

July

MOTION

20 Cents

PICTURE CLASSIC



Sielke-Jr

GRACE CUNARD

The Newest, Daintiest Novelty

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| <input type="checkbox"/> Mabel Normand | <input type="checkbox"/> Mary Fuller |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Clara Kimball Young | <input type="checkbox"/> Earl Williams |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Francis X. Bushman | <input type="checkbox"/> Anita Stewart |
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A "CHEAT" ON THE FACE OF IT

Fannie Ward—"The Little Cheat"—Wins Our Readers and the August Classic Cover.
Bessie Barriscale at Home, in a Painting without Lettering, on the Back Cover

ALL ABOUT

Anita Stewart
Bessie Barriscale
Howard Hickman
The Sidney Drews
Margarita Fischer
Pauline Frederick



MORE ABOUT

Douglas Fairbanks
Grace Cunard
The Triangle Players
Shirley Mason
"Little Mary Sunshine"
Hundreds of Others

Twenty years ago Fannie Ward was the comedy Princess of the two Continents—the craze with English "Johnnies" and American "Charlie Boys." She married and retired. Then suddenly she performed a miracle—went into pictures and made an instantaneous hit in the highly emotional "The Cheat." Actors and managers said it couldn't be done, but "The Little Cheat" came back with a vengeance.

THE AUGUST CLASSIC

reproduces a stunning painting of Fannie Ward, by Leo Sielke, Jr., on its cover, and contains a profusely illustrated biography—the strange career of the Perennial Fannie.

The Beautiful Bessie Barriscale at Home Painting is a charming homestead of the "Little Colleen," is suitable for framing and well worth the price of the entire Classic.

"Here Comes the Bride!" Every gossip now knows that Grace Cunard was recently the star performer in a most romantic marriage—that she is now Mrs. Joseph Moore. The inside story of how she came to be led to the altar is as interesting as a thrilling feature picture. H. H. Van Loan discloses the facts in a charming news-story surcharged with the Los Angeles studio atmosphere.

"The Screen Kiss" was so lasting that we thought it would keep without spoiling, and lots of other good things crowd it out of this month's issue. Edwin M. LaRoche, the veteran actor, author and playwright, is at his best in this highly amusing and instructive feature article on just what the Screen Kiss means and how it is expressed. Illustrated with fifteen kissing pictures—some especially posed.

Kings and Queens Contest—which made its bow with the Bigger and Better June Classic, was a hit from the start. A new and taking idea in

Players' Contests. The votes for the screen's most beautiful, most charming and most finished player—both actor and actress—are pouring in with every mail. Each voter shares equally in the prizes. The August Classic will tell you lots of news about the Kings and Queens Contest and will give a tabulated list of the player's standing up to date.

The Classic Extra Girl Plays with Theda Bara—Miss Ethel Rosemon, our extra girl, has just finished playing in a picture with the one and only Theda. Her extra work was finished too late to appear in this issue, but the story holds the same absorbing and human interest as her tale of Vita-graph experiences with Peggy Hyland in the June Classic. Miss Rosemon's "Camille" story in the August Classic tells us all the hazards and chances of the extra girl.

Via Camera, Wire and Telephone presents itself with this issue and promises to grow bigger, better and more newsy in the August Classic.

All the Regular Departments Are There—A superb Rotogravure Gallery of Players, Greenroom Jottings, the not-to-be-imitated Answer Man. And, for good measure, look forward to a heart-to-heart Chat with "Polly" Frederick; the "Confessions of a Scenario Reader"; "At Home with Beatriz Michelena"; "The Home Life of Howard Hickman and Bessie Barriscale"; eight beautiful portraits of Anita Stewart; "Filmdom's Tiniest Star—Little Mary Sunshine," with the "cutest-ever" illustrations; "Kid Love Affairs," in which Margarita Fischer "'fesses up" her youthful indiscretions; Shirley Mason in a new "Daughter of Eve" dance, beautifully posed and illustrated; "Roping Douglas Fairbanks Into an Interview," some brand-new slants at the famous comedian. But why continue? Enough is as good as a feast—and the August Classic is the richest feast of Motion Picture news, views and stories ever set before a hungry reader.

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THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Grace Cunard is one of the best-known screen stars now appearing in films. While still a very young woman, she was among the first to become famous in the films many years ago. Her appearance in several serials with Francis Ford made her face familiar to all film patrons the world over. The beautiful picture on the cover is a characteristic pose and excellent likeness, from a painting by Leo Sielke, Jr.

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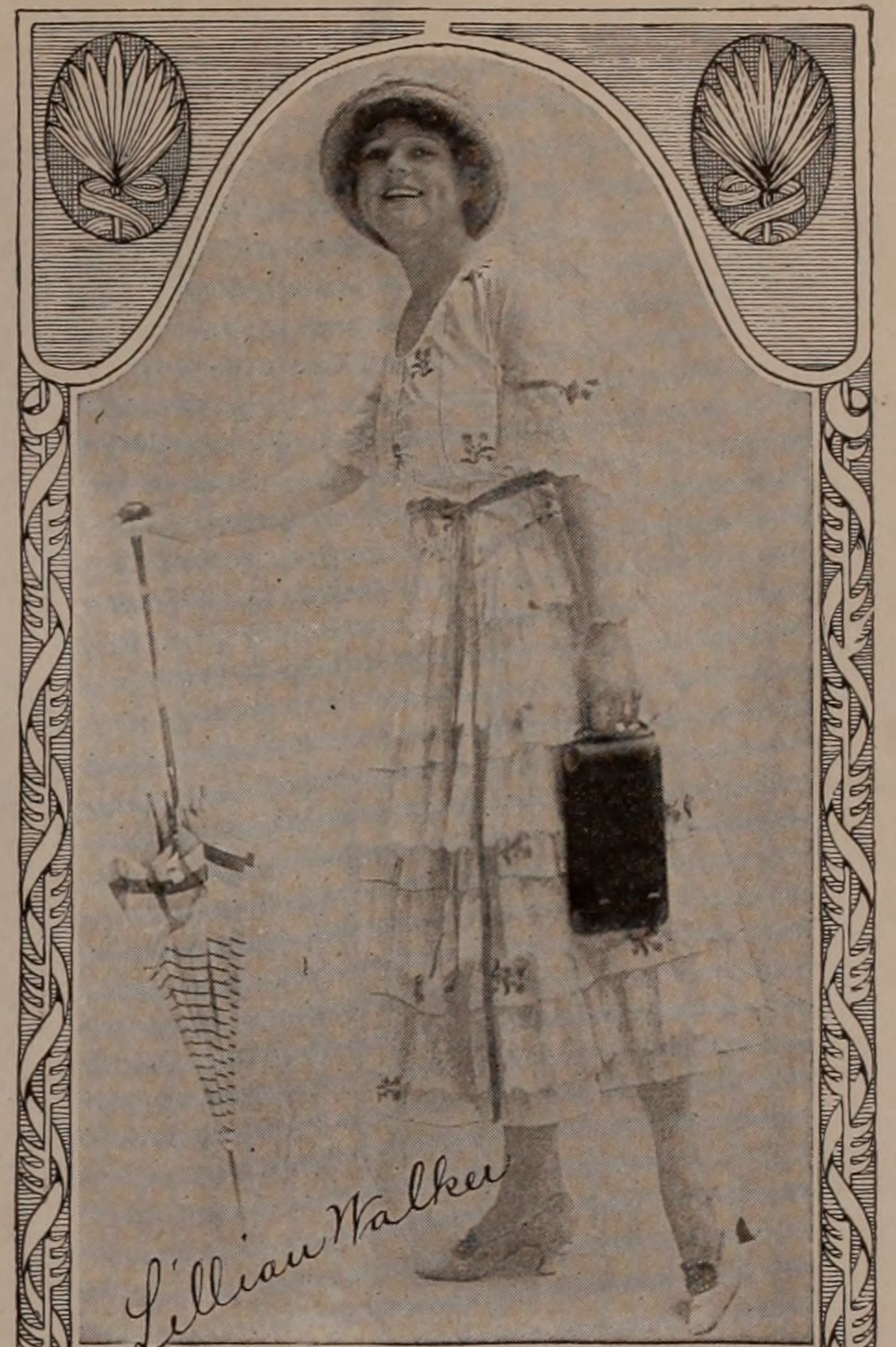
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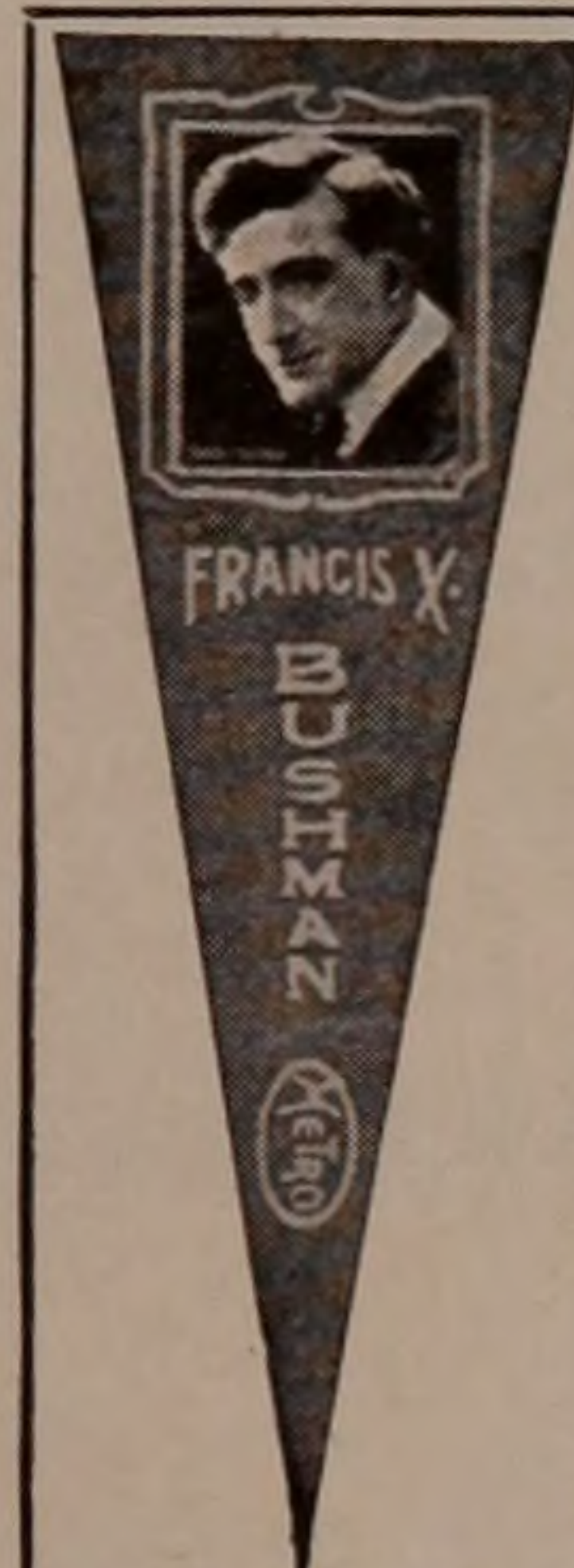
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MINIATURE PENNANTS OF THE FILM STARS

DECORATE your room or den with these neat 3x8 in. felt pennants. Just the thing to make round pillow tops and table covers. Use them as favors, souvenirs, etc. Something new.

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Earle Williams	Helen Holmes
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Theda Bara	Vivian Rich
Mabel Normand	Francis Ford
---and many others.	Write to-day.

Send two-cent stamp for folder.

10 for 25 cents 22 for 50 cents

Large Felt Pennants, 9x24 inches. Fifteen cents each. Eight for One Dollar.

D. A. DOBIE
Dept. 10 Springfield, Long Island, N. Y.

This magazine comes out on the 15th of every month. Its elder sister, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, comes out on the first of every month. Both are on sale at all newsstands in the English-speaking world.

(Five)



"Do hurry and finish, so I can try it too!"

Have you tried "the most famous skin treatment ever formulated"?

If not, you, like this girl, should begin tonight to get the benefit of this famous skin treatment, which will bring to your skin the delicate color, the lovelier freshness and clearness you have always wanted

Is there some condition of your skin that is keeping it from being the attractive one you want it to be?

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Whatever it is that is keeping your skin from being beautiful—it can be corrected. There's no girl on earth who can't have a prettier skin by trying!

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Begin this famous skin treatment tonight

Begin tonight to get the benefits of this skin specialist's soap for your skin:

Once a day, either night or morning, but preferably just before retiring, dip a wash cloth in warm water and hold it to your face until the skin is softened. Then lather your cloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly.

Now, with the tips of your fingers, work this cleansing, antiseptic lather into your skin, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with warm water, then with cold—the colder the better. Finish by rubbing your face for a few minutes with a piece of ice. Be particular to rinse the skin thoroughly and dry it carefully.

The first time you use this treatment you will begin to realize the change it is going to make in your skin. This treatment keeps your skin so active that the new delicate skin which forms every day cannot help taking on that greater loveliness for which you have longed. In ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater clearness,

freshness and charm which the daily use of Woodbury's Facial Soap will bring.

A 25c cake is sufficient for a month or six weeks of this famous skin treatment. Get a cake today.

Write now for a week's-size cake

For 4c we will send you a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap large enough for a week of this famous skin treatment, together with a booklet giving all the Woodbury treatments. For 10c we will send the treatment booklet, the week's-size cake and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Powder. Write today. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 907 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Ltd., 907 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.



For sale wherever toilet goods are sold

Rubye De Remer



The footlights bow down to the arc-light as time and again the studios ravage the stage of its beauties. Ivan Films made a sad hole in the front row of the Ziegfeld "Follies" when they recently captured Rubye de Remer.

Anna Little



Anna Little, the latest Selznick star, is a true product of the golden West. She literally drove, shot and rode her way into pictures. Her recent marriage to Alan Forrest is the culmination of a fine bit of studio romance.





Vernon Steele

Not content with playing leading man for Mme. Petrova and Marguerite Clark, Vernon Steele has at last found his "screen mate" in Mae Marsh of the Goldwyn Company. Altho born in Chile and surnamed Steele, Vernon is an ardent Englishman.



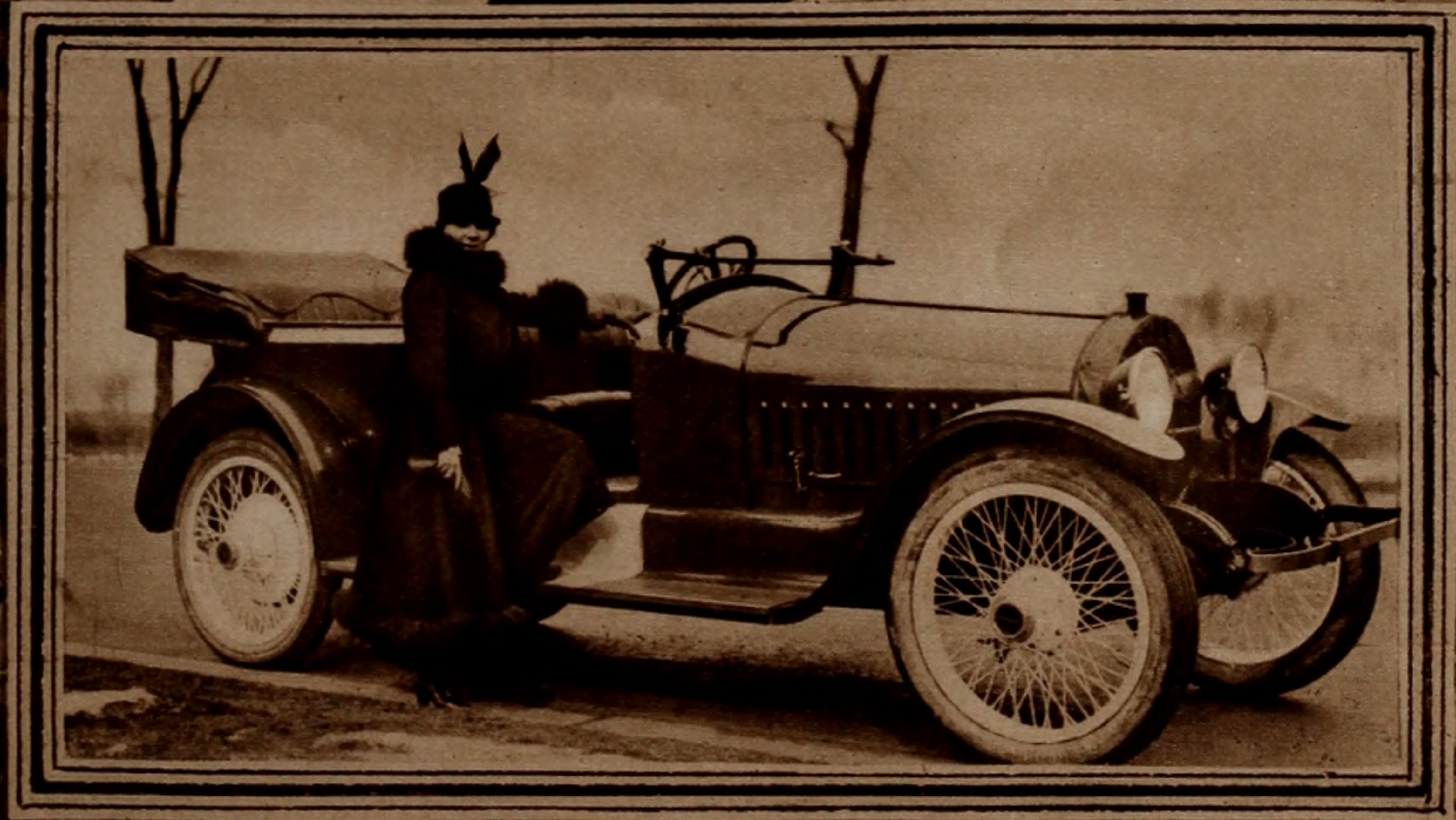
Anita Stewart



Anita Stewart is an example par excellence of the screen star who has no stage career back of her. Solely thru her silent voice and her shadow self has she achieved her world-wide popularity.



Nell Craig



Nell Craig, Essanay leading woman, is a fine example of the type that the stage could not create and the studio found a way to create—a fearless feminine athlete. The rich browns of gravure hardly do justice to the shade of her hair and eyes.

◆ ◆ ◆
Santa Barbara
needed a parti-
cularly bright
star for its shad-
ed streets, so
Gail Kane join-
ed the American
Company and
now all's serene.
Her six years of
stellar honors on
the stage and
screen have
placed her firmly
among the
Who's Who.
◆ ◆ ◆



Gail Kane



*Pauline
Frederick*

If there is a Clara Morris of the Camera Stage it is rightfully Pauline Frederick. In her many and varied voiceless rôles she has run the entire gamut of human emotions.



Douglas Fairbanks

Douglas Fairbanks needs no introduction—his smile has made him famous. The electric comedian's pet motto reads: "Smile and the world smiles with you; cry and you get the gate."

ELIZABETH BURBRIDGE,
TRIANGLE'S "JACK ROSE"

Photo by Witzel

Four American Beauties



Photo by Hoover

DOROTHY DAVENPORT,
UNIVERSAL'S BRILLIANT
"POPPY"



MINTA DURFEE, PARA-
MOUNT'S PENSIVE
"PANSY"



Photo by American

CHARLOTTE BURTON, THE VAMPIRE "ORCHID" OF SCREENLAND'S
CONSERVATORY

Ready for the Splash of

FROM Venice to Santa Monica; from Manhattan Beach to Narragansett, the silver sands of the West have sent the call to the East to summon forth its denizens, those beautiful creatures of form and face who are raised by artificial light in glass houses—the studio Naiads. The heat of the sun-baked glass and the thousands of banked



BILLIE RHODES

Photo by Witzel

HELEN HOLMES

LOUISE FAZENDA

CLARA WILLIAMS

MAUDE GEORGE

the Oncoming Waves

"overheads" is unbearable in summer, and a bathing-suit is the camera-player's readiest relief. Most of the fair players' water-toggery is built for business—they've had enough of the hot-house kind that "hangs its clothes on a studio set and wont go near the water." And please remember that when stars and starettes take to the water they are "Little Dippers."



SYLVIA BREMER

ANN PENNINGTON

RUTH ROLAND

MARCIA
MOORE

LILLIAN
WALKER



The Latest Studio Capture from Broadway

"**S**ENORITA" OLIVE THOMAS'S perfectly proportioned classic Greek features shaded by a broad-brimmed Mexican sombrero, with the "come hither" expression of her eye, register a defiant challenge to combat. She doesn't know

just what she wants to fight about any more than the "greasers" do; it may be merely a hint to start an argument—not for the sake of the cause, but just for the sake of the argument. She makes her entrée into filmdom, via "The Follies"

beauty show in N. Y., in an Ince-Triangle play as a débutante in a college dormitory. A pajama party, scenes in a gymnasium, on Fifth Avenue and at Palm Beach, give unlimited opportunity for bewildering changes of apparel.



Hustling for the "Movie Fan"

By JAY EDWARDS

EDITORIAL NOTE: These figures were secured from three widely separated producing companies. That each company agreed within \$1,000 as to cost and within 1,200 as to number of employees, while no one company knew any other was making estimates, is really remarkable. It is true that over 99% of our 28,800,000 movie fans haven't the least idea of the amount of work necessary to keep an ever-changing variety of pictures on the screen for them. This article gives a clearer insight into just what is going on "behind the scenes" in the world of Motion Picture production than any hitherto published.

THE "movie fan" is the biggest proposition to amuse in the United States. Collectively there is almost twenty-nine million of him to be entertained every day—more than a quarter of the country's population.

What he *sees* is the picture on the screen and the little projecting-box up back. What he *knows* is that a group of actors stand before a camera-man who turns a crank and makes the picture. Beyond that, in the minds of at least 99 per cent. of the movie fans is but a vague idea that the pictures the camera-man takes must be developed and sent around to the picture-houses.

Few are the

movie fans who have accurate knowledge of the almost unbelievable amount of

hustling that is necessary in order that they may go weekly or nightly to be entertained in their favorite picture-house.

That there is a scenario, which is to the Motion Picture what the play manuscript is to the spoken drama, is generally known, but the opinion seems to prevail that a director merely takes this in his hand, reads the directions and gives his orders.

All this is but an infinitesimal fraction of the actual hustling that is necessary in order to provide our 28,800,000 movie fans with their money's worth of amusement. To begin with, some one must originate the plot, whether a single-reel comedy, a five-reel drama or a sixteen-part serial of five reels each.

No amateur and

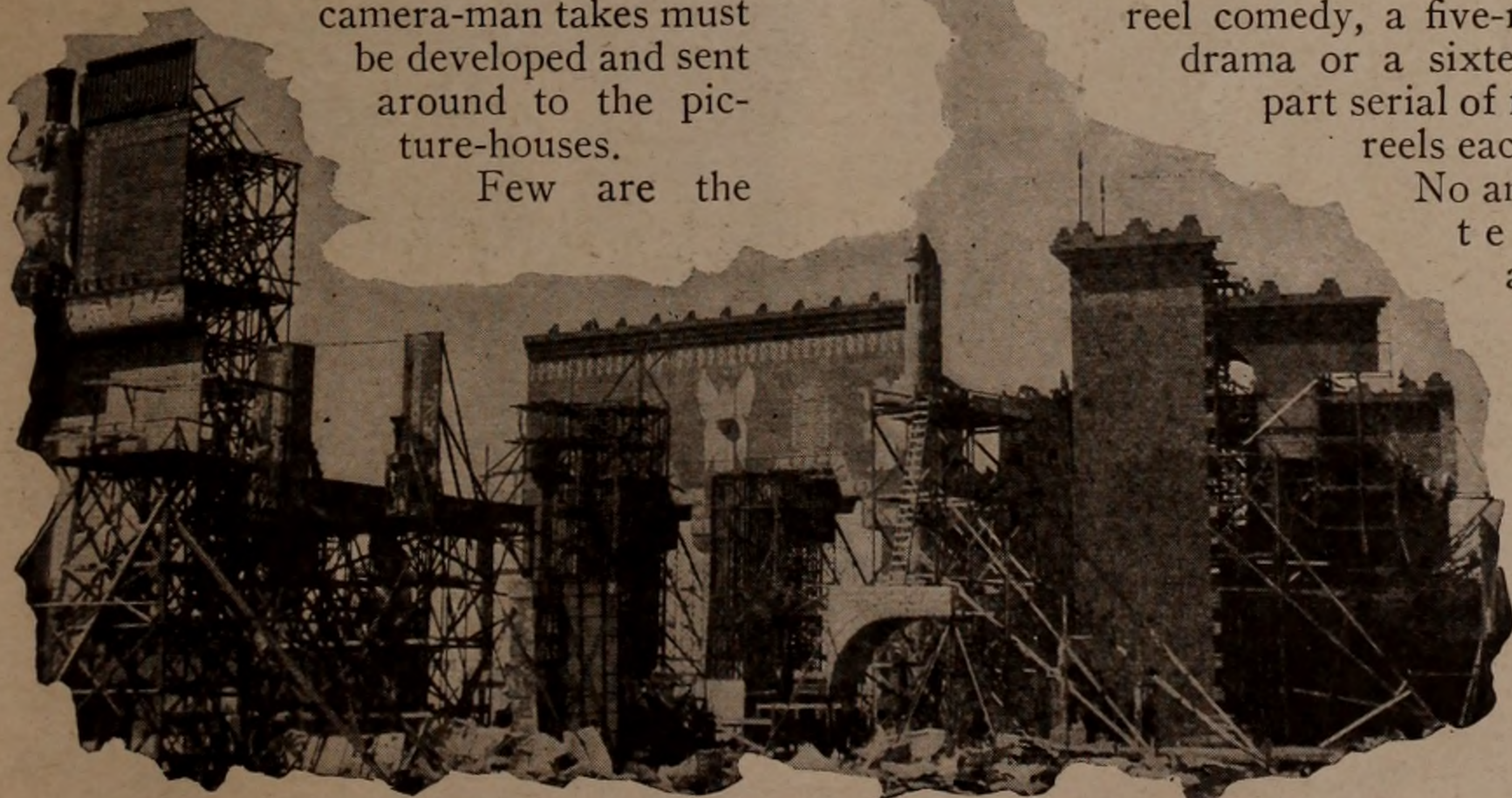
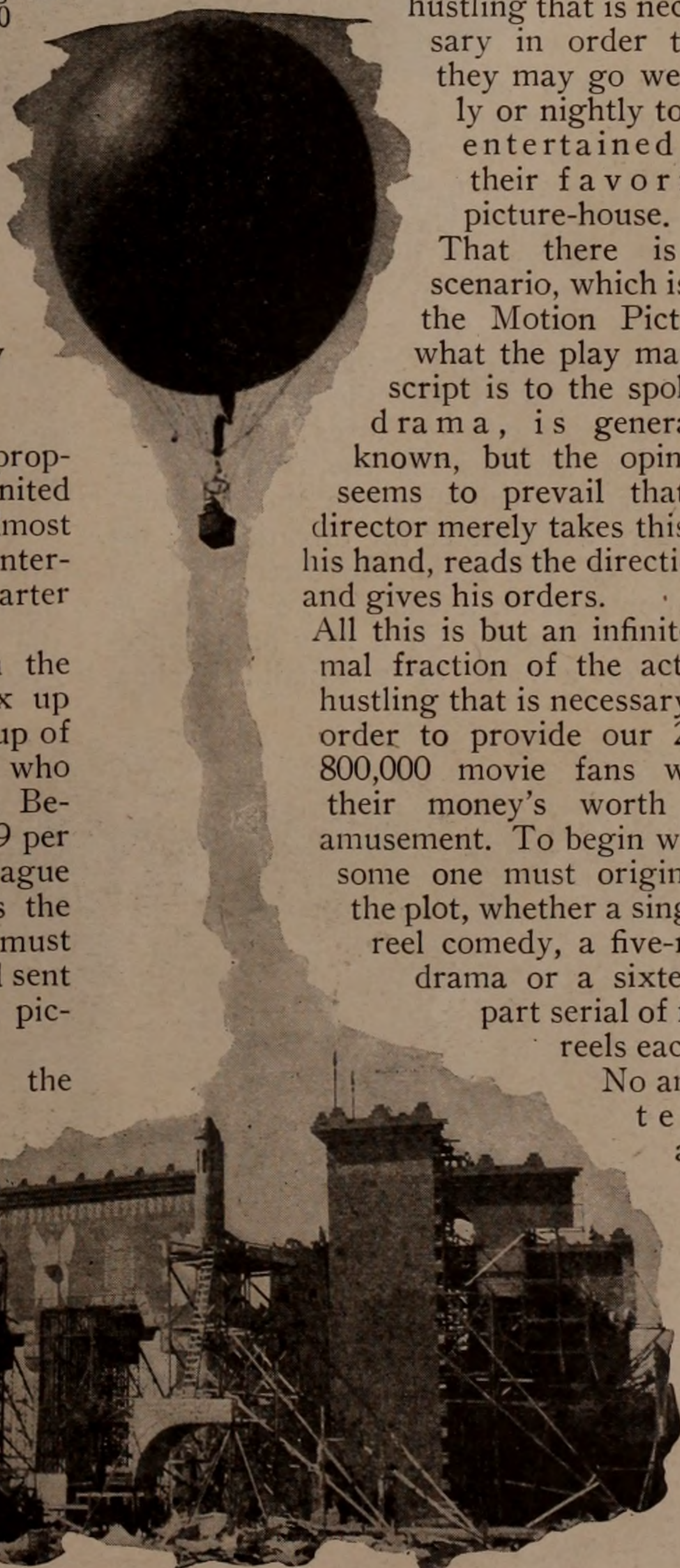
few professional writers of Motion Picture plays can turn out a scenario that will be produced as it is written.

While all this hustling is going on to produce the pictures, some one is constantly paying out great quantities of money. It is no exaggeration to say that a number of big features have actually cost as high as \$800,000 to produce. Some are advertised as million-dollar productions, which really come within a hundred thousand of that figure.

The first work for the movie fan is done with paper and pencil—the scenario. Nowadays a synopsis of the story is preferred rather than a detailed scenario. Anywhere from \$200 to \$1,000 is paid for a good 3,000-word synopsis. In some instances \$10,000 has been paid.

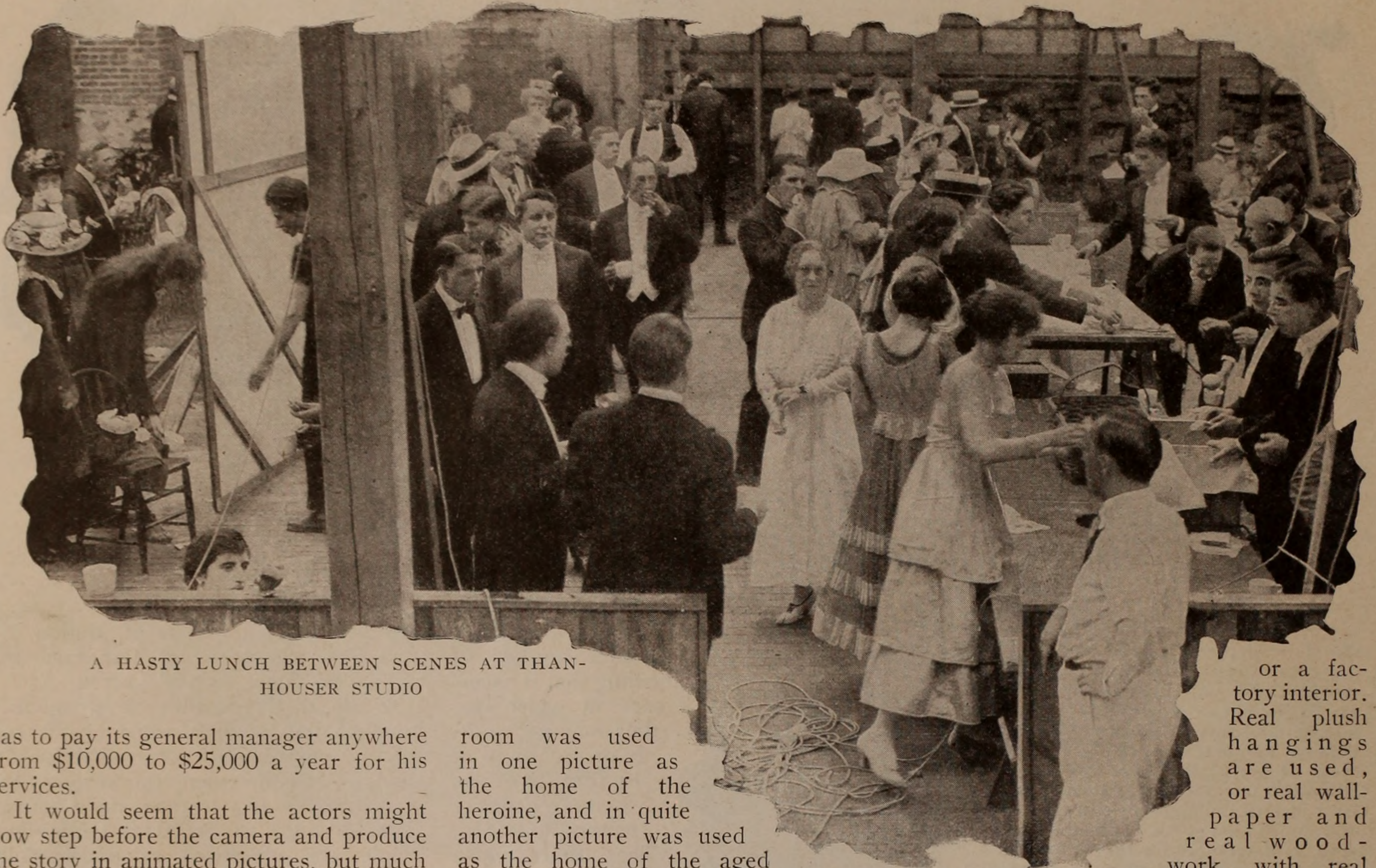
The best producing companies now pay from \$50 to \$100 a reel for scenarios or synopses. A "reel" is a thousand feet of film. After this is purchased it goes to the editorial staff. These men are on salary—the chief editor receives from \$5,000 to \$10,000 a year. Others receive good salaries, or work on piece-work. It will cost about \$300 to have the story put in workable scenario form. These skilled men know all about their actors, their studio, their possibilities—I was going to say "limitations," but in these days the prosperous producer of photoplays must have no limitations—and so they work up the story, cutting down a long series of scenes into one and building up a single scene into a full reel or more.

The scenario is now presented to the manager for his approval. His word may be final, or he may have to put it up to the "Big Chief," president of the corporation, as is done in many firms. If the play is approved, it goes back to the editors and the experts who make titles and "leaders"—that is, the reading matter between the scenes that explains where pictures cannot. The scenario is then ready for production. But the company



TAKING PANORAMIC VIEWS, FOR "INTOLERANCE," FROM A CAPTIVE BALLOON

(Nineteen)



A HASTY LUNCH BETWEEN SCENES AT THAN-HOUSER STUDIO

has to pay its general manager anywhere from \$10,000 to \$25,000 a year for his services.

It would seem that the actors might now step before the camera and produce the story in animated pictures, but much yet remains to be done. A copy of the scenario goes to the director. He studies it thoroly and decides on the scenes. He must go himself, or send out intelligent, high-salaried "location men" to select the exterior or out-of-door places for the making of the pictures. Permission must be secured to use handsome residences, sweeping lawns, the grounds of great estates and many other such places, or wild scenic beauty spots.

For the interiors, special scenes must be made. The ever alert movie fans would soon become disgusted if the same settings were used over and over. Suppose a great drawing

room was used in one picture as the home of the heroine, and in quite another picture was used as the home of the aged rich uncle, and in still a third as the home of a diplomat. The movie fans would exclaim, "Oh, they cant fool me; I saw the same room in half-a-dozen other pictures!"

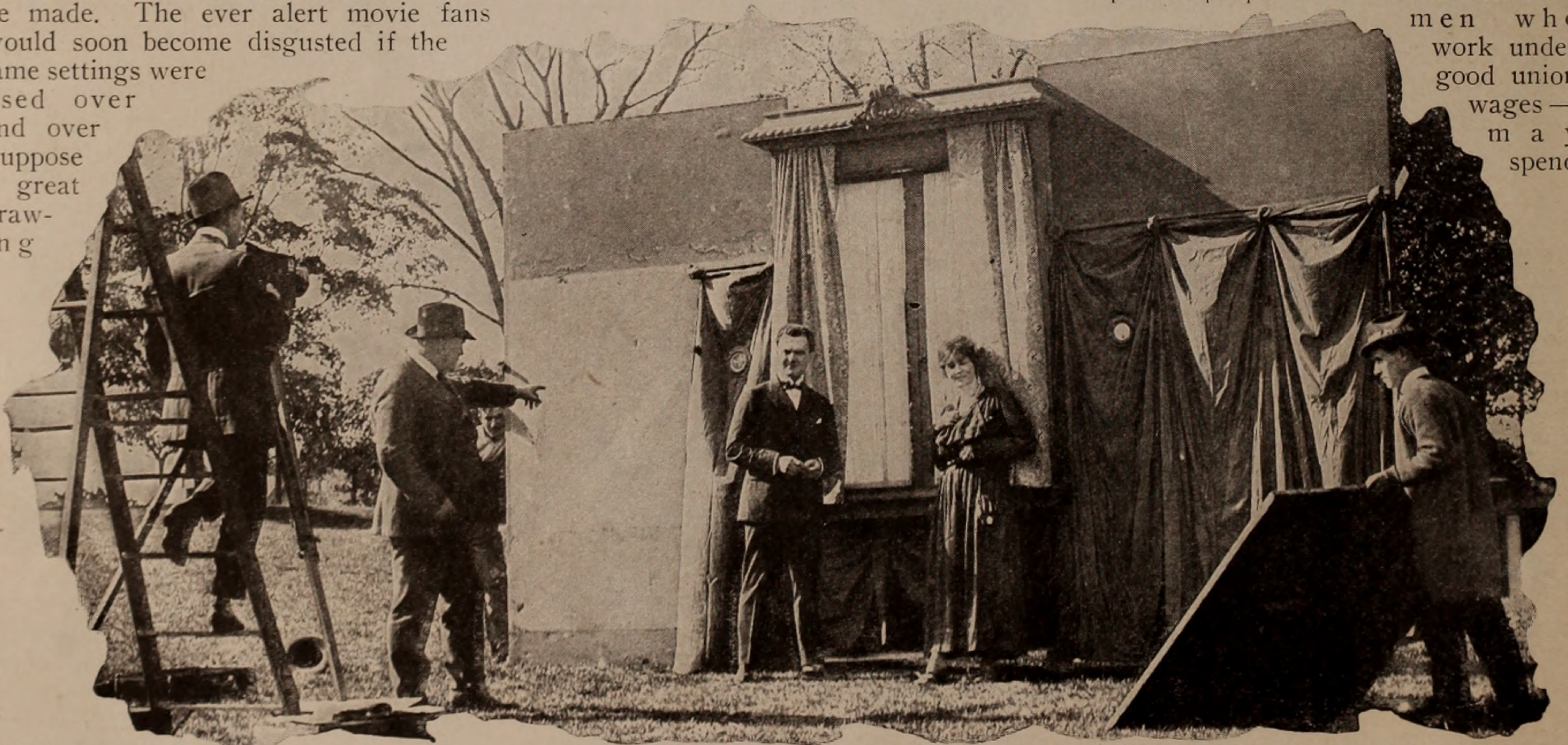
"New settings" is the constant cry. Carpenters, scene-painters and property-makers work under the directions of the producer, and make the three walls of a dining-room, a chamber, a library or any other room. Or it may be a dance-hall, or a café, or a squalid kitchen,

or a factory interior. Real plush hangings are used, or real wall-paper and real wood-work, with real

wooden doors. Nothing shows up so quickly as flimsy, make-believe scenery. The scenery that looks good on the stage of the spoken drama would show up in the Motion Picture for just what it is—painted canvas.

All this work must go on before a picture is taken. The scouts find the outdoor locations and bring back pictures for the approval of the director. The chief carpenter, property-man and assistants—

men who work under good union wages—may spend



THEODORE MARSTON DIRECTING NANCE O'NEIL IN "GREED" (MC CLURE)



THE ASSEMBLING DEPARTMENT OF THE FINE ARTS STUDIO

weeks getting the scenery ready. And now, before an actor has appeared, the cost has piled up. The \$1,000 for the original scenario seems a paltry sum. Overhead expenses in the studio, in the making of scenes, the rewriting of the play, the salaries of the heads of departments and the scouts, all pile up, until from \$10,000 to \$25,000 is expended before a single inch-long picture is taken.

Next come the actors. One or two stars are necessary. They are under contract, and their weekly salaries range from \$5,000 up to \$15,000—Douglas Fairbanks was getting that at the time he decided to form his own company.

It is difficult to estimate the number of actors; some plays need no more than a dozen, but most five-reelers need about sixty people. In spectacles two or three thousand are needed. In one big spectacle taken at Jamaica ("Daughter of the Gods") 1,500 natives were used at a "salary" of from \$0.48 to \$1.50 a day, and two hundred real actors on a salary of from \$5 up to \$10 a day, with the stars getting several thousand each week.

Sometimes a trip across the continent is necessary; sometimes a trip of only a few hundred miles. Again, trips to Florida, Arizona, Bermuda, Canada, Alaska, etc., are necessary.

In the studio other pictures are made. It may cost as high as \$11,000 (as it did in one instance) to put on a café scene with many people at the tables, and yet this scene did not run over three minutes on the screen.

It is seldom that some scene does not have to be retaken because of trouble in developing—with the film, or in the work of the people before the camera. As each

scene is made, a number is written on a slate and held in front of the camera. These numbers are guides for putting the film together.

