

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

15 CENTS

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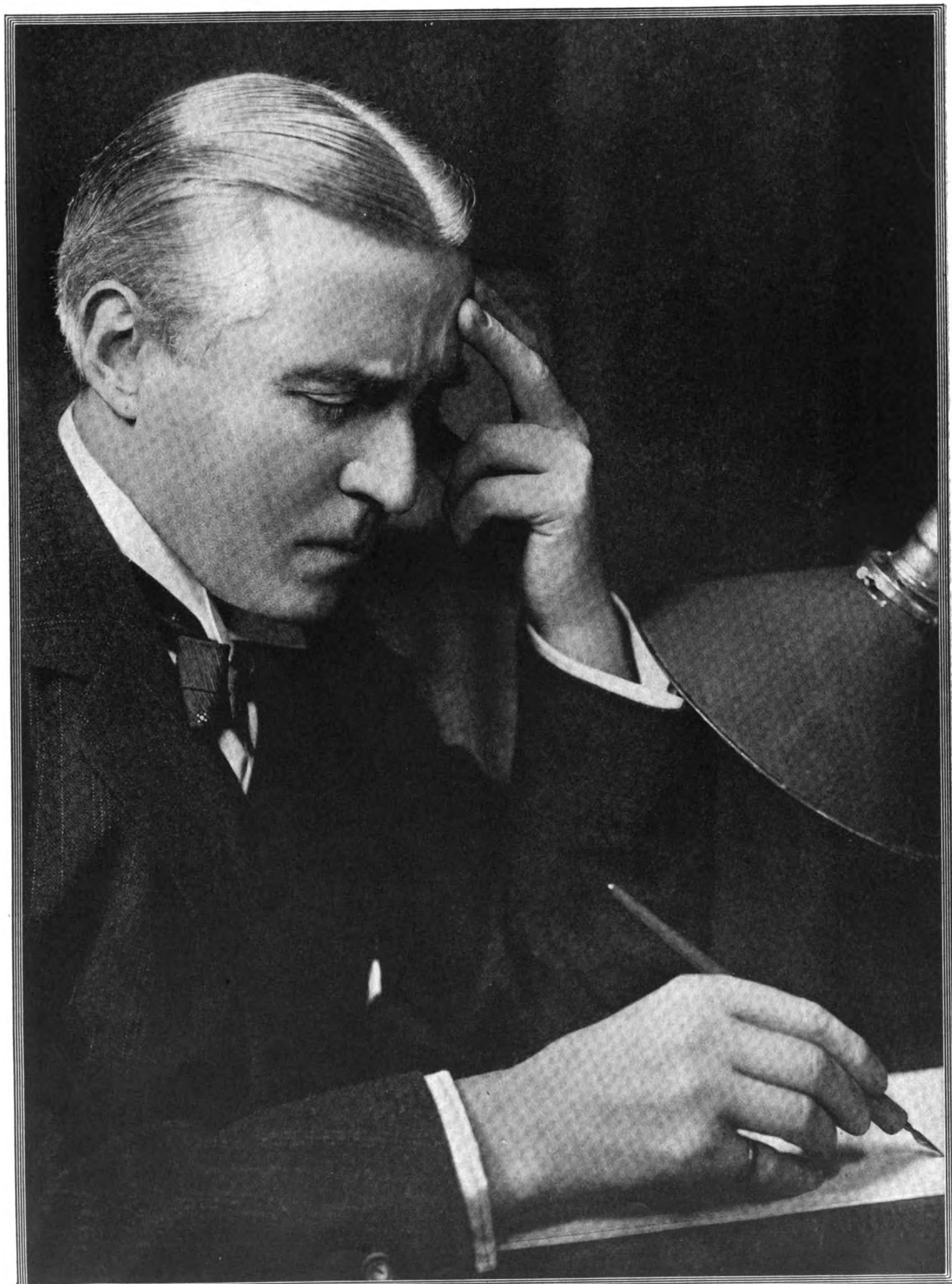


Photo by White

E. H. SOTHERN (Vitagraph)



MARY PICKFORD (Artcraft)



DOROTHY BERNARD
(Fox).

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

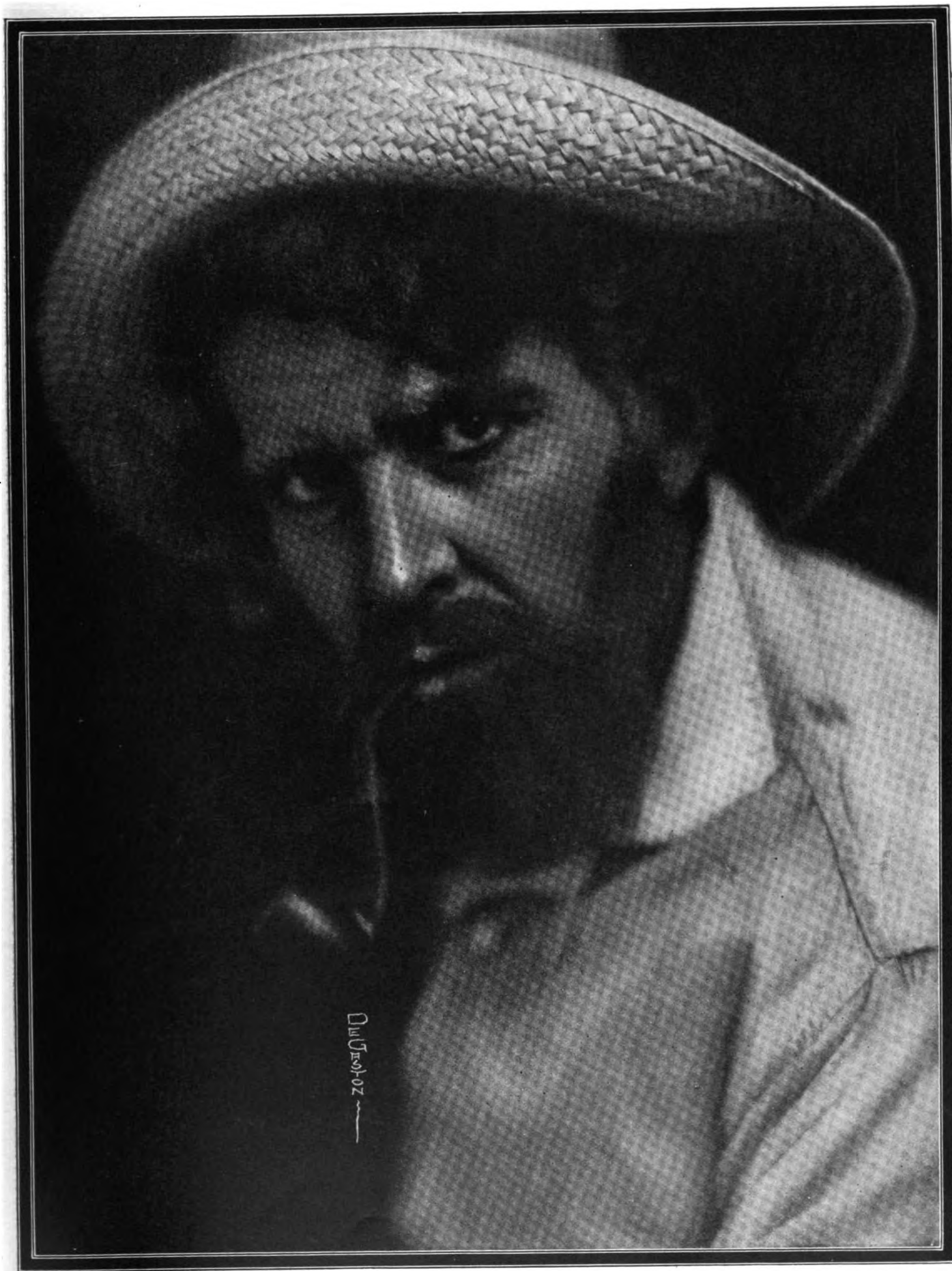


RUTH WHITE
(Balboa)

Photo by Witzel



HELEN GIBSON
(Kalem)



HARRY VON METER (American)



MARGUERITE COURTOT (Famous Players)

The Devil's Prize

(Vitagraph)

By GLADYS HALL

This story was written from the Photoplay of MARGUERITE BERTSCH

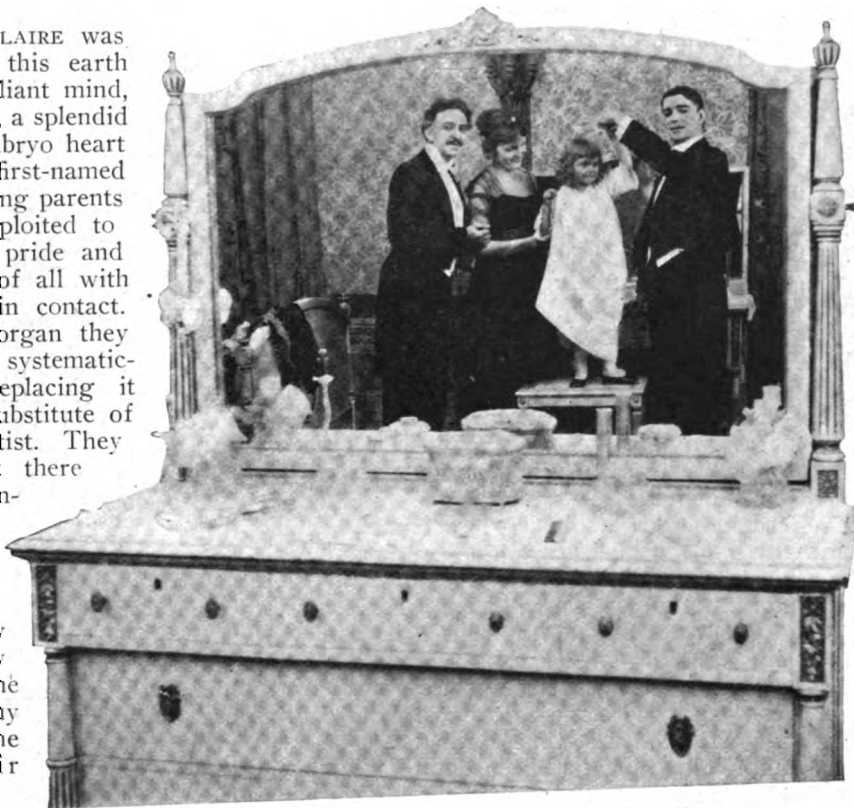
ARNOLD ST. CLAIRE was born onto this earth with a brilliant mind, a personality plus, a splendid body, and the embryo heart of a man. The first-named attributes his doting parents enhanced and exploited to their own great pride and the gratification of all with whom he came in contact. The last-named organ they dexterously and systematically removed, replacing it with the pulpy substitute of the ingrained egotist. They taught him that there were eleven commandments, and the greatest of these was the eleventh, which read: "Save thy skin that thy glory may shine before men, tho thy feet wade in the blood of their souls."

Then, having completed their task, they basked a year in his glory, saying, "See, we have given a manling to the world, and so saying, died, bearing to the Feet of God the fruits of their labor on earth.

Arnold St. Claire set about justifying his parents' existences, for do we not live in our children? Do not some say that this is the only immortality? That in what we have given of our seed we inhabit the earth forever—festering, despoiling, or benedictory, salvatory?

Arnold St. Claire had a glorious time. But he was more than a mere hedonist; his personality plus won him the hearts of all whom he encountered—not only their hearts, but loyalty, and the great gift, faith. And when he found that money was to be the one gift he could not win, or rather could not keep, fate threw Ada Stratton his way—wealthy niece of the wealthiest man in town, Mark Stratton.

Ada was not only wealthy and the most prominent personage in the social life of Westfield, but she was beautiful and gifted with a rare strength of mind, a golden quality of soul. St. Claire knew that in taking her love he was reaching far over his head, but he could not be poor—not *he*. He had



been born with a golden spoon in his rosy mouth, with the horn of plenty over his downy head. Those things were his birthright. One does not deny one's birthright—thus he argued with that strange distortion of a brilliant mind flawed by egotism. And besides, there was that eleventh commandment: curiously enough, the last words of it clung, bat-like and loathly, to his mind—"tho thy feet wade in the blood of their souls." Those were horrid words. Souls do not bleed, yet he knew that they did—knew that women's souls bled in the still of nights—wraithly, anguished, silent blood.

But egotism is not egotism, the real, the unalloyed, if in its dross there be a single grain of metal. And Ada loved him. There seemed to be no reason why *she* should suffer because of souls' blood and morbid fantasies like that—gnome-like creatures of his own brain.

One wonderful, winey, autumn day he ran away with Ada, and they were married. His precious skin was *saved*—saved from unlovely striving and buffeting; saved from stress and grind; saved from ultimate manhood—by a woman's unasking love.

In a cottage on the outskirts of the

village, a girl with protruding eyes, and swollen mouth, and hands that shook as from palsy, was reading the announcement of the runaway marriage of Arnold St.

Claire and Ada Stratton. She pulled the lamp nearer, and read it again, forcing, pushing, compelling her stunned brain to comprehension. . . . Over her senses stole the perfumes of many autumn days—days she had not lived alone—white, radiant nights that looked down on the unshackling of all her soul's pinions—on the sacrifice of all her youth's dreams. . . .

Her throat contracted sharply, and she strained her hands tightly against her breast; in the lamp's light they looked very frail, very slender, and her eyes were dark blurs in her face. "Forgive us our trespasses," she was murmuring, "as we forgive

those—as we forgive those—"

Hugh Roland found her like that. He loved her with a great tenderness, and he knew only, when he saw her like that, that she was ill and needed care. "Wont you marry me, Myra, love?" he asked her for the patient, dozenth time. She leaned against him, and he noted, with a pang, how almost ethereal the weight of her was.

"If you want me," she answered him—"yes. Oh, Hugh—"

Emmy Roland dashed into her mother's lap, precipitating sewing and sewing utensils to the floor with a splendid disregard. "Mommie," she gasped, "Aunt Ada has telephoned, an' she wants us to come over, an' Uncle Arnold has brought me a Japanese villa to play with on the library-table, an' we're to come at once; an', mommie, can I—*may* I—go?"

Myra Roland laughed. No one, much less the gloriously unintrospective sense of a child, could have detected any strain in the laughter. "Yes, impetuous one," she smiled; "get your bestest go-to-meeting Sunday bonnet and we'll be off."

"Mommie," pursued the child, as she danced along by her mother, a blur of gold-and-rose-and-blue under the

May-time sky—"mother, mustn't it be terrible awful nice to have such big lots of money as Uncle Arnold? Cant he buy anything he wants, Mommie, in all the world?"

Myra's lips closed. "No, darling," she said gently; "Uncle Arnold cant buy *anything* he wants, dear. No one ever can—"

"Not even Daddykins?"

"Much less Daddykins, dear. Dont you know"—more lightly—"that our Daddykins is only a poor newspaper-man?"

"I know." The child was silent. Then she looked up at her mother's lovely, saddened face sharply. "Dont you *love* him, Mommie?" she demanded, "because he is a poor, *poor* man?"

The woman laughed, eagerly, tremulously. "So much, dear," she answered—"oh, so *very* much, Baby—as much as some day, under bluer skies, you will love a man who is fine and simple and strong."

"Why, Mommie!" the child laughed derisively, peering at azure skies with even *more* azure eyes; "the skies *couldn't* be bluer," she scoffed, "not *any* 'some day' at all."

There was silence for a moment, during which, into the child's consciousness, there seeped the impressions of many things—blue skies, and sad eyes, and eager laughter, and trembling lips; and over it all, hazy, wholly indefinable, only to be understood when taken out and remembered in the late light of after-years, the certain, allegorical knowledge of May rains and spring melancholies.

"Shall I tell Aunt Ada Uncle Johnny has come home, Mommie?" she asked, as they neared the gleaming white, foliage-held home of the St. Claires. "And shall I tell her he's made loads and lots of money, an' that he brought me this umbrella?"

"Of course," assented Myra; "only dont talk of it *too* much, dear. Long ago Uncle Johnny loved Aunt Ada very deeply, and when people love like that, and never are together, it makes them very sad to hear about the other one too much."

"Just like me," assented small Emmy, comprehensively; "I feel just that way about poor Pippa Passes—my birdie. I cant *bear* to hear him talked about *too* much."

Myra laughed; then her mouth grew grave again—the egotist, unto the third and fourth generation.

On the library table, Ada and Arnold St. Claire were putting the last loving touches to the costly toy it was their delight to buy for the child they both adored. "I love her because she is little Myra again," Ada was wont to say—"my little, old chum—all

laughter and tears—all April and December."

"I love her, too," St. Claire would answer and be silent.

"I wish," Ada whispered wistfully to Myra once, watching St. Claire's absorption in some frolic of the child's—"I wish that I might give him a child, Myra; he loves them so; he would be so happy—" And then she had wondered at the sudden, heavy tears in Myra's eyes; the ardor of her answer: "You make him happy *now*, Ada—just *you alone*."

"Emmy has got to stay overnight tonight, Myra," announced Ada, after the Japanese villa had been hilariously and minutely inspected by the delighted child. "Arnold is going to some festivity the miners are giving, and I am to be all alone. She may?"

Myra hesitated. There were *always* these hesitations—these strained pauses, these fears; then she nodded. "Of course," she assented; "she'll be delighted—"

Ada laughed over at the child. "Come up, then, and inspect your suite, Miss Roland," she called; "if it does not please, we will have it redecorated ere setting of the sun."

Myra raised an impetuous hand to stop them, but they were gone. And she was alone—alone with St. Claire for the first time since the *last* time, when they had been unutterably alone in a peopled, ghostly world.

"She is so fine," murmured Myra, gazing, thru a mist, at Ada's departing figure.

St. Claire leaned across the table—across the Japanese villa—knocking over, carelessly, two of the diminutive, wooden Orientals, who lay staring up at him with their inscrutable smiles. "I am so unhappy," he whispered. "Myra—"

The woman smiled. Then she thought of Hugh Roland and his unquestioning, unpaid love; his vast wealth of tenderness for the little Emmy; the narrow thread that divided him from a perilous happiness and the sorrows of her past.

"*You!*" she sneered at him, the canker at her heart giving forth its hatred in the first hour alone—"you! What can *you* know of unhappiness? You wanted adulation, power, ease, money. You bought them, and *we* are paying the price—Ada, and Hugh, and I, and little, innocent Emmy—"

"Ah, dont—"

Myra bent nearer. "You should have thought of this before," she said metalically—of the day when your child—your lovely, unclaimed child—should walk beside you, touching you with her baby-hand, yet separated from you by a barrier the blood in your veins can never bridge—calling an-

other man 'Father,' and loving him—loving him, I say—for she *does*—" Myra smiled suddenly, luminously. "God has wrought a miracle, I think," she almost whispered, "and in the deathly anguish of her birth he *made* her Hugh's—"

"That is not so!" rasped St. Claire, his handsome face whitening. "Emmy is *mine*, and you know it. Nothing *you* can do can alter that; nothing I can do, be it good or bad. She is my flesh and blood, my bone and sinew—"

Myra smiled proudly. "And she is Hugh Roland's dauntless soul and splendid mind," she said proudly; "his big, warm, selfless heart—the tiny moulding of his high ideal, for between us we have made her so. With my very breath, I deny your paternity; with each ounce of my will, I give her to him, and he is reaping the harvest you are denied—"

"How you hate me, Myra!" St. Claire looked up, his lips drawn over his teeth. "How terribly I killed a radiant dream! Myra—"

"Do I intrude? This tête-à-tête seems terribly significant." The voice was light, but St. Claire frowned. Mark Stratton was too subtle for him; there was that in him which defied open antagonism. His wife's uncle had been the one individual in the town who had not fallen before him—lauding him, flattering him, believing in him. Always, when confronted by St. Claire's overwhelming popularity, he had laughed—not derisively, but with the cynical note of one who says, "I cannot be deceived."

St. Claire excused himself, and Mark Stratton dropped into the vacated chair, facing Myra. He took keen note of the lovely lines of her face—the sensitive, reticent mouth; the proud nose; the lovely, shadowed eyes—and something in his heart stirred to life: appreciation of her rare beauty; admiration of her valiant nerve.

He saw her home, and when he had returned, St. Claire was playing, noisily, stormily, on the piano. It was a habit of his—much admired and marveled over by his wife and social friends. "He is so temperamental," they would rhapsodize; and débutantes would gush, stickily, "What it must be to be loved by Arnold St. Claire!"

Mark Stratton shared none of these fond illusions as to St. Claire's temperament. He would have found a franker name for it—one not adaptable to débutantish ears.

"Arnold," he interrupted the temperamental outlet, brusquely, as he reentered the room, "I want to talk to you. Briefly, I've come around to your ideas on capital and labor. I—want

to dispose of my Westfield Coal Mine—think there ought to be a chance all round. You're pretty popular here; I'm not. You're a philanthropist; I'm—the opposite. Then, too, you and Roland are prett' good friends, I take it. He could exploit the sale of shares in his town paper. It will be a big thing for your friends, the people."

Stratton paused, and surveyed St. Claire narrowly. He did not see the visions St. Claire was seeing: the crabbed, horny hands raised in prayer and praise to him; the grimy, sweat-caked faces so strangely lightened at his coming; the "God bless Arnold St. Claire!" that fell from many a grateful lip, from many a trustful heart.

He raised his head. Stratton had to admit, inwardly, that the fellow was good to the eye; he felt a pang of pity for Ada—poor child, she loved him. But that other—that great-eyed, sorrowful-souled Myra—she had loved him, too.

"Is this straight, Stratton? What about Carbon X—isn't that going to give coal a fearful slump? Wont it make the Westfield Coal Mine about—worthless? The shares so much—paper? The people so many—dupes?"

"Yes." Stratton rasped it out, and his square face hardened. "Dont come across with any tales of the people, St. Claire," he threatened. "I've got your number, and here it is!"

St. Claire glanced at the note extended to him, and his mouth sagged. It was Myra's note to him when she heard of his attentions to Ada Stratton—her last, trenchant appeal for herself, and more for the little life not to be wronged and defrauded.

"You have built yourself a house of cards, St. Claire," the older man pursued mercilessly, "and they seem about to cave in on you. I not only have this note, but I overheard your conversation with Myra Roland today. Emmy—little Emmy—is your child, not Hugh Roland's. Are you willing to acknowledge her, or—here he paused suggestively—"aren't you more willing to exploit the Westfield Coal Mine? Dont you think you'd better—save your skin?"

"Save thy skin that thy glory may shine before men, tho thy feet wade in the blood of their souls!"

St. Claire shuddered—"... tho thy feet wade in the blood of their souls!" Ah, those horny, work-blunt hands; those poor, grimy faces; those

trustful, grateful hearts, as trustful as a child's and as grateful—"Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of these little ones, ye do it unto Me." Well, what were they but "little ones"—little ones with labor-wearied bodies, but hearts and souls as groping, as confident as—his little Emmy?

"Well?" pressed Stratton.

Ada! Their lovely, sheltered home; their goodly life together; the passion that had grown for her in the thing his parents gave him for a heart; the adulation he received that was the very breath in his nostrils! He raised his head again, and Stratton saw that he had aged ten years in the five minutes of his rapid, chaotic thinking.

"I'll see Roland



"YOU MUST CLEAR ME OF THIS, ARNOLD," HE CRIED

at once," he said. Stratton inclined his head, and left the room. St. Claire turned, and faced Ada, who stood in the doorway as tho her very soul had left her body and was standing there in her body's stead.

"Arnold," she whispered—and all the suffering of all wronged, ardent women was in her voice, all a fond heart's abdication of dear dreams, all a soul's high-pinnacled visionings—"Arnold—I—heard—"

St. Claire looked at her wildly. His already distraught mind ran around in circles. What should he do? What could he do—to save his skin—in her eyes?

"It was before, Ada—" he managed at length. "It was before—us. Myra and I—"

"And—Emmy? Was she—is she—'before us'?"

"She— Why, Ada—what can you mean? Of course—"

"Isn't she living on—living now—forever nameless—forever— Oh, I cannot voice it, for—God help you,

Arnold!—I love Myra's baby; I—" There was a painful silence. St. Claire felt the ugly, thwarted shame of one who has been shorn of his habitual garment of seclusion. He felt naked, and wronged, and at a loss.

"And this—mine proposition," Ada was saying at last—"you are not—Arnold, you cannot be going on with this!"

"I must." St. Claire's voice came thickly. "Didn't you hear? The alternative is—the publicity of the letter—it will ruin Myra; it will kill Hugh; it will forever curse little Emmy—"

Ada put her hand over her eyes, as tho instinctively to shut out the monstrous offenses one man's bestial selfishness had done. She forgot herself for the time—her own wrong, her own torture—in thought of Myra—Myra, sunshiny little, long-ago child, who had never known a peaceful hour of wifehood; never been free to feel the glory of her motherhood; never drawn a happy breath since this man's arms spurned her forth to her shame, that he might dwell on the fat of the land and grow sleek under unearned caresses.

As Ada watched him, something died slowly, abortively, in her heart—the image this man had been; and in his place stood John Baldwin, Myra's big brother, who had loved her so crudely and so truly, long ago—John Baldwin, who had wrested his wealth honestly, unpretentiously, from the very soil, and had come back to the town of his birth to make things easier for his little sister and for the girls and boys who had trundled to school with him. A man—John Baldwin—with his great, real heart in its rightful place, and his whole soul in his kindly eyes.

