

# MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

DECEMBER

15 CENTS

PUTTING THE LAUGH  
IN THE FILMS  
WITH  
35 FUNNY  
ILLUSTRATIONS

*Dielle-Jr  
16*

HENRY WALTHAM



# Page



No fairy garden can breathe a rarer fragrance than these flower perfumes—the achievement of

*Page*  
Perfumer  
New York

Each *Page* toilet requisite is offered in four odors:—

***Violet, Wistaria, Rose and Corylopsis***

Talcum Powder 15c  
(in glass bottle) 25c  
Face Powder 50c  
Toilet Water 75c

**A YULETIDE HINT**

*Page* has prepared three attractive Christmas Boxes—permanent ornaments for the dressing-table—Containing

Face Powder and Toilet Water **\$1.25**

Face Powder, Toilet Water and Talcum Powder (in glass bottle) **\$1.50**

Face Powder, Toilet Water Talcum Powder (in glass bottle) and Perfume **\$2.50**





# GENUINE PERFECT CUT DIAMONDS

WORLD'S  
LOWEST PRICE

\$ **97**<sup>50</sup>  
Per Carat

DIRECT FROM  
IMPORTER TO YOU

## You Save 35%

when you buy from L. Basch & Co., direct importers of diamonds. All middlemen's profits are eliminated by our method. \$97.50 per carat is the lowest price at which genuine, perfect cut diamonds can be sold, and a comparison will prove to you that their retail value is at least \$150.00 per carat.

### Thousands of Motion Picture Classic Readers Among Our Satisfied Patrons

Many of them right in your own town—let us refer you to them—all will testify to our reputation for value-giving and reliability.

All platinum 3/4 c. dia. in center, 2 dias. on each side. Complete \$125.00

### Our Responsibility

We have been established since 1879. We refer you to The Union Bank of Chicago, Dun & Bradstreet Commercial Agencies, the publishers of Motion Picture Classic, your own bank, National Jewelers Board of Trade.



No. X71. \$10

## You Can Examine Any Diamond Free—At Our Expense

You prove our claims yourself at our expense! Just choose any diamond from this ad or from our catalog. We forward a selection for your full examination and approval at our expense—without obligating you to buy. It doesn't cost you one cent to see one of our diamonds. If you don't think the selection we send you is the greatest value you have ever seen, simply return it at our expense.

### Xmas Gift Suggestions

Xmas is almost here and your thoughts naturally turn to the gifts you intend to buy. You will find our catalog a wonderful help in the selection of Christmas Gifts for everybody, and our prices effect a saving for you of a great deal of money. Each article is encased in a handsome presentation box of surprising beauty. See our catalog before making your Xmas purchases!



X50. 1/8 c. dia. Compl. \$12.00



X51. 1/4 c. dia. Compl. \$21.25



X63. 3/8 c. dia. Compl. \$33.50



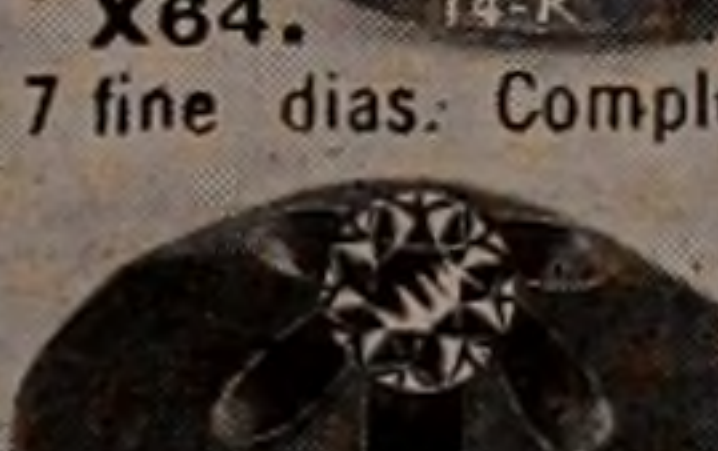
X57. 1/8 c. dia. each. Compl. \$20.



X58.



X52. 3/4 c. dia. Compl. \$35.00



X64. 14-K Platinum top 7 fine dias. Complete \$25.00



X59. 1/4 c. dia. Compl. \$23.00



X53. 1/2 c. dia. Compl. \$48.75



X65. 3/4 c. dia. Compl. \$38.25



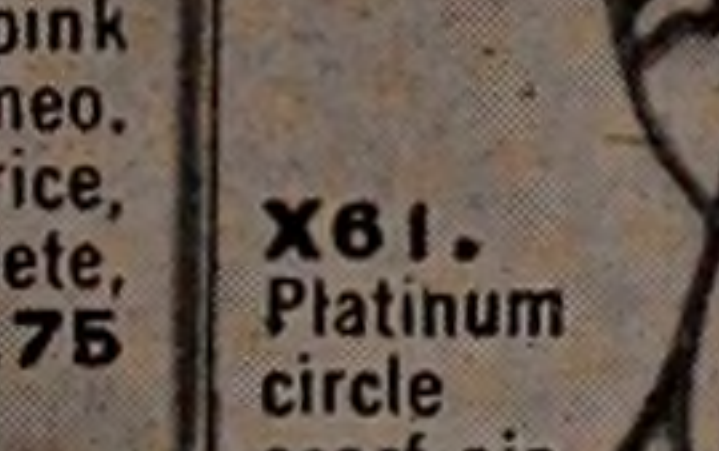
X66. Solid gold cameo ring. Compl. \$8.75



X69. 14K. Child's ring. 1 fine dia. Special \$2.95



X60. Solid gold brooch, fine pink shell cameo. Spec. price, complete, \$6.75



X61. Platinum circle scarf pin. 1/8 c. dia. Compl. \$16.50



X54. 3/4 c. dia. Compl. \$71.25



X55. 1 c. dia. Compl. \$101.25



X67. Solid gold and lavall. chain 1 dia., 2 pearls. Compl. \$7.00



X62. Solid gold lavall. and chain. 1 dia., 2 pearls. Compl. \$3.95



X56. 1 3/4 c. dia. Compl. \$135.00



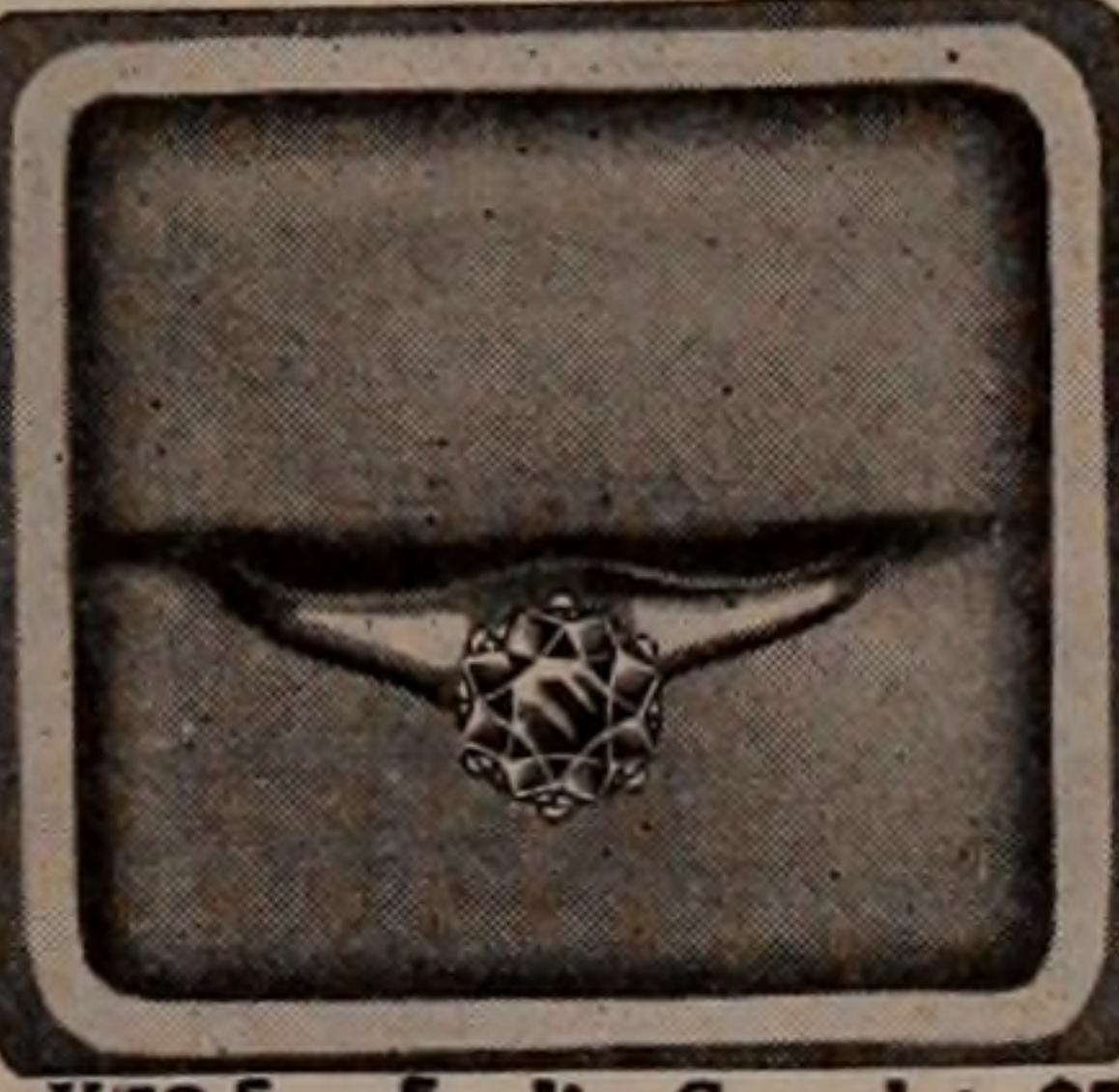
X68. Solid gold cuff links. 2 fine dias. Per pair \$5.00

### Basch Money-back Contract

This iron-clad, protecting, money-back Guarantee makes loss or disappointment impossible. It is a legal contract in writing to refund in cash full price, less 10% would you, for any reason, wish to return the diamond any time within a year. Also allows full price in exchange at any time. Contains statement of exact carat weight.

### Extra Special Bargain

No. X72. 5/8 - 5/64 carat diamond of a beautiful blue white color, and of magnificent brilliancy. Mounting is 14-K solid gold, handmade tiffany solitaire. This diamond ring comes to you encased in a handsome French ivory cabinet, engraved free. Our special import price to you complete



No. X72 5/8 - 5/64 c dia. Complete \$50

### Fine Xmas Gift Special

No. X71—Solid gold lavalliere and chain. Three perfect cut blue white brilliant diamonds. This lavalliere will prove an appreciated and treasured gift. Encased in handsome gift box, free. Our special price complete.

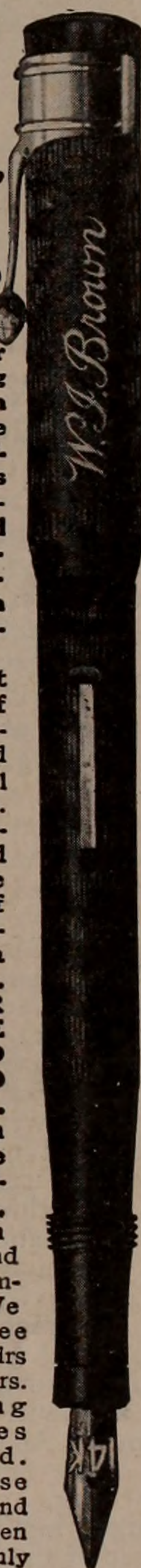
**\$10.00**

**\$50.00**

### Great Fountain Pen Value, Only \$1.00

No. X70—This is a safety lever self-filling fountain pen. The lever-self-filler is the simplest and most practical fountain pen ever manufactured. A perfect flow of ink is assured at all times.

The barrel and cap are made of first quality Para rubber. YOUR NAME INLAID IN GOLD FREE. The pen is made of 14K solid gold, iridium tipped and hand tempered. We guarantee free repairs for 2 years. Mailing charges prepaid. Gift case free. Send for this pen NOW, only



**\$1.00**

## Basch 1917 De Luxe Diamond Book Free

It Solves Your Xmas Gift Buying Problem



We will forward you, postpaid, a copy of this valuable book upon receipt of your name and address. The book contains expert and authoritative facts on diamonds needed to buy safe. Wonderful guide to the selection of Christmas gifts and gifts for all other occasions. It shows thousands of illustrations of fine diamonds, watches, jewelry, silverware, cut glass, leather goods, etc., all quoted at money-saving prices. Mail coupon or write us a letter or post card for your free copy NOW!

# L. BASCH & CO.

Dept. C3590

State and Quincy Streets



**CHICAGO,**

**U. S. A.**

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

L. Basch & Co.

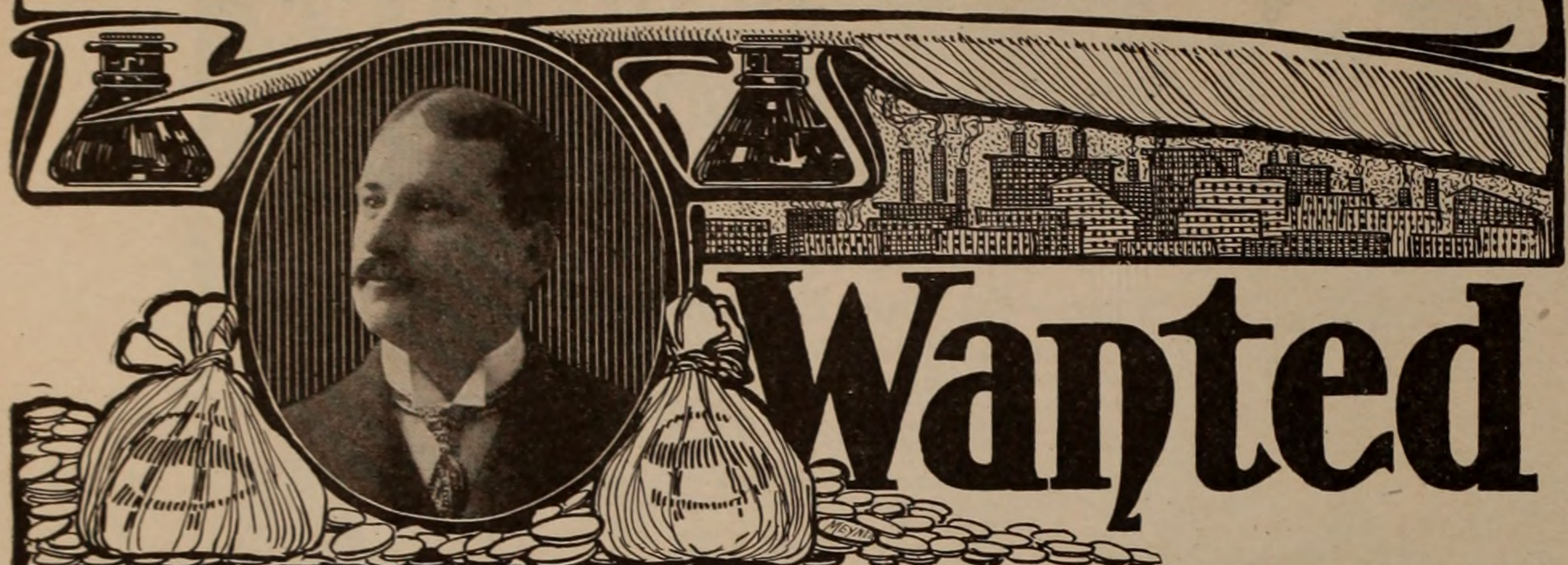
Dept. C3590

State & Quincy Sts. Chicago, U. S. A.

Please mail me FREE, without obligating me, Basch 1917 DE LUXE DIAMOND BOOK.



# Ad Writers



**Demand for my graduates three times greater than in any previous year. In new Art Prospectus for free mailing, America's leading authorities give valuable advice to brainy young men and women about entering the advertising field, where large salaries and partnerships await those who secure expert training.**

All authorities agree that the advertising business is today in its infancy and that the skillful ad writer is being earnestly sought by business men as never before.

More than three times as many advertisers are employing and asking for Powell graduates, compared with any previous year, and I may add that they are often willing to pay considerably more than \$25 a week at the start. It is nothing uncommon for a new graduate to get a contract netting \$40 or more a week.

More encouraging still for ambitious young men and women is the added fact that former students are not obliged to long remain in these starting positions.

For example, Dr. Mackenzie, whose portrait and abbreviated testimony are herewith presented, shows how Powell graduates are taken into partnerships that result in large fortunes.

This partnership phase of the advertising business has shown remarkable growth. One reason is that the trained ad writer is generally the most valued employee, and upon his skill depend in no small degree the success and growth of a given business. Another reason is that advertising enables the ambitious, steadfast student to achieve success as rapidly as his worth is proven. Red tape and long service are entirely eliminated. It is not necessary to serve in the minor clerkships and waste years trying to get a hold. The skilled ad man in reality commands the situation.

For instance, a Powell graduate is today Vice-President of one of America's great department store systems, with branches in Europe and America. A few years ago he became my student and in four months took his first position as advertising manager of the largest department store of Hamilton, Ont. You will be interested in what he says about advertising as a vocation, although general oversight of his present great business

has compelled him to turn over the advertising work to others.

Men and women earning anywhere from \$1,200 to \$6,000 a year after receiving the benefit of my training are in all live centers throughout the country.

My new Art Prospectus, now ready for free mailing, is far more than a mere explanation of the Powell System. Not only is the whole advertising situation laid bare, but famous authorities give valuable advice to the ambitious who have at least a common-school education and desire to reach the front in the shortest time.

Why advertising instruction by the true correspondence system is far superior to the inefficient class or lecture plans, is clearly and scientifically demonstrated for the first time. The colleges and benevolent institutions have given certain preliminary theoretical advertising information, but practical advertising instruction and skill depend on the exhaustive, expert training as given by the Powell System. In this very connection you will be interested in the findings of such leaders as the *Inland Printer*, leading type founders, Y. M. C. A. directors and heads of the largest national publications, who send me students because they know they will get the best advertising training in the world.

But send for the Prospectus today.

**George H. Powell, 66 Temple Court, N. Y.**



**DR. W. A. MACKENZIE**  
Secy. and Adv. Mgr., Lake  
County Land Owners'  
Assn., Fruitland Park, Fla.

## DECLINED \$10,000 A YEAR

Dr. Mackenzie's three-page endorsement will be found in the new Art Prospectus. These two extracts will make you want to read his complete story: "When I enlisted as your student, it was the red letter day of my existence. I finally declined \$10,000 a year to accept a \$250,000 partnership." Also: "When a young man today tells me there are no opportunities for success, I pity him. Any man with some education who will learn to apply himself and master the Powell System, I believe will make an unqualified success in the advertising business."

## MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

VOL. III. DECEMBER, 1916 NO. 4

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### An Ideal Christmas Gift—80 PLAYERS' PORTRAITS FREE

What could be more suitable as a Christmas gift for those of your relatives or friends who are interested in Motion Pictures, and nowadays nearly everyone attends Motion Picture theaters, than a year's subscription to the *Motion Picture Magazine*?

It is a gift that will be enjoyed not only for one day, week or month, but for the entire year. Each month it will be a reminder of your thoughtfulness and kindness at Christmas time.

#### 80 PLAYERS' PORTRAITS FREE

Just now we are including free with each subscription 80 attractive unmounted 4 1/4 x 8 1/4 rotogravure portraits of leading players, suitable for room or den decoration, or for starting an album of the picture players.

This remarkable offer is made possible by printing in large quantities and thus reducing the cost.

A list of the portraits is given below.

Lillian Gish	Fannie Ward	Jackie Saunders	Jewell Hunt	Pearl White	Mary Pickford
Mabel Normand	Cleo Ridgely	Virginia Pearson	Alice Joyce	Ormi Hawley	Marguerite Clark
Dorothy Gish	Louise Glaum	Kathlyn Williams	Peggy Hyland	Edwin August	Pauline Frederick
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Douglas Fairbanks	Viola Dana	Earle Williams	Carlyle Blackwell	Blanche Sweet	Virginia Norden
Mae Busch	May Allison	Frank Morgan	Jane Grey	Anita King	Theda Bara
William S. Hart	Beverly Bayne	Huntly Gordon	Frances Nelson	Wallace Reid	Bessie Eyton
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Helen Holmes	Mrs. Sidney Drew	Lucille Lee Stewart	Mary Fuller	Lenore Ulrich	
Clara Kimball Young	Sidney Drew	Charles Richman	Mary Miles Minter	Edna Goodrich	

If you desire them as a present to a friend, a beautiful gift card will be supplied by us, and the portraits, magazine and card will be sent in accordance to your instructions.

All that you will have to do is to fill out coupon below and mail to us with proper remittance.  
*Motion Picture Magazine*, 1 year \$1.50 (\$1.80 for Canada, \$2.50 for Newfoundland and Foreign); *Motion Picture Classic*, \$1.75, Canada and Foreign same as Magazine.

M. P. PUBLISHING CO., 175 DUFFIELD STREET, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Gentlemen:—Enclosed please find \$.....for one year subscription to the { *Motion Picture Magazine*  
to be sent to.....Further instructions are given in the attached letter. { *Motion Picture Classic*

Signed.....

Address.....



**"Out of the Wrapping came Cleopatra, a radiant Vision, appealing, Irresistible"**

"According to the story, Caesar was unwilling to receive her. There came into his presence, as he sat in the palace, a group of slaves bearing a long roll of matting, bound carefully and seeming to contain some precious work of art. The slaves made signs that they were bearing a gift to Caesar. The master of Egypt bade them unwrap the gift that he might see it. They did so, and out of the wrapping came Cleopatra, a radiant vision, appealing, irresistible. Next morning . . ."



**FREE**

Four handsome volumes containing 32 of the most fascinating love stories of all history.

CLEOPATRA APPEARING BEFORE CÆSAR

From the painting by Jean Leon Gerome, by permission of Goupil & Co., Paris

# The Great Romances of the World are Yours for the Asking—“FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY”

Stories That Reveal the Great Part Love Plays in the Destiny of Men and Nations

**YOURS** free—a rare recital of the loves and passions of men and women who have made and destroyed empires and changed the political maps of continents—and, besides this, history itself as well, history as revealed behind the scenes, enabling you to understand and appreciate as never before how love has ruled kings and kingdoms.

Whether you read of Mark Antony throwing away the mastery of the world in answer to the promptings of a woman's will, or of Marie Walewska sacrificing herself to the desires of Napoleon in order that Poland might be free, or whether you read of Nell Gwyn, the orange girl, and her influence for good and bad on gay King Charles; or of the frequent courtships and pretended love-makings of Queen Elizabeth; or the tragic story of Empress Marie Louise, or any one of the many stories listed elsewhere on this page—no matter which one of these stories in “THE FAMOUS AFFINITIES OF HISTORY” you may for the moment be reading, you feel that at last you are getting the truth and are seeing the leaders as they really were.

Here is a rare recital of the loves and passions of men and women who have made and destroyed empires and changed the political maps of continents. Here are told stories of conquerors who have lost empires for love—of queens who have stooped from their thrones for love—of great men who have lost fame and fortune for love.

Here are told the stories, true in every detail, of the mad infatuations of great men who have lost fame and fortune for the love of woman; of kings that

have incurred the odium of their people and cared nothing for their good will in comparison with lingering caresses and clinging kisses.

Many a man, mighty in every way, has become as wax in the hands of a fascinating woman.

Here are stories of cold-blooded statesmen that have lost the leadership of their party and have gone down in history with a clouded name because of the fascination exercised upon them by some woman, often far from beautiful, and yet possessing the mysterious power which makes the triumphs of statesmanship seem slight in comparison with the swiftly flying hours of pleasure, and here are stories of men who have become great through the unselfish devotion of woman.

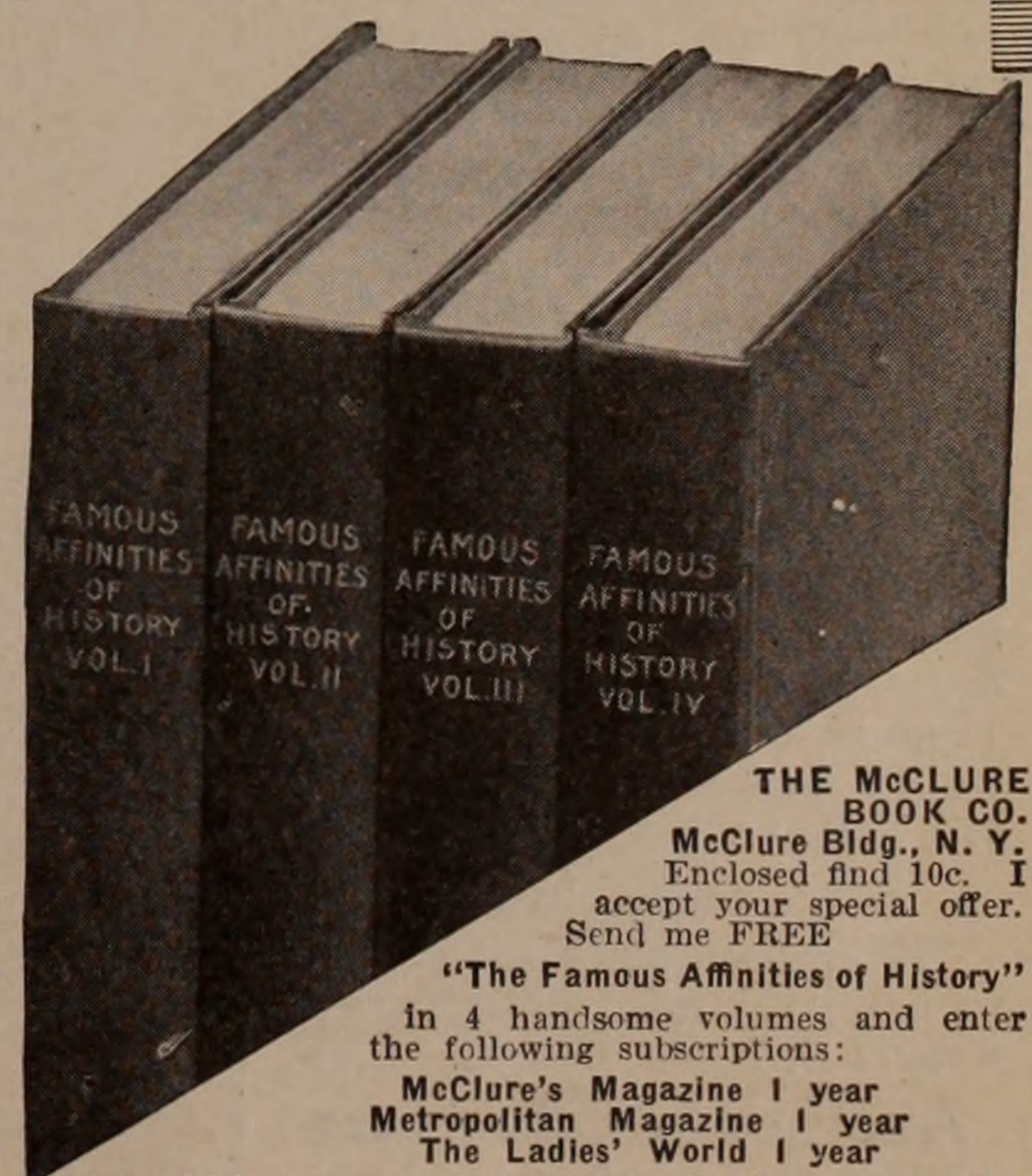
## How to get the 4 Books FREE

Just send ten cents as first payment for the three magazines, McClure's, Metropolitan, and The Ladies' World, with the coupon—that's all you have to do now, and the books will go forward to you at once, all charges prepaid.

After that \$1.00 a month for four months pays for the magazines and that's all. If you wish to pay all at once send just \$3.85. Subscriptions may be new or renewal.

You know the value and interest of these three magazines. They will be bigger and richer than ever during the next year. Send in the coupon and we will send you at once the first number of the magazines and the four books (lavishly decorated, bound in cloth, titles stamped in gold) FREE AND POSTPAID.

America has produced, are instantly apparent once you open any one of the volumes. While these books show the human side of the great men and women with whom they deal, there is nothing in them to offend. Intimate as are the stories, the reserve of their author has kept them always well within the bounds of good taste.



THE McCLURE BOOK CO.

McClure Bldg., N. Y. Enclosed find 10c. I accept your special offer. Send me FREE

“The Famous Affinities of History” in 4 handsome volumes and enter the following subscriptions:

McClure's Magazine 1 year  
Metropolitan Magazine 1 year  
The Ladies' World 1 year

for which I agree to send you \$1.00 a month for 4 months, or until I have paid \$4.10 in all.

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

Attach business letterhead to coupon, or write names of 2 references on margin below.

M.P.C. 12-16.

McClure Building THE McCLURE BOOK CO. New York City



# How Will Power Increased His Earnings 800%

Followed the Suggestions Found in a Remarkable Book—Let Us Lend You a Copy—Send No Money

**N**OT long ago Wilson M. Taylor, the noted efficiency expert of the Willys-Overland Company, loaned a copy of "Power of Will" to a young man of his acquaintance, **with the result that the latter's salary increased 800% in less than a year.**

Just think of it—within one year he was making eight times as much money as before he read this wonderful book—a book that Mr. Taylor says he wouldn't part with for \$3,000 if he couldn't get another copy!

This is but one more example of the remarkable financial benefit that thousands of men and women in every field are securing through the application of the great success-achieving principles laid down for the first time in this wonderful book.

Among the users of "Power of Will" are such men as Judge Ben B. Lindsey; Supreme Court Justice Parker; Wu Ting Fang, ex-U. S. Chinese Ambassador; Lieutenant-Governor McKelvie of Nebraska; General Manager Christeson of Wells-Fargo Express Company; Assistant Postmaster-General Britt; E. St. Elmo Lewis; Governor Ferris of Michigan; Governor Capper of Kansas, and many others of equal prominence.

## THE KEY TO FORTUNE

Will Power is the keystone to success. It is the one qualification without which accomplishment in life is impossible. Man can accomplish what he wills—if he sticks to his purpose, but without unswerving determination he hasn't a chance. The will might well be termed the driving force behind the brain.

Until now the will has been neglected from the standpoint of development, yet it has been fully proven that the will is more susceptible to training than the brain or memory.

If you held your arm in a sling for two years, it would become powerless to lift a feather from lack of use. The same is true of the Will—because we don't use it, it becomes scotched and dormant from lack of use. Yet anyone can easily develop his will to a wonderful power if he but knew how.

## "POWER OF WILL"

by Frank Channing Haddock, Ph.D., a scientist whose name ranks with such leaders of thought as James, Bergson and Royce, is the first thorough course in Will Power ever conceived. It is the result of over 20 years of research and study. Yet you will find every page in the 28 lessons written so simply that anyone can understand them and put the principles, methods and rules into practice at once with noticeable results right from the very start.

## MAY TRANSFORM YOUR LIFE

The users of "Power of Will" have experienced results through its study which border on the miraculous—it has enabled thousands to win out with big plans which they have worked on unsuccessfully for years—it has made active men of affairs out of pitiable down and outs—it has transformed those who had always been the pawn of others into self-confident powerful leaders—it has enabled men and women held down by petty fears, by trivial daily incidents, to brush them aside as though made of papier-mâché—it teaches self-mastery—control of appetites and desires, and it has enabled strong, successful men by the thousand to accomplish *bigger things* by giving them even greater power to use in their dealings with others.

No matter what your occupation in life—no matter what your age—"Power of Will" can help you by giving you the power to become the dominant factor in your every undertaking. It invariably makes dreams come true—as over 100,000 men and women owners of "Power of Will" can tell you.

## SENT FREE

No Money in Advance

Although "Power of Will" is a 400-page leather-bound book containing more material than many \$25.00 correspondence courses, the price is only \$3.00. The publishers will gladly send a copy free, for five days' inspection. Send no money now. Merely mail the coupon on the right, enclosing your business card or giving a reference. If you decide to keep the book, send the money. If not, mail the book back. Tear out and fill in the coupon now, before you turn this page.

**PELTON PUBLISHING CO.**

43-W Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

### Partial Contents

- The Law of Great Thinking.
- The Four Factors on which it depends.
- How to develop analytical power.
- How to think "all around" any subject.
- How to throw the mind into deliberate, controlled, productive thinking.
- Detailed directions for Perfect Mind Concentration.
- How to acquire the power of Consecutive Thinking, Reasoning, Analysis.
- How to acquire the skill of Creative Writing.
- How to guard against errors in Thought.
- How to drive from the mind all unwelcome thoughts.
- How to follow any line of thought with keen, concentrated Power.
- How to develop Reasoning Power.
- How to Handle the Mind in Creative Thinking.
- The Secret of Building Mind Power.
- How the Will is made to act.
- How to test your Will.
- How a Strong Will is Master of Body.
- What creates Human Power.
- The Six Principles of Will-Training.
- Definite Methods for developing Will.
- THE NINETY-NINE METHODS for using Will Power in the Conduct of Life.
- Seven Principles of drill in Mental, Physical, Personal Power.
- FIFTY-ONE MAXIMS for Applied Power of Perception, Memory, Imagination, Self-Analysis, Control.
- How to Develop a strong keen gaze.
- How to concentrate the eye upon what is before you—object, person, printed page, work.
- How to become aware of Nerve Action.
- How to keep the body well-poised.
- How to open the Mind and Body for reception of incoming Power.
- This is only a partial list—a complete list of contents would almost fill this page.



400 pp.  
Half Leather  
Gold Top  
Leaves

PELTON  
PUB. CO.

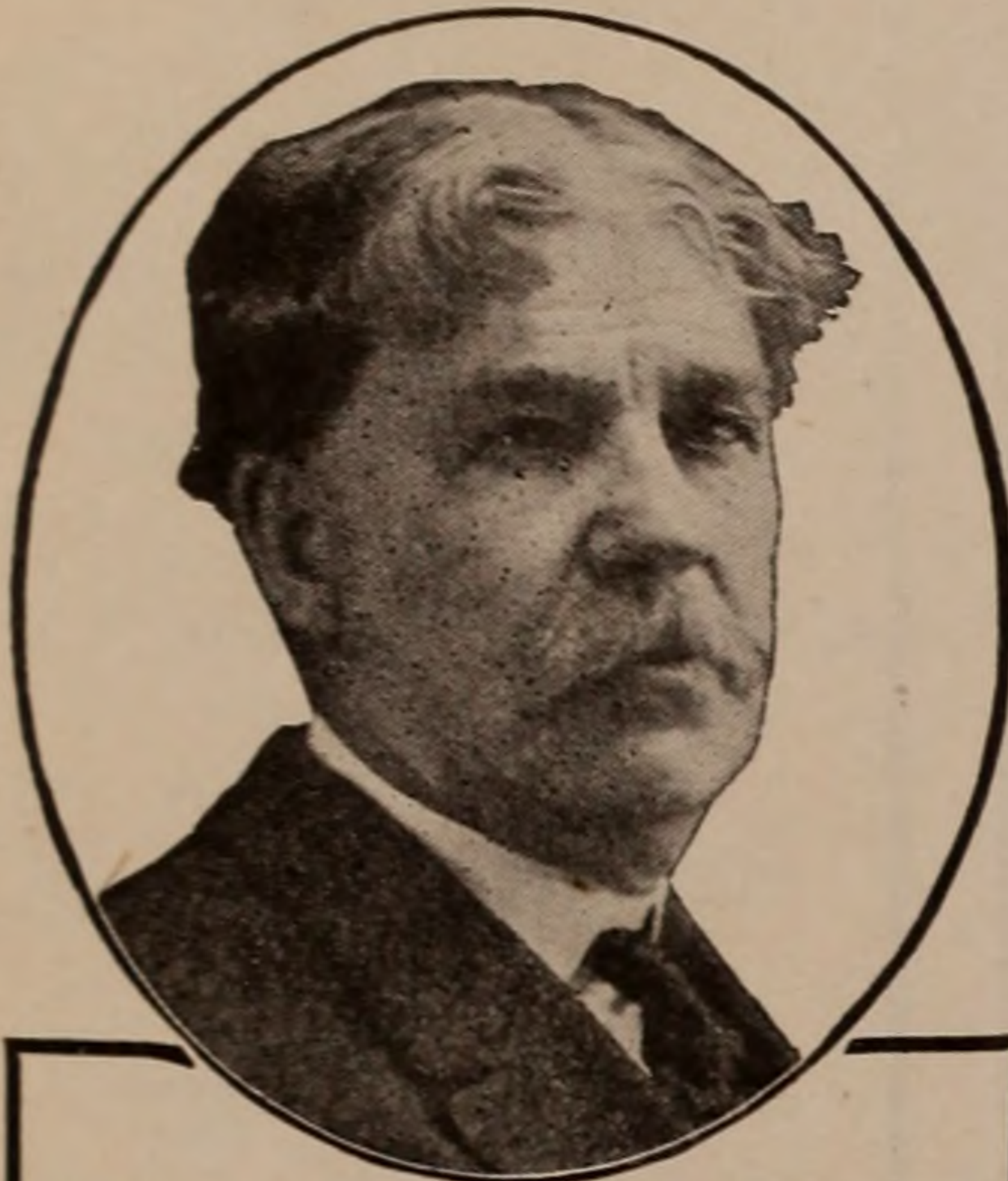
43-W  
Wilcox Block  
Meriden, Conn.