Suppose, for example, that a girl meets a young man by a waterfall (in the film story). He is called back to the city; she goes to another city; and finally, a year after, they meet by accident back at the same waterfall. The first waterfall scene may be No. 8 in sequence in the play, and the next one will be No. 119. But both are taken at the same time. The players merely change costumes; and while a year may elapse in the story, in the tak-

ing not ten minutes will have elapsed. Pictures finally made, the hustling is only started. Each camera holds two hundred feet of film. Five thousand feet are needed when the picture is perfect. Probably ten thousand feet are taken, because parts have to be cut out or "edited" with the shears, just as an editor will cut down copy with a blue pencil.

Into the dark-room go these light-proof cases holding the films. High-salaried men, expert chemists, work in this darkness; only a glimmer of light is there. The films are so sensitive that the ruby light safe for the amateur photographer's developing would fog these films.

Into the great vats of developer they go—and this war has made developing chemicals about as precious as gold. Then they come out and are put in the fixing-bath, then wound on giant reels which will hold about eight hundred feet.

In a room of proper temperature, cooled by electric fans, these developed films, now negatives, are placed. When dry they are taken into another sort of editorial room, where experts go over them, holding them to the light, looking at each one of the tiny pictures. If there are flaws the scene has to be done over. When the films are perfect, the story editors go in and cut out here and cut out there, and order another scene in this



TECHNICAL DIRECTOR O'NEIL (UNIVERSAL) AT WORK ON MODEL



THE MAGNIFICENT CORONATION SCENE IN "JOAN THE WOMAN"

place, until finally one film—the master film—is just right and passes the National Board of Censors.

From this master film other films are made. A corps of men and women work in the cutting-room, cutting, trimming, and patching together these films. These are rolled in fire-proof, numbered cases ready for shipment. The work is dangerous. Only a few weeks ago a fire started amid the inflammable celluloid in a cutting-room in a studio on Eighth Avenue, in New York City; the actors barely escaped with their lives, and half-a-million dollars' loss resulted in an hour.

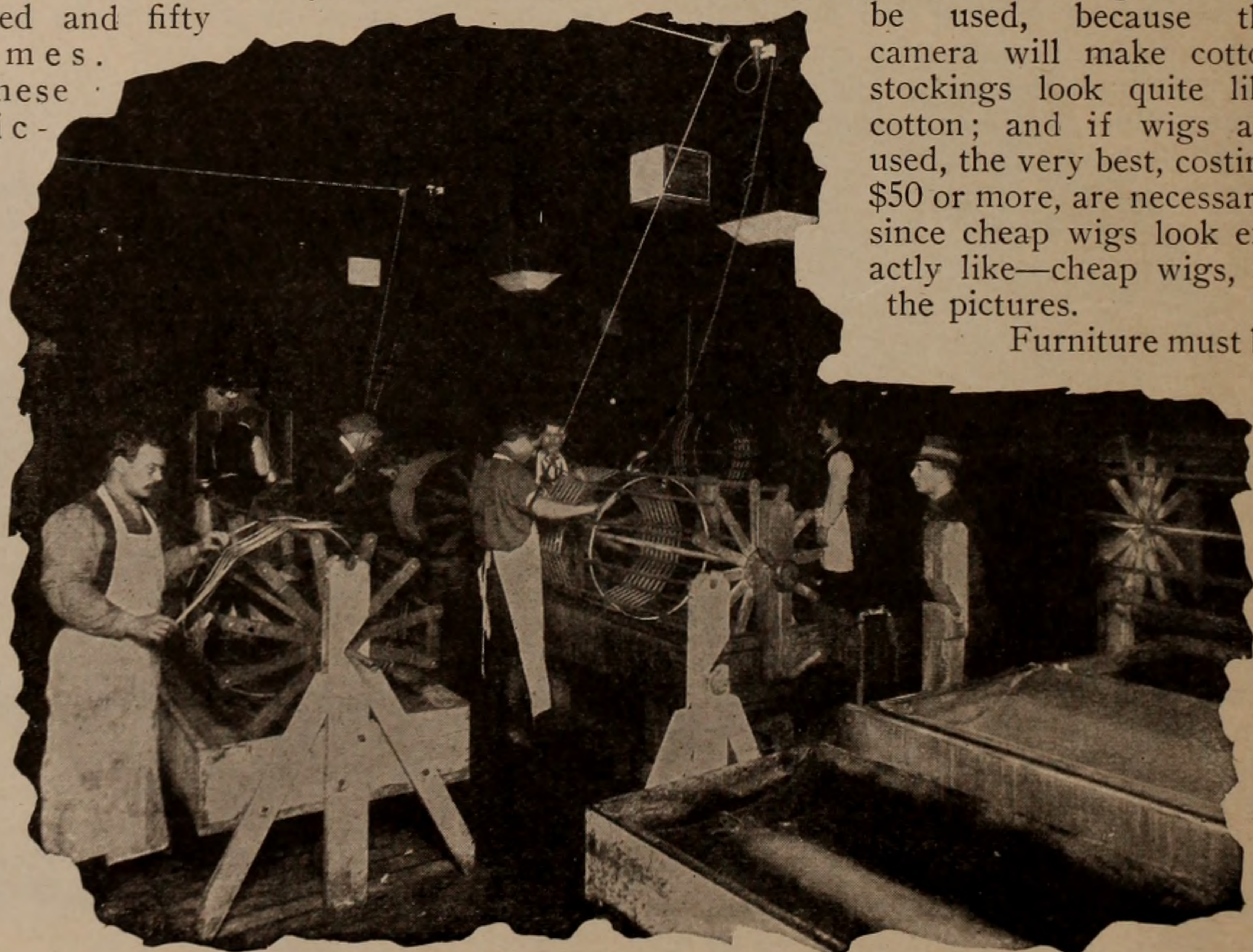
The films are then shipped to the various distributing agencies and released all over the country—and the life of the average moving picture is about three months. Some last a year, and a few, like Shakesperian plays, "Quo Vadis?" and the like, will run on and on indefinitely.

For every sixty people who attend Moving Picture theaters there is one man who earns his living hustling for them—or one woman. More than six hundred thousand people earn a good living, many a luxurious living, in the Moving Picture business.

And for every Moving Picture actor or actress there are twenty men and women working in the business who never step before the camera.

A list of the employees in one concern, totaling more than 3,000, is astounding. First come the officials of the corporation, the clerks and stenographers, then the general managers, advertising-men, editors, actors, camera-men, developers, camera-assistants, scene-setters, driers, cutters, packers, shippers, animal-keepers, wardrobe-keepers, carpenters, scenic painters, printers, property-makers, electricians, engineers, location-hunters,

agents, publicity men and many others. A great many Moving Picture producers have found it advisable to combine for distributing purposes. Four or five big producers will have one general company thru which they release their combined productions, such as the K. E. S. E., Paramount, etc. One big combination, Kleine, Edison, Selig and Essanay, has a set program of two short comedies and one five-reel picture every week, a super-feature of eight reels and many series and two-reel features every month. They produce, by actual measurement, five hundred miles of film every month. They duplicate their weekly features ninety times and their monthly features one hundred and fifty times. These pictures



DEVELOPING-ROOM OF THE FINE ARTS STUDIO

tures, or "releases" as they are technically called, go to all parts of this and other countries. One of these combinations will employ fifteen thousand people. They receive four hundred scenarios each day, and purchase about five in a month, creating the others in their own offices.

Striking an average of expenses during the time it takes for production, here is a conservative estimate of the cost of one five-reel picture:

BEHIND THE SCENES

Salaries of corporation officials.....	\$5,000
General manager.....	3,000
Director.....	2,500
Two assistants.....	1,300
Three camera-men.....	1,200
Three assistants.....	600
Three stage-carpenters.....	250
Twenty other employees.....	1,800
Overhead expenses.....	900
	<hr/>
	\$16,550

ON THE STAGE

Two stars.....	\$12,000
Three near-stars.....	5,000
Three prominent characters.....	2,500
Forty other players on salary.....	3,000
Supes, by-day actors and dummies..	1,100
Transportation and expenses on location.....	1,200
	<hr/>
Total.....	\$41,350

These figures are based on careful estimates from three big producing combinations. The figures of each did not vary more than a thousand dollars, and none of the three knew that any other producer was to furnish figures.

Some very successful five-reel pictures have been produced at a cost of no more than \$15,000. Others have cost nearer \$100,000. But both cases were exceptions.

The incidentals are enough to make Rockefeller worry. Wardrobes must be furnished—uniforms, hats, shoes, all sorts of costly garments. The real goods must be used, because the camera will make cotton stockings look quite like cotton; and if wigs are used, the very best, costing \$50 or more, are necessary, since cheap wigs look exactly like—cheap wigs, in the pictures.

Furniture must be

made or bought—costly “props,” flowers, bric-à-brac, and all such things. In making the interior of the home of a wealthy character in the play, the real thing must be used—costly rugs, pictures, books, draperies, hangings, mantels, pianos. Boudoir scenes must show modern furnishings. No cheap, painted furniture will suffice.

In the studios the great mercury-tube lights are used. There are dynamos, skilled electricians, costly apparatus and experts to handle the lights in the studio.

Stock is expensive. Raw films cost four cents a foot. With the greatest of luck, four hundred feet will be wasted before a thousand-foot reel is perfected, which means a cost for the raw film alone of \$56. Add to this the cost of developing, taking, etc., and it mounts up so rapidly that it would need an adding-machine to keep pace.

Of the greatest importance is the shipping—the distributing of the pictures. Otherwise, none of the thousands of dollars spent is recovered. Most big combinations have a central office which manages from twenty to thirty branches. These films, duplicated, are carefully packed in fire-proof, dust-proof cases and shipped to the thirty branch offices. From there they are sent out by men afoot, or men on trains or in automobiles, to the various picture-houses. The bookkeep-

ing alone is enough to distract an expert accountant. The big houses get them first, the smaller houses next, and then the very cheap places, “nickelodeons” and the like. After that they are sent abroad, and then about all the money in them is extracted.

In all big cities, men have built up a new and profitable business acting as delivery agents. They call at the branch distributing office and get a load of films; then set out thru a certain territory, delivering these films. They go back and get those already shown and take them to the office, and so on, day after day.

Nearly a billion dollars is now invested in the business. An army of half-a-million are hustling for the 28,800,000 movie fans, and the little twenty-minute picture you see on the screen kept at least three thousand people busy for several weeks.

A statistician, who would rather juggle with figures than go to the opera, has declared that if all the movie fans of one day were crowded into one audience they would occupy an area of six square miles, that you would have to look thru a telescope at the screen three miles away, and that there would be a mile or more of people on all sides of you.

He is safe, since any one who doubts him will have to prove him wrong. His statement is based on the fact that there

are sixteen thousand Moving Picture theaters in this country giving three performances daily to an average audience of six hundred. A matter of simple multiplication, as follows:

$$16,000 \times 3 \times 600 = 28,800,000.$$

Figures concerning the length of films used are interesting, even tho few can really grasp them understandingly because of their magnitude.

Take all the films used in the sixteen thousand theaters in a single performance and stretch them out in one ribbon, and they would almost reach around the earth at the equator. Take the films used in the three daily shows and they would wrap old Mother Earth in criss-cross fashion, around the equator, and around at the poles, and leave twenty thousand miles over for tying a pretty lovers' knot.

At the same time there is an equal amount of film always in transit.

What a fine tangle that film would make if it once became snarled up!

And all these figures do not include the men in these sixteen thousand theaters who act as owners, managers, doormen, ticket-sellers, ushers, publicity men, musicians, projection-men and others who do various work.

Hustling to amuse the movie fan has become the one greatest industry in this busy world.

The Pickford Piper of Summertown

By HI SIBLEY

I LIVE at a summer resort. In the summer, that is. I have relatives who own a cottage. That is why I live there. At this summer resort is a lake—a beautiful, large lake; a lake large enough to cover the State of Maine to a depth of—oh, ever so many feet, in spite of the drought.

There is a beach adjacent to this lake—a wide, clean beach with shimmering sands. The shimmering sands slide out under the large lake so gently that the most timid bather can wade almost out of sight before the water comes up to his tummy. For bathing one could not find a better or wetter lake, large or small. There are boats on this lake—little boats, big boats, sail-boats, motor-boats, row-boats—flocks, squadrons of boats.

All around this summer resort where I live are wooded glens and bosky dells, except on the lakeside. These wooded glens and bosky dells are lovely retreats where coodlers may coo and communers may commune with Nature.

Beyond the wooded glens and bosky dells are vast orchards where ripen the choicest of fruits—in season. There is a dog or two in these orchards; some say rock salt in the owner's shotgun. But the fruits are there for the spry.

There are beautiful summer homes at this summer resort—artistic summer homes with architecture ranging from Kickapoo to Cuckoo Clock. There is an

airy, spacious inn, with much cuisine—unexcelled cuisine. There is a Pally de Danse pagoda hung over the large lake. Moonlight sparkles on the wavelets lapping the feet of the pagoda—sparkling, lapping synchronously with the dulcet thrum-tum of the ukulele.

There is a golf-course at this summer resort where I live—a velvety, undulating golf-course, swept by the gentle, cooling zephyrs from the large lake. There are tennis-courts of virgin clay torn from Mother Earth. There are croquet arenas for the lame, the halt and the blind.

There is a mighty river gnawing at the off corner of this summer resort. There are great fishes in this river—many fishes—voracious, aggressive fishes. One has to stand behind a boathouse to bait his hook.

It is an alluring summer resort—a delightful, captivating summer resort. From the murky, madding city come the throngs—tired men, nervous women, obstreperous offspring. Some one else's offspring, that is. Here is peace, here is rest, here is surcease from the noise-bound, nerve-racking, soot-begrimed city—surcease from the tawdry, vapid amusements of the city. Here is beautiful Nature in her best duds.

But—

Near this summer resort is a village—an ancient village, a decrepit, ingrowing village. In the ancient village is a street.

In the street is a cow—a leisurely, cogitating cow; a dog—a somnolent, flea-pestered dog; grass—grass here, there, everywhere in the street. There are buildings on the street—one, two, six, nine buildings. They are dejected buildings—feeble, frame buildings with lean-to's. Here and there the main buildings lean, too.

There is paint on one of the buildings that does not lean on the street, or one of the buildings on the street that does not lean. There is a sign on the painted, leanless buildings. The sign on the painted, leanless building reads:

FRANCIS X. PICKFORD

Three Reels

Change of Bill Daily

Matinée and Evening All This Week

It is morning at the summer resort. Three hundred souls are in the summer resort. It is morning in the village. Twenty-seven souls are in the village.

It is afternoon at the summer resort. Nought souls are in the summer resort. Three hundred and twenty-seven souls are in the village.

Evening, same.

Tuesday, same.

Wednesday, same.

Thursday, same.

Friday, same.

Saturday, same.

A Modern In Which Stuart Holmes, Master-

By ROBERTA



porarily unbalanced. He displays aggression and force that is lacking in the hero."

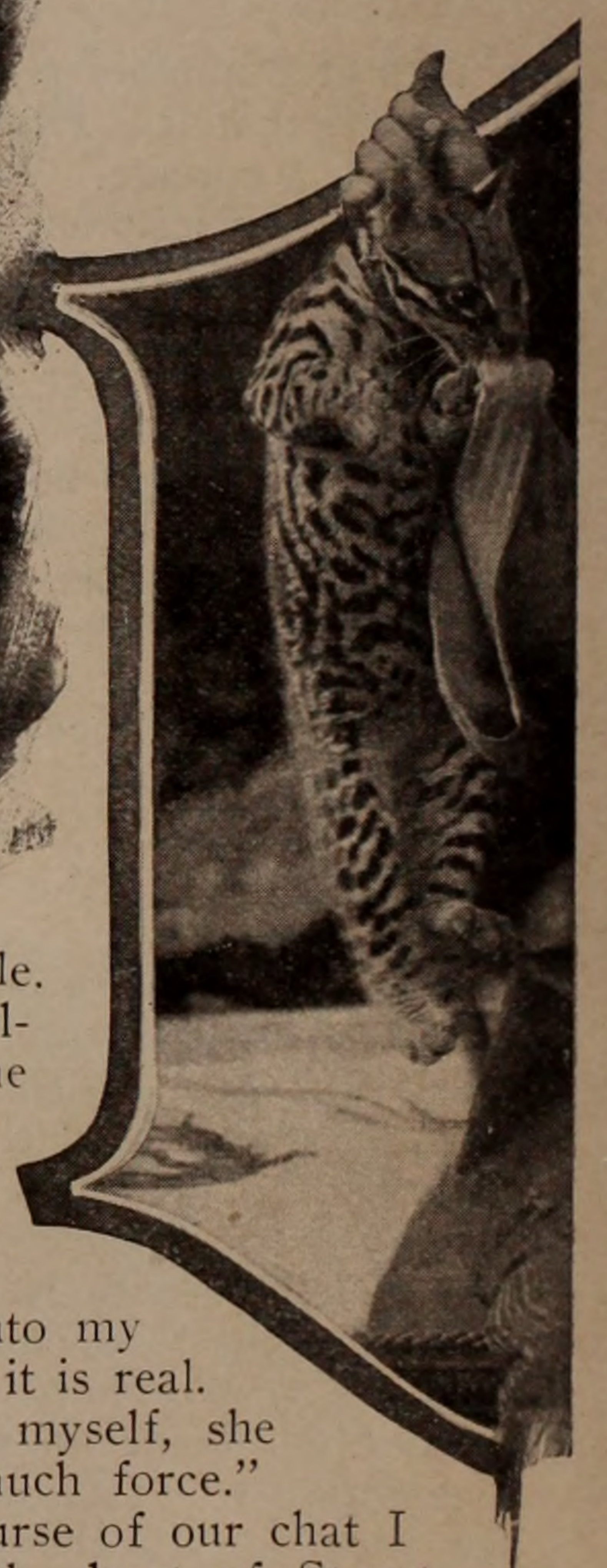
"Well!" I gasped, inwardly, "this is refreshing—this candor—to say the least of it!"

"If you will investigate," he went on, warming to his subject—it's evidently a pet one with him—"you will find that practically all great men of history were 'heavies.' Napoleon in the

Miss Bara?" I questioned

He laughed a bit.

"She throws herself into her part so forcefully, and puts so much of her whole



IN real life he is a sweet Christian gentleman, educated, polished, courteous—a typical American gentleman of the twentieth century. But on the screen he is so wicked that he positively writhes.

Thru one hundred thousand feet of film, approximately twenty miles of celluloid, Stuart Holmes has practiced his villainy on everybody in the Fox studios, from June Caprice right on thru the entire list of Fox stars. Perhaps you think so much villainy is bound to result in a bit of it in real life. Oh, dear, no! His home is twentieth-century Manhattan, you know!

Thinking it would be interesting to know his own opinion of his iniquities, I journeyed to the Fox studios and interviewed him on the subject, finding that his opinion is really quite as interesting as I had imagined it would be.

"A 'heavy,'" he explained his idea to me, "is a man above the plane of the hero or leading-man. His is a stronger nature. He is the stronger. He has more aggression. In one sense he is the victim of circumstances. When the 'heavy' loses the love of the girl—to whom he has an equal right with the hero to give his love—he becomes tem-

past, Rockefeller in the present, and all between, the men who have gone to the front in their calling are practically 'heavies,' displaying an aggression that has put them where they are."

At this moment an assistant-director—may his tribe never increase!—rushed up and informed Mr. Holmes that he was wanted in the "set" where he was working opposite Theda Bara. He excused himself and left me to meditate his novel and somewhat startling ideas as to "heavies."

When he returned I had an opportunity to put a question that had been tantalizing me for some time.

"How does it seem to play opposite

nature into the rôle, that it is like reality to her," he answered my somewhat impertinent question. "When she throws herself into my arms, in a scene, it is real. I have to brace myself, she comes with so much force."

During the course of our chat I discovered that the least of Stuart Holmes' accomplishments is his Moving Picture work. He is most versatile and has developed his other talents as well as his acting. He studied sculpture under

Jekyll-Hyde

Villain, Discusses and Is Discussed

COURTLANDT

Rodin, the famous French

examples of this type of work. At present he is at work on a bust of President Wilson, which is to be used in the publicity work of the Fox Company. Others of his works, well known to art devotees, are: "The Voice of the Winds," "Man of Woman Born," and "Death."

Besides sculpture, he also follows his impressionistic art into the field of poetry, having written several poems that have been published both in America and abroad. His sketches follow the same type. It is interesting to note that while poetry and drawing have both been worked before with this impressionistic touch, this is the first

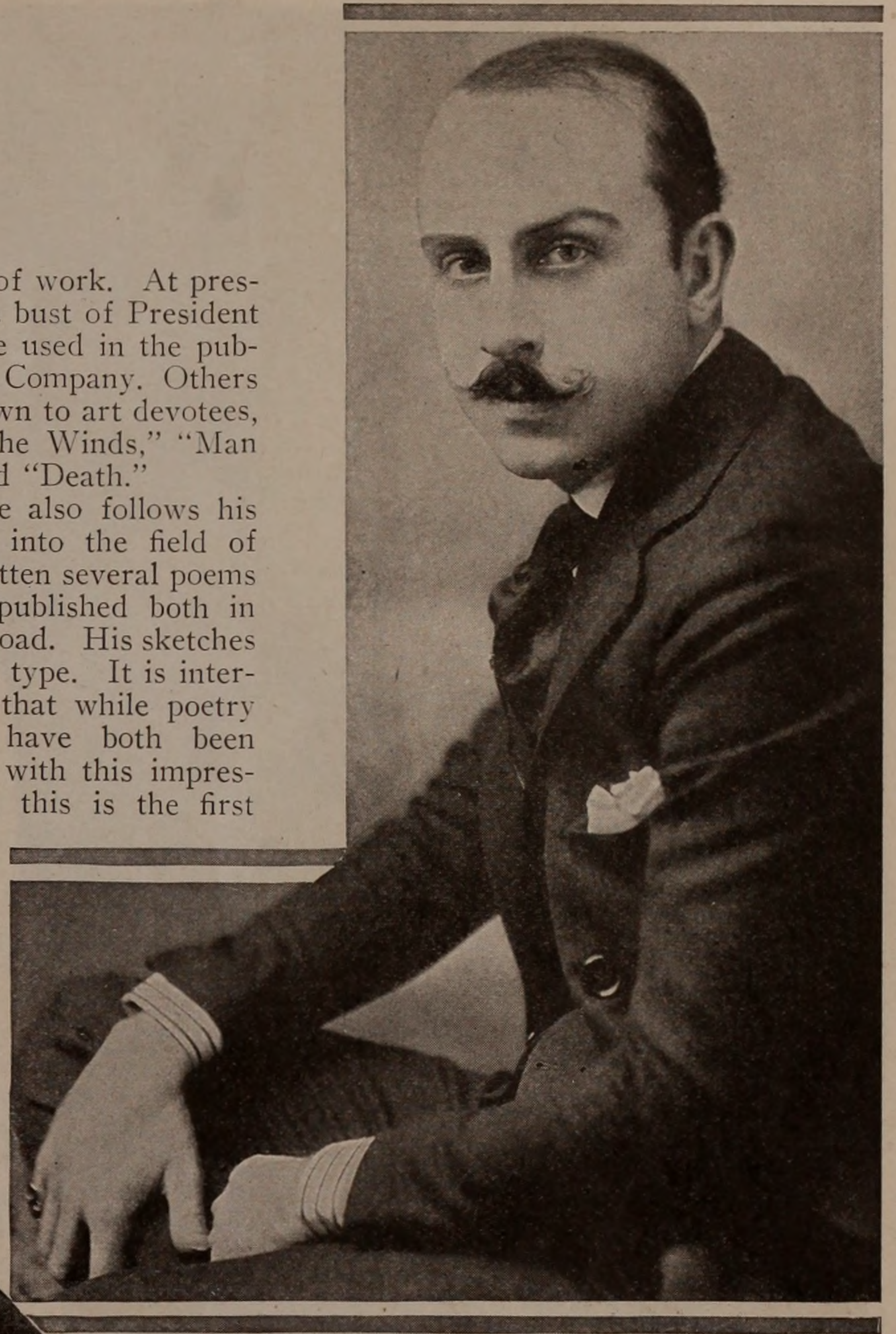
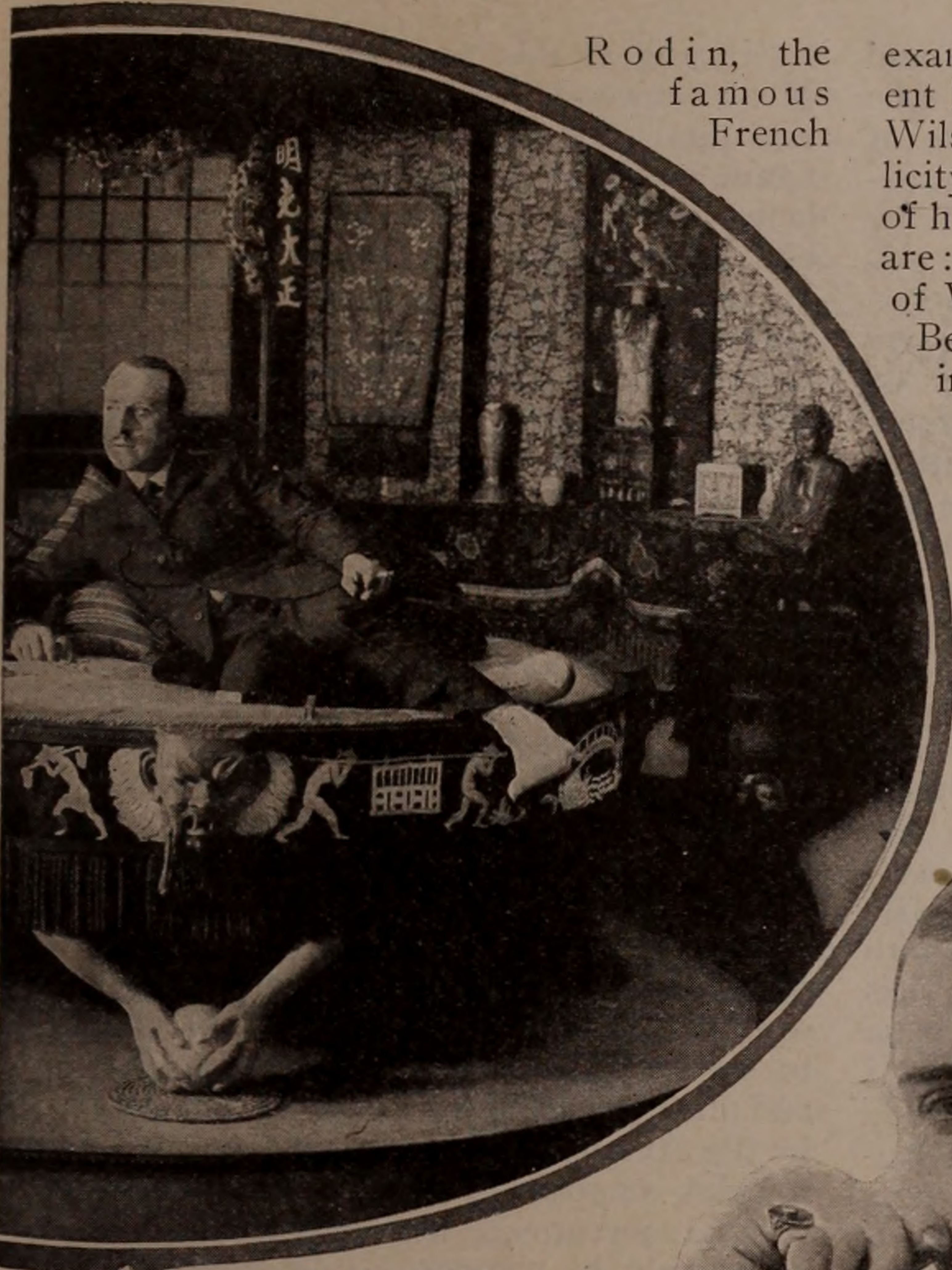


Photo by Mishkin



sculptor; and his works, which are on exhibit in several cities, bear a

marked resemblance to the works of his great tutor, both being marked

by the same awkward poses and the same muddy, indefinite outlines. Mr. Holmes is a member of the impressionistic school, the recently so much discussed cubist art, and he has several

time an American artist has ventured into the field of sculpture with cubist notions, and his success has been very flattering.

While screen-work is his vocation, art his avocation, animals are his fad. He has a large collection, and only recently tried to purchase several specimens from the Barbee zoo, but the owner was unwilling to sell.

So you see, my statement that he is a most versatile man has been proven by this, hasn't it?

And, by the way, he has earned for himself a nickname that deserves explanation. He is called, about the studio and by his intimates, "The Banshee of the Films" 'Cause why? 'Cause he's superstitious! Honest Injun! This fact was discovered when he was asked to explain the curious circular bed, the only one of its kind in America, and designed by himself, that occupies the exact center

of his bedroom. "I had the bed made in its rather bizarre form," he explained, "because I am superstitious. I admit it. It's a habit of mine, just as eating is a habit with many people I have met."

"But what has superstition to do with a circular bed?" I inquired, gazing at the picture with some amazement.

"Simply this," he elucidated—"I never felt happy as long as I had to take a chance on getting out of bed on the left side. That means bad luck, you know. Often I would forget myself, and before I knew it I had set my foot on the dreaded left side and my spirits were down to zero minus for the day. Something bad would always happen on that day, and I was in a bad state until I happened to think of a circular bed. So there it is," and he indicated the photograph in my hand of the bizarre, freakish bit of furniture.

No doubt he would never have confessed to this bit of superstition and the result of it were it not for the fact that recently, when at work on "Love and Hate," he suggested to his harassed director that his own rooms be used as a model for the apartment of the "heavy" in the picture. Director James Vincent leaped at the offer, and immediately Technical Director William Bach and his

(Continued on page 66)

A Flower ~ ~ By Rose



BEAUTY and grace are only two of the exploited assets possessed by charming May Allison.

In our histories we find a number of great heroes—some even greater than others; the same applies to the film-acting profession. We have a number of excellent actresses, but a few whose work stands out like monuments, and included prominently in this category is the impressive screen artist, Miss May Allison, who, with Harold Lockwood, has been co-starring in a series of delightful Metro-Yorke plays.

According to Dame Rumor, a few years ago, after closing a season at the Maxine-Elliott Theater in "Apartment 12," a dainty Southern girl, attracted to Motion Pictures, made application at the Famous Players' Eastern studio, and, similarly to cases experienced by David Wark Griffith, the studio manager realized he had discovered in his applicant a "find," and immediately engaged her to play with William H. Crane in "The Old Homestead."

"It was at this time that I first met Mr. Lockwood," spoke this same Southern girl. "We both played with Mr. Crane in 'The Old Homestead,' and this being my first screen-work, the various bits of information volunteered by Harold Lockwood proved to be of invaluable assistance. He taught me the necessity of certain screen tricks, the advantage of shading my eyes with light-blue make-up instead of dead-black, never to wear white dresses on account of refraction, and oh, so many other useful hints that I have since found to be very useful. I think that incident is responsible for our present association in pictures. A splendid part with Edith Wynne Matthison took me back to the stage for a season, and how I did yearn all during this time to return to the films! The lure of pictures evidenced itself so strongly that I canceled a perfectly good speaking-stage contract and became as determined as a schoolgirl that I would seek my fate in screen-work. I was engaged by Lasky to do a picture for them in California, and during this time I was approached by the American Company with an offer to play opposite Harold Lockwood in Mutual pictures. My happiness then could only be compared to a boy being presented with his first pair of long trousers.

"Immediately after finishing at the Lasky studio, I departed for Santa Barbara, where I remained until Harold Lockwood and myself were engaged as a co-starring team by Fred J. Balshofer, who then started the Yorke-Metro Company. I love Motion Picture work. It is all so fascinating. There is so much excitement when out on location—eating our lunches in funny



Photo by Hartsook

Of the South Chester

restaurants wherever we might be working at that particular time. If we are doing mountain pictures, we usually carry our lunches and make our own coffee. Mountain stream water is so refreshing, and this California air makes one so hungry. I'll let you in on a secret. I started to diet yesterday. Don't you think I'm growing awfully stout? You can't expect a screen hero to worship, all thru five reels of film, a stout and uninteresting heroine. That is not true to life, therefore my diet," she said smilingly. I concluded mentally that May Allison treats her work seriously.

"As a young girl I nursed an ambition to be a grand opera prima donna. I had just finished my education in Tennessee and came to Philadelphia to a finishing school. Some of my associates told me I possessed a rare, lyric soprano voice, and I had my voice cultivated. A few years later I tried to write a light opera, 'The Life of Moses,' and we produced it at my home town in Georgia, with neighbors as the players. This was the turning-point in my career. I was determined to come to New York and become an actress. Despite the protests of my family, my mother came to the big city with me. I was directed to the Savage office by a friend of mother's, and, to my startling surprise, I was engaged to play the part of 'Vanity,' but soon afterward I was entrusted with the character of 'Beauty' in 'Everywoman.' Next I joined Ina Claire in 'The Quaker Girl' and became her understudy. Very often when out on the road I played the principal part. The ingénue lead in 'Miss Caprice,' with De Wolf Hopper, was my next engagement, and then I

played my first leading rôle in 'Apartment 12.' Motion Pictures appealed to me, and I, on the impulse of the moment, decided to try my fate."

We all know of May Allison's brilliant career from this point. "Good books and the world have been my two best tutors, which has been the case with several of my girl friends. Books like Flaubert's 'Salamambo' are very interesting to me. I remember so distinctly the vivid character of Salamambo's father, who proved to be the hero of the day with his ingenious methods of combating with the barbarians," and she smiled girlishly.

We talked of precious stones, this being suggested by a pigeon blood ruby that she wore on her ring-finger.

"I love people, especially fascinating people, for they usually know something interesting, altho at times I have been deceived. Life to me is a beautiful adventure, with its human treats and sights of interest. I have no worries. My work is pleasant, the environment is very congenial, and oft-times I have repeated to myself: 'May Allison, you are pretty lucky. What of the poor girl that slaves daily in the factory for a small salary, who is perhaps just as talented, but lacks the opportunity fate ordained for
(Continued
on
page 66)



(Twenty-seven)



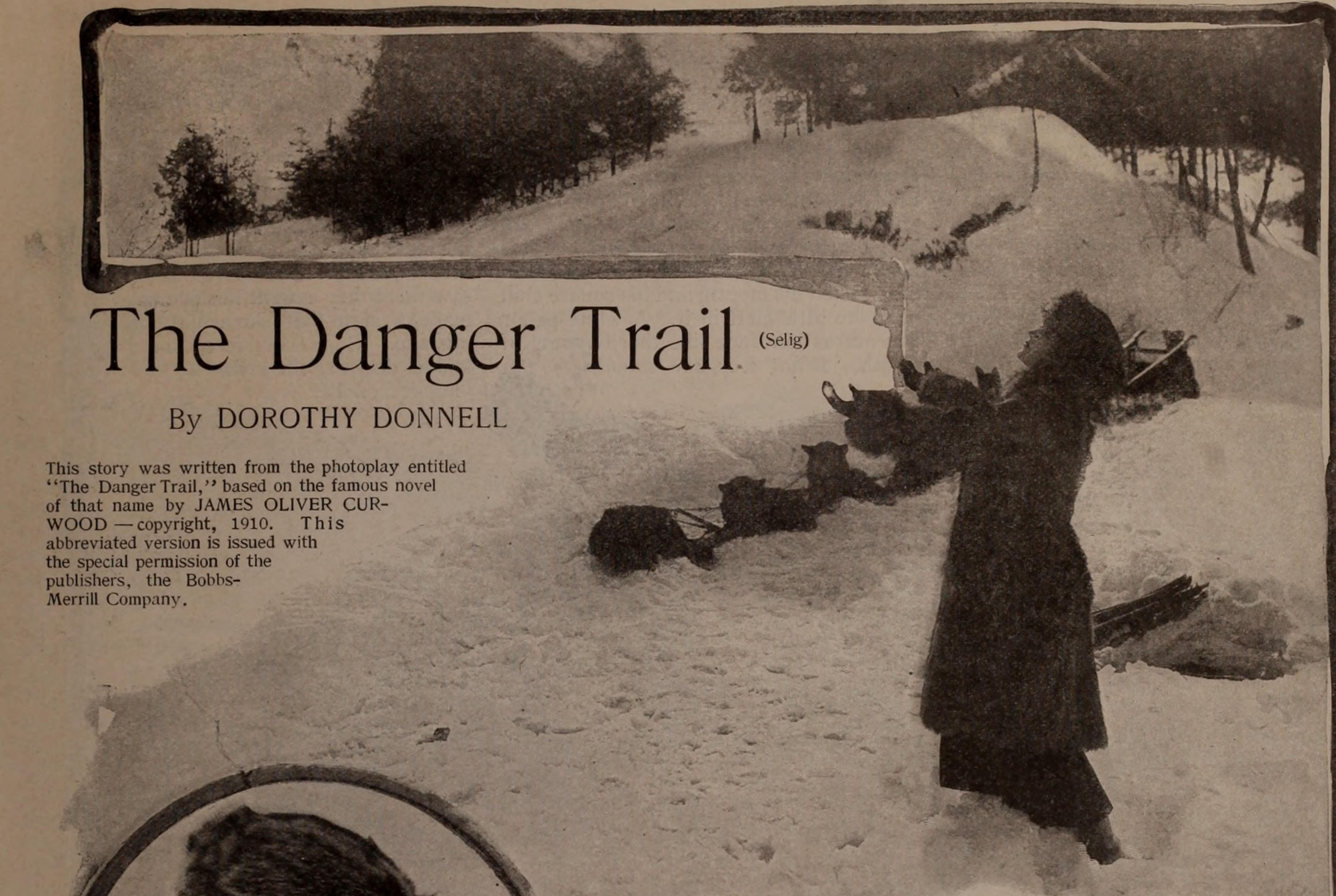
FRANK MERRITT



THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS

DONT BE DECEIVED INTO BELIEVING THAT CALIFORNIA IS ENTIRELY THE LAND OF SUNSHINE AND FLOWERS—HERE IS VIVIAN MARTIN (MOROSCO) IMPERSONATING AN ESKIMO WHITE-WING NOT FIFTY MILES FROM HER OWN HOME IN LOS ANGELES. SHE IS STARRING WITH JACK PICKFORD IN "THE GIRL AT HOME" (LASKY)

(Twenty-eight)



The Danger Trail (Selig)

By DOROTHY DONNELL

This story was written from the photoplay entitled "The Danger Trail," based on the famous novel of that name by JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD — copyright, 1910. This abbreviated version is issued with the special permission of the publishers, the Bobbs-Merrill Company.



VIOLET HEMING AS MELEESE

"DEAR GOD, NOT
THEIR WAY!" SHE WHISPERED

her sled, which was a little in advance of her brothers', swept from the dimness of the forest into open daylight, sharp, glittering from a million diamond facets of snow. At her feet lay Hudson, the outpost of the North, indescribably sooty and mean on the eternal whiteness that lay virgin to the sky's embrace as far as the eyes could see. The girl stared down at the huddle of roofs, with a veil of smoke drawn across them as tho to hide their ugliness, and her breath rose in her throat on the tide of a great sob. She lifted her hands, appealing to the Ear that hears the sparrow's silent fall.

"Dear God, not *their* way!" she whispered thru quivering lips. "Not *their* way—but Thy Son's—"

"Yoho!" Pierre's deep call boomed behind her. "The end of the trail, Meleese! What—tired, girl?"

She turned a pale face to the two men who came up in a flurry of loose snow and sleigh-bells.

"Pierre! Max!" She pressed her clenched hands to her round girl-breast, fighting for control. "Do you still mean to do—what you meant when we started? You've changed your minds, haven't you? Yes, yes—of course you have."

Pierre Thoreau flung back his head in a great bellow of a laugh that jangled

along the sky with the sound of a pack of wolves sighting their prey. "You are a soft little fool!" he said with rough tenderness, "but it is as it should be, I suppose, for a woman to shudder from blood. We would not have you otherwise, eh, Max? Fear not, small bird, your part is simple. Only to flutter, flutter, with a broken wing, luring the prey into our trap; then you can spread your pinions and fly beyond hearing or seeing."

"But God will hear. God will see," Meleese said slowly. In the white oval of her face her black eyes seemed too large for their setting. "No, no, Pierre! Dont, ah, dont kill him—take him prisoner; yes, fight him like a man, yes, but not murder! Not *that*—"

"Think of our mother, and his father frying in hell for what he did to her, spawn of the devil!" Max raised his heavy fist on high in a gesture frightful to see. "You were too young then, barely three, when we came home that night to find you asleep in the circle of her dead arm. You cannot understand the hatred we feel, we who buried our dishonored dead that night, and swore over her grave never to rest till the whole breed of the beast who had done it was sent to hell!"



THREE they had set out from Wakuska, and the snows five days behind them bore the tracks of but three, yet Meleese knew that, forever with them, unseen, unheard, but close by her side strode a fourth presence that her brothers did not recognize. The nearer they came to the settlement the more plainly she felt it, and once, in a pattern of bony larch-boughs flung across the snows, she seemed to see the skeleton shadow of the Fourth Traveler, whose name was Death.

On the lurid dawning of the sixth day

"I will have nothing to do with it!" the girl spoke defiantly. "The son was only a boy, playing in the yard with me, when *he* came out of the cabin and carried him away. He was not guilty; why should he be punished? If you do it I will stand by without raising a finger to help."

Pierre spoke to his brother in a low voice, evidently arguing. Presently they turned to her.

"Very well. Have it your own way, then. We will not kill him, but he must fight us. You will not refuse us that?"