"There is no—way out?" Ada asked the question shamefacedly—shamed that anything in the way of compromise could be thought of.

"No way—to save Myra—and—"

Ada turned and crept out of the room.

The next day the stock was on sale. Roland's paper exploited it generously, and Roland himself thanked St. Claire lavishly for giving his paper this big chance—"tho it's only on a par," he added gratefully, "with all your big

kindnesses to me, and to Myra, and to our kidlet."

That night St. Claire made a speech to the applauding miners, in which he modestly disclaimed all exploitation of the stock, averring that his only part in the whole transaction was the buying of a few shares himself—that the credit was all due to Hugh Roland and to Mark Stratton.

The miners cheered. They cheered Hugh Roland and his town paper; they cheered Mark Stratton and his unwonted behavior. But mostly they cheered their idol—Arnold St. Claire—St. Claire, who was at once so debonair and so sterling, so modest in word and so gigantic in deed.

Only Mark Stratton bit his cynical under lip and saw thru St. Claire's neat saving of his skin. Only Ada really understood, and bled her very soul out in her humiliation and shame.

The next week the Carbon X discovery leaked out—and the crash came. The coal mine was practically worthless; the stock was even *more* worthless; the hoarded, sacrificial savings of years had bought mere scraps of paper—scraps that Hugh Roland had *known* to be worthless, that Mark Stratton had been *sure* were. Only St. Claire had been in ignorance; only he had not betrayed them.

The tiny town seethed over like a veritable caldron. In the miners' cottages there were sudden cases of "heart failure," but there were those who knew that the blighted dream of many a meager year had stopped the "hearts."

Hugh Roland was distraught. Not only would his little paper, which was his cleanly pride as well as his living, be condemned and censured, but he had, to all intents, sold his honor—sold the poor trust of the people for a miserable pottage.

He sought St. Claire, frenziedly. "You must clear me of this, Arnold," he cried; "you must write a letter telling them it was not a fraud, but an honest mistake. They believe in you; so did I, of course. You must tell them the *truth*, St. Claire."

St. Claire laughed. "How do I know, Hugh," he sneered, "that *you* are the straight one? How do I know that you were not on the inside track of this with Uncle Mark Stratton?"

Roland recoiled. His eager, excited

face turned icy. "Arnold!" he said—"Arnold! Great God!"

St. Claire, smiling amusedly at his boyhood chum, his manhood's friend, the unwitting shoulderer of his own shame, saw himself stripped naked in this man's sight—saw his poor, craven, pitiable self as he really was, sans any manhood at all, clad only in a fleshly garment of illusion. And for a moment the heart of him—the crushed heart his parents had removed when they taught him the eleventh commandment—struggled for rebirth. He had a moment of intense longing to right his wrongs—to make good his evil; to put things straight for Ada—for Myra and their child—for

poor, doubly betrayed



"OUT! OUT, I SAY! I'LL SETTLE THIS D—D THING YET"

Hugh Roland. But deeper than all, root of his rooted being, was the cry of the egotist, "Save thy skin!"

"I do not *know*, I repeat," he was saying mechanically, "that you were not, *are* not, in league with Stratton. I—have no proof."

"No proof—" Roland wet his dry lips with a clacking sound, but he did not speak. What better proof could he ever give this new, horrible St. Claire than the betrayed memory of their years together—St. Claire's certain knowledge of the high purpose of his life—the simple, splendid goal from which his eyes had never faltered nor his feet strayed? If the years did not speak, there was no need of speech today.

"Of course," St. Claire was saying, as Roland turned and stumbled from the room—"of course it is *chiefly* Stratton, Hugh—you know that."

"It is all over, Myra." Hugh Ro-

land said the words tonelessly, as he entered the living-room at home. "St. Claire has denied our friendship, sold my honor, and forsworn all obligations save those which save his skin. He—"

John Baldwin, standing by Myra in the window, raised his hand in warning, to stop Roland's outburst. Significantly, he pointed to Myra, who had risen, with heaving breast and distended pupils. It was too late.

"Nothing will *ever* be right," she cried out passionately, wildly, as the flood-gates were down and turgid waters, pent-up agelessly, were overflowing—"nothing will *ever* be right while we are building our houses on sand—each to save the other's skin; each to save his own. I am desperate—desperate of the look in Ada's eyes; of Stratton's pursuit of me, which

I have concealed in fear, knowing that he knows; of St. Claire's hounding of you, his theft of your honor to save his own skin—your honor, which is *yourself*, my darling—the bulwark of strength on which I have rested my fear and sin and my miserable weakness all these years. Hugh—John—oh, *both* of you—long ago—before we married—I—St. Claire—oh, God, help me! Hugh, Emmy is St. Claire's child—Arnold St. Claire's! There—I have told at last—I—"

John Baldwin caught her as she swayed. Hugh

stood motionless, his face a sickly gray, his lips moving inaudibly—"... *tho thy feet wade in the blood of their souls!*"

Long after Myra had sobbed herself into a restless, semi-conscious sleep, and Roland had lain with his graying head in his arms, John Baldwin sought St. Claire in his home. He sought him at an inauspicious moment. Stratton had decided to do the right thing—to expose himself—to right his wrong. St. Claire was wild with fear of a new implication of himself, with the ugly desperation of the animal on whom the coils were tightening. St. Claire was fighting with tooth and nail, with foot and fist for his skin, which was more precious to him than life.

"St. Claire," Baldwin began without preamble, "you've got to come across. I know everything now—the way you and Stratton have been



pearls of her youth, the glory of her first love, the best that she may ever give, before sodden swine. St. Claire entered and dropped into a chair. He had never been so handsome as he was in his dejection—in his knowledge that he had lost the friend of his life, and the woman he had come to

usual lack of verbosity, "here is your ultimate chance. *You* got Stratton, and—by God!—you're going to say so!"

St. Claire laughed. His laugh had become a horrible travesty on mirth. "*You* were on the grounds, Baldwin," he countered. "Stratton has done you and yours a wrong. Why not *you*—the murderer?"

Baldwin slipped his hand into his pocket. "I have no revolver that this fits," he said, holding out the missile. "This one went far astray, St. Claire, but I found it. I do not carry silken handkerchiefs marked 'A. St. C.' I—"

St. Claire sprang forward. "Leave me alone!" he croaked hoarsely. "Leave me alone—or you, too—you, too—"

Baldwin turned on his heel. He did not wish for desperation. Nothing could be gained by that, and he knew that once alone, the craven heart of the man would preclude self-damage.

"I give you until midnight," he said.

"IT WAS JEALOUSY. I AM MAD WHEN I THINK OF A MAN—AND YOU——"

torturing Myra with your own shame. Well, it is out now; Myra has told Hugh Roland. You have got to come across! You've got to clear Roland of this thing you have brought on him. You——"

Back of St. Claire, Ada crept up and laid her hand over his. "Do as he asks, Arnold," she pleaded; "do the big, splendid thing; right all this wrong. What is the censure of these few townspeople compared to the censure of your own soul—the eternal censure of—your God? Arnold—think——"

St. Claire laughed. Baldwin and Ada shrank from the unthinkable sound of it. Then he turned on Baldwin. "Get out of my house, you dog!" he thundered. "Must I come to obliging my *wife's lover*? Ah, you shrink—in loathing, you would say. Dont you think I know of your youthful fancy that *I* disrupted? Dont you think I know why you come to my house—for what purpose? Out! Out, I say! I'll settle this d—d thing yet!"

Ada turned a strained, livid face to Baldwin, whose great, hairy hands were clenching in readiness to choke the vile lies from his throat. "Go, John," she said—"he is quite mad. Go at once—for my sake. We cannot endure more scandal now. I cannot endure it. Oh, please—*please go!*"

Up in her bedroom, Ada sat motionless. Every fiber of her was revolted—every instinct at bay. She felt as only a woman can feel who knows she has tarnished herself forever by an unworthy choice—who has cast the

love and, more, to honor and respect. "Do you despise me?" he whispered, fearful of her ravaged face. "I—— It was jealousy. I am mad when I think of a—man—and—you——"

Ada raised her hand. "Just go!" she begged. "*Whatever* you do—go!"

Souls grope, and twist, and contort themselves and others for years of torturous agonies; then, of a sudden, there is a mighty wrenching—a veritable cataclysm of hate and death and denunciation. It is the unutterable surgery of the spirit, for which there is no anæsthesia, but for which there comes, in the end, a healing divine.

Fifteen minutes after John Baldwin left St. Claire, Mark Stratton was murdered. One of the gardeners found him with a bullet thru his brain—the merciless, keen-edged brain which had cut its incisive, bloodless way to success thru the hearts and the lives of all who came his way, but which had been planning, in his last hour, to redress his last and greatest wrong, for the sake of a woman who had been wronged enough.

"The miners did it!" went up the hue and cry—"one of the men did it——" and the human hunt was on.

John Baldwin retraced his steps to St. Claire's den. He found him lighting a cigarette, and he saw, as he had known he would see, that his right hand was quivering spasmodically—so violently that the great ruby on his little finger cast strange gleams of light here and there, like malignant, devil's eyes.

"St. Claire," he began, with his

It was one o'clock in the morning when John Baldwin opened the door of the distraught house and stared blankly, unbelievably at Ada St. Claire's stricken face. "Yes, it is I," she whispered, as he pulled her hastily in and slammed the door—"it is I, John. He is crazed with jealousy, but he *must* save his skin. John, dont press this murder charge. If you do—— Ah, dont look at me, John, until I finish. My shame is crucifying me tonight. If you do, he will expose everything about Myra—take her good name forever from her—illegitimize Emmy in the sight of the world. He will do this thing, John, for his priceless skin's sake——"



"WHAT IS HIS ANSWER?"

Hugh Roland stood in the doorway. The look of craze had gone from his face, and in its stead was the pain of the martyr who has been sacrificed for the lusts of others.

"We will go back with you, Ada," he said. "I——"

Ada went in ahead, and St. Claire came over



Roland bent over him, eagerly, and the dying man looked into his friend's face.

"God — be — merciful to — me! Hugh," he gasped — "I — I cant——"

"ARNOLD, BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE, WRITE!"

to her, his eyes bloodshot and menacing. "Why were you so long?" he demanded hoarsely. "What have you been doing? What is his answer? Tell me——"

Ada shook her head. A sudden vast pity shook the very tentacles of her being—the tentacles this man had trampled on and crushed underfoot; an overweening, tremendous pity for his unconquerable weakness—for the very trash of him underneath the glitter. She dared not speak.

St. Claire's face turned white, and of a sudden his hand sought his heart. "All this will do for me," he muttered. "I——" Hugh Roland stepped in, his white face cutting sharply into the gloom.

He laughed at St. Claire's over-brilliant eyes—the conspicuous fear of him. "Did you think you would never see me again?" he jeered, bearing down on him, fists raised. "Did you think I had finished with you——"

St. Claire backed away. His hand sought his heart again, and he swayed. An instant later he had rolled heavily to the foot of the stairway, near the open door.

Roland and Ada ran to him, and she pulled his head to her lap. St. Claire opened his filming eyes. "Arnold," she whispered frenziedly, all the strength of her mind bearing on his, striving to pierce the death-mists, to sweep away the chaff—"Arnold, before it is too late, write; here is my pencil. Write a few words—just a few—just *one*—of confession for us all. Arnold——"

Ada closed his eyes, and Hugh straightened out the stiffening form—Grecian and noble and splendid even in death. Then they raised their heads and met the transfixed faces of some of the miners who had come to beg help of their idol and who had been the witnesses of his death at their very feet. And in all their eyes his wife and his friend saw his poor skin shrivel and fall from him—saw them see him as he was—saw him lose at last.

Hugh Roland walked home in the still of the morning. Somehow the battle was over—the devil had won his prize.

He entered the darkened house quietly,



IN HER VERY SHRINKING HE SEEMED TO SEE ALL WOMANHOOD BETRAYED

(Twenty)

and told John Baldwin to go to Ada. Upstairs he could hear Myra sobbing, tossing. He had loved once, loved loyally, and his gift had been the cast-off of another. He had given the very essence of fatherhood to little Emmy, and fatherhood had never been his.

He entered his wife's bedroom and looked down on her. "Get up!" he commanded. "Arnold St. Claire is dead, and you are mine at last! But there are things to be said—explanations to be made—the—the child to be disposed of! Look at me——"

Myra rose and shrank against the wall. In the framing of her dark hair, her eyes sought his, wide and piteous and tortured. In her very shrinking he seemed to see all womanhood betrayed. And he knew, instinctively, of her searing years—her motherhood—the scourge her very love for him had been.

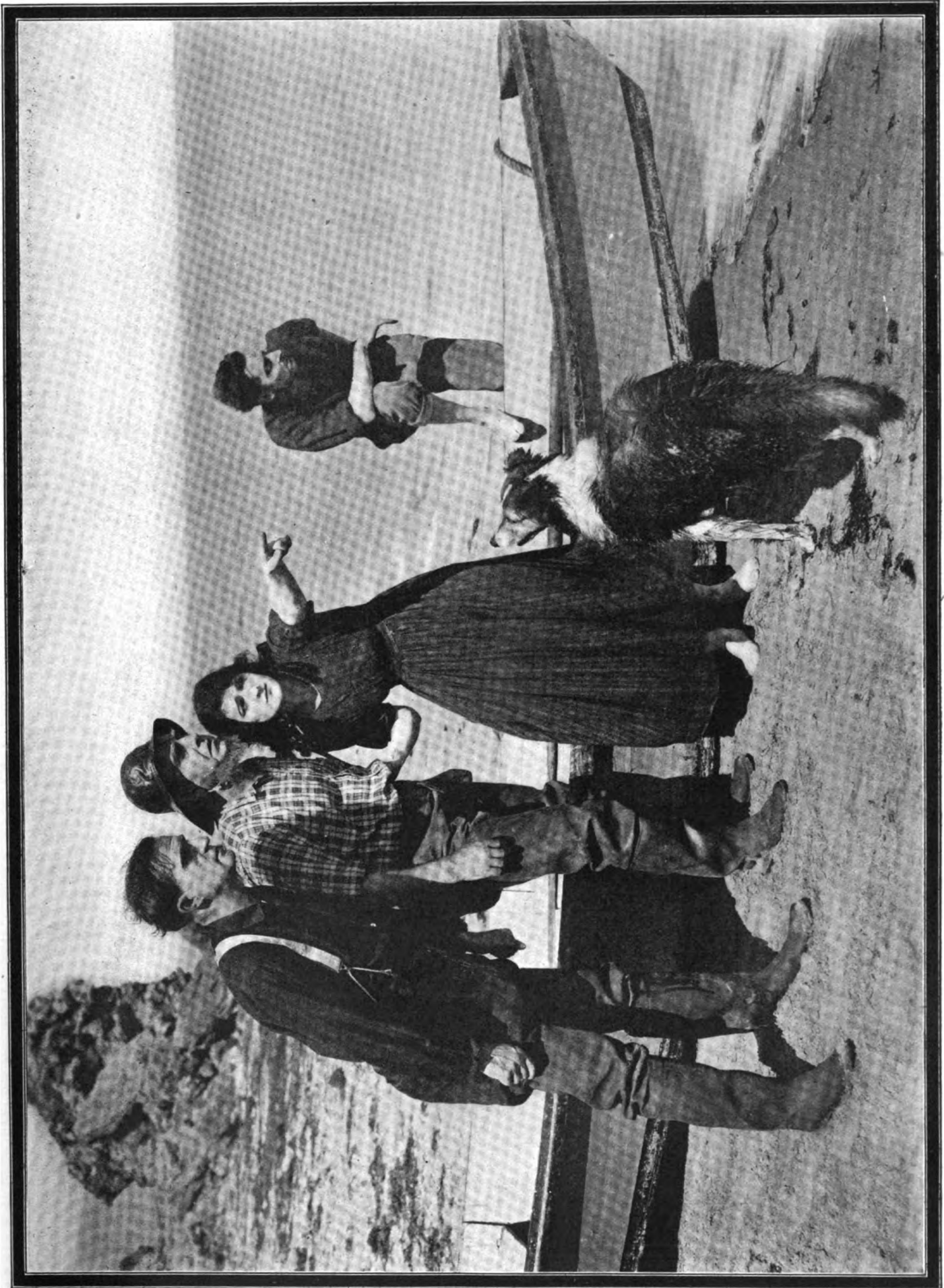
"Myra," he called hoarsely, stridently—"my woman—my little saint—my girl——"

Myra raised her luminous eyes, then she caught her breath. "Here is—Emmy," she whispered. "Look, beloved——"

The chubby little figure hesitated on the threshold; the small mouth trembled—it was all very strange to her, and she had a child's pitiful terror of things strange. "Daddy!" she cried, running, scuttling to him—"Daddy, take your girl——"

Hugh Roland leaned over and looked at her, searching her face eagerly, tensely, for a trace of St. Claire. There was one brief, suspended instant; then he came into that fatherhood which is the fatherhood of

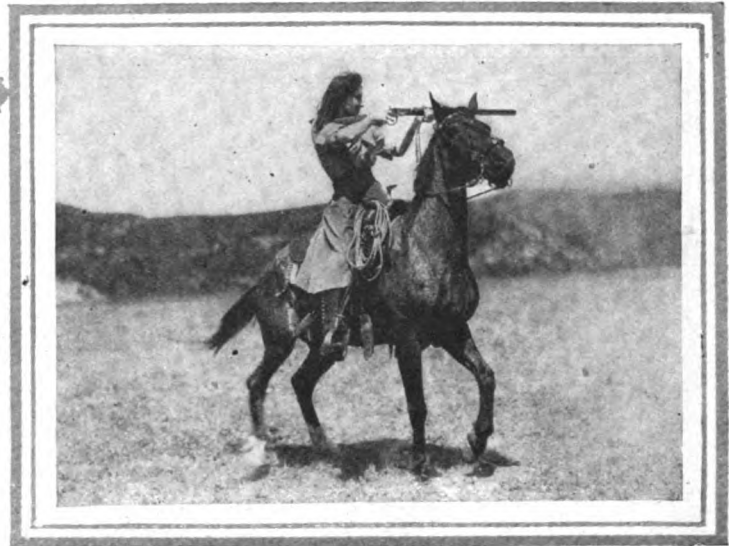
God, who suffers all little ones to come unto Him, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.



VIVIAN RICH IN A PICTURESQUE SCENE FROM "ATONEMENT" (FLYING A)



AND "DEARIE" WILL DO ALL SORTS OF EQUINE TRICKS WHEN SO COMMANDED BY A BELOVED MISTRESS



ON HER FAVORITE HORSE, "DEARIE," MISS FORDE CAN HIT THE BULL'S-EYE NINE TIMES OUT OF TEN WITH A WINCHESTER

"Vicky" The Girl Who Is Always

By RICHARD



MISS FORDE CAN RIDE AND ROPE AND SHOOT WITH THE BEST OF THEM. "I LOVE THE OUTDOOR LIFE" SHE SAYS



VICTORIA FORDE is known among her fellow movie-players as "The Girl Who Is Always Willing to Take a Chance." There are few actresses available, even in

this day and age, for Western photoplays, and there is probably no other actress in the world today who would care to take chances in photoplays directed by Tom Mix, the Selig cowboy star, who hesitates at almost nothing in order to provide thrills for movie fans.

And yet this slip of a girl goes daring Tom Mix a good second when it comes to hard riding, shooting and roping.

"Wish to know how I became active

in Western photoplays?" asked Miss Forde of an interviewer. "Well, it came naturally, I guess. I was perched on the back of a horse when I was five years of age, and I have ridden horses ever since. I come from a family of actors, my mother, Eugenie Forde, being very well known in Motion Picture work, having been a member of the Selig players for a long time.

"It is true that few women venture into photoplay work of wild and woolly Western atmosphere for the reason that it is rough work, and a woman succeeding in plays of this character must be more than willing to accept all hazards. Yet there is a fascination in it all. There are the outdoor life; the wide, spreading plains; the exhilaration that comes from speeding along on the back of a good horse, and the knowledge that you are keeping up your end of the game.

"To quote Tom Mix: 'The principal drawback to staging Western films is the women.' It is very difficult to get women who will participate in all the 'stunts' invented by such daring actors as Tom Mix. I can say, with pardonable pride, that I never have hesitated to work in any 'thrill' invented by the director, and this is going some when Mix is concerned. I just shut my eyes and trust to Providence.

"There is a radical difference between riding, roping and shooting in photoplays on the Western plains and Motion

(Twenty-two)



"THE GIRL WHO IS ALWAYS READY TO TAKE A CHANCE" IS THE EXPRESSION COINED BY THE HARD-RIDING, BRONZED ACTORS OF THE WESTERN PLAINS WHEN THEY ALLUDE TO VICTORIA FORDE, FILMLAND'S "COW-GIRL"



IT IS NOTHING FOR "VICKY" TO BE PURSUED AND "ROPED" BY THE DESPERATE "BANDITS" OF MOVIE-LAND



VICTORIA FORDE IS CONSIDERED THE MOST SKILFUL WOMAN RIDER IN MOTION PICTURES

Forde

Willing to Take a Chance

WALLACE

Picture studio work. There is no sitting around any studio during the action of a photoplay of Western atmosphere. One must be up and doing, very frequently miles from human habitation. It is a lot of fun to take the 'commissary department' along with the company and, at midday, boil coffee in the big coffee-pot and enjoy a hot meal. My! but food does taste good while out on location on the Western plains!

"An actress' wardrobe for Western productions must contain all garments owned by other Motion Picture actresses and some important additions. Among these additions are riding-suits, riding-boots, spurs, cartridge-belt and revolver, broad-brimmed hat and flannel shirts. A Western play may call for a ballroom in the East as the first scene, and then shift to the West as the Eastern girl leaves the Eastern college for her dad's ranch.

"I suppose my 'nerve' is partly inherited, partly acquired, and that my stage training from childhood has a lot to do with my presence of mind in the thick of a hazardous 'stunt.' My first regular stage engagement was in support of John Drew and Margaret Illington in 'His House in Order,' and after that I toured with Maxine Elliott in 'Her Own Way.' My other principal stage engagements were in child parts with Chauncey Olcott and with my mother, Eugenie Forde, in 'Mrs. Danforth's Experience,' and don't forget my baby efforts in 'Polly of the Circus.'

(Twenty-three)

"All this seems thousands of years ago," "Vicky" resumed, "but I never lose sight of the thoro training that was drilled into me. No matter how near my life is to the danger point, I always keep saying to myself: 'It's got to get across—it's the play of Life, and if you lose your nerve, 'Vicky,' your audience will be ashamed of you.'

"Here is a list of 'stunts' I have performed in the course of my work:

"Jumped from the back of a speeding horse into an automobile. Sat in the interior of a stage-coach while the horses ran wild. Lassoed from behind while chased by the Western 'bad man.' While two horses galloped neck and neck, lifted from the back of one horse to the other. Stood while real bullets from real Winchesters kicked up the dust near me. Dangled from a rope down the side of a steep cliff, viewing the bottom a mile and a half below. Rode 'double' with Tom Mix on the back of a bucking broncho while other members of the company insisted that we stop the dangerous practice.

"And many more 'stunts' which I cannot recall at this time.

"I am satisfied with my life as an actress in Selig picture-plays of the West. True, there are hazards; true, there are hardships. But withal, there are the free, outdoor life; the delightful variety, and the many 'stunts' which I attempt sometimes with bated breath and eyes shut, but, nevertheless, enjoy."



MISS FORDE IS ALSO VERSATILE IN COMEDY AND OFTEN PLAYS OPPOSITE TO TOM MIX IN "MIX COMEDIES"



VICTORIA FORDE, SELIG STAR ACTRESS, IN WESTERN PHOTOPLAYS

HOW TO GET IN THE PICTURES

By Rosemary Theby and Harry Myers

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.

ROSEMARY THEBY

Vim Comédienne, Gives Valuable Advice to Beginners

I GLADLY comply with your request to add my contribution to your "How to Get In" series. The first question you ask is, "Is the market oversupplied with photoplayers?" No—decidedly no! But, in my opinion, it is oversupplied with people—people who just care enough about the business to look it over in a languid way and say, "Oh, well, it's easy—I should care what I do so long as I get a check!"

