcy in production; it means a greater-than-usual demand for good stories. And this, coupled with the recent reversal of policy on the part of a number of large producing organizations which have not hitherto been receptive toward "originals," provides a rosy outlook for the photo playwright.

Western Stories

It is reported that there is a sudden increase in the demand for Western stories. Many times it has been predicted that the public was tired of subjects dealing with the West, but the supply is ruled by the demand, and just now there are many calls for two and five-reel "Westerns." The stories must be different from any that have been produced in the past, however. Scenes involving barrooms, dance halls, drinking, haphazard and unnecessary shooting, et cetera, had better be eliminated before the manuscript is submitted for sale. The best rule to follow is to write a wholesome, human, heart-interest story that might take place anywhere, and then adapt it to a Western locale. Romeo and Juliet, with two families of ranchers instead of the Montagues and the Capulets, could be played in Idaho as well as in Italy.

A Real Problem

Next month we will discuss one of the most vital problems confronting the photo dramatist. Some startling facts will be certain to jar the complacency of a few now languidly reclining in the seats of the mighty.
EVEN before I met Ted Farrel, I felt strangely attracted to him. Whenever I thought of him, there was that indescribable, inexplicable happiness surging through me. And once, when the newspapers wrote up the story of Ted’s having drowned, I clutched him on my picture and passed it in my scrapbook. Oh, how I cherished that picture, and dreamed over it, and wondered and hoped.

If I could only meet him—if I could only see him, and talk to him, and tell him how much I admired him. I felt, somehow, as though I had known him all my life. I just knew that he would be a true gentleman, an immediate friendliness, a responsive feeling.

Then, one day, came a glorious surprise. An old school chum of mine, from whom I had not heard in years, invited me to a little informal dinner at her home. “Ted Farrel will be here,” she wrote in her letter, “and I know he would be glad to meet him. Glad! It seemed to me that I had nothing left to wish for in all the world!”

I Begin My Happy Preparations.

Exciting with joyous anticipations, I began to plan and prepare for that wonderful day when I should meet my lover. Of course, there was nothing in my wardrobe that would do justice to the importance of the occasion. I paid a visit to the tailor and confided her, impressing her with the utter necessity of the new gown being the prettiest one she had ever made.

“I’m going to meet Ted Farrel,” I laughed jestingly—but I’m quite sure that she noticed how I clung to her every word.

Well, at last the day of the dinner arrived. My new dress was extremely becoming. My hair seemed to rise in curling waves, and happiness brought a warm glow to my cheeks, a keen brilliancy to my eyes. I felt, as I surveyed myself in the mirror, that I had never looked so pretty before, never felt so well-poised—and confident.

All My Joy Is Shattered.

Helen was delighted to see me. “Come,” she cried gaily, “let me introduce you to my guests.”

As I entered the big drawing-room I felt unaccountably restless. I knew Ted immediately. He was standing near the window talking to one of my school chums. Naturally, my impulsive eagerness, did something which I did not know was incorrect, but which caused the others to laugh at me.

It was over in a moment. Before I realized what had happened, I had committed an awful blunder, an unforgivable breach of etiquette! All my happiness, my weeks of planning, my anticipations vanished in a maze of misgivings. I turned swiftly out of the room, to hide from the amused glances of the guests. And most of all I wanted to cry.

In my confusion I failed dismally in acknowledging the introductions that followed. Helen attempted to bebmpy. I believe, although she tried hard to be kind to me, to put me at my ease. I赶快ly passed over the guests glanced at each other. And I began to wish devoutly that I had never come—or that I had at least prepared myself by reading up somehow about introductions and how to avoid looking like a fool.

Then, vaguely, I realized that I was being introduced to Ted Farrel! But the pretty pleasantries, the pleasant sentiments I had planned to say were forgotten in my preoccupation with the pleasing social condition. I had been so preoccupied with the thought of being “liked” and “happily.” But I hurriedly made up my mind that I could not be so happy, so I just went in a corner.

I Spend a Miserable Evening.

Oh, how unhappy I was when I realized what a mess I had made of my dinner that was to meet my lover. He was in the very same room with Ted—just as I had always hoped and dreamed of being—and yet dreading to look at him! I had planned to demand him and my strange attraction for him and about the newspaper writers and the clipping. But how could I speak to him, after that ridiculous blunder? Oh, how it happened!

Later, at the table, I felt uncomfortable and ill at ease whenever any one looked at me or spoke to me. I was frankly rather vexed to wonder how soon it would be possible to leave without appearing rude. And instead of conversing happily with Ted, as I had hoped to, I avoided his every glance.

I was glad when the time came to leave. I tried to be as cool to drown my mortification in a good long cry. And when I saw Ted approach, smiling, I wondered, in panic, whether it were proper for me to offer him my hand orjust say “good night.”

Then with a stiff little nod hastened away.

That evening my heart would break. I knew that I could never face Ted Farrel again and the awful blunders I had made. And bitterly I reproached myself for not knowing better. “I will get back that book this morning,” I promised myself grimly, “and I’ll make sure that a thing like this never happens again.”

I Buy the “Encyclopedia of Etiquette.”

The very next day I sought for the famous “Encyclopedia of Etiquette.” I determined to have it for my own study, and to make sure that I would never again suffer such a mortifying evening.

I had always prided myself upon being cultured. I felt that I must know just how to act. So I followed the conventions of society the highest letter of its law. But, oh, the serious breaches of etiquette I was making almost every day! And although I was sure of my past, I didn’t know pitifully little about dinner etiquette. I didn’t know right from wrong, stones from my mouth, the cultural way to use a dinner-bowl, or the correct way to use the commonest form of etiquette. If I had only the book before me.

Etiquette at the Dance.

I glanced over the chapter called “Etiquette at the Dance.” In a few moments, I discovered, I made a terrible blunder. I had blundered indeed. I had never known whether it was the proper thing to offer a dance to a lady, or whether she could be asked to dance without reason. I knew pitifully little about the dance etiquette problems that must face the average young lady every day.

And when I read the chapter on introductions, I was thoroughly bewildered. I had never known how many times a young lady may dance with the same partner without breaking the rules of etiquette.

And when I read the chapter on introductions, the very book that I had made points out! If I had only read this chapter before, I would have avoided that awful blunder. Instead, I would have been able to establish an immediate, friendly understanding between Ted and me.

I found that I actually did not know how to behave in my position. I didn’t know whether to say: "Mrs. Brown, meet Miss Brown," or: "Miss Brown, meet Mrs. Brown." I didn’t know whether to say: "Bobbi, this is Mr. Blank," or "Mr. Blank, this is Bobbi." And I didn’t know whether to shake hands with a gentleman upon entering the room, or whether to let him ask me to stand up or remain seated.

Every evening, I must struggle with the warfare and make and acknowledge introductions. The “Encyclopedia of Etiquette” made it all so clear to me that I can never make a mistake again.

To the Young Man and Woman—

I would like to give you a bit of advice. The world is a large, unpolished world. It will not tolerate the illiterate in the art of etiquette. To be admitted to society, to enjoy the companionship of brilliant minds, and to win admiration and love—these are not possible for the woman to cultivate charm, and for the man to be polished, impressive. And only by adhering to the laws of etiquette is it possible for the woman to cultivate charm, and for the man to be what the world loves to call a gentleman.

I will never forget that miserable evening I spent—and the many other miserable evenings that followed because of the memory of it. I can never face Ted Farrel again. Ted had in whom I had always longed to meet and talk to—and impress. I am glad to write my story—help to other happy young people from shattering their hopes and sadness by blundering in the important art of etiquette. My advice to men and women who desire to be well-advised: that cannot desire to impress by their delicacy of taste and finesse of breeding, must—send for the splendid two-volume set of the “Encyclopedia of Etiquette.”

“ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ETIQUETTE”

In Two Big Volumes

Sent Free for 5 Days

The Encyclopaedia of Etiquette is excellent in quality, comprehensive in proportions, rich in Illustrations. It comes to you as a guide, a revelation toward better living, free of charge. It dispels lingering doubts, corrects blunders, teaches you the right gesture.

There are chapters on etiquette at the wedding, etiquette at the ball, dinner etiquette, dance etiquette, dinner etiquette problems that must be faced every day of your lives. And each one is solved for you. The desire to impress by their delicacy of taste and finesse of breeding, is—sent for the splendid two-volume set of the "Encyclopedia of Etiquette.”


Nelson Doubleday, Inc.

Dept. 408, Oyster Bay, New York.

You may send me the complete two-volume set of the "Encyclopedia of Etiquette.” After 5 days I will either return the set or send you $2.50 in full payment—and the set is yours. Or, if you are not delighted, return the book and you won’t be out a cent.

H. C. WITWER, the famous humorist, will provide the stories for Lee Moran's comedies, the first of which will be "Robinson's Trouser," The motion-picture rights to this author's great success, "The Leather Pushers," have also been acquired by the Universal company, but no announcement has yet been made concerning its production. With Mr. Witwer and other popular writers commissioned to supply their scenarios, Universal joins the ranks of companies who believe that this is the day of the big author in motion pictures.

Bebe Daniels is making a picture called "One Wild Week," but she is not telling how much of it was suggested by her recent term in jail for speeding.

May Collins, the leading woman of Goldwyn's "Look Before You Leap," and who is rumored to be engaged to marry Charlie Chaplin, will play opposite Frank Mayo in "The Shark Master," a Universal picture.

Richard Barthelmess is the first star to be signed by the Inspiration Pictures Corporation, which will release through First National. A story by Joseph Hergesheimer is planned for one of his early productions.

Wheeler Oakman will play "Slippy McGee" in the film version of the famous novel to be made by Morosco. Colleen Moore will appear opposite him, having been loaned for this picture by the Marshall Neilan organization.

Kid McCoy, whose previous laurels have been won in prize-fighting bouts, has announced that he is going to film the story of his life. He has been married seven times, three times to the same wife, who will probably act in the picture. He says that this production will be a comedy.

Al Jolson, most popular of black-face comedians, will make his debut in motion pictures some time during the summer.

The success of "The Queen of Sheba" has sent J. Gordon Edwards again digging into history. On emerging from his library after a recent tour of investigation through the periods not yet capitalized by Lubitsch, the producer of "Passion," he announced that he would film the stories of "Nero," "Mary Queen of Scots," "Francesca di Rimini," and "Alexander the Great." All of these pictures will be made abroad.

"Sentimental Tommy" in its screen form so pleased Sir James M. Barrie that he asked to have John Robertson appointed to direct "Peter Pan" also. It has not yet been decided whether to make this film in England or America, but it is fairly certain that Betty Compson will play Peter. May McAvoy will play Lady Babbie in Barrie's "The Little Minister," which will be directed by Pernyn Stanlaws.

Marie Walcamp, long a favorite in Universal pictures, will return to the screen after an extended absence in a Lois Weber production.

The next D. W. Griffith production will be "The Two Orphans," with Lilian and Dorothy Gish. After that it is likely that Mae Marsh will make a picture under his direction. She has finished her Robertson-Cole contract.

Harry Carey of Universal pictures is the proud father of a son.

Kitty Gordon has won a judgment of twenty thousand dollars against G. M. Anderson for breach of contract. It is rumored that Mr. Anderson, better known to fans as "Broncho Billy," will soon return to acting in pictures, but if she gets this money, Kitty Gordon won't need to.

Rockcliffe Fellows appears in the leading role of the next Marshall Neilan production for First National. It is tentatively titled "Some People."

"Omar the Tentmaker," the mammoth stage production which followed soon after "Kismet," will be filmed with Frederick Warde in the title role.

For one scene of "The Affairs of Anatol"—a scene which for obvious reasons could not be rehearsed—Wallace Reid was instructed to break everything breakable on the set. He did; the resultant loss being estimated at about thirty thousand dollars. Reid shattered everything in sight while the cameras clicked, mirrors, lamps, chairs, phonograph, and piano were demolished one by one. As a conclusion to the scene, the strong-man star seized a heavy, overstuffed divan and hurtled it bodily through the French doors at one end of the set.

Continued on page 14
ELECTRICITY
The Short Cut To Big-Pay

Electrical Experts Earn $3,500 to $10,000 a Year

You, Too, Can Do It

How long are you going to putter along in your long-hour, small-pay, no-future job, earning $20 to $30 a week, when you can earn the same amount in a few hours as an Electrical Expert?

Why drag along in this way when with a few short months of training under me, through my easily-learned, quickly-grasped, right-up-to-the-second, spare-time, home-study course in Practical Electricity you can quickly fit yourself for one of these big jobs, the kind that pay $3,500 to $10,000 a year?

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As Chief Engineer of the Chicago Engineering Works, I know just the kind of training you need to succeed as an Electrical Expert. My course in Electricity is so simple, thorough and up-to-date that you can easily understand and apply every line of it—no big words, no useless theory, no higher mathematics—just plain, every-day, straight-from-the-shoulder, man-to-man English—the kind you and I use every day.

Your Success Guaranteed

My course is backed by an iron-clad guarantee that insures your success and satisfaction. I positively will refund every cent paid me in tuition, if you are not fully satisfied. No other school will do this for you. Back of me in my guarantee stands the Chicago Engineering Works, a Million Dollar Institution.

Free Electrical Working Outfit

To make your success certain I give you tools to work with—a splendid big outfit of electrical instruments and supplies. No chance for failure here.

Save $45.50 By Enrolling Now

By enrolling now you can save $45.50 on the regular low price of my course. But you must act at once. Write me today, for my Big Free Book, "How To Become An Electrical Expert." It's the first step towards bigger pay.

Yours for success,

L. L. Cooke, Chief Engineer
Chicago Engineering Works
Dept. 448 1918 Sunnyside Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

THE COOKE TRAINED MAN IS THE "BIG-PAY MAN"
News Notes from the Studios
Continued from page 12

Elliott Dexter and Montague Love have been cast in important parts in "Peter Ibbetson" in which Elsie Ferguson and Wallace Reid will have the leading roles.

"The Lost Romance," as produced by William De Mille, is Elinor Glyn's idea of a good picture. Those who are anxiously awaiting the first Glyn picture are referred to Agnes Smith's review, in this issue, of the De Mille picture.

"Carnival," directed by Harley Knols, who was formerly with Famous Players, is said to be the most important production yet made in an English studio. After spirited bidding 
the American rights to it were acquired by United Artists, and it will probably be shown in America in the early fall. Matheson Lang, one of the most prominent actors in England appears in it.

Acceptable imitations of Arabian desert, South Seas Islands, and Alpine avalanches have been created for the screen, but there is one spot in the world that cannot be faked. That is Times Square. For that reason Frank Lloyd, the Goldwyn director, came East from California with Phoebe Hunt, Jack Holt, John Harra, and Gloria Hope, to film scenes for "The Grim Comedian," in the vicinity of Broadway and Forty-second Street, New York City.

Louise Huff will appear in "Disraeli," which George Arliss has announced as his first production for United Artists.

Marie Prevost's first star picture for Universal will be "Kissed," adapted from a novellette which appeared recently in AINSLEE'S MAGAZINE.

Wallace Worsley, who formerly directed for Goldwyn, will direct the next Katherine MacDonald production.

Gareth Hughes will appear as a Metro star in "The Hunch," a George D. Baker production, adapted from a novel in THE POPULAR MAGAZINE.

On completing "The Serenade," which was directed by his brother Raoul, George Walsh came to New York from California, making personal appearances along the way.

Florence Vidor has been signed to star for Associated Exhibitors, under the guidance of Arthur Kane, who pilots the Charles Ray company.

The question of how discriminating residents of heaven dress has been agitating the Bert Lytell company at the Metro studios. The question had to be decided in order that Bert Lytell might be properly garbed.
Hobart Bosworth now has his own company, which will make six productions for the Associated Producers company. Bessie Love appears as his leading woman in the first of this series.

Nazimova finished her contract with the Metro company on completion of "Camille" and announced the formation of her own company. May Allison decided to return to the speaking stage on the completion of her Metro contract early in the summer, but another company persuaded her to remain in pictures.

Wesley Barry has been loaned by the Marshall Neilan organization to Warner Brothers, who are going to make a film version of Gus Edwards "School Days."

"Human Hearts," the popular melodrama which is being filmed by Universal, was written by Hal Reid, Wallace Reid's father.

Sigrd Holmquist, one of the most popular film stars in Sweden, has completed one film in America for Cosmopolitan Productions, and has started work on another.


Although motion-picture fans are entirely unfamiliar with the work of Margaret Armstrong, the screen Universal is so sure that she will be a favorite that they have given her a long-term contract. Von Stroheim met her socially and offered her a part in "Foolish Wives." She did so well in this bit that she was rewarded with a contract.

House Peters has returned to the Goldwyn lot, where he will play the leading part in "The Man from Lost River."

"From the Ground Up," an original screen story by Rupert Hughes, will be Tom Moore's next star picture.

On completion of "The Foolish Matrons" Maurice Tourneur will start work on his long-heralded production of "Lorna Doone."

Helen Jerome Eddy takes her first excursion into light comedy in "The March Hare," a Reallart picture starring Bebe Daniels. Her success has been made in more dramatic roles, such as the ones she played in "The Forbidden Thing" and "The Ten Dollar Raise."

Lois Weber plans to screen several stories written by Queen Marie of Roumania.

A spectacular train wreck will be one of the features of "Star Dust," the Hope Hampton production, which is being made from Fannie Hurst's novel of the same name.
This is a real photograph of a delicate lavender organdie dress after it had seen a year's service and had been washed twenty-five times. The photograph shows that the dress is as crisp and charming as ever.

But the picture does not show the most important thing of all—that the color of the dress today is as clear and bright as when it was bought. There is absolutely no difference between the washed fabric and an unwashed strip that was cut off to shorten the skirt.

The girl who owns this dress (she is wearing it for best again this summer) says she never got such service from a fine garment until she started to wash out her nicest things herself with Ivory Soap Flakes.

She thinks her success with Ivory Flakes is partly due to its unsurpassed purity—for Ivory Flakes is simply a new form of genuine Ivory Soap and contains nothing that can injure cloth or colors; and partly to the fact that it makes such rich, instant-cleansing suds that rubbing is unnecessary.

Ivory Flakes will take just as good care of your lovely clothes as it did of this dainty frock. Try it at our expense (see offer at right) and learn how easily you can keep your finest things looking like new.

Send for FREE SAMPLE with complete directions for the care of delicate garments.
Address Section 47-HF, Department of Home Economics, The Procter & Gamble Company, Cincinnati, Ohio

IVORY SOAP FLAKES
Makes pretty clothes last longer
OUR Griffiths and De Milles may scour the seven seas and every obscure country encompassed by them in search of strange contrasting effects for their screen paintings—they have nothing on Sessue Hayakawa. Into a picture that breathes the very spirit of the Orient—"Where Lights Are Low," if you want the name—he has put the most Occidental of all Occidental institutions—the jazz orchestra, with real Chinese musicians, by the way.
CAN YOU THE

The first of two frank, authoritative are set forth. What your chance to spend in trying to get

By Helen

I am not going to pretend to tell any one to stay or to come, but I am going to try to show what it means to break into motion pictures and let you decide for yourself whether you want to pack your trunk and start for New York or Los Angeles or whether you want to continue to imagine yourself the star of a motion-picture company and let it go at that. You can go right on imagining, you know, whether you ever pack that trunk or not.

No one has ever tried to estimate the number of girls and young men who do pack their trunks and start for these two motion-picture Meccas every year. One casting director, who was so afraid of his estimate that he would not let me use his name, said that there were five thousand applicants on hand now for the five hundred "extra" jobs on hand. Another director, equally bashful, said that there were fifty applicants for every place he had to offer. All of them agreed that the profession was overcrowded with applicants and that they were continuing to pour in.

"And it's all the fault of the publicity," wailed more than one director to me. "These girls and young men read the fabulous stories of motion-picture stars who are made overnight and they get the idea that all they have to do is to come here and the rest will follow as a matter of course. Now as a matter of fact almost all the stars have served years of apprenticeship, and the stories simply forget that."

"But," I persisted again, "how about those eighteen-year-old stars and those twenty-year-old stars, where do the years and years of experience come in?"

"Well," they defended, "some of them went on the stage as children. And, anyhow, all of them have had at least two years."

Two years to stardom—and this on the confession of more than one director! That explains why thousands hasten to the motion-picture Meccas. Two years to a salary of at least two hundred a week, or three or four years to double that or more—why, when there is anything like that in sight, of course, girls and young men are coming here and nothing on earth can stop them. No profession offers such rich rewards; nowhere on earth will youth and beauty and a little ability reap such a harvest as on the screen if one succeeds. And just as truly the chances of success are the biggest gamble any one can engage in.

THE title for this story is a good one. I never knew until I arrived in Los Angeles why the term "break" into the motion-picture world was used. But this term exactly expresses what any girl or man who wants to be a motion-picture star will have to do, break in, not go in, or get in, mind you, but break in.

When I went out to see the managers of the different companies in and about Los Angeles with a view to finding out just what the opportunities were for girls and young men who wanted to come out and work in motion pictures they all answered hastily:

"Oh, tell them to stay away."

"But," I persisted, "you have to have new people, you know. You keep right on taking them."

"Oh, well," replied the chorus, "they'll come, anyhow, no matter what you tell them."

Photo by Edward Thoerig Monroe

Two years to stardom and big earnings—the record of Betty Compson—is enough to dazzle any ambitious young person.
Now what is a girl or a young man who wants to go into the motion pictures, or who thinks about going into the motion pictures, to do about it? First find out how much you really want to go. About six months ago a young woman asked me about getting the help of a famous actress in getting into the motion pictures. Once, she said, a prominent producer had met her and had told her he would give her a job in his company. She did not want the job at the time, but a year later she decided she would like to have it. She wrote the producer and he did not reply; she bombarded him with telegrams, but he did not answer. Then she came to New York almost penniless and lived with—and on—kindly girl friends while she tried to see the producer. She failed. Then she consulted me.

"Have you ever seen motion-picture actors and actresses working?" I asked.

"No," she admitted.

"Well," I replied, "go over to Fort Lee and stand in line as an extra at one of the companies across the river until you get in to see one day of it. Then if you still think you want to act, go on until you get a job. But what right have you to bother any one unless you are at least certain that you want to go into the work?"

The young woman did not take my advice. She simply would not take that much trouble. And she isn't in motion pictures. The mail of the famous motion-picture actors and actresses is full of appeals from people—like this girl—who think they want to act in motion pictures. Nobody has any right to write to any one and make such an appeal, and such appeals never accomplish anything unless they have something more than inexperience to back them. Neither do letters to producing companies. I saw yesterday in one of the big studios letters from England, New Zealand, and Australia in each of which the applicant demanded train and steamship fare to come over and join that company. Don't waste time writing letters to anybody. If you can visit a motion-picture studio to see what kind of work acting for the pictures is, by all means do so, and form your own impression. If you cannot, read what I have written about it here, which states the unvarnished facts.

The business is a little different in New York and in Los Angeles. And to begin with it might be well to place those two cities where they belong in the motion-picture world. At present it is said that ninety per cent of all the pictures in the world are made in America. Seventy-five per cent of these are made in and about Los Angeles. The other twenty-five per cent are nearly all made in and about New York. A very few films are made in other scattered points. In New York City the chorus girls, actresses from various theaters and cabarets often work during the day in the studios, so that New York has always on hand a large number of trained and experienced actors waiting for places. If you can figure at all you can see that the chances in Los Angeles are more than five to one as against New York.

In Los Angeles work begins at eight-thirty a.m. At eight o'clock actors and actresses are in their dressing rooms making up. The regular day ends at five-thirty. But there are frequent demands for overtime work and some scenes, outdoor night scenes, for instance, are actually taken at night. However this is extra. The ordinary day of eight to five-thirty with a brief interval for lunch—oh, how often have I heard the remark, "we didn't have time for lunch to-day," in a studio—is spent mainly by actors and actresses in waiting about a huge, dark building; yes, I said waiting, waiting for a chance to act. Yesterday at Universal I saw twenty-one young women who were to be used in one scene, requiring no acting whatever, the only thing they had to do was walk in one door and out another. They had been sitting

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**"Tell Them to Stay Away"**

Is every director's plea when you ask what chance newcomers to the studios will have. And yet the studios need new people constantly. They keep right on taking them in spite of the fact that they are always announcing that the field is overcrowded.

One director says that he has five thousand applicants for five hundred jobs and another estimates that he has fifty applicants for every place he has to offer.

But what other profession offers such rich rewards? Where else is there even a chance for youth and beauty and a little ability to reap such fortunes?

The point for you to decide is—do you want to take that chance?
in that dimly lit place all day Monday, from eight-thirty to five-thirty, all day Tuesday through the same hours, and all day Wednesday until four p. m, when they were numbered in the order in which they were to walk. When I left half an hour later they were again sitting, waiting to walk.

This was not the fault of the director, indeed the director was feeling pretty bad about it. But taking pictures is a complicated business. A number of things can go wrong, and delay seems inevitable. Waiting is the biggest feature of the studios, deadly tiresome, monotonous waiting. Even stars have a big share of this, as they cannot be acting all the time, and, although at their salaries they have to be kept fairly busy, one sees them waiting, waiting, even as the extras, for a chance to act. Any girl or young man who wants to be a star will have to be prepared to sit quietly through hours upon hours and then spring into action at a moment's notice. Small wonder that a lot of the girls and young men, who come to Los Angeles, stop right at this one point, bored to death by the waits.

If you think that you can stand this monotony of waiting in dim-lit places while all the bright, sunshiny world outside calls to you—and it certainly does call loud in California—you have passed what I should call the first qualification. (Yes, you do act outside sometimes, but most of it is indoors.) The next is money. How much have you?

If you haven’t any, wait at home until you get some. Don’t start for Los Angeles without a goodly sum.

Many, many girls come in with just enough to keep them for a few weeks, or perhaps a few days. Then they are stranded and things happen; sometimes they get other work, sometimes they accept charitable aid, sometimes they sell themselves for a living—of a sort.

Take a look at the situation in Los Angeles. California is the biggest health resort of the nation. It is full of people with means and without. The former are content to work for almost anything—many girls come to the studios just for fun. To the everlasting credit of the directors be it said that they do not welcome such girls and turn them off if they know their object. The people without means will work at anything for any price, just to stay there. Suppose you cannot get into motion pictures at once—what can you do? Jobs are always to be had by the really efficient, but untrained girls have a hard time. Young men usually have a training at something, so the motion-picture aspirant, who doesn’t get into pictures, usually lands safely at mending autos or building houses or fixing the plumbing or selling shoes—which things he does back home—and so makes his way. But untrained girls need and must have money in hand.

I think if all the casting directors—the men who pick you for parts—and the producers, could talk through a megaphone to every city, town, and farm in the country, they would shout to every girl who is thinking of coming to Los Angeles:

"Bring with you enough money to live for at least six months, for one year if you possibly can."
That sounds hard, but the truth is that you cannot give yourself a fair chance on any less.

Look the facts in the face. Los Angeles has a population of nearly a million. There are hundreds of girls there who live at home, and hundreds of young married women who can work for pin money. They will be your competitors. They can afford to put every cent they make into your most valuable asset, a wardrobe. If you are going to run in the race with them you must be prepared to do that same thing, to spend every cent you make until you are started, on your wardrobe. As one director said frankly to me:

"This is business. If a girl comes here too often in the same suit or frock or evening gown; if her dress is faded or soiled, or we have seen it too much, we send her home, minus an engagement."

You can live decently in or about Los Angeles for fifteen dollars a week at present prices. You can live for less if you have to and know how.

But I am assuming that you are young and inexperienced. This means that you need your fare to Los Angeles and four hundred dollars and your fare home, before you start. If you can possibly make that four hundred dollars six hundred you had better do it. And remember if your parents can supply you with that sum that you are going to risk it in one of the most speculative businesses on earth.

Look over your physical equipment. Study with a critical eye your body before a mirror. If you are a man you are going to need a good, broad-shouldered athletic type of figure, of the kind that will look well in the most abbreviated form of bathing suit as well as in evening dress. You need fairly regular features and a good carriage. If you are a girl you must be between five feet two and five feet five in height. If you are taller you may stand some chance, but decidedly less. You must have a well-shaped body
The House that

And a peep at some of the strange sights within.

If you were told that the curious structure on the opposite page was one of the sets for a medieval story in which witches and demons were to be represented on the screen, you would believe it unquestioningly. It may be difficult, therefore, to convince you that it is not a set, but a motion-picture studio, or rather, part of one, for the entire structure extends much farther.

Although Willat has made some somber pictures, his new pictures are not—entirely so.

Irvin Willat began learning his trade some fifteen years ago when he was a handy boy around the "Imp" studio. Since then he has held every job connected with picture making.

A scene inside the studio snapped during the filming of "The Face of the World."
Irvin Built

than is shown here. But it was all built in this curious, grotesque, fanciful style just to please the whim of Irvin Willat, who has launched upon a career as an independent producer in Los Angeles.

If you don't remember the name of Irvin Willat, you will recognize "Behind the Door," "Below the Surface," and "False Faces," three unusual pictures which he directed. Two of his new independent productions, "Down Home" and "Partners of the Tide" already have been released by Hodkinson.

His next big picture is called "The Face of the World," and it is from the making of that picture that the accompanying scenes were snapped.

Above, a view of a wild party from the next Willat picture.

Gordon Mullen is one of the principal laugh producers in the Willat organization.

Studios have been built to resemble Southern mansions, English cottages, jails, and factories—but never has one been built on such grotesque lines as this!
Fine Feathers and Ambition

Beautiful clothes play no small part in Pauline Starke's affections, but her success has all been achieved without their artful aid.

By Aileen St. John Brenon

“1 can tell you this,” she replied. “During my stay in Los Angeles, I discovered that Pauline Starke was the best-dressed girl in the town. There were flashier girls, and gaudier girls, and more flamboyant-looking girls to be sure. But there were no girls more tastefully or suitably gowned than Pauline Starke. I didn't know who she was at first, but whenever I saw a particularly good-looking cloak or a hat or dancing frock, and asked a companion who the wearer was, the invariable answer was Pauline Starke.”

Miss Starke confessed to me that while she has had very little use for pretty clothes on the screen, she has a woman's love of them in the home, and when she is not working in the studio much of her time is spent in her cozy house planning new sartorial feats for her dressmaker to perform.

And now that she has come to the city of beautiful women and beautiful gowns, she doffs her Salvation Army costume when the day's work is over and slips off to Fifth Avenue to revel in the delights of Paris models.

That earnestness which is characteristic of Miss Starke's work is characteristic of herself. She is seriousness itself. She explained that she went on the screen because there were just herself and her mother in the world, and she thought her mother had borne the burden long enough.

Pauline and her mother are pals. They came to New York together, and when the time is ripe they plan to go to Europe together.

Continued on page 103
From a Beach to a Feature

It is only a step from a one-piece bathing suit to evening dress if Nature has been kind.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

THIS should be called The Evolution of Mary, but that sounds like a treatise, and Mary isn't the subject any one would pick for a treatise. You could write a treatise on "Our Maritime Trade in the Future" or "Bean Growing in Far-off Brazil," but you couldn't rate Mary Thurman with such stodgy things. It couldn't be done, even though she has evolved.

Our story opens four years ago. The scene is the Sennett squat farm, situated on Alessandro Street then as now, although perhaps a trifle less pretentious then. We were watching Charlie Murray lead a quartet of decorative beach beauts through a little informal bacchanale. And as if in a Greek drama, on horns duty, we all murmured, "Some chick!" We didn't say, "Some chicks!" you will notice. Our gaze was concentrated, focused intently on the bell wren of the flock—Mary Thurman. And we all agreed that she would go far, and soar high.

