

OCTOBER

15 CENTS

MOTION PICTURE

Classic

MARGUERITE CLARK



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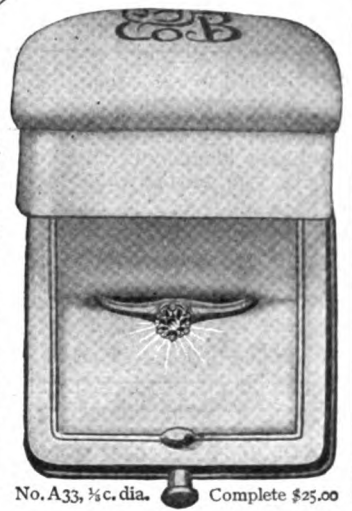
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- 3rd. By acting as Special Solicitor and securing subscriptions for the **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** and **MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC**.

Those subscribing for the **MAGAZINE** and **CLASSIC** will be entitled to vote and in addition to receive **FREE** a set of the pennants of the players.

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Coupon on page 70 of this issue counts 25 votes.
Coupon in current number **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** counts 10 votes.
A year's subscription to **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE** counts 100 votes.
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Each month a first, second and third prize, in addition to liberal commissions, will be given to those of our readers who enroll as Special Solicitors for the **MAGAZINE** and **CLASSIC**. Begin voting now by sending in coupon which you will find on page 70 of this issue. If you desire to enroll as Special Solicitor and Representative, fill out and mail coupon below,

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MOTION PICTURE
CLASSIC

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*Famous
Players*



"The Big Sister"

By Edwin M. La Roche

It is solemnly said that many a rose of a lass is born in the tenements to blush unseen and waste her sweetness on the refuse, venerable vegetable and factory-tainted air. Perfectly acceptable romance writers also aver that gilded and blue-blooded youths have a predilection for slumming after tenement roses, and wiving them after a month of higher education and antiseptic soap.

It listens good, but it isn't true to

(Thirteen)

form, nor to that other big policeman of good romance—life.

If said rose isn't level-headed, and the chances are she isn't, she sours on the honest job in the pickle-works and pines for her gilded youth to enter her life. And when he does, she's as soft as a jelly-fish, and in due time shatters herself all over the rocks.

Adjectives were made to express what we see in the other fellow. To

begin with, Betty was dirty and work-a-day and blunt. Besides that, she harbored valuable real estate under her finger-nails, and had the habit of snuffling skillfully on her sleeve. She gave what she got, and if told to depart to the Nether Regions asked the inviter to accompany her. She had read, while others slept, a novel by Laura Jean Libbey and was inclined to be persuaded.

A stray cat is brighter by far than

a milk-fed grimalkin, and Betty's wits were sharpened to the point of animal cunning. Her mother had died, bent stiffly over the tubs—a fitting recession for a drudge—and her father, "Big Tony," who never drew a sober breath, was the girl's chief bone of contention.

Where the tenement girl showed clean and rang true was in her care of her little brother, Jim. He had come into the world, friendless, long after his parents had fallen into their rôles of master and drudge, and his advent pained the weaker one and enraged the stronger.

After his mother's drab death, the destiny of little Jim was inherited by Betty. If any one had asked her why she was such a good big sister, she might have said, "Aw, he's me kid brudder—see?" And there's a lot of philosophy in that—as old as maternity, and a heap more helpful than the sorosity of kisses and confections.

She liked it. Sometimes of nights she read "Lovers Once But Strangers Now," and now and then Joe Kelly, the husky, young, Italian dock-hand, took her to the movies, or for a trolley-ride to the Bronx.

At the barge-trip up the Hudson, of the Longshoremen's Union, she had met "Nifty" Mendez, who owned a string of saloons and dance-halls, and was known as a "regular guy" by his envious patrons. He came around to the tenements afterwards, and, in the presence of the humbled Joe, invited her to a "swell blow-out."

Betty had been a bit dazzled since their first meeting. She had a few doubts about Nifty measuring up to the hero in the novel, and he didn't seem to have quite all the manner of the lovely men in the movies; but he certainly wore beautiful clothes and a swell diamond pin, and had his hair wonderfully combed and oiled in waves by a Bleecker Street tonsorial artist.

After the door had closed on his shapely back, Joe eased his feelings. "Dont go, kid," he advised with more or less self-interest; "dat dump of Nifty's 'll git youse in queer."

"I'm wise, Joe," she said. "I aint de kind wot'll fall f'r de soft stuff." Just the same, she had decided to go.

The eventful night swung around quicker than her makeshift finery.

"Gee, kid!" Nifty exclaimed at first sight of her, "yuh got th' goods, aw'right, aw'right. Where did yuh cop th' style?"

Her round, young arms shimmered in the gas-light before him. The swell of her bare, young bosom rose and fell with the tide of pride.

"I seen de glad-rags on Mar-ee Pickford," she flashed. "Aint dey de goods?"

Hours later, the pureness of her white gowns was somehow

she lighted the gas and drew off her gaudy, lace jacket.

"Yuh're there, kid," he beamed toothsome, "from hoof to wether, an' yuh showed up like a cherry in a bunch of rotten dills."

Suddenly his hand clasped the roundness of her arm and stroked it assuringly.

Something in her said "That aint right," and she drew back warily. But Nifty was used to women, and the defenses of the sex piqued his artistry.

"Come, kid," he said quietly; "yuh and me is differunt—yes? I make my cush with them others, but yuh—well, yuh know!"

"I gotta little kid brudder," she managed to say in the whirl of her thoughts, "an' he aint got no one but me."

"Easiest thing yuh know," he countered. "Me fren', th' judge, 'll put him in th' reformatory, an' yuh f'r th' glad life."

His hot, impatient breath beat against the iron of her resolve. "Youse dont understand," she said wearily—"youse dont understand."

His arm went quickly around her waist and drew her toward him. "I do; yes, I do," he declaimed. "Yuh want a kid of your own!"

She shuddered against the sudden unscreening of her thoughts. The pounding on the door beat in rhythm with her heart. Before she quite realized it, she had turned the lock and opened the door to Joe Kelly.

"I heard it all," he cried; "it's his reg'lar way, an' yuh're a gull tuh fall f'r his chewin'. Dont yuh con, Bet, that Nifty is layin' pipes f'r yuh?"

Nifty lowered his appraising eyes softly; he knew when his play was ended.



HIS HOT, IMPATIENT
BREATH BEAT
AGAINST THE
IRON OF HER
RESOLVE

spotted with doubt as Nifty sped her home. The sound judgment, the wariness in her quick, defensive eyes had read "defeat" in the thirst-ridden, flaccid faces of the "belles" under Nifty's care.

She could never have defined dishonor, hopelessness, booze-fighting; but the beat of their sinister lilt was there, and she instinctively cocked the weapons of distaste and caution.

Nifty's eyes followed her closely, as

His cue called for a quick exit without a "fat" line.

"Yuh think yuh've got it on me," he sneered, "but yuh're dead wrong. To show yuh I'm wise, I'll give yuh a squirt of th' gas on your road to th' hay."

Joe followed him down the talkative stairs and into the taxi. It hummed around a corner and set its lungs for a trip across town. They were nearing, in the gas-splotched night, Nifty's bailiwick. With a quick call to the chauffeur, and a grinding of brakes, the machine drew up at a corner abreast of a row of glistening brass buttons.

"Hey, bo!" called Nifty, sharply,

"th' fare I picked up in Charles Street has lifted me clock. Will yuh give him th' once over?"

In sleepy scrutiny, the policeman ran his hands across the stupefied Joe's front, and pulled a dangling watch and chain from his vest-pocket.

"Climb down, yuh!" the watchdog ordered; "an' it's Jefferson Market f'r youse."

Having planted his man with the goods on him, the rest was easy. With the air of injured innocence,



lonely room took flighty panic on what might happen to little Jim, and knowing she was licked she turned to flight.

Nifty would find her if she stayed in the city; she had a deep respect for the sweep of his drag-net, and the country was a land of flowers and fruits and teeming wealth.

At daybreak she was dressed, and Jimmy stood a-tremble beside her in his armor of corduroy.

"We're goin' out," she advised, "where de pineapples hang from de trees, an' de ger-ranimums grow all over de roads, an' de fields is full of spaghetti."

Rodney Channing, poloist and master of the hounds,



"HE SHALL HAVE THE VERY BEST OF CARE," SAID CHANNING

and that of a thwarted business man, Nifty appeared in court the following morning and told the Magistrate how Joe had "grafted a fare" and "glommed his clock" in gratitude.

"Next case," said the Magistrate, determinedly—"three months on The Island for yours!"

With Joe framed up and behind the bars, the barriers were down for Nifty.

That night he called again, and Betty met him, woman-like, with a smile.

"That kid," he explained, "is sourin' your chances of breakin' in. I'm goin' to push you for a job on th' stage—your shape will hold down th' part—and th' kid is goin' to be in your way."

Her eyes were on guard. "Dere aint half enough mudders now," she objected; "who's goin' tu take him in?"

"Jes' a little trick, a little plant," he said, "an' th' kid's in the House of Correction—yu've got to hurry up Gawd on those things."

After Nifty had gone she began to believe him. Her thoughts in the

across the road, his arms filled with flowers. Fairyland, its flowers, its smells and its enchanted woods had come to him at last.

Betty, her lush hair unfurled to the cool breeze, sat by the roadside, her lap filled with sweet-scented flowers. As the boy sprang across to her, Channing's car bore swiftly down on him, caught the little figure and whirled it in its wheel.

There came the roar of grinding brakes, the shrill scream of a child, and the

powerful car drew up, panting, in front of the girl. Even before he had leaped out to pick up the crumpled boy, the Mood had broken thru his crust of satiety. The flash of the roadside girl's wide eyes into his—their terror and appeal—shot deep into the dry spots of his heart.

"Here is some one to protect," he thought—"a fawn—a stricken thing that believes me a god in a machine."

He lifted the faintly breathing boy in his arms and snuggled him into the roomy tonneau. Without a word, the girl leaped in after him, and the car was turned and tore madly back thru the leafy vista.

Betty remembered shooting between great, stone gate-posts, the lurch of the car up a wooded drive, and the cool flaunt of brilliant awnings over a long, stone veranda.

Servants in white and ladies in wonderful, lacy dresses flitted about her, and then came the doctor.

"It's a broken leg," he pronounced,

loll'd at the wheels of his multi-lunged car. To eat up space is exhilarating; to diet at will on smooth roads and the speed limit is digestive. It helps to prick a jaded mood.

As he spun down the road on a sun-spangled morning, he had not the slightest warning of the great changes about to enter his life. Three remarkable things waited athwart his wheels for the pleasant malingerer—a Mood, a Motive, and a Manifestation.

Jimmy, pitched to exotic bliss by the laurel bloom, darted, shadow-quick,

"and the child is suffering from shock; he ought to pull thru with good care."

The Mood took hold of Channing, desperately. "He shall have the very best of care," he said; "my household is at the boy's service."

The telephone summoned two nurses, trained vigilants in white, who hovered over the patient in day and night relief and quite awed Betty with their sheaf of charts, thermometers and antiseptic bandages.

Channing was the indefatigable generalissimo of Jimmy's campaign. The humor of the thing became his one fixed aim. Bit by bit, in their walks in the Japanese garden, Betty told him of her life—the drear exit of her mother and the drunken antics of Big Tony. For Joe Kelly and Nifty she felt a sadness and shame that omitted them.

The rawness of her expression amused him—part gutter, straight from the

gave place to a shining softness, and the strident fierceness in her voice melted to deeper, sweeter tones.

Channing was responsible. The girl had made a god of him, and it was almost pathetic to see how she copied his tricks of gesture and speech.

The weeks lazied on, with Channing setting his wits to work by procuring an eligible suitor for Edith. His candidate was a dashing young attorney,

niceties intervened. But he desired. No woman of a hundred knowledges was so strong, so keen, and so vibrant as this rose of the tenements.

She was completely his; she made no disguise of it. He came to need her strength, pitted against his in the gleam of her eyes and the swell of her young breast.

The matter of getting Edith engaged was simple. Channing ordered a princely engagement present of a matched pearl necklace, and dangled it under Edith's eyes. A day or so after this she came to him, leading in Colton, and a modest solitaire signaled its story from her third



CHANNING HAD ORDERED A TWIN NECKLACE FOR BETTY

heart or from a blunt emotion.

An intimacy was gathering. The big-boy laugh, the level eyes and sunburnt

cheeks of the man, and his open, laughing heart, gave her a confidence, a sense of rest and unguardedness she had never known before. And the girl was a treasure to him; wide-eyed, reliant, pure at heart, yet wary to the touch, she was the anti-type to those he was accustomed to meet.

Channing's aunt and her daughter, Edith, looked upon the strange intimacy with unmingled distaste and a sense of smarting defeat. The big poloist was his aunt's one best bet. Edith had been carefully groomed to his fancy, and their visit had been nicely timed.

And now this impossible roadside creature had pricked their well-laid plans. The girl blossomed; the hunted, measuring look in her eyes

one Robert Colton, who was strong on tennis and parlor arts and short on cash and opportunity. Channing supplied the cash, in a trumped-up lawsuit, and Edith obligingly gave him the opportunity.

The Mood was waning in Channing, but something stronger was taking its place. The agile sleekness, the animal perfection of the girl, with the wonder of her adaptability, had taken hold on him. He watched her round out—physically, socially, mentally—as a mother-cat watches her blind and groping kitten.

The Motive, step by step with her advancement, came to him. Marriage was impossible—the barriers of generations, prejudices, of inherent pride, of a race set apart, of a thousand

finger. In the rosiness of his motive, Channing

had ordered a twin necklace for Betty, which he placed around her captive neck and drew her to him. She made no resistance, nor saw that her soul hung on the price of the toy. Unblushing, joyant, with eyes flashing into his, she came to him quickly.

The news of rare pearls travels quickly—a ghostly, underground scent—and Nifty Mendez soon had the information that started him on a journey to the north shore of Long Island. Betty was past and forgotten, but Channing's gift to his cousin hung on an easy branch for the light-fingered. Nifty's easy access lay thru a maid who had formerly been a bright light in one of his dives.

Betty's triumph was told to him by this maid. Of the tenement girl he

felt easy. Here was no elaborate robbery, but a simple case of going in by the front door.

With Channing out of the house, the maid admitted him, and he met Betty alone.

"Well, kid," he said, "you and me is thru after I get that necklace."

"Where do yuh git off!" she cried, her voice coarsening with the old, animal passion; "it's mine, hones' an' square."

"Hand it over, kid," he commanded.

"I aint gointer make a muss, but listen: if you dont cough up

After he was gone, Betty took stern counsel with herself. She gritted her teeth and scorned Nifty's insinuations, but he was right. She did not belong there; only chance and Mr. Channing's kindness had kept her on so long. She wanted to leave him thinking well of her; she had tried so hard to climb, and then the grime and vileness of the slums had swung round her again, coarsening

sign displayed the awesome fact that a case of infantile paralysis had come at last to the tenement.

She had no money, but that did not worry her. The feeling that she was different, perhaps better, with the smiles and moods and the enchanted sayings of a great man still in her eyes and ears, distressed her terribly.

There came days of reveries, of deep thought, of search for work, and she even went against herself by scorning the factory and getting a place as a dress-manikin in a swell, uptown establishment. And there she was nothing—neither the natural, blunt rose of the tenement, nor even the fringe of the higher life.



THE HAUNTING, MEASURING LOOK IN HER EYES GAVE PLACE TO A SHINING SOFTNESS

quick I got a girl here who's gointer tell th' h—ll of a life you led in my Bleecker Street dump."

The smells and taints and old fears of the tenements crowded around her; she saw only with the eyes of the chanceless girl. "Here, take th' rocks," she said; "I suppose I gotta kick in."

Nifty slipped the necklace-case into his pocket and gave a free word of parting advice. "You better beat it, kid, while your shoes is good; this rich guy aint fattenin' you up with three squares a day for nothin', and when you're ripe to pick, I'll hand him the dirty tale."

(Seventeen)

her dream in a moment's contact with the dive-keeper.

She knew that explanations would be too hard for her to give, with Channing holding her hands and looking and probing deeply into her eyes.

So, in the end, her going, like her coming, was unexpected—stealthy, a folding of grimy tents. She left all her new finery behind; the retreat was complete, and at nightfall she led Jimmy up the long flight of tenement stairs to the forgotten rooms.

It was musty and smelly and unkempt inside—a place of distaste now—and on the silent floor below, a red

Channing puzzled over the case for a week. He missed her more than he could ever imagine the simple exit of a woman. She was common clay, he knew, fashioned to suit his fancy. Perhaps in that lay the harrowing sense of loss: he had created, and longed for his own creation.

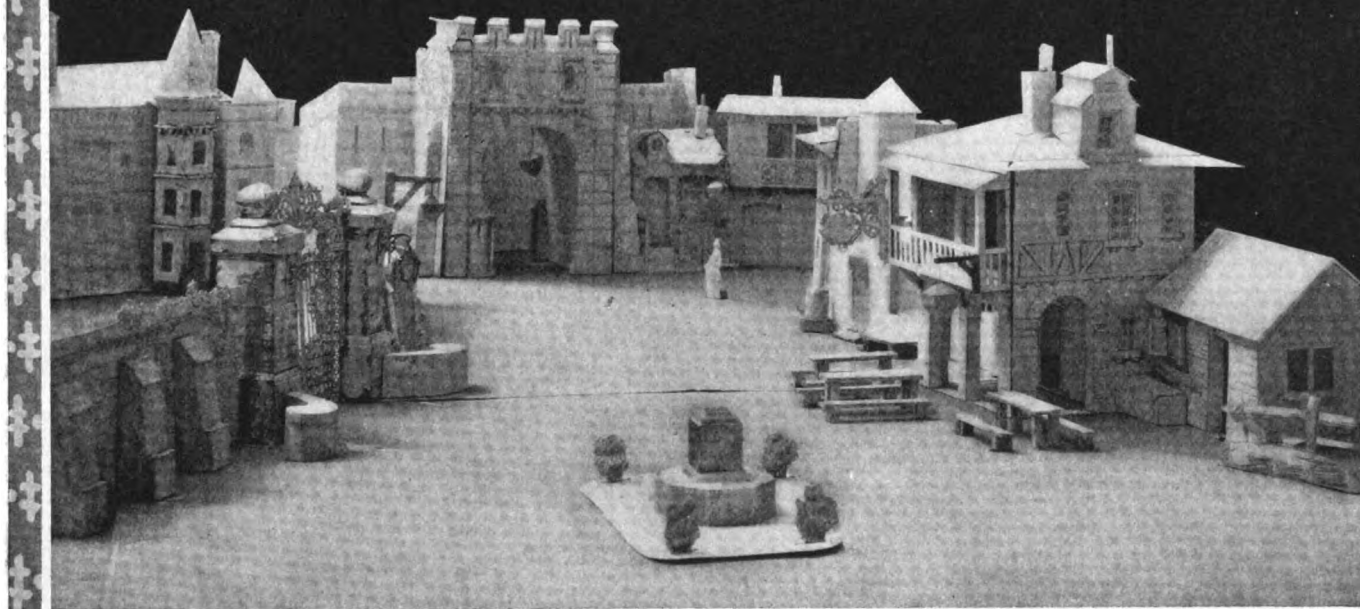
With her physical disappearance the Motive was lacking. He drew mental pictures of her nimbleness to learn; her dog-fondness for him; her wide, straightforward eyes.

And, with only a bright recollection to amuse him, the details of Edith's

(Continued on page 70)

Making Cities for the Movies

by
Robert F. Moore



"GEORGE, I want a Moorish city, big enough for twenty thousand people, on this site," said Herbert Brenon, director for William Fox.

"All right, chief," said George, waving his wand, and where but a few days before had been a waste, appeared a thriving city, teeming with the atmosphere of the Orient. White-robed, dark-skinned men and veiled women walked the narrow, crooked streets and lounged in the bazaars. High-prowed galleys, with queer red, triangular sails, lay anchored at the great stone wharves. In short, nothing was lacking which history tells us belonged to an ancient Mohammedan town.

Nor was this city merely a shell of lath-and-plaster, but solidly built of steel and concrete. The palace of the Sultan was as ornate within as without, and it included a harem of a hun-

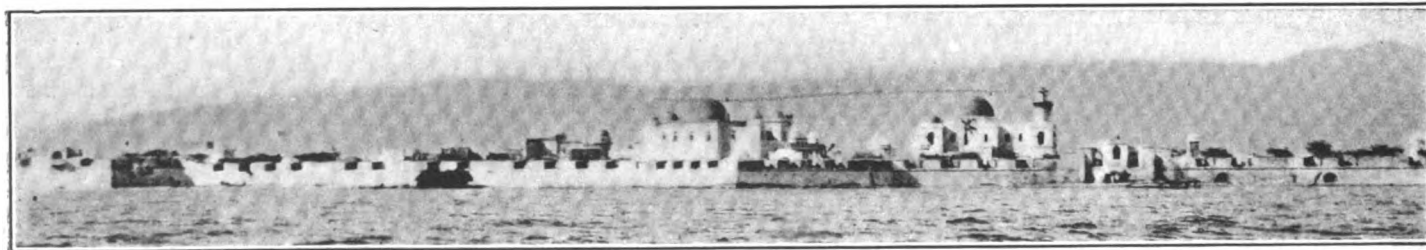
dred women, with such a luxury of decoration as might have kindled a spark of envy in the heart of an Abdul Hamid.

Even excepting its magnitude and minuteness of detail, the difficulties of building this particular set were much greater than the average. The site selected was an old marsh, surrounding an ancient, half-submerged Spanish fort, on the shore of the island of Jamaica. Technical Director Schneiderman had first to pump out the water, drain the land and kill the mosquitoes before he could even begin the real construction work. Then, of course, came the designing, piece by piece, of the whole city.

There is another little "location" story told of Mr. Schneiderman's scene-magic, which is rather interesting. While working on this same picture, "The Daughter of the Gods," Mr. Brenon required a gnome vil-

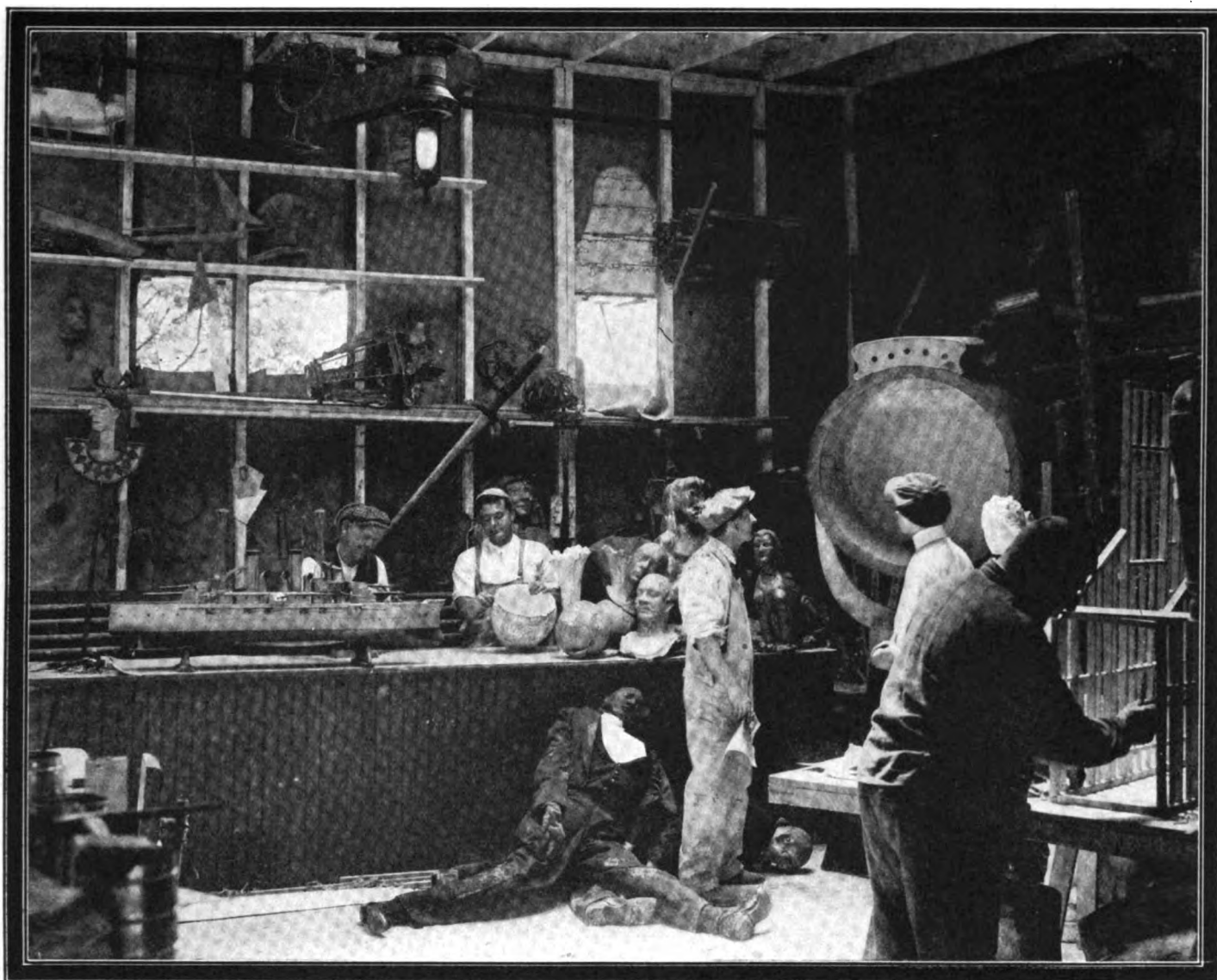
lage, which was to be peopled by children. Also, the scenario called for a waterfall in this set. A site was selected some forty miles away at St. Anne's Bay. However, no waterfall fell artistically enough at that point to suit Mr. Schneiderman. But a modern technical director doesn't let a little thing like that bother him. He just went up into the forest about three miles, dammed up a river and turned it over a bluff in his location, making a waterfall such as might have delighted Diana. There's nothing to it if you have the nerve.

Elaborate set-building in the photoplay is advancing with the strides of the seven-league boots. Just as each producer and director is striving to outdo his contemporaries in action of pantomime, so each technical director strives to vanquish his rivals in the massiveness and in the exquisite taste of his sets. Each new feature that is



HERE IS A WHOLE CITY BUILT FOR A SINGLE PRODUCTION—"A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS"

(Eighteen)



INTERIOR OF A MODERN STUDIO PROPERTY-ROOM (VITAGRAPH). NOTICE THE HARD-WORKING DUMMIES



THIS IS ONLY A "BACK DROP" CURTAIN, BUT IT GIVES THE EFFECT OF A CITY SQUARE (WORLD)
(Nineteen)



A REAL BUILT-TO-ORDER WATERFALL COURSING THRU A FANTASTIC VILLAGE

released tries to go the last "one better."

The new Ince production, "Civilization," is another feature which furnishes a striking illustration of this advance in scene-making. The sets are massive, built to order, and complete to the last detail of construction and properties. Of course, Mr. Ince does most of his own technical directing, but his right-hand man is Robert Brunton. The great set in this spectacle is the royal palace and plaza, with the village surrounding it. It is typically European in structure and atmosphere and marvelously exact as to detail.

Each company employs a man, some a corps of men, whose duty is the designing and periodizing of these sets. These men are artists in their profession—a combination of civil engineer, mechanical draughtsman and interior decorator. They must know the photographing values of colors and color combination in draperies.

The majority of these technical directors work from models. That is, after reading the action of the scenario, and finding out the location

and types of the scenes, they draw out each scene on cardboard, cut it out and mount it in the form of a model, painting it in exactly the colors that are to be used. Thus they get an accurate idea of how the scene will look when actually set up, and also, if there is any doubt about the colors used, the model can be photographed and the results compared with the effect that is desired.