You ask if I believe in "preparedness," such as schools of acting, a study of the drama, amateur theatricals, etc. I most certainly do! Otherwise I myself might never have gone into the business. You know I graduated from the Sargent Dramatic School and also took a special course under the instruction of Madame Alberti, and the two courses were a wonderful help to me. Possibly I haven't made myself clear, so I'll try and explain why these two courses were such a wonderful help. First, after one has studied both courses and is proficient enough to graduate, it's a settled fact that one understands expression; also, thru this study, you gain repose, and

your own personality is brought out. Then when a director tells you of the scene he wants you to enact, you know immediately just what he wants. Why? Because you've studied expres-

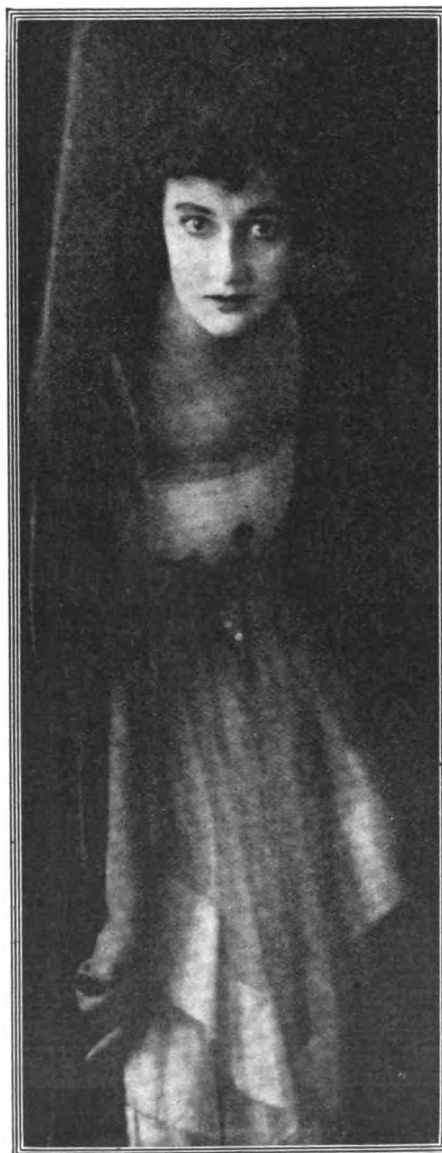


Photo by National

ROSEMARY THEBY

sion, and, to my mind, it gives one the advantage over a good many of the stage people, because when the director needs the scene worked up, the stage people say, "Now listen! My

voice will overtop any of these people in this scene, and I can carry the scene. That is when I laugh. I say to myself, "Go on! Yell! I'll be on the front line, and you, Mr. Actor, just try to steal that scene from me." You see, he does the yelling and I do the thinking. When it is flashed on the screen for public approval my studies at these two schools overbalance his lungs. That is only one case, and I know of several big stars, where, with all their experience, I just tripped on away ahead of them. Why? Because I believed in preparation, such as schools of acting, etc. As for amateur theatricals, no! In working in an amateur play you learn or gain nothing; the people in the cast don't know, and it's "on and off" so soon that one doesn't get a chance to know what they are doing. But I do believe in going to see pictures and studying them. Then I pick the pictures apart (to myself) and say, "Now, had I been playing that part I'd have given more feeling or shown more hatred," etc., etc.

Next you ask, "Has a person with no experience a chance to get placed with a company?" Well, as a Jewish woman once answered me, when I asked her a question, "Maybe yes, maybe no. Who can tell?"

As to what kind of people have the best chance to get in, I would say, for girls, I prefer the brunette with good, clean-cut features—straight nose and a well-shaped mouth. She can be either tall or short, so long as she carries herself well and is endowed with sense. Those mushy-gushy girls I haven't any use for. Originality and individuality count a great deal. To my way of thinking, beauty is not all-important. I know quite a number of girls whom I wouldn't call beautiful, and they are quite away up in the business. Good clothes, a nice carriage when one is walking or standing, repose, personality and, above all, a good line of talk—these are the principal requirements; and, best of all, good features with intelligence in them. This might seem strange to you, but it seems that every conceivable type can be utilized in some sort of way, such as a homely person for "slap" or grotesque

(Twenty-four)



ROSEMARY THEBY

parts. Large productions sometimes need cripples, yet, I should say, one whose eyes are crossed, or with scars on the face, would not look very well.

As for myself, first I studied, then went looking for an engagement. I met Mr. Fred Thompson, of the Vitagraph, and he introduced me to Mr. Blackton—told me that he would give me a chance. Never expecting the chance, I left, much disheartened, until about three weeks later, when I received a note from Mr. Thompson, requesting me to report for a picture, one Tuesday morning about the 17th of June, 1911. I went down, asked about my clothes, went home, got my clothes, and then worked in the picture with Miss Walker and Earle Williams. Norma Talmadge, Hazel Neason and William Dunn. After I had finished the picture Mr. Thompson said he would give me another chance. Why did he do it? It's hard to tell, but my appearance, my clothes and personality, I feel sure, had as much to do with it as the acting ability I showed in my first small part. Well, after a few more pictures and much persistence, I finally landed in stock—and worked very hard.

(Twenty-five)

HARRY MYERS

Vim Director, Gives Some Inside Information

MR. MYERS was supplied with a full set of questions, and his answers are so bright and characteristic that both are here given:

Q. Is the market over-supplied with photoplayers?

A. You wouldn't think so, if you had been making pictures for six years. You keep wondering where the good ones have gone to.

Q. Do you believe in preparation, such as schools of acting, a study of the drama, amateur theatricals, etc.?

A. Yes, I do; do them thoroly—and do them right. Then come to me, and I'll use the result in my next picture.

Q. Has a person with no experience a chance to get placed with a company?

A. If they should show me any ability I'll try and get them placed.

Q. What kind of types have the best chance to get in?

A. Types dont mean a thing in my life. Horse-sense is what I'm looking for—show me that and I'll shoot them thru. It

seems if I use any certain person for any length of time he can always get an engagement. Still I cant tell why it is. All they have to say is they "worked in an insert for Myers," and when I want them they're working.

Q. Is beauty essential?

A. Not with me.

Q. What are the principal requirements?

A. Show me some interest in the picture they're working in—sit around, watch, learn what the story is about—and when the time comes, "go to it." But usually they come to the studio to sleep and "pink tea."

Q. To whom should an applicant apply and how?

A. I would prefer that they see me personally, or, if they prefer working for some other firm, write the head of the firm for an appointment. But dont bother with those "casting directors." They have their own family to take care of.

Q. Are application letters usually answered?

A. All I ever get are. Glad to do it.

Q. Should photographs of the applicants be sent?

A. Not unless they are out of town.

Q. Can it be determined, from a photo, whether a person will photograph well?

A. No; but if a director gets enough of them, they're good to cover his office walls, and that helps the firm to save money—they dont have to paper the wall.

Q. Should the applicant send one or many photos, and should they be full figure or only bust pictures?

A. Some directors prefer full figures, others busts, others prefer the applicant in Kellermann suits or Pygmalion costumes on a windy day, but wood-nymph poses are best. But for me, I'm not so particular.

Q. What are the chances if the applicant calls personally at a studio?

A. When everything is going wrong the chances are bad. Early morning is a bad time, because usually the worthy director isn't awake yet. As for me, I prefer to talk to applicants after my day's work is over and I'm able to sit down and forget the picture and give all my attention to the applicant.

Q. Is an introduction or "influence" necessary?

A. I have heard of both "introduction" and "influence" working very well together, but not with me. Relatives—cousins, uncles, aunts—dont help me make a good picture. If they understand the business, all well and good, but if they dont, and I must use them, I use them for backgrounds, and in that case I pick the fat ones, 'cause I dont need so many.

Q. Is it feasible for an applicant to have



HARRY MYERS

a few feet of film taken of himself or herself, somewhere, and send this with the application?

A. Well, that is hard to answer. As I have some friends of mine doing that, and I prefer to boost them, I guess I'll say yes.

Q. How long must an applicant visit a studio daily before he or she will probably be given a chance?

A. I get to them as soon as I can, as there are usually many waiting.

Q. And how long after this before results would be known?

A. With me, as soon as the first scene is made.

Q. What is the average salary for beginners?

A. Now that is a personal question. You know, if you want a chance to get in this business, you can't expect much money. You get glory instead. But I have paid from \$8 to \$5 per day.

Q. How much are extras usually paid?

A. Extras from \$2.50 up to \$5, and I have cashed them in for \$7.50 and \$10 a day, and a dozen show-girls I used once got \$15, but they supplied their own gowns and machines. In using these show-girls I also had to

pay their chauffeurs, maids and keepers of their pets.

Q. Do you know of any extras who have finally gotten in?

A. Yes, I should say I do, but it wouldn't be fair to mention names now. But I might say that I did all I could to get them in, because they deserved it.

Q. Is stage experience essential?

A. I prefer to get actors and actresses with both, but I do know of any number of cases where the best people in the pictures never saw behind a curtain.

Q. How would you go about it, if you were a beginner, and wanted to get in?

A. Being a man and the way business is now, I'm darned if I can say, but if I were a woman I'd make up as a blonde.

Q. Other companies you have been with?

A. Lubin, Universal and Vim.

Q. Is there a good demand for types such as fat men, old women, homely girls.

A. Yes, yes, yes. I demand them all the time, and can use them all the time. Why, where are they?

Q. What is the briefest and best description of a person's looks and figure to submit?

A. If they must submit something, I prefer a photo, with name, address, 'phone, past experience, but usually, when they send a photo, I write them to call and see me. Then I talk to them, find out how much they know and judge accordingly. Then I get a photograph with the above on the back.

Q. Do directors ever coach extras who show talent?

A. I do, and glad to do it.

Q. By what means can extras advance themselves?

A. Watching, learning, trying hard to please and showing interest in what the other people are doing. Then again, I have them ask any questions they see fit—after hours. If they take an interest in what they are doing for me, I help them.

Q. How much does originality count for?

A. It's so unusual, why speak of it? 'Tain't no such animal.

Q. What are detriments of face, feature, complexion or form?

A. I don't see where there are any detriments of face, features, complexion or form. They go under the heading of characters.



DOUGLAS GERRARD AND EDNA MAISON IN SCENE FROM "THE ONE WOMAN" (UNIVERSAL)

(Twenty-six)

THE INTRIGUE

(Morosco)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the Photoplay of JULIA CRAWFORD IVERS

BARON ROGNIAT—he had worn many names in his forty-five years, as a man wears many hats and lays them aside—leaned back in his arm-chair and regarded the stubby fingers of one beautifully manicured hand with a benevolent expression, as tho they were mendicants on whom he was about to bestow charity. He had five excellent reasons for happiness. One at a time he ticked them off.

"A good dinner—oof! One of ze best," he murmured aloud. Long ago he had acquired the habit of self-communion, having discovered that no one else enjoyed listening to him so keenly, and that no one else was so trustworthy a confidant. "The oysters were above praise; the fillet—God be praised!—excellent; the wine mellow. Number one, then, dinner. Number two: Aha! pretty creature, my compliments to you—" He blew an airy kiss at the squat forefinger. "As a woman—la! la!—ravishing; but as a Russian secret agent, a sad failure. The poor little fool did not even know enough to disguise her name—'Sonia Varnli,' 'Sara Varney'; why, it would not deceive a child! And the clothes, and the jewels, and the maids—even on the ship she attract attention. So number two, ze charming Countess. Number three is my little emigrant. Jacques, my boy, we are in luck again"—he laid the middle finger

unpleasantly on the side of his purple nose and winked enjoyingly—"that we should have discovered a pearl in such a rough oyster of a voyage, and that she could be persuaded to come here as housemaid—"

He sat back in his chair and laughed silently till his florid jowls quivered.

"What a devil of a fellow we are!" he wheezed. "Naughty Jacques, she will never be able to resist you!"

"Dolt!" thought the girl in the angle of the alcove, stamping one tiny foot noiselessly—"imbecile!"

Baron Rogniat had another auditor, whose interest in the one-sided conversation was flattering, but of her Baron Rogniat did not dream. He finished his laugh out and demolished finger number four with a blow of his other fist.

"The gentle Guy," he sneered—"the child who has made a toy that will destroy nations. He is one of those born to be plucked, and I shall pluck him—tonight. The man—pooh!—a dreamer, an idealist, a gentleman,

and, of course, a simpleton. It is almost too easy to fleece him. When he showed me the gun yesterday, did he speak of money, of contracts, of royalties? Bah! He prattled of using his devil-machine to defend the rights of the weak, to protect women and children, to enforce justice. It was amusing to hear him—very!"

Again mirth overcame the Baron. Again the girl in the angle of the arch stamped her incredibly tiny foot.

"Caliban mocking Ariel!" she raged behind the serene brow, with the tawny dark



LENORE ULRICH AS COUNTESS SONIA VARNLI

hair parted demurely on it. "But he is right—Mr. Longstreet is a dreamer. He cannot guess what honors on honors will follow the sale of his gun. If this agent of hell should get it— But he shall *not* get it. Perhaps, Baron, there are others who can be fleeced, too—"

"And fifth and last," declared the Baron, briskly getting to his feet, as she could tell from the screeching clamor of his foreign-built soles—"fifth and last, mon cher Gaston, I am thankful for you—excellent executioner!"

"Not so loud, pig of a fat man! Do you want to get us all jailed?" growled a new voice so unexpectedly that the girl would have shrieked if she had been the ordinary kind of a girl.

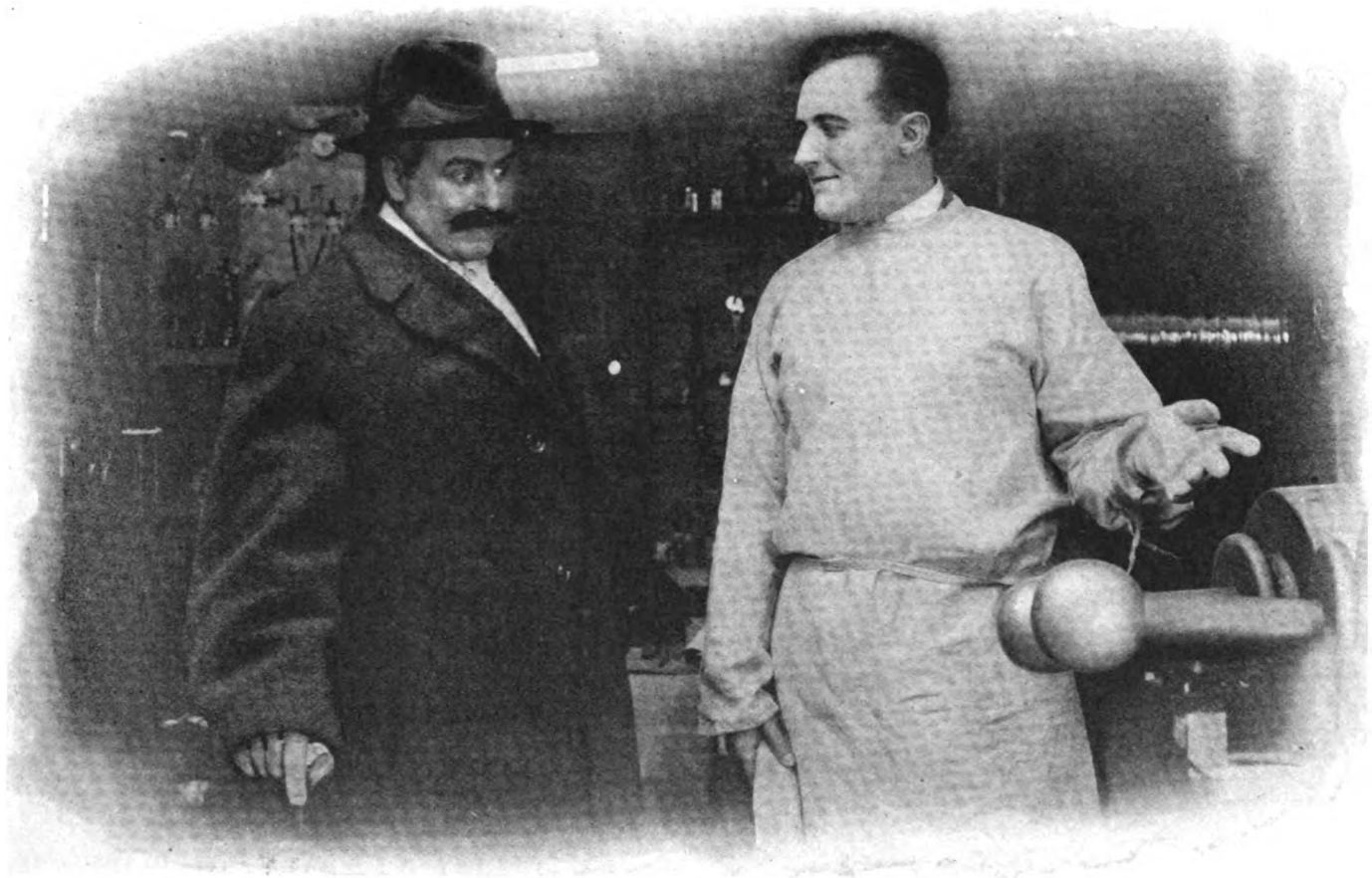
"But no, cher Gaston," purred the Baron; "in this amiable America one says as one pleases, does as one pleases, and does whomever one pleases. Have you had the foresight to bring the rope?"

The girl caught her breath, then held it, fearing to let it go in the taut silence. Rope! She must hear more.



CECIL VAN AUKER AS GUY LONGSTREET

(Twenty-seven)



'BAH! HE PRATTLED OF USING HIS DEVIL-MACHINE TO DEFEND THE RIGHTS OF THE WEAK'

Why didn't they go on? Had she perhaps screamed?

"Nobody around?" queried the new voice nervously. "They say the Countess is a slick one——"

"Most beloved ass!" cooed the Baron, "my men are watching the Countess Sonia day and night, and they report so far nothing more blood-curdling than the purchase of ten yards of cerise chiffon. Heaven send I see her in it! She has no suspicion we are negotiating for the gun. Her small head is full of the tinkle of New York's cabarets and the frou-frou of New York's shops. Until she has spent her commission on the purposed bargain, she is as harmless as a lovely little, Persian kitten; and when she finally does remember Russia, she will find the pretty little bird of passage gone."

"Gone?" echoed the second voice incredulously. "Then you mean——"

"That Longstreet brings the plans and blue-prints here tonight at ten o'clock, and that the gun—lies there, yonder, on the table."

"Then where do I come in?" retorted the other. "We have done as we were instructed. We have purchased the gun; we shall have the secret of its making tonight. Why the chloroform and the rope and all this foolishness?"

"Because, my cherished one," said the Baron, gently, his voice fairly oozing honey, "the inventor will carry away his secret, in his brain, *if the inventor leaves this room alive tonight!*"

Guy Longstreet paced up and down his workshop, with a whimsical feeling that he had lost an important portion of his anatomy—a sort of super-arm, or an auxiliary brain. For three years he had lived in and for his invention—his great gun, that operated by wireless and could destroy armies twenty miles away. It had been with him constantly—an unborn, yet leaping, palpitating thing within his brain. Even when he had completed it, it had still seemed a part of him; and when he carried the model of it to Europe, he had felt a father's joy at displaying the likeness of a favorite child to the skeptical men who had marveled over his claims for it. And now it was gone, and life was suddenly strangely purposeless and vapid. He laughed aloud at his own folly.

"I didn't exactly make it for a parlor ornament or a handy little household tool!" he mused. "Hang it! it *had* to go! The world is waiting for it; I must give it to the world!"—he flung long arms out in a curious gesture, like that of a seer—"poor, tired world, worn out with wars and cruelties!

There will be no more of them for you—I have freed you. My gun has made war impossible; men will not dare to fight an invisible, certain death that can reach across mountains and leap oceans. They will beat their swords into plowshares, and the haggard battlefields shall be quick and prolific with grain. It is a peace-warrant, my small, terrible gun—a covenant of brotherhood for man——"

His voice trailed. He stood very still, hours, moments—he did not know. His exultant mood fell from his soul, leaving it weary with the weariness all creators—artists, scientists, and young, new-made mothers—know. At last, across his brain crashed the voice of a clock striking eight.

He looked about him. The late fall twilight had fallen over the workshop; mysterious shadows trailed across the room. With a start, he went to the safe in the corner, turned the combination, and drew out some papers, thrusting them into his breast. Then he took up his hat and moved out of the room with the gait of a drunken man.

The girl with the smooth bands of tawny hair on her forehead answered his ring at the Baron's door. Her face, pearly-skinned in the sifting light, blanched at the sight of him. Without a word, she drew him into the

(Twenty-eight)



"HAVE YOU HAD THE FORESIGHT TO BRING THE ROPE?"

hall and within the shadows of the great stair.

"Why did you come?" she whispered, touching his lips with one small, icy hand. "Didn't you get my note warning you to stay away?"

"I got a note, yes. Was it yours?" said Guy Longstreet, speaking as men speak in a dream. There was the look of one who hears but does not understand, in his lean, rapt face, and she saw, with sinking heart, that he had either forgotten or never understood the seriousness of the danger of which she had written him. The dark eyes looking down on her were wide and wondering, like a child who trusts and is glad.

"You must not stay!" she begged of him frantically. "Hark! Do you hear the clink of their glasses in the dining-room? They are drinking to your—death!"

"Who are drinking?" asked the man gently. A smile touched his lips. She could have shrieked to see it, in her impotence.

"The Baron and his friends," she told him hurriedly. "After you give him the papers, at ten o'clock they are going to rush in on you and bind you and chloroform you so that you will never wake again. Oh, you can smile, but they will do it! They are afraid some other nation will learn about the gun from you, and they're playing for high stakes. Rogniat would make himself the conqueror of the world!"

"But my work has come to bring peace—not a sword," murmured the man. His look quickened. "Little girl of the steppes," he said slowly, "why do you care? What is my life to you?"

She would not meet his eyes. Her breath was quick and hot on his hand, that she had clasped to her. Under the palm he could feel the throb of her breast.

"You were—good to me on the
(Twenty-nine)

ship," she murmured; "you were good to me here in this house. Hark! Dear Father in Heaven, it is too late! He is coming——"

She dragged him thru a doorway into the study, then to the alcove beyond the arch where she had stood that afternoon.

"Stay there," she whispered. "If you will not believe, at least stay there till after the stroke of ten, and see what you will see!"

One moment she tarried. In that moment the man felt something soft, light as the brush of a white moth's wing, on his cheek, and she was gone. The next moment a clear light sprang out in the room beyond. The girl tilted the shade of the reading-lamp away from the alcove, and the papers on the desk rustled as she bent over them, arranging.

"Aha! It's my little emigrant!" the Baron's suave voice purred. His narrow soles squeaked across the floor.

"Were you waiting for me, my dear? I have half an hour to visit with you, and perhaps we may be able to make it pass pleasantly, eh?"

In his corner the man heard the startled catch of the girl's breath and the rustle of retreating skirts, then those atrocious, clamorous shoes.

"There! there! you're never going—not after

I've really asked you to stay!" A low laugh ran thru the purring words. "Tut! tut! my girl; don't try any of that nonsense with me! I won't stand for it. Why do you suppose I took you into my house, anyway? Come; it's much better to be friends!"

"Take your hands off me!" said the girl, terror in her voice. "You beast! Ah-h!"

"You pretty she-devil!" the Baron lisped. "We're all alone, my beauty! It won't do a particle of good to——"

A gurgle ended the sentence. The overhanging jowls went slowly purple, as the determined grasp on the flabby throat tightened under Guy Longstreet's furious hand. Gone was the dreamer, the seer. In his place stood a man, a human male thing, with a grim jaw and flashing eyes.

"You dirty coward!" he snarled. "I've a notion to half-kill you—if you weren't such a pitiable, fat, pulpy creature that it seems a shame to treat you like a regular man!"

"Wait!" the girl's voice said quietly at his side. She was holding out a cord and a knotted handkerchief. "These were the ones they meant to use on you. I saw them hide them this afternoon."

She stood calmly, arms folded, watching the process of binding and gagging the empurpled Baron. Yes, he was a dreamer, but—her heart thrilled with the pride of her thoughts—he was very much a man, too.

She glanced at the clock: a quarter of ten; there was still time for much.

"And now," she said quietly, as Guy turned to her, the last knot tied, "there is another thing for you to do. Smash the model of your gun to bits!"



"YOU WERE—GOOD TO ME ON THE SHIP," SHE MURMURED



They looked at each other as if they stood alone in the world.

"Who—are you?" he said slowly. "You are no emigrant girl, that is certain."

"They call me the Countess Sonia Varnli," she said, eyes never leaving his, tho a strangled gasp followed the name from the huddled figure across the room. "My government sent me to learn the secret of your gun and to prevent its going to our enemies. This man"—she gestured contemptuously toward the Baron—"got a hint of my coming, so I exchanged places with my maid and came as an emigrant girl. But I hope I am not such a local, puny insignificant thing as Countess Sonia Varnli, citizen of

dows, pulled them open, and beckoned to him to follow.

"Not—here," she said, between a smile and tears; "they are coming to murder you—"

Her voice caught—hushed. From the stairs below came the almost inaudible scrape of mounting feet.

"Quick—for your life!" she cried. "It is Gaston and his assassins."

The awakened dreamer gave one glance toward the trussed Baron, caught the gleam of triumph in his eyes, then sprang after the girl.

The dark of the garden enfolded them—silver of stars, deep blue of sky—and her face tilted up like a strange bloom of the dusk.

Yet again she slipped from his closing arms.

"Wait," she whispered; "not tonight, boy. Go home; think about it; think of me as no exalted thing, but a very common woman who wants a common, human life. Tonight has been an epic; but life is prose. Be sure you want me, and then come, if you are sure—after three days—to my hotel."

And she was gone, a swift, pulsing thing, thru the starlight.

"Three days!" she moaned, as she ran—"three days is so long to wait!"

Three days passed. They brought the people of the world strange gifts—birth and death, joy and sorrow. And they brought the two, who had found each other so strangely, a betrothal kiss that was the sweeter for the waiting.

"AND NOW THERE IS ANOTHER THING FOR YOU TO DO"

He quivered from her as tho her words had been lashes. She read the pain and anger in his stricken face.

"I know it is hard," she said, and touched his arm, "but it is right. It is the only way to save the world!"

"But that is why I built it," he cried incredulously—"to make war impossible—to bring universal peace—"

"A splendid dream," she said sadly; "but you were wrong, dear, wrong. It will bring war more horrible than any wars that ever defiled the earth; it will bring hatred and death, and women's dishonor, and babies shamefully born. It is a very terrible thing you have made—a thing that only God Himself could use wisely. If men get hold of it, it will drive the races back into barbarism, and send civilization shuddering into the slime from which it has crawled."