Our propheteering was rewarded when we visited Bill Hart's reel ranch a year later. It was, to be exact, a year and a half later, in the summer of 1919. And who was eased in Bill's checkerboard arms as the camera ground out the final footage? Whose vivid red lips met Bill's as the deft Mr. August cranked the final close-up? Whose, indeed, but Mary Thurman's. This was advancing, we all agreed. She had left the pies and high dives for the Western epics of the silver-sheet. She had forsaken Ford Sterling's heroics for Bill Hart's bashful wooing. We all smiled as we watched the scene, and some one voiced the sentiments of all when he said: "Lucky Bill!"

But the evolution process continues, fortissimo. For after all, the Hart job was not the pinnacle. It is all very well to be a Westerner's sweetheart for film purposes, but a minimum of genuine acting ability is required; beauty counts. The leading woman opposite Bill Hart or Bill Parnum or Harry Carey or Tom Mix need only look sweet and kiss with finesse: little else is essential. So you see there were higher steps remaining for Mary to climb.

The time is the present: the scene Dwan's Hollywood studios, brand-new. And Alan Dwan is talking:

"Yes, in 'The Broken Doll' Miss Thurman's name will be featured. I liked her work so well in 'The Sin of Martha Queed' that I think she deserves this advance. She

Continued on page 104
The Revelations of a Star's Wife

The fourth installment of an entralling narrative about motion-picture people.

Illustrated by Edgar Franklin Wittmack

What Has Gone Before.

The wife of Hugh Beresford—the name which the author of these amazing disclosures about motion-picture people has assumed—is such a real helpmate that she plays an important part in the making of her husband’s pictures, even though she does not appear in them. Not only her husband, but his associates, confide in her and seek her advice. It is her suggestions that keep Hugh’s acting always deft and appealing, and it was her courage that made him feel free to chance their savings on a production of his own. Others seek her advice chiefly about love affairs. There was Danny Gardner, for instance, a likable young chap who was in love with Carol Burnet, Hugh’s leading lady. But a scheming mother had given Carol such a shallow point of view that she preferred ephemeral success to a romantic and less lucrative partnership with him. Sally, the author, felt bitter about this, and resolved that she would find some one who could make Danny forget the inconstant Carol. Later, when Sally and Hugh came East to start the first production of his own company, they picked up the threads of Lorraine Tevis’ life story. She had married for money, in spite of Sally’s pleas that marriage could not be made a business contract, and her husband’s money had fostered the success that was rightfully hers. Then she and Bruce Kildare, whose love scenes together had brought them thousands of admirers, had fallen in love with each other. Their affairs reached a crisis when Lorraine’s husband asked them to choose—struggles together, or continued prosperity and stardom for the man if they stopped seeing each other. To Sally’s dismay, Bruce faltered, and Lorraine thought he did not really want her to leave her husband for him. Lorraine comes to Sally’s hotel to say that she is going to Europe with her husband, and Bruce Kildare, hastily summoned, arrives too late to stop her.

CHAPTER VII.

I dressed as fast as I could and hurried downstairs; like nine women out of every ten, I simply cannot keep my finger out of the pie of a real romance. Lorraine’s car was at the curb when I reached the front door; I had counted on her husband’s being too deep in a business conversation when she joined him, and I discovered afterward that I was right. She was just stepping into the machine as I caught sight of her, and her husband was giving directions to the chauffeur.

Neither of them noticed me, nor did they see who came across the sidewalk just then. And evidently their car started just as he realized whose it was. He stood there on the sidewalk for a moment, watching it as it threaded its way through the traffic jam at the corner of Broadway and Forty-third Street, and from the way his shoulders sagged I knew what he was thinking.

“I was too late, wasn’t I?” he exclaimed, as he joined me a moment later. “Tell me, are they going abroad? I noticed that there was some luggage in the car.”

I told him then about Lorraine’s call on me that morning, and my hope that he would come in time to prevent her going away, despite the decision that had been reached the last time he saw her. I couldn’t help feeling a little bit impatient with him—it seemed to me that he had been cautious at a time when caution was out of place. And he must have sensed that thought of mine, for he came out with the truth bluntly.

“You think I’m a sort of cad, I suppose?” he began.

“But here’s how things really stand. I can’t last more than a couple of years longer, according to the doctors. I don’t worry about their opinion, because having a bum heart doesn’t bother me in the least. But—would it be fair for me to take Lorraine out of the luxury she lives in and ask her to build up a future with me, when I might just slump on her hands before we really got well started? It would take her nearly two years to get her divorce put through—that is, before the final
I didn't think for a time then; I didn't even feel any more than I could help. I just buried my face in my baby's soft, beloved little body.

decree was granted and she was free to marry me. So—well, I had to let her go, that was all."

"But why didn't you tell her this—why did you let her go away thinking that you didn't really want her?"
I cried.

"Because I couldn't bear to have her think of me as a half portion of a man," he answered, flushing a little.

"She hates the thought of sickness, you know, and I'd rather she'd hate me than remember me pitifully, and with distaste. That's why I didn't tell her."

I leaned back in my chair and looked at him, thinking of what a muddle many lives are twisted into. It would be a long time before either he or Lorraine could be happy again, I knew. She was the type of girl whose memory is a curse, linking up even little, inanimate things with big moments. And more than he realized, she had made her life over, so that it conformed to his tastes, had worn colors that he liked, and done her hair as he thought it most becoming.

so it seemed to me. Anyway, the racket was dreadful, and Hughie, junior, was sitting up in his little bed howling with fright at the noise.

"We've got to get out of this," I told Hugh, cuddling the baby up in my arms. "If I weren't too old to get away with it I'd out scream son. Spring wasn't made to be lived in cities, anyway."

"Let's clear out to-morrow, then, just temporarily," he suggested. "Claudia Dorvenn lives not so very far up in the Berkshires, and when she's in town a while ago she urged that I take some exteriors at her place for this picture; said her house was simply made for the movies. So we could borrow Danny's roadster and run up there: on the way we could pick out some good locations—kill half a dozen birds with the same stone. How about it?"

I blew him a kiss over the tumbled curls of his son's head. And I wondered why Fate had been inspired to give me such a particularly nice husband.
The Revelations of a Star's Wife

So we started off in the car not half an hour after Bruce Kildare had gone back to his club, to stare at the clock and figure out just what Lorraine Tevis was doing at that moment. Hugh had disguised himself in an old duster and a cap that was pulled well down over his eyes, and as we tucked the baby in between us—young as he is, he adores motoring—and I gave a last look at the suit cases strapped to the running boards, I hoped that my illustrious husband would be as successful in avoiding recognition as he hoped to be. You've no idea how terrible it is never to be able to take a quiet, unassuming outing without having perfect strangers gather around and stare at you. Really, when I read about the way the crowds almost mobbed Mary Pickford and Doug when they went abroad, I wondered that they didn't commit some petty crime and get sent to a nice, quiet jail for a few days, in order to get some peace!

Hugh didn't do as well as he'd thought he would, though. He was recognized twice on Riverside Drive, when we had to slow down—and once it was a girl on a sightseeing automobile who knew him, and she told everybody around her, which was decidedly embarrassing for us. After that Hugh put on goggles, and even Norma Talmadge didn't know us when we passed her car a few minutes later.

It took us a little over an hour to get into the real country, but along toward half past three we were clear back in the hills, and the towns through which we passed were all little ones. It hardly seemed possible that only the day before we had been told that Hugh was to use, looking over the equipment, wondering if it would be wise to get another sunlight for examining the sets that were to be used the first of the week.

We stopped for tea in a fairly large place, not because the one restaurant looked especially inviting, but because I'd seen in front of one of the theaters a poster announcing a recent picture of Hugh's. That won my heart instantly. I wanted to sit in the restaurant window and look at the people who went by and wonder which ones would go to see it, and how they'd like it. You see, Hugh's releases always have a strong personal value to both of us. One of them will seem to us just what young chaps who are just starting out in life will like; we believe there's a lesson in it for them, especially if they're beginning in rather a small way, as Hugh did, and want to get married—he and I were engaged from the very first day he went into work—and don't know exactly how they're going to swing it.

Then there'll be another one that we feel is for the boy or girl who lives in a little country town and wants to go to a big city, because there doesn't seem to be any chance of success back home. And another picture is meant for the married people who don't hit it off very well and can't see just why. Oh, there's many a sermon tucked into motion pictures; perhaps it doesn't always get over, but it's there, anyway. And no matter how trite the stories given him, Hugh and I have always tried to plan out some bit of action that would make somebody say, "Well, that's the way with life—and that fellow had the right idea about how to handle it; wonder if I couldn't follow his example." If one picture in ten gets that thought across then all the effort we've made along that line is worth while.

Well, I was thinking something of that sort as I sat there in the corner, drinking tea, and managing Hughie's glass of milk for him. Hugh had gone across the street to get some tobacco—he smokes a pipe whenever he gets a chance. But he seemed to stay forever and ever, and I'd demolished all the hot muffins and was ordering more when he came dashing back across the road.

"Say, Sally," he exclaimed, "would you mind staying here to-night? We could go on to Claudia's tomorrow—I'll phone her that we were delayed—and I've sort of got business here that needs my attention, if you don't mind."

Now, he'd wound up that little speech with such a sheepish expression that I knew perfectly well what to expect. He didn't have to tell me that he was going to do something a good turn—the way he flushed and averted my eyes told me that.

"Who needs you here?" I asked, laughing. He grinned at that, and plunged into his story.

"The fellow who has the theater," he answered. "He's just been in business a little while, and things have gone pretty slowly, because he has such keen competition. The folks here have been in the habit of hopping on the trolley and running over to the next town every night to the movies, and he figured that he could catch the crowd here. But he's not getting them. You see, he's making a fight for clean pictures—and it begins to look as if that sort of thing wouldn't pay.

"Now, to-night there's a rotten release, a blatant sex picture, being run in Laneville—that's the next town—and he's got one of mine, as my beautiful wife so kindly noticed," and he laughed and made a low bow to me. "So—well, I introduced myself to him and said I'd stage a personal appearance, if that would help any. He's got a couple of kids, you see, and his wife helps him in the theater—takes the tickets, and all that—and every cent they've got is tied up in it, and it isn't much to do—oh, yes, they asked us to dinner, too. Sally—and they're going to have strawberry shortcake."

It's exactly like him to make excuses that way, when he does something for some one.

"Of course, I'm only willing to stay because of the shortcake," I declared, getting up and slipping into my coat. But on the way over to the little store where the theater owner was waiting for us I tried to tell Hugh how I felt about him, while he carried the baby and pretended to be so busy with that very familiar burden that he didn't hear me. However, I appreciated what he was going to do, though he wouldn't let me tell him so. For if there's anything in the world that he hates, it's making a personal appearance at a theater. And I don't blame him!

CHAPTER VIII.

The theater owner—his name was William Stokes—took us home with him and introduced us to his wife; then he rushed off to put up posters around town announcing that Hugh would be at the theater that evening, and I got his wife to let me set the table, while Hugh went out into the garden and picked the berries for the shortcake.

At first Mrs. Stokes felt rather shy, but she soon got over that, and would keep passing in the middle of a trip from the kitchen table to the stove to ask if it was true that Theda Bara had gone back to her birthplace in Egypt and was living in a tent at the base of the Sphinx.

To me such rumors are scandalously funny, but I suppose that they're really natural enough, considering the distance they travel. I explained that I had seen Theda Bara in New York only a few days before we left, and she hadn't the faintest notion of going to Egypt, but was trying to recover from the rather brutal criticism which her play, "The Blue Flame," received on the road.

Hugh was to make two appearances at the theater—one at half past eight and one an hour later, but Mr. and Mrs. Stokes had to leave as soon as supper was out of the way, to get the theater ready and begin sel-
ing tickets. As they started out together, both beaming with happiness, my heart went out to them; they were so bravely putting their shoulders to the wheel, trying to get a start in life. They'd supported Mr. Stokes' invalid father till he died, about six months before, and the money that he'd left them they'd invested in the theater. They were trying awfully hard to give good programs; Mr. Stokes' sister-in-law played the piano, and did the best she could, but they were hoping to get a good player piano a little later, so that the range of musical selections wouldn't be so limited. And Mrs. Stokes was raising strawberries and asparagus for the market, and Mr. Stokes was running a jitney, between times, to help out.

"This stunt of yours will just put us on our feet," he told Hugh, as they left us. "Once we get people into the theater and they realize that it's comfortable, they'll be more interested in coming again."

Hugh got out a white suit while I heated some water so that he could shave, and then I sat in the bedroom window and visited with him while he dressed. And we gossiped a bit about Claudia Dorvenn, whom I'd met only once, and of whom I knew only little things that had been well embroidered by the gossips.

"I met her two years ago, out on the Coast," Hugh told me, as he stropped his razor. "I'd dropped in at the Community Studios, to see a big set that a man: I knew had designed. She was reclining on a gorgeous couch, all posed for a close-up, and I was introduced to her while she waited for her leading man to come and stand outside the range of the camera and say the lines he was supposed to be speaking when that shot was taken.

"It was hotter than Dutch love in the studio; every Klieg in the place sputtering away, millions of Cooper Hewitts going full blast, a sunlight arc turned directly on the lady—you should have seen her make-up run! But she had a fool director who thought he knew what he was doing, and she stood for it. The extras were on the verge of fainting, and the only happy people there were the girls who were swimming around in the pool—it was a bare scene, or whatever they called 'em when they had them in Egypt.

"Well, the leading man didn't show up, so finally the director turned to me—Claudia and I were exchanging opinions on snow stuff, by way of cooling off—and said, "Say, why can't you stand outside this close-up, young man?"

"She was shocked to think that he didn't know me, and tried to apologize. But I said that all right—why should he know me? And do you know, that's what started our friendship."

"But what about all these stories they tell about her?" I asked. You see, for years she'd been one of the most talked-about vampires in the motion-picture world: if I told you her real name you'd immediately recall any number of stories about her. And I couldn't help being curious.

Hugh regarded me quizzically in the mirror, but said nothing.

"Well, I've heard that she's a regular heart smasher," I protested. "and you know her fairly well, though I've just barely been introduced to her. Tell me the truth—is she really as fascinating as she's said to be?"

He wiped his razor, tucked it into the case, and faced me with a broad grin.

"I've heard that, too," he answered. "And all I've got to say is 'Wait till you know her.' Going to the slaughter of the innocents with me?"

It was useless to tease; I knew that he wouldn't say another word about Claudia Dorvenn, so I began getting ready to accompany him. I knew how he hated going to the theater, so I was going along to lend him moral support from some secluded nook. A perfectly dependable woman was to stay with Hughie and the Stokes children, so I felt safe about leaving him.

The little theater was simply jammed when we got there, and we slipped in by a back door that let us in behind the motion-picture screen. Hugh was as nervous as a cat.

"What'll I say, Sally?" he whispered, jerking his tie crooked in his effort to straighten it. "What on earth can I say that'll interest those folk? Won't it be awful if they hiss at me? Gosh, this is terrible!"

I couldn't help laughing—he was so big and broad-shouldered and so accustomed to the ordeal of facing the camera, yet here he stood, shak ing like a leaf, really scared.

"You'll have an inspiration," I assured him. "Remember, they're all your friends out there—you don't have to be afraid of them. And stop fussing with your tie!"

He calmed down a little then, and when he got out in front of the curtain he had all the assurance that the situation demanded. I can't tell you what he said, because I was too excited myself. You know how it is when any one for whom you care a great deal is appearing in public; you feel so thrilled and shaky and proud that you can't really listen or watch at all. I suppose that's the way I'll feel when Hughie junior grows up and goes to school and sneaks pieces. But I do know that Hugh got on beautifully, and that when he ducked in behind the curtain again he'd made a lot of friends.

That's an awfully important thing, you know. And it's harder for a man who's in pictures to do than it is for a woman. He has to face so many men who feel that they work hard for their money, and that he has a sissy job and gets paid out of all proportion to the work he does. Some of them haven't any respect for a man who just acts for a living.

Hugh always tries to justify himself with such men—to show them that he's a regular fellow, just as they are, and that he frequently puts in as hard a day's work as they do. I believe that he'd gladly disperse with the favor of the many women and girls who like him if he could just be sure of the men.

He certainly won them that night: when we slipped out of the theater by a side door there was a mob of them waiting to shake hands with him, and two or three who were friends of the Stokes' went on to the house with us, and visited till it was time for Hugh to go back to the theater again.

(Continued on page 86)
It was an iris night spangled with gold. The wind surged in the trees, arousing the perfume of orange and eucalyptus. The curtains of the casement windows fluttered in waves of fragrance. Rich color filled the room: crimson from an Indian basket lamp that swung like a censer above, and orchid from a silken light on a gilded standard. Navaho blankets made patches of flame on the walls, and slim cat's-tails with graceful leaves reached from the corners toward the ceiling.

There was romance in the scented wind, adventure in the colored glow. The atmosphere carried the theme of personality. I suppose all homes do. This was the bachelor den of Julio of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," otherwise Signor Rudolph Valentino, whose star now rises in high ascendancy.

The young signor lounged opposite me blowing lazy ribbons of smoke from a slim ivory holder.

There was silence.

We had dined.

My host, before dinner, had prepared an ambrosia with a bouquet as delicate as the odor of blossoms.

Had he lived in the time of the Louis he might have been immortalized in the pages of Dumas as one of those renegades who enter boudoirs by the balcony, duel husbands of fair ladies, and—when excitement is below par—rob a coach or two, always returning the jewels lifted from the lovelier damsels.

Instead of being assigned to the century of romantic deviltry, he was thrust into the century of censors, where the only chance a gay blade has for immortality is on a police blotter or the screen. Most of us still have a sort of moonshine love for outlawry, a secret still down in our hearts which the reformers too well suspect. Rascals of the D'Artagnan mold are not permitted at large. They are not permitted even on the screen unless "they point a moral"—a moral plain to the messianic censors, who look through the keyhole, but won't let the other guys. Yet for all this suppression, the devil still cuts an interesting figure, the more interesting in contrast with the fanatical evangels.

Valentino on the screen suggests a devil within the law, liable to break through without notice. That's why the ladies are going to like him. He suggests

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"Rudolph Valentino is a great artist," I mentally declared.

With equal finesse he had presided over the courses, which were accompanied by the ruby tinkle of ice in tall crystals.

The silence was broken. Signor Valentino tapped his cigarette as curtain raiser to conversation.

"I have been reading your articles," said he in his slow-measured Italian bass. "They are excellent.

"You impress me," I said. "You have a taste for literature."

He smiled.

"And a sense of humor," I added.

"It is no more than your appreciation for the art of acting," was his retort. "You complimented me."

Not since the advent of Richard Barthelmess to the field of the cloth of silver has a cinema knight been hailed with such salvos. I was curious to observe the first flush of success on a Roman conqueror.

Valentino, apart from screen glamour, is a curiously interesting figure, particularly as a subject for success. I knew fragments of his career: he came from Taranto, Italy, seven years ago, had been a dancer in a Broadway cabaret, was considered something of a Lothario. And he holds the time record, even in the film colony, for matrimonial quick diving, being under only for the space of a day or so.

He's one of those persons who is not constitutionally suited to a placid life.

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Photo by Evans

Rudolph Valentino suggests a devil within the law, liable to break through without notice.

Success—and

What would you do if you be Valentino did? A colorful pic veals his attitude toward

By Her
the Morning After

came famous overnight as Rudolph

ture of the young actor which re-
success is here presented.

bert Howe

romance with a crimson thrill. His nar-
row, lotus-lidded eyes are enigmatic. An-
other reason for the interest of the curious
sex. They are the eyes of the Orient. He
tells me he has a curious affinity for the
Orient. Whenever I think of the Orient
I think of harems. But maybe he thinks
of camels. I hardly believe so. Camels
are becoming so common nowadays. Be-
sides, Valentino is such an artist in am-
brosia. I suggested there might be a
Moorish strain in him. We know that
southern Italy has been the palette for
many racial pigments. If I recollect cor-
rectly: I have an ancestor who was one of
the old Mohammedans that ever brow-
beat a prayer rug.

This exotic flavor in Valentino’s per-
sonality, accentuated offscreen, in no way
lessens his attraction. Nor is one disap-
pointed to find a prosaic history behind a
romantic guise. His life has been an ad-
venture of changing speeds, a few punc-
tures, and numerous blow-outs. He ad-
mits with penitential gravity that he was
not one of those boys who are good to
their folks. He avers quite frankly that
there have been times when he has wept
bitterly for his thoughtlessness toward his
mother. His family was of some position
in Italy. His father, who died when Ru-
dolph was young, had been a cavalry offi-
cer; his mother was a lady of gentility
and lineage. Intending to follow in the
stirrups of his sire, Valentino attended
a military academy and became an int-
trepid horseman. But he didn’t care for
a standing army. He felt the lure of the
navy with its invitation “Join now and
see the world.” Fortunately for “The
Four Horsemen,” the navy failed to accept
him. Heeding parental advice he then
went to an agricultural college. Upon his
graduation the spirit of wanderlust again
surged up to lure him from the straight
and narrow furrow. With a friend he
made a dash on Paris, which, I dare say,
capitulated; and then to Monte Carlo,
which, he says, did not capitulate, but
caused him to. As a result his mother re-
ceived one of those affectionate letters ending “please
remit.” Upon his arrival home there was a family con-
ference.

“He’ll never amount to anything, so we might as well
send him to America,” said a relative. “Thrown on his
own resources he’ll either turn out a criminal or a man.”

I suppose the idea was that if he turned out a criminal
he’d come home rich and endow the relations; if poor,
he’d probably land in a county jail somewhere out of
the way. Anyhow, it was a pretty farewell thought.

“That,” remarks Valentino, with a wry smile, “was
the prophecy when I set out for America.”

“A good one.” said I.

The New York episode is not a pleasant feature of
Valentino’s adventures. He encountered that oppres-
sive horror of isolation among throngs of people, lack
of employment, hunger that bordered starvation, hu-
miliation that was worse.

“I was the loneliest fellow in the world,” he declares.
“I had plenty of time to repent for what ingratitude I
might have shown to my parents. I wished I had been better to my mother. And for the first time I began to wonder what life was all about. It didn’t seem to me a funny proposition, as George Cohan sings. I pondered the meaning of it. One source of anxiety to my mother was my lack of devotion to the subway. I have never been religious. And I’m not now, in an orthodox sense. But alone in my hall bedroom in New York I had my first desire to know the secret of things.

The garret where he finally took up residence had one of those cots which have left their impress on so many good men. It had that insurmountable ridge down the center with steep slopes on either side. You choose a side like a warrior and stick to it or fall in the struggle. Valentino often was vanquished and had to pick up his abraded remains from the floor in the morning.

"At first I used to take the subway when looking for work, but I never landed at the place I intended, because no one could understand me when I asked questions."

"It wouldn’t have done you any good if they could, I assured. "I never yet landed where I intended by following any map, and I speak seven dialects of English. Didn’t you know any Yiddish?"

"No, only French, Spanish, and Italian. One day I rode under the East River five times trying to get to the Battery."

"You must have wanted to see the Statue of Liberty. I know—I’ll bet some one had sold it to you!"

But he assured me he couldn’t have bought it had it had it been knocked down at a jinney on easy payments.

"So I gave up riding. I had to. My money was gone. Then I tramped, rain or shine. One night I returned drenched and placed my boots to dry by the fire. In the morning I found one of them had warped upward from the sole and split away. The other had chosen the opposite direction and curled under as though it had the cramps. But I had to wear them. They were all I had."

"I’ve seen a lot of people wearing shoes like that in New York, only they wore spats with them," I said, by way of cheering him.

About the time this distressing incident reduced his extremities to the pavement, he met some Italian friends who invited him to a café where there was music and dancing. He managed to get their phone numbers, I guess, for they took him several times.

"I was a horrible dancer," he declares.

"Anybody would be in those shoes," I observed.

"Women to whom I was introduced would dance with me once—never twice."

"Why didn’t you take off your shoes? Barefoot dancers always are popular."

"What’s the use of giving me advice now?" he demanded. "I determined to learn the steps just so I wouldn’t disgrace my friends. Lying in bed at night—on the shadowland of the ridge—I’d imagine out steps—steps—steps."

"You must have been obsessed something like that Kipling fellow," I suggested. "‘Boots—boots—boots—moving up and down, moving up and down.’ But that poem always made me think of subway stairs."

"Well, anyhow, I used to jump out of bed at night and practice steps," he continued. "Eventually I mastered them to some extent. Then I met a friend from Italy, a boy of good family, who was playing the piano in a café. He had gone through the same experiences I was going through. He told me he could get me a job as a dancer. With nerve and a borrowed dress suit I tried out and somehow got by."

"I recall that the first time I saw Valentino he was dancing in a café, dancing in a stealthy glide. The floor was sleek and glossy; his hair was sleek and glossy; his dance was slithered and glossed. He impressed me as being handsome—sleek. Yes, sleek, I think, is le mot juste. He observed all the forms of gallantry known to the Continental cavalier. Women were enamored of his manner, his beauty, his grace, his low-murmuring Latin tones."

Could I present a picture more damning of a man, viewed from the altitude of our popular prejudices? I never suspected that Valentino saw the picture from the same angle. But he did.

"A foreigner is faced by prejudices everywhere in America. Particularly when he knows nothing of the language. For the man of breeding it is hardest. The peasant of Europe can get work digging in the sewers, but it takes some ability—at least endurance—to do even that. I had nothing to offer, and even if I had I couldn’t tell them about it."

Even now Valentino’s speech has the slurring Latin warmth, with an inclination to throw sentences into reverse. Occasionally there is a de for a the and a athes for a this. On the whole, however, it is characterized by extreme voluble, gesticulating Italians. He has the restraint and calm of a stoic, the mystic stoicism of Moor or Arab I would say. His gaze, while suggesting dreaminess or introspection, is steady—the inscrutable gaze of a sheik over desert sands.

I had wished particularly to interview Valentino in order to observe the elation—or inflation—caused by the first gust of success. Knowing something of his vicissitudes I thought he would make an excellent subject for analysis.

It is all very well to say of a man who receives the quick, heady success of film achievement that his hat still fits or that it does not. But the psychology is far too subtle for any such generalization. I have seen friends reshaped by the arch-sycophant, Mademoiselle Fame, and have heard people carelessly apply the terms "conceited" and "upstage." In most cases they were not justified. It was as though these young celebrities found themselves surrounded by a slowly inclining wall that shut out perspective and centered all the universe upon self. Put yourself in such a position, and you will be more charitable. We all have ego else we would not be individuals. The only difference is that some, either by the grace of fortune or experience, can offer greater resistance to corrosion. The majority are rather yielding. They rapidly become self-centered, worrying over their little affairs or the relation of the world’s affairs upon theirs.

"Don’t take the world upon your shoulders," I once advised a friend thus weighted by the responsibility of early success. "Hercules may have done it, but Hercules didn’t photograph well. And no doubt he died of curvature of the spine."

Instead of smiling my friend grew sadder, thinking doubtlessly of his face and spine.

Continued on page 96
The Secret of "Way Down East"

How the ice scenes in "Way Down East" were made has puzzled thousands of people ever since the film was first shown. These pictures help to clear up the mystery.

By Charles Carter

The relentless force of the swelling river that splinters the great ice cakes and carries the helpless form of Anna Moore downstream toward crashing falls holds the great audiences at "Way Down East" spellbound. A flash of torrential falls is shown, then a close-up of Lillian Gish as Anna Moore lying on a cracking cake of ice, being whirled by the current toward the falls. And every one wonders how and where Griffith, the wizard of the movies, accomplished this scene.

"It couldn't be done," engineers and marine experts familiar with the force of waterfalls proclaimed. But there it is on the screen, so intense, so real, that even Lillian Gish and Dick Barthelmes watch the scene with breathless interest every time they see it.

The pictures on this page tell the story of the engineering feat that made the famous ice scenes possible. Not at the crest of the gigantic falls shown in the pictures taken from a distance, but at the edge of this low dam, the most thrilling scenes were staged. This structure which enabled the camera men to get close-ups was built at White River Junction, Vermont, on the Connecticut River, but all of the ice scenes were not taken there. As the ice became too broken in one river to permit getting effective scenes there, the company moved on to a new location. Lillian Gish once remarked that all during the winter while "Way Down East" was being filmed, "Mr. Griffith was never happy when he saw a cake of ice in a river until I was on it."

The making of these scenes entailed tremendous care — expense — danger. These pictures bear mute testimony to the ingenuity and skill that made possible the most thrilling scenes yet screened.
PREDICTIONS FOR AUGUST.

One hundred and eighty-seven movie stars will barely escape death when caught in a storm while cruising about in their palatial yachts. Only the first few escapes will be printed in the papers. After that the story will be worn out. The common garden variety of program picture will flourish in most theaters during this month, the big specials being held back for September showings.

1—M.—John Barrymore was cavorting in a comedy part in "A Stubbins Cinderella," at the Princess Theater, Chicago, 1908.
2—Tu.—D. W. Griffith appeared in a vaudeville sketch called "In Washington's Time," of which he was the author, at Keith’s Union Square Theater, New York, 1901.
3—W.—Ormer Locklear, American ace, was killed when his aeroplane crashed to earth while making a Fox feature picture, 1920.
4—Th.—Alan Dwan was directing Rex pictures, featuring Wallace Reid and Pauline Bush, 1913.
6—Sa.—Eileen Percy married Ulric Busch, 1919.
7—Su.—Billie Burke born, 1888.
9—Tu.—Earle Williams played the part of King Louis in "The Three Musketeers," with the Alazar stock company, San Francisco, 1903.
10—W.—Mary Miles Minter did her child bit as Toto, in "Zaza," with the Poli Stock company, Scranton, Pennsylvania, 1910.
11—Th.—Wesley Barry born, 1909.
12—Fr.—Cecil DeMille born, 1881.
13—Sa.—Raymond Hitchcock made his screen debut in a Lubin picture called "The Ring-tailed Rhinoceros," 1915.
16—Tu.—Thomas Meighan took the part of Billy Bolton in "The College Widow," George Ade's comedy, when it opened at the Tremont Theater, Boston, 1905.
17—W.—A small boy named Charlie Ray left Jacksonville, Illinois, with his parents, and started for Los Angeles, 1901.
18—Th.—Colleen Moore born, 1901.
19—Fr.—Elise Ferguson born, 1883.
20—Sa.—Ann Little—really Mary Brooks—and Alan Forrest—really Alan Fisher—were married at Santa Barbara, California, 1916.
21—Su.—William Desmond appeared as Joe Lanier in "Across the Pacific," at the Opera House in Youngstown, Ohio, 1902.
22—M.—Tully Marshall supported E. H. Sothern, in "Captain Lettallar," by playing the part of Smithers, a clerk, at the Lyceum Theater, New York, 1892.
23—Tu.—Sam Bernard, stage comedian, made his debut as a Lasky star in "Poor Schmaltz," and decided that the screen was no place for him, 1913.
24—W.—Mabel Normand showed her fighting spirit by having a Los Angeles dentist arrested on a charge of blackmail, 1916.
26—Fr.—Lois Weber, the famous picture director, was demonstrating "Why Girls Leave Home" by playing the part of Sadie Dillick, in the play of that name, at the Bijou Theater, in Jersey City, 1902.
27—Sa.—"The Miracle Man" opened in New York City, beginning the most sensational run since "The Birth of a Nation," 1910.
28—Su.—Billie Burke made her debut on the American stage at the Empire Theater, New York, supporting John Drew in "My Wife," 1907.
29—M.—Billie Burke made her screen debut as a feature star when her Paramount picture, "The Mysterious Mrs. Teery," was given its first showing, 1917.
30—Tu.—Catherine Calvert became a Vittograph star, 1920.
31—W.—Lew Cody was treading the boards of the Folly Theater, Brooklyn, in "The Power of Money," 1906.