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of "Power of Will" on approval. I agree to remit \$3.00 or remail the book in 5 days.

Name.....

Address.....

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



### Personal Experiences

It would take a book as thick as this magazine to carry a full account of the amazing results secured by its users—here, however, are just a few extracts from the thousands of voluntary letters from owners telling what the book has meant to them.

#### 800% Increase in 1 Year

"I recommended 'Power of Will' to a young man and his salary has increased 800% within a year."—*W. M. Taylor, Efficiency Expert, Willys-Overland Co.*

#### \$1,500 to \$50,000 Yearly

"Three years ago I was making \$1,500 a year and working day and night. To-day I make \$1,000 a week and have time for other things as well. To the lessons in the book 'Power of Will' do I owe this sudden rise."—*(Name on request.)*

#### Worth \$3,000 to \$30,000

"From what I have already seen I believe I can get \$3,000 to \$30,000 worth of good out of it."—*C. D. Van Vechten, Gen. Agent, North Western Life Ins. Co., Cedar Rapids, Ia.*

#### \$897 Profit First Week

"'Power of Will' is a compilation of mighty forces. My first week's benefit in dollars is \$900—cost \$3; profit \$897."—*(Figure what his yearly profit would be.)—J. W. Heistand, 916 Tribune Bldg., Chicago, Ill.*

#### 50% Salary Raise

"First few pages enabled me to get 50% raise in salary."—*Robert B. Laird, Douglas, Wyo.*

#### Another 50% Increase

"More than a year ago I purchased 'Power of Will' and I firmly believe that it—and it alone—has enabled me to increase my salary more than 50% in that time."—*L. C. Hudgens, Principal Mayhew Consolidated Schools, Boswell, Okla.*



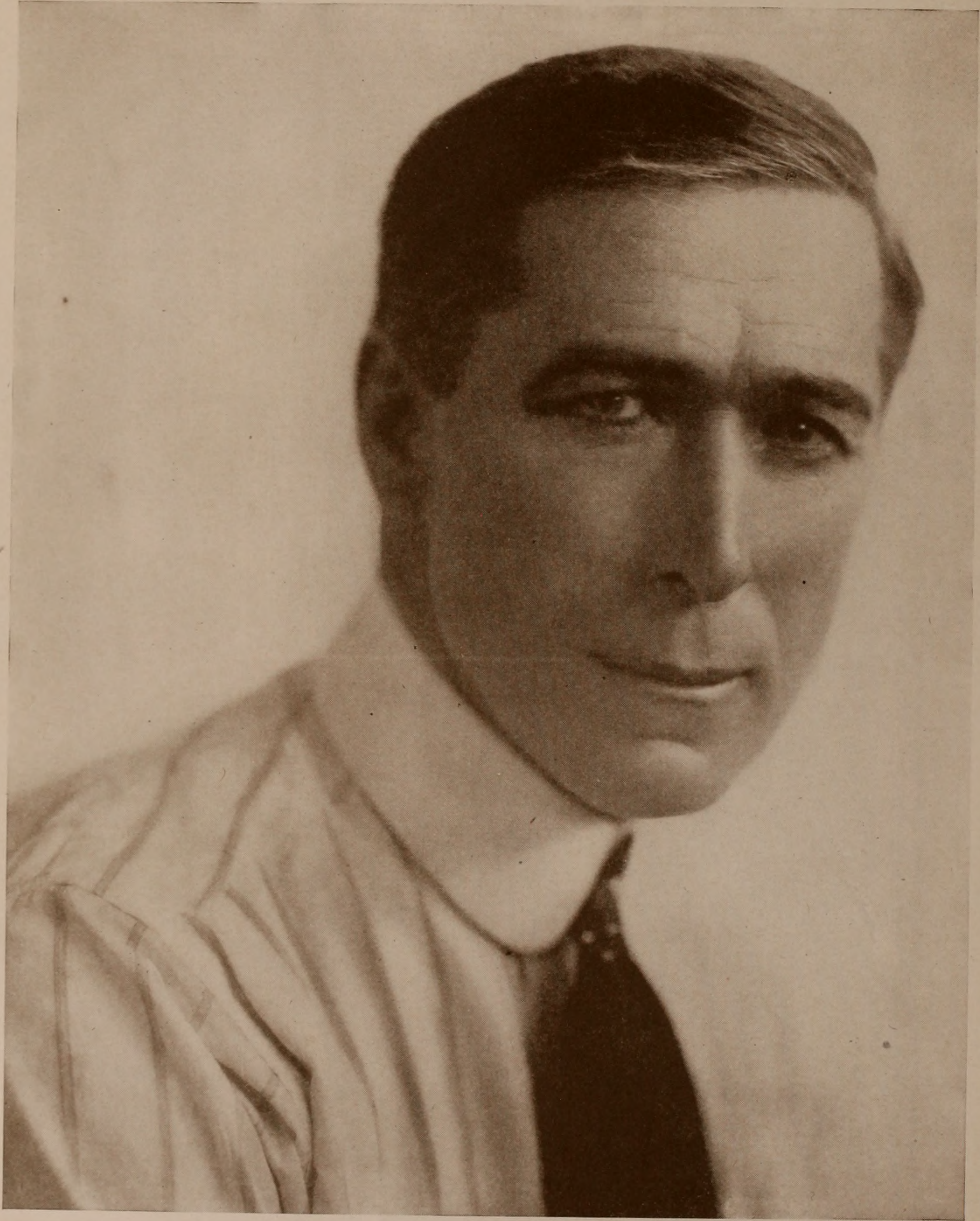
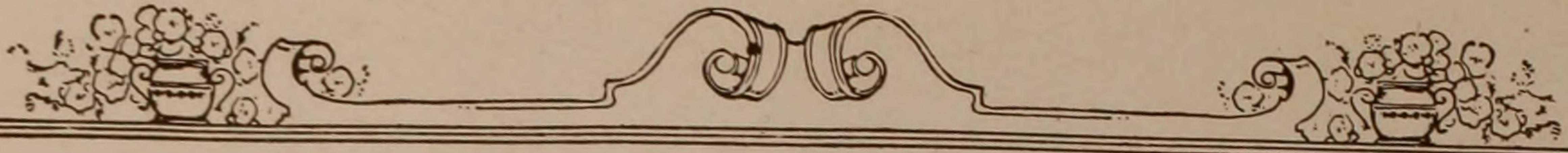
# *Gallery of Photo-Players*



Photo by Witzel

H. B. WARNER (Triangle)



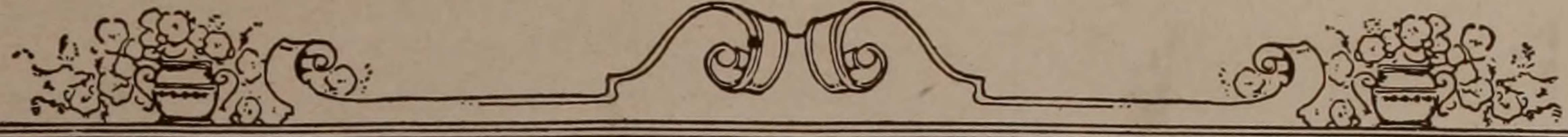


WM. S. HART  
(Triangle)



Photo by Witzel





CLEO MADISON  
(Universal)



Photo by Carpenter





Photo by National

EDITH STOREY (Vitagraph)





DOROTHY GISH

(Fine Arts)





CARLYLE BLACKWELL (World)



# My Lady's Wardrobe

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

WE are told that the eternal question is clothes. Do clothes make the woman, or is it birth and breeding? Too many wise and sensible folk have stubbed their figurative toes on that mooted question for me, with a marshmallow brain, to attempt a brave and solemn discussion. So I merely illustrate the eternal question from



Photo by Mishkin

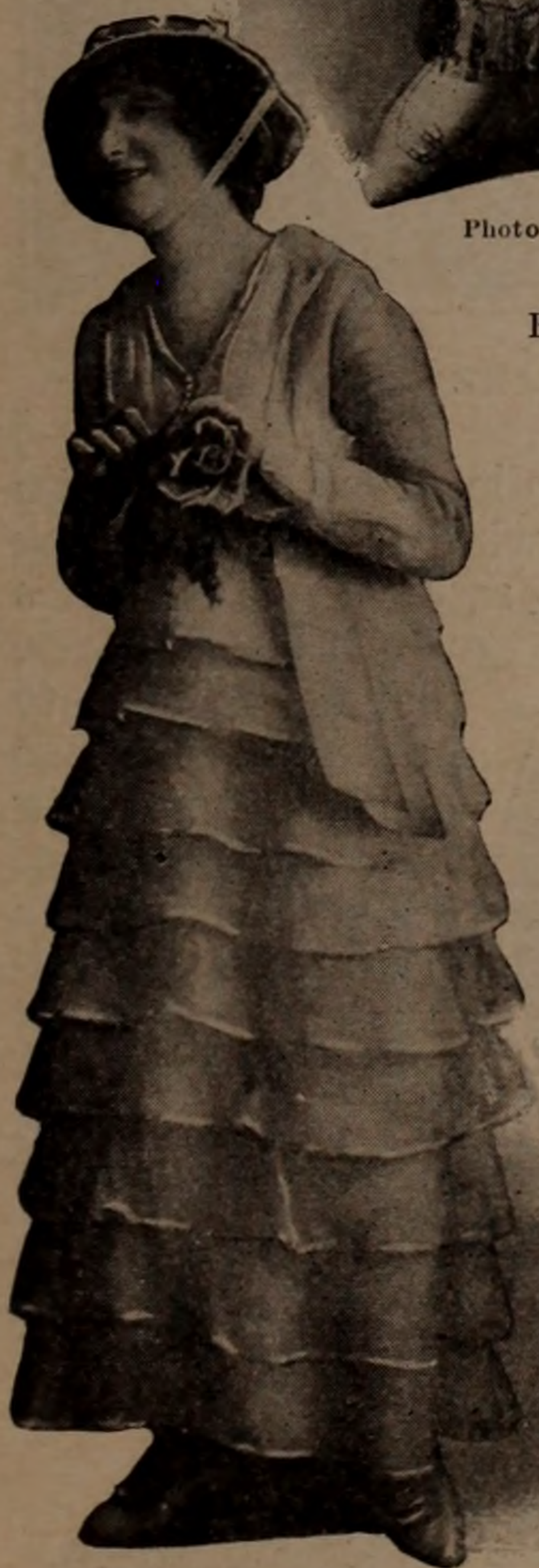
EDITH STOREY



ANITA STEWART



VIRGINIA PEARSON



ALICE HOLLISTER



MABEL TRUNNELLE

of a delicate tone of blue, with an old-fashioned, adorable nosegay of pastel-shaded silk flowers. The sleeves are edged with silver lace, and a wide band of silver lace peeps from under the last ruffle of the skirt.

Doesn't it sound fascinating? It's a veritable confection, and black-and-white photography is an insult to a gown of such delectable colors. It was introduced for the first time, this gown, at a dance which the Cornell college boys gave

the angle of clothes—privately I'm neutral; but for story purposes I take the other side. Which is that? Why—er—the *other side!*

But enough of this. Clothes is—or are—the subject.

Their wearers are your good friends, if you are a movie fan, and it's dollars to peanuts that you are, or you wouldn't be

in honor of the fair Anita, and was especially designed for purposes of dazzlement. It succeeded, too, if rumor does not falsify.

Alice Hollister, who is vacationing in New York and Atlantic City, seems to spend the greater part of her time in a wild orgy of shopping, which is the feminine

idea of heaven and a blissful time in general. The latest result of Alice's shopping is what she terms a "dream" of an afternoon frock, by Russek. The chief ingredients of this dream are white georgette crêpe and white moire silk. The georgette crêpe forms the basis of the frock, which is made with a slightly raised waist-line. The series of ruffles

reading this. But, before I again become entangled in hyperbole, allow me to pass to brass tacks.

Anita Stewart heads the list, wearing a dancing-frock of flesh-colored chiffon, with a fascinating skirt of a series of wide ruffles. The waist is also of flesh-colored chiffon, and the satin girdle, which rises in a large point on one side, is



which form the skirt are bound with the narrowest of white moire-silk bands, while a girdle of the same separates—or connects, as you choose—the waist and skirt. The corsage is finished with a knot of daisies, and a tiny hat of leghorn, fastened beneath the chin with a pink satin band, with white kid slippers finished with silver buckles, complete a fascinating costume for the board-walk at Atlantic City.

Virginia Pearson is stunning in a suit of pale golden silk, trimmed in bands of brown fur. The fur collar closely hugs Miss Pearson's round chin, while two deep bands of fur finish the long coat. Pockets, in which Miss Pearson evidently takes a great delight, are a prominent feature of the coat also. A broad-brimmed, black Milan hat, faced with golden taffeta in tiny frills, completes this street costume.

After a hard day at the studio, Mabel Trunnelle loves to hurry home and slip into a loose, comfortable house-gown. The one shown here is ample excuse for such a desire. It is of blue-gray chiffon over a white satin slip. A wide band of gold embroidery, fastened with gold tassels, falls just below the waist-line. The wide collar of blue-gray chiffon is also finished with the gold tassels. A cape effect over back and sleeves is obtained by skillful draping of fine "shadow-lace." Soft gray kid slippers, with a huge pom-pom of gold, finish the ensemble.

Edith Storey, always beautiful, is more so than ever in a dance-frock of flesh-color net, beneath which hoops of narrow, covered wire help to make the skirt stand out gracefully. The net is encircled by ruffles of exquisite black lace; the pleated



BILLIE BURKE



DUNN



DOROTHY KELLY

girdle of pale pink satin with streamers of black satin velvet; the bands over the shoulder, that try so hard to simulate sleeves without fooling anybody, are of silver lace. White satin slippers, silver-buckled, and white silk stockings complete Miss Storey's more than attractive dance-frock. It never rains but it pours. This seems to



JUANITA HANSEN

BESSIE BARRISCALE





NELL CRAIG

be an open season for dance-frocks. Immediately following Edith Storey's, we find Billie Burke, demurely shy, a dimpled smile just waiting to sprout, and wearing a frock which, according to the press man of Billie's company, is the result of a fairy's dream. According to the P. M., the fairy, tired out with dancing, fell asleep and dreamed of a wonderful frock. Waking, the fairy wished to pass the dream on to some one who, being mortal, could make it come true. Lucille—of the daring, the shy, the bold, the modest—frocks were chosen and the dream given to her. And Billie Burke profits by the dream with a frock that is in every way worthy of the story told about it.

The dress is of silver chiffon, hand-embroidered with silver, over silver lace. The skirt is very full and "hooped," while the waist fits smoothly over Billie's white shoulders. A girdle of silver satin forms a dividing-line between waist and skirt. The silver lace at the bottom of the skirt has a wide band of dull pink ribbon, while, a little higher, is a narrow band of a different shade of pink. At intervals, around the very wide skirt, are half-wreaths of deep-blue satin roses (Oh, daring Lucille!), while the corsage is finished with a similar half-wreath. With this frock Miss Burke wears a small string of perfectly matched pearls, with no

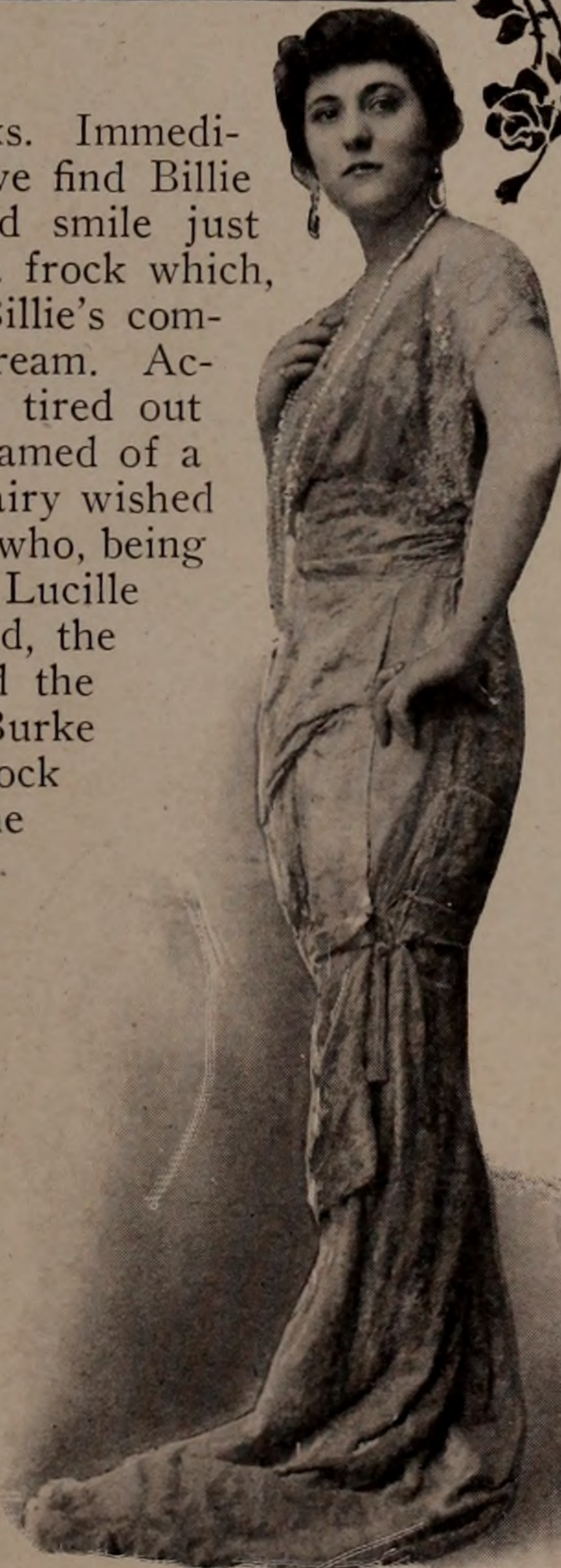


Photo by Photoplayers Studio

LILLIAN WEST



Photo by White

EMILY STEVENS



Photo by Carpenter

RUTH STONEHOUSE

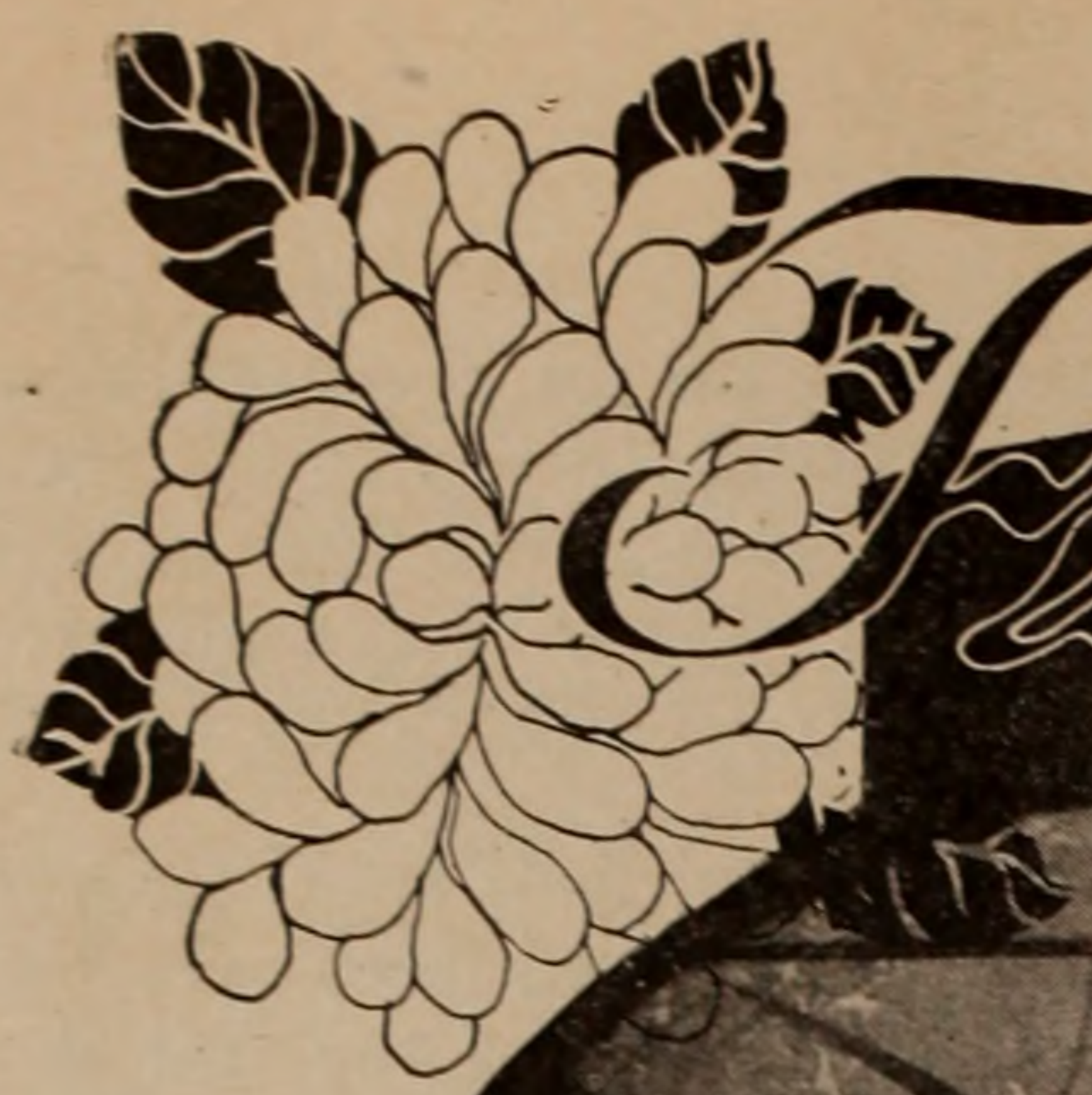
rings, bracelets or hair ornaments. Thus the dress is allowed to shine in all its glory, without being "fussed" with gew-gaws. Silver satin slippers, laced with silver ribbons over silver silk stockings, are also worn with this, completing a frock that is, in every way, worthy of the P. M.'s pretty fairy story.

Juanita Hansen, always sweet and girlish, is at her very best in an afternoon frock of cream-colored lace, over pink chiffon, over palest blue satin. The edge of the full skirt is bound in palest pink, while the girdle is of the same material, as is the binding of the flat, square-cut collar and the long, close-fitting sleeves. With this are worn white kid slippers and a tiny, close-fitting hat of dull blue, trimmed in dull pink flowers, the whole combining into a marvelously pretty costume for the little leading woman of "The Secret of the Submarine."

Dorothy Kelly wears one of the oddest vampire gowns seen on the screen in many moons, in a forthcoming V. L. S. E. feature. It was designed by Mrs. Jane Lewis, of the Vitagraph costume department, and is of black satin and chiffon, brocaded in silver. The waist and court-train are in one

piece, while the chiffon of the skirt covers silver-spangled satin. The end of the train is finished with peacock feathers.





# A Romance of -by- Pearl



SESSUE HAYAKAWA



TSURU AOKI  
(MRS. SESSUE  
HAYAKAWA)

ONCE upon a time, in far-away Nippon-land, where the moon hangs heavy o' nights; where the lazy breeze brings odors of indefinable sweetness; where the cherry-blossoms sway gently, casting fantastic, witching shadows, the God-of-Things-as-They-Ought-to-Be planned a romance. It was the will of the fat, jolly, old god to choose two children who had never even seen each other, and, after divers adventures, bring the threads of their lives together, weaving them into a bright pattern of love and happiness. He chose as the girl a tiny, sloe-eyed tot not yet six years old, whose name was Tsuru—but whose mother called

her "Cherry-Blossom." But Tsuru's mother was dead now, and the little girl lived with her uncle and aunt, famous actors of Imperial Japan.

The boy, who was then almost twelve years old, was Sessue Hayakawa, and his father had carved out, in imagination, a wonderful career for his straight-limbed, brave-eyed son. He should have a high position in the





# Nippon - Sono

## Gaddis

SESSUE HAYAKAWA



TSURU AOKI  
(MRS. SESSUE  
HAYAKAWA)



And Sessue wanted to be an actor.

Now, in Japan one does not go against the decrees of one's parents.

The highest law in Japan is recognized in our own commandment: "Honor thy father and thy mother." And it might also be amplified to read: "and all thy ancestors, and relatives thereof." So when Sessue had decided that he wanted to be an actor, it was without much hope of being able to change his father's opinion. Fortunately for us, the American public, however, his father was in a lenient mood and accepted the changes his son wished to make.

"If you choose to be an actor," he said, "at least be a good one. Go to

Japanese navy. And he was being educated at the Japanese Naval School. But Sessue had visited his "honorable uncle and aunt, Kawakimi and Mme. Yacco," who had, as their ward, a thin, dark-eyed little girl in whom Sessue wasn't in the least interested. Boys are boys the world over, and it isn't boy-nature to be interested, at the ripe age of twelve, in thin, dark-eyed little girls of six.



America, to an American college. Learn the American ways—the American plays—all that is best in American drama. Then bring it back to your countrymen.”

So you see Japanese fathers aren't so very different from American fathers, after all. It was a big ambition that he had laid out for his son, but it was accepted enthusiastically. A few months later, with Mme. Yacco, her husband Kawakimi, and the child Tsuru, he set sail for America. San Francisco was chosen as the first city in which the noted Japanese players appeared, fresh from the Imperial Theater, Japan. They had also appeared in the Shintomi Za and the Teokoku, principal theaters of Tokio, and it was here that Sessue had first made his appearance as an actor.

But the humanitarian city of San Francisco objected strongly to the stage appearance of a child of eight years—it was two years since Sessue had first seen the little girl who was to mean so much to him in his after-life. An old friend of Kawakimi's, one T. Aoki, had evidenced quite an interest in the child. Hearing of the difficulties, he suggested to Kawakimi that he adopt the child, caring for her, seeing that she was properly educated in a way that would befit the daughter of one of Japan's bravest samurai—a man who gave up his life for his country, on the battlefields of the Russo-Japanese war. This solved the problem effectively, and the child was formally and legally adopted by the kindly little man. T. Aoki was a very famous artist. He had been given his B. A. He had been entertained at length by Victoria, “England's Gracious Queen.” His works of art had been exhibited in the most exclusive, aristocratic salons of Paris and art-centers of New York. So it was to be expected that the child Tsuru could not but benefit at his hands. She was sent to a convent, her summers, carefully guarded by a French chaperone, being spent in travel.

Years passed. Sessue had entered the University of Chicago, and had spent the four years of his college life translating the best plays of Ibsen, Shakespeare, and similar masters of classic literature, into his native language. In the meanwhile, watched over by the kindly God-of-Things-as-They-Ought-to-Be, Tsuru was rapidly growing into a slim, lovely woman, in the depths of whose dark eyes a wonderful country awaited the venturesome explorer.

Finally, Sessue started back to Japan, to do as his father had bidden him, to “give of the best of American ways and drama to your own people.” Mme. Yacco and her husband, Kawa-

kimi, were also returning to their native land, and the crossing was made together. During the days of the voyage, Mme. Yacco talked much of her lovely niece, foster-daughter of T. Aoki, who had grown up amid the sunny slopes of California. Sessue was politely bored, until, one day, Mme. Yacco chanced to display a photograph of her niece. And instantly the politely bored young man became an eagerly interested one. He begged for the picture, received it, and throughout the next two years of his travels in Japan, introducing Shakespeare and Ibsen to most of his countrymen, the photograph of the lovely Nipponese maid was always before him. And the God-of-Things-as-They-Ought-to-Be smiled slightly. Finally, overcome by a restless desire to know the girl whose photograph he had come to love, he closed his show and started for America. But his fame had gone ahead of him, and he was engaged to play the leading rôle in a massive feature production of “The Typhoon.” He found the girl of his heart doing leading rôles in Japanese and Indian photoplays under Thos. H. Ince, and as the days passed, the love he had given the photograph was transferred to the original.

But Tsuru had all her native coquetry, combined with a bit that was American. And Sessue found his wooing anything but easy. Nevertheless, with a perseverance that was bound to succeed, he returned again and again to the attack.

And then—that much maligned, seldom credited “psychological moment!” Having a day off duty from her own scenes, Miss Aoki graciously accepted an invitation to watch some of Mr. Hayakawa's, in “The Typhoon.” And—oh, psychological instant!—the scenes she watched were love-scenes—and, as every one who has seen “The Typhoon” is sure to remember, they are very nice love-scenes, and played in a deceiving spirit of sincerity. And Miss Aoki was jealous!

That evening, when Mr. Hayakawa called, she was more capricious than ever. When he attempted to “make love” to her, she flung away crossly.

“You say you love me—yet all the time you kiss her,” she cried, stormily.

And, being wise above a great many American men, Mr. Hayakawa recognized his instant, and grasped it in passing. The next moment she was weeping out her jealousy and heart-hurt on his impeccably clad shoulder.

The next day each of them demanded four days' vacation, and Director Ince, grinning, gave it. They were married the next day—an American wedding, in an American church,

with bridesmaids, orange-blossoms, Mendelssohn's Wedding March, and all the lovely, useless finery so dear to the heart of an American girl. The guests who thronged the church and crowded the house for the reception were all American.

But the next day, in a beautiful Japanese club-house, surrounded by more than three hundred of their own countrymen, including many of the highest rank in southern California, they were married in their own way, when the cups of wine were passed, the obi bow was turned—all the Japanese customs were observed.

The rest of the vacation was spent in a pilgrimage to the tomb of T. Aoki, Tsuru's well beloved foster-father, in San Diego.

“If only he could have been with us!” she cried softly, as they knelt side by side by the tomb of the man who had meant so much to her. “If only he knew!”

“I am sure that he does,” said her husband, softly, as he drew her to him.

Soon afterwards Sessue was engaged to play leads for the Lasky Company. His charming little wife does not work regularly, doing only special engagements, as in “Alien Souls,” released a short time ago. The best picture work Hayakawa has ever done has been in “The Typhoon,” the heavy in “The Cheat” with Fannie Ward, and the appealing, lovable Sakata, the lead in “Alien Souls.” Many of his countrymen objected strongly to his part in “The Cheat,” believing that he cast a slur on his nationality by making the man a Japanese.

“He might have been a Russian, a Frenchman, a Spaniard—the nationality didn't count,” he explained; “the man was merely a villain, and a new twist was given the scenario by making him a Jap.”

But since essaying the rôle of Sakata—a rôle which fits his personality—everybody is pleased.

They live in a beautiful bungalow in Hollywood, an essentially American bungalow, with American furnishings and an American bulldog, named for the Japanese god of destruction, “Shoji.”

On the Japanese equivalent of our own All Saints' Day, which, in Japan, is the Day of Souls, they make a pilgrimage to the tomb of Aoki. And some day they are going to take him home, where he may rest beside the bodies of his well-loved ancestors. And despite their love for America and Americans, and the love of America and Americans for them, they still love Japan and yearn for the day when they may return to her.



# Kerrigan's Home Life Ideal. Finds Mother the Best Companion

By ELIZABETH PETERSEN

CAPABLE as J. Warren Kerrigan is as an actor, and well recognized as that fact is by the great majority of theater-going America, still there is one quality possessed by that star of the film world that endears him more to his host of friends and acquaintances than his unusual histrionic ability. That quality is his deep-rooted love for the little mother who has watched over him and who is so largely responsible for the success and the high ideals which he possesses.

J. Warren Kerrigan is unmarried, and so long as he has the mother to preside over his household, he is likely to remain so, for the two are inseparable, and it would be a paragon, indeed, who would be able to usurp her place in his regard.

She is a poetess of considerable standing among the ranks of contemporary writers of this country and, in addition to verse-writing, is the composer of many successful songs. Art is a passion with her, and is second only to her writing. One easily detects the note of pride in her voice when she

says her son is her severest and kindest critic, and it is to him that she first shows her manuscripts. Needless to say, he takes a deep interest in this line of her chosen endeavor and does all in his power to encourage her.

And so, on the other hand, Mrs. Kerrigan is the inspiration which has been so important a factor in her big son's success. Ever ready with a word of encouragement when it is needed and always waiting to offer her experienced advice, she has helped him along that road of hard endeavor that leads to solid success.



In these days, when the slogan, "Take heed of thy children," has so completely usurped the mandate of past decades, "Honor thy father and thy mother," it is pleasing to see an exception so noteworthy as is the relation between Mother Kerrigan and her son.

In his home in Hollywood there is the little mother, the head of the house, ruled by and at the same time ruling her big, handsome son, who treats her with the same deference, engendered by real affection, that he manifested as a boy. They read his coming rôles together; they discuss his interpretation, his make-up, the details of his action. They are both fond of flowers and animals and, together, keep the rose-bushes abloom and care for his saddle-horse.

And so it is that the Kerrigan family is regarded as one of the happiest in the Los Angeles photoplay colony, and her friends regard Mrs. Kerrigan as the most fortunate of mothers. And, if one may judge from the light in her eyes when her boy is near her, perhaps Mrs. Kerrigan feels very much the same way.



# The Actor's Person

Health and Strength Are  
of His Mimed

By L. E.



Photo by Harrington

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

NOT every actor can be a star, but every actor should aim to be one in his particular work. Without pride and ambition art cannot long endure. It is said that the star system is passing—that the play of today stands on its own merits. I cannot agree. There may be fewer stars on the theatrical horizon just at present than at some past period, but is it not possible that our troupes are more nearly "all-star" companies and conceal individual excellence by the high average?

The contention that abolition of the star system will improve the play and make it more agreeable to the average audience is poorly founded. If we represent the average individual ability of a troupe by fifty and mark one of the members ninety, the high-class man may redeem the play by his individual power—his personality; but an even tone must be a very high tone to win by its evenness. Most theatergoers, particularly since the photoplay has familiarized the unlearned classes

with drama, idealize some certain actor, and go to see him, confident that he will make the play interesting, whatever it be. I know a girl who would spend a dollar to see Warren Kerrigan as Mother Goose.

This personal adulation is the making of an actor—financially. Regardless of the ultimate effect on the drama as an institution, of the star system, it is undeniable that the actor individually profits by it. Personality counts. If you are an actor, be a star if you can.