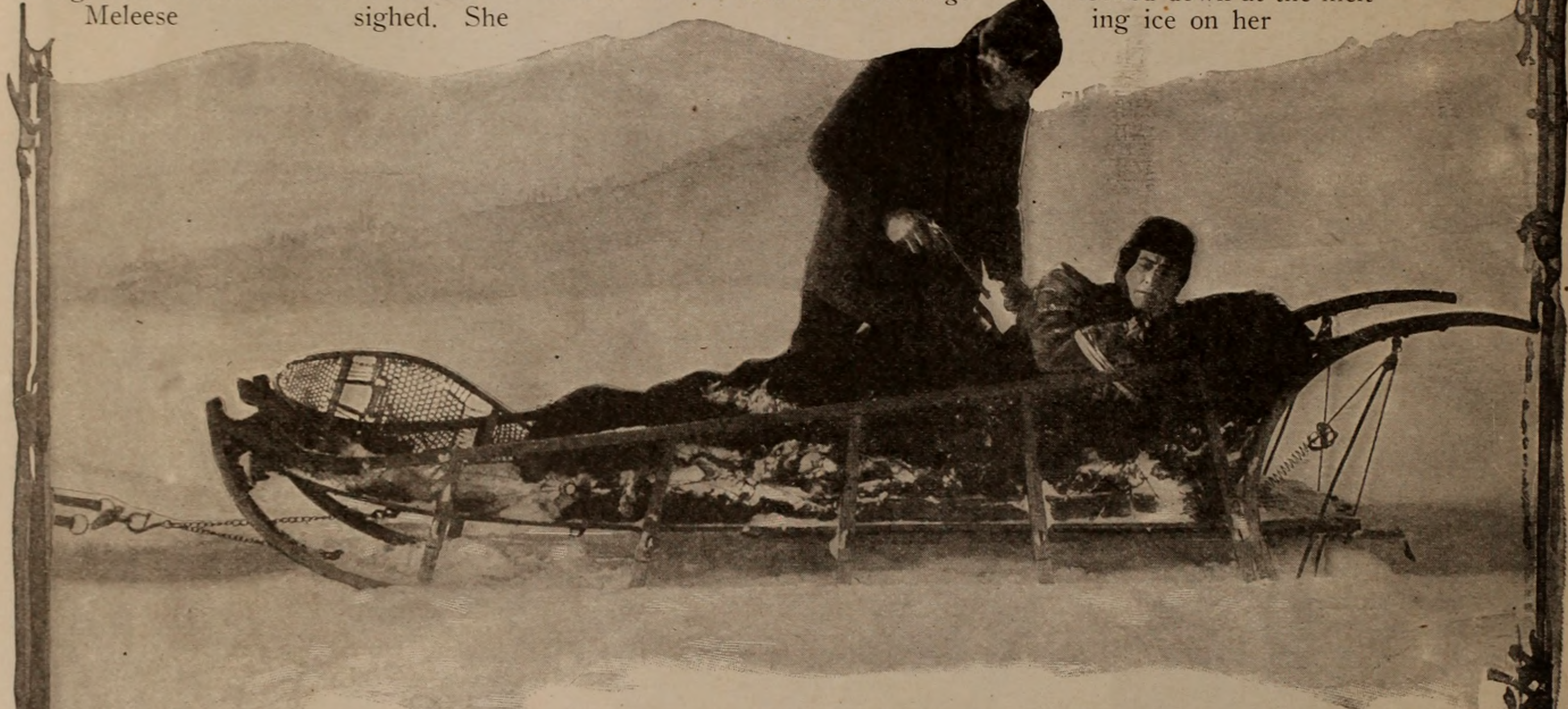
Meleese sighed. She

the restaurant, of her brothers standing in the doorway, watching a tall young man making his leisurely way among the tables in her direction.

Meleese cast a swift glance at the lean, attractive face which was the target of their hateful regard. The man was very young, dark, with a clear, wholesome skin and a firm jaw. She liked the way his hair swept back, boyishly, from his forehead; liked his mouth, and his square chin with the little cleft in it. A white pallor ran across her face like the lividness of Death. *What was she thinking?*

patched
up one way
or another, you know."

Meleese looked involuntarily beyond him to where, tall and grim, Pierre and Max stood in the doorway talking to the half-breed, Jean Croisset. Even as she saw them they caught her eye and made a sign that she could not mistake. She shuddered and looked down at the melting ice on her



YEARS BEFORE JEAN CROISSET HAD TRACKED DOWN HIS MAN

turned to her sled and clambered upon it in a silence which consented to their words. The dogs strained at their harness, flinging rainbows of snow before their eyes, and the streets of Hudson rose to meet them, with their dingy hotels, restaurants and trading stores.

It was a different Meleese, all feminine charm and daintiness, who sat, three hours later, alone at a table in the Grand Mogul chop suey restaurant, apparently enthralled with the lights in their garish sheathing of crimson and saffron lanterns, the clang and clatter of the mechanical piano, the laughter and chatter of the crowd. For the moment she had almost forgotten the dreadful errand that had brought her thither, in her purely feminine delight in the silken sheen of the dress she had bought an hour ago and the joyous memory of her image in the mirror, repeated in the admiring glances cast on her now. She clutched at her moment of girlish triumph with swiftly beating joy, the stares of the men going to her head like wine. Then, all in a moment, the bubble of her pleasure was pricked. She caught a glimpse, across

Dear God! And this was the man they had come five hundred miles to kill—

John Howland, casting a casual glance about for a vacant seat, caught a girl's face lifted to his with such a look of agony that he was actually startled. He saw that she was young, lovely, alone, and in trouble, and for these four very good reasons he dropped down into the seat opposite her with a disarming smile of apology.

"Do you mind my sitting here? There seems to be a stiff crowd tonight." His frank eyes rested on Meleese with open admiration and concern. She certainly was far and away the loveliest girl he had seen in this forsaken country; for that matter, Broadway couldn't beat her; and she certainly was in some sort of trouble. The breast of her dark-blue silk gown was rising and falling with her quick breathing, her lips were quivering, and—yes, her eyes were full of tears. Impulsively, Howland leaned forward.

"You'll have to excuse me if I sound fresh," he said ruefully; "truly, I don't mean it that way. If you'd rather I'd beat it this minute I will, but you look—you seem to be worried about something. I'd be mighty glad if I could be of some help. Maybe if you looked on me as a sort of brother you could tell me what was wrong, and I'd see what I could do. There aren't many troubles that can't be

plate. A dank breath of air seemed to have blown suddenly across the room, and the scent of the food to become the charnel odor of tombs. And again she knew that Another, grisly, unseen, sat at the table with herself and the man she must betray.

"I am—in trouble," she said, in a low tone, not meeting his eyes. "But I cannot tell you what it is. There are others concerned more than I."

"I see." Howland nodded gravely. "I'm sorry. It's a queer thing, but I hope you'll believe me when I say I'd give a lot to help you. Somehow I feel as if I'd known you before! Of course, that's absurd, but the moment I saw you I had an impression we were old friends."

He turned the menu-card over absently. Meleese saw, under the fringe of her lashes, that his hands were firm, yet sensitive, with tapering fingers and well-kept nails; with a flash-back of memory she saw childish hands like his building a fort of wood-chips in a snowy yard. She grew suddenly sick and faint, and rose to her feet, groping blindly for her cloak over the back of the chair. Hardly realizing what was happening, she felt his hand on her arm steadying her, felt him place the cloak about her shoulders, and guide her from the dizzy lights and sounds into the night air.

The stinging cold revived her like water flung in her face. She lifted grateful eyes to his anxious gaze.

"Thank you—it was so hot in there; I'm not—used to it," she faltered. "I'm all right now. You must go back to your dinner."

"Dinner can wait." John Howland spoke contentedly. "I'm going to take you home first. Which way do we go?"

Melese caught her breath. There was an imperceptible pause. Her head went up resolutely.

"I will show you the way," she said in a voice that cut like a fine blade. "But if you come it is because you want to come, not because I ask it."

Howland laughed out amusedly. What a tragic little person it was! He was actually aware, as they passed down the street together, that a certain unused organ, located under his watch-pocket, was behaving in a strangely erratic manner, and tho he had all the sensations of talking, he did not have the least notion what he was saying.

But Melese listened; Melese heard. And the heart of Melese was cold and heavy like a stone, in her young breast. On the outskirts of the town she paused. Before them the squat bulk of the Prince Albert Hotel loomed against the sky. The stars looked down with cold, passionless eyes. Ahead, in the thicket of firs, waited her brothers and Jean Croisset. She had seen their shadows always on the road as she came, moving silently ahead of them. Suddenly she clutched Howland's arm, rigid with horror.

"No, no further"—she spoke in a strangled tone. "Go back! I can't bear it—oh, dear God!"

For even at that moment a slim, lithe form sprang from the thicket and bore down upon them. The moon, which had been hidden by a cloud, glided out on the blue floor of the sky, and the world grew silver. Gasping, moaning, Melese saw the two men clinch and fall struggling to the ground with little grunts and hissing spurts of breath, then she turned and fled, stumbling, into the firs where Pierre and Max stood grimly watching.

"You promised!"—she beat their breasts with frantic hands—"you promised not to kill him!"

The men laughed harshly. "Well, are we killing him?" Max mocked her. "Jean did not promise. Faithful Jean, who sent us word when he found our enemy that we might come and watch his punishment!"

Melese stared from under the low-sprung branches with wide eyes. As the men's bodies rose and fell a gleam of something like triumph crept into them.

"A man!" she whispered. "He is a man—"

John Howland brought one sinewy arm about the half-breed's neck, drawing it closer and closer in a strangle-hold. A pistol-barrel flashed in the silver light. Contemptuously he bent back the arm

holding the ugly thing, gave a final twist of well-knit muscles, and rose, tossing the weapon into a clump of bushes.

"Get up and get out!" he said succinctly to the prostrate figure on the ground. "I don't know what your idea is, but I don't like your way of expressing it."

He dusted his hands fastidiously, rescued his fur cap from the path, turned on his heel, and was gone. Jean Croisset groaned, stirred experimentally, and wavered to his feet. Pierre and Max hurried to him, snarling like dogs who have been deprived of their prey.

"He shall pay dearly, curse him!" the half-breed said, baring his square, yellow teeth in a grin of pain. "Another score to settle, eh, friends? Bone of his bone, blood of his blood—break the one, spill the other! Is it not so?"

Melese faced them sturdily. "It was a fair fight; don't whine, Jean Croisset!" she cried. "No coward blow in the back, remember, or, as my mother hears me say it, I will turn you over to the law!"

She whirled about and ran, blood thudding in her ears, till she gained her own room at the hotel. With tremulous

tioning, the girl's pleading and wretched. With a half-sob she pushed the door shut and crossed the room till she was standing close to him. He saw the tiny, blue pulse-beat in her white temples, saw the soft bloom on her flesh, felt the warmth of her breath on his hand.

"You must not stay here in Hudson Bay," she said simply. "You must go back to the States."

"But I have a railroad to build." He spoke curtly, remembering the strange happenings of the night before. "A mere detail, of course, but it interferes with my complying with your request. If you could furnish any further reasons—"

"I can't explain"—her fingers



JOHN HOWLAND
BROUGHT ONE SINEWY ARM
ABOUT JEAN'S NECK

fingers she unbuttoned the pretty blue dress and drew it off. In her scant, coarse night-dress she faced her telltale face in the mirror, and read in its blushes and quivering a confession she feared, yet exulted to see. Out of that night of dread and terror it had come, the still, clear voice that summoned her to her woman's heritage. Perhaps, after all, the unseen presence who had walked beside her on the long journey had not been Death, but Love.

She dropped to her knees and clasped her hands like a child.

"I pray the Lord," she whispered solemnly, "his soul to keep."

As John Howland was bending above his blue-prints and engineering books in his cabin the next morning, he heard a rustle at the door, and looked up to see Melese standing in the doorway. For a long while they faced each other silently, the man's face grim and ques-

twisted and untwisted—"but the laying of the railroad will be a danger trail for you. If life is precious to you, to some one back in the States, perhaps, you will not question me, nor hesitate, but go quickly while there is still time—"

Her voice caught on a jagged sob. A light leaped to his face. He leaned forward, touching her fingers gently with his blunt man-ones.

"Little girl of the North, why do you care what becomes of me? Why?"

Melese drew her hands away and stepped back slowly, eyes held in his, till she had reached the door. A strange hush held the world, outside, inside. For one instant spring was in the room—spring with its flowers and folly, its madness of moons and May-days, its youth and love and magic mating urge.

"Because I think—I love you," said Melese, faintly. At this moment wom-

anly modesty and convention, and even the dreadful facts of reality, were filmy, unsubstantial things.

Howland gave a little cry and took a step toward her, arms outstretched, when something checked him. Her eyes were not on him, but on the window, with dilated pupils that seemed to gaze at some unimaginable horror. He followed their sick stare to the pane and caught a glimpse of a face, bloated with rage, flattened against the glass, watching them. There was something in the instant's vision of the face that made Howland think of a swollen spider, hairy, warty, watching a fly struggling in its web. It fascinated him; when he could tear his gaze from the window Meleese was gone!

Oddly weak and unstrung, the man sank into a chair. He felt as tho some invisible web of mystery, danger and horror were enmeshing his power of clear vision and his strength of will. For a moment panic swept him—primitive, unreasoning panic—and he wished himself safely back in the cheery commonplace of the New York office, with typewriters clacking about him, and Broadway roaring below the windows. Then he thought of Meleese, and all fears or doubts were gone like miasmas under the healthy sunlight.

"And to think I always laughed at the notion of love at first sight!" he cried aloud, eager as a boy. "Why, I dont even know her name or where she lives, but I know *her!* I couldn't be mistaken—she's my woman, and I'm going to find her. I'm going to love the trouble out of her heart, and kiss her lips till they stop quivering and *smile*. That's what I came North for—now I know!"

He could not guess, when he uttered those brave words, the weary months that must pass before they could be fulfilled. When he went thru Hudson Bay the next day all trace of Meleese and her brothers was gone; it was as tho she had never been—as tho his strange night and morning had been an exotic dream, builded of impossible joys and improbable dangers, as is the way of dreams. Only in his own heart did Howland cherish the proof of its reality, his love for the girl who had come and gone so suddenly and silently.

Then, four months later, passing along Victoria Street one morning, when even the world of the Northland was flavored with June, he met Jean Croisset face to face.

The half-breed stared at him defiantly, and would have passed on, but Howland stopped him with a stern gesture.

"Where is she?" he demanded. "It was you at the window that day. I can see in your face you know. Dont lie to me—*where is she?*"

"She's safe from you, anyway, thank God!" sneered the man. "Yes, I could tell you where she is, and if I told you

that you would know where your grave would be. Yes, I could tell you how to get there and how many days it would take, and from that you could reckon the very day when you must die!"

"Stop that nonsense." Howland's jaw commenced to ridge under the dark skin. "I dont know what you're driving at, and I dont care. If you think you can frighten me by your voodoo gibberish, you're mistaken. If you dont tell me everything you know, I'll lick you till you're half dead, and *then*, if you still dont, I'll finish the job. But take me to her and I'll give you a hundred dollars! How

his lips and gave a barbaric call. The door of the cabin opened, and Meleese appeared, gazing at the approaching travelers with wonder that was drowned in the red tide of joy as she recognized Howland. But before he could speak he felt himself seized from behind in a grip not to be shaken off, and turned his head to find Pierre and Max Thoreau holding his arms, while Jean Croisset stood by, smiling a bland and oily smile. Howland glanced at Meleese, to find her white and trembling against the door-frame. He managed to control his anger for her sake.

"Come now, friends," he said coolly, "suppose you tell me what the trouble is. This is an unfriendly reception you give callers, I must say!"

Pierre broke forth into blasphemy, but Max silenced him. "Let Jean tell him why we hate him," he said; "it is only fair he should know why he is going to die."



"GO QUICKLY WHILE THERE IS STILL TIME——"

Let
leese
ing her
him, vow
him dead,
smile on
the friend
of her father
who had loved
her since she
was a baby.

"Very well," he told Howland, with a shrug of his shoulders, "I will guide you to her cabin, but I have warned you, and I warn you once again. The trail that takes you to her will end in death for you, mis'eu. What say you—will you go?"

Into the silent forests of the Northland went two men that afternoon; out of the silent forests they came five days later, and there before them in the clearing stood a tiny cabin formed of mortised logs. At the sight, flames leaped to the eyes of the two, the flame of exultation, the flame of hate. Jean put two fingers to

about it—will you go?" Jean Croisset's lips twisted in an evil smile. those brothers of Mebut find this man seek-out and they would kill or no vow. Then, with perhaps Meleese would smile on the friend of her father who had loved her since she was a baby.

"Son of the father!" snarled the elder brother between clenched teeth, "we can save our womankind from you, at least. Get you in! Meleese, come away!"

The slamming door erased Howland's last vision of the girl, piteous with tears, arms outstretched to him. With a deep breath he sat down beside the table in the center of the cabin, and indicated the chair opposite to the half-breed.

"Let's have the story, whatever it is," he said quietly. "There's some mistake, of course; perhaps we can find out what."

"The mistake was in coming here, mis'eu," said Jean Croisset blandly, "but if you wish it, here is the tale.

"Ours was the happiest trading-post in the Northwest years ago, and the reason?—the Factor and his young wife and little ones, a daughter, two sons. She was the light of God's sunshine to us all, and we would have died to serve her.

"Then the stranger came, he and his young son, on a sled out of a red sun-

set. He stayed a night at the Factor's house, and then he stayed a week, mis'eu. One evening we came home from a

Without stirring in his chair he watched the half-breed glide out of the room, and heard the stout bolt slide into place behind him. Then he took out his watch, opened it and laid it on the table. Half an hour and the world would be blotted out in one cataclysmal moment—half an hour and he would be wiser than the wisest *savant* in the universe, for he would know what lay beyond the Last Breath.

not yet anyhow. I sort of think God will give me a square deal——”

Twenty minutes later he was still unafraid, but a bit impatient. It seemed ridiculous to be sitting here waiting. He glanced about, half rising, then sank back in his chair. Escape was impossible. It would be childish and undignified to attempt it. Explanation—argument—would certainly be of no avail. He glanced at his watch. Two minutes more!

With a steady hand he filled his pipe from a tobacco-pouch, but he did not light it. For suddenly, as pictures of the past flash before a drowning man, a picture of the future filed before his eyes—the future he would never know: Meleese's face with the bride-wonder in it; a fireside; a child in her arms——

“If I could have kist her just once,” he said aloud, with infinite longing, “then it would be easier to die——”

A step sounded at the door. John Howland rose as if at a summons and stood proudly erect, waiting for what must come. But it was not Death yet, but Love that opened the door.

“If they kill you, they shall kill me!” cried Meleese, and ran into his hungry arms. He felt the wonderful warmth and softness of her body, saw her shining eyes, her sweet lips lifted to his.

“My dear, my dear!” he cried brokenly, “you must not stay——”

“I shall not go,” she answered quietly.

The final minute of his life was ticking off. It would



“I FORCED HIM TO TELL US WHERE YOU WERE”

trapping trip to find the poor, pretty lady dead on her cabin floor, and the cur that had betrayed her fled with his young whelp. Then and there the Factor and his young sons and I swore to find both of them, and slay them very slowly, so they might know they were dying, but very surely.

“The Factor died soon, but his sons live, and his little lass, too. The first part of our vengeance was performed ten years ago, when I slew your father—I, with my bare hands. Eh! How prettily he died! It was quite a treat to watch his face as he felt the first flames of hell lick his feet! And before he died I let the life back into him long enough to force him to tell us where *you* were.”

Jean Croisset rose to his feet with a bow, mocking, derisive, like a jester making obeisance to Death. “And now the second part of our vengeance is about to be performed. In half an hour precisely as the clock ticks you will be shot dead thru one of the cracks in these walls. Till then, friend, farewell. And carry our regards to mis'eu your father, frying merrily below!”

John Howland opened his lips as if to speak, then closed them firmly.



“IN HALF AN HOUR YOU WILL BE SHOT DEAD”

“Perhaps it will be the first breath of another life,” he mused. “Gee! I wish I could have built that railroad! But it cant be helped now—five minutes gone! How many five minutes I've wasted in my life! But I'm not afraid,

be terrible for the girl to be a witness of his death, yet he hated to force her to leave. He pictured the jagged streak of flame thru the cabin wall, the crash of the bullet into his body, the red blood flowing freely, and Meleese moaning over his body.

"Good God!" he cried, "I am no coward, but give me one hour more—my lifetime!"

Meleese sprang away from him, the terror of the awful ending in her eyes.

"Cannot you speak?" she said hoarsely. "Lie, lie—tell them anything to gain time!"

"Why should I lie?" he said. "Can't you see that they are drunk with blood?"

She shivered as he took her hands gently in his.

"You alone shall know my secret," he whispered—"you and my Maker. I am not the John Howland whom your brothers seek to kill."

The girl closed her eyes and moaned softly. "Oh, the pity of it, the pity of it!" she sobbed.

"Can I tell them this," he went on quietly—"that I am an American, born and bred, who never saw the Factor, your father, nor heard of your tragedy before?"

"They would not believe you," she said softly—"the blood-lust is heavy upon them."

For a dreamy moment they sat silent, her hands gently held in his. "You will some time see my shadow on the snow," he said



HE PICTURED THE FUTURE HE SHOULD HAVE HAD

at last, "and will know that I am always near you."

"Always, always your dear face will fill my eyes," she crooned.

"It is as it should be," he said humbly. "Our love was a very beautiful one."

They sat silent, listening to the slow approach of feet from the dry forest.



The Optimist and the Pessimist

By HARRY J. SMALLEY

DEAR readers, our lesson today consists of a study of those two familiar, but easy-to-get-tangled words, "Pessimist" and "Optimist." And to get over the worst part of our lesson first we will consider the Pessimist.

Never you mind what the dictionary says. Mr. Webster came before Motion Pictures; and as the Pessimist and Optimist came in *with* the pictures, Noah W. didn't know anything about them.

The Pessimist is an awful thing! And ornery—gracious! You first notice him at the ticket window, where he has just been caught trying to sneak a lead dime to the cashier. That wistful but watchful blonde chases it back at him and he digs up a nickel and five pennies. Then he hollers about the cost of admission. Says a nickel is enough for *any* show.

Then he goes grumbling in and walks on thirty or forty feet, and bruises corns and shins of perfect strangers who are perfectly willing to murder him. He is looking for something. He finds it and is happy. It is the only broken seat in the theater!

He stands up and calls the usher and loudly rebukes him! He also denounces the management, the audience, the mayor, the Army and Navy, and the Kihoo of Dingbatt! He is finally suppressed and sits glowering at the screen. Be the scene pathetic, he sneers. If it is a love scene, he snarls. If it is a comedy, he grunts. Nothing *ever* pleases a Pessimist!

And you needn't blame old Jasper T. Indigestion! No, sir! It is not because his food doesn't agree with him that makes the Pessimist act so. Food agrees with everybody. It's because the Pessimist is so doggone mean that *he* don't agree with his food! He wouldn't agree with anything or anybody!

And never does he say a picture is good! It is always "bad" or "rotten." Sometimes, when he is feeling pretty good (for a Pessimist), he will loosen a bit and say a picture is "fair," but that is as far as he will unbuckle his boost belt!

Always shun the Pessimist, dear children. He's no good, all the time, all the way thru and back again. And mean!

"They have come," he said—"kiss me!"

They who say the day of miracles is over do not know whereof they speak, for it was a miracle indeed that brought the truth to the three avengers in time to save John Howland's life.

Afterwards they marveled over it together, Meleese and he, that the letter telling of the death of the other John Howland should have come just when it did, breathless over sea and land, to save an innocent man from the grip of coincidence. But now they hardly heeded Pierre's stammered words of apology and explanation, and he, seeing that their thoughts were far from things of Death and Life, went away and left them together, knowing only that all dangers and shadows had passed away. Love is the greatest miracle in the world, and those who have found it know no wonder at lesser marvels and mysteries.

For Fate and Circumstance are only juggling necromancers working tinsel tricks and sleight-of-hand, but Love is an inexplicable miracle worked by the hand of God.

As for Jean Croisset, he had been good after his kind, too. His love of Meleese was elemental but true; his hate of Howland just the same. And so he smiled thru his tears.

Why, if he had nine eyes he wouldn't give you a wink!

And now let us view his opposite, the Optimist. Ah! there's a regular fellow, dear children! When he enters the lobby he always looks about to see if there isn't a stray kid or two he can take in with him. And once inside he enjoys himself. If you step on his feet you don't need to apologize. He'll do that! "They're too big, anyway," he'll say; "serves me right for bringing them along with me!" Or something like that, you know. Nothing ever makes *him* mad.

And *all* the pictures to him are great, only some are greater than others! When he's feeling blue sometimes, he'll refer to a picture simply as being "good." And that's his limit of knocking. A good fellow, the Optimist, just like you and me.

And now, dear children, that concludes our little lesson. Next time you go to the theater you look about you and you'll find them both there. And when you spot this Pessimist chap you tell him what I've taught you and I'll back you up. So will the audience!

Expression of the Emotions

A Series of Pictures, the
First of Which is by
RUTH
ROLAND



AVERSION

SUSPICION

DISAPPOINTMENT

ANGER

DELIGHT

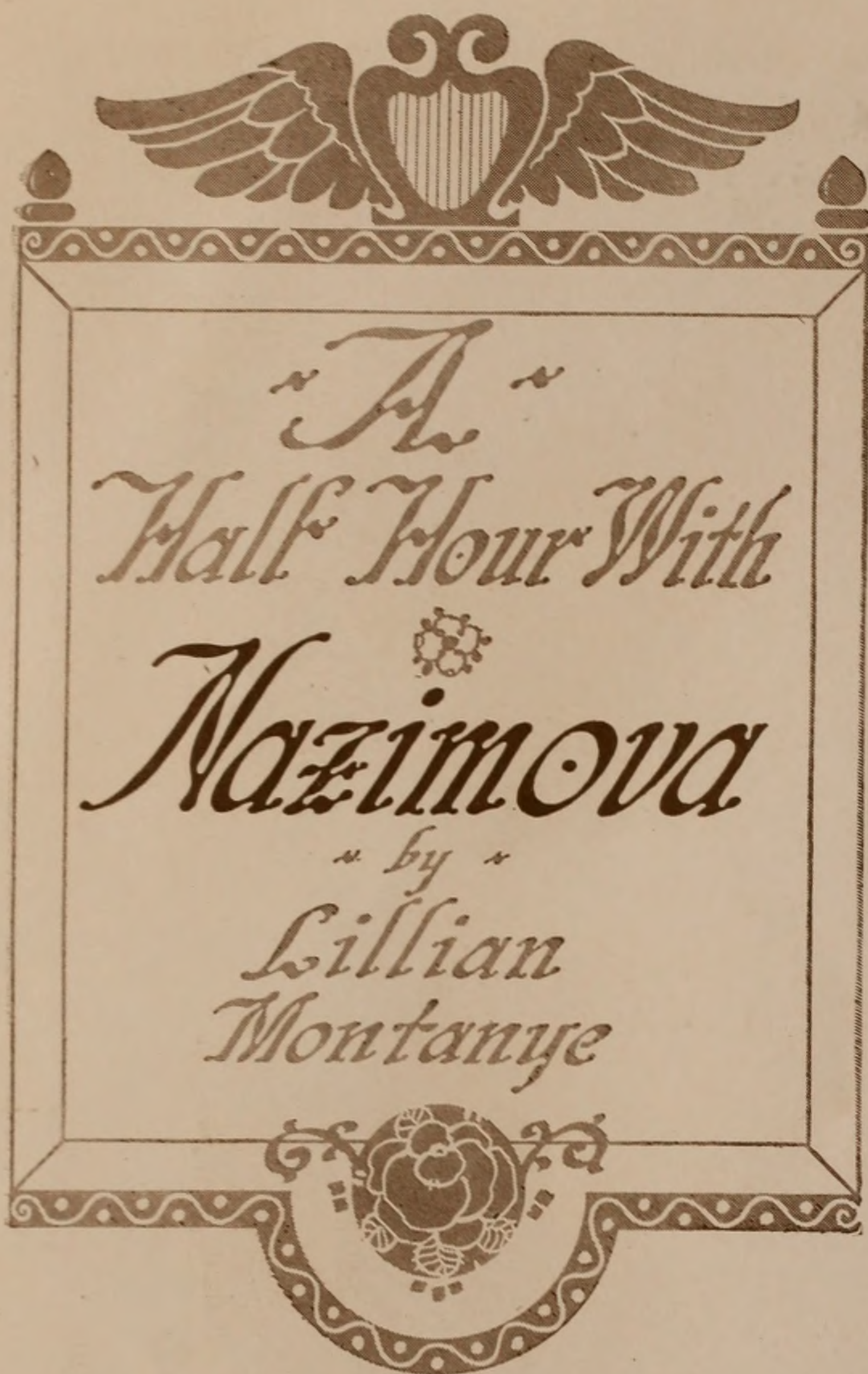
SACRIFICE

ANXIETY

DISCOMFITURE

QUIESCENCE

ENTREATY



"A"
Half Hour With
Nazimova
by
Lillian
Montanye

NAZIMOVA, Russian tragédienne of the stage and screen, doesn't speak of her venture into picture work as the "movies"; she calls it photodrama. Neither does she think that she has sacrificed her ideals; but rather, she talks of creative principles as seriously as does the sculptor, painter or composer. She actually calls it an art.

"Anything that my director, Mr. Brenon, does," says Nazimova, "is an art, for Mr. Brenon is always the artist. It was a private view of his great picture, 'A Daughter of the Gods,' that impressed me with its imaginative qualities. I recognized Mr. Brenon's great ability as a director, I saw the artistic possibilities of 'War Brides' as a screen play, and no longer hesitated to embark in the new art, and I have not been sorry.

"Photodrama is a new art; therefore it is not perfect, it must develop. The Moving Picture pioneers were ridiculed. It was unjust. They did their best to evolve a new art with what material they could obtain. The pictures, plots and photography were inartistic, crude and commonplace. Talented ones would not lend their aid. If a few daring ones did venture, they had violated professional ethics. They were almost ostracised from respectable theatrical society, and their financial gains were looked upon by the superior legitimates as evidences of their downfall, for of course no one would go into the movies except to make money.

"Pioneer days are past. We know this, not by the great number of pictures, but by the occasional flashes of genius which show what can be done when true artists devote themselves to creative work.

"Photodrama is the most distinctive and emphatic form of expression. It eliminates from the story everything but the real things. All the players in the scene concentrate upon the one thing that makes the situation vital. As a result, the



Photo by Hartsook

audience receives the very essence of the action portrayed in a simple, meaningful manner.

"Acting for the camera was a very unusual experience," she continued. "In vaudeville I played 'War Brides' in a two-a-day booking. The scenes are of course strenuous in the extreme. I must be keyed to a high pitch of emotion. There was always the haunting thought that I must save some strength for 'next time.'

"In acting for the camera, it took a little time to accustom myself to the thought that when a scene was played it was



and domesticity. The little town of Port Chester, N. Y., holds for her a "Haven of Rest" in which to relax and gain strength and vitality for the year's work. In winter she keeps a home in a New York apartment, "for there must be some place to call home," she says.

Nazimova appreciates the applause and adulation of the public, but she accepts it humbly, impersonally—not for herself, but as a tribute to her art. At heart she is something of a recluse. She

cares not for society in a general sense, but loves to entertain her friends, members of the profession—and not always the successful ones either—for her generous heart prompts many a kindly act, and her influence quietly used has helped many a struggling young genius on the

way to success.

Nazimova in times of leisure is not above going to the kitchen, either. She finds it a means of relaxation, and along with her deep and abiding love for the land of her birth, for the people, their ways and customs, she has at times a longing for the things they cook in Russia.

A luncheon menu and a few favorite recipes of decidedly "different" combination and flavoring are given below:

- Cabbage rolls
- Banana relish
- Potato salad
- Rice pudding
- Tea

Banana Relish—To the juice of one lemon, add one-fourth cup sugar and one tablespoonful maraschino. Slice two bananas very thin into a bowl. Pour over them the syrup, and let stand in very cold place. Serve in glasses, topped with maraschino cherry.

Cabbage Rolls—Mince cold meat, and mix with a little minced onion. Add cream sauce to thicken—made in the proportion of one cupful of boiling water, into which is stirred one tablespoonful of flour and one of butter, well blended. Mix well and add salt, pepper and a little chopped parsley. Select cabbage-leaves large enough to roll and throw into

(Continued on page 66)

played for all time; as it was played there, it would be played all over the world; that I must do my best, as I could not go from one part of the world to the other, explaining that I did not feel quite fit in one scene, but it would be better next day."

Devotees of all that is finest in the art of the theater recognize in Nazimova one of the most distinguished actresses of the day. Ever since she came to the English-speaking stage her career has been one unbroken record of successes. In Ibsen's story-making classics she won the highest laurels. As the star of "Bella Donna," she was known in every city in the United States. In vaudeville she reached the zenith of her popularity in the only war play—based upon the present struggle—which is conceded to be of permanent value. Many incidents were added and elaborated in this play, in which Nazimova made her first appearance on the screen, giving her a wide scope for her unique talents.

"War Brides" is an intensely dramatic story, but while it has to do with conditions brought about by war, there are no battle-scenes. The play deals less with war than with the effects of war upon the homes and the loved ones left behind. Watching her in her heart-gripping appeal for women, it is hard to imagine her as giving time or thought to the ordinary details of every-day life. But, tho it is given only to a chosen few to intimately know this talented and charming woman, it is a fact that she has all the instincts of a woman for home

Corinne Grant— Neglected Wife

By CAROL LEE



CORINNE GRANT

THIS girl, ladies and gentlemen, is a neglected wife. What? She doesn't look at all domestic? Neglected wives seldom do. And Corinne—the rest of it is Grant—is no exception to the general rule. In the beginning, Corinne was a typical weepy, d a m p and

mussy wife, but when her husband fell in love with his smartly dressed, exquisitely neat young secretary, Corinne decided that she had better "sit up and take notice." Accordingly she visited modistes, milliners and bootmakers, metamorphosing herself into quite a charming young lady. Does she cease to be a neglected wife? Well, really it wouldn't be fair to tell you, for that question forms the plot of Pathé-Balboa's new serial, "The Journal of a Neglected Wife." Corinne was born away out West in New Mexico, and was educated there among the 'dobe shacks, tarantulas, mesquite and sagebrush. There she learnt to ride without "pulling leather," as the cow-boys call clinging to the saddle; she learnt to shoot straight and true, and to look fearlessly at danger.

Thus she came to the movies naturally. She has never been with any company but Balboa, and has been with them six years.

She has her own bungalow, her own machine, and according to her own testimony, she is blissfully happy in golden California. Miss Grant is a true Spanish type—of medium height, slender, but well-rounded, and very graceful. She has very large, dark brown eyes, of the type generally described as soulful.

Her hair is very long and thick, of a soft, yet lustrous black, and her skin is clear olive.

All in all, Miss Grant, while a neglected wife, is a *most* attractive young lady!

(Thirty-eight)



Photo by Photoplayers Studio

CORINNE GRANT
(BALBOA)

Ham and Hamlet

By H. H. VAN LOAN

With special illustrations by WILLIAM FRANEY



THE tour of Mister Damon Ham came to an end just about three minutes after the breakfast-hour. It brought him to the border, where his cargo was searched for the purpose of finding out if he were transporting arms and ammunition to a friendly alien or plotting an armed revolt against a municipality which was at that moment at peace with the world.

While he looked suspicious, there was nothing about his person to warrant his being held at the entrance to the city. His cargo was general, and consisted of a battered helmet, which gave evidence of having passed thru many dirty campaigns; his coat was afflicted with obesity, while his feet recalled those of a classic dancer, because they were so tremendously different. His trousers deserved considerable attention, for they were what might be called continuous pantaloons. This impression was gained from the fact that he was continually trying to grow into them, and, considering that he was still a minor, it looked as tho by the time he reached maturity the end of them would be in sight. In fact, the whole appearance of Mister Ham was that of a refined and simple ruralite, with blotches of archaic luxury breaking out here and there. One glance at him disclosed all that he lacked. His temperament was evidenced thru his disheveled hair, which made him resemble a mixture of an enthusiastic Philharmonic Orchestra leader, with a touch of nervous prostration.

The only arms he carried were two which he had secreted in his coat-sleeves. But as they appeared to be of the old type, and utterly unwarlike, he managed to get them thru. They had seen excellent service in the days that had passed, and had mowed down thousands in the corn and wheat campaigns, across the border. However, their patents had run out in a country where the face is the predominating weapon either for success or failure.

So, considering that everything was about ninety per cent. in his favor, Mister Damon Ham was permitted to pass the portals which divided the world of reality from the land of make-believe. He crossed so gracefully, too. In fact, the atmosphere of the soft and soothing Cali-

fornia climate seemed to make friends with him immediately, and he wafted into Universal City like a gentle and refreshing evening breeze.

Ever since he could remember—which wasn't so long as it might seem—Mister Damon had pined to see his picture. There wasn't much of a chance back there in Eczema, for there wasn't a photographer in the place. The nearest a camera had ever come to him was once when a Moving Picture company went up in the mountains, two hundred miles north of where he lived, which he referred to as "Sarah's Nevadas."

Up to the present, the only big punch in his life came on the day



he was born. He had lived so long with illiterates that he could crow, moo, and grunt, just like the rest of them. His idea of a rampage of dissipation was to stand up on the trolley-car, spit off the back platform, and then eat peanuts all the way home. Often, when he felt just like raising the very dickens, he'd throw all his clothes on the floor at night, and pick them up in the morning, so that he could imagine he had been out on a big time and came home loaded with cider.

However, he only kidded himself, for Squire Hawkins paid him such a minute salary that if they were selling the complete outfit of a brewery, with twenty years of stock, for a dime, he couldn't buy the frost on the roof. The Squire was a howling success as a failure, and the result was that Mister Damon lived mostly on faith—faith that some day he'd get his thirty years' back salary. But those who knew the Squire declared he'd

have to be born over again for Damon to get any money.

Now, among his other duties, he distributed the liquid from the female of the genus *Bos*, and the result was that as soon as he went to bed it was time to get up. He repeated this pleasure so long that he could go to sleep manicuring the stable floor. Then he woke up. He watered the milk every morning for a month before he started on his trip, and soon found that he had enough money to restore the throne of Serbia to its people. And, before the patrons of *Bos* informed the Squire that the milk was too weak to make itself seen or felt around the breakfast-table, Mister Damon Ham was seated in the smoker of a train, bound for the edge of the Pacific Ocean, with a bottle of "near beer," a Kansas straw, and a bunch of movie magazines.

This brings us to the place where we were when we started into Universal City with the aforementioned aspirant.

A negro trap-drummer, with one arm and an enlarged edition of the hives, could not be any busier than Mister Damon Ham, of Eczema, Wyohim, was as he passed up the main street of the movie town. He had more seeing on his hands than a cross-eyed boy at a three-ring circus. For the moment he felt as tho he had been eating meat again, and was not certain whether old Squire Hawkins wouldn't jab him with a pitchfork any minute and spoil the whole party. For, as he looked, he discovered where the world

was located. On his left was a little bit of Turkey, on his right some China, and between both a chunk of Greece, while distributed intermittently about was a nibble of 'most every country on earth. It was the nearest thing to a dish of chop suey, without the real thing, he'd ever seen. But he didn't know it, because the closest stuff he'd ever seen to the imperial dish was a barn-rat every now and then.

"Just back from the war?" asked a pleasant voice over his shoulder.

He turned about rather abruptly and faced a tall man in black, with his hands in his pockets, who looked down on him with a rather kindly face and waited for the ultimatum and so forth.

"Where?" meekly inquired Mister Damon, as he crossed his toes and tickled his fingers.

"France, Italy, Russia, and a lot of other places," replied the other. "All of Europe's mussed up."

"S'at so?" continued the listener. "Anybody arrested?"

The vision in ebony studied the expressionless countenance of the institution before him. "Say, where do you come from?" he asked curiously.

"Eggzema," replied Mister Damon.

"I dont care what you've got," impressed the other; "what town do you come from?"

"Eggzema, Wyohim," bluntly responded the ruralite.

"Rather itchy little place, I s'pose," suggested the inquirer.

"Yessir, sometimes more'n others," agreed Mister Damon, entirely at sea.

"What's your name?"

"Damon Ham, sir."

"A healthy edition of a modernized ancient classic, eh," questioned the other.

"Have you got anything to do here?" ventured Mister Ham, rather sheepishly.

"No-o," drawled the other. "We just come here to pick daisies and oranges and to smoke."

"What's your name, sir?"

"Umph Imfph," answered the joker.

Damon looked at him a moment, then he uncrossed his feet, brushed off the front of his coat, and studied him again. "Must be kinder hard to get along with anythin' like that," he said thoughtfully.

"Well, I'll be frank with you, seein's you're so simple," added the tall fellow; "my name's Reginald Van Husan. I'm the guy that built this here place."

"Gosh!" exclaimed Mister Ham. "You're smart, aint cher?" And he stared with admiration at the man before him.

"Why, that's nothin'," continued the other proudly. "That's only one of the things I do. I invented Moving Pictures, and created the screen on which they're shown. I supervise all the productions here, write all the stories, direct all the companies, and sell all the pictures." Then he dropped his boastfulness long enough to lean over and whisper in Mister Ham's ear: "And I used to be as poor as you once. Today I'm worth about five million American dollars. And every one of them has Uncle Sam's approval on them."

For the second time Mister Ham crossed his toes and tickled his fingers as he scrutinized the glib talker. Then he suddenly broke out with: "Have yer got any with that woman on them?"

"Oh, you mean Justice?" inquired Van Husan.

"Is that her name?"

"Ye-es, she's on all of 'em; I dont keep the ones with Lincoln and Washington."

"Whew!" whistled Mister Ham. "Why?"

"Because they're dead," replied the nifty talker as he lighted a cigaret.

"Gee-e, you know a lot, dont cher?" mused the innocent one.

At that moment a big, burly fellow emerged from one of the buildings and made his way over to where the two were standing.

"Say, Van Husan, if you dont hurry up and get that stuff for the next 'set' you'd better get off the lot!" shouted the newcomer. "Now then, get out of here, and be sure and get busy!"

Like a cat that has had its tail rubbed the wrong way, the other fellow hurried to obey the command, while Mister Ham stood pensively looking on.

"Say, Mister Van Husan!" called the small-town feller, "are you sure they're dead?"