OUR MONTHLY RECEIP.
One play without story or plot,
Boil till soft in publicity push,
Add the cream of rich scenes,
And then sugar with queens;
This recipe will make excellent—mash.

HISTORICAL FACT.
A couple of years ago a cowboy out in Texas threw up his job and went to Los Angeles because he heard there were good jobs in the movies at fabulous salaries. His information was correct, but he couldn't seem to connect with one of the movies. His looks ran low, and finally, being a husky chap, he got work digging ditches with a pick and shovel.
One day a movie producer came along and saw the ex-cowboy at work. Some thing about the workman's brawny arms and husky build attracted the movie man.
"Like bottom of the movies?" asked the producer. "You bet!" said the shovel man. "Willing to do dangerous stunt?" "Yep!"
That's how Monte Blue dug his way into pictures.

ANECDOTE.
Way back in 1918 a man rushed into a photographer's gallery in Los Angeles and cried, "Show me every picture of a girl you have in the place—every one of 'em!"
The man's eyes were blood-shot and he looked desperate. The proprietor wondered if he should call a policeman. But finally he decided to humor his funny visitor, and brought out the pictures—stacks of 'em.
"Been looking at pictures for weeks," muttered the stranger, as he took the photographs one by one, glanced at each, and threw it aside. "Been ransacking every photograph gallery in Los Angeles—Hello! Who's this girl?"
At the bottom of the stack a picture had caught his eye. His face lighted up.
"At last!" cried the stranger. "It's Rose! Give me this girl's address at once.
But her name wasn't Rose. It was Betty Compson, the stranger was George Lorne Tucker, and this is the story of how Betty came to play Rose in "The Miracle Man," and take her first step to fame and fortune.

ADD THESE TO YOUR LIST OF SIMILES.
As kissable as a movie star.
As unerring in aim as a movie comedian.
As playful as Constance Talmadge.
As diving a form as Annette Kellerman's.

The way of the movie transgressor is a fat check on pay days.
A STARRING contract with Universal, which liberates her from the bathing-suit contingent and places her among the dramatic comedienne's, gives Marie Prevost the right to hold her head high, even when she hasn't these grapes to gaze upon.
THE poignant loveliness of Catherine Calvert is a vivid memory even when her plays are forgotten. In the interval between "The Heart of Maryland" and another star picture, she joined forces with Corinne Griffith and made "The Payment."
SCENARIO writers seldom permit Lila Lee to be sad, so she insists that photographers allow it occasionally. She made such an excellent foil for "Fatty" Arbuckle in "The Dollar a Year Man" that she was promptly cast with him again in "Gasoline Gus."
RUTH ROLAND, undaunted at the prospect of even more daring exploits than those provided her in "The Avenging Arrow," has started work on her ninth Pathé serial, tentatively titled "The Golden Cañon."
ETHEL CLAYTON'S admirers liked her just as she was, but she insisted on more trying roles so Famous Players-Lasky provided her with "Wealth" and "The Promised Land."
DOROTHY PHILLIPS recently left New York, accompanied by a contract for more First National pictures, her husband, Allen Holubar, who will direct them, and trunks full of beautiful clothes to wear in them.
WHETHER she appears in "Lessons in Love," "Wedding Bells," or "Woman's Place," it matters not to the steadfast admirers of Constance Talmadge. It is the ebullient comedienne, herself, whom they flock to see.
There is no need of speaking about Hope Hampton's beauty when her appearances on the screen and such photographs as this bear more glowing testimony than words could. But photographs have never given more than a hint of her personality—words can do that better. On the opposite page will be found an interview with Miss Hampton which gives a vivid and striking impression of her real personality.
“The Worldly Hope”

Luxurious Miss Hampton presents an interesting study to the interviewer. Her emotions vault from Platinum and Pekingeses to mud pies and slapstick comedy, revealing a capricious and delightful personality.

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

H OPE HAMPTON may not know it, but she was an Occasion. She was the subject of my first interview in New York. In fact, she was the first person of the movie genius I had met in the East to whom I could talk the familiar cinema lingo of California and not have to translate it into the jargon of the layman. I had put off the interview quite a while—Hope deferred, you might say—because getting lost in subway entrances was so exciting, and because I kept taxi men busy carrying me back to Times Square—

at twenty cents each quarter of a mile—so I could touch base at the only landmark I knew, and get lost again.

But when she invited me to have dinner at her Riverside Drive apartment, the prospect was too enchanting to be delayed, even by the thousand and one sights which I wanted to see, including Coney Island, Grant’s Tomb, and moonlight on the Hudson.

As I taxied up Riverside, chauffeured by a lordly person who had no respect for pedestrians, speed laws, or my feelings, I found myself linking the young star with a snatch of Omar’s stanzas, “The worldly hope men set their hearts on.” For everything was so worldly, so shuntingly suggestive of wealth; the massive gray buildings, looking more like public libraries than private homes, the ultra smart women stepping from ultra smart limousines, the respectful servitors at iron-grilled doors—and I wondered what Hope would be like. Whether she would be as worldly as the environment in which she lived. I couldn’t picture an ingénue ingénue effectuating in the sophisticate edifices of Riverside Drive. I expected at least two butlers with sideburns, and a French maid with a musical—comedy cap and apron, who would say, “Oui, mademoiselle,” and upstage me when she discovered by the label in my hat that it had come from Los Angeles instead of Fifth Avenue or the Rue de la Paix.

As for Hope herself—I somehow pictured a magnificent young woman who would successfully combine hauteur with graciousness, who would impress me—subtly of course—with her wealth and prestige, and at whose table I would have to be very, very careful about which fork I used. A combination, you understand, of artist, aristocrat, and snob.

The apartment building itself completely fulfilled my expectations. There was a doorman, properly respectful, an elevator boy, who was valet to an upholstered elevator, and a maid who received me at the door of the suite occupied by Miss Hampton and led me into the magnificent boudoir of her mistress to remove my wraps. Miss Hampton, she explained, had been delayed uptown, she would be back any moment.

That boudoir! If you could see it! I felt as if I had stepped into a rose-colored cream puff. It was done in rose—or perhaps it was orchid—with a canopied bed that looked like a fairy’s couch, a chaise longue piled fluffily with silk and satin pillows, a dressing table sparkling with luxurious perfume bottles, jewel-encrusted hand mirrors, gold monogrammed brushes and cosmetic boxes. The carpet was some soft shade of rose—or was it orchid—and delicately tinted lights shed over the whole a subdued radiance. It was the kind of room you see very often on the screen, but seldom in real life—even the luxurious real life of the movie queens. Hope’s portraits were everywhere; she smiled from the ivory dressing table; from the wall by the bed; from the chiffonier.

There came suddenly the sharp slam of a door, the high-pitched bark of a small dog, the patter of small, dogish feet, then a girl’s voice, a young, every-day sort of voice—"Is she here?"—an answering murmur, doubtless from the maid. Then, "Oh, that long! I didn’t know I was so late!"—and into the boudoir burst Hope, looking like a boarding—school flapper, in a naive, tight—bodiced dress, and with some sort of quaint blue hat crushed down around her curling auburn hair. Not at all a "worldly Hope." Just a smiling, enthusiastic girl, who showed me the lovely things of her boudoir in the same spirit of ingenuous pride that every feminine heart takes in beautiful belongings. She made me smell all the perfume bottles, rubbed some of each fragrance on me until I surpassed the shah’s garden for variety of odors, and brought in the purchase which had delayed her, a jet—black Pekingese, which answered to the name of "Dotty."

"I’m just crazy about dogs," she volunteered. Then she led the way into the—let me see—was it living room, parlor, or drawing—room?—anyway, into the front room, which was carpeted and tapestried, furnished with soft sinky chairs, and ornamented with marble statuettes, a grand piano, and more framed pictures of Hope. "In fact, I’m so crazy about them," she continued, "that I’m giving up this apartment in another two weeks, to buy a house in Yonkers where I can have all the dogs I want. The city is absolutely no place for them!"

Are you wondering what Hope Hampton looks like? If you have seen her on the screen in "A Modern Salmone," "Love’s Penalty," or "The Bait" you know that she is beautiful and young, that there are dimples in her hands and wrists. But the screen cannot catch and give back the startling blue of her eyes, or the pallid auburn of her soft, curly hair. Neither can it translate into mosaic black and white the exquisite coloring of her cheeks and lips.

There was a dinner guest, Hope’s manager, Julie—Bruhatour. And we three sat down to an exquisitely appointed table with a gold service. Beside each plate was a glass of—but no, why speak in a dead language?

Continued on page 102
Concerning Bill—and Jane

According to all reports Bill Hart's days as a bachelor are nearing an end.

By Helen Ogden

So Bill Hart is to marry Jane Novak! Anyway, that's what folks say. Maybe by the time this is printed they will already have wed.

Bill and Jane! What suggestions of genuine devotion, of whole-hearted wholesomeness, of homely happiness and content those two names conjure up.

She was a tiny wisp of a blond girl, and he looked such a big, strong man, as he bent tenderly over her, whispering he would always take care of her, and—

Atta boy! That's the way to begin writing about a romance, isn't it?

Not a bit like it!

The first time I saw Jane Novak and Bill Hart together, was on a set at Hart's studio, and he was lying in a very undignified attitude, across the knees of a cowboy, face downward, and Jane was beating him up.

Yes, she was, Jane was spanking Bill—spanking him good and hard, too.

It was between scenes, and they had been "chapping" each other. Bill's cowboys, in the rough-and-tumble play cowboys indulge in about the set while they are waiting for the prop rustlers and electricians to get the lights and props ready for a scene. Bill had been teasing Jane unmercifully all the afternoon—putting black on her face, stealing her make-up, leaving things about in dark corners for her to stumble over, and otherwise making life a burden to her and behaving like a big bad boy; but she was such a game little sport that she took it all in good part, giggling unctuously over every new trick that was played on her, and so cute I don't blame Bill and the boys for loving to tease her and make her show her dimples.

But when the chapping began, she got her chance! Didn't she just give the boys the winkle to take Bill across their checked aprons! I guess so! And then didn't Jane just "chap" him unmercifully?

They have worked together in a good many pictures, have Bill and Jane, and, if you can do that and still be in love, there probably isn't any situation in life in which you couldn't get along together. Why, the coffee could be cold every morning in the year, and it would be nothing beside the fact that yesterday, in that big scene, you stepped in front of the other fellow and hogged the camera! Or you could fail to come home while the dinner was warm every night of your life, and it would be a tactful and peace-begetting action compared to pushing your partner out of the spotlight in a scene.

No one else has been Hart's leading woman as often as has Jane Novak. Indeed, before she appeared with him it was a saying in filmland that Bill Hart would never have the same leading woman in more than one picture. But Bill has saved Jane from innumerable villains and fires, and he has married her on the screen at least nine times. Also—but maybe you'll think this is too delicate a subject just at this time—they have had five (film) children.

The chapping incident took place three years ago. So at any rate they've had time and opportunity to know each other well, Bill and Jane.

I remember Mr. Hart telling me once about Jane.

"The first time she came to my studio to work, I thought she was a little girl. I said: 'For Heaven's sake, child, what can you do?' Then she told me in her quiet way that she was a real grown-up lady and that she could act, too!"

That was away back, four years ago, at the Ince studio. In those days Vola Vale and Jane were great friends, and they were both given parts in Hart's picture. They were always upsetting Hart's dignity by playing jokes on him, and he nicknamed them the Pest and the Nuisance. Jane was the Pest.

And now he's going to marry the Pest!

Jane is a very lovely little blond girl with all the good nature of her Danish blood. And she has all the feminine allurement of her race's women, too. She has a shy, childlike little way about her that is most engaging, and it's refreshing to relate that she never overdresses or in any way seeks to make herself conspicuous. Meeting her, you'd think she was some little young girl, living a sheltered life at home, retiring and quiet. A shy little laugh is one of her charms. Or rather, to be quite frank, the laugh is a giggle.

But I have only to remember the chapping incident, to realize that Jane Novak has a mind of her own, and that if you do anything to her, the first thing you know you'll get spanked! Nobody knows just when it was the two began to be interested in each other. Probably they don't know themselves. Mr. Hart has always treated Jane like a little
girl. Somehow you're not a bit surprised to see Bill pick Jane up, as happens every once in a while, and kiss her. But he's very wonderful toward her, quite as ideally tender and gallant and fine and thoughtful as you'd expect Bill Hart to be toward the woman he loves. Just as fine, in fact, as he appears in the parts he plays in the pictures.

They don't go out to cafés or big parties, these two, but they often keep Sister Mamie Hart happy, of evenings, at Bill's big house in Beverley Hills. They go to the theater together a good deal, too, where they hold hands quite unconcernedly, and they enjoy long motor trips to seaside and mountains in Bill's big car.

They are very much interested in each other's career. Miss Novak takes more delight in Bill Hart's books, written for boys, than she has ever taken in a romantic novel. He, on the other hand, is much interested in her career as an actress. He is, in fact, her manager, and it is whispered that he will finance a company for her later on.

Once only has there been a misunderstanding between the lovers. Nobody knows what it was about. But Miss Novak didn't appear on the set all day, except in scenes, and Bill appeared all broken up, but didn't say anything. But next day they were as happy as ever together. That, of course, was before they were engaged, and everybody thought the quarrel had been about something in the picture. Maybe it was.

It was rumored once upon a time that Norma Talmadge was engaged to Mr. Hart, and nobody knows what broke the match off, if the rumor were true, which it probably wasn't. But they do say that Jane Novak shortly came along and that Hart found consolation in Miss Novak's sweetness and charm.

Up to now William S. Hart has been the hope of all the misunderstood wives and of all the jilted ladies. But their devotion has been of a fine order. "Here," they all seemed to say to themselves, "here is one fine man in this world of wicked male deceivers." And they worshiped him with a long-distance worship accordingly. They have written him scores of letters, and they've called him up on the phone, dozens of 'em, day after day. Mr. Hart himself has been very modest about the matter, but Sister Mamie has told me that these disconsolate ones have many times come and sat on his doorstep, early in the morning and late at night, in order to waylay him and tell him their troubles!

And Bill has been infinitely patient with all of them, infinitely tactful and unassuming kind, even when, as was usually the case, so far as any visible attractiveness was concerned, they were quite passé.

But these weren't the only ones who loved him. Many pretty young girls have shown every evidence of emulating the example of the immortal Barkis, by being "willin'" to share life with the star.

And now, after having run the gamut of blondes, brunettes, and "sems," all these years, Bill has at last succumbed.

It was natural probably that every time Hart got a new leading woman, people should report him engaged to her, inasmuch as he wasn't engaged to anybody else. There were Katherine MacDonald, Sylvia Breamer, Mildred Harris, Mary Thurman, Dorothy Dalton, Eva and Jane Novak, and several other prize beauties. To all of these he was unfailinglly courteous and devoted in a big-brotherly sort of way. Woe betide any unhappy wight in Bill Hart's studio who chanced to say anything disparaging to any woman appearing in his picture, or who undertook to in any way presume to be anything but a gentleman. Instantly they'd feel Bill Hart's heavy hand on their necks, and Bill's heavy boot would land them in the street.

In fact there's a certain man, a heavy, who will never on any account be permitted in Bill Hart's studio again, nor in any company in which Bill Hart has any interest, and all because that heavy insulted a little extra girl working in his picture and Hart happened to overhear him.

But despite all the beauties who have worked with Hart in his pictures, it was little Jane that won his heart. And here's to the happiness of Big Bill and Jane!
A Letter from South America.

Assiduous reader of your so interesting magazine, I have never written to you owing to my imperfect English. But as I have seen in the March issue that yet a Chinese letter was understood, I hope mine could be also, though to translate a good Chinese is perhaps more easy than to guess what is meant when expressed in broken English.

I write this letter to give my hearty assent to what Mrs. Churchill Whitney says in her letter about the rarity of pictures suitable for children—pictures that children can witness without being put in a superexcited state, or becoming acquainted with things they had better ignore.

I have a nephew, ten years old, who after three serials—Tony Moreno's, Eddy Polo's, and George Larkin's, became such a dare-devil that I wonder how it happens he is not cripple! And when I accompany him to the movie theaters I feel myself rather uncomfortable to answer some of his questions about the daring comedies exhibited in Sunday morning programs.

I object, however, to the glimpses of monkeys in their native jungles, which Mrs. Whitney would like to see, because I am a South American myself, and in my native jungles I never got sight of a monkey, but only in the zoo! These glimpses would misrepresent my country, Brazil, which has so many beauties outside of the monkeys—that I cannot see why to prefer them. I thank Mrs. Churchill Whitney very much, however, for accepting the South Americans as brothers, because we are proud of our eldest—the United States.

I also cannot see why American producers do not choose the wonderful settings which they might find along the Amazon River or in the bay of Rio de Janeiro or along the Panama Railway.

The yellow fever and other contagious diseases ravage this country no more; they are scourgings of yore. At present my country is as healthy as any one else. As to the beauties, nobody can describe, and so I do not.

I only say that Milton, if not blind, would have written here “The Paradise Found Again.”

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

JOSE LOPEZ.

“Lots More Around the Corner.”

I think it is time that the praises of Miss Dorothy Phillips should be sung. I have seen all the great stars, but if they want to learn how to depict real emotion, let them go to see Miss Phillips in “Once to Every Woman.” She does not “get by” on gorgeous clothing, or sex appeal, but on her perfect characterizations of the part she fills.

I have tried all the magazines, but, when I want news of the players, bright hints of the scenario department—I am a would-be scenario writer—lots of beautiful photos, I just settle down with my Picture-Play. To would-be borrowers, I tell them, “there are lots more around the corner.”

Sincerely,

Mrs. J. Maloney.

New Haven, Connecticut.

Here’s a Friend of Dorothy—and Tom!

The June issue of Picture-Play was certainly the “best ever.” I enjoyed everything in it—from the “girl on the cover” to the advertisement on the back page.

I like Tom Douglas. I think he’s a regular fellow. I sure would like to have him for my pal. Oh, Buddy! I enjoyed “Springtime—and Dorothy” more than anything else I have read in a long time. It was so exactly the way I had pictured her. What an adorable person she is! How wonderful it must be really to see her and to know her. And just to think of dancing with her—what could be sweeter and more thrilling than that? What?

I’d like to offer a word of praise for Gareth Hughes. After seeing his fine work with Viola Dana and his wonderful “Sentimental Tommy” one wonders what sort of parts they’re going to give him. He is capable of big things.

A million good wishes for Picture-Play. I am interested in its success.

Frazee, Minnesota.

“Just Jim.”

More About the German Films.

I fail to share the alarm that is being expressed by some people who assert that the German pictures are nothing but German propaganda intended to break down our respect for our allies.

If a man objects to seeing a German picture on the grounds that it is German made, I have no quarrel with him. His prejudice is keeping him from seeing a good show, and he is the only one who suffers. If he shouts in wild tones, however, that the Germans are exposing the past lives of England, France, and Spain, I refuse to listen to his flabberg.

“Passion” told of the most dramatic point in French history, namely the French Revolution, and told it as Frenchmen have told it over and over again. “Deception” is the story of Henry the Eighth, a favorite English story, made a classic by none other than William Shakespeare. If “Gypsy Blood” is an effort to make us have less respect for Spanish cigarette girls and bullfighters, so let it be.

(Continued on page 106)
A Girl's Adventures in Movieland

Part VII. She meets Ruth Roland, goes shopping with Elsie Ferguson, and learns a few of the disadvantages—as well as the glories—of having to buy many beautiful clothes.

By Ethel Sands

I f there is anything more interesting than motion-picture actresses' clothes, I've never heard of it, and I guess that there are plenty of people who would agree with me. Why, when you walk down the streets in our town you can almost tell who the girls' favorites are by their clothes. That is, if you follow the movies as closely as I do and remember what pictures people wore certain clothes in. I have always wondered, as I guess lots of girls do, where the stars buy their clothes, and if they buy lots of them at once or just dash into a store on the way to the studio and select a dress or two. And I've often wondered if the price of things influences them in their choice the way it does other people. So you can just imagine how elated I was when I was invited to go shopping with Elsie Ferguson.

Now Elsie Ferguson is one star that not a single girl I know tries to imitate. I guess they realize it is hopeless. They just go to her pictures and rave and rave and rave—but no one is conceited enough to think that they could be like her. To steal a word from a critic—she's patrician, and I don't know of another actress that that word fits. That is one reason I wanted to meet her; I've met the very most wonderful people connected with the movies, Mr. Griffith, Lillian Gish, Richard Barthelmess, Bert Lytell—and the list wouldn't be complete without Elsie Ferguson, would it?

The day finally came when I was to meet her, and I was so excited that I got up and took the early morning train to New York.

Just as I went into Louise Williams' office, the phone rang, and guess who it was? It was Ruth Roland! I didn't even know that she was in New York, and she is one of my favorites, too. Having a weakness for serials and particularly their daring heroines, I was very anxious to see Ruth Roland—so we hurried right up to the Pathé office where she was.

I went in without a qualm, because now I've grown so accustomed to

I found Fifth Avenue a street filled with palatial shops as well as homes of the rich.

I stared in the shop windows to my heart's content before I met Miss Ferguson.
movie players being the way I expect them to be, that I am not afraid of disappointment any more. Ruth Roland did surprise me though—she was different from what I expected, after all.

"Do you want to see some reviews of my new serial?" she asked as pleasantly as though we'd known her always. "They said some awfully nice things."

She handed us each some clippings, and I noticed that they all prophesied wonderful things for this picture. It was "The Avenging Arrow." Really, it seems to me that it wouldn't matter what the critics said about Ruth Roland's continued plays: the fans would like her, anyway.

On admiring the handsome sable scarf Miss Roland wore, she told us that the man up in Canada she bought it from had promised to send her a live sable for a pet. She seemed quite excited about it.

I was dazzled by Ruth Roland, she seemed so lively and enthusiastic, a side of her that you don't detect from knowing just her harassed serial life. And she looked so dashing in the pretty clothes she wore—a small three-cornered hat with two great big bunches of paradise feathers, a brown dress with white lace vestee, a bunch of yellow jonquils at her waist, the sable scarf, and a beautiful big diamond and platinum plaque hanging on a ribbon around her neck. She had on two lovely diamond rings, too. You know how pretty she is from her pictures, but I wish you could see the deep blue of her eyes, her pretty auburn hair and the gleaming white teeth that make her so striking looking. She's about medium height, neither fat nor thin, and she calls you "Dear." Oh, yes, and her eyelashes are very long, and curl back almost double.

Here at last was the realization of my former notions of what a movie star should be like. Ruth Roland is just the sort of actress that young girls would like to imitate, somebody that you can tell at a glance isn't just any ordinary person. You know, the kind of movie actress you dream about becoming some day. After you've set the world on fire, jumping into stardom, having your name on Broadway in electric lights, and making everybody love you from your picture plays, then you dream of going back to your home town looking very stunning—like Ruth Roland does—not forgetting the dashing paradise feathers on your hat, and have all the folks make a fuss over you, and make all the girls jealous. Most all flappers have that dream.

No one but Elsie Ferguson could have worn the simple black velvet dress trimmed only with a chain of gardenias, that Elsie Ferguson selected.
We walked over to Fifth Avenue after we left her, so that I could see some of the shops. I knew that later on, after I had joined Miss Ferguson, I couldn't stop and stare in the shop windows, because it would be embarrassing for her. So I stared to my heart's content while we were alone.

Fifth Avenue has always meant to me a street of palatial town houses of society folks, but now I learned that on Fifth Avenue also are exclusive shops—the kind some movie stars patronize—so it had an added glamour for me. There were high-class-looking stores mixed in with the beautiful mansions, some of which were very dignified and plain, but occupying half a block, and others looking like castles with wonderful carved doors, enormous windows, and many balconies—some of the houses being copied from palaces in Europe. In one of these, Mrs. Vincent Astor's, Mr. Griffith gave the premiere showing of "Dream Street." Wouldn't that have been wonderful? Still, I'm afraid that I would have been torn between looking at the house and looking at the picture. The picture would probably have won though, because even Mrs. Astor's house might not look terribly impressive after some of the foreign palaces we have seen in the movies.

There are beautiful churches on Fifth Avenue, too, but the shops interested me most, because they aren't like ordinary shops at all. For instance, the jewelry store windows weren't all cluttered up with heaps of trinkets—there were just a few pieces of magnificent beauty on a small tray. There were emeralds almost as big as walnuts, tassels of pearls and diamonds, and lovely flexible diamond bracelets on the tray. "Oh, for the jewels of a picture star," I thought as I looked at a tiny wrist watch inlaid with diamonds and pearls. It is much easier to envy the movie stars when you think only of the advantages and things they have, than when you're watching them at the studio!

There were gown and hat shops, too. Oh, it's great fun window-wishing if you can just imagine that you are a thousand-dollar-a-week star who can go in and buy anything she wants. There were heaps of things to see, an art exhibit where there was a beautiful etching of Lillian Gish done by Paul Helleu, and an odd-looking building studded with box trees that I found out was a fashionable florist's.

Almost every one on Fifth Avenue—at least the upper part, where the nice shops are—looks so sort of elegant and interesting that I expected to recognize all of them as well-known players. It was no great surprise therefore when I did see a striking-looking brunette whom I recognized as Rita Naldi, who is playing in "Experience." I was quite tired, and I began to wonder how New Yorkers keep looking so fresh, when we came almost to Forty-second Street on Fifth Avenue, and Miss Williams remarked casually: "There's a beauty specialist here who takes care of lots of players. Nazimova used to come to her; would you like to meet her?"

Would I! Why, I had never been in a beauty shop of any kind, much less one where famous beauties went.

We went up to a reception room, all gray and pink with soft, shaded lights, and I met a famous skin specialist, and when I saw her I didn't wonder that famous actresses would intrust the care of their skin to her. She gave me the surprise of my life by inviting me to sit down in one of the big easy-chairs before a dainty dressing table to have a treatment. It didn't take much imagination then for me to play that I was a star myself.

I walked along on Fifth Avenue afterward, feeling as though I had a brand-new face, and as though I had learned some of the tricks of being beautiful. Still, I suppose there's lots more that I don't know about. It was one o'clock, so we went over to the Astor Hotel for lunch—and another of my ambitions was realized. My first interest in the Astor had been years ago when I found out that Pearl White had lived there for a
time, and since then I've read lots about movie balls being held there. In the lovely surroundings, I forgot my identity and made believe I was really a part of it all. An orchestra, hidden somewhere, played haunting music and a fountain rippled away in the middle of the room which was fixed up like a garden. I ate a lot of unusual things, finishing with ice cream in a little box. It was baked ice cream; doesn't that seem queer?

After lunch we went over to Park Avenue which is a very fashionable street, and up to the big white building where Miss Ferguson lives. Upstairs we were ushered into a small but lovely room of white, where I noticed particularly a great white bear rug on the floor, a pretty Chinese mirror, and a portrait of Miss Ferguson herself. The surroundings seemed quiet, luxurious, and exclusive—just right for such a queenly movie star. I felt a little nervous about meeting her, for she is in a class by herself—a more refined, aristocratic type than other movie stars. Somehow, I had a queer notion that maybe she might be dignified and cold in real life.

Her secretary, a very pleasant young woman, came in and spoke to us while we waited. Then suddenly Miss Ferguson came in, in a spry, quick way that surprised me. I had half expected her to glide in most sedately. She shook hands with me so warmly that I knew my notions about her had been wrong, and I was glad. And when I told her what a pleasure it was to meet her she came right back with, "Oh, but it's a pleasure to meet you," just as if it was. "I don't think it's going to be very interesting for you today," she said. "You see, I don't really go shopping, because my clothes are designed for me. But I'm getting ready now for 'Footlights,' and in that I wear a lot of striking costumes, quite different from my usual things, so perhaps we'll find something to interest you."

Such modesty! As though just herself wouldn't thrill me. Her face is very animated, and her voice is so rich and deep that it is entrancing just to hear her talk. She wore a wide, black straw hat, turned up in front, and a black coat trimmed with gray fur; her pumps were black and her stockings pale gray. Look at her feet the next time you see her in a picture; I had

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The Capitol Theater in New York has revived "The Birth of a Nation" and those who have said that the motion-picture industry has advanced since "The Birth" first was released are busy explaining what they meant.

We are seeing a lot of fine motion pictures these days, and we have a number of directors who many persons think are just as good as Griffith, and some who are sometimes better. But the fact remains that if "The Birth of a Nation" made six or seven years ago, were just released now, it would be almost as great an amusement sensation as it was when it cracked the show business wide open and demonstrated the fact that the silent drama was destined to overwhelm the noisy drama.

We understand that "The Birth of a Nation" is to be generally revived throughout the country—except in Kansas, where it has never been shown, thanks to the ruling of the board of censors who feared the showing of it would offend the negroes. It will perhaps suffer slightly in comparison with a dozen or so of the best pictures produced in the last few years, but it still is "The Birth of a Nation," the picture that is the mark all the really big producers are shooting at.

To our mind it is without question the finest thing that Griffith ever has done. We believe it to be still his masterpiece. Don't fail to see it, even if you have seen it before.

The Amateur Playwrights

A man who ought to know told us the other day that the promiscuous writing of scenarios is becoming less and less a practice indulged in by the hap-hazard scribbler.

"It's only a guess, of course," he admitted, "but I don't believe there are more than twenty-five thousand original scenarios written a year by amateurs. The mark at one time was more than one hundred thousand."

We doubted his word and called up Famous Players-Lasky, whose scenario department receives and buys contributions for both Paramount and Realart pictures. We were informed that Famous Players is receiving an average of two hundred and fifty scenarios a week or about thirteen thousand a year.

We went back to our informant with the information and pointed out to him that if one company received thirteen thousand scenarios a year it was fair to assume that the number submitted to all the companies was at least five times and perhaps ten times thirteen thousand.

He was unshackled by our challenge.

"Had I known that Famous Players got only thirteen thousand a year," he said, "I would have cut my estimate. Nearly every company of any prominence receives the same batch of scripts. Most of them go to Paramount first. Universal and Tom Ince get a pile and so do the Talmadges and John Emerson and Anita Loos. Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, of course, get a fair amount, but not as many as the big companies do.

"Of course, there is a lot of comedy stuff that goes to the Christies and others, but most of the scripts are dramas scrawled out by somebody who wants to tell the story of her life, or who read in the paper a news item that inspires a plot. You see, people are learning that the old days in which movie companies bought almost anything that passed for a story are over, and that although the writer of original stories is coming back into his own, he must learn something about writing screen stories before he can expect to sell them."

Bill Hart Coming Back

Bill Hart has retired from the field as a producer, but not as an actor. Although he made good pictures he was a bad producer. When he went on location he would install his extras at the best hotel. This was not good business—at least not good film business. It ran up expenses. It is probable that he'll become a Paramount star in the fall. It is known that he entertains a high regard for the business integrity and efficiency of Paramount's president, Adolph Zukor.