Then, using this model as a guide, the art-technical director goes to the selected location and stakes out the set, according to scale. Now he calls in the stage carpenters and directs the construction, and, lastly, attends to the painting. If he is doing an interior set, he must also work out the color schemes of draperies and furniture, and also the most advantageous placing of the latter. In short, he is on the job from the first great conception down to the last, smallest detail.

These creators of illusions have a knowledge of period furnishings which would overawe a curio collector. They speak carelessly of Louis Quatorze bedroom sets and Empire ballrooms, of Tudor fireplaces and

early Renaissance tapestries. Of course, the public libraries furnish a large part of this information, but all of them keep files of old prints and scrapbooks, and some have large libraries of their own.

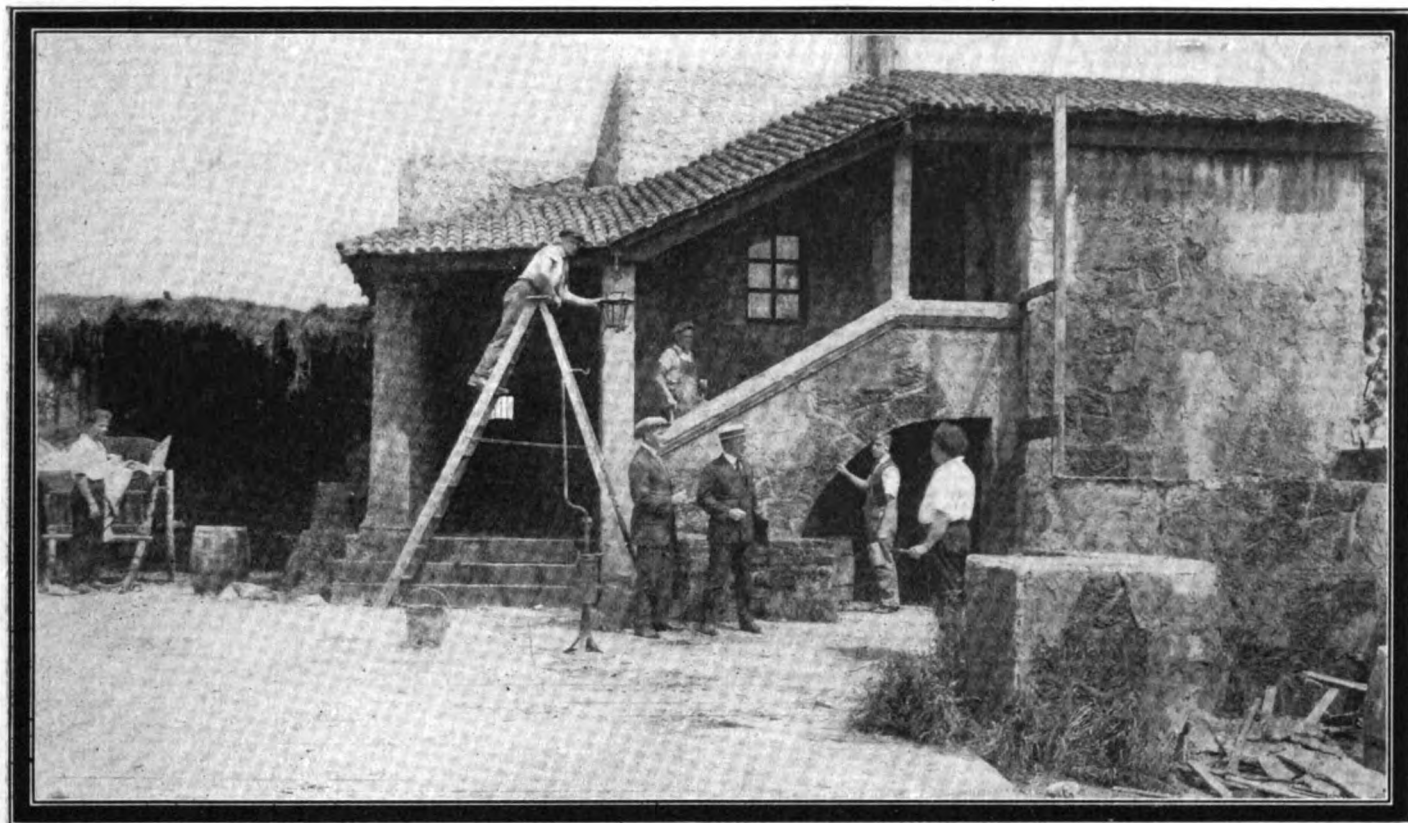
I asked Thomas O'Neill, who has charge of this work at the big Eastern studio of the Universal, how he had arrived at this position.

"Well," he said, "I started as property-boy, as most of us do, and just worked up thru all the various stages. Naturally, I picked up information on the way, and by collecting books and doing outside reading, gradually fitted myself for this line of work."

In fact, this is the way in which most of these men have started. Some have come from the legitimate stage; others started green in the studio. Jean Hornbostel, of the World-Peerless, began as property-boy, and, by taking night courses in interior decorating, arrived at his goal.

There is no limit to the trouble and expense to which they will go to get properties which exactly fit the set. Here again, Mr. Technical Director,

(Twenty)



HERE WE HAVE CHARLES CHAPMAN, TECHNICAL DIRECTOR; WALLIE VAN (WITH STRAW HAT), FILM DIRECTOR, AND THEIR WORKMEN, BUILDING A HOUSE FOR A VITAGRAPH PLAY

it's up to you! For his responsibility covers properties and costumes, as well as the set itself, and his is the blame if anything is wrong. George Schneiderman wanted ten camels for his Moorish city in "A Daughter of the Gods." Camels don't grow in Jamaica, as the climatic conditions are bad for their health. Mr. Schneiderman made an arrangement with a circus to furnish him with ten camels at a cost of seven thousand dollars, and they show in the picture for just about ten seconds—seven thousand dollars' worth of atmosphere!

A few days ago I was roaming about the Vitagraph property-room,

and noticed an excellent copy of "The Chattel" tucked away in a corner. Having never seen it outside of the Metropolitan Museum, I was rather interested, and asked Mr. Chapman, who holds down this strenuous position for the Vitagraph Company, where he had found it.

"Oh, I didn't find it," he replied. "You see, we needed a painting of a slave-market, and when I looked it up, 'The Chattel' seemed to fit better than any other. We scoured New York for a copy of it, but there was none to be had. So I just gave an artist a commission to make one. It's rather a fine piece of artistic work, isn't it?"

To such lengths do they go in the pursuit of the fitness of things!

With the steady advance of the photoplay, the scope of the technical director's art is broadening. The days when his field was restricted to two sides and a back drop surrounding a couple of pieces of tawdry or moth-eaten furniture are gone, and a new era of scenic magnificence is dawning. So long as the company's money-bags are well filled, these brains, which can conceive and carry out the construction of scenic masterpieces, will continue from one triumph to another, until even the most blasé of the picture fans whispers to his neighbor, "Gee! that's *some* set!"



The Picture of Experience

By STOKELY S. FISHER

No tramp, he just had lost his way
In the great world—a spirit cowed.
He slouched into the play-world,
bowed
With sin, not years; with failure
gray—
He might find solace in the play,
Or pick a pocket in the crowd.

He sees a little cabin home
Nestling among green trees,
Beside the path old-fashioned flowers
And homely hives of bees.

(Twenty-one)

Behind it climbs a wooded hill,
A fence set thick with vines:
And thru lush leaves a tumbling brook
Clear in the sunlight shines.

A grape-vine, matted o'er a bush,
Embowers a mossy seat—
An Eden tent for youth and love
While still the heart is sweet!

He sees the happy youth and maid,
Their rapt betrothal kiss:
He sees the picture of their dream,
Love's apotheosis!

Beside the picture on the screen,
Lo! his dead years arise:
It is as if some pensive tune
His heart heard thru his eyes!

He dreams of one far, far away,
He knows her waiting yet;
Oh, fiery shame burns on his face,
His eyes with tears are wet!

A battered wreck, long had he drifted;
But now his will is all awake,
He knows the course that he must take,
And turns toward home a face uplifted!

The ART of

And How I Learnt It -

~by~
Richard Leslie

Make-up Manager of the Vitagraph Company

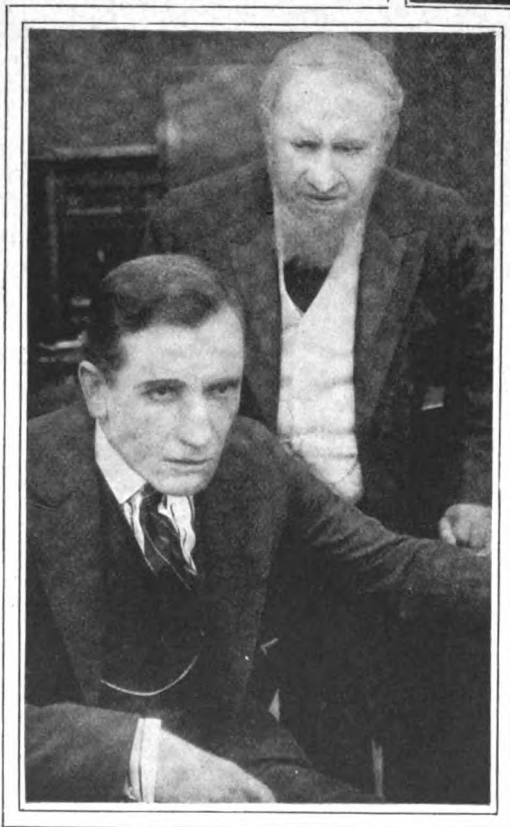
THERE is no particular connection between tea and Motion pictures, but I was born in Liverpool, England, thirty-three years ago, and early in life I entered the employ of a tea company, having at that time no strong inclination toward the theater. When, however, I became sales manager for the company, with a territory covering the north of England and all of Ireland, I formed the habit of type study, which, altho then but a pastime, has since become a life-work.

About seven years ago I became interested in Motion Pictures, and I went over to the Vitagraph Company and tried for a position. After the usual discouraging waits that every "extra" has to go thru, I finally got my chance as Lord Beaconsfield in "Beau Brummel." That was the beginning. Other small parts followed in rapid succession, until now I am jocularly known as the official drunk, parson, and butler of the Vitagraph Company.

Now it came about that that faculty which I had tried to develop, and which had been ridiculed by my friends as a waste of time, became immensely valuable to me. During my two years' stage experience, naturally, I had made a study of make-up, and now turned my attention to bettering that in Motion Pictures. In a short time I was installed as make-up manager for the company, and since that time, five years ago, have put on over forty thousand different make-ups, my record day being that in which I made up seven hundred and thirty-eight persons.

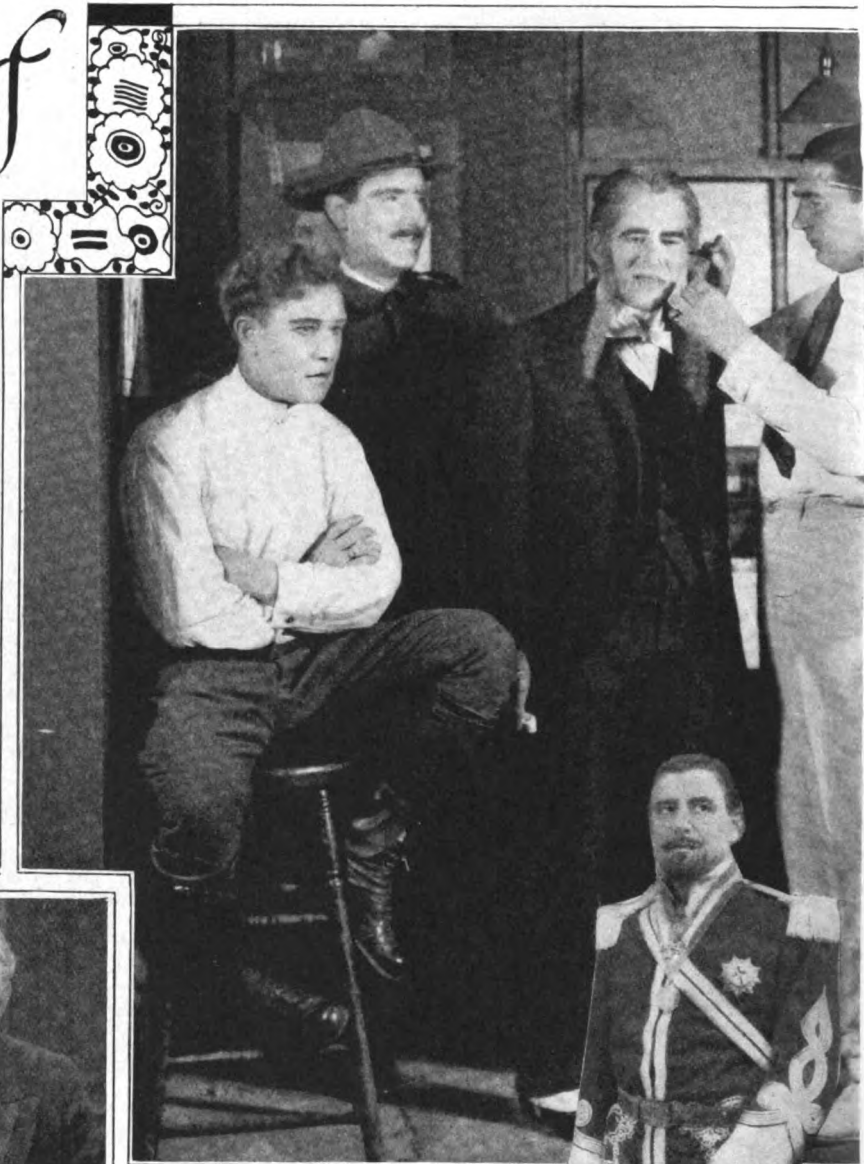
Photoplays have reached such a degree of excellence, that we can no longer afford to offer the public actors with poor and out of period make-ups.

Here is where the real work of the make-up manager comes in. He must look up the period of the scenario and find out how the hair was worn at that time, and, if they wore beards and mustaches, what was their style. The public library furnishes



BARNEY BARNARD

me a large part of my material of this kind. However, my real reference book is "The World's Progress," which is a dictionary of dates and periods. I also keep a scrap-book picture collection, to which I am constantly adding. In this book I keep



THE AUTHOR, MAKING UP THE ENTIRE CAST FOR A VITAGRAPH PLAY

all pictures of celebrities, actors, and old newspaper and book cuts. When I go away I carry a camera, so that now, by my own efforts and the help of my friends, I have pictures from all over the world. These are particularly useful, as for instance, when I made up Clara Kimball Young as a Hindoo in "The Test," I did it directly from a photograph which



CHARLES RICHMAN

I took in India of a native girl. I still manage to spend a portion of my time in search for types. If we are to do scenes in which we use dockrats and stevedores, I spend an hour or two at the wharves and get the material first-hand, and then go back and copy my mental pictures, for I never carry a sketch-book, and couldn't use

MAKE-UP



FRANK DANIELS

it if I did. I find my greatest pleasure in attending public functions and in standing in theater lobbies, and here and there picking out a striking or peculiar face. I never copy another man's make-up, but create my own, either from memory or by the study of old photographs.

I think the picture that I enjoyed working on most was "Daniel in the Lions' Den," in which there were five hundred Biblical characters to be created. My best

piece of individual work, I think, was "Death," played by Arthur Day in "Father Time." I do Oriental ups best, as there scope for the imagination and also there are less Oriental types. I will try to give you some idea of the importance and theory of make-up in the Motion Pictures. In the first place, stage make-up and screen make-up are two very different processes and must not be confused. The heavy lighting on the

like make-up is more ination,

such count-

stage all comes from the front, while in the studio the lights are equally heavy on the front and sides. These side-lights cause shadows to appear on the faces of the actors, and naturally this brings about a difficulty in making up not experienced on the stage. Photo-play make-up usually should be about one-third as heavy as that used on the stage.

The effect that is accomplished on the stage by lines of gray or brown for accenting wrinkles or features, on the screen must be brought about by the use of shadows. The camera is from twelve to thirty feet away from the player, and any hard lines on his or her face are simply black marks on the negative. This shadow effect is

FRANK HOLLAND AS THE CZAR

(Twenty-three)

gotten by using a gray or a brown grease-paint, with the lines set out in lake combined with a little purple. There are no high-lights used on the screen. For instance, Barney Barnard, in his stage appearance in "Potash and Perlmutter," used very heavy lines for wrinkles. On the screen, however, he uses a lake-and-purple line surrounded by a pale gray.

Dead-white should not be used on the face, as it throws back the reflection of the light and causes a loss of detail in the features, often giving the edge of a feature the appearance of having a halo about it. Reds, from rose-pink up, cause a recession of the feature so accented. If one wishes to do away with a double chin, it is merely covered with a fairly strong red grease-paint, and when photographed blends into the neck. The eyelashes should never be beaded, as the beading shows distinctly in a "close-up." French mascaro, either in liquid or block form, should be used. This comes in gray, brown and black. Also the shading about the eyes should be done in gray or brown. The universal color for men is a yellow grease-paint with a slight touch of pink underneath. Blondes should be a little more yellowish than brunettes. Ladies should use a light pink or yellow with pink powder. The grease-paint must cover all blood corpuscles and freckles, which, if not properly hidden, will photograph black.

In connection with this, I want to warn those ambitious of doing "extra" work, of the seriousness of making up the face and forgetting the ears and neck. The face simply photographs like a mask. Also in this connection, the old cry of everything goes in the movies is a thing of the past, and a well-cut and well-pressed suit or dress photographs as such, which is worth remembering.

Outside of the extraordinary character parts, I have but little occasion to make up the ladies. In fact, they seem to take naturally to the make-up box, and really need to be shown only once. Yet there is some little advice that I would like to give. When wearing an evening dress for the screen, do not use any liquid white on the arms and neck, but try the same powder that you have on your face, otherwise your arms and shoulders will look like a piece of marble. Don't use lip-rouge, unless it is transparent, or the lips will photograph black.

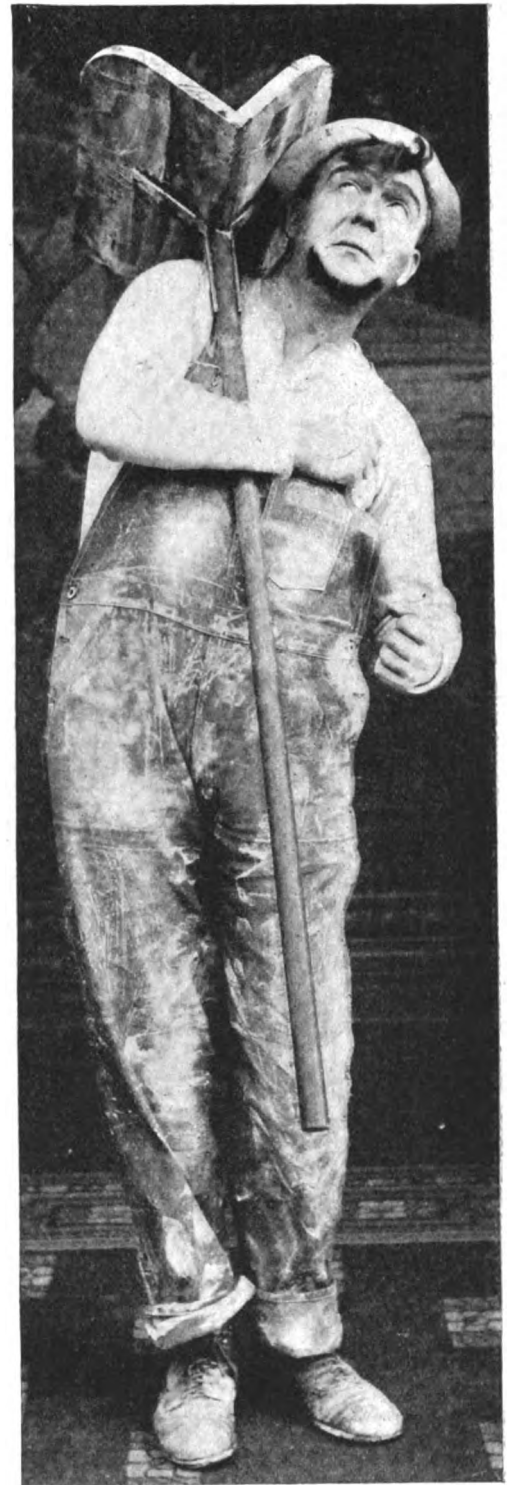
There are several types of lights

used in the studio. Those most in use are the Cooper-Hewitt, the Aristo and the Allison. The Cooper-Hewitt gives out more violet rays, and hence when working under these lights the make-up must be deeper. The other two types are yellow-ray type, and the make-up does not need to be so heavy. Some of these lights, however, require a deeper yellow than others, so that in taking feature productions it is often well to rehearse two or three types of make-up. Then, too, in scenes tinted for night-work the make-up must be deeper.

False hair for beards and mustaches comes in two ways, either made up on gauze or as braided crêpe hair. On the stage the gauze beard is more practical, as the audience are at some distance. On the screen, however, with the camera so close, the hard edge shows up against the skin and looks "faky." Therefore the crêpe hair, which can be twisted and cut to any shape, is almost universally used. When, however, it is necessary to have a more durable whisker, for use in comedies and water work, the gauze beard or mustache is substituted and built up with crêpe hair, so that the raw edge does not show. I always put a touch of light gray in the center of a mustache, as this forms a shadow and covers the joining. Do not blend wigs, if it is possible to avoid it. There are very few in which blends do not show. If a bald wig is necessary, blend with nose-putty and grease-paint, but avoid making it any thicker than is necessary.

In negro make-up, I have found by experience that black cork, such as is used on the stage, becomes shiny when photographed. Hence, I use a creole cork or dark brown. When I made up Frank Daniels the other day as a Zulu, I used this creole cork, and did the eyes and mouth in a bluish white.

To the photoplayer his make-up is far more important than to the actor, for altho the actor's make-up may be poorly done on Monday night, he can remedy its defects on Tuesday, and the ill effect is counteracted; but the screen player is made up for all time, and his make-up becomes a part of his personality. Therefore he must be doubly careful. In the old days, when the pictures were young, and actors and actresses were inexperienced before the camera, the ordinary make-up of the stage was used. That is why some of the old releases show hard,



HERMAN KERNAN IN
"THE MAN WITH THE HOD" (VOGUE)

blotchy, and patched-looking faces. But as we have progressed along all other lines in making photoplays, we have also advanced in experience in making up, until now it is little short of an art.



Theda, Misunderstood Vampire

Theda Bara's Greatest Wish Is to Play
the Part of a Sweet, Essen-
tially Feminine Woman

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT



Photo by Bradley

THE VAMPIRE MOURNS OVER THE REMAINS OF ONE OF HER FORMER VICTIMS

IT started way back in her girlhood. Because her eyes were so big and black and strange-looking, because her face seemed unnaturally small because of the eyes, and because of the strange, sometimes weird fancies that possessed her, her schoolgirl companions were afraid of her. In the ages from ten to fifteen, to be at all odd, or in the least bit different from the rest of one's schoolmates, is fatal to any chance of "chumship" or intimate friendship. Theda Bara had an odd name, to begin with. Then her eyes, her ways, her fancies and moods were all rather strange and queer to the other girls. Therefore she had few intimate friends.

As she grew up, this deepened somewhat, until now she says that she has very few friends—she can count them, so she says, on the fingers of her hand.

"I grew afraid of making advances towards friendliness when I was a child. And, as I grew up, this deepened," she said to me. "I think this condition of my schoolgirl life gave me my first insight into real heart tragedy. For such things as being shunned and feared by one's schoolmates is one of the bitterest tragedies that can happen to a child. When the other girls chummed together, making fudge and going to parties, I was left out. And it made such a deep impression upon me that I am never the one to seek a friendship for fear I may be rebuffed. If others make the first advance, I will meet them half-way—if I like them. But I like few people."

We were seated in the living-room of

(Twenty-five)

Miss Bara's apartment. She had just come from the studio, and I had met her downstairs. So we came up together, and she called for tea, as we sat in the dusk of a summer evening far up above the lights and noises that are New York. Miss Bara wore a house-dress of dark material, loose-fitting, showing but a modest V of her white throat, and with sleeves that came almost to the tips of her fingers and fell away in voluminous folds of softness. It was a dress in which one could rest and invite one's soul. And, by the way, it was a dress that has never been seen in pictures, for Miss Bara has a few gowns that she absolutely will not put on for picture purposes.

"I like to get quite away from my studio presence," she explained. "When I am at home and resting, I don't want to be clothed in a frock that will instantly recall some tense scene in which I was called upon to express some loathsome emotion. I don't want to go over and over, in my mind, the scenes that were played in that particular gown. So I have some that have never seen the light of a studio—and won't, either. They are home-dresses, and I keep them for such."

And then we were off on that magic subject that never fails to interest the so-called "weaker sex."

"There is one room here in my home," went on Miss Bara, as a white-capped and aproned maid deftly served the most fragrant of tea, with tiny little sandwiches, lettuce and mayonnaise, and tiny cakes, "that is filled to overflowing with

my studio clothes. It would be a tragedy to me if fire should destroy these gowns, for I could never quite replace them. I have lived a character in every one of them. When I chance to glimpse a certain frock, my mind quickly travels back to the scenes I have played in it, and instantly it seems to me the ghost of a well-loved friend, a tangible reminder of something that can never return."

The maid left the room, and Miss Bara sat back in her big chair, her face glowing eerily from the twilight that was filling the room.

"Tell me about some of your ideals of dress," I suggested, interested, as you can well imagine.

"I dress like the snake, the patron saint of the human vampire," she laughed. Then she sobered. "I have tried to give the lie to the tradition that a vampire always breakfasts in a very décolleté, chiffon, rose-budded tea-gown. Vampires couldn't exist in such a garment. It is only the rather florid blonde, whose dimples are beginning to suggest wrinkles, who could breakfast in such a frock. I have made a sort of specialty of the high-collared gown—the gown whose collar approaches the lobes of the ear. For this reason, for years the high-collared gown has been banned by fashion, and to wear one nowadays instantly attracts attention. And that is score one. I wear long, close-fitting sleeves that extend over my hands halfway. I learnt the value of such sleeves from Sarah Bernhardt when I played in Paris. Truly, beautiful hands are the



Photo by Bradley

THEDA BARA AS SHE APPEARS OFF THE SCREEN

greatest, and rarest, gift of Nature. Rather than call attention to possibly ugly points, Bernhardt says 'Cover them.' She has always clung to the long, close-fitting sleeves, and they are beautiful—at least hers are. Therefore I copy her in that, as I should like to do in a number of other points.

"The psychology of the long, clinging, revealing robe is to suggest the sinuosity of the serpent, the patron saint of the

human vampire. Most people loathe snakes, and anything that suggests them repels the audience. And that is what a vampire must do—make people hate her as desperately as possible."

Here her voice dropped, and she sat silent for a moment. On her face was an expression of grief as keen and unaffected as it was unexpected by me.

"Oh," she cried, suddenly. "why do people hate me so? Why don't they real-

ize that my wickedness is merely to show that, in no matter what guise it may come, sin is always horrible and always brings its own penalty? They refuse to believe that I, in real life, am not as I am in my screen life. Just because, in a play written for me by some man who wishes to show sin as it really is, I am forced to win men from their wives, to wreck lives, to torture good women and drive men frantic, they think that my life off the screen must be much the same. If you could see some of the letters that I get from people who have seen my work, you would appreciate what all this hatred for me means. I have had women write me that I should be driven from the screen in disgrace and shut up somewhere, so that I could do no more harm to mankind. Some women mutilate my photographs when they are placed in front of a theater. And, more than anything else in all the world, I want people to like me, to look on me with understanding and tolerance, rather than loathing and disgust. That is why I want to play some 'good' parts. I want to play a part that has human qualities and human frailties—one who is good, but yet subject to the temptations of the flesh. I want, in short, to play the part of a woman in real life, instead of the incarnated spirit of wickedness and sin."

