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CLASSIC

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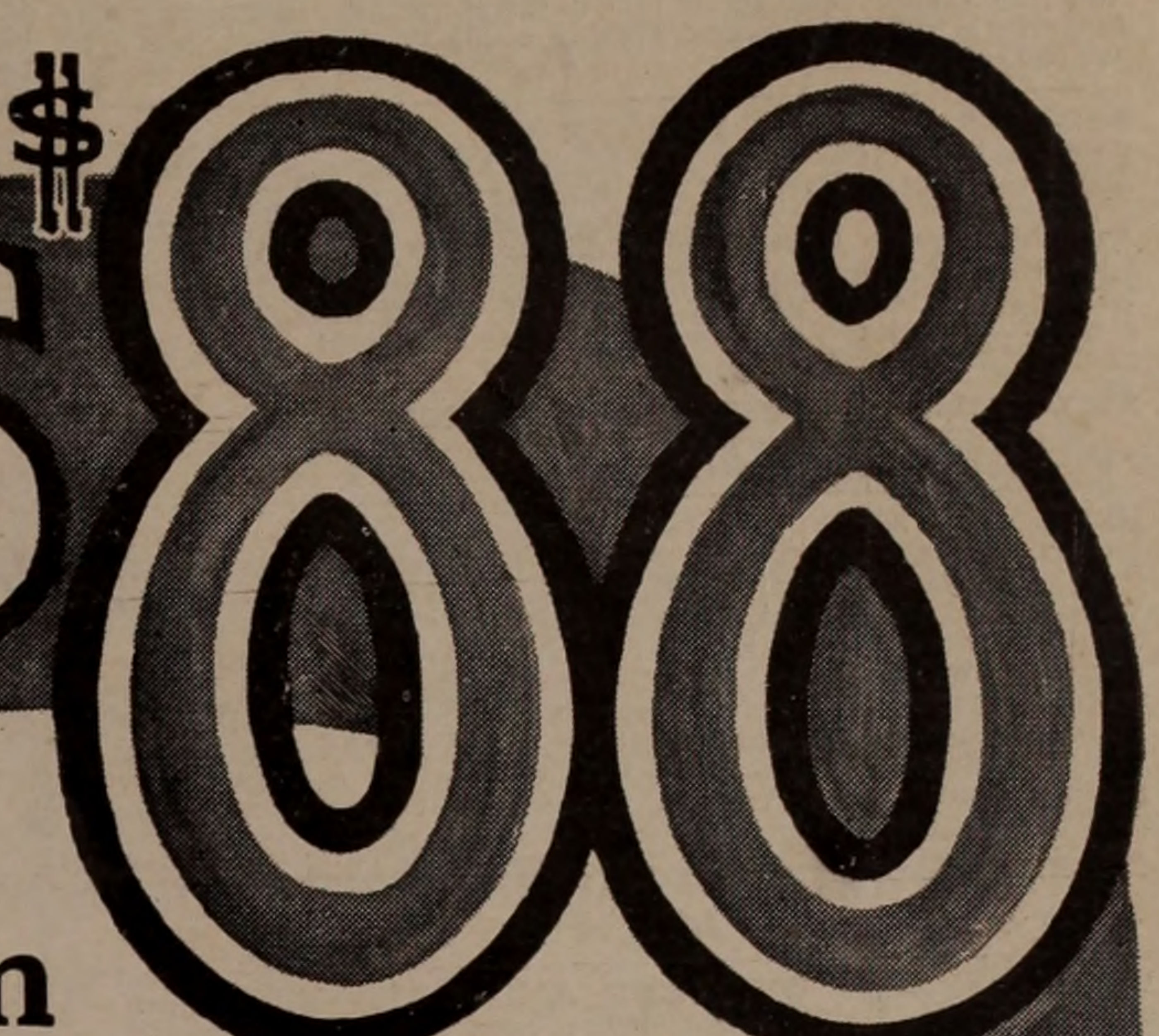
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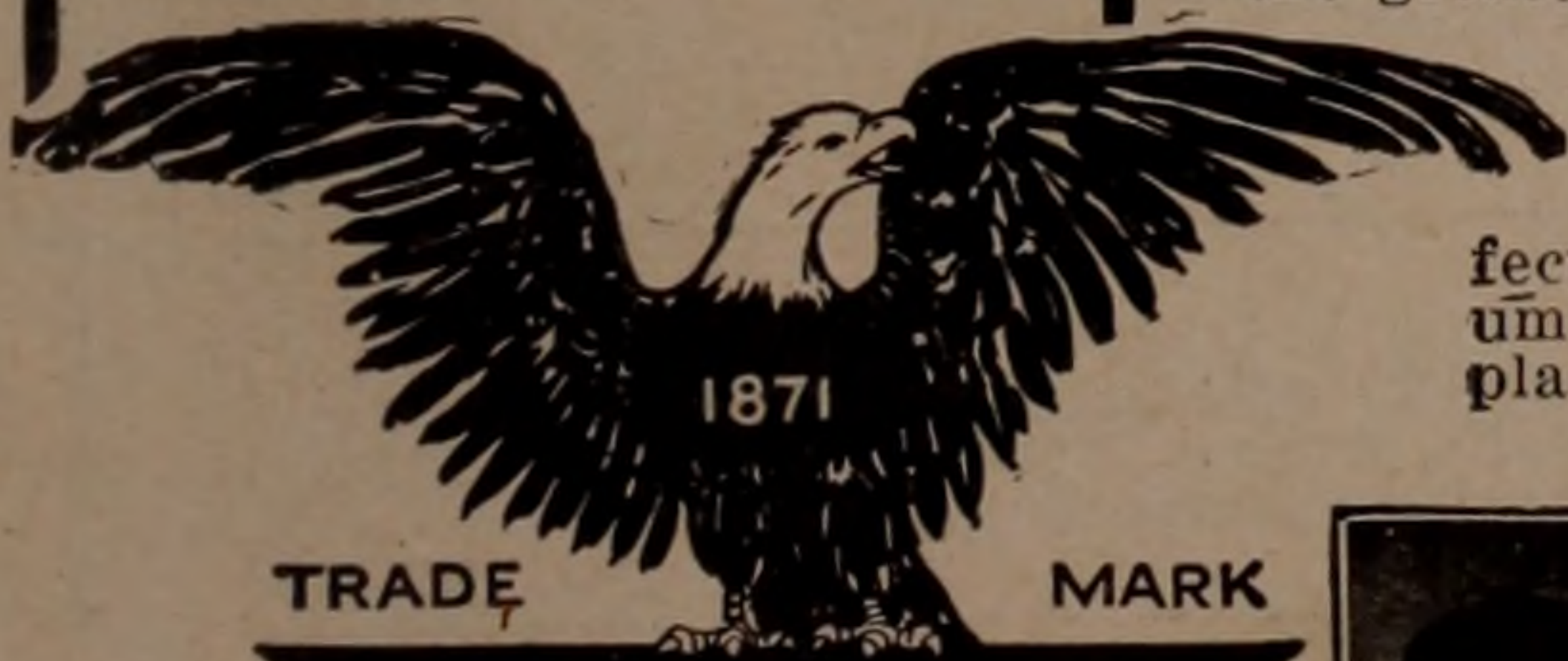


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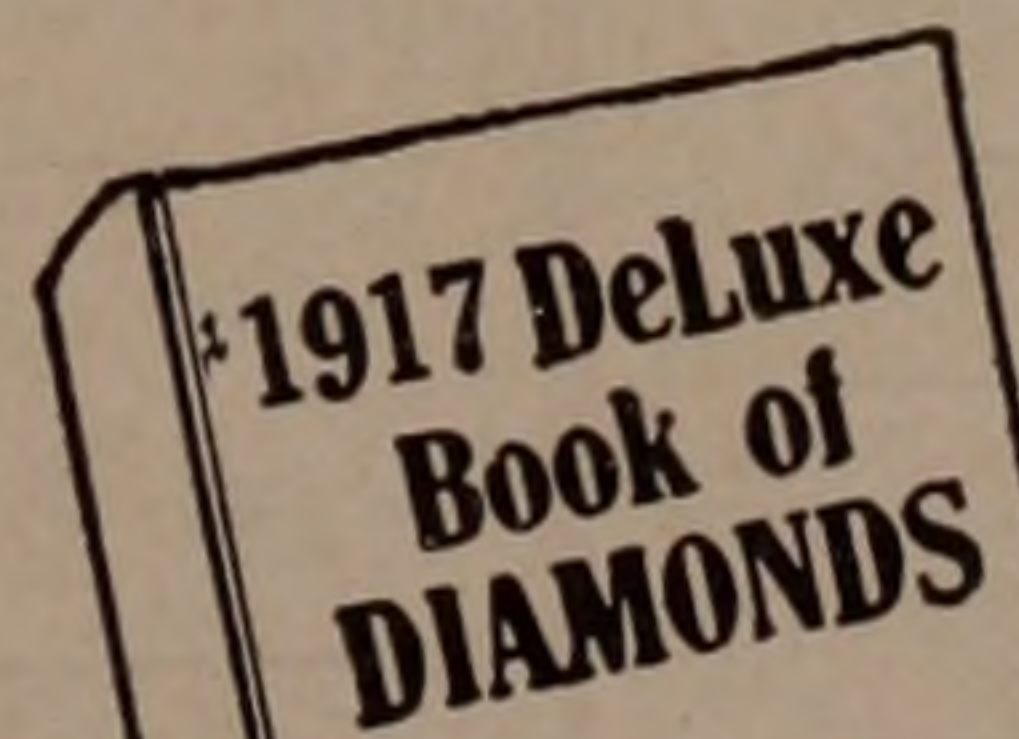
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Fannie Ward confesses that she is forty-two, some say she is over fifty, but her thousands of screen admirers maintain that she must be in her early twenties. For further particulars see the article on page 24, and for proof of her youth, beauty and charm take another look at the cover, by Leo Sielke, Jr.