The Two-Reeler Returns

Another old favorite returns, the two-reel photo drama. A friend of ours who is at present in Los Angeles, writes to us about it as follows: "I have seen the first two of the new two-reelers, 'The Policeman and the Baby' and 'The Northern Trail,' by James Oliver Curwood. Most of the five-reelers, I have decided are pretty well diluted in order to make them reach the required length. Until I saw these productions made by Bertram Bracken I did not realize what could be done with ordinary short stories when produced as short stories. 'The Policeman and the Baby' is not startling in originality or humor, yet it has life every moment. 'The Northern Trail' is a vignette of tragedy, done with a touch of poetry, subtlety, and a great deal of feeling. Mr. Bracken is ambitious to do greater things. Poe's 'Raven,' for instance, which was lost when attenuated to five reels. Mr. Bracken may develop for the screen an entertainment comparable to the one-act play of the stage. Because these two-reelers can be made inexpensively the producers can afford to experiment. And the screen needs a little experimentation. The director has at his disposal not only the great resources of the Selig-Rock studios, but the vast library of screen literature which Colonel Selig controls. When you see these first Bracken productions you'll realize as never before how doped and diluted are the five-reelers which are being fed to you."
The Observer

The Big Film Fight

You may not know it, but you are bound to be affected by the Carpentier-Dempsey fight. If Georges wins, Robertson-Cole will take up an option on his services as a screen star for five years. If Jack wins he'll get celluloid honors. At a recent luncheon in the Garden Court tea rooms in Hollywood, attended by Betty Blythe, Adela St. John, May Allison, and other film fair, Monte Blue was buffeted and critically injured for giving Dempsey a good win. The ladies shrieked, jangled their vanity purses, made two-bit wagers, and finally retired to pray Heaven to vouchsafe strength to Georges. It has been claimed that Georges Carpentier has a hypnotic eye. Now we know it.

The Talking Pictures

The talking pictures are with us again. Griffith put them on as a supplement to "Dream Street" in New York, and they didn't show much improvement over the old Edison experiment of ten or so years ago.

We're one of those old-fashioned folks who believes the talking pictures never will come—at least, not until somebody invents a talking machine that will reproduce the human voice in exact tone and exact volume.

When that time comes, we shall not only have talking pictures, but the days of the orator and lyceum lecturer will be ended.

Don't invest your hopes in talking pictures until somebody comes along with an invention that will give the exact reproduction of Caruso's voice—a reproduction so fine that you will be just as willing to pay ten dollars to hear the machine in an opera house as you would to hear Caruso himself.

May we make one request of the producers? Just one? All right, go ahead.

A Protest

Well, we wish they would fire the fellows who are telling them that these so-called "art" titles are effective. They go very well at the opening of a picture, when used to get the spectators into the atmosphere of the story. A year or so ago, when simply handled they were effective, especially in comedies. But some of the fellows have run amuck.

Titles are best when they slip into your consciousness unnoticed. The spectator should feel that he is hearing the words spoken by the actor.

You have an impressive love scene. While you still retain the image of the sweethearts, a plainly lettered wording comes on the screen saying, "Dearest, I shall marry you as soon as I can earn money to buy a house."

You slide back into the scene, and you never have noticed that a title was put in there to tell you what the man said.

That's the way titles should be handled.

The way they're doing it now is barbarous. The love scene is followed by a photograph of a lot of hearts with cupids sitting on top of them, with a house in the background behind a fence of thousand-dollar bills. In one corner the hero is working, digging ditches frantically in an effort to buy the house from a real-estate man who sits near by in his flivver. The real-estate man is reading a copy of "The Matrimonial News."

If you look closely you can discover in elaborate lettering, made out of ribbons on which have been painted birds carrying orange blossoms in their mouths, the words that the character is supposed to say, but it flashes off the screen before you have time to read it.

You are brought back to the picture, which you had entirely forgotten in your desperate effort to read what seems to be a cross between a page from a mail-order catalogue and a two-dollar valentine.

The Pictures Reformers

The manager of a theater in a Middle Western town of about fifty thousand population always has been anxious to show only clean pictures, and he has made a small fortune out of his theater by putting on shows that would appeal to the best families in town.

The other day he advertised a picture which had to do with the life of a Broadway dancer, the story of a girl who found out that a city man, after all, might be a good and upright person. In his advertisement he used a picture of the girl in her dancing costume and down to his office came two reformers with the advertisement in their hands and with frowns upon their foreheads.

The reformers said they would have the police close his theater if he showed this picture. They said he was running a den of vice and that most of the crime in the city was caused by the influence of his theater.

"Have you seen this picture?" the theater manager asked.

They had not.

"Have you been in my theater lately?"

They had not.

"How do you know, then, that the motion pictures shown here are vicious?"

"All motion pictures are bad for children," was their answer. And they went away.

A woman recently complained to the police in a large city and asked them to prevent the showing of a certain picture that was coming to town. She said it was the worst picture ever made and that it would drive girls to ruin and make criminals of all the boys who saw it.

The police looked at the picture and said it was a darned good show and wanted to know why she complained. She admitted she had not seen the picture, but that she had read the story from which it was taken. The producer, much to her confusion, had so altered the story, in making the picture, that it was a highly moral tale.

The Observer lives in a suburb of New York, which also, alas, harbors a rather famous reformer. This reformer often rides home on the same train that The Observer takes, a train that always is crowded and on which women often are forced to stand.

This reformer has train manners that would shame a donkey. He wants not only a seat for himself, but a seat for his newspapers. Always his procedure is the same. He finds an empty seat and sits at the aisle end of it, planting his papers on the seat beside him. Then he takes paper after paper, opening them wide, reading them indigestiously so that he cannot notice women who pause beside him hopefully, expecting him to move over to let them sit down. With a pencil he marks all the articles that have to do with reform, presumably so that the persons near him may know that he is some great man interested in pure things, and therefore a man who is entitled to two seats in a crowded train.

This reformer is the sort of man who takes off his hat when a woman enters an elevator, and then blows smoke in her face.
RIGHT OFF THE GRILL

When "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," a German-made picture, was presented in Los Angeles, the local film unions got the American Legion to picket the theater, thus preventing patronage and causing the withdrawal of the film.

Certain directors and actors of the industry, particularly those out of employment because of incompetence, got worked up to a patriotic frenzy that was beautiful to behold. I only wished that some recruiting sergeant could have found them in that state during the war. Of course, at that time most of them were helping the cause by selling Liberty Bonds or hemstitching nighties for the boys overseas.

Histrionic hams who have been out of work for the past aeon or two marched in a parade as a protest against the German film. They blamed the Germans for their being out of work.

I was out of work for a year on account of the Germans, and I covered a darned sight more ground than that parade did. Moreover, every time I ate a mess of raw rice or got a k. p. detail I hated the Junkers with a terrible fury. The only joy I had was in taking eyes out of potatoes, fancying the while the spuds were the enemy. Yet I would not go so far as to blame the Germans for keeping certain performers off screen: the American public deserves some credit for that.

"But I feel so sorry for all those actors out of work," said my gentle friend. I reconciled her by telling her she'd feel sorrier for them if she saw them on the screen.

The frightened cinemaste hadn't the strength to do their own picketing, so they got the boys of the American Legion to do it for them. I'm told that some of the boys were paid three dollars a day for doing it. I'm glad they got that much out of it, if they did. Some of us resent seeing maimed war veterans used to boycott a German film at the instigation of a crowd of disgruntled film workers who, knowing that they are incompetent and overpaid, are terrorized by the success of such pictures as "Passion" and "Deception." If ex-service men could get anything for themselves out of boycotting German films—or any other films—I'd be for picketing. I would like to see a big percentage of the profits on German pictures, imported at low prices, as they are, turned over to the American Legion for the care of crippled and unfortunate veterans. Who protests with any effect for these fellows? Who protested against the pitiful bonuses doled out to them when, out of employment, they came back to civil life with sixty dollars for their patriotism? I think they've done about enough for that sixty dollars, and if the movie mummers want any fighting done for their safety and bloated salaries let them do it themselves.

The importation of German films is purely a commercial question for governmental consideration. Other German products will be imported and are being imported; that is as it should be, otherwise the Allies could never get any indemnity out of the Germans. I can't see why the film workers should have special protection against German competition if writers, artists, and manufacturers have none. Newspapers and magazines are buying articles by officers in the late deceased Hun army, and I have yet to hear of any American writer raising a rumpus.

I'm told that there are plans to stir up "patriotic" demonstrations in other towns than Los Angeles. I don't believe the American Legion will be used for any such purposes. Now that the question has been raised, however, it might be a good thing for the Legion to suggest to the American companies importing German pictures that they hand over some of the excess profits they're making on those pictures for the good of the Legion. This would be to the point. The public would still have the chance of seeing some very fine pictures, such as those of Ernest Lubitsch, and at the same time the film crowd would have opportunity to show its patriotic heart. I don't see why the ex-service men should be the only ones displaying patriotism.

The American public given a chance to vote on measures to benefit World War veterans has always responded heartily. And that same public has patronized "Passion" and "Deception" so as to make them great financial successes. Is the public a traitor and "pro-German?"

Ernest Lubitsch Pictures.

We pay German pictures an undue compliment when we judge them by Ernest Lubitsch's productions, "Passion" and "Deception." It is like judging American pictures by David Wark Griffith's. If the Germans bar Griffith pictures they are fools and the losers thereby—just as they have been on other occasions. As for the majority of German films, the American public wouldn't sit through them. Mr. Lubitsch is an artist who unfortunately was born in the kaiser's dominion.

Propaganda is put forth that his pictures carry propaganda of an insidious and vilifying nature against the Allies, because "Deception" shows Henry VIII. as no gentleman and "Passion" makes Louis XV. a vacillating old geezer with an eye for ankles. Then the English and French must be propagandists against themselves. Certainly English history doesn't make a vestal out of polygamous old Henry, and the French offer no apologies for beheading their autocratic parasites and setting up a republic.
I actually heard one illustrious actor declare that Lubitsch was trying to spread bolshevism by showing the French revolution!

**Allied Films Coming.**

The films being imported from allied countries should get a great reception in Los Angeles judging by the patriotism turned against German pictures. Surely it is right that we support the efforts of our former trench comrades, Goldwyn has imported "Theodora," the Italian film by Victorien Sardou. This was described in my recent article in *Picture-Play*, "A Trip to Europe's Filmland." Goldwyn also has D'Amunzio's "La Nave" with Ida Rubenstein as star. The Swedes have made some interesting pictures, I'm told, and the French are bound sooner or later to develop a fine type of cinema.

**Jail De Luxe.**

If you haven't gone to jail, do go. It's quite the thing.

A lot of us always felt that was where our friends belonged, but we never could bring ourselves to going. The people who frequented jails were so common. So we used to pay our lawyers to keep us out. This was the wrong attitude, of course. It kept us from enjoying some very nice buildings.

Now a sure way of breaking into social prominence is breaking into jail. The smartest mode is exceeding the speed limit. In this manner you can let everyone know that you are out of the flivver class.

Bebe Daniels did a great and noble thing in going to jail. She went for a cause; to make jails safe for aristocracy.

Naturally it makes a difference in the way you go to jail. There's a right way and a wrong way. For the present it seems best to break only certain laws, such as the speed laws. Later it may be quite as *de rigueur* to break a safe or a head. So, for the time being, don't go until you can afford a motor.

It was a sunkist and orange-odored morning when my motor mate and I drove to Santa Ana to pay our respects to Bebe. We were exceedingly hungry when we reached the sainted burg. As neither of us had been in jail for some time we didn't know what the menu might be, so we went to St. Ann's Inn. We ate generously. When the waiter presented the check it was for ten dollars. I handed it back to him and said we were going to jail, anyhow. My friend said she thought the waiter ought to go, too. He had, but our taxpayers never could afford to build enough jails for all the waiters that ought to go.

When we arrived at the bars Bebe was doing a new reel movie with the jailer as leading man. This rather disillusioned me, because I always thought you got out of work by going to jail. But Bebe enjoyed it, and the jailer had his heart in his work as Wally Reid never had.

When the scene had been taken without the usual happy clutch ending—to the jailer's disappointment—we went to Bebe's cell upstairs. The beautiful place was full of lady and gentleman actors, who, being out of work, were eating the fruit and candy that friends had sent Bebe. There was a big box from Jesse Lasky's infant, bearing the card. "From your future manager."

Among the film elite who arrived soon after us were Teddy Sampson, Mrs. Marshall Neilan, Priscilla Dean, Mack Sennett, Lottie Pickford, and Mabel Normand.

None of the other prisoners would speak to Bebe. They said her guests were giving the jail a bad name. A dope in the next cell swore he'd never get in again. Having a wife and child, he had his reputation to think about.

The arrival of the party headed by Teddy Sampson was the signal for a wild hullabaloo. Some one said something that shocked a prisoner in a neighboring apartment, and he threatened to have us all pinched for disturbing the peace. To muffle the impolitic remarks I put a band record on the victrola, thinking to do to Teddy's voice what the orchestra does to Mary Garden's. But Teddy's voice won't down like Mary's. I couldn't hear a note the band was playing. In the midst of the uproar Teddy called the judge a bad word. Fortunately his honor was not within earshot or had been temporarily deafened by the din.

Bebe was a very lovely martyr in a starched, gauzy frock. I color to think what they'd call the skirt if worn by South Sea natives. But it did reach to her knees—except when she turned suddenly. I noticed the jailer was always startling her.

Bebe's mother and grandmother tried to keep the guests from disturbing the prisoners who were reading their Bibles. They showed us different gifts that had been sent. Every one had contributed something. The cell was furnished like a De Mille set, only there wasn't any bathtub.
"Is this the jail bed?" I asked, examining the enameled, silken-covereted couch on which twelve of us sat in squad formation.

"No," said Bebe's grandmother, "that is the town bed."

I was puzzled but polite. Of shop halls and town pumps I oft have heard, but never of town beds. But this is California. The municipal feature certainly did service that day, especially when Roscoe Arbuckle arrived with a basket full of preserves and jellies. Fatty's face was so red I suspected he'd been into the jam on the way over. He announced he was giving a party for the judge and sheriff at Sunset Inn the next night.

Bebe kept a guest book which resembled one of those ledgers you find in capitol buildings where you write your name and the place from which you like people to think you came. It looked like the "Who's Who" of filmdom, and the additions that day made it look like the "Who's Due" for jaildom.

Outside the jail the real sports of the town gathered to see the starry callers. As I descended the steps with May Allison one of the kids yelled at May: "Hey, are you Lottie Pickford?"

"No!" shrieked May, turning around and going back to jail. I thought she had gone to give herself up, but I waited.

"Twas Lottie Pickford, ain't she?" said the kid, somewhat alarmed by the effect he'd produced.

"No, you evil child, it's Theda Bara," said I.

"Ah, tain't. She wasn't smoking a cigarette."

"Mebbe she only smokes um at home," suggested another.

"Smoke or no smoke," said the first, "she ain't fat enough."

By repeating this last bit of blandishment I lured May forth. Meanwhile the juvenile convocation debated as to whether I was Wally Reid or Ben Turpin. Ben won.

Bebe has been released from the cage to fly where she will, but she assures us she'll never again fly fifty-six miles an hour. She doesn't need to. Her work is done. Jails have been made safe for aristocracy.

The Marital Marathoners.

On behalf of the feminist legion, Agnes Smith demands to know the marital number of Rudolph Valentino. The gallant signor bids me announce that he is free. He did elope and marry one night last year. An evening later naive Bessie Love saw him in the Alexandria.

"Oh, I must congratulate you, Ruddy," said she.

"Upon what?" asked he.

"Your marriage," said Bess.

"Oh," said Ruddy, all surprised. "I thought you meant my divorce."

Rod La Rocque Banqueted.

Rod la Rocque, a film and press favorite, arrived among us this month in a stage play, "The Name Is Woman." All the scribes resident here turned out to greet him. He was also the guest of his photographic double, Monte Blue. We took Rod out to see the gay film colony. "But where's the gay and wicked boulevard I've heard so much about?" he queried.

"We just drove down it," we said.

"What, that country lane?" exclaimed the unappreciative Thespian.

I think he'll return to New York soon, despite the allurements climatic and financial.

A Parable and the Pharisees.

A certain famous author was led astray by the silver-tongued movie executives. He came West, although not a young man, and proceeded to write for the screen. The director general at the studio where he worked always cut him, but he didn't mind that—the director general makes it a rule never to speak to lowly writers. The author patiently labored to please the president, the director general, the supervising director, the board of supervising managers, the general manager, the directors, the stars, et cetera, et cetera. Being only a magazine writer and novelist of the first order, he was humble and withstood all smiling. But he tired of hearing of the difficulties of writing photo plays. Every one told him it was an abstruse and occult art of which only a few divinely endowed persons were capable. Finally the author addressed the supervisors en masse. Said he:

"In the early days of automobiles I was told that driving a car required skill little short of genius, that death was almost certain unless one were singularly endowed with mechanical skill. I used to lie awake nights worrying and praying for the power to drive a flivver. Then one day I walked down Fifth Avenue and saw a little coon boy driving a high-powered motor. After that I wasn't so afraid."

The parable passed over the heads of the supervisors by a clearance of six feet.

Shaw and Mr. Goldwyn.

Every time a film magnate goes to Europe he runs to see George Bernard Shaw. This shows a lively appreciation of Shaw—if it is appreciation. Samuel Goldwyn recently negotiated with the wily wit for the film rights to the Shawian works. After the usual bargaining, Mr. Shaw terminated the conversation, saying: "There is no use continuing the conversation, Mr. Goldwyn. You are interested only in art, and I am interested only in money."

The Serpent Speaks to Marie.

We won the war and lost a great deal: the Germans lost the war and saved a great deal. They still have the pretzel and the pretzel's buddy, while we have near beer. We freed them of autocracy and got censors and prohibition and now the threat of blue laws. As if this is not enough humiliation, Marie Prevost marches out to Coney Island, burns her one-piece bathing suit and all her bathing pictures, announcing her reformation. But, Marie, you didn't need any reformation. You were perfect as you were.

Our Monthly Testimonial.

The Grill gives thanks for:

The imminent coming to stardom of Florence Vidor under the supervision of the King, her husband. This is according to my prophecy. Selah.

The recovery of Richard Barthelmess from a serious operation and his agreement to appear

Continued on page 108
Do You Sport Clothes? It isn't the sport you wear your clothes for, but the sport you make of wearing them that is important.

By Louise Williams

But what's the use of wearing sports clothes," my companion protested, "if they don't sport them? They might just as well wear tea gowns."

We were on the veranda of a fashionable clubhouse in Westchester where we had gone for tea after a visit to the old Biograph studio where Marshall Neilan's company was working, and we couldn't help comparing the girls we saw at the club with Colleen Moore whom we had just left.

"I presume that girl has been playing golf," she continued. "Because she has on a short tweed skirt and a jacket whose inverted plait in the back gives her arms a free swing, but if I just looked at the way she walked I'd think that she was trudging home from a hard day's work in a department store, and if it was by chance I studied I'd think that her favorite motion-picture star wasn't looked anywhere in the neighborhood that night. For all the dash and verve she puts into wearing sports clothes, she might just as well be a clotheshorse."

I looked at the procession before me—there were girls just coming from the locker rooms with their tennis rackets or golf clubs, and others returning from the courts and links, and I had to admit that what she had said was true. Faultlessly tailored, colorful, and striking costumes passed before us, but not one out of ten of them was worn with any individuality. And that is what counts in sports clothes. It isn't the game you are going to play that should determine your costume—though, of course, your clothes must be made for comfort and freedom of movement—it is your own personality that must determine the kind of sports clothes you wear.

Perhaps we wouldn't have been so interested in analyzing the different girls and determining the particular sports costumes they ought to wear if it hadn't been for what we had just seen. Just before we left Colleen she had taken us down to her dressing room and shown us the beautiful sweaters her uncle had brought her from Paris only a few days before. She had tried them all on and paraded about for us in a way that we thought just as though the management was indulging all the time in her favorite pastime of imitating different types of people.

There was one simple little close-knit sweater of glossy green yarn that looked as though it might have been made by one of the busy knitters on any country-club porch. But it wasn't. There is a subtle difference between these Paris sweaters and the homemade kind. They are as feminine as orchids and as practical as a football jersey; their knotted ties are as frivolous as a dainty blouse, but their under-arm fullness and snug fit everywhere else make them as practical for hard sports wear as the plainest middy blouse you ever saw.

Now almost any of the girls at this club could have worn that very sweater and you wouldn't have noticed it. But on Colleen it accentuated her best points. Those of you who saw her in "The Sky Pilot" will remember her fleet- ing smile, and the way her eyes flash and her mouth gets all puckered up when she is so pleased over something that she can hardly restrain herself from jumping up and down. Well that wonderful enthusiasm of hers fits her to wear the most brilliant sports clothes without in any way detracting from her own vitality. Her hair is such a rich, reddish brown that even the most intense colors only serve to bring out its high lights, and she moves so airily that her skirts seem to have been chopped off to permit perfect freedom of movement—not to show off a gaudy pair of stockings. That, sadly enough, seemed to be the case with many of the girls at the club I've described. They were good athletes, too, most of them, better than Colleen. But what they lacked—and what she had in such abundance—was verve. Not swagger to be sure—for nothing is less attractive than a girl who loses gracefulness rather than gaining it by participating in sports—but dash.

Now the girl who swaggers and the girl whose personality seems quite overpowered by the usual gaudy fashions in sports clothes can both learn something from these new sweaters of Colleen's. And there is also a tip or two for them tucked away in a sports hat Carmel Myers recently bought, and a sports frock Edith Roberts wears.

The girl-who-swallagers problem is comparatively simple. It is that of appearing too strong. She must choose her sports costumes with a view to bringing delicacy, grace, and feminine charm into her make-up. For such a girl I know of no better sports jacket than a dainty orchid-colored one of Angora and soft silk yarn that Colleen Moore wears. Its lines are simple, and it is so light and loosely fitted that one could play golf or tennis in it, or paddle a canoe without unnecessarily tiring the arms. That is one of the requirements the game makes of sports clothes—but the far more important requirement is that of the wearer, the requirement that the jacket must beautify as well as keep warm.

If you are Colleen Moore's type, that is, if you are
slight in build and have an inner brilliance and magnetism that counter-balances any amount of bright color, you can wear the most striking sports clothes. And like her, you ought to accentuate your slimness by choosing heavy, soft Angora wraps. These coats were first made for motoring and to slip on after a strenuous game, but they became so popular that now Fifth Avenue frequently is dotted with them. As you can see by the accompanying photograph, they are smart as they can be. Take a tip from Colleen—and don't wear stiff, mannish sports clothes. They can be as soft and luxuriant and feminine as anything else you wear. To repeat, the secret lies in the way you wear them.

Edith Roberts illustrates quite a different kind of sports clothes. Her cobwebby sweater and fine-pleated skirt make an attractive afternoon costume either for sports wear or for any very informal occasion. And the girl whose coloring is soft and delicate as well as girls of such electric personality as Edith Roberts can do no better than to select such a simple sports costume as this. It is prettiest in light, dull colors. Edith Roberts' sparkle and enthusiasm is of a more forceful nature than Colleen's, so with subtle artistry she takes the opposite course in selecting her color schemes. She wears dull, soft colors that enhance her vivacity while Colleen wears the most striking tones. Colleen can do that because she is of such a whimsical nature that they never appear blatant.

And while on the subject of sports clothes—hats should be mentioned, for they are of far more importance than they are when a fur collar, or a close-fitting jacket helps to relate them to the rest of the costume. For those who are fortunate enough to look well in a stiff sailor, there is nothing better for sports wear than that—with the addition of a soft silk hatband in the colors of the sports frock. But the girl who cannot wear a stiff-brimmed hat becomingly should follow the example of Carmel Myers. A soft hat of pleated silk with the popular thick brim frames Carmel's face and enhances its soft contour. And the light color, incidentally, makes her eyes still more dark and sparkling. Such a simple hat as this needs a glowing personality to make it effective—so if you are less glowing than Carmel is, select something a little less simple. When you are wearing sports clothes is the one time when you can tastefully indulge your fancies for the most brilliant color combinations and the

most striking designs. Bring out your best points by dressing up to them—but don't overdo it. Remember, as these popular players do, that your clothes should enhance your beauty, not attract attention by their own.

Of course, there is always one exception—and in the case of sports clothes, it is riding habits. No matter what changes may be made in other fashions, riding habits remain trim and tailor-made and conventional. Try it, like Colleen Moore, you insist on having everything dainty and feminine, you get around even that—by having your riding habit fashioned of a soft, basket-weave material. And now that so many girls wear riding habits a good part of the time when they are in the country—it is helpful to find that even such a tradition-bound costume can be adapted to suit your personality. The best rule to follow is to adopt for sports wear whatever is most becoming to you. Only remember to sport your sports clothes.
Over the Teacups
By The Bystander

It isn’t true, is it?” Fanny asked me despairingly, as I came upon her in a quiet—quiet, that is, compared to Broadway outside—corner of the Astor. She was glancing in a mirror and furtively flattening the end of her nose with her finger.

“What?” I demanded, bewildered. I had never seen any of Fanny’s favorite stars doing that in movies.

“There’s a doctor who says he can change the shape of your nose, and I’ve just been thinking how much I’d like to have mine like Gloria Swanson’s.”

“Yes,” I retorted. “And just as he got that done you want it changed to look like Anna Q. Nilsson’s or Betty Compson’s. It might succeed once, but after a while you would look like what was left of the serial star’s dummy after the train wreck. No; you’re much too fickle for anything like that, Fanny.”

She looked at me in wide-eyed amazement. “Fickle!” she exclaimed. “Why, my devotion never falters. Has there ever been any matinée idol for me but Wesley Barry?”

“Yes.” I answered defiantly, taking a long breath. “John Barrymore, Dick Barthelmess, Wallace Reid, and—”

“Oh, well, if you’re going to act that way about it,” Fanny observed airily.

“And if you like Wesley Barry so well how does it happen that you haven’t painted your nose with iodine to match his freckles?”

Curtailing the production of motion pictures does not affect Fanny the Fan so long as her supply of gossip is not cut down.

Fanny looked at me severely. “Come in and have some tea,” she invited, leading the way. “No one could be so disagreeable unless they were hungry.”

“But going back to Gloria Swanson,” she remarked, as we sat down, “I’ve done it, too.” And in answer to my incredulous look she went on, “Yes, I’ve tried resting for a week. I decided that if that was what made her look so beautiful I’d try it, too. You know, when she finished ‘The Great Moment,’ she simply retired to her boudoir with a lot of light reading and a gorgeous new Chinese negligee and slept for a week. No one but Baby Gloria or her nurse could disturb her. And at the end of that time every one says that she looked so refreshed that even the brilliant Chinese embroideries looked faded beside her.”

“But how about you?”

“Well, I don’t look exactly rested, do I?” Fanny admitted. “You see, I knew that I couldn’t rest here in New York, so I went to a little town up in Connecticut, and guess what happened! Tommy Meighan’s company arrived the very next day to take exterior scenes for ‘Cappy Ricks.’ And then I heard that Alice Brady’s company was working not far from there, so I motored over. And then——”
"You've said enough," I remonstrated. "If you were washed ashore on an uncharted isle, you'd find a motion-picture company working there."

Fanny smiled at me approvingly up through her eyelashes. "If I didn't, I'd leave," she confided softly, and I had to admit that for a brunette the imitation of Anna Nilsson was almost perfect. When I asked about her Fanny nodded sadly.

"She's gone abroad, to Sweden, and she won't be back for months and months. After she visits her mother in Sweden, she is going to Paris to get lots of beautiful clothes and then to Rome and Naples to wear them and visit the art galleries, and then she will come back to us. But she's left a big surprise for her friends in 'The Lotus Eaters,' the picture she played in with John Barrymore. You know, Colleen Moore played his sweetheart, so, of course, Anna was the vampire. She proved so seductive that the men watching them make the picture all fell in love with her, and every night when she returned to the hotel she found her room heaped with flowers, and presents and invitations. At first she was in tears, and then she realized it was all the fault of her vampire make-up, so she returned all the things that had cards in them, and when she went about in her own quiet clothes no one bothered her.

Marie Mosquini is so pretty that Fanny the Fan is afraid that she will forsake the "Snub" Pollard comedies and go in for drama.

Beauty, poise, and splendor ravished Fanny's eyes when she saw Betty Blythe, but she was disappointed not to see her in this shining armor.

"And speaking of going abroad, there is a regular stream of players going over," Fanny continued, stopping to spear the cherry from her lemonade. "Justine Johnstone has gone and Mary Miles Minter is going. Justine is tired to death of jewels and first nights, satins and soft music, and she's going in for something absolutely different in pictures. She is going to be the feminist of the films."

"That's all right," I cut in. "For any one with blond, wavy hair. A blonde can be just as intellectual as she likes, so long as she doesn't look it."

Fanny looked at me disapprovingly. "She is going to meet D'Annunzio and see if she can persuade him to write a story for her. But, anyway," she added, "just before she went she finished a picture all bedecked with silver and pearls and bright lights, so we have that to look forward to."

"And how about Mary Miles Minter?" I asked. "Surely she's not going abroad to get clothes? She looks too lovely in the American-made product to trifle with foreign styles —"

"Oh, Mary," Fanny cut in, "I doubt if she will even think of clothes. She
is bent on forgetting pictures and clothes and everything like that. She is going to England, France, and Spain—and, according to latest reports, a certain young naval lieutenant is making desperate efforts to be sent over the same itinerary.

"Mary had a big swimming party while his ship was in Los Angeles, but Gaston Glass was the hero of the occasion. You know he's playing opposite Mary in her new picture. He did all sorts of fancy diving until he sprained his right wrist. He couldn't even drive his car after that, but he really didn't mind at all, because Lois Wilson did it for him."

"Is Mary still so serious?" I asked timorously, remembering how her views on life, art, matrimony, morals, to say nothing of literature, had made me speechless the last time I saw her. Only Fanny can match her—nothing makes her speechless.

"Just occasionally; that is what makes Mary so interesting. You never know whether to expect a scholar or an ingénue."

"Oh, I see," I broke in. "Ever and anon genre."

Fanny glared at me; apparently she wished that she had said it first. "Every one in California"—Fanny exaggerates slightly sometimes—"writes me that Marie Mosquini's darling little crisp organdie dresses are one of the delights of Hollywood. She has one with baskets of flowers embroidered on the sides that's the envy of the studios. Four copies of it appeared after she had worn it just once. And she is getting so pretty that I am afraid she will forsake Snub Pollard's comedies and go into drama. They all do. Look at Marie Prevost."

I tried to share Fanny's grief that Marie Prevost had left comedies to star in dramas for Universal, but I couldn't. Marie is so ambitious that I was glad that she had succeeded in leaving the bathing-suit contingent behind.

"When she came East to confer with the Universal officials," Fanny confided, "she thought that she had left bathing suits behind forever. She told her chum—Phyllis Haver—that she had. And almost the first thing she had to do when she reached New York was to go down to the beach and have her pictures taken. She was almost in tears. She was all bundled up in a bulky coat and had her bobbed hair tucked up primly under her hat the first time she went into the Universal office here in New York. And that is the kind of clothes she had hoped to wear forever after. I bet her that in every picture she made there would be an explosion or a train wreck that would leave her less clothes than a bathing suit. And sadly, she refused to bet on it."

Fanny and I had been so absorbed in conversation that we hadn't noticed what was going on around us. But when she looked around for a waiter there was none to be had. They were all congregated in the palms behind the fountain peering at some one at the table just beyond. "Pardon me a moment, won't you," Fanny exclaimed. "I must go out and telephone." And before I could remonstrate that I knew she was just making an excuse to pass that table and see who was causing the sensation, she had gone.