I was rather aghast at this outburst, but immediately I saw its justice. It must be awfully hard to be always hated by her audiences, and I sympathized.

"If your fairy godmother appeared before you, Miss Bara, and asked what wish you wanted most in all the world, what would you wish?" I asked, leaning forward to watch her face in the fading light.

"My fairy godmother? Oh, of course; we all have them. I'm afraid mine should be a witch, tho, to accord with my supposed character," she said, a little bitterly. Then she seemed to repent, and her big, dark eyes glowed. "To play the part of a sweet, essentially feminine woman. And I should ask to be allowed to live, for one week, the life of a rational, unprofessional woman. Even one day of such a life would be wonderful to me."

"What would that day be like?" I challenged.

"My ideal day is this: Nine—breakfast in bed and read my mail; ten—rise, bathe and dress; eleven—go shopping with one of my women friends; one—luncheon; two-fifteen—matinée; five—afternoon tea with some friends; six—go home to rest a bit; seven—entertain some friends at dinner in my own home; ten—informal music; eleven-thirty—retire. That is my ideal day. And I have never yet been able to indulge in it."

Truly, a picture vampire gives up much in order not to step out of her character.



A TYPICAL "VAMP" PICTURE OF THEDA BARA, BY BRADLEY

Just put two women together long enough, and, if one of them be a Motion Picture actress and the other an outsider, the question of inspiration will come up, and so will that of love. Naturally enough, in the course of our chat these both came up. Inspiration was the first to bob up. I had asked Miss Bara

(Twenty-seven)

if she did not miss the inspiration of an audience when she worked for the camera.

"Inspiration? Goodness! that's a mis-used word! Do you suppose I ever see that camera before which I am giving the very best that is in me? Do you suppose I ever hear its click? No!

When I am acting, I picture to myself the audiences who will watch that picture. It has been figured that more than one million people a day, all over the world, see me. Can you realize what that means? The average Broadway star, in the course of a year in New York, plays to five hundred thousand people.

That is a liberal average, for it takes a most successful star to fill the house at every performance for a whole year. Therefore the Motion Picture player's audience in one day doubles that of the stage star for a year. Isn't that inspiring? Would one need greater inspiration than that? I have received letters from tiny, unknown spots of the world's surface, queerly written letters with strange stamps, written sometimes in Japanese, Italian, French—in half-a-dozen languages. The people who write those letters are my inspiration."

The subject of love was broached next. Of course it was bound to come. The room was almost in total darkness, save for the glimmer at the windows—reflections of the lights in the streets. And by these I could watch the face of the woman who spoke of love.

"Love? What a funny question for you to ask me, who am known and hated for the unworthiness of my love, and for the fact that I seem to seek the love that belongs to some one else. There is but one love that I cannot imagine myself coveting. That is the love that is won by foul means. By 'foul means' I mean the love that belongs to some one else, that is won by trick tactics against the will of the victim. In love one must be aboveboard. Altho love has to do with

one's emotional nature, still the brain can be called in to direct a love campaign—and must, to carry it to success. Competition puts an edge on everything, which means love as well. Competition is the breath of life to me. I thrive on it. To me the only love worth while is the old-fashioned love—the love of men who are chivalrous and gallant for the women who are pure and sweet; the love that has made famous the Southland with its air of romance. And the old-fashioned love-stories are, to me, the best of all books."

She spoke of love with a cool, aloof interest, an air of calm, judicious wisdom that, once and for all, convinced me that, despite her much-talked-about love-scenes and all, for the screen, she still remains untouched by that warmest, most human and direct emotion known to mankind—love.

We sat silent for a moment in the shadows. Then a maid entered and turned on the lights. Whereupon the spell of fascination that had held me, unwitting of the hours I was taking up of Miss Bara's time, had vanished, and I realized that even the warmest welcome may be ruined by too eager acceptance, so I rose to go.

I have tried to tell you something of the real thoughts and ambitions, the

aspirations and ideals of this, "The Wickedest Woman in Filmdom," "The Ishmaelite of Domesticity," "The Love Pirate," and scores of other unpleasant names. She is just a warmly human woman, with a woman's loves, desires and ambitions.

And her greatest ambition is to be a world-famous tragedienne on the legitimate stage. That is why she is going to give her whole life to the building up of this ambition. She believes that the Motion Picture studios are the greatest training-schools in the world for this art. She is fighting to gain fame, and she will succeed!

"I am going to fight to the last ditch to make my fame echo to the four points of the compass. I want to be famous while I am still alive and young enough to glory in it."

And that finishes an interview in which there isn't one word about where she was born, educated, or anything else. It's just an appreciation of a woman who has tried to make good as a vampire, a werwolf, a she-devil, who feasts on the souls of men and who has succeeded far better than she had ever expected to. But the vampire is an exaggerated type—a witch symbol to scare children—and Theda Bara can, and will, rise above it.



GRACE CUNARD, ANOTHER FAMOUS VAMPIRE OF THE SCREEN, IN "BORN OF THE PEOPLE" (UNIVERSAL)

(Twenty-eight)

A Moving Picture -

Romeo & Juliet

Metro -

THAT same day, about noon, Romeo's friends, Benvolio and Mercutio, walking thru the streets of Verona, were met by a party of the Capulets with the impetuous Tybalt at their head. This was the same angry Tybalt who would have fought with Romeo at old lord Capulet's feast. He, seeing Mercutio,



FRANCIS BUSHMAN AS ROMEO

accused him bluntly of associating with Romeo, a Montague. Mercutio, who had as much fire and youthful blood in him as Tybalt, replied to this accusation with some sharpness; and in spite of all Benvolio could say to moderate their wrath, a quarrel was beginning, when Romeo himself passing that way, the fierce Tybalt turned from Mercutio to Romeo, and gave him the

(Twenty-nine)

By CHARLES LAMB

This story was begun in the September issue and is here concluded

disgraceful appellation of villain. Romeo wished to avoid a quarrel with Tybalt above all men, because he was the kinsman of Juliet, and much beloved by her; besides, this young Montague had never thoroly entered into the family quarrel, being by nature wise and gentle, and the name of a Capulet, which was his dear lady's name, was now rather a charm to allay resentment, than a watchword to excite fury. So he tried to reason with Tybalt, whom he saluted mildly by the name of *good Capulet*, as if

he, tho a Montague, had some secret pleasure in uttering that name: but Tybalt, who hated all Montagues as he hated hell, would hear no reason, but drew his weapon; and Mercutio, who knew not of Romeo's secret motive for desiring peace with Tybalt, but looked upon his present forbearance as a sort of calm dishonorable submission, with many disdainful words provoked Tybalt to the prosecution of his first quarrel with him; and Tybalt and Mercutio fought, till Mercutio fell, receiving his death's wound while Romeo and Benvolio were vainly endeavoring to part the combatants. Mercutio being dead, Romeo kept his temper no longer, but returned the scornful appellation of villain which Tybalt had given him; and they fought till Tybalt was slain by Romeo.

This deadly broil falling out in the midst of Verona at noonday, the news of it quickly brought a crowd of citizens to the spot, and among them the old lords Capulet and Montague, with their

wives; and soon after arrived the prince himself, who being related to Mercutio whom Tybalt had slain, and having had the peace of the government often disturbed by these brawls of Montagues and Capulets, came determined to put the law in strictest force against those who should be found to be offenders. Benvolio, who had been eye-witness to the



BEVERLY BAYNE AS JULIET

fray, was commanded by the prince to relate the origin of it; which he did, keeping as near the truth as he could without injury to Romeo, softening and excusing the part which his friends took in it. Lady Capulet, whose extreme grief at the loss of her kinsman Tybalt made her keep no bounds in her revenge, exhorted the prince to do strict justice upon his murderer, and to pay no attention to Benvolio's representation, who being Romeo's friend, and a Montague, spoke partially. Thus she pleaded against her new son-in-law, but she knew not yet that it was her son-in-law and Juliet's husband. On the other hand was to be seen lady Montague pleading for her child's life, and arguing with some justice that Romeo had done nothing worthy of punishment in taking the life of Tybalt, which was already forfeited to the law by

her love and her resentment: but in the end love got the mastery, and the tears which she shed for grief that Romeo had slain her cousin, turned to drops of joy that her husband lived whom Tybalt would have slain. Then came fresh tears, and they were altogether of grief for Romeo's banishment. That word was more terrible to her than the death of many Tybalts.

Romeo, after the fray, had taken refuge in friar Laurence's cell, where he was first made acquainted with the

ness which he had shown. He had slain Tybalt, but would he also slay himself, slay his dear lady, who lived but in his life? The noble form of man, he said, was but a shape of wax, when it wanted the courage which should keep it firm. The law had been lenient to him, that instead of death, which he had incurred, had pronounced by the prince's mouth only banishment. He had slain Tybalt, but Tybalt would have slain him; there was a sort of happiness in that. Juliet was alive, and (beyond all hope) had become his dear wife; therein he was most happy. All these blessings, as the friar made them out to be, did Romeo put from him like a sullen misbehaved wench. And the friar bade



FRIAR LAURENCE—TILL HOLY CHURCH INCORPORATE TWO IN ONE

his having slain Mercutio. The prince, unmoved by the passionate exclamations of these women, on a careful examination of the facts, pronounced his sentence, and by that sentence Romeo was banished from Verona.

Heavy news to young Juliet, who had been but a few hours a bride, and now by the decree seemed everlastingly divorced! When the tidings reached her, she first gave way to rage against Romeo, who had slain her dear cousin; she called him a beautiful tyrant, a fiend angelical, a ravenous dove, a lamb with a wolf's nature, a serpent-heart hid with a flowering face, and other like contradictory names, which denoted the struggles in her mind between

prince's sentence, which seemed to him far more terrible than death. To him it appeared there was no world out of Verona's walls, no living out of the sight of Juliet. Heaven was there where Juliet lived, and all beyond was purgatory, torture, hell. The good friar would have applied the consolation of philosophy to his griefs; but this frantic young man would hear of none, but like a madman he tore his hair, and threw himself all along upon the ground, as he said, to take the measure of his grave. From this unseemly state he was roused by a message from his dear lady, which a little revived him; and then the friar took the advantage to expostulate with him on the unmanly weak-

ness which he had shown. He had slain Tybalt, but would he also slay himself, slay his dear lady, who lived but in his life? The noble form of man, he said, was but a shape of wax, when it wanted the courage which should keep it firm. The law had been lenient to him, that instead of death, which he had incurred, had pronounced by the prince's mouth only banishment. He had slain Tybalt, but Tybalt would have slain him; there was a sort of happiness in that. Juliet was alive, and (beyond all hope) had become his dear wife; therein he was most happy. All these blessings, as the friar made them out to be, did Romeo put from him like a sullen misbehaved wench. And the friar bade

(Thirty)

pursue his journey alone to Mantua; to which place the good friar promised to send him letters from time to time, acquainting him with the state of affairs at home.

That night Romeo passed with his dear wife, gaining secret admission to her chamber, from the orchard in which he had heard her confession of love the night before. That had been a night of unmixed joy and rapture; but the pleasures of this night, and the delight which these lovers took in each other's society, were sadly allayed with the prospect of parting, and the fatal adventures of the past day. The unwelcome daybreak seemed to come too soon, and when Juliet heard the morning song of the lark, she would fain have persuaded herself that it was the nightingale, which sings by night; but it was too truly the lark which sang, and a discordant and unpleasing note it seemed to her; and the streaks of day in the east too certainly pointed out that it was time for these lovers to part. Romeo took his leave of his dear wife with a heavy heart, promising to write to her from Mantua every hour in the day; and when he had descended from her chamber-window, as he stood below her on the ground, in that sad foreboding state of mind in which she was, he appeared to her eyes as one dead in the bottom of a tomb. Romeo's mind misgave him in like manner; but now he was forced hastily to depart, for it was death for him to be found within the walls of Verona after daybreak.

This was but the beginning of the tragedy of this pair of star-crossed lovers. Romeo had not been gone many days, before the old lord Capulet proposed a match for Juliet. The husband he had chosen for her, not dreaming that she was married already, was count Paris, a gallant, young and noble gentleman, no unworthy suitor to the young Juliet, if she had never seen Romeo.

The terrified Juliet was in a sad perplexity at her father's offer. She pleaded her youth unsuitable to marriage, the recent death of Tybalt, which had left her spirits too weak to meet a husband with any face of joy, and how indecorous it would show for the family of the Capulets to be celebrating a nuptial feast, when his funeral solemnities were hardly over: she pleaded every reason against the match, but the true one, namely, that she was married already. But lord Capulet was deaf to all her excuses, and in a peremptory manner ordered her to get ready, for by the following Thursday she should be married to Paris: and having found her a husband, rich, young and noble, such as the proudest maid in Verona might joyfully accept, he could not bear that out of an affected coyness, as he construed her denial, she should oppose obstacles to her own good fortune.

In this extremity Juliet applied to the friendly friar, always her counsellor in

distress, and he asking her if she had resolution to undertake a desperate remedy, and she answering that she would go into the grave alive, rather than marry Paris, her own dear husband living; he directed her to go home, and appear merry, and give her consent to marry Paris, according to her father's desire, and on the next night, which was the night before the marriage, to drink off the contents of a phial which he then gave her, the effect of which would be, that for two-and-forty hours after drinking it she should appear cold and lifeless; that when the bridegroom came to fetch her in the morning he would find her to appearance dead; that then she would be borne, as the manner in that country was, uncovered, on a bier, to be buried in the family vault; that if she could put off womanish fear, and consent to this terrible trial, in forty-two hours after swallowing the liquid (such was its certain operation) she would be sure to awake, as from a dream; and before she should awake, he would let her husband know their drift, and he should come in the night, and bear her thence to Mantua. Love, and the dread of marrying Paris, gave young Juliet strength to undertake this horrible adventure; and she took the phial of the friar, promising to observe his directions.

Going from the monastery, she met the young count Paris, and modestly dissembling, promised to become his bride. This was joyful news to the lord Capulet and his wife. It seemed to put youth into the old man; and Juliet, who had displeased him exceedingly by her refusal of the count, was his darling again, now she promised to be obedient. All things in the house were in a bustle against the approaching nuptials. No cost was spared to prepare such festival rejoicings, as Verona had never before witnessed.

On the Wednesday night Juliet drank off the potion. She had many misgivings, lest the friar, to avoid the blame which might be imputed to him for marrying her to Romeo, had given her poison; but then he was always known for a holy man: then lest she should awake before the time that Romeo was to come for her; whether the terror of the place, a vault full of dead Capulets' bones, and where Tybalt, all bloody, lay festering in his shroud, would not be enough to drive her distracted; again she thought of all the stories she had heard of spirits haunting the places where their bodies were bestowed. But then her love for Romeo, and her aversion for Paris, returned, and she desperately swallowed the draught, and became insensible.

When young Paris came early in the morning with music to awaken his bride, instead of a living Juliet, her chamber presented the dreary spectacle of a lifeless corse. What death to his hopes! What confusion then reigned thru the whole house! Poor Paris lamenting his bride, whom most detestable death had

beguiled him of, had divorced from him even before their hands were joined. But still more piteous it was to hear the mournings of the old lord and lady Capulet, who having but this one, one poor loving child to rejoice and solace in, cruel death had snatched her from their sight, just as these careful parents were on the point of seeing her advanced (as they thought) by a promising and advantageous match. Now all things that were ordained for the festival, were turned from their properties to do the office of a black funeral. The wedding cheer served for a sad burial feast, the bridal hymns were changed for sullen dirges, the sprightly instruments to melancholy bells, and the flowers that should have been strewed in the bride's path, now served but to strew her corse. Now, instead of a priest to marry her, a priest was ordered to bury her; and she was borne to church indeed, not to augment the cheerful hopes of the living, but to swell the dreary numbers of the dead.

Bad news, which always travels faster than good, now brought the dismal story of his Juliet's death to Romeo, at Mantua, before the messenger could arrive, who was sent from friar Laurence to apprise him that these were mock funerals only, and but the shadow and representation of death, and that his dear lady lay in the tomb but for a short while, expecting when Romeo should come to release her from that dreary mansion. Just before, Romeo had been unusually joyful and light-hearted. He had dreamed in the night that he was dead (a strange dream, that gave a dead man leave to think), and that his lady came and found him dead, and breathed such life with kisses in his lips, that he revived, and was an emperor! And now that a messenger came from Verona, he thought surely it was to confirm some good news which his dreams had presaged. But when the contrary to this flattering vision appeared, and that it was his lady who was dead in truth, whom he could not revive by any kisses, he ordered horses to be got ready, for he determined that night to visit Verona, and to see his lady in her tomb. And as mischief is swift to enter into the thoughts of desperate men, he called to mind a poor apothecary, whose shop in Mantua he had lately passed, and from the beggarly appearance of the man who seemed famished, and the wretched show in his shop of empty boxes ranged on dirty shelves, and other tokens of extreme wretchedness, he had said at the time (perhaps having some misgivings that his own disastrous life might haply meet with a conclusion so desperate), "If a man were to need poison, which by the law of Mantua it is death to sell, here lives a poor wretch who would sell it to him." These words of his now came into his mind, and he sought out the apothecary, who, after some pretended scruples, Romeo offering him gold, which his poverty could not resist, sold him a poison, which, if he

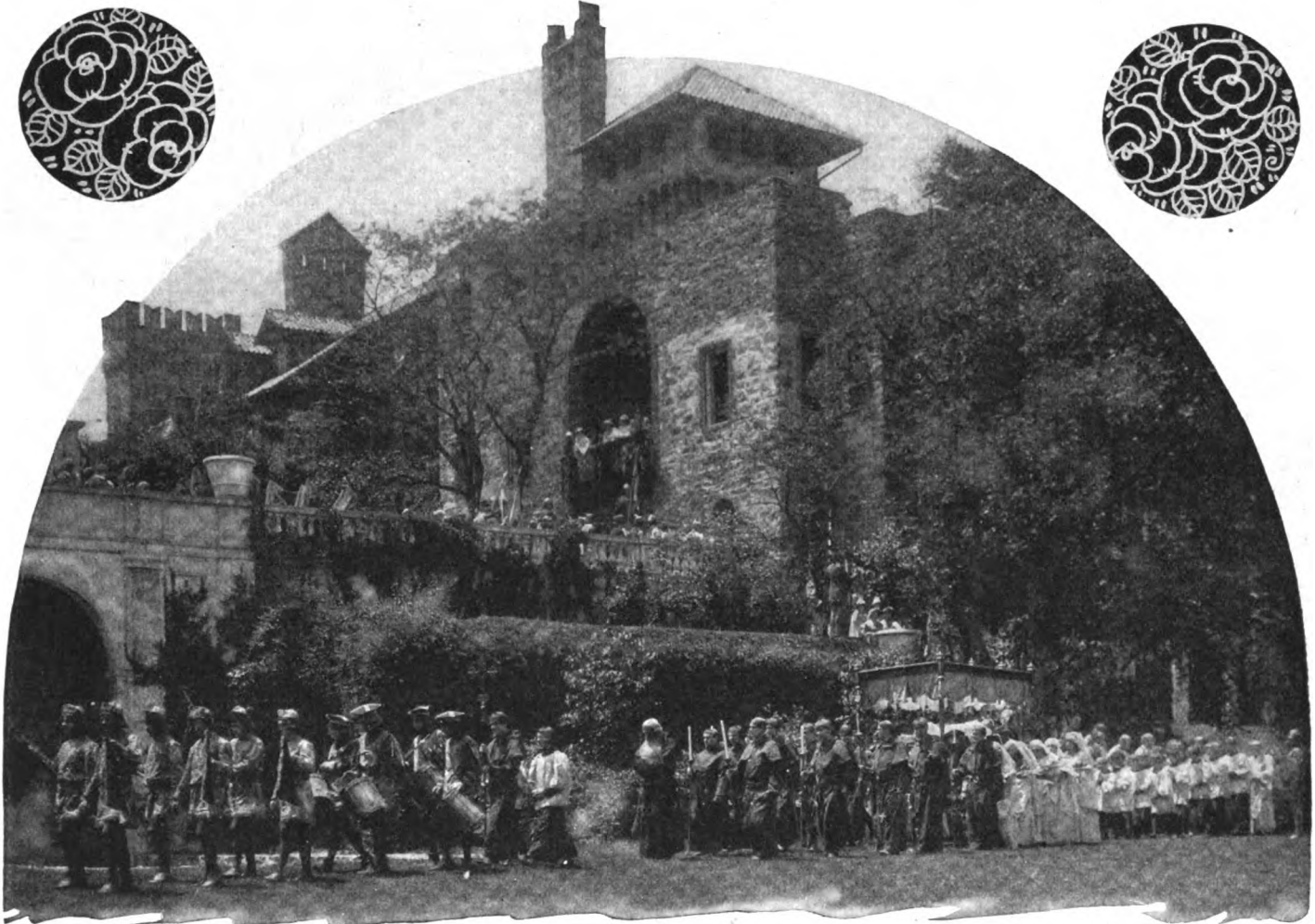
swallowed, he told him, if he had the strength of twenty men, would quickly despatch him.

With this poison he set out for Verona, to have a sight of his dear lady in her tomb, meaning, when he had satisfied his sight, to swallow the poison, and be buried by her side. He reached Verona at midnight, and found the churchyard, in the midst of which was situated the ancient tomb of the Capulets. He had provided a light, and a spade, and wrenching iron, and was proceeding to break open the monument, when he was interrupted by a

urged Paris to leave him, and warned him by the fate of Tybalt, who lay buried there, not to provoke his anger, or draw down another sin upon his head, by forcing him to kill him. But the count in scorn refused his warning, and laid hands on him as a felon, which Romeo resisting, they fought, and Paris fell. When Romeo, by the help of a light, came to see who it was that he had slain, that it was Paris, who (he learnt in his way from Mantua) should have married Juliet, he took the dead youth by the hand, as one whom misfortune had made a companion, and said

lady's lips, kissing them: and here he shook the burden of his cross stars from his weary body, swallowing that poison which the apothecary had sold him, whose operation was fatal and real, not like that dissembling potion which Juliet had swallowed, the effect of which was now nearly expiring, and she about to awake to complain that Romeo had not kept his time, or that he had come too soon.

For now the hour was arrived at which the friar had promised that she should awake; and he, having learnt that his letters which he had sent to Mantua, by



THE BURIAL CORTÈGE OF JULIET. "OUR WEDDING CHEER TO A SAD BURIAL FEAST, OUR SOLEMN HYMNS TO SULLEN DIRGES CHANGE"

voice, which by the name of *vile Montague*, bade him desist from his unlawful business. It was the young count Paris, who had come to the tomb of Juliet at that unseasonable time of night, to strew flowers, and to weep over the grave of her that should have been his bride. He knew not what an interest Romeo had in the dead, but knowing him to be a Montague, and (as he supposed) a sworn foe to all the Capulets, he judged that he was come by night to do some villainous shame to the dead bodies; therefore in an angry tone he bade him desist; and as a criminal, condemned by the laws of Verona to die if he were found within the walls of the city, he would have apprehended him. Romeo

that he would bury him in a triumphal grave, meaning Juliet's grave; which he now opened: and there lay his lady, as one whom Death had no power upon to change a feature or complexion in her matchless beauty, or as if Death were envious, and the lean abhorred monster kept her there for his delight; for she lay yet fresh and blooming, as she had fallen to sleep when she swallowed that benumbing potion: and near her lay Tybalt in his bloody shroud, whom Romeo seeing, begged pardon of his lifeless corpse, and for Juliet's sake called him *cousin*, and said that he was about to do him a favor by putting his enemy to death. Here Romeo took his last leave of his

some unlucky detention of the messenger, had never reached Romeo, came himself, provided with a pickaxe and lantern, to deliver the lady from her confinement; but he was surprised to find a light already burning in the Capulets' monument, and to see swords and blood near it, and Romeo and Paris lying breathless by the monument.

Before he could entertain a conjecture, to imagine how these fatal accidents had fallen out, Juliet awoke out of her trance, and seeing the friar near her, she remembered the place where she was, and the occasion of her being there, and asked for Romeo; but the friar hearing a noise, bade her come out of that place of death,

(Thirty-two)

and of unnatural sleep, for a greater power than they could contradict had thwarted their intents; and being frightened by the noise of people coming, he fled; but when Juliet saw the cup closed in her true love's hands, she guessed that poison had been the cause of his end, and she would have swallowed the dregs if any had been left, and she kist his still warm lips to try if any poison yet did hang upon them; then hearing a nearer noise of people coming, she quickly unsheathed a dagger which she wore, and stabbing herself, died by her true Romeo's side.

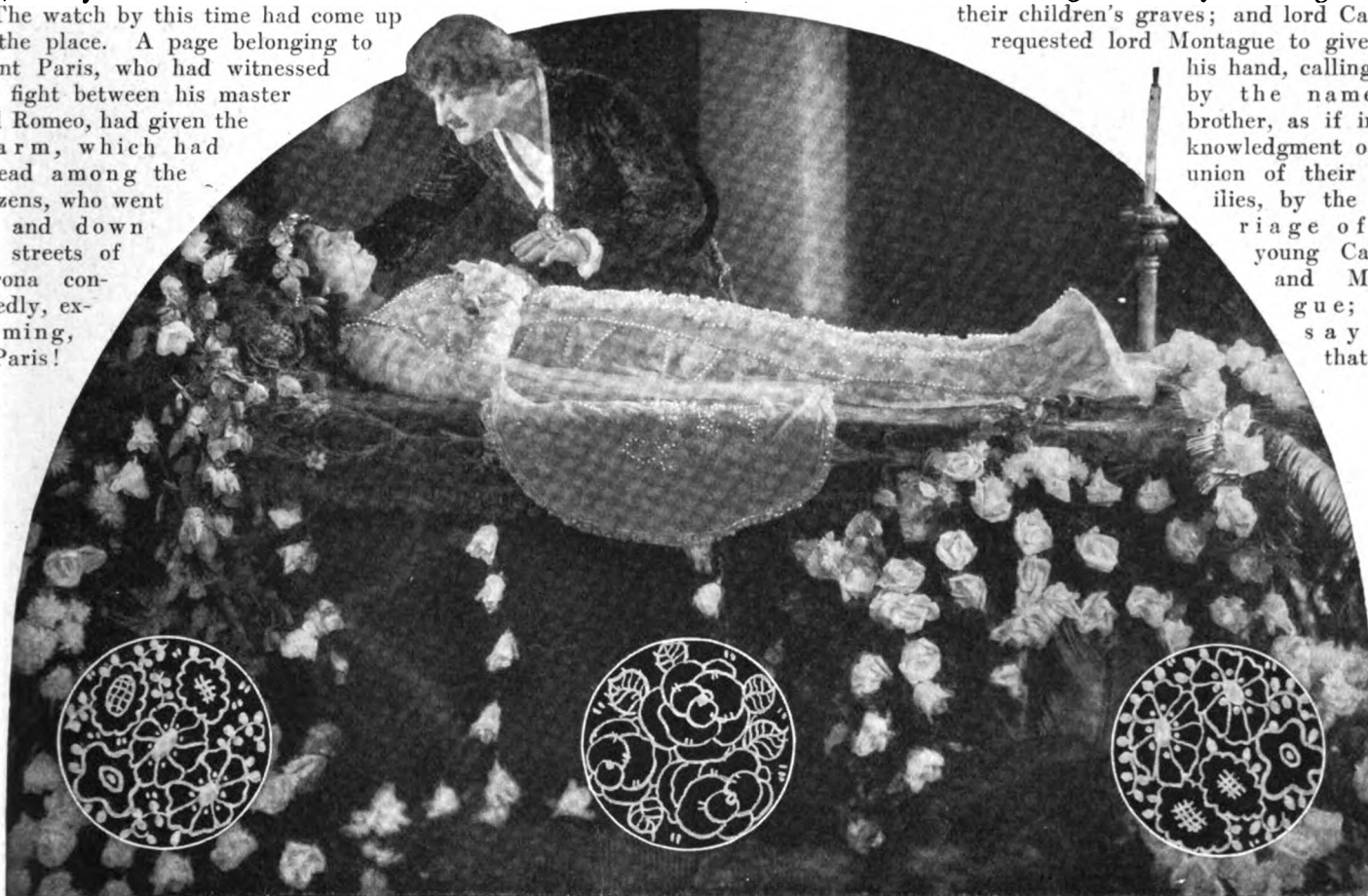
The watch by this time had come up to the place. A page belonging to count Paris, who had witnessed the fight between his master and Romeo, had given the alarm, which had spread among the citizens, who went up and down the streets of Verona confusedly, exclaiming, A Paris!

how Romeo, there dead, was husband to Juliet; and Juliet, there dead, was Romeo's faithful wife; how before he could find a fit opportunity to divulge their marriage, another match was projected for Juliet, who, to avoid the crime of a second marriage, swallowed the sleeping-draught (as he had advised), and all thought that she was dead; how meantime he wrote to Romeo, to come and take her hence when the force of the potion should cease, and by what unfortunate miscarriage of the messenger the letters never reached Romeo:

he could be supposed to have in these complicated slaughters, further than as the unintended consequences of his own well-meant, yet too artificial and subtle contrivances.