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Published monthly at 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Subscription, \$2.00 a year, in advance, including postage in the U. S., Cuba, Mexico, and Philippines; in Canada, \$2.30 a year; in foreign countries, \$3.00. Single copies, 20 cents, postage prepaid. One-cent stamps accepted. Subscribers must notify us at once of any change of address, giving both old and new address.

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MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC - - - - 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, 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.



Behind the Red Curtains

HER NERVOUS HANDS missed the mark and sent the bullet into the man's throat.

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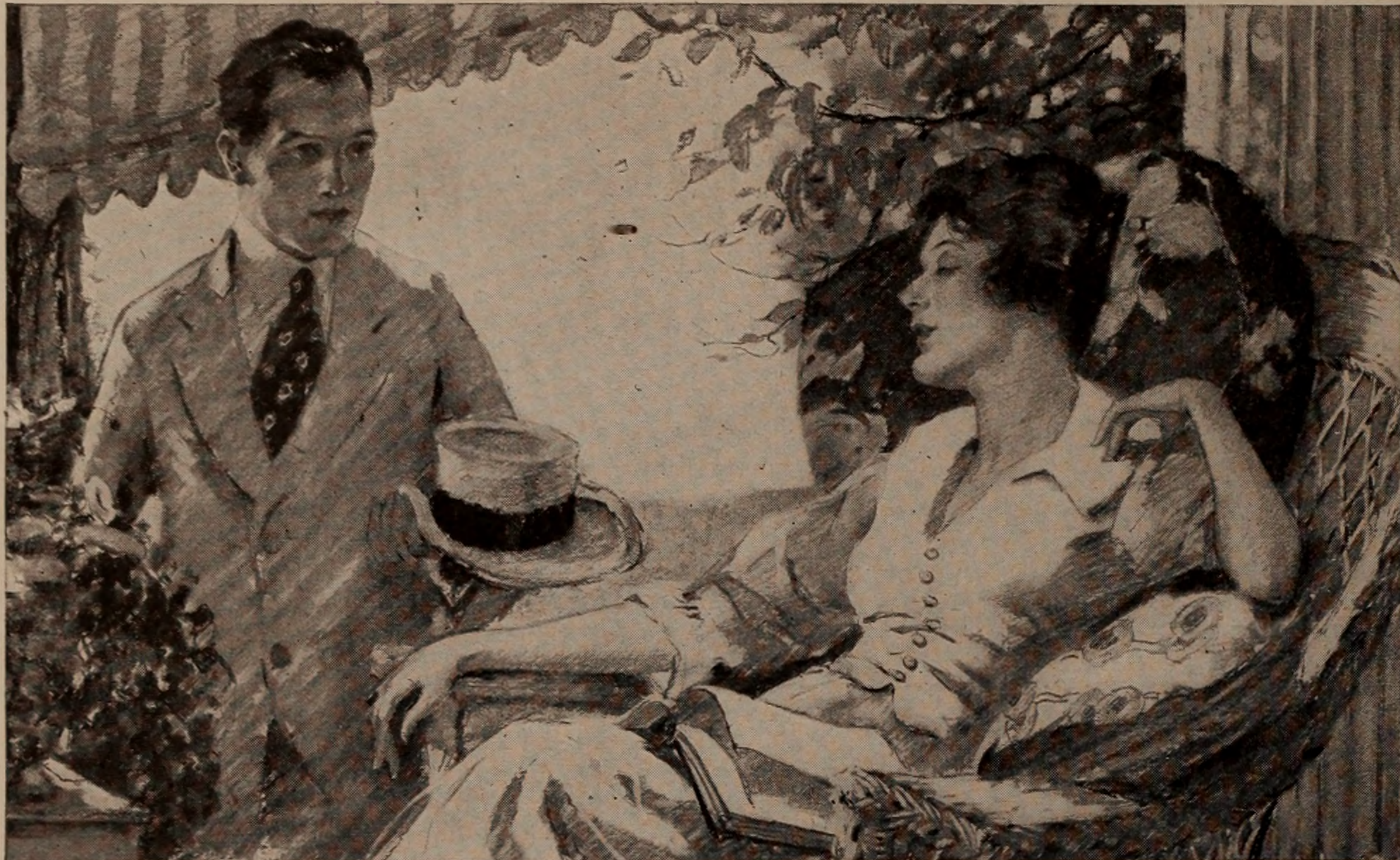
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If You Could See Your Skin As Others See It

Too often we stand back from our mirrors, give our complexions a touch or two of the mysterious art that lies in our powder boxes and then think our skins are passing fair

If you could only see your skin as others see it, you would not feel so contented. You would realize just how much lovelier it could be.

Go to your mirror now and examine your skin closely. For the first time, really look at it as someone else would. Find out just what condition it is in.

Are there little rough places in it that make it look scaly when you powder? Is it sallow, colorless, coarse-textured or oily? Is it marred by disfiguring blackheads? Perhaps you will find its only flaw to be conspicuous nose pores.

Whatever the trouble is, it *can* be changed. Your skin, like the rest of your body, is continually and rapidly changing. As *old* skin dies, *new* forms. This is your opportunity. You can make this new skin just what you would love to have it.

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If you are bothered with an oily skin and shiny nose, make this lather treatment a daily habit.

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Mildred Manning



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MARGARET
ILLINGTON

Another of the stage's "first-water" emotional stars is making her picture début. The art of reading tears into Ibsen's lines can well be translated by her into the language of the lens. Margaret Illington's new field is with the Lasky Company.



With the kiss of dying soldiers still on her cheeks, and the hand clasps of recovered ones hallowing her hands, Maxine Elliott comes to us fresh from the trenches in Europe to take up her work again. She has never faced the camera, but her long and brilliant career on the stage assures her a welcoming audience.

MAXINE ELLIOTT




Margarita
Fischer

Margarita Fischer is fast making her name a household word. Her stardom crown has always fitted her nicely, but in Santa

Barbara she is now taking the leadership for sweet charity's sake as well as enlisting recruits for Uncle Sam's Navy.

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Henry King, actor-director, is the dean of "studio fathers." His love for, and training of, "Little Mary Sunshine" made her quite the most beloved child in Shadowland.

Henry King

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With Roscoe Arbuckle back in its midst "Lil' Old New York" feels safe from attack and earthquakes. The Roscoe "film mountain in labor" is charged with nothing but chuckles and laughs.



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LITTLE JANE LEE.

Jane Lee is not only the tiniest darling in "The Daughter of the Gods" but, with her sister Katherine, is also the sweetest little woman in the Fox studios. This pocket-edition actress has "the run of the shop."



(Fifteen)

SCENES ON THOMAS CHATTERTON'S CALIFORNIA RANCH. (FOR DESCRIPTIVE TEXT, SEE PAGE 64)



Movie Battles That Make Mars Blush

By FRED GILBERT BLAKESLEE


Military Instructor of West Middle School District, Hartford, Conn.

WHEN will Moving Picture directors learn that battles are not mere matters of rifle and artillery fire, smoke-balls and haphazard charges and countercharges? It would seem as if even those who are absolutely without military training might have learnt something from reading the accounts of the present great war, but apparently they have not. If it's a good picture from a photographic standpoint, that's all they seem to care, and the result is a confused jumble of which neither the soldier nor the civilian can make head or tail.

The Motion Picture director's idea of how a battle should be fought seems to be the direct opposite of that of a military expert. The director's way of meeting a charge is to climb out of a trench, or over a breastwork, and meet it with a countercharge in the open. The soldiers' way of trying to stop the same form of attack is to stick tight to whatever defenses are available and shoot fast and straight. It is fortunate for us that Motion Picture direc-

tors were not in command of our forces at Bunker Hill and Gettysburg.

In real warfare the artillery try to screen their guns as much as possible from observation, but in Motion Picture fights the guns are almost invariably placed in the open where they could readily be seen by hostile airmen. Another pleasing idea of the



SIEGE GUNS THAT ARE PLAINLY IN SIGHT OF THE ENEMY'S AIR FLEET ("WOMANHOOD")



movie general is to plant his colors on top of his breastworks so as to enable the enemy to get the exact range. One might go on indefinitely along this line, but what's the use?

"The Fall of a Nation" affords an excellent example of how a military Moving Picture ought not to be presented. The story of the picture is interesting, made as it is from a well-written book, and its theme is a strong plea for adequate military preparedness; but as a presentation of war, it is from the soldier's standpoint very, very bad.

The story deals with an American of great wealth who seeks to overthrow the republic and found a monarchy. He is aided in his scheme by a foreign power, and when his plans succeed he is made governor-general and becomes a prince. Later, of course, he is killed and the republic restored.

The earlier part of the picture which deals with the plotting, and introduces the love interest, is coherent, interesting and well played, but as soon

as the fighting begins, the picture from a military standpoint goes to pieces.

One sees the soldiers of the foreign power, who have been sent over here in disguise, meeting secretly to receive their uniforms and arms, and one notices that while each man is issued a rifle, not one of them gets a cartridge-belt or even a bayonet, and it is hard to understand how a force thus armed could capture a city like New York, protected by its police and national guard, to say nothing of its unofficial gunmen. This curious condition is in evidence more or less throughout the picture, even after the enemy's supposedly veteran troops have landed. The American forces, history shows, have often been illy



UPPER PICTURE:—CORRECT TRENCH FORMATION ("WOMANHOOD"). LOWER PICTURE:—INCORRECT TRENCH FORMATION, LACK OF MACHINE-GUNS, ETC. ("FALL OF A NATION")

equipped, but I do not recall an instance where they have not had at least a round or two of ammunition at the beginning of a fight.