Personality may be smothered. Potential genius must have a favorable medium for expression. The old-stager knows his powers and his limitations; he can lift a part to his level; but the star whose light is yet comparatively dim is wise to make a special study of adaptation. Suit the part to your personality until you are able to suit your personality to the part. The power of adjustment grows by exercise, but must not be strained.

Individuality is cultivable. The

words of Lewes are as true today as when he uttered them many years ago: "People generally overrate a fine actor's genius and underrate his trained skill. They are apt to credit him with a power of intellectual conception and poetic creation to which he has really a very slight claim, and fail to recognize all the difficulties which his artistic training has enabled him to master."

An actor's individuality, personality, stage-presence—whatever that quality is that makes him exactly what he is—is both physical and mental. The best conception of a rôle is useless if imperfectly expressed. A weak, effeminate man could not by any technical skill make a good "Sea-wolf." He could depict vindictive brutality, true—but not in the way London's character did it. A Sea-wolf must be a big, powerful, hard-fisted man, with a jaw and a voice as big as his shoulders. This we may term elemental expression of the physical. There are many others—the magnetism of vigorous, vibrant health, as seen in a "Parsifal"; the pulsating passion of warm blood and a perfect body in a "Cleopatra." Physical health is the founda-



THEDA BARA IN "CARMEN"

(Twenty-two)



# Physical ality

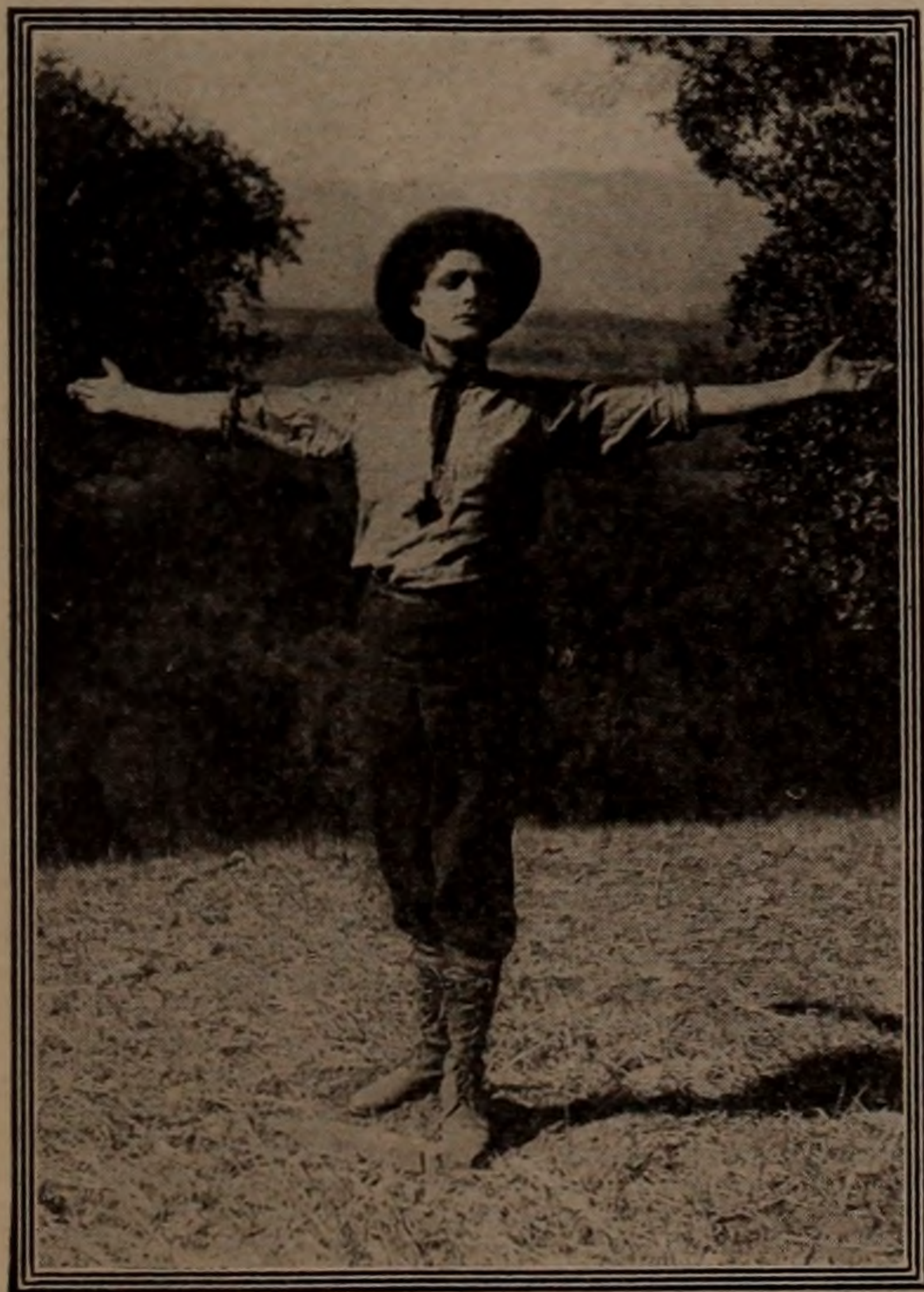
the Powder and Shot  
Emotions

EUBANKS

tion of personality, its vehicle, ranging in force from the brute strength of a savage chieftain to the half-ethereal caress of purest love. Touching on this physical phase, Brander Matthews said:

"Sometimes a playwright beholds one of his characters transformed by an actor, who charges it with a meaning and a purpose, a variety and veracity that the author himself did not suspect and that he had not consciously intended. This transformation may have been caused by the artistic insight of the performer, or it may have been due simply to his personality. Sometimes a part is thus transfigured by the physical fitness of the actor for the character. For it is not only the personality of the actor which affects his art; it is also his actual person. The tools of his trade are the members of his body. His hands and his arms, his walk and his gestures, the glance of his eye and the tones of his voice—these are the implements of his art; these are his chisel and his marble, his brushes, his palette and his canvas."

Too many actors underestimate the possibilities of corrective measures. In this day of marvelous surgery, even



WARREN KERRIGAN IN "THE  
RESTLESS SPIRIT"

(Twenty-three)



Photo by Underwood & Underwood

DUSTIN FARNUM

facial features may be altered. Many players suffer ugly handicaps which could be easily and safely removed. If you have a nose that hides the rest of your face, don't resign yourself to walk in its shadow thru life until you have consulted a specialist. If the eyes lack strength and expression, get at the cause and remove it. Expense you cannot afford to consider; your appearance is a large part of your capital. Surely physical attractiveness is an invaluable asset when by it alone so many actors have won success.

Strength and grace come thru physical exercise. Many present-day actors have wisely recognized this. Such men as Francis X. Bushman, William Farnum and Warren Kerrigan—kings of the screen—study to keep their physique at its best. Bushman is an all-around athlete, a sculptor's model, and one of the best wrestlers in the country. He cultivates every side of his physical self, and is as graceful as he is strong. Farnum's robust manhood and physi-

cal wholesomeness account in large measure for his popularity, and the handsome Kerrigan simply would not be Kerrigan without the broad shoulders, athletic carriage and chivalrous spirit. Yes, health and beauty mean much to the actor. Theda Bara's charms are physical; her serpentine suppleness, her warmth of passion, her fire of expression—all come from fine physical condition, intense health.

Naturalness is the essence of individuality, and naturalness will not live in the same corporeal citadel with ill-health. Nerves, in a pathological sense, have no place in an actor's make-up. Self-control is the very foundation of the histrionic art. For the nervous system, if there were no other reason, all actors should practice outdoor sports. Theatrical work is extremely wearing, and the best performers are most likely to suffer nervous breakdown, for the reason that they put into their efforts more emotion—work harder physically and psychologically—than most of us do.





MARY MILES MINTER IN "DULCIE'S ADVENTURE" (MUTUAL)



LYSTER  
CHAMBERS

# The Wager

by  
Dorothy Donnell  
~ Metro ~

This story was written from the Photoplay  
of GEORGE D. BAKER



UNIVERSAL grayness shrouded the early morning world, or perhaps the great, gray stone building tinged everything about it with its own dullness, the dreary color of lost hopes.

A heavy mist, that clogged the eyelashes and trickled in green slime from the stones, rose from the river, which always ran, like molten lead, by the prison, tho it was blue-and-green-and-golden enough below. The girl shivered and drew her wrap more closely about her shapely young shoulders, as she peered up at the great iron gate, with the arc-light still burning above it.

It was a strange wrap for such a time and place—a garment of beautiful craftsmanship and material, and of a style at least two years old, shabby, pathetically jaunty. And it was a strange girl who wore it there at such a time and such a place—a slip of a thing with a small, pointed face dwarfed by a mass of exotic red-gold hair, with great, purple eyes that could be at will either blankly ingenuous, or honey-sweet with coyness, or hard and old and weary as now.

"If they dont open that gate pretty d—n quick, I'll be goin' buggy," she murmured resentfully, then bit her lip in vexation. "There now! An' me planin' to be a perfect lady! I'll do it, too! Dont I always turn every trick I set out to? But, Lord! it's goin' to be a stiffer job than pinchin' the crown jools!"

A clamor of reluctant hinges broke the thread of her thoughts. The tall iron gate swung slowly open, protesting rustily at the distasteful task of letting loose one of its wards. A man stumbled out and stood blinking as tho the dull daylight were too bright for his eyes. The girl gave a cry of joy, of pain, of mother-love and sweetheart eagerness, and ran to meet him.

"Jim!" she sobbed. "Oh, *Jim*-boy, I've waited so long—since four o'clock—

I thought you wasn't never goin' to come! God! but I'm glad to see you! Oh, Jim!"

"Daisy!" said the man, in a hoarse voice, rusty as the gate from long disuse, "I was goin' straight to find you, girl."

The arc-light sent strange shadows reeling in the cold gusts from the river. It tossed the stark outlines of the gate-bars across their locked shadows, and the girl saw them and shuddered.

"Let's get out of here," she cried shrilly; "this place gives me the creeps."

"It's given me more'n the creeps," said Jim, grimly, and something in his tone sent her glance upward in sudden terror. She had not seen him yet clearly, but she saw him now, thin, with dark hollows under his eyes, and cheeks all fallen in—her handsome Jim! And in two years they had done this to him! But, womanlike, she veiled the dread of her soul.

"You're lookin' fine, Jim—fine!" she lied.

"You cant fool me, old girl," said the man, smiling. "I got about ten months left in me an' no more. It's here." He struck his chest with a great, gaunt hand. "I been spittin' blood a month now, but dont you fret, Daisy. I'd a d—n sight rather die than do any more

time—back there."

"You aint goin' to die, an' you aint goin' to do any more time." She faced him militantly. "Jim, I been thinkin'; let's live straight from now on. I got a reg'lar job—ten dollars a week." Pride lurked in her tone. "I want to be honest, Jim, an' have a little flat somewheres up in the Bronx, with a rubber-plant an' a canary. I want—I want to be *married*, Jim!"

The man gazed at her in utter bewilderment; then he put out a hand and touched the worn sleeve of her gorgeous wrap.

"Aint that—the one I got with the money Slim let me have on that last haul?" he queried wonderingly. "That's all o' two years ago, Daisy. You mean to say—"

"I haven't bought any clothes since," she nodded, "except a pair of shoes an' a rain-coat—marked down. Ten dollars



dont dress a girl *stylish*, Jim, but she can keep respectable on it——”

He laughed out, harshly, bitterly. “Aw, ferget it!” he scoffed. “You cant do it, hon’. Ten a week—you! Lord! an’ I’ve seen you spend a hundred in an evenin’ without winkin’ an eye! An’, anyhow, how can I get a reg’lar job—an ex-con with a bum chest? No, hon’; once a crook, always a crook, I guess; but I’m goin’ to play safe now. I’d rather cash in outside——”

She reached up and checked his words with a hand across his lips. They felt fevered and dry under



“YOU’RE TRYIN’ TO FRAME ME UP—I WONT TOUCH IT!”

her palm, but she forced herself to speak gaily.

“That’ll be about all o’ that, old man!” she cried. “I guess I can manage for both of us till you’re feelin’—rested up. I got fifty dollars saved. Listen, hon’; you gotter give my plan a try anyhow. I got a hunch I’m right. The straight an’ narrow dont lead to any road-houses nor swell hotels; but the other way—the crooked one—that’ll carry us back *there*, Jim, sooner or later. They’ve never got me yet, but they would. Duggan’s been watchin’ me like a cat for two years, but I’ve give him the laugh to his face every time I seen him. It’s great to give th’ bulls the laugh, Jim!”

She chatted merrily on, trying to drown the voices of her dread. They clamored above it all in the ears of her soul. How could one buy medicine for Jim’s great, lax body—food that he needed—how could one buy life and the power to work and live and love like honest people with a pitiful ten a week?

Unexpectedly her question was answered two weeks later, at a moment when her strong soul was off its guard. All-night she had watched some unseen evil thing doing its will with her man, tearing at his throat with terrible, strangling fingers, beading his poor brow with the salt of agony. All night she had fought this devil of disease with the pitifully inadequate remedies she had, and all night she had heard the doctor’s words in her tired brain:

“He must have cream and eggs and country air, or he will die within six

months——” So when the heavy knock sounded on the door, and when on the heels of it Duggan’s coarse face appeared, she cringed under his insolent gaze as tho she were

small hand shot out, snatching off the hat crammed down on the detective’s head. “You take off your old lid when you’re talkin’ to a lady!” she commanded grimly; “an’ Jim, you lay still. Stone aint got nothin’ on either o’ us, an’ I aint afraid to tell him so to his face.” She was struggling into her coat as she spoke; she flung open the door, eyes shining, and tossed Duggan’s hat down the hall.

“You follow yer hat!” she said, militantly, small, red-gold head high. “You aint got nothin’ on me an’ Jim—not one d—n thing!”

She repeated the remark later to Police Commissioner Stone in the office where she had faced him, sullen and defiant, so many times before, and Stone nodded cordially.

“Not a thing on you, Miss Daisy,” he agreed blandly; “but I’ve got a job for you, if you care to make two thousand dollars. It’s a clean job—no peaching, no spy work. And it’s a job that only you can handle, young lady. You see, it’s this way. I want you to steal a diamond necklace and tiara from Thorpe’s jewelry store for me.”

“It’s a plant!” cried Daisy, angrily.



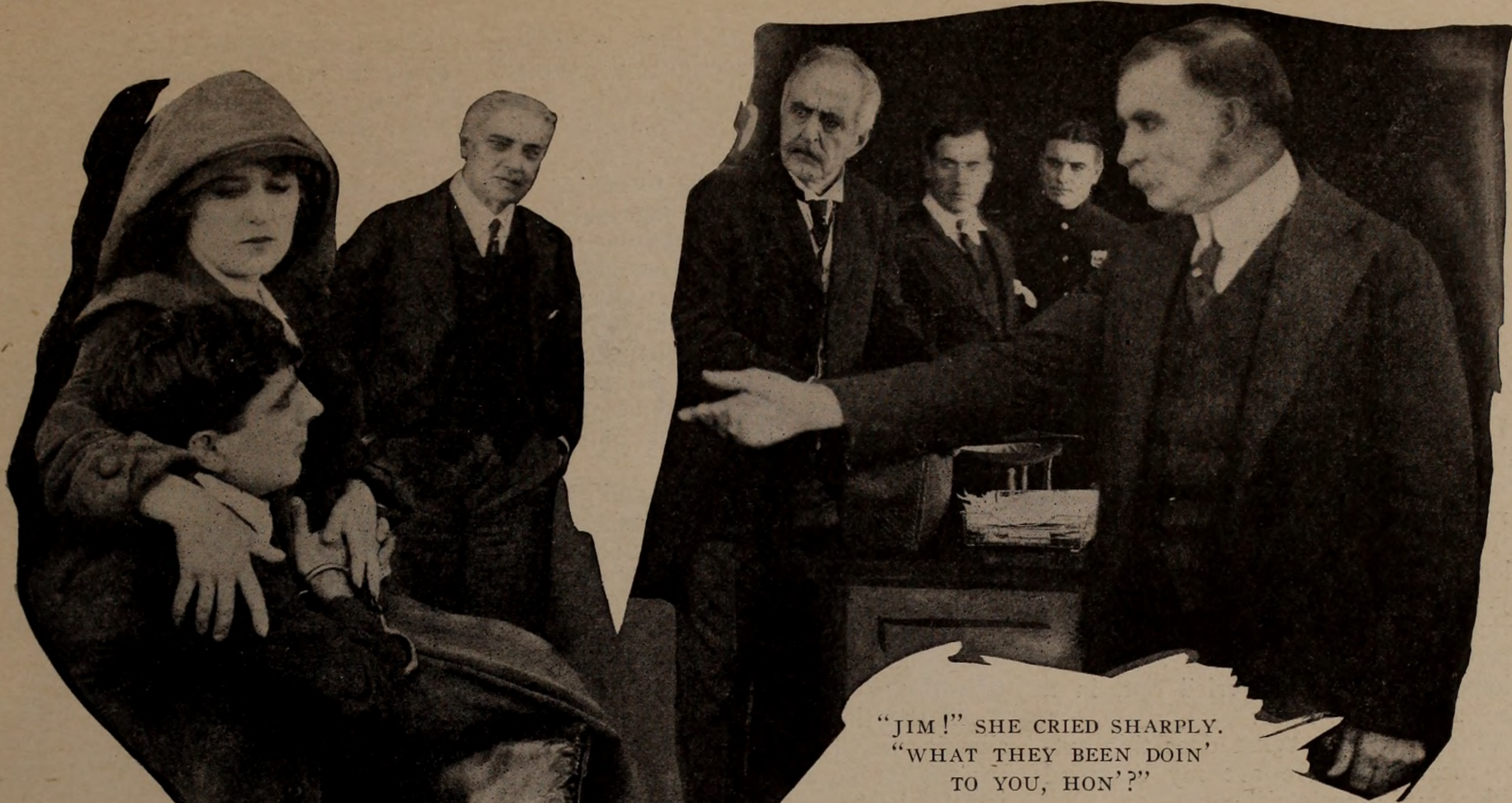
the “Diamond Daisy” of two years ago.

“Well, darling, they want you up at headquarters,” said the detective, suavely; then his eyes fell upon Jim’s ashen face on the pillow. “Hul-lo!” he whistled. “Slippery Jim! I’d forgot you were due about now. Wonder if th’ ol’ man dont want you, too——”

Daisy’s sagging figure stiffened. One

“I WANT SOMETHING THAT NOBODY COULD BUY, EXCEPT ME”





"JIM!" SHE CRIED SHARPLY.  
"WHAT THEY BEEN DOIN'  
TO YOU, HON'?"

"You're tryin' to frame me up. I wont touch it. You've never got me, an' you never will. I tell you I'm wise to that game!"

"Read that, and you'll see it's no plant," said Stone, curtly, handing her a paper. "That's a written guarantee of immunity. It's all a wager. Thorpe has been boasting that no 'con' game could take him in the way Chandler was fleeced three years or so ago. Perhaps you remember how a beautiful, veiled widow, who wanted to sell her husband's heirlooms to him, got the heirlooms mixed up with a diamond necklace worth fifty thousand, and walked off, leaving a pile of ten-cent-store junk behind. Very clever work it was——"

Daisy met his glance calmly. "Seems to me I *did* read about it," she murmured. Stone chuckled.

"Well, Chandler got peeved at Thorpe's boasting, so he bet him five thousand he could find some one to rob *him*, too, within a month. And then he asked me to get the job done for him—done successfully. So I sent for you. But maybe two thousand doesn't listen good, eh?"

Daisy clutched the paper he had given her till the knuckles grew white with the grip. Jim—Jim—*Jim!* Two thousand meant breath for his lungs, blood for his body. She must buy it for him with the only talent she had—her knack of sinning. She could not refuse. Love urged, but her face was white and drawn with pain when, at last, she looked up.

"I'll do it," she said briefly. She turned; her steps dragged. "I'll do it; but it's tough—it's tough as h—1!"

William James Thorpe sat in his office, a solid, stolid figure of prosperity and

prose. There was nothing subtle about this man who made his fortune from the subtlest of all things—precious stones. Diamonds were not dreams to him; opals held no mysteries in their mystic flames; sapphires no secrets—they were his wares.

He sold them as he would have sold potatoes, unenthusiastically, unimaginatively. For thirty years he had sat at that desk, dumpily, with a hundred romances, a score of tragedies, a dozen unwritten chapters of nation's history, and king's loves hidden away in his cabinets, and dictated dull letters, and thought dull thoughts, and lived his dull days. But today was destined to be different—quite, quite different from any day he had ever lived. And the difference, tho he did not guess it, lay in the charming, beautifully dressed schoolgirlish young person, who stood at that moment before one of the counters of his store examining a tray full of diamond rings.

"But they dont any of them *cost* enough," she was objecting ingenuously. "They're the sort of thing *any* girl could afford to own. I want something that *nobody* could buy, except me." She leaned forward, round-eyed, dimpling, in an aura of violet sachet. "My papa is Martin Meloney, the munition man," she told the awed clerk. "Just this one year he's made two or three million dollars, or maybe it's *six*—I cant remember exactly—and he's given me five thousand to spend on my birthday present. I want to spend that five thousand so it'll look like *ten!*"

"Just be seated a moment, Miss Meloney," the clerk fluttered; "I'll speak to Mr. Thorpe himself."

If Thorpe had had an imagination, he might have used it now, as he came for-

ward, bowing and smiling, to meet the pretty daughter of the mushroom millionaire. Having no imagination, he saw the curls, the ruffles, the dimples, but not the watchful look in the wide eyes turned up to him. And somewhere under the dimples and curls and winning smile a very determined young woman registered complete satisfaction.

"I have just the thing you are looking for, Miss Meloney," beamed the jeweler, fussing with the clasp of a maroon velvet case he had brought out with him; "but, unfortunately, altho this set *looks* at least fifteen thousand, it costs *ten*. Ah, isn't that a beauty?"

Somewhere underneath a crow of childish pleasure, and a clapping of girlish hands, Diamond Daisy gave the opened jewel-case the tribute of a long-drawn breath of amaze.

"Oh! how darling dear!" she cooed. "But I haven't got only five thousand. I'll tell you what!" She sprang up, laughing gleefully. "I've got my car outside. Mr. Thorpe, you come home with me and show the jewels to father. I know he'll buy them for me. He never refuses me on *any* day, and on my birthday he wouldn't dare!"

Ten minutes later the unsuspecting Mr. Thorpe found himself seated in a closed automobile, opposite an excited little figure cooing over the maroon case clasped to her breast. Agreeably expectant of a pleasant sale, the jeweler leaned back on the cushions and benignantly surveyed the landscape of the Hudson River and Palisades unrolling thru the car-window. It was fully half an hour before they drove up a long, winding roadway and stopped before a low house quite hidden from the road among the trees.

"Here we are!" cooed Miss Meloney, jumping out of the automobile. She reached up, drew a black veil down from



the brim of her girlish hat over her face, making her look oddly mature. When she spoke to the two husky attendants who ran down the steps to meet them, her voice had changed as well, from high, shrill girlhood to a mellow, sad-timbred tone that seemed full of tears.

"You will have to hold him securely," she told the attendants tremulously. "He is very wild this morning. I thought I would never get him here."

To Mr. Thorpe's horrified amazement, the attendants promptly seized him, one by each arm, and bore him, protesting and struggling, up the steps and into the hall, where they were met by a bewhiskered gentleman with delight tempered by respectful sympathy.

"Very bad, doctor. He is raving about stolen jewels now," murmured the veiled lady, applying a handkerchief to her shrouded eyes. At this point Mr. Thorpe, kicking one of the attendants viciously in the shins, cried out, in a voice hoarse with rage:

"Where am I? What does this outrage mean? Where are my diamond necklace and bracelets?"

"You see, doctor," sighed the lady. She then turned to Thorpe, who, in consequence of his ill-advised kick, was now held quite helpless, and actually kist the affronted man on one leathery cheek.

"Good-by, my poor husband," she said tenderly. "Try, try, dearest, to get over these terrible delusions and come back to your loving Emmie!"

And she was gone, frantic echoes of fragmentary speech floating after her anent: "Thief! Huzzy! Jewels worth a fortune!"

An hour later the same lady stood in a pinched little room in a New York apartment house, describing her adventures for the edification of a haggard man in a dressing-gown and a broad grin.

"It was too easy, Jim!" said Daisy, glowing with pride; "not a hitch from beginnin' to end. You'd ought to have heard your little Daisy spiel like a lady. Gee! Supposin' I'd been doin' it on my own! Wouldn't we have made a haul!"

She opened the case and took out the jewels with fingers that loved them. A greedy look sprang to Jim's sunken eyes.

"Aw, Daisy," he whispered, "you'd never give them back, would you? Think what they'd buy us, girl! Slim would give six thou' for 'em any minute, and we could skip out o' this d—n hole of a town—go where a man could breathe! God! Daisy, with the price o' them bits o' cracked ice I believe I could cheat the devil yet, and I want to live! I'm only twenty-nine; it's too young to blink, girl; we could have good times yet—"

"Jim! Jim!" she besought him. "Dont, hon'; I—I *cant*, Jim! I would if I could, but somehow I—I *got* to be respectable! We'll get the two thousand and go somewheres, boy. I got to take the shiners back to Stone. Thorpe'll be breakin' loose any minute now."

She took up the beautiful stones, lin-

geringly, regretfully, and then, in sudden whim, held the necklace up to her throat.

"Looker me, Jim," she cried. "Are they becomin'? Do I make a good millionaire, old man?"

The words died in her throat as the door was flung suddenly open and Duggan stood before them, laughing noisily.

"Caught with the goods on, darling!" he wheezed. "When I saw you comin' out o' Thorpe's this mornin', I says to myself, 'Here's where I hang around Daisy's happy home a spell an' see what's doin',' and here I am. Hand over the pretty twinklers, my angel, and come along of me."

Daisy drew a quick breath and glanced about the room under veiled lashes. The window open, and the next roof only three feet away—she could make it easily; she *must* make it and carry the jewels to Stone, or he'd think she'd played him an ugly trick.

All the time her slim fingers were laying the jewels back into their velvet nest. Then, before either of the men

Over the roofs fled Daisy, down a fire-escape at last, dodging into alleyways, a hunted thing. Often and often she had been pursued thus when she was a fugitive from the law, but today, the maroon velvet case clutched to her breast, she was a fugitive *toward* the law, and she knew well her only chance of safety lay in reaching Stone's office unarrested. It was fully two hours later when, lips sagging apart with her gaspy breaths, she burst at last into the Police Commissioner's office and leaned heavily against the door, staring at the scene which met her eyes.

In an armchair sat Jim, sagging in every joint of his big frame—Jim, cowed, dazed, with a look of awful fear on his poor, white, wasted face. There were men all about—Thorpe, garrulous with the shrill anger of a dull man; Duggan, leering triumphantly at her;

Stone, red and fussy and bullying. But she

saw none of them, only Jim, her man, whom they had been torturing. She sprang to him with the hovering



THE POLICE COMMISSIONER HANDED HIM TWO SLIPS—

realized what she was about to do, she had sprung to the window-sill, catching up her hat and cloak from the bed, wavered there an instant, then leaped across the chasm and was gone.

"I'll get you, anyhow!" snarled Duggan, inarticulate with fury, leaping upon the gaunt figure on the bed and snapping a pair of handcuffs on Jim's wrists.

"You're an accomplice. Get up now, and quit yer shamming. You'll tell Stone what you know about them jewels, or I'll kick you into the middle of next month!"



gestures of a mother animal, and flung her arms about his neck.

"Jim!" she cried sharply. "What they been doin' to you, hon'?"

Then, suddenly, she grew quiet; she and Jim were creatures caught in the envenomed mesh of the law's web. What use to struggle? She drew the jewel-box from beneath her cloak and tossed it to Stone, who passed it to Thorpe. The jeweler opened it and held the bits of icy fire up to them all.

"Count 'em," said Daisy, grimly. "Dont take my word."

"All here," said the jeweler, with a sigh of relief. He turned to another man, with a grimace of chagrin.

into the neck of her gown and took out the paper Stone had given her. "He hired me to do the trick; ask *him*."

"How will that sound at the next election, Cap'n?" purred Duggan. "Better get the paper back and tear it up—eh?"

Stone's glance shifted. He had passed a wretched afternoon of uncertainty as to whether Daisy meant to return the jewels or not; he had been reproved and scolded and threatened.

than you are, anyhow! We never stole a woman's chanct to live decent; we never robbed a sick man o' his chanct to get well. Aw, what's the use talkin'—"

Her voice broke. She turned to Duggan, with a hopeless gesture, and held out her hands.

"Snap 'em on an' get it over," she said lifelessly—"I'm *done*!"

"No!"

Stone stood between the girl and the handcuffs in the detective's outstretched hands. His thick face was congested with shamed blood. "Take your bracelets away, Duggan," he roared, "or put 'em on me! The girl's done nothing. It's my fault, and, by Heaven! I'll stand the consequences. I was a d—d fool to meddle with a rotten wager like that, but if anybody here wants to use my d—d folly against me, they're welcome to. I aint goin' to hide behind a girl like this one—square all the way thru!"

Silence fell over the little office. Daisy crept closer to Jim. Chandler and Thorpe consulted in the background, then beckoned to Stone.

"If there aint any arrestin' to be done, I suppose I can go?" growled Duggan, swinging angrily on his heel; but Stone's voice swung him about again. The Police Commissioner handed him two slips of paper.

"Give these to the young lady, Bill," he directed. "Our friends here have handed over the stakes they put up for the wager for her to take her man away to the country, where he can get strong and well."

"What—give 'em the whole thing?" gasped Duggan, slack-jawed. "Ten thou'! Ten thou' to a couple of con-workers!"

The disappointed detective hesitated and looked from one to the other.

"Do you mean that these guys are to get the whole thing, Commissioner?"

"I mean just that, Duggan," replied Stone, tartly. "Remove those handcuffs and hand over these checks."

Duggan sullenly walked over to the pair, who were now happy in each other's embrace. His crestfallen face was comical in his defeat, but he removed the steel bracelets, stuffed them janglingly into his pocket, planted the two slips in Daisy's outstretched hand and turned on his heel.

Daisy looked down at the bits of blue paper in her fingers. They meant life, and love, and a chance to be happy and respectable; they meant a little flat in the Bronx, with a rubber-plant and a canary. She looked up, and it seemed to her that Jim's face, seen dimly thru her tears, was working with a new softness and tenderness he was trying hard not to show.

"Come along, Daisy," said Jim, putting one great, gaunt arm about her—beneath her cheek she felt the muscles tighten, as he straightened his shoulders, man-fashion—"come along and we'll find a parson. I want to begin bein' like folks. I want to begin *now*!"



"GIVE THESE TO THE YOUNG LADY, BILL," HE DIRECTED

"You win, Chandler," he admitted. "The five is yours. It's worth it to get out of that insane asylum and to get these jewels back, and I wont lose the money, either. I'll just change the price-mark on these"—he tapped the case tenderly—"from ten thousand to fifteen."

"And now, suppose you two come along with me," said Duggan, briskly taking a step toward the two flies in the web of the great spider. "Your story about this being a put-up job'll sound pretty phoney to the judge—eh, darling?"

He laughed aloud in sheer delight of his triumph. It would give him the promotion he coveted, and, after all, ex-crooks were fair game. If he didn't get them, some one else would.

"I've got his word I wasn't to be touched for it," said Daisy, slowly. Her face had gone very white. She reached

sinister possibilities of what had appealed to him as a friendly joke appalled him. But he did not meet Daisy's scornful eyes as he held out his hand.

"Give me that paper, my girl," he said doggedly.

Daisy rose to her feet, one hand on Jim's thin shoulder. She could feel it trembling beneath her touch, and her blood took fire.

"So you're goin' to throw me down, are you?" she inquired clearly. "Why, even a sneak thief 'ud be ashamed to treat a pal like that! You're goin' to get us sent up—me who's gone straight as a die for two years—Jim as'll die in a month in the pen! We was goin' to live clean; we was goin' to get *married* like reg'lar folks, an' now you're figurin' on takin' our chanct away." She drew a slow breath. "Gawd! but aint you a skunk, P'lice Commissioner Stone! Me an' Jim here, we're crooks; we've took what didn't belong to us; one o' us has done time, but we're more respectable



# Wallace Reid, Cook, Student, and Housekeeper



Photo by Stagg

WALLACE REID

Wallace Reid, the popular leading man of the Lasky Company, is not only a student, but his wife, Dorothy Dayenport, finds him a very handy assistant about the house. But Wallace believes in killing two birds with one stone, whenever possible, and here we find him stirring the soup and reading a copy of Bryce's "American Commonwealth"



# Keeping in Training for the Strenuous Movie Life

Many of the Players Are Real Athletes Because They Love to Be, and Many Are Athletes Because They Have to Be, in Order to Be Fit for the Arduous Tasks That Are Often Assigned Them

By PAULINE ALLEN

"ANYBODY do anything outdoors—sports—tennis, golf, riding, swimming — that sort of thing?" I asked of one of those shorter and uglier persons known in filmland as the P. A.

"Everybody does everything," he answered, true to type.

"Be reasonable," I urged; "be specific. Who does what?"

Now, any press agent who would be reasonable would lose his job, and after I had listened, while he named all the stars of his company and declared each one expert in every known outdoor sport, I decided to take a little trip around the studio and check up on him. The quest of outdoor lovers thus begun lasted many days, for these film-folks are as hard to find with a minute to spare as J. P. Morgan or H. E. Huntington, and you wonder when they ever get time to play at all, at all.

They get it—some of them—before you and I are out of bed in the morning and at all sorts of odd hours. Take the Gish girls, for example—Lillian and Dorothy—and I am beginning at a studio far from the one where I asked the question of the P. A., to avoid a suit for defamation of his character. They are up when the birds are breakfasting on the blossom-buds of the fruit-trees and the first bit of green that shows in everybody's garden, for they love to walk. They love it well enough to get up in time to walk the four miles to their studio and be there by eight-thirty in the morning.

They are real sisters, these two—chummy and inseparable. And for all they look as delicate as the flowers that bloom at the edge of the snows in the high Sierras, they are keen outdoor girls. When they have overslept a bit, and haven't time to walk

to their work, they hop into their motor-car and drive there. And on Sundays, and the stray holidays that happen unexpectedly in filmland, they are off together to a near-by tennis court, and, not satisfied with these things, they joined a gymnasium class at the Young Women's Christian Association, and two evenings a week they are there from six to seven in the evening, doing all sorts of setting-up exercises, folk-dancing, club-swinging, and playing lively at basket-ball and baseball.

Another one who likes to be up with the birds, and while the dew is still on the grass, is a young star that has just begun to twinkle. And let me whisper in your ear that *they* say she is destined to make people forget Mary Pickford. Her name is Mary MacLaren. To her the greatest outdoor sport is to go tiptoeing barefoot across the wet grass in the garden of her Hollywood home, with only a few wisps of gauze between her and the weather, and with no one to see but the sun, peeping thru the branches of a tall eucalyptus at the edge of the garden.

It's real fun to dance that way, sans camera, sans director, sans audience; that is, of course—well, she wouldn't like it best then and there and that way all the time; but it's fun while she's doing it, and it puts her in fine trim for the day's work.

"That's the answer," said Herbert Rawlinson, when I came upon him in his dressing-room, playing with one of the Universal kiddies, and he kicked a bit of muslin that spread out V-wise and declared itself that little bit of nothing that is a track-suit. Beyond it lay a pair of soft-sole running-shoes.

"Every morning I get out and take a run over the hills—that is, every

morning that my wife and I don't roll out of bed into our bathing-suits and then on into our car and drive down to the sea (ten miles away) for a plunge in the surf before breakfast.