And the prince, turning to these old lords, Montague and Capulet, rebuked them for their brutal and irrational enmities, and showed them what a scourge Heaven had laid upon such offenses, that it had found means even thru the love of their children, to punish their unnatural hate. And these old rivals, no longer enemies, agreed to bury their long strife in their children's graves; and lord Capulet requested lord Montague to give him

his hand, calling him by the name of brother, as if in acknowledgment of the union of their families, by the marriage of the young Capulet and Montague; and saying that lord



ROMEO —O MY LOVE! MY WIFE! DEATH, THAT HATH SUCK'D THE HONEY OF THY BREATH, HATH NO POWER YET UPON THY BEAUTY

a Romeo! a Juliet! as the rumor had imperfectly reached them, till the uproar brought lord Montague and lord Capulet out of their beds, with the prince, to inquire into the cause of the disturbance. The friar had been apprehended by some of the watch, coming from the churchyard, trembling, sighing and weeping, in a suspicious manner. A great multitude being assembled at the Capulets' monument, the friar was demanded by the prince to deliver what he knew of these strange and disastrous accidents.

And there, in the presence of the old lords Montague and Capulet, he faithfully related the story of their children's fatal love, the part he took in promoting their marriage, in the hope in that union to end the long quarrels between their families;

(Thirty-three)

further than this the friar could not follow the story, nor knew more than that coming himself, to deliver Juliet from that place of death, he found the count Paris and Romeo slain. The remainder of the transactions was supplied by the narration of the page, who had seen Paris and Romeo fight, and by the servant who came with Romeo from Verona, to whom this faithful lover had given letters to be delivered to his father, in the event of his death, which made good the friar's words, confessing his marriage with Juliet, imploring the forgiveness of his parents, acknowledging the buying of the poison of the poor apothecary, and his intent in coming to the monument, to die, and lie with Juliet. All these circumstances agreed together to clear the friar from any hand

Montague's hand (in token of reconciliation) was all he demanded for his daughter's jointure; but lord Montague said he would give him more, for he would raise her a statue of pure gold, that while Verona kept its name, no figure should be so esteemed for its richness and workmanship as that of the true and faithful Juliet. And lord Capulet in return said, that he would raise another statue to Romeo. So did these poor old lords, when it was too late, strive to outgo each other in mutual courtesies: while so deadly had been their rage in past times, that nothing but the fearful overthrow of their children (poor sacrifices to their quarrels and dissensions) could remove the rooted hates and jealousies of the noble families.

When they Go



ON days when there isn't very much doing at the Lasky studios, and when Wally Reid doesn't have to work, he telephones his wife, Dorothy Davenport, known as Dot, over at the Universal studios. And if Dot isn't working, Wally gets out his new car, stops at a big downtown café, has a luncheon hamper prepared, and off he and Dot go for a gypsy-day in the woods.

They discover many good locations, and are of great assistance to their respective directors when it comes to outside locations — tho some of the directors are inclined to wonder why it is that the prettiest locations they find are some distance from the studios.

(Hint: Both Dot and Wally are very fond of motoring. On a very warm morning it makes a cheerful break in the monotony of acting, if one may first have a nice

BILLIE
BURKE



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VIVIAN MARTIN'S HOBBY IS COOKING AND PREPARING DAINTY VIANDS FOR HER FRIENDS

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS AND THREE MEMBERS OF HIS SUPPORTING CAST IN "THE ASSASSIN" (TRIANGLE) PLAYING PSYCHE TO HIS OWN REFLECTION

MARY KENNEDY LOVES TO WONDER WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE SAYING

(Thirty-four)

A Pleasuring

by
Roberta
Courtland

MR. AND MRS.
 WALLACE REID
 (DOROTHY
 DAVENPORT)

cool spin of several miles!)

Myrtle Stedman takes a great delight in golfing, and most of her pleasure days are spent on the links. It never gets too warm for her to accept, enthusiastically, a challenge to a golf-battle. And she's a formidable foe, too, in this gentle art. She says that golfing and long walks keep her trim and fit. And keeping in perfect physical condition is one of the most important things an actress for the flickering shadows has to observe. Thus she combines business and pleasure, to the ultimate benefit of her health—and beauty!

There isn't a more virile, happy-hearted player with the Triangle Company than their recent acquisition, Douglas Fairbanks. He has appeared in but five or six pictures, and yet he is a greater favorite than many players who



MABEL TRUNNELLE HAS
 FALLEN IN LOVE—BUT
 IT IS ONLY WITH
 THESE BEAUTIFUL,
 SNOW-WHITE
 PIGEONS

THIS PEKINESE DOG COST ANNA HELD
 A SMALL FORTUNE

ARTHUR ALBERTSON IS AN EXCELLENT
 CANOEIST AND ENJOYS THE SPORT IMMENSELY

(Thirty-five)

have been screeners all their lives. Every leisure minute at the studio is spent in some sort of recreation. Here he is shown with three of his supporting cast, including W. E. Lawrence and Dorothy West, in a new production, showing just how much fun can be gotten out of playing Psyche to his own reflection, in a lotus-budded pool that is an irresistible temptation to directors. Evidently, "Dug," as he is familiarly known, is enjoying himself hugely, and his companions aren't so solemn-looking, at that! "Dug's" grin has a reputation for being infectious.

Much has been written of "The Lady with the Eyes," Anna Held, and her capture, for picture purposes, by the Oliver Morosco Company. Not the least important of her possessions (excepting the eyes) is her famous Pekinese, who rejoices in the euphonious title of "Ting Ting!" (No, Gladys, *of course* he wasn't named in honor of the famous New York resort which you mention! The idea!) It is rumored that the chain which holds the dog captive in the picture is by no means one to which he is unaccustomed, for he is said to own jeweled dog-collars, and so forth, to the amount of many thousands. Miss Held's imported touring car forms an impressive background for His Dogship and Miss Held herself.

When Billie Burke went to Florida, as star of the George Kleine serial, "Gloria's Romance," she was delighted with everything she saw. That's one

of Billie's charms—her eagerness and enthusiasm over things that other people consider trifles. Billie was terribly busy, what with her acting, her exercise, and her bicycle rides. But she did find time, when she was "just *too* tired to walk another step," to roll luxuriously about in a one-man-power "Afromobile" rolling chair.

Mary Kennedy, ingénue of the Kalem Company, finds some use for every moment of her busy day. When she isn't being an actress and playing opposite Rose Melville, the famous "Sis Hopkins," she's water-nymphing. Mary is an expert swimmer, and her repertoire of dives would make a professional jealous.

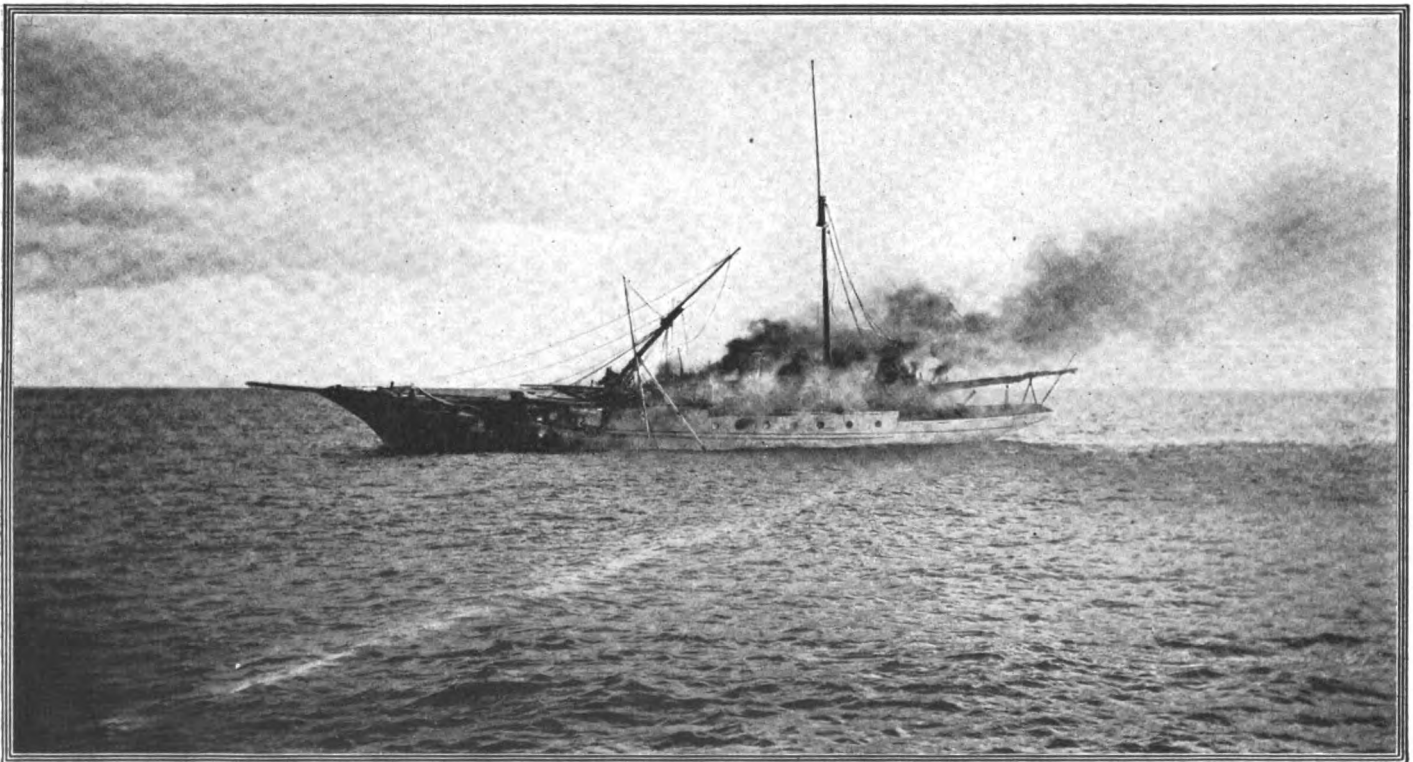
Pleasuring, for Vivian Martin, means entertaining her friends at dinner. And she loves to prepare the dinner herself, too. Her chafing-dish is one of her dearest possessions, and with its aid she can concoct a Welsh rarebit or a plate of toothsome chocolate fudge with equal ease and skill. Of course, Welsh rarebit gives one a lifelike imitation of what a sufferer from D. T.'s must enjoy; but who *wouldn't* see pink monkeys with jade eyes and purple striped snakes, if, to do so, meant that one might dine on a meal cooked by Vivian Martin?

When Mabel Trunnelle was in Cuba, recently, as star for the Edison Company, she fell in love with the gorgeous, snowy pigeons which make beautiful the city square in Havana. She spent the greater part of her

leisure time with them, and it finally grew so bad that her director, when he missed her, sighed in a long-suffering way, and gave a boy a peseta to entice Miss Trunnelle from her feathered friends. The pigeons grew to know Miss Trunnelle, and to perch on her shoulders, her outspread fingers, even in her hair, to accept the bits of bread which she had brought them.

Arthur Albertson, who plays particularly attractive juveniles, in the Sis Hopkins Company, at the Kalem studio in Jacksonville, and who is to be prominent in the support of Ivy Close, the famous English star who has recently signed with Kalem, is strongly addicted to outdoor sports. But the intervals of his strenuous acting give him scant opportunities for football, baseball or such sports; so he takes it out in the comparatively mild sport of canoeing—tho, somehow, it doesn't seem mild when one watches him skim swiftly over the ruffled surface of the St. John's River in a bright green canoe.

It's a far cry from the placid (?) waters of the St. John's to the white-capped breakers of the Pacific. But it is in the latter that we find Mae Andrew, of Pallas Pictures, Morosco. Miss Andrew, in a black and white suit designed for business, strictly, and for no "beach bathing," swims swiftly and cleanly, far out "among those waters, cold, unseeing"—but the waters look neither cold nor unseeing to charming Mae!



SCENE FROM A FORTHCOMING UNIVERSAL SUPER-FEATURE SHOWING THE DESTRUCTION OF A YACHT BY A TORPEDO. THE WHITE STREAK SHOWS THE PATH OF THE TORPEDO ON ITS DEADLY ERRAND

(Thirty-six)

Entertaining the Indians

Hobart Bosworth's Company Gives a Unique Entertainment in the Mountains Which Attracts All People of Bear Valley

By HOBART BOSWORTH

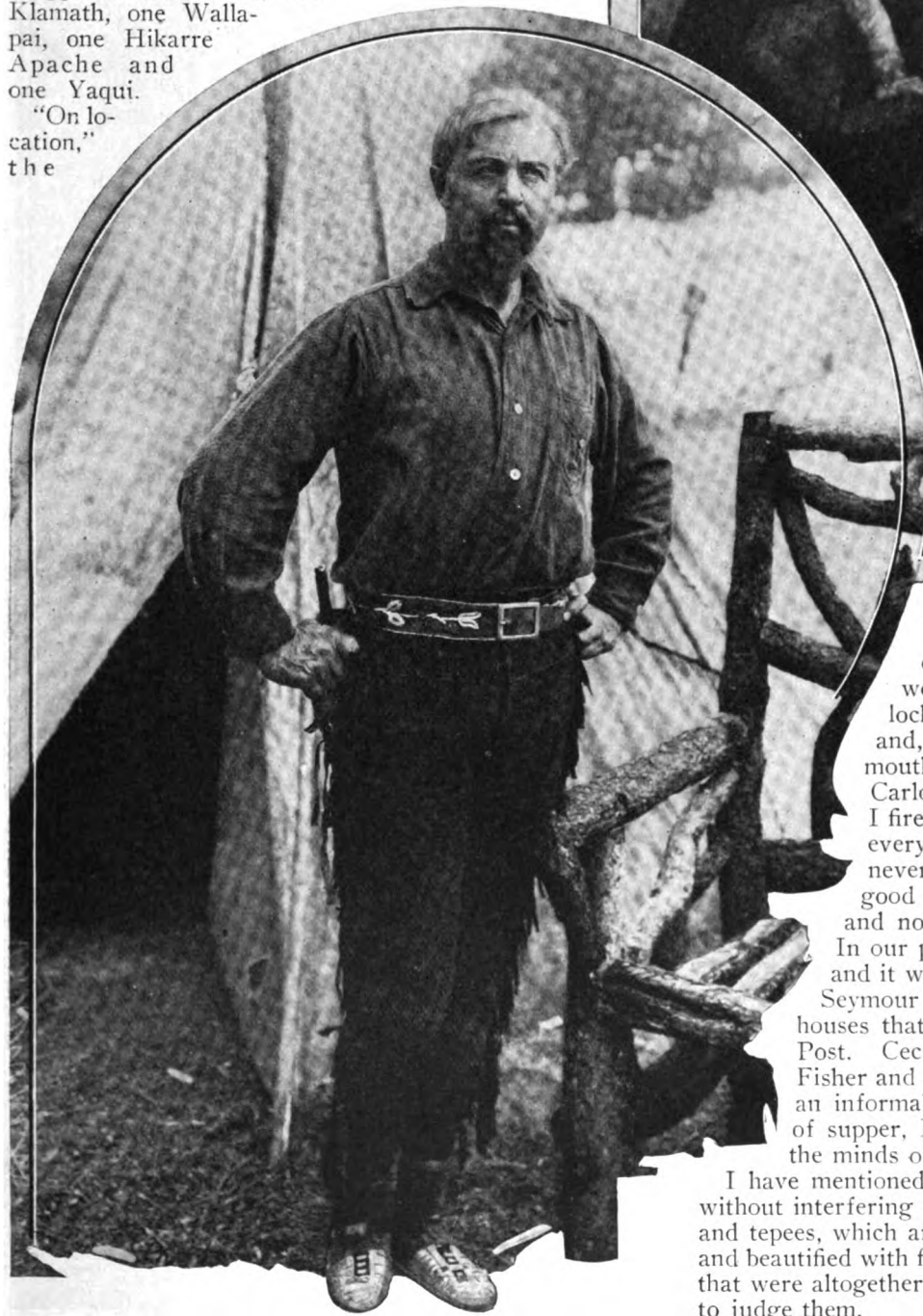
HERE I am, at Pine Knot Lodge, Bear Valley, California, with a company of seventy people, filming the exteriors of an Indian play.

We have a Seneca Indian, Big Tree, the handsomest Indian I ever saw—weight 198, height six feet one, good actor, and the model for Frazier's "End of the Trail" at the Fair; also one Chippewa, two Sioux, one Klamath, one Wallapai, one Hikarri Apache and one Yaqui.

"On location," the



BOSWORTH AND HIS BEST FRIEND



HOBART BOSWORTH AS HE DRESSED IN BEAR VALLEY
(Thirty-seven)

other day, I had my old rifle. There were some visitors. Quietly I told Carlock, my property man, to light a cigaret, and, when I fired, to blow it out of his mouth. I loaded, carefully faking the bullet. Carlock was nervous, but acted beautifully. I fired, and down fell the cigaret. It fooled everybody—even the Indians said they had never seen such shooting. It was such a good joke that I told them how it happened, and now they are all doing the same thing. In our party last night I tried the trick again, and it went big.

Seymour Tally has a point here with five log houses that we are using for our Hudson's Bay Post. Cecil De Mille, Donald Crisp, John H. Fisher and others were to be here, so I thought of an informal party for Saturday night, with a bit of supper, Indian dances and log fires to occupy the minds of my people, and invite the few guests

I have mentioned. The results were really marvelous, without interfering with our work in any way. The tents and tepees, which are in a lovely location, were garnished and beautified with flowers, ferns, little lanterns, signs, etc., that were altogether so attractive that I called a committee to judge them.

Two vast fires were built, one on a platform, which acted



BOSWORTH AND HIS COMPANY ENTERTAINING THE INHABITANTS OF BEAR VALLEY

as a spotlight in a gallery behind the audience. We had a stage, which was tastefully decorated with skins and a large Indian painting by Valencia. The flags and camp lanterns made a charming showing, with the immense trees as background. There were trophies and throne-chairs, made with our cannon and balls and skins, and "prop" chairs, and all the Indian weapons, and, in addition, my own personal guns, tomahawks, etc., were used.

A special skin tepee which John Fisher, a millionaire hunter and companion of Stewart Edward White on his trips, said was the most perfect thing of the kind he had ever seen, also added to the attractiveness of the scene. Our commissary department furnished a lunch that all the guests said would have made the chef of the great Alexandria turn green with envy. Then there were cigarets and cigars galore, and autos for our guests, many of whom had no means of transportation.

News of our party got abroad, and, instead of the thirty invited guests, all Bear Valley turned out, and there must have been fully three hundred present. We began at 8:15 with tent

inspection; all our people were in their make-ups and occupied the tents as the guests filed by. We had twenty fires along the front to light up the tents. The showing of the company was splendid, and Bud Osborne and Skipper Zelif, as trappers, attracted especial attention. I never saw a lovelier effect than those tepees, outlined by the fire-glow against the rocks and forest, with the real Indians standing or sitting in picturesque groups. With the tap-tap of the Indians' drums, it was all weirdly beautiful.

At 8:30, Charlie Hickman, made up as a cattle king, and who acted as announcer, called the guests to the stage and introduced us in a very funny circus speech that made a big hit, as he did by his announcements all thru. Then we marched in procession around the fires. After an informal welcome to an informal party by the writer, the following program was given:

- Imitations, by "Big Slim" Cole.
- Spanish dance and rope-twirling, by Ed Valencia.
- War-dance, by Big Tree and Willow Bird.
- Russian dance, by Mrs. Eagle Wing.
- Song, by Shorty Brandenburg.
- Recitation—Holmes' "Last Leaf on the Tree," by Hobart Bosworth.

- Fancy rifle-shooting at can on head of Carlock, by Hobart Bosworth.
- Indian dance, by Eagle Wing; drums, by Willow Bird.
- Romeo and Juliet burlesque, by Cole and Miss Frieze.
- Song, by little Anna Lehr.
- Bull-fight, with Valencia as matador, assisted by Indians; the bull played by a Yaqui warrior.
- Indian song and dance, by "Big Minnie."
- Japanese dance and acrobatics, by Frank Tokanaga.
- Contortions and balance act, by Mr. and Mrs. Eagle Wing.
- Cannon-ball catching and juggling, by Sam Polo.
- Indian eagle-dance, by Little Chief.
- Grand opera, by "Big Slim" Cole.
- "Milking" and throwing the bull, by Big Tree and Bud Osborne.
- War-dance, followed by scalp-dance, by Big Tree and all the Indians.
- Scalp-dance, by Bud Osborne.
- Epilog—"If We Shadows Have Offended," from "Midsummer Night's Dream," by Hobart Bosworth.

From 8:30 to 10 o'clock that long program was given without a wait or a hitch. Big Tree, stripped to his breech-clout, was quite the wildest and most beautiful figure I have ever seen, and he certainly was the *pièce de résistance* of this unusual occasion. Valencia's Spanish dance was very graceful, and aroused the audience to a

(Continued on page 70)

(Thirty-eight)

HOW TO GET IN THE PICTURES

By Pauline Frederick, Myrtle Stedman, Fay Tincher and Marguerite Clayton

EDITOR'S NOTE: Under this title, a series of articles by leading players, Motion Picture manufacturers and directors are being published in the **MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC** and **MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE**, showing what the chances are for outsiders getting into the pictures and how to go about it. Every publication, producer, director and player is constantly flooded with inquiries asking How to Get In, and these articles are to cover the field exhaustively and conclusively by the greatest experts in the business. We urge every reader who is interested in the subject to read each and every article in the series, because we find that the opinions differ widely. Some of the writers seem to encourage beginners, while others plainly discourage them. We also urge parents to read these articles carefully because, sooner or later, they may have the problem to solve in their own household. We wish to make it clear that we are not inviting persons to try to get into this already overcrowded business; but at the same time we wish to show that there is still room for certain classes of applicants, and we desire to point out the best methods to bring their qualifications before the proper persons.

PAULINE FREDERICK,
the Famous Players Emotional Star,
Tells What It Means to Play Upon
Human Heart-Strings

GREAT actors and great artists—those who create—are born, not made. Few are great; each generation leaves only a few famous names behind it; and if the art of a Garrick, a Bernhardt, a Siddons or a Booth had been common knowledge—an open book for all to read from—their fellow players would all have been great.

It is the something within one, the divine spark, that, according to how brightly it flames, is the measure of dramatic genius. If it could be transferred from actor to actor, then, indeed, would all the world be a stage.

But we can at least admire and, by close study, learn to know the elements of greatness. Thus do the army of players have a constant inspiration before them.

(Thirty-nine)

True art, then, is personality, part of oneself. It cannot be stored like fuel in an engine, nor film in a magazine. One can-

taste. The late Richard Mansfield was domineering, egotistical, selfish, hot-headed, but a man of fine feelings and fastidious tastes. He had a natural eye for crudities of gesture or speech, unreality of settings and costumes, harmony of colors, and, greater than all of these, the unerring sense of detecting "true" emotions. And now we are getting "underneath the paint." Costumes, make-up, lights, settings, music are accessories only; they aid, but do not create. Gesture, facial play, the walk, the pose, the carriage of the hands and the head are but the externals of stage and Motion Picture art. The well-spring lies underneath; it is the feeling and taste, the "refined



PAULINE FREDERICK, OF THE FAMOUS PLAYERS COMPANY

not be a diplomat by cramming all the law in the world!

What, then, is dramatic personality? I will try to stare the bright flame in the face, and to separate it into its parts. The good actor is a man—or woman, mayhap—of feeling and good

emotionalism" of the actor himself. There you have the bed-rock; after that must come its development, and, in this commercial age, its exploitation. It is true that some players, both on the stage and in the studios, have been developed, or "made," rather, and clev-



MYRTLE STEDMAN
(MOROSCO)

erly exploited, but this is not the true artist, and his value is only commercial and short-lived.

There must be many other natural qualifications to Motion Picture success besides true feeling and good taste. Good health, good looks, a clear complexion, and expressive eyes are important physical assets.

Given these things and the development stage may be started. Motion Picture acting consists of harnessing the face and body to the trained mind. There have been great natural musicians and painters, but they have had to undergo a long period of training before their art was ready for expression. It is the same with the studio stage. Its technique must be learnt. Not one "natural born" actor in a thousand could walk out before the camera and properly convey his thoughts and his emotions to his audience, without the proper training. Acting a bit under-

done is commonplace; overdone is burlesque; and it takes not only true feeling and good taste, but a trained judgment to tread the narrow path between.

My argument may be tiresome, but I think my conclusions are persuasive. Don't take up Motion Picture work unless you are gifted—a person of stronger feeling, better taste and with a better and stronger physique than your friends. Be a "being set apart" at the start. I myself started in amateur theatricals in Boston, and by the hardest sort of work gained access to the professional stage. My Motion Picture advent was sudden and flattering, but it could not have come about as it did without the necessary qualifications and years of dramatic experience. I was chosen by the Famous Players Company to go to Italy and play the female lead in Hall Caine's "Eternal City." There were few preliminaries, and I named my own price.

The natural place for Motion Picture development is the studio. Stage training is not necessary at all. But, remember that you knock at the door as a chrysalis—the gorgeous butterfly can spread its wings only after months and years of training. The studios are not overrun with too many gifted players. Their schooling will try you out or find you out. If the personality—the divine spark—is within, no matter how tiny, it will be seen and will be husbanded and made to grow by discerning directors.

MYRTLE STEDMAN

the Selig and Morosco Star, Defines
Attractiveness

Perhaps this is theory; but, when all is said and done, I believe that it is a practical theory and the secret of success of many of our leading picture players. Why is Mary Pickford a household word? And why does every one speak of her with admiration, if not with love? It is her quality of attractiveness.

There is something in each one of us that either repels or attracts at first sight. We can't always explain it, nor analyze it, but this quality exists in a superlative degree in most of the favorites of both the screen and the stage.

The dramatic "heavy" or the adventuress must win two classes of audience: the unintellectual, by the feeling of dislike that they inspire, thus, by contrast, creating a feeling of affection for the hero and heroine; the intellectual, by the finish and naturalness of their art. But, strange to say, even with the handicap of unlikable rôles, the quality of attractiveness is still apparent.