Well, the war is on. The American forces are intrenched on Long Island, with a battery or two of field artillery in support placed in a nice open lot, where in actual warfare they would be annihilated in ten minutes. The enemy advance and the Americans, after firing a few rounds at them, swarm out of their protecting trenches and charge. The enemy retreat and then countercharge. Rifles crack, cannons roar, flags wave and smoke-balls are plentifully used. It is magnificent, but as was said of the charge of the Light Brigade, "it is not war."

Eventually, the enemy bring up the forty-two centimeter guns, designed for use against permanent fortifications, and not against trenches, which they also place in an open field or else where they are outlined against the sky, and these terrible weapons proceed to make the dirt fly in earnest. The heroic Americans cannot stand against them, and from the confusion which ensues you gather that all is over. This is war as the movies see it.

Now supposing that the director in

presenting this battle had tried to put it on under approximate conditions of actual warfare, to my mind he would have had twice as effective a picture at no greater cost. Let us say that he showed first the American trenches manned with uniformed soldiers and partially uniformed volunteers. The flags would not be visible and as many machine guns as possible would be scattered amongst the infantry. Back of the trenches, carefully screened from aerial observation by bushes and trees, would be the artillery. In various parts of the field would be field hospitals. Supply and ammunition wagons would be placed so as to meet needs as they might arise.

Now change to the enemy's side and show his advance, with cavalry scouting on ahead, aeroplanes searching from the sky, infantry in solid columns marching along the roads and with the artillery and trains bringing up the rear. The enemy discover the American lines. The enemy's infantry form for assault, while their artillery unlimber and prepare to support their advance.

The Americans prepare to meet the assault. The enemy assault in mass. Panorama view. The Americans open fire. A series of pictures showing scenes in the different parts of the field,

the infantry and artillery in action, reserve ammunition being rushed forward, the wounded being carried to the field hospitals and bandaged; the hospitals themselves being under shell fire. Panorama view of the enemy's advance, at a walk, with men falling. The advance come on in spite of everything. They get within charging distance and rush forward with a wild yell. The Americans redouble their fire. The enemy's line wavers, steadies again, wavers, and finally breaks. The assault is repulsed. Cheering in the American trenches.

The enemy bring up more guns and shell the American trenches; the American batteries reply, but are soon out of ammunition (pictures of empty caissons) and are put out of action. The Americans die by hundreds under the rain of shrapnel and shells. (Trenches could be mined, manned by dummies, and blown up.) The enemy form again for assault. The assault is made. Unsupported by their artillery, the Americans are unable to stop this assault and die fighting in their trenches.

A Motion Picture presented along these lines could be easily followed, would accent the "suspense," would be educational to our young soldiers, and would approximate technical correctness.



A TURNOUT FOR AL LICHTMAN, GENERAL MANAGER OF ARTCRAFT, UPON HIS VISIT TO CALIFORNIA. LEFT TO RIGHT:—
FIRST ROW—AL LICHTMAN, JOHN EMERSON, JACK PICKFORD, MOTHER AND MARY
PICKFORD, AND SMILING DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

The Screen Kiss

From Rude Beginnings to Present-Day
Perfect Attacks—By EDWIN M. LA ROCHE

GAIL KANE
IN
"WHOSE WIFE?"

IN looking around for authorities on what a kiss is and how it can be expressed I found that the Good Book is a treasure-house of knowledge on the subject. There are fourteen distinct kinds of kisses recorded in the Bible. But, alas! they are of the common or garden variety in these days of inventive genius. The little boy who first made cross-marks on his letter and called them kisses delivered the first long-distance caress, and you can imagine how shocked Salome or some other Biblical flirt would have been if she had received her morning salutation over the telephone. (Of course this is only hearsay with the author, but telephone central girls claim it's now an every-day practice.)

The author found that even modern dictionaries were extremely backward in defining the range and variety of the kiss. After consulting most of the eminent lexicographers, one of

OWEN
MOORE
AND
MARGUERITE
COURTOT IN
"THE KISS"

stage with the precision of a machine-gun, mis-fired dreadfully when they aimed at the deadly camera. In the halcyon days of the one-reeler, when every studio made a pot of money every day and every little picture was just perfectly lovely to its audiences, almost every photoplay ended with a kiss. To first-nighters the signs of its coming

CULLEN LANDIS AND
PATRICIA BENSON (BALBOA)

MIGNON
LE BRUN AND
EDWARD JOBSON

whom is known to have three wives, the lack of information about the kiss is appalling. Here are some of the dry-as-dust definitions: "A caress given by smacking of the lips!" "A salute with the lips!" "A form of affectionate salutation expressed by contact of the lips." Horrors! these narrow limitations would not satisfy the most jaundiced old maid, or even Gladstone Dowie, the man who was never kist. There is no feeling; no imagination; no trembling of the lips; no tears nor heart-burnings; no after-effects—not even a germ! According to definition, a kiss might as well be a hurled brick or a tooth-brush exercise. Only one lexicographer shows a suggestion of insight and feeling by confessing that "A kiss is a kind of confectionery."

This is the sort of sympathy directors were up against when kisses were first manufactured for the screen. All sorts of troubles developed in registering even the simplest labial contact. Actors who were Don Juans in private exhibited the restraints of Saint Anthony when forced to give up a celluloid smack. Actresses who could aim and fire caresses on the

ARMA JACOBSON
AND
LEWIS KING
(BALBOA)

ETHEL
PEPPRELL
AND
EDDIE
PETERS
(BALBOA)

were writ all over the screen. It was just like the gather-round-me chorus of the curtain ensemble in musical-comedy. Just so much footage was always allowed for the curtain-kiss, and it was always delivered and received in the

itself," with the result that the perforations did not mesh and little white dots trailed up and down the face and figures of the kissing couple. So in time the pioneer screen-kiss most aptly came to be known as "the Perforated Kiss."

With the advent into film-land of real actors instead of reel actors, and of stage directors taking the place of broken-down stock actors and two-dayers alongside of the camera, the pantomime of silent drama began to mean something, and the screen-kiss slowly but surely was exalted to its proper place. Today it is a fine brush in the hand of a master artist. A celluloid kiss can and does register a thousand shades of meaning. Nevermore is

FRANK
MCINTYRE IN "THE
TRAVELING SALESMAN"

same way. After the lover had overcome all his troubles and put the "heavy" *hors de combat*, the loved one, by a singular prescience, was always waiting for him by the roadside, on the beach, or silhouetted on a cliff against the sun—just where it doesn't matter. She usually twirled a daisy and sighed. This was the cue for the kisser to enter and for the first-nighters to reach for their overcoats. The lover approached yearningly, a bit of conventional skirmishing was done by both parties, the screen-kiss was delivered, and one second afterwards—"Approved by the Board of Censors" chased it out of sight.

A curious thing about the original screen-kiss is that the operators always knew that it was coming, hand-in-hand with the censorship tag. In their hurry to exchange reels they would let the screen-kiss "take care of

RUTH
ROLAND
AND
PHILO MC CULLOUGH
(BALBOA)

PAULINE
FREDERICK
IN "THE
WOMAN IN
THE CASE"

it the final sticky fifty feet of the inevitable dénouement.

The screen-kiss today helps to tell the story of the film. As the case may be, it motivates its characters; characterizes them; makes or mars their destinies, and gives just the proper shading to the sentiment.

It was only recently that Famous Players labeled the kiss paramount by christening a photoplay for it—"The Kiss," presenting Marguerite Courtot and Owen

ROBERT GRAY
AND
VOLA VALE
(BALBOA)



The kiss that germinated the plot and vitalized the drama is not the mere stolen-in-a-conservatory kind. It is the young girl's first chaste salute, and with it she forever surrenders her heart's freedom. Her still alertness of pose, the hesitancy of her hands, helps to tell the story—"Her First Kiss."

It is said that the stage is the school of experience and that its portrayals are only the crucial things of life well told. If this be true, what should be more carefully registered than the kiss? It may be the beginning of a woman's life—or its crossways—or its end. And, if a capable actress, she should put every shade of meaning into it to define it. Out in sun-loving Santa Barbara, Gail Kane is undertaking the hardest work of her screen career. By hardest we mean the most intelligent and that requiring the most refined emotionalism. Emotions in the rough are slapstick; in the embryo are purely conventional, but to be fully expressed require the fine and high art of refined emotionalism.

In "Whose Wife?" Miss Kane portrays Constancy, a rather usual and undramatic quality. And it is strictly up to her and her director to present this common attribute (so-called) so finely as to grip the heart and inspire the imagination. A wife is expected to make sacrifices; she must, therefore, touch her audience by the manner in which she makes them.