Moscow. I hope that my name is also Woman—sister to the earth's women—citizen of the world—"

He turned abruptly and snatched a heavy paper-weight from the table. His sinewy arm strained back; he sent it crashing thru the delicate mechanism he had wrought from his dream. As he turned to her, holding out his arms, the clock struck ten.

She sprang to the French win-



The Home Full of Movie Stars

By OTTIE E. COLBURN

My home is full of movie stars,
For I have found a way
To have them near me, with their smiles,
To cheer me day by day.
The queens of screenland's busy world
Have driven out the gloom;
For all o'er the house you will find
A star in ev'ry room.

Mary Pickford's in the parlor,
Blanche Sweet is in the den,
Marguerite Clark's in number eight,
Billie Burke's in number ten.
Edith Storey's out in the hall,
And up another flight
You will find Anita Stewart,
Ruth Roland and Pearl White.

I guess you think I am joking.
But take a tip from me;
My home is full of movie stars—
Come up and you will see.
The stars of many photoplays,
I have them one and all;
Yes, I have them framed as pictures,
They're hanging on the wall.

(Thirty)

Triumphs in Make-up

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

AMONG the many changes in the theatrical world brought about by Motion Pictures, the art of make-up is receiving a new lease of life. Formerly a famous actor numbered scarcely more than a dozen make-ups in his repertoire of distinctive characters, and they lasted him thru a lifetime. The actor of the school of yesterday often throve for an entire season on one make-up. But to-day, in the glass-roofed theaters of the world, as soon as a character has been registered on a slender strip of celluloid, it must be discarded by the actor, and not used by him again, in its entirety, unless for serial

they would never have occurred to any one save an artist. And

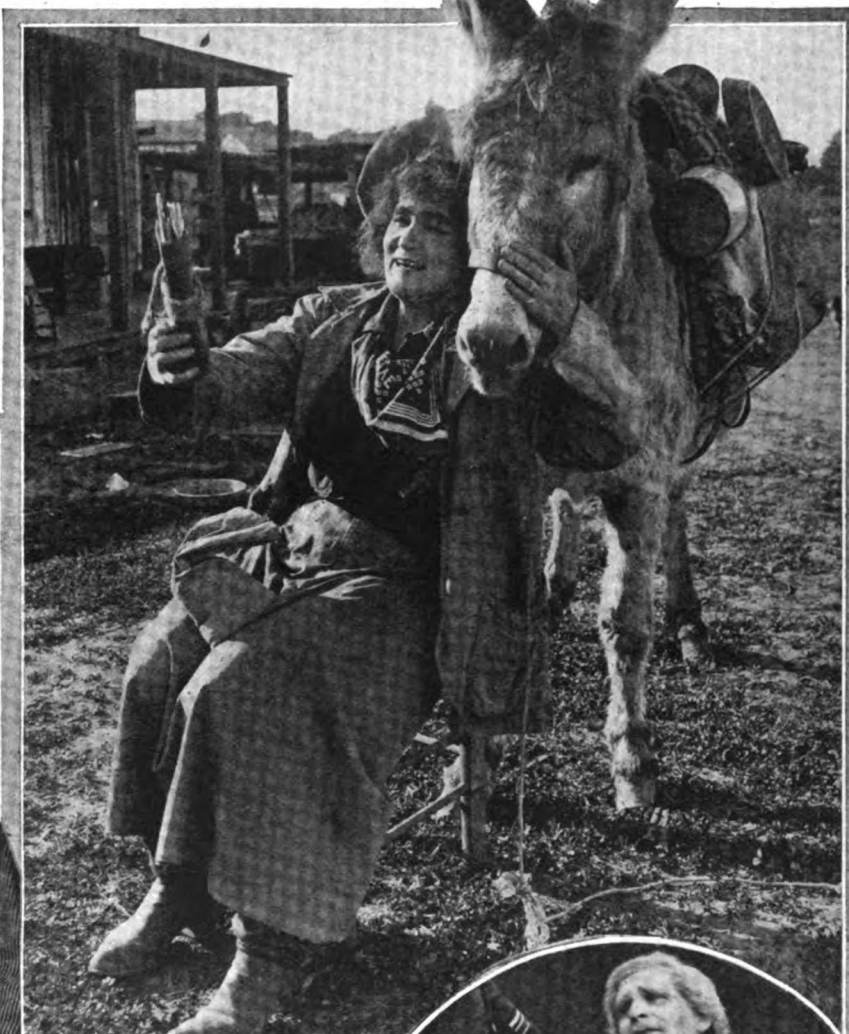
happening during the Sepoy mutiny,



LOUISE LESTER
AS "CALAMITY
ANN"

HELEN
LINDROTH

CRANE WILBUR
IN "WASTED
YEARS"



purposes. Yet that character will live for years and be known around the world. This condition is bringing to the front men and women who are adepts at creating characters. The character man or woman is exploring uncharted seas, like Columbus, and has found expedients as new as they are wonderful, yet some of them so simple

they are expedients that cannot be used on the stage, before the glare of the footlights.

One of the best of the recent Triangle acquisitions from the stage is H. B. Warner, who is too well known to need further exploitation. In his first Triangle play, "The Beggar of Cawnpore," which is based on an actual

in India, Mr. Warner plays the part of a young

(Thirty-one)

English officer who becomes a victim of the morphine drug-habit. From a slender, immaculately dressed English officer, straight and trim in his white drill-clothes, Mr. Warner becomes a ragged, bear-eyed ghost of a man. He falls so low that even the lowest natives treat him as an inferior. He is finally won back to his rightful place by the love for his sweetheart. Mr. Warner deserves, and has received, many commendations on his make-up in the last of the dissolute stages of the officer. With matted beard, hair disheveled, his cheeks sunken, his eyes black-circled and staring, it seems a far cry from the lieutenant to the beggar. Yet, thru the magic of make-up, the two are one.

Blanche Sweet is probably the last person one would expect to exhibit an unusual make-up, since she plays principally in

A wig of coarse, frowsy hair adds effectiveness to the picture of a Mexican as villainous as some people are inclined to believe all the people who live below the border. But after the grease-paint, putty and hair, the make-up is still incomplete. A squint of the eyes, a protruding of



H. B. WARNER IN
"THE BEGGAR OF
CAWNPORE"
(TRIANGLE)

BLANCHE SWEET
IN "THE
RAGAMUFFIN"
(LASKY)

HENRY WALTHALL
IN A DRUNKEN
DELIRIUM IN
"THE OUTER EDGE"
(ESSANAY)



"straight" parts, but her make-up in "The Ragamuffin" was an unusually effective one, with her golden hair frizzed and stuffed heedlessly under a man's cap, an old black sweater slashed away at the throat for comfort, and a man's worn and soiled coat. More of the good make-up depended upon Miss Sweet's whimsical expressions and gestures than on so sordid a thing as grease-paints and costume.

One of the best make-ups seen in some time is that of George Periolat, in the character of Adobe George, in a recent American picture, "The Man from Nowhere." Mr. Periolat, thru his earnest study during the past five years, has come to be a master of make-up. He never uses crêpe hair, all his mustachios, wigs and beards being of the real hair. In the character of Adobe George, Mr. Periolat broadened his straight nose by carefully applied nose-putty.



the lips or a leer of the mouth brings out the final characteristics of the part.

To add a little comedy relief, let us next take up the study of "Calamity Ann," famous two years ago, as impersonated by Louise Lester. Everybody knew and loved Calamity. And yet her creation, if one may call it that, came about as an accident—or the result of one. Miss Lester was at that time a character lead with the original American Company,

(Thirty-two)



GEORGE PERIOLAT, OF THE AMERICAN PLAYERS

directed by Allan Dwan and composed of J. Warren Kerrigan, Pauline Bush, Jessalyn Van Trump, Jack Richardson and Miss Lester. Regular scripts, with the action fully written

(Thirty-three)

out, were not used by Mr. Dwan, who merely directed with a rough synopsis, working in the "business" as he came to the scene in which it was needed.

One morning he told Miss Lester to

make up as camp-cook—a Western camp-cook—for a one-reeler. Miss Lester had spent the greater part of her life in the West and knew exactly the part that was needed. It took special grease-paints to get just the shade of tan desired—not the tan of the "summer girl," but the black, leathery tan that comes from riding hard, from sleeping each night many miles from the last "camp" and from spending every minute of the daytime under the coppery, blistering sun of the West. The wig, short and tangled, was made to order, and Miss Lester spent half an hour on it after it came to her. After lining the face for wrinkles, donning the boots, short skirt and man's shirt, open at the throat, sleeves above the elbows, Miss Lester was ready. And Mr. Dwan was delighted. Thus "Calamity Ann" came to be.

Crane Wilbur, for all his good-looks and clean-cut screen appearance, is never so happy as when he is playing a character part. He writes all his own scenarios, now that he has become a featured personage with the David Horsley Company. One of the most appealing of his recent plays is "Wasted Years," in which he plays the rôle of an old, old man whose life has been spent in dissipation, and who has come to the end of his way, old and broken and penniless. He spends his last coin for a gallery seat to see a play called "Youth" at the Theater of Life. Mr. Wilbur also plays the part of Youth in the play, so that the story is a sort of modern allegory. As Mr. Wilbur is quite young and handsome, the part of the thin-faced, haggard old man is a masterly make-up. In speaking of it, Mr. Wilbur had this to say:

"In this make-up I used a method that I have never heard of any one employing before. Of course," he hastened to say, "it may have been done before. I only know that I have never heard of it. It is no easy matter to imitate, convincingly, the hollows and wrinkles of old age in such a natural manner that the all-seeing eye of the camera will not detect them. I used a very light-red grease-paint, and with that one color I made up my entire face and neck, putting it on very lightly, of course. Then, with flesh-color, I high-lighted every bone and high spot in my face and every outstanding muscle and cord in my neck. When the whole thing was done I carefully blended and powdered it, and obtained the result you see in the accompanying stills. Of course, the operation is by no means so easy as it sounds and requires at least two hours to accomplish. I worked on my face

as a painter does his canvas, and many times I rubbed it all off to begin anew."

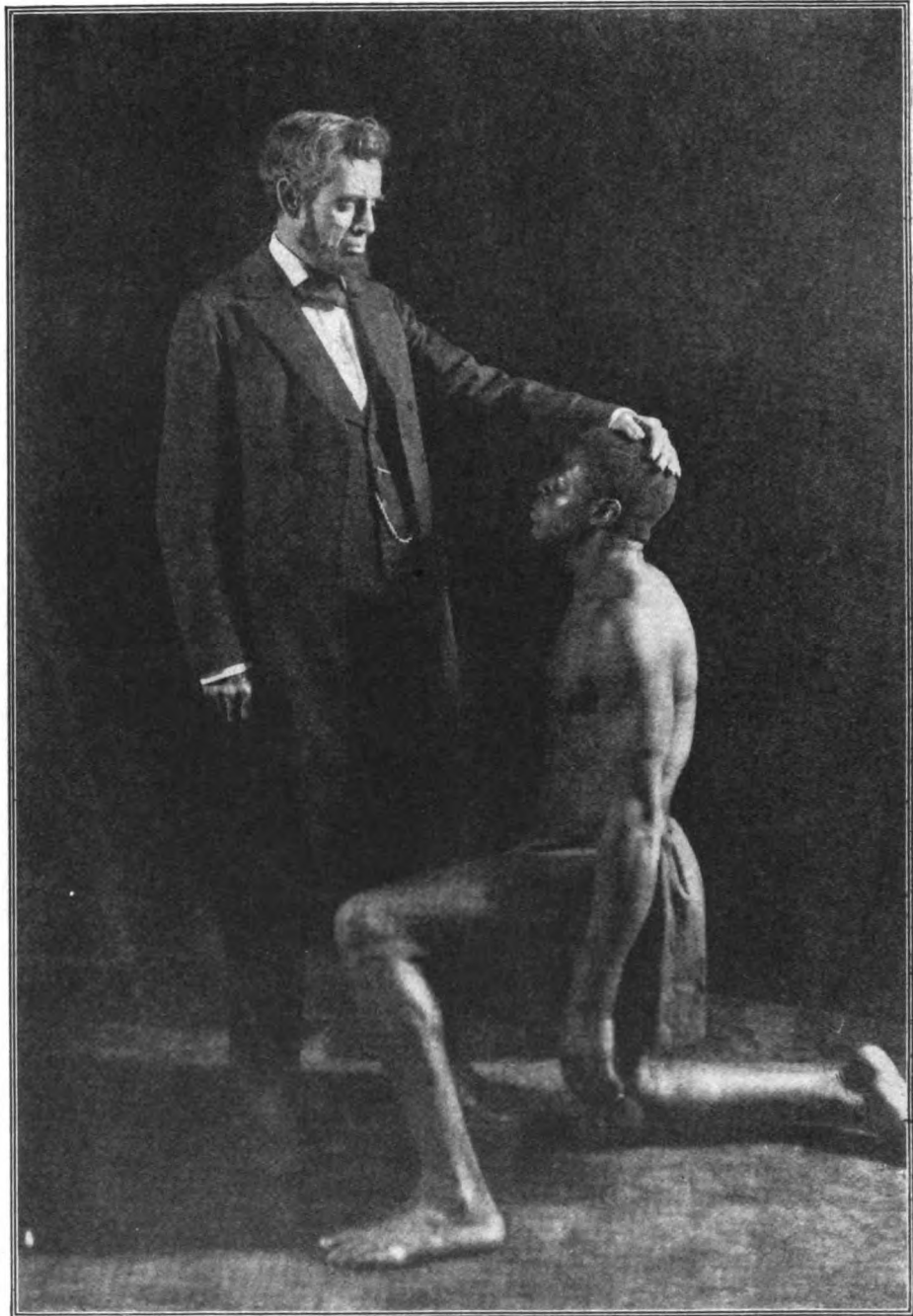
Such a make-up requires long experience and unlimited patience. It is used, at the most, for a week—then it must give way to new ones. But it all lives in the strips of celluloid.

Helen Lindroth, a character-woman par excellence, who is working with the Famous Players Company, also gives a few of her ideas anent make-up, together with a photograph from one of her best plays, "Honor Thy Father" (Kalem). The naturalness of her make-up—a real, homey mother—is the proof that she won her audience.

"To harden the features, angular outlines and old and worn effects," says Miss Lindroth, "I shadow the face—I never use sharp lines. The same may be said of aging one's face—it's all shadow-work. I wear wigs of real hair, and they must be thinned out for the natural effect. When I play old ladies, I wrap a large Turkish bath-towel about my body, to hopelessly lose the waistline, and also making the effect of the body somewhat round. The carriage, too, must be carefully studied, and effective little mannerisms, to register the character portrayed."

Henry Walthall, one of the most sterling actors in pictures, is very fond of character parts. He likes best to play those parts in which the clean-cut, youthful looks of him are buried beneath the character of some worn, aged or dissipated wreck. A striking part was that of Mr. Walthall in "The Outer Edge," in which, beginning as a doctor, high in the esteem of his patients and of society in general, he falls, thru the instrumentality of a scheming rival, and his craving for whisky, to the besotted, delirium-crazed wreck. Later he is rehabilitated and is on the way to redeem himself. But his make-up, when the dissipated "down-and-outer" has spent his last cent for a revolver to "end it all," is magnificent.

And, in direct, startling contrast to this shaken, haggard wreck, comes the clean-cut fineness of Mr. Walthall's portrayal of Edgar Allan Poe in "The Raven." His resemblance to the photographs and daguerrotypes of the ill-starred poet is remarkable. And his acting, in the two pictures, is as keenly different as his make-up.



Copyright, Selig.

SAM D. DRANE AS LINCOLN IN "THE CRISIS" (SELIG)

All over the world people are seeing and admiring these make-ups, but they seldom stop to think of the trouble, the thought and patience expended on even one make-up, nor the fact that the actor must go on and on, creating one after another, yet being able to use even the finest in but one picture, and sometimes in but a few scenes.

Think of this some time, when you are on the verge of a hasty, careless criticism of some player, wont you? Think of it, and look deeper into the part that the player is trying to portray to you, and I think the thoughtless criticism will be stilled. A true critic must learn to see "underneath the paint." (*To be continued*)

The Film I Like

By L. M. THORNTON

I laud the big productions,
That charm my eye for hours;
That range from arctic icebergs
To far Italian bowers.
I praise such treats as "Carmen,"
But listen while I say
I like the simple love-tale—
The little one-reel play.

I'm proud of Theda Bara,
And Mary Pickford too;
I bow to Edna Mayo,
And also Sidney Drew.
But, tell it not to strangers,
I like to steal away
And see some unknown people
Depict a one-reel play.

I'm proud of scenic splendor,
A thousand feet or more;
A mammoth fleet in action,
An army on the shore.
But oh, they're nice and restful.
Life as it is today,
A half a dozen people
In a little one-reel play.

(Thirty-four)

FAVORITE RECIPES OF FAVORITE PLAYERS

Dorothy Kelly, Leah Baird, Mary Anderson
and Belle Bruce Give Some
Interesting Recipes

By
LILLIAN M. MONTANYE

MENU

Grape-fruit.....	Mary Anderson
Lamb Chops.....	Dorothy Kelly
Mashed Potatoes.....	Dorothy Kelly
French Fried Potatoes...	Belle Bruce
Waldorf Salad.....	Dorothy Kelly
Mint Jelly.....	Mary Anderson
Carrot Pudding.....	Leah Baird

DOROTHY KELLY

DOROTHY KELLY is as elusive as a will-o'-the-wisp. On my first visit to the studio she was not to be found at all, tho I was assured that she was there "only a minute ago." Fortune favored me next time, but not until I had sought her "upstairs, downstairs, in my lady's chamber"—and in the neighbors' as well.

"Why, she is around here *somewhere*," they said, and the long halls rang with calls of "Dot Kelly, where are you?" Soon she appeared, fairly radiating vivid personality — Dorothy Kelly, the irrepressible. "Anybody want me?" she inquired innocently.

"An' interview!" she exclaimed. "How can I be interviewed, when I am in such a vile temper. I have been to the dentist, having a tooth treated," she explained. "You can imagine how I feel. But go on," she said resignedly—"what do you want me to say?"

"Well, have you a home? And do you like home life?"

Her dancing eyes and radiant face spoke eloquently before she had time to say: "You just bet I do. And I love to work at home, too. Last winter mother and I had the dearest little apartment. And why do you suppose I made her rent that particular place? Because it had a fireplace. Soon as I saw that I settled right down to stay—and wild horses couldn't drag me away when I had finished work and

(Thirty-five)

gone home. Some day I'm going to have a big house, with a fireplace in every room.

"Can I cook? Certainly I can. You ought to eat some of my mashed potatoes. I put all my surplus energy into them; also all the cream and butter in the house. That's what makes them good. And dont you love Waldorf

salad? I do. There is my call to the studio. I must go."

"Wait a minute," I said. "What kind of meat goes with your mashed potatoes?"

"Broiled chops," she called over her shoulder; "big, juicy ones. Come to see me, and I promise to satisfy even a worn-out appetite with a regular meal."



DOROTHY KELLY

Waldorf Salad—Use tart, juicy apples and crisp celery in the proportion of two cups celery to one of apple. Add one-half cupful walnut or other nuts, broken into small pieces, and a

small onion very finely minced. Serve on lettuce with mayonnaise.

Cooked Mayonnaise—Pour four tablespoonfuls of boiling vinegar over two whole eggs which have been well beaten. Cook slowly, stirring constantly, until the mixture is thick and creamy. Remove from fire, add two tablespoonfuls oil and stir until perfectly mixed. Add teaspoonful salt, half teaspoonful mustard flour, and, when the mixture is cold, add half cup of whipped cream.

Mashed Potatoes—Boil potatoes, drain and mash well. Add salt to taste, plenty of milk or cream and butter. Then, with a large spoon, use "all your surplus energy" in beating them to a creamy whiteness.

Broiled Chops—Have chops about an inch in thickness, with rim of fat. Broil over clear fire, turning often so they will be well cooked. Season after cooking. Serve at once.



LEAH BAIRD

LEAH BAIRD

Leah Baird is charming, but rarely modest. "Let's not talk about me or my work," she said, with the natural, sincere manner that characterizes her in all her screen work. "I have only five minutes before I go to work, and I don't want to spend it talking about myself."



BELLE BRUCE

"Then we will talk about your home," I said. "Do you have one, and do you like it?"

"Yes, to both questions," she replied. "My home is the best place in the world, and just now I am more than usually interested in it. We are building a new house at Manhattan Beach. It is only ten minutes from the studio, so I can be home a great deal. I'm going to plant onions and radishes and all kinds of things, and spend all the time possible out of doors.

"We think the house will be quite wonderful. It is to have twelve rooms, and each one will be different in its finishing—different periods, you know. And there are to be four Japanese rooms, one English and one Colonial. The idea is to be carried out in the finishing, decorations and furnishings. It takes study and thought and lots of planning, but it is very interesting.

"The house is to have four baths: one for ourselves, one for our guests, one for the servants—and one for the dogs." She laughed merrily. "Yes, my Pekinese dogs. I am going to raise them. Am having a kennel built for them with berths—like a sleeping-car. It's going to be great fun.

"No, indeed, I won't leave my home to go to 'Honolulu or some place.' You see, I was on the stage five years before I went into pictures. All that time I lived in a trunk and suitcase. Since I went into pictures I have been in England, Germany and Paris. I have also been to Mexico, Texas, the Pacific Coast. I have had all that part of life, don't you see? Now I want to stay in my home and enjoy it—and there isn't enough money made to tempt me to leave it.

"There! I am talking about myself.

(Thirty-six)



MARY ANDERSON

CLASSIC

And you want something about cooking? What about carrot pudding? It's my favorite dessert. My friends say: 'Just common carrots? I didn't know they could be made into anything so wonderful!'"

Carrot Pudding—Cream three tablespoonfuls butter, add two tablespoonfuls sugar, one teaspoonful cinnamon and two eggs. Then add two cups of flour into which two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt have been sifted. Lastly, stir in one cup of raisins and one cup of cooked, chopped carrots. Put in buttered mold and steam an hour and a half.

Hard Sauce—Cream four tablespoonfuls butter and two cupfuls pulverized sugar. Add one tablespoonful sweet cream and any flavoring desired.

MARY ANDERSON

Little Mary Anderson sat in her dressing-room, looking like a small, mischievous but very charming child. But she was busy plying the needle, doing regular grown-up work.

"Pardon me for keeping on with my work, wont you?" she said, with a shake of her curls, while her brown

eyes smiled a cordial welcome. "I keep some sewing or mending here, so I can have something to do while I wait for a call, and sometimes I answer letters—but I do hate to be idle."

It seemed absurd to ask such a childish-looking person if she was domestic, but I did. Dainty, winsome "Little Mary" grew radiant. "Oh yes," she said. "When I was a little girl I cooked for father and the boys. I didn't have to—but I liked to do it. They thought it was great fun to have me get up and get their breakfast and let mother lie in bed. You know mother is in this work, too, and we both like it, but we like our home, too, and take a great interest in it. The only trouble is, we have so little time to spend in it.

"A contribution for a dinner? Well, I love grape-fruit for a first course. I consider it an ideal beginning for a meal, whether it is breakfast, luncheon or dinner. And I'll tell you how I make delicious mint jelly. We always have it with lamb or mutton."

Grape-fruit—Cut in halves; with a sharp knife loosen the fruit from the skin. Remove the core with scissors,

and in the center place a maraschino cherry. Sprinkle generously with sugar and pour over a little sherry—about a tablespoonful for each half of fruit. Place on ice until ready to serve.

Mint Jelly—Boil a generous handful of mint leaves and strain. There should be two cups of water. Have a package of lemon gelatine soaking in a little cold water. Pour over this the water (boiling) from the mint leaves. Color with pistachio or vegetable coloring. A few fresh mint leaves mixed thru the jelly make it very attractive.

BELLE BRUCE

Belle Bruce is a very attractive and popular young star. She is modest and retiring in manner. But she does like to cook, and her real specialty is French fried potatoes.

French Fried Potatoes—Let potatoes soak one hour (with skins on) in cold water. Peel, slice in strips. Place frying material in kettle, let heat until it bubbles. Put potatoes in frying basket, place in hot fat, put cover over and fry until brown. Lay on brown paper in oven. Season after they are cooked.



MABEL TRUNNELLE IN "THE GHOST OF OLD MORRO" (EDISON)

(Thirty-seven)



Film Fantasies

by
Bill Craig

THE IDEA'S RETURN

"I WANT to earn my bed and keep," said the Idea, as it stirred itself in the young man's mind. "I am now grown and useful. Give me a chance."

It had lived a long time in the mind of the man. He had nurtured and fathered it ever since it first came—a little waif of an Idea that he had picked up one night when he and his sweetheart quarreled in the park, in the moonlight.

It had been a frail, tender little Idea. The young man tucked it away in the snuggest corner of his heart. There it lay and slept for long, like a child that had been lost in the cold, then found and put in a warm bed.

The young man and his sweetheart had quarreled over a misunderstanding which, try as they might, they could not put to rights. Altho they loved each other, when they parted it was for good.

The little Idea waif was the young man's sole consolation. He cherished it mostly for memory's sake. It lived in his mind and heart, and grew until it became a big Idea—strong and vigorous like a romping schoolboy.