"When I first went into the movies I had to do all sorts of outdoor things to keep in practice for any sort of stunt I might be called on to do. But now that Moving Pictures are something besides falling over precipices and off horses and railroad bridges, now that it is drama and not a mere series of stunts, I've cut down my outdoor sports to the ones I like best—running, rowing, swimming, golf, tennis, and sometimes I do a bit of boxing just to keep from getting lazy and slow. If you want to put 'pep' in your work, you must keep physically fit."

Even as he spoke, he was sitting in a pair of riding-breeches and boots, still damp from some mad ride or other thru some rushing river or other, with some armful of maiden or other, and he was keeping his legs very straight that boots and breeches would dry in good shape, so I really felt no alarm lest the movies grow suddenly too tame.

I came upon Ruth Stonehouse rehearsing a scene where a gentleman-villain in carrot-colored hair and goatee was seizing her rudely in his arms, but just before he did, whatever he meant to do, Ruth's hand fell luckily on a paper-knife or dagger—which-ever it was that chanced to be on the parlor-table—and, with bulging, blue eyes, the gentleman-villain desisted.

While the director was telling the villain how to be more villainesque, I learnt from Miss Stonehouse that her favorite outdoor sport is riding, with a gun across her saddle-bow. She spent a number of years on a ranch in Arizona, and there she learnt to handle a rifle like a man. She can nip



the tail-feathers off a bluejay as far as she can see one. Not long ago she was with a party of friends at one of the beach resorts near Los Angeles, and she gave them all the surprise of their lives when she shot the yellow glass-eye out of every nigger that went

buckingest broncho that ever bucked. Marin Sais, too, is a lover of horses and a splendid horsewoman. She has won the unique reputation of salting down some of the five- and six-figured checks that are the smallest

horsewomen of the studios. In my quest I came upon Dustin Farnum, just back from a fishing-trip,



MARY MAC LAREN

bobbing across the screen of one of the shooting galleries on the pleasure-pier, and sent every duck under the water. She put the shooting-gallery out of business in an hour.

It would be a sorry day for any real villain that might try to molest Miss Stonehouse when she is strolling or riding about the Hollywood hills with her gun.

Jane Bernoudy is another real wild westerner who loves her horse better than any old make of automobile. Before she went into screen work she had made a name for herself as a Wild West rider and rope-thrower, and she does not allow her hand to lose its cunning. She can still put the noose of her lariat on hoof or horn of any animal in full career, and can ride the

legal tender known in filmland. She owns a California ranch, and among her crops is a string of polo ponies.

There are some keen polo-players in southern California, and one of them undertook, not long ago, to teach Miss Sais the game, and the gossips are saying that little Dan Cupid was sticking around while the lessons were going on, and got in some of his deadly work.

However that may be, Miss Sais thinks polo the greatest game ever and is trying to make up a polo-team among the



RUTH  
STONEHOUSE



LITTLE ZOE BECH



and there was no question at all about his favorite outdoor sport.

"There's just one big city on this globe," he said sagely—"that's New York. There's just one perfect spot on this same globe, and that's Avalon, Catalina Island."

And on the lapel of his coat was the silver button of the Light Tackle Class of the Tuna Club—if not the most ancient, surely the most honorable and enviable order of anglers in Christendom. Either of two of this catch entitled him to this button.

MARIN SAIS

"No sport like it anywhere," he said. "Ever tried fishing on a sled? No?"

Well, then, you cant quite understand." But I did understand, for it must be



HOUSE PETERS

Now "Dusty," as they call him lovingly out here in California, has given the once-over to

most of the places on the globe, having belted it once and having slipped into all the nooks and crannies of Europe many times, so he ought to be an authority, and you are sure he is when you look into his honest-Injun eyes.

But to prove the second half of his dictum, he pulled out a picture he had brought with him from Catalina, showing himself and a string of five yellow-tail he had caught the day before, one of which was then in the oven for a fish-dinner for all hands at the studio.

(Thirty-three)



J. WARREN KERRIGAN

MARIE DORO

some sport that would make any actor willing to go down to posterity on the pages of a magazine as a common garden variety of ugly, unshaven man, to say nothing of his having posed with his fish on the wharf at Catalina after the manner of every amateur angler that ever made a catch in that famous bay.

"I'm just as big a rube as anybody when I go fishing at Catalina," laughed "Dusty," the darling of the girls.

Mr. Farnum is a lot of things besides being an actor. Up in Maine he's a farmer—not of the gentleman sort that doesn't



know alfalfa from artichokes—and for the three years he has been working in the movies in California he has cut across the country in mid-summer to see how his crops

where along the Maine coast, and has the salt of the sea in his blood, and that's why he is never so happy as when he is within sniff of the

scared, snared yellowtail. Dustin Farnum's string of yellowtail makes J. Warren Kerrigan's string of trout look like a bunch of bait, unless you happen to know just how sporty a sport trout-fishing is, just how many miles one must walk or crawl along the rocky bank or thru the tangle of willows, tickling, teasing, taunting, terrifying those wary, nervous little streaks of lightning.

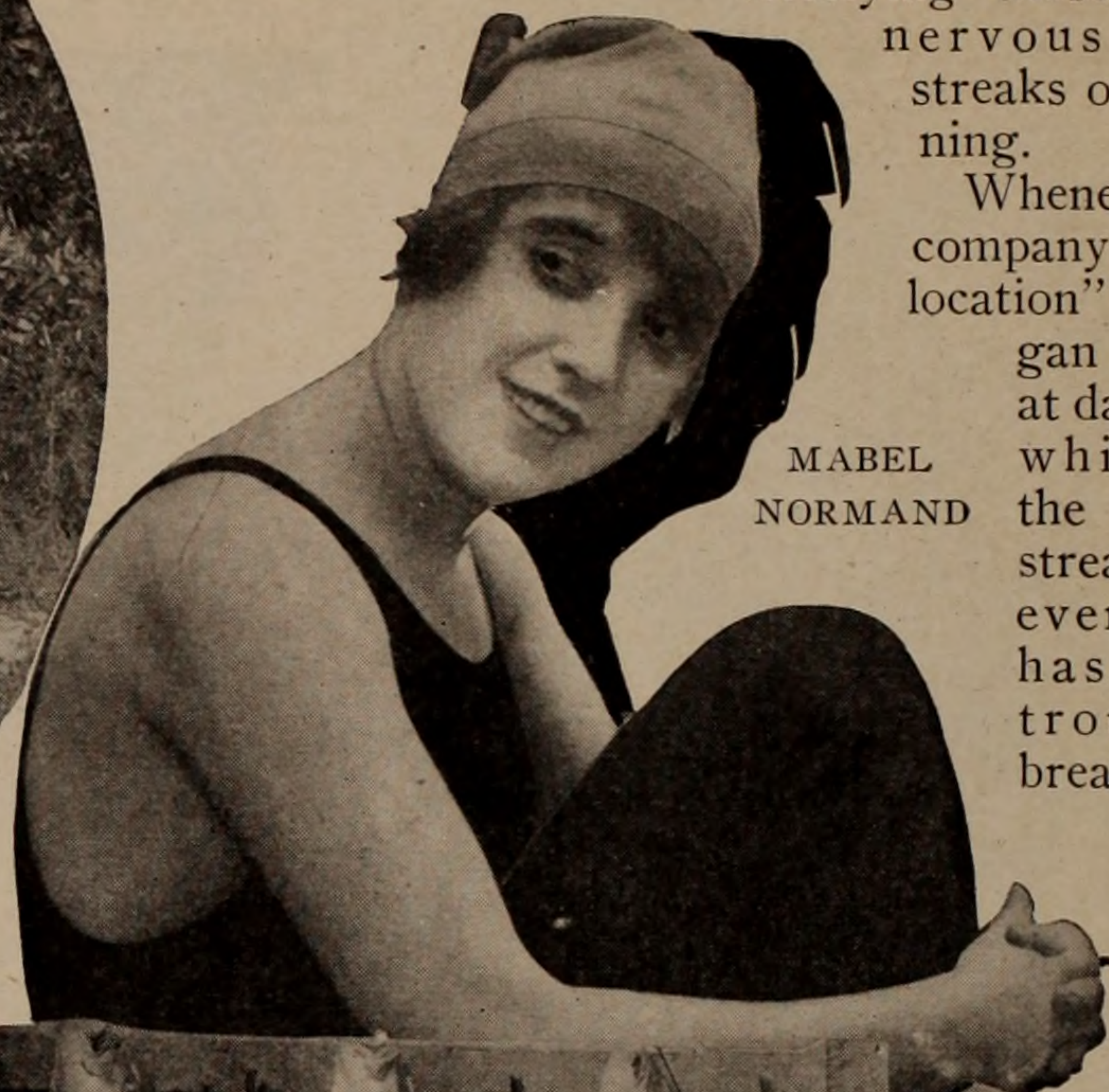
Whenever the company is "on location" Kerrigan is up at daybreak whipping the nearest stream, and everybody has fresh trout for breakfast.



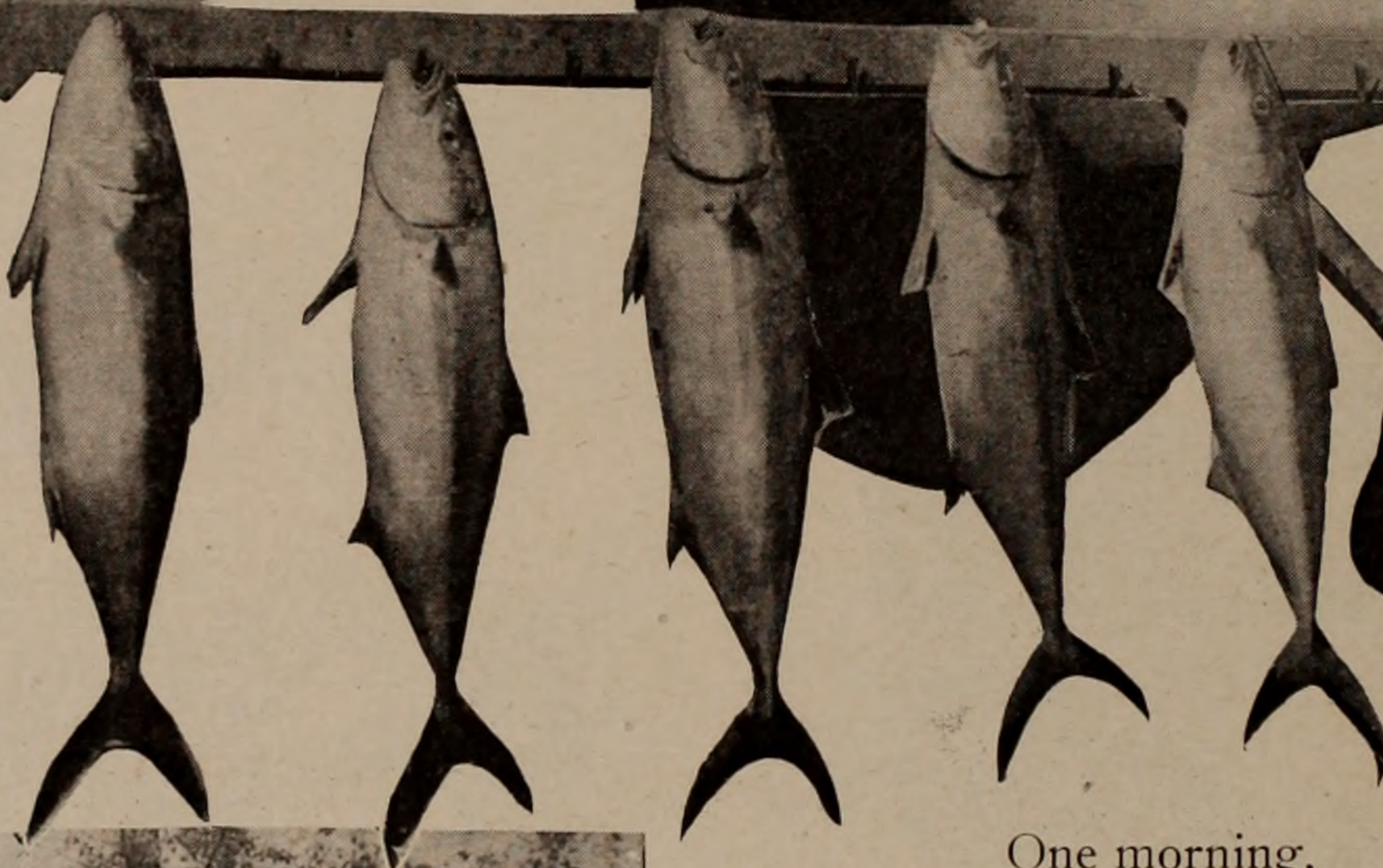
JANE  
BERNOUDY



HERBERT  
RAWLINSON



MABEL  
NORMAND



DUSTIN  
FARNUM



TOM FORMAN

are coming on. This year he cut diagonally across from San Diego to Maine in his motor-car. He was born some-

ocean and why it is ecstasy supreme to be towed across its ruffled bosom at the rate of a mile a minute by a

One morning, when they were in the mountains, Kerrigan made his usual promise of a trout breakfast, and some bets were made as to whether he would make good. He came back in a very short time with a very long string, and he collected nearly as many dollars as he had fish. And it was a day or two before the fellows who had paid over the money learnt that Kerrigan had reached the stream just a little while after some road-workers had fired a blast of dynamite and found it full of dead fish floating on the top. He waded in, scooped up the fish, strung them on a string, and carried them triumphantly back to camp. And the bets couldn't be declared off, because



nobody had stipulated the form of murder he was to commit on the fish.

They had told me Wallace Reid was some tennis player, but the day I happened in at a rehearsal of "The House of the Golden Windows," he was much more inclined to talk about the black bass he had been catching up somewhere near Santa Maria in somebody's private lake. But afterwards he did admit that he liked tennis, and plays it whenever he gets a chance, and that he is also keen on motoring and horses and dogs. All the dogs he has just now are some Saint Bernards, a mixed wolf and black shepherd, and a Spitz—the latter owned to with the apology that it's a pretty bit of a thing for his wife to wear, said wife being Dorothy Davenport, a player that the Smalleys are proud of finding and who, by the way, likes all sorts of outdoor things, and especially golf.

That very day Mr. Reid was in mourning over the loss of a young Saint Bernard and the near-loss of his half-breed wolf. Just at going-to-work-time the Hollywood populace was regaled by the sight of an Apollo in lavender pajamas sprinting down the main thorofare at record speed, urged by the yelps of a dog that had got mixed up with a motorcycle. The owner of the motorcycle thought the animal a real wolf and was afraid to go near it, and nobody else dared. But he of the lavender pajamas went right down in the dirt and disentangled his mad, hurt pet, registering more real emotion in five minutes than he registers of reel emotion in five miles of film.

The bystanders looked about for the man with the little, black box on the long, black legs, for every time anything unusual happens the people of Hollywood think it is part of a Moving Picture.

Besides dogs and horses and motor-

ing and tennis and fishing, Mr. Reid confessed to a liking for and a bit of expertness at swimming.

"I used to do a good deal of swimming along the Jersey coast," he said. "Came pretty near the record on high dives and hundred-yard dash. When I first came out here, those feats were magnified into all sorts of Pacific Coast championships. I hadn't had very close relations with the *genus homo, species Press-agenticus*, and I began practicing jiu-jitsu for fear the real record-holders would attack me on sight for trying to steal their glory."

And swimming, somehow, led to a confession that he was a bit of a sprinter and weight-thrower—in fact, one of the all-around track men at Lafayette (not Lafayette, Indiana, he begged with all the hauteur that Easton, Pennsylvania, feels toward Lafayette, Indiana).

I began to understand that first press agent, and, by way of simplifying matters, I asked:

"Is there anything in the way of outdoor sports that you don't do, Mr. Reid?" And he said, quite simply:

"I've never tried landscape painting."

Tom Forman is a famous Nimrod. He goes out into the tall timber after game in his automobile and forgets there is such a word as good roads in the vocabulary, and, if I can diagnose the picture he gave me to prove his prowess, he can't get in between his own gate-posts when he gets home with the tonneau loaded with deer and bear and jack-rabbits and other trophies of the chase.

And so one might go on indefinitely. Marie Walcamp likes riding and doesn't care whether her horse goes on four feet or two, and if there isn't a horse handy she can jump into the cab of a locomotive and drive it just as well. Mabel Normand swims like a

mermaid. Anita King is motor-mad and drove her car all the way across the continent. Cleo Ridgely rode horseback from New York to California. Marie Doro has become a devotee of the most popular of all outdoor sports in southern California, Moving Picture taking. Charlie Chaplin made her a present of a camera, and all her pin-money goes into film, for she shoots everything she sees in motion, from the back yard cat to a floral parade.

Last and littlest, but by no means least of these few doers of outdoor things in filmdom, is little Zoe Bech, alias Zoe Du Rae.

The other week there was a big motor-car parade at Ascot Park for some benefit or other, with all the movie queens sitting tight at the wheels of all the makes of motor-cars there are. Big as life, and braver than most and best driver of them all, was this five-year-old, with her snow-white Spitz, "Cinders," helping to fill the seat.

Somewhere out of sight sat a man who now and then eked out the baby-arms and legs when there was manipulating of the brakes or other things that no human baby could do. But Zoe managed the wheel and had a lot of applause.

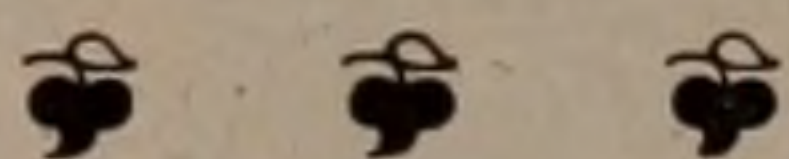
It was only the second day after the car was bought that Zoe climbed into her father's lap and said:

"Daddy, I know how to run that car—jump in and I'll give you a ride."

"What do you do?" queried daddy.

"To start the car, I turn on the ignition; then I retard my spark-lever; then I step on the foot-lever; then de-clutch; then I shift my gear into first; then I step on the accelerator; then I watch the trees run backward."

After all, that P. A. wasn't so short and ugly as I thought.



## "La Nuit Blanche"

(A modern improvement (!) on Kipling's nightmare)

By MABEL BROWN SHERARD

I had seen as dawn was steering  
East—I staggered to my rest—  
All the stars in Filmdom leering,  
As at some infernal pest.  
I had seen the eyes of Theda  
Burn and quiver, swell and sink;  
Was it earthquake or tobacco,  
Day of Doom or Night of Drink?

In the full, fresh, fragrant morning,  
Billie Ritchie, Chaplin, all  
Laws of gravitation scorning,  
Paraded gently up my wall;  
Then I watched a camera walking,  
And I heard Bob Leonard sing;  
And the Selig zoo all talking  
Did not seem the proper thing.

(Thirty-five)

Half the night I watched the building  
Of a million zigzag sets,  
Helped the wizards do the gilding  
Of their ordinary pets;  
Shook Dave Griffith for his tameness,  
Wept for Ince's dying zest;  
Beat my breast for Pickford's sameness,  
Kicked Arbuckle off my chest.

Next, a chain of leaders, weeping,  
Dragging "Later" by the tail,  
Waltzed into my hot brain, keeping  
Step along the crimson trail.  
Kalem's grinning, flashing pinwheel  
One-stepped with Triangle's "T",  
Beauty's blood-red rose spit cornmeal  
In the phiz of Frank X. B.

So I fled with steps uncertain  
On a thousand-year-long race,  
But that whizzing, square, white curtain  
Kept me always in one place.  
All the limbs and forms of Undine  
Begged me for a place to skip,  
So I—with a smile of sunshine—  
Gave them all my—upper lip!

Dun and saffron, robed and splendid,  
Broke the solemn, pitying day,  
And I knew my pains were ended,  
So I turned and tried to pray.  
Nevermore, while time I'm stealing,  
On the movies' Gay White Way,  
Will I set my poor brain reeling,  
Chewing twenty reels per day!





# Psychology and the

IF you get out Volume P-Q of that new Encyclopedia Britannica, that you're buying at a dollar down and a dollar ever afterwards, you'll find that the subject of this article isn't so hard as it looks. Reduced to brass tacks, it simply means the way the brain works—my brain, your brain, and the brain of your next-door neighbor (provided he has one). And so the psychology of the screen means the way the Motion Picture actors and actresses express the emotions that are supposed to be going on in their minds—love, maybe; and how some of those be-yootiful heroes and heroines do express that—whee!—or hate, or jealousy, or despair because the cook is leaving—and the way they make these emotions reach out across the orchestra and set the fat drummer in the third row blubbering, or the high-school girl and her beau to holding hands.

In the spoken drama, the audience is continually being coached and directed how to feel. The characters of the play explain and argue and scatter words right and left in the most spendthrift fashion. When the playwright is afraid his audience wont understand the heroine's state of mind, he simply sets the butler and the maid to tidying up the drawing-room to the accompaniment of a conversation something like this:

The Butler (shaking head mournfully)—It fair breaks me heart to see how unhappy the mistress is these days!

The Maid (dusting a papier-mâché bust of Lincoln)—Yes, it's because she's too stout to wear this season's styles. She's afraid she'll have to give up ice-cream sundaes to keep master's love. What brutes you men are!—



VALESKA SURATT

EDITH STOREY



SCENE FROM "THE MAN WHO COULDN'T BEAT GOD" (VITAGRAPH)



# Screen *By* Dorothy Donnell



THEDA BARA

SARAH  
BERNHARDT

and so on, until every one knows the whole situation. Now, on the screen it is difficult for an actress to behave like a woman who has had to give up ice-cream sundaes, or yet—as somebody or other has suggested—to enter the room with the air of just having had a cup of tea.

Subtleties like these are too fine for the screen. If the movie audiences are to understand what is going on, only the most elementary and recognizable emotions can be chosen for photoplay use. We've all of us presumably experienced love, remorse, jealousy and sorrow at some time in our lives, and it's dollars to doughnuts we'll know them when we see them. When the handsome hero with the square jaw kisses the lovely heroine with the expensive hair, Friend Wife leans against our shoulder and murmurs, tenderly, "He doesn't do it half so well as you did, Jim; and I don't see—do you?—why they call *her* so good-looking!" And when the villain repents, and dies to slow music, we remember the time we gave a lead nickel to the conductor, and feel for our handkerchiefs in real sympathy.

A few years ago, photoplays were mostly pictures of action, cowboys and Indians on horseback, guns going off, trains being wrecked, autos speeding after fugitives, and "something doing" generally. But people got sick and tired of Chief Rain-in-the-Face and his band of Irish-American Indians, and gun-fights—with the pianist bearing hard on the bass—ceased to thrill. So the word went forth to the scenario writers to work a little plot and heart-interest into their scripts. The "picture-play" became the "silent



OLIVER TWIST SCENE IN "THE MAN WHO COULDN'T BEAT GOD" (VITAGRAPH)



drama," and the movie actors found that it was distinctly up to them to register a large number of emotions, so that they would "get over" to their audiences.

Lacking words, the picture people adopted a sort of shorthand code of gesture to represent different emotions, and the faithful fans have learnt this code by heart. When the persecuted heroine clutches her chest and rolls her eyes, they know she is not having an attack of acute indigestion, but a pang of unrequited affection. When the hero beats his brow and clenches his fist, they know it is not the bill for his wife's new hat that troubles him, but the fact that he has just dropped a couple of millions in Wall Street. Jealousy has its bitten lip; revenge, its flashing eye and set jaw.

When Theda Bara lets down her back hair and runs her hands thru it, in a sort of vampirish shampoo, it is a sign that she is being very naughty. I don't quite know why back hair is as naughty as it is, but when a movie actress lets hers down, it's one of the surest things you know that trouble is brewing. Likewise when she smooths it straight back, à la Valeska Suratt, or parts it and rolls it very low, so that it hides her ears.

When Edith Storey's sensitive nostrils quiver and her eyes dilate, the fan recognizes her portrayal as that of dread. And when Charlie Chaplin stumbles onto the screen, with his million-dollar mustache, he gets a laugh before he earns it, because, in the code of moviedom, a stumble and tumble and ten-cent-store scrap of whisker is mighty humorous.

To be sure, some people do not recognize this code at once. When you take dear old Aunt Matilda from back home to the Motion Pictures, and she sees Charlie Chaplin playfully kick a lady in the stomach, it is just possible that she may nudge you and inquire, anxiously:

"What are all the folks laughing at, anyhow, Lizzie? Why, ef that young feller should cut-up round Green Corners scand'lous as that, the select men would put him in the jail."

Come to think of it, I'm blest if I know *why* a short man in baggy trousers, kicking out with a shoe two sizes too large, is so uproariously funny; but it must be, for Charlie gets seven times as much money as the President of the United States every year for doing it. You point out this fact to Aunt Matilda, and when a little later Charlie upsets a perambulator with the crook of his cane, the good old soul is quite convulsed with merriment.

Memory is perhaps the most im-

portant function the brain of man performs. Our emotions are nearly all of them dependent on the process of remembering—of tying the present to the past. We cannot hate very cordially without memory; we cannot love successfully, nor hope, nor grieve. A baby's worn shoe is not a pathetic or tender object unless it makes us remember some child we have loved or lost; a rose is significant to a lover because of its connection with past love-episodes; the knife is terrible to a criminal because of the association it has with his crime.

In the representation of this most universal process of psychology, the photoplay has the advantage of the



CHARLIE CHAPLIN STUMBLES ONTO THE SCREEN WITH HIS MILLION-DOLLAR MUSTACHE

spoken drama. It can picture to the spectator the actual scene that is being recalled to the hero or heroine's mind. In Vitagraph's "The Man Who Couldn't Beat God," the man's conscience-tortured brain is bared to the gaze of the audience. He has thought about his old crime so much that sick memory twists ordinary, everyday happenings into visions of his victim. Finally, sitting in a box at a performance of "Oliver Twist," he sees Bill Sykes murdering his light-o'-love, Nancy, and rises up with an irresistible cry of warning and confession. No mere pantomime could portray this man's emotions without the aid of camera trickery. But the "double-exposure," with its possibilities of representing dreams, hallucinations and memories, has done much to change mere Motion Pictures into *emotion* pictures with dramatic possibilities of spiritual and mental conflict.

Partly on account of this trick work, the camera is more successful in por-

traying abnormal phases of the mind than normal ones, the heightened emotions than the simpler and commoner feelings. Thus love makes a better picture-theme than affection or friendship, sorrow than grief, and jealousy than doubt. Of course leaders are often used to explain emotions that cannot very well be visualized, but leaders at their best are boring affairs, and at their worst they are impertinent interruptions. Two long-separated lovers at last reach each other's arms, but before their lips can meet, the inconsiderate director cuts them off with a remark something on this order:

The Misunderstanding Between Grace and Tom Is Finally Removed.

A bank clerk, worried by the odd millions he had abstracted from the petty-cash drawer, is about to end his troubles with a pistol, and again that busybody of a director interrupts at the crucial point with a leader anent the wages of sin. No, no; as few leaders as possible, if you please, Mr. Photoplaywright, and, if they are necessary, make them at least truer to life than they are now.

A little care taken to make not only the leaders but the letters or newspaper notices shown in the plays more convincing would help a great deal toward improving the psychology of the screen. As it is now, the characters commit the most dangerous secrets to paper, and conveniently lose the paper for some other character to find. Crooks communicate freely by letter, prattling artlessly of murder and robbery; young ladies leave their love-notes about, to be found by irate parents or husbands, and a man informs his wife of his plans as follows (in backhand grammar-school script):

Dear Wife: Am leaving on business for China at two o'clock. Will be back a year from next January.

Your affectionate husband,  
BOB.

The psychology of the screen is at present a rather elementary psychology, but one in a wonderful process of development. Its success depends upon the collaboration of the spectator with the playwright in supplying, imagining and interpreting what he cannot say. For this reason it is a valuable aid to concentration and alertness of understanding. In a way, when you and I go to a photoplay, we are author and actor and audience, too, like that famous individual of the Bab Ballads, who was "cap'n and cook and bo'sun, too and crew of the Nancy's brig!"





MARGUERITE SNOW

MARGUERITE SNOW

the Brilliant Planet of Stardom, Believes Sincerity Is the Final Word

THERE is nothing that has the scope for learning and broadening that the picture field has. It is a very difficult thing to get in nowadays—even as an extra; but if you get an opportunity to start as an extra, take it! It is a very good training, and oftentimes will cure one of camera-fright, which is the silent sister to stage-fright. I think it bad to visit studios every day, as one can usually tell when the casting of a picture is going on. Wait a week, if necessary, but be sure to try again.

Were I out of an engagement, I would try to meet some good producer or director personally, and try to convince him that I was worthy of a trial. I think a few letters are answered; but then it must be remembered that the majority are not; and then again, who knows but what yours may be the lucky one. Of course the applicant should enclose photographs, as it usually can be determined from photographs whether a person will photograph well for the camera. There are some people, however, who photograph much better in Motion Pictures than in stills,

EDNA GOODRICH



# How to Get In the Pictures

EDITOR'S NOTE:—This series of articles began in the July issues of the CLASSIC and MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Nearly all of the great photoplayers are contributing to make this the most comprehensive and authoritative series of articles ever published. Those who are particularly interested should read all of these valuable essays, because opinions differ, and conditions vary in different localities and studios.

and I, therefore, think it a splendid idea to have a few feet of film taken of the applicant, and to have this sent along with the application.

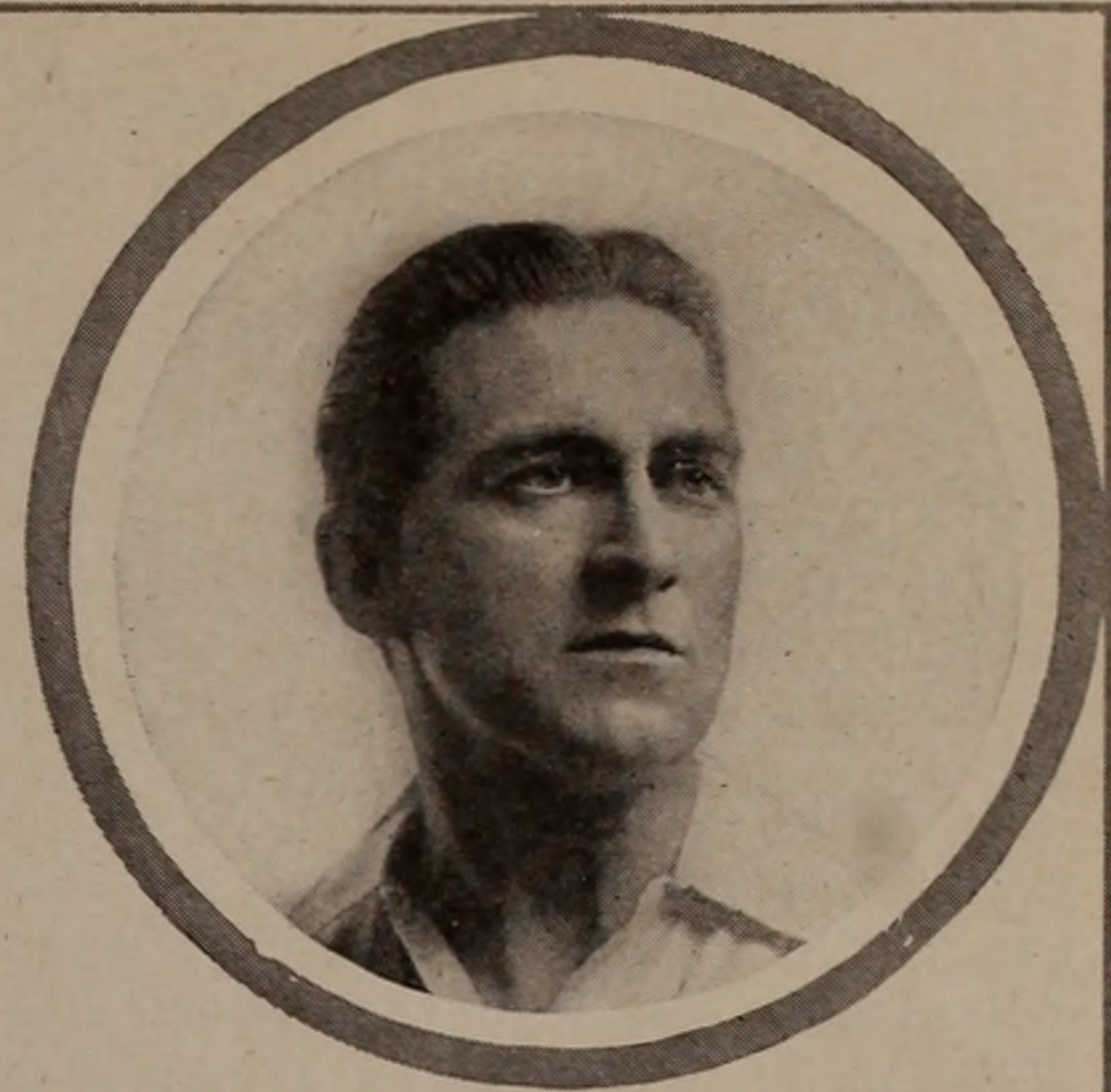
The average salary for beginners, I believe, is about three to five dollars a day, and for those playing small parts, ten dollars. Some extras are fortunate enough to get a guarantee of four or five days a week. I know of quite a number of extras who have finally gotten in. I can cheerfully confess that I, also, was an extra once, and I feel that I am a beginner yet.

A great number of people have succeeded in pictures without stage experience; but I think it must be a great advantage to know repose and expression, which is bound to come with situations and lines in the spoken drama. Originality is almost everything, and it's too bad more of us are not blest with that wonderful trait. It always stands out brilliantly in any gathering, no matter how large, and demands recognition. I have seen an audience held thru a whole evening by a pair of steady, earnest eyes. They do the most acting, the kind that will be remembered the longest.

RUPERT JULIAN

Whose "Heavy Leads" Have Made Him Famous, Says One Must Fight Upward from the Ranks

PICTURES, like all other arts and professions, demand those persons who, by nature, are most fitted and adapted to their needs. To the average beginner, the business holds out abundant promises of glory and easy money; but, in reality, it is a hard uphill fight, beset with failures and heart-breaking reverses. It takes a great deal of luck, courage and perseverance to succeed. I certainly believe in every kind of prep-



RUPERT JULIAN

aration, dancing especially, which adds greatly to the player's deportment.

Personally, I am a believer in actors rather than types. However, talented young people of any type get their chances, and those with brains, temperament, steadfastness, personality and originality will get there in the end. An applicant should use discretion in applying to the director at the opportune moment. Many have lost a chance by pressing a director when his mind was seriously occupied. In sending photographs, it is questionable whether it can be determined from them whether a person will "register" well, because the fact of an applicant "registering" well depends upon his or her ability.

To my mind, starting as an extra is the only way to break in, these days. An introduction or influence is of no value whatsoever, if you haven't it in you. The salary for beginners is from one dollar to ten dollars per day, and for extras about five dollars. To be frank, I have never heard of any one who was really successful who did not begin as an extra. All extras, and even old actors, are coached by directors. The stage and screen alike require every description of face, feature, complexion and form. Variety of action and feature,

MABEL NORMAND





plot and character, is not only the spice of life, it is life; and the stage, as well as the screen, is only life at its crucial periods.

#### MABEL NORMAND

The Star Who Jumped from Extra to the Head of a Feature Film Company, Thinks "You Have Got to Have Something to Sell"

As it is a very hard proposition to get in these days, I think that an introduction to some head of a studio, or the influence of an official, would mean a big help. The only way for the inexperienced person to start is to apply as an extra. The average salary for extras is from three to five dollars a day, and twenty-five dollars a week and up for people in stock. Most girls that are making a success now—not the stars, but those who are just "coming up"—started as extra girls, and were picked out by directors and given parts. There are so many girls on the lists of the different studios now, however, that it is difficult for a stranger to get a position even as an extra.