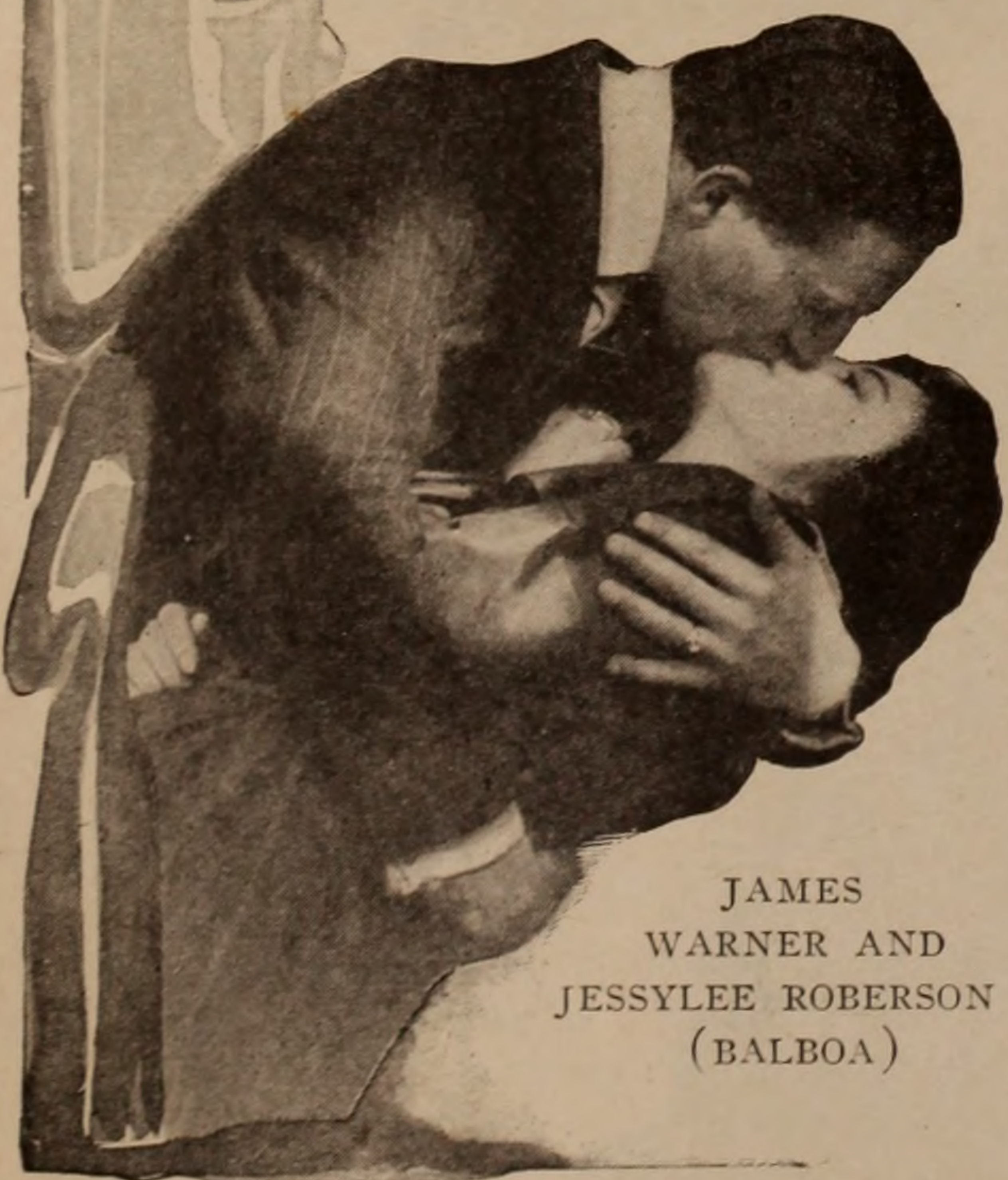
In making her kiss of betrothal in this photodrama its earnestness and sense of sacrifice have to be made apparent. Its emotion was restrained, yet forceful; deliberate, yet deep.

It was the willingness to give and take, to serve and sacrifice for all time.

Kissers can be classified as spiritual, mental or sensuous. By sensuous we do not mean the purely sensual, such as the linger-longer or violent vampire kind. The sensuous kiss has little motive back of it—it is as



GLORIA PAYTON AND NEIL HARDIN



JAMES
WARNER AND
JESSYLEE ROBERSON
(BALBOA)

Moore in an idyllic and sentimental light drama. Nowhere in its conception and situations was refined sentiment driven to cover nor ennuied thru lack of imagination.

inspirational and fugitive as a laugh. The cuddlesome kind, like newlyweds are given to overindulge in, freights about as much definition as the antics of a blind and newly born kitten. It simply arrives—by the joy route. But even a kissing-bee of this hit-or-miss type now has its distinct interpretation on the screen. Such a thing often falls into burlesque unless finely rendered, and perhaps there is no finer example of the semi-humorous, semi-serious art of honeymoon osculation than the one Pauline Frederick depicts in "The Woman in the Case." Her kisses are neither sacrificial, sublime nor

new, but properly to measure their joy she cups her hands around her hubby's chubby cheeks—just a little touch that labels it a newlywed kiss.

All acting is either simulated, stimulated (sometimes with stimulants) or inspired. 'Tis the same with the kiss—it must be mighty well "simmed" or "stimmed" or heartfelt to get across. Herein is where Mr. Actor Man sometimes fails dismally. In his effort to register a perfect shot he often goes the cave-man one better, and Mayme in the audience quits mauling her gum just long enough to whisper: "My Gawd, aint he dreadful rough?" The fact is that the swooping, chicken-hawk kiss, with the kissee bent double beneath it, is not even convincing to Mayme, the wash-goods wrapper.

The kiss of resignation is usually a comedy gag, but, strange to say, it can be made a telling point in the most pulsating drama. The Man of God received the kiss of Judas resignedly—a salutation that signaled the world's greatest tragedy. It is a story with a thousand warps and woofs—resignation and the kiss that may mean it—but in screen fancy the "Kiss of Resignation" has been side-tracked mostly to comedy. When mother-in-law arrives in the midst of the happy nest and kisses the bridegroom, if he doesn't register unqualified resignation the laugh will never get across. In "The Traveling Salesman" no lines are needed to abet the screen; you can plainly hear Frank McIntyre saying, "It's all up with me—I surrender—my goose is cooked!"

There are sweet shades of meaning that set apart the farewell kiss from its more showy fellows. After once seeing, who can ever forget the farewell kiss of "The Huguenot Lovers"? The pose and expression of the farewell kiss is caught in every line and limb of this exquisite painting. The saddened, misty eyes, the gentle touch of her lips and arms portray only too well the reverence of a lofty love and its parting.

We are fortunate to possess a photograph of Ruth Roland and Philo McCullough which well illustrates the kiss that lingers on the borderland of the spiritual and the real.

In the picture of Bob Gray and Vola Vale, "shot" on the romantic sands of

In case of rain, the owner came,
And, with a look of sheepish shame—
A bashful sort of fellow—
He'd say, quite sadly, in despair,
"You'd better get away from there,
Or raise an umberellow."

The show? Oh, no, it wasn't much;
Some foreign pictures from the Dutch,
Or just a few French reels.
As censure was a thing unknown,
A damsel's dress was often blown
Much higher than her heels.

(Twenty-three)

Venice, California, even the most amateurish heart analyst can see that their duel of lips is a prelude to an engagement. It hasn't been one of those sudden, vacation courtships either, but the companionship of years that has at last brought them to their sweet confessional.

When a kiss is stolen from a maiden she is either surprised or does the next best thing—pretends that she is. It is only in unreality when a kiss is purloined that the girl tells the man "to put it right back!" Sentimentalists, especially women, do not like to see the "Kiss of Surprise." They want all the preliminary hoots that go with it. To a woman, a stolen kiss, even tho it's stolen from another woman on the screen, is a paring without its peach; in other words—a skin! The actress who cant pretend that she's surprised is an enemy to her sex. All in all, the stolen kiss, while short and snappy to the taste, is difficult to register to the comfort of all concerned.

Gloria Payton and Neil Hardin have effectively posed for us the stolen kiss. As can be seen, it is in its first stages, and we can assure our gentle readers that she will at least register surprise as soon as her lips are off on their own hook again. We suggest this merely to save the lady's dramatic reputation from critics who actually know the after-effects of the surprised kiss.

As there is no limit to the length of a siren kiss, just so there is no jumping-off place to a discreet discussion of kissing. But we are resolved to bring our kissing-bee to a grand finale, just like the closing chorus of all stars in the minstrels and the big set-piece of the Coney Island fireworks. So here is a cluster of kisses that thrill, or at least will turn

The History of the Silent Screen

By C. H. T.



Just think! A few short years ago,
We only had one movie show,
The only one in town—
Held in a little, stuffy room,
A total stranger to a broom;
A cracked piano out of tune,
And plaster falling down.

The critics said, "It's all a fad;
These motion plays are awful bad,
And they are doomed to go;
For, like the bicycle and horse—
Most certainly, oh yes, of course—
Farewell, the picture show!"

Prophetic souls! Now were they right?
Well, take a stroll down, any night,
Along the Great White Way,
And you will surely ascertain
They are picture-playing, just the same,
And they are here to stay.

over a back-log in somebody's wood-box of memory. With half an eye we can see Mignon LeBrun is receiving a chaste salute from Edward Jobson, and that she is well aware that he is a plutocrat.

Arma Jacobson and Lewis King are registering such a bucolic and unadulterated kiss that if such things happened every day in the country there would be a lot more "To Let" signs on bachelors' row in the hall-bedroom colony. Ethel Pepprell is putting the "pep" in Pepprell in her attack on the purity of Eddie Peters' lips. We guess it's a stolen kiss—not from each other, but without mama's consent. "The Quizzical Kiss" is a new one, but it's perfectly *au fait*, according to Cullen Landis and Patricia Benson. The idea is that they dont know whether it's going to be painful or not, so they mix in a sort of pain-killer smile.

Every kiss is more or less of an episode in Life's serial, and the next episode starts as soon as the icing on the first kiss has been nibbled off. Altho—and this we cant understand at all—they say that Ralph Kellard did not kiss Pearl White until the twelfth episode of "Pearl of the Army." We received this astonishing news from an indignant girl reader who spent twelve perfectly good dimes waiting for the event. All we've got to say is that there was something the matter with the story, or with Ralph, or with the army, because Pearl is awfully careful of her artistic reputation.