"It was Agnes Ayres," she announced triumphantly when she came back. "And she looks perfectly lovely. I wish that you could see her, but it would look funny if you..."
went out to the telephone now, too, wouldn't it?" It isn't ever quite correct for any one else to get around things the way I Fanny does.

"She is going out on location in a day or two. You know, she is in 'Cappy Ricks.' After that she is going abroad to make a picture in Famous Players' London studio. She would like it well enough if her beloved rose gardens hadn't just been blooming at their best when she left California. But look at Betty Blythe," Fanny continued, and I stared all around. "Oh, I don't mean that she is here. I meant just think of all that Betty Blythe left in California, her beautiful new estate, her—"

"Husband—" I broke in.

"But he came East," Fanny objected. "After Betty had been here about a week and saw no hope of going back home for another week or so, she wired him to please tuck all the plans for their new house into a suit case and come at once. So he did, and now when New York turns suddenly cold and raw they just take out the

plans for their patio or hacienda or whatever those Spanish buildings are that people live in, and pretend that they are back in southern California."

"But if Betty goes abroad—" I protested.

"I don't believe she will," Fanny announced positively.

"Every one says that she has been asked to go abroad to play 'Mary Queen of Scots,' but she has had lots of other attractive offers, too." I protested. "I shouldn't think that she would want to play another queen right away."

"No," Fanny replied, "but that is the way with producers. If you make a hit doing one thing they want you to repeat it. They never seem to want Betty to show her versatility."

"Even though they don't draw the line at anything else," I suggested.

"Betty's been elected the favorite actress of the students at Princeton." Fanny told me a moment later, when the sensation over Wallie Reid's arrival out in the lobby had subsided, and we had chattered to our hearts' content over the prospect of seeing him, Elsie Ferguson, and Montague Love all in the same cast of "Peter Ibbetson." "Every year the Princeton students vote for their favorite player; for years Maude Adams won, and then the movies came to Princeton and the spell was broken. Norma Talmadge won that year, and this year it was Betty."

"I went up to luncheon with her just after she arrived; I half expected—and wanted—to see her in that wonderful armor she wore as Sheba. I couldn't quite get used to the idea of Betty Blythe in a simple little blue-serge dress, but there she was. And, at that, when she walked through the dining room she created a sensation."
Reiding Between

The famous humorist meets the champion and falls for him just as every

By H. C.

The smilin' and affable young man which makes the handsome youths in the collar advertisements look like gorillas and which is affectionately known as "Wally" by some old billion admirers of the noiseless drama, was in the midst of a picture entitled "Watch My Smoke!" when I tripped in on the scene. Well, I watched Monsieur Reid's smoke for a few minutes and I am forced to agree with you, boys and girls, that Wally treads a vicious drawin'-room and screens a wicked close-up! It's no trouble at all to understand why he has caused so many maidens over this fair land to take their pens in hand and why his autographed photo adorns as many chiffoniers as they are Mongolians in Shanghai. Mary Pickford may be America's sweetheart, but Wally Reid is undoubtedly Columbia's boy friend!

As usual, nobody paid the slightest attention to me, because fiction writers of all the sexes is as common a sight around the picture studios these days as synthetic gin experts is around a drug store. We are all out in delicious California gettin' atmosphere and in the way and heavy checks and predictin' a great future for the films, now that we have got mixed up with 'em. Takin' us by and large, we literati must hand the extremely sophisticated movie bunch a hearty giggle after we have left the lot. Our critical suggestions to the cold-eyed directors which is sentenced to filmin' our books must also give them babies the hystericals—when they ain't gnashin' their teeth with rage.

How the so ever, face to face everybody is courtesy itself to most of us, and such, gently reader, was the case when I met our mutual friend Wally. True, Hon. Reid's director, Frank Urson, allowed a unmistakably gleam of baffled fury to appear in each eye when he glanced around and seen a "still" camera bein' dragged up beside us. They is nothin' more infuriatin' to a director, outside of a continuity writer, than to have a scene all carefully rehearsed, everything jake, lights and camera ready and then have the company's press agent walk in on the set with some fathead, like, let us take your correspondent for the example, and grabbin' the dumfounded star, say, "Eh—just a minute, I want you to meet Mister Insipid, the—eh—notorious writer. He's a great admirer of yours—eh—we'll just shoot a few stills and then you can go right ahead!"

It seems strange they is so few murders at the studios after that, isn't it, gently reader?

To many the representative of the adjoinin' sex, Wallace Reid is Prince Charming in the flesh. Well, for the benefit of their boy friends which sarcastically agrees with 'em, I would like to state that Wally is a Prince Charming with a good right hook and a poisonus left jab, and that any scoffin' remarks about his ability to rough it up should be made several miles from young Mr. Reid's hearin'! Besides bein' a twin for Adonis, Wally is extremely athletic and well set up.

To the million readers of Picture-Play,

Friends and Vice Versa:

Greetings!

Well, I have not five minutes hence returned from no less than the Paramount photo-play plant, which botanical marvel is noted for havin' produced a world-famous species of reed. I refer to the Wallace Reid, apparently the present favorite flower of movin' picture fans from the south pole to the one Peary found.

Any scoffing remarks about Wallace Reid's ability to rough it up should be made several miles from his hearing.
He displayed something' about his condition without particularly meanin' to, when in order to save time in clearin' a space for the stills we took, he pushed a heavy piano over to another set and also heaved a ball of solid wood that weighed twenty pounds if it weighed an ounce. halfways across the lot with one hand. He never got that muscle pullin' on a dress coat, hey?

From the enthusiastic way he talks about it, I should say that Wallace Reid's secret hobby is directin', next to performin' on the piano. I have never had the pleasures of seein' him direct, but never the less Wally once bellered through a megaphone for "lights"! and he is responsible for quite a few of the original ideas from which many of the present trick photographic effects and perspectives were generated. Aha, you didn't know that, did you?

But speakin' of playin' the piano, I do know that Wally fingers a brutal keyboard, jazzin' the ivories silly, and he wouldst of undoubtedly been as big a sensation in vaudeville as he is in the movies, had he so wished. He has just had a organ installed in his Hollywood home, by the way, at a price which wouldst cause a fresh revolution in Russia if it ever got out, so's to avoid bloodshed. I won't mention it.

Whilst the tired business man which takes the "stills" was settin' up his camera, Wally and me strolled litherly and yon about the studio. Havin' heard me charged with bein' a writer, the extras, i.e., the "enter with others," stuck around evin' me curiously and guessin' whether I was Charles Dickens or Alexander Dumas, every other author bein' already here. As we stood discusssin' the Einstein theory as opposed to the—eh—Selznick idea, somethin' occurred which to what passes for my mind gives a better line on Wallace Reid than a fifty-six page description of him would. Also I think it answers a couple of questions which a lot of you wouldst like to know, to the viz.: "Is Wallace Reid stuck on himself?" Does he upstage his little playmates on the lot? Just what kind of a guy is he off the screen?"

Well, I think the followin' answers the above questions. Whilst the defendant and me is awaitin' the pleasure of the camera man, perhaps threescore and ten men, women, and children—or "tots," as the title writers says—passed and repassed before us. They was other stars, directors, extras, electricians, property men, press agents, stenographers, office boys, executives, painters, scenario writers, carpenters, visitors, et cetera, and even et cetera. Not one of 'em went by without a wave of the hand and a grinnin', "Hello, Wally!" and not one missed gettin' a smilin' greetin' back, with a comment on some subject of particular interest to the speaker. A grimy, overalled carpenter stopped to tell Monsieur Reid about some new effect he had worked out, and Wally listened with great interest, promisin' to run down and see it, and then the winner of most of the screen popularity contests excused himself for a second to direct a job hunter to the business office.

These little incidents, trivial on the surface, told it all about Wallace Reid, to me, at least. Naturally enough he'd be "Wally" to the big directors, the money kings, and the stars which he plays around Hollywood with and entertains at his home. But to be hailed with a affectionate nickname by the hard-boiled and cynical mechanics, camera men, and extras, case-hardened experts at readin' character, why you must be a regular guy. It's an acid test, but a good one!

Your affectionate niece.

H. C. Witwer.

Loose Angeles, California.
It is no easy job to review motion pictures alone and single-handed. If a board of three censors cannot estimate a motion picture correctly, what is a mere critic to do? Is the critic a "fan" who looks at pictures for entertainment, or an expert who is wise enough and, at the same time, foolish enough to tell producers how to run their studios? When reviewing a picture, must the critic put on blue or rose-colored spectacles?

Just as an interesting experiment I am not acting as lone critic for Picture-Play Magazine this month. At the showing of each picture, I have called in a volunteer critic, just to find out what persons who pay money for screen entertainment think of the movies. I discovered one thing: not only is every one eager and anxious to go to the movies, but every one is eager and anxious to talk about them, criticize them, and give a few suggestions as to how they should be made.

To be honest, in telling you about the new pictures, I shall give my own opinion and then the opinion of the volunteer reviewer. And I shall state the age, employment, and previous condition of servitude of the assistant critics.

The most important picture of the month is "J'Accuse," because it was first shown in the ballroom of the Hotel Ritz-Carlton, and because invitations to the showing were handsomely engraved affairs, guaranteed to flatter and attract the recipient thereof. "J'Accuse" is no ordinary picture, and it has no ordinary history. It was produced by Abel Gance, a French director, and many of the scenes were filmed while M. Gance was serving in the trenches with the French army. Imported to this country by Marc Klaw, it is one of the first French productions to enter into competition with the German-made pictures. If it does not achieve the popularity of the German productions, it will be because the Germans have shown an uncanny aptitude for giving the public something new, while this French director merely gives us an imitation of D. W. Griffith.

"J'Accuse" contains every known ingredient of the war picture. It tells of a woman who is loved by two hero with sawdust for brains. The three principal characters in "J'Accuse" find some sort of spiritual significance in the horrors of the war, but by the time they have achieved souls they are either dead or insane, and so you cannot get worked up over them.

In spite of the fact that he is free in his use of bomb M. Gance manages to make "J'Accuse" a picture worth seeing and worth thinking about. Did you ever see a picture turn from a mediocre film to a wonderful production in ten minutes? That is what happens to "J'Accuse." Forgetting his foolish characters and his spectacular battle scenes, M. Gance stages one of the most inspired scenes I have ever watched. It is a magnificent preaching against war and knocks to pieces all the arguments about the ennobling influence of war.

At the climax of the picture, M. Gance states the theme of "J'Accuse." He brings to life the dead army of France. The soldiers, covered with wounds and dirt, arise from their graves, and, while the living conquerors are passing beneath the Arc de Triomphe, the dead heroes march above them. The dead soldiers return to their homes and their villages; they return to accuse the living. They accuse the profiteers, the politicians, the men who stayed at home, and the women who have forgotten them. "Were you worth the sacrifice we made?" they ask.

It isn't pleasant, but it is impressive. Those who saw the picture in the Ritz-Carlton received it rather indifferently until M. Gance turns his guns on the unworthy living instead of on the Germans. And then the audience forgot its rudeness and became silent. I hope some of the distinguished persons present were uncomfortable.

Now for the opinion of the volunteer critic. The critic who saw "J'Accuse" with me was a woman stage director, who has directed a successful stock company in Los Angeles. She also worked in France with the
Y. W. C. A. She is not particularly fond of motion pictures. "J'Accuse" bored her for one hour and impressed her for the rest of the evening. The battle scenes, she assured me, were the real thing, although she did not like to see them.

She made the following general report: The music arranged by Hugo Riesenfeld is the finest she has ever heard as an accompaniment to a motion picture. The French actors are not as good as the American actors, in spite of the fact that the players in "J'Accuse" were recruited from some of the finest theaters in France. Marise Dauvray, who plays the wife, is too heavy to try to act like Lillian Gish. Severin Mars, the husband, looks like a cross between William S. Hart and a grocery horse. Rannould Joube, the third side of the triangle, has some effective scenes which he spoils by overacting. The best actor in the cast is Desjardins. Except for the climax, the picture does not measure up to "The Four Horsemen."

A scenario writer who sat in back of me complained about the poor photography in the opening episodes. M. Gace begins his picture with some colorful and beautiful scenes of a small French village on midsummer's night. The scenario writer criticized the flicker that casts its glow over all these scenes. She did not know that the peasants of Europe light fires and dance on St. John's Day.

"REPUTATION."

It is a long jump from "J'Accuse" to "Reputation." Universal's special production which stars Priscilla Dean. Have you ever observed the habits of Universal? This company goes along making pictures that create no havoc in the artistic world and then it comes along with a big special that is guaranteed to dazzle and bewilder. And "Reputation" is a dazzling picture, principally because Miss Dean does some dazzling acting. It bewilders because its plot is loosely hung together and because what happens on the screen couldn't possibly happen in real life.

However, improbability is no handicap to any picture. Seeing does not have to be believing.

"Reputation" contains the rudiments of an excellent plot, but the story has been considerably stretched for picture purposes. A young girl, living in a New England manufacturing town, runs away from her husband and child and joins a cheap theatrical company. Several years later, as leading woman, she returns and finds her little daughter in an orphanage. Although she hopes to take the child with her, her intentions are deflected by a kind gentleman who points out to her the inconveniences of too much domesticity.

And so the actress goes to Paris and London and emerges several years later as a great star—a great French star. The shrewd little Yankee has discarded her American name and has adopted a set of French mannerisms and a choice collection of Continental morals. After a series of dissipations and scandals, she cancels her contract to return to New York. The New York manager is in a frenzy because he has promised the newspapers a rare and sensational character.

Who is it that saves the day for the manager? None other than Laura Figlan's daughter—the little girl of the orphan asham. But not so fast! On opening night, the real Laura Figlan appears—a wreck from drugs and drink. And there is a scene. In fact there are several scenes. The climax is fast and furious—and interesting. Finally when Laura Figlan discovers that the girl who has stolen her reputation is her own daughter, she takes gas and dies muttering a few well-chosen lines from "A Tale of Two Cities."

Priscilla Dean acts like a whirlwind; the girl is a marvel. Her character study of Laura Figlan would do credit to any actress—on the stage, on the screen, or out of a job. Ordinarily, I object to Chinatown scenes to scenes that dwell too strongly on a vice that shouldn't be brought before film fans. But I can excuse these scenes in "Reputation" just as I can excuse Laura Figlan herself. In her portrayal of Laura, Miss Dean shows that the wages of sin not only are death, but the loss of beauty, of charm, and of all claim to sympathy. Stuart Paton's direction is good. The theatrical scenes are not convincing, but the picture has color and a wealth of deft human touches.

Report from the volunteer critic. Age: The years of discretion. Occupation: Dramatic and music reviewer. Likes motion pictures and is one of the few dramatic critics in New York who attend them. The verdict: "Never mind about the weak spots in the story. You liked the picture yourself, didn't you? And say a lot of nice things about Miss Dean. She reminds me of
I will make no comment on "The Lost Romance." Let the amateur critic do it. In this case the volunteer is a young and beautiful girl who writes for a living, but who would consider matrimony.

And this is what she said: "Good night! Is this marriage? Why doesn't Lois Wilson get a permanent wave in her hair and drop that eternal sewing basket? I don't see why this couple is so keen on romance. After five or six years, I should think they would have some other interest in life. There is Jack Holt. He is the 'other man.' Why is Lois Wilson going to run away from Conrad Nagel to marry Jack Holt? Is he any more romantic? What's got into the De Mille? Always harping on matrimony. I know lots of couples who have been married for years and don't act like the characters in a De Mille picture.

"So Edward Knoblock wrote this story! I thought he was a good playwright. It was awfully nice of you to let me come with you, and, of course, it hasn't cost me a cent, but still I think it is terribly dull. No pretty clothes, no exciting scenes with automobiles—just a lot of advice about how to keep your husband interested. And I don't own a husband."

"THROUGH THE BACK DOOR."

In the case of "Through the Back Door," I am going to let the volunteer reviewer have the floor. Age of reviewer: I promised not to tell. Occupation: Mother. Disposition: Normal except for an unreasonable predilection for Mary Pickford.

"There she is—younger than ever. I hope she never grows up. I don't see why they had to make her a Belgian refugee. Still, she comes to this country—through Ellis Island, too. Do I think the picture is too sweet? No. I think it is wonderful. I like all of Mary Pickford's pictures. Yes, I suppose she can act, but I like to see her doing just what she is doing now. Look at her strap the scrubbing brushes on her feet and skate across the floor. She reminds me of Lotta. You don't remember Lotta; she was long before your time. But ask Dad, he knows. This picture is a treat. Why can't I see Mary Pickford more often?"

"LOVE'S PENALTY."

"Love's Penalty" has Hope Hampton for its star. Miss Hampton got a big start in the motion-pic-

The revival of "The Birth of a Nation" is of great interest to those who have watched the career of Lillian Gish.
ture world by appearing in "A Modern Salome." It was a poor picture because it failed to bring Miss Hampton to popular attention. "The Bait" was not much better. But "Love's Penalty" proves that Miss Hampton is a star worth considering. Her greatest handicap is that she cannot act trash and make it convincing. When she is called upon to be natural, spontaneous, human, and humorous, she is quite delightful. When she has to play emotional sex scenes, she fails simply because she is a beautiful, lively, and unaffected girl from Texas who wasn't born to be a tragedy queen. "Love's Penalty" has some excellent moments, but it is spoiled by a forced climax. Jack Gilbert directed it and succeeded in getting some pretty pictures, but most of the honors go to Miss Hampton.

The amateur critic who went with me to see "Love's Penalty" was a sixteen-year-old girl just out of high school. She hopes Miss Hampton has a really big picture in the near future and wants to know where she can obtain a collection of her photographs. By the way, Percy Marmont is seen as the villain in "Love's Penalty." It can't be done: Mr. Marmont is a gentleman.

"THE TEN-DOLLAR RAISE."

You will find nothing but human beings in "The Ten-Dollar Raise," a picture adapted from a story by Peter B. Kyne. It is a little drama of everyday life, a drama of persons who work hard with small reward, and a drama of simple souls who demand little of life. A bookkeeper is the hero of the story, which tells of a man who works for years in order to make enough to marry the stenographer who is the sole ray of

"Reputation" is a dazzling picture, principally because Priscilla Dean does some dazzling acting.

romance in his life. The miracle at the end of the picture which enables the couple to find riches and happiness is one of those events that only happen in stories, but you cannot begrudge the picture its happy ending. William V. Mong and Helen Jerome Eddy play the leading roles. They are not stars, as yet, thank goodness!

An actress who saw the picture told me she liked it as well as any play she had seen during the season. If you are sophisticated enough to like naturalness on the screen, you will, too.

Continued on page 100
Romances of Famous Film Folk

The love story of Mary Hay and Richard Barthelmess.

By Harriette Underhill

JUST at first Dick wouldn’t listen to the idea at all, although Mary rather approved it. "Dick and Mary" means just one thing to motion-picture people and fans in New York, but, of course, every one doesn’t know them by their first names, so we may as well say at the beginning that Dick and Mary are Richard Barthelmess and Mary Hay, now Mr. and Mrs. Barthelmess. What we wanted Dick to do was to give us a first-hand, honest-to-goodness account of his courtship and marriage. We were up in Saranac Lake at the time of Dick’s marriage so we didn’t know anything about it until we saw it in the paper and it was too late to do anything. Not that we had any intention of rushing down the aisle just as Dick was about to put the ring on Mary’s finger and shout, "Stop, I forbid this marriage!” or anything of the sort. No, indeed; Dick was never anything more than a very good friend. But if we had been in town we should have insisted on being among those present, although, as a matter of fact, no one was present but the two families and D. W. Griffith.

There never was a popular young bachelor of the screen who has not been married a dozen times, according to the public. It made no exception of Richard Barthelmess. Every month or so everybody would be on the qui vive because a report had come out of the West that Richard Barthelmess was engaged; and then the report would be denied, and everybody would settle back again to wait for the next report. How well we remember the first time we ever saw Dick on the screen. It was with Marguerite Clark in “The Valentine Girl,” and we thought he was a young boy, as he appeared in knickers and played “puss in the corner.” “With those eyes,” we thought, “he will do a lot of damage to ladies’ hearts when he grows up.” Then we learned that he had grown up and had already done a lot of damage to ladies’ hearts.

Dick is the finest fellow in the world and absolutely devoid of conceit. “Oh, Harriette,” he once said to us, “you only think I’m good looking because you like me. Why, you should have heard what Dorothy Gish said about me when she saw me for the first time. ‘Look,’ she said, pointing me out to her sister, Lillian, ‘look what’s going to be my leading man!’ I thought when I saw him on the screen that he was tall and handsome!” Dick thought this was a splendid joke, but we didn’t, for Dick is handsome—handsomer than any other man on the screen to our way of thinking and if he isn’t very tall at least he is tall enough.

But here we started to write about the romance of Dick and Mary, and we proceed to write only about Dick; but it is because we know him so much better. You see we never met Mary until after she became Mrs. Barthelmess.

As we were saying, at first, Dick wouldn’t listen to the idea of having any one “write up” his marriage. Now, when Dick says “no” it means no, and nothing can change him. He is what is called a “masterful man.” So Mary, with our assistance, set out to make him change his viewpoint.

“I don’t want to have it advertised,” said Dick.

“Oh,” laughed Mary, “come out of it, friend husband. You won’t mind it at all by the time you’ve done it three or four times.” Mary is just the way she looks on the stage and on the screen. She is petite, sprightly, and piquant. She has a cunning little turned-up nose, and she wrinkles it across the bridge when she laughs. She is very bright and funny, and talking to her and Dick keeps one’s mind up and doing. You can’t sit down and mope if you want to talk to them. Otherwise you’ll get left about two laps behind. Dick never really consented to be interviewed, but it happened this way. It was in the Claridge Hotel, and we three were having dinner. We were fifteen minutes late for our appointment, but as it happened it didn’t matter, for so were they. Having to motor in from one’s country home in Harrison is uncertain. When we arrived at the hotel we asked the captain if he had seen Mr. Barthelmess. “Don’t know him,” he said laconically.

“You don’t know Richard Barthelmess?” we said incredulously.

“Oh,” he said in his Franco-American, “you mean the movie star who played in ‘Broken Blossoms’ and ‘Way Down East.’ Sure, he not yet arrive. I shall notify you when he come.” So that is fame! In the middle of the dinner we all suddenly stopped talking, and Dick sat thinking for a few moments.

Since their marriage, Dick and Mary have lived in his little country home at Harrison, New York.
and then he laughed and said: "It's funny, but I'll never get used to the idea of how I first met Mary. It was in New York, and we had just finished 'Broken Blossoms.' It was the night of the opening, and at the end of the performance I joined a party to go over to the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolic on the New Amsterdam roof. Bessie McCoy was playing up there, and Mary Hay was her understudy. It just happened that the night I was there Mary played the part, although she never had done so before."

"Well," interrupted Mary, "I was only seventeen years old, and one can't get very far along at seventeen."

"You did very well," said Dick gravely. "And I was delighted. I said, 'Who is that cute little thing who is pinch hitting for Bessie McCoy?' and some one at the table said, 'That cute little thing is Mary Hay. She is a daughter of Major Caldwell of the U. S. A.' If her father's name is Caldwell, why isn't hers? I asked."

"Every actress doesn't use her father's name on the stage," said Mary protestingly.

"And, anyway," we added, "he had just about resolved to change it to Barthelness; hadn't you Dick?"

"I'd resolved to try," he admitted.

"Then it was a case of love at first sight!" This is the second one we've encountered, Alice Brady being the first, and it pleases us immensely, because we have always believed that that was the only way to do it.

"Yes, it was as far as I was concerned."

"And as far as I was concerned, too, though you see, Dick saw me a long time before I ever saw him."

"I tried to secure an introduction to Miss Hay that night, but I wasn't successful, and I had to go back to California the next day and go to work on another picture. It was several months before I came East again, and when I reached New York I went to live at the Algonquin Hotel. Almost the first person I saw when I walked in the lobby, was Mary Hay."

I hadn't met her, but, of course, I recognized her on sight. As I was wondering what to do, for I fully intended to do something, along came D. W. Griffith, and he stopped and spoke to Mrs. Barthelness."

"He did not," interrupted Dick's better half. "he spoke to Miss Hay."

"Yes, of course," acquiesced Dick, "but you see I'd already begun to think of you as Mrs. Barthelness. Well, anyway, I walked boldly up and requested an introduction, and, as soon as Mr. Griffith had performed that ceremony, I invited you both to luncheon. Do you remember? I thought you were sweet."

"And I thought you were handsome. Do you remember that Mr. Griffith refused your invitation to luncheon?"

"And for that he was the only one outside the family invited to the wedding," said Dick.

"And he has never yet given us our wedding present," observed Mary.

"Hush," said Dick. "Let's talk about birds and flowers."

"No," we protested firmly, "talk about that first luncheon. You're doing very nicely."

"I'll tell you about it," said Mary. "It lasted till four o'clock, and then Dick said that it was nearly tea time and we might as well run up to the Plaza and have tea. So we ran up and danced and had tea and muffins until six o'clock and then Dick asked me if I had a dinner engagement. I had, but I let it go, and so Dick and I dined together."

"Yes, and later we went to the theater and then to supper. Finally. when we separated Mary said, 'Do you know we've been together for twelve hours?'

"But it didn't seem more than one hour, did it?"

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Arctic City—

It's a wonderful place for
that every fan

By Leonie Nathan

IF, on one of these warm summer evenings, you chance to drop into a theater which is showing Dorothy Dalton’s “Idol of the North,” take especial note of the buildings, the streets, and the hillside views. If you get these well fixed in your mind, you will recognize them again and again in other pictures of the “Far North,” and you will be able to identify any production made in Arctic City.

Arctic City is unique. A city without laws, it has little or no disorder. Though it boasts no resident population, it teems with life and activity throughout the winter months. Consisting of but a handful of one-story buildings suggestive of gold-rush days, built within the confines of a five-acre plot, pictures of it have been shown to countless millions of people in every corner of the world, for Arctic City is where practically all the Eastern producers send their companies in winter to make “Far North” scenes. Within its narrow limits a director will find, all ready for use, every property and accessory from trained Eskimo dogs to a readymade Alaskan dance hall.

Arctic City was built in 1915 by “Caribou Bill,” an adventurer of the great outdoors, who conceived the idea for a permanent location of that sort when his wanderings led him to Port Henry, New York. Some of the townspeople backed the enterprise and the scheme was carried out not far from the village. Caribou Bill now fades from the story, for he left Port Henry soon after his project was completed, and all that remains that is reminiscent of him is the verse which some local wag burned in rude letters on one of the shacks:

In memory of Caribou Bill
This is where he started,
And we'd put up another sign
If we knew where he departed.

Perhaps, in some movie theater, far away, Caribou Bill has sat and chuckled to himself when he recognized familiar scenes from “North Winds’ Malice,” “The Blue Moon,” some of the O. Henry stories, or “The Law of the Yukon,” to name but a few of the productions that have been made in the town that Caribou built.

It was twenty-two below zero on the day that we landed at Port Henry with the “Idol of the North” company: twenty-two below, but dry and clear—the kind of cold that sets you atingle with a healthy glow.

We were given the usual Port Henry welcome, which consisted of an apology from the village sheriff and undertaker for not offering the “keys of the city.”

“I give ’em to the last company that was here,” he said dryly, “but they lost ’em, and everything’s been wide open since.”

Our advance man had made arrangements for us to stop at a place which he knew was a hotel because a sign nailed over the front door said so. There was nothing about the outside of the building to distinguish it from several others near by—but the inside had many features that were unique, such as, for example, an elevator which was affected with what the clerk called “arctic ennui.” It is always serviceable and in perfect running condition when there are no motion-picture guests, but when they arrive it immediately breaks down, only to energize itself again after they leave.

“I attribute the breakdown to an excess of artistic temperament,” the proprietor said.

Having been warmed and fed we set out on the two-mile tramp to Arctic City. A call from Miss Dalton, Main Street, Arctic City’s only thoroughfare, has been changed very little from the time it was first planned.
The girls from Port Henry, New York, the nearest metropolis, are all quite used to appearing before the camera as Alaskan belles.

Arctic City is merely a picturesque group of buildings such as used to be found in frontier mining camps.

at Twenty Below

taking winter pictures, and one should know about.

and Jules Cowles

who was slightly in advance, brought the entire troupe to where she was standing, and there, before us, deep down in the valley, we gazed upon a most wonderful sight. Lake Champlain, partly frozen over, glistened and shimmered in the morning light, sending out a multitude of colors from its crystal covering. Interspersed with the ice floes, deep-purple-blue lanes of water wound themselves in and out and over to the Vermont shore, where the distant peaks provided a background. A few steps brought us to the other side of the ridge. Through the pine trees, at the foot of a steep and long winding way, we obtained our first glimpse of Arctic City.

The general aspect of the place is somewhat changed from the plans and specifications of Caribou Bill; additions having been made by the several companies who have played there, but the main and only street still retains its original layout in every detail. According to the signs on the front of the shacks, there still remain the offices of mining engineers and assayers, and a large dancing and gambling hall called the "Aurora Borealis"—right across from a small church—a Ritz Hotel, hash houses, a doctor's office, and many other signs such as are commonly found in this sort of camp.

We noticed that the little church commanded the attention of an elderly gentleman who visited the location several times and invariably went straight to this building. One afternoon the stranger approached the cabin and was invited in.

"There is a building on this street," he said, "that I am quite sure would be of more interest to you if I should tell you the reason why I have stood in front of it so many times. For fifty years I was a missionary in northern Alaska. That little church down the street is an exact counterpart of my first church there. Several of my neighbors, Christian and un-Christian, and I put it together, and, as I will probably never see my little church again, you may appreciate how much its counterpart, the little church down the street, appeals to me."

Before we left, Miss Dalton had some large photographs taken of the building, and sent them to him as a gift from the company.

The doctor's shack—"Old Doc Resnick's" office, as it was named—was the most popular of all the buildings. There we found a "heater and a smoker," as we called the stove that emitted heat and smoke in equal proportions. A two-foot extension running around three sides of the office served as a place of rest between scenes, and while those who occupied these hard, wooden boards only too frequently, were called lounge lizards, they preferred this to the chilling effect of twenty degrees below zero outside.

The Malamutes and Hudson Bay dogs thrive upon the cold, bracing air and seem to be the happiest when wallowing in the snow. The dogs we used were, we were told, the best teams south of the Arctic circle. A beautiful black quarter wolf Hudson Bay, the leader on one team, led the team that won the ten-thousand-dollar Nome sweepstake race two years ago.

These dogs are never friendly. They are constantly fighting among themselves, and regardless of the length of association, when one team of dogs passes another, it seems to be a direct challenge for a fight, and it is only through the most careful surveillance that they are kept from it.

The technical director, having placed his Continued on page 97
Kids of the

As artists they are well along, but

By Emma-Lindsay

The little boys are decked out in Lord Fauntleroy suits and carry miniature canes. The mothers who accompany them have hard faces, tired eyes, and rasping voices. They nag at their children continually and carry heavy packages of portraits and "stills" with which to intrigue the casting director.

If these are the children from which the lecturer drew his conclusion. I say with him, "God pity them!"

But fortunately the regular little troupers of the camera are for the most part entirely different. They are healthy, normal youngsters who like the same things and do the same things that all American children like and do; and who are, generally speaking, not one bit impressed or spoiled by working in the movies.

I do not hesitate to say that as a rule they have better manners and are better educated than the average child in "private life." They may pick up a few rough speeches from their associates at the studio, but no more, I will wager, than any child learns from thoughtless grownups. In fact, it has been my observation that the adults in studios, including actors, directors, carpenters, and electricians, are exceedingly watchful of the speech and habits of any child working in their company. I know a director who dismissed a mechanic for using profanity in the presence of a ten-year-old actress, and I know a veteran actor who put a little six-year-old cinema twinkler over his knee to curse him of using a certain descriptive, but censored, epithet.