But Van Husan kept right on going. "What-er you doin' here?" asked the latest arrival as he looked Ham over.



"WALK AS FAR AS YOU CAN GO IN THAT DIRECTION," SAID MORAN

"I'm wonderin' why a man with all Mr. Van Husan's money has to run for anybody."

"No fair talkin' like that when you've got your feet crossed," blurted out the other. "If pickles were selling a dollar a million, he couldn't buy a dill! He's poorer'n you are!"

"Gosh, must be bad ter be as poor as that," responded Ham.

"Who're you?"

"Nothin' much. Just somethin' lookin' for a job. Do you think I could do anythin' round here?"

"How do I know—can yer?"

"I used ter feed fifty-six chickens, milk fifteen cows, clean three stables, peddle milk, scrub nine horses, and wash my face before breakfast every mornin' out there in Eggzema."

"What's that last word!" shouted the fellow as Ham finished.

"Eggzema," replied Mister Damon.

"S'pose yer got ter itchin' for some-

thin' better?" said the other as he studied the subject closely.

"Yessir."

"Well, if yer did all that before breakfast, yer ought to be able to put a new face on this town," continued the big boss. "I'll give yer the job to clean it up. I want yer to sweep the streets and sidewalks, dust the windows in every building on the lot, and then wash them, sweep and clean all the offices, wash the thirty automobiles down in the garage, polish the brass, hoist up the flag on the top of the administration building, wait on table in the restaurants, run errands, get 'props,' work in mob-scenes, and make yourself handy. Then, when you've done that, you can eat your breakfast and have a smoke. After breakfast—which a feller with your speed can eat in ten minutes—you can clean all the dressing-rooms, wash the windows, deliver the mail, polish the cars, sweep the stages, clean the visitors' gallery, wash all the glass in the studios, assist in the kitchen, help wash the dishes, and act as messenger.

Then you can act as night watchman until midnight. That's the time we take down the flag. You see, we never take it down till then because it doesn't get good and dark before that time. The night watchman's job is merely to keep your circulation up until then. It's a pipe of a job, and you'll find we'll have to slip you a little other stuff to keep you busy."

"Aint there somethin' else I could do?"

"Why, the last man on that job had so much time to himself that we fired him," remarked the boss. "Come with me and I'll get you the broom," he added as he started away.

With a feeling that life had cheated him out of a lot of sensational stuff which rightfully belonged on his program, and which he felt certain he was going to get now, Mister Damon fell in behind and ploughed along like a tramp steamer in a rough gale off the Florida coast.

"There," began the big boss, as he threw the timid employee an enormous broom, "take that and hang onto it until you've swept every street in the town. Then come to me and I'll start you off again."

"Who'll I ask for, mister?" inquired Damon, as he accepted the broom and swung it over his shoulder.

"Just ask for the Kaiser," replied the boss as he twirled the cigar over and over in the corner of his big mouth. "And say, let me tell yer somethin'," he added, "you cant sweep a street with a broom on your shoulder. You look like a member of the Mexican volunteers. Now get

busy; the day's half gone." With that he walked away and left Damon to begin his simple duties.

The second big thrill in Mister Damon Ham's life had arrived. He felt now that he could be classed as playing a very important part in the film world, and that it was but a step from the street to the star rôle in a five-reel feature. True, he had ascended straight from the farm, and that could be charged up against him; in fact, it was good enough to indict him as a comer. For, altho he didn't know a great deal about things in general, he had heard once that lots of people had left the dishes in the sink and walked right into the hearts of movie patrons.

And some had made such an attack on the United States Treasury that in case of war the government would have to borrow money from them in order to buy ammunition.

He was grateful to the boss for one thing, and that was the fact that he had placed him in such a prominent position. Few residents of Universal City could miss him, for everybody sees a street-sweeper, especially if he is such an extraordinary creature as Damon. Then, too, he worked right out in the open, where his results could easily be viewed by all.

These were some of the thoughts which traveled around his brain as he swept. It was an excellent job for thinking, and he had a lot of thinking to do.

Now, a new recruit in a movie town comes in for considerable hazing, and, even tho he reaches the altitude that Damon did, he is not overlooked. So there were few stars, directors, camera-men or "extras," including stage-hands and property boys, who failed to get acquainted with the new street-cleaner.

"Isn't he funny!" laughed Edith Roberts as she discovered him while on her way to the "alley" with Mary MacLaren. The "alley" was the long line of dressing-rooms.

"I'll bet he didn't grow around here," remarked the pretty star as she studied Damon, who at that moment had paused to erase some of the perspiration from his apex.

"I know a lot of actors who would give a fortune if they could make up like that," continued the little leading-lady. "He's so ugly he's handsome."

The sympathetic smile that spread over Damon's countenance could save the driest comedy ever made and turn it into a screaming success. He looked like a

Cedar Grove hen that had been picking too much brandy out of a Thanksgiving mince-pie. It was not an attempt on his part to be funny; he was trying to be nice. But no matter how he tried to look, it couldn't pass for anything else but slapstick comedy. He looked so funny that he could turn a mourning party into convulsions and a memorial service into a burlesque.

As he stood leaning on his broom and reflecting on the mileage still unswept, some one touched him on the shoulder.



"WHAT'S THE MATTER—DID YER ENGINE DIE ON YER OVER THERE?" ASKED BEAUDINE

He turned and faced two men, one a young man, exhibiting the latest modes in men's wear, with a pipe drooping from one corner of his mouth, and the other, much younger, who looked as tho he had plunged thru a haberdashery and emerged with the loudest stuff sticking to him. He was bounded by a yellow silk shirt with red stripes, a pink silk collar, a startling blue cravat, flannel trousers, and anemic shoes and socks. The whole outfit was climaxed with a green felt hat and a wrist-watch. A fellow with a layout like that can speak in only one tone—and it comes pretty close to high C. He did.

"Isn't he wonderful!" exclaimed the awfully nice young man as he clapped his hands.

"All he needs is a scenario to be a raving hit," replied the other, who was no less a personage than Director William Beaudine.

"Oh, I'm so enthusiastic about him!" continued his companion, who was known to the trade as assistant-director, and more commonly called Monmouth Higgins.

"Dont be so rough, you'll scare him," warned Beaudine.

There was something about the fresh young Higgins that Damon didn't like. And, after listening to his double exclamations, Damon dropped his broom and gave him his immediate attention.

"Say, have you ever played football?" he asked calmly.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I've never indulged in anything quite so rough as that," remarked Higgins. "But I have played 'London Bridge Is Falling Down' and 'I've Come to See Miss Jenny a Jones.'"

"I knew somethin' like you once, an' it used ter spend most of its time knittin'," said Damon.

"It isn't as harmless as it looks," said Beaudine, rather dryly, as he turned to Higgins.

"He's nice, but he jostles the other customers," returned the nice boy.

"You mustn't be rude to him," the director reminded him. "You know we dont get this material every day." Then he turned to Damon. "How long have you been idle?" he asked. "I'm workin'," Damon informed him as he

grasped the handle of his broom with grim determination.

"Who for?" continued the director.

"The Kaiser," answered Damon. "He told me to sweep the streets, hang up the flag, and lots of other things, and then eat."

"I knew it was empty," remarked Beaudine as he looked at Higgins, who nodded approvingly. "How would you like to be a real movie actor?" he added.

"That's what I come here for," said Damon. His face remained as vacant as a blank pad.

"Well, you've started wrong," the director informed him. "You could keep at work on this street until you wore it thru to China, without attracting any attention. You've got a wonderful face for pictures. Take my advice and never try to improve it; if you do you'll spoil it. Let it remain just as it is."

"How can we employ him?" asked Higgins, with interest.



"NOW, HIDE IT," SAID MURPHY. "DONT LET EVEN YOUR EARS SHOW, IF YOU CAN HELP IT"

"He's going to play Hamlet," said Beaudine. "Go over and see how Parsons and his gang are progressing with those three sets. In the meantime I'll take him over and get him fixed up."

As Higgins departed, the director started toward the wardrobe department with Damon, who was still clinging to the broom.

"Now, this is the first time that 'Hamlet' has been made into a picture. It's going to be an elaborate production in eight reels, and the whole success of it depends upon you."

"Who is he?" meekly inquired Damon, with no attempt to conceal his ignorance.

"He isn't; he was. You dont mean to tell me that you dont know who Hamlet was!" exclaimed the director. "Why, he was the feller who upset the Scottish throne, married Ophelia, and murdered Macduff in the Tower of London. It was one of the finest murders ever staged, and he ended his career by committing suicide on the grave of Juliet. It's full of good stuff, and we've got to put it over with a punch. This guy Hamlet was some gink. He was rough enough to take milk from a Belgian baby."

"Have I got ter do that, too?" added Damon.

"Naw, not very," continued Beaudine, "only worse. You've got ter be as sore as boils all the way thru this picture. When you're not lickin' somebody, they're smashin' you up. The feller who was goin' ter play it is up in the hospital now with a couple of bum legs and three busted ribs. He got thrown around a little when the mob attacked the palace and dragged him out. But he wasn't rough enough."

"Is there much of this mob thing?" asked Damon, rather nervously.

"Why, certainly—seven hundred feet and a hundred of close-ups, with you in the foreground."

"Has that mob scene gotter be in it?"

"That's one of the big punches in the picture," continued the director. "We couldn't have a 'Hamlet' without a fight. But," he added reassuringly, "you needn't worry. We've got a great hospital right here on the lot, and you'd get the best of care."

"I've gotter go home about that time," remarked Damon, thoughtfully.

"Say, dont pull that stuff," said the director. "Why, it's worth gettin' hurt for the money yer get."

This line of stuff brought them to the wardrobe building, and, as they came to a period, Beaudine continued: "Now plunge in there and get some 'Hamlet' atmosphere, and when you emerge ask for Director Beaudine."

"Bovine?" asked Damon, innocently. For it was the only word he really understood.

"Say, dont you ever try to pull anything," the director warned him, "'cause you're always funny." And with that he started for the big open-air stage.

When Damon made his exit from the wardrobe building a little later he was worthy of considerable notice. He was very much undressed, in a very attentive suit of underwear, a semi-ballet skirt, and a duet of shoes that resembled two submarines, while across his left shoulder were wrapped innumerable yards of cloth, quite akin to curtains.

Everything within a radius of six miles punctuated activities when Mister Damon Ham of "Hamlet" loomed up on the horizon.

"Looks like a revival of the Roman period," remarked Beaudine, who at that moment stepped from his office with John Murphy, his assistant.

"Julius Cæsar gone wrong, I should say," added Murphy, as they both studied Hamlet, who was stranded out in the middle of the road.

At that moment Ed-die Lyons



"HOW DID IT GET THRU THE WAR-ZONE WITHOUT THE AMERICAN FLAG ON ITS HULL?" PUZZLED BARRINGTON

and Lee Moran turned the corner in a big car, and came within a breath of destroying the entire production. Damon drew back just in time. Moran, who was driving the car, brought it to a full stop.

"Dont ever pull that again, Mark Antony, or your friends wont know you when it's all over," said Moran.

"Pull what?" asked Damon, as he placed one foot on the running-board and gazed with a vacant stare at them both.

"Why, that comedy you just tried to start," added Lyons. "You mustn't treat this machine like that; it cant take a joke."

"Cant it?" inquired Damon, soberly.

"No," interrupted Moran; "its parents brought it up different."

"Can I see Mister Bovine?" asked Damon.

"I dont know—can you?" continued Lyons.

"He's waitin' fer me," responded the star.

"Dont worry, he'll getcher," added the comedian. "Look how long China waited for a republic."

"I've got ter find him," said Damon, who was beginning to look worried.

"Walk as far as you can go, in that direction," said Moran, as he pointed east. "And be sure and take a lot of shoes with you."

"You might drop us a line every once'n awhile, too," added Lyons.

"Now let go-er the car," commanded Moran. "It dont like to be held down."

And, as Damon backed away, the two comedians started down the road.

"No medal can touch it," remarked Lyons, as he smiled to his pal.

"Looks like one of the twelve apostles, doesn't he?" remarked Herbert Rawlinson, who at that moment passed with his leading-lady, Agnes Vernon.

"If he did, I'd cancel fifty per cent of my faith in religion," she laughed, as they journeyed on.

"The European war started over less than that,"

said Val Paul, who was standing near the "property" building with Jonas, the publicity man.

"I hear they're going to put arsenic in its food the next time they feed it, so that it can be put out of its misery," added Jonas, as he watched Damon, who was now standing, with a look of bewilderment, where Moran and Lyons had left him.

"By Gad! Look at that fool!" exclaimed Beaudine. "He's blockin' the whole road."

"That's all right," remarked Murphy; "probably his father was a traffic cop."

"Go bag it and bring it over here, will yer?" added the director, who was now getting peeved.

Murphy went over and rescued the stranded Hamlet, and, taking him by the arm, led him over to where Beaudine was impatiently waiting.

"What's the matter—did yer engine die on yer over there?" he shouted as the two arrived.

"I wasn't doin' nothin', mister," said Damon, somewhat chagrined.

"Well, hereafter when you've got nothin' to do go an' weep on yer grandmother's grave," the director warned him.

"I cant; she's dead," said Damon.

"Untouched by hands," said Murphy, as he threw both of his hands above his head.

"Shows you what soft drink will do for some," laughed Beaudine. Then, as he studied the star, he continued:

"Where's your make-up?"

"Left it over there," he answered, as he pointed towards the wardrobe building.

"I tell you, Bill, he's the original," remarked Murphy.

"There's none genuine without his signature."

"Take him around and fresco his label, will yer?" said the director, as he turned to his assistant.

Murphy took him to the "extra" room and shoved a stick of grease-paint in one hand and a mirror in the other.

"Now hide it," he ordered him. "Dont even let your ears show, if you can help it."

Damon grasped the stick and began lathering his face with it, while Murphy looked on with interest. It was No. 6, and, before he finished, his face looked as tho it had fallen heir to a wealth of chocolate.

"You cant fix it without being born again," said Murphy. "You've got a big suit against Nature. That face of yours is injured for life. Come on."

The ruffled edition of Hamlet followed Murphy like a remorseful burglar on his

way to religious baptism, and felt about as much at ease as a German at an English tea-party.

"Ride to the fourth 'set' down there and then get off," said Murphy, as he pointed to the long line of stages.

Damon felt about as comfortable as the Russian revolution as he journeyed down the line with his cutaway costume, which looked as tho he had been poured into it from the waist down. His feet looked powerful enough to supplant the bridge across the Neva, which was destroyed the day the Czar jumped his board-bill. His



"HE LOOKS LIKE THE SECOND COMING OF PAUL REVERE," LAUGHED MURPHY

countenance still retained that vacantness which refused to be influenced by wars or rumors of wars.

All the stages were busy. Cameras were clicking, directors were shouting, and stars were twinkling. On the first stage Henry McRae was trying to inspire a bunch of love-stuff in Agnes Vernon. He looked like Bryan putting over a grape-juice speech in a town deluged with liquor, and trying to make his words heard around the world.

On the next was Stuart Paton putting over the tenth episode of "The Voice on the Wire." He was shooting a homely dining-room "set," with Neva Gerber and Howard Barrington pulling the domestic stuff with a layout of a couple of eggs and a potato around the table.

"Now then!" shouted Paton, who stood

beside the camera-man. "You, Miss Gerber, are supposed to be eating. And you, Barrington, are reading the morning paper. Both of you are silent, for you're still thinking of the terrible affair at Red Warren's house the night before. Are you ready?"

"I think so, Mr. Paton," answered the actress, as she took her place at the table.

"All right, Gaudio?" said the director, as he turned to his camera-man.

"Letergo," as he bent over his machine.

"Camera!" shouted Paton. "Now then, Miss Gerber, put the coffee-pot on the table. That's it. Barrington—the paper. Glance at your father, Miss Gerber. Dont hold it too long! You, Barrington, show some interest in that paper.

Put some expression in that stuff! Remember, you're making a discovery! Show it!"

At that moment, Damon, who had lost himself, was totally unconscious of what was going on, and before he could put his chains on he had skidded right into the "set," and never came to a full stop until he pulled up alongside the table.

"Hey!" yelled the director, as operations ceased. "Get out-er there!"

"Your mother's callin' yer!" shouted Gaudio, as he stopped cranking and studied the strange visitor.

"Where d'ye git that stuff?" asked Paton, who had now reached the derelict and stood giving him a bird's-eye view, while he scratched his head.

"What?" inquired Damon, as he began tickling his fingers again.

"You've spoiled two hundred feet of film, at fifteen cents a foot!" exclaimed Paton. "Why dont you knock before you enter?"

"I saw yer all in, an' didn't think there wuz any need of rappin'," replied Damon, seriously.

"I wonder if there's any duty on it," mused the actress, as she turned in her chair and scrutinized him.

"How did it get thru the war-zone without the American flag on its hull?" puzzled Barrington.

"Dont sacrifice your whole future by stickin' here," said the director, as he shot Damon a threatening look. "Start yer engine; start yer engine, Lazarus!"

About this time Damon discovered he was at the wrong dance, and he wandered away without even stopping to get a return check.

"Why dontcher cut out this driftin'?" asked Murphy, who appeared at that

moment on the scene. "Lay on yer back an' float fer a change."

"Here he is," said Dorothy Phillips, as Damon approached with Murphy. She was dressed in the costume of Ophelia, and stood chatting with Beaudine.

"Say," began the director, as the rural



DAMON PLACED HIS KNEE AGAINST THE BEAST AND TUGGED AWAY IN AN EFFORT TO UNTWIST HIS ANTLERS

Hamlet arrived, "I wish you'd stop goin' ter lunch every five minutes!"

"When?" asked Damon, innocently.

"It's an absolutely unprecedented sale, I tell yer," chimed in Murphy, as he turned away.

"I hope it never comes into vogue," said Dorothy, as Damon stood staring at her.

"Well, fish," said Beaudine, "I want to introduce you to Miss Phillips. She's going to play opposite you, as Ophelia."

"I cant play that," responded Damon. "All I can play is tag."

"If it keeps open much longer, I'll raid it and take its license away," blurted out Murphy.

"What do you call it?" inquired the fascinating little star.

"Call it anything you like," answered the director.

"It's the biggest disaster since the Germans started their ruthless submarine warfare," added Murphy.

"Now then," said Beaudine, "let's start something. The first scene we're goin' ter shoot is the one where you meet Ophelia," he continued, as he turned to Damon. "She's on her way home from the factory, and is set upon by ruffians. You are coming down the street, and just as you get to the corner of that stone wall"—here he pointed to the wall in the "set"—"you see that she is in distress and rush to her aid. That's the meeting. Get over there now and we'll rehearse it." Then he paused a moment. "Here," he added, as he handed Damon a small stone jug, "you might be on your way to the well to get some water. That'll give it more atmosphere."

Damon took the jug and went over to the wall. Three or four ugly-looking ruffians slouched over and took up their places around the corner to lie in wait for the daughter of Polonius. Dorothy

Phillips, looking more beautiful than ever in her royal robes, strolled gracefully over to the "set" and began chatting with them, while the camera-man proceeded to focus his machine.

"All right, Miss Phillips!" called the director, as he took his post beside the camera-man. "Further down—that's it. Now, ruffians, get ready! Wait! Not too fast. Dont rush it. Wait until she gets almost to the corner!" Then he turned to the camera-man. "Are they in, Jerry?"

"All in," answered the other, as he peered into his machine.

Ophelia started towards the corner, and, when she was within a few feet of where Damon was standing, peeking around the wall, the ruffians pounced on her and started dragging her away. It was not a love-feast, and the ruffians put an enormous lot of reality into their acting and all the ruffle into their work that a first-class hairdresser would in a beauty-parlor.

"Hey, Hamlet!" shouted the director. "Come on! Mix in!"

But Damon stood peeking around the corner, content to be a witness of the affair, rather than take any part in it. It was the nearest he had ever come to a real fight, and he didn't like the looks of it.

"Get in it, Hamlet!" yelled Beaudine.

"I rather wait until they've finished," replied Damon, as he gazed apprehensively at the three muscular fellows.

"It's suffered too long, Bill," said Murphy. "In five minutes I'll put an end to its misery."

"If you dont get in this, by Gad, you'll get in a bigger one!" threatened the director. "Just a minute, Miss Phillips, we'll have to do it over again." He reflected a moment. Then he turned to Jerry. "We'll take it this time," he added.

Beaudine walked over to one of the ruffians and whispered something in his ear. Damon, who remained in the same spot, gazed at him with suspicion.

"He's a great big stiff," said one of the group, as he looked at Damon.

Now our rural friend didn't know what he meant by a "stiff," but he felt certain it was not a term of endearment. Then, too, he didn't like the way the fellow said it. He swung the jar around on his back, and started towards the ruffian.

"Ready, Miss Phillips!" shouted Beaudine.

"Who's what you said?" asked Damon, as he stepped up to the big chap who had insulted him.

"You, you poor simp," replied the other.

"Gosh, I'm goin' ter slam yer fer that," said Damon. And he let his right arm shoot out. There was a big fist on the end of it and it settled on the fellow's jaw.

"Camera!" shouted the director, as he took in the situation. "Go to it, boys! That's it! Dont be too rough with Miss Phillips, but knock the ham out of Hamlet!"

He didn't need to encourage the actors. For, no sooner did the big fellow receive the message from Damon than he returned it with an encore. He presented Hamlet with a few choice selections of rights and lefts that made him groggy. Damon fought back with all his might, and proved that milking cows is wonderful training for combats such as this one. He was intoxicated with fury, and was not satisfied to beat up one, but wanted to lick the whole bunch. Swinging from one to the other, he dropped them to the floor. Then, when one of them started to rise, he reached for the jug and brought it down on the fellow's head, with a blow that sent him on a



WILLIAM FRANNEY AS HE REALLY IS

short holiday and smashed the clay into bits.

In the meantime Jerry was grinding for all he was worth, while the director looked on with satisfaction.

"That's great stuff!" yelled Beaudine. "Did you get it, Jerry?"

"Every foot of it," answered the camera-man.

Damon stood like a sphinx with one eye closed. As he stood there wondering where he was going to spend the next few minutes, Beaudine went over to him.

"You did fine, old man!" he said, as he patted him on the back.

"He cant call me a stiff simp and play

with me," said Damon. "I'll bash him again," he added, as he made a move towards the fellow, who was just getting up.

"Dont blame him," laughed the director; "I told him to do it. I wanted the punch in that scene, and you gave it to me. Now then, I want you to go down to the other end of the lot and get a horse. Ride it up here, and I'm going to take a 'shot' of you riding into the palace yard." Then he turned to Murphy, who was doubling up with laughter. "You'd better go 'long with him, or he'll forget to come back."

Murphy pointed out the stables to Damon, started him off on the right road, and then left him. In the meantime Beaudine and the camera-man were moving to a section of a palace courtyard which had been set up out in the open to the rear of the big stage.

About a half-hour later, as the director, his assistant and the camera-man were sprawled out on the grass, waiting for the return of Hamlet, the latter rode up.

"Say, Bill," said Murphy, "get this guy."

Beaudine arose up and was on his feet the next instant. "For the love of Mike, dont you know a horse when you see one?" he shouted, while Damon, who looked as comfortable as an old maid at a bachelor's picnic, straddled a four-cylinder mule.

"He looks like the second coming of Paul Revere," laughed Murphy.

"That guy is sittin' on his nearest relative," added Jerry.

"Do you know they have schools just for the purpose of preventin' things like you?" went on the director. "I asked you to bring a horse!"

"The feller what's in the stable said this wuz the nearest thin' he had to a horse," replied Damon solemnly. "He said a mule an' me looked more alike, an' we'd make a better pitcher."

"I tell yer, he's the overt act," remarked Murphy, as he shook his head.

"He's got his last note from me," said Jerry. "The next false move he makes I'm goin' ter hand him his passports."

"Take fifty feet of it, just as it looks now," Beaudine directed the camera-man.

Jerry obeyed his superior, after which the director studied his script for a few moments.

"I think I'll take the bull-fight next," he finally said, as he turned towards Damon. "Take your friend back again and see if you can steer a bull up here without irritating it. Be kind to it."

"If you dont, you'll be the star guy at a lay-out which you'll not attend, even tho you'll be there leadin' the procession," remarked Murphy.

Damon swung his conservative steed about, and, with a gracefulness that emerged from every line of his noble physique, he rode away.

That was the last seen of Hamlet for some time. Altho Beaudine and his assistants waited anxiously for his return, he was nowhere on the horizon.

"He's probably throwing the bull somewhere," said Jerry.

"I think he passed out with the Romanoff dynasty," remarked Murphy.

"He should have abdicated as soon as his reign began," laughed Beaudine.

About an hour later, as Beaudine was superintending the construction of a "set," Murphy, who had been out reconnoitering, rushed up breathlessly.

"Leave-him-ter-me, will—yer—boss?" he panted, as he pointed down the road.

Beaudine turned and beheld a sight seldom equaled even in a Moving Picture town, where something new is being flashed every few hours. There was Damon using every ounce of his manly strength to urge the national beast of Ireland up the road. But the animal seemed to have its own ideas about progress, and tho he tugged with it, pleaded with it, pulled it and pushed it, the beast refused to budge.

"That guy is as busy as the South after the Civil War," remarked Jerry.

"Nothin' would ever do anythin' for him," added Beaudine. "He's too rough." And with that the trio started after him.

"Say, empty, if that was a bull when

it started, it certainly shrunk on the way," said the director, as he arrived on the scene with his staff.

"It wuzn't," said Damon, as he grabbed the horns of the beast.

"If I sent you for a package of pins, you'd come back with the Panama Canal," continued Beaudine. "Now what'n blazes are yer tryin' ter do with this Irish ambassador?"

"The feller didn't have a bull, so he said, while I wuzn't doin' anythin', I could straighten out this thin's horns," replied Damon, as he placed his knee against the beast and tugged away in an effort to untwist his antlers.

"He's mean enough to go to work with crutches so's ter git a seat on the subway," remarked Murphy.

"Take twenty feet of it," said Beaudine, as he turned to Jerry.

"Say, boss," said the camera-man, with an evidence of surprise, "how long yer goin' ter let this guy queer this pitcher?"

"What-er yer talkin' 'bout, yer poor simp?" replied Beaudine. "He's given me a good one-reel comedy, an' I'm goin' ter call it 'Ham and Hamlet,' and release it as a burlesque on my own production!" Then he turned to Damon. "Say, do you remember where yer left that broom?" he continued.

"Yessir," replied Damon, as he released the goat, which scampered across the lot.

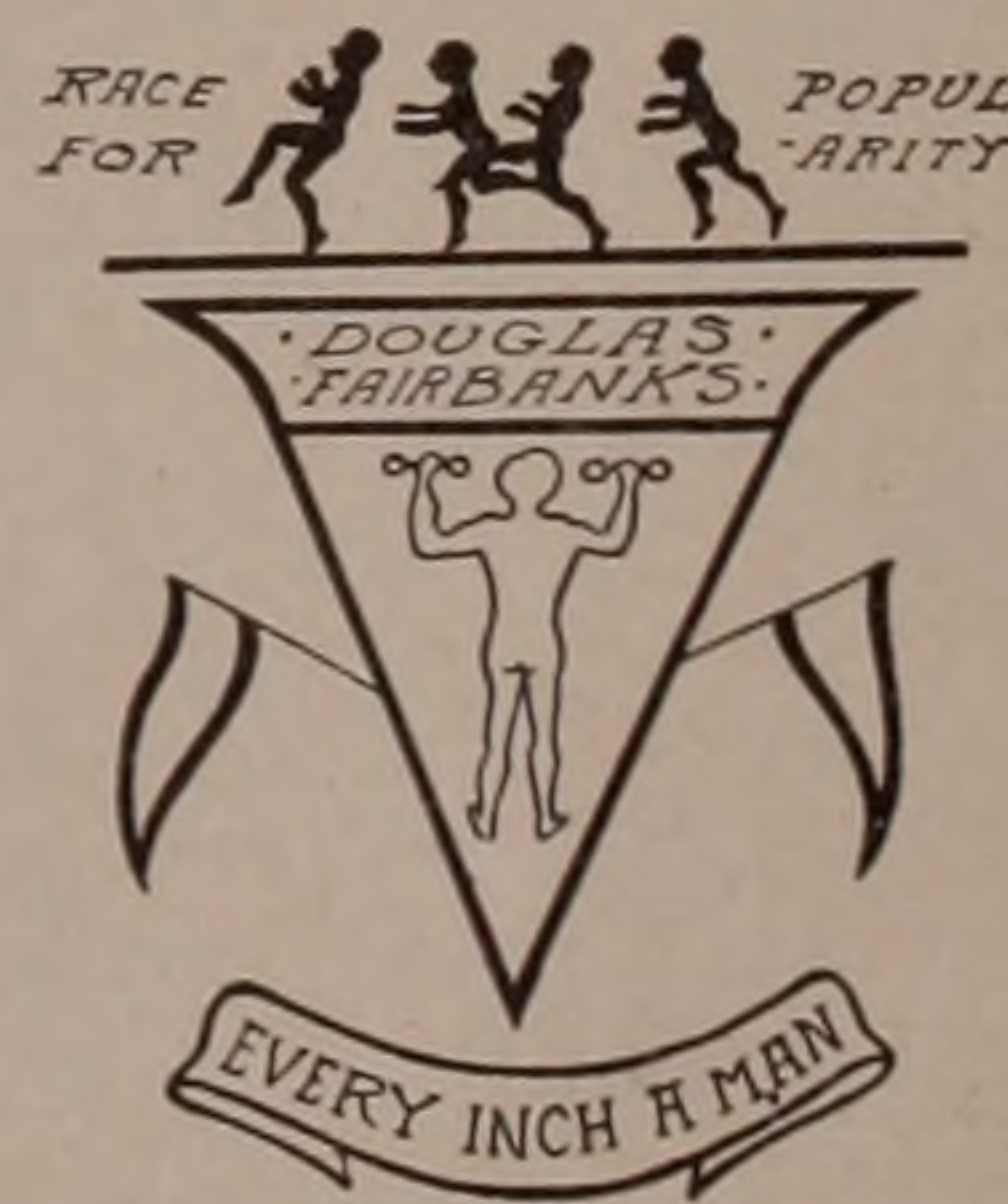
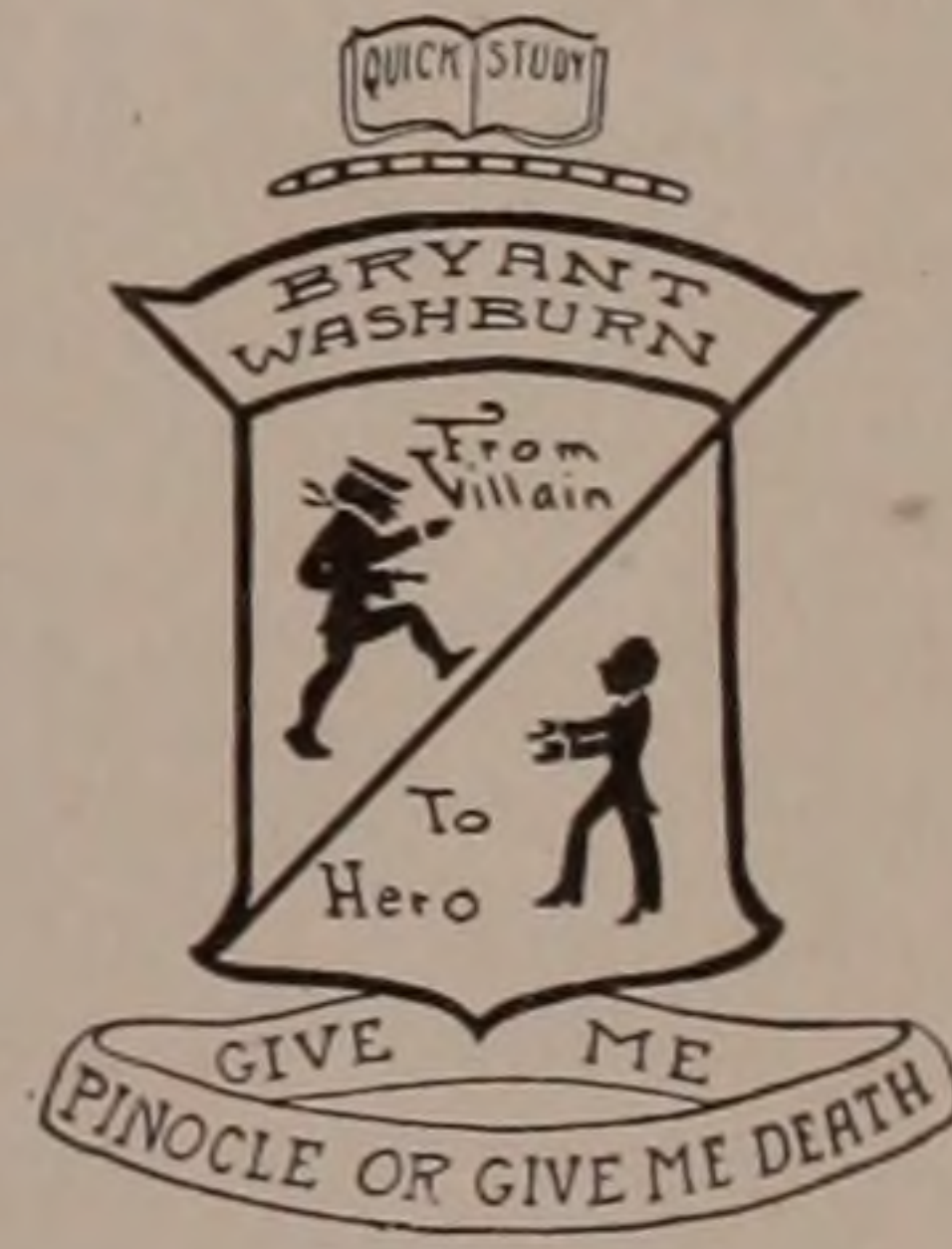
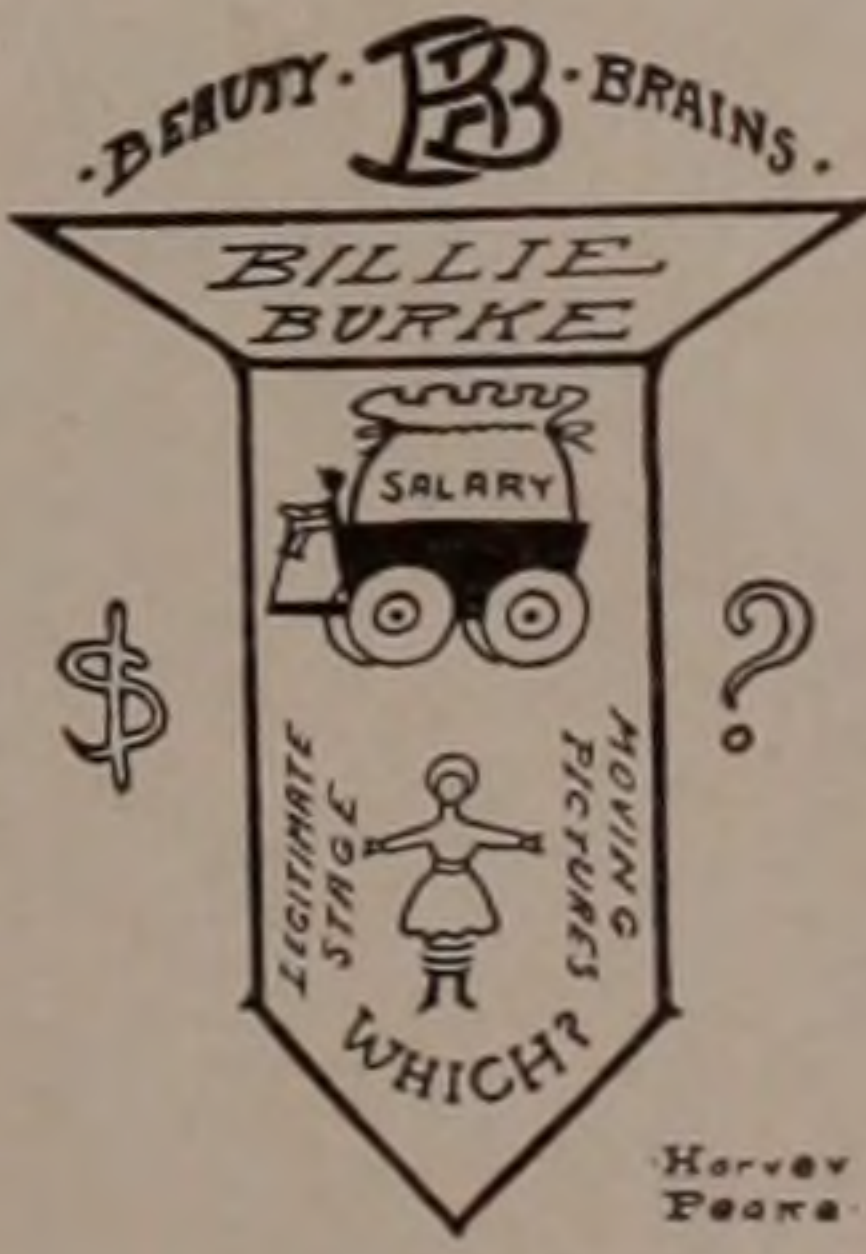
"Well, yer'd better go an' finish sweepin' that street," said the director.

"Say, Franey!" shouted Beaudine, as he rushed into the comedian's dressing-room. "Hurry up, we're all ready to shoot that scene!"

The actor raised his head, rubbed his eyes and stared at his director for a moment. Then he jumped up, straightened out his costume, and, grabbing the arms of the man who had so rudely awakened him, said:

"Bill, I've got a great idea for a one-reel comedy! And I dreamt it in my beauty sleep, without eatin' a rarebit."

"Well, lock it up till later. Come on," said the director, as he led the way out.




COATS OF ARMS AND CRESTS FOR POPULAR PLAYERS, SUGGESTED BY HARVEY PEAKE

Better Act Accurately
Than Look Pretty,
Says Valentine Grant,
Who Does Both

A Girl Whose Feelings Changed Her Face

by
Ethel M. Nelson



"WHO would want to dress up and look pretty when she can do things like that?" Valentine Grant exclaimed, holding up a photograph of herself in the shoulder shawl and turned-up petticoat of an Irish fisher-girl. "I don't care a bit about having a large and fashionable wardrobe, but I am always on the look-out for any garment that carries a hint of 'character,' and that may be useful some time in building up a part. I am proud of my collection of 'character clothes. I'd rather wear a ragged apron and lose myself in the rôle of a human, elemental woman than look enchantingly beautiful in a Paris gown playing a conventional society person. The more I can sink my own personality in that of the character I am playing, the happier I am. When my friends don't recognize me on the screen, they pay me the greatest compliment. Now, honestly, would you think these were all pictures of the same person?"

She indicated the photographs strewed about us. And, honestly, I wouldn't have known, without a hint, that they were all portraits of the rosy, athletic young woman on the opposite side of the reading-table. There was a trace of her in the proud, stately Russian baroness of "The Melting Pot," and the Scotch lassie had a suggestion of her dimpled smile; but I could hardly have recognized her in the colleen driving the donkey-cart, and not at all in the lumber-camp waitress "all in" at the end of a hard day's work.

Miss Grant seems able to *live* a character so intensely that she actually *looks* different in each part, even without the aid of elaborate make-up. Glance at the portrait of her at home in a modish gown, at her beloved piano. Does she not look quite a different person from the Castilian lady with the beads



VALENTINE GRANT, AS THE BARONESS IN "THE MELTING POT"

(Forty-six)

and the vigorous young garden boy in overalls? She believes firmly in the influence of clothes, and takes the utmost care to have every part of a costume correct.

"When I get into the clothes and know that they are the real garments that the character would wear in life," she said, "I feel like the person I am representing. I don't know the camera and the scenery are there. For the moment I am the girl of the story.

"Those are genuine brogans in the Irish pictures, big and clumsy, and heavy as lead; but I wouldn't have had them a particle smaller or lighter, because they are the

actual boots that these fisher-girls wear. The little shawl I bought in 'Paddy's Market' in Cork. The holes in the petticoat were worn by the knees of a scrub-woman who had worked in it for years. The little apron in the Scotch pictures was given to me by the old Scotch nurse of a friend. There is a story or a bit of human interest in nearly every garment I wear in my work.

"I had not been acting in pictures long before I realized that in order to stand out from the crowd one must do something distinctive—different. Character acting seemed to be my métier, and I decided to specialize in that line of work, and determined that I would make every one of my character portraits absolutely real and true. So I have never stopped studying people and their clothes and customs, manners and mannerisms. Even if I had not had that ambition, I would have been compelled to work that way, under Sidney Olcott's direction, for he has a genius for correct detail and realism. Every picture he produces is like a master-painting, perfect in background, drawing, perspective and lighting, and authentic in the smallest detail. It is so exquisitely finished that it is utterly satisfying. He contends that one cannot be too particular in working out details, because there is always some-



MISS GRANT—AN IRISH COLLEEN, HUMBLE AND HARD-WORKING

body in an audience who knows when a scene is not correct. Once I was seeing 'A Daughter of MacGregor,' and after the old Scotchman was chased out of the house by his shrewish wife, who wouldn't let him smoke indoors, a man sitting near me chuckled and said: 'Look at the poor old fellow sitting out there in the rain, with his pipe turned upside down to keep the water out!' Wasn't it a stroke of genius to think of that little touch? It is only one of countless instances of Mr. Olcott's minute accuracy and intimate knowledge of people.

"I believe," said Miss Grant, with earnest conviction, "that the public wants that kind of pictures. If a picture is well produced in every particular, whether the story is a strong one or not, that is what the public demands. I have been in touch with the selling end of the business ever since I have been acting; and from what I have observed and have heard from distributors, I am sure that the unsettled condition the industry is in right now is due to the resentment which the public is beginning to show against stories of vulgar, lurid, impure type. I feel confident that the photoplay that is clean, well produced, and full of lifelike characterizations is the one that is going to survive.