The screen will read your character much more freely and infallibly than

thru the lines of your hand. If you are abounding in good nature, the lines of your face can't help but reveal it to your audience. No matter what your likable traits are, with proper direction they will be revealed to your friends in the audience; so I say that mental and spiritual attractiveness, as well as physical, has much to do in the making of a popular player.

Some students of human nature claim that personal magnetism is the secret of success with many players, but I believe that the intellectual and moral qualities can be clearly read on the screen, and in the end that they breed a stronger admiration.

The work of most picture players is not forced; it is usually only themselves picked up and carried along for a time at a higher emotional pace. If you sit down and talk with Mary Pickford and most of our other favorites, you could not help but notice that the same little charming bits of facial play, tricks of gesture, and methods of "thought" that they express on the screen are part of their very selves. The attributes of attractiveness are perhaps vague; but they are surely the qualities that first start you on the road to success, which is to bring you to the attention of studio directors and man-



MARGUERITE CLAYTON
(ESSANAY)

(Forty)

CLASSIC

agers, and eventually, according to the degree of your attractiveness, help you to become a successful photoplayer.

The face that lights up with animation and that mirrors the thoughts beneath is a printed page from which all may read with delight. Some people are handicapped with faces that lack the ability to clearly register attractiveness. The receding chin, the narrow, angular face, the flat face, small or sunken eyes, bad or illy placed teeth are poor mediums of expression.

The expression of heavy emotions distorts thin faces into a mere grimace, and the flat or flaccid face is incapable of bringing out expression sharply. Strong features that are not too pronounced, eyes of size and lustre, with regular and harmonious facial lines, are strong requisites for proper expression.

If you have this almost indefinable quality of attractiveness and a face and appearance to properly interpret it, nature has endowed you with the elements of a successful dramatic career. Serious endeavor, the determination to succeed and the strength to stand the strain of hard work are also necessary.

Casting directors are not altogether governed by cold analysis, and I think it an excellent plan to obtain a letter of introduction to directors or their assistants. It certainly makes the plunge a bit less cold for timid and inexperienced people, and it will give you, in most cases, an opportunity to discuss your qualifications more thoroly. In all cases it is well to submit photographs, the best obtainable—one or two of the face, and also full-length pictures. A brief physical description should be written on the back of these for ready reference, also your address and telephone number. Directors are very busy men, and must get in touch with their casts at a moment's notice. I have known lots of actors, and also inexperienced people, to miss employment by not being readily accessible.

The brief physical description should include your height, complexion, color of eyes and hair, weight and characteristics of appearance. Many extras have advanced rapidly, and this has been due to their attractiveness, their latent ability, and their power to learn quickly.

The very best school of experience I know is the opportunity extras have of observing the well-known players of the screen at work, and carefully noting the attributes of stardom. Of course, the mannerisms of the well-known player should never be imitated exactly, but should be shaped to agree with a person's own individuality.

(Forty-one)

MARGUERITE CLAYTON
the Essanay Leading Woman, Believes
That Good Dressing Is of
Supreme Importance

I started playing very small parts myself when I first entered pictures just a few years ago, so I will speak from my own experience, that it may aid newcomers to the studios.

No matter how insignificant a young person's part is, if he or she dresses well, and his or her physical appearance is neat and well-groomed, such a beginner has a marked advantage to win preferment. The larger and better your wardrobe, the better your chances with a director for a



FAY TINCHER
(TRIANGLE)

steady engagement.

Plays of modern life, and especially society plays, are at least three-quarters of current productions. So that a young person who carries herself or himself well and makes a good appearance will be quickly picked out for the best place before the camera, and will be sought after for future work.

Some beginners are engaged by the week, and others only as occasion arises. In the latter case, a week might elapse before a second opportunity presents itself. It pays always to be on hand, and not to be discouraged by lapses of engagement. The young person who makes a reputation for being steady and readily gotten at, is the first one to pick up a "chance" when it comes.

Slender, stylish figures are most in demand, and large eyes are usually more expressive than small ones, especially those that are close-set. A bad complexion is a serious detriment to

straight parts, but in character and comedy parts it should not be a serious obstacle.

In seeking a first engagement, especially as an extra or for a minor part, a person's personality and ability have very little or no chance to show themselves. These things, of course, count for a good deal in the long run. Your physical appearance, your dress, and perhaps your carriage and deportment will be the first impressions to present themselves to a casting director. On that account I place a good deal of importance upon them.

FAY TINCHER

The Inimitable Comédienne, Thinks It
Easy to Imitate Her

A girl has got to have a sense of humor in order to get into Motion Pictures. No one ever succeeded at the first shot. You have got to keep trying and trying until the ordeal becomes funny, and after a while you'll land.

If you take it too seriously, you will find it a cruel experience.

Breaking into the movies is like breaking into society; for some it is hard, and for others it isn't. It is said that burglars have set rules for breaking into a house; but there are no set rules for butting into a studio. As with Cæsar, it must be a case of "I came, I saw, I conquered."

The dressing-rooms and camera lines are chuck-full of people, which is one way of saying that the market is over-supplied; but they are not all actors in the true sense of the word, and the only way to find out if you are an actor, or just an actorine, is to take a chance. The trouble with most girls is—and I have talked to hundreds of them in the studios—that they seem to think Motion Pictures are a combination picnic-ground, dream-world and short-cut to fame. They are anything but that. The work, to talk plain English, is as strenuous as a laundry girl's; the hours are long; there is very little time for outside pleasures, and your E-string must be kept twanging at concert pitch all the time.

If you are an original style of boy or girl, it is going to show the first time you are "shot." It may be that your part consists of carrying a cup of tea for My Lady Star; but if originality lies within you, no matter how much you are coached by the directors on just how to carry in that cup of tea, it is bound to show in a dozen little ways to the expert eye.

The coming supply of players, in my opinion, will not be stage-trained actors. Rather, they will be home-made right in the studios themselves—from

(Continued on page 68)

The Poppy

By BENJAMIN

The world is so full of a number of things, I am sure we should all be as happy as kings.

THIS little bit of Robert Louis Stevenson's good philosophy may be the secret of Mae Marsh's happiness, for she is always happy, and her unusual, gray eyes are invariably sparkling with fun. She is truly one of those to-be-envied personalities who always go around with a song in their hearts, and whom it makes one feel the better for having met and shaken the hand of.

The story of her rapid rise to stardom, after her first meeting with Griffith; her change from the ugly duckling into the swan, and all the other little anecdotes from those early days, have been written about

ing of her last finished production the merciless screen would reveal flaws in her acting. There was the chagrin of fault-finding on the part of the director and older members of the company, and, worst of all, the self-criticism, which is really the most unbearable to the sensitive mind, and which Mae Marsh lacked egoism enough to conquer at the first. But she rose sublimely above all those things, and we see her now a young actress securely perched upon the heights of stardom.

If we were speaking in the language of flowers, we would term her a California poppy, for the poppy—not so gorgeous perhaps as is the rose or orchid—is a modest little flower with a persuasive personality that commands recognition. The

only marked difference between the poppy and Mae Marsh is the fact that the poppy appeals in masses and she is a field in herself, being the only one of her distinct sort.

Her versatility is a byword among her co-workers. In such parts as "Apple Pie Mary," the little waitress in "Home, Sweet Home," she has evolved a new

characterization that would be impossible for any one else but just Mae Marsh.

There is a grave, far-reaching appeal mingled with the comedy of the rôles that is characteristic of her, and that one has come to look for in her acting. There is art,



so often that we will pass on without any repetition of them and will tell only about the fascinating Mae Marsh that is—not the child phenomenon that was.

Altho her success was amazing in the rapidity of its coming, the path on which it traveled was not composed entirely of roses, for there were some very sharp thorns mingled among them. There was many and many a night that she would lie awake, torn between anxiety for the next day's work and fear that in the first show-



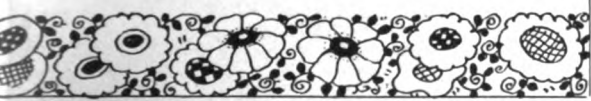
(Forty-two)

of the Films

ZEIDMAN

and very great art, in being able to make a spectator laugh at some commonplace, little action, and then the next moment be gripped, even to the tear-arousing point, by a sudden reverse to the emotional. We have come to look for contrast in the work of this surprising young actress, and we bow before her appealing power of mingling smiles and tears and pity and love in such a deft manner that we ourselves are scarcely aware of how she is playing with our emotions.

She has a vivacious manner and roguish grace that are noticeable in all of her parts. "Love in an Apartment Hotel" is an old one-reel Biograph, but it is remembered still by many, and the little French maid flitting and caroling thruout it plays a large



(Forty-three)

part in that memory, for she is none other than Mae Marsh; and when once seen, who can forget her?

Nor is she lacking in daring, for she will stop at nothing

to bring real-

ism into her rôles. In "The Great Leap," a former Majestic release, she and Robert Herron, riding double, leap on horseback over a thirty-foot cliff into the river beneath.

(Continued on page 69)



Pen Impressions by Carolyn Townsend



LILLIAN GISH



GEORGE BEBAN



CLARA K. YOUNG



CRANE WILBUR



VIVIAN MARTIN



PAULINE FREDERICK



ANNA PAVLOVA



MARY MAURICE



RAYMOND HITCHCOCK

(Forty-four)



KITTENS REICHERT (FOX)

Better Pictures for Children

How to Establish Special Shows for Children in the Motion Picture Theaters

By ELIZABETH RICHEY DESSEZ

In the first article of this series, the necessity of giving the child his own place in the world of Motion Pictures was emphasized, and some of the difficulties encountered by those who attempt to withdraw him from the shows planned for adults were touched upon. The object of this article is to give helpful suggestions as to the present solution of the problem, with the hope of ultimately eliminating the difficulties that now loom so large before the sponsors of Motion Picture shows for young people.

Statistics show that five million children go into the Motion Picture theaters of the United States each day and carry home, firmly impressed upon their young minds, the message of good or evil flashed from the screens. Whose is the responsibility of seeing whether that message be good, evil, or merely futile and inane?

Some people who have given this matter thoughtful consideration feel that upon the educators of our country devolves the task of seeing into

what mould our future citizens are cast. Others say, arouse the parents to the realization of how tremendous is this influence upon the minds and characters of their children and the solution of the problem will be forthcoming.

The responsibility rests upon parents, educators, and all who have the welfare of the child at heart, whether from interest in the individual or as material for the making of future citizens. Active work in this particular branch of social service comes within the province of the women's clubs—in their capacity of community mothers. When the women of the country take up any question that affects the child and the home, and thru them the foundations of society, success must inevitably attend their efforts.

To establish the shows for young people in any community, three things are necessary—the active co-operation of the exhibitor in whose theater the special performances are given, as much publicity in the local papers as

it is possible to command, and a lively and permanent community interest in the project.

If a committee of three club members be formed, let each one assume the work of one of these departments, with as many assistants as she desires or can secure.

One should attend to the arrangement of the programs, using every opportunity to make herself familiar with the film situation, the output of the industry as a whole, the production of the different companies, and the work of popular actors and actresses. Lists of plays suitable for young people may be secured, and the plays recommended may be seen in advance in the theaters or in the projecting-rooms of the exchanges in the larger cities. Upon this member of the committee also will devolve the duty of arranging details with the exhibitor in whose theater the performances are to be given.

The second member should be publicity agent for the enterprise. Her

part will be to arouse the interest of the editors of the local newspapers and to secure their assistance in the forming of public opinion. Each week she should send to the papers an advance notice of the place and hour of the performance, with the program in full. Publicity is a potent factor in any undertaking, and, until the shows for young people are permanently established in every community, they should be brought constantly to the attention of the public. The exhibitor should be induced to announce them on his weekly program and with slides on the screen at every performance.

If it is possible to secure a public speaker of some experience as the third member of the committee, it will be of great advantage. Her task will be the arousing of public interest from the platform. She should make speeches to the mothers' clubs and

parents' associations of the public schools; to civic organizations, whether of men or women, or both; to church organizations, and in every community center that can be reached. If she is familiar with her subject, she cannot fail to be enthusiastic and convincing. No one can really study the Motion Picture problem without acquiring the vision of its tremendous potentialities for good in the spreading of culture, in the forming of ideals, in opening the doors of travel to the stay-at-homes, and in providing entertainment for a class that has never before had amusement within its reach.

The first step of the committee as a whole is to

shows for young people. The theater in a neighborhood of homes is best, as it is more accessible to the children



whether they attend the show alone or with parents or guardians. The audience will be larger if the effort to get to a distant theater is not required.

The class of people who attend a theater is not necessarily an important consideration. Very

often the manager who is desirous of improving the patronage of his theater will give more enthusiastic co-operation than the man who has an established clientele. Moreover,

it is quite as important to reach the children of the poor, for whom this is so great a form of amusement, as it is to cater to the needs of the well-to-do, for whom already so much is done. It is most necessary to see that the theater chosen is clean, well ventilated, properly heated, and that the emergency exits are always unlocked. The fire department has a watchful eye on this detail, but it is a part of the

MAE MARSH

decide in what theater in the community it will be best to hold the



LITTLE MARY SUNSHINE (BALBOA) IN VARIOUS POSES, AND MAE MARSH (FINE ARTS) IN THE TWO UPPER RIGHT PICTURES



ZOE RAE
(UNIVERSAL)

committee's duty to be voluntary assistants to the firemen.

The next step towards establishing the special perform-



ances is to interest the exhibitor of the theater decided upon and to secure his co-operation. In the large cities, the only practicable time is Saturday morning. The exhibitor has his own audience of adults at the daily matinée, and he does not wish to change his regular bookings, nor to give up an assured audience for one

manager to have the show for young people on Friday afternoon after school-hours. The matter must be presented to the exhibitor not only as a business proposition, but as an opportunity to render a real service to his community. It is said too frequently that the manager of the Motion Picture house is



he feels must be created. In the smaller towns, where the matinée is not held each day, it is quite possible to persuade the theater



MORE PICTURES OF LITTLE 'MARY SUNSHINE (BALBOA)

in the business solely for the money he makes. Like every business man, he desires a fair profit on his investment, and presenting the "silent drama" is not always the gold-mine it appears to the casual observer who watches the dimes and nickels pouring in when the appearance of a popular actress has been well heralded. A well-capitalized company with a string of theaters may make money, but the man who invests his money in one theater does little more than make a living. The return on his investment is likely to be variable and irregular. With a few exceptions, the owner of a Motion Picture house is sincerely desirous of rendering a service to his community, and the request that he use his theater as a factor in the upbuilding of youth will make a definite appeal to him. If the only exhibitor in the neighborhood should be one who is deaf to any sound but the clink of coin, have as many of the regular patrons of his theater as it is possible to reach speak to him and insist that he show good programs for boys and girls on selected days. Popular demand will influence even the most reactionary exhibitor.

The member of the committee who selects the programs will find it to her advantage to work with the manager. Go over the theater's regular bookings of which he has had advance notification, and select the things suitable for young people. Films are rented by the day, and he can easily arrange with his exchange to pay a little more and use a subject for an additional performance. If he shows one of the current weeklies, have him book it for the day of the special performance. Young people are always keenly interested in the pictorial news films. They present accurately and vividly history in the making and give to young minds the breadth of an interest outside a limited locality. If the manager has a reel of travel on his regular bookings, this, too, may be used on the special program. If he has not, one may be secured from the many beautiful subjects photographed in every land.

The program for the young people should consist of eight reels, or seven at the least. Some of the sponsors of children's shows consider a six-reel show, lasting an hour and a half, quite long enough for the juvenile audience, but, as was pointed out in the preceding article, the children already addicted to the pictures will not forsake the adult show for the one arranged for them, unless it be as long and as attractive.

Films may be secured by two methods. Lists of subjects suitable for young people may be consulted and programs made up in advance. These programs should then be submitted to the exchange from which the manager of the theater makes his bookings. If the exchange has no prints of the films called for, the list can be revised and other subjects substituted. There are several general exchanges which furnish programs for entertainments in theaters, churches and schools. They do not handle the new features, but they have on their lists many of the children's comedies, one-reel subjects of travel, nature study and native industries, with many valuable re-issues of historical subjects, drama and fairy tales.

Care must be taken to comply with the local laws in conducting the special performances. The statute books of many states contain the wise and protective law which forbids the admission of young people under sixteen to a Motion Picture theater except when they are attended by adults. When the shows are given under responsible patronage, permission may be obtained from the local bureau of licenses to have enough patronesses at each performance to assume guardianship of the children who come alone.

Secure the co-operation of the local government, the board of education, and as many prominent people as possible. This gives weight and seriousness to the movement, and may serve to influence the large class that still regards the silent drama as a form of cheap amusement suitable only for those who can afford nothing better, rather than as one of the big forces of our generation.

The board of education, if properly approached, may allow the weekly programs to be posted on the bulletins of the public schools. Educators are keenly alive to the necessity of turning into constructive channels this tremendous influence upon the minds and characters of the young, because they deal with youth collectively and have wider opportunities to observe the effects of this popular form of recreation than the parent who deals with the child individually.

If the exhibitor can be persuaded to give the initial performance to the women of his community, it is an excellent beginning and furnishes the opportunity for widespread publicity. Let it assume the nature of a rally of the women's clubs and parents' organizations. Give a model performance to show what the committee is under-

taking, and let the member who is the public speaker make an address presenting the case and urging the assistance of the parents, that the work may be successful and permanent.

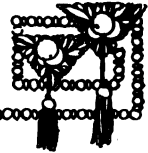
This gives material for a feature story in the newspapers and should give great impetus to the new movement. The exhibitor will find it well worth while to invest some of his money he allots for advertising in this way.

With the special performances well launched, the work of the committee is only begun. Public opinion is a slow growth and must be diligently cultivated. The interest of the children in their own shows must be kept up by making the programs lively and enticing. The offering of small, cash prizes for stories of subjects shown on the screens has proved stimulating in every way. Make the announcement at one performance that a prize will be given for a story two hundred words in length on the feature which will be shown the following week. The stories may be sent to the theater by the middle of the week, the winning story read and the prize awarded on Saturday.

When a fairy story or a dramatization of any of the classics is booked, get the librarian to put this book on the table in the children's branch of the public library during the preceding week. When a historical play is to be given, get the teacher whose grade is working in that department of history to announce it to his class.

If the receipts of the box-office fall below the sum necessary to repay the exhibitor for his time and trouble, get the women of the community to underwrite the performances. A small effort on the part of each woman will assure the theater manager of an audience and a reasonable profit.

Untiring efforts to awaken a community to a realization of this great need will have results that are both immediate and far-reaching. One never wearies of observing the enthusiasm and responsiveness of a child-audience, and the constructive nature of the work is its own reward. We who are pioneers in this new land of Motion Pictures must work for the present with the material at hand. Only by the creation of public demand will the intricacies of the film situation be unraveled, and the children have their own place in this new art, which lies just beyond their own doorsteps and lures them like the Pied Piper's pipes.



The Shine Girl

By
DOROTHY DONNELL

(Thanouser)

This story was written from the Photo-play of Agnes C. Johnston

SUCH a dark little, tight little shoe-shine shop as that of old Pete Ragolli it would be hard to find in a long day's journey, but the Shine Girl never thought about its darkness or its tightness at all. Sometimes, to be sure, she was a little sorry for Sally, who had to sit on the high, dusty window-sill, looking out all day at the feet of the passers-by and longing, no doubt, in her geranium soul, for a ray of sunshine that never peeped into the basement shop; but the Shine Girl did not once think of being sorry for herself. That was one reason for her cheery nickname. The other reasons were two busy, clever little hands, just now engaged in applying a bronze polish to a pair of ladies' shoes from the Big House up the Street.

"These are Happy shoes, Sally," she confided to the stunted plant on the sill beside her mop of tawny hair. "They's daddy ones, and mother ones, and darlin'-precious baby ones—a whole family o' shoes! I wonder what the Happy folks that wear dem look like, dont youse? Look, Sally; did youse ever see such teenie-weenie specks o' things?"

She held up a pair of little, stubbed ankle-ties, sudden wistfulness in her



A TINY PINK-AND-BLUE-AND-GOLDEN FIGURE

(Forty-nine)



"WOT'S DE MATTER, HEINE—IS BUSINESS BAD, MEBBE?"

small, pointed face; then, with a swift glance, to make sure she was unnoticed, she dropped a kiss into each tiny shoe. No one but Sally saw it, and Sally was used to the Shine Girl's queer little whims.

Over the way, a fussy old gentleman was scolding Billy, the littlest bootblack, because he hadn't put enough blacking on one of his heels; and inky drops, compounded of polish and discouragement, were coursing down across the fresh smears of today's toil and fainter yesterday-smears on Billy's cheeks. In a moment the Shine Girl was at his side, pushing him away.

"You leave me 'tend to him!" she said briskly, shaking the hair out of her way and picking up the brush with a grimy, capable little claw. Mischief sparkled in the great, gray eyes that met the fussy gentleman's scowling surprise.

"Jes' 'cause youse got swell, new shoes on aint no reason fer youse to do all dis kickin'!" she smiled.

The cross reprimand on the old gentleman's lips got tangled up in a sudden chuckle; the chuckle grew into a rusty, unused-sounding laugh, and, quite before he realized it, the fussy customer had changed into as pleasant an old grandpa-man as you could wish to see. When the Shine Girl announced that his shoes were finished, he never even glanced at them, but clambered down from the tall chair, still chuckling, and pressed a whole quarter into her hand.

"Share it with that careless youngster who cant black shoes, if you like," he said. "No doubt I was rather hasty with him—this damp weather always settles in my temper. But I think, by the feeling, the wind has changed, and we may have a bright day after all."

The Shine Girl was turning back to her Happy shoes, when Heine, the delicatessen-store boy, a regular customer of hers, came down the steps into the shop. His chubby, full moon of a face clouded, and his fat shoulders drooped in a disconsolate fashion as he clambered up into her chair. At intervals he sighed heavily.

"Wot's de matter, Heine?" asked the Shine Girl, as she applied blacking to his worn shoes with friendly lavishness—"is business bad, mebbe?"

"Nein," said Heine; "id is nod business dot iss a grief by me. Id iss mine Minna. She haf been flirting mit dot pasty Yacob of der bakery. She comes no more by mine store."

"Pooh!" laughed the Shine Girl, comfortingly. "Jacob talks sweet as a frosted cake, but folks cant live on sugar. Sausages taste better when youse is hungry. Jes' wait, an' Minna will surely come back ter such a han'some man!"

Heine's small eyes disappeared behind a wide, chubby smile. He had come into Pete's shop as disconsolate a delicatessen boy as ever wore a broken heart beneath a white apron; he left it treading on the rubber heels of hope.

"Folks is like shoes, Sally," the

Shine Girl said wisely over the bronze shoes that had come from the Big House up the Street. "There aint any shoe youse cant make shine, no matter how dusty an' old it is, an' there aint no trouble that cant be polished up, either, till it looks 'most as bright as a happiness."

She added a final touch to the dainty shoe in her hand, and regarded it critically, head tilted, and suddenly a small voice shrilled in her ear:

"Why, dem's my muzzer's s'oes!"

The Shine Girl whirled about, to find a tiny pink-and-blue-and-golden figure standing at her elbow—a ruffly, lacy baby-creature all ribbon-bows and flat, shiny rings of hair and kiss-spots.

"Oh!" cried the Shine Girl, rapturously—"oh! it's a baby—a real, live baby! It's the baby that b'longs to the Happy Family's shoes!"

She sat down on the floor and held out her arms, blacking-brush and all. The baby promptly went into them, and plumped her small self down on the Shine Girl's knee with an air of great satisfaction.

"I 'ikes oo," she purred. "I 'ants to p'ay wiv dat b'ush, an' my name's Babby Kenyon, an' I'se free year ol' goin' on four, an' my daddy makes my muzzer cw—"

In a breathless torrent she poured out her tale—the tale of a man's and woman's quarrels and unhappiness, seen thru a child's eyes; of a rich and luxurious home that was not a home; the tale of the Shine Girl's Happy Family, which was such a very unhappy family in reality.

An hour later, when a distracted nurse had rescued her charge from the fascinating task of blacking her curls with shoe-paste, and carried her away, blowing inky kisses from the tips of her chubby fingers, the Shine Girl finished the beautiful bronze shoes and wrapped them, with the man's patent leathers and the tiny ankle-ties, in a bundle for Pete to carry to the Big House up the Street.

"It's their hearts that need a shine!" she sighed. "Seems 's if I b'longed to a family—a reg'lar family—I wouldn't quarrel with it; but, Sally, youse de only family I ever had!"

That evening the Shine Girl left the dark room behind the shop, where the Ragolli family were supping sumptuously on spaghetti, and, with Sally in one hand and a mug of bread and milk in the other, went outside. But all the sunshine had gone from the narrow street.

"We'll have to climb up onto the roof after it!" she told Sally—"youse aint goin' to be disappointed!"

Up the fire-escapes toiled the thin little figure, clasping



CLASPING THE PLANT TO HER BREAST

the stunted, scrubby plant to her flat breast, and at every story the lamp-glow from other people's homes shone out, lighting the small face with its pointed chin and brave gray eyes and tawny mane of hair. But when she peered wistfully thru the curtains she saw scowling, sullen faces, heard bitter words, and went on, saddened to the soul.

On the roof the sunshine still lingered, and the Shine Girl held Sally up to get a deep drink of it.

"Breathe it like everything, dearie, and mebbe youse'll get a blossom some

day," she told her; then, loyally, "If youse'd had 'vantages like other geraniums, youse'd 'a' had a blossom long ago!"

When the last gilded fleck of light had faded, the Shine Girl set Sally down on the roof and sat down beside her, wrapping her lean, aching little arms around her knees. A rapt look softened the angles of her face into curves—at this moment the little Shine Girl was almost beautiful.

"Some day," she told Sally, shyly—"some day we're goin' to have a family that'll beat 'em all. There'll be a big, strong son an' two twins—I'd prefer 'em red-headed if it's jest 's convenient—an' a darlin'-precious baby like de one dis afternoon."

In fancy she could see them gathered around a supper-table, but the daddy's chair at the head was empty—a regular family would have a daddy.

She groped among the men of her acquaintance, but found no face that belonged in her dream-family.

"Never mind about a daddy, Sally!" she decided; "we'll find him when we need him, I guess—"

The words trailed into a gasp, as a woman's scream floated up from somewhere below her feet.

"It's Billy's father—drunk again," thought the Shine Girl. "Come 'long, Sally; we gatter see what we can do."

Every one in the tenement was afraid of Big Bill when the booze had him—every one, that is, except the Shine Girl. She was not afraid of anything in the world. Across the scrubby geranium she faced the shambling, blear-eyed man, pointing a scornful finger at the door.

"Aw, why doncher pick on some one yer own size, yer big bully?" she demanded. "Now git, and stay git till youse know how ter behave yerself!"

She set Sally on the table and caught up a convenient broom with a determined air that sent Big Bill whimpering from the room; then, triumphant, she turned upon the sobbing woman.

"Wot's de matter now?" she asked.

"She's cryin' cause Pop drunk up the supper money," explained Billy, briefly. "There aint nothin' t' eat in de house."



between angry thumb and forefinger. "Stalin' me bread, is ut? Oi'll larn yez to take what dont belong to yez."

He ripped a whistle from his pocket and blew it shrilly.

On the heels of the sound a policeman

"Aw, I jes' took one loaf f'r a friend what was hungry," protested the Shine Girl, indignantly. "I'll save up an' pay youse back—honest I will!"

But the baker was obdurate and the policeman unsympathetic, and presently the Shine Girl found herself led ignominiously back to Ragolli's under orders to appear in court the very next morning that ever was.

Judge Robert Clayton, of the Children's Court, was a man who had, in the opinion of his friends, everything; in his own opinion, nothing. His youth and honorable position, his reputation as a pathfinder in the prison reform movement, his health and wealth and good-looks weighed very little in the scale of his life against the cruel fact that the woman he believed he loved was married to another man.