Most of the camera kiddies, as I have said before, are normal, active children with excellent minds. A few of them have become sophisticated and are painful to talk to. But these are in the minority.

The movie child, you see, accepts the studio atmosphere in a matter-of-fact way. To him, there is not the glamour with which the outsider seeks to invest motion-picture work. Even fan letters, which are apt to be the greatest factor in turning a youngster's head—and a grownup's, too, for that matter—are taken as a matter of course; and, if the mother is sensible, the fascinating business of autographing pictures for admirers becomes a duty that is part of the day's work.

There is little Jack Coogan, for instance, age five, "going on six." I don't think that you will find a more thorough little artist than he. If you saw him with Chaplin in "The Kid," I'm sure you will agree with me, and I understand that in his first starring vehicle, "Peck's Bad Boy," he again covers himself with glory.

If he acquires any self-consciousness, it will be the fault of his parents and stupid grownups who delight in teaching him pert sayings. He was quoted recently as having answered in response to the question as to who were the greatest actors in the world, "Charlie Chaplin is the greatest and Jackie Coogan is the next greatest." "And after them?" "You needn't go any further."
That is not Jackie. It is simply what he has been taught to say. He is in reality one of the most delightful little persons I have ever met. He combines the perfect poise of an adult with the ingenuousness of five years. He is so artistic that he delights in displaying his accomplishments, singing, dancing, reciting verses, and displaying sleight-of-hand tricks, even for an audience of one. And he does it naturally, enthusiastically, without any thought of showing off.

Another charming child whose naturalness on the screen is surpassed only by his sweetness of disposition and unaffected simplicity, is Pat Moore, who has played with many of the greatest stars. I'm sure that you will remember his wonderful work with Katherine MacDonald in "The Turning Point" and in the Mayflower special, "The Heart of a Fool." His mother has a charming bungalow on Cahuenga Avenue, and there is a big yard where Pat and his younger brother, Mickey, raise rabbits and play at taking movies. Both the boys were born in England and have practically been brought up in the atmosphere of stage and screen. But it has not spoiled either of them. Their mother has attended to that. I remember that when I first met the two youngsters, they took me out in the yard to play motion pictures. Pat was the director, Mickey the camera man—with the assistance of my unloaded Brownie kodak—and I was the company, consisting of hero, heroine, villain, and aged mother. Pat had the technology of the camera at the tip of his tongue, and, for that matter, so did little Mickey, who still has a baby blur in his voice.

"We'll make this an iris-in with a fade-out at the end of the scene," Pat would tell Mickey in a businesslike tone, and then would stride up and down, hands clasped behind his back, in an attitude of deep thought, while I, the com-

Johnny Jones, leading man of the Edgar series, has perfect manners, but they have not made a "sissy" of him. He dashes around the Goldwyn lot in this twenty-candle power auto when he is not working.

Ida McKenzie, of the Chester comedies, is just a normal, blue-eyed little girl who gets terribly embarrassed when she meets people.
But he is all boy. His perfect manners have not made a "sissy" of him. He dashes around the Goldwyn lot in a funny little motor car with a twenty-candle-power engine, and there are generally from three to six other boys piled into it, with a miscellaneous collection of dogs, cats, pet rabbits, and parrots. He is an expert on marbles, and has a mania for adopting stray dogs.

The five-year-old George Beban, Jr., whom every one calls "Bob White" is, I think, one of the best-liked of all the studio children. The fact that he is the son of Beban, the famous delineator of Italian characters, has not gone to his head. He was literally a stage baby. He appeared before the footlights when he was but a few months old, as the infant in that most famous of all George Beban's vaudeville sketches, "The Sign of the Rose." He has played with his father in many of his screen productions and toured the country making personal appearances with him in theaters where "One Man in a Million" was being exhibited. Now Bob White isn't upstage at all, but just the same he owns up to having temperament. He insists on being paid each day, so his father gives him a silver dollar at the end of each day's work, in receipt of which he signs his name in a round, baby scrawl at the bottom of a regular voucher. Bob White declares that he is not going to be an actor when he grows up. He is going to be a carpenter. He spends every spare moment with the studio carpenters, and such has been their interest in him that he was recently made an associate member of the Hollywood Stage Mechanics' Union.

Wesley Barry, who is popularly known as "Freckles," is undoubtedly going to be one of the big stars of the future. Although none of his people as far as I know are theatrical folk—his father owns a small grocery store in Hollywood—his talent for acting is much more than skin-deep. It is an instinct. He knows intuitively how to play a scene so as to get the most out of it and knows just the right touch which will bring tears or laughter. And oh, how he loves to act! In one of Mickey Neilan's recent pictures the company went on location, and "Wes" was taken along each day although his part was but a small one. But every morning he made up and stood around eagerly waiting to be called; and as the hours went by, and the days as well, without any work for him, his face grew longer and longer, and his eyes red-rimmed with tears that he was too proud to shed. Finally he approached Mr. Neilan and said dolefully: "Ain't I going to work, Mr. Neilan? It isn't so much being in the picture," he hastened to add, "but I don't want to get out of practice." He loves marbles, dog fights, swimming, and movies. He is a quiet, well-mannered little fellow, very bashful when approached by garrulous ladies who want to rave over his work, and he has a typically small-boy aversion to girls. In fact, he autographed a picture for a friend of mine—who had evidently not been objectionably feminine—in this wise: "From Wesley Barry, to one girl I don't hate."

Little Ben Alexander is, I am sorry to say, growing out of baby parts. He is now playing in "Penrod" at The Little Theater in Los Angeles and is making just

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Jackie Coogan, at the right, is just a natural, mischievous, fun-loving youngster when you can catch him, as the photographer did in this case in a moment of play.

"Bob White," whose daddy is George Beban, was snapped in a less idle moment, as you see by his picture below. But he can be quite as carefree as Jackie.

"Breezy" Eason is the son of one of Universal's directors, so it must be pretty obvious that playing in pictures must be from choice rather than from necessity—and that he has a pretty good time doing it.
The Camille and Armand of tradition are forgotten in the potent lure of the modern characterization of Nazimova and Rudolph Valentino. Bizarre, ephemeral, at moments, and at others, frenzied, their version promises a haunting succession of mesmeric pictures. It does not aim to present the "Camille" that successive generations have applauded and sniffled over. Because it is Nazimova’s presentation of a story that has survived even the buffetings of endless productions—good, bad, and indifferent—it promises to be interesting.
Alma Rubens appeared as Cordelia in "King Lear" in this Equity Show, and Conway Tearle as Orlando in "As You Like It," with great success. The occasion was a brilliant one, for it marked not only the debut of prominent motion-picture stars in Shakespearean roles and on the speaking stage, but it also marked the massing of the forces of motion-picture actors in the theatrical union known as the Actors' Equity. The pageant was staged by Hassard Short, who appears in the next Constance Talmadge picture.
Eric von Stroheim is striving to satisfy every taste in "Foolish Wives." For those who attach more importance to the edicts of the Rue de la Paix and Fifth Avenue than to all the encyclopedic data on correct costuming, he presents Mae Busch in this striking costume. For those who appreciate fidelity to custom in every detail, however slight, he provides Edward Reinach in an exact reproduction of the uniform of the Monte Carlo police commissary.
For those who have a taste for figures this magnificent set for Von Stroheim’s “Foolish Wives” took six months to build, and cost a press-agently sum. It took six weeks to photograph the scenes enacted there—scenes which will flash on the screen for less than thirty minutes. But whether or not you are interested in figures, you will enjoy stately Maud George, who plays a prominent part in the picture.
Gloria Swanson makes the word glorious her own when she shows what wondrous effects pearls and ermine and lustrous coils of wavy hair can conjure. Clare West, her designer, provided these spectacular effects for her, and Elinor Glyn wrote "The Great Moment," in which she wears them, but it is the personality of Gloria that makes them plausible.
What About the Foreign Films?

Jeanie Macpherson, on her return from Europe, scoffs at the idea that European pictures are anything to be feared by American producers.

By Marion Lee King

If you are an American and a motion-picture fan you hold the answer to the endless discussion of the pros and cons of showing foreign-made films in America. You have probably seen "Passion," "Deception," or "Gypsy Blood"—perhaps all of them. Many thousands of Americans have. But you have not seen the average German picture. You won't. The cost of keeping theaters open in America is too great to encourage audiences to stay away from them. And that is what the showing of most foreign-made films would result in, providing the censor allowed them to be shown—which he wouldn't.

Jeanie Macpherson, who prepares the stories for all of the big Cecil De Mille pictures, recently spent several weeks in Europe, conferring with the chief motion-picture makers there. And she returned with the sincere conviction that European films are not a menace to the American industry.

"We are democratic," Jeanie Macpherson told me from the midst of a bewildering array of treasures from Paris modistes that made everything else seem relatively unimportant. "And foreign artists are not. That is why American films are going to hold first place in the hearts of American people, no matter how good the foreign pictures are. We believe in our own whole-hearted countrymen, and they don't. We believe that boy-and-girl love stories—dramas of our own people—are important. And they—she broke into a delicious ripple of laughter at the thought of it—'they think they are positively childish. As Ernest Lubitsch said to me, 'Your domestic picture is quite beyond our ken.' And this is no trick of Germany only."

"The picture producers of France and Italy, too, think that American forms of entertainment are childish. And Americans would find their stories disgusting. We are working from an entirely different point of view, and until they can understand Americans better, they can't compete with American picture makers to any extent. After that—well, we'll have to watch out."

"Of course, people must realize that 'Passion,' 'Deception,' and 'Gypsy Blood' are not typical of their pictures. They are the best of them."

"Those productions have shown Lubitsch to be a master in staging spectacles. But in little, intimate scenes they can't touch the work of American directors. We have not been making spectacles here because the exhibitors insisted that the public did not want them. The success of 'Passion' and 'Deception' has disproved that, and now we can show what we can do along that line. Mr. De Mille's and my 'Joan the Woman,' made six years ago, is indicative of our ability to make spectacles. Abroad that is a great success and is admittedly just as good as their big productions."

When discussion of the invasion by foreign films was just beginning Herbert Howe said in "A Trip Through Europe's Filmland," in Picture-Play, "It is a reflection upon our initiative if we, who have had the benefit of uninterrupted prosperity, are defeated in art by a nation which has been defeated in war, crushed with debt, and burdened with world hatred."

Miss Macpherson found that the motion-picture industry had been protected and fostered in Germany throughout the war. We need not look on their productions as having been made under any difficulties. They were a privileged industry.

Incidentally, while many people in this country are reluctant to enjoy the works of German artists, the Germans are eagerly taking up American songs. Miss Macpherson found "A Japanese Sandman," a popular song in Germany, as is "Avalon." But they are performed as serious dramatic works, which suggests the kind of treatment that whimsical themes in motion pictures, so dear to the hearts of the American public, would get there. "The Merchant of Venice" is also being performed in Germany, but in such a manner that even Shakespeare might not recognize it. And,
most striking of all, German words have been written to "Over There," and the tune is heard wherever one goes.

A print of "Forbidden Fruit," made by Mr. De Mille from a story by Jeannie Macpherson, arrived while Miss Macpherson was in Germany, and she saw it in company with Ernest Lubitsch. He marveled at the dream scenes, but he quite frankly admitted that he could not understand the boy-and-girl love affair. It was too wholesome!

He spoke of the superiority of American films in plot construction. He said—and this information was elicited not from modest Miss Macpherson, but from her rightfully proud mother—that he had never seen so smoothly running a plot in a motion picture as in "Forbidden Fruit." That was his introduction to the mysteries of continuity writing. Foreign directors work without the aid of the carefully worked out scripts that American directors have. And that they are not unwilling to learn from us is suggested by the fact that Miss Macpherson is to return abroad next January. This information was also advanced by Miss Macpherson's mother.

Perhaps you have wondered if foreign stars will supplant our Pickford, our Ray, our Gishes, and our Talnades.

Miss Macpherson's answer to the question was a gesture of mock horror. "You should see them!" she exclaimed. "They are indescribable. The splendid artists we have seen in the films already imported are not typical. Usually even their ingenues are huge, accord-

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Katherine MacDonald—American Business Woman

She scorns beauty secrets but reveals some business ones which will earn her a half million in the next two years.

By Riley Gordon

Do you know who are the best business heads in this business?" a certain film financier asked me.


"No—Katherine MacDonald and Mary Pickford."

"Ah, g'wan, I thought you were talking about business heads, not golden ones."

The gentleman insisted that he was talking about business and that the Misses Pickford and MacDonald held their own in it, the equal mentally of any male entrepreneurs.

That's the reason, I suppose, that they head their own companies since, not to be facetious, no better heads can be found. But I'd always supposed they were more or less figureheads by reason of beauty, charm, and histrionic power.

However, I'm now convinced of my error, at least so far as Miss MacDonald is concerned, for I've made the interviewing acquaintance of that lady.

When I decided to do a story about the little-known Katherine MacDonald, American woman, instead of the well-known Katherine MacDonald, American beauty, some one objected that if I stressed her mental powers the public would think she wasn't feminine. Needless to say, fair reader, the miserable person making the slur was a male. You would have known that.

When "The American Beauty" was coined for advertising purposes I considered it just another of those side-show ballyhoo blurbs, like "The Bernhardt of the Screen" and "The Girl of a Thousand Personalities." After perusing the lady, however, I find the title singularly suitting, more suitting than the advertising genius perhaps knew. She is the American type both as to brains and beauty.

When you meet Katherine MacDonald you are startled by her external qualities. She's dazzling—a radiance of blue and gold set in marble calm. There is no name for the color of her eyes. Like the Mediterranean they are too alive for the pale namee of blue. The delicately irregular brows, like coastal lines, accentuate their width and color. Her hair elicits the old metaphor—spun gold. It is warm gold poured in waves. Her features in silhouette compose a cameo.

This may appear the hyperbolic impression of an impressionable male. Let me say at once that I forgot entirely the razzling pulchritude a moment after meeting her. Forgotten, too, were the poetic comparisons. That is because she is an American beauty. American beauty comes in prose. Our literature and art deal not with myths nor idealized nature, but with the beauty and romance of business—in the Main Streets, the Wall Streets, the skyscraping outlines.

Utterly devoid of pose, yet entirely self-possessed, she is—the American lady. Her tones are as cool and direct as her eyes, and, like the eyes, continually a-shimmer with wit.

"My hair is no color at all," she aver dryly. "Hairdressers are always saying, 'Now, Miss MacDonald, if you'd just let me touch it up with a little Golden Glint or Bronze Glub-Dub it would be just grand.'

To which Miss MacDonald replies characteristically: "Leave it alone. The Lord did it, bad job though it is"
When asked for her beauty secrets she always says:

"A nickel cake of carbolic soap rubbed in with a worn-down finger-nail brush. Never use cold cream at night—I get enough grease in the daytime. I believe the pores should have union hours."

Although she has no beauty formula she does have a health system, which gets beautiful results. When work does not permit of golf or horseback, she goes through her Swedish exercises in the morning. From her description I judge they are not unlike the physical torture that follows reveille in camp. She also has a dietary plan which allows only a cup of tea for lunch.

I do not think that her beauty is any source of pride to Miss MacDonald. I think she regards it only as utilitarian. Hence any trouble she may take is simply a matter of business—or pleasure. She may not enjoy the Swedish exercises, but she goes through them not only to freshen the appearance but to quicken the mind. As for riding, motoring, and golf, she is naturally a sportswoman—not one of those strenuous, rawboned, derbied damsels who break into the social sporting pages, but a leisurely, moderate participant and fan. She intends to have some fine kennels and stables when she finds a ranch to suit her.

Personally and contrarily, I would say that Katherine MacDonald's beauty had little to do with her success in pictures. There are a great many radiant young persons floating along Hollywood Boulevards who never have arrived anywhere. And as you oft have heard, beauty may be a downright handicap. Hence one might say that Miss MacDonald has demonstrated a triumph of mind over matter. For instance: how many beautiful girls are ever hailed as great actresses? There seems to be a law of convention among critics and, to some extent, among the public, that a beautiful woman simply has no brains and cannot act. But take a less ornate female and let her stalk in the same rôle that the beauty has and she gets notice for her "def characterizatión." One has to say something.

"When I came on the screen they said I had two expressions," observed Miss MacDonald with that impersonal sort of humor with which she seems to regard herself and the world. "Not so bad for a start," said I, "I might have less." According to the latest report I believe I now have six."

She smiled noncommittally. She could afford to smile. She has just signed a contract whereby she is to receive six hundred thousand dollars for those six expressions for two years. A hundred thousand dollars an expression is not so bad. The price bespeaks quality. But she does not get that sum on the strength of what any critic may have said. She was awarded it because, in a nation-wide popularity contest, she was found to be among the five most popular stars of the silver cloth. The public really wrote the contract for her, and she acknowledges no employer except that public. She may be indifferent to what individuals think of her, but not to what the public thinks. Before the camera she troupes.

"Her emotion is mental," says Jerome Storm, who has been directing her. "Her intelligence governs. She must have a reason for everything. She would never permit herself to be worked into a sob frenzy by music or other tricks. The motive must come through her mind."

As Huneke said of Mary Garden, she is a cerebral—thinks with her heart and feels with her head. The resemblance does not pause there. Miss MacDonald also is Scotch of descent and, like Miss Garden, has an infinite capacity for details, not only of acting but of business. She actually is the directress-manager of her own company. It is not the Katherine MacDonald Pictures Corporation in name only.

Success came by no accident for this star. True.
The Revelations of a Star's Wife

CHAPTER IX.

We left early the next morning for Claudia Dorvern's; I was glad to leave that little town, with its tragedy, for in the clear morning light my unhappiness of the night before had begun to vanish, and I wanted to shake it off altogether. I told myself that it was his instinct for catching the high points of a situation that made Hugh an unusually good actor, that he used what he knew unconsciously, and that I was a silly idiot who didn't appreciate my husband. But I was glad to coast down the long hill that started us on toward Claudia's.

We reached her home late in the afternoon and found her, a gorgeous figure in a gown of yellow gauze, waiting for us in the sunken gardens that were one of the most beautiful features of her estate.

"I especially wanted you to come," she told me, with an affectionate kiss. "To-night you and I will visit—won't we?"

I was a bit upset by her warm greeting; I barely knew her, and old-timer in motion pictures that I am, still I'd never known a professional vampire intimately before.

Dinner was a perfectly served meal—almost too perfectly, in fact, as if she didn't dare take liberties with the accepted way of doing things.

After dinner we went over the house, a gorgeous place, that was a succession of remarkable rooms. It had been built and furnished by a man of great wealth who was noted for his taste, and Claudia had bought it only a short time before. She was as pleased with it as a child is with a toy—like many motion-picture people whose money has been made in a hurry, she just accepted what other people told her about furnishings, and thought that, because a thing was rare and costly, it must be beautiful.

But in her own room was something that gave the whole thing away. The room was beautifully furnished and very French, and would have been wholly suitable for a tiny, very blond woman. But Claudia, who is dark and rather statuesque, was out of place in it. She was delighted with it, however, and was showing Hugh the wonderful view from its windows when I happened to glance behind a painted screen and stumble on her secret. For there stood a red plush, patent rocker—a hideous-

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Two Who "Broke In"

In all the strange annals of movieland, there are probably no more unusual examples of attainment than the two related below.

By John Addison Elliott

THREE years ago neither of the men whose pictures are shown on this page knew anything about motion pictures. One of them was an eighteen-year-old boy, working for an export house in New York, the other a retired advertising man, with no idea of ever taking up any business or profession again. To-day both are busily engaged in motion-picture making—both successful, in different ways.

The eighteen-year-old boy, whose name is Irving Thalberg, figured out for himself that the motion-picture industry was the one that he wanted to break into. He didn't expect to begin at the top—all he wanted was a chance to start at the bottom. He applied at the Universal offices and was given a job as a stenographer. There he came to the attention of Carl Laemmle, the president, and before long he was made Laemmle's private secretary. Laemmle was impressed by the boy's keenness and integrity and began quietly to train him for the most important post in the organization, next to his own, that of manager of Universal City—that huge group of studios where all the Universal productions and those of many other companies are made. Thalberg was set to work on the job before he had reached his twenty-first birthday, though the full title was not conferred on him until a few months later. A rather responsible job, this, to keep an eye on everything going on in such a huge establishment and to see that waste doesn't creep in. But a very young man landed it in two years by "breaking in" and doing what came to hand to the best of his ability.

The other story is somewhat different, but equally remarkable. A. H. Symons had finished a long and successful business career, and had thought to spend the rest of his life pretty leisurely, when certain things happened in Wall Street that somewhat upset his calculations. He was talking matters over with a friend one day at the New York Athletic Club, of which he is a member, and remarked that he would like to get to doing something actively again when the friend remarked: "I should think you'd try the movies. You're an unusual type—and you've had something that few persons on the screen have had—a wide social and business experience. I'd try it."

That put an idea into Mr. Symons' head. The more

he thought of it the more it appealed to him. Here was a new profession—that would be interesting.

He went over to one of the studios and made an application for work. He was quite willing to begin as an extra, for the experience. But a gruff "Nothing doing" was the only answer he got. After trying several times he finally learned that most of the types were procured through certain agencies. Learning the names of these, he went to them and proceeded to interest them in what he had to sell—the characteristics of a distinctive type, intelligence, and the unmistakable appearance of a man of long association with persons of culture and standing.

One of the agencies said they would give him a chance, and so they did. They sent him on the long, tiresome trip to Fort Lee, on a job that took half the night. Probably they thought they would find out whether he was really interested. They found out that he was, and his next assignment was to play a small bit—that of a doctor in a short scene.

From that time small bits, and some larger ones, be-

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looking thing, but obviously the most comfortable chair in the whole house.

She turned away from the window suddenly and saw that I was looking at it. For a moment I don't believe that she knew whether to storm at me in a temperamental rage or just overlook the incident, but I took the bull by the horns before she could do either.

"If you're a friend of mine you'll let me have that dear, old-fashioned thing in my room," I told her. "My grandmother had one just like it, and I'd stay up all night to sit in it."

She ran across the room and put her arms around me at that.

"My people never could afford one," she told me, quite simply. "To own such a chair and a house to put it in was my mother's lifelong ambition, and I bought her that out of my first salary check. She's dead now, but I love that chair, and when I'm alone I always sit in it."

Nothing else could have made us such good friends, of course. I was conscious of a warm, affectionate regard for her when Hugh went off for a tramp around the garden and a smoke before turning in, and I said good night to her.

"Oh, please—I wonder if you'd mind sitting up a while and talking with me?" she asked. "I'd be so grateful if you would—I'm sure you can help me so much!"

Her request and her insistence that I could help her were almost too much for me. I'd have felt more capable of helping the Queen of England, I assure you. But I slipped into my favorite negligee—it's made of a gorgeous Spanish shawl, embroidered in red and yellow roses—and joined her on the balcony that gave us a view of miles and miles of sleeping countryside.

Below us stretched the valley, dark and mysterious in the June night. And on all sides rose the hills, with the rising moon just touching their tops. I lay back in a long wicker chair, content to be still and look down the long, dream world, but Claudia Dorvenn, crouched down on a low divan that stood near the railing, deliberately turned her back on it.

"I shall bore you terribly, I'm afraid," she began, "but some one must help me. I'm so lonely, so unhappy, so—so unlived!"

"But I thought—I mean, I've heard that you were adored by every one who knew you," I broke in, too amazed to be tactful.

"By every man, you mean," she corrected me, with a bitter little laugh. "Oh, I know all the stories—that I broke up the home of Victor Neal, the first director for whom I worked, that it was because I made him fall in love with me, and then cast him off, that young Anderson began smoking opium; that I got my million-dollar contract with the Seward-Jacobs Corporation because Seward was infatuated with me. I wish that any one of those stories could have been true ! "

"Oh, it's really absurdly funny," she went on, after a moment's silence.

"Think of it—one of the best-known sirens in the country has never had a love affair because no man has ever fallen in love with her!"

"You see, I've never known any men, really. I was brought up on a lonely farm, because my mother, who was an actress in cheap road companies, never could afford to have me with her. When I was seventeen she died, and a friend of hers offered me a part in a show of his. Two weeks later, when I was on the verge of losing my job because I couldn't act, Victor Neal saw me, and gave me the part of the vampire in a picture he was putting on. He coached me, I made a success in the part, the reviewers liked Victor and—well, I was made as a vampire from that moment on.

"He was a clever showman; he made up all sorts of wild stories about me and the public swallowed them. I was the most seductive woman the world had ever known! I was mysterious, enchanting, irresistible. I—who couldn't talk to the callowest youth for five minutes without almost dying of embarrassment. It was he who attributed young Anderson's death to me; when the Andersons declared that the man had never known me, people promptly assumed that it was because they didn't want their son's name connected with that of so notorious a woman. When Victor's wife sued him for divorce, he turned even that into good business—he was backing me at that time, you see. So I became a professional siren; I, who'd be an unhappy old maid if the world valued me at my true worth."

"Oh, but that isn't true," I protested. "Why, you're beautiful—"

"Yes, of course." She dismissed that casually, impersonally. "But that doesn't matter. It isn't beauty that makes a girl popular. Let me tell you something. A few years ago I went to a summer resort where nobody knew me. I did my hair differently than I wear it on the screen, wore different clothes, changed myself enough so that, though a few people told me that I resembled Claudia Dorvenn, they didn't really recognize me.

"And—I was a wall flower at all the parties. I wasn't interesting enough to hold the attention of the men I met. I'm not expert in the art of small talk. Time after time some little flapper just out of high school, or perhaps still in it, would come along and cut me out just as a nice man was beginning to get interested in me."

"That seems incredible," I murmured, fascinated by the beautiful line of her profile and the dark splendor of her hair. She is really one of the most wonderful-looking girls I have ever known.

"True, though. After that experience I gave up trying to know people. I spent my time at home when I wasn't at the studio, and brushed up on the education that I should have had. I got the reputation of being a highbrow. I didn't dare let myself be introduced to the men—really big ones, some of them—who asked to meet me, because I knew that they'd expect me to be fascinating, and I knew I couldn't.

"I'd like to marry a man who wouldn't expect me to be seductive or enchanting, but would like having me bring him his slippers when he came home at night, and would want to read with me, and go to good plays, and travel a little. If he was sincere, and kind, and straightforward, and cared for me, I'd adore him. But I haven't a chance in the world of meeting such a man—and if I did meet him he wouldn't care anything about me."

"But surely since you've come to this beautiful place to live, you'll know the people near by."

"No, I probably won't. I offered my gardens for a bazaar for a local charity, and the women on the board wouldn't accept my offer; they say the men were keen for it, though! Can't you help me out, Sally?"

"Could I! For a moment I didn't know what to answer; then suddenly an inspiration—nothing less—came to me. I talked to her for a few moments more, then rushed to the phone, got the New York operator, and called الشريف."

And ten minutes later I slipped off to my own room, content with the world. For at the other end of the wire Danny Gardner had promised sleepily to come up on the first train the next morning—and I had great faith in my own powers as a match maker.

TO BE CONTINUED.

In the next installment of The Revelations of a Star's Wife two of the most dramatic narratives in all the history of motion pictures are related. One is the story of a true love—the other of a false one. Don't miss it.
WHEN Pearl White left serials a year ago, some of her friends were afraid that she would forsake the daring, adventurous sort of stories for which she was noted, and settle down to being merely one more comely star. But instead of resting on her precariously won laurels she has crowded thrill after thrill into her feature pictures—becoming more daring with each one.

IN a forthcoming production tentatively titled "Woman or Tiger," Pearl White plays the part of a girl brought up on shipboard. Against the rugged background of old ships, rough crews, and rigors of the sea, she emerges through a series of adventures a real heroine. Striking water scenes for this picture were filmed in the Bahamas.
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never noticed until I really saw her what beautiful feet and ankles she had—better than any bathing girl! And I never saw such pretty-colored hair before; it’s a deep shade of gold, almost amber, and her eyes are very blue.

As we went out, the photographer took our pictures, I would have been happy if all New York had been there to stare. I felt so proud of being photographed with Elsie Ferguson. But, of course, Park Avenue had to be simply deserted at that moment.

After a short ride in her limousine, which was upholstered in dark purple, we got out at a little house in a side street. Inside there was a quaint little shoe shop, run by a man named John Azzimonti, who seemed like a character out of a story. He has invented shoes for Sarah Bernhardt and for some famous dancers, and he has lots of autographed photographs and letters from them on the walls. People order shoes and slippers from him by the dozen pair, and for what one pair cost some of us could buy a whole spring outfit.

For some reason he couldn’t fill Miss Ferguson’s order, but he kept talking to her, telling such a long tale of woe that I began to lose interest. I stopped listening then, and just watched her listening sympathetically. This made me marvel because I couldn’t imagine any one presuming on a busy star’s valuable time to tell her grievances—and I didn’t see how she could be so nice and patient with him.

Finally, when we got away, Miss Ferguson turned to me and said: “See—it isn’t all as nice as it looks on the screen. I can’t even get the shoemakers to make me shoes. I was surprised to know that she had them made. I supposed that she just went into an expensive shop and picked out what she wanted. But it seems that there are only one or two really good shoemakers—she called them bootmakers—in America, so they are terribly busy. She spoke of how much more satisfactory it is to shop in London or Paris. I could hardly believe it, because just glancing at the wonderful things in the Fifth Avenue windows had dazzled me.

The next place we went to was more up to date, and there they took Miss Ferguson’s order for several pairs of slippers, high boots, and funny costume shoes of all kinds. Miss Ferguson had drawings of what she wanted; she just showed them to the bootmakers and said: “Could you make that for me?” without ever mentioning prices. The designs were made by a girl whose drawings in a magazine attracted Miss Ferguson. She sent for her, and ever since then the girl has been drawing clothes and shoes and things for Miss Ferguson. I bet that girl blesses the day her work fell into Miss Ferguson’s hands.

In the car again Miss Ferguson told me how much she liked my home town, and how comfortable she found the little hotel there. I was terribly surprised that she even remembered ever playing there. It doesn’t seem possible that she remembers all the little towns she played in when she toured. But she spoke of Plainfield so nicely just as she might have of Paris or Rome or any far-away place. I asked her if she ever got tired of playing, and she said she did. “Sometimes when I feel weary and blue, I say to Mr. Clark”—that’s her husband—you know—“Tom dear, what is the use of all this anyway?” And then he reminds me of the little girls who watch for me at the stage door sometimes, and of one girl in particular. She was a pretty little thing who came up to me when I came out of the stage door one night, excused herself for speaking, and told me that she had seen me so often that she felt as though she knew me well. She said that “Such a Little Queen” made her love me. I pointed to Mr. Clark standing out by the car, and said, “Do you see that man out there? “Such a Little Queen” made him love me, too.” And when she left me, the girl said, “You’re still the same little queen.” I could have burst out crying right there, because I knew the girl wasn’t just flattering me. She was sincere, and the memory of her always lifts me up out of a blue mood.

It was good to hear her say that. It showed that the sincere interest shown by fans have really means something to her.

The car turned on Fifty-seventh Street and went west from the Avenue, stopping in front of a big shop. We hurried right up to the third floor, though I could hardly keep from stopping to stare at some of the exquisite things in show cases on the way to the elevator. Several ladies led us into a small gray dressing room, fitted up with full-length mirrors, a dressing table and several chairs. I couldn’t make out which was the saleswoman, because none of them seemed to be trying to sell her anything. They would just bring things in as though they were interested in her opinion of them, and rush them away again if she didn’t seem interested. One of them said, “You’ll regret it if you don’t take this,” the way our saleswomen in Plainfield do.