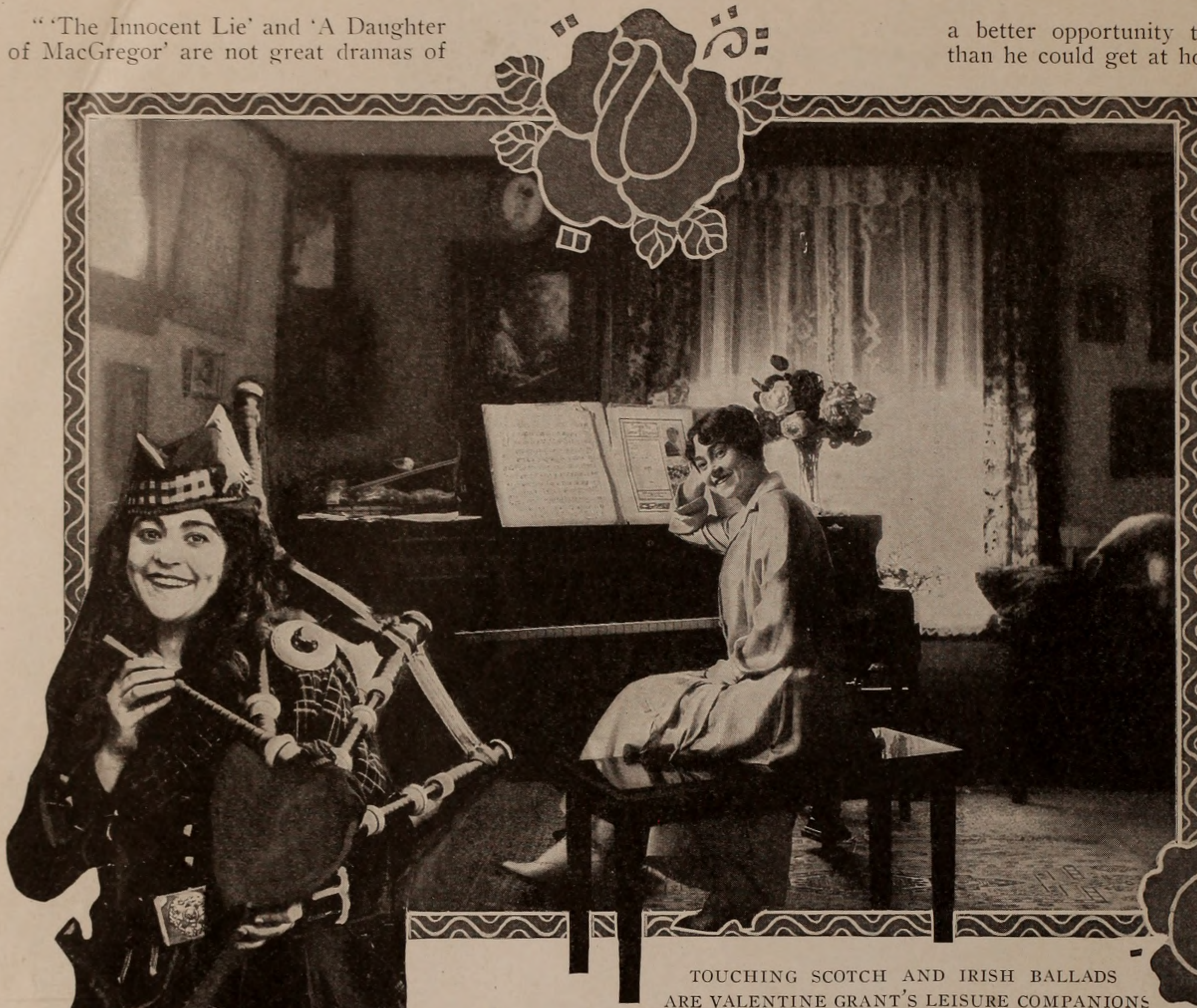
MISS GRANT—A YOUNG SPANISH GIRL OF THE UPPER CLASSES

(Forty-seven)

"The Innocent Lie' and 'A Daughter of MacGregor' are not great dramas of

a better opportunity to make a living than he could get at home. They never expect to see him again.

"I enjoy listening to the comments of people in the audience, especially when I go to 'see myself.' They are often very helpful. When I was seeing 'The Innocent Lie,' there happened to be an old Irish woman sitting beside me. When the scene appeared in which I, as Nora O'Brien, bid good-by to my sweetheart as he starts for America,



TOUCHING SCOTCH AND IRISH BALLADS ARE VALENTINE GRANT'S LEISURE COMPANIONS

course; indeed some of the critics call their stories mediocre; but they have a value, because they are real—true to life. I know they are, for I saw the people in Ireland and Scotland living and behaving just the way the characters in the pictures do. I know that Mr. Olcott's settings are correct in every detail. I visited in the thatched cottages and rode on the little donkeys with the peat baskets, and bumped over the rocky roads in the funny jaunting-cars. I saw spinning-wheels in some of the Irish cabins, and a dear old man taught me how to spin. I saw the old looms in Scotch cottages, in kitchens with floors of stone flags; and I saw the lassies scrubbing and polishing those flags on Saturdays, and then decorating them with patterns in colored chalk, 'tae mak' them fine for the Sabbath.' I saw the same lassies doing the family washing, standing in the tubs and treading the clothes with their bare feet.

"Often in Ireland I witnessed the American 'wake,' as they call the farewell to an emigrant. When a young man or woman leaves the village to come to America, the whole town goes to the station, and you never saw such a wail-fest in your life. It's heart-breaking to see the parents sending away their son or daughter, tearing their lives to pieces in order that the beloved child may have

and all the townspeople are weeping and waving hands, she said to her companion: 'Och! he's going away! Sure, it's like death! Manny's the time I've been thru it!'

"I'd rather act in pictures like that, which tell real, human stories and touch the heart, than get the biggest salary that could be paid for playing gold-gowned, hectic ladies in 'triangular' romances," declared Miss Grant, her eyes glowing with earnestness.

Then like the swiftness of a gentle breeze stirring the heather bloom, a most bewitching smile spread, rippled, broke and ended in two irrepressible dimples over the fascinating countenance of Miss Grant, when I urgently requested her to play that lilting tune—"The Campbells are coming, hurrah! hurrah!" on the piano. I wish you could have been there to have enjoyed, also, with me, her perfect rendering of that dear old Scotch melody, "I Love a Lassie, a Bonnie, Bonnie Lassie" (she very correctly pronounced bonnie: "bunny-bunny.")

"I suppose I shall always like Scotch and Irish parts best; but I expect that before I stop acting my collection of 'stills' will comprise a complete gallery of national types as well as a large number of 'characters' of no particular nationality, primitive humans—'jest folks.'"

(Forty-eight)

"THE DAUGHTER OF MAC GREGOR"

Animal Actors Are Susceptible to Applause

By Peter Wade Gridley

Pets of the Pictures, So Says Mary Pickford, Know When They Are Winning an Audience's Approval and Play for It



LD Noah's trouble with the animals in his Ark was as nothing compared to that of little Mary Pickford and her Movie Menagerie. All the side-show freaks of Noah's Zoo marched, we are told, in orderly files of two by two, and otherwise conducted themselves quite properly, but Mary's woes are legion.

It was only the humblest kind of a diminutive duck, but Mary says it has

screen whose experience with members of the animal kingdom covers a wide range.

"I first noticed it in 'Rags,'" says Miss Pickford, "for here I was given a dog to go right to work with, without so much as an introduction. We had never rehearsed together and never met as far as I can

when we got before the camera the 'actor' in that dog immediately became apparent. He went at everything letter perfect.

"He seemed intuitively to do everything right. If the director said 'fine,' before I could stop him 'Rags' would do it over again. He was the most persistent encorer I have ever met; I finally had to take him by the back of the neck and firmly



"TOPSY," THE DONKEY, USED TO STAR IN "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN"

taught her a lesson, and one that brings with it a warning to all those who have found music in applause and melody in approval. Little Mary did not put her meaning into slang, but what she really did mean to say was that a stage animal once seeing that it, he or she is making a hit, it, he or she at once "hogs the act." It may seem odd that a duck can "hog" an act, but it can according to the little lady of the

remember. I did not know it at the time, but 'Rags' was no amateur. At rehearsal he affected ignorance, indifference and at times displayed a tendency to snarl, but

impress upon his dogship that I was the star of the show. But it was unavailing. My contract was a simpering symposium of meaningless words compared to his dog license. But we got thru, and if you remember the picture, he starred himself, and from the stories he got in the newspapers about his quaint



"HULDA" AND "RAGS" WERE NAMED AFTER TWO FAMOUS PICTURES



“ADAM,” THE “STAR” OF “LESS THAN THE DUST,” IS A SHIP OF THE DESERT, BUT LITTLE MARY HAD TO LEAVE HIM IN NEW YORK

keep it up. One starring season was too much for him. The last time I saw ‘Rags,’ he was working in the chorus of a dog village show and in the back line at that.

Little Mary couldn’t even have a docile little lamb; hers was a—but let her tell it.

“Now when we started in to do ‘Hulda from Holland,’ I found that one of my company was to be a goat. Of course everybody made a joke of it. I did not, for I remembered ‘Rags.’ I had been learning many lessons in that big schoolhouse of experience for a long time, so made up my mind to take the goat in hand.

“I took him to our country place in an automobile, and one afternoon when there was no one around I took him back of the chicken-house and we had a serious talk. I knew he didn’t know the scenario. I suppose if they had given it to him he would have eaten it. But I had absorbed mine. I had already

learnt from the property-man that the goat was an amateur. His only accomplishment in the past had been pulling a wagon and playing fire-horse for a lot of kiddies. This gave me a cue. I got a gong and rang it. He was immediately all attention. He had not forgotten his first training. So we went to work together and I was not unkind, but I made him understand that from a standpoint of acting he was supporting me and not starring. And he was fine. When we got before the camera his work was perfect and exactly in accord. Once he tried to take a butt at the camera, I rang the gong on him and he was all attention. But the gong was his downfall, after he had made a hit and might have remained in his profession. He was standing in front of the studio one afternoon when a crowd of boys with a wagon and another goat went flying by ringing a gong and playing “fire department.” It was too much for my actor-goat. Down fell the bust of Thespis o’er his



“TOPSY” BECAME THE “PROUDEST OF THE CLAN”

canine capers I think he must have had a personal press-agent. But he didn’t



"LITTLE MARY" AND HER ALL-STAR CAST—
"GLADYS" AND "TRILLS"

chamber-door and he was gone. The gong had awakened the old life. But perhaps it was for the best. Sometimes I have felt that I would like to ring a gong and run away too.

"But now for the duck. I named her Hulda, and you know all about her, how she was given to me in Chicago, and swam all the way to New York in the wash-basin of the Pullman drawing-room. In 'The Pride of the Clan' you know I am simply surrounded by animals. But I never had such a wonderful stock company in my life. They were all new

to the business. I thought they were, until I took them off for a private rehearsal. One session with Hulda, the duck, and I found that she had all of the old tricks and 'stealing your stuff' games that were ever invented. I have no idea where she ever learnt them. The donkey I found out was an old-timer, dating back as far as 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' when he had to do two a day, work in the after-piece and make parade. I thought the

CHARMING THE WITCHY,
RAIN-DRIVEN CAT

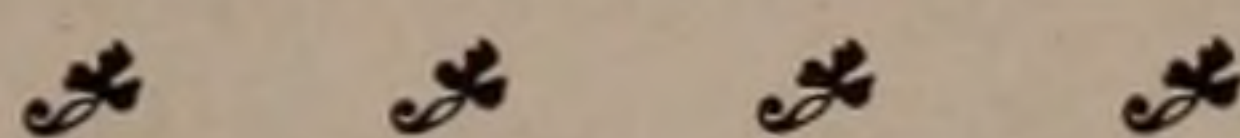
dog was all right until one day I caught him walking on his hind legs before a crowd of admiring children. I found out he had been on U. B. O. time for two years, and knew where the private elevator was at the Palace Theater offices in New York. And the cat—poor little dejected rain-beaten cat—was nearly dead when I picked her up in the road near Fort Lee one rainy day and carried her all the way home. She was the only home-body and non-professional of my troupe—no three-sheet had ever lured her from the singing tea-kettle, the saucer of milk and the cheerful fireside. She just wanted to be at home. But when we went up to Marblehead, Mass., to take the pictures of the sinking boat, in the middle of which I sat, water washing all over me, shouting 'Help!' and holding onto the cat, what do you think that feline fuss did? Why, she gave me a scratch, and slipping out of my arms jumped overboard and swam ashore and left me there to sink into the film, if not the sea. And after all the saucers of milk I've given that cat, too!

"But as I started out to say, the stage animal knows when it is pleasing the audience and works up to it and for more applause. I know a young man who tells me a whole lot of wonderful things about elephants, and he says that he has known them to make an exit and on hearing the applause come back and make a bow without being told, and I believe him. So now when I act with an animal we have a long session before we get in front of the camera, and before we adjourn there is no mistake as to who is the real boss.

"Out in Los Angeles I asked Bonavita, the animal trainer, if it was true that animals liked applause, and he said:

"Of course they do. All mine like to be lionized."

"And I told him I supposed that was so—they're pretty folksy, after all."



Good Story Contest—Announcement of Winners

IN recent issues of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC, the Scenario Service Bureau offered \$135 in prizes for the best original story. The contest closed on March 31, and the judges have just completed the work of reading several thousand excellent stories and a few that were not excellent. The judges have made their awards, and the Bureau has asked us to publish the names of the winners, who are as follows, in the order named: Gerald L. Carson, P. O., Inwood, L. I., for "The Sleep-Walker"; E. L. Krizan, Groom, Texas, for "The Warning Call"; James V. Hamlin, Newark, N. J., for "The Final Analysis"; Miss Georgette Poulard, 76 Franklin Av., Passaic Park, N. J., for "The Masterpiece"; R. W. Meguiar, 172 Formwalt St., Atlanta, Ga., for "When Hatred Fled"; Miss Eda

Bowers-Robinson, 134 Hubinger St., New Haven, Conn., for "The Madonna of the Wayside"; Carroll E. King, Highland, O., for "Duty"; W. F. Weddle, Piedmont, Mo., for "The Ray of Light"; Miss E. Maitland, Vernon Lodge, Hughenden Road, East St. Kilda, Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, for "Man's Sacrifice"; Miss Ursula R. Blake, 806 E. Water St., Pontiac, Ill., for "That Clayton Affair"; Mrs. W. Harry Bosworth, 85 Brent St., Dorchester, Mass., for "Her Reward"; Arthur F. Bissonette, 74 Broad St., Hudson, Mass., for "Nan from Nowhere"; and Miss Nancy M. Burns, 7629 Loraine Av., Cleveland, O., for "What Would You Have Done?" Among those whose stories competed strongly for a prize are: Marie L. Waibel, Charles E. Harris, Eleanor C. Brooks, A. Loretto

Quigley, Jessie M. Whipple, L. L. Williamson, C. B. Woods, Ethel Dunn, Wm. A. Fahrenhorst, Wong Chin, Ethel Reid, Joseph Milam, Mrs. Edward Pels, R. E. Lutz, Leon C. Bailey, Maym M. Wooley, Margaret Morgan, John Lindgren, Julian E. Isaac, B. I. Scanlon, Mary C. Rupp, Orpha M. Hughey, Ada B. Rhea, Fred. R. Whittemore, E. B. McOrmand, M. R. Murphy, Claire O. Goldstein, H. J. Fraser, Pearl Stahl, Edith Dangerfield, Mrs. J. L. Long, Patty Gardinier, Charlotte M. B. Boles, Maude Vandiver, and many others too numerous to mention. We have taken over from the Scenario Service Bureau the rights to the prize-winners, and we have sent the prize-money to the successful authors. Some of these stories will be published and some filmed—it has not yet been decided.

The Language of the Silent Drama

By MAUD WATERS DITTMAR

AN observer is simply astounded at the improvement made in Motion Pictures in the past five years. Wonderful plays adapted from wonderful books, and the finest actors and opera stars in the profession are employed now in producing these plays. Five years ago we would have said "Impossible!" and some persons at that time thought multiple reels very improbable; three-reel features being considered lengthy productions. But, nevertheless, we have the most wonderful films and many that take an entire evening to be shown; some costing fabulous sums to produce; those that have had longer runs at the country's leading theaters than the average play—they are all here with all the beauty imaginable.

Let us give some consideration to the language of the silent drama, namely, the music. Has it kept pace with the productions that are being daily thrown on the screen, and what are some of the causes why we do not have better music with our better pictures? What do we get in the way of music when we attend the average picture theater? In many cases, a miserable program and often very poorly rendered. What are the causes?

In the first place, the exhibitor is at fault. He buys usually a cheap piano, thinking any kind will answer, and no matter how well a man knows his business, he cannot get good results from poor material. Then he will add an imitation of a pipe-organ that has a mighty tremolo which is usually worked overtime, and minus a trumpet stop, which is most necessary, especially for military pictures. He will demand, no matter what the picture is, that the organ be played for at least one reel during the five- or six-reel production. Or, "What would be the use to go to the expense of having an organ at all?" he says. When the piano-and-organ effect is on in short cues, the music is disturbing, to say the least; and you have a most wonderful conglomeration of sound that will certainly almost make you forget to look at the picture. This is frequently done, unfortunately, in first-class houses. Right here, it would be well to add that these observations are all taken from first-class houses, where six- and seven-reel features are exhibited and where first-class musicians are employed.

As to musicians, when a leader of an orchestra or a pianist applies for a position, he will not be asked as to his familiarity with the operas or musical-comedies, or whether he can give the picture the proper atmosphere, as it should have; or whether he can play pictures with Irish, French, Russian, Spanish, Norwegian, Egyptian, Greek or Japanese settings. Nor is he asked as to his ability to play music to give color to ancient or religious settings. Very seldom will such ques-

tions be asked. Nine out of ten exhibitors will ask, "Can you catch the falls?" and if the applicant can slapstick he is engaged!

Then, he must be able to endure. Oh, how necessary it is to be able to play the morning, afternoon and evening performances! In most cases the one that endures will have to be endured by the audience, which feels inwardly—"If only he would rest awhile!" It is strange how an audience will think these things, but rarely speak of it to the management. However, they do speak of it to their friends.

Better by far to have silent drama in every sense of the word for a certain time during the day, than inappropriate music all day. However, it is hard to convince a man running a picture theater. To a lady pianist who had been working eight hours, with very few minutes to get lunch, when she protested she could not do her best with such long hours, he exclaimed, "I must have my piano going!" So in most cases the music must please the manager and not the public. This, of course, takes the ambition out of the average musician. He does not think of his work until he is ready to perform, or, if he is very good at playing American rag-time and popular waltzes, he simply uses these things regardless of how ridiculous some of it is in connection with the drama.

Music is the language of the photoplay; it should be carefully selected and well rendered. To a real musician there is nothing so extremely interesting as the setting of music to these beautiful plays. In the first place, it must give the picture atmosphere, color in the very introduction; the character of the play must be studied—scenery, whether land or water; subjects; place and country, and the age. Everything depends on the selecting of the proper theme; then it should never be lost thruout. The work should be planned in such a way that the theme would appear in some form or other during the entire production. Some will say, "Oh, I was so interested in the picture, I did not hear the music." In almost every case of that kind the picture is being well done by the musicians. If the music expresses what it should, it will not detract from the picture; and in many cases you will wonder at the thrills and the perfect harmony existing when you have the proper music, a language worthy of the silent drama.

Now, a person undertaking this work must progress. If he makes the same strides that the movies themselves have made in the past five years, he will be a credit to his profession and can demand all kinds of money. There is no reason, except the lack of common sense and the reading of the photoplay, why the musician in charge cannot put himself in this

admirable position. Every few months must find the shelves of his library filling up with descriptive musical works, and if he is wide-awake no money will be wasted.

Some of our readers advertise a symphony orchestra, and some of our film companies are putting out cues for the music, of which the Triangle Company is one, but the majority of the photoplay houses only employ a pianist, and some few of these employ a man at the traps. It is all very well to have a nice orchestra, if they know what to do, but many such do not give much thought to the picture, as will be shown in two instances later on. Much stress is laid by managers on cue-playing, which is all right provided they use judgment. Some of our beautiful songs and well-known operatic airs are often used for this purpose with distorted results in regard to the interpretation of the picture. Among the many are "Rosary," "Miserere," "Perfect Day" and the Sextet from "Lucia." These numbers played for sad scenes—unless absolutely a full rendition and a good cue, too—are made at times too cheap for words to express. Better by far to play an unfamiliar air than to make this grave mistake, especially when such a piece is followed by a few bars from some of our popular fox-trots and "rags": "The Hours I Spent with Thee, Dear Heart," "In Sweet Cider Time, When You Were Mine," etc., etc.

Cue-music must be set very carefully, so that the changes are so well done that the audience will not be able to notice anything that renders the picture ludicrous. For example, in one picture-house not long ago the barroom scene was shown to the strains of "Drink Her Down"; the next scene showed two nuns at an old well drawing a bucket of water; the music of "Drink Her Down" trailed off into the Sextet from "Lucia." Don't we have any other music for "drunks" but "We Wont Get Home Until Morning"? Surely there is plenty of suitable music.

Last summer the writer happened to be in Norfolk, Va. Of course we went to the theater advertising "symphony orchestra." The picture was "Weakness of Strength," six reels, with Edmund Breese as the big lumberjack—very spectacular. The overture was a selection from "The Mikado." Could anything have been a worse misfit? In Baltimore, a few months ago, we saw Lou-Tellegen in a fine production (not a picture) of "The King of Nowhere." The entire act music was beautiful as provided on the program, and selected to suit the period of the play, which was during the reign of Henry VIII. These numbers were played very well. On account of the length of the intermission, they had

(Continued on page 64)

"Anita Stewart" One-Step

By MURIEL POLLOCK

"Anita Stewart" One-Step

By MURIEL POLLOCK



Anita Stewart

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"ANITA STEWART" ONE-STEP

Music by MURIEL POLLOCK

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"ANITA STEWART" ONE-STEP

"ANITA STEWART" ONE-STEP

Cut this out, fold, try it on your piano, then order the full-size sheet music from your dealer—or send 25c. to this office for a copy.

What Money Cant Buy

(Famous Players)

By GLADYS HALL

This story was written from the Scenario of BEULAH MARIE DIX



THE miniature kingdom of Maritzia lay along the edge of the waters like some vivid, uncut gem ringed by the platinum seas. It exhaled "atmosphere"—*dolce far niente*—lotus-eating—dream-stuff—lyrical, tropical, fanciful things. One presupposed before one's occasional small steamer stopped long enough for one to dory to the sugar-white shore that the natives would sing rather than talk, subsist on nectar and pomegranates, and read Shelley at their most prosaic. One preimagined, rather hopefully, that dusky, impossible maidens would dance fantastically beneath the palms, cupping their slender, lemon hands for falling dates—from heaven. One bade a deep, internal fare-thee-well to stocks and bonds, to mortgages, installments, rents and debts, to war news, cabarets and show-girls, to the weariful, dreariful, multi-faced world we know.

As a matter of sad fact, when Mr. Wm. Shakespeare observed "All is not gold that glitters," or something along that line, he spoke truth. It is not only true of miniature kingdoms with idyllic surfaces; it is also true of idyllically surfaced ladies whose beauty, alas, is but beauty-box deep. It is true of bank accounts that, at a touch, crumble and reveal themselves as "holler—holler—holler." It is true of Love sometimes, that at Pain's first touch turns arid and withdraws. It is true of a number of things. It is also *not* true of a number of things. Wherefore, let us say with "Tusitala," "we should all be as happy as kings."

Once within—really *within* the Maritzian dominion—once past the sugar-loaf shore and the dark wall of trees—one accosted, or was accosted by, some grim and astonishing realities. Of course, some of the realities gave the appearance of being dressed up for masquerade—such as belligerent-looking artillerymen in musical-comedy uniforms; fictional, little stone taverns set on the sheer wind of a slim road, with a quota or so of ruddy-beaked soldiers imbibing without; glimpses of beauteous maids, bare-armed and highly ornamented, going about their various duties; and, here and there, furtively, grimly kissing the piled-up clouds, gray castles in the air. One—a particular one, I learnt—housed Stephen III, King of all the Maritzias, and said Stephen's golden daughter, of whom it might be said, "She moves a goddess, and she looks a queen." One housed, or enturretred, Govrian Texler, Maritzia's J. D. Rockefeller, and Texler's royal nephew, Prince



GOVRIAN REMINDS HIS SON OF THE LITTLE MATTER OF EIGHTY MILLIONS LOAN TO THE KING

Ferdinand Vaslof. A third, the most ornate, contained the commercial, American, financiering person of Madison Hale and his equally American, college-graduated son, Richard, called "Dick."

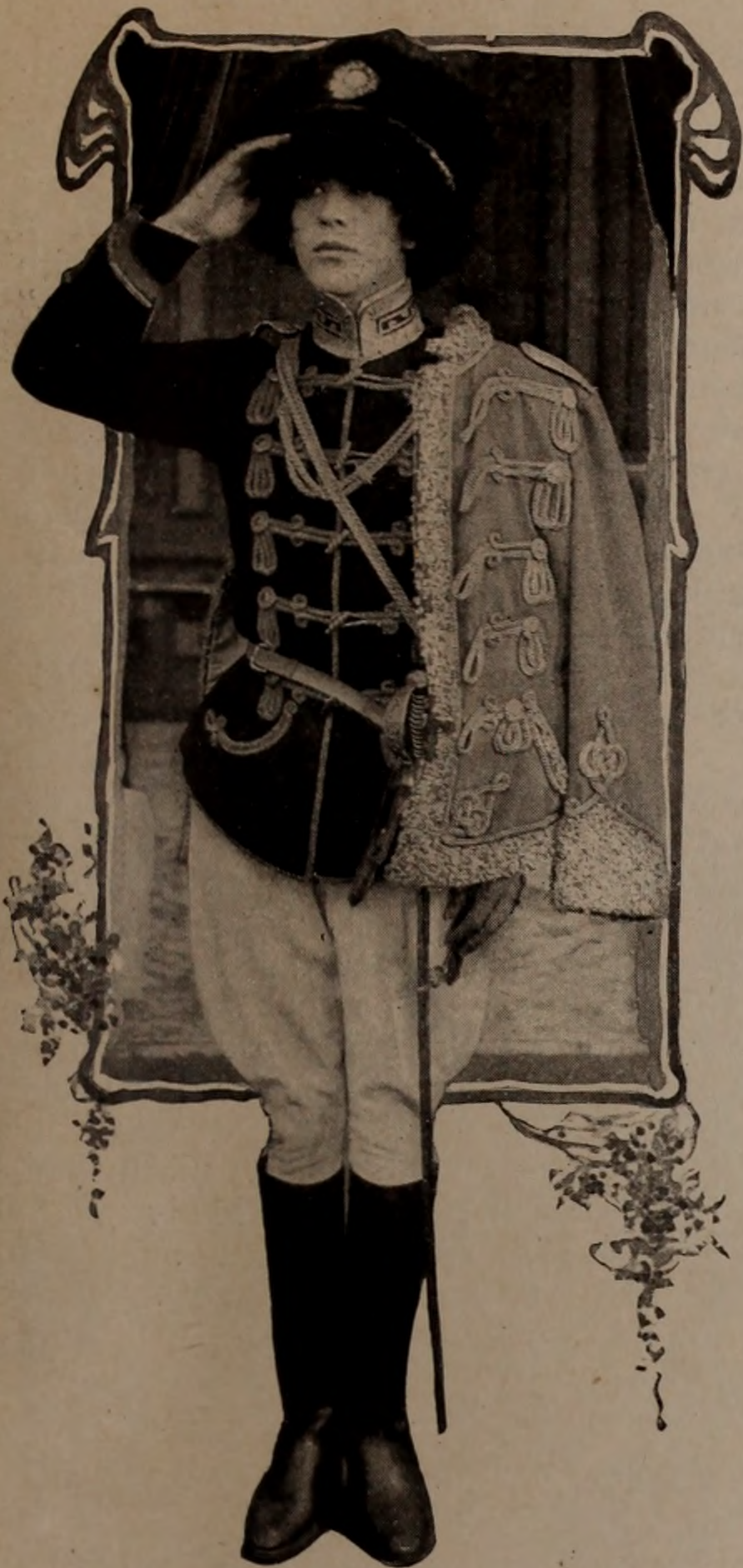
I, jaunting about the fringe-places of the earth, in an effort to stop my ears to the hell-din, found myself stopping a bit with Madison Hale, whom I had known very slightly along Broadway, but with whom I discovered an astounding affinity in far-away Maritzia. Over some garnet-red wine unearthed from a cellar how many "subs" down I refrain from stating, I begged Hale to tell me of his son's royal marriage. Hale always *was* abrupt, and when he puffed out brusquely along with his expensive smoke something about "the kid getting the girl, but my millions buying the royalty," I expected a good bone-and-muscle sketch.

It all began, it seems, with poor, impoverished Stephen Rex having at his disposal a railway concession thru the crown-lands. Like two great hounds over the lone bone of another hound, growled and worried and shook and barked Hale and Govrian Texler. Texler had various and divers things in his favor. One was the bond of country; another was his wish for an alliance between Stephen's daughter, Irenia, and his own nephew, Ferdinand; and the third and perhaps most powerful, the fact that

he had, at one time, loaned the improvident king eighty millions of dollars, and that, by demanding immediate settlement, he could bankrupt the country and extract poor Stephen from his royal purple. Hale had merely his common-sense American blood, a solid apprenticeship in the bear-ing and bull-ing of the Narrow Canyon, plenty of reserve fund to draw upon, and a considerable following of all sorts. Also, tho he was far from suspecting him as an ally, he had his son.

His son was Madison Hale's *one* softness in a nature of flint and steel. He had mothered him and fathered him since a toddler, and so into his man's love of the lad had grown a mothering tenderness.

In the first interview with Stephen Rex, Hale retreated, vanquished. Texler held the \$80,000,000 loan over poor Stephen's head like the sword of Damocles, and the sore-driven monarch executed a veritable sword-dance beneath it. Texler retreated to his private and particular cloud-osculating castle to inform his nephew, Ferdinand, that the contract would be his, and Madison Hale retreated to the Maritzian Newport where his son was disporting himself. Meanwhile, poor Stephen pondered, and bent nearly double under pressure, first from one faction, then from another, and cursed the veins of his ancestors that they ran blue blood.



LIEUTENANT DICK HALE, OF MARITZIA

Madison Hale found his son—only to know that he had lost him. Briefly, the King is Dead—Long Live the Queen!

"I want you to meet her, Dad," was all the lad said, but Hale understood. Young Richard had squired many a lass before—burned up many a taxi bill—depleted scores of yellow-backs in Mr. Thorley's—worn out the first-row seats and the stage-boxes at many a musical-comedy, and said, variously, to his father, "I want you to meet her, Dad—she's some queen!" But he had never said simply, just earnestly and deeply and simply, "I want you to meet her, Dad"—without a smile. He had never, as he had now to Madison Hale's annoyance and astonishment, joined the Royal Hussars, or any other body. It was, this time, "different"—the difference that makes for a life-contract, or a mortal wound—the difference that made Madison Hale still one with his son's mother, tho he was living—here—and she was of the dead these twenty years.

When Madison Hale met her he ceased to wonder, but he didn't cease to fear. She was the loveliest thing he'd ever seen—the goldenest thing, the fieriest thing, the stillest, coolest thing—nun-like, Sappho-like. "Enough," he told me, "to stuff a sawdust head with fairy-dreams." He didn't cease to fear, because the happiness of his son was the one thing upon which he set no price—

(Fifty-five)

and because he did not gauge just whether it *was* the "different" with her. Somehow, vaguely but insistently, she gave Hale the impression of a pampered woman playing charmingly with a marionette. When the marionette happens to be one's son the charm is palpably lessened. Nevertheless, in the lovely idyll being enacted before him Hale managed to recapture much of his dead, brief romance. He saw himself and Nancy again standing in a garden at twilight, even as their son stood now—a garden all peopled with marvels—all tremulous and glowing and warm; and he remembered the way they had swayed together—the uncertainty—the dear question in her eyes—the warm, adorable shyness of her thrilled mouth. After all, having known that glamour once, we have held in our naked clasp the wild, warm Heart of Life—and why, like greedy gourmands, plead for more?

Like the snake invading an Eden—born again—arrived, with due bombast, Ferdinand, Prince Vaslof. Plainly, he was perturbed by the Edenesque

atmosphere. Things did not suit him either as to his crown or his heart. Irenia had never looked like *that* at *him*—and he expended, with great care and precision, his choicest Maritzian profanity on the interloping foreigner. Also, he did better. He, as his superior officer, ordered Dick to report for duty at the Palace, and watched the forlorn and very unsoldierly Lieutenant depart, with an irritating satisfaction.

Whereupon he sought out Madison Hale on the wide piazza of the hotel, relieved him of a cigar, and proceeded, very elaborately and with much embellishment, to disclose the true rank and insignia of golden Irenia.

Generally speaking, such a disclosure would have been very impressive to democratic American ears, where each man is an uncrowned king, and every woman queen. But Madison Hale knew poor, tottering, futile Maritzia, and Maritzia's still *more* futile and wholly impoverished monarch. He rubbed his hand on his check-book and felt, figuratively, the crown upon his own head.

"Of course, Mr. Hale," the Prince concluded, looking very fierce, "royalty and commoners do not—er—intermarry. It cannot be. It is not—er—*recognized* by the Crown."

"Lamentable!" puffed forth Madison Hale, laconically. Inwardly, he was perturbed. He felt that Dick's actual place lay within Irenia's sovereign fingers. He realized, quite outside of Ferdinand's



HER EYES THAT FLUTTERED LIKE BUTTERFLIES

hyperbole, that even a toy country takes its royalty seriously, and that Dick, if he were not careful, would be apt to run badly aground.

"Did you speak to me, Mister Hale?" intoned Prince Vaslof.

"I said that I would see what I could do, sir," rejoined Madison Hale, and he departed, leaving Vaslof to plan fresh vendettas for his unsuspecting son.

Hale found Irenia looking pensive—in fact, quite a mundane,

girlish forlornity, whose True Love has sailed away. He, like her father, cursed the misadventurous blue blood within her that stood between his son and a home in the suburbs, seven children and the servant problem. However, it was to her blue blood that he appealed.

"Irenia," he said in a friendly, fatherly fashion, "there is something worrying you. I suspect it, but am not sure. Incidentally, I know

doing all this for nothing. If I accede to whatever help your father may need I shall ask, in return, your release of my son, Princess Irenia——"

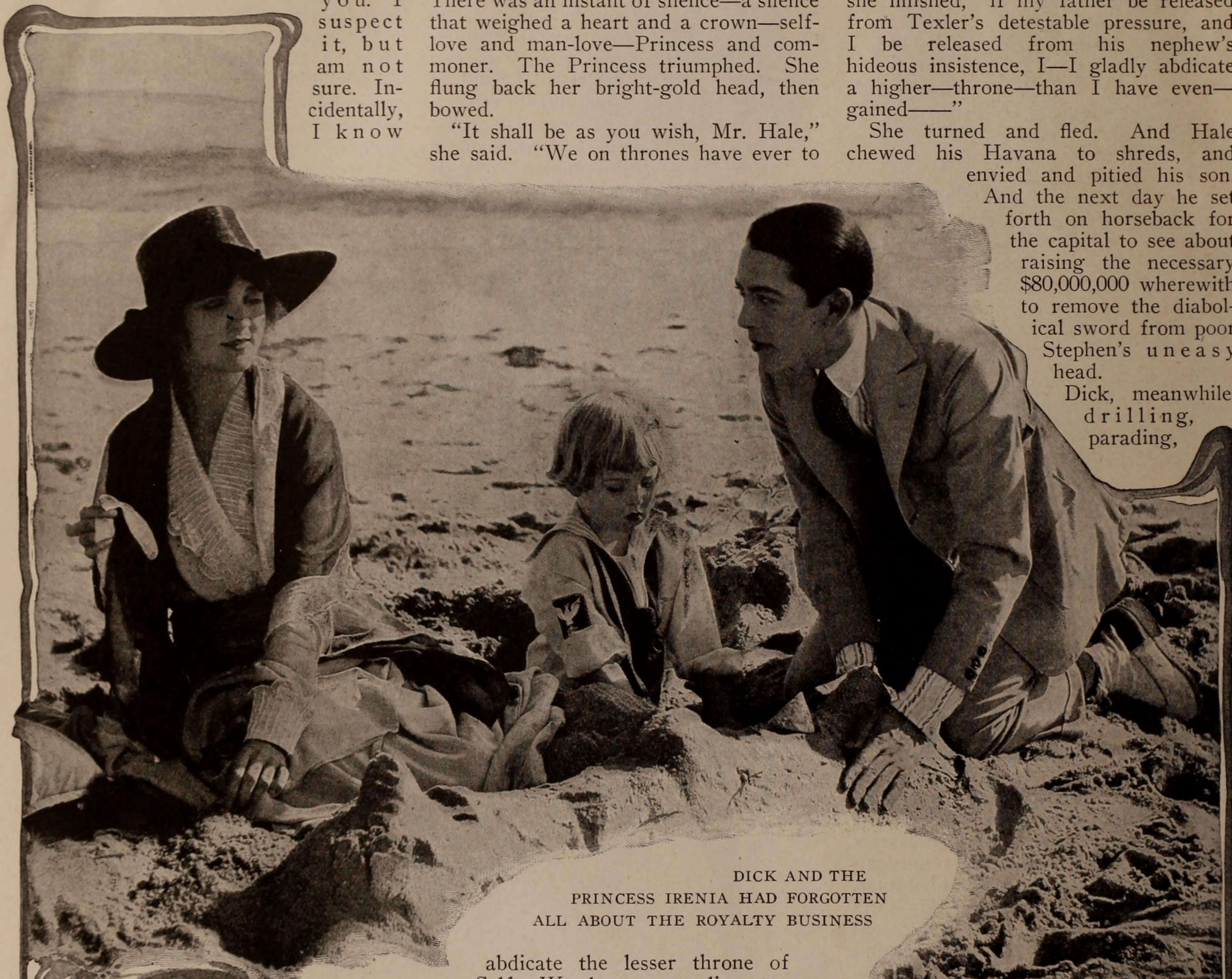
The girl did not ask him what he meant. She barely flushed, yet Hale caught the infinitesimal tautening of her every slightest muscle—the trip-hammer swiftness of the pulse in her white throat. There was an instant of silence—a silence that weighed a heart and a crown—self-love and man-love—Princess and commoner. The Princess triumphed. She flung back her bright-gold head, then bowed.

"It shall be as you wish, Mr. Hale," she said. "We on thrones have ever to

Even a toy-kingdom may keep the dust of shame away—even a toy-soldier may hold his musket erect until it drops—even"—she smiled whimsically—"even a musical-comedy Princess may be a woman with a heart, you know, with *some* things that a woman cant do——" She paused again, then she looked Madison Hale square in the eye. "And so," she finished, "if my father be released from Texler's detestable pressure, and I be released from his nephew's hideous insistence, I—I gladly abdicate a higher—throne—than I have even—gained——"

She turned and fled. And Hale chewed his Havana to shreds, and envied and pitied his son. And the next day he set forth on horseback for the capital to see about raising the necessary \$80,000,000 wherewith to remove the diabolical sword from poor Stephen's uneasy head.

Dick, meanwhile, drilling, parading,



DICK AND THE PRINCESS IRENIA HAD FORGOTTEN ALL ABOUT THE ROYALTY BUSINESS

abdicate the lesser throne of Self. We do our own lives to the death that we may live aright for other lives. Only in such a way may we be queens."

"Proceed," said Madison Hale, and smilingly, "your Royal Highness!" The girl put one hand on his arm.

"Govrian Texler loaned the King, my father, eighty million dollars," she said swiftly; "he is pressing for it and—for my hand for Ferdinand Vaslof, his nephew. If he demands immediate settlement of the debt he will bankrupt Maritzia, and cause Stephen III to abdicate. If, on the other hand, my father gives me in marriage to Prince Vaslof, I—well, I am a *woman* as well as a queen-to-be, Mr. Hale, and there are some things I—— We are a tiny country, as countries go, but we hold our head high.

who you are, and if you confide in me I may be able to help you—and your father—materially."

Irenia had heard that American millionaires do mad, mad deeds. They acquire money in hunks and slathers by a mere mental sleight-of-hand, and they dispose of it similarly. Moreover, he was Dick's father. Madison Hale saw a veritable cloudburst of confidences coming, and he steeled himself.

"Wait a moment," he said. "Before you go on I must tell you that I am not

strutting and maneuvering with his particular regiment, away from Irenia's patriotic insistence that he join the army, awoke to his own absurdity at this foreign, toy-soldier service, and presented his colonel—a pop-eyed, be-whiskered person—with his resignation. "The d—n thing's a farce," he said to himself.

Having divested himself of his complicated accouterments, his resignation and his unsought-for opinions, he returned to his father's aerial towers. En route he beheld Irenia, and was about to demonstrate very publicly and very

effusively, when his astounded ears heard her say quite incisively, "Drive on, Boris," and her own

his wide eyes held eyes, cold and sneering—eyes that, a week before, had fluttered like wild, white butterflies beneath his kiss.

She rode on, a knife thru her heart. He strode on, blazing wrath in his breast.

Arrived home, his father

He would like to see them. He dared them to try it. Just *dared* them. They'd find *their* places. The idea! Preposterous! No, cursed funny! No, absurd!

Madison Hale smoked two cigars in death-defiant succession, and let him rage. Just so had he raged when some obstacle confronted a childish whim.

Having raged himself hoarse, and his father nearly insensible, he burst forth from the towers, and encountered in the town Ferdinand Vaslof.

Vaslof asked him an irrelevant question, and Dick snapped at him some unbeautiful sentiments—in which figured such apt phrases as "Little tin-soldiers," "Prince Spiff-Spaff-Spoofer," etc.