But getting right back to the nunnery, here's a shocking revelation: Having acknowledged that Cullen and Patricia tried out a kiss, we must show them in the act of repeating. I leave it to every fair-minded girl if Patricia doesn't look as tho she had been kist before. It is going a step too far to assert that the first kiss tarnished her kissing tentacles—practice makes perfect. But the case is now in the hands of the lady jurors. Ladies! cant you see that Patricia is an adept repeater? Her closed eyes (how would she know enough to close her eyes if it were her first offense?), the face lifted to just the right angle to receive the accolade of the lips, the expert tilt of the chin—all proclaim guilty! And as such we want you all to proclaim her a perfectly good actress, because she has registered a perfectly convincing kiss.

Large oaks from little acorns grow,
Just so the humble movie show,
And now its present station.
Oh, wonderful! 'Tis like a dream!
This history of the silent screen,
Stupendous aggregation.

Where just a few short years ago,
We saw a little one-horse show,
Is now a blaze of glory.
Uplifting, moral, censored plays
Are bound to win deserving praise,
And that's what tells the story.

The Perennial Fannie

By Pearl Gaddis

The Lasky Juvenile Star Makes a Few Confessions



HE age, matrimonial status and a few other trifling things like that concerning Fannie Ward have been the source of much agitated questioning on the part of photoplay fans. We

have heard that she was forty years old—then we go to see her in a picture and we make fun of the report, and judge her as about twenty-one or two—altho she looks about nineteen.

I was curious—as usual—so I hied myself to the cream stucco villa that houses the lady, and demanded of a trim, white-capped maid the whereabouts of her mistress. She led me around the wide veranda to the side, which had been fitted up as an outdoor sitting-room. There were ferns and potted plants everywhere, there were striped awnings to shield it from the sun, there were numerous big, comfy-looking wicker chairs comfortably fitted with flowered chintz cushions. And, most of all, there was Fannie. And there was also Fannie's husband.

"An interviewer?" glowed Fannie (yes, I know it's difficult—but she did it!) "Oh, lovely! Do come sit down and make yourself perfectly comfortable. I just love being interviewed!"

I hastily sought a chair, and dropped, tremblingly, into it. Now in the course of a somewhat extensive career, during which I have interviewed some few hundreds of Motion Picture players, I have never before discovered one who would admit that they were anything but fearfully bored with the ordeal. Because of this, I have acquired a meek, docile manner, something between that of a poor relation and a guinea-pig. Of course, I know that nine out of ten photoplayers really want to be interviewed and that their reluctance is merely a somewhat

weariness pose—but the meek and docile manner is necessary just the same.

However, as the dark-blue eyes of Fannie Ward smiled at me, I felt my meek spirits rising. I felt almost giddy, like an aged horse who has had too much oats.

"I—er—I think I shall have to be excused," suggested Mr. Deane, who is better known as Fannie's husband. "I've an engagement." And he bolted—which was just as well, as this interview was with his wife.

"Now," beamed Fannie (the beauty about being an interviewer is that no matter how meek and docile you may be in public, when you can begin writing

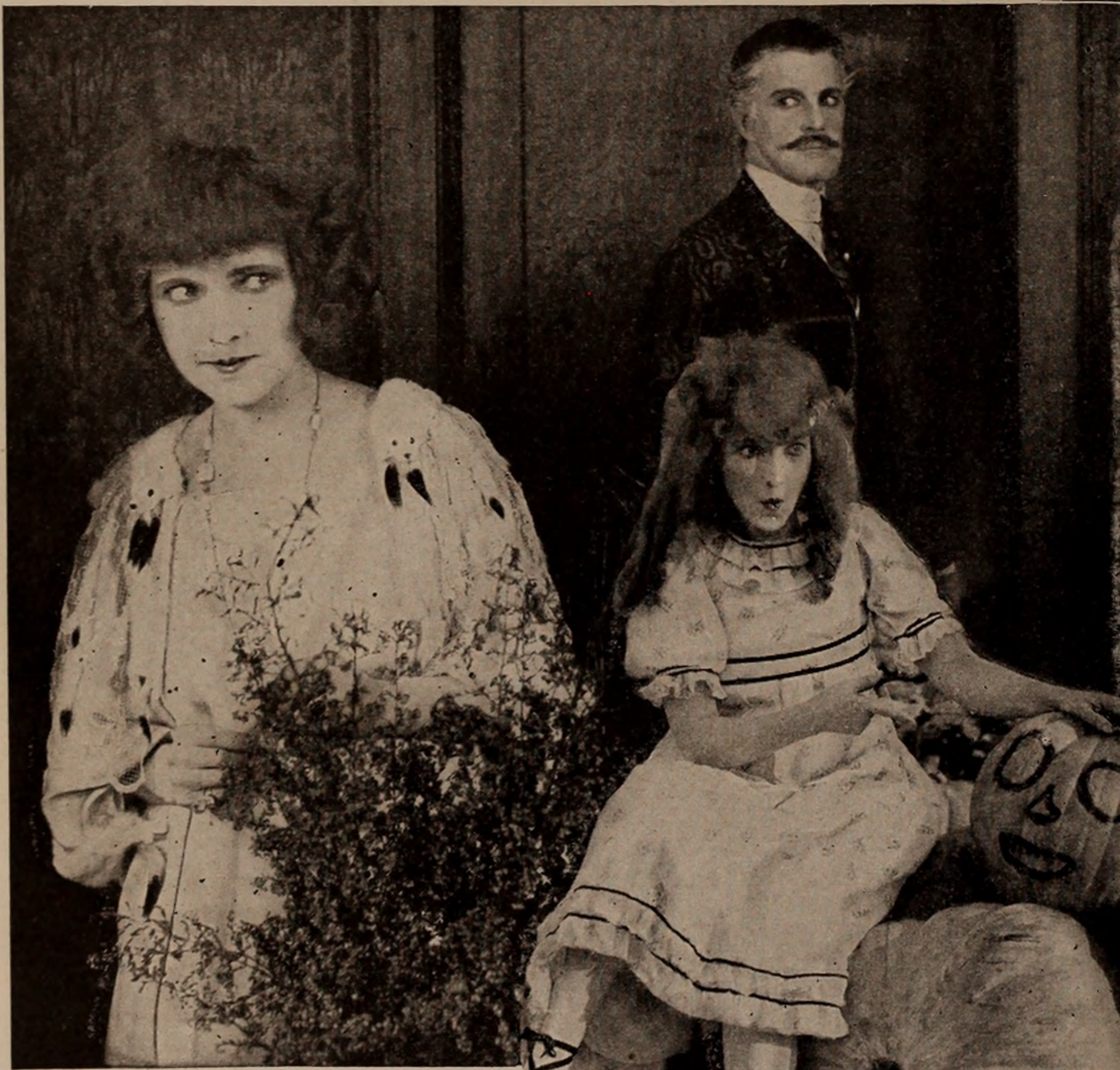
Go!)—"what shall we talk about?"

"Something interesting—you, for instance," suggested I, with a meek attempt



A BIT OF CHARMING CHARACTER WORK

wit. It was such a comfort not to have to soothe and smooth the "temperamental" feelings of a re-



FANNIE WARD AND JACK DEANE IN "A SCHOOL FOR HUSBANDS"

it is permissible to dip your pen—figuratively speaking, of course—into vitriol, if you like. My only method of getting even is by speaking of a player familiarly, by their first names, with no formality. But this time, it is at the behest of the lady herself—whom I like—that I use the informal address. All set?

FANNIE WARD AS A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD

(Twenty-four)



FANNIE WARD IN EVENING DRESS—

luctant interviewee!

"Oh, of course, I'm delightfully interesting," she mocked with a tinkle of laughter.

"I must remember that this is an interview, and I'm the subject!"

Just here, I remembered a story that I had read, of Ellis Parker Butler's, in which an author, at his first reception, is prevented from saying the smooth, gentle things that are in order, and thru embarrassment says the rough, crude things of truth. For I felt myself in the position of that poor author.

What I meant to say was:

"Wont you tell me about your stage work in London?" a perfectly decent and sane remark. What I really did say was, "Are you really forty years old?"

For a moment she stared, and my knees knocked together, beneath my irreproachably correct gray coat-suit. Then she gave a funny little shout of glee.

"Delicious!" she cried. "This interview is going to be amusing." (To whom? I wondered, in abject terror.) "Yes, I am forty years old; as a matter of fact, I'm more—I'm forty-two. I was born in St. Louis, Mo., November 23, 1875."

Tremblingly I thanked her and jotted the dates down obediently. And then I tried to say, meekly, "And wont you tell me about your stage début?" What I really said, unhappy wretch that I felt myself to be, was: "And did you really marry James Lewis, the South African Diamond King?" I reflected, miserably, that I had no business to drink that second cup of tea. I had hoped to bolster my nerves for the interview—and I had overdone the thing, as usual!

"Really and truly," she answered solemnly, bobbing her beautifully coifed blonde head like a little child. "Suppose you let me tell about it in my own way."

"If you will," I answered, gratefully and meekly.