I sat in the corner hoping to see a regular fashion show, and I certainly did see one. Miss Ferguson took off her things and joked with me in a very gracious and kind way because I blushed. It wasn’t embarrassment though, really; it was just excitement and anticipation.

First, she tried on a very pretty pink crêpe de Chine chemise, made in a V at the top with lace and ribbons, and in wide scallops at the bottom. Trying on underwear was something new to me; I supposed you just saw some you liked and bought them. But apparently, finding things they like isn’t easy for people who are accustomed to buying the best of everything. Miss Ferguson told them to make her chemise with narrower lace and draw the scallops closer together—as she was going to wear it before the camera and wanted it more modest.

The next was a dress of some thin brown material, with a slip exactly the same color. It was perfectly plain—and looked so cheap that any one could make it, but it acquired grace as soon as she put it on. The girl was right; she is “Such a Little Queen.” A girl brought in a lovely big hat with lace around the brim and a big loop of it hanging down over the shoulder. Elsie Ferguson put it rakishly—it was much too big and gaudy for her—and laughed heartily at her reflection. That made me like her still better. I think she is one of the most winning actresses I ever saw.

It is hard to talk about clothes because Elsie Ferguson impressed me so much more than the clothes did. Even though I did see more beautiful dresses in a few hours than I had seen before in my whole life, that is, up close. I have never seen clothes both on the stage and screen—for I’ve seen Elsie Ferguson so many times. But this time the things were right near me, and I tried hard to figure out what the materials were like and how they were made so that I could copy them at home. There was a big, soft brown straw hat, trimmed just with a bow of ribbon at the back that looked so beautiful on her that I could have gone into raptures. She was only mildly pleased with the hat and didn’t care at all for the dress that it went with—or that went with it. I don’t know which would be correct where the dress was apparently just an afterthought of the designer who made the hat—so she had one of the girls take them away, and ordered the little girl to bring her costumes to be fitted. You see, while she was waiting for the various fitters to come with the picture cos-
tunes she was having made, she had models come in and show her clothes for her to buy for herself. She had almost as many people waiting on her as there are in the whole misses' and ladies' suit department of the big store out home. And it didn't fluster her a bit. She just stood there slipping in and out of beautiful things, glancing at the models who came in wearing gowns for her inspection, and looking over to where I sat to smile or speak to me occasionally. She must have seen wonder and awe in my face, because she didn't speak again of my not being interested.

One costume she tried on was a black, close-fitting, vampish-looking one that made her appear very stately. It was drawn up in front to one side, which left an opening on that side of the skirt—but she insisted on having it almost closed so that it wouldn't be too daring—had a long square train, very high neck, and long sleeves which had openings cut in them. The owner of the establishment came in while she had it on, and they both laughed very heartily at the idea of her wearing such a dress. He said, "I never expected to live to see the day. Miss Ferguson, when you would wear anything that wasn't more than conservatory!"

Miss Ferguson said that she didn't, either. She seems to look on this part with all its extreme clothes as sort of a lark, just as we'd feel about dressing for a masquerade.

Two girls knelt around her pinning and readjusting every little tuck, a man came in from another department with all sorts of trimming to try on the gown, a girl came from the fur department with fur skins, and the models kept right on parading through the room. They were interesting to me, as I never had seen any except in pictures like "How Change Your Wife?" and "Lombardi, Ltd.", but they seemed somewhat odd looking. They wore their hair in elaborate modes similar to Gloria Swanson's, and they all had startling red lips, and most had their eyes darkened a great deal. They all wore pink silk stockings and gold slippers which seemed very gorgeous to me. I wished that I were a model for about five minutes, but then I looked at Miss Ferguson sitting down comfortably while the models paraded in front of her and decided that as long as I was just wishing I might just as well wish to be a star who could buy all the clothes she wanted without even asking the price.

I had thought when I was ushered into the dressing room with her that perhaps I'd find out the secret of Elsie Ferguson's manner of wearing clothes, but I'm afraid that I can't. I am sure that it wouldn't help any one to copy Elsie Ferguson unless they had her beautiful, slender, and yet rounded figure, her lovely white skin, her poised, grace, carriage—of all the rest of the things she has always been noted for. To give the charm to clothes that she does, I guess that you would have to be Elsie Ferguson herself.

Miss Ferguson dressed, and I supposed everything was over, but no—she had a lot more sketches to order from. I had thought there was a crowd serving her before, but nothing in comparison to the number that streamed in now, each carrying a bolt of material to show her. They paused for a moment, and, if she liked what they had, they left it. Otherwise, they hurried right out for something else. There were furs, brocades, beads, fringes, feathers, silks, and chiffons that looked like rainbows. And just the yellow velvet—more shades than I had ever known there could be—would have dazzled me.

There were to be wraps and evening gowns galore. One robe had a wide roll collar that reached almost to the waist, and one white crépe de Chine dress had no sleeve on one side and was draped in big folds over the other arm clear down to the wrist. There was one made of gorgeous blue and green embroidery that just made me wish that every one who saw it on the screen could see it in its real colors. And there was a black velvet dress trimmed only with a chain of gardenias that made me catch my breath. No one but Miss Ferguson could have worn it. I didn't really have time to get over marveling at one thing when they brought in another. Even on the way down Miss Ferguson spied a negligée that struck her fancy and got off to add it to her collection. It was made of squares of Georgette crêpe in wonderful delicate tints; it just seemed to be made for her, it was so daintily attractive.

When I said good-by to her outside I just wished that the experience of being around with her and watching her was going to last forever. But since it couldn't I was anxious to hurry home and see if there weren't an Elsie Ferguson picture showing at one of the theaters.

We went down Fifth Avenue and stopped in a confectioner's to have something to eat—this afternoon-tea habit of New Yorkers is awfully nice, especially when afternoon tea means wonderful ice cream and cake and things. We do the same thing at home, but we don't call it afternoon tea; we call it going for a treat.

We had just given our order, when I recognized some one at a table a short distance away. It was Carol Dempster—and she did the nicest thing any movie actress ever did for me—she remembered me! I was so flattered I could hardly speak.

To top it all off we rode downtown on a Fifth Avenue bus—not so nice as a movie star's limousine perhaps, but much more convenient for staring at everything the way I like to. I couldn't help thinking that every trip I had taken to meet some movie star had seemed just a little nicer than the previous one, and then I decided that nothing could ever be more enjoyable than this. But so many things have happened since I went on my first trip out to the location where John Robertson was filming "Sentimental Tommy" that I never know nowadays what will happen next. The movies are so chock-full of surprises!

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Movi es

By Harold Seton

Modest maiden, sweet and shy,
Over whom we laugh and cry,
Verily you win all hearts
In your pretty playful parts!

E ver may your ringlets dance,
Spirit of the World Romance!

Man of malice graft and greed,
Offspring of Old Nick indeed,
Vile and villainous your game,
Insincere, devoid of shame!

Even though a while you thrive,
Still, you shall not long survive!

Model male, at once we know
Obstacles you'll overthrow!
Virtue triumphs over vice!
Innocence is, oh, so nice!

Easily you stand the test.
Strong and sure and self-possessed!
and legs. There is no use in being prudish about it, a girl with misshapen legs won't do on the screen even if her face is as lovely as any heart-breaker of history—Helen or Cleopatra. You must have slim ankles. If you weigh over one hundred and twenty pounds stay at home until you come down to that. You must walk well. As one casting director said to me:

"My impression of a new girl has to be formed in four or five minutes. I watch her from the moment she enters the door. She must be well dressed, walk well, and look pretty nice to get me to consider her at all."

All the girls I have seen at Los Angeles studios do not measure up to these requirements. But these are not girls who are trying to be stars, many of them are girls with a small stage experience, good reliable workers who will come in as extras at any time and who will just do. I am talking to the girl who is going to invest her parent's money in motion pictures as a business. She needs these things or she ought not to spend the money to go.

Not long ago I read an article written by a producer in which he advised girls who wanted to get into pictures—and young men as well—to send photographs for judgment. On the word of every man I could ask, don't do it. No director is going to send for you on the value of a picture. It is no indication of your film possibilities. Asking you to send a photograph is an easy way of getting rid of you. Motion-picture possibilities can be tried out in one way and one way only. That is before a motion-picture camera. Up to the present time the only way to find out whether you will film well is to venture a lot of money to journey to a company and get a job. You may have to spend it all only to find that you do not film well and that you have not the ghost of a chance. Even very beautiful girls and fine-looking men often find this out and have to return home disappointed. Nobody has as yet standardized any practicable scheme for telling how any one will look on the screen.

Here is a little bit of help, gleaned from many talks with directors. For girls, an oval face with eyes rather widely separated, large eyes, regular teeth, and a rather long neck are good screen assets. Light-gray eyes or very light-blue ones do not reproduce well. The color of the hair and its quantity make no difference. Wigs are worn more often than not in studios.

Youth is a big asset. Directors and producers naturally prefer to train a girl who is seventeen or eighteen rather than one of twenty-two to twenty-four, because the former will make more money for them before her beauty fades. A great many of the girls who come to Los Angeles are seventeen and are accompanied by their mothers. Certain girls under twenty, who is considering the motion-picture field, ought to be of a type which lasts. Emotional roles bear older women. The camera is pretty hard on any one, and it shows no mercy to those past their first youth. But in this held as in every other there are certain people who transcend rules. Nazimova is one. Any one who can keep a following can go on acting in motion pictures just as long as the following lasts. That is the big question concerning any would-be screen actress or actor. It counts for more than beauty or youth or ability or work. Do you, by something that is not of your making, attract people so that they want to see you again and again? For want of a better name the directors call it "screen personality." But it is the same kind of thing that makes men hang around waiting to dance with one pretty girl while another girl just as pretty sits neglected in a corner. The neglected one may have it on the screen and nowhere else. Some actresses have great ability and very little of this personal quality. Some have little ability and a great deal of it. But it alone is the thing that makes you last on stage or screen.

Nobody can tell whether you have this thing until you have worked for some time. If you do have it and will work and learn to act, anything in the film world is yours.

To get back to the practical things that you can reckon on, for you cannot count on this yourself, you will have to find out whether you possess it after you have become an actor or actress, you should be able to do certain things if you are to appear in pictures. A man will find it much easier at least if he can ride, shoot, run a car of any kind, drive, swim, dive, and dance, and a girl will find it to her great advantage to do all of these things, save possibly the shooting. She certainly should be able to ride, drive, dance, and swim, and run a car.

Now where are we? Let us take stock. You are a young man and want to go into motion pictures. You have a trade or some training that you can fall back on in case the pictures do not pan out. You have a fine type of athletic figure, good features, expressive eyes, regular teeth, irreproachable legs, can ride, swim, dive, drive horses, or a car, are active, lithe, supple, and in good health. You have your train fare to Los Angeles and four hundred dollars over. You want to succeed in pictures, and you are willing to pay the price of waiting and working, because you are bound and determined to make your way. Your jaw is set and your teeth are gritted together on that. Well, then, brother—they will call you that at many a studio—get you a new dress suit, some pumps, see that you have some nice street clothes, sport togs, and a bathing suit, and off with you with my blessing!

And as for you, my dear girl, you have a beautiful body, well-shaped legs, slim ankles, a face with real beauty, regular teeth, a good nose, large eyes and a graceful neck. You walk and dance well, swim, ride, and believe firmly in your ability to do as good work as any actress you have ever seen on the screen. You believe this so hard that you are willing to sit in a dim studio through days of sunshine waiting for a chance to act, to walk from studio to studio asking for a chance to get in, to live on a small sum and work nights fixing up hats and frocks for a hoped-for engagement. You are willing to work hard, to fight to keep your self-respect in an atmosphere very different from anything that you have known; you believe that you can "keep straight" under any conditions and under any temptation. (Let me interpolate right here that more girls keep straight than go wrong in this business, so your chances here are more than even.) You have a pretty good wardrobe to start, sport clothes, afternoon dresses, slippers, shoes, and stockings to go with these, several evening dresses with slippers et cetera, and some good hats. I hope that you are handy with your needle. It helps. You have over six hundred dollars and your ticket to Los Angeles and know where you can get fare home if you have to have it. You are willing to face your folks and the neighbors if you have to give up and come home. Well, then, sister—they will call you that at many of the studios—pack your trunk and start. I'll not say you may if every director in Los Angeles comes down on me and telling you to come.

But just one moment. Before you actually begin packing, wait a month longer, and I will tell you in my next article exactly what you will find, and what you must do when you get here.
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Famous Scientist Discovers Remarkable Secret That Shows Results in 48 Hours! No Medicines, Starving, Bathing, Exercises or Bitter Self-Defenses of Any Kind!

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"My experience in following your suggestions was wonderful. I lost 18 pounds and never felt better. I can eat anything I want and lose weight." —Ann M., Detroit, Mich.

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"Engraved Christian's Course has done for me what I could not do for myself. I lost 20 pounds in 14 days. I can eat anything and lose weight. I am so happy that I can eat my favorite foods and lose weight." —Mrs. W., New York, N. Y.

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Weighs 39 pounds less

"Am thankful that my attention was called to your course on Weight Control. I was 220 pounds when I started. Now I am 181 pounds. I can eat anything I want and lose weight. I am so happy that I can eat my favorite foods and lose weight." —Mrs. E., Washington, D. C.

Weighs 39 pounds less

"I have been overweight all my life. I was 220 pounds when I started. Now I am 181 pounds. I can eat anything I want and lose weight. I am so happy that I can eat my favorite foods and lose weight." —Mrs. E., Washington, D. C.

Weighs 39 pounds less

"I was 220 pounds when I started. Now I am 181 pounds. I can eat anything I want and lose weight. I am so happy that I can eat my favorite foods and lose weight." —Mrs. E., Washington, D. C.

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Realizing the importance of his discovery, Eugene Christian has incorporated all of the valuable information into 12 simple lessons, called "Weight Control, The Basis of Health," which is written, and the principles of health. These lessons show you how to control your weight and bring it down to normal by the wonderful new food discovery. They reveal all the startling facts about the recent food discoveries, and show you how to eat a pound or more of weight a day.

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Name.

Address.
THE ORACLE answers questions about the screen

PUBLISHED AT NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, CHICAGO, BOSTON, SAN FRANCISCO, DALLAS, QUITO, BANGKOK, BOMBAY, MEXICO, MONTREAL, LONDON, MUNICH, PARIS, BUDAPEST, QUEBEC, MELBOURNE, BANGALORE.

THE ORACLE will answer in these columns 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.

Certainly you are allowed to write every month. I have many who never fail to get their monthly letter in.

Just Tootsie—Natalie is the youngest of the Talmaque sisters. Yes, she played in "The Isle of Conquest" with Norma.

Miss Irene L.—Earle Williams is still with Vitagraph. He is so well known and has been a star for so many years he doesn’t need much publicity for you to hear about him. Some of his latest pictures are "Captain Swift," "The Fortune Hunter," and "Diamonds Adrift." Mary Pickford really played in "Suds," and not an "understudy," as you believe. She has since had another picture released, called "The Love Light." She is going to make "Little Lord Fauntleroy" next, and I am sure you will like her in that. That will be more like her old characterizations. It takes all of those to be a picture star.

Frederick H.—Marguerite Clark was born in 1887. Louise Fazenda was born in 1895, and Thea Bara in 1890. Louise is unmarried. She has left Mack Sennett comedies and is starring in the Educational program. That is her real name. Mary Pickford has not left the screen and is not contemplating doing so. She is going to England and is planning to make a picture called "Little Lord Fauntleroy" while over there.

An Edward Earl Admire.—Edward Earle is not dead. He is still appearing on the screen. He has recently played with Mabel Ballin in the Hugo Ballin production of "East Lynne." He plays the part of Archibald Corbet.

Jennie L.—I have given the addresses your requested at the end of this department. Cleo Ridgely hasn’t had much time for screen work. She is the much-occupied mother of twins, a little girl and boy.

Just Me.—You may call me what you like. It wouldn’t do me any good to remove me, because you are too far away. Anyway, it isn’t so bad as it might be. Erich von Stroheim was born in Austria. He was educated in a military academy in Austria. Prior to his stage career he was an army officer, newspaper man, and magazine writer in the United States. He has recently announced his engagement to be married. He probably is "swamped" like the rest. You might write him, however, and try your luck.

Wildana.—Roscoe Arbuckle is not dead. His latest picture for Famous Players-Lasky is called "The Dollar a Year Man." Billie Burke has golden-red hair and blue eyes. Norma Talmadge has dark hair and brown eyes. Mary Pickford’s hair is golden and her eyes are hazel. Elaine Hammerstein has brown hair and gray eyes. ZaSu Pitts has light-brown hair and blue eyes. Both William S. Hart and Douglas Fairbanks have brown hair, but Doug’s eyes are brown and Bill’s are blue. There is no picture star by the name of Silvers. The rest of your questions you will find answered elsewhere in these columns. Doralina’s latest picture is a Metro production called "Passion Fruit."

Peggy.—Roy Stewart is no relation to Anita. George Stewart is the brother of Anita. He appears in pictures. That is her correct name. These are all their correct names. Wanda Hawley is the wife of a nonprofessional.

MISS CHARLOTTE A. C.—Ruth Roland was Mrs. Kent. She has been divorced. Herbert Heyes is married and has two children. He was born in Little Falls, Washington. Walter McGraw was born in Brooklyn, New York, in 1888. He is appearing with Anita Stewart in her recent pictures. He has appeared in "Playthings of Destiny," "The Invisible Fear," and is appearing in her latest, "The Price of Happiness." Pearl White was born in 1890. Her husband played in her last serial, "The Black Secret."

T. H. F.—It is true that Ethel Clayton was married. Her husband was Joseph Kaufman and he died during the influenza epidemic, February 1, 1918. He was thirty-five years of age at the time of his death. She has not left the screen. Some of her latest pictures are "The City Sparrow," "Sins of Roxanne," and "The Price of Possession."

MAR V.—Joseph J. Dowling played the part of the "miracle man" in the picture by the same name. Francis MacDonald appears opposite Violet Dana in her latest picture, "Puppets of Fate."

ISABEL W.—Jack Perrin is in his early twenties. He has only recently married. Neither Kathleen O'Connor nor Pauline Curley are married. Kathleen was born in 1897. Her husband is a married actor. I can help you get into pictures, as you must know if you have read Helen Christine Bennett's article in this issue.

MAE S.—The part of Joseph in Mary Pickford's "The Love Light" was played by Fred Thompson. Her latest picture is "Through the Back Door."

ARTHUR H. L.—You will have to write Roscoe Arbuckle personally for the picture of him you desire.

AN EXHIBITOR'S DAUGHTER: MAR B.—Not all stars comply with every request for a picture, but most of them keep up with their letters. It is best to inclose a quarter. Zasu Pitts is not making pictures at present. She is married to Tom Gallery. Gareth Hughes is now appearing in Sir James M. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy." He is appearing in it with him are Mabel Taliaferro and May McAvoy. Conrad Nagel is playing in a William de Mille picture, "What Every Woman Knows." Ann May will be seen in Oliver Morosco's production, "The Half-Breed."

YISIBO N.—I can't tell you what picture star wants to correspond. They all have so many letters and so much of their time is taken up with their work that there are not many that find time for letter writing. You will have to wait until you wish, and take your chance with the other fans. Perhaps you will be fortunate enough to secure a personal reply.

D. D. C.—Kitty Gordon has left the screen. She is appearing in the Orange vaudeville circuit. I can't help you with your home brew; that's a little out of my line.

A DEVOTED FAN, HARRETT B. N.—I know nothing of the company you ask about. I have never heard of it, so can't advise you about it.

Continued on page 110

Is your complexion fair and charming during August's hottest days?

Or does the burning summer sun redden and coarsen your skin?

BATHEING—will your complexion stand the hot rays of sun on the water? Motoring—or hours in the search- ing sun and dusty air—will your face be free from an irritating roughness at the end of the trip?

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Success—and the Morning After
Continued from page 32

Valentino’s success has been a thunderclap. No one expected it, least of all, I believe, the gentleman himself. It must be a stirring sensation to wake up in the morning and find that during the night fame, friends, and the promise of fortune have moved in. What would one’s attitude be? Would it be that of gratitude and a sense of responsibility, or would it be the happiness of independence assured? Or would it make any difference at all?

I put the question to Valentino. He reflected seriously, his eyes on the glow of his cigarette.

“I do not realize it—I do not think it exists for me,” he answered thoughtfully. “By this I do not mean to pose. I have read every review and line about myself. I know they think well of me; I appreciate these thoughts. But I remember those days in New York when I didn’t know where I could get food when I was friendless. And I remember how—only a little while ago it was—that I had no real friends. People thought of me only as a dancer—a horrid hazard. That is the only way producers would cast me. I am grateful to Rex Ingram for believing I was worth something better. You see I have gone through the things that make a man—or a criminal. No one knows how lonely I have been. I have given anything—anything in the world—for just one good friend.” He paused, reflective. “Yes, and I think I always will be lonely in a way, for experience has taught me the illusion of friendship. After all, why should we expect such loyalty of friends when we always are finding others? I am not at all bitter. I just feel that I see life more clearly, and that is good. For now I know how little all these things matter, these successes and acquaintances and pleasures.

“My greatest ambition has always been to know myself. And I think I know myself now better than any other day. I could tell me. I know my good points and my bad. And the saddest are, for which I am grateful. It would be terrible not to be human.

“So how can I be flattered? Or what can this success tell me about myself that I did not know before? Of course, it may show to others that I have some ability and sincerity that they didn’t know about. But this showing to others, what does it matter? “Success I don’t think brings any happiness. For me, anyway, there seems always to be unhappiness. I don’t suppose it is that exactly, but a sort of dissatisfaction. I want to reach out further and find that something just beyond; see on into things now only half seen. I seem to have an awful desire to be moving. I guess it is the wanderlust. Perhaps you are right that my ancestors were Bedouins. The Orient fascinates me. There seems to be some secret wisdom in it. I am going to save my money so I can go to Egypt, Arabia, and particularly India.”

Metaphysics interest Valentino. He believes in psychic influences.

“In Italy I attended many spiritualist séances. They left an impression on me. Of course, I have tried the ouija board. I do not believe in it except as sometimes a conducer of thought without volition. I do believe in spiritual phenomena. I am sure I have had thoughts from my father.”

Valentino is not a spiritualist, a Freudian, nor a theosophist, but metaphysical research does interest him. Beauty, particularly of the occult or fanciful, also has a place in his regard. Among the books in his room are those of Poes’ D’Annunzio, Tolstoy, Balzac, Wilde, and Arthur Symons. He is partial to the poets, and of them favors Symons. He would like to express on the screen the subject which interests him most in life and literature. He was glad of the opportunity to play Armand in “Carmille,” with Nazimova. He would like to play Demetrios in “Aphro-dite.” It is possible that he will have the leading role in the production Rex Ingram is making from a Balzac story. Bandits, Moors, Chinamen, East Indians, romantic, foreign, and historical characters, these are what he wishes for his screen lot.

“And cowboys,” he added—rather inconsistently, I thought.

“But what is more picturesque than a cowboy?” he argued. “He is vital, and he must be a thinker, because he lives alone in the open. Whenever I have a vacation I go out in the desert with cowboy togs and a horse.”

An introspective Bedouin, a youthful Omar searching the Mystery, a pagan lover of the spirit—and they call him “Rudie.” After all, what’s fame to a man with a sense of humor and a good appetite? A jug of wine, a plate of spaghetti, a pack of cigarettes, and Valentino is a success most anywhere, at least as a host.
Arctic City—at Twenty Below
Continued from page 71

O. K. on the dog teams, turned his attention in other directions and decided that a Canadian Northwest picture would not be complete without a few four-footed burros and a number of jackasses. It was quite amusing to watch these “bits of atmosphere” moving about the snow trying to find something that wasn’t there. Some one said their actions should be called “movietis,” because it so much resembled the actions of us movie folks along Broadway when times were dull. They seemed to have a surprising sense of humor, and it is the solemn truth, coincidentally though it may have been, that every time a love scene was enacted, Old Jake, the prize animal of the lot, emitted a “Hee-haw!” that could have been heard half a mile away, and which was immediately taken up by his kin all along the line.

In “The Idol of the North” there were several scenes calling for mobs of extras, and there being no population in Arctic City, these extra people were recruited from Port Henry and the surrounding territory. Working in pictures was not altogether new to them. There were a good many who had served other companies in this capacity, and there was one whom we were not fortunate enough to obtain; she had played her first small bit some six months before, in another production, which proved an opportunity for her to obtain an engagement, and she is now well on the way to stardom.

One of the extras who was always a competitor for the head of the line, was Ezra Horsefall, who made his domicile in the Old Men’s Home. Every time the movies came to Arctic City the old man was there when extras were needed, and the home had an absentee mark opposite his name. Ezra’s married son and daughter are living in Port Henry, but he will not go to them. The spirit that makes real men seems to dominate him, and, as he expressed it, “Fifty years ago I made a living and with fifty years’ experience I ought to be at the top of the heap.”

The extra girls recruited from the town to act in the dance-hall scenes were strong, stolid, typical country girls, honest in their opinions and strong in their convictions. One of these convictions was that their pay should be regulated by weather conditions. It was necessary for them to change their warm clothing for the less practical outfit of the dance-hall girls. The first two days being reasonably warm they were quite satisfied with their salary. The day

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How this test beautifies the teeth?

Millions of people have accepted this offer—have made this ten-day test. They have found a way to whiter, cleaner, safer teeth.

We urge you to do likewise. Watch how your teeth improve. Learn what this new method means to you and yours.

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Teeth are tarnished by a film. By that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and stays. Old ways of brushing do not end it.

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Film is the basis of tartar. It holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay.

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They are embodied in a dentifrice called Pepsodent. And other most important factors are included with them.

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You will realize then that this way means a new era in teeth cleaning. And we think you will adopt it. Send coupon now.

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is going to marry Willard Mack, her divorced husband, again."

"Speaking of looking happy—" I made another desperate attempt to get into the conversation.

"Reminds me of Mae Murray," Fanny broke in. "I went up to tea with her the other afternoon while she was posing for a statue in her "Gilded Lily" costume. She was almost ready to start work on her new picture, 'Peacock Alley,' and she was all excited over having her own company with no one bossing her productions but her husband. And, of course, he never bosses or directs her, because they work everything out together. For the sake of Boris Lorsky, the young Russian who was modeling her, she had to tip her head away back, but even in that strained position she talked amusingly. As usual, between pictures she had been redecorating her apartment. It is early Italian now, with red velvet floor pillows almost as big as Reno, her Russian wolfhound, lying around on the floor. When I left her house something terrible happened. Oh, why did you remind me of it?"

"I was so chagrined," Fanny went on, but when I threatened to run out and hop into Hope Hampton's car which was standing at the curb, and leave her to pay the check if she didn't confess what it was all about, she told me.

"When I came out of the Hôtel des Artistes, where Mae Murray and so many other stars live, I asked the doorman to get me a taxi. It was a perfectly stunning one—not at all the usual ramshackle affair, but after I'd gone a few blocks in it I realized that it wasn't a taxi at all! It was Corinne Griffith's limousine! She had given her chauffeur orders to wait and take her guests home, and he made a mistake and took me. Will she ever forgive me?"

"I suppose so. Come along and see if you can't find some one's car to take me home."

Romances of Famous Film Folk

"Not more than thirty minutes," said Dick gallantly, "and how soon were you engaged?" we asked, for this was the first time we had heard the real story of Dick and Mary. "Oh, not for days and days," said Mary earnestly.

"So long as that? Well, Mr. Dick, you were slow. You know fain't heart ne'er won fair lady. But, of course, you saw each other all the time."

"Yes, of course. We went to work in 'Way Down East,' and, although it kept us busy, it kept us together."

"Is it true," we asked, "that you played the wedding scene just the day before you were married? And that that was what put the idea into your heads?"

"Well, part of it's true," Dick admitted.

"We did rehearse the wedding scene just before we were married," said Mary.

"But we knew it long before that," added Dick.

"Yes; we had our license for at least a week," said Mary. "And do you remember what the clerk said to me when we went to get the license?"

"Well, the old clerk said—and Mary made a funny face and a funny voice to indicate age. Mary is a wonderful mimic, as you'll know if you've seen her in "Sally," at the New Amsterdam Theater—"I'll let you have it this time, but we seldom give marriage licenses to one of your face and figure." He sounded like one of the characters in 'Way Down East,' and he wouldn't give me the license till I assured him that my mother knew all about it and was going to be present at the ceremony. So he was, and all of the other relatives, too. We had fifteen and most of them were mine, because Dick hasn't any relatives, only his mother, you know."

"And did you have a regular wedding, with a gown and bouquet and everything?"

"Here we are. I brought this picture for you to see. The one on the right—the smiling one is Dick. The other is the bride. See how sad I look!"

"And were you frightened?"

"We weren't frightened at all. We didn't expect to be during the ceremony, for you haven't time to think of it, but I did think we would be frightened afterward when we realized what we had done. As we started away in the car I looked at Mary and she looked at me, and I said, 'Are you frightened?' "At what?" she said. 'It isn't a bit different from what it was before.'"

"And I had fully expected to feel like Mrs. Atlas with the weight of the world on my shoulders. But we have had just a glorious picnic ever since."

"And not a single quarrel. So if you want to know 'How to be happy, though married,' just ask Dick and Mary."

"We Pay Him $100 a Week!"

"I decided six months ago that we needed a new manager. At that time Gordon, there, was one of the youngest men in the office and was pegging away at a small job.

"I brought him into the office one day and started to draw him out. What do you suppose I discovered? For more than two years he had been studying with the International Correspondence Schools at Scranton. In actual knowledge and training he was years ahead of any man in the office."

"So I gave him the job. We pay him $100 a week, and it has already proved the best investment the house ever made."

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**The Screen in Review**

(Continued from page 67)

"**PECK'S BAD BOY.**"

Doing a double service to humanity, I have been taking my nephews to act as film reviewers. The kindness is double because the boys like it and because the parents of the boys are overjoyed to have them leave home for a few glad hours.

Naturally, Jackie Coogan in "Peck's Bad Boy" made a terrific hit with the younger set. Jackie was the Kid in Chaplin's picture and any fellow who knows Chaplin personally must be endowed with rare and fine talents. The younger set had not read "Peck's Bad Boy" and so it did not know that Jackie is about six years too young for the part. However, "Peck's Bad Boy" is a source of innocent merriment, and Jackie himself is so adorable that all the girls go into fits of "ohs and ahs" about him. I hope Jackie doesn't attend the theaters where his pictures are shown. If he does, he stands a good chance of being spoiled.

"**THE BIRTH OF A NATION.**"

The biggest of spectacular pictures and the most intense of heart-interest dramas all seemed pale and lifeless in comparison and professional critics when "The Birth of a Nation" was revived recently by S. L. Rothafel, at the Capitol Theater on Broadway. At the time when it was first presented in New York, it was said that D. W. Griffith, the spend-thrift, had squandered as much as seventy-five thousand dollars on the picture, and all the wise men said that the movies were going absolutely crazy! And every one admitted that the summit of screen art had been reached. As they say in subtitles, six years have flown by, and "The Birth of a Nation" has not been surpassed. The movies have gone crazy on the subject of spending money, but Griffith's first big spectacle still remains the best of them all.