He had not seen her for four years, until last night, and here she stood by his side now, in the dingy, stuffy little courtroom, beautiful, weary-eyed, with a subtle feminine helplessness about her that set the pulses pounding in the man's big, powerful body with an almost overmastering desire to pick her up and carry her away and protect her. Last night gossip had whispered to him that the Kenyons were unhappy, the husband neglectful, the wife indifferent, and that for years their marriage had been one in name alone. He remembered this now, as he stood talking to Margaret Kenyon, and it took all his will-power to keep his voice steady and his words conventional.

"I'm afraid this is going to bore you terribly," he said mechanically. "The children who are brought here are a pretty hopeless lot, and yet they will

"SHE STHOLE A LOAF OF BREAD OFF ME COUNTER!" HE ROARED

"Oh, I c'n fix *that* in a jiffy," said the Shine Girl, tucking Sally once more under her arm. "Come on, Billy; I'll get youse a loaf of bread, anyhow."

At the door of the bakery Billy prodded her arm anxiously.

"Say, has youse gotta nickel?" he asked. The Shine Girl stared at him in surprise.

"'Course I aint got any nickel," she said; "but the baker dont need all dat bread, an' youse *do*. If he was around I'd ask him t' loan me one, but there aint nobody in de shop, so we'll jes' help ourselves—"

Followed by the reluctant Billy, she marched into the shop and took a loaf of bread from the counter, thrusting it into the boy's hands.

"Here, take it home," she directed; "Sally an' me'll stay an' tell the storeman—"

"Ye small thafe o' th' worruld!" Patrick Maloney's voice rasped from the doorway as Billy disappeared. With two strides, the burly baker was around the counter, gripping the child's bony little arm

appeared in the doorway. "What's wrong here, Maloney?" he asked curtly.

The baker thrust forward the small figure, claspng her pot to her breast.

"She sthole a loaf of bread off me counter!" he roared. "Arrist her, officer. Oi'll make an ixample av her!"



THE SHINE GIRL MEETS THE KIND-EYED JUDGE



THE SHINE GIRL AND THE JUDGE
JOURNEY TO HIS HOME FOLKS

and little Billy, and the children who were crying because their father had drunk up the supper money. And the Judge's eyes grew kinder and kinder with every word. When she had quite finished, he leaned forward and laid his hand on the tawny head.

"You must never take anything that doesn't belong to you, even to help some one," he said very solemnly. "It isn't honest; it isn't square. But as this is your first offense, I'm going to let you go, for I believe I can trust you."

In her hungry, lonely little soul the Shine Girl resolved then and there that she would be worthy of the Judge's trust, but aloud she only answered: "Youse can bet yer life on that, mister;" then the conversation becoming embarrassingly personal, she introduced Sally. "She's me pal, Judge," she said, displaying the graceless plant proudly. "I have t' take

beautiful, discontented face of the woman with the bronze shoes; at the Judge, behind whose smile lurked the shadow of an old sorrow; at the stolid policeman and the listless spectators; and then, holding Sally carefully, she went out, leaving the dingy room oddly dingier and darker for her going.

After that the Judge became a regular customer of the little Shine Girl. Every day he stopped at Pete's basement shop for her to put a shine on his shoes, and in his heart the Judge needed sunshine very badly these days. For the first time in his thirty-three strongly lived years he was afraid of himself; was conscious of dark undercurrents in his soul, which threatened to sweep him off his feet and carry him and the woman who belonged to another man in on the flood-tides of passion to shipwreck. He had loved Margaret Kenyon, six years ago, as a young man worships his first idol of womanhood—sacredly, a little fearfully, imaginatively, with love that was like the spring air in his nostrils, or the white moonlight, lying pure and cold on the flowered bosom of July. But this that tortured his waking and his sleeping now was another love—a bitter, fevered thing that swept his being like wine-fumes or the dizzy rapture of drug-nurtured dreams. And, suddenly, he found that he could not bear the strain of her nearness any longer.

It was on a day when even the city decked herself in springtime, like an old, haggard courtesan who apes a young girl's freshness, when the Judge stopped at Pete Raggoli's for a farewell shine.

be our citizens of the future. I try to remember that in my decisions; and last night, when you asked about my work, I thought you might be interested to see it for yourself."

"I am interested," said Margaret, glancing up at him with eloquent eyes. "If you knew how empty of interests my life is—"

From the bench, just below the Judge's desk, the Shine Girl's eyes fell on the small, bronze shoes of the lady talking so earnestly with the Judge, and recognition gleamed in them—the Happy mama shoes! But time for conjecture was short, for a moment after the discovery the Judge had ascended to his seat, and a big policeman was leading her before him. Patrick Maloney was represented by his wife, a lady whose temper—decided the Shine Girl, charitably, as she listened to her virulent tirade—needed a shine very badly. The Judge listened to her complaints in silence, and then beckoned to the child. Clasp- ing Sally to her chest for company, the Shine Girl shook the tawny mop of hair from her face, and smiled timidly up at the man looking at her so intently with the kindest, gentlest eyes she had ever seen.

"Suppose you tell me all about it," suggested the Judge quietly. And so the Shine Girl told him about Big Bill

her out oncet in a while 'cause she dont get much sunshine where I live. But dey's lots of sunshine in here. Dont it make youse all happy?" She looked into the



THE SHINE GIRL READS
TROUBLE AHEAD

With the thought of the blossoming apple-trees and the starred grass of the boyhood home to which he was going, in his mind, the dark, damp little basement room almost stifled him, and the Shine Girl's sharp, pointed little face, in its shaggy setting of elf-locks, looked sallower than usual in the gloom of the place.

"Did you ever see the country, Shine Girl?" he asked abruptly—"like the park, you know, only miles and miles of it, with no policeman to keep you off the grass? The apple-trees are all great drifts of sweet pink-and-white petals, now, and the grass is starred with dandelions, and it's clean and healing—"

He broke off, aware that he had been thinking aloud. The Shine Girl had dropped her brush and was listening, lean little hands folded tightly on her breast.

"Is dat where youse live, mister?" she queried breathlessly.

"Where I lived when I was a shaver," answered the Judge. "I'm going back on a visit tomorrow, Shine Girl, to see whether I cant find the little fellow I used to be—the little chap who used to say his prayers every night and dream big, glorious fine day-dreams, lying on his back in the hay—"

"Is dere lots o' sunshine in de country, Jedge?" persisted the Shine Girl eagerly—"like on de roofs?"

"Lots of sunshine," nodded the Judge.

The Shine Girl hesitated; then, with a sudden great sob, she ran to the window, lifted Sally from the sill and thrust her into the Judge's astonished arms.

"Wont youse take Sally, mister?" she begged him—"she needs de sunshine, an' I aint got much time ter take her out. If she could git out all day in de sunshine she might git a blossom, but there aint no chanct fer her here! Flowers dont grow in shoeblacking shops, an'—an'—I'm awful 'fraid Sally'll die widout ever havin' had a posy—"

Great tears were rolling down the hollows of her meager little face, dripping from her pointed little chin, and suddenly the Judge saw how pointed it was, how big and prominent the bones of the frail child-figure stood out. "Dere aint no chanct here fer flowers to grow"—nor for children.

(Fifty-three)

"Shine Girl," he said slowly, taking the smudgy hands in his great, kind grip, "I'm afraid Sally would be lonesome without her chum; if I take her, you'll have to come along, too!"

Three days later, the Shine Girl, with Sally clasped in her arms, stood on the threshold of a new and beautiful world—a world in which there were flowers and great, green spaces, and mother-women, who kist her and petted her. She looked about her wonderingly—at the Judge carrying the glittering beer-sign that the boot-black had presented her for a farewell



THE "HAPPY FAMILY" ONCE MORE

gift, "a-cos youse likes bright things"; at the white-haired mother of the Judge, and the great, comfortable house half-buried in wild-rose vines and honeysuckle and other sweet-smelling things. Then she drew a great breath that lifted the dingy garment across her thin little chest.

"Dere aint nuthin' dat needs shinin' here!" cried the Shine Girl, ecstatically. Later she found that she was wrong.

Thru the sweet summer weather she and the Judge played together in the great out-of-doors. They went fishing; they climbed hills and explored the robbers' caves and pirates' dens that had been familiar to the little boy-who-used-to-be. It seemed almost as tho the Judge had found him again, for he romped, and grew brown, and lost the strained, anxious look he had worn when he first came. And the

Shine Girl grew plumper and redder of cheek every day, and even Sally put out new leaves and promised to have a flower-bud by and by. And then the lady of the bronze shoes came.

She brought the baby with her, and the moment that the Shine Girl and the Judge met her automobile on the road the child knew, with an uncanny wisdom beyond her years, that there was trouble ahead. If the Judge knew it, it was with his brain, not with his heart. *That* told him that he was glad—*glad*, and Margaret's eyes told him something else, altho her lips spoke only of the heat in the city that had forced her to bring Babby out to her sister's farm.

In the days that followed, the Shine Girl, with all her cheeriness, couldn't chase away the shadow from the Judge's eyes. He smiled as often as he had before, but it was with his lips, not his heart.

More and more often their walks ended at the farm where the bronze shoes was staying, and while the Shine Girl romped with the baby, the Judge and the lady talked to each other, or else sat silent, speaking only with their eyes.

One day the Shine Girl lagged behind the Judge to gather an armful of queen's lace from a meadow, and when she came up the path she saw, by the way the bronze-shoe lady and the Judge were talking, that they had quite forgotten her. Before she could decide whether to go on or turn back, she overheard something that made her stop quite still where she was. As she listened, a determined look crossed her small, pointed face—a look like the one she used to wear when she saw a pair of hopelessly scuffed-out shoes, but had a bottle of polish in her hand. The last words she waited to hear, before she darted about the corner of the house and across the fields home, prodded her on like tiny, vicious spurs—there was so much to be done; so little time in which to do it! For the words that rankled in her memory, as she ran, had been there, spoken in the dear, deep voice of the man who had been kind to her:

"Tonight, then, Margaret—I will send a note over by the Shine Girl to tell you just where I will meet you and when."

The moon was two hours up when

the Judge came out of his gate that evening and turned down the dusky road toward the station. A hundred tiny night-voices spoke in his ears, each with its warning to his harried soul—the crickets in the fields, the tree-toads and the whip-poor-wills; but he strode on, unheeding, for a stronger call urged him on—the call of a woman's need of him, and his need—oh, his cruel need of her! When he reached the place he had appointed in his note, and saw a slender, cloaked figure coming toward him, he gave a little, hoarse cry and held out his arms.

"Margaret!" he said—"Margaret—"

And then he stopped, and his arms fell to his sides, for the face that looked up at him out of the folds of the cloak was not the one he was looking for.

"She aint here," said the little Shine Girl, quietly; "I never give her de note youse told me to."

The Judge uttered a sharp exclamation,

turned suddenly, and began to run down the road; but he had gone only a few yards when he felt sharp little fingers on his arm.

"Jedge, it wont do youse no good ter go ter her," said the Shine Girl. She faced him, very white in the gray light, but dauntless. "I heard youse this mornin', an' I sent a tallygram ter her husband, an' he came. I took him up ter de house. 'Cant youse shine up the old love f'r each other?' I asked 'em, an', Jedge, I think dey're goin' ter try!"

The Judge bowed his head on his hands, and a hot drop trickled thru the fingers to the Shine Girl's arm.

"You've ruined my happiness," he muttered. "What right has a child to play with men's and women's lives that way?"

"Jedge," said the Shine Girl, sternly, "youse told me oncet it wasn't square to take anythin' that didn't belong to youse. How 'bout somebody else's wife?"

The man lifted his head and stared down into the upturned face strangely.

Something in it caught his breath—he had never guessed that the little Shine Girl was pretty before. Why, in two years, three, she would be a woman—and a beautiful woman—

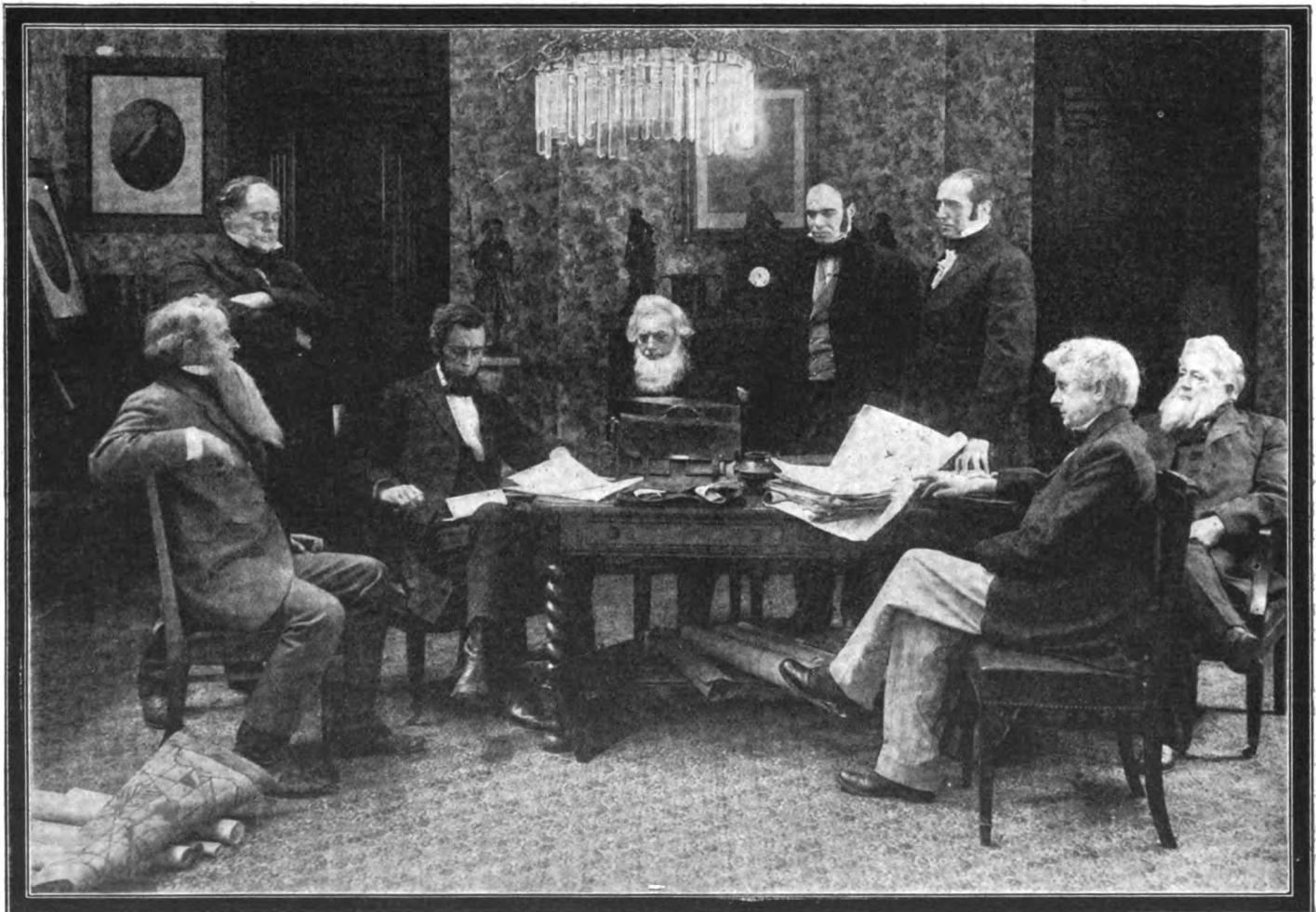
He put his hands out, touching the bright head with a shy caress.

"Little Shine Girl," he said slowly—"little, dear Shine Girl—you have made me ashamed. Tomorrow I will go back to the city and work hard and wait patiently, and some day I am coming back again. Will you think about me—a little—until I come?"

It was very late that evening when the little Shine Girl whispered a beautiful secret to Sally in her moon-white room.

"Sally," she told her wonderingly, "I think I've found a—a daddy-man for our family. Some day—"

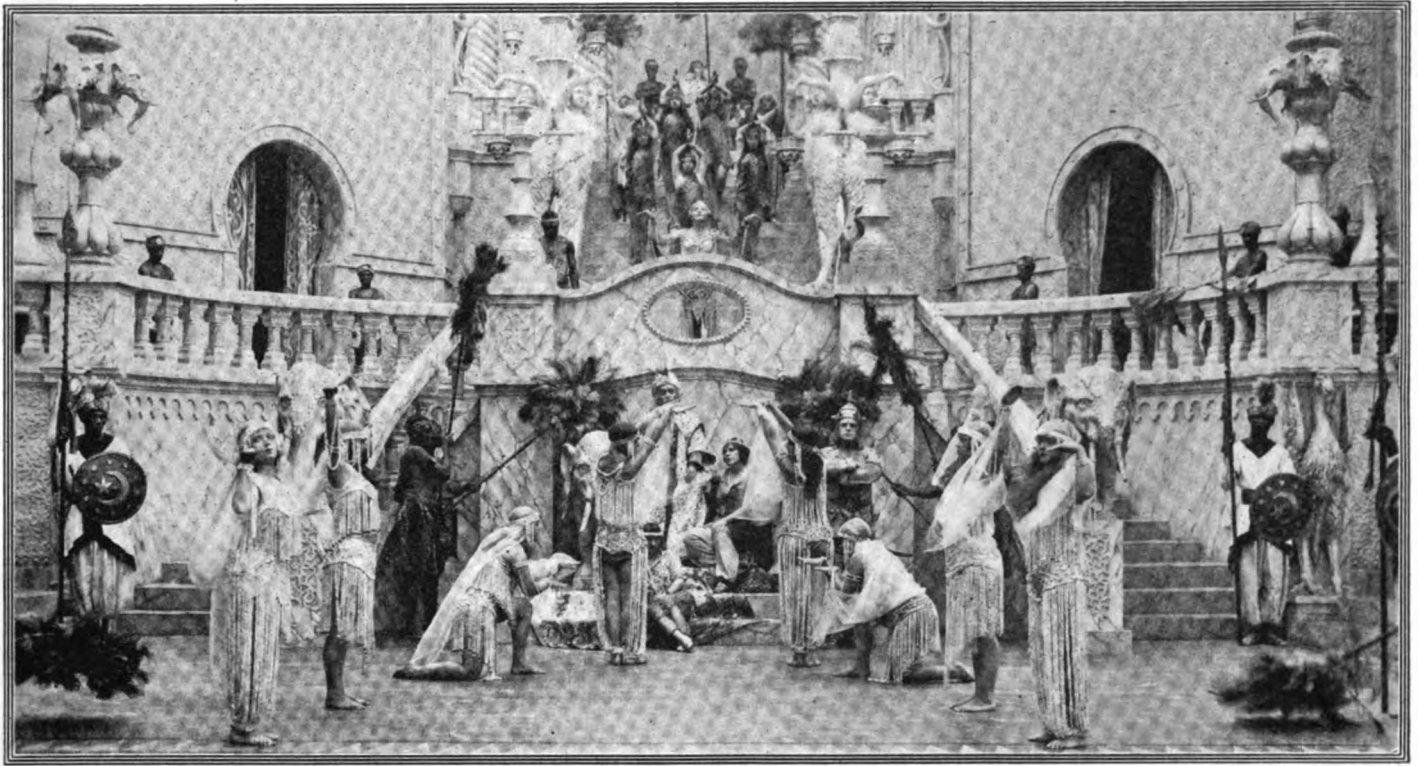
And then she gave a little cry of joy and bent closer, as if she could hardly believe her eyes. For there, in the faint moonlight that shone on Sally's leaves, hung a wee, white bud, just opening.



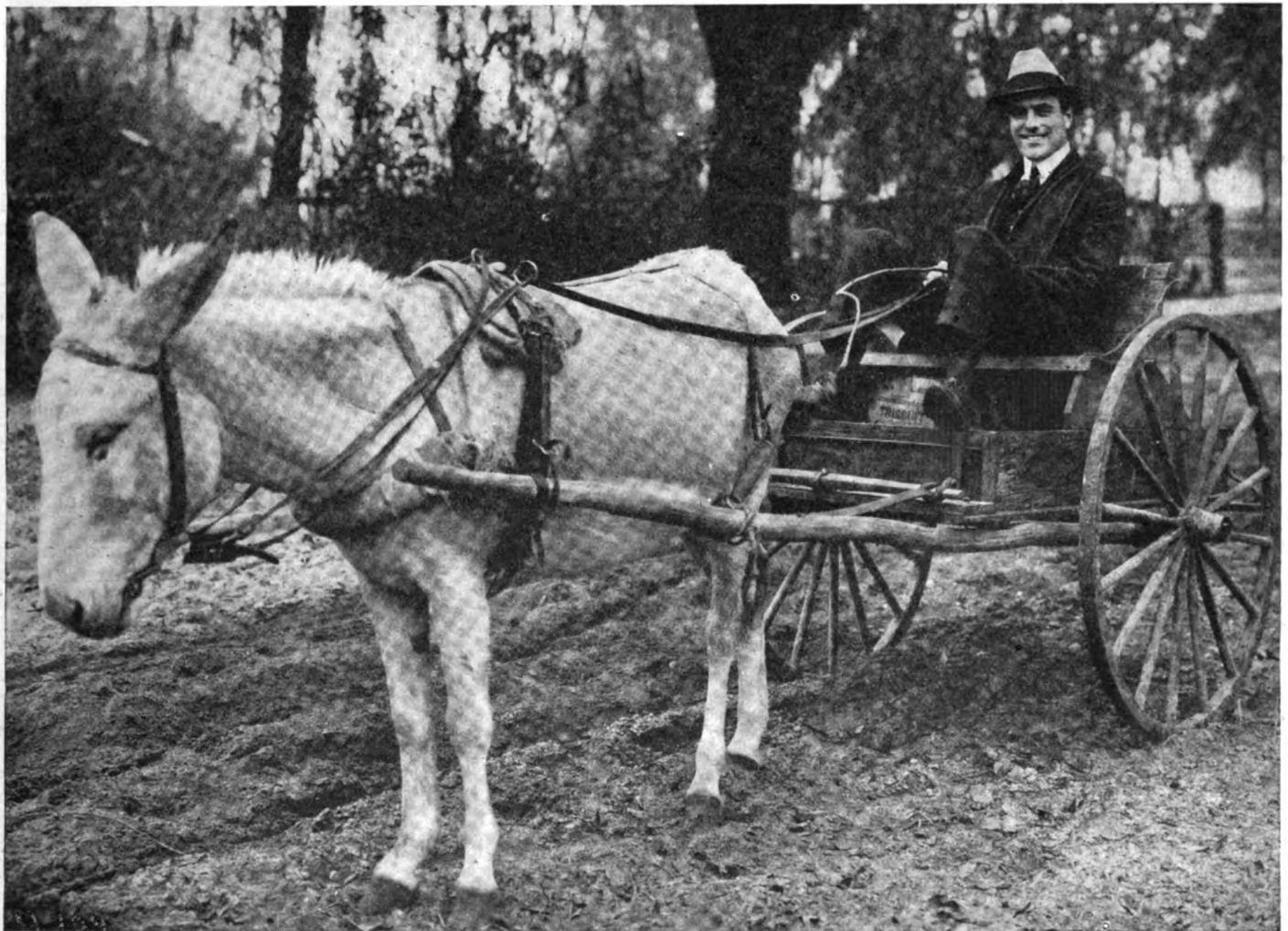
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A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF LINCOLN AND HIS CABINET, FROM "THE CRISIS" (SELIG), SAMUEL D. DRANE AS LINCOLN

(Fifty-four)



SCÈNE FROM "A DAUGHTER OF THE GODS" (FOX) FEATURING ANNETTE KELLERMANN



SIDNEY MASON (GAUMONT) DRIVING "OLD IRONSIDES" THRU THE STREETS OF JACKSONVILLE
(Fifty-five)

The Waking

Poet, Priest and Musician, with a Knotty

By PETER

Somebody asked me to talk to Chester Barnett, the young screen player, and as soon as I had felt the sure squeeze of his hand and looked into the vagueness of those deep-brown eyes beneath a high, full forehead, I knew that I had met another dreamer.

We sprawled in lounging-chairs in his library and lit pipes. I told him about my former friend, and he laughed.

"Yes, he was a dreamer, sure enough," he said; "for over ten years he wrote poems and little, homey stories in a hammock swung in a pine-grove on his father's plantation. One morning he went out at sun-up and found nothing but a big hole in the ground. The old Mississippi Gang of river thieves had cached their gold in the grove right under his hammock, and he had dreamed over it for ten years without knowing it."

There was a silence, and I said, "You cant expect a dreamer to smell out gold—the filthy lucre—he isn't practicable."

"But he's rich now in a different way," said Chester Barnett, running his fingers thru a thick crop of obstinate, chestnut-brown hair, "and is dreaming glorious dreams with the 'seeing' eyes of Mark Twain and O. Henry."

"Mark is also a dreamer from Missouri," I suggested.

The young player waved his hand



CHESTER BARNETT

THE only man from Missouri that I ever got to know well was a dreamer, and he had such an open heart, and his dreams were so real, that in time he became a great poet, loved by everybody. That is the way with dreamers—they seem to stumble along like blind kittens, and we pity their feeble steps, until the first thing you know, they are great, lovable giants—marked men, head and shoulders above the crowd.



SCENE FROM "THE RACK"



AS LITTLE BILLEE
CLARA K. YOUNG

along a row of serried, well-worn books. "Not when I can keep him here with me," he said, with a reverence in his voice that told its story. "I am somewhat of a book man," he volunteered, "and I get along much better with real people in real books than with sham ones in silly plays. Maybe I am a dreamer, an impracticable man, but unless I like another chap's creation and think it is a natural one, the part sticks in my crop."

(Fifty-six)

Dreamer

Biceps, Make Up a Remarkable Man

WADE

He looked at me for encouragement, and I nodded. "Scenario writers," he went on, "are in most cases poor, underpaid hacks, and are told to turn out their plays with the precision of a sausage-machine. Ah!"—he dreamed—"for the feeling and human nature in photoplay stories that O. Henry and Mark Twain and a host of others have put into their

do one part over and over again until it sickened, if it were a human one, than have the star part in a hundred overdone features."

"Just for instance," I suggested.

"There was my part some years ago in 'The Climax,' a stage play in which I toured the country. I was cast as a young composer and each night did some rather spectacular piano-playing. But I *was* a composer. The part appealed to me. It was whimsical and sentimental, but a page from life, and each night I threw myself into it devoutly, often improvising a nocturne on the spur 'of the moment."

"Can't you say the same of the photoplay?" I asked.

"Yes, in rare cases. 'Trilby' was written by Du Maurier, who dreamed his dreams straight thru into men's souls, and the part of Little Billee, opposite to Clara Kimball Young as Trilby, particularly appealed to me. 'The Rack,' in



IN "TRILBY"
AS TRILBY

dream-books. Why," he cried, "a real writer must know his characters like a mother, and laugh and cry and live and sleep with them for many weeks before they are fit to live."

"In other words," I said, "to be out and out about it, the average photoplay of today is either silly, sticky, sensational or untrue to life."

Chester Barnett nodded his head vigorously. "I had rather

(Fifty-seven)



SCENE FROM "MARRYING MONEY"



SCENE FROM "LITTLE DUTCH GIRL"

which I was the heavy, struck me as another leaf from life."

We puffed away in silence, and I saw his vague eyes scan the bookshelves in the half-light beyond.

"Why do you suppose you are a dreamer—an impracticable man?" I queried suddenly.

"For the same reason," he answered, "that our friend on the old plantation couldn't scent out the pot of gold. I was

(Continued on page 70)

The Crimes We Commit Against Our Stomachs

By Arthur True Buswell, M. D.