As a result, loudly protesting that his resignation was "in," and that Vaslof was, therefore, *not* a superior officer, Dick was shoved pell-mell into a

Dick had been like the cog in a many-spoked wheel. Once removed, the wheel began to revolve dizzily.

Govrian Texler, being informed by his nephew of the prison-state of Dick, fairly flew to the embattlement of Hale, who was on the verge of presenting the \$80,000,000 to Stephen. Graphically, he gave Hale to understand that the very instant the \$80,000,000 was paid to Stephen, Dick's heart would cease to beat with the suddenness of a mainspring broken.

"We still do this sort of thing up here," he said—"barbarous, perhaps, but we must live; if by blood—well and good—"

Hale dropped the business with an audible bang, and watched Texler's retreating back, homicide on every feature. He realized, forebodingly, that

Dick was in the custody of Vaslof, who loved Irenia, and who gave forth the edict, "We still do this sort of thing



MADISON HALE, WITH HIS TRUSTY AMERICAN COLT, RELEASED DICK

greeted him, and imparted to him the information that he had been courting the daughter of the King of Maritzia. Dick raged. He raged furiously. He laughed Maritzia into non-existence. He derided it as a stage-setting. He demanded to know whether any such picture-card kings and queens were going to keep him from the One Woman in all the world.

(Fifty-seven)

court-martial and sentenced to six months' fortress confinement. His custodian was Vaslof, who accepted the custody with bared-teeth alacrity.

"Me for my wooden kimona," groaned Dick, and all he saw were Irenia's eyes—now like warm, fluttering butterflies—now like alien things—things that smote and stung—

up here." All told, it was *not* a pleasant combination of circumstances for a doting parent

of an only son to contemplate. Hale felt that the matter had passed the bounds of finance, outside of which he felt himself a stranger.

Upon this reverie—flushed from gold to rose, and holding tightly by each chubby hand two black-haired, wide-mouthed little boys—burst Irenia. The blue blood had receded in her veins, the red blood was speaking now—the red blood of her womanhood that offered itself not for her throne, but for her man.

"You must hold us as hostages aboard your yacht," she directed him. "As hostages—for Dick. Prince Meneloff here is my father's heir-apparent. When my father discovers his loss he will go mad with fear—he will release a million Dicks—behead, if necessary, a million Vaslofs. He will drag the seven seas for Meneloff. But you must make haste."

Three hours later Irenia and Meneloff and small Paul were hanging over the rail of the *Richard Hale*; Stephen III was decapitating verbally every last member of his court who did not return Meneloff to him on the instant; Texler

was thrown into the discard with such violence that he never maneuvered with the same celerity again; Hale's demand for his son's release was granted seven different ways, and Hale himself set forth for the Vaslofberg Castle where Dick was in captivity, and where Ferdinand was amusing himself, and assuaging his demon jealousy by inflicting all sorts of physical torment on the beloved of Irenia.

Madison Hale, with the aid of his trusty American Colt, released Dick from the gloom in which he had been imprisoned, and left Vaslof there as sole tenant.

The Hales, father and son, then marched triumphantly into the capital, whereupon Hale bestowed \$80,000,000 upon Texler, and watched the Damoclean sword shiver into atoms with considerable satisfaction.

Dick watched his father's avidity in looking up available boats, wryly. The soft hands of the little Princess of Maritzia had cupped themselves, and held his heart therein—so surely, so sweetly, so strongly that he knew she could drop it only to break it. Of course, he must

go; there was no place for him here. Stephen III had said, finally, that, regretful as the case might be, the royal family of Maritzia could not intermarry with commoners.

While Richard, called "Dick," morosely packed his "Innovations," and foresaw the years eating his heart away, Irenia was busy. She was perched upon the arm of the chair of the old Court Herald.

"You must climb his family-tree," she was admonishing him; "you must make it with intricate branches so that my father will fail to understand in detail. You must make mysterious incursions into the country to verify this—to ascertain that; and at length—on the topmost limb—you must find him—a *Royal Ancestor*—one in whose veins blue blood runs like quicksilver. You must find him—this Royal Ancestor—Mischna—so that he may lean to me from out the battlements of heaven, a shadowy figure, to hand me my living, my only—happiness—so that he may give me—love— Perhaps"—she nestled close to the old man and smiled, mists of her joy veiling her fair youth in light—"perhaps his Royal Ancestor—is God!"



CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S STUDIO IS A MECCA FOR THE CURIOUS AND THE FAMOUS. WHEN LEOPOLD GODOWSKY, THE WORLD-FAMOUS PIANIST, RECENTLY VISITED CHARLIE, THEY AT ONCE PROCEEDED TO FRATERNIZE—
GODOWSKY AND "CHAPLINSKY," PIANIST AND VIOLINIST

Tottie Limousine, the Wonder Girl

An Interview—As It Really Happened

By JOSEPH H. VALISE

THE elevator boy pointed a chocolate finger at a door numbered "37."

"Right in dar," he directed, looking at me suspiciously.

I knocked gently. A hushed whisper filtered thru the closed portal.

"Ma, beat it while I see this guy, will you?"

Then the door opened, and framed in it, garbed in a radiant Chinese kimono, stood Tottie Limousine, the world-famous heroine of the screen. She looked remarkably like herself.

"I need hardly ask if this is Miss Limousine," I remarked, using the good old formula I invariably employed under such circumstances, and walked right in.

"I gotta rotten cold," she said, as I gazed about the room. It was a typical hotel-room, furnished in the McKinley period and not worth talking about.

"That's too bad," I ventured in reply. "I suppose you caught it while playing in some thriller—jumping from a yacht, or something of the sort?"

"Not on your life! I cut that stuff long ago. I just play straight drammer now, 'n' if any of those tricks have to be done they dress some acrobat up in my clothes, 'n' he does it!"

"Well, of course, I suppose that does give you more time to develop the art of really acting for the pictures——"

"Art! Say, the only acting that's done for the pictures is done by the directors. They stand behind the camera with a little horn and shout everything they want done. Why, you cant wink an eye without their telling you."

Miss Limousine spoke quite seriously and knitted her lovely eyebrows—they were remarkably well made up.

Just then mamma, who had stood her exile about long enough, came careening into the room, all sails set and a broad beam aft.

"This is my ma," remarked Tottie, without enthusiasm.

"Howjer do!" exclaimed ma, pleasantly. "Wontjer sit down?"

I accepted Mrs. Limousine's invitation with pleasure. Tottie seemed a bit flustered at having forgotten to make the suggestion herself. Perhaps she missed the director with his manners and his little horn.



FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY STOOD TOTTIE LIMOUSINE



"THIS IS MY MA," REMARKED TOTTIE

We all looked at each other for a long and silent moment.

"This suttinly is a funny job you got," ventured Mrs. L., looking at me with mingled reverence and pity.

"Oh, ma!" cried Tottie, dismayed by her ma's *faux pas*.

"Well, aint it?" insisted Mrs. L., standing on her rights.

That sounded like my cue.

"You're quite right, madam," I chimed in. "It's a very funny job—but—when

you've done it a lot—there's a great deal of subtlety to it."

"Wassat?" exclaimed ma, eyeing me suspiciously.

"Oh, Lor', ma," interrupted Tottie, "cant you keep quiet a second? Mr. Handbag came to inaview me—not to talk about hissself with you!"

Mamma was squelched, but continued to eye me furtively.

"How long have you been in the pictures, Miss Limousine?" I asked, plunging back into the interview while I had the chance.

Tottie again knit those lovely eyebrows—just as she did in "Souls Afire"—and was lost in thought. Then she commenced counting her fingers.

"Three years 'n' two months," she exclaimed triumphantly.

"Tottie!" interrupted ma. "You know pufficly well you first was an extra for Kamragraph more'n five years ago."

Tottie gazed at her parent frigidly. Then she turned to me confidingly.

"Dont mind what she says," she advised, much as one might speak of the village idiot.

Ma ruffled her feathers.

"Well," I commented cheerfully, in a vain effort to bring the mercury back to at least sixty, "you've certainly achieved fame in a very short time."

She agreed with me by smiling sheepishly, tho prettily, showing a wonderful set of pearly teeth.

"I've no doubt," I went on, "but what you would like to go on the legitimate stage——"

"Not on your life!"

"Well—of course there is a distinct restraint to the boards that is not felt while playing for Thespis out-of-doors——"

"What?"

"I mean to say——"

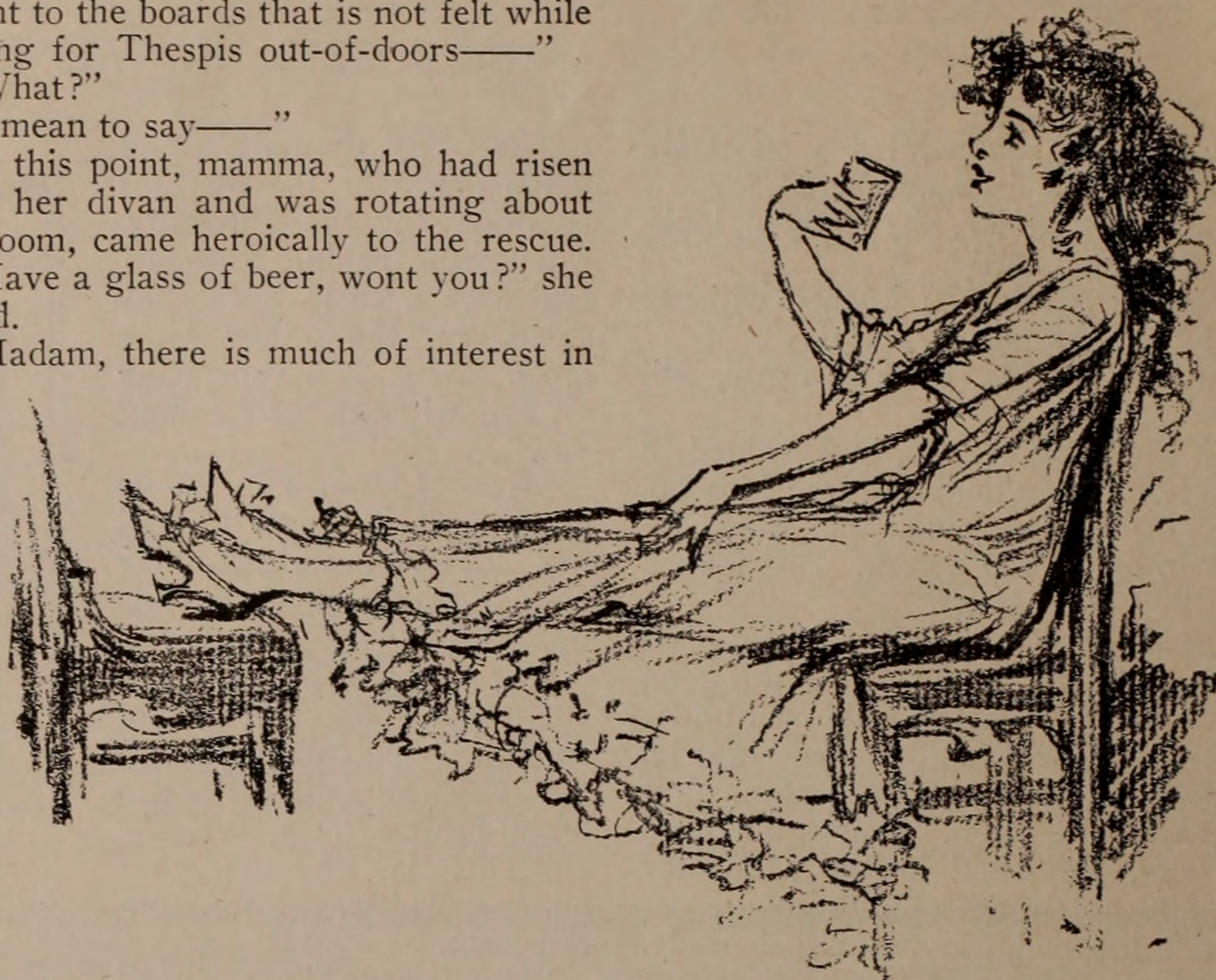
At this point, mamma, who had risen from her divan and was rotating about the room, came heroically to the rescue.

"Have a glass of beer, wont you?" she urged.

"Madam, there is much of interest in

intensely occupied in finding out, each for his respective self, just why Milwaukee is famous.

I slipped my note-book in my pocket as I took a long and satisfying quaff.

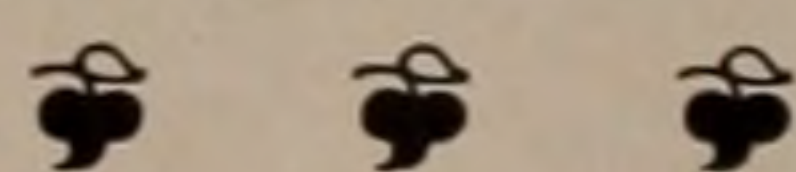


"THANK GAWD, HE'S A REGULAR GUY!"

what you say," I replied, trying to suppress a thirsty glitter in my eye.

Two minutes later the three of us were

"Thank Gawd, he's a regular guy!" muttered the Wonder Girl, as she put her feet on the chair in front of her.



Kings and Queens Contest—The Classic's Great Personality Contest Begins

Vote for Six of Your Favorites—Each with a Different Trait

THE NEWER and GREATER CLASSIC which started with the last issue has inaugurated a contest worthy of its place in the field of Motion Picture literature.

Our readers want something new—something startlingly different. We think the **KINGS AND QUEENS CONTEST** is not only entirely different, but that it fills a long-felt want. Thru our long and intimate association with studios, players and audiences, we have come to realize that no one player is the greatest. Dramatic greatness is the sum of many traits—many characteristics.

WHY DO THE PLAYERS APPEAL?

Answer this question and you catch the spirit of the **KINGS AND QUEENS CONTEST**. Mary Pickford, for instance, means charm, youth, innocence, naturalness, to many of her admirers, but these same devotees may see more Grace or Beauty in another actress. The same must be said of the sterner sex. You admire a certain actor for his good looks, his manly beauty, but do you concede that he is gifted in dramatic ability above his fellow players?

The CLASSIC believes that the elements of appeal can be separated into three main characteristics, and that no one player can assume the autocratic crown

of them all. We ask your support in a world-wide vote to help us elect the six players who shall be declared the kings and queens of Beauty and Handsomeness, Charm and Portrayal.

THE JURY MUST AGREE ON THE FACTS

In order to render a fair verdict, the jury must be instructed on the law. In order that we may all start with a fair understanding of each term in the Great Personality Contest, we will define each attribute:

Beauty: Regularity of feature or form, or both—physical gifts that delight the eye. **Handsomeness:** The same attributes for male players.

Charm: Winsomeness, personal appeal, attractiveness, womanliness or manliness, manner, and all that goes to make up a charming personality.

Screen Portrayal: Acting ability, command of technique, characterization, naturalness. A fine and finished reflection of Life, whether dramatic or comic.

On another page will be found a voting coupon with voting instructions.

SIX PRIZES FOR EACH CONTESTANT

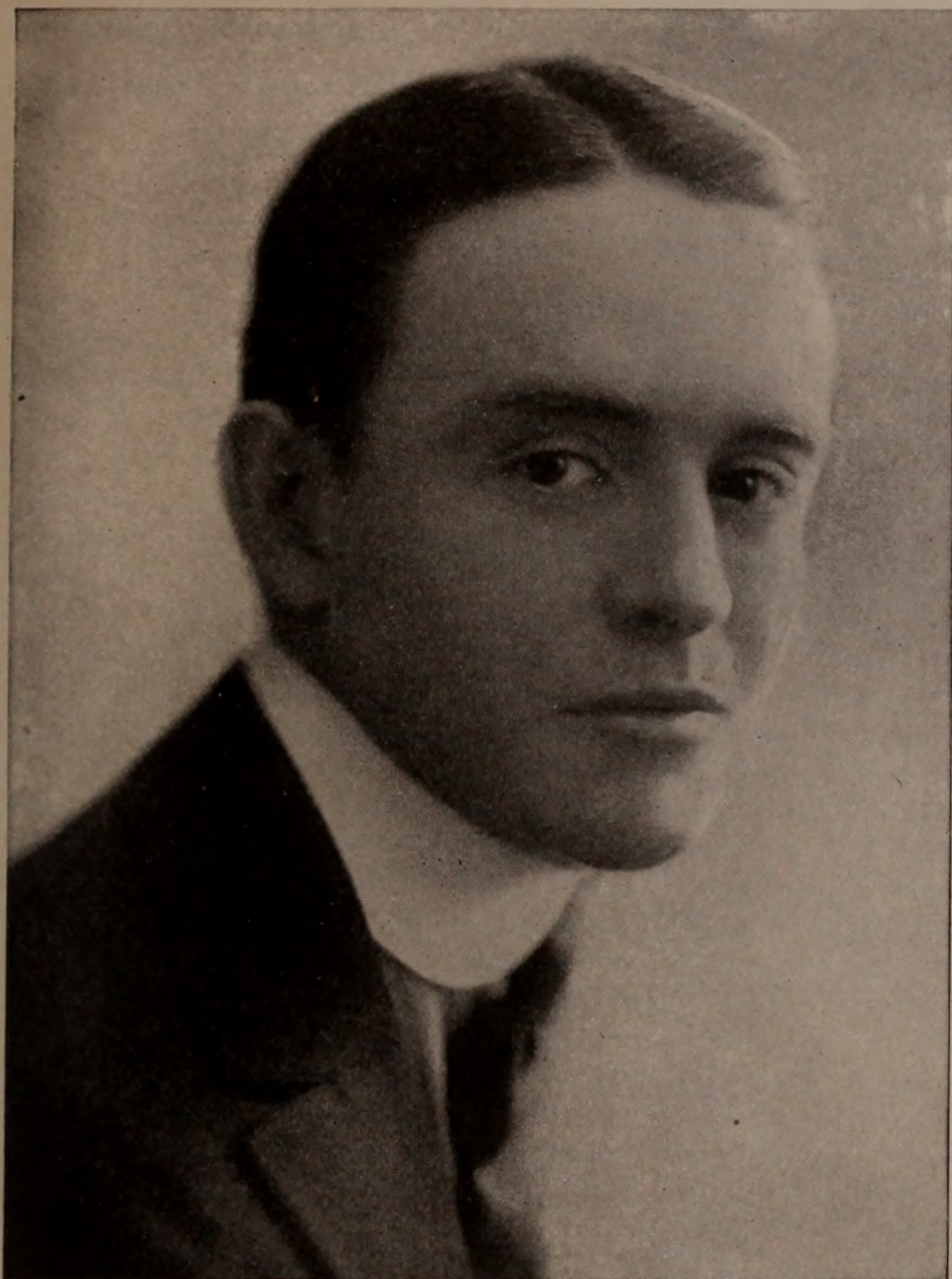
Here is the pleasing novelty of the awards: Each reader of the CLASSIC will personally share in the prizes. At

the completion of the contest, when you have finally selected what players shall best represent Beauty, Charm and Portrayal, we will ask the new-crowned Queens and Kings of Motion Pictures to sit for especially posed portraits that will best typify the attributes that our readers have selected them for. Each portrait will be the exclusive property of our readers, will be especially posed for them, will be autographed by the players, and will be beautifully reproduced in color on heavy paper suitable for framing. On the month following the closing of the Great Personality Contest we will publish one or more of these exquisite pictures, and follow with one or more each month thereafter until the six kings and queens have all had their reign. After that we shall probably do likewise for the six next highest on the list.

And now the jury is charged, and we ask you, our readers, to bring in a verdict heavy with your preferences. We ask you to make this the most interesting, the most praiseworthy, the most influential contest that has ever been conducted in the interests of the players.

The contest is too young to give the results, but in the next number we shall give a complete record of how the various players stand in the contest.

Four Prominent Leading-Men of the Month



ROBERT HARRON (GOLDWYN)



Photo by Campbell

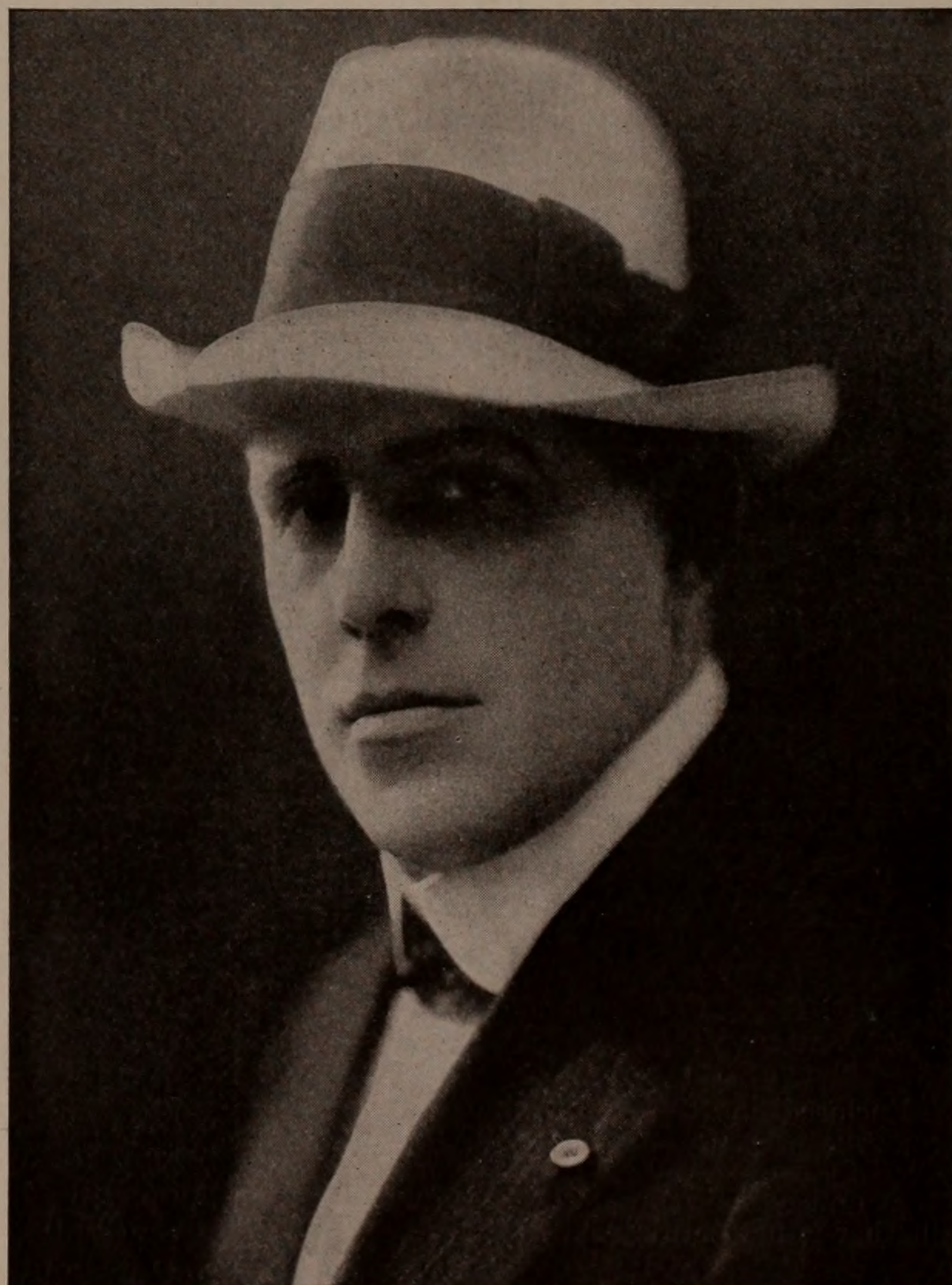
HARRY FOX (INTERNATIONAL)



Photo by Hartsook

LAMAR JOHNSTONE (DUDLEY)

(Sixty-one)



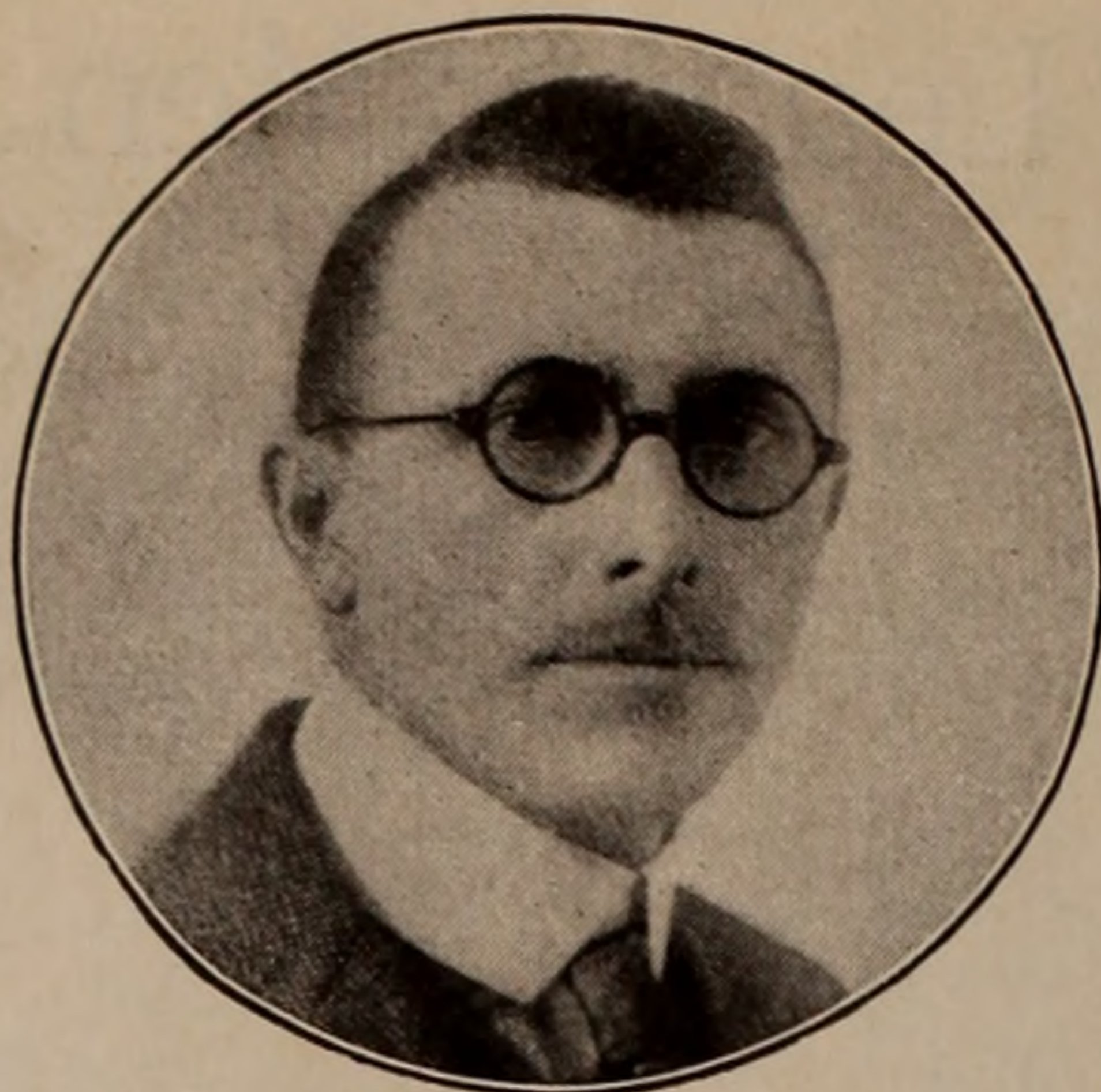
HARRY MOREY (VITAGRAPH)



The Photodrama

A Department of Expert Advice, Criticism,
Timely Hints, Plot Construction
and Market Places

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS



HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor of the Edison Company, formerly with Pathé Frères; Lecturer and Instructor of Photoplay Writing in The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences, also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay" and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

A GLIMPSE OF PHOTOPLAY EVOLUTION

Close Views
and
Inserts

Today and forever all those concerned in the making of photoplays may well exclaim, "The world is ours!"

This is the mere statement of a commonly accepted fact. Two powerful conditions, fortunately, govern the possessive pronoun "ours," namely: Business prowess and Artistic merit. These conditions impose Competition, which is the commercial prescription for a healthy life.

The survival of the fittest has always seemed a cruel law to the unfit and the unfitted who in consequence are ejected from the high places they have usurped by reason of their brilliant audacity. What really happens is that that slow-acting creature—the Intelligent Public—rebels when it realizes that the industry is being belittled by its products, or the art is being outraged by its interpreter.

The world-wide audience of the Photodrama has come to comprehend its infinite capacity for entertainment and now recognizes its claim to a niche among the Fine Arts. With this recognition comes the intermittent demand of the multitude that the constructive parts of the produced photoplay be equal to the artistic whole of the Photodrama.

Cinematography occupied nearly twenty years in passing from the dark confines of a mere mechanical curiosity to the dazzling heights of a new and permanent art.

The mechanical phenomenon of animated photographs was destined to be short-lived as a form of entertainment. Curiosity alone prompted the expenditure of the required admission fee, and that curiosity was forever satiated by the murky presentment of some person or object in some commonplace motion on which most of the audience would not waste its attention in actual life.

Thus it took several years again for the cinema to progress from the stimulation of mere motion to the imitation of real life. It was still mechanics, but the new element attracted a new audience. Several years again passed before episodes of pursuit, peril and comic sequence began to appear. Curiosity had been supplanted by sensation. More than half the world loves a sensation when it can get it, and most of them became acquainted with it in the well-named "Moving Pictures."

Another long period of experimentation and suddenly the imitation of life in general was merged into the portrayal of a single life—or a group of lives—in particular. Pictures grew into stories! A miracle had happened. Curiosity had been whetted, senses thrilled, to be sure. But now—greater by far than either of these phenomena—the emotions were stirred.

Exactly what happened from now on does not concern us so much, for that is mere history. What we students are seeking is enlightening psychology. For we must have recognized some analogy—in the groping progress of photoplay evolution—to the revealing spark of our own talent that glimmered thru the years of our own mechanical periods of endeavor. Once within sight of the divine fire, however, then we know that our tiny spark is nothing less, and our steadfast aim shall be to lift our spark of true inspiration into a mighty conflagration of perfect effort.

Plotting
the
Photoplay

Photoplay Plot is ruled by a single Unity—that is the Unity of Effect.

The Plot therefore should be carefully designed with a view to preserving this Unity—or singleness—of Effect.

The sum of it all is a painstaking practice of compression. For there comes a turbulent tendency—when it comes to plotting the story—to digress.

But be careful and see that your economy of details never becomes parsimony. A Plot must have every bone that the body of the perfect photoplay is supposed to have.

Screenings
from
Current Plays

Some time ago I mentioned "The Barrier" in glowing terms. I repeat, in many ways it is the most effective

photoplay I have yet seen.

"The Barrier" was adapted from the novel of the same title by Rex Beach.

The Director of the consequent photoplay was Edgar Lewis.

The photoplay of "The Barrier" has deservedly made a distinct hit. It will earn a barrel of money for some one.

"The Barrier" is unique in photoplay annals, in that it has exploded a theory popular among producers. They believed it was impossible to make a hit unless

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they featured a high-salaried star—the play be dashed! “The Barrier” shone brilliantly without a single star!

Who is guilty of the miracle performed by means of “The Barrier”?

Was Mr. Beach’s novel responsible, or was Mr. Lewis’s directing, or . . . ?

One morning the post brings us an invitation, much more handsomely engraved than that to Beach’s private showing, and we go to the Broadway Theater.

There were surprises a-plenty—not of contrast to what we saw in “The Barrier,” but of startling similarity that began with the title, “The Bar Sinister,” continued with the same plot and ended with the same climax.

It was termed “an original photoplay of the South.” Any one who can find an original scene or situation in the entire play that has not been done many times in the annual harvest of Southern plays, should receive a big red apple.

To sum up, the difference between the two lies in the inevitable conclusion that “The Barrier” is a great, red-blooded, human-interest photoplay. “The Bar Sinister” is a mediocre, labored, artificial effort.

The latter was padded with negro-minstrel antics and lines, and much other negro local color that was either irrelevant or exaggerated. The story was “The Barrier” in another shade (Black instead of Red) and in distinctly another class. And so on and on.

And I know that I will be accused of being dense by interested parties for failing to see “the big idea” running thru the play. For the author pointedly mentioned the basic likenesses of the White, the Black and the Red races and their inconsequential differentiations. Or to be correct, he gave us nearly a score of successive Captions bearing out his theory in ponderous philosophical conclusions. I quite concur in these opinions, but unless they are part and parcel of the dramatic movement, independent of undramatic “talk,” I cannot see their bearing on the present discussion.

Who wins?

Most certainly Mr. Lewis does not.

Rex Beach’s story still stands out—and we wonder.

At best, Edgar Lewis has lost much of the fine prestige he had won, thru so unadvisedly selecting an unworthy vehicle for his talent at such a crucial period.

In connection with Mr. Phillips’ articles, which endeavor to give a broad view of the Photodrama, each of our readers should possess a copy of “The Photoplaywrights’ Primer,” by L. Case Russell. Its author is one of the most successful writers devoted only to Photodrama. This little book, which we will send you for fifty cents, fairly sparkles with wit, wisdom and helpful and constructive hints.—*The Editors.*

(Sixty-three)



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Avoid disappointment with worthless substitutes. Use Genuine Lash-Brow-Ine only.

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The Language of the Silent Drama

(Continued from page 52)

to render a number of their own selection. Imagine the effect when the overture to "Carmen" was put on! This was all carelessness. What will be done with "Joan of Arc" when it is shown in our smaller houses or even in some of the larger ones? Will any of the leaders get busy with Tschaikowsky's "Jeanne d'Arc"? How many will go to the trouble to make any preparation whatever? If they cannot have all, they should at least have some of this music. How many will play other French works for this picture, of which there are many? What is being rendered for the "Romeo and Juliet" pictures? Will the average musician prepare himself to play excerpts from Gounod's most beautiful opera, or will he play the "Rosary" and Mendelssohn's "Wedding March"? There seems to be no other wedding music for pictures in the average musician's repertoire.

Four years ago a most wonderful production was brought to our town in seven reels. It was Dante's "Inferno," and was the most spectacular picture witnessed here. Special music was set for it from "Mefistofele," a wonderfully descriptive set of cues. The man who traveled with the picture said he had shown it in a great many States, and he found only one pianist who would use them. That was not carelessness, it was laziness. Suppose we get in film the "Ballet Russe"? It is just possible. Musicians should think of these things and prepare for them. If they did, it would not be necessary for film companies to get up cues for musical directors, especially where the picture runs a full week. If they would understand their work, they would be able to arrange their own cues after the first showing of the picture. Now as to popular songs and ballads, they certainly have their place, and should be used by all means, but not misused by any means. The constant ragging of fox-trots and two-steps is just as monotonous as any other one class of music, and in many cases a distracting misfit.

Then, too, the music should accompany the picture. This was the secret of the wonderful success of "The Birth of a Nation." The music was so perfectly set that the picture was a living, breathing thing. I started to count the excerpts from famous overtures used for the heavy dramatic work and the battle-scenes, and after the eleventh I stopped counting. Simply wonderful was that music. Every drama of six reels today can be enhanced in beauty fifty per cent. by the correct music. On the other hand, it can be an absolute farce. Film companies believe this, and they are actually beginning to fear the musical end of their most famous productions.

It is high time for musicians, who claim to understand their profession, to start in earnest to study this work. Study they must, and it is up to the exhibitor to see to it that results are obtained.

The President as a Movie Fan

By ERNEST A. DENCH

PRESIDENT WILSON is no different from you and me when it comes to enjoying the movies; only, he has the advantage of enjoying private presentations.

"Cabiria," for instance, was shown on the lawn of the White House to an audience composed of his own Cabinet and family.

"The Birth of a Nation" was also witnessed privately by the President and members of his Cabinet and household, because Thomas Dixon, the author of "The Clansman," attended Johns Hopkins University with Mr. Wilson.

"I have sometimes been very much chagrined in seeing myself in a Motion Picture," the President said, in addressing a gathering of film men. "I have often wondered if I really were that kind of guy. The extraordinary rapidity with which I walk, for example; the instantaneous and apparently automatic nature of my motions; the way in which I produce uncommon grimaces, and altogether the extraordinary exhibition I make sends me to bed very unhappy."

A year ago a camera operator wished to film the summer White House at Cornish, New Hampshire, and being refused permission, he confined his activities to taking photographs of the house, grounds and brook. He duly mailed the photographs to the President, together with a letter asking for the necessary permit, which was granted. The operator, it appeared, wanted more than merely to film the house—his ambition was to show the precautions taken against maniacs. At first Dr. Grayson, President Wilson's personal aid, refused, since it was his duty to prevent the guards from being recognized by any one. The camera operator was nothing if not resourceful—he persuaded Dr. Grayson to turn the crank of the camera. This allowed the camera-man to pose as a guard sounding the alarm to some one in authority inside the house.

President Wilson participated in "Made in America," the propaganda production. Mary V. McAllister, the six-year-old actress, journeyed to the White House with a carefully rehearsed speech; but the President put her so much at ease that all she said was, "I'm glad to see you, Mister President."

The President is honorary president of the Boy Scouts of America; so, when that organization made a seven-reel picture, "The Making of a Boy Scout," the President participated in it.

The only time on record that the President has appeared in a regular photoplay took place when the Edison Company put on a Civil Service romance. The hero and heroine take a walk thru the White House grounds, where they meet President Wilson, who stops to talk and shake hands with them.

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**Rieger's
Flower Drops**

The above also comes in less concentrated (usual perfume) form at \$1.00 an ounce at druggists or by mail, with two new extra odors, "Mon Amour" and "Garden Queen," which are very fine. Send \$1.00 for souvenir box, six 25c bottles same size as picture, different odors. Send stamps or currency.

EXACT SIZE OF BOTTLE PAUL RIEGER, 216 First St., San Francisco

Via Camera, Wire and Telephone

Illustrated News of the Players Told by the Lens, 'Phone and Night-Letter

Realizing the big interest in up-to-the-minute photographs that carry movie news-value, the Classic has organized an exclusive photographic and news service that is in constant touch with every studio in the country. Many of the pictures in these news columns are the product of our own Kodak and Graflex reporters.



MARY PICKFORD

It is known only by her studio confidants that Little Mary recently made a flying trip from the West Coast to gay Manhattan and returned to Los Angeles before she had been reported "among the missing." The justice of Little Mary's furlo was instantly apparent to her wardrobe mistress, and—with a bit of coaxing—her hard-hearted director, Cecil B. DeMille, was brought around, too. The secret of the whole affair was that Little Mary just had to have a summer wardrobe. In the hurry of her trip frock-makers were actually commandeered to concoct the little star's latest fashion whims, under the stress of day and night work. The illustration is a sample of just how well they performed their emergency job.

When Little Mary arrived safely back in Laskyville, her threatened



DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS



JACKIE SAUNDERS

reprimand petered out into a most cordial reception. Douglas Fairbanks, who had just arrived from the East; Mr. DeMille and Jesse Lasky were at the station as a guard of honor to welcome home their little truant.

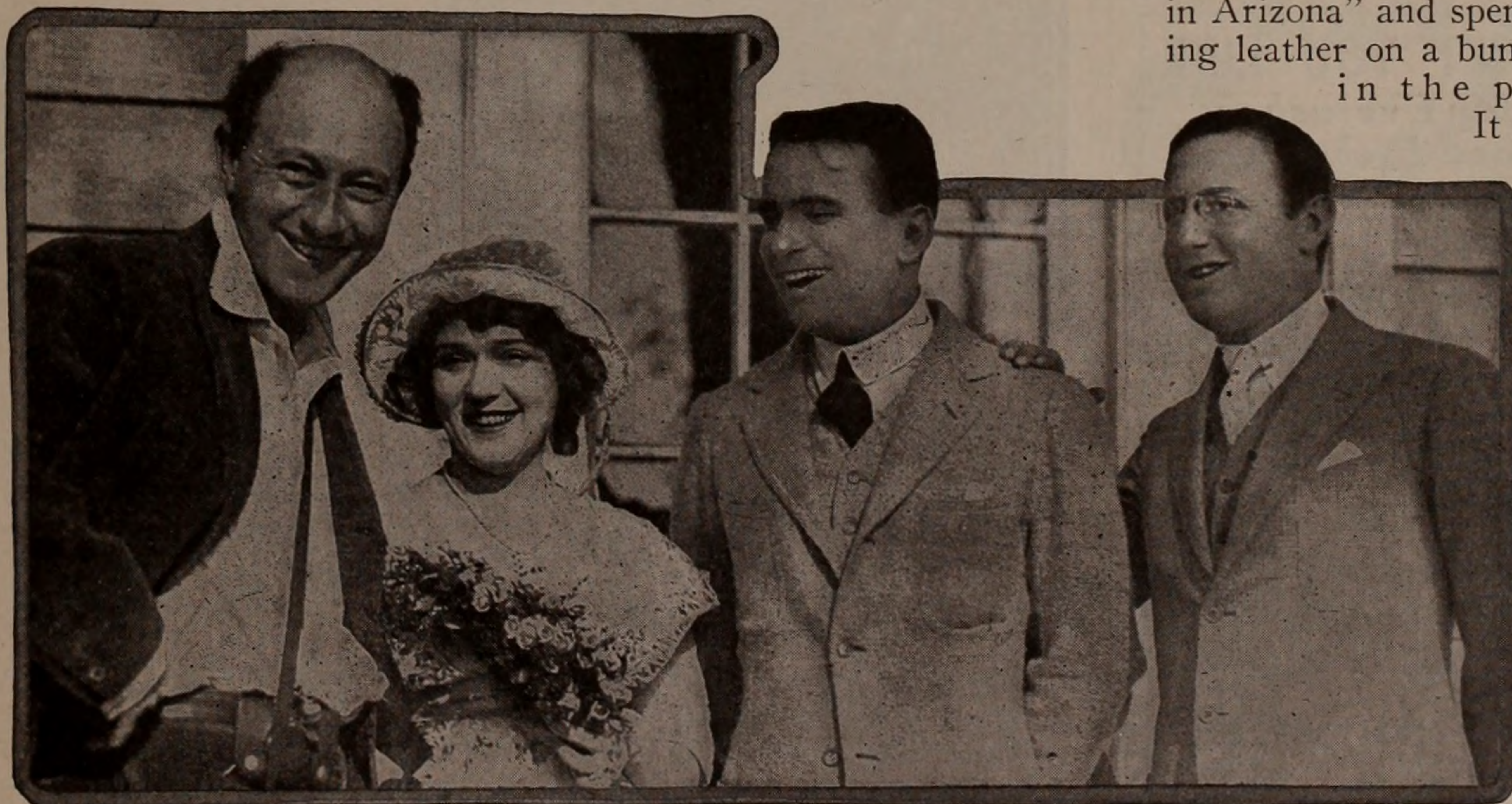
"Doug" Fairbanks, by the way, has a habit of dropping off the train, just like his ideal, Teddy Roosevelt, and of mixing in with some of his old side-kicks on the alkali speedways. On his recent trip to Los Angeles from New York, "Doug" deserted the overland flyer "somewhere in Arizona" and spent a day or two pulling leather on a bunch of green mounts in the prickly-pear country.