Then it was it wanted to go out into the world and shift for itself, to repay the man who had fathered it. So the young man, proud of his child, tho uneasy for its welfare alone in the world, dressed it in words that would fortify it, and sent it in custody of the mails upon a long journey to the West, where it hoped for a chance in a Moving Picture studio.

Out there, in the West, the Idea had many struggles. It fell into both kindly and unkindly hands, like any offspring making its way in the world. It saw days that were discouraging, and some that encouraged. The editors, into whose hands it first fell for training, handled it roughly—so

roughly at times that it came near losing heart and going back, a failure, to its foster-father.

But it endured the struggles and became better off for the treatment, for when it passed into other hands, it was a stronger and more developed Idea. The director took it and put it thru new hardships, but it had got accustomed to them and was now able to withstand all the knocks and blows.

When it went from hand to hand, it grew able to shift entirely for itself. It had learnt and had become a trained, sufficient Idea. It kept plugging until it developed, by stages, into its full estate. And now it no longer resembled the little waif of an Idea that the young man picked up that night in the park and put to bed in his mind, but a beautiful creation, the photoplay into which it had been transformed.


It would return to its foster-father and carry its reward. And it came to pass that one day the young man sat in the darkness of a picture show. And there, flashed upon the screen was the little Idea he had picked up in the moonlight, grown to a full-fledged film, filled with lovely phantoms.

But this was not all the Idea did to repay him. The young man's sweetheart also saw it in its triumph upon the screen. It carried a message to her from him whom she had given up that night in the park.

The message was the correction of the misunderstanding that had caused their fatal quarrel. The Idea showed her their error, something the young man was unable to do.

And when it whispered the truth into her ear, there arose a great gladness in her heart, and she summoned her lover back to her side.

The Idea went on its way rejoicing, for it had paid its debt in full.



The Eternal Quest for Beauty

By Peter Wade

How, in Spite of Herself, a Country Lass Became the Most Sought-After Maiden in England



MOST of us remember how *Isoult la Désirous* became *Isoult la Désirée*. That was in the yesteryears of Robin Hood and of the Pilgrims who journeyed to

Canterbury. *Isoult*, the nut-brown forest elf, from a staring maid in a petticoat, became the high endeavor of galliard knights. They chased, they sighed for, they fought over her ripe-pomegranate beauty. So it has always been, and always will be to the end of time.

This is a tale of how Ivy the Desirous became Ivy the Desired. Picture

beyond. She was very young, and gave great promise of glorious beauty, and her world was compassed between

the gate as if straining to break its petty bounds. On a certain bright afternoon, her father caught up with the child-dreamer, his honest British eyes afire with triumph. "I have gone and done it, Ivy, dear!" he cried.

a pale slip of a girl, with her school-books sprawled on a garden bench, leaning over the cottage gate and staring with corn-flower-blue eyes at her little world

(Thirty-nine)

the garden and the school-room. But even in this commonplace age, day-dreams came to her, and she leaned over

"Sit down beside me, child, and I will tell you all about it. Tomorrow you will be famous—not my simple little lass any more—and I must help you pave the way." Thereupon, with her great blue eyes mirroring wonder, her father related how, some months previously, he had read in the local paper of a beauty contest which was about to be conducted by the *London Daily Mirror*. Proud of Ivy's unusual beauty, and without consulting her, he had sent her picture to the great London newspaper. And thereafter he had subscribed and secretly devoured the daily accounts of the contest's progress.

It grew large; the faces and forms



of beautiful women from all over England were presented to his perturbed eyes. The contest began to take on an international aspect and, thru the alliance of the *Chicago Tribune* with the *Mirror*, blossomed forth as the Great International Beauty Contest. Artists' models, stage beauties, lovely women who had reigned upon magazine covers appeared in a glowing pageant of beauty in the pages of the *Mirror*. Little Ivy, the pallid lass of schoolbooks and dreams, was far outclassed.

And then came a ripping surprise. With shaking fingers, he drew from his pocket a letter from the editor of the *Mirror* and, for the hundredth time, read its magic words. Ivy Close, the little provincial schoolgirl, had been declared by a committee of art experts the most beautiful young woman in the world! It was unbelievable, but true!



IVY CLOSE, THE KALEM BEAUTY

Soon after the receipt of the portentous letter, the fireworks started with a vengeance. "Whom the gods would destroy, they first make blind" could better be revised to "Whom they would adopt, they first make famous." A dainty and exquisitely fitted motor-car drove up to the Close cottage, and little Ivy was invited to journey to London. Her adventures there were fast and furious—quite enough to turn any young girl's head. She sat for a portrait by Arthur Haeker, R. A., which was hung in the Academy and feasted on by admiring London. The practical devotees of beauty aroused themselves. Manufacturers of art calendars, soaps, perfumes, cosmetics and the one-hundred-and-one first-aids to My Lady Beautiful besieged her with offers to imprison the nugget-gold of her hair, the coral-pink of her skin and the cornflower-blue of her eyes in their various wares.

One day she sang for some friends—from a happy, untouched heart—
(Continued on page 68)

(Forty)

Romances in Rose-Gardens Are Now the Proper Thing

The Spirit of Romance No Longer Requires an Ancient Castle for a Setting and a Hero Garbed in a Suit of Mail—Any Pretty Rose-Garden Will Do

By PEARL GADDIS



ARTHUR ALBERTSON AND MARY KENNEDY IN "THE KISS"

THE Spirit of Romance, slim, elusive, garbed in misty, silvery moonbeams, perched on the edge of my desk and sighed mightily.

"I'm so tired of being chased over the world!" she explained. "In the old days, when a man sought me, he garbed himself in a suit of mail,

mounted a snow-white palfrey and set out to right the wrongs of distressed maidenhood. But nowadays, let a man go up in an aeroplane, and the newspapers shout that "he seeks Romance among the clouds!" He goes to Africa to hunt big game, and he is said to be seeking Romance. And I

get so tired of trying to keep my contract and be in every place in which they expect to find me!"

"It must be hard," I sympathized.

"But I've found the scheme," she cried a moment later. "I can be found now at any time, on movie screens. It's easy enough to do what's expected of me now. And the picture directors have been so kind and considerate, too. They do not expect me to be shown amid humble surroundings, and I'm seldom discovered in the house. If it is necessary for two young people to discover that they love each other, the director has them discover it in a pretty place outdoors—and because I have whispered that my co-partner (whom you know as Cupid, but who is always Eros to me) and I really prefer rose-gardens, nine times out of ten the directors choose those placés!"

Settling herself a little more comfortably, her deep, mysterious eyes glowing with interest, she started her story.

"Mr. Cecil B. DeMille, of the Lasky Company, is one of the nicest directors that I have to deal with. Here's a scene which he took, with Wallace Reid and Cleo Ridgely, in as pretty a location as any one could wish. I stood right behind them when the scene was made, but, you see, I don't photograph clearly, being only a vision of the director.

"Then here's a scene between Mary Kennedy and Arthur Albertson, of Kalem, in 'The Kiss!' Isn't it a pretty picture? In it one sees Youth and Springtime and Love. What more could Romance wish? I was more than satisfied with this scene.

"In 'high society' I find that I often have to make my appearance in conservatories and the like—for I demand flowers, wherever possible. In this scene between Billie Burke and Henry Kolker, I found a place quite to my liking—rare, exotic blooms; tall, white-throated lilies, and spreading, graceful palms. What girl could refuse a man in such a setting?

"Because the wild beauty of the scenery was utterly different from the



ANNA LITTLE

FRANK BORSAGE

SCENE FROM "THE DEMON
OF FEAR" (MUSTANG)

(Forty-two)



BLANCHE SWEET AND TOM FORMAN IN
"THE THOUSAND-DOLLAR
HUSBAND" (LASKY)

cultured, lovely gardens and lawns in which I am accustomed to appear, I enjoyed the love scene between William Desmond and Lenore Ulrich, in 'Kilmeny,' which was made in the depths of a cool, green wood, where all Nature seemed in league with the little god of love.

"I have always found that the love story of two people of different nationalities makes a hit with the average photoplay patron—hence the love scene on an old-fashioned stone balcony well-hidden with a blanket of



MARGUERITE NICHOLS AND EDWARD
COXEN IN "HIS MASTERPIECE"
(AMERICAN)

white roses, in 'The Rug-Maker's Daughter.' The Arabian girl is Maud Allen; the typical ideal American lover is Forrest Stanley, who is well acquainted with such parts.

"Here, in 'The Dream-Girl,' which Jeanie MacPherson wrote to my order for Mae Murray and Earle Foxe, we have a scene after my own heart—a 'King Cophetua and the Beggar Girl' play. Here the hero wears the suit of mail that I have always loved, and appears a strong and splendid knight, to the succor of the little, ragged orphan girl. I think you'll like this



MAE MURRAY AND EARLE FOXE IN
"THE DREAM-GIRL" (LASKY)



CLEO RIDGELY AND WALLACE REID IN
"THE SELFISH WOMAN" (LASKY)
(Forty-three)



LENORE ULRICH AND WILLIAM DES-
MOND IN "KILMENY" (MOROSCO)



FORREST STANLEY AND MAUD ALLEN
IN "THE RUG-MAKER'S DAUGHTER"

whole picture as well as you do this one scene.

"Against a background of far-away blue hills, with a garden of riotous roses, is the world-old romance of the



Photo copyright by George Kleine

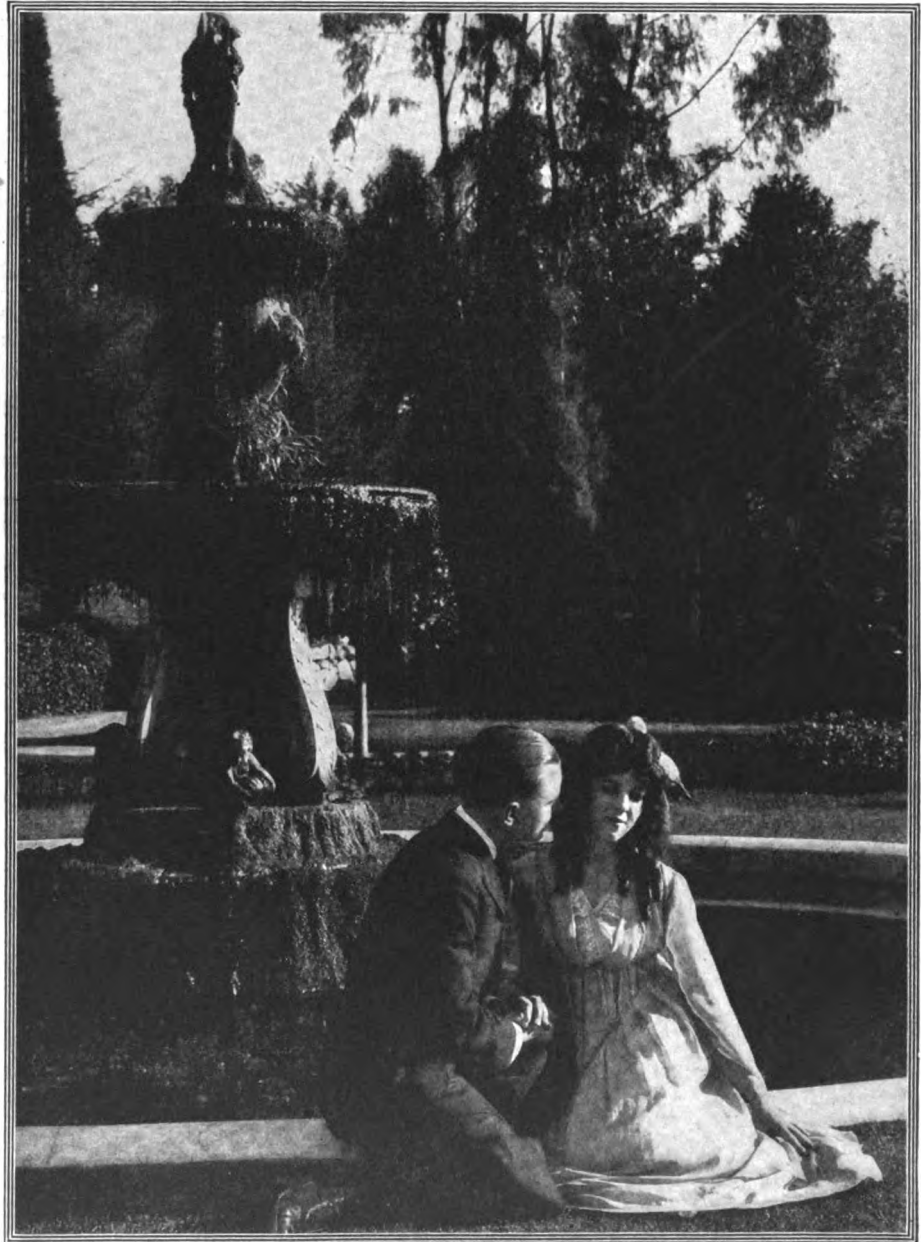
HENRY KOLKER AND BILLIE BURKE IN
"GLORIA'S ROMANCE"

handsome artist and the too trusting, unspoiled maid. But here the story is given an unusual twist for plays of this sort. Edward Coxen, as the handsome artist, only appears to forsake the innocent little maid, played by Marguerite Nichols in 'His Masterpiece,' and instead of an ending of tears, death and remorse for the artist, the ending is laughter, trust fulfilled and much happiness for both.

Thousand-Dollar Husband.' Love is probably put to more of a test on the rocks than amidst the roses—but we want to vision it always beautiful—an orange-blossom, honey-scented thing that lovers can pinion only in fair weather and fine backgrounds.

At this moment a cock crew, and we both realized that it was midnight.

Instantly, the Spirit of Romance



PAUL WILLIS LILLA FROST

SCENE FROM "THE FALL OF A NATION"

"And to wind up with, here's a scene taken by another friend of Romance, James Young. It shows Blanche Sweet, slim' little blue-eyed witch, who is coquetting with Tom Forman. It is an ideal scene—rustic summer-house in background, tall trees, stone-bordered path thru summer garden, and, to finish it off, a pair of young lovers. This was for 'The

slipped from my desk, gave one frightened look about her, as if dreading to see some of the witches and hobgoblins that are released at the witching hour, and, even as I put out an eager hand to detain her, she vanished, melting away thru the moonlight that poured in thru my open windows, and, alas! hereafter I may see her only on the screen.

(Forty-four)

Feeding with Fatty

Arbuckle

By Robert F. Moore

"I would like to see Mr. Arbuckle, please."

"Do you want to get shot?" asked the man at the door. "Mr. Arbuckle is directing a scene just now."

I was about to reply that I was a member of the National Guard, when a thin, angular person, with red, porcupine hair, strolled up.

"What do you want to see the 'chief' about?" he asked.

I mentioned that I would like to sneak up on him for an interview, and also see some of the Keystone work.

"Oh, well," said he of the sink-brush hair, "that's different. Come on in. I thought you were selling something. My name's St. John."

I followed him into the big Triangle studio, past the formidable "Nobody But the Cast Allowed" sign, and thru an amazing array of comedy "props" around to the sets which were in actual use.

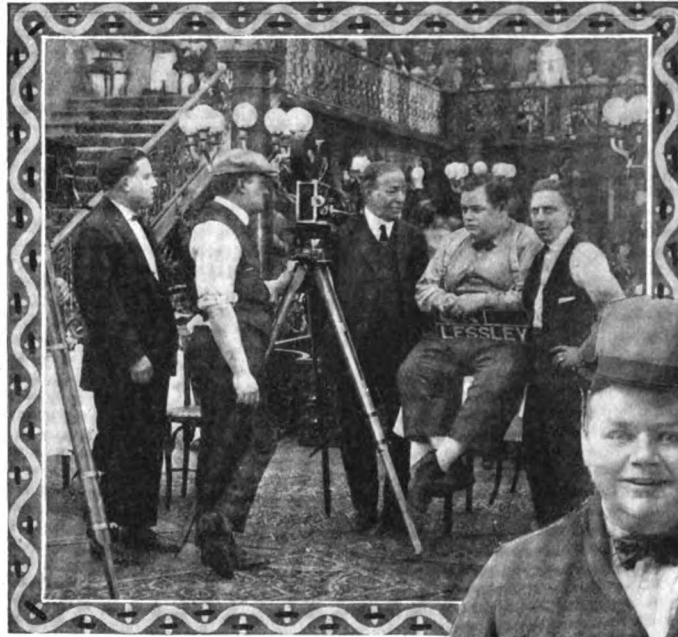
A "battle royal" was in progress. Mr. Arbuckle, tastefully dressed in a chef's uniform, with a light-blue apron and cap, stood beside a cameraman, bellowing directions and shaking with suppressed rage. A gentleman doing a small part was attempting a scene with that queen of comedy, Kate Price.

"Camera!" bawled Mr. Arbuckle. Miss Price flounced out, delivering a tirade against somebody, presumably the chef. In marched our friend of the small part.

"Stop!" shouted the "chief"; "that's horrible! Do you think you're strung on a wire?"

Into the scene he went, and, gesture by gesture, motion by motion, he went thru the action, just as if it were the

(Forty-five)



easiest thing in the world. Then there was another rehearsal and another trial, and so on *ad infinitum*. Finally, after the ninth attempt, "Fatty"



mopped the perspiration from his brow and announced the scene satisfactory.

Mr. St. John introduced me, and I made my request. Mr. Arbuckle grinned wickedly.



"Come on over and eat," he said; "that's the best thing I do. I'm not much of a talker. But Al will help you out, and you can ask all the questions you like."

We adjourned to the studio lunch-room, and "Fatty," with a little twirl in true Keystone style, hung his cap on a hook across the room.

"Well," he said, as he settled his girlish form into a chair, "I guess you've seen it

isn't all fun making comedy. Now go ahead and do your worst."

"I'll begin with the usual stock question," said I. "How did you come to enter the pictures?"

The "chief" took a long drink of milk. "In the first place, to keep from

"Just what is the significance of the word 'gag'?"

"A gag is a piece of by-play which has no direct connection with the plot. For instance, take this picture that we are working on.

Most of the scenes are laid in a restaurant. Al is a waiter.

I am a cook. A patron orders fish. Al calls the order to the kitchen. We thought it would be funny to have a live fish, with me chasing it. Then we decided to have the fish jump thru the kitchen door into the restaurant, and have every-

Really, some of our best comedy scenes are developed this way. I think 'Fatty and Mabel Adrift' is about as good a picture as we have done. It combines all the elements of comedy, cast and photography. 'Bright Lights,' however, runs it a close second for speed and action. I think the picture I have enjoyed working in most is 'The Rounders,' with Mr. Chaplin. You see, in that, I didn't have any responsibility but my own part, so I got all the fun I could out of it."

"Do you prefer serious parts?" I asked.

"Well, of course we all like to do the 'heavy,' but no audience will stand for me in anything but light comedy. I started as the 'Fat Boy,' and I'll never get away from it. However, as far as the comedy itself is concerned, I prefer it to the drama. To me it is a study of human nature. You put a character in a certain farcical situation, and then figure out what he will do. What he does must be typical. For the audience laughs not only at the screen comedy, but also, in some degree, because the same sort of incident has happened to them. It should be burlesque rather than slapstick, for burlesque is the highest type of dramatic art, and all comedians should strive for it."

"I didn't believe Roscoe and I could
(Continued on page 67)



starving. I had been working in musical comedy, where I met Leon Erroll, who taught me what I know of stage falling and tumbling. He'd just come from Australia then, with an accent a yard wide. Then, one day, about three years ago, I landed in Los Angeles, out of a job. A friend of mine suggested that I go out to see Mack Sennet. I didn't know much about the pictures, but I was sick of tramping, so I thought I'd take a chance. Mack didn't think much of me at first sight, but took me on as an extra, and I'm still here."

"Does this apply to you, too, Mr. St. John?"

The "Rube Kid" withdrew his concentrated interest from a plate of ham and eggs.

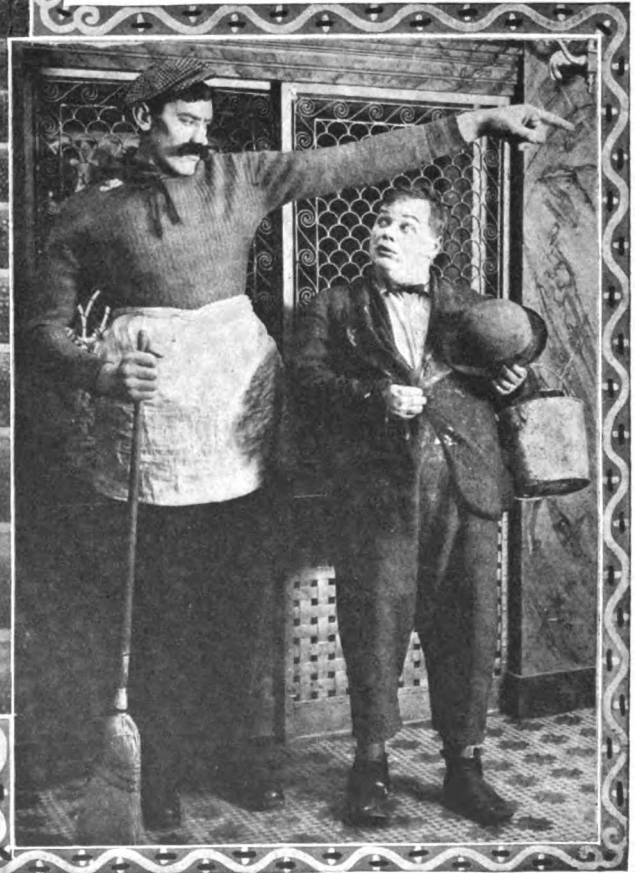
"Well, not exactly. Altho Roscoe and I were in a musical act together at one time. I had been doing some amateur high-diving, and when the Keystone happened to want a man for that, they sent for me. I've been here ever since, but for the last year I've been working exclusively with the 'chief.'"

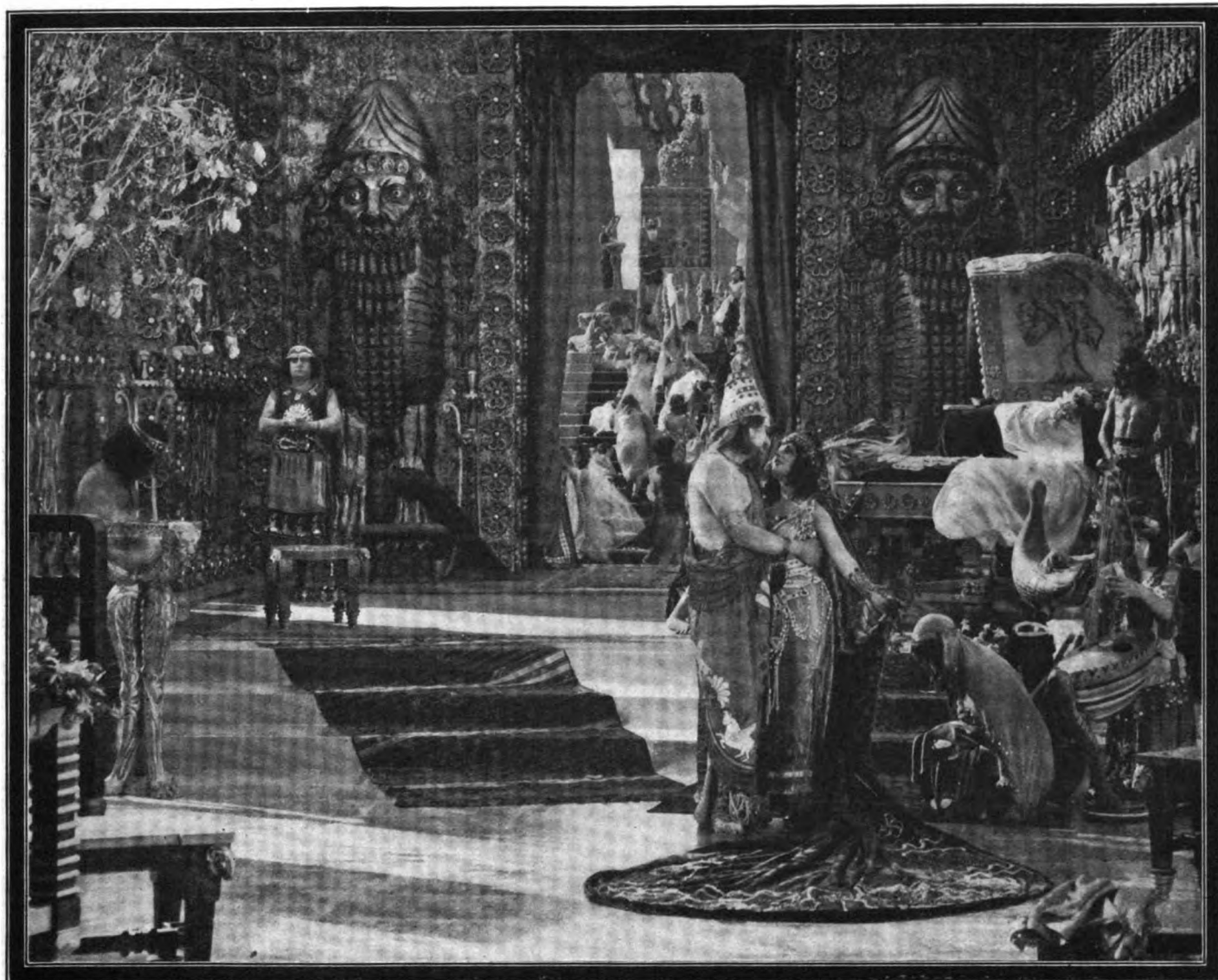
"What picture have you most enjoyed making, Mr. Arbuckle?" I asked.