EUGENE CHRISTIAN

A MAN'S success in life depends more on the co-operation of his stomach than on any other factor. Just as an "army moves on its stomach" so does the individual. Scientists tell us that 90% of all sickness is directly traceable to the digestive tract.

As Dr. Orison Swett Marden, the noted writer, says, "the brain gets an immense amount of credit which really should go to the stomach." And it's true—keep the digestive system in shape and brain vitality is assured.

Food is the fuel of the human system, yet some of the combinations of food we put into our systems are as dangerous as dynamite, soggy wood and a little coal would be in a furnace—and just about as effective. Is it any wonder that the average life of man today is but 89 years—and that diseases of the stomach, liver and kidneys have increased 103% during the past few years!

And yet just as wrong food selections and combinations will destroy our health and efficiency, so will the right foods create and maintain bodily vigor and mental energy. And by right foods we do not mean freak foods—just good, every day foods properly combined. In fact, to follow Corrective Eating it isn't even necessary to upset your table.

Not long ago I had a talk with Eugene Christian, the noted food scientist, who is said to have successfully treated over 23,000 people without drugs or medicines of any kind, and he told me of some of his experiences in the treatment of disease through food.

One case that interested me greatly was that of a young business man whose efficiency had been practically wrecked through stomach acidity, fermentation and constipation resulting in physical sluggishness which was naturally reflected in his ability to use his mind. He was twenty pounds underweight when he first went to see Christian and was so nervous he couldn't sleep. Stomach and intestinal gases were so severe that they caused irregular heart action and often fits of great mental depression. As Christian describes it he was not 50% efficient either mentally or physically. Yet in a few days, by following Christian's suggestions as to food, his constipation had completely gone although he had formerly been in the habit of taking large daily doses of a strong cathartic. In five weeks every abnormal symptom had disappeared—his weight having increased 6 lbs. In addition to this he acquired a store of physical and mental energy so great in

comparison with his former self as to almost belie the fact that it was the same man.

Another instance of what proper food combinations can do was that of a man one hundred pounds overweight whose only other discomfort was rheumatism. This man's greatest pleasure in life was eating. Though convinced of the necessity, he hesitated for months to go under treatment believing he would be deprived of the pleasures of the table. He finally, however, decided to try it out. Not only did he begin losing weight at once, quickly regaining his normal figure, all signs of rheumatism disappearing, but he found the new diet far more delicious to the taste and afforded a much keener quality of enjoyment than his old method of eating and he wrote Christian a letter to that effect.

But perhaps the most interesting case that Christian told me of was that of a multi-millionaire—a man 70 years old who had been traveling with his doctor for several years in a search for health. He was extremely emaciated, had chronic constipation, lumbago and rheumatism. For over twenty years he had suffered with stomach and intestinal trouble which in reality was superaciduous secretions in the stomach. The first menus given him were designed to remove the causes of acidity, which was accomplished in about thirty days. And after this was done he seemed to undergo a complete rejuvenation. His eyesight, hearing, taste and all of his mental faculties became keener and more alert. He had had no organic trouble—but he was starving to death from malnutrition and decomposition—all caused by the wrong selection and combination of foods. After six months' treatment this man was as well and strong as he had ever been in his life.

These instances of the efficacy of right eating I have simply chosen at random from perhaps a dozen Eugene Christian told me of, every one of which was fully as interesting and they applied to as many different ailments. Surely this man Christian is doing a great work.

There have been so many inquiries from all parts of the United States from people seeking the benefit of Eugene Christian's advice and whose cases he is unable to handle personally that he has written a little course of lessons which tells you exactly what to eat for health, strength and efficiency.

These lessons, there are 24 of them, contain actual menus for breakfast, luncheon and dinner, curative as well as corrective, covering every condition of health and sickness from infancy to old age and for all occupations, climates and seasons.

With these lessons at hand it is just as though you were in personal contact with the great food specialist, because every possible point is so thoroughly covered and clearly explained that you can scarcely think of a question which isn't answered. You can start eating the very things that will produce the increased physical and mental energy you are seeking the day you receive the lessons and you will find that you secure results with the first meal.

If you would like to examine these 24 Little Lessons in Corrective Eating simply write The Corrective Eating Society, Department 7210, 460 Fourth Ave., New York City. It is not necessary to enclose any money with your request. Merely ask them to send the lessons on five days' trial with the understanding that you will either return them within that time or remit \$3, the small fee asked.

Please clip out and mail the following form instead of writing a letter, as this is a copy of the official blank adopted by the Society and will be honored at once.

CORRECTIVE EATING SOCIETY

Department 7210, 460 Fourth Ave., New York City

You may send me prepaid a copy of Corrective Eating in 24 Lessons. I will either remail them to you within five days after receipt or send you \$3.

Name Address

Guide to the Theaters

By "JUNIUS"

(Readers in distant cities will do well to preserve this list for reference when these plays appear in their vicinity)

Longacre.—"The Silent Witness." A virile drama on the order of "The House of Glass" and "The Correspondent," and quite as good, containing some tense and thrilling moments. A play that holds the interest from start to finish, giving a fine cast some excellent opportunities which it takes full advantage of.

Lyceum.—"Please Help Emily." Ann Murdock and Charles Cherry in a racy farce comedy dealing with high life in high society. Exhilarating but rather suggestive. Ann Murdock is more fascinating than ever, and Billy Burke must look to her laurels. Her costumes are charming—particularly her pajamas and bath-suit.

Empire.—"Sybil." One of the big hits of last season returned. A very pleasing musical comedy with Julia Sanderson, Donald Brian and Joseph Cawthorn.

Lyric.—"Katinka." One of last season's successes that still lives. A musical comedy of merit and unusually good music.

Belasco.—"The Boomerang." One of the most popular comedies of the season. Entertaining and laughable thruout, exquisitely acted and wonderfully produced—it runs along like the works of a fine watch.

Harris.—"Fair and Warmer." An exceedingly popular farce, full of amusing situations thruout, and a laugh in every line, but it is not a play for Sunday-school children.

New Amsterdam (Roof).—Ziegfeld Dance de Folles—the show-place of New York after midnight—offering a program of far above the average quality. Good music, excellent artists, and a multitude of pretty girls. Plenty of space for those wishing to dance, and well-arranged tables for the lookers-on.

Casino.—"Very Good Eddie." A bright, interesting musical comedy with Ernest Truex, who alone makes it worth while.

Criterion.—"Civilization." Thos. H. Ince's marvelous film spectacle. The last word in photoplay.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1916." Clever, breezy, artistic, highly diverting musical burlesque, with wonderful scenery and costumes, but with very little good music.

Cort.—"Coat-Tales." A first-class farce-comedy so cleverly constructed that it is replete with surprises and unexpected situations, each one more laughable than the other. A clean, wholesome farce of the highest order and one of the best that New York has seen for many a moon. Tom Wise and the entire cast are excellent.

Strand.—Photoplays. Program changes every week.

Rialto.—Photoplays. Program changes every week.

Loew's N. Y.—Photoplays. Program changes every week.

Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays. Program changes every week.

That Held Him

By CARRIE VOLKMAN

One night at the photoshow, where one of Theda Bara's vampire pictures was being shown, a couple had been arguing for several minutes, when the man finally raised his voice and said disgustedly:

"Bah! What is a woman?—A rag, a bone, and a hank of hair!"

"Well," replied the woman sweetly, "what is a man?—A drag, a drone and a tank of air."

(Fifty-eight)



“The Count”

In Which Charlie Chaplin Bites Off a Taste of High Life

(Mutual)

By JOHN OLDEN

IGNATZ PODOLSKY ran his hot goose up and down the crease of a pair of faultless trousers, thumping industriously with the iron at the end of each sartorial journey. Out of the window he could see the baseball scores on a bulletin board, and an eleventh inning tie held him in the fever of anxiety. He had bet a quarter with Moe Katzovitz, his boss and the proprietor of the “Gentlemen’s Valet,” and each goose-egg displayed on the bulletin caused beads of sweat to stand out on his forehead and a sympathetic and maternal groaning from the goose under his hand.

Suddenly the odor of burning paper filled the room. “Vot’s th’ matter?” cried Moe Katzovitz; “you’re a fine presser, aint it, making a smoke and a stink all over my store.”

“I t’ink it’s burning money in the customer’s pants’ pocket,” said Ignatz, excitedly.

“Vot!” shrieked Moe, “vy dont you make me have it yet before you burn it up in the customer’s pocket?”

Ignatz seized one trouser leg and Moe the other, straining the harmless garment to the bursting point, and each proceeded to examine the pockets. Moe drew forth the scorched paper.

“It aint money, Iggie,” he said, dis-

gustedly, “but there is writing on it. Be a good feller and make me a reading.”

Ignatz, who, while only a presser, kept the proprietor’s books and handled his mail, read the singed announcement in portentous silence.

“Vell, vot is it?” prodded Moe.

“It is a letter vot asks the customer to come to a party und eat dinner vid a lovely lady.”

“Vot’s dat? It says she is lovely? Does she say it herself?”

“It aint written on the writing that she is lovely,” explained Ignatz, “but the letter is all stuck-up vid red chewing-gum vid her trade-mark, and is sprinkled vid colone-vater.”

“Give me a schmell,” said Moe, rubbing it rapturously on his nose and emitting several loud and passionate “ahs!” with each whiff of the sachet. “Mebbe the customer forgot all about it,” he suggested.

“Here is his name on the top,” said Ignatz, “and he is a fine chentlemans, ‘Count Angelo Alfredo Uff Formaggio.’”

“Ach Gott!” said Moe, “vy is she asking all uv his partners?”

“Dey aint his partners,” exclaimed Ignatz; “anyway, she dont say it. All the names belongs to him, und the

letter says that she has hopes of making his acquaintance.”

“Vot kind of a business is dat,” said Moe, “inviting a bunch of names ven you dont know any ov dem.” But it gave him food for thought.

Ordering Iggie to press another garment, he covertly measured the nobleman’s trousers against the side of his leg and decided that they would be a beautiful fit.

“Iggie,” he said, suddenly, “I haint nefer ate a svell dinner and got it a lovely girl, and I got it a feeling I am going to Mrs. Downing’s party tonight. Aint that a lovely name, ‘Dulcina Downing’?”

“Vot are you going to do about it if the customer comes for his clothes?”

“Lock the door und hang out the sign, und,” added Moe, “take the rest ov the day off all by yourselluf.”

Moe Katzovitz at once became the center of activity. He bundled the swell customer’s clothes up in a newspaper package, pulled down the blinds, and took the cash out of the till.

Ignatz locked the door after him with many misgivings, but as soon as Moe’s back was turned he set off on a light-footed canter that carried him quickly to his little-room-under-the-roof on the swarming East Side. He

had kept back some information from the enterprising Moe that fairly made his simple little heart go pit-a-pat with emotion. His sweetheart, Katy Schlupsky, occupied the position of cook for Mrs. Downing, and drew down just three times the salary of her gay little gallant. If it were true that a big party was going to be held that afternoon, Katy would be the boss of the kitchen, and many wonderful tit-bits would find their way into his jowls.

In fond anticipation, Iggie decorated himself in his only change of clothes — a rakish and undersized derby hat that perched dizzily atop his tight curls, and a waiter's jacket, with its white-bosomed shirt, that had been

"Excuse me," he said. "I know ven I got a goot girl, aint it? Vot's the use of getting a lot more stuck-up over me?"

Katy laughed a dry little laugh that indicated she thought him a gay deceiver.

"T'ink of it!" she said, "vot a party! Der is vine, und sodyvater, und soup, und crackers, und lace fans for the ladies, und solid gold 18-carat cigaret boxes for the gents, besides cheese, und spinach, und toothpicks, und a diamond necklace for Mrs. Downing—und pickles."

"You forgot something, Katy," said Iggie, feelingly; "vere is the beer?"

"Gentlemens dont drink beer," she advised. "Der is vatermelon——"

nation as the little compartment came to a sudden stop. But no one opened the pantry door that gave access to it, and taking heart of courage, he edged the door open a few inches and peered out.

The reception-room was full of guests, with beautiful ladies in glittering décolleté gowns, and right in the very midst of them stood Moe Katzovitz, in a freshly pressed evening suit, with a broad red sash across his stomach, and a row of glistening medals dangling from his chest. Iggie gasped out loud with astonishment, but the sound was lost in the resounding smack which Moe planted fervently upon his hostess' hand.

Iggie thought quickly and to great



THE PORTION OF ROSY WATERMELON PRESENTED A PRANDIAL PROBLEM TO IGGIE

left in the shop and never called for, and a flowing necktie and tuppenny cane completed his adornment.

Adopting the air of a gentleman of leisure out for his afternoon stroll, Ignatz sauntered up Fifth Avenue until he came to the Downings' street. In front of the house, a canopy proclaimed a festive occasion, and the gilded chariots of the rich were already discharging their cargo of guests on the curb. Iggie made an adroit entrance thru the basement door, after a stealthy walk along a dark passage, and revealed himself to Katy in all his glory of attire.

"Hello, Iggie!" she cried. "Vy aint it that you are upstairs vid the oder svell gents?"

Iggie boldly helped himself to a pâté-de-fois-gras and a handful of cocktail cherries.

"Never mind," interrupted Iggie; "I am dizzy already."

"Und der is a poleecemans to watch all der waiters from sviping the dinner."

The sound of commanding number twelve shoes creaked along the hallway. Iggie coughed spasmodically over the wing of a chicken.

"*Oi gevvalt!*" groaned Katy, "it's the poleecemans. Get out ov here qvick!"

The door of the passageway was cut off by the approaching steps, and Iggie scuttled across the kitchen and backed himself into the dumb-waiter. For a moment he breathed easily, while Katy subverted the law with an assortment of toothsome things. Then suddenly the rope creaked above him and the dumb-waiter ascended the shaft. Iggie gave himself up for lost, and closed his eyes with utter resig-

advantage. He still retained the invitation in his pocket, and Moe Katzovitz, he felt sure, could not have remembered the impressive title of Count Angelo Alfredo Uff Formaggio.

Unwinding his stumpy legs and worming his way thru the vaguely lit pantry, Iggie suddenly appeared at the reception-room door. At sight of his presser and literary secretary, Moe turned as pale as a fish, and made violent signals behind his back for Iggie to absent himself. But not so for our bold intruder. Iggie strode majestically into the room, and with hat still cocked at a rakish angle on his head, he ejaculated, "Aw, Mrs. Downing."

Very much flustered, the hostess stepped toward the strange creature, while the guests either stared haughtily or smiled, as if it were part of the entertainment.

(Sixty)

CLASSIC

"I am the Count Angelo Alfredo Uff Formaggio," said Iggie, glibly, "and I comma to da recep."

"The Count!" cried the hostess. "Why, he is already here," and her bewildered glance fell upon the squirming Moe.

"Phooie!" said Iggie, "he is da faker; push him out!"

"Tut-tut! *Che fortuna!* The sucker!" said Iggie, feelingly. "I'll knock his block off."

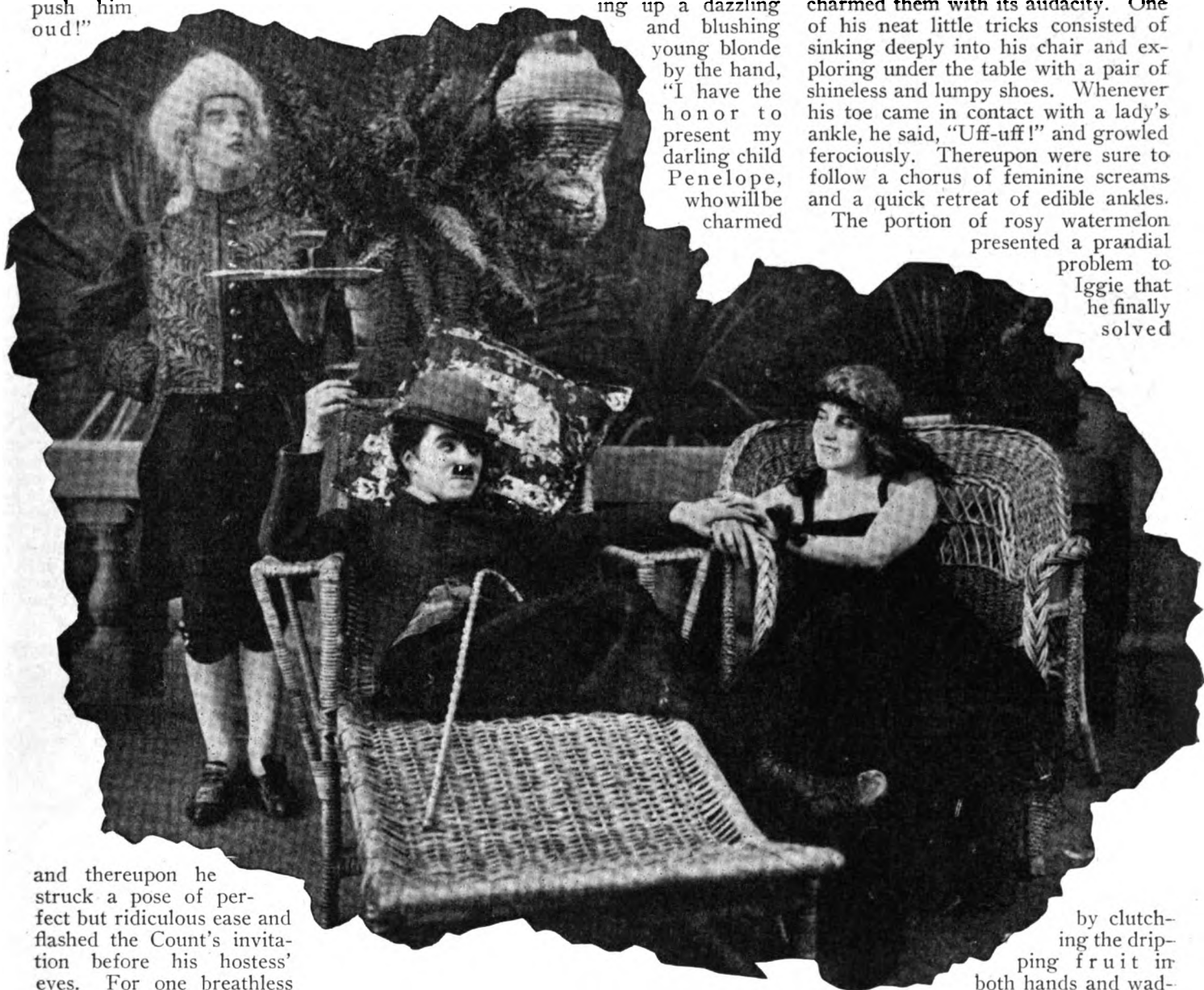
Mrs. Downing was charmed with her noble guest's imperturbability and his tact in handling the delicate situation.

"Count Formaggio," she said, leading up a dazzling and blushing young blonde by the hand, "I have the honor to present my darling child Penelope, who will be charmed

centric originality. Iggie looked at the cocktail doubtfully, then swallowed it with a loud gurgle and reached teasingly for the cherry.

The dinner proceeded from course to course and the Count was the center of attraction. He adopted a very free-and-easy manner that shocked, then charmed them with its audacity. One of his neat little tricks consisted of sinking deeply into his chair and exploring under the table with a pair of shineless and lumpy shoes. Whenever his toe came in contact with a lady's ankle, he said, "Uff-uff!" and growled ferociously. Thereupon were sure to follow a chorus of feminine screams and a quick retreat of edible ankles.

The portion of rosy watermelon presented a prandial problem to Iggie that he finally solved



and thereupon he struck a pose of perfect but ridiculous ease and flashed the Count's invitation before his hostess' eyes. For one breathless instant, her glances traveled from one to the other.

"I thought that vulgar creature was an impostor," she cried, darting a scorching look at Moe, "and now I know it! Leave my house at once, sir."

"Let him stay," said Iggie, artfully; "he is a frien' of mine, aint it?" And so the unpleasant scene passed off.

"Dear Count," said Mrs. Downing, seizing Iggie's hand and squeezing it fervently with affection. "A thousand pardons for my mistake. I might have known that noblemen were a bit—er—unconventional, but to mistake him for you is unpardonable."

(Sixty-one)

"ACH, THIS IS THE LIFE!" SAID IGGIE, RAPTUROUSLY

to be your grace's vis-à-vis at dinner."

"Much obliged," said Iggie, bowing so low that his curls swept the floor, and then, noticing that the other gentlemen had offered their arms to the ladies, he hooked Penelope's thru his and led her to the dining-room. The dazzling blonde kept her curious eyes on him while he wrestled with the intricacies of a grape-fruit.

"Ve aint got dese vegetables in It," he exclaimed as the grape-fruit slipped across the table from his fingers; "I'll betcha they cost a whole lot."

Penelope was delighted with his ec-

by clutching the dripping fruit in both hands and wading into it with all the gusto of a pick-

ninny. Then, highly exhilarated from fine feeding and a profusion of various vintages, Iggie followed the fair Penelope out to the conservatory, where she offered him a wicker chair, as well as the dalliance of her hand.

"Ach, this is the life!" said Iggie, rapturously; "I should worry about the 'Gentleman's Valet.'"

His trade recollections meant nothing to the heiress.

"Listen to that dream of a fox-trot," she cooed; "I could just die trying it."

(Continued on page 67)



This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them. This is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

CHUB, BLOOMFIELD.—No, no; Florence Lawrence is married to only one person, and not to three as you say. No, I am not an actor, and never will be. Frankie Mann is with the Ivan. Donald Hall, her husband, has left Vitagraph. Alice Joyce on November Classic cover.

EDNA MAYO FAN.—The Edna Mayo picture was on the November 1915 cover. You can obtain back numbers from our Circulation Manager Interview with her in the October 1916 Magazine.

KATHERINE P.—Yes; Max Linder is coming to America to play for Essanay. He is to receive \$260,000 per year. You know it was reported that he would receive \$400,000, but what's \$140,000 to Max Linder?—piffle! Charles Ray playing for the N. Y. M. P.

S. F. M., CALIENTE.—Louise Lovely is going to play opposite Warren Kerrigan in the future. They will make a dandy team. Bryant Washburn in "Blindness of Virtue," opposite Edna Mayo. Louise Lovely was Bettina and Elsie Wilson was Pauline.

CLANCO, BROCKTON.—Kathlyn Williams with Morosco and coming fast. She will be on our November Magazine cover. You refer to

"Daughter of the Gods." Mary Pickford's summer home is at Larchmont, N. Y. "Purity" was done by American. Richard Bennett is with Mutual.

MYRTLE T., ALTOONA.—Marshall Neilan and Bessie Eyton and Mary Charleson are playing in "The Prince Chap" (Selig). Cleo Madison was born in Ermington, Ill. She was educated at the Bloomington Normal University at Illinois, and is very devoted to her little invalid sister, to whom she gives most of her thoughts and a wealth of love.

MRS. M. O., GLOVERSVILLE.—House Peters is still in the contest. William Hart lives at Los Angeles, Cal. Likewise Henry Walthall. Strikes of all kinds. We are having our troubles with railroad strikes here. The barbers are now thinking about going on a strike. If they do there will soon be a number of men in Brooklyn looking like me.

NANEEN.—You're right, it should have been Johnston. Sorry. Harry Lee was Barnacle Joe in "Destiny's Toy." Thank you. You are so flattering. Lots of good things are well preserved in alcohol, but not men. I regret to say that the player you mention is trying to preserve himself in that manner.

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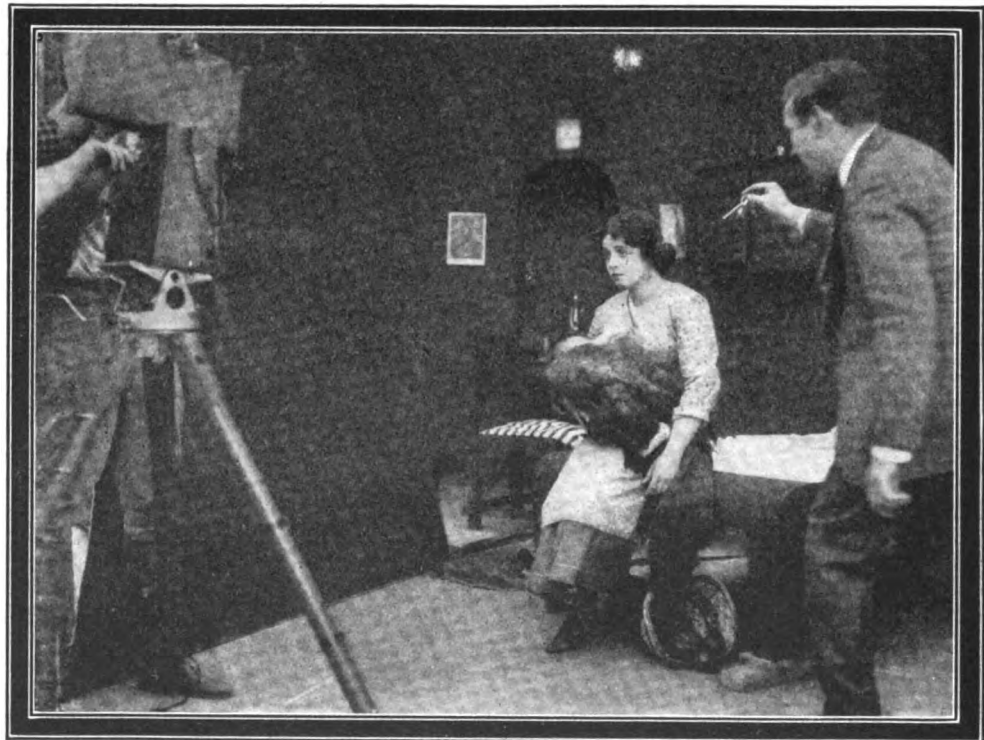
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ROSALIE, 19.—The maid wasn't on the cast. Mabel Forrest plays right along for Essanay. Sheldon Lewis and Neil Craig in "The Coward." I guess not. Old men for counsel— young men against it.

ELIZABETH H.—You want me to describe Mary Pickford to you. Guess you know how sweet and cunning she is, and you just want to hear me talk, but I can say nothing that would exaggerate her charm. No; Loel Stuart is no relation to Anita Stewart. You will see Grace Darling in the Beatrice Fairfax series. Hearst controls this film.

THALIA.—No; Bessie Love did not play in "The Gentleman from Indiana." Oh, yes; Hobart Bosworth is capable of large things. Your fee was quite sufficient, and I appreciate it. That was an old Vitagraph film with Ralph Ince as the prize-fighter, and Anita Stewart was the girl, as near as I can tell from your description. Shall I look it up further? Just as you say. I'm well paid.

MELVA.—Mahlon Hamilton opposite Marguerite Clark in "Molly Make Believe." The practice of swearing upon the Bible is so old that I cannot trace its origin. It is supposed to make people more honest, but I doubt if it is any more impressive to most people than swearing upon Gulliver, Sinbad, Aladdin, or Baron Munchausen.

PETER B.—You have the title wrong on that Essanay. Ann Kirk and Frank Dayton had the leads in "The Market Price of Love." Richard Travers and Ruth Stonehouse in "White Lies."

JULIA T. E.—You also are afflicted with that dreadful disease, *cacoethes scribendi*. The homely canine who played an important part in "The Bugle Call" is a stray dog that young Willie Collier took a fancy to. He has been made a regular member of the Inceville colony, and has been christened "Rags." He does not draw a salary, but he draws flies.

LYNETTE G.—You just look up her chat in our October Magazine. Kalem are releasing "The Girl from Frisco" in 15 episodes, with Marin Sais and True Boardman.

VERA C.—I am sorry to say that a great many of the players are spendthrifts, with little knowledge of the value of money. How doth the little busy bee improve the hours of light, and gather honey all the day, and eat it up at night! No, the publicity men usually send us the pictures that we use in the galleries.