I would not advise sending letters of application, as these are usually not answered, unless the person is known professionally. Only a personal talk to back them up will aid and abet all the letters and photos that an amateur might write or send to the studios.

You must learn the ins and outs of each studio; who the casting director, or business manager, is; what his hours are for interviewing applicants; the kind of players he needs. Going to a studio nowadays is "carrying coals to Newcastle," unless your looks and talents—latent or apparent—are the "real goods to sell."

#### EDNA GOODRICH

Who Has Shared Equal Honors in Musical Comedy, Stage and Screen, Emphasizes Personal Charm

ALTHO stage experience is not essential, it helps immensely to break into the studio fold. If I were a beginner and wanted to get in, I would seek an introduction to some player in the movies; who has been successful, and take his or her advice. If the applicant can afford it, I would advise having a few feet of film taken of himself or herself, and send this along with the application; but this is not always necessary, as it can usually be determined from a photo whether or not a person will photograph well. There have been many extras who

have succeeded by hard work, much patience and willingness. I should say that the principal requirements are naturalness, power of facial expression, personality, originality, grace, and, above all, persons who photograph well. Outside of photographic requirements, I would group all other essentials under the head of personal charm. What is it that instantly attracts us to some people and repels us from others?—personal charm. It's part and parcel of yourself, or else it does not exist. And its expression—its voice—will show in your ease of manner, personality, deportment and facial expression. It can be developed and must be guided by stage training; but it must first be born in you.

#### DELL HENDERSON

Keystone Director, Who for Eight Years Has Handled Thousands of Types, Says There Is No Middle Ground for Looks

IF you are good-looking, or if you are homely, there is an excellent chance to get in today; but if you are just ordinary, passable, the everyday face, there is very little chance, unless you happen to be the possessor of good common-sense and lots of talent. Personally, I think the market is oversupplied with bad photoplayers; but there's plenty of room for the good ones. An applicant should apply to the studio manager, and show him that he or she is capable of hard work and study. I advise starting as an extra only when there is absolutely no chance of getting a small part with a company. The only way that I know of for extras to advance themselves is to display their talent. And dont forget that originality counts for everything, too. I know of many extras who have finally gotten in, and, as a matter of fact, mostly all of the Moving Picture stars started as extras.

#### THOMAS SANTSCI

Selig's Sterling "Character Lead," Declares This the Day of Strong Personality and Decided Types

THIS is the day of types, and the beginner hasn't the chance he had a few years ago. Yet, talent is of great value to those who are starting at the foot of the ladder, and I advise starting as an extra, as a great deal of experience can be gained by so doing. The chances, of course, are much more in an applicant's favor if he should call personally at the studio, altho I think quite a few application letters are usually answered, provided bust

and full-figure photographs are enclosed. Of course, it cannot always be determined from a photograph whether a person will "register" well on the screen; but still, in many cases I think it hardly practical for the applicant to have a few feet of film taken of himself or herself.

Yes, indeed, I know of a good many extras, some of them of my personal acquaintance, who are very clever actor-directors today. If you should ask them how they got there, I am quite sure that they would tell you that it was only by close attention to the work that they were directed in, personal magnetism, and by trying to improve on what they had done.

Stage experience is not always essential, but is a big asset. However, some of our most popular screen stars of today were inexperienced in pictures; but, personally, I think that a person with no experience has very little or no chance of getting placed with a company, unless he or she happens to be a "type." The day of just pretty girls and handsome men who simply walk, or pose, thru a picture has come and gone.

#### CLAY M. GREENE

Lubin's Distinguished Author-Director, Gives Some Succinct "Donts"

DONT forget that extras can advance by: attention to calls; profit that they know what ladies and gentlemen look like; by minding their own business; by not being "catty," and by constant proof of earnestness.

Dont go into Moving Pictures for the fun of the thing.

Dont dream of it, unless you have some reputation in the drama, or are willing to suffer many disappointments and humiliations before you get your chance.

Dont consider it, unless you are thick-skinned and willing to suffer many stings from evil tongues. This will surely come to you, especially if you are promising enough to be advanced rapidly. There are more "knockers" in the Moving Picture business than in any other walk of public life.

Dont let any one convince you that it is easy work and plain sailing, for it is full of head-winds.

Dont, unless you are sure of yourself, make the effort—it wont count.

Dont be blind; if you haven't qualifications and have neither experience nor "pull," let it alone.

Dont mince matters. Is it worth while at all? That is open to serious question.





# The Enemy

~ by Gladys Hall ~  
Vitagraph

This story was written from the Photoplay of CANFIELD THOMPSON, Based Upon the Novel by GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER and LILLIAN CHESTER



I would take O. Henry to describe Mike Doud's "Sink." It would take his pen—dipped in the ink of sympathy, wise with understanding, at one with man, erring and godlike—to give to you the atmosphere of the flotsam and jetsam collected in that place. Creatures distorted beyond all semblance to men—human *things* with the evil in them, the animal greed in them, hideously pre-eminent; derelicts with pasts behind them, stranger than any Arabian Nights, crueller than the grave to which each was traveling along the whisky route. Driftwood tossed ashore from God alone could tell what turgid, troubled seas.

"Slumming" one night, it was my unforgettable privilege to hear one of these pasts direct from the unfortunate who had lived it, to be projected, too, for a brief instant, into his future.

I shall never forget the evilly smelling place—the rank stench of strong, cheap

whisky; the stink of soggy cigar-butts; the loathly odors of creatures to whom bathrooms are a joke and water an excrescence upon the face of the earth; to whom existence means but whisky and sodden sleep, sodden sleep and whisky; who wake but to lurid intervals in which their past lives take on unendurably haunting forms: black hells of a despair, under which they sink again, defeated. It was in such an interval that Hamilton Stuart told his tale. Sitting there in the bad light, his conflicting face seen now dimly, now vividly, thru the shifting smoke, his clothes recently well tailored, his face presentably shaven, his eyes wide and stricken, his mouth spongy and craven—dear Heaven!—I shall never forget him—

"Whisky!" he screamed suddenly. "Whisky is what does it: takes from us our splendid nudity; gives us, instead, filthy carcasses, lower than the beasts; filches away our souls—our souls Christ Jesus died for—ha!—for such as we—for you, Red Whitey, and Piggy Mar-

shall, and all of you! He died for such as you. And women—women, too"—his voice sank, and he crouched back on his bench—"they have been a million times crucified," he said, "for such as we; they have given their honor and their youth, their first-borns and their strength to such as we. And in the end, what do we do, Red Whitey? In the end, what do we do? We throw it in their faces—the whole, indescribable miracle of it—the pain and the shame—the giving without end—for *whisky!* We carve for ourselves careers—out of the sinews of our youth; we plan and toil and dream and achieve; we reach pinnacles and look down upon the fawning backs of men. We hold forth our hands, and behold! they are filled with the fruits of our labors; and we toss it all away—for *whisky!*

"I had done all of that," he mumbled. "I had won the woman I loved—that I should live to voice it in such a place! I had a little baby; she could have made a heaven out of such a hell as this, with her corn-flower eyes and her unearthly



purity, but she could not save her father. And yet, thru the many years, her voice comes to me still like a clear bell; I remember her awakenings as one remembers an unfolding rose; I feel her little, chubby hand in mine till my palms ache with the memory; I hear her call me Daddy, and it is the only prayer I know.

"And I had won my laurels; they hadn't been easily won. To be a structural architect is to have studied, and thought, and worked unceasingly. It held not only a necessarily vast knowledge, but a vaster responsibility. Why, I knew the very foundations of this city of New York by heart! I could have told, in those triumphant days, the lay of each clod of earth, the

formation of the very substratum, the courses of the underlying waters.

"I had won friends—friends who would have pal-ed with me along the twilight years; friends who had worked with me, shoulder to shoulder, and counted the work good; friends who played with me after that work was done. Good old boys, I haven't forgotten them yet. I wonder were you ever such an one, Red Whitey? Sometimes there is that in your fleshly eye that makes me think of other things than Doud's 'Sink.' All right, old chap, dont answer; you cant—God help you!—you've had the one too many.

"Ever hear of the resurrection of the dead? Ever believe that it could be so? It can, even in life, in a measure. But the dead go back to their graves again, old tops; the whisky dead always—go back to their graves. We may rise for a brief instant and startle the world with our living presentments, but the old grave is yawning for us all the time, and in the end—we go—

"I had been in the grave a long time— Whisky, Mike, for the sake of— Thanks, old man; I've got to tell this tale tonight—tonight or—never. Maybe—I guess not—but *maybe* it will reach some poor wreck and pull him safe ashore; maybe it will do nothing other than send—but that's neither here nor there, old man—that's neither here nor

there. Perhaps I ramble; but you're all asleep, you bums—not one of you is listening—and if you were, then would you understand? It was like this: I was about thirty-five when it got me for keeps—the booze—previous to that I had been a 'gentleman-drinker.' Dont let them fool you, boys, a souse is a souse, and there's no hair-line between the two. Whisky is whisky, and the love of it is the love of it—and there's no two names to call it, even tho there are two ways. They tried—oh, of course, they tried—my Jean, my wife—and my baby. They roped me round about with their soft,

I shamed them, humiliated them, repented, fell again, laughed at them, cursed them, abused them, then capitulated. Yes, I capitulated thoroly. Harrison Stuart died. And there followed a hell of years. There was no reckoned time. There was no abiding place. There was no scheme of things. There was no ordered plan. The body ceased to exist. The soul atrophied. The mind dived into its own cesspool, and wallowed there. There must have been short trips—with whisky along the road, and whisky at the end. There must have been run-ins with the police, tho for the most part I believe I was as inoffensive as a whisky-soak can be. I drank, and crawled into some



"HE WAS TALL AND BUILT LIKE A GREEK GOD"

BILLY'S VALET BECOMES NURSE AND MOTHER TO THE UNREGNERATE TOPER

tender arms; they tried to satiate my lips with their eager kisses; they perfumed my whole existence with the fervor—the striving of their love. Stronger than it all, assailing first my nostrils, then my will-power, then the very roots of my manhood, came whisky. I reached over all of them and grasped it.

hole to sleep it off. Then, like some filthy, bellied thing, I crawled forth again, and drank again. And so they went—those years.

"One day, a very short time ago, I heard two men talking; as they talked they came into the 'Sink.' One was short, keen-eyed, alert; he didn't interest me much. The other was tall and built like a Greek god. He had kindly, intelligent eyes and a cynically humorous mouth. I



had the fool fancy that women would like him—uncomfortably. But it was their talk that 'got me.' I hadn't heard that talk thru all the years. They were talking 'shop,' my 'shop'—the one thing on earth I thoroly understand—the one thing on which no man ever dared to touch me. I crept to the bar, and leaned over it, and listened. They were talking about a survey they had made, and something being solid as the universe. I didn't get it all. I didn't need to. I knew my job, and by the same token I knew my New York. I faced them. 'Survey's wrong!' I snarled aloud; 'shale up-cropping; substratum runs down there like a trough; you're on the point—'

"The tall one, Billy Lane, knew I was talking straight. He is the success he is only because he is astute. He was able to see, under the horror of my exterior, the knowledge that lodged there. He took me home with him.

"There followed a nightmare week, a week in which Billy's valet guarded me night and day, jabbed me unmercifully with the hypo, doled out only enough whisky to keep me from going off my nut, and finally achieved my resurrection.

"Then he made me over. You chaps had called me 'Bow-wow'; you would call me 'Bow-wow' again if you got the chance, but that's neither here nor there. The day I appeared in his study, freshly clad, shaven, manicured, pallid as death,

sober as a judge, Billy recognized me! He was the 'younger generation knocking at my door,' as Ibsen would say. He was the man who *could* have been my son, but my fame had not died out. My name was still revered by my fellow professionals. When he recognized me I broke down. I blubbered all over the place, and I

begged him to find my family, the wife I had left, and the little, fairy daughter who seemed still to be the baby to me. I told him my whole history, and as he listened I saw him change color and shift in his chair. When I finished, 'It gets me, too, Stuart,' he said; 'I have to fight it like the very devil let loose.

I did it at first just

the while, and all the while I shuddered, for these same things had been said to me, and a woman had pleaded with me with her whole life, and a little baby had begged with her whole innocence—bah! Whisky, Mike, a long one; ah, but it hits the vitals—

"We worked together, he and I. He was rapidly rising to the place none other had held since my day, and this Pannard Building was going to be a big thing for him. But I knew New York, and I gave him points he never could have grasped. Ah, but it felt good to grasp the T-square —to bend



"ONE DAY TAVY CAME TO OUR OFFICES"

for good fellowship. I do it now, often, because I have to.'

"I felt sick all over while he was speaking.

He was so stalwart, so full of promise. He had before him all the tomorrows I had cast aside. I dont know how I talked to him, but I tried to make those rum-soaked years real years to him. I recalled myself to his mind as I had been when he found me —

loathsomely bearded, unbathed, unkempt, noisome. I held myself up to him as I *had* been long before he had ever known me—beloved, famed, successful, powerful. I tried to ask him if it were worth

my mind to the old figuring, the old calculating—to thrill again to the joy of having conquered.

"And while we were working, he found my wife and my little one. And when he told me about it, I knew that he had found more than *my* little one—he had found the woman who was to mean the secret of life to him. 'She is beautiful,' he said simply when I asked about her, breathlessly, avidly. 'More beautiful than the most beautiful woman you have ever dreamt of.'

"'And Jean?' I asked him; 'my—wife?'

"'She is beautiful, too,' he told me, 'but it is the beauty of great pain—the inner glory shining thru flesh that has borne too much.'

"That night I fought a terrific battle. After all, old chaps, I think I'm glad I shall not fight that way again—the sweat, and the nausea—the dizzy ache—the craving that grabs your innards and twists them about to a jellied pulp. God, yes, I am glad! I'll not fight again! I fought till I fought it down, and fell on my bed limp. But I knew that I must

"NOT TILL YOU'VE BEATEN IT, BY GOD!"



work—that I dared not think of them again—that I must shut out the thought of her beautiful face, glorified by pain, before I let whisky shut it out for me. After all, old chaps, it shuts out many things—the whisky: memories too sweet to bear—pain too sad to stand thru—regret too bitter to mock; fears are bullied into crazy joys; it shuts—out—many—things—

“He tried to make me take my name again, but I refused. ‘Harrison Stuart is dead,’ I affirmed, ‘and until he wins the right to live again he must remain dead. It is better so.’ However, I took an office in his suite, and I worked for and with him. We did some big things, and always he begged me to own up—to take my name and the new laurels I was winning. ‘No, no, boy,’ I told him, ‘Laurels

and I knew that the right was foregone. ‘I should like to see her,’ I managed to answer, tonelessly, ‘but not as her father, if you please.’ And so I stood before her as ‘Mr. John Doe’—took her soft, little hand in mine—the same little hand that had come to me among my dung-hills with its moist, clinging pressure—heard her voice, gravely sweet—the same voice that had sounded in my befogged ears like the clear tinkling of a bell—and made polite answers to polite queries. Flesh of my very flesh—bone of my bone—the child of my loins—the being I had helped to make manifest—and I stood before her a stranger, fearful to touch the hem of her dainty gown—fearful to soil her with the breathing of my name. Inside of me my soul cowered and shuddered and was sick. I was glad when I could go and crouch over my desk—and suffer—

Another, Mike; ah-h, it is good—not to suffer again—  
“That night Billy told me

on his knee. I loved him. He gave me my resurrection. But I loved Tavy better, for I had given *her* life, and if I could I wanted it to be a better life than I had made her mother’s. Perhaps—over there—there will be wives and mothers, and they will always smile—there will be no whisky—no whisky craving. Pour me a dose, Mike; it’ll clear the fog from my brain. Thanks, old man; you’re as good as they come, Mike, if you have sent more men to hell from here than could be counted by the score.

“He fought a good fight; there was a woman—I’d suspected this from the first—who loved him. She tried to get him from Tavy by putting a ‘stick’ in some supposedly harmless punch, and getting him lit to the eyes, but Tavy stuck to him. She rode with him till the morning, forgetting her mother, forgetting everything but the man who was too weak to be alone. She would do that—Tavy. It is in her blood—  
—from. her mother —to



didn't harness me that time, and they went this.

Work for the sake of working is the only boon I want, and perhaps, some day, when I can look whisky in the face and laugh at it, when the strong odor of it leaves me unmoved and pulseless, when it and I can inhabit the same earth together, and be as separate as the poles, then Harrison Stuart will live again. More of the stuff, Mike; there's no call for the poles now. I can forget—I am—forgetting—

“There would be nights when Billy would sit and tell me about my little Tavy—my baby. And I knew that he had come to love her with a great and tremendous love. But I knew that the love of whisky is more stringent than the love of any woman, and I doubted that—Billy and whisky were the necessary poles apart.

“One day Tavy came to our offices. Billy came to me excitedly. ‘Now you can see her!’ he beamed; ‘aren't you glad?’ But the years that I had been called ‘Bow-wow’ rose and faced me—the disgraced, the darkly hidden years—

“SHE HELD OUT HER MOTHER ARMS—AND THEN BILLY LOOKED AT ME—HE HAD WON”

he was going to marry her—that she loved him—and that her mother had consented. I went suddenly mad. I think I sprang for him, for as he told me he helped himself from the decanter that always stood in his den. ‘No!’ I shouted as we wrestled back and forth; ‘no! no! NO!’

“Before me loomed my girl's sweet face, serene, unmarred, content. Before me loomed her mother's face as it must be, dimmed and worn and patient with weary years. I saw Tavy keeping the old, sickening watches—I saw her saying the old, futile prayers—I saw her beauty dimming in the old, inevitable way—and I fought.

“‘Not till you've beaten it, by God!’ I gasped as we sank apart into opposite chairs; ‘not till you've beaten it to the finish. When you have, and when I have, we'll go to her, together. What do you say, Billy-boy?’

“I leaned forward and laid my hand

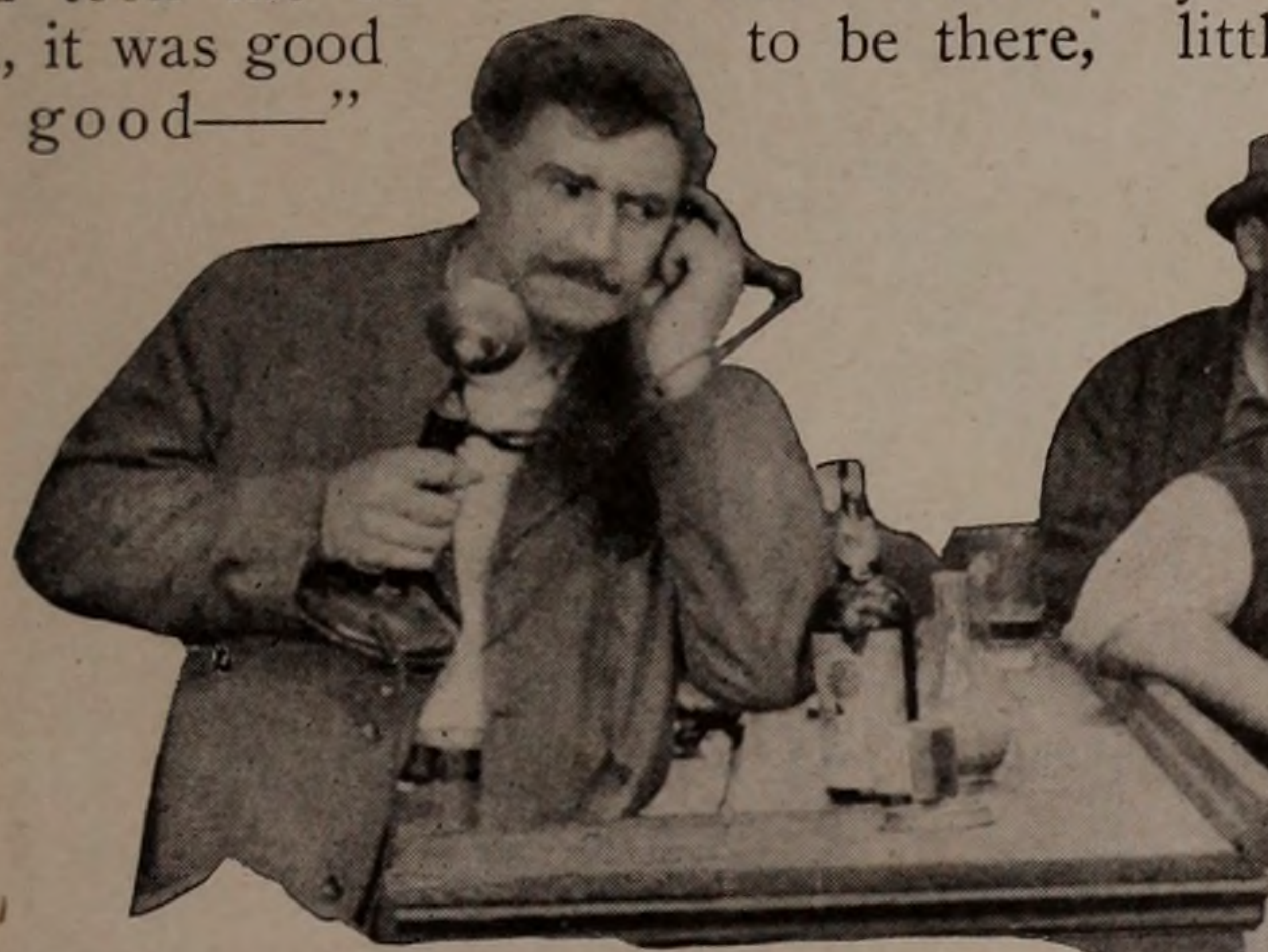
stick and cling—to forget all else but the man beloved—and then to forgive when the unforgivable has been done. And they say the day of miracles has passed. Every day a woman loves and gives—and every day a man takes, and takes again—a miracle has been wrought. A miracle so often brought to pass that men pass it by as an unworthy thing, and never feel its glory till—till down here at the bottom rung we look up at it, and close our eyes—and—*drink!*

“That night I went to her mother. I heard that Billy was drunk, and that Tavy had stayed out in the machine with him, and I couldn't bear it—for Jean. In my sane moments, when the whisky let go my throat, I know that I was kind to her, that I loved her. I believe that she would tell you, even now, that she had all that a woman craves of tenderness and understanding and love. I knew that she was bleeding inwardly for her baby—the only thing I had left her—the precious thing she had tended with such beautiful results. I felt that I must tell her that Billy would not harm her; that, tho drunk, she would be safe with him; that



this was his first lapse in weeks in the face of temptations which I could never have endured. I had come to know that the booze had not really 'got' him. I had been almost satisfied that he was planted solidly on his feet.

"So I—went to her—after fifteen years. I guess I wont tell about it. I'd like to. It'd do you all good. But I cant. Only—if God should lean the unspeakable glory of His face into *this* room it couldn't be more brilliant than the glory in my twisted soul when I came face to face with her again—face to her poor, saddened face—when, in answer to my silent standing, she held out her mother-arms and took me to her heart. Oh, it was good to be there, so good—"



The strong voice halted, and droned off; the erect head sagged, and I crept nearer into the room, fearful to lose a word of the tale to which I believe I was the only listener, save only Mike Doud, who woke with a start from a snoring slumber every now and then. It was growing very late, and the lights seemed guttering inside the smeared brackets.

"Deep inside me I shall carry that moment," he resumed quietly, "and take it to the feet of God, and say, 'If a woman of flesh and blood can pardon so divinely, then what of Thee?'" And if He turns me out I shall laugh till my laughter cracks the walls of Heaven and warps the floors of hell. I shall laugh till the secrets of eternity split asunder and the screaming farce is revealed; and if He forgives, then I shall say, 'God made, not *man*, but *woman* in His own image.'

"We waited together till they came in, and while we waited she begged me to come back. I told her that the fight was not yet wholly fought—that I must be *sure* first.

"When they came in, a friend of Billy's came, too, and they explained the whole put-up job. And when Billy looked at me I knew that he had won. And we gave her to him.

"After that came the triumph of the Pitzman prize with its award of \$10,000. I had won it, but Billy had helped, and I begged him to keep silence. He refused, and disclosed my identity. They flocked in around me—some of the old crowd who had been my confrères in the days before the grave—some of the newer school who stood in awe of the great Harrison Stuart. Nothing would

do but they must give me a banquet. They took me to the old clubs, and drank to me, and I responded in water, and began to believe the grave had yielded up her prey and did not want it back. I began to hug to my breast the thought of twilight years with Jean—years in which I would soothe away the sad tears of the past. The fire of the dawning had gone, but the evening time might hold for us a wealth of temperate joys—and there would be Billy and Tavy to give us our youth again. I dreamed—

"At the banquet Tavy and Jean sat in a box in the balcony. They were beautiful that night—Tavy in her glorious youth, standing with her tremulous, eager little feet on the brink of the Great Ad-

ster it woke in me, and my brain reeled in its orbit—and—went out. I reached for the glass next me, and drained that. I stole the glass on the other side, and drained that. I looked up at Jean and Tavy with a fatuous smile. Their faces seemed to recede as from a great distance. All at once I knew that I did not care. All at once I knew that I never would care again. I gave a hideous yell. 'Whisky!' I screamed, rising and extending my arms; 'whisky!—that's what does it—lower than the beasts—filches away our souls—the souls Christ Jesus died for—and women—women, too—' I looked up again at Tavy and Jean—a stricken, swaying, pallid Tavy and Jean. 'Women, too!' I shrieked again, 'women, too—'

"Then Billy had me by the arms, and forced me out—Billy, breath-



THERE WERE SCREAMS LIKE CARRION BIRDS—SOME ONE CURSED—  
SOME ONE PRAYED

venture—Jean smiling thru her mist of tears foregone. I looked up at them from my place of honor, and my heart swelled till it filled my breast like a mighty organ. That night, I said, I would go home with them. That night I would know myself a victor.

"They fêted me, and did me honor. They toasted me, and cheered me, and I stood in the place I had stood in those many years ago, and responded, smilingly, in water. I was 'The Man Who Came Back'—and I *had* come back, I triumphed—come back as I had not believed it possible to do. And then—

"They placed the after-dinner brandy about, and in my excitement I heedlessly took a sip of mine—yes, old stuff, you make the heart forget—and—like a mon-

ing hard and as tho he were sobbing.

"The rest doesn't matter. They tried, but I dodged them. At every turn I dodged them. And here I am. The whisky grave might yawn and give me up again—it's better not. Keep off me, Jerry—what was it some one said? 'It's a far, far better thing I do than I have ever done—it's a far, far better rest I go to than I have ever known!' He spoke the truth, that man. Lights out, boys—lights—out—"

A pistol-shot rang out. There were screams like carrion birds when they flock, yawking, over some offal prey. The place swarmed like an infected hole. The human rats ran hither and thither. Some one sobbed insanely. Some one cursed. Some one prayed.



# A Pictorial Trip to Universal City

LOUISE LOVELY



ELLA HALL, THE DAINTY LITTLE STAR WHO BECAME FAMOUS WITH ROBERT LEONARD

YVETTE MITCHELL, WHEN SHE PRAYS, YOU SEE, HAS TAUGHT HER COLLIE TO PRAY WITH HER

HERBERT RAWLINSON, LAID UP IN A HOSPITAL FOR REPAIRS, BUT AS SMILING AS EVER



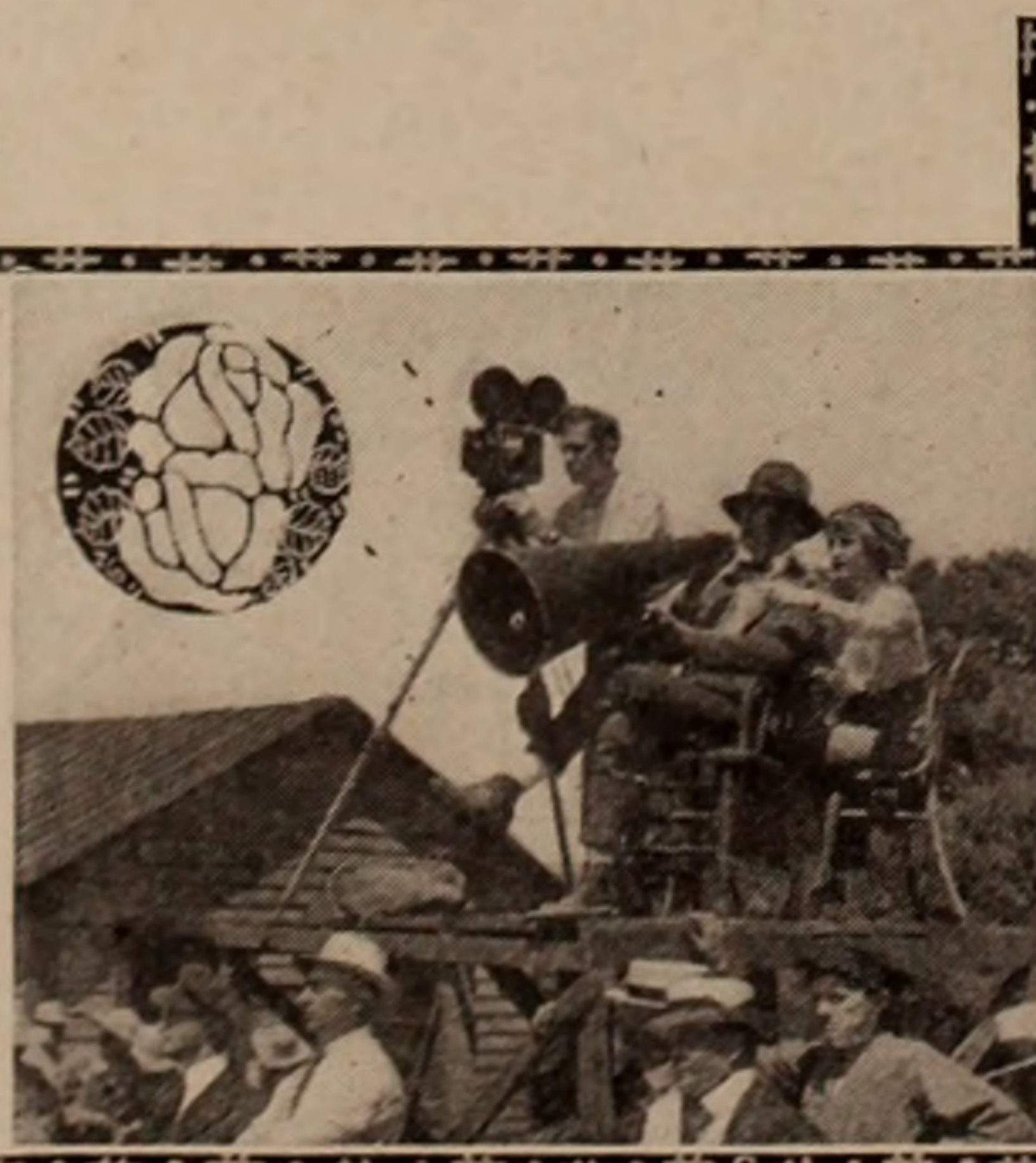
MOLLY MALONEY MAKES A GOOD COUNTRY BOY AND ENJOYS PLAYING SUCH PARTS



RUPERT JULIAN, IN COSTUME, WAITING FOR A SET TO BE COMPLETED BEFORE GOING IN TO DIRECT IT



PRISCILLA DEAN



RAYMOND WELLS AND RUTH STONEHOUSE



JACK KERRIGAN AND LOUISE LOVELY



IRENE HUNT AND LE ROY SCOTT



CLAIRE MCDOWELL



# Big Moments from Popular Serials



MARIE WALCAMP, AS LIBERTY, EDDIE POLO, AS PEDRO, AND JACK HOLT, AS BOB RUTLEDGE, HIDING FROM THE INSURRECTOS IN THE MEXICAN MOUNTAINS ("LIBERTY," EPISODE 1)

"Liberty, oh Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!" was uttered before "Liberty of the Border" came into existence, but what she is going thru—tortures, hair-breadth escapes, intrigues—makes the immortal quotation to order for her.



MAURICE COSTELLO, ETHEL GRANDIN AND THOMAS MCGRANE ("CRIMSON STAIN MYSTERY," EPISODE 8)

Maurice Costello as Harold Stanley, and Ethel Grandin as Florence Montrose, are deeply enmeshed in the power of the "Crimson Stain," a blackmailing gang. They have lived thru eight episodes—charmed lives indeed!



JUANITA HANSEN, AS CLEO, IS RESCUED FROM THE SEA BY AN OLD FISHERMAN ("THE SECRET OF THE SUBMARINE," EPISODE 15)

Thomas Chatterton as Jarvis Hope, U. S. N., is in charge of a wonderful new submarine. Information of it leaks out, and he is beset by foreign spies. There follow his thrilling adventures in defense of Uncle Sam's new sea weapon, and of his sweetheart, Cleo Burke.



VICTOR N. OUTWI

All I of baffli criminal describe







# Putting the Laugh in the Films

HERE ARE ABOUT ALL OF THE GREAT LAUGH-MAKERS OF THE SCREEN. DO YOU RECOGNIZE THEM?



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BUY WANTED  
PARTLY IN SIDE  
AND PARTLY OUT.

there was an indefinable, subtle touch of comedy, an atmosphere of humor about the scenes and the action of the story that evoked continuous and responsive laughter.

And the picture did seem to be funny when viewed with the audience. The writer has a very vivid recollection of standing in the rear of the crowded theater and laughing with the audience as "Fatty" (yes, the fat man was Roscoe Arbuckle) valiantly strained at the rope and then unaccountably fell sprawling backward, while the balloon—with

scene of itself to inspire laughter, yet the entire atmosphere of the pictured action on the screen was conducive to hilarious and unrestrained expression of humor. Such is the psychology of human nature that we laugh without knowing why we laugh, at things that, when analyzed coldly and calmly, develop nothing that is humorous.

In the illustration cited above, what was there funny about a girl's being carried away to unknown dangers in a runaway balloon? Or in the frantic efforts of a fat man in a bathing-suit exerting all his strength in an heroic effort to prevent such a disaster?

To all intents and purposes, the situation, as viewed on the screen, was extremely serious and was treated as such by the two principals. Yet





Mabel Normand as its passenger—again soared upward. And here enters an indisputable element of the psychology of Moving Picture comedy—screen humor is never so contagious as when viewed in a crowded theater. It has been demonstrated again and again that film farce, when viewed by a comparative few, will fall flat, yet

achieve their best results by treating comedy seriously.

Analysis of Moving Picture comedy points irrefutably to the fact that it is only a short step from the dramatic to the farcical, from tragedy to comedy. Settings, environment, atmosphere—all contribute to the ultimate result, and the production of dramatic interest or laugh-making situations oftentimes swings on a very slight pivot. The same fundamental action that makes an essentially dramatic scene thrill an audience with suspense, may, with only a subtle change of atmosphere, rouse that same audience to spasms of uncontrollable laughter.

It is the writer's firm belief that the greatest living tragedian of the legitimate stage of today, appearing before the camera and in the hands of a competent director, giving the same degree of seriousness to his comedy that he is accustomed to give to his tragedy, would prove a perfect riot of fun

be a perfect riot of fun when projected before a large audience.

Reverting for the moment to the comedy mentioned in the foregoing, it is of some interest to mention that, to the best of the

writer's belief and knowledge, this was Roscoe Arbuckle's first appearance as a Keystone star. It is typical, however, of Fatty's style—to treat comedy seriously. Both Roscoe Arbuckle and Mabel Normand

and laughter without a single effort on his part.