"None of them. There is too much worry in working them out. A comedy scenario isn't like a drama. We have nothing but the skeleton of a plot to work on, and fill it out with our own gags."



body join in the fun. We tried it out, and by adding each other's suggestions, made the 'gag.'





ALFRED FAHRT HEENA OWEN
BELSHAZZAR'S LEAVE-TAKING OF THE PRINCESS ON THE EVE OF THE GREAT BATTLE ("INTOLERANCE")

Intolerance

By HECTOR AMES

UP and down thru the centuries, thru a muck of blood and self-righteous guilt, stalks that murderous specter of envy and self-love—Intolerance. Apparently inspired by hatreds—religious, political or social—underneath all its sickening pretense and sham lies the desire for advancement of self and lust of power.

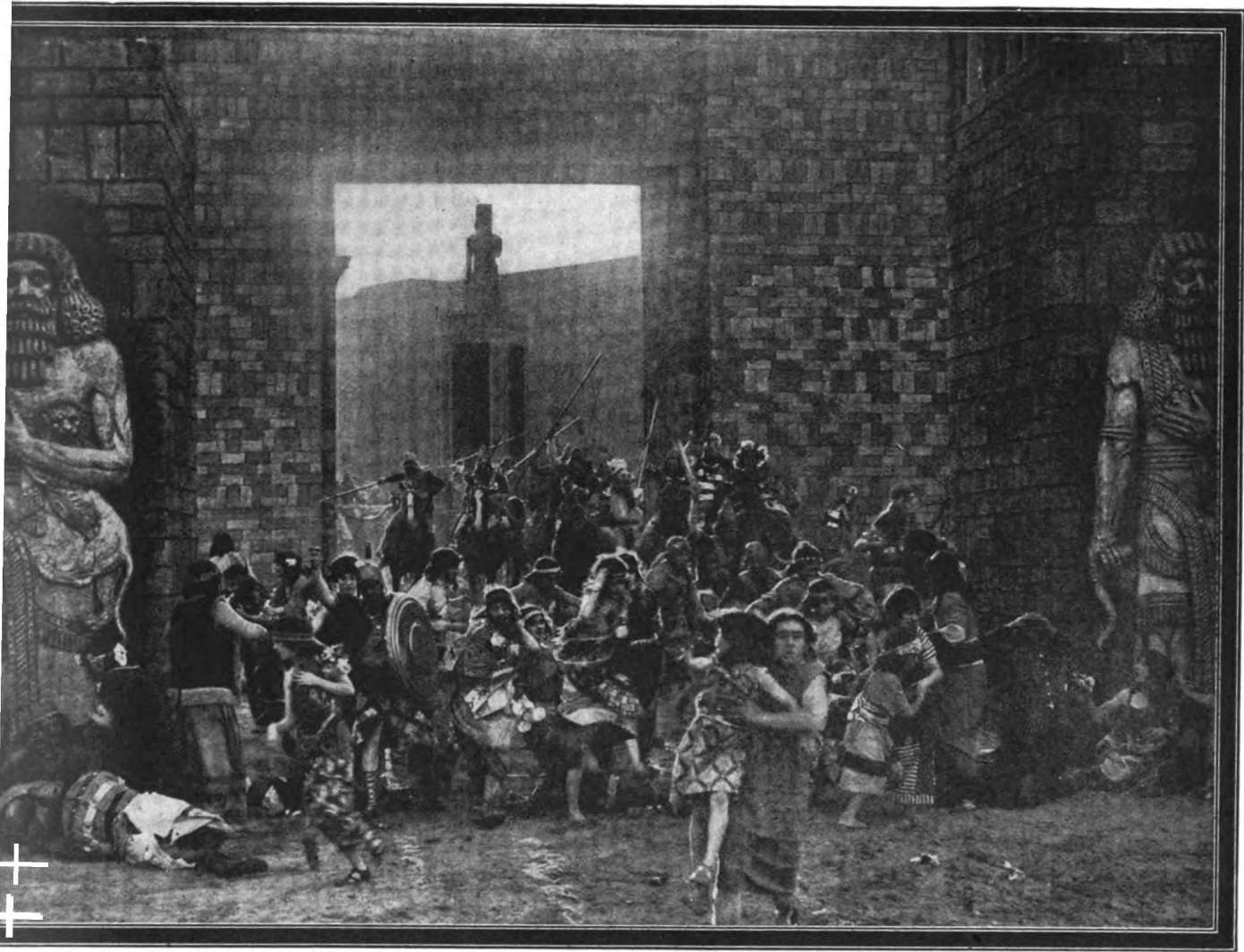
Age after age has written, with a finger dipped in blood: "Sorrow and death to those who think not as we do." And advancing time but furnishes us a repetition of history, for always there be with us "certain hypocrites among the Pharisees," who thank their God that they be not as other men. Emerson has described the scourge in his immortal words: "If we would not be marplots with our miserable interferences, the work,

the society, letters, arts, science, religion of men would go on far better than now, and the heaven predicted from the beginning of the world, and still predicted from the bottom of the heart, would organize itself, as do now the rose and the air and sun." Yet, thru all the ages, Time, endlessly rocking its cradle, brings forth the same passions, the same hates and sorrows. Such is the power of the demon—Intolerance.

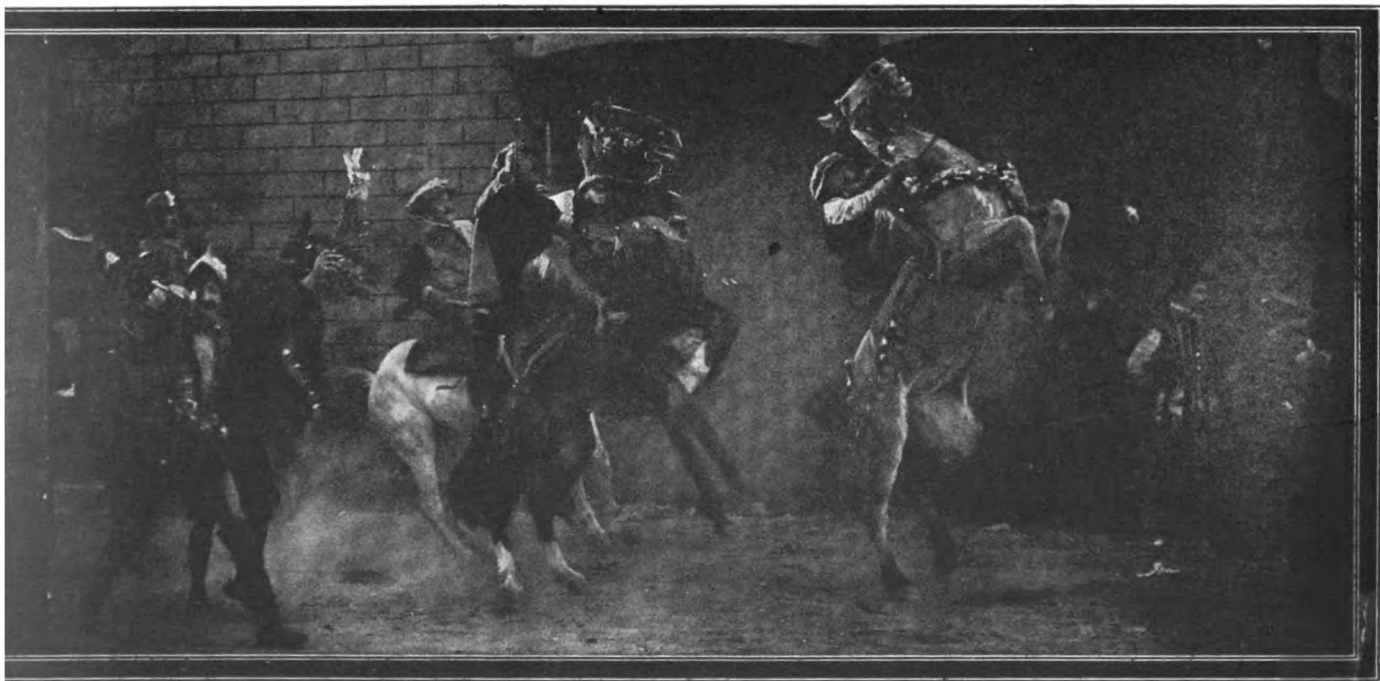
Nearly two thousand years ago there lived in Babylon a certain high priest of Bel, the god of the Assyrians. And of all the citizens of the world's most powerful state, he was second in influence only to Belshazzar himself. Now it happened that certain of the citizens set up altars to other gods within the city, and the fires of Bel

burned without sacrifice, and the high priest was dismayed and feared his crown of power was slipping from his grasp. The people of Babylon worshiped most at the shrines of the goddess Ishtar, and the devotion was sanctioned by Belshazzar. Thus, day by day, the high priest grew more jealous for Bel, but most of all for himself. Then suddenly came Cyrus, the Persian, storming at the gates of the city, for with her fall the world lay at his feet. For weeks the siege went on: the people sacrificed and prayed to Ishtar, while Belshazzar and his armies hurled down their enemies from the walls. At last the wearied Persian horde withdrew, and the city was delivered. Whereat there was great rejoicing in Babylon, and the praise of Ishtar rose higher than

(Forty-seven)



FLEEING BEFORE THE APPROACH OF THE ARMY OF CYRUS, IN A WONDERFUL SCENE FROM GRIFFITH'S "INTOLERANCE"



THE DUC DE GUISE GOES TO THE HOUSE OF THE HUGUENOT, COLIGNY ("INTOLERANCE")

(Forty-eight)



BARON VON RITZHOFF
THE NAZARENE AND THE PHARISEES IN A PICTURESQUE SCENE FROM
COUNT VON STROHEM
GRIFFITH'S "INTOLERANCE"

before, and the altars of Bel were neglected.

Then the wily Cyrus secretly sent word to the high priest that should the city be given over to him, to Bel should be the honor, and worship of no other god tolerated. So the high priest opened the gates to the Persian hosts, while Belshazzar and his nobles sat feasting. And a great cry went thruout the world: "Babylon is fallen—is fallen!" Thus a great civilization fell, and a great people were treacherously sold into slavery by the grasping intolerance of a narrow mind.

Some half-century later there was a marriage in Cana of Judea, and a certain poor guest, a Nazarene, made a miracle, turning jugs of water into wine. Then some among the Pharisees, who were hypocrites, began to fear Him. They said that they held Him in contempt because He consorted with publicans and sinners, and yet they feared Him, and therefore persecuted Him. He went His way, preaching a doctrine of love and peace; so they said to one another: "Behold! this man is threatening our power; his words shame us before the multitudes, for we cannot answer them. Let us set him from our path." So they circulated lying tales of Him, and angered the people against Him so that later they took Him to a certain

hill, and there He was crucified, for His thoughts were not their thoughts. Did it matter that angry lightnings played about the cross? Did it matter that Calvary was shaken by an ominous thunder, or that future generations should rain condemnations on their act? The cry of the centuries rose from the throats of the groaning multitude: "Sorrow and death to those who think not as we!"

Yet again, in a later age, when that church which He died to hand down to posterity was divided within itself—when France, under Charles IX, was a hotbed of internal intrigue—that serpent of Florence, Catherine de Medici, used that same religion, founded on tenets of love and peace, as a cloak for the vilest, bloodiest wholesale murder that the world has ever known. The Huguenots were becoming too powerful as a political factor. Catherine and her aids hectored the half-crazed king until he signed an order for their massacre. On St. Bartholomew's Eve the great bell of St. Germain tolled out the death-knell of the thousands of innocent Huguenots in Paris. Men, women and children were butchered in their beds. Those who fled to the streets fell only on the pikes and swords of their ruthless assailants. The gutters ran with blood, and high above the screams and

clamor came the solemn tolling of the great bell. The Duc de Guise rode to the house of Coligny, and, standing up in his stirrups, cried: "Fling down the carrion! I would see whether he be truly dead!" And all that was left of the great leader fell upon the upturned weapons of the mercenaries. He had wished to live in peace with his fellow men, but—he thought not as they.

And now we see this same spirit in our own age—the age of the intolerance of wealth for poverty. Here we have a certain group of women who seek, under the pretense of social uplift and moral reform, prominence for themselves at the expense of the happiness of others. Organizing a powerful charitable foundation, they proceed to clean up a modern city, entering environments and dealing with conditions, altho they possess neither the mentality nor the experience to cope with them, and forcibly inflicting their opinions on a class which adjusts itself to its problems far better without their aid. Still, they get personal advertisement and prominence, which is really the desired result. Envious, self-seeking, narrow-minded, and only too eager to see evil in others, in spite of his disguise of civilization we see in them the latest phase of the blighting specter—Intolerance.



Kittens Two

By ELIZABETH PETERSEN

KITTENISH, yes—but not a cat. That term could never be applied to winsome Bessie Eyton; even her most fervid enemy will grant that. Wide-eyed and dainty in her rounded slimness, she is as appealing and lovable as is the little bundle of fur she is holding. "But all people do not love cats," objects the caustic reader, so again we beg to state, we are not talking of cats, but of kittens.

Miss Eyton is indiscriminate in her love of animals, for "Michael Angelo," the great-eyed feline of the picture, shares her affections with many. The monkeys of the Selig zoo scamper gayly up to her shoulders, from which perch they pry their long arms down into her pockets for the lumps of sugar she invariably carries around for them. Stray peanuts find their way to the elephants with unfailing regularity, and the other more savage members of the zoo forget the reputation for ferocity they are upholding, and show their admiration for her in the various methods of their kind. Then last, but not least, comes her beloved Scotch collie, "Monarch," and in her dressing-room, anyway, he is "monarch of all he surveys;" for there, nothing is held sacred from him and it has come to be a common sight to see him contentedly snoozing among the soft, embroidered cushions of her chaise-longue.

Lovable and lovely—that is the summary one can make of her. Her coloring is of the exquisite, fragile variety that so often is associated with the wonderful hair she is so fortunate in possessing, and of that, little can be said that has not already been dilated upon. Luxuriant in its length and thickness, it is of the glowing warm auburn that Titian delighted in so, and that in a later decade our own American painter, Edwin Abbey, revived and brought back to existence again thru the art of his immortal brush.

All of the sunshine of beautiful California is entangled in the silky depths of her hair, and in her charming laugh is recaptured some of the ringing sweetness of the old mission bells. And in California, also, are found those delicate pink sea-shells, whose faint blush is seen again on the cheeks of this little lass of the vast Shadow Kingdom of the Screen.



ALL THE "TWO-BY-TWOS" OF NOAH'S ARK ARE BESSIE EYTON'S PALS

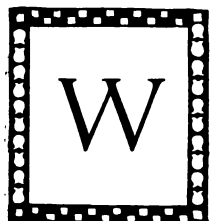
(Fifty)



A Day in "The Pawn Shop"

How Charlie Chaplin Puts 'Em Thru Their Paces, as Told in His Latest Picture

[EDITORIAL NOTE.—Lovers of Charlie Chaplin were promised an exclusive story of his latest release, to appear in the November MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. The inimitable cut-up failed to send us a set of his pictures. We are still waiting—and burning the telegraph wires. In the meantime, a stroke of good fortune has happened. A member of Charlie's company came East, on a hurry call, and we grabbed him, planted him firmly in a deep chair, stole some of his private photographs, and forced him to tell us the "inside history" of "The Pawn Shop." Perhaps it is better than a story of the film. At any rate, it is an intimate study of Charlie stripped for action.]



WE were assembled in the studio, one morning, anxiously watching the clock. As far as pictures were concerned, it couldn't go round until Charlie Chaplin appeared. Ten o'clock, ten-fifteen, but no Charlie.

(Fifty-one)

A set was being hammered up near us, and the property helpers were running in with armfuls of claptrap—old guns, workless clocks, hand-me-down clothing—and planting the jumble on the walls.

The carpenters lugged a long counter into the set, and four helpers breathed heavily as they bore in a cashier's cage and set it alongside of the counter.

"Attention! ladies and gentlemen," a Punch-and-Judy voice announced from somewhere; "we are ready to open 'The Pawn Shop.'"

We turned around, and there was Charlie Chaplin standing in the cashier's cage, a wad of note-paper in his hands. We laughed at his entrance and drew near. The helpers, of course, had carried him in, stowed in the property cage.

"We will begin at the beginning," explained Charlie, "and shoot from scene one. This is a hock shop. Johnson is the 'uncle,' Rand is the

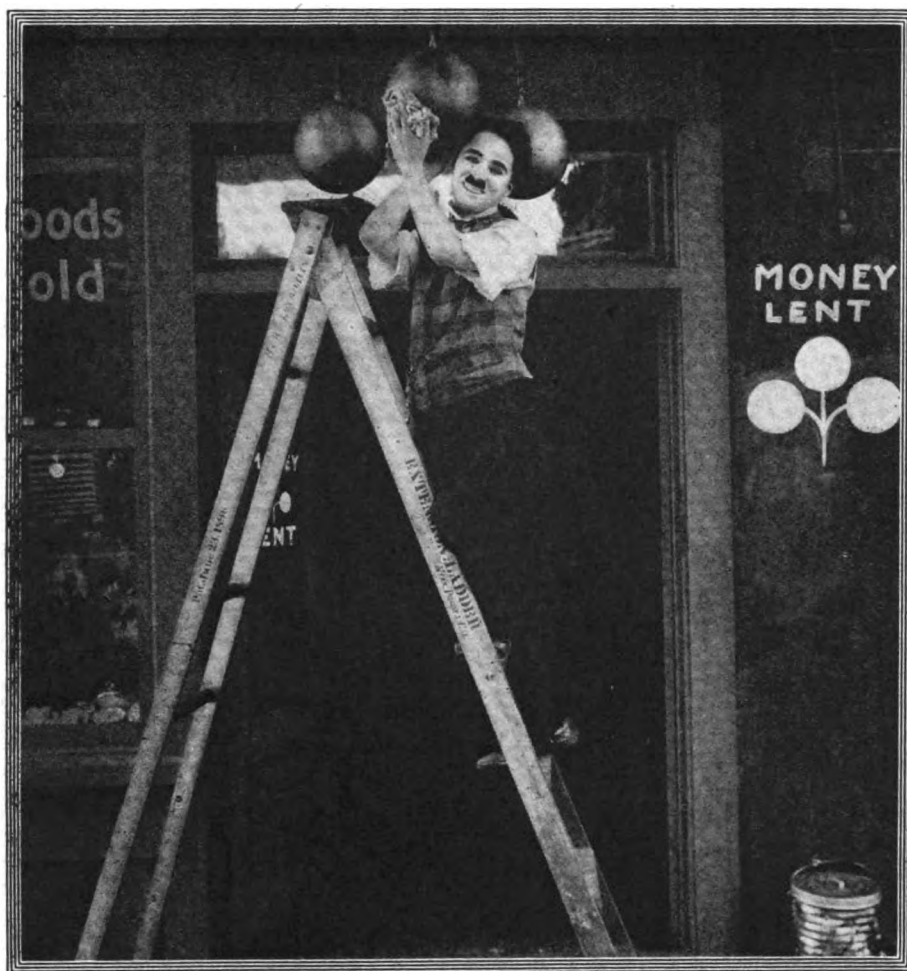
chief clerk, Edna is his daughter, and Campbell is going to spout an umbrella and do the heavy work. Oh, yes, I almost forgot: I am 'uncle's' fetch-all, and Rand and I are both head-over-heels in love with Edna."

Charlie ducked out of his cage and glanced thru a jumble of notes. There was a funny story concealed in them somewhere, but we didn't see it yet.

"It reminds me of the good old days," explained Charlie. "Believe me, this is an echo of the seamy side of my life."

It was eleven o'clock before a van-load of properties was jammed into the set, and Charlie insisted on festooning each one according to his fancy. "All ready for rehearsal!" cried Charlie, at last, and we hurried up to his bidding.

"The story starts," explained Charlie, "by introducing the characters *en famille*, and we'll grind out a few hundred feet of the artistic side of 'uncle's' business. While Rand is



CHARLIE'S CONTROL OF THE GILDED BALLS WAS MARVELOUS

cutting up with Edna, I am going to have considerable trouble with my feet, as usual; and then an old Dutchman comes into the shop to pawn a pair of carpet slippers. I discover that they are good for that tired feeling in my extremities, and appropriate them. Everything is used in a hock shop, you know—from renting out the family jewels for a night to 'loaning' a cornet to a hair-lipped bugler. Every time I slip on the carpet slippers, Rand puts them back in stock, until at last I nail them against the wall, sit down, and cozy my feet in them *ad lib*. All ready; camera; lights; 'uncle' busy in his cage; Rand taking stock with Edna; I waiting on the Dutchman. Action!"

The lights buzzed and snapped, the camera ground, and the business proceeded with a snap and a sparkle. "All right—cut!" cried Charlie, and we grouped along the counter, while he thumbed over his notes:

"Now for a bit of sentimental stuff. A Swedish servant-girl is going to pawn her cuckoo clock. I have never seen one before and get an awful crush on the cuckoo, as I think he's the real thing. Everybody off! 'Uncle' to the rear room, and Rand with Edna out-

side the lines. From then on it's a solo. All ready, everybody!"

We took the scene until Charlie was left before the camera alone. He hung up the cuckoo clock tenderly, and then called for a close-up. With us standing on the lines, the actions he went thru with that two-for-a-nickel cuckoo clock was enough to make a horse laugh. First he moved the hands to one o'clock, and the bird, of course, came out and did one little spiel. Then he tried two o'clock, likewise three, until he got all het up with excitement, trying to capture the bird on the high numbers. At last he climbed a ladder, and, while the cuckoo was doing its shadow dance, tried to feed it a dishful of bread-crumbs. I can't attempt to describe it, but it was a howl the way he put it across.

Then you should have seen Charlie get busy with his feather duster. By the looks of things, some of the "props" hadn't been dusted in years, and Charlie's hungry duster literally choked itself full of the dust of ages. All this was by way of working up to a screaming bit of "business." An innocent-looking electric fan was breezing in a corner of the shop, and Charlie attempted to dust it. Then

things happened. The voracious fan sucked the gaudy duster into its blades, and a million bits of feather—more or less—showered around the industrious cleaner. And the dust! The clouds of uncleanness that that duster disgorged would make a windy-day ashman look like a dying cigaret.

Another set was ready—a solo for Charlie again—and it represented the outside front of the pawn shop. Enter Charlie with a ten-foot ladder, which he timidly mounted until within reach of the three gilded balls that herald your "uncle's" profession. Charlie started in furbishing up the dangling globes, but when he found out that they made an impromptu pool set-up, some of the caroms he shot across from ball to ball, and from head to balls, and balls to head again, were simply marvelous. I'm sure he worked out the "business," or most of it, while the camera ground.

The next morning, still working in the pawn-shop set, the plot began to thicken. Charlie and Rand were constantly picking at each other, and some of their impromptu rough-house was better than a circus.

Enter the villain, in the shape of Campbell, ostensibly to sput an umbrella. Just then the effects-man got busy with a box of broken glass, and a series of ear-piercing crashes came from behind the set. Charlie and Rand were supposed to be having their usual fight in the kitchen. Exit "uncle" on the run, leaving his customer alone in the shop. He got busy at once, and the camera "panoramed" him into "uncle's" store-room, where he gathered up a tray of diamonds and such little things.

With the contrariness of picture-taking, we next shot a flash of Charlie, who has just escaped from his assailant in the kitchen, ducking into the store-room and hiding in a trunk. Of course this is supposed to have happened before the crook got busy with the diamonds, but the cutting-room takes care of picture sequence, so why should we worry?

Campbell got the nine-foot line, which is studio parlance for the spotlight, when he stepped out from the safe and covered "uncle" and Rand with a six-shooter, backing away with the diamonds in his pocket. It looked like sure ruin for "uncle," Edna, and company, but Charlie unpacked himself from the trunk quick enough to plug the crook with a rolling-pin, knocking him down and out. Campbell spoiled the scene twice by rolling outside of the lines, but Charlie finally whacked him on the camera-side of his head, with the command to "die higher up," and this time Campbell recorded his swan-song on the film.

CLASSIC

I might say, in passing, that Charlie insists on a lot of re-takes, because if his "business" doesn't go just right the fun of the thing is spoiled.

"I can't see the fun of it all myself," Charlie has often told me, "unless I am right in the thick of it. My points all depend upon their timeliness, and I never can tell just what I am going to do next."

Believe me, he's right. When Charlie gets thru with a scene, his company is mentally and physically winded trying to keep up with him—the touch-and-go of his stuff is worse than flying-trapeze work.

But I have forgotten about the rest of "The Pawn Shop"; I'm sure I can't tell just how it's coming out. You see, ten different re-takes are still in the cutting-room, but, as I remember it, when Charlie's opportune blow had saved "uncle's" life and fortune, he fell to kissing Charlie like a rapid-fire gun, and Charlie, who was lying on the floor and looking like a can of condensed milk, after being doubled up in the trunk, suggested that he be allowed to pass the kisses along to Edna, and gave a parting back kick at Rand that put his rival's courting days completely in eclipse.