LYDIA H.—Good for you! I second the motion. Here's to all of us, for there's so much good in the worst of us, and so much bad in the best of us, that it hardly behooves any of us to talk about the rest of us. An understudy is one who studies a part, with a view of playing it in the absence of the principal. No, I will try not to get infantile paralysis. You say Carlyle Blackwell has that "cave man grab when he kisses." Yes, but he hasn't that jungle look in his eyes. You cant grab a girl you love and be gentle about it.

GLADYS E.—Thanks for the snap. You want a chat with Sheldon Lewis, Lionel Barrymore and Wheeler Oakman. I guess they are entitled to it. I probably have a million readers a month, but only a few thousand real admirers or disciples. We sow many seeds to get a few flowers. You just be good and send along that fudge.

STANLEY M. MC.—Oh, I'm fine today, thanks. Thomas Meighan was Judge Evans, Mary Mersch was Doris and Horace B. Carpenter was Burke in that play. Elsie Jane Wilson was the girl in "Fur Trimmed Coat" (Universal). Robert Lawler was Jakey, Margaret Marsh was the daughter and Fred Butler was Meena's father in "Little Meena's Romance." Charles West was English Hal and James O'Neill was Ben in "Dream Girl" (Lasky). You were pretty near right on those names. One wrong. This will be enough *pro tem*.

(Sixty-three)



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MARY F., EVANSTON.—Mae Murray's picture in July 1916 Classic, Wallace Reid in May 1916 Classic and November Magazine, and Tom Forman in December 1915 Magazine. We never ran that story.

LESLIE W. H.—Thanks for the program. So you are pleased the way the contest is running. No, I don't think there are many John Bunny and Arthur Johnson films circulated now. I received a fine little letter from Mary Anderson this morning.

BRUNETTA, 17.—You say that too many of our photoplays are founded on immorality and wrongdoing. Don't you know that there is nothing dramatic or out of the ordinary about a bank cashier who is honest and keeps his accounts straight? There is no story here until he absconds. Neither is there any story about a man and wife who live happily and peacefully together. But let one of them do wrong and promptly we have a dramatic theme for a plot. F. Lumsden Hare was Livingston in "As in a Looking-glass." John Davidson was Lesar in "The Pawn of Fate."

MABEL OWENS.—Why don't you send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers?

SARA L.—Isn't it so with everything that Edith Story attempts? You liked her Spanish girl in "Tarantula." True perfection consists in ever becoming less imperfect. Antonio Moreno, you refer to.

J. L., MIDDLESBOROUGH.—No; Enid Markey did not play in "The Children in the House." You refer to Norma Talmadge. Strike indeed while the iron is hot; but, better still, strike the iron until it is hot. If you keep at it long enough you are bound to succeed.

BILLIE M., STELLARTON.—No, I don't remember Theda Bara ever playing opposite William Farnum. You will have to decide for yourself which of the players you mention is the most beautiful. I'm neutral. Valeska Suratt in "The Immigrant." It depends upon the number of reels. One-reel pictures can be made in two or three days, but it depends upon the scenery, surroundings, etc.

MILDRED, 15.—You ask the age of Robert Warwick. Sorry, but I haven't it. Florence LaBadie and Violet Mersereau are of French descent. A manufacturer of Motion Pictures is known by the company he keeps.

CLARK C.—Gertrude McCoy was Phoebe in "Friend Wilson's Daughter." Billie Burke lives in New York City. You had better remain at home. Home is where we are treated best, but where we grumble most. You are too young to leave.

A. PAVLOWA, 11.—Irene Hunt is with Universal. Lillian Lorraine is with Equitable. Beverly Bayne played in "Graustark." Mildred Harris is still with Triangle. In the history of men no attempt has been made to help each other comparable with the present attempt in Europe to injure each other.

INQUISITIVE IKE.—Now, see here, sir, you must not ask questions that are forbidden. If I answer them, that's no reason why you should ask them. I am not sure whether Creighton Hale is Catholic or not, and I would not tell you if I did know. So you think the Classic is getting better every month. Why not? Everybody liked the Anita Stewart cover.

ROSE C.—Peter the Great is known as the father of modern Russia. Mabel Forrest with Essanay. I believe Miss Hesperia is in France. She is not an American player. You gave three wrong titles. You must get the first word right, and not make up your own titles. Sorry you were ill. Health is never valued until the doctor sends in his bill.

CHUB.—Frances Marion was Miss Danford in "The Girl of Yesterday" (Famous Players). James Manning was Black Brand and Russell Bassett was Sid in "Little Pal." Harry Browne was Fischer in "The Eagle's Mate." Frank Keenan and Stella Razetto in "The Long Chance" (Universal).

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(Sixty-four)



MOTHERING her family of blue-blooded Pekinese dogs across country and leaving her beautiful home at Manhattan Beach, N. Y., to its fate, Leah Baird, the former Vitagraph star, is on her way to join the Universal Company in Los Angeles.

News comes from her new studio in New York that little Mary Pickford is now her own boss, director and playwright. In her new quarters she has gathered an able company about her and flits from studio to office with the busyness of a humming-bird.

Virginia Pearson believes she has found a life cause. With thousands of actresses in pictures they have not a single organization, and the Fox tragedienne believes she is inspired in her effort to form an Actresses' Screen Club, with gathering-places in the principal film cities.

Lillian Walker is on the rampage again. During a flying trip to Boston, to appear in person at the premiere of her "Hester of the Mountains," the irrepressible comedienne hobnobbed with the mayor, took tea with Professor Muensterberg, distributed ice-cream cones to the street gamins, fed the zoo elephants and made a speech in the Boston Theater. *Some day*, Lillian—and she didn't turn a hair!

Cupid is epidemic in the studios again and has so infected Nance O'Neil that she was led to the altar by her leading man, Alfred Hickman, and straightway married. Both hereafter will domicile under the Metro ensign.

The latest stage celebrity to be captivated by the silent stage is Marie Shotwell, well known to theatergoers for her productions under the Frohmans' management. She is joining the Thanouser Company, and believes that an actress is always at her best thru the selective methods of Motion Pictures.

Here is a new high record for slapstick casualties. In Keystone's "The Feathered Nest" each and every one of the principals was injured. Louise Fazenda and Director Griffin were bruised against some submarine rocks; the venerable Harry Booker was swatted in the nose with a real croquet-ball: result, the hospital; Wayland Trask was put *hors de combat* from a header off his bicycle, and Charles Murray's foot was lacerated by a cab. Verily, tragedy to comedy is closely allied.

Anita Stewart is convalescing from her recent attack of typhoid, and is spurred on to new health again by the receipt of flowers and well wishes from admirers all over the country. Her sick-room has become a place of cheerful hope and daily fragrance.

Webster Campbell, the erstwhile Vitagrapher, will be Blanche Sweet's new leading man. He is speeding westward to join her in the Lasky studio.

Florence Turner, the one-time Vitagraph star, and who recently has starred in Mutual pictures, has joined an English war-nurse corps and has been assigned to duty in a London hospital, ministering to the wounded Tommies.

Anders Randolph, Vitagraph's heavy lead, has taken up portrait painting as a fall fad and has "mugged" most of his fellow players. He shows remarkable facility with the brush and always has a waiting-list of sitters.

Here is a batch of important changes in the whirligig of prominent players: King Baggot and Mary Fuller have left Universal and will not announce new plans until late in September; Otis Turner, Tefft Johnson and Frank Lloyd have "harkened to a call" from Fox, and Lew Fields and Marie Dressler have carried on a successful flirtation with World.

And that isn't all by any means. Lottie and Jack Pickford, after a bit of truancy, have come home again to Famous Players; Vivian Rich and Tyrone Power have strayed into pastures new—the Dudley Company; Art Acord has stampeded to the Gotham tepee, and Sidney Bracey is back again with Thanouser.

Steady! The best is yet to come. Conway Tearle, of Edison fame, has cast his fortunes with Clara Kimball Young, and Edward Earle, of the same clan, is now wearing the Metro plaids. Then, too, Frankie Mann has flitted to Ivan, and Harry Millard has confided his career with Universal. The usual fall migration, with many more changes to come.

Just a few years ago Helen Gardner was the greatest vampire of them all, and now she announces her rebirth, this time starring with the Phoenix Picture Players.

Add to the ranks of women directors Ruth Stonehouse, Universal's petite ingénue star, who will hereafter order herself about and design her own rôles to measure.

There is more or less mystery veiling the present picture career of Geraldine Farrar, but we have it on good authority that she is interpreting a photoplay based on the life of Joan of Arc—something entirely different from her past rather sensual rôles.

Another member of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE's staff who has sought new and fertile pastures is L. Case Russell, well known to our readers thru the witty and meaty books "Here Lies" and "The Photoplaywright's Primer." L. Case Russell is now scenario editor for the Sunbeam Company, starring Mitzi Hajos.

Cleo Madison has forsaken directing for the lure of the camera and will shortly be seen in "The Chalice of Sorrow," an inspiration from the opera "La Tosca."

Helen Holmes and her husband, J. P. McGowan, who recently returned from the Hawaiian Islands on location for "The Diamond Runners," are still thankful for their narrow escape shortly after their leave. The crater of Kilauea volcano became active and started a terrific slide over their scarcely deserted campsite.

(Sixty-five)



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the baby
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Little Mary Sunshine, of the Balboa nursery, has broken off with her old pal, the studio burro. The other day the rascal nipped an ice-cream cone out of her hand, and the little star immediately crossed him off of her visiting-list.

There is an awful fib out about a pet duck that swam all the way from New York to Chicago after Mary Pickford. We must apologize, however. It appears to be the truth. Mary had the duck in a tank in her Pullman, and it swam industriously during the whole journey.

Kathlyn Williams, for several years a star of the first magnitude with the Selig Company, announces her new connection with the Morosco Company. Thomas Holding, recently with Famous Players, has been engaged to co-star with her.

"Seven Deadly Sins" is the alluring title under which the first McClure pictures will be presented. Ann Murdock is in "Envy," Holbrook Blinn in "Pride," Charlotte Walker in "Sloth," and Nance O'Neil in "Greed," and so on until the sins have run their course.

The distinguished actor, E. H. Sothern, is now in the second stage of his picture career. At present he is engaged filming "An Enemy to the King," one of the most popular stage-plays in his repertoire. Edith Storey has been chosen to play opposite him.

Jack Warren Kerrigan is still roughing it in the mountain lumber district of California, making the final outdoor scenes for his big photodrama, "The Measure of a Man."

The smile that masks a tear is the allotment of Ivy Close, Kalem's beautiful comedienne. She has just received word that her younger brother, Raymond Close, was killed in action in Flanders. Miss Close nursed him back to life when he was wounded several months ago.

No more morning feathers for Universal players, as the company has decided to adopt the European method and set their clocks ahead. Eight o'clock (oh, horrors, ye bed-loving thespians!) is the new hour at which they must report. "When is a clock not a clock?" asks Violet Mersereau. "When it is ahead, of course."

The elongated joyster, De Wolf Hopper, is deserting the screen for the stage. By way of breaking the shock, however, he will leave Los Angeles in his car and travel, with Mrs. Hopper and the family joy, little De Wolf Hopper, Jr., across country to New York.

Valentine Grant, of the Famous Players, has the largest personal collection of foreign costumes of any screen star. Outlandish peasant regalia is her hobby. In "A Daughter of MacGregor" she will appear in a very fetching one, the shawl and kilts of the Clan MacGregor. We had the pleasure of a call from her last week, and from her director, Sidney Olcott.

Irene Hawley was recently in the clutches of the law for speeding her auto in rural New Jersey. She appeared as her own lawyer before the local justice. As she confessed that she had only five dollars with her, the justice compromised the fine, and even offered to spend the five in entertaining her. Who says that the law is blind!

Sydney Drew has forgotten whether his son Rankin Drew was born in the morning or in the afternoon. He recently stuck to it that Rankin was a morning baby, but Henry Dixey recalled the play, "The Solicitor," in which Sydney Drew was playing at the time with him, and his line, "You a husband and a father!" It was so appropriate, and Dixey spoke it so feelingly, that both famous actors sniggered all thru the performance. Rankin was born just before the matinee.



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"The Count"

(Continued from page 61)

Iggie was game. With his courage screwed up to the sticking-point, and altho he had never essayed the light fantastic before, he led Penelope out.

They twirled, they galloped, they cavorted and spun madly. Suddenly a crushing impact of weight caught Iggie fairly in the coat-tails and he careened dizzily forward, releasing his tight hold on the girl. A tall and frowning gentleman stared down savagely upon him. It was Moe himself in the arms of Mrs. Downing. It was Iggie who this time quailed. Inch by inch, he felt the voluminous trousers of the Count loosening their hold upon his waistline and trickling down his legs. His suspenders had parted in the collision.

"Excuse me," he managed to gasp to his partner, and then the awful thing happened. Iggie, posing as the nether half of the Apollo Belvedere, stood alone in the center of the floor. With a quick cry of terror, he staggered toward the door and dashed thru the curtains.

"Cielo!" a big voice boomed forth. "It is the presser who has stolen my pants!" and Iggie, with a fleeing glance, gave one look at the muscular nobleman, who had appeared out of nowhere to claim his own. Count Formaggio glared about him and caught the form of Moe Katzovitz.

"Poleece!" he shouted in a shrill falsetto; "catcha da tief."

In a moment Katy's brass-buttoned guest had sped up the stairs and was in hot chase of the retreating Moe. The Count, Mrs. Downing, and Penelope headed the chase of seven laps around the dining-room table, and finally of an ignominious capture in the china pantry.

As for Iggie, his way was clear. Wrapping the shackling trousers around him, he stowed his diminutive form in the dumb-waiter and bumped his way to the kitchen. A violent thump on the door brought Katy to his rescue. His plight brought a mocking laugh from her jealous soul. With wounded suspenders trailing behind him, his coat smeared with juicy eatables, and trousers clutched modestly under his armpits, her knight from Polonia was a cheerless sight.

But he was merry thru it all. "Oi gevalt, Katy," he said, smiling; "I have seen the life, ate it, drank it, danced it, and I got a peticular reason vy it aint no good."

The din and uproar of capture sounded above him. "Katy," he said, taking her hand, "I'm only saying that I'm a presser and you are my sweet-heart, aint it?"

(Sixty-seven)

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HOW TO GET IN THE PICTURES

(Continued from page 41)

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producer to consumer, as it were. You cant start big with no experience; this is almost out of the question; yet there are cases like Bessie Love's and Marjorie Daw's where young girls have blossomed into stars overnight; so if you cant start big, start small. It is a pretty safe thing to hold a frank and intimate conversation with yourself before starting on any kind of a career. You have got to get back of yourself and see what you are made of. Beauty counts; but it is only a parlor ornament if your luxuriant auburn hair and dreamy eyes dont take their root in gray matter. Beauty without brains is unmarketable; brains without beauty is a gambling chance; but brains and beauty combined are a dandy working partnership. With Old Experience taken into the firm, you are on the high-road to a successful studio career.

If I were starting all over again, I would seek an introduction to some director and try to arrange for a small part to test my ability. I would even try to carry a cup of tea, or hold open a limousine door, in an original but effective way. I would not be afraid to take the bumps and to put up with a series of initial disappointments. There is where my sense of humor would save me, I suppose.

To be candid, I must confess that I started in just some such way, and only succeeded in getting "a place in the sun" by hard, uphill work. If you have told yourself that you have it in you, go to it. You have got to be office-boy before you are bank president. If you find the "S. R. O." sign up in most studios, it isn't a sign that they are overcrowded with good people. It is like the woman with eight under-footers who tried to board a crowded trolley-car. Said the conductor: "What, eight? Do you think this is a picnic?" "Yes; they are all mine," said the woman, "and it sure isn't a picnic!"

By RUTH ROLAND

(Continued from September Issue)

But written applications, unless sent by some one well known, or whose previous work in pictures can be learnt from given references, are not the best applications for the work. All walks of life are portrayed on the screen, and it is too big a question to answer regarding just what types are best suited for the work. Regular features are perhaps the most necessary requisites, and an expressive face, with eyes that are not too light in color, and with whatever degree of beauty you are blessed with, must be common sense. Often an engaging manager will see a type suitable for a part and give a try-out, and

in many cases directors will patiently rehearse this particular type until the part is brought out, and from this part other work is obtained, and then it rests alone with the extra and his talents and application and sincerity in his work whether or not he succeeds. It is not chance in Motion Picture work; the same rule applies to this work as to all the work of the world: "Do best what comes to your hand to do each day, and the tomorrow will take care of itself." Watch those who have reached the top rungs of the ladder; their portrayals of different characters; their make-ups. And then dont imitate them, or try to; but learn all of the technique for working from them, and then forget yourself in the character given you to portray, and follow your director's instructions minutely.

When I entered pictures, things looked very large and serious to me. Every little bit of work assigned to me was given my utmost care and painstaking study, and I would say to those anxious to enter this work: Do not seek entrance to the work if you know your work lies in another direction; it will not repay you, and will prevent some one whose talents fit them for the work from a chance they might obtain. But if, after you obtain a try-out, and are found to possess some merit for the work, then give to it your undivided and sincere attention. Let there be nothing too small, or seemingly so, that claims your care and attention. Strict adherence to the rules of good working; care as to wardrobe and direction; a complete merging of self into the part under portrayal, and then just keep working, and success follows naturally.

Movie Blushes

By CHARLES H. MEIERS

Full many a movie maid must blush unseen,
Except by actors, who but little care;
For blushes do not show upon the screen,
And protests are but wasted on the air.

Going on a "Bust"

By K. A. BISBEE

Patrick and his wife were at the movies. A scene was flashed of a sculptor in his studio, counting a roll of money.

"Oi say, Pat; phot has thot man got in his hand?" asked his wife.
"Be jabbers!" replied Pat, "Oi'm thinking thot he has the makings of a bust."

(Sixty-eight)

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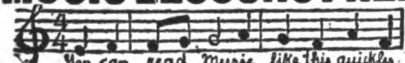
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The Poppy of the Films
(Continued from page 43)

It was a feat that made every spectator hold his breath, yet Mae Marsh accomplished it in that earnest, fearless manner that is so suggestive of her.

But there is one part, above all others, that is most closely allied to her, and that is the pathetic part of the downtrodden weaker sister. She has often played minor parts in big productions, because Mr. Griffith wanted just her to play such a rôle; yet her acting has always brought it on a par with the star rôle, and has left an everlasting impression on every spectator.

As the unfortunate sister in "The Escape," all her versatile prowess was brought to the fore. First, the romantic milk-and-water type of the slum girl, Jenny, was enacted by her with surprising realism, and still she did not fall below her standard when she was called upon to portray the outraged woman, the tortured mother, and the despised wife from whose eyes the veils of illusion have been ruthlessly snatched, and who is seeing the reality of her life—grim and horrible—for the first time.

It is in this same production that one of the most superb and striking scenes of photoplaydom is accomplished, and that is the scene where she, snatched from the horrors she has heretofore known, is enjoying her first hours of peace and happiness in the home of her sister.

We hardly realize the fact that she is dying—she is so happy and content as she lies on the window seat, fondling a little kitten and talking to the canary singing above. There is nothing of the nerve-racking death-throes here—all is quiet and peaceful and still, and it is only thru the grief of the spectators that we realize little Jenny has finally crossed the bar.

As Flora Cameron, the beloved little sister, in "The Birth of a Nation," she created perhaps her most popular character.

The bright and beautiful young flower of the South, crushed in its bloom, beneath the terrible conditions reigning after the war, won the hearts of all, and verified more than anything else the lesson Griffith strove so to effect.

And so we will bid her au revoir for this time, wishing her love and happiness and all the other good things of life. Thru her myriad enthusiastic admirers, we know her star will shimmer long above the cinema world, for portrayals such as hers are as rare as are the sacred eyes of the Buddha.

(Sixty-nine)

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Carlyle Blackwell	Antonio Moreno	Earle Williams
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Marguerite Clayton	Mme. Petrova	Lillian Walker
Grace Cunard	Anita Stewart	Clara Kimball Young
Mary Fuller	Blanche Sweet	Edna Mayo
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The Waking Dreamer
(Continued from page 57)

intended for the priesthood"—his voice lowered into half-revery—"and when other lads of my age were sharpening their commercial wits, I sat on a stone bench beneath the Sacred College walls and tried to drive the earthly thoughts of man away from me. I dreamed to the tune of the cloister bell. At last there came an awakening, and I felt, with shame at first, that my blood was as red as another man's and that I must let it course freely.

"Since that day," he smiled, as the ashes fell from his pipe, "I have taken life as it came, adventuring on the high-road, giving blows when blows came my way, learning to be a good actor, if such is possible, and toughening my muscles at the expense of my soul. But every now and then," he smiled again, "on a gray, rain-driven day, when the fancy strikes me, I strike the simple chords that the college organ played and sort of dream dreams."

Entertaining the Indians
(Continued from page 38)

high pitch of enthusiasm. The boys with Valencia had made a remarkable bull, with horns, ears and tail, and, Valencia, as the matador, was so ridiculously funny that the crowd simply shrieked with delight. Hickman, in announcing the bull-fight, smilingly referred to the Lasky bull-fight in "Carmen" and now we would outdo it. De Mille, who had worked so hard over the "Carmen" affair, keenly enjoyed our little burlesque.

The big scalp-dance finale was glorious. It thrilled even the old, blasé Motion Picture people, and Crisp and De Mille both complimented us all very highly. The chef ended a perfect night with his delicious supper, and he also was heartily complimented all around.

John H. Fisher called on the people of Bear Valley—they were all there, you know—for three cheers for the strange movie people, and we responded with three more for the Valley people. The praise accorded us was warming to our hearts as people and as Motion Picture actors. Certainly none of us ever had enjoyed such a novel night.

The Big Sister

(Continued from page 17)

approaching wedding crowded in on him. She was svelte and attractive, and, with his gloaming, half-picture of Betty disorting into unreality, he was on the edge of resolve to dismiss Colton and claim Edith for his right.

His Manifestation came about in rather a drab way. There was a trip to New York, and Mrs. Spaulding persuaded him to go along to assist in selecting Edith's trousseau. Half in irony, half in ennui, he accepted.

The parade of endless models at the fashionable couturière's either bored with their affectations or offended his sense of taste.

Edith retired to try on a gown, and he sat with his back against a screen. It was growing dark, and the electric bulbs cast a soft glow about the room, throwing soothing shadows about him.

He caught a glimpse of her in a mirror; she was in the gown that his critical taste had selected, and, somehow, the reliant lines of her figure, the sure set of her head, had never struck him so forcibly.

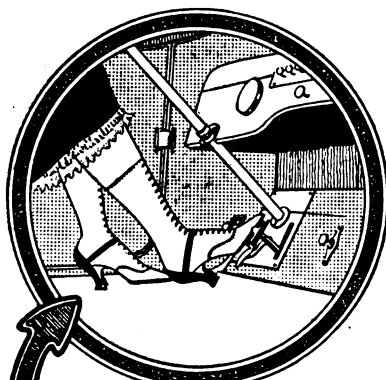
He arose and walked across the soft carpet, and she did not turn to his step. Perhaps a word or two, a look such as he believed he could express, would banish Colton forever.

There was something in the pliant roundness of her arms, the quick play of her fingers, that spoke of a clear brain in a beautiful body. He had never noticed before how completely at her command were the suppleness of her body, the light poise of her feet. "Edith," he said, in preparation, "don't let me disturb you."

She swung round quickly, the whole, light body of her to his bones, and he caught the gleam in the clear, wide eyes.

"You!" he cried, helplessly. "Betty—what—why—this is passing strange!"

"I got a job here; I like it," she said. Then his Manifestation came home to him. He knew that he meant to wive her. She was so direct, so beautiful, so restful to him! And he had fashioned all this—so he thought—and took a huge joy in his workmanship.



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Mary Pickford.....	106,270
Marguerite Clark.....	95,701
Warren Kerrigan.....	75,685
Francis Bushman.....	75,260
Pearl White.....	59,028
Anita Stewart.....	56,680
Theda Bara.....	55,410
Henry Walthall.....	53,000
Edward Earle.....	51,685
Wallace Reid.....	50,109
Earle Williams.....	43,600
Harold Lockwood.....	42,520
Billie Sherwood.....	41,770
William S. Hart.....	41,735
Grace Cunard.....	41,600
William Farnum.....	41,560
Ruth Roland.....	35,055
Pauline Frederick.....	30,720
Alexander Gaden.....	29,855
Nellie Anderson.....	29,395
Mary Fuller.....	29,165
Blanche Sweet.....	28,285
Beverly Bayne.....	27,935
Dustin Farnum.....	27,015
Mary Miles Minter.....	26,335
Robert Warwick.....	25,015
Crane Wilbur.....	24,610
Mary Anderson.....	24,165
Carlyle Blackwell.....	23,525
Marguerite Snow.....	22,170
Florence LaBadie.....	19,100
Nell Craig.....	18,435
Olga Petrova.....	17,460
Creighton Hale.....	15,925
Norma Talmadge.....	15,765
Clara K. Young.....	15,225
Bryant Washburn.....	14,980
Edith Storey.....	14,520
Francis Ford.....	14,465
Cleo Madison.....	14,450
Antonio Moreno.....	14,440
Charlie Chaplin.....	14,425
Marguerite Courtot.....	14,365
Ella Hall.....	14,325
Edna Mayo.....	14,275
Lillian Gish.....	14,225
Harris Gordon.....	13,660
Douglas Fairbanks.....	13,370
Cleo Ridgely.....	12,665
Alice Joyce.....	12,480
Romaine Fielding.....	12,375
Tom Forman.....	11,995
Kathlyn Williams.....	11,610
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Violet Mersereau.....	11,405
Owen Moore.....	10,590
Mae Marsh.....	10,375
Edward Coxen.....	10,260
Herbert Rawlinson.....	10,220
Henry King.....	10,145
Richard Travers.....	10,000
Geraldine Farrar.....	9,935
Al Ray.....	9,910
May Allison.....	9,560
E. K. Lincoln.....	9,560
Dorothy Gish.....	9,335
Anna Little.....	9,105
Ruth Stonehouse.....	8,765
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Thomas Meighan.....	8,420
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(Seventy-one)



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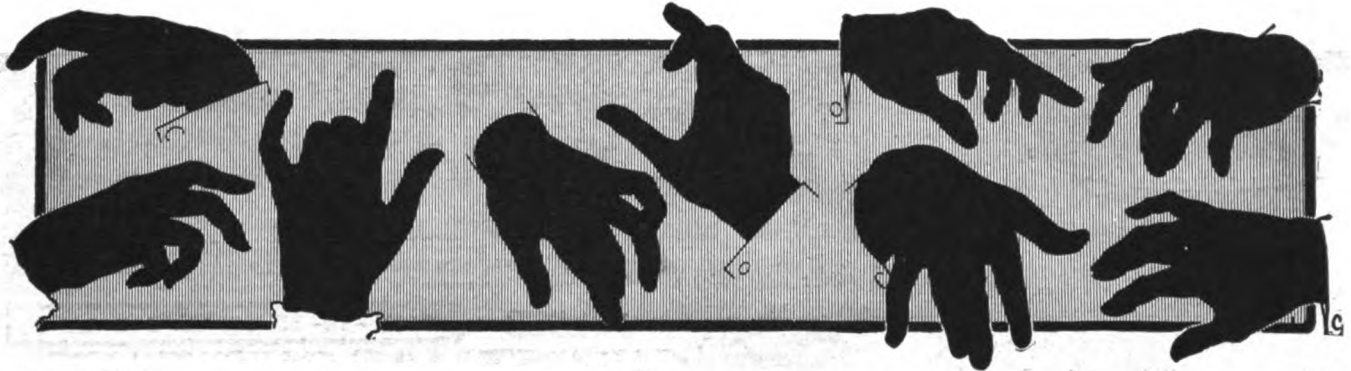
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