"Well, I made my stage début as Cupid in 'Peppino', in 1890, at the age of fifteen. Later on, I was on my way to England, for a pleasure-



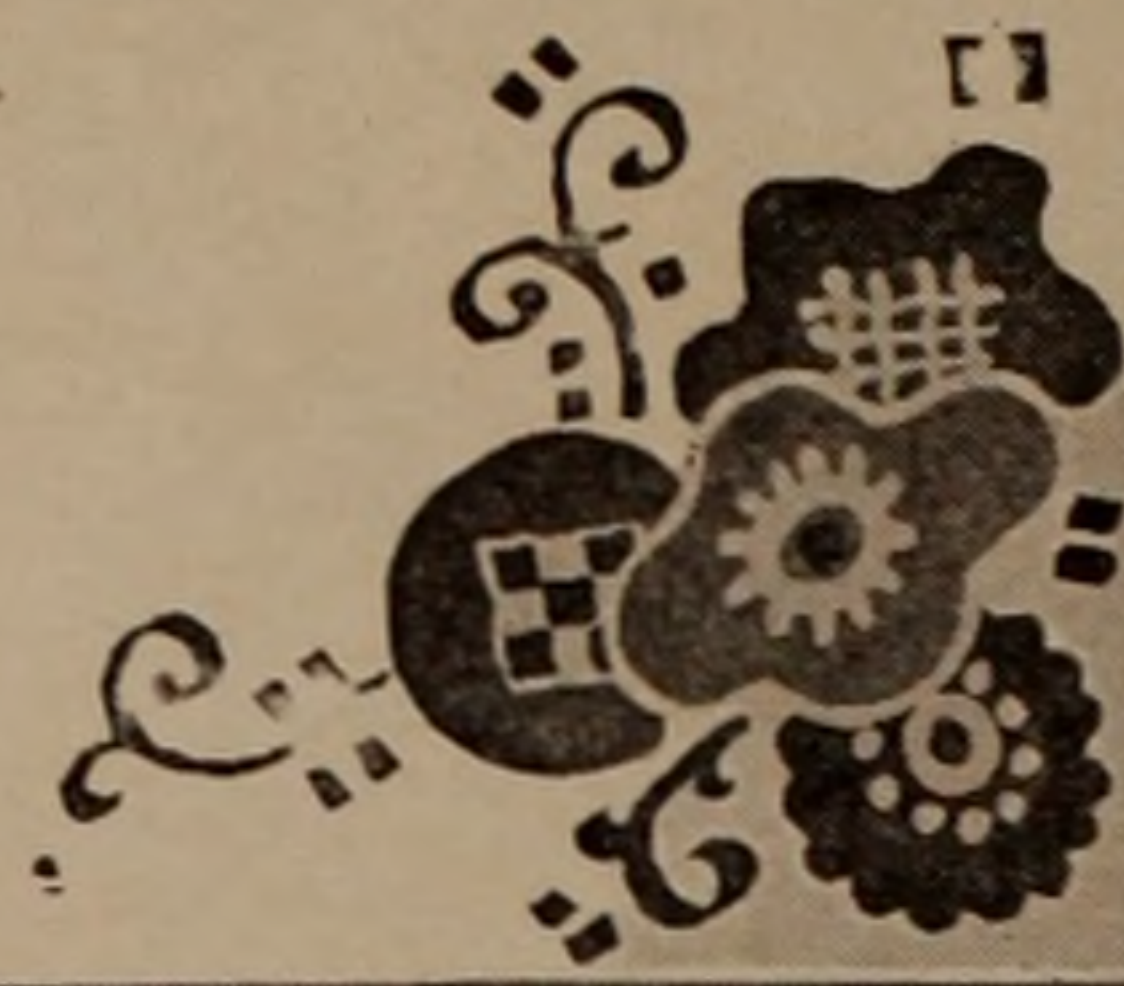
AND IN EVENING COSTUME ON THE STUDIO STAGE

trip, as well as to round out my education. There I met George Edwardes, the well-known English stage-manager. He was quite nice to me and offered me an engagement in 'The Shop Girl,' which was to open in London that season. So my professional career in England began at the Gaiety Theater, in 'The Shop Girl,' in 1895. It was during my subsequent stay in London, where I may say that I had been very successful, that I

(Continued on page 66)

High Jinks at Triangle's Annual Deep-Sea Picnic

By LILLIAN MAY



LINED UP TO BE "SHOT" AT NOON-TIME



NOT ONE OF THE PYRAMIDS



URING the month of June, when the carnival is on at Venice, California, every studio-player's thoughts lightly turn to that Mecca of their

dreams. Wonderful things are in evidence there—the big fashion parade in which the movie stars appear, displaying party gowns, sport, afternoon and outing dresses—all the styles for the coming season. There's a water carnival, too, in which the contestants pass down the broad beach-walk in electric chairs. "Why!" exclaimed Sylvia Bremer, Australian beauty and one of the newest members of the Ince-Triangle Company, "last year Fay Tincher won first prize—fifty dollars. You know her bathing-suit was modeled on a black-and-white-striped dress which helped to make her famous in 'Ethel, the Stenographer,' and everybody will try for the prize this year."

"Anyhow," chorused the players, waxing enthusiastic, "beach parties are very much the vogue and no

end of fun." So the Ince-Triangle forces organized for an outing, and away they went with their land navy of automobiles filled with a merry crew and all the paraphernalia needed for a real beach party, for it was a private beach to which they went and "all the conveniences" had to be carried with them—studio-tents, camp-chairs, cushions and, most important of all, big baskets of eatables.

Tents up, and dainty bathing-suits donned, there was no sitting demurely on the beach "scared to go near the water, my dear," and there was no question of what to do first, for "Off the beach and into the water!" came the order—this from Director Reginald Barker, who cant refrain (from force of habit) from telling people what to do, even when on an outing.

"Come on in, the water's fine!" shouted Director Roy Neill, and in an instant the gay party of mermen and mermaids were frolicking in the surf. It was June and it was California—supposed to be an ideal combination—but nevertheless the water was cold. Nothing daunted, the players rose to the occasion and danced the one-step to the orchestral boom of the breakers. This proved enchanting—at least Wm. S. Hart and Olive Thomas thought so, for they not only won a prize, but continued to dance until the schedule

of water-games was sadly disarranged. Mr. Hart proved himself to be a real Romeo of the beach, quite to our surprise. He is supposed to have a cowboy-leap-to-your-horse-and-ride-away way of dealing with ladies, courageous in dealing with men, but—well, we expected pretty, talented Olive



BESSIE LOVE

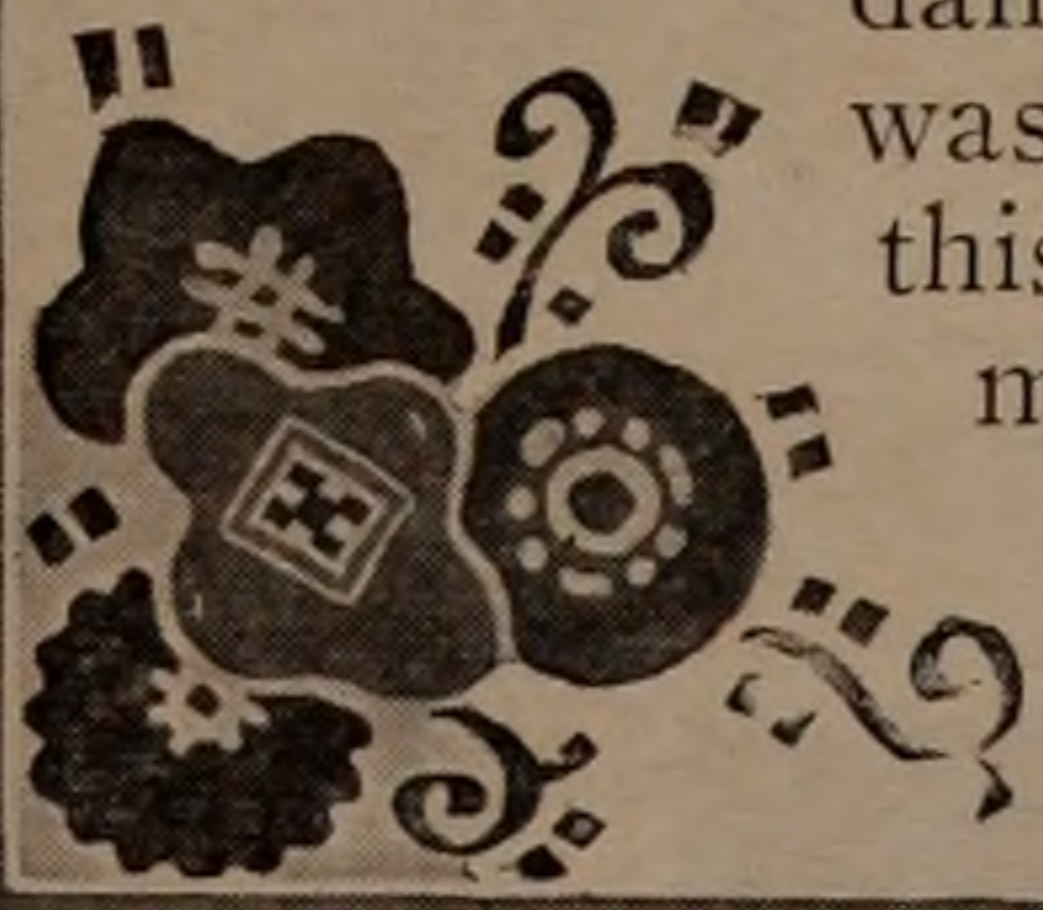


WILLIAM S. HART AND OLIVE THOMAS

(Twenty-six)



she is obliged to resort strenuously to both hard work and pleasure to keep herself in trim. "It speaks well for the movies," she declares. "There was no danger of getting too fat when I was dancing day and night, but this work evidently agrees with me as much as I like it. And isn't it fortunate that the play being produced makes me



accomplished William Desmond in deep-sea action, tho they do say that his principal hobby is baseball. Clara Williams, "the Spanish beauty," proved herself as much of a whirlwind in the water as on a horse, as the female rough-rider, and Jack Richardson, "the man who robs, steals and plunders," lived up to his reputation by stealing the ball every chance he got. And right here is where Jack Gilbert and Kenneth Harlan proved their versatility and became princes of popularity by making themselves "chefs-in-chief" and unloading the big baskets of eatables while the others lazily sunned themselves on the beach. Of course a few of the pretty little stars—Margery Wilson, Margaret Thompson, Gloria Hope, Mary MacIvor, Margery Bennett, and Josephine Headley—offered assistance and assisted at the "dishing up."