Believe me, Charlie hasn't darkened the door of a pawn shop for years, but if there is any fun to be squeezed out of such a dry business—gee! Chaplin has squeezed out the last drop. They say a man is never a hero in the eyes of his valet. Well, so be it; but Charlie made us hardened knock-about and "slaps" burst out into real, thirsty laughs—and that's going some!



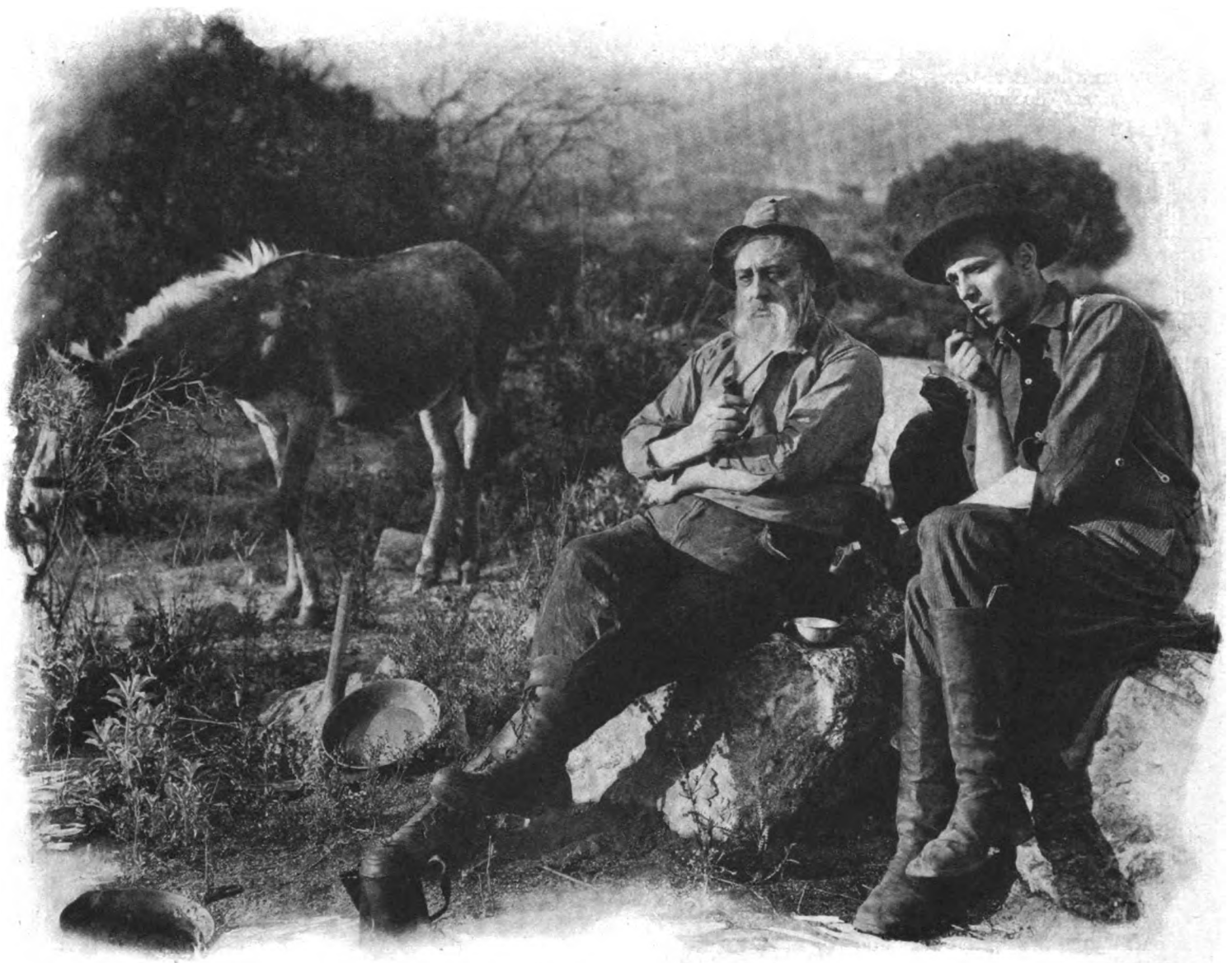
CHARLIE TRIED TO LOOK LIKE A CAN OF CONDENSED MILK



My greatest delight is to lie and dream
Of what I'd do were I a movie queen;

(Fifty-three)

Of all the parts I'd have to take,
And the numerous hearts I know I should break.



"CHUCKWALLA" BILL TELLING THE STORY

Thru the Eyes of a Maverick

Passing Comment on Dustin Farnum as "The Parson of Panamint"

By ANTHONY CASSITA

SAY, we Westerners aint so all-fired locoed about some of these here Western Movin' Pictures you-all been a-shown.

You know, it sort of gets a man's goat to see a Broadway dude in brand-new riding-togs prance around on a Central Park horse and flash a gun on the dog-gone villain—curse him! The red-blooded fellows who spend years in the saddle, way up in the raw-ribbed wild, cant stand for any mollycoddle stunts—and the dummy-over-the-precipice business.

Gosh! how it makes the Bar X-6 gang swear!

But say, since I left the bunch-grass and sagebrush, I aint never seen anything like the good old West until— But that's branding the calf before you get her roped!

I was going down Forty-second Street recently when I run into a newspaper yap I met in the Bonanza country in 'ninety-eight. He was sure glad to see me, but he was as rushed as a Siwash after a hooch, so he took me into the projection-room of the Pallas Pictures an' tole me to wait for him.

I jus' rambled down the aisle and took a seat next to a fattish-looking gent who might 'a' been a district judge out in our

parts. Everybody seemed sort of friendly-like, an' I was glad when the lights went down and the reading came on the curtain. It sure is h—l to be alone in a friendly bunch.

The picture was "The Parson of Panamint." The reading said: "Pallas Pictures Presents Dustin Far-num" (guess that's the way you spell his name). Aint it queer how a picture can present a man?

There was two wayfarers drifting across a real honest-ter-gosh desert, an' they happen upon the sandy wastes of the ole mining-town of Panamint. "Chuckwalla" Bill, the ole prospector,

(Fifty-four)



THE PARSON (DUSTIN FARNUM) RESCUES RANDALL.

tells the story as I am trying to get it across to you.

My heart jus' staggered out to "Chuckwalla." He put me in mind of Long Tom, a pal o' mine who was shot in the lung the day he struck pay-streak. Long Tom could blaspheme you like ole Nick and then give you the shirt off his back to the tune of the first hard-luck story.

Well, "Chuckwalla" is elected mayor of the town, and he decides the bunch's got to get respectable, so he's goin' to wish a church, a schoolhouse an' a jail on the folks. He goes to Frisco to find a parson, an' sure has a deuce of a time getting one.

One day some guys was tryin' to mob a scab. A big husky flashes up an' tries to save the poor devil. Believe me, that was *some* fight, and the husky was gettin' the worst of it until "Chuckwalla" rescues him.

They both land in the police station. On learnin' that his comrade is a preacher, "Chuckwalla" explodes: "A

(Fifty-five)

minister? The h—l you are! You dont fight like one. You're a fightin' bobcat, young feller."

"Chuckwalla" gets the young parson to come to the church at Panamint, an' they all liked him because, somehow, he managed to pull all the burrs offen religion an' make it as smooth as long sweetenin'.

Say! that there parson was *some* parson. I dont care if his real name is Dustin Farnum. He can have half of my beans and sour dough any day.

Of course the strait-laced folks were scandalized, especially when the parson wiped out "Bud" Deming's saloon an' gamblin' joint by winning the whole place at roulette.

An' they was so mean they wont let the parson have the funeral of Deming in the church. Poor Deming was stabbed because he wouldn't sell any hooch to a drunken greaser.

But "Chuckwalla" just shined up an' made the whole skinflint outfit take

notice. He had to use his six-shooter. Whee! bût that string-faced goodie, Absalom Randall, was sore!

The funeral was held in the church, all right, but Randall and his bunch sent word to headquarters, and the parson lost his job.

The bunch at Panamint needed the parson, an' they needed him bad. Panamint was jus' like one of the ole minin'-towns where you could cultivate a jag and pay in gold-dust.

An' the dance-hall was full of girls: the one named "Buckskin Liz" was a beaut!

Those places with the glitter an' shine, the fever of the music and the women, was like a glimpse of paradise to the greasy men who lay out in the claims all winter.

Waal, the parson stayed an' opened a church of his own in Deming's ole saloon. He did more good out there than any man who'd hit the trail.

The rough-and-tumble gang was wild

about him, an' I kinder suspect that "Buckskin Liz" was sort o' sweet on him herself.

Somewhow the church got on fire. Absalom Randall was in the steeple and couldn't get out, an' nobody would risk his life to save the ole cuss, but the parson was *some* game sport, an' he got Randall out of the steeple an' then had to jump for it himself.

That finished the parson; he just cashed his checks an' went over the Great Divide.

I caught myself sniffing like a fool, an' the frost-bit scar in my cheek was wet. The guy next to me had paper an' pencil an' was writin' like mad.

Then the lights went up an' I blinked my way to the door.

I couldn't find the newspaper guy, so I concluded that he mus' have forgot about me. Some of the folks was snatchin' pictures from a table, so I grabbed a few and hiked down Forty-second Street to Broadway.

I jus' had to stand at the corner an' catch my breath, it was all so sudden-like—the change from the cactus country, an' the mountain splashed against the sky, to the loud clang and bang of the infernal roarin' city.

An' I kin still see the camp a-bustle an' the cow-punchers an' tin-horn gamblers of the early days. The pictures

was so clear they jus' stamped the whole thing in my memory.

So I am goin' to hang around until they show the picture at a regular show-house, an' then I'm goin' to pack my kit an' beat it out West again.

Sure the blame thing's given me the fever, an' I want to be buried out there in the big alone where the coyotes howl at night.

My heart's got the hankerin' for the granite walls of the mountain heights, an' I want to rub elbows with the hardy men—the men with the brawn and the heart!

Yes, I guess I'll be a-beaten it back soon—a-beaten it back!



HELEN HOLMES AS JUDITH BARRIER IN "JUDITH OF THE CUMBERLANDS"

(Fifty-six)

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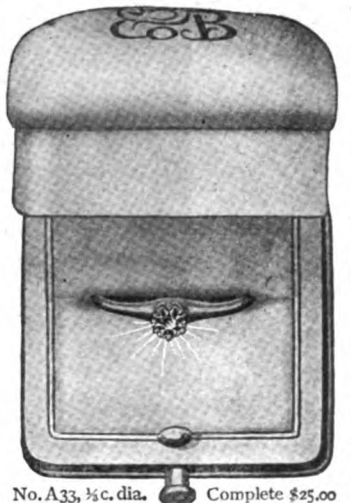
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HINTS TO THE PLAYERS

THE KEY TO POPULARITY

By MARTHA GROVES McKELVIE

ONE of the most discussed questions of the day is, "Which is most essential to success in Motion Pictures—beauty or brains?"

You hear on several sides the expression, "She is pretty, but she can't act. I wonder how she continues to be so popular?" And this about a girl of whom another said, "She sends you away with such a homey, cozy feeling in your heart."

Thinking it over carefully, I have come to the conclusion that players may be perfect physically, an Apollo or Venus—may be splendid in their art; but unless they are decidedly human, their audience cannot get close to them. The press agent who lauds beauty and brains usually throws in some "human" touch to awaken a kinship between the star and the audience.

When we read about Mary Pickford visiting the home for crippled children and crying when one of her little admirers asked for a kiss, we cried with her and felt friendly and close enough to have asked to borrow her powder puff, had she been present.

Now don't smile and say, "Press agent stuff!" It may be, but it's good stuff; and the key to Mary Pickford's popularity lies in her being so very human.

When a noted star, discussing beauty, permitted the statement, "Quit thinking about the war; it will make wrinkles," to be printed over her name, she killed her rising popularity with me. She is very beautiful, very talented, but very selfish. She holds beauty as *the* essential. Where was her press agent?

When Maxine Elliot returns from her errands of mercy at the front, where the man she was to marry died a hero, she will not need a press agent.

I knew a woman once who would not cry at her husband's funeral because it made her look so hideous. How many of you think a woman of this caliber could be popular?

Please give your public credit for the brains essential both on and before the screen and don't imagine that they derive any great pleasure from the mere *looking at* beautiful you.

When Mary Pickford does the most

awkward things, gets her face dirty, her hair tousled and appears in rags, she is most appealing to her audience. Many a swain says, "Gee! she's pretty, no matter how she looks." And this is true. It is also a fact that Mary Pickford does not *look* any prettier than the average girl when she is dragged in with a dirty face and unkempt hair. So it must be that the beauty comes from within. It's the Mary "inside" that people love.

The American public recognizes beauty and brains, but it is intelligent enough to look further, and it wants to know the real (not reel) you. It questions your heart, and if the answer is "human" it loves you. So select your press agent with care. There is a decided difference between the "love route" and the "admiration route" to popularity. The former is the surer and the quicker.

Don't climb on a pedestal of reserve and mask expression with facial beauty.

Don't cover your heart with a coat of indifference to your audience, and we'll boost for you.

Not one of you ever reached the top round of the ladder of fame without being aided by some one less talented who stood at the very bottom rounds and encouraged you in the climbing.

You know *some one* has to hold the ladder. The audience supports the bottom rounds of the photoplay ladder—they are called "admiration" and "enthusiasm." Wouldn't it be fatal to some of the climbers if these two rounds gave way?

And so every time you stop in your climbing to help some one else, every time you stop to shed a tear for another's sorrow, every time you show us the human side of you, we people at the foot of the ladder will take a fresh grip and boost so hard that you won't miss the time that you tarried in forgetfulness of self.

You'll be at the top of the ladder before you know it and will have found by the way the key to popularity.

As Margaret Anglin says, "It seems to me that it is better to be supremely *human* than to be rigidly exact."

(Fifty-eight)

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SUNNY SAMMY.—How de do! Alan Hale and Creighton Hale are not brothers. Yes, you can get all back numbers of the Classic from our sales manager. Viola Dana is with Metro. Yep, I am a very good judge of those things, and I do think a girl of 18 is too old to let her hair hang down her back. She should put it up at the age of 17 years, 11 months, 29 days. Sure, I like melons, strawberries and anything in the line of fruit—even hen-fruit. That's how I preserve my youth at 74. Thanks. "The Battle Cry of War" has just been finished, and from all accounts it is going to be a world-beater.

CLIO.—I'll tell you how to pronounce that name next time I see you—I cant spell it. That Vitagraph has not been released as yet. Our Editor is his own grammarian and speller. He spells kissed *kist*, he leaves out the apostrophe in *don't*, and he does not require an "or" after *whether*.

FLORENCE E. G.—No, the goat in "Hulda from Holland" did not really die. He is a fine actor and was just pretending. I have had sweethearts, but never a wife. A sweetheart is a bottle of wine, whereas a wife, I am told, is a wine-bottle. Earle Williams has gray eyes. I dont know just who holds the heavyweight championship of the screen, but I'll bet on Fatty Arbuckle.

SZYGY.—Gordon Griffith was the boy in "Ben Blaire." Horace Hollacher was Jacob in "Hulda from Holland." There is no Jack Ford in "Peg o' the Ring." They are brothers. Yours was very scholarly.

PETER B.—Remember that everybody knows something that you dont. Bryant Washburn and Evelyn Greeley in "The Helping Hand." E. H. Calvert and Eugene O'Brien in "Lieutenant-Governor." Edna Mayo and Bryant Washburn in "Despair." W. Castelet was Matilda, Charlotte Mineau was Rose and Leota Chrider was May in "Bunch of Keys." Nell Craig and Sheldon Lewis were the leads in "Business Rivals." G. M. Anderson and Ruth Saville and Lee Willard in "The Man in Him" (Essanay).

BRUNETTA, 17.—Corinne Grant is not playing now. No, dont send letters for her here—I dont know where she is. Marie Walcamp was the girl in "John Needham's Double." Thanks for the suggestion.

MARTIN T. B.—Mabel Normand was born in Atlanta, Ga., 22 years ago. She is beautiful and versatile, as you all know, and a fine swimmer and horseback rider.

MELVA.—You should not call Nature, God, nor God, Nature. Nature is but a name for an effect, whose cause is God. How about Clara K. Young? Every ten days we give the Editor a lot of typewritten sheets containing notes of what our readers want and what they dont like. We get these facts from the thousands of letters that come in. In that way he can keep his finger on the public pulse.

ALBERT ROSCOE ADMIRER.—So you want Harold Lockwood to exchange leading women with Francis Bushman. I haven't the height of Mary Miles Minter and Mar-

jorie Daw just now. They are growing so fast that I cant keep up with them.

MELBA H., BROOKLYN.—Yes, Annette Kellermann has been giving free swimming lessons. Her articles have appeared in several hundred newspapers and you can find out about them by writing to the William Fox Film Company, 130 W. 46th St., New York.

EVERETTA.—*Nosce te ipsum.* Vivian Martin is with Morosco. Well I'm glad I'm some sort of amusement to you. Have never been a teacher nor a clown. There is not a funny bone in my body—not even a funnybone. Come again.

MARGARET A.—No, Donald Hall is not with Vitagraph.

F. W., PORTLAND.—I attribute the decline of melodrama and the "thrillers," to the perilous stunts done in comedies nowadays. An audience is no longer impressed while a melodrama is working up to its big thrill. Half-a-dozen just as good "perils" are pulled off in a two-reel comedy in less time.

RUTH G. F.—Maurice Costello was born in Pittsburg, in 1877. Mary Pickford's picture in May, 1916, and another in this issue. Pearl White with Pathé, Hughie Mack with Vitagraph, Ruth Roland with Balboa, Beverly Bayne with Metro, Jackie Saunders with Balboa.

EDNA H., BROOKLYN.—Of course I like you. Lillian Walker was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., on April 21st, 1888. Swedish parents. She was educated in public schools and at Erasmus Hall High School. She is a blonde, and has light eyes. She is an excellent swimmer, a good rider, drives her own automobile, and she is nicknamed Dimples.

LAWRENCE S. C.—Thanks for the drawing. Looks just like me. Yes, that was a re-issued Biograph. Bessie Love usually plays opposite Douglas Fairbanks. Be patient and you will get it.

KATHERINE P.—Now see here, Katherine, you must be more explicit. "Peggy" was taken in California.

DEAN.—No to your first. You never can tell. No, Arthur Johnson was never married to Lottie Briscoe. I think Winnifred Greenwood is still with American. Both players you mention have first husbands, seconds also. Louise Lovely was Bettina. Alcohol boils at 174 degrees Fahrenheit, and mercury freezes at 40 below zero.

FAN.—Nellie Anderson is the mother of Mary Anderson, both with Vitagraph. That player was only an extra. Mary Anderson's picture in November, 1915. Thomas Holding will co-star with Kathryn Williams.

ELBE.—Daphne Wayne was the fictitious name for Blanche Sweet. Webster Campbell is with Lasky—his first appearance will be opposite Blanche Sweet. Richard Neil has joined Metro. Edna Hunter has joined Clara K. Young Co.

ELLEN F.—"Hulda from Holland" was the last Mary Pickford play. So you think she is the only player. Nay, say not so; I know several others.

JOSEPHINE M. T., RACINE.—Robert Conness played in "The House of the Lost Court" (Edison). So you think the Gish sisters dont know how to handle their feet and arms. Gadzooks, zounds, and prunes! What do you expect for ten cents? Dont they handle everything else to perfection? Give their feet and arms time!

MELVA.—Again, child? You think Louise Lovely and Mary Pickford resemble each other, also Mabel Normand and Fay Tincher.

ESTHER, NIAGARA FALLS.—Pretty nice in your city now. I am not sure about the returning good for evil theory. Why compensate evil the same as we compensate good? Why not reward good with good, and evil with justice?

WILLIE, 14.—Warren Oland was Pierre in "Eternal Question" (Metro). Marian Swayne was Marjorie in "Tortured Heart" (Fox). Hattie Burke was Hope in "Sins of Men" (Fox). What did June Caprice ever do to you that you dont like her?

VIOLA R.—Send in a stamped, addressed envelope and I will send you a list of manufacturers. Yes, I will tell the Editor you want a picture of Olga Petrova in the Classic. We have no pictures of her now.

BILLIE.—Wheeler Oakman was Broncho Kid in "Spoilers." Several of the regular New York theaters are showing Moving Pictures exclusively. Naomi Nichols was the Spanish girl in "The Ne'er Do Well" (Selig).

DARNEY B.—All right, have your way about it. You seem to think that there is no other company but Triangle. Many things torment me that only vex other people, but I try to boil within and not boil over. I do not know the size of Farrar's shoes.

CLAIRE M.—John Steppling has joined Universal as a director. Dorothy Greene's favorite color is purple, and to prove that it is not an affectation she has a peacock for a pet which she houses on the roof of the hotel in New York where she lives. Claire Whitney is still with Fox. She sometimes reminds me of Mary Pickford.

S. FRANK M.—Mr. Harrington is well, thanks. Of course I smoke. Yes, it is true Lottie Pickford is married.

CLIO.—Congratulations! So you are still in your teens. I was too, once. Three teaspoonfuls equal one tablespoonful of liquid, and four tablespoonfuls one wine-glass.

WILMA S.—It's not generally known, even by publicity men, that Charles Ray, Ince-Triangle's popular juvenile lead, was a chauffeur only a few months ago. Good work, say I! I am proud of his rapid and deserved rise.

MADÉLINE J. M. F.—Djelma was not cast in "Under Two Flags" (Fox).

R. B.—They do say that Jackie Saunders is the Maude Adams of the screen, Edith Storey the Sarah Bernhardt, Henry Walthall the Edwin Booth and Douglas Fairbanks the Joseph Jefferson. Florence Reed is with the Arrow Company. Achilles was a hero in Homer's Iliad and was slain by Paris by a wound in his heel, his only vulnerable part.

JUDITH.—There's misery in want, and danger in excess. Hence, let's get just enough and no more. Lillian Gish certainly makes a fine Egyptian goddess. Mae Marsh is the "Little Liar" and Louise Glaum the "Wolf Woman." Bueno is Spanish for good, and bourne is Anglo-Saxon for stream.

SOCRATES.—No, I cannot give you a list of licensed women aviators. You might think I am a chicken-hawk. I know, however, that Grace Valentine, of Metro, has been granted an aeroplane license. Lamar Johnstone was Gerald and Thomas Chatterton was Lieutenant Hope in "The Secret of the Submarine."

(Sixty-one)

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MARION TEE TEE.—Do not idolize too much. A player isn't a hero just because he takes a brave part in a picture. 'Tis said of Jack Gironde, Thanouser's "brave man," that when he goes fishing he is afraid to put worms on his own hook because he's afraid of the wigglesome worms.

DOLPH.—You may be right—love may exist without jealousy, but this is rare; jealousy may exist without love, and this is common. However, I would advise you to be careful.

ELSIE, TORONTO.—Thanks, I am getting along nicely in my hallroom. I don't have many visitors. Yes, I sleep well nights, and why shouldn't I with my tummy full and my conscience clear? Crane Wilbur leaves Horsley and is at liberty.

CLIO.—What, again! Claire Anderson was the wife in "Bathtub Perils." Myrtle Lynd was the other girl in "Pills of Peril" (Keystone). No, that's so. We didn't hear much of "Tillie's Tomato Surprise" after it was released.

FRANKIE T., MEMPHIS.—So you like the Classic better than the Magazine. We have a beautiful painting of Lillian Gish, and the Editor may use it on the cover some day. As a rule, we know better the needs of ourselves than of others. To serve ourselves is economy of administration. In 1912 H. C. Parker scaled Mt. McKinley to within 300 feet of the top and made a complete series of maps of the territory.

CHARLES T. B., WATERTOWN.—Jane Wolff is with Lasky. You can't expect to be happy and not work. Idleness is happiness' worst enemy, so get busy like I am.

JOHN T. D., LONG ISLAND.—Cleo Madison played in "To Another Woman." Margarita Fischer signs up with Mutual again. Alfred Vosburgh and Vivian Rich in "The Holly House." Yes, William Russell is the "Man Who Would Not Die."

IRENE T., UTICA.—You refer to Mae Marsh, the eighteen-year-old girl, whose successive screen appearances have won her the praise that has made her famous; five feet three inches in height, and very slightly built. Her eyes are dark gray, and beyond their serious depths amusement seems eternally on the alert. She has beautiful auburn hair.

BARBARA B., SEATTLE.—Henry Leone, Fox, is the only Turkish actor either on screen or stage in the United States, but it stands to reason, now that the Sultan has gone to war, that there are lots of Turkish actresses in cut-up parts. Priscilla Dean was Nita and Eddie Lyons was Eddie, Lee Moran was Lee in "A Silly Sultan."

FREDERICK T.—"The Fall of a Nation" released thru V. L. S. E. Betty Howe is with International. Anna Nilsson with Ivan.

WILLIE, 15.—Delighted! Gilbert Rooney was the ward in "Ambition." Edward Brennan was Peter in "The Quitter" (Metro). You were.