Apropos of this truth, a well-known film manufacturer said recently, in discussing with the writer the general subject of comedy films:

"I had a funny experience a few years ago that bears somewhat on this question. We had been working on a picture that was plotted as a straight melodrama. Somehow it didn't come out quite as we had expected it would, and as an experiment I put some comedy titles in, burlesqued one or two scenes, and sent it out as a farce with the title, 'The Mystery of the Salt Mackerel Mine.' It proved the biggest comedy success that I think we have ever turned out. Yet it was staged originally as a serious dramatic production and filmed as such."

Many rules might be given for

(Fifty)





making successful comedies, and to every one, one hundred and one objections might be voiced.

Personality counts. Yet some of the funniest of stage comedians have failed utterly in screen comedy.

Charlie Chaplin's success as a screen comedian is undoubtedly due to a happy combination of screen personality—and there is a vast difference between screen personality and stage personality—and original mannerisms and stunts. Imitators have tried to do on the screen the same things that Chaplin has done with unparalleled success, and failed dismally—their imitations only inviting comparison with the comedy idol of the nation.

On the other hand, impersonations of Chaplin on the vaudeville stage or the speaking stage almost invariably result in storms of laughter. The line between impersonation and imitation is finely drawn, but it is drawn nevertheless, and the one succeeds and the other fails for pretty much the same reason.

To a very large extent Chaplin's success may be said to lie in the fact that Chaplin is always Chaplin. No matter what character he may impersonate, or what his surroundings, he never completely merges his identity with that of the character he portrays.

His make-up may be perfect. His impersonations may be wonderfully realistic. But never is there any doubt that it is Chaplin. He is always himself—that droll, irresistible, comical chap who has been making people laugh on both sides of the Atlantic ever since his first appearance on the stage of a London music hall a score of years ago.

This trait is not peculiar to Chaplin, however, but is possessed by practically all of the screen comedians who have achieved lasting popularity.

By being essentially themselves and treating their comedy seriously, they have made millions laugh where mere burlesquers have failed. Facial distortion and grimaces are not necessary to their comedy, and it has been the failure to recognize this fact that has caused many would-be screen comedians to fail.

Character make-up, on the other hand, has proven frequently the success of film comedians. Ford Sterling with goatee, glasses and high hat became a popular favorite, yet is hardly recognizable when disguised as himself. Yet even then he gets the laughs.

Chaplin is funny without his dinky little mustache and his big shoes—

remember him as the souse in that old Keystone?—but not nearly so funny as in the character that his vast following knows. The mere flashing of Chaplin's name on the screen today is provocative of laughter.

Billie Ritchie, in style, mannerisms and make-up, approaches Chaplin closely and has almost as many imitators. There are many, indeed, who argue that Ritchie is himself an imitator of Chaplin. Both, however, claim originality for what is undoubtedly the most popular style of film comedy make-up today.

With just enough individuality to make him seem different, yet withal following closely the general style of both Chaplin and Ritchie, Hank Mann is rapidly forging his way to the front in the field of screen comedy and is destined to achieve equal and perhaps greater popularity.

Mack Sennet, the dean of comedy directors, is quoting as saying:

"It is doing the unexpected at the unexpected moment that constitutes one of the essentials of real laugh-provoking screen comedy. The player must know instinctively and intuitively just what to do and when to do it. A second too soon or a second too late, and the whole effect is lost."

This is a rule that applies particularly to that style of comedy commonly termed in film parlance "slapstick," and it is for this very reason that few if any pictures of this style possess any well-defined plot or story. The action, to a very large extent, is, and must be, extemporaneous.

"Slapstick" comedies are undoubtedly the vogue of the day, and the more carelessly they are thrown together, yet following at the same time the more or less well-defined rules that apply to this style of farce, the funnier they are. It is perhaps strange, but none the less true, that to see one comedian beat another over the head with a mallet until he reels and falls in seeming unconsciousness, invariably results in a whirlwind of laughter. Brick and pie throwing tactics always get the laughs and water stuff never fails.

The law of contrasts is particularly applicable to screen comedy. To go literally from the sublime to the ridiculous, one moment doing what may be reasonably expected, and the next something totally different, is one of the most universally successful and most prevalent rules of comedy direction. Many of the funniest comedies ever screened have relied on this rule for their big moments, working up to

tremendous dramatic climaxes and then at one stroke smashing the dramatic interest with a comedy touch, as a house of blocks may be tumbled to the floor with one sweep of the hand.

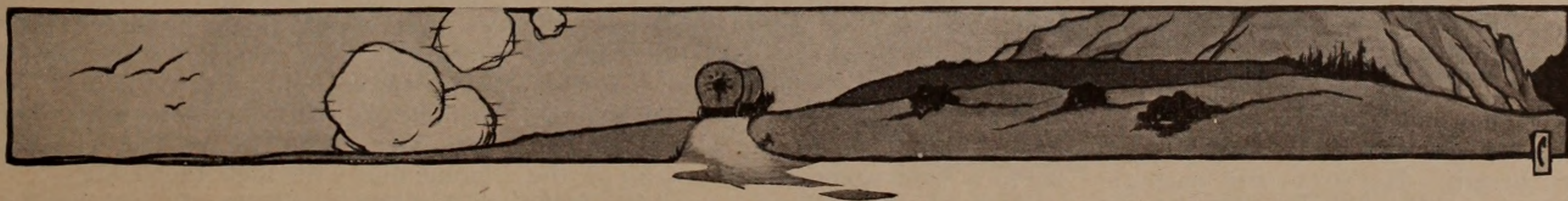
In following this line of development the modern comedy is becoming as sensational in treatment as the melodrama of old. Nor are "fake" thrills longer effective. The blasé picture-goer of today, gulled with sensationalism, demands the real thing. Studio scenes don't go any more and are easily detected.

In this field of comedy the Triangle-Keystones seem to lead, but are by no means alone. For example, in a recent release, real villains tie a real girl to a real railroad track. A real locomotive rushes down upon her as she lies bound, gagged and helpless across the rails. It approaches within a few feet of her. The audience is thrilled with suspense and revels in the excitement of the moment until—just when it seems that the onrushing locomotive must crush her beneath its wheels, it strikes a switch, hitherto unseen, and crashes thru the side of a "brick" building, the papier-mâché bricks flying in every direction.

Sensationalism to the 'nth degree abounded in this production. All the old-time melodramatic thrills were resorted to, but always with a comedy twist and an unexpected ending that gave them an entirely new angle and resulted in storms of laughter.

Consequently the making of comedy films today requires the same degree of serious attention as is given dramatic productions. The players take just as many chances in creating comedy thrills as the dramatic players do in furnishing the audiences with real hair-raising excitement. Similarly, the same attention to detail and setting that characterizes the making of a dramatic picture applies, and often much more money is actually spent in the staging of a farce than in the filming of a straight dramatic subject.

But the world must laugh. The theater managers are crying constantly "Gives us more comedies!" and the producers are seeking hourly to find some new way of putting the laugh in the films. There are many who claim that the demand for the "slapstick" comedy is waning. But if so, its successor has not yet been found, and today Charlie Chaplin, Hank Mann, Billie Ritchie and the followers of the rough-and-tumble brand of comedy are in their zenith. What the morrow brings no man can know.







# Behind the Screen

Relating the Latest Adventures of Charlie Chaplin

By JOHN OLDEN



IT was day and night work in the Sunset studio. When it rained or fogged for five or six days at a stretch, the dramatic ribbons were ground out at night; and when the sun condescended to peep forth, there was feverish activity to make up the lost daylight.

The directors were temperamental and appeared to thrive on the fickle weather; but the curse of Endor seemed to have fastened upon Alec, the fat property-man, who was neither industriously, spiritually, nor temperamentally inclined. He needed sleep, did Alec, with an hour or two over his beer at the lunch-hour. This ceaseless struggle with the weather and with directors' temperaments had worn him down to baggy cheeks and a perpetual, nervous growl.

But Alec was forced to complain under his breath. His lords and masters, the directors, had built up a high reputa-

tion for him. He was thought to be a man with a double, if somewhat vulgar, brain, and gifted with at least six sets of arms. The studio revolved around him, so he thought, and the stars and ingénues and leading men were but puppets that danced foolishly in and out of his sets.

There came a sun-bathed morning, following upon two days of drizzle and two nights of strenuous hustling under the "overheads," when Alec made up his mind to chuck his job. He meant to do it dramatically, as befitting his station of property-man. The studio must appear to be a disorganized wreck without his guiding hand.

The sun was still cozily resting on the saddle of the mountain range back of the town, and the night watchman was still taking his forty winks, when Alec started to tug the heavy "flats" out of their frames and to lug them onto the studio floor. At last, perspiring greatly, he had made a heterogeneous mountain of the painted canvas walls of everything from

a Louis Quatorze salon to a Barbary Coast gin-mill.

In his satisfaction at leaving the disaster complete behind him, Alec proceeded to disembowel the property-room and to scatter his thousand-and-one props—parlor furniture, rusty typewriters, suits of armor, wooden cannon—in disordered heaps across the stage.

As he stood puffing and perspiring amidst the confusion, tears of self-righteousness sprang into his eyes. "Holy smoke!" he commiserated. "How those bum directors will miss your Uncle Alec!"

In the golden sunrise he slipped on his coat and started to go. Something of the exultation of Nero was within him, as he watched the burning of Rome, and then, as the property-man lumbered proudly across the huge, deserted stage, the Great Fear smote him. Each tumbled "flat," each heap of backing, each outraged property seemed to rise up like ghosts and haunt him with their helplessness.

Alec stood, alone and trembling, in the





"IT'S EASY, KID—I'VE BEEN THRU IT MYSELF"

midst of his ruin. The swelling and scowling visage of the supervising director appeared to tower over him. The chorus of outraged directors' and actors' voices babbled in his ears. Panic seized him, and he lifted his heavy feet in furious flight.

As the winded property-man rounded the last monument of "flats," he was brought up standing by the sight of a little creature in baggy trousers and ridiculous, overgrown shoes, who stood on the edge of the stage and twirled his walking-stick merrily.

"Huh! Watcha lookin' for, kid?" bel-lowed Alec.

"I want to be a picture actor," replied the little creature, with a voice the size of a canary's. "Can you direct me to the proper party?"

"Surest thing yuh know," said Alec; "I'm the guy what bosses the whole establishment."

At this the little man took off his hat respectfully, and made a nimble bow, so that his tight curls jostled in the morning breeze.

"The only way, son," confided Alec, leading his victim to the privacy behind a huge paint-frame, "is to begin at the beginning and work up. Just three years ago I started in here pastin' the labels on booze bottles and hammerin' the studs into them military dress-suits. By workin' meself to the skin an' bone and goin' without grub an' sleep, I've riz to be head 'props' and boss of the whole film foundry."

The little applicant surveyed Alec's waist-heavy bulk appreciatively. "If you are skin and bone," he said, "and the work agrees with you like that, I am willing to be a martyr."

"Aw right," cried Alec, spinning his new assistant around on one heel, "you're engaged as assistant property-man. Gimme a hand at puttin' them 'flats' and 'props' to rights. It's turrible the way them bum directors muss up things."

Under the property-man's direction, the diminutive

(Fifty-three)

helper performed prodigies of labor. One by one he up-ended the heavy "flats" and staggered across the never-ending stage with them. He was as playful as a kitten and as tireless. The endless assortment of bestrewn properties were a ceaseless wonder to him, and he extracted all sorts of amusement out of the task of toting them back to their shelves. When, in the course of an hour, he had done more work than Alec performed in a full twenty-four, the stage was swept quite bare of its confusion, and nothing remained but a sprawling, straw dummy, dressed in dingy evening-clothes.

"Yank that stiff in," ordered Alec, "and kick him in the slats good an' hard fer muh."

The assistant did as he was bid, and even improvised an emotional scene, wherein the dummy was an intoxicated gentleman, and himself and a sofa were the "hurry-up wagon" and its officer. With violent ex-postulation on the part of the dummy, he was finally wrestled onto the sofa and carried to the property-room, where he was deposited head first in a portable bathtub.

One by one, or in little, shabby, genteel groups, actors began to arrive at the gates and to gather in the yard. Alec made feints at bustling about and kept a wary eye peeled for the supervising director.

"Say, bo," he confided sleepily to his assistant, "you're the goods, aw right, and I'm goin' to let you take my job a day while I catch up a year's sleep. There's sun today and lots of doin's, so be on the job."

Presently a tall, bow-chested man whirled up in a car and stepped out on the bare stage. His hands were full of diagrams, and he



HE WRAPT HER SNUGLY IN THE BRIGHT BROCADE



proceeded to get busy by making rapid chalk-marks on the floor.

"Hey, Alec!" he cried, "shoot in that bar-room set for stage two and knock 'er up in a hurry."

The little assistant was right on the job, and in a few words he explained that he had been engaged as assistant property-man, and, before the supervising director could utter a protest, had started in setting up the "flats."

"I'd like to know," muttered the director, "what right that slob Alec has got to engage an assistant, but any old daffy is better than he is."

With marvelous speed for a beginner,



SHE SAWED A NEAT STACK OF BACKING INTO LENGTHS

the assistant erected the bar-room set and rustled in necessary properties. Then, nimbly, he hopped behind the bar and proceeded to mix himself an imaginary bracer. During this time the actors had begun to arrive and stood around waiting for their director. A fog crept up from the sea and gradually closed down over the studio, drizzling in a most disheartening way.

At last the director arrived, glanced up where the sun should have been, and pulled out his watch. "If this confounded fog don't stop leaking," he said to the assembled company, "we'll have to shoot this scene at seven P. M. sharp. Company is dismissed for the day."

"Hoity-toity!" muttered the supervising director again. "Here's more work for the undertaker. Props, strike this set—Alec's paint aint any too waterproof." Thereupon the little assistant proceeded to demolish and stow away his

long, hard morning's work. Presently the twelve-o'clock bell struck, and there was a rush of scene-painters and helpers to the property-room. Alec was already there, wading into a neat pile of pies. When all were seated, with dinner-pails opened and jaws working overtime, the little assistant sidled in and took his place on the edge of a bench.

His eyes traveled toward the stack of pies, and he licked his empty chops reminiscently, but the relentless stare of his boss gave him no hope. One by one the pastries disappeared into his huge paunch. At last the hungry helper began to search his pockets, and

finally drew forth an aged sandwich, the relic of better days. This he ate neatly and with dispatch, doubling

lifted it until an old straw hat, with its one frayed feather plume, was uncovered to him. Beneath it he saw a very white forehead puckered into a frown, and screening eye-lashes that quivered across blue hollows. And flung round her neck, like a rope, was a thick braid of ruddy-gold hair.

The assistant dropped the drapery in alarm, and a pair of wide, blue eyes stared bewilderedly up at him. The girl sat up, yawned, and dug her knuckles into sleepy eyes.

"I'd like to know——" began the assistant sternly.

"Please, Mister Manager," blubbered the girl, "my name's Effie, and I ran away from home, and I want to be a picture actress. They wouldn't have me, sayin' I hadn't no style, and I crept in here, and I guess I must have fallen asleep. Please, mister, dont put me out on the road."

The assistant coughed quite brusquely. After all, the little stowaway was very much like himself, he thought, only she was a helpless kitten and he was a wary terrier.

"You gotta begin at the beginning," he advised, remembering Alec's instruction to him. "How would you like to be my assistant?"

"I'd do anything to get in," she cried. "Wont you please help me?"

"All right," said the little assistant, briskly; "you're a boy. I'll get you a pair of overalls, and tomorrow I'll teach you how to begin to be an actress. It's easy, kid," he comforted, at the look of astonishment in her eyes. "I've been thru it myself, today."

Thereupon, as the girl shivered and her eyes fogged with sleep again, he commanded her to lie down, and wrapt her snugly in the bright brocade again.

With the dawn of a new day, the friendless girl stepped out on the stage, togged in the overalls and cap which the assistant had brought her. He could not help but notice that even in her disguise she was far too good-looking. "It hurts, but I guess I'll have to rough her up a bit," he soliloquized, and, rubbing his hands smartly in the dirt on the studio floor, he plastered it generously over her cheeks and throat.

"That will do for a starter," he said. "Now look around and get familiar with the place, while I hit the hay for a spell."

It was not to be. The little assistant had barely snuggled himself on the luxurious couch, when Alec, refreshed and assertive from his long siesta, came blustering in and ordered him to get busy. "What do you think this is," he bellowed—"a sailors' lodging-house? Come; hump yourself and saw up some lengths of backing."

"Say, boss," the assistant confided, as they walked over to the bar-room set, "I caught a boy hangin' around the studio this morning and set him to work. I dont suppose you mind as long as it dont interfere with your beauty sleep."



Alec turned on him like a bulldog. "Beauty sleep! you little rat!" he thundered. "If you'd been worn down to skin and bones for three years, there wouldn't be enough of you left to make mince-meat for a pet cat. I'll show you what honest work is!" And thereupon he stood over the cowering assistant, and his still more trembling assistant, while



"COME, COME; IT'S ALL AN ADVENTURE—TOMORROW WE'RE PRINCE AND PRINCESS"

they sawed a neat stack of backing into lengths.

"How are you with the hammer?" stage-whispered the assistant to the girl.

"Never used one in my life," she whispered back.

Presently these two were off in the property-room alone, gathering their tools together. She looked up at her little boss defiantly, tears gathering in her deep eyes, and hands puffed and blistered from the work. "I'm afraid I can't learn to be an actress," she blubbered; "it's so different—"

Her boss seized the points of her shirt-collar and neatly dried her eyes. "Come, come," he laughed; "it's all an adventure. Today we're property-man—and woman; tomorrow we're prince and princess, or maybe gypsies—who knows?"

The girl listened to his philosophy wonderingly, while she attempted to grasp a hammer with a mannish stroke. "That will do," chuckled the assistant, as she made a fell swipe that came almost within three inches of a nail-head; "you just make the noise and I'll drive the nails for you."

Under his reassuring guidance, the two worked like beavers until, at the noon-hour, Alec came around to make an inspection. The little assistant was not without his sense of humor. He remembered his sudden precipitation thru the

trap-door on the previous day, and slipped its bolt so that it would open downward at the slightest pressure. As Alec ponderously approached, his assistant stopped working and grasped the girl by the arm.

"Stop working," he whispered, "and strike a pose of luxury with me on the bar-rail."

The conspirators squatted and, apparently, were lost to the approach of the enraged property-man. "Here, you!" he bawled, but the rest of his words were lost in the sudden downward whirl of a heavy body and its splash in the water below. The folding-doors of the trap-door had sprung upward and caught his round cheeks between them, and there he hung suspended, thrashing and kicking, while his merry slaves grinned down upon him.

"Caught in his own trap!" cried the assistant. "Lights! Camera! Action! The 'heavy' will register painful distress."

When the fat property-man finally pried himself loose, he proceeded to make the studio a veritable hell for his workers. The assistant and the girl were set to labors that made their backs creak like rusty hinges and almost tore the flesh from their hands.

As for the stage-hands, they held an indignation meeting and decided to walk out. "And as for that big stiff," cried the husky ringleader, "we'll plant a stick of dynamite—no fake property, either—under him and blow him to kingdom come."

That night the girl stowed herself on the couch again, and the assistant sat in the shadowy bar-room set, smoking his corn-cob pipe and pondering on the flinty road that leads to Actorland. In the midst of his star-roving, stealthy steps and whispering voices sounded on the stage, and he saw a ghostly group of stage-hands unlock the door to the property-room.

The little assistant was outnumbered ten to one, but, with his thoughts on the girl, he reasoned there was just a chance of protecting her in the coming struggle in the dark. Noiselessly, he followed the striking stage-hands in and watched them cross the property-room, their flash-lamps cutting jagged streaks of light in the dark.

Presently they came to the luxurious bed where Alec slept, and slipped a long, ugly-looking cylinder under it, and just as noiselessly they retreated on tiptoe, leaving the assistant alone in the tragic place.

Instantly he was upon his hands and knees, fumbling under Alec's bed, and his hands came in contact with the bomb. Its fuse was sparkling like a glow-worm as he drew it forth, and he squeezed the fatal thing tightly, until it glowed feebly and went out. Then to the little man came a happy, adventurous idea. There was a chance of giving the dynamiters a taste of their own medicine. Once outside, he saw them groping toward the

gate, and, with a loud "Hello!" he lit the fuse again and gave chase.

The deadly thing sputtered in his hand like a glorious Roman-candle, but if he could once gain the gates with it and then the road, his chance might come. On little pipe-stems of legs that fairly twinkled across the stage, he dashed out into the yard and ran toward the gate. The last of the conspirators, alarmed at his shout, had just run thru.

Then commenced a weird chase down the road, with the frightened strikers running for their lives and the sinister bomb ever gleaming behind them. Just as the fuse sputtered out its last gasp, the assistant property-man gave the bomb a hearty toss ahead of him, and it burst in the sky with a roar that fairly shook the heavens.

The pursuer turned around, grinned widely into the moonlight, flipped his coat-tails, and pirouetted back toward the studio gates. He knew that the night watchman and Alec would tumble awake at sound of the explosion, and would be doddering around, hungry for his tale. And then, too, there was the girl. Per-



"LIGHTS! CAMERA! ACTION! THE 'HEAVY' WILL REGISTER PAINFUL DISTRESS"

haps he had kept her young star-roving career from being cut short, too.

"We've got it in us," he chuckled—"deep down in us. Tomorrow I'm going to ask the director to let me stage a real thriller. And as for that game little package in overalls, I'll make a star of her yet."



# Hello, Central! Give Me Mr. Bluebeard!



Photo of Earle Williams, copyright Underwood & Underwood

Earle Williams has taken to star-gazing, and his observations have been so keen that ten "Novae" now revolve about his planetary self. Novae, astronomically speaking, you know, are newly discovered stars. It all happened in "The Scarlet Runner," and Christopher Race, who is down on his luck and takes to public chauffeuring, meets a host of adventures, each one heralded by a fresh leading-lady. It takes ten stars to make an orbit around "The Scarlet Runner," and if you follow his star-gazing eyes, starting from their level and "taking observations" heavenward around the circle, you will also discover Louisita Valentine, Betty Howe, Adele Kelley, Gypsy O'Brien, Lillian Tucker, Edith Storey, Gene Stuart, Peggy Blake, Billie Billings and Zena Keefe. Billie Billings, Zena Keefe and Edith Storey have been, of course, long since discovered



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Everett Dutton.*



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*Videographically Yours  
Sessaul Walker*



As a means of heading off a fresh cold, relieving the throat and stopping a "hacking" cough, I have found Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops worth many times their small cost. During my studio work, when a cough means ruin to a picture, I wouldn't dare be without the soothing relief they afford.

*Mary Fuller.*



I guess I've tried every different make of cough drop since I was old enough to eat them, but Dean's Mentholated Cough Drops, it seems to me, hit the sore spot quicker than any I've ever tried and their taste is pleasing, too.

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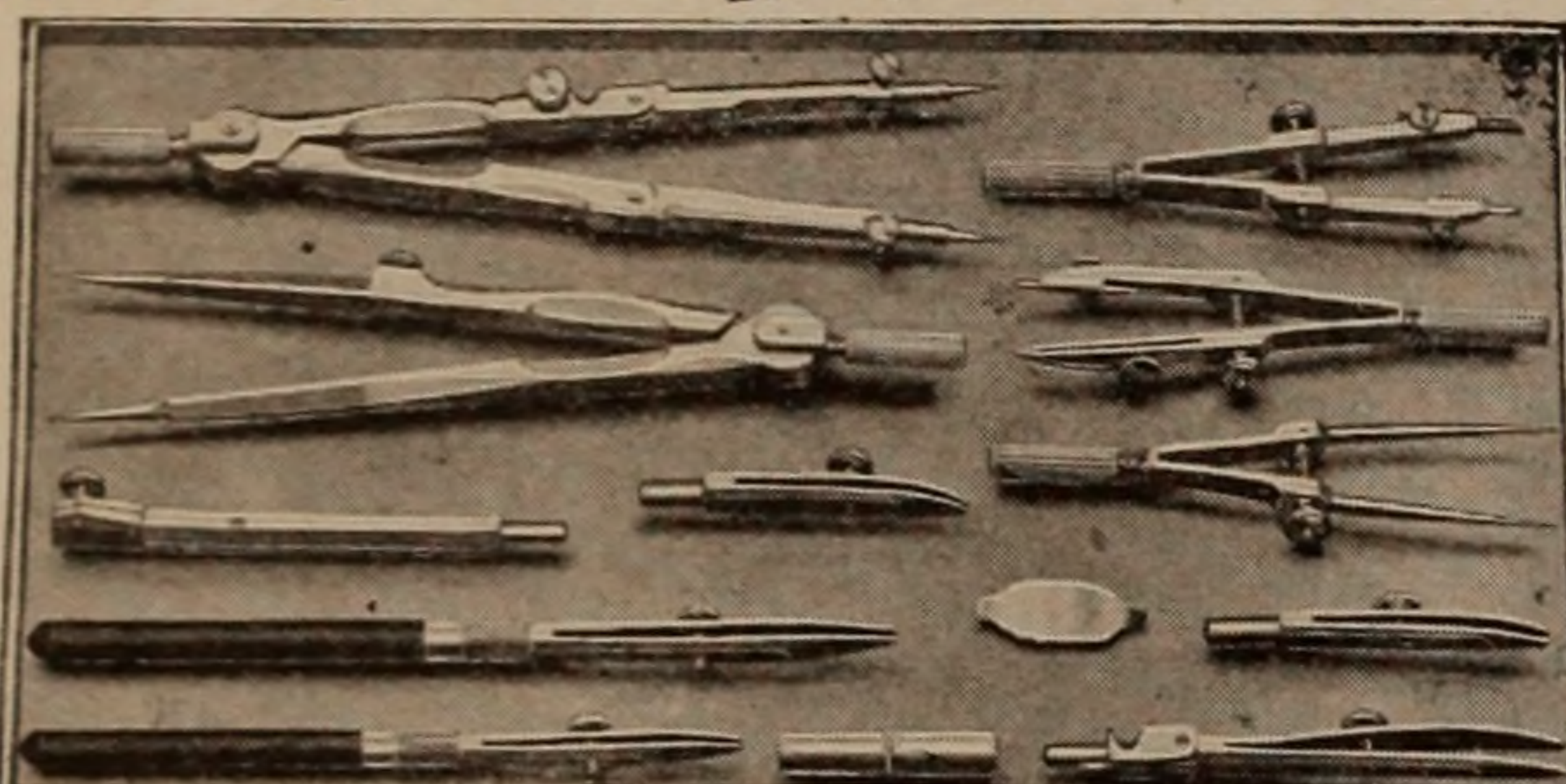
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It's Your Move---Try It and Win a Prize. You Can Play This Game Even If You Cant Play Chess

HERE is a little game to while away a winter's evening—or, perhaps, several evenings. Imagine that the diagram given below is a chess-board, and that you have only one piece, a king. Now, a king, as you know, can move only one square at a time, in any direction. Every square you light on must be counted, and when your move is completed the letters will spell the last name of some photoplayer. For example, suppose for your first move you begin with A in the first square. You then might move to square 2 just under it, thence to square 2-2 to the right, thence to square 1-2 above, thence to square 2-3, thence to 3-3, thence to 3-2, ending at square 4-3, which spells Anderson.

write to us for any further instructions or information. To be fair to all, we can say no more, for we have given all the rules necessary. Be sure your name and address is on your answer, and dont forget that neatness and artistic get-up will be considered in case there should be several who succeed in discovering all of the hidden names.

In sending in your answers you may suit yourself as to the form, only you must be sure to let us know *where you found the names*. A mere list of names will not be considered. For your convenience we have numbered each square, and you could write your answers thus: "Anderson, 1-1, 2-1, 2-2, 1-2, 2-3, 3-3, 3-2, 4-3." Note that

1.....	A	E	H	S	T	A	U	R	U	S	O	R
2.....	N	D	R	I	D	N	E	D	O	B	S	T
3.....	N	O	S	G	N	A	W	I	L	E	H	U
4.....	R	A	N	E	T	T	E	S	L	A	N	T
5.....	S	M	I	L	Y	O	N	T	I	M	E	T
6.....	H	U	F	U	L	A	J	L	T	S	N	O
7.....	A	R	F	E	P	C	O	E	E	W	O	H
8.....	L	O	R	D	O	O	K	Y	C	L	A	K
9.....	L	D	N	A	H	U	W	A	M	T	R	R
10.....	K	E	O	T	G	R	P	R	B	E	S	I
11.....	B	U	R	I	X	E	T	O	K	Y	C	H
12.....	S	N	R	M	O	C	N	T	E	L	A	V
	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12

For the next move, you may start anywhere you like, and if desired you can move on some of the same squares as before. But please note that you can never use the same square twice in the same move, nor can you skip over a square—every square you light on must be counted. If you require a double, such as an "o" and "o", as in Wood, you must use two different ones, for you cannot light on the same square twice in the same move.

Now, you will readily find a dozen players concealed in these 144 squares; but there are a great many more than that, and perhaps the clever player of this game will discover five dozen or more—just how many, we refuse to say. Do not

the first figure of each group is from the column of figures at the left, and the second is from the column at the bottom.

Or you may cut the diagram out and attach it to your answer sheet, or print a diagram yourself, and make marks on it from square to square, showing the course of each move. Or, you can adopt any other method, but be sure to make it clear.

For the best answer containing the largest number of names of players, we will award a prize of \$10. For the next best, \$5; for the next five best, a yearly subscription to the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC. All answers must be received on or before Jan. 31, 1917. Address, Puzzle Editor, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.