"Isn't it fun?" said Margery Bennett. "And dont we eat just like cannibals!"

"Well, you ought to know," chortled her companions, gleefully, "coming from Australia!" For, be it known, Margery Bennett is the same little sister of Enid Bennett who traveled alone from Sydney, Australia, last year.

"Hurrah for our outing!" cried Gloria Hope, looking very much like her name. "Let's come again!"

"And good-by, all!" quoth William S. Hart, looking quite like a modern Lochinvar as he mounted his horse, glanced at

the assemblage of youth and beauty, then turned away with a sigh of regret. "Get aboard your chariots," he commanded; "as for me, I ride my faithful steed."



THE SAUCY CREW OF THE ABANDONED SCOW

Thomas to completely floor him, and he outdanced her at that!

Speaking of Olive Thomas, it is interesting to note that since leaving New York and "The Follies," where she was reigning beauty and bright, particular show-girl, she has taken on weight to such an extent that

work hard at the very thing that will help 'reduce'?"

There is a completely equipped gymnasium at the Culver City studios, and in a play written for her Miss Thomas and a number of other girls go thru evolutions and do stunts that will make Fairbanks green with envy. And when she isn't doing it for work she does it for fun, taking a turn at the rings and bars, vaulting-horses and rowing exercises, until she will soon be ready for the trenches, she says. So there was method in her madness when she went one-stepping in the breakers and pyramid-building on the sands. It all helps!

Following this, Mr. Hart put his horse, Fritz, thru a number of spectacular water-stunts, quite in his element again, until he was called to assist in athletic stunts, not the least of which was "supporting" four pretty girls—Bessie Love, in her military bathing-suit (one of the rare birds who flew from obscurity into stardom) is perched on the top, of course.

Following the human pyramid, two teams were organized for a game of water-football, and if you dont think this game takes lots of spirit, you should see handsome,



WILLIAM S. HART

ON EGYPT'S SANDS



LED OFF IN THE BEACH ONE-STEP

Earle Williams—Revolutionist

Getting Into Mysterious Troubles and Getting Fair Maids Out of Them

By DOROTHY DICKINSON

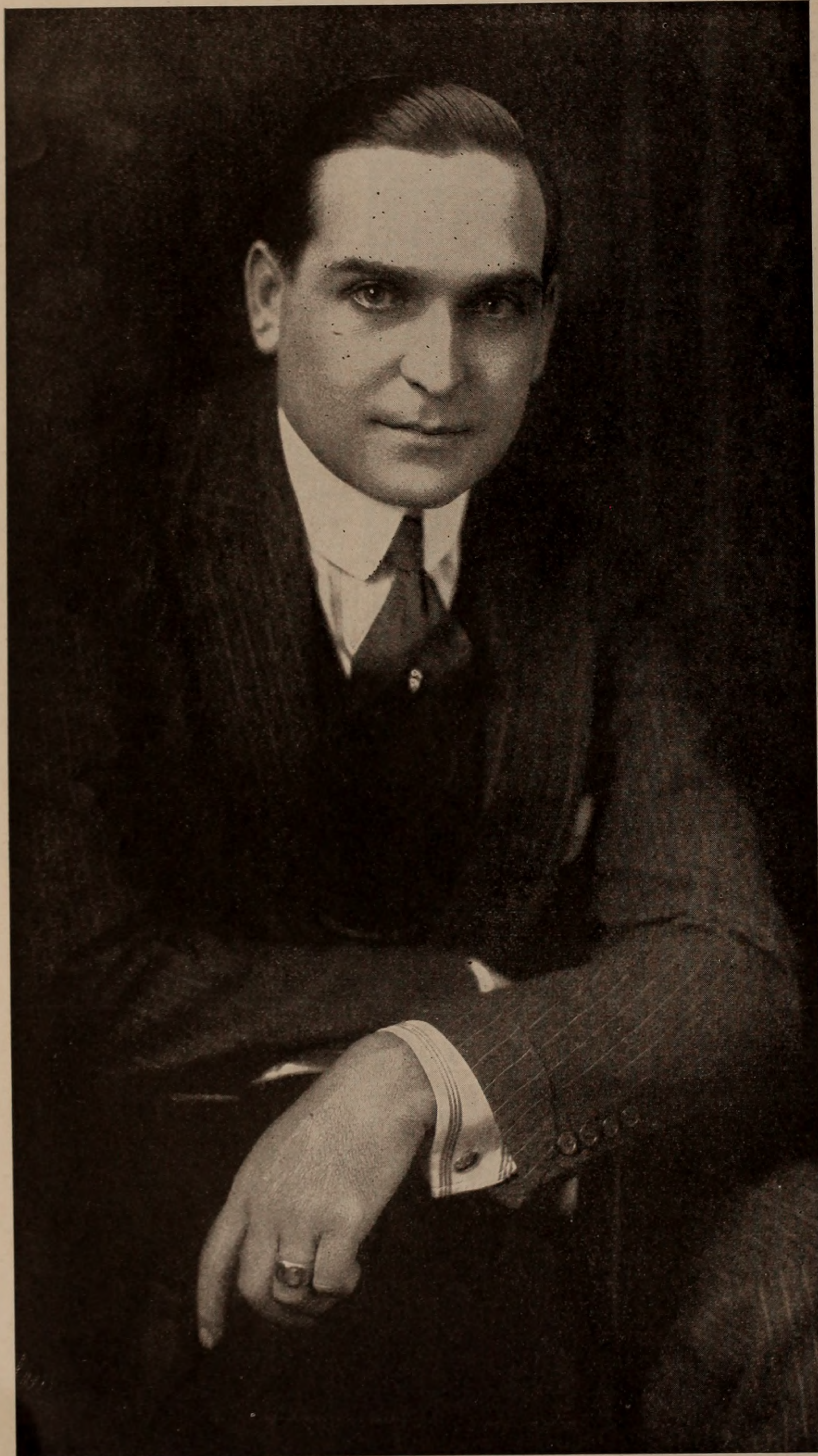
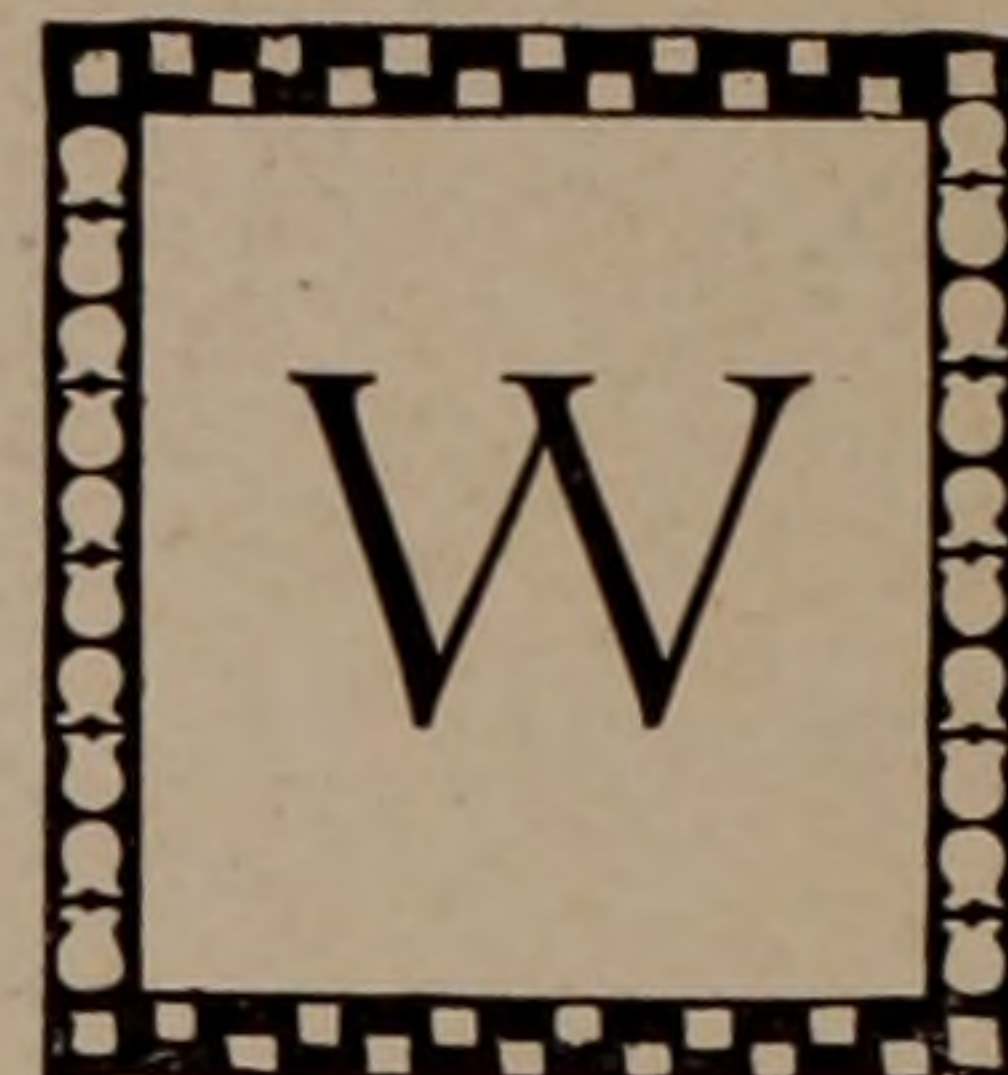


Photo by Campbell

EARLE WILLIAMS (VITAGRAPH)



WHEN final acknowledgment has been made of the debt which the new art of the silent drama owes to the school of acting, the name of Earle Williams will come well up among leaders of those whose dramatic training and

performances have revolutionized the former limited sphere of histrionic activities, and have made it possible for the millions, instead of a fortunate few, to see the great artists in the great plays without paying a great price.