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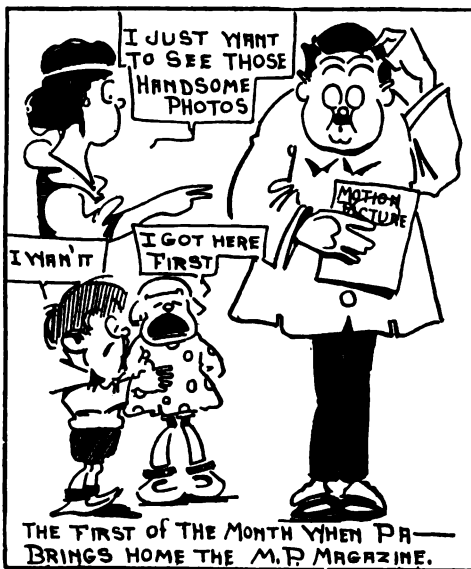
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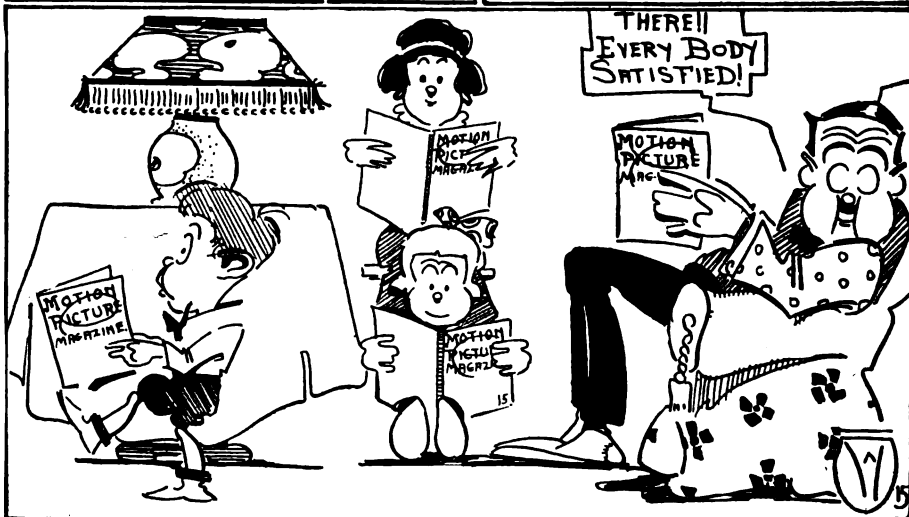
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A HINT TO MARRIED MEN

(Sixty-two)



EXTRA! Extree! When this appears in print, Billie Burke, of "Peggy" and "Gloria's Romance" fame, will have joined the sorosity of young mothers. Baby's name, birthday, biography, number of toes and other vital statistics will follow.

Lucille Lee Stewart, Huntly Gordon, her leading man, and Ralph Ince have just returned to Bayshore, L. I., after an extended vacation tour thru Canada and along the West coast. Personal appearances of the stars were made in Montreal, Seattle and San Francisco theaters.

Owen Moore and Marguerite Courtot have agreed to kiss and make up. Their make-up will be for a *bal masque* and "Their Kiss" is the title of their latest play. Said osculation from an unknown kissee is so honeyed that Owen chases its sweetness thru five hundred scenes before he can extract another.

Here is great news—with a string to it. We can state authoritatively that Marguerite Clark has not yet fully made up her mind to go on the stage again. She may, and then she may not, remain in pictures. If you want to gamble, lay odds on the presumption that she will still be with us.

Devotees of Marin Sais and True Boardman will be tickled to death to hear that "The Girl from Frisco" has lengthened her life from fifteen to twenty-five episodes. It will, no doubt, double her perils and prolong her wedding engagement, but dont fear but that she'll get the solitaire in the end.

Watch out for the English invasion! Vitagraph announces "The Firm of Girdlestone," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, in which Edna Flugrath will support Charles Rock, a popular English player, and after that comes "Caste" with Sir John Hare and Peggy Hyland in the leads.

Henry Murdoch has deserted Ivy Close, the Kalem comedienne, as she is on her way to England for a three months' leave of absence. The cant-be-knocked-about Henry has joined the riotous Ham, Bud and Ethel family.

Sidney Olcott has resigned from the directorial staff of Famous Players. During his meteoric career, Mr. Olcott has directed such noted actresses as Gene Gauntier, Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Hazel Dawn, and latterly Valentine Grant. Welcome to a bigger and broader career, if possible, Mr. Olcott!

There is safety in numbers for Viola Dana in her forthcoming picture, "The Gates of Eden." Three well-known leading men will support her—Edward Earle, Bob Walker and Augustus Phillips. And still they say that actors are sometimes sued for non-support!

While on their way to film some outdoor scenes near Mineola, N. Y., Lillian Walker and her director, Wilfred North, recently met with an automobile accident, the car turning turtle and pinning its occupants under it. They were rushed to the Mineola Hospital, and Miss Walker was most fortunately able to leave after a few days' treatment. Director North is still confined, suffering with several fractured ribs.

And now for the monthly "Dan Tucker." "Gentlemen to the center! Ladies join hands!" Paul Panzer has side-stepped from the Universal to the Monmouth corner. Harry Carey has fox-trotted likewise to Fox, and Marshall Neilan has one-stepped from Selig to Famous Players. Madge Kirby prouettes from Vogue to Universal; Ormi Hawley swings across from Metro to Fox, and Mary Alden, not to be out of step, glides from Triangle to Famous Players. "On with the dance; let joy be unconfined!"

Little Bobby Connelly—bless his baby soul—has become the hero of a novel now on public sale. The book is entitled "Sonny Jim," and is illustrated with Little Bobby's pictures in the rôle that he made famous.

Geraldine Farrar has bidden good-by to the shadow stage for the nonce to make her reappearance in grand opera. After the completion of "Joan of Arc" in the Laaky studio, her fellow players gathered around the famous diva and presented her with a farewell gift in the shape of a kit of bureau silver.

Jack Kerrigan and his new leading woman, Edith Johnson, will shortly be seen in "The Pirates of Panama" from the William McLeod Raine novel. It is a modern story, laid in Uncle Sam's turbulent little adopted possession, the Canal Zone.

Our readers can be no more astounded than we are to learn that Mary Pickford, Henry Walthall, Blanche Sweet, Lionel Barrymore, Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, Robert Harron, Wilfred Lucas and Dorothy Bernard are all about to appear for the Biograph Company. Their pictures are reissues of the palmy days when Griffith and Biograph had a corner on stars. If you are once great in pictures, the ghost of your greatness will always haunt you.

Bessie Barriscale is fleeing to New York for a vacation. She avers that she is going to put in every minute of her time on "window shopping" and a tour of the playhouses.

William Russell, American's sterling star, may be lost to the picture field for a season, as he is seriously considering starring in a stage-play version of "The Man Who Would Not Die."

Sic transit gloria mundi! Jack Kerrigan has announced that he is about to renounce all Motion Picture obligations and will enter vaudeville for at least a year, playing in all the principal cities. Many of his admirers will now have a chance to see him in the flesh, but millions more will miss him on the screen.

(Sixty-three)

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The Fine Arts kiddies are having a perfectly scrumptious time of it these days in a studio nursery stocked with hobby-horses, dolls, Teddy-bears that growl, and miniature autos that choo-choo. Mrs. Love, mother of Bessie Love, is their play mistress, and the little ones include George Stone, Violet Radcliffe, Carmen De Rue, Francis Carpenter, Beulah Burns and Lloyd Pearl.

Helen Gibson, whose absolute fearlessness has furnished thousands of thrills, lies in the hospital in a precarious condition. In a flying leap from one horse to another, she fell between them and barely saved herself from death by clinging to the mane of one of the animals. Serious internal injuries are feared for her.

Here is another general shake-up. Russell Bassett has moved from Famous Players to Arctcraft; Zena Keefe gives the mit to Fox in favor of Niagara Films; Earl Metcalfe also plunges over the falls from Lubin; Holbrook Blinn forsakes World for McClure pictures, and Doris Baker scuttles from Universal to Fox. Then, too, Nell Shipman leaves Fox for Lasky, and from Universal Robert Leonard is booked for the same route. Edna Flugrath relinquishes Edison for Vitagraph, and Tully Marshall skips from Fine Arts to Lasky. Myrtle Stedman, too, has forsworn Morosco to become a Laskyite. Not to be outdone, Alfred Voburgh has jumped from American to Morosco.

Sydney Ayers, one of the most prominent and best liked actor-directors in Motion Pictures, is dead in Oakland, California. During the course of his long and successful career, Mr. Ayers played many leading rôles on the stage and was successively with the Selig, American and Universal companies. He was only 35 years old and a promising career was cut short at its height.

Another well-liked player has also come to an untimely end. While motoring from the Metro studio to his home at Bay Side, L. I., Arthur Hoops was stricken with an attack of heart failure and passed away before his automobile could reach the hospital. Dying in his 46th year, he, too, had many successful years to look forward to.

Vivian Martin had a chance to play a real heroine in the taking of her coming picture, "The Right Direction." Thru a misunderstanding, a troop of cavalymen rode down camera-man Scott, who stuck to his post until his machine was wrecked by horses' hoofs and he was nearly trampled to death. The first to reach the spot was Vivian Martin, who extended excellent first aid treatment to the courageous young man.

Mary Miles Minter will make her bow in early October in "Dulcie's Adventure," a "befo' de wah" story, and is now absorbed in "Faith," in which it is rumored that Margaret Shelby, her sister and long-time rival, is playing in her support.

It is a long time since William S. Hart has been seen as a "bad man," but in his coming subject, "The Return of 'Draw' Egan," he promises to be the baddest yet.

Upon the completion of his final scene in "An Enemy to the King," E. H. Sothern sprang a surprise upon his director, Fred Thompson, as well as upon his property-man and camera-man, by presenting each of them with a Tiffany carved gold ring on which was inscribed, "In remembrance of Vitagraph days, from E. H. S."

Having been released from his long engagement in "The Scarlet Runner," Earle Williams will now appear much more often before his friends in the audience. He is now busy in filming a new story by James Oliver Curwood, in which Naomi Childers will be his leading lady.

Over the Studio Tea-cups

Spoonfuls of Gossip, Flavored with Players' Fads and Fancies

MABEL NORMAND has been getting her pictures in the newspapers with scarehead captions, "Clever Crook Captured," "Beaten at His Own Game," etc. It seems that the fair Mabel was held up in the park by a highwayman and agreed to give him \$20 if he would allow her to go home for her purse. The bold bandit "fell" for the innocent eyes of the comedy star and kept the appointment, only to be surrounded by a posse of police.

Anita King has gone into business and she isn't neglecting her screen work either. Tho continually exposed to all kinds of wind and weather, her complexion is a delight to all beholders, and to her friends she often gave the recipe for the cream which helped to preserve it. And now comes the "Anita King Complexion Cream" for motorists, with office, typists, office-boys, and all that, in Los Angeles.

Sidney Drew is forgetful if anything else. Sometimes he is so absent-minded that Mrs. Drew has to remind him of the most ordinary things. On a recent occasion, the Don Quixote of comedy was about to put on a scene, when some one placed a calendar on his desk. Drew immediately clutched his hair, jumped up and declared all work off for the day. It seems it was his birthday and he had forgotten all about it. A dinner and box-party followed for the entire company.

At last it has come. The downtrodden studio extras have gotten together and taken steps towards forming an Extras' Union. They will probably affiliate with the White Rats Actors' Union. Among others present at their first meeting was Clara Kimball Young, who gave her check for \$50 to the cause and her company's check for \$100 more. Great things are promised—better wages, more consideration and the elimination of grasping theatrical agents. No strikes have yet been declared, but of course they'll come, along with the present epidemic of strikes, and then we'll have to learn to enjoy ex-servant girls and ex-bartenders in the minor rôles while the strike is on.

Film stars, just like their stage sisters, are begetting a crop of law-suits and a special class of lawyers has sprung up to handle their cases. Just at present Valkyrien, the Danish beauty, is suing the Fox Company for alleged breach of contract, and Lillian Lorraine asks \$50,000 from the World Company because she states that an unknown chorus girl played the leading rôle in "Could a Woman Forgive?" despite the fact that she is advertised as the star. She also says the picture is produced in a "daring and shocking manner." Film manufacturers for their own sake should insist on blind jurymen when screen favorites take the stand.

(Sixty-five)

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POPULAR PLAYER CONTEST

THE Popular Player Contest now running in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is drawing to a close, and some very interesting competition is developing. A voting coupon will be found elsewhere in this issue of the CLASSIC, and we herewith give our readers some advance information. For full particulars see the December issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, out November 1st. Here's how the leaders stood up to September 24th:

Mary Pickford.....	186,345
Marguerite Clark.....	146,100
Francis Bushman.....	127,015
Warren Kerrigan.....	125,130
Pearl White.....	100,865
Anita Stewart.....	94,500
Theda Bara.....	91,570
Henry Walthall.....	87,715
Edward Earle.....	86,455
Wallace Reid.....	85,535
Harold Lockwood.....	81,280
Billy Sherwood.....	78,690
William S. Hart.....	77,550
Grace Cunard.....	77,060
Earle Williams.....	76,220
Ruth Roland.....	74,425
William Farnum.....	74,195
Pauline Frederick.....	52,735
Alexander Gaden.....	50,765
Mary Fuller.....	49,810
Blanche Sweet.....	49,705
Beverly Bayne.....	48,505
Dustin Farnum.....	48,035
Mary Miles Minter.....	47,150
Robert Warwick.....	45,850
Crane Wilbur.....	45,665
Carlyle Blackwell.....	45,155
Marguerite Snow.....	42,830
Nellie Anderson.....	40,505
Florence LaBadie.....	39,115
Nell Craig.....	37,790
Creighton Hale.....	37,135
Olga Petrova.....	36,255
Norma Talmadge.....	29,885
Mary Anderson.....	29,435
Clara K. Young.....	28,190
Edna Mayo.....	27,645
Francis Ford.....	27,585
Bryant Washburn.....	27,460
Ella Hall.....	26,980
Cleo Madison.....	26,965
Antonio Moreno.....	26,955
Lillian Gish.....	26,915
Edith Storey.....	26,910
Charles Chaplin.....	26,720
Marguerite Courtot.....	26,480
Douglas Fairbanks.....	25,240
Harris Gordon.....	24,720
Alice Joyce.....	24,420
Cleo Ridgely.....	23,910
Romaine Fielding.....	23,565
Tom Forman.....	23,465
House Peters.....	22,830
Mae Marsh.....	21,960
Kathlyn Williams.....	21,935
Edward Coxen.....	20,480
Henry King.....	20,465
Herbert Rawlinson.....	20,415
Geraldine Farrar.....	20,270
Al Ray.....	20,110
May Allison.....	17,185
Dorothy Gish.....	16,830
Anna Little.....	16,440
Lillian Walker.....	16,165
Thomas Meighan.....	16,055
Naomi Childers.....	15,805
Ruth Stonehouse.....	15,800
Owen Moore.....	15,760
Fannie Ward.....	15,635
Irving Cummings.....	15,525
Marie Newton.....	15,520



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LILLIAN GISH has begged to get away, just for once, from her villain-still-pursued-the-poor-little-girl rôles, and in "Diana of the Follies" her wishes have been granted. They say that her wardrobe will be the most expensive and exclusive ever shown on the screen. One evening gown in particular makes her look like an Oriental fire-screen. We can't describe it, but it's a concoction of gold cloth under black silk chiffon. The lacy stuff which hangs from her wrists and elbows is applied in gold-flowered cloth and edged with heavy black beads.

The "Castle Preparedness Suit," designed by Mrs. Vernon Castle, is the latest film costume that is practical for street wear. The skirt is perfectly plain and reaches only to the shoe-tops, permitting a mannish stride. The coat is cut military fashion and buttoned tight around the throat. Then there is a strap of tan leather from the bust to the waist, which does duty for buttons. The costume is completed with a nifty military cap made from the suiting and the shoes are dark tan with light tan cheviot uppers.

At a recent dinner of "The Uplifters," who are the rocking-chair fleet of the Los Angeles Athletic Club, many prominent picture-players and directors were entertained. The ingenuity of the menu deserves mention. Here it is: "Hypo en Glasse (Martini Cocktail), A Red Tint (Lobster Canape), Fogged Dissolve (Mulligatawny Soup), Forest en Miniature (Celery), Static Berries (Olives), Deep Sea Negative (Filet de Sole), Assembled Cut-outs (Beefsteak Pie), Fill 'em Favorites (Lima Beans), Sun Spots (Brown Potatoes), Interiors (Lettuce Hearts), Snow Stuff (Ice Cream), The Climax (Coffee), Amber Tint (Beer), Flare Torches and Smoke Pots (Cigars and Cigarettes).

Speaking of tough luck, Anna Luther, of the Fox players, was recently ordered to appear in a scene which required a stunning gown. Miss Luther hurried to the dressmaker, and after an all-night séance and the investment of \$150, appeared at the studio in a dazzling creation. To her horror, she found out that she was required to jump into the water in the filmy gown. It was utterly ruined, of course, and the star was as disheartened as she was bedraggled. But every cloud, as well as every dress, it seems, has a silver lining, for in her next mail Miss Luther received an order on a smart Fifth Avenue modiste which brought a gasp of delight to her lips and soothed her sartorial anguish.

Here is a new fad that is taking like wildfire. The idea was discovered by

(Sixty-six)

Annette Kellermann, and she calls it a "flesh photograph." Here is the way to produce one: Take one small section of "frame" of Motion Picture film containing a picture of your favorite. Place this on your arm or shoulder next to the skin. Take a small brush and moisten with collodium. Next sit in the sunlight where the sun will tan your arm or shoulder all except the little bit covered by the square inch of film. You will find that Nature has printed a perfect photograph of your favorite on your arm. It will disappear in a few weeks, but if you want to make it permanent, coat the picture with a thin solution of collodium. Miss Kellermann is so enthusiastic over the idea that she will be delighted to send any of our readers a "frame" of herself. She can be reached care of Fox Films, 180 West 46th Street, New York City.

Feeding with Fatty
(Continued from page 46)

work in a drama," put in St. John; "we both have that blessing-curse called a sense of humor. I think Roscoe would try to work gags into 'Hamlet.' The real essence of work, tho, is to take it seriously. Every move must be mapped out and timed, and when we do a piece of business we mustn't let the audience know we are trying to be funny. That's what 'gets it over.'"

"Now, Mr. Arbuckle," I said, "for the last usual question. Have you any hobbies or particular interests?"

"No, I dont believe I have," he replied, negligently rolling a cigaret with one hand and finishing his third plate of pudding with the other, "except, perhaps, motoring. Al is such an enthusiast that he got me doing it, too, after I got a car that could stand up under me. We do a lot of that out home. Outside of that and my dinner, I have no hobbies at all."

"I'll give you a little tip," whispered St. John. "He's ashamed to admit it, but he harbors a secret passion for corn-colored silk shirts."

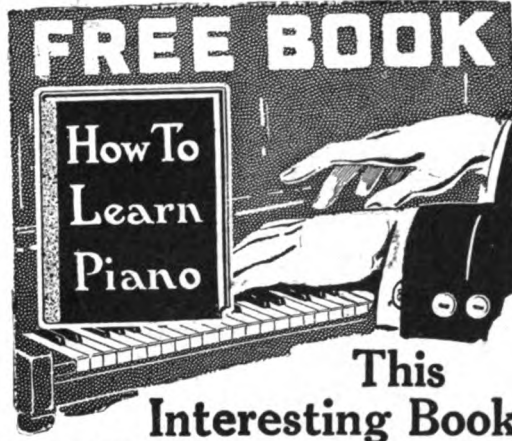
"We'll break up this party right now!" cried the "chief," indignantly. "The conversation is entirely too personal."

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"I dont think much of the manager of this theater," said Higgins, after scanning advertising slides for fifteen minutes before the movie show started, and for several minutes between film stories. "I dont mind a few of them, but he carries the thing too far."

"I cant tell you what I think of him," returned Wiggins; "there are ladies present!"

(Sixty-seven)



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The Eternal Quest for Beauty

(Continued from page 40)



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and they took surprised counsel among themselves. Here was the most beautiful young woman in England, with a rich, deep, untutored soprano voice. She had barely stepped across the threshold of womanhood, and there was ample time to cage and cultivate the songbird.

Then dawned her second age: beauty plus talent and a career. When ripe and ready, she was taken before a well-known impresario and sang with a new eloquence and desire. She was engaged, and her newer and broader life opened. Ivy Close, the little girl of the garden gate, became a headliner in the great English music-halls. Her greatest triumphs of all were the nights in which she sang in St. James' and Queen's, the *ne plus ultra* of British auditoriums.

At the summit of her career, the beautiful songstress suddenly retired to her rose-garden in Hants. The girl o' dreams, fading under the strain of the concert circuit, renounced her career to lean on the garden gate again and become just Ivy Close, rose-gardener and close daughter of a fond father.

Then came the vogue of the silent stage in England, and Miss Close was sought out by the Hepworth Players. For over two years she led her company a merry chase in light comedy—the palpitating English sort that calls for masquerading in boy's togs, day-break elopements in aeroplanes and flirtative swimming on the beaches of Bath and Brighton. From the homiest sort of a home-girl, Miss Ivy became a mistress of daring stunts—the sort of frisky daredevilry that has endeared our own Mabel Normand to us on our side of the pond.

At the insistence of a large public following and under capable management, Ivy Close withdrew from the Hepworth forces at the end of two years of the most active work and started her own studio. Under its dashing and beautiful queen, the new studio hive prospered; America began to reach out and call for her pictures.

And then came the war, with its consequent calling for millions of volunteers and the closing down of many picture theaters. Among the first to volunteer was young Raymond Close, a slip of a lad and Ivy's only brother. After the first terrible days of Mons, in which the English bore the brunt of battle, word came that young Raymond had been seriously wounded. It was then that Ivy Close became the girl o' dreams again. With her white face set somewhere toward the firing-line, and on the impulse of her affec-

tion, she forthwith closed down her studio and took the first steamer to northern France. What her experiences were, how her midnight vigils brought young Raymond back to life, is a sealed story. But when she mentioned the silent call to the front, the wistful, loving light that straggled from her eyes showed that she had met death, the grim destroyer, and conquered him.

The third cycle of her life has just begun, and its setting is among the royal palms and orange-blossoms of Florida. Her sisterly duty well done, Ivy Close has come to America, as leading comedienne for the Kalem Jacksonville players. When we met her the day after her steamer had docked in New York, she had just passed thru the horrors of the Dublin rebellion. As her country seat was only a few miles away, there were marches and countermarches of gallant lads down the road in front of her villa, and farewell kisses from country lassies amid the waving of flags. And then came the gray dawn when lads were stood up against a blank wall and shot down in the flush of youth.

Her first night in a strange hotel was a comedy of errors. Bedroom push-buttons are unknown creatures in English hotels, and Miss Ivy, after explicit instructions, succeeded in doing just the wrong thing. In the daytime, when desiring a bell-boy, she always pushed the button that turned on the lights, and at night, when wanting to turn out the lights, she always summoned a battery of alert New York bell-hops, much to her merry confusion and theirs.

"Speaking of lights," she said, "the lights of the Great White Way were simply glorious! On my first night in New York, I lost myself on the crowded streets simply trying to bathe in the glow of the millions of lights. It was wonderful! When you realize"—her voice sobered—"that London at present is shrouded in the gloom of the grave, that no lights are displayed on its most busy streets, and that the people grope about like ghosts, you will appreciate how I felt on my first night in New York."

And now the little girl o' dreams, of sun-shot hair and sea-blue, humid eyes, of triumphs and of sorrows, has been whirled to that magic and—for most of us—mythical Southland, where she will soon smile down to us from her shadow stage; and between-times, you may be sure, the garden of roses will bloom as it once did in Hants for the little girl at the Gate of Desire.

(Sixty-eight)

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)

Belasco.—"The Boomerang." One of the most popular comedies of the year. 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.

Thirty-ninth Street.—"Very Good Eddie." A bright, interesting musical comedy with Ernest Truex, who makes it worth while.

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.

Geo. M. Cohan's.—"Seven Chances." A bashful young man has seven chances to marry and inherit \$12,000,000. His efforts to get a wife are excruciatingly funny. An excellent cast, with Carroll McComas, makes this bright farce well worth while.

Astor.—"The Guilty Man." A tense, capable and artistic vehicle for its moral—a father's responsibility to his illegitimate child. Irene Fenwick as the child of a Parisian café dansant is natural, lovable and a supreme artiste. A well-balanced cast and refined handling of delicate situations. A play that young girls can see, and should see. The trial scene might well be improved.

Shubert.—"Mr. Lazarus." A comedy of the better sort, featuring Henry E. Dixey, who creates an interesting character in the title rôle, but most of the fun is caused by the delightful antics of Florine Arnold. Tom Powers, well known to picture fans a few years ago, is also excellent, as also are all the others in the cast.

Republic.—"His Bridal Night." A farce in which the Dolly Sisters, famous dancers, get so mixed up that the bridegroom cannot tell them apart. Result, several highly interesting situations, as you can easily imagine.

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof.—Photoplays; first runs. Program changes every week.

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Hudson.—"Pollyanna." A glad play, after the order of "Peg o' My Heart" and "The Cinderella Man," intensely interesting and beautifully done. A big hit.

Eltinge.—"Cheating Cheaters." A thrilling crook play, full of suspense, surprises and a few good laughs. Marjorie Rambeau and entire company are fine.

The Mermaids

By K. A. BISBEE

A little girl, on seeing the mermaids in "Neptune's Daughter," was heard to ask: "Why do mermaids have feet like fishes?"

Where the Good Go

By K. A. BISBEE

A teacher asked one of her class: "Where do good little folks all go?" This answer came from a sweet little lass: "To the Moving Picture show."

(Sixty-nine)



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(P126) WRITE PLAINLY

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