The revival of "The Birth of a Nation" forces Griffith into competition with himself. The reviewer will make no odious comparisons. But, even though I had seen "The Birth of a Nation" twelve times before its showing at the Capitol, I got a bigger thrill from the ride of the Klux Klan than I did from the marvelous ice scene in "Way Down East."

In six years "The Birth of a Nation" has gathered sentimental interest. It is a joy to see the real Mae Marsh and to watch the masterly acting of Henry B. Walthall. Lillian Gish has gained both in maturity and charm since the days when she played Elsie Stoneman. Miriam Cooper, too, has improved. But no picture has ever had the advantage of such an inspired group of workers as made "The Birth of a Nation."

And, by the way, if you see the picture, don't forget to notice Wallace Reid. He plays the role of the fighting blacksmith. Those were the good old days!

"**BOYS WILL BE BOYS.**"

"Boys Will Be Boys" also satisfied the younger generation, although the older generation found it a little shallow for an actor of Will Rogers' ability. The story is by Irvin Cobb and it is rather unctions. Rogers is seen as Peep O'Day, a man about the livery stable in a small Kentucky town. Peep inherits a lot of money from an unknown uncle and spends it in enjoying a childhood he had never had. The villains of the piece try to have him adjudged insane, but old Judge Priest, the central figure of so many Cobb stories, saves the day and Peep is left free to go on buying all-day-suckers for small boys.

Around in the New York film offices, it is said that Rogers will leave Goldwyn and join the ranks of the fewer-but-higher. He certainly deserves better things than "Boys Will Be Boys." Real actors, who are neither handsome nor "cute," are scarce.

**IN GENERAL**

Pauline Frederick is plunged in gloom and a dual rôle in "Salvage," her newest for Robertson-Cole. The picture itself proves nothing except that Miss Frederick can act. The plot is interesting if you like 'em morbid. If you don't like 'em morbid, you can see Mae Marsh in "Nobody's Kid." Miss Marsh is seen as our dear, glad friend Pollyanna who is always cropping up under another name in a new picture. Miss Marsh also can act, but the picture does its best to prove that she can't. Unfortunately, Miss Marsh hasn't had a good picture in so long that the public has grown tired of being disappointed. But they say she is coming back, under the training of a real director, and so, say, dear children, that you still believe in Mae Marsh. "The Man of the Forest," is virile, nuxated-iron stuff written by Zane Grey, who is ambidextrous and writes both novels and scenarios. It is a good picture, although it is obvious fare for sophisticated movie tastes. Carl Gant voort and Claire Adams play the important rôles. "Keeping Up With Lizzie" was adapted from
Irving BacheUer’s funny story, and it will make you laugh, which is enough recommendation for any picture.

“The Rider of the King Log” fairly breathes of the big outdoors, but it is not the conventional Western story. It was filmed in Maine, and so it affords the eye a rest from the conventional California scenery.

“The Last Card” stars May Allison, but it brings to light a new star in the directorial field. Ladies and gentlemen, meet Mr. Bayard Veiller, author of “The Thirteenth Chair” and other stage thrillers. Mr. Veiller learned the motion-picture business as director general of Metro’s studios in Hollywood. This is his first attempt at directing a picture. The picture is an excellent murder mystery, told with all the skillful technique that made Mr. Veiller’s plays popular. Al Roscoe plays opposite Miss Allison.

As for “The Wild Goose,” let us be charitable. The story by Gouverneur Morris has been movied beyond all hope. The picture is called “The Wild Goose” because this particular variety of goose mates but once. What a theme for a story of domestic life! The censors will like this picture. “The Woman God Changed” is another Cosmopolitan production, but it is better than “The Wild Goose.” The heroine of the latter film commits murder and gets away with it. The director of “The Wild Goose” committed murder, but didn’t get away with it. Scene Owen plays the regenerated dancing girl “The Woman God Changed,” and E. K. Lincoln is the detective who turns out to be the hero.

If your theater shows Tony Sarg’s Marionettes, be sure to see them. Mr. Sarg has invented something new in cartoon comedy that is as funny as Winsor McKay’s “Gertie the Dinosaur.”

What About the Foreign Films?

Continued from page 84

...ing to our standards, and they wear bulky clothes and cotton stockings. I got to thinking of Mr. Ziegfeld as I watched some of them, and I burst out laughing.” Miss Macpherson welcomes the invasion of foreign films as a whiplash to stir American producers to their best work. Her attitude toward them shows, above all else, good sportsmanship. Her stand is “If any one can take anything away from the American producer they deserve to have it taken away.”

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Associated First National Pictures, Inc.
"The Worldly Hope"
Continued from page 43

I spoke of New York; Hope spoke of California. I enthused about the East; Hope dwelt lingeringly on the beauties of Los Angeles.

"I loved it there." She sighed.

"Such good times!"

"Parties?" I suggested reminiscently.

She shook her head.

"No, my house. I had a fountain out in front, with goldfish in it, and I used to wade in it and try to catch the fish with my hands. My maid and I used to make mud pies, too—do you like to make mud pies?"

Mr. Brutalour glanced at me rather anxiously. Perhaps I would be shocked—

I wasn't. We discussed, rather fully, the technique of mud pastry.

"And you made 'A Modern Salome in California'?

I asked.

"Yes, I did, but oh, what a terrible picture! I hope people don't think I liked it, because honestly, it was awful. It was my first, you see, the first dramatic work of any kind I had ever done—"

"Then you weren't on the stage first?" I interrupted.

"No, never. The way I got into pictures—it reads like—well, just the way most stories do not read like— if you know what I mean. I was born in Texas—Dallas, to be exact—and won a beauty contest—you won't think I'm terribly vain to say that?"

She broke off suddenly.

"Beauty is just a stock in trade you know. I don't say it shouldn't be acknowledged as well as a talent of any sort—well, I was saying, my picture was in the paper—oh, why tell her about it?"

The command was directed at Mr. Brutalour.

He smiled indulgently. He is evidently used to Hope's caprices and moods. She reminds one of a rainbow; iridescent, changeable. She flashes from childlike naiveté to Broadway slang. From a Puritanical mood to one of gay abandon. She is a delightful mimic, an ardent listener, quaintly frank about her own failings, generous in her praise of others.

"Well, it's not a long story," Mr. Brutalour said. "I have been in the picture business for many years as a producer. And in that time I have had literally thousands of girls brought to my attention by adoring friends and relatives who wanted me to star them. Some one spoke to me of Miss Hampton—her name was Mary Elizabeth Hampton then—and showed me her picture. I was impressed, but not greatly. I thought her just another would-be star, without brains or personality to back up her good looks. But when I met Miss Hampton I discovered my mistake. And I agreed, to give her a camera test. Then Leonce Perret met her, and was enthusiastic enough to write a story and direct her in it. Since then she has—"

"Have you seen any of the new pictures here in New York?" Hope broke in.

I gave an account of the ones I had seen. We agreed on a very few. I thought most of them were terrible. Hope loved them all.

"I guess I'm not critical, except with my own." She confessed. "I am the greatest fan in the world. Going to movies is practically my only recreation. I love comedies—Charlie Chaplin, Louise Fazenda—and I adore Mae Murray!"

The little black Pekingese scurried into the dining room like an animated pen wiper. Hope left the table to roup with him. Her hair loosened and tumbled about her flushed face and sparkling eyes. She sent the dog into spasms of delighted barking.

But later, in the drawing-room, she played "Samson and Delilah" for my delectation. Then she solemnly discussed the star system, and the picture she has just finished, "Star Dust." She assured me that girls with brains and beauty can get into the movies, many authorities to the contrary. And lastly, she showed me her wonderful wardrobe, with a collection of hats that would stock a Fifth Avenue millinery shop, and her jewels—dazzling bracelets of emeralds and diamonds, pearl and platinum lavalières, jeweled vanity cases, and marvelous rings. She displayed them frankly, like a child with a box of toys.

I was sent home in her luxurious limousine, a leveried chauffeur at the wheel. A fur-lined rug lay at my feet, a cut-glass vase with an orchid nodded beside me. There was the subtle fragrance of crushed hothouse flowers. I remembered the ermine cape she had shown me, the hundred-thousand-dollar fur cloak, the jewels. "The worldly hope men set their hearts on—"

And then I remembered the fountain; and the mud pies. The old-fashioned house at Yonkers which was to replace the gorgeous apartment I had just left.

So I don't know; perhaps not such a worldly Hope after all.
Fine Feathers and Ambition

Continued from page 24

“We always longed to come to New York,” says Pauline, “and we never thought we would get here. So there’s no reason we shouldn’t get to Europe, too, if we keep on hoping. Hoping and wanting and keeping a thing in mind is sure to get you what you want in the end.”

The gentle Pauline has worked out a philosophy.

Pauline was born in Joplin, Missouri, but she was brought up in Kansas.

There was an astute old landlady, Pauline’s mother relates, who used to watch the children at play in the courtyard, and who had her own notions as to the whereabouts and forgeries of the naughtiness inherent in all young children.

“She used to wag her head sadly and hopelessly when little Pauline belied badly,” says Mrs. Starke, “and say to me, ‘There’s no use trying to do anything with that child. She’s nothing but a little play actress, anyhow.’ Little did the landlady think what good fortune that would mean for us.”

Pauline Starke is a home body. You know there are two kinds of motion-picture actresses—those who keep themselves on view when the Cooper-Hewitts are dimmed, and those who don’t.

Pauline Starke doesn’t. A sensible mother with a level head and her share of common sense has seen to it that Pauline Starke would be a model of Joplin. The whole city turns out when Pauline’s pictures come to town.

When Pauline isn’t in the studio, she stays at home. Between pictures she allows herself to go to parties and to dance as late as perhaps as midnight. But she doesn’t believe that a career of pleasure and a career of work jibe along harmoniously. Pleasure has to be put very much in the background.

You remember perhaps the epic which Channing Pollock wrote into his play, “Roads of Destiny.”

“When a woman comes between a man and his business, it is only a matter of time, till the man has no business and the woman has no man.”

Pauline voices very much the same sentiments about herself and her business, and she doesn’t care to play fast and loose with the good things that have come her way.

Not that she is in the least bit priggish about it. She has lots of friends and lots of pals who feel just the way she does, and they are all young actors and actresses, too, who prefer to get their cars and drive...
out into the country on a sunny day to spending their time teasing in the Alexandria. Playing Salvation Nell brought Pauline and one of these pals together again. He is Joe King. They used to play together in the old Triangle days when Pauline was just starting in.

Pauline made her début under the sign of the Triangle. That was five years ago. She was only seventeen at the time and she was allowed to march on the scene as an extra girl. Before long she was starring, always playing the roles of the sweet young thing who didn't know the city and its perils. She always had to be simply groomed to match, and with insignificant exceptions she has been doing so ever since.

Whitman Bennett was so pleased with her work in "Salvation Nell" that he signed her to play the leading rôle in his next big production.

Pauline Starke goes on record as having made the following confessions:

She wants to play a part in which she is all dressed up and has some place definitely to go.

She wants to see Mildred Harris, her friend and chum, happy.

She wants to go to the opera before she goes back to the Coast.

She wants to give her mother everything her heart desires.

And she wants the young woman who remarked that she is the best-dressed girl in Los Angeles to keep on thinking so.

From a Beacher to a Feature

Continued from page 23

should be a real star within the year."

When I met Mary Thurman, we took a quick run to Marcel's, which is the place than which there is none than whicher to tea and dance in L.A. of a quiet afternoon. She looked almost exactly the same as she had looked at the Sennett chuckle foundry. Her red hair was just as tangle, and her lips just as laughing, and her eyes just as sparkling.

"Of course, funny," she told me as we sped along Sunset Boulevard in the warm afternoon sun, "but when I felt that I had to do some regular dramatic stuff, they did their best to queer the notion."

"Who are 'they'?" I asked.

"Well, it was over at Lasky's. I told Mr. Sennett that I wanted a shot at the Sarah Bernhardt, so he laughed and sent me up to Vine Street. Lasky's and Sennett's were in the same league then, you know. Now they're friendly enemies. Anyway, Mr. De Mille looked me over at the Lasky offices, and studied me from every angle for about an hour and a half. It drove me wild. 'Don't I get a chance?' I asked him. He grinned ironically. 'Sure, bright eyes. He cast me in a picture that made me play a fat, booby girl. You know booby boys are bad enough, but they can get a little sympathetic. Well, there's no hope for a booby girl. I went through with it though, and then left. And Mr. Dwan decided to take a chance with the beach red-head, for which I am duly thankful. It's been wonderful under his guidance."

When Mary talks, she chatters. Her manner is characterized by the much-used word "pep." But that's the word. Mary Thurman is an autoburn-topped symphony with jazz in-
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What the Fans Think

Continued from page 46

The Germans are furnishing us first-class clean entertainment in these three historical pictures and "The Cabinet of Doctor Caligari," which hardly under any circumstances could be called propaganda of any sort.

If showing unsavory incidents in the history of a nation is propaganda against that nation, then Bill Hart is doing us a lot of harm in letting his pictures go abroad. If we, by seeing "Deception," believe that all English kings have their wives beheaded, then all of Europe, by seeing Bill Hart, must have the idea that the favorite way of earning a living in America is by holding up trains.

Or perhaps the Charlie Chaplin influence has counteracted that, and Europe thinks we all of us go about in derby hats and shuffling feet.

I am in favor of patronizing the German pictures, for they entertain me hugely and they furnish competition to American producers, which I think is a necessity that is needed. If German pictures, or any other kind of foreign pictures, will make American producers get up on their toes and do better things, let's have more of them. I've been to a lot of American pictures that could be readily eliminated to make way for good foreign pictures. Yours very truly,

H. Kenworth Johnson.

Washington, D. C.

From a Fan Who Never Writes.

I wonder if there are other fans who, liking me, prefer worshipping from afar to writing to their favorites? To me Thomas Meighan is an ideal. Yet I myself would never think of sending him a fan letter. It would spoil things somehow. I couldn't bear to have his secretary—or whoever it is—read my letter or to have it perhaps thrown in the wastebasket either unread or laughed at. I prefer my silent worship. It is more respect and admiration for the type of manhood he represents than worship. There is no man on earth for whom I could have such a feeling.

G. D.


Bringing Old Friends Together.

When I read in the June number of Picture-Play that Helen Christine Bennett was going to be one of its writers in the future, it seemed to me that I just couldn't wait for a whole month for her first article. She is such an old friend—in print—that I knew I would enjoy what she had to say about motion pictures. I looked forward to her first article somewhat as a person who has heard a piece of good news looks anxiously for its confirmation in the newspaper. For I think I've grown to know motion-picture people and studios pretty well through being a constant reader of Picture-Play for three years, but I know that I shall enjoy what she has to say just as though it were all quite new and strange to me. You see, Helen Christine Bennett has long been an idol of mine. I've read her articles in other magazines on all kinds of subjects—and I have yet to find anything that she can't make more interesting or more easily understood. She never seems to be misled—she goes right to the bottom of any subject she tackles. I remember just after armistice time how relieved I was to read her great article in one of the big women's magazines on the rehabilitation work to be done for soldiers at the Walter Reed Hospital. And there was another one on the Social Unit...
From An Admirer of Kathlyn Williams.

I should like to say a word about some of the productions of past years I especially enjoyed and which I consider worth seeing again. Among those that stand out in my mind most clearly are the following: "The Criminal," with William Desmond and Clara Williams; "A Tale of Two Cities," starring William Farnum; "The Ne'er-Do-Well," starring that lovely and incomparable Kathlyn Williams; "The Million Dollar Mystery," with Milton Sills; "The Whispering Chorus," with Miss Williams also; "Eye For Eye," starring Nazimova; "Evangeline," with Miriam and Albert Marquis; "The Last of the Mohicans;" "Sacred Silence," with the best actor of all, William Russell; "The Prince Chap," with Kathlyn Williams and Thomas Meighan; and "P. T. Barnum" with Miss Williams.

As to the stars and players I like, I place Kathlyn Williams at the top of my list. I don't think there ever will be an actress that can take her place in my thoughts. She is supreme in every way. I shall never forget her portrayal of Mrs. Courtlandt of "The Ne'er-Do-Well. And why should I? She is my favorite star who is not half so brilliant as herself, as she does now, I don't know. It is certainly a decidedly and marked loss to the screen.

A DEVOTED PICTURE-PLAY READER.
Bridgeport, Conn.

A Plea for Better Pictures.

The many interesting letters from your readers which you have printed in the last few months have convinced me that the general public has become stimulated to desire improvement in our screen plays.

One thing which especially interested me was a plea for Wallace Reid to have a chance to show his versatility. This actor, so far as has been appearing in "speed" pictures, certainly deserves the unique position which he occupies in the public heart. Too much praise cannot be given him, for his pictures are always clean, wholesome, and fresh, while his acting, even in his most uninteresting pictures, proves intelligent and subtle. He is merely a young juvenile without histrionic ability. Evidently they did not see him in "Carmen," "Maria Rosa," or "Jean the Woman," where his acting showed such depth of feeling, that in many places, Farrar's art was pushed into the background. His expressive face portrayed emotion with almost too much ease. If he came up to the public expectation in "The Affairs of Anatol" and "Petter Ibbetson," he can easily reign supreme as the great cinema actor of his day, occupation or otherwise. I think that John Barrymore has the stage.

Two actors who, to my mind, may be compared to Mr. Reid are Kerrigan and Frank Morgan. Kerrigan is not always given the best direction or stories. But he has to his credit that he has held his position as one of the leading screen actors longer than any other leading man. People still talk of him even now, and an enormous box-office attraction all over the country. Frank Mayo needs no comment, as his growing popularity proves him one of the most unusual actors on the screen. Whatever he does seems so convincing and sincere.

Other actors who show unusual screen talent are Meighan, O'Brien Moore, O'Brien Lytell, and Barthelmess. Of the rising young leading men, Errol Paget, Mahlon Hamilton, Kenneth Harlan, Nigel Bruce, and Charles Meredith possess distinct individualities.

Of the women, there are so many beautiful creatures that it is hard to pick a favorite. Those who are of the unusual type are Corinne Griffith, Bette Daniel, and Gloria Swanson, and, of course, everybody loves the Talmadge girls. But the screen actresses who have given dramatic ability are few and far between. Perhaps the two greatest emotional stars are Nazimova and Pauline Frederick, but both are essentially of the stage. Of the screen actresses, I consider Corinne Griffith and Helen Jerome Eddy stand out prominently. My favorite of all favorites is that wonder girl, Alice Brady, who can do anything she does. She excels grandly in doing a hula-hula dance—and getting away with it—in the movies.

Whenever I approach the subject of Miss Lilian Gish, the so-called Bernhardt of the screen, I always feel rather uncomfortable, as if I were radical, for failing to appreciate her. But try as I may, I cannot even cultivate a liking for her. I even went to see "Way Down East" twice in order to try to appreciate her, but in vain. Her acting seems so hectic, so nervous, that the general effect lacks realism. Her work shows neither creative genius nor a great amount of intelligence, for her characterization seem always the same.

I agree with your Observer in everything he says regarding Pola Negri, except that he considers her superior to Nazimova. Pola Negri well deserves her fame, as in "Fashions" that gave to the world one of the most brilliant pieces of screen art ever seen. Although she was not exactly the common conception of the great colorless, nevertheless her acting showed at times true greatness. Her Carmen should be her supreme achievement, for she is ideally fitted for that role. Here's hoping she attains the heights already prophesied for her.

It seems to me that the producers are making a grave mistake in trying to give their pictures a long New York run before they get them. The drama is not the cinema, and the cinema is not the drama, so why try to follow the customary example of the legitimate? It is through these small towns that the producers have amassed their immense fortunes, and it does not seem fair to turn their backs on them now. New York isn't always going to rave about every picture which comes along, so if the producers in the future find gigantic failures on their hands, they have themselves only to blame.

Just a few words in regard to your magazine. It is the most fair, both to the public and the actors themselves. A desire for the best is always evident in your columns, while the articles are always stimulating and interesting. May the best of luck attend you in the future. Most sincerely,

A. Constant Reader.

Providence, R. I.
Right Off the Grill

Continued from page 55

Once again in a big Griffith production.

The starring of the beautiful Ruby de Remer by Associated Producers. The completion of two John Barrymore productions. The return of the two-reel drama made auspicious by the artistry of Bertram Bracken.

The return of Mabel Normand to Bennett liveliness and F. Richard Jones' direction.

Jerome Storm's revival of "The Rosary," with Lewis Stone as star.

Mary Pickford to Retire.

It is understood that Mary Pickford will go into temporary seclusion upon completing "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and that her Brother Jack will make her reappearance as a star in "Garrison's Finish," with United Artists. Frère Pickford directed his sister in "Through the Back Door," with excellent results. I'm inclined to think it is a mistake to spoil a good director—for good directors are more to be desired than stars.

Another Word to Nazimova.

All my fellow gazetters have been giving advice to Nazimova and pointing out to her the error of her ways. They rightly feel she has been dissipating her genius by doing the menial duties of director, cutter, and supervisor of her productions. Perhaps she will have a better organization when she joins the United Artists. Anyhow, I confess I prefer Nazimova at her worst to most stars at their best—but I don't see why she should be at her worst.

Chaplin Swats the Censors.

The best way of curbing the autocracy of censors has been suggested by Charlie Chaplin. It is simple. Where vandal shears are applied to a film let a title be substituted showing who is responsible. After you have seen a few of such bandaged products and been annoyed by having your entertainment spoiled "by order of the censors" you'll mutter darkly, "How come?" and start after the despoilers. It is only fair that the censors should have public credit for what they do.

Katherine MacDonald—American Business Woman

Continued from page 85

When she came to California, it was to see her sister, Mary MacLaren, then a Universal star. She had no intention of entering pictures for a career. But upon studying the business she arrived at the conclusion it offered a big return for a woman who would work scientifically. And so she went in, just as she would have gone into art, literature, or law. She started in commercials, playing in as many as three at a time. In addition she acted as property man, dressing the sets and rushing home to garner sofa pillows or pieces of bric-a-brac which the property room did not supply. She also learned how to order "props," the right prices to pay, and where to get them.

Being of an investigative mind, she also learned the salary schedule of players, directors, and other employees. Whether or not she had in view the organization of her own company I cannot say, but she did realize that acting alone was only a small part of making good in motion pictures.

Two Who "Broke In"

Continued from page 87

gan to come along with gratifying regularity. He began to "get over," and to attract attention. In "Footlights," the big Famous Players production, several notables were asked to appear with a few picked extras as members of a box party. Christopher Morley, columnist on the Evening Post, who was one of these, in writing up his experience, referred to the actor "who bore such an unusual resemblance to Senator Lodge," the actor being Mr. Symons. Mr. Symons wasn't wasting his spare time around the studios. He began learning all the tricks of the trade as fast as he could, and within a few weeks his services were in almost constant demand. He is now a member of the Actors' Equity Association, and as enthusiastic over his new profession as any young person, just breaking in, could be. It is not unlikely that he will become one of the best-known portrayers of certain distinguished screen types.

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ADVERTISING SECTION

The Picture Oracle
Continued from page 95

MRS. R. C. MANASCO—Geraldine Farr has black hair and gray eyes. I can't say as to the standard of the book, but as a rule those things don't help one get into pictures. Only by personal application can one make any headway at all. Nobody feeds you unless you're making money. It is every one for himself. I don't know where you could have gotten that idea. Olive Thomas did come from accidental poisoning.

G. M. B.—Corinne Griffith was born in Texarkana, Texas. She is in her early twenties. Her latest picture is called "What's Your Reputation Worth?" Percy Marmont is her leading man. Henry Woodward played in Cecil B. De Mille's "Male and Female." Virginia Pearson is not on the screen at present. Florence Reed is appearing in Ziegfeld productions.

MORRIS S.—I don't give private addresses of the players, only their studio or club address. You will find the studio addresses given at the end of this department. You will be able to reach the producers you asked about at their various studios. Mr. Griffith at the Griffith Studio, et cetera.

MADELINE K.—Forrest Stanley is appearing in Cecil B. DeMille's productions. "Forbidden Fruit" is his latest, and Agnes Ayres plays opposite him. He is married.

RED BOB.—I don't know why it should take you so long to get up courage to write me. Let's hope it won't affect you that way again. A big majority of the players are married. Why shouldn't they be? They are just as good as the rest of us. You will find all of your questions already have been answered in the columns. As soon as you get that courage to working things out some more.

HARRY CAREY's ADVISER, P. B. W.—You will find all of your questions answered elsewhere in the columns. Antonio Moreno is not married.

DUVAL A. H.—Elliot Dexter and Thomas Meighan are appearing in Famous Players-Lasky pictures. Elliot's latest is called "The Witching Hour," and Thomas Meighan's latest is "The Conquest of Camelot." Mr. Meighan at present is working for New York studios, while Elliot is on the coast.

MINNIE W.—Teddy Sampson was born in New York in 1893. Bessie Barriscale also hails from New York. Nazimova was born in Yalta, Crimea, Russia, on May 22, 1879. She is the wife of Charles Bryant. Miss Barriscale is Mrs. Howard Hickman in private life. Your other questions have been answered.

LITTLE MISS ROMANCE.—Ask your family doctor how to cure warts. That's a little out of my province. N. W. Donald's latest picture is "My Lady's Latchkey." Ethel Clayton's is "The Price of Possession." Harrison Ford is no relation to Henry.

A. S.—That picture was made in New York. "Everybody's Sweetheart" was an Elsie Janis picture. She made it after she returned from "over there." She was born in Columbus, Ohio. She is five feet five inches in height and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Her hair and eyes are brown.

B. G. S.—Ramsey Wallace has played with Wanda Hawley. He appeared in "Her Beloved Villain." Jerome Patrick plays with her in "Her First Elopeinent."
Advising Section

John L.—All addresses you requested at the end of this department.

Miss Helen B.—Tom Mix's early career consisted of riding the plains as a cowboy. The Talmadge sisters were all born in the State of New York. Natalie is the youngest. Constance is next. She was born in 1900, and Norma is the oldest and was born in 1897.

Miss Elizabeth N.—I can't say whether Miss Talmadge would read your story. Why don't you write to her and ask her?

George B.—Thanks for the complimentary compliments. Wallace Reid is six feet one inch tall and weighs four hundred and seventy pounds. He was born in 1890. Norma Talmadge's latest picture is called "The Passion Flower." William S. Hart has finished his contract with Paramount and is at present taking a much-needed rest. I can't say whether he will return to the screen. He threatens not to. Neal Hart is not related to him. June Caprice was born in 1899. She appeared in the Pathé production "Rogues and Romance" with George B. Seitz. Charles Chaplin's latest picture is "The Kid." Lillian Gish is not married. Greta Garbo's latest picture is called "Puppets of Fate." Mildred Harris is appearing in Famous Players-Lasky productions. Your other questions have already been answered. Surely, write any time.

Cullen Lander Admire.—That is his correct address, the one you gave. Cullen is married and has a small younger. You can reach Corinne Griffith at the Vitagraph address you gave. She was born in Texarkana, Texas.

Claire Adams Admire.—Your favorite is Baker "The Spirit of the Red Cross." She has brown hair and eyes. Constance Talmadge is five feet five.

Otis T.—You refer to George Chesbro. His latest picture is the serial with Grace Darmond, called "The Hope Diamond Mystery." I shouldn't think you could keep up with pictures very well with ten miles to go to a show and only twice a week. Perhaps you will do more for you soon.

Kathryn C.—Wallace Reid is that young man's correct name. His father was Hal Reid. His latest picture is called "Watch Dog." He is an automobile story. He also appears in Cecil De Mille's all-star production called "The Affairs of Anatol."

Leslie Prosser and Roy Stewart.—Roy Stewart is six feet, two inches tall and weighs four hundred and ninety pounds. He has black hair and brown eyes. Frank Mayo stands five feet eleven and one-half and tips the scales at one hundred and two pounds. His hair is brown and his eyes are gray. Charles Dorian lacks one-half inch of being as tall as Frank and weighs ten pounds more. His hair is brown, but his eyes are blue. Robert Tilton is the same height as Charles, but weighs only one hundred and sixty-eight. His hair is dark and his eyes are brown. E. K. Lincoln appears in "Tall Man," which is a picture for Cosmopolitan, "The Woman God Changed." Seena Owen plays the feminine lead. Write as often as you like.

Miss Andra S.—"The Laughing Mask" was a character in one of Pearl White's serials. Creighton Hale played the title part.

Henry G.—Tom Mix at present is living on the Coast with his wife, Victoria Forde. He is a cowboy in his early days. He does not play in pictures with Douglas Fairbanks. He is starring under the Fox banner. His latest picture is called "Hands Off," in which Pauline Curley plays the feminine lead.

A Movie Fan.—The clipping you enclosed was speaking first of Ella Hall, who is the wife of Emory Johnson. Then it says, "The correct Kirby, not Kirby. She is the wife of George Larkin," meaning Ollie Kirby is the wife of George Larkin. Perhaps you didn't know she is a picture actress and a different person from Ella Hall. That's where you got mixed up. Alice Brady is the wife of James Crane.

Rebecca M.—There is no paper shortage at the present time. Mary MacLaren has been absent from the screen for some time but is returning in Douglas Fairbanks' new picture, "The Three Musketeers." Mary is playing the part of the Queen. You will have to write the editor about the pictures you would like to see published. Ethel Clayton has two little children.

Martha S.—You will find all addresses at the end of this department. Ruth Roland's latest serial is being shown now. It is "Hoosier Avenue." She is starting work on a new one, called "The Golden Caftan." This is Miss Roland's eleventh serial for Pathe. Your other question is not clear. I don't know who you are referring to. Come again!

Addresses of Players

Asker for by readers whose letters are answered by The Oracle this month:

Address Justin Johnson and Constance Talmadge at the B.F. Treco Corporation, 455 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Tom Mix, Shirley Mason, Harold Goodwin, Buck Jones, Eileen Percy, and William Russell at the Fox Studios, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Norman Kerry, Seena Owen, and E. K. Lincoln at the Cosmopolitan Pictures Corporation, New York City.

Vivian Martin at the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, 650 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Douglas MacLean, Lloyd Hughes, and George Arliss at the Balboa, Culver City, California.

Pauline Frederick and Susse Hanks at the Robertson-Colo Studios, Melrose Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Corinne Griffith, Catherine Calvert, Alice Joyce, and Alice Calhoun at the Vitagraph Company, 459 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Gloria Swanson, Monte Blue, Elliott Dexter, Connie Gilraz, Sue Carol, Evelyn Miller, Robert Milton, Roscoe Arbuckle, J. L. Lee, Louis Wilson, Margaret O'Neil, Mabel Julian Scott, Ethel Clayton, and Jack Holt at the Lasky Studios, Vine Street, Hollywood, California.

Robert Harrort at the Webster, Natalie, Norma, and Constance Talmadge at the Talmadge Studios, 1400 North Seventh Street, New York City.

Ivy McWear, Helen Darling, Bobby Vernon, and Patricia Palmer at the Christie Studios, Sunset & Gower, Hollywood, California.

Herbert Hayes and King Beggar at the Hollywood Hotel, 749 Fifth Street, Hollywood, California.

Edith Roberts, Florence Ferguson, Era Novak, Hoot Gibson, Elmo Pyle, Gladys Walton, Priscilla Dean, Eddie Lyons, Lee Marlowe, Curly Murphy, Moe Bandy, Mayo at Universal City, California.


Anita Stewart and Walter McGrail at Mary's Studios, Los Angeles, California.

Wanda Hawley, Mary Miles Minter, and Bebe Daniels at the Morocco Studios, Los Angeles, California.
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