It isn't all work and no play in Camera-land, but when Jackie Saunders started out to tame a cinnamon bear-cub between scenes at Long Beach, she found that it was all work and no play. Jackie has been mothering "Job-lots" for the past month, and says that he is the equal in contrariness of six bad boys. The "snap" that she



MARY MILES MINTER

MADELINE HEADLEY



CECIL DE MILLE

MARY PICKFORD

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sends us shows "Joblots" leading Jackie up the ladder—neither one knows where the other one is going to get off.

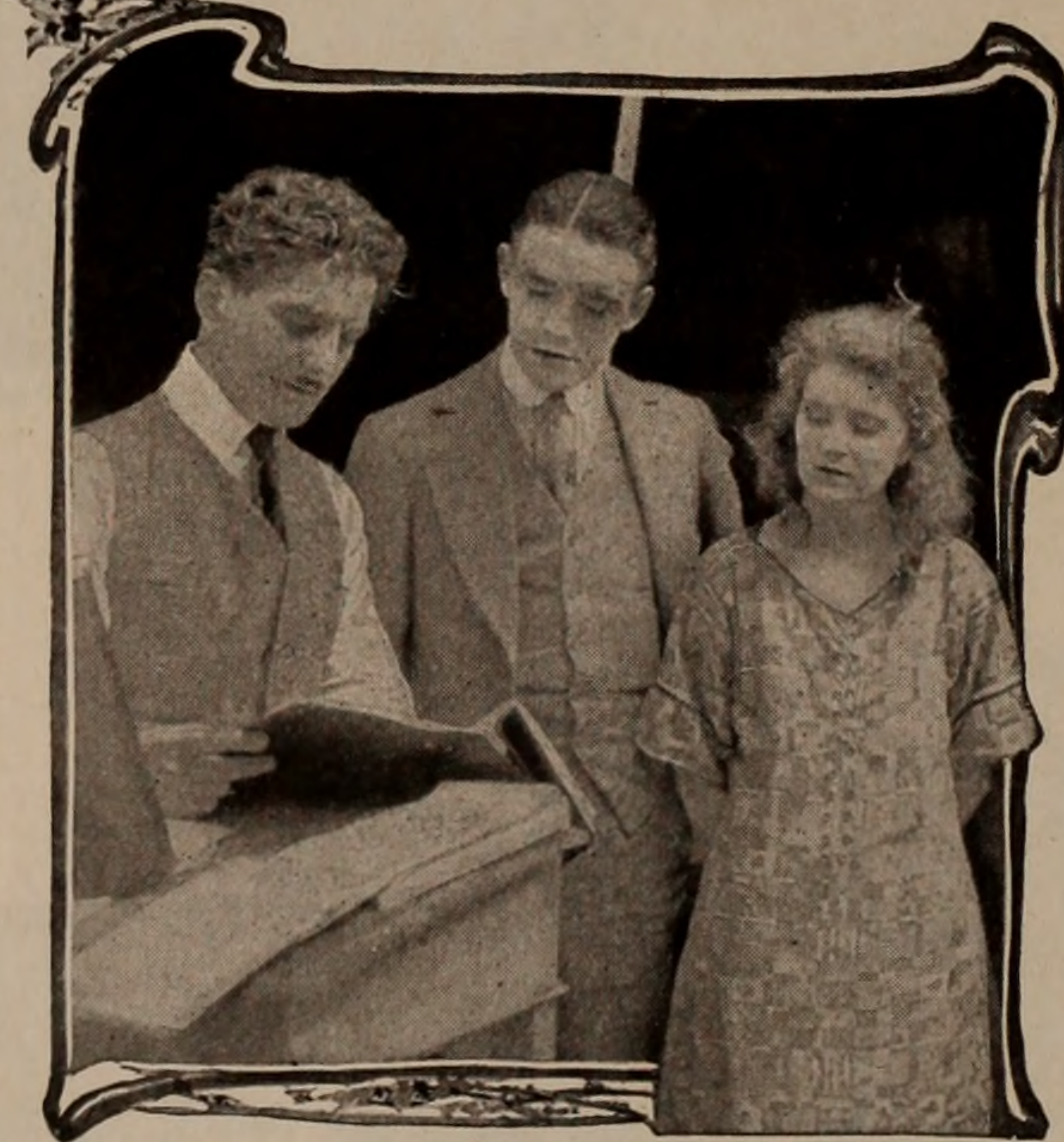
The craze for adopting children has hit the studios hard. Recently little "M. M. M." made a junketing trip to Los Angeles, and while there discov-



LASKY STUDIO GIRLS

ered Baby Madeline Headley. Result: Madeline went back to Santa Barbara in charge of Mary, and now she is her tiny household goddess and studio protégée.

We have always admired The Man Behind the Gun, but now here comes the Lasky studio girls with The Girl Behind the Gun—with a vengeance. At a recent Red Cross benefit the Lasky girls loaded their Quaker cannons



THE ROBERT MAE
DIRECTOR HARRON MARSH

with flowers and shot them at the susceptible men in the audience.

When Mae Marsh lost her "Biograph" Bob Harron and recently her "Fine Arts" Bobby, their friends before the screen grieved at the loss. But here we have the "twice divorced" couple together again—this time in the Goldwyn studio. Mae is in costume and make-up; Bob is *au naturel*; and they are conning the lines of their first "reunited" picture.

A Flower of the South

(Continued from page 27)

you?' I am earning a nice salary, living comfortably with my mother in a cute Hollywood bungalow, and taking advantage of the outdoor life; traveling all over the country for different scenic views, and stopping at the best hotels. What more can a young girl yearn for in our present civilization? I have my dogs and birds, and it is so much fun feeding them. I have made frequent trips to San Francisco and San Diego in my automobile, and have never had a blow-out. What if I ever do? I guess I could change tires like Anita King when she motored across the United States," concluded one of the sweetest girls in filmdom, as she walked to the door with the interviewer and bade her a fond farewell.

A Half Hour with Nazimova

(Continued from page 37)

boiling water to stand until wilted. Remove a portion of the thickest part of the leaf so it will roll well. On each leaf place a tablespoonful of the mixture and roll up securely. Pack closely together in covered baking dish, sprinkle with salt and pepper, pour over a little melted butter and bake about thirty minutes in moderate oven.

Potato Salad—Mix three cupfuls cold boiled potatoes, one cupful chopped Spanish onions, and one cup of pickled herring, cut in small pieces. Put in salad bowl, and pour over cooked salad dressing or mayonnaise, as preferred.

Rice Pudding—One quart of milk, four tablespoonfuls rice, two tablespoonfuls brown sugar, one cup raisins, one cup chopped almonds; bake in very slow oven four hours. When done, pour over one cup of cream.

Make tea at table if possible, with freshly boiling water. When serving, pass thin slices of lemon, powdered sugar and whole cloves.

A Modern Jekyll-Hyde

(Continued from page 25)

assistants headed for the downtown apartment of Mr. Holmes.

They discovered that the apartment was completely furnished in Japanese style, and that the bed was not the only thing worthy of attention in the room. The draperies of the apartment are a warm, deep red; the rugs are of heavy velvet, and all lighting is indirect from colored electric globes concealed in soldiers' inverted helmets.

Would you like to know what Mr. Holmes' plans for the future are? Well, here they are, in his own words:

"After this war I am to lead a Fox company to Europe, where we are to make pictures. I have a new idea about the making of pictures that I wish to put in force. Gordon Craig asserts that a picture should be made in entire seclusion, as a man can do his best only when he is isolated from the rest of mankind."

Sob Stories of Sammy Screen

By A. L. HANDLER

SOME are born great, some achieve greatness, and still others have a good publicity department.

Some good actors are born, but more are "made" by the directors.

He who hesitates to find a plot in a Keystone comedy is lost.

It isn't what you say, but how you look when you say it that counts in the movies.

Things are not always what they screen.

A comedy a day will keep the blues away.

She who "vamps" and gets away with it may be called upon to "vamp" another day.

The proof of a picture is in the showing.

The further they are away from the camera, the better do some players look.

The rolling star gathers no moss of popularity.

Beauty must be more than artificial when the camera penetrates.

Absence makes the film fan forget.

A little slapstick now and then is relished by the best of men.

Music hath charms to soothe the wild beasts—and Fox players.

Never leave for tomorrow what you can see today—the censor may drop around.

A stage reputation does not make a successful screenist.

What is one man's Griffith is another man's Sennett.

Too many featured stars spoil the film story.

"I would rather be William Farnum than President."—American boyhood.

Some five-reel features are two-reel productions, grown up by way of much padding.

The best part of some features is the accompanying music.

One does not necessarily have to be a great actor to succeed in pictures; pleasing personality spells picture prominence.

If you want a stunt done well—hire a double.

Do not waste film, for that is what pictures are made of.

One success does not make a star.

The greater the production, the greater the number of imitations.

Fine features make fine feathers.

A good film on exhibition is worth two wonderful spectacles as yet unproduced.

New companies step in where the old ones fear to tread.

When a man "arrives" in pictures he writes testimonials for tobacco; when a woman "arrives" she writes face-preparation testimonials.

You can lead a crowd to a serial film, but you can't make them like it.

Make film while the sun shines.

The truth from a publicity agent would be stranger than fiction.

The company takes care of the players, but the camera-man must look after himself.

It's an unusual film story that recognizes its original author.

Two fair productions do not make one good one.

Lots of young damsels throuout the country are Mary Pickfords, from the curly hair up.

In this age of strong-man heroics, where the big, strapping hero throws villains thru windows, down stairs, and generally thinks nothing of knocking half-a-dozen out in the time it would usually take to hit a man once, it is amusing to see a hero, rescuing the tall heroine from the inevitable kidnappers, take her by the hand and lead her away.

"Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to throw bricks or die—
Into the Valley of Comedy rode the L-Ko
cops."

We, speaking strictly editorially, were shocked the other night—a Motion Picture actor, in the part of an artist, failed to wear a soft shirt, a flowing black tie and a three-cornered hat.

"Not that I loved Mutual less, but that I loved more money more."—Chaplin on leaving Essanay for Mutual.

Next to the players who will not open their mouths in a picture unless they walk up to the very eye of the camera, come the players who wear excess make-up, especially when they make up for outdoor scenes, where the make-up makes them look as if they were disguising their features with a mask. If they must make up, why, in the name of common-sense, don't they make up their necks as well?

Add to list of those who pose as if they were favoring Picturedom by their presence:

Madame Petrova.

Holbrook Blynn.

"Be it ever so humble, there's no job like working in the pictures," says Felix Macdomb, who does office-boy bits.

George Cohan came, he filmed, he conquered.

Comedians not listed:

Picture detectives, whose costumes consist of:

1 cigar.

1 old soft hat.

1 fancy vest.

1 suspicious look.

1 continuous act of nodding head in approval to other detective whose costume consists of:

Same.

Movie brokers of Universal films, who get their ideas of the New York curb market from the director, who never was nearer the east than Bettendorf, Iowa.

We pity one-part players in the pictures; but, then, this is said to be the age of specialists.

"The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what we did here."—Manager Dougherty, of Old Biograph, on introducing D. W. Griffith to that growing youngster, Motion Pictures.



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Jack Kerrigan	Anita Stewart
Lillian Lorraine	Norma Talmadge
Mary Miles Minter	Pearl White
Mabel Normand	Harold Lockwood
Olga Petrova	Earle Williams
Mary Pickford	Crane Wilbur
Blanche Sweet	Lillian Walker
William Farnum	Clara Kimball Young
Valeska Suratt	May Allison
Emily Stevens	Theda Bara (2 poses)
Douglas Fairbanks	Francis X. Bushman
Sidney Drew	Helen Holmes

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Mrs. Gervaise Graham
 40 W. Illinois St., Chicago

O for the old days of Western dramas, produced by Pathé in France and sent to us for our information! The Indians in these French productions of the American West would embrace the cowboys on both cheeks, as an indication of their friendship. The cowboys carried about half-a-dozen revolvers per each and a gaily colored bandana under their hat. They never announced their arrival in the saloons (which were attended by blonde barmaids in short skirts) except by shooting up the place, and the Chinaman, a cowardly brunette, would hide. The inevitable gold mines (the French director must have read of American gold being so easily found) were on a little hill about four feet high, and the cowboy, after being embraced on both cheeks with the Indian kiss of welcome, would stamp around on the mountain and, after a few minutes, would reach into the burrowed hole and take out gold. The villainous half-breed would then appear (they must have had an American picture as a model) and, in company with three other Mexicans, who looked more like the Paris Apaches, with their velvet coats and trousers and caps, would chase them. Of course, after a long chase, the hero eluded them, usually by leaping twenty feet, more or less, into the spreading arms of a chestnut tree. Oh yes, indeed, we considered in those early days that the best comedies we had ever seen, not excluding Foolshead and Tweedledum Italian frolics, were these French bits of American life.

Who knows, probably the American director's idea of French society life, costumes, etc., struck the French as amusingly as these French original portrayals of American characters!

This is now supposedly a very prosperous country. When one considers the number of picture stars and their rumored fabulous salaries it is easy to find out where the money goes and why the average man is always two weeks ahead of his salary.

As Harry Clay Blaney or Theodore Kremer, melodrama exponents of the past, might say:

"Where, oh, where are my wandering villains tonight?"

Without doubt, the life of a serial actress, who dabbles in death-defying stunts, is one of constant danger. Who knows what may happen to the double?—and it is so hard to get some one who can look like the beautiful lady. In one of the famous railroad dramas, where the heroine jumps from one train to another, we glimpsed the trousers of the male double under the lady's skirt.

He shouldn't have worn them.
 Or the company should have noticed it before releasing the film. These little occurrences give the gullible public something to think about, and when one begins to think one is apt to realize truths.

He was leaning against the gate, howling lustily.

"What's the matter, little boy?" asked the traditional kind passer-by.

"Th-they wont take me to the Movin' Pitchers!" he howled.

"Do they take you when you howl like that?"

"S-sometimes they do, and s-sometimes th-they dont, but 'taint no trouble to howl."

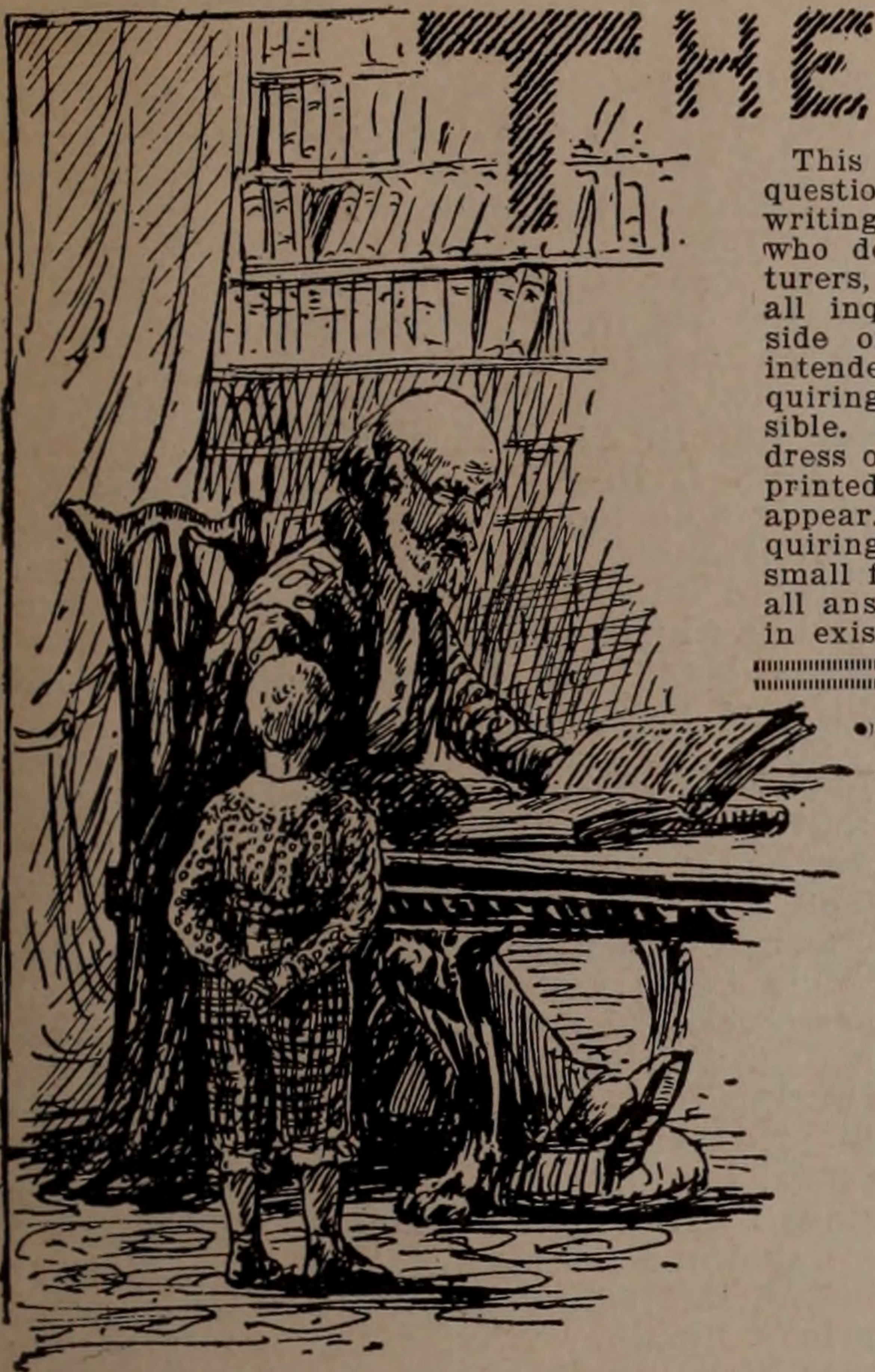
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 Talking It Over Between Changes
 At Rehearsal



GRACE CUNARD SUGGESTS TO FRIEND HUSBAND, TOM MOORE, A NEW IDEA FOR ACTION IN THE NEXT SCENE



THELMA SALTER, TRIANGLE-KAY-BEE'S LITTLE LEADING-LADY—CO-STARRED WITH FRANK KERNAN IN "THE CRAB." HOLDING HER OWN



ANSWER MAN

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.

Chap," with Louise Huff. And now it is announced that Kathlyn Williams is to appear with him in his next Paramount picture.

MATTIE, DIXIE.—There is a vast difference between Emily Stevens and Emmy Wehlen. The latter played in "The Duchess of Doubt" (Metro). I haven't heard a thing about Anita Stewart leaving Vitagraph. Henry King leaves Balboa to direct for American. William Hart is here in the East now, for the first time since leaving the stage. He will stop at all important cities to get the "glad hand" which will be awaiting him.

LILLIAN GISH ADMIRER.—Lillian Gish's library is not limited to a six-foot shelf. She has a small Carnegie of unique editions. Yes, that's one of her hobbies. If you think of making her a gift of "As You Like It," order it rare—very rare. Don't call me Minerva—I'm not that kind of a deity. I'm more Solomonish. E. K. Lincoln is playing in the "Gray Seal" series.

INEZ, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Frank Tobin was the husband in "The House of His Master." Anna Rosemonde was the lead in "Thelma." Frank De Vernon in "The Antique Ring."

MARION S., BROOKLYN.—Norma Talmadge is playing in "Poppy" with Eugene O'Brien and Frederick Perry. Our dog "Shep" is still around the office. It is said that all dogs in Peru have the Peruvian bark, but "Shep" has none at all. We have just clipped him like a lion.

OLGA, 17.—Of course I am glad to hear from you, even if you do call me "dear old lobster." Lobsters are perhaps the most intelligent of sea-living creatures, and they make fine pets. If diligently trained they will crawl about the house, answer when whistled for, and even can be taught to pinch your toe or your hand. Don't you believe it? The last Wilbur picture was "The Single Code."

EUGENE T.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of manufacturers. There is a new company every day almost, and it is hard to keep track of them all.

JULIUS.—You bet I have my buttermilk. The Realkraft Film Corporation aims to present historical events and developments of America from the time of discovery by Christopher Columbus up to the present.

QUEENIE.—Nicholas Dunaew played in "Reward of the Faithless" (Universal). There is some difference between *cinema*—a mechanical device for showing pictures of men, animals, etc., in motion—and *chimera*, a wild illusion; mythical monster which has the head of a lion, body of a goat, tail of a serpent and emits fire. Miriam Cooper's last was "The Honor System."

JACK T. C., BALTIMORE.—So you are looking for a partner in life. Well, woman might be man's silent partner—only she's a woman. Socrates and Milton both had cruel wives. Socrates drank the fatal hemlock, 'tis true, but after Milton's wife deserted him he wrote "Paradise Lost." Irving Cummings is with Fox. He played in "Royal Romance."

AUGUSTUS, MEDINA.—Don't worry; I went go to war. You say a married man has cares and a bachelor has no pleasures, but I'm satisfied. Augustus Phillips played in "God's Law and Man's" (Metro). Did you know Mildred Manning was his wife?

EVANGELINE.—I thank you. Yerza Dayne was the girl in the Shorty Hamilton series. You want a picture of her to appear soon.

BILLIE T. B., GLOUCESTER.—Smoking should not be allowed in the lobby. He should have been hanged for smoking that brand of rope. I've heard that smoke will keep mosquitoes away, and I'd advise you to choose the lesser of two evils—better a poor cigar than those little pests that put New Jersey off the map.

YPONOMEUTRA.—Charles Wellesley was the father in "Poor Little Rich Girl." Mae Marsh was the little star in "The Clansman." George Beranger is with Lasky. Have no record of the whereabouts of Joseph McDermott. Some qweschuns!

ALICE, BROCKPORT.—Montagu Love, Gerda Holmes and Evelyn Greeley in "The Brand of Satan." I don't know why you haven't seen Carlyle Blackwell. He is playing for World.

EVELYN T. B.—On May 25, 1916, a special edition of the *N. Y. World* was carried from New York by the first aeroplane express to Washington; time, 3 hours 4 minutes.

JESSICA T. C.—So you like black. As a rule, I don't like to see women dressed in black. It corresponds to despair, darkness, earthliness, mourning, negation, wickedness and death. Why don't you get a blue suit? I favor the tailor-made girl very much, provided she looks feminine.

RUSTY, NORTH DAKOTA.—W. Davidson was the stranger in "The White Raven." I'm sure you are wrong, because the Washington monument is the highest in the world. The height above the ground is 555 feet, it cost \$1,500,000, and was erected at Washington, D. C., by the American people in honor of George Washington.

HUNTER C., MEMPHIS.—Valeska Suratt is with Fox and Jackie Saunders is with Balboa. I should say Theda Bara. Yes, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is the oldest of all. Raymond Hitchcock was rated a pretty fair screen player because "his hair is human—his smile sublime."

ALEX, BORDEAUX.—*Certainement!* I recall your spicy letter—just wondering when I would hear from you again. Yes, Fannie Ward is Jack Dean's wife. She scored a huge success with the Japanese actor, Sessue Hayakawa in "The Cheat." You will see her on the next Classic cover in all her glory. Thanks for the memento; it's a treasure.

JONSIE, NEW ORLEANS.—House Peters has developed a remarkable fickleness. In "As Men Love" he appeared with Myrtle Stedman, and in his next Pallas, "The Lonesome

(Sixty-nine)



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Get busy right now and put yourself in line for that promotion. You can do it in spare time in your own home through the International Correspondence Schools, just as nearly two million men have done in the last twenty-five years, just as more than 100,000 men are doing today.

The first step these men took was to mark and mail this coupon. Make your start the same way—and make it right now.

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MARIETTA.—Bankruptcy is a wet sponge that erases from the debtor's slate all his moral and legal obligations. "Camille" was the last Fox picture produced with Theda Bara.

SOCRATES.—So you cant wait until you see Warren Kerrigan in pictures. I guess there will be a lot who are anxious to see him. Not in these days is the library mightier than the battleship.

CLIO.—The graham cracker was invented by Colonel Jasper P. Graham at his birthplace, Speonk, N. Y., on August 19, 1812. Colonel Graham stumbled upon the compound quite by accident, as the pan in which the illustrious dietician kept his wheat flour had accidentally been half filled with earth. Thanks for welcoming me into the Scroll Club.

GLADYS M.—I dont know why you dont see more of George Fischer. He played in "Annie for Spite;" also "Environment." Of course there is a Robert Mantell. No, I dont know of any companies who are in need of scenarios. Creighton Hale is back with Pathé. You should see "The Thirteenth Chair" on the stage if you want to see a grewsome thing.

23-13.—David Wall was Willard and Florence Malone was Princess Nayla in "Yellow Menace."

JACKIE SAUNDERS ADMIRER.—I am informed that Antonio Moreno has left Vitagraph. Yes, we had a fine picture of Alma Hanlon in the December 1915 Classic. Of course Harry Fox is a regular player. You say my picture up above here looks as tho I was attending a requiem mass. Say not so.

JOHN N. D.—That's very true, but Moving Pictures are far from being speechless when the director gets busy with his megaphone. Guess you were right. The Dutch village in "Hulda from Holland" was taken in Hempstead, L. I.

INEZ, NEWFOUNDLAND.—Yes, Bob Vignola is still directing for Famous Players. You say that Owen Moore is Catholic, Mary Pickford is Catholic, Joe Moore is Catholic, and now Grace Cunard, or Mrs. Joe Moore, must be Catholic. Why extend your imagination? Why bring religion into my sacredly neutral columns?

WILLIAM L. McC.—Lottie Pickford isn't playing now. Yes, Ruth Stonehouse is still with Universal, playing in "A Lovable Thief." Theda Bara is working on "Cleopatra." Not May Allison, but Carmel Myers, now playing opposite Harold Lockwood. I hear there was a quarrel. As soon as Warren Kerrigan returns to the Coast he will release his pictures thru Paralta.

OLGA, 17.—So you are knitting for the soldiers. I suggest that you all make pajamas for the Germans, because they are about to retire. William Farnum was William Armstrong in "American Methods." Naomi Childers was Phyllis and Leslie Austen was Jerry in "The Auction of Virtue."

NORA.—Edward Hearn opposite Ella Hall in "Her Soul's Inspiration." No, no, no, Ruth Roland is not married to any one. Neither is it true that the Ford cars are manufactured in a strip and cut off individually, but that is the way the jokesmiths put it. "Max in a Taxi" is quite funny, but not so good as Linder's last. Charming indeed.

C. S. W., TORONTO.—Address Art Dramas at 116 W. 39th St., N. Y. City. I agree with you. I do not know what the correct feminine of cowboy is, but some say "cow-girl." My own idea is that they should be called milkmaids.

HELEN, MILWAUKEE.—Victor Sutherland was Page Warren in "The Bar Sinister." Frances Nelson as Louise and Harry Northrup was Mortimer in "The Beautiful Lie." So you want a picture of Milton Sills in the Gallery. It shall be did.

CLIO.—Tax bachelors? Certainly; aren't they taxing all luxuries? Haven't seen a copy of that Clarion yet.

DIMPLES.—Well, Uncle Sam expects every acre to do its duty. You can reach Mrs. Vernon Castle, care of Pathé, Jersey City,

and Olga Petrova, care of Lasky, 485 Fifth Avenue, N. Y. City. It would be some job to give you the names of all the players alphabetically, beginning with A. Sorry.

CATHERINE C.—Surely; Mabel Normand, Hollywood, Cal., will reach her. Edward Arnold was Grant, Ernest Maupain was the Baron and Hazel Daly was Frances in "Be My Best Man." The best man is often the one who isn't getting married.

JOHN I. D.—We have no record of the player who took the part of the Christ in "Intolerance." You say you think it was Howard Gage. I'm sorry we cant help you. Arthur Shirley in "Bethesda, the Wildcat." Irene Hunt and Ernest Shields in "The Birth of Patriotism."

MINKA K.—Kempton Greene was with Lubin last, and I haven't heard of him since. Norma Phillips is with World. I am no doctor, but if you have water on the knee why dont you wear your pumps?

SYLVIA L.—A good game for you to play would be to have each one name their superstitions. I am sure it would be interesting as well as amusing. I dont mind answering such questions. One girl asked me to give her a list of the latest New York songs, but that's somewhat out of my line since I neither attend cabarets nor sing.

PAULINE FREDERICK FAN.—Your letter was indeed interesting. You dont like June Caprice's mouth. Why, I thought it a very nice little, cunning little, pouty little mouth. Then you say you saw Mae Marsh wear the same dress that Dorothy Gish wore in "Atta Boy's Last Race," and that Blanche Sweet and Tsuru Aoki wore the same clothes. Of course we like to get your criticism, but what if they did? They were probably stock studio clothes.

MARY MILES MINTER FAN.—No, I dont know any chorus girls, but, with De Wolf Hopper, I can say "Here's to the ladies—God dress 'em!" Josephine Stevens and Roscoe Arbuckle in "The Butcher Boy." You were right in your assumption.

GEORGE C.—No young man ever earned his feed with a billiard cue, and lots of them have rendered themselves incompetent ever to do so. Jessie Arnold was the mother in "Tennessee's Pardner." Thomas Holding in "The Eternal Sin." Viola Barry was the girl in "Sea Wolf." Emanuel Turner in "The Redemption of Dave Darcey."

ERNA V.—Miriam Cooper was the sister in "The Birth of a Nation." Lillian Burns was Mary in "The Goddess." I cant tell that play from your description, and besides, things aren't like years ago, when we could read almost all the synopses that were produced and know everything that was going on. Times have changed.

WARWICK AND WALTHALL ADMIRER.—You show good judgment. By the way, the high cost of paper hasn't affected my readers, I'm glad to see. Thanks for the fee. No such person as the police spy in "Badge of Shame." Very sorry. Richard Tabor was with Essanay, but I doubt whether he is playing now. Florence Malone was the child in "The Master Hand." You ask how long I have been over from the Emerald Isle. I've never been over.

OCTAVIA P. R.—Stuart Holmes was Teddy and Mary Martin was Rose in "The Derelict." Douglas Gerrard was Paul and George Gebhardt was Cou Cou in "Eternal Love." You want to hear more of Norma Talmadge. Josie Collins is with Pathé. "Dimples" was released in February, 1916. Gordon Griffith was Blake in "Gloriana." Of course you hear of Bryant Washburn. He is an Essanay star.

K. C., WOODHAVEN.—And who told you so much? The child in "Little Shoes" is not cast. You say the increased price of the Classic isn't going to faze you any. That is right, for it's well worth a quarter, even.

ALICE M.—Arline Pretty played in one picture with Douglas Fairbanks for Arcraft. She has blue eyes and light hair. Kittens Reichert was Alice in "Her Secret." Arthur Housman and Jean Sothern in "A Mother's Ordeal" (Art Dramas).

DOLPH.—As T. Adams once said, "War is that miserable desolation that finds a land before it like Eden and leaves it behind like a Sodom and Gomorrah." Read Olive Schreiner's book, "Woman and Labor." She defines admirably woman's contribution to war. I shall give an extract from her chapter on "Woman and War": "Men have made boomerangs, bows, swords or guns with which to destroy one another; we have made the men who destroyed and were destroyed! We have in all ages produced, at an enormous cost, the primal munition of war, without which no other would exist. There is no battlefield on earth, nor ever has been, howsoever covered with slain, which it has not cost the women of the race more in actual bloodshed and anguish to supply than it has cost the men who lie there. We pay the first cost on all human life. In supplying the men for the carnage of a battlefield, women have not merely lost actually more blood and gone thru more acute anguish and weariness in the long months of rearing that follow; the women of the race go thru a long, patiently endured strain which no knapsacked soldier on his longest march has ever more than equaled; while even in the matter of death, in all civilized societies, the probability that the average woman will die in childbirth is immeasurably greater than the probability that the average man will die in battle."

O. R. EL CONDADO.—Yea, yea, yea; you ask what players take the Classic. Do you honestly want to put me to the trouble of going thru our thousands of subscription files? I guess nearly every player in America reads the Classic. Seena Owen's latest picture is "A Woman's Awakening."

BRUNETTA, 17.—Character actor is one who has the power of representing with equal facility widely different characters. Marguerite Clayton and Webster Campbell in "The Clock Struck One" (Essanay). June Daye is with Fox. Have no other pictures she appeared in. Come again.

GEORGE C.—Alfred Hickman was George Everett and Jean Hathaway was Mrs. Darnell in "The Master Key." Lee Roy Baker was Michael in "The Exploits of Elaine."

BERNIE.—The *Screamer* is a five-penny affair gotten out in Los Angeles. They say that Tsuru Aoki has signed up with Essanay and will be directed by Frank Borzage. Thomas Santschi in "The Indelible Stain."



FRANKLYN FARNUM ISN'T LAUGHING BECAUSE THE SCENE CALLS FOR IT—HE JUST CANT HELP IT, AND NEITHER CAN YOU IF YOU TAKE A GOOD LOOK AT HIM. SURE COMPETITION WITH THE FAIRBANKS CACKLE!

(Seventy-one)

DEAR SEÑOR EDITOR—Sooner or later, every visitor to Los Angeles travels southward to the marriage-place of Ramona in the City of the Sun.

You may go to Tia Juana (Aunt Jane) by way of rubber-neck wagon, narrow-gauge "Tia Juana Limited"—drawn by a tiny oil-burning engine which makes up in voice for lack of avoirdupois—electric cars or Studebaker Six. Having sampled them all, I prefer the jitney with its courteous chauffeur, especially when I get the front seat with information gratis.

We Coast folk take a yearly trip to Tia Juana, much as you Easterners imbibe sulphur and molasses, and the Mexican trip certainly goes thru one's pockets and removes pesos in much the same fashion as Grandmother's Remedy eradicated facial blemishes.

Not long ago Fannie Ward and Jack Dean decided to relieve the Hollywood Bank of excess responsibility by toting some of their earnings to the border town. "Tennessee's Pardner" really expected to find an infant Monte Carlo, and prepared to emerge from that den of iniquity with nothing more tangible than the return stubs of transportation tickets. Perhaps you can imagine her disappointment when no white-marbled halls of sin and sorrow loomed up as a background for her loveliness, and rummy bookies did the honors instead of velvet-clad attendants. Dont you want me to tell you what Fannie did see? Perhaps this true-to-nature type is more exciting, after all, than the effete nobility of a foreign clime.

Between those movie theaters, Cabrillo and Plaza, you'll find the Barbara Worth Hotel, almost as much charm lingering about its halls as one finds in the book of that name. Here the jitney calls, and we drive down by way of Chula Vista, where I expect to be handed a lemon, for 'tis the home of the largest citrus groves. Towering pines and eucalyptus, chocolate-coated sentinels, guard the left side of the road, for the sea-breezes which sweep in from the Silver Strand love to throw dust in their eyes, in a wild endeavor to flirt with the young fruit-trees, gay in their floral wreaths.

This would be a fine place for chickens—oh, of course there are always some on the tour, but they dont *enjoy* a dust-bath, because of their fine feathers, as a staid old Bidy might, and dust-baths are forced upon one here. In many sections of the road you will find dust fourteen inches thick, for the rainy season has "been and went" and sun and wind are having their innings now.

Tiana Juana is about twenty miles from San Diego, but we can make it in fifty minutes with a fearless driver, provided there is not a fiesta when the long line of autos prevents progress. Yes, and that includes crawling over the desert on a parallel plank-road, each plank but a bit wider than an ordinary tire, and used even by the thirty-passenger touring cars. Of course, when a

thousand machines nose each other down this perilous path, you wont be surprised to hear that the trip is accompanied by squeals of fear, à la the "Race Thru the Clouds," for the improvised road over the sand is two miles long, and one might topple off and land in a mess of cactus or mesquite.

An exciting cue is furnished by the *aduanero* at the Mexican customs house, and we all pile out in order that he may peer under seats and lift the cushions. There is no searching of individuals, however, and with a cheery "Buenos dias" we are permitted to resume our way. You'll find a few stocky soldados ornamenting the tiny porch, and it's just as well to note their uniforms, for they change with every administration. At this time they were Carranzistas, and that gentleman's flag flopped forlornly over the alkali road.

Tiana Juana cant boast of flower or blade of grass. In the so-called "calle," or street, ani-mules and getchergoats bite the dust. But look at those purpling hills, vast stretches of brown mesa, the bull-fight arena two blocks distant, and on the other side that funny little fort, with its walls-of-Troy pattern on top, for all the world like those lithographed penny sheets of forts and soldiers which we purchased in—hey, there, class in Ancient History, forward! But if dry as to soil, this little burg is full of good cheer, for fourteen cantinas (saloons) irrigate perhaps twenty casas (houses), and since the Mexican population belongs gladly to the Army of the Unwashed, what need for pumping plants? The cantina will take care of one's thirst, si!

Cant you hear the merry lilt of that guitar at the Cantina Club? Just watch Conchita, with eyes like sparkling burgundy, as she pours two glasses of mescal for two bits. That's a sunshiny little drink, short as to quantity, but long on effect. It makes the head heavy and the feet light, and but little persuasion will induce a mescal-laden Mex to dance. This Cantina Club was actually a U. S. fort in the last scrimmage on the border, and our brave boys held it.

But the real magnet at Aunt Jane's is the Casino. It was here that Fannie Ward and Jack Dean met their Waterloo and found instead of Monte Carlo Junior—what?

Noise! That just describes the gambling hall. Not that the tables are noisy, for the gamblers are motionless statues, inscrutable, immovable, save for their eyes, but I'm sure they have an elusive system of signals as I watch the ever-growing pile of gold and silver on the tables. And such card shuffling! I've been told that a student of the gentle vice is required to shuffle all day long, in solitary confinement, for two months. Surely, practice alone could make possible that noiseless, one-stroke shifting of the spots, perfectly accomplished, before one can mutter "Madre de Dios!"

Our Pacific Coast News-Letter—Continued

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A peon enters and planks cinco pesos, American gold, on a number. A chattering Spanish woman covers a half-dozen numbers, a little American tourist superstitiously places her dimes and nickels on multiples of "three." Whirring wheels, descending dice and the American has doubled her coins, the señora has won a gold eagle, and the peon walks out with empty pockets, the while the croupier nonchalantly adds his fiver to the piled-up gold. The Mex has saved for weeks and lost all on one throw, but the fun was worth it, and in another month he'll be able to afford the excitement again.

If there's a skeptical reader of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE or CLASSIC, who says "Oh, but in reality there are never such types as one sees in photoplay dancing-halls," let him or her visit Tia Juana, and be convinced that we still have a very woolly little old West. Dear fans, you know very well you've seen that tall individual with monstrous Stetson, linen duster, spurred boots and heavy caterpillar over upper lip. And you thought that funny-whiskered, bibulous biped with bleary blinkers, blue flannel shirt, bandana, revolver-belt and greasy leather money-pouch belonged only to the William Fox studios? Why, no, he's a regular client of the Casino, and works over in the mines until the pouch feels heavy, when a trip to Tia Juana will relieve him of his burdens.

That short-skirted girlie will dance with any of you for the joy of a yackey-wackey. At seventeen, she is still optimistic and buoyant enough to recover from disappointments. But look at that Gladys Brockwell type, hair disheveled, face hopeless and pallid; don't you remember how Gladys looked in Tom Forman's play? She's had too much mescal, paid for by yon young mechanic who flings an arm about her, and she has forgotten the burning cigaret and starts as it singes her fingers. He asks for another dance, and once more she drags herself unsteadily about, only to fall again, as she has fallen many times, only to get a little more dust on the blue serge, for they don't bother much about sweeping floors down there.

The piano-puncher, clad in knickers, his shirt disclosing a well-chiseled throat, seems a familiar figure. He's had the art knocked out of him in this seven-day go-as-you-please stunt, but some U. S. regulars buy him a drink—they like his ragging. Isn't it funny how every girl will fall for those buttons and khaki uniforms? Our army boys never want for sweethearts, bless 'em!

Two young girls, enjoying their first trip "abroad," join me in an amble to the Mexican Fortress! Any attempt to take snaps of this fuerte means confiscation of the kodak, but, like the miner of old, "I done my damndest; men nor angels can do no more."