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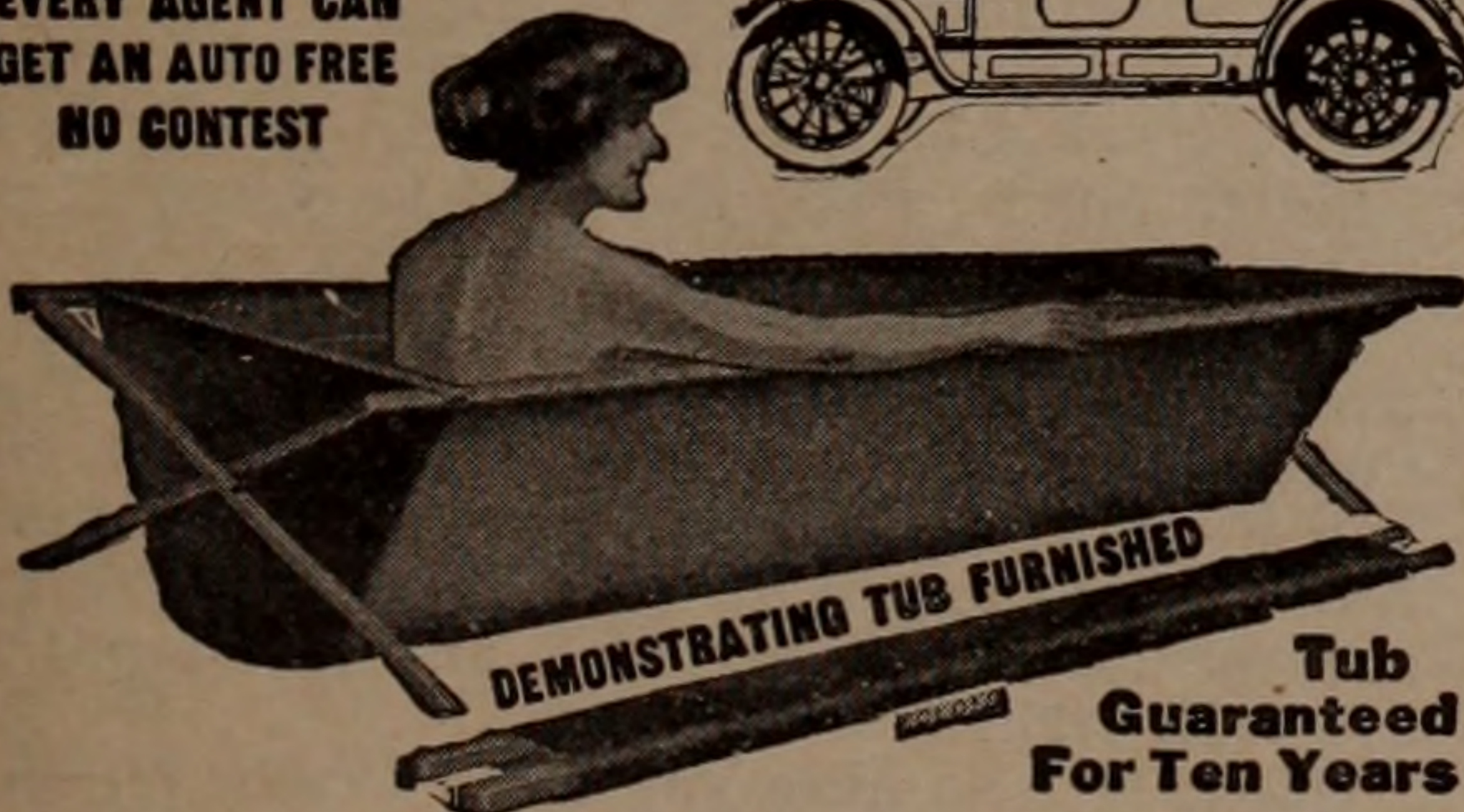
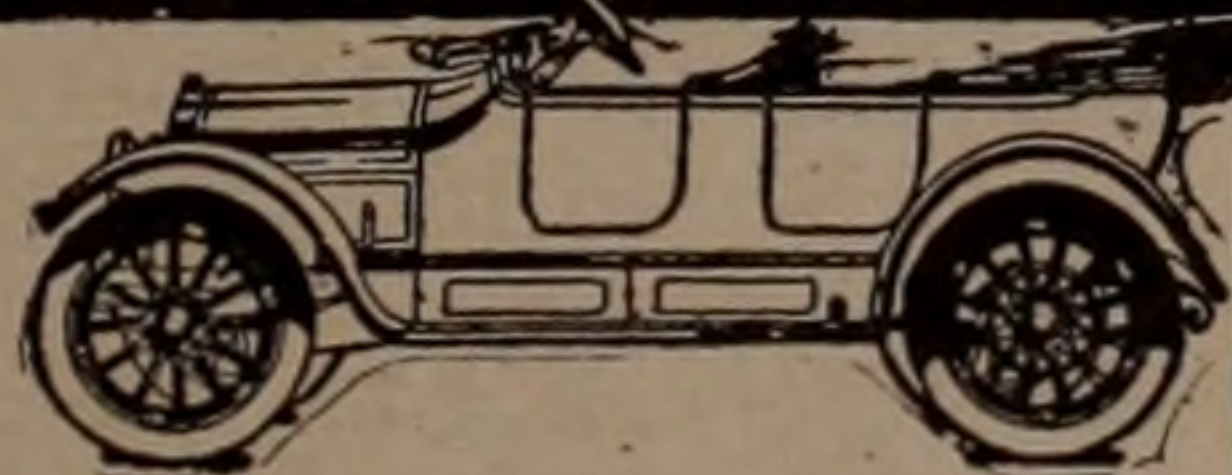
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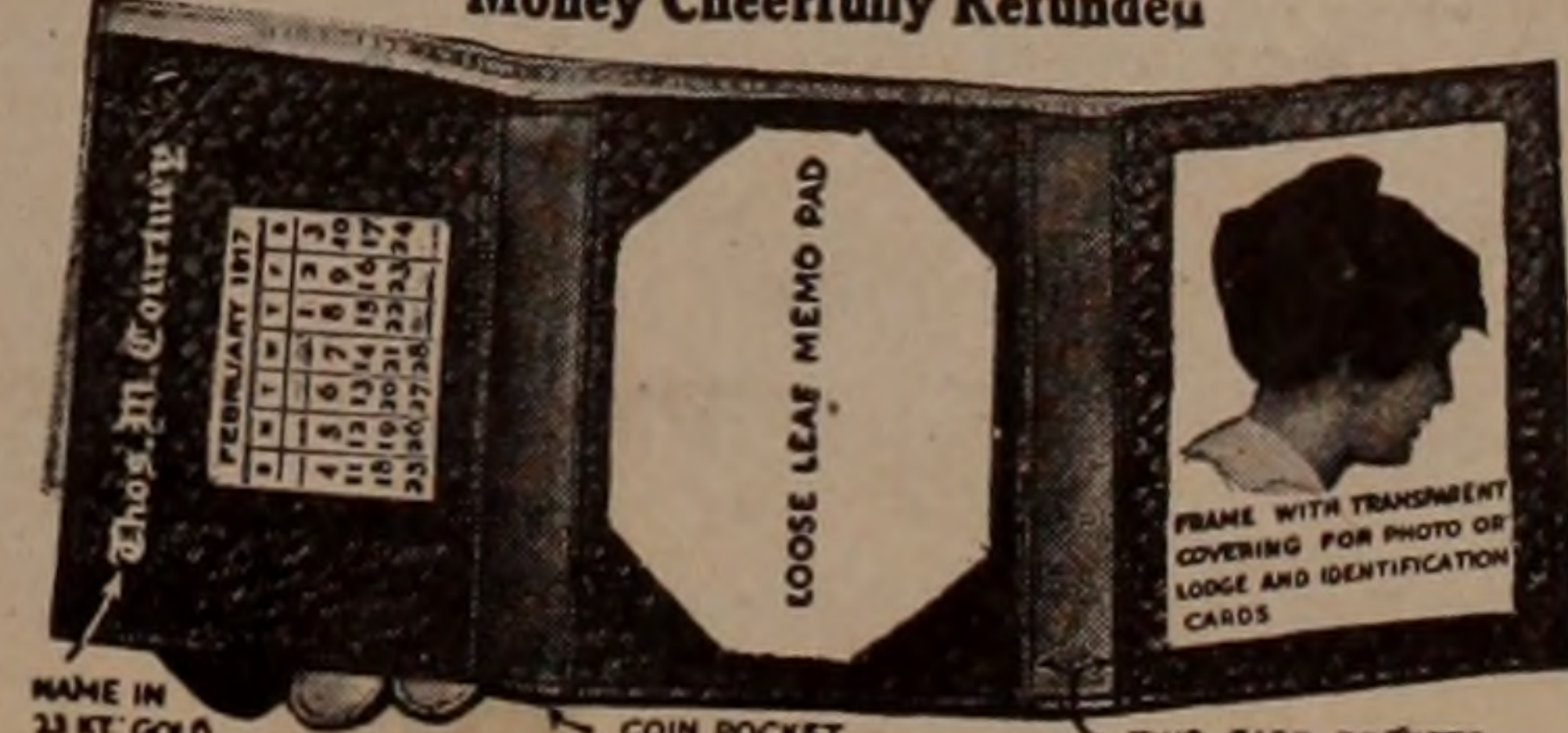
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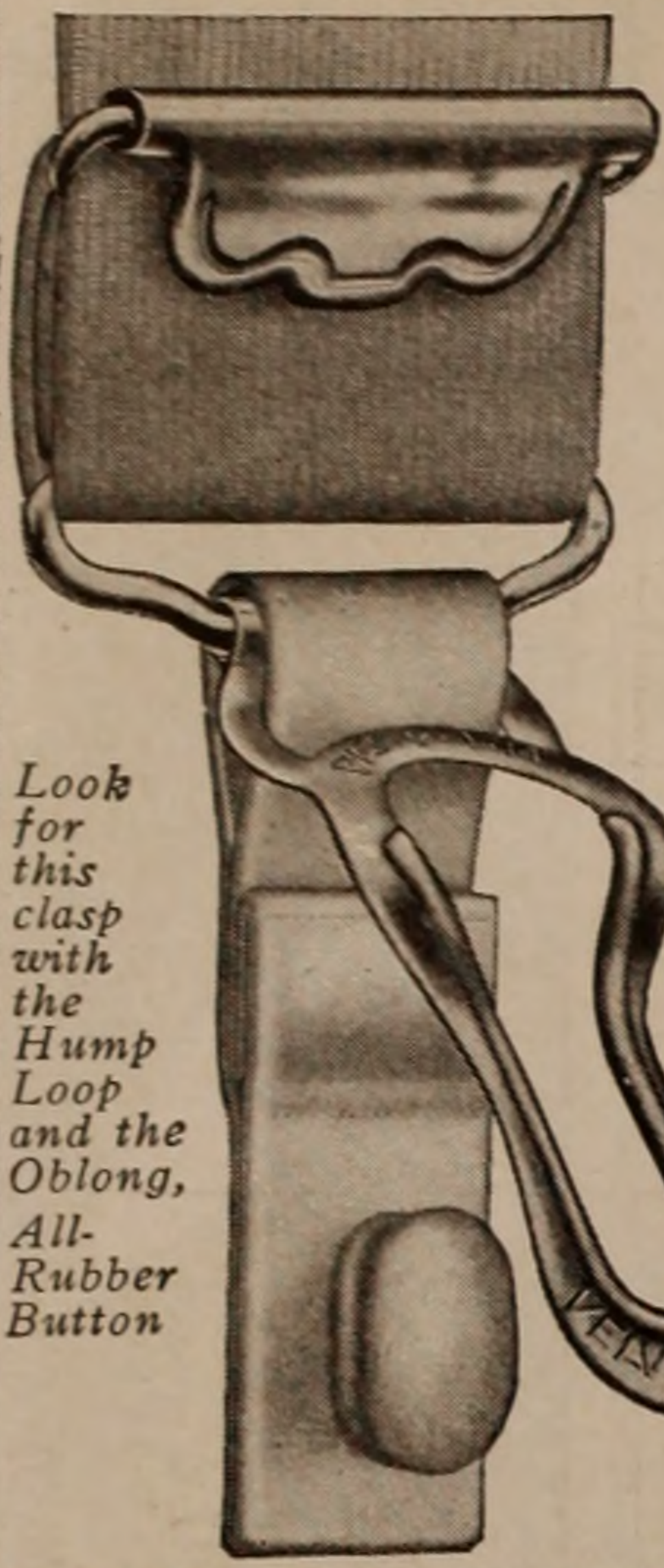
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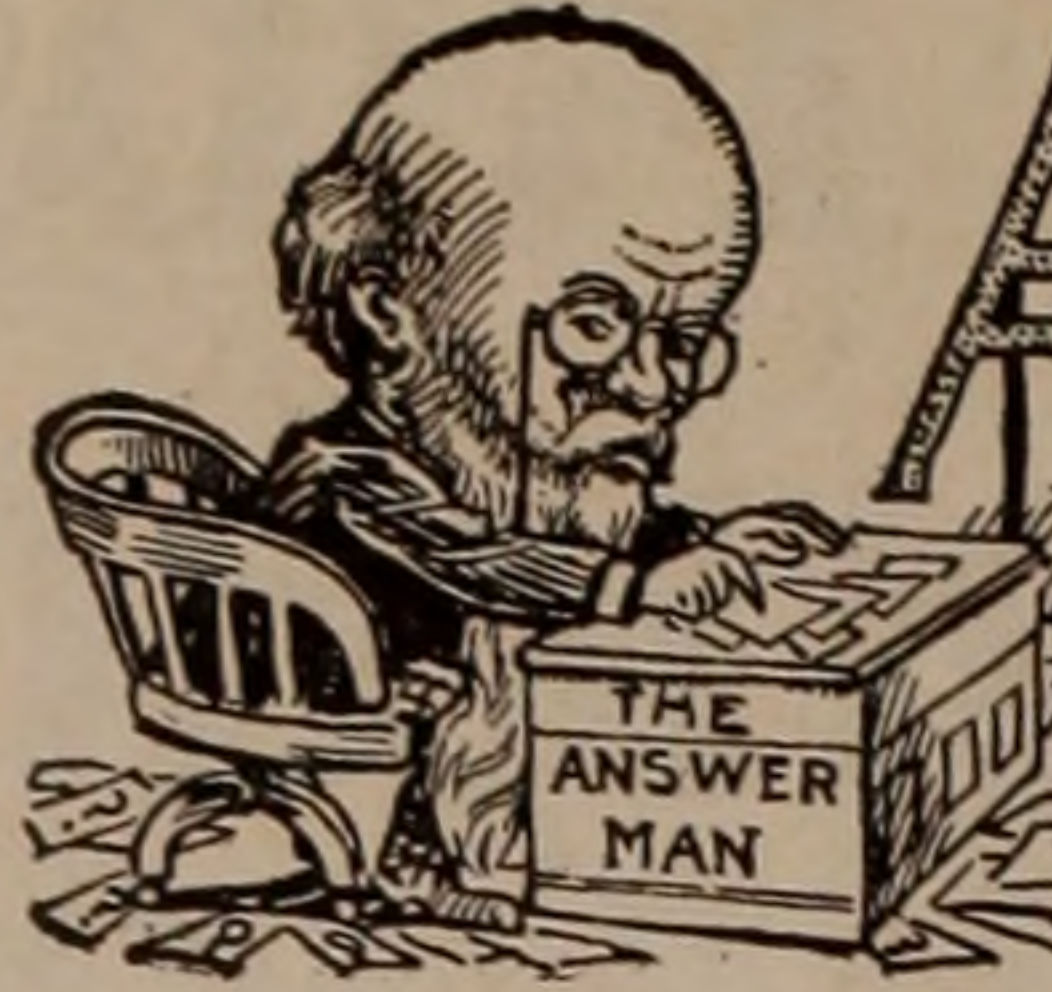
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# ANSWER DEPARTMENT



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

**JEAN M.**—Glad to hear from you. What do you mean? Henry Walthall will be in "The Truant Soul." Mary Charleson will play opposite him. Vitagraph have "Within the Law," which will be released soon. Yes, it is true that Charles Ogle joined Lasky.

**KATHERINE.**—You ask: "If a girl has ability plus being able to cry at will, but no experience of any kind, has she a good chance to obtain a position at a minimum wage in pictures?" No. The business is overcrowded with experienced people, and the ability to cry at will is not rare.

**BETTY G.**—No to your first. Beauty is a priceless possession, but personality is even more so. Mary Pickford is at 729 Seventh Avenue, New York. Alice Joyce in care of Vitagraph, Brooklyn.

**YAMA YAMA GIRL.**—Irving Cummings is taller than William Russell. Charlotte Burton is no child. She is of the vampire type for American. Ah, you flatter me. Please don't lay it on too thick, Macduff, for, like wine, it soon goes to the head.

**MRS. J. E. L., VIENNA.**—Surely I got the apples. Thanks. The date of Romaine Fielding's birth was May 22, 1879. Yes, I remember saying "The face of a man is like the face of a watch—it reveals without what it conceals within." And you say that reminds you of Romaine Fielding's face.

**CHUB.**—You have reference to Mahlon Hamilton in "Molly Make Believe." Norma Talmadge with her own company now, and Constance has a three-year contract with Griffith. Frances Nelson and Arthur Ashley in "The Revolt." I don't know whether Annette Kellermann has any regular nickname, but over at the Fox studio they call her "U-53"—she is such a clever submarine.

**GAY LEE.**—Charlie Chaplin directs all his own plays, and he writes most of them also. Earle Williams has no permanent leading lady, but Katherine Lewis is playing opposite him now. Gordon Griffith had the part of Ben Blair in the play by that name. You refer to Ted Dean in "Then I'll Come Back to You." I should say you were in the mood for letter-writing. And why don't you leave a little white space between the words? Let me hear from you again, but let me see more white paper.

**FRANCES M.**—Your letter dated September 28th arrived after the November Classic had gone to press. Hence the delay. The Ridgelys left Brooklyn on August 26, 1912, to cross the continent. They secured subscriptions for our Magazine. Mr. Ridgely is not playing at present.

**MRS. L. A.**—You say that some of the photography in "Purity" was poor. I don't think the film stock suffered from over-exposure—but Audrey Munson did. Sorry, but I have no cast for "The Smile of a Child." It is too old, and has not been re-issued.

**MAL., DALLAS.**—Indeed! We have never published a picture of the late Sydney Ayres. Hobert Henley in January, 1916. No picture of Roland Bottomley. Louise Lovely is with Universal, ditto Rupert Julian.

**ELIZABETH D.**—I now get \$8.00 a week, and am known as "The Eight-a-Week Century Plant." David Powell as Dick Freeman in "Gloria's Romance." No, to your last.

**MARY F., LOS BANOS.**—He was divorced. It is easier to get married than to stay so.

Yes, some of those scenes were taken in Alaska. You just bet that was a real fight in "The Spoilers." If you could have seen the way Farnum and Santschi mused each other up you would think so.

**LUCILLE C.**—Please hire a hall! Or, better still, get a publisher! You are as prolific of words as a dictionary. Yes, Valentine Grant did the Scotch hornpipe finely in "Daughter of MacGregor."

**WAGGIE N. C.**—Yes, your writing has improved. Your jokes are pretty good. Give us some more and I'll publish them. She is not an old maid, only a bachelor girl.

**LILOLA.**—You refer to Adele Lane in "The Second Childhood" (Selig). Yes, the marimba has taken the place of the ukelele as a popular instrument in New York cabarets. The marimba comes from darkest Africa, and has hollow wooden keys that are struck with wooden hammers. I am not a tango artist; but I have heard the marimba, and it makes me feel awfully itchy-pitchy and hunchy-bunchy.

**S. F. M.**—No, I didn't play in "The Gentleman from Indiana." I'm from Brooklyn. No new contract for Mary Fuller as yet. At the present time she is taking a much needed rest in the mountains.

**ELOISE C., MIAMI.**—So all you ask is for a picture of Harry Hilliard—the fair Romeo. Well it's easy enough to learn how to economize; the main thing is to learn how to live without economizing.

**ELIZABETH.**—But don't you know it is against the rules to ask questions without giving the full name and address, Betty?

**MELVA.**—Welcome. You refer to Louise Bates in "Falstaff." I, too, detest those chalky-white faces of some of our players. Why, our screen stars use enough powder in one year to lick the Germans and Allies combined.

**MILLIE, MEDINA.**—You ask if Rose Tapley buys her clothes at Altman's. No, Altman buy their clothes of Rose Tapley. Silly questioners have their uses—if there weren't any I could not make a living.

**POLLU S. V. OLSON.**—Norma Talmadge, Seena Owen and Tully Marshall in "Martha's Vindication." Fire away; I'm always on guard!

**ETHEL ANITA.**—Alice Rinaldo was the woman and Mae Gaston was the girl in "The Conscience of John David" (Horsley). So you want Vitagraph to reproduce "A Million Bid." The Capitol at Washington covers an area of 153,112 square feet, and the dome is 287 feet high.

**OLGA, 17.** So here you are. Crane Wilbur was born in Naples, Nov. 17, 1887; educated all over the world; parents are English and Italian; spends evenings writing and attending theaters; favorite hobby is motor-boating; very fond of reading; 5 feet 11½ inches in height; weight about 175 pounds; sings; is a baseball fan; does very much walking and swimming, and is particularly fond of all outdoor sports. Is that sufficient? I suppose you will want Walthall next.

**BRAINS, S. C.**—I do not know why Charlie Chaplin spreads his feet to either side nor why he always wears a small derby hat and a cane; but I imagine he does it to make little girls ask silly questions. Joseph Henabery was Abraham Lincoln in "The Birth of a Nation."

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G. E. H.—William Hart was Draw Egan and Margery Wilson was Myrtle in "The Return of Draw Egan." Mary MacLaren was Estelle and Phillips Smalley was Robert in "Saving the Family Name." Wrong title on your other.

HELEN F.—Claire Whitney and James Corbett in "The Burglar and the Lady." Marguerite Nichols was Phyllis, R. Henry Grey was Bert, and Lulu Bowers was Bertie in "A Matrimonial Martyr." Of course, I wish you were better—wish I could help you.

MADLINE J. M. F.—I have attended to both of your requests. There are several correspondence clubs now. The Pansy Correspondence Club, Queena Kaliba, Box 217, Corning, N. Y.; The Reel Club, John H. Chase, 116 E. 11th St., Los Angeles, Cal., and the Scroll Club, Grace Kramer, 3009 North Vandeventer Ave., St. Louis, Mo. Take your choice! They are all good.

MARY D.—Yes, they are twins; Marion and Madeline Fairbanks in "Their One Love." Always put your name first. I observed a very strong resemblance between Lillian Gish and Sarah Bernhardt.

ELEANOR.—William S. Hart has no regular leading woman. He ought to have Blanche Sweet—then they could call it the Sweetheart Company.

GEORGE C.—Don't believe all you read about players' salaries. The only player who tells the truth about his salary is the one who never mentions it. The nurse wasn't on the cast in "Where Are My Children?" See back issues for that contest.

GRANDDAD'S GIRL.—No, I am no granddad, and never expect to be. I agree about that cold-blooded lead. But some of our prettiest flowers are without scent and some of our prettiest players are without heart. The soul is pretty sure to show thru, however.

D. L. C., IOWA CITY.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers. New list out. Forrest Stanley was James in "He Fell In Love with His Wife." So you don't like the brown ink in the Gallery.

CLIO.—Haven't seen the "Clarion" this month. A photoplayer is an artist and a musician; he paints pictures by means of the art of facial expression and gesture, and he plays all kinds of tunes on the human heart-strings.

M. L. D., MONTREAL.—The next Pearl White serial will be "Pearl of the Army." Fay Tincher is still with Triangle. That is very *mauvais gout*.

MADLINE J. M. F.—I agree with you. So you think "Under Two Flags" is the best picture you have ever seen. How many pictures have you seen?

BESSIE J.—Of course I always welcome a newcomer. The more the merrier. You must put your questions at the beginning of your letter, please.

CHUB.—Again? Mary Pickford and Edward Martindell in "The Foundling." John Barrymore and Katherine Harris in "Nearly a King." Irene Fenwick has gone back to pictures. She was the star of the stage play "The Guilty Man," which played in New York. She started her stage career as a chorus girl in "Peggy from Paris," and remained in the chorus for only three weeks. Her opportunity came thru understudying a star, whose rôle she assumed when the latter became ill.

MARIETTA, PORTLAND.—Yes, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree was splendid in "The Old Folks at Home" (Triangle). Esquire is a title used for magistrates and public officers.

JOHNSON T. D.—Mary MacLaren and Phillips Smalley in "Wanted—A Home." Will some one kindly oblige them? J. Warren Kerrigan in "The Social Buccaneer." Quite so; love does much, but money does more. Alas, I have neither.

JOHNNY SUNSHINE.—We discontinued "When the Stars Appear" thru lack of space and because it was crowded out, but it is to be resumed, I think. Any time you want to know what play a star is to appear in next, or the kind of part he or she will take, just heckle me and I will let you know.

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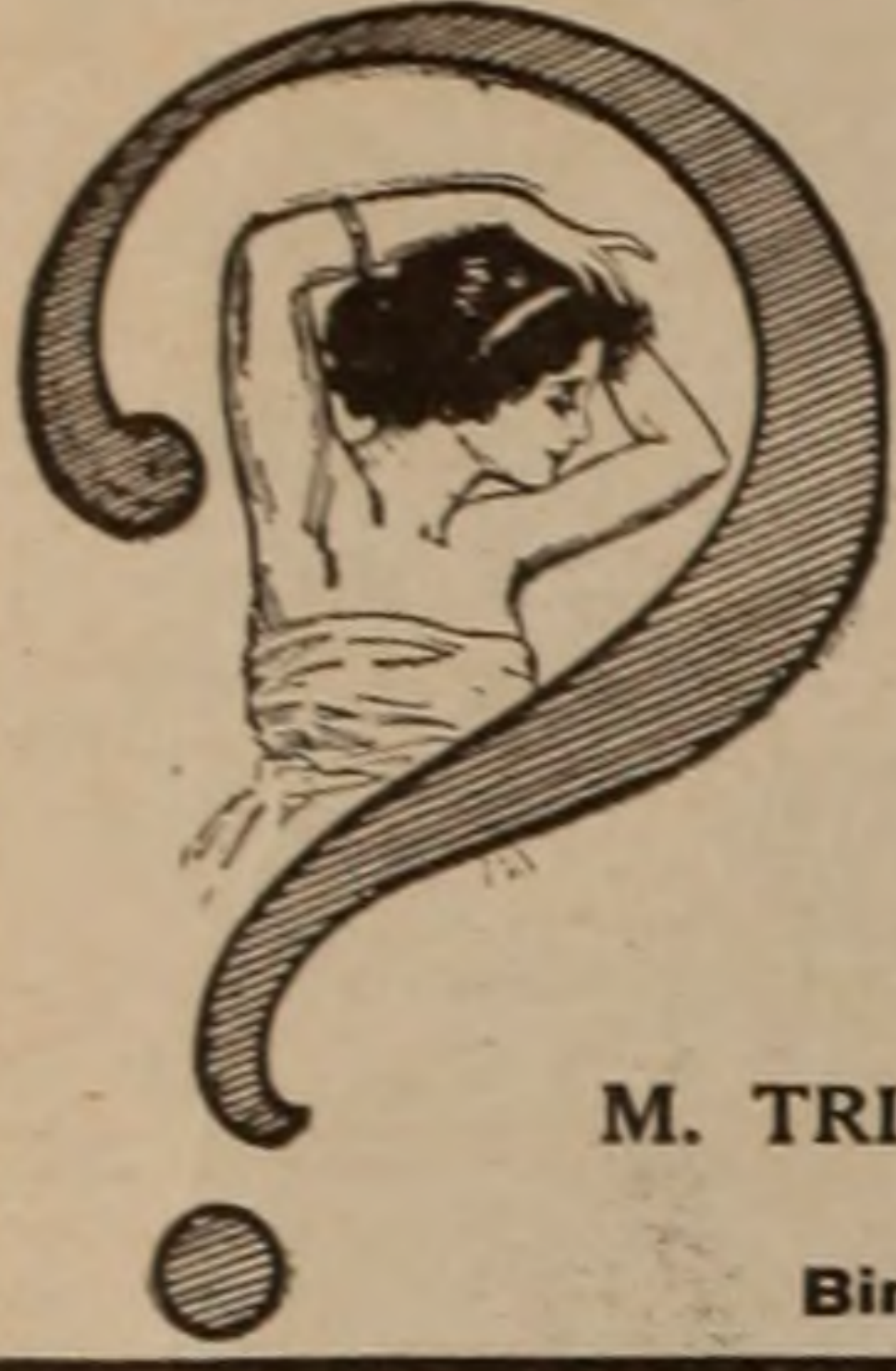
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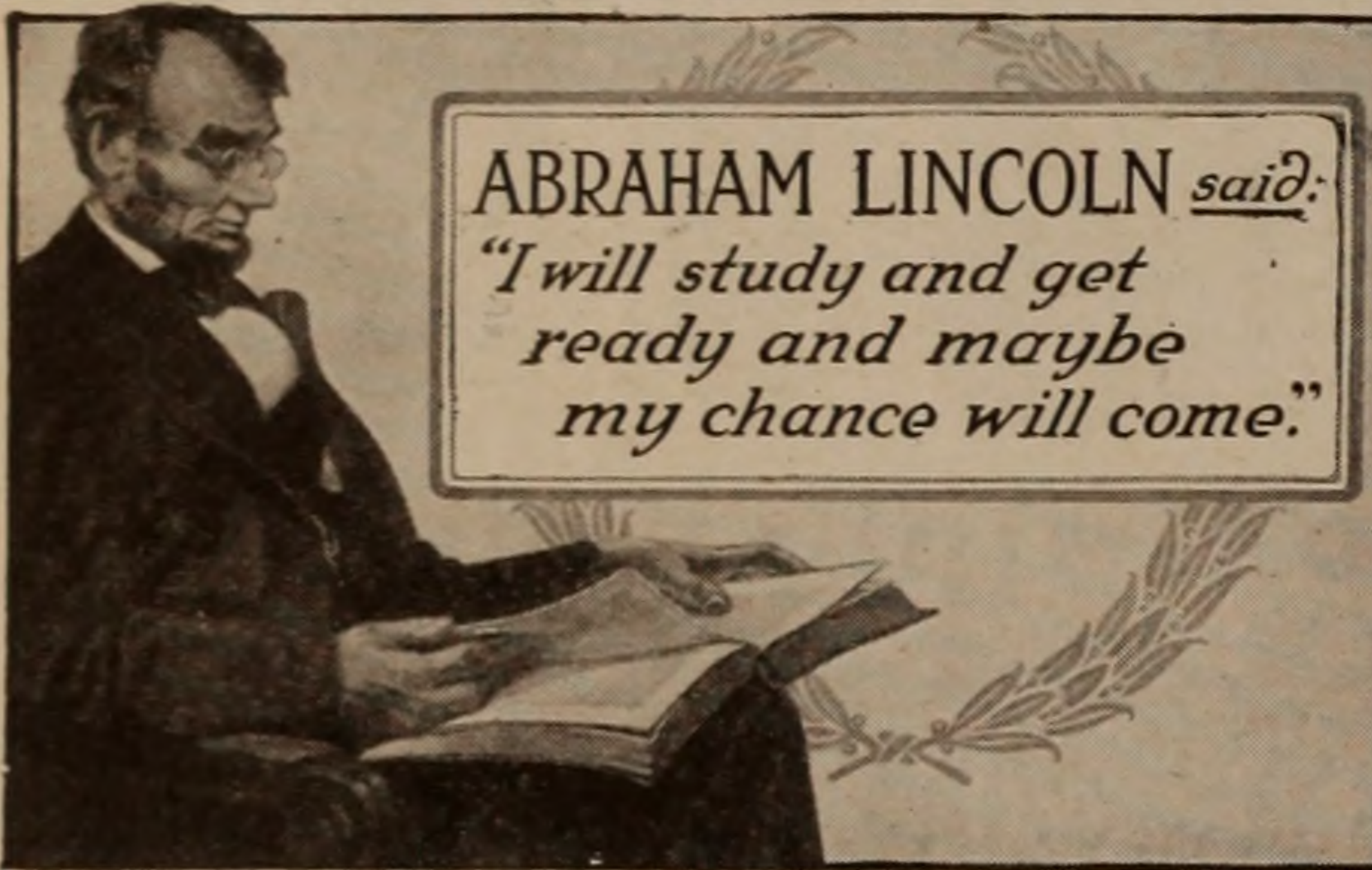
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UNDERWOOD T., CANADA.—Fannie Ward in "Witchcraft." Marguerite Courtot and Owen Moore in "The Kiss." Wallace Pyke, the well-known character man, has been engaged by Pallas to play in "The Son of Erin." See story in next Magazine.

TONY.—Ah, ha! I have heard that too—that Ben Turpin's real name is Benjamin Turpentine; but he cut it down when he became an actor, because they don't allow explosives around where films are. Blanche Sweet in "The Blacklist."

RAMONA.—Myrtle Gonzalez and Val Paul and Fred Church in "A Romance of Billy Goat Hill." Dorothy Davenport played in "Barriers of Society." Frank Borzage directs and plays leads in his pictures.

LITTLE JOHN.—William Russell was Tom and Charlotte Burton was Marie in "The Love Hermit." No, you couldn't quite call me a love hermit, because I am not a hermit and am not in love. Newfoundland's output of copper ore increased from 2,000 tons in 1914 to approximately 15,000 tons during the past year. Most of the ore was purchased by dealers in the United States.

ESTY.—Francelia Billington and Jack Holt in "The Black Sheep of the Family." It was Juanita Hansen herself, and not a "double," who descended the cliff in "The Secret of the Submarine" by lowering herself on the stems of vines. By no means do all stars "double" risky parts or "fake" the perils.

MICHAEL T. B. J.—Bessie Love in "A Sister of Six." Yes, the scenes were in 1860, and a very pretty thing. The six were Violet Radcliffe, Carmen De Rue, George Stone, Francis Carpenter, Beulah Burns and Lloyd Pearl.

ADOLPH H.—There's no time like the pleasant. So you like Maurice Costello and Ethel Grandin in "The Crimson Stain." Franklyn Ritchie and Helene Rosson in "The Undertow." George Gebhart is with the American.

HELEN L. R.—Bless your honest heart, and may the hinges of our friendship never grow rusty! Always glad to see you whenever you call, or at any other time and place.

STELLA A. D., MEMPHIS.—Gypsy Abbott is with Mutual. There are sixty-eight Mutual exchanges thruout America. Mary Miles Minter has played in "Youth's Endearing Charm," "Dulcie's Adventure," "Faith," "Dream or Two Ago" and "The Innocence of Lizette," while she has been with American. She is what they call "a comer."

LOUISE T. H.—Cleo Madison is still with Universal. She is playing in "The Chalice of Sorrow." Andrew Arbuckle is with Universal. William Garwood with Western Universal. He played in "A Soul at Stake." Many of the screen players are dandy cooks, and our articles written and signed by them were not made to order. A good deal of the time they are out on a location anywhere from the backwoods to the desert, and they pick up all sorts of native recipes. One player told me ten different ways to cook eels, which she learnt at Martha's Vineyard, and she invited me to taste them, too.

MAZIE T. D.—Mary Fuller played in "Cheaters" (Universal). At this writing she is taking a rest.

SOCRATES.—Picture stars' names and fancy names in casts have given the Southern cullud folks a much needed christening field. Black babies used to run to Mary Andersons and Lily Langtrys, but now I understand they are all Mary Pickfords and Marguerite Clarks. One fond ebony mother has written me that she has named one of twins "Bella Donna," and asks me to suggest a name for the other. How would "Nux Vomica" do?

FLORENCE C. T.—Yes, she is a widow, I believe; but I don't know what kind—maybe grass, maybe sod. Yes, Louise Fazenda is a fine character player. H. B. Warner is playing opposite Dorothy Dalton in "The Vagabond Prince."

JOSEPH T. D.—Read the article on Douglas Fairbanks in the December Magazine. Ruth Roland was born in San Francisco, Cal., on August 26, 1892. Parents, German and Irish. She is about five feet seven and weighs about 128 pounds. Auburn hair, dark blue eyes, fair complexion. She is a crack shot.

CLEOPATRA.—Indeed! Thomas Chatterton is playing in the Kolb and Dill comedies. They do say that Winnifred Greenwood is an expert fortune-teller. I believe Edwin August is located for a while. He is playing in "The Law of Nature," opposite Iva Shepard.

LILLIAN G. C.—Carter De Haven is Timothy in the "Breaking Into Society" plays. Vola Smith was Vola in "The Eternal Way."

MINTA D., WALLA WALLA.—You ask me to name the fifty classics of literature. You have sent me a Herculean task, but here is the Editor's list in alphabetical order: Addison's "Sir Roger de Coverly"; Aesop's "Fables"; Boswell's "Johnson"; Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy"; Butler's "Hudibras"; Blackmore's "Lorna Doone"; Byron's "Childe Harold"; Bronte's "Jane Eyre"; Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress"; Cervantes' "Don Quixote"; Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner"; Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus"; Draper's "Intellectual Development of Europe"; Defoe's "Crusoe"; Dickens' "David Copperfield"; Dante's "Divine Comedy"; Darwin's "Descent of Man"; Emerson's Essays; Goethe's "Faust"; Gibbon's "Rome"; Gray's "Elegy"; Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield"; Holmes' "Autocrat"; Homer's "Iliad"; Hugo's "Les Miserables"; Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter"; Irving's "Rip Van Winkle"; Kingsley's "Hypatia"; Lamb's "Essays of Elia"; Longfellow's "Hiawatha"; Meredith's "Lucille"; Milton's "Paradise Lost"; Macaulay's Essays; Pope's "Essay on Man"; Poe's "Raven"; Plato's "Dialogs"; Plutarch's Lives; Pepy's Diary; C. Reade's "Cloister and the Hearth"; W. Reade's "Martyrdom of Man"; Shakespeare's "Hamlet"; Swift's "Gulliver"; Scott's "Ivanhoe"; Stevenson's "Jekyll and Hyde"; Sterne's "Tristram Shandy"; Spenser's "First Principles"; Spenser's "Faerie Queene"; Tennyson's "In Memoriam"; Thackeray's "Vanity Fair," and Virgil's "Aeneid." I think I can agree with the Editor in the main.



ELLA HALL PLAYING WITH HER DONKEY COLT WHILE ENJOYING AN OUTING IN THE COUNTRY NEAR LOS ANGELES





JUST to prove that she is not so black as she is screened, and is as white as she is painted, Theda Bara is posing for an heroic-sized portrait of herself by the distinguished artist, José Ruchti. The "reformation" of Theda is complete; in her portrait she is posing as an angel carrying the flaming sword of virtue.

"Los" and its studio colony has seen the last of Lou-Tellegen. Having just completed his farewell picture, "The Black Wolf," he is hastening to Baltimore to open the theatrical season in his last winter's success, "The King of Nowhere."

Last winter the fans were all "het up" over the rival Carmens in the persons of Theda Bara and Geraldine Farrar. Now come the rival Juliets, Theda Bara and Beverly Bayne, making their screen appearances as the famous loved ones at the same time. No doubt, the stars who have not been deemed worthy of Juliet's rôle are saying, "A pest on both their houses."

Hobart Bosworth and Tully Marshall have both decided to make the Lasky studio their permanent abode. The distinguished character stars took part in a special engagement for "Joan of Arc," supporting Geraldine Farrar.

Edith Storey's trip to Los Angeles is being turned into a triumph such as is accorded only to stars of the first magnitude. In Chicago, Vitagraph's Bernhardt was entertained at a supper party by the leading exhibitors and editors, and finally wound up in a cell, where she had to be handcuffed. But this was at the State Penitentiary, and was only a "thrilling experience" staged by the warden.

Clara Kimball Young and Conway Tearle are starting to emotionalize Thomas Dixon's novel, "The Foolish Virgin." We don't know what happened to the virgin in the novel, but we feel quite sure that Clara will put her thru all her paces.

On page 44 we have Charles Kent, Julia Swayne Gordon, Peggy Hyland, Evart Overton and James Morrison playing in "The Enemy," in the order named.

While still in the thick of her triumph in the stage-play, "The Guilty Man," Irene Fenwick has decided to appear also in pictures. Her first photoplay will be "The Princess Zim Zim," and Owen Moore will be her leading man.

Norma Talmadge announces that her first screen presentation of her own will be "Panthea," from the international stage-play success of Madame Olga Petrova.

Ruth Roland's postal cards to her friends and admirers are newsy and to the point. "I am sure," she writes, "you will be interested in knowing that I am now working on the first Pathé serial for 1917, entitled 'The Neglected Wife,' in which I will be featured. I hope you are voting for me in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE contest."

No sooner has Edith Storey started for the West than we hear of Antonio Moreno "hot-footing" it after her. It is not a romance—"No" (quite coldly), but on the West Coast Antonio will co-star with Edith in "Money Madness," a story by Hamlin Garland.

And now for a few dressing-rooms "To Let" and newly furnished. Vera Sisson has transferred her wardrobe from Universal to Metro; Edwin August still rings the changes by going from World to Mutual; Flora Finch is now roosting in the Thanhouser henney; Harry Edwards and Julia Faye have cavorted from Keystone to Fox; Warda Howard has left Essanay, and Patsy DeForest has been welcomed into the Vitagraph nest.

Not to be outdone by his elders, little Billy Jacobs has started a film family of his own, and it is said that it is financed from the money that he saved during his career as a baby picture actor. Let's hope that Billy is as good an investor as he is when "just hisself" on the screen.

Handsome Jack Kerrigan's latest picture is a comedy, entitled "Parted from His Bride." As he has been wedded to his art and to the Universal Company for the past two years, and the rumor is persistent that he is leaving, his comedy title seems pretty pat.