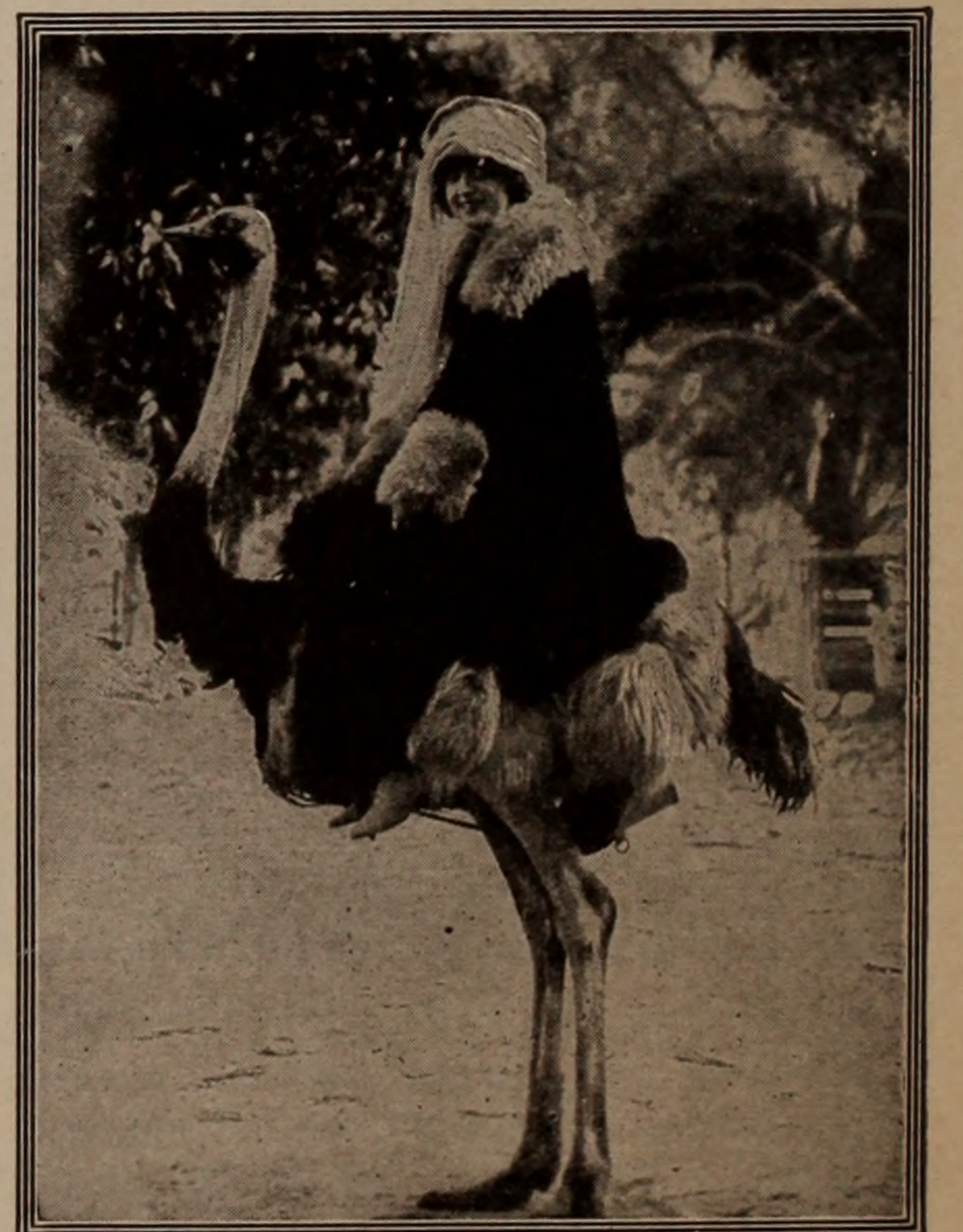
Going back we are really held up, for your Uncle Samuel has a good representative at his fortified border bungalow, and we form two lines, one for the deadly of the species and the other for the wearers of bifurcated garments. A year ago, one might import one dollar's worth of tobacco free; now the limit is two bits, and the ladies may carry but one dollar's worth of drawn work or similar mementoes. I buy nothing but postals and foreign stamps in Old Mexico, for all their stuff is imported from Frisco, anyway. But the lady customs officer opens my bag and extracts a pink chiffon veil, which she smilingly returns when convinced that it is a product of the Angel City.

And let me tell you, when I arrived in San Diego again I was thankful God made plumbers and plumbers installed baths.

And what do you suppose I saw at the Orpheum the other night? Quite a crowd of our film-folk, but right near me sat Francis Ford with his new-old wife, the latter beautifully frocked in a greenish shimmery gown and a confection-coat of green. Quite a lot of folks recognized Francis; you remember his little "side-boards" which distinguish him from other men? Just then, the Farber Sisters on the stage got off a little story. Number one remarks, "You mustn't flirt with that man out there; he's a married man." Number two retaliates, "How do you know he's a married man?" "Well, there are two things you can't disguise—a married man and a Ford; you can always tell 'em by their clutch!" Can you see us all howling, and a lot of eyes glued on Mr. and Mrs. Francis?

I must close muy pronto, so adios, Señor Editor.

FRITZI REMONT.



MARGARITA FISCHER ON HER PET OSTRICH

(Seventy-two)

Just Imagine

By CHESTER W. CLEVELAND

Little Mary doing the vampire stunt—
 Marie Dressler as "Miss George Washington"—
 Ham without Bud—
 Kate Price in "The Perils of Our Girl Reporters"—
 Oshkosh and Kokomo as rival centers of production—
 Marc MacDermott opposite Mabel Normand—
 D. W. Griffith directing Vim Comedies—
 Peace and harmony in the Triangle camp—
 Charles Chaplin in support of Pauline Frederick—
 "The Great Secret" still running in 1925—
 Theda Bara signing an ordinary contract—
 Another presidential campaign for Edwin August in 1920—
 When Podunk and Turkey Run have their own screen clubs—
 The day when there are no more end-seat hogs—
 All the old Chaplin prints getting a rest—
 When there will be no more "No Children Admitted" signs—
 How many more years before Mary Miles Minter will be fifteen—
 When all the stars have their own companies—
 No more death-bed scenes—
 Roscoe Arbuckle as "Little Mary Sunshine"—
 Jack Kerrigan getting an average of three letters a day—
 When the days of over-production are over—
 A good vehicle for Mary Fuller—
 The return of the nickel show—
 When movie players get what they are worth—
 All the movie studios open to visitors—
 An absence of the subtitle reader that usually sits behind you—
 When the film fails to break at the climax—
 The passing of matinée idols—
 When producers advertise fewer million-dollar productions—
 When churches, schools and homes are equipped with movie apparatus—
 No more rejection slips—
 No more "Pink Slip" pictures—
 All the photoplaywriting schools out of business—
 The Ohio censors rejecting "Logging in Louisiana"—
 "Youth's Endearing Charm" with Flora Finch.

"The Idiot," an absorbing photoplay, was holding the rapt attention of the audience. Just as it was nearing the thrilling climax, with the reunion of the father and son, the screen was suddenly swept blank. The picture was discontinued.
 "Isn't that a shame!" exclaimed a lady sitting in front of me.
 "Maybe they forgot their parts," suggested her six-year-old daughter.

(Seventy-three)

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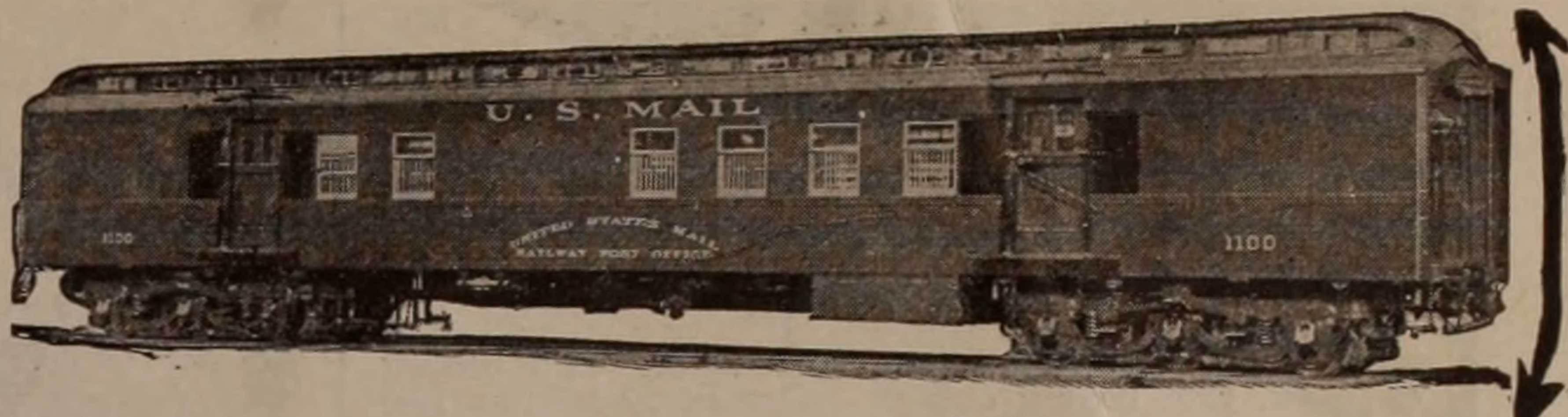
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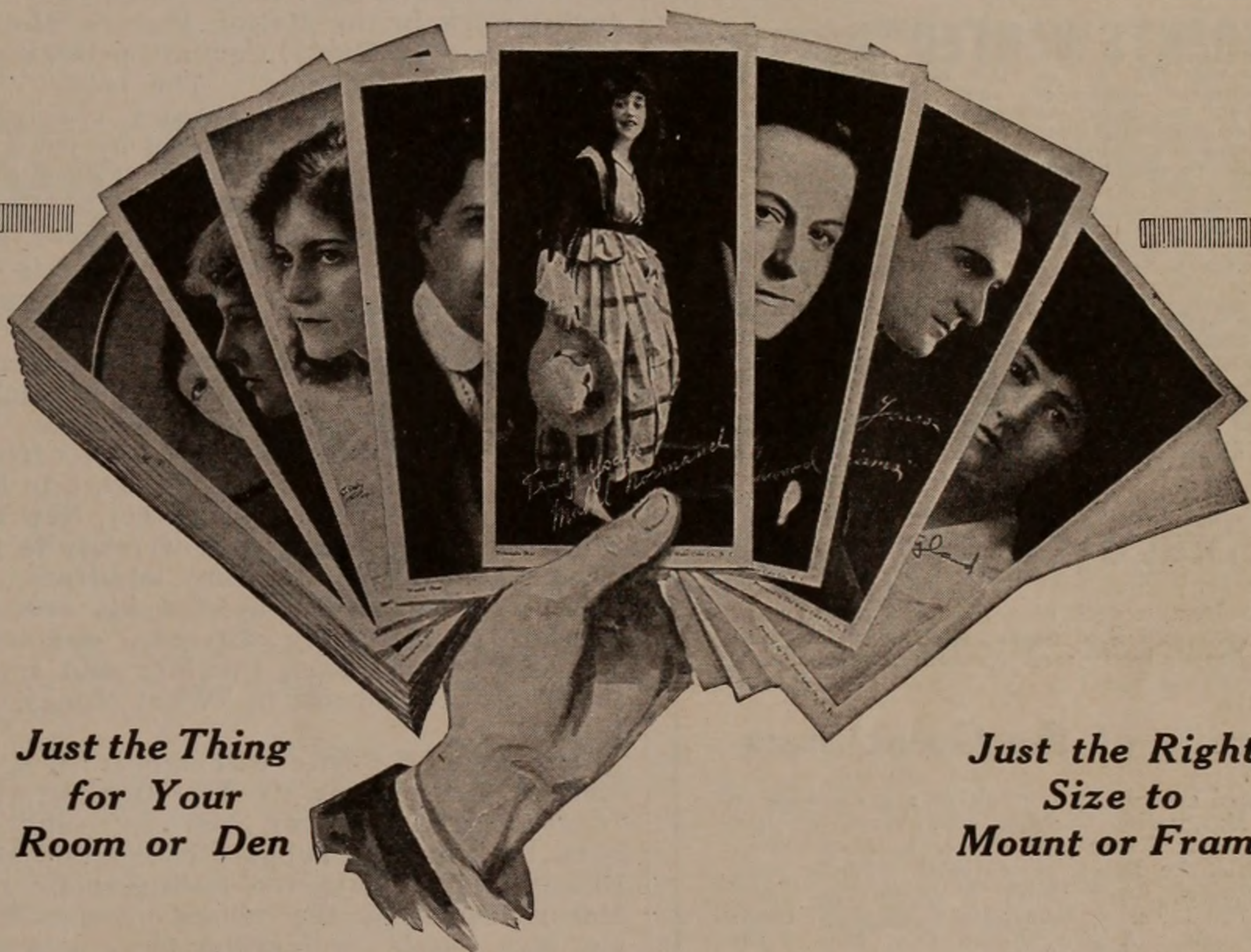
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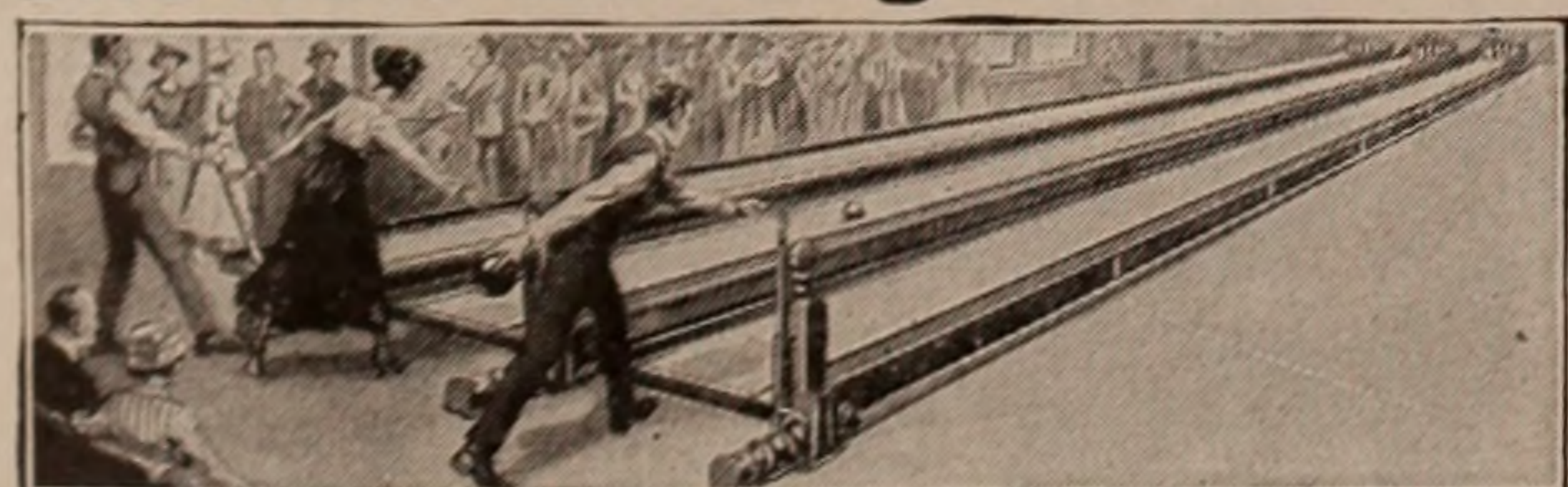
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Green Room Jottings

Little Whisperings From Everywhere In Playdom

Two eloquent telegrams: "May 3, 1917. To Madame Sarah Bernhardt, Mount Sinai Hospital, New York City—Having just viewed your magnificent work in the Motion Picture 'Mothers of France,' we, as an audience, desire to express our unbounded appreciation. We cannot give you up, Divine Sarah. We know your unconquerable spirit will win you back to perfect health, just as the spirit of your beloved country—our ally—will lead her to victory. May you live to enjoy the triumph! A message from you as to your real condition will be greatly appreciated by those who have been inspired by your wonderful work in the Motion Picture 'Mothers of France.' (Signed), Committee Representing Alhambra Theater." The reply: "May 11, 1917. To Alhambra Theater, Cincinnati, Ohio—I am profoundly touched by your telegram. I have only tried in 'Mothers of France' to show the real sorrow (grief) which each woman in France feels—a grief which I feel grows deeper from day to day. Thanks for your sweet words. (Signed), Sarah Bernhardt."

Peggy Hyland, the Pavlova of the screen, on the completion of her swan-song appearance with the Vitagraph Company in "The Sixteenth Wife?" announces to all her friends that her temporary address is Mayfair Film Corporation Office, 10 Wall Street, New York City. La petite Peggy is now ready to play rôles requested by her many admirers.

Lou-Tellegen has completed his first production as a Lasky director, co-starring Louise Huff and Jack Pickford and including Theodore Roberts in "What Money Cant Buy."

Mrs. Vernon Castle will appear in a red-blooded, fast-moving five-reel thriller, titled "Carroll of the Secret Service." She will have the splendid support of capable stars. Elliott Dexter plays the leading male rôle; Macey Harlan is the villain; Susan Willa and Mrs. Castle are familiar faces to be seen in this strong detective screen drama.

"Sudden Jim," the popular Saturday Evening Post serial story, has been pictured by the Triangle-Ince Company, starring Charles Ray. He will be supported by Sylvia Bremer, the Australian beauty, and J. J. Dowling.

Mabel Taliaferro will be directed by Tod Browning in a forthcoming Metro wonder-play, "Will o' the Wisp," written by Katharine Kavanaugh.

In rehearsing a mob scene in "Betty, Be Good," Jackie Saunders and her new run-about were really mobbed and nearly wrecked when the extras put too much spirit and ginger into the scene. She didn't mind their taking their parts seriously in "The Checkmate," where she plays a dual (twin-sister) rôle of tomboy and dignified young lady.

Sam de Grasse, who played prominent parts in "The Birth of a Nation" and "Intolerance" and delightfully remembered as "Bud" Fraser in "The Good Bad Man," will appear with the Douglas Fairbanks company in "A Regular Guy."

Among the various thrilling scenes in Mary Pickford's next presentation, "The Little American," the sinking of the Lusitania will be depicted. Rehearsals commenced on May 7th, the second anniversary of this tragic episode. Following this production, "America's Little Sweetheart of the Screen" will appear in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm."

Apparently Chicago's crop of "fine feathers" is short this season. Marguerite Clayton, who is shortly to appear with Jack Gardner in an Essanay feature, entitled "The Night Workers," made a shopping trip

to New York. She made such a rapid Moving Picture flitting in and out of the revolving store-doors that the camera-man failed to qualify in this marathon.

The latest Paramount picture offerings are: "At First Sight," Mae Murray (Famous Players); Anita King appears with Wallace Reid in "The Squaw Man's Son" (Lasky), and he then takes to the "Big Timber" with Kathlyn Williams (Morosco); George Beban as the "Cook of Canyon Camp" (Morosco), followed by Lou-Tellegen in "The Long Trail" (Famous Players); Vivian Martin and Sessue Hayakawa travel together in "Forbidden Paths" (Lasky); Fannie Ward fascinates us in "The Crystal Gazer" (Lasky), and Pauline Frederick shows us "The Love That Lives" (Famous Players).

Antonio Moreno is back in New York and is greeting his friends along the Rialto. Tony has resigned from the Vitagraph Company and has not as yet announced his future plans.

Harry Morey, who appeared with Alice Joyce in "Her Secret," is rushing to completion work on another Vitagraph picture play; then he will rush to California.

William S. Hart has deserted his beloved West for the first time in three years and will take a vacation holiday in New York. Newburgh, N. Y., is the birthplace of Mr. Hart, and his mother still lives there. Telegrams of invitations to stop in various cities on his trip across the continent poured in on this popular Ince star, and there were many he found impossible to refuse.

A group picture of Triangle players, taken at Culver City to bid godspeed to Ruth McCord, departing on her 10,000-mile motorcycle trip, included Dorothy Dalton, Enid Bennett, Louise Glaum, Bessie Love, Olive Thomas, Bessie Barriscale, Clara Williams, Charles Ray, William S. Hart, and William Desmond. Several hundreds of motor-cyclists from various Los Angeles clubs escorted her to San Diego.

A beautiful play for children is being filmed at the Ince-Triangle studios, Culver City. The studio kiddies, Thelma Salter and Georgie Stone, will have as a supporting cast, Laura Sears, Jack Livingston, J. P. Lockney, Gertrude Claire, Leo Willis and Walter Perry. Exquisite fairyland settings are being constructed for use in this play.

In "Poppy," Norma Talmadge's latest release, she exhibits a wide range of creations, from gingham frocks and pinafores of a little Irish vagabond of the Transvaal to the most exquisite creations of the modistes. African natives give it local color, and luxurious tropical settings make this one of the most beautiful photoplays ever reproduced.

Director Barker found it necessary to hire a real washerwoman as extra for a day, to instruct Charles Gunn and Enid Bennett in the tactics of the laundry lady's art, in making scenes in the Ince-Triangle comedy-drama, "Happiness." The hero earns his way thru college as a "washerwoman."

Tsuru Aoki has resumed her study of Japanese dancing, in which art she has attained proficiency. Only the intimate friends of Miss Aoki, however, have the pleasure of seeing this little Oriental girl interpret the dances of her Japan.

Forrest Halsey has written a photoplay especially for Gail Kane, entitled "The Serpent's Tooth." Following this, she will be directed by Henry King in "The Woman in Black," an exciting (American-Mutual) Secret Service story. Her third offering, "The Upper Crust," is an adaptation of Charles Sherman's novel, "The Indiscretions of Molly."

William Russell is back at the American studios, after a brief vacation, rehearsing "The Frame-up" and "For a Lady's Name." Mr. Russell's divided interests cause him much consternation these days. If it rains, picture-making is suspended—Mr. Russell worries; if it does not rain, a large bean crop on his Fresno ranch is in danger of a drouth—Mr. Russell worries again; when it is cloudy, with neither rain nor sun in prospect, the plot thickens—he is worried both ways.

Mary Miles Minter has a varied assortment of rôles. Dressed as a very poor and then very rich little girl, she changes from a homely to a beautiful little lady in "Annie-for-Spite." In "Periwinkle," she romps along the rugged ocean coast in rubber boots, oilskins and sou'wester. Next she appears as a Tennessee mountain girl in "Melissa of the Hills."

Arthur Shirley will play the rôle of a young civil engineer, opposite Jackie Saunders, in "A Bit of Kindling." The supporting cast in this fourth in a series of Mutual feature-plays includes Edward Jobson, H. C. Russell, Charles Dudley, Ethel Ritchie, J. P. Wade, Charles Blaisdell and George Austin.

One of the most thrilling fight scenes ever filmed will be seen in "The Flame of the Yukon." Kenneth Harlan and Melbourne McDowell disregard Queensberry rules, landing the sort of hard "jazz" hits practiced by the first Alaskan gold rushers.

The camera crank grinds out a goodly grist of golden gems for June: Marjorie Rambeau, in "The Mirror," reflects a story of theatrical life—the action occurs amid and about the bright lights of Broadway; Edna Goodrich makes her screen début in "Reputation" (American); Billie Rhodes, in "Trixie of the Follies," cures a flirting hubby; Lillian Hamilton masquerades in boy's clothing in "Caught in the End" (Vogue); June Caprice, in "A Small-Town Girl," plays well the part (with all due respect to her birthplace, Arlington, Mass.); Ann Murdock, in "Outcast," takes us from America to Piccadilly, London, a Bohemian restaurant in Paris, and a kirk in Scotland.

G. M. Anderson, "Broncho Billy," returns to the screen in a film play, "Humanity," after a busy interim as owner and producer of Broadway theatrical successes. He was one of the pioneers in the Essanay Motion Pictures' interests.

Simplified spelling meets with the approval and endorsement of film manufacturers and is now generally used in all printed matter on films. The list includes words used by the National Education Association since 1898. For example: prolog, catalog, thoroly, thru, altho, etc., and the spelling "t" for the ending "ed" when pronounced "t." MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and CLASSIC long ago adopted simplified spelling and requests contributors and contestants to please follow the fashion.

Shirley Mason, featured in McClure's "Seven Deadly Sins," will have the leading rôle in Edison's "The Little Chevalier;" Freddie Verdi (formerly with Selznick, in "The Foolish Virgin") is cast with Miss Mason in "The Little Chevalier."

In "The Law of the North" (Edison) Shirley Mason appeared in an all-star cast. The other well-known screen favorites are Sally Crute, Pat O'Malley and Richard Tucker. Miss Mason is under contract with McClure, but was recently loaned to Edison.

Vivian Rich has joined the Treasure State Motion Pictures Corporation, Butte, Mont.

The gasoline go-cart has not supplanted faithful Old Dobbin in the affections of Wilfred Lucas. This Triangle star has just fitted up a luxurious stable for his equine friends on his own home estate in California. When he asked their ebony-hued attendant, Tom, what he thought of it, Thomas replied: "Uh—huh! Mistah Lucas, them thyah hawses is jes' waitin' to express a mos' gratifyin' nod of thanks to yo'-all. I know dey surtinly done enjoy dis yere palace. It jes'

(Seventy-five)

makes me almos' wisht I was a hawse, yes, sah!"

Florence Reed has a new "vamp" variety to interpret in the part of Lily Wagner, in "To-day." Lily is a "clothes-horse vamp," and she rides her hobby to the limit. The love of glad rags dominates and destroys all of the near-good or great latent qualities of the beauty who toils not, neither does she spin, but arrays herself in Solomon-like glory and follows the line of least resistance.

The big summer flit has commenced of head-line players from one studio nest to another. It makes us dizzy to try to keep up with them. But here are the important changes of the month: Leah Baird flies from Universal to Ivan; Jack Kerrigan soars from Universal to Paralta; Barbara Tennant hops from Metro to Williamson Brothers; Glad-den James flutters from Triangle to Pathé; Anders Randolph swoops from Vitagraph to Ivan; Elsie McLeod bird-cages from Edison to Metro; and, not to be caught napping,

Jack Richardson flaps from Selig to Triangle.

Here is a crazy-patch of assorted studio news: Just as Olive Stokes Mix is granted her divorce from Tom Mix, Craig Hutchinson leads Mary MacLaren to the altar. Triangle has abolished the famous Fine Arts brand. Norma Phillips, once known as "Our Mutual Girl," is now with World. Universal has added another brand to the burning by discontinuing its Red Feather features. Kittens Reichert has toddled from Fox to Art Dramas, and Rita Jolivet ambles from Morosco to Ivan. And, to make a long story short, Charlotte Burton is haling Essanay into court in a lawsuit for \$28,000. She does not know whether she wants to stay with them or not, and Essanay doesn't know whether they want her to stay or not. So there you are. And, to end with a bit of big romance, Ruth Roland decided to accept the hand and heart of Lionel Kent, a Los Angeles business man, and she is now Mrs. Kent.

THE Big Midsummer Picture Book

The Harvest Moon, Verandas and Hammocks, Beaches and Woods Send a Call for the August Motion Picture Magazine

Myrtle Stedman, the "Songbird of the Films," is portrayed as a study in green by Leo Sielke, Jr., on the cover of the August Magazine. She is the call of lush pasture, verdant meadow, green forests, emerald waves—an ideal summer-girl.

"The Why of the Tankless Film," by Hi Sibley, is another photo war-story direct from the firing-line in France. Illustrated with special photographs taken by a famous American airman.

"Dame Fashion's Horoscope," by Dorothy Gregory, former editor of *The Whip*, is a series of stunning lay-outs, especially posed by picture stars in riding toggery and sport-clothes for golfing, fishing, boating and vacationing. The article is written by an authority on smart outdoor clothes.

"A Songbird of the Films," by J. Gordon Bastedo, recites the adventurous career of Myrtle Stedman, opera singer, globe-trotter, "chefette" and picture star. A most eventful life now at its zenith.

"Picture-making in the Tall Uncut," by Frank W. Salley—another of those delightful location stories, dealing with the trials and adventures of Helen Holmes in search of "atmosphere" in the rough country.

"Extra Ladies and Gentlemen," the continuation of W. Sheridan-Bickers' fascinating article on the life of the "special engagement people" in the Los Angeles studios. Illustrated with exclusive photographs from the Coast.

"The Movie Gossip-Shop"—the new department—promises the very best and smartest gossip from Studio-land, illustrated with special snapshots. And then there are a brace of short stories—red-blooded, the kind that tickle your heart and feed your fancy; up-to-the-minute Greenroom Jottings; the Answer Man at his best; a beautiful Rotogravure Gallery of Players, besides a surprise or two to while away a midsummer hour.

"All About the Submarines," by Edwin M. LaRoche, is the absorbing inside story of the "Mystery of the Seas"—how they have been used in pictures and how they attack, disappear, and live their charmed and mysterious life. Reserved for the September issue.

VOTING COUPON

CLASSIC KINGS AND QUEENS CONTEST

Any reader may vote once a month by filling out this coupon and mailing it to the CLASSIC, 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y. The same player may be voted for for all three attributes. Additional coupons can be obtained by addressing the CLASSIC Sales Manager, also clubbing rates and extra coupons for subscriptions.

I vote for the following players:

MALE	FEMALE
Beauty.....	Beauty.....
Charm.....	Charm.....
Portrayal.....	Portrayal.....
Name and address of voter.....	

Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By RICHARD WILLIS

The Fox and the Lasky companies have gone in for a small army all their own. Each has what it terms a Home Guard, composed of the members of the various departments at the studios. They are fully equipped in every respect, from the uniforms to the guns. An army officer is training the men at both studios.

Some massive sets are being erected for the Theda Bara production that will soon be started. It looks strange to see the sets of ancient Rome next to the famous French Bastille.

Ora Carew, the Keystone star, has won another beauty contest, which makes the third she has walked away with in the last two months. She is fast becoming known as "The Keystone Beauty."

William S. Hart is off on a trip and will visit every State in the Union. He certainly will be missed while he is gone.

Herbert Rawlinson, the Universal star, has had a great deal of luck lately. Everything he has touched has turned into money, and, to cap the climax, his better-half won "The House Beautiful," which is worth several thousand dollars, in a raffle on a fifty-cent chance.

Max Linder is still laid up in bed, suffering from wounds he received while fighting at the front. His company of players has been temporarily disbanded until the famous comedian recovers.

Margarita Fischer is working at her studios in San Diego on a brand-new five-reel story that is said to be a dandy. It is called "The Merry Missionary" and was written by J. E. Hungerford. Harry Pollard is attending to the directing.

Allen J. Holubar seems to have a fondness for battle-scenes. He is now working on some more fighting scenes that will go into his latest feature from the pen of Brand Whitlock.

The indications of a tremendous crowd at the week's running of the new Douglas Fairbanks picture were so pronounced that "In Again, Out Again" was run at Clune's Auditorium instead of his Broadway Theater. The large seating capacity was taxed to the utmost during every performance. "Doug" certainly is a favorite here.

Speaking of Fairbanks, "Doug" is working on "A Regular Guy" at the Lasky studios, and progressing very favorably with it, too. He has selected his types for the film very carefully, and has certainly secured what the story calls for in every detail. It looks like a winner.

Henry King, discoverer of Baby Marie Osborne, is no longer directing at the Balboa plant in Long Beach. Henry is now at Santa Barbara, where he is directing the destinies of Gail Kane in American productions.

Tom Ince has left us flat for the time being and gone East.

Mack Sennett is also in the East, looking after the affairs of his Keystone busy business.

Charles Ray is up among the big timber regions of Santa Cruz, where he is filming scenes for a big seven-reel Ince special production.

Bill Farnum and his director are in New York, where they will make two features before returning to the Coast, while Theda Bara is in Los Angeles, where she will be filmed in two features before returning to New York. Sort of tit for tat.

David Kirkland has just finished a comedy under the supervision of Henry "Pathé" Lehrman, in which Dot Farley will be seen as a country vampire. It sure looks like a scream.

Harry Ham, the handsome juvenile, has returned to the Christie forces.

Just before he left Los Angeles, Frank

Lloyd took several scenes in his William Farnum production in which he used two Hawaiian hula-hula dancers. Work was suspended among the other companies until every one had a good look.

Helen Holmes shipped three car-loads of cattle to her ranch last week, near Lund, Utah; Chester Conklin has put a new irrigation system on his bean ranch that has cost him several thousand dollars, and Monroe Salisbury has just disposed of several tons of apricots to a cannery. In their spare time these people are actors and actresses.

"Chet" Franklin, the director, came mighty close to winning a dancing contest the other evening at the Vernon Country Club. The bunch were all pulling strong for "Chet," but number thirteen just nosed him out.

Hollywood is becoming rather devoid of players as the summer draws on. They are all taking cottages down at Venice, so that they can be sure of a morning dip in the ocean before going to work.

Bessie Barriscale will start her first production for her own company on June first. Her plays will be released by Paralta. J. Warren Kerrigan will also release thru this organization.

Dorothy Dalton had a wonderful set built for herself at the Ince studio in Culver City—a big ballroom set, one of the largest ever put up at the studio. It will be seen in her latest offering, "Wild Winship's Widow."

Raymond B. West, who has been directing some of the biggest successes that have been made at the Ince studios, has been signed to direct Bessie Barriscale for her own company. West directed several pictures with Miss Barriscale at the Ince studios.

Lee Moran is getting to be quite a night-owl. Saw him up at nine-thirty the other evening.

Horace Davey, who has been associated with Al Christie for a long time, has joined the Horsley studios to direct comedies.

The stork has visited Mr. and Mrs. Edward Sloman. A fine baby girl!

Thirteen baby wolves were born at the Universal City zoo this week.

Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran are certainly turning them out at the Universal in record time. They do about one every four days now, under the direction of Roy Clements. "Seeing Things" is the name of their latest offering.

Lots more newsy notes next time. Order your copy now.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS

A young writer who has been rather unfortunate in the matter of sales recently confided to a friend that he had at last written something that he was sure would be accepted by the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

"You dont say!" exclaimed the friend, interested. "And what is it?"

"A check for a year's subscription."

IN THE FUTURE

"Motion Pictures," read the small boy from his history, "were first shown in the United States in 1871 A. D."

"What does A. D. stand for?" inquired the teacher.

The small boy pondered.

"I dont exactly know," he said. "Maybe it's after dark."

ADDITIONAL REWARD

The picture on the screen was of the hero rescuing the girl from a watery grave. He had taken her to shore, and now he supported her in his arms.

"Well," said Little Sister savagely, "it's a wonder he wouldn't kiss her."

"Huh!" replied Little Brother belligerently; "aint he done enuff for her already?"

(Seventy-six)



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M. P. PUB. CO., 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

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.)

Cohan and Harris.—"The Willow Tree." In this age of murder, mystery and society plays, this little legend of Japan is as fresh as a lotus-flower. Beautiful stage-settings, charming dialog and clever characterization round out an evening of enchantment.

Booth.—"A Successful Calamity." One of the best plays that New York has seen for many a moon. William Gillette in the lead is simply immense and so are the entire company. A charming play that leaves a delicious flavor in the mouth.

Morosco.—"The Brat." Maude Fulton wrote this charming play and takes the title rôle excellently. She has created a unique and interesting character, and Mary Pickford and Laurette Taylor had better watch out.

Playhouse.—"The Man Who Came Back." A strong, gripping drama that holds the interest from beginning to end; superbly acted by Henry Hull and Mary Nash.

Century.—"The Century Girl." The biggest musical show New York ever saw, and in its most beautiful theater.

Cort.—"Upstairs and Down." A very clever and witty portrayal of life as led by the idle rich. One of the best comedies in New York. The whole cast strong.

48th Street.—"The Thirteenth Chair." A weird but gripping drama written around a "spiritualist" and her séances. Margaret Wycherly scores heavily as the star, and the play is one of the best in New York. By author of "Within the Law," Bayard Vellier.

Fulton.—"Pals First." An intensely interesting comedy that is full of laughs, caused mostly by Thomas Wise, who adds to his long list of recent hits. William Courtenay also stars in a becoming rôle. This play should enjoy a long run—it deserves it.

Globe.—"Out There." Laurette Taylor's best since "Peg o' My Heart," but it is a play of characterization rather than of plot and story, of which it has practically none. A preachment on recruiting and interesting to all who like scenes in military hospitals.

Harris.—"Lilac Time." An absorbing, interesting dramatic play of modern French war-time in which Jane Cowl does some excellent dramatic work, supported by a good company. The play has a strong appeal and is no doubt destined for a long run.

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

Rialto.—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand.—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

DO YOU THINK SO?

The hero and the villain were engaged in a hand-to-hand death-struggle in a thrilling photoplay. Each time that the hero got the upper hand the people applauded wildly. Suddenly a little girl sitting alongside of me whispered:

"They oughtn't to clap like that."

"Why not?" asked the mother, who had applauded as wildly as the rest.

"It gets them nervous," she explained, pointing to the struggling two.

MAYBE

A teacher of a class of up-to-date boys had taken up the subject of the metric system, and, on finishing her talk, noticed a small boy who, to all intents and purposes, was busily engaged in counting the fly-specks on the ceiling, and then and there she decided to test his knowledge of the subject.

"Now, Johnny, please tell the class what 'cc' stands for."

"That's easy," replied Johnny, continuing his mental gymnastics, "Charlie Chaplin."

(Seventy-seven)

"Hello Huck!"



RECALL that golden day when you first read "Huckleberry Finn"? How your mother said, "For goodness' sake, stop laughing aloud over that book. You sound so silly." But you couldn't stop laughing.

To-day when you read "Huckleberry Finn" you will not laugh so much. You will chuckle often, but you will also want to weep. The deep humanity of it—the pathos, that you never saw, as a boy, will appeal to you now. You were too busy laughing to notice the limpid purity of the master's style.

MARK TWAIN

When Mark Twain first wrote "Huckleberry Finn" this land was swept with a gale of laughter. When he wrote "The Innocents Abroad" even Europe laughed at it itself.

But one day there appeared a new book from his pen, so spiritual, so true, so lofty, that those

who did not know him well were amazed, "Joan of Arc" was the work of a poet—a historian—a seer. Mark Twain was all of these. His was not the light laughter of a moment's fun, but the whimsical humor that made the tragedy of life more bearable.

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A Real American

Mark Twain was a steamboat pilot. He was a searcher for gold in the far west. He was a printer. He worked bitterly hard. All this without a glimmer of the great destiny that lay before him.

Then, with the opening of the great wide West, his genius bloomed.

His fame spread through the nation. It flew to the ends of the earth, until his work was translated into strange tongues. From then on, the path of fame lay straight to the high places. At the height of his fame he lost all his money. He was heavily in debt, but though 60 years old, he started afresh and paid every cent. It was the last heroic touch that drew him close to the hearts of his countrymen.

The world has asked is there an American literature? Mark Twain is the answer. He is the heart, the spirit of America. From his poor and struggling boyhood to his glorious, splendid old age, he remained as simple, as democratic as the plainest of our forefathers.

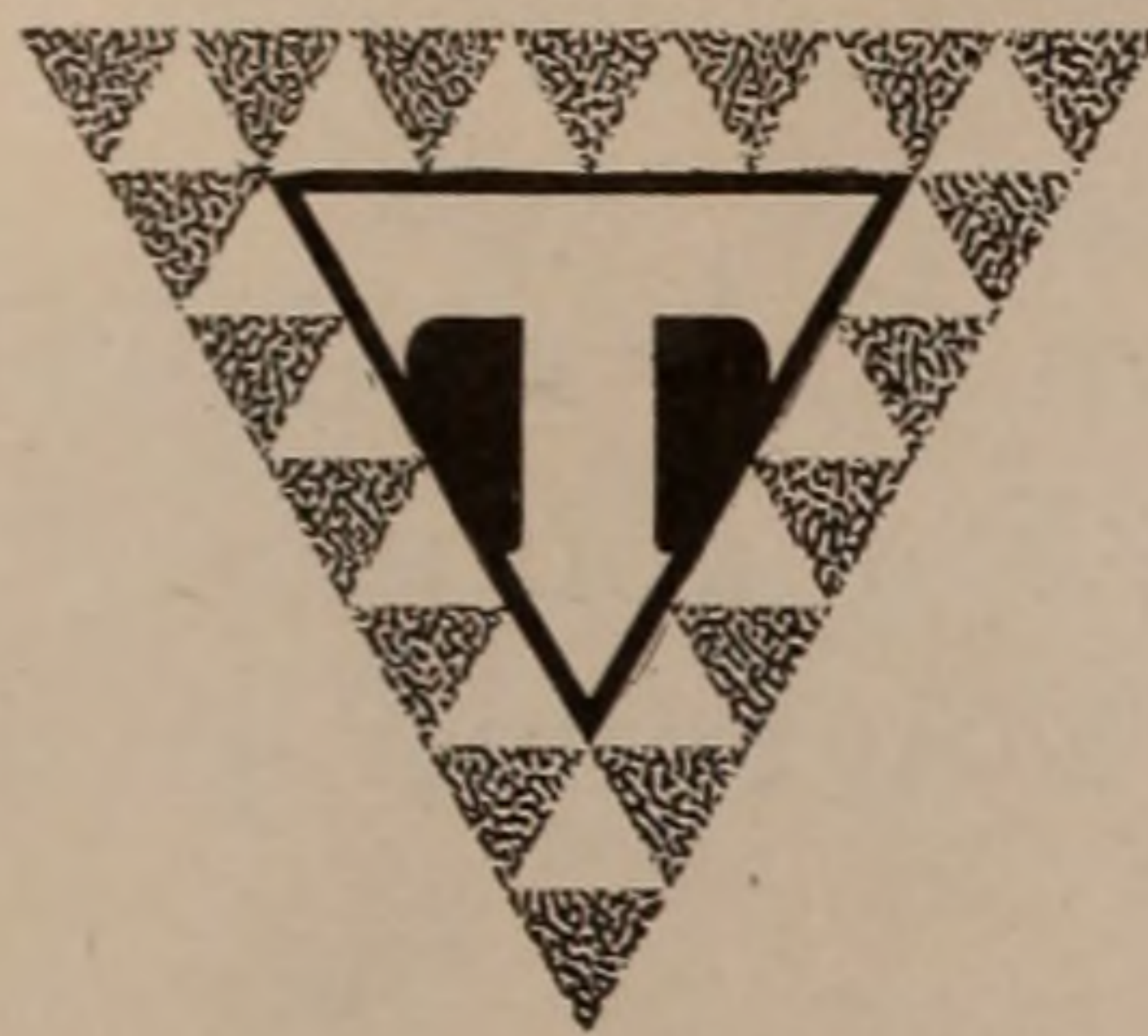
He was, of all Americans, the most American. Free in soul, and dreaming of high things—brave in the face of trouble—and always ready to laugh. That was Mark Twain.

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1817-1917



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