Enter Dorothy McGowan, the adopted daughter of Helen Holmes. Lucky little Dorothy was one of a very large and very needy family, but when she proved her dramatic worth in some scenes in "A Lass of the Lumberlands," Helen Holmes obtained permission to permanently adopt her.

"Rensageki," or a combination of screen- and stage-drama, is now all the rage in Japan. The fans won't go to see anything else. As we understand it, all the sentimental parts—lovers' farewells, love avowals, and the oh-so-pitiful passages are done in dialog. When it comes to the thrills the stage is darkened and the camera holds sway.

H. B. Warner, the impressive character lead with Triangle, has decided to portray one of the "Seven Deadly Sins" for McClure pictures. Mr. Warner will be the star of "Wrath."

Here is another efficacious little box of news pills: Naomi Childers has ricocheted from Vitagraph and has not yet announced new plans; Sally Crute has been gathered in under the Metro umbrella, and Vivian Rich has just become a young Fox. The Horsley studios have reopened, and Crane Wilbur is still the spotlight man. All on one ticket, Neal Burns, Betty Compson, Stella Adams, Harry Ratten and Billie Rhodes, the Nestor comedians, have shunted over to the Cub Comedy lair. And then, too, Sidney Dean is leaving Lasky; Earle Fox has joined Metro; George Beban will resume his Italian rôles with Morosco, and, last but not least, Art Acord has stampeded from the American corral to Fox.

Edna May, the heroine of "Salvation Joan," has just recovered from an attack of appendicitis and the ensuing operation. The former famous stage star may never appear on the screen again, but all of her earnings, to the amount of one hundred thousand dollars, have been contributed to a fund for the sick and wounded soldiers of the Allies.

Juanita Hansen, the dazzling blonde who rode to fame in "The Secret of the Submarine," has just joined the Keystone fun-makers. Miss Hansen, by the way, made her film comedy debut under Mack Sennet two years ago.

The photoplay brides of Santa Barbara—Helene Rosson, Anna Little, Rene Rogers, Gertrude Robinson and others—are going to produce playlets in their home town for the benefit of European war sufferers. Their first production will be "Cricket on the Hearth," under the personal direction of James Kirkwood.

Speaking of brides, Mary Miles Minter turned a neat little trick when she gave a "Welcome Home" to Mr. and Mrs. Kirkwood (née Gertrude Robinson). On their arrival at their honeymoon bungalow they found each room festooned with bowers of roses, smilax and ferns, all gleefully arranged by little M. M. M.



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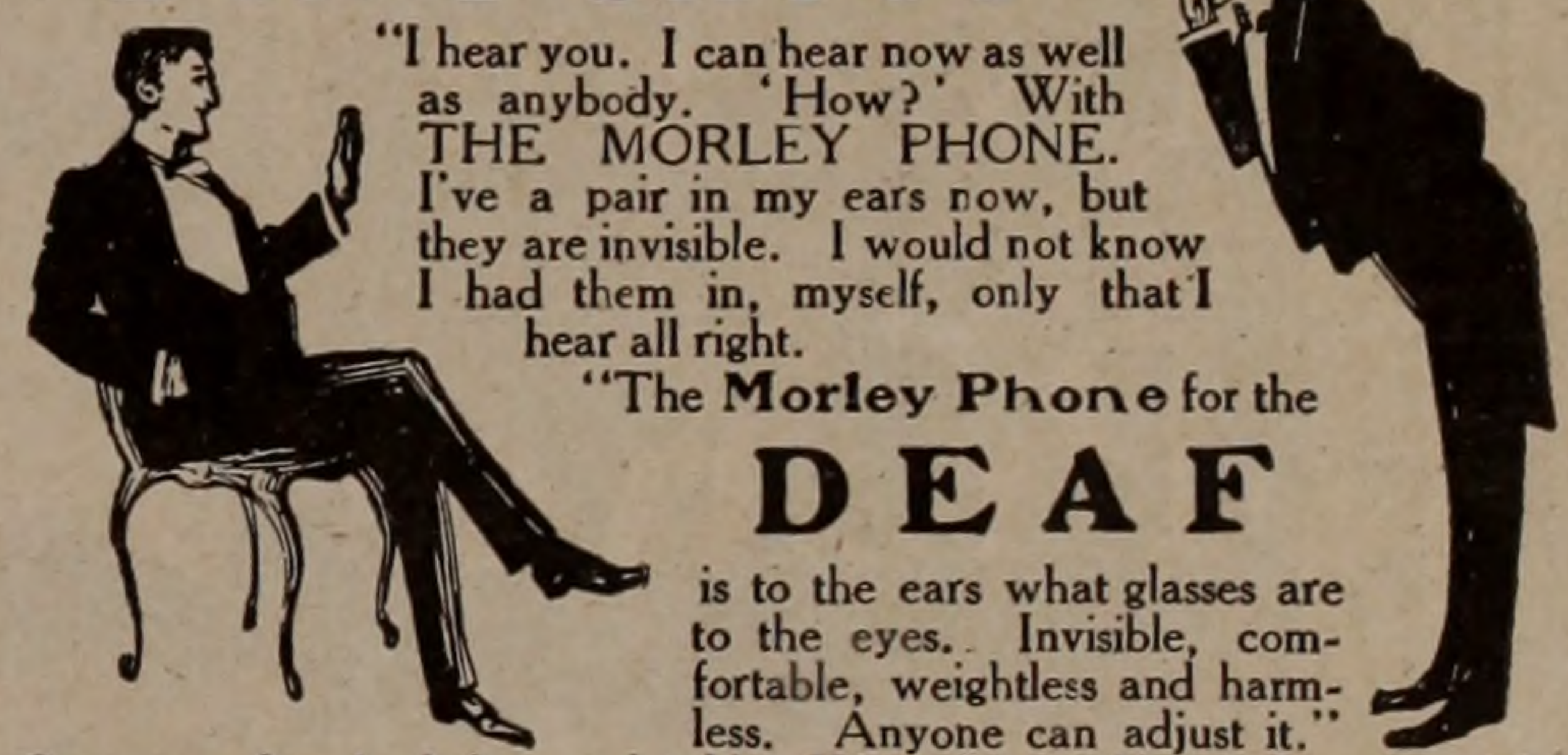
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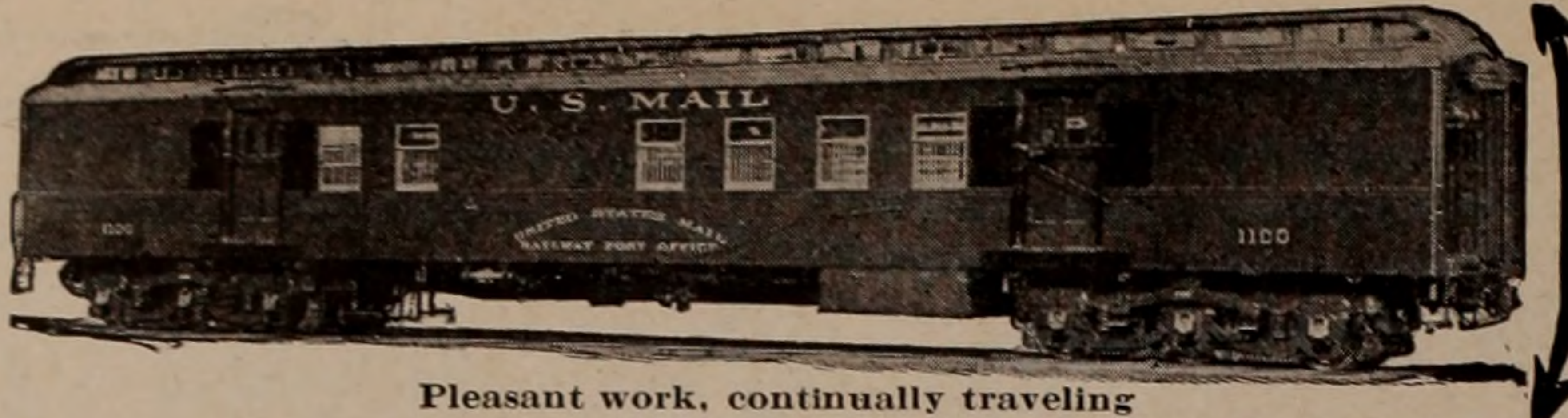
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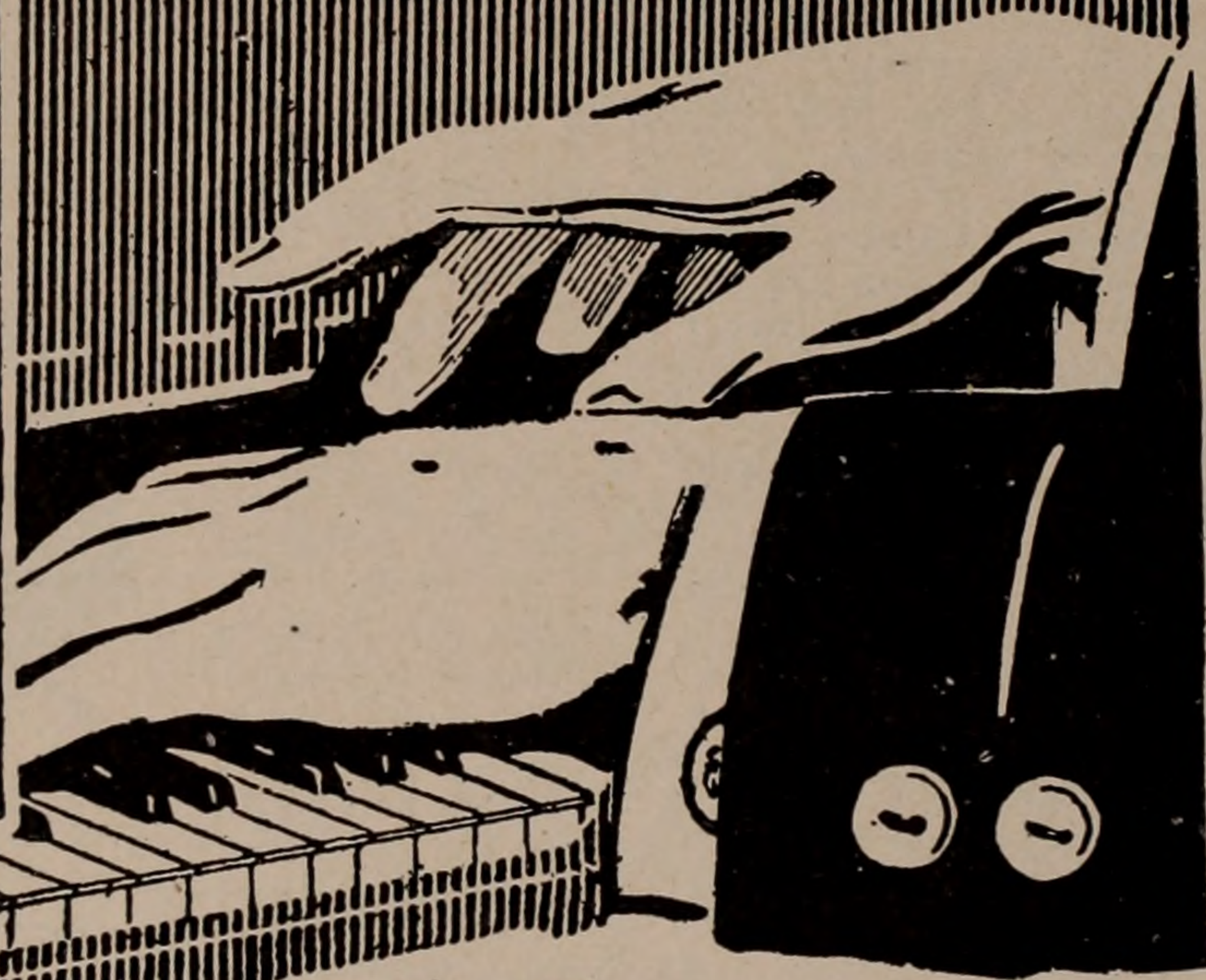
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Anna Nilsson is about to make her debut on the stage, co-starring with Guy Coombs in a playlet, "The Naked Lie."

Here's a toothsome dish for Bushman-Bayne cohorts: The news has just leaked out that these famous players are soon to be co-starred in a long serial. Its title and nature are not yet divulged, but we promise to be on hand with a "still" camera as soon as the affair takes the studio boards. In the meantime, they will be seen in "The Diplomatic Service," their forthcoming picture.

Now that Earle Williams has "shot" the last scene in "The Scarlet Runner," we will see him at least once a month in an evening's entertainment. His next best bet is "The Soul Master," from the James Oliver Curwood story.

Versatile Grace Cunard shows that she is there in a pinch. Recently Francis Ford was taken ill, and underwent an operation on his nose. Miss Grace immediately stepped into the breach and directed, as well as starred in, the third episode of "My Lady Raffles."

"Broncho Billy," otherwise G. M. Anderson, has at last been run to earth. We have discovered that he has doffed the buskin and donned the directorial megaphone. Dame Gossip sayeth that he will direct future Olla Nazimova pictures.

With the Vitagraph studio heads and players bidding them good-by and good luck, Ralph Ince, Lucille Lee Stewart and Huntley Gordon are retiring to form a new company of their own. Mr. Ince may take the Vitagraph's former studio at Bay Shore, L. I., nearby his home in Brightwaters.

Milton Sills, who is at present leading man for Mrs. Vernon Castle in "Patria," is a good example of studio pluck. While taking part in a recent scene a heavy flagstone fell upon Mr. Sill's foot, crushing it into the ground. Without a murmur, he continued playing to the end of the scene, and after that, medical attendance and an improvised ambulance were hastily summoned.

Little Mary Pickford wears two distinct kinds of pajamas in "Less Than the Dust," and avers that the real Oriental ones are cosier than the "East Indian" night-clothes made in New Bedford, Mass. By the way, we have advance information from our Cape Cod look-out that "Little Mary & Company," clad in Scotch plaid, have just descended on New England's "barren shores" to capture some Scottish locations for her next picture.

Methinks Norma Talmadge is grooming herself to play in "Maid, Wife or Widow?" The recent announcement of her marriage has brought a denial from her mother; her husband cannot be found to either deny or affirm, and Norma herself hints at an engagement. But we have heard something about a license and wedding presents; so there you are!

Carlotta De Felice and Vinton Breese were secretly married in Newark, New Jersey, on September 11th. It is a little late to gladden us with the news; but as the players' lips were sealed, we had to dig it up ourselves.

Glue your eye to another kaleidoscope of shifting players: Anna Mae Walthall waltzes from Selig to Essanay; Tom Powers has just joined Mutual; Universal denies that Ella Hall is about to leave; Harry Benham will play leads for June Caprice; Raymond McKee is again with Metro; Elsie MacLeod will beam for Sunbeam, and House Peters has been paged by Morosco.

A slam-bang Kentucky feud is on between William Fox and Herbert Brenon, the author-director of Annette Kellermann's "A Daughter of the Gods." Everything but bullets are flying. It started with words, thickened up with law-suits, and ended by Fox barring Brenon from the Lyric Theater, N. Y. Despite the presence of sentinels who could recognize him, Brenon, who is a master of make-up, got thru their lines and saw his picture. Somebody ought to screen it: "Fox, the Foiled Film Fiend!"

A permanent "playhouse" has at last been found for Clara Kimball Young, Norma Talmadge and Kitty Gordon. The magnificent Biograph studio in New York has been taken over for their future studio home.



### Stage Plays That Are Worth While

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

**44th St.**—"The Flame." A remarkably beautiful spectacular drama satirizing President Wilson's Mexican policy. Disjointed construction, and plot is not strong; but, nevertheless, it stands out as a clever, artistic and entertaining play.

**Belasco.**—"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 a bright farce well worth while.

**Hudson.**—"Pollyanna." A glad play after the order of "Daddy-long-legs," "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.

**Harris.**—"Under Sentence." A strong gripping drama which has been hailed as another "Lion and the Mouse." It should enjoy a long run.

**48th St.**—"Rich Man, Poor Man." One of the most engrossing dramas that George Broadhurst ever wrote, and one of the popular plays of the season.

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"Mr. Antonio." A drama full of heart interest, in which the inimitable Otis Skinner plays the part of a picturesque organ-grinder splendidly, supported by Eleanor Woodruff and a good company.

"The Intruder." Altho the doings of a faithless wife and her paramour form the basis of this drama, it is one of the best and strongest that Broadway has seen for years, and it ought to become a classic. Exquisitely acted by an exceptionally appropriate cast, of which H. Cooper Cliffe easily carries off the honors in a minor part.

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

"Paganini." George Arliss in a very clever characterization. A high-class comedy on the order of "Beau Brummell," "Garrick" and "Mr. Lazarus."

"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.

"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.

"Somebody's Luggage." A farce that is different, in that James T. Powers plays a "low comedy" part. He seems a trifle out of place at first, but when one gets used to him he wins a roar of laughter. In this particular line he has no superiors.

"The Silent Witness." A virile drama on the order of "The House of Glass" and "The Co-Respondent," and quite as good, containing some tense and thrilling moments. A play that holds the interest from start to finish, giving a fine cast some excellent opportunities.

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

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

"Coat-Tales." A first-class farce-comedy so cleverly constructed that it is replete with surprises and unexpected situations, each more laughable than the other. A clean, wholesome farce.

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HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

## The Photodrama

A Department for the Earnest and Popular Consideration of the Photoplay in All of Its Phases—Hints and Instruction; Plotting and Construction; Selling and Production

**NOTE:** All readers of the Magazine are invited to follow this department. For, altho it may appeal particularly to those who are already writing photoplays, yet it will be written in a popular and interesting manner that will reveal new beauties in the plays you see and read about thru knowing what they come from and how they are made. It may be that you have an undeveloped talent that this department can turn into dollars and cents!

### A FEW WORDS FROM THE EDITOR

For some time past we have sensed the need and felt the desirability of a department that would cater to the wants of that large and growing class of Motion Picture readers, audiences and students who are interested in the construction, writing and selling of the photoplay.

We have hesitated, for two reasons, until the present time before launching such a department. The first is, that the field of photoplay writing itself has been in a state of primal uncertainty. Few there were indeed who have come anywhere near mastering its technical requirements.

In the second place, where were we to find the man?

Now, we are happy to state, the Motion Picture has truly found itself. There are lapses, to be sure, but you who attend the Motion Picture theaters regularly are rewarded by some of the finest spectacles and deep dramas that can stand without fear of reproach shoulder to shoulder with the best that our stage can offer.

What we need, then, are masters of the art of photoplay making, and in Henry Albert Phillips we are going to place the excellence of our judgment at your service.

We are not the first to select Henry Albert Phillips as a great inspirational force in the writing of photoplays. The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, one of America's greatest and most conservative educational institutions, has chosen Mr. Phillips to inaugurate a course in photoplay writing in their venerable halls. The Y. M. C. A. of New York is retaining Mr. Phillips in a similar capacity for the second year.

We feel, then, in introducing a Department of Photoplay Writing that we have fully rounded out the functions of our Magazine so that they now meet the requirements, desires and interests of the entire Motion Picture universe, whom we have been serving to the best of our ability for the past five years.

Welcoming either assenting or dissenting voices in the matter, we remain,

Perpetually at your service,

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE AND CLASSIC,  
EUGENE V. BREWSTER, *Editor.*

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### Don't Trust to Luck

Looking for a position. The stakes are too big. Be sure you are right—then go ahead. Directors are constantly looking for Types. You may be the one to have the personality, the ability to make good. I am offering for a short time—to readers of this magazine—"Motion Picture Acting" for only **fifty cents** a copy. Enclose either stamps or money in an envelope with your name and address. My book will be promptly mailed and your money promptly returned if you are not satisfied. I guarantee this to you and to "Motion Picture Classic."

H. H. GRIFFIN, 353 E. 55th Place, Chicago, Ill.

### INTRODUCING MY DEPARTMENT

Just as I began my efforts as a pioneer student in the field of the photodrama I mean to continue them—always viewing the photodrama as a fine art capable of infinite power, influence, scope and expansion. Three years ago my viewpoint was ridiculed by critics thruout the country with more or less good nature. These wise owls averred that I was taking myself and the so-called photodrama too seriously.

In the meantime, most of those who paused to scoff have remained to wonder.

Today, any critic who should dare to rise and call the photodrama a passing show that will strut and fret its weary hour on the screen tonight and be crowded out of the theaters tomorrow, would be adjudged something of a fool, and at best, an ignoramus.

On the contrary, you and I are living in a wonderful age. We have lived to see the birth of a new art. We are privileged to be contemporaneous with the coming of a new medium for expressing the infinite. We may see with our eyes an emotional vision, just as it was created in the soul of man-with-a-message.

The soul-visions of man-o'-dreams have

become familiar spirits, to be sure, stalking the stages of our theaters and the pages of our books, and climbing skyward in the pinnacles of our cathedrals, or coloring canvas and carving stone. But those art-messages are older than the hills. Few sages had dared to prophesy the coming of another to occupy a niche among the Muses.

Let him who doubts the birth of a new art stand outside the theaters of the world at noon, at dusk, at night, and try to count, if he can, the millions that enter in the span of a single day!

If he still doubts, let him enter one of the lowliest of these theaters of the new art. In that single temple he will find sufficient emotion released to shatter the soul of the strongest man God has created.

And if he still doubts, let him witness "Civilization," "The Birth of a Nation" or "Intolerance"—any one of them. Let him count the tears that fall, if he can. Let him stand up and declare: "This is folderol!" if he dares.

And if he still doubts, he is a fool.

That which can move a million daily to laugh and cry is, verily, nothing short of a fine art. HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS.



POPULAR PLAYER CONTEST

In this issue appears the final ballot for the Popular Player Contest now running in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. Here is some advance information showing how the leaders stood up to October 24th:

Mary Pickford.....	337,040
Marguerite Clark.....	287,915
Francis Bushman.....	249,070
Warren Kerrigan.....	242,015
Pearl White.....	208,855
Theda Bara.....	197,015
Anita Stewart.....	195,750
Edward Earle.....	181,505
Henry Walthall.....	180,520
Wallace Reid.....	179,635
Harold Lockwood.....	176,770
William S. Hart.....	172,945
William Sherwood.....	172,190
Grace Cunard.....	170,285
Earle Williams.....	169,720
Ruth Roland.....	167,740
William Farnum.....	166,750
Pauline Frederick.....	104,500
Blanche Sweet.....	100,845
Mary Fuller.....	100,490
Dustin Farnum.....	100,285
Beverly Bayne.....	99,540
Mary Miles Minter.....	98,570
Crane Wilbur.....	96,730
Robert Warwick.....	96,620
Carlyle Blackwell.....	95,985
Marguerite Snow.....	93,515
Florence LaBadie.....	90,240
Creighton Hale.....	88,425
Nell Craig.....	88,045
Olga Petrova.....	87,405
Alexander Gaden.....	85,955
Norma Talmadge.....	80,430
Lillian Gish.....	74,645
Clara K. Young.....	71,455
Francis Ford.....	71,225
Cleo Madison.....	69,905
Ella Hall.....	69,880
Edna Mayo.....	69,845
Charles Chaplin.....	69,735
Bryant Washburn.....	69,720
Edith Storey.....	69,630
Antonio Moreno.....	69,575
Marguerite Courtot.....	67,540
Douglas Fairbanks.....	65,820
Alice Joyce.....	59,235
Harris Gordon.....	58,835
Cleo Ridgely.....	57,350
Tom Forman.....	56,955
Romaine Fielding.....	56,680
House Peters.....	56,465
Geraldine Farrar.....	54,600
Kathlyn Williams.....	54,195
Mae Marsh.....	52,520
Edward Coxen.....	50,930
Herbert Rawlinson.....	50,825
Henry King.....	50,585
Al Ray.....	50,215
May Allison.....	44,745
Dorothy Gish.....	43,075
Anna Little.....	42,645
Lillian Walker.....	42,540
Thomas Meighan.....	42,370
Naomi Childers.....	42,160
Owen Moore.....	41,160
Fannie Ward.....	40,840
Ruth Stonehouse.....	40,830
Irving Cummings.....	40,830
Bessie Barriscale.....	40,520
Nellie Anderson.....	40,505
Jane Novak.....	40,455
Hazel Dawn.....	40,185
Mary Anderson.....	39,900
Billie Burke.....	39,010
Violet Mersereau.....	38,970
Jean Sothern.....	38,010
Viola Dana.....	36,410
Ethel Clayton.....	34,610
Robert Mantell.....	34,410

(Sixty-seven)

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Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By RICHARD WILLIS

David W. Griffith, Thomas H. Ince and Mack Sennet are in our midst once more. Each announces his delight at being back; each promises big things—Ince and Sennet in the immediate future, and Griffith later on.

Alan Forrest, good-looking hubby to Anna Little, has signed another contract with the American Company, with whom he will be featured.

Lamar Johnstone, Edith Sterling and Louis Fitzroy are among the artists who traveled to Guatemala to support Tyrone Power in "The Planter."

Cecil De Mille has completed his big "Joan of Arc" special feature. We know, because he has again been seen about in ordinary street garb. When working he lives in puttees and things.

The Pollard Picture Plays Company, with Harry Pollard at the helm and Margarita Fischer as the featured star, have the quaintest studio possible. They occupy the Panama Village in the San Diego fair grounds. They like it, too.

A number of people have written Charles Ray that they have entered a scenario in the Thomas H. Ince contest, written specially for him. These are the letters a star likes to get.

Monroe Salisbury has been acting for the Fox Company under Oscar Apfel. Salisbury was with Apfel in the first picture the former acted in and latter directed. Before that they were in the same speaking stage productions more than once.

Here is the story of William S. Hart's famous daisy-patterned vest. It was made by a one-armed cowboy, who had learnt to use his legs; it went to a gambler, who took it in payment of a debt; Hart's father bought it from the gambler and gave it to his son.

Henry King, the Balboa actor and director, who is putting on the series with little Mary Sunshine, has suffered severely from bad sores on his face, originally caused by a cold and made serious by blood-poisoning. He has only recently been able to put grease-paint on his face. He is much loved by little Mary.

Herbert Rawlinson, the leading man with the Universal, has been on crutches for a month. All this while he has gone around with a smile, and has joked and jollied himself into every one's good wishes. "Rawley" will soon be acting again.

Mae Marsh is being generously congratulated by the profession on her performance in "Intolerance." Constance Talmadge is also receiving her full share of praise; sister Norma had better look to her laurels.

Among other actors who are members of the Los Angeles Athletic Club are Douglas Gerrard, Bobby Harron, Thomas Meighan, Herbert Rawlinson, Lee Moran, Eddie Lyons, Charles Ray and Donald Crisp.

By the time this is in print, Harold Lockwood will have received his new Marmon automobile. Harold gets a new car every birthday or so.

Writing of automobiles, it is a moot point as to which actress has the prettiest car as far as interior decoration is concerned, Blanche Sweet, Fannie Ward or Mabel Normand.

Helen Holmes and J. P. McGowan, of the Signal Company, have returned to Los Angeles from the North. Helen swears that in the two months they were absent they did not get one day without fog. She will pin her faith to Southern California in the future.

Gypsy Abbott, the leading actress with the Vogue Company, bargained with the manager to have her dress torn for ten dollars, the company to take the dress. Asked if she had fulfilled her part of the contract, she acknowledged she had not; she had merely handed over what was left—some rags.

Mignon Anderson and Morris Foster have arrived on this coast. They are visiting, but admit they may stay; it depends on what offers they receive.

(Sixty-eight)

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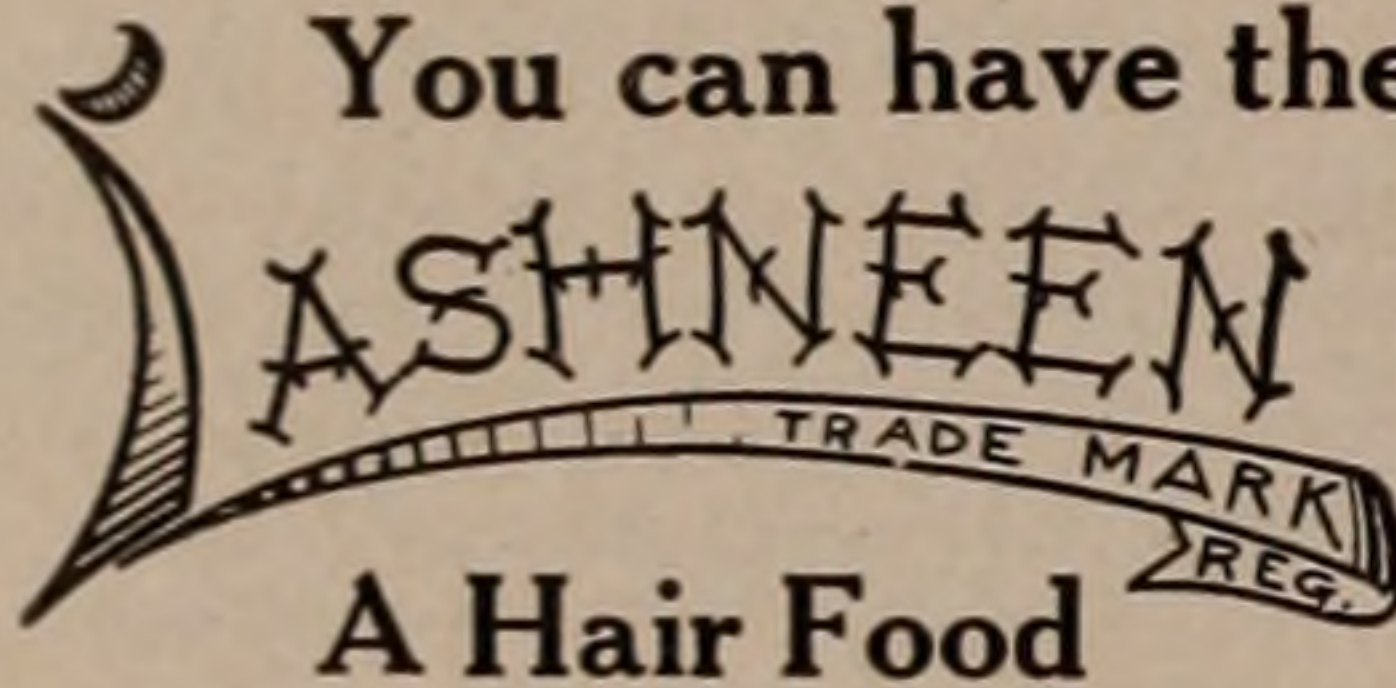


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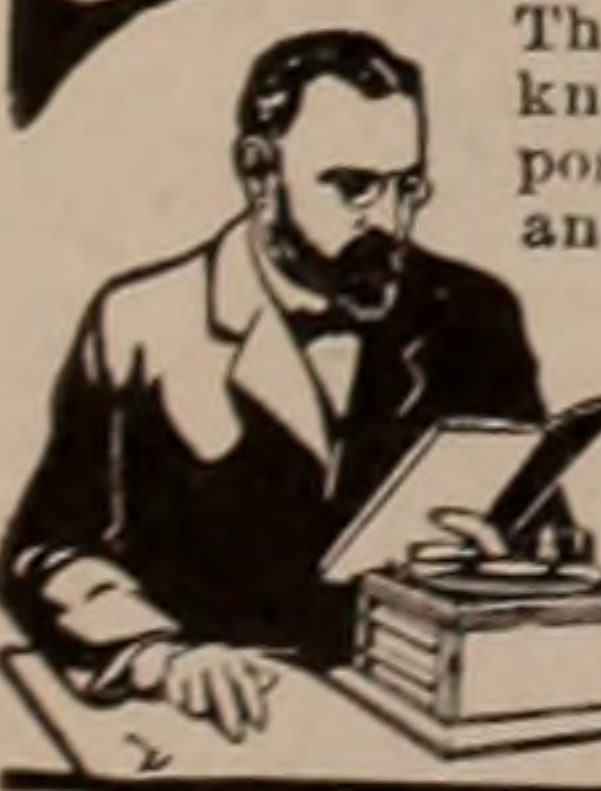
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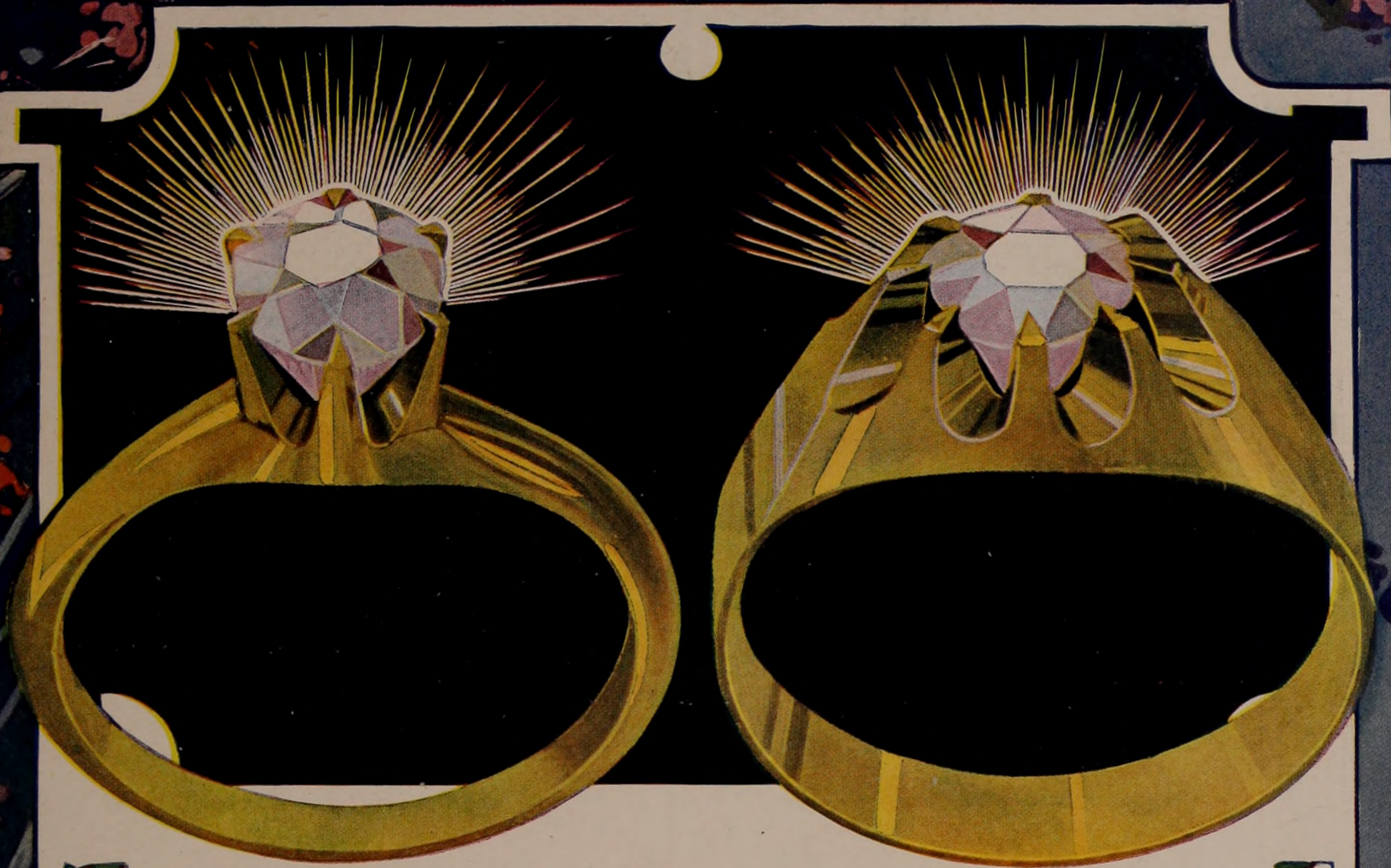
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