Perhaps his dominantly characteristic trait of intense concentration, which is ever strongly noted in everything he does, is the keynote to a comment I recently heard one evening at a "greenroom" gathering: "Earle Williams does good, conscientious work." As a result he has reaped a full measure of reward as an international favorite and holds the exceptional record of having played under the exclusive management of but one producing company, the Vitagraph.

In the long list of screen successes to his credit he has played the gamut of rôles, serious and dignified, sympathetic and tragic, and more recently he has treated his appreciative public to the delightful serio-comic, mysterious, and heart-interest parts he interprets in "The Scarlet Runner," "The Maelstrom," and "Lincoln-by-the-Nine." In each of these he solves a dozen puzzling problems. As the chauffeur in "The Scarlet Runner" he is appropriately named Christopher Race. The experiences of Christopher Columbus with the *Nina*, the *Pinta* and the *Santa Maria* were as serene as a babe rocked in its cradle compared with this modern Christopher's adventures in his flying red-devil go-cart.

In "The Maelstrom," as James Hallet, a millionaire clubman, he gets into all sorts of complications with a gang of international crooks and detectives, thru his efforts to befriend "The Girl." He has six fistic encounters before the five-reel story is told. Four of the fights, in which eight hard customers, international crooks and strong-arm detectives take part, end in knock-outs. In rehearsing two of these encounters, Williams, thru putting into his punch the "juice" required to make the action convincing, severely damaged his opponents. One of them was laid up for three days. Williams himself came out of it with nothing worse than badly puffed knuckles.

Pretty easy, you say, for the leading-man to use minor characters for punching-bags. Sh-h! not so fast. In two of the six fights Williams gets knocked out himself.

After one of these combats he was
(Continued on page 65)

(Twenty-eight)

The Jaguar's Claws

This story was written from the
Photoplay of William M. McCoy

By DOROTHY DONNELL

"NONSENSE!" Philip Jordan's tone was frankly skeptical. "I'm too old to be scared by bugaboos and Bluebeards and Fee-Fo-Fi-Fums! You're in a blue funk, Jones! Wake up, man—this is the year of our Lord, 1917. There aren't any robber barons nowadays, except Broadway taxi-drivers!"

Jones, small, meek, with legs like parentheses, coughed apologetically. "I know it must sound rather like a dime novel, Mr. Jordan, but I do assure you the man they call El Jaguar is the devil himself, if you will excuse me, sir. He's half Spanish and half greaser, and he rules his peons and ruffians like a czar. There are stories——" he shuddered.

"If you listen to a Mexican you'll be seeing spooks next," Philip laughed gaily. "And what proof have you? A few fences torn down, a few cattle stolen! Pooh! And again pooh!"

He swept the acres before him with a glance of satisfaction. Cattle grazing to the rim of the world; the boundary fence, newly patched here and there; and above the dip of the land yonder a lazy curl of smoke marking the ranch-house. Head flung back, eyes alert and eager, the young Manhattanite surveyed his new domains like another Cæsar who had come, seen and meant to conquer.

"Why, it's a cinch!" he declared, and whirled upon the little man at his side, dragging him into a fantastic burlesque of the latest society dance to a whistled syncopation. Breathless, meekly disheveled, Jones groped for his eyeglasses at the end of their flying cord.

"Well, I hope you'll still think it's a cinch a month from now!" he said earnestly. "But I rather expect playing pinochle in the room back of Eb. Slater's barber-shop at Boonton, New Jersey, is going to furnish as much excitement as I'll need the rest of my life. Many's the night I've lain awake listening to the war-whoops of his vaqueros and expecting to be scalped in my bed!"

"They wouldn't take the trouble to scalp you, Jones!" said Philip, with a sly glance at the other's bald, red crown. "Anyhow, you're mixing your drinks. Mexicans aren't Apaches, you know."

"If there's anything bloodier and crueller than an Apache, El Jaguar is that," said Jones, grimly. He held out his hand. "Well, I'll say good-by, Mr. Jordan. I'm going to catch the afternoon train, if they're running one today. I rather expect I can make yesterday's, anyhow. I wish you the best luck in the world." He hesitated, a withered flush

creeping over his dried-apple cheeks. "I believe you said your sister was with you, or was coming?"

"My sister is here," Philip nodded. A little smile touched his lips. "It is my wife who is coming as soon as I am certain I am going to make a go of the ranch."

"Well"—Jones did not glance at his companion's face—"you want to keep an eye on the women, Mr. Jordan. One of them would be quite as safe in a real jaguar's claws as in Pedro Costello's power. There are stories——"

He was still shuddering and wagging his bare red poll as he rode away. Philip watched him out of sight, rather contemptuously, then swung his coat over his shoulder and turned his steps toward the 'dobe ranch-house in the hollow.

"A mouse wouldn't run away from that fellow!" he mused derisively. "He'd recognize him for one of his own kind."

Cast of characters of this play as produced
by the Lasky Company:

El Jaguar.....	Sessue Hayakawa
Beth.....	Fritzi Brunette
Phil Jordan.....	Tom Moore
Nancy Jordan.....	Marjorie Daw
Harry Knowles.....	Tom Forman
Marie.....	Mabel Van Buren

No wonder a half-breed bully took liberties with him. But Mr. Jaguar will find he's up against a different proposition now!"

He stopped short in his tracks, disconcerted. Below him the low, flat ranch-house squatted in the red sunset, the woodenshutters drawn over every window. Vague unease quickened his steps. The sun got too hot, probably—Nancy wasn't initiated to the unadulterated Mexican brand of sunshine yet; but he was panting from his haste when he flung himself against the door. It was barred.

"Nance!" shouted Philip. "It's only me! Let me in, hon'."

Footsteps dragged across the floor and the bolt was drawn. Nancy, pale and quivering, hurled herself into her brother's arms.

"Oh, Philip!" she wailed, "I thought you'd never come! I was so scared——"

"What was it this time—a spider or a perfectly ferocious, man-eating mouse?" Philip's tone teased, but his eyes were anxious. Nancy giggled shakily.

"It was a mouse-eating man! And I was the mouse. Philip, I never saw such a dreadful face, and when he smiled it

was worse! He kept staring and staring and kissing my hand!"

Philip Jordan's frame stiffened with the muscular fury of a race that allows no tampering with its women.

"The d—d scoundrel!" He gritted his teeth. "What did he want and who was he, anyhow?"

"He asked to see the gringo. I think he meant you, Phil." Nancy wrung her pretty, ineffectual hands. "José and Isador were working on the porch when he came up and I heard them cry out 'El Jaguar!' before they ran away."

"El Jaguar!" Philip repeated slowly. His jaw grew very grim, erasing the dimple in his chin. "So! Well, it might as well be now as any time."

He was drawing on his coat, and Nancy, noting, wept afresh.

"Where are you going? Oh, he'll kill you dead, Phil! You shant go!"

He put her gently aside. "Bolt the door when I'm gone, Nancy-Prancy." He laughed down at her reassuringly. "Goose! I'm only going to pay a neighborly call. I'll be back at supper-time. I dont suppose"—craftily—"would it be too much trouble to make a chocolate layer-cake?"

He chuckled as he rode away, leaving Nancy fluttering housewifely over her bowls and pans. But the chuckle roughened into a growl of primitive rage, and he set his spurs into his horse's sides.

Pedro Costello, master of a thousand acres, lord of the destinies of all who dwelt thereon, sat in the courtyard of his hacienda, playing with the stem of his wine-glass and smiling a sleepy smile that curled the full red lips back over the slightly pointed white teeth. Very splendid was El Jaguar in his purple velvet suit with the silver bullets for buttons—it was whispered every bullet had slain a peon—and his gold-embroidered sombrero. The lithe-limbed, dark woman crouching watchfully on the tessellated pavement beside him writhed in a single supple movement till her scarlet lips lay warm upon his hand.

"Of what think you, lord?" she lisped in Spanish. "Open thy heart and let me in."

"I am thinking of a woman," Costello replied lazily in the same tongue—"a gringo woman with a skin like new milk and hair the gold of the sun. I like to think of her. She is very beautiful, Marie."

Delightedly he watched the flame of jealousy flare and burn in the dark eyes at his knee. With a bound, Marie was

on her feet, full bosom heaving under the single silken robe she wore.

"False! False as Iscariot!" she panted. One slim hand went to the dark coils that weighted her small head like a heavy flower on a slender stem, and snatched out the silver dagger that held them. "Rather than lose thee I would slay thee—*Dios!*"

Her words shrilled into a wail of terror as the great hand of El Jaguar gripped her wrist like a vise and tore the silver toy from her fingers.

"None of that, daughter of the devil!" A blade was sheathed in the velvet of his voice. "Some day I will very surely kill you—some day when you are no longer beautiful."

He flung her contemptuously to the ground, wheeled at a sharp ejaculation behind him, and confronted Philip Jordan staring past him at the huddled figure on the pavement.

"What kind of a way do you call that to treat a woman?" The young American's voice rang with anger. He took a step toward the Mexican, fists doubled. Under half-drooped eyelids

Costello watched him, with a cool smile of disdain.

"My way," he replied softly. "My woman."

He bowed in ironical ceremoniousness.

"To what am I indebted for the undeserved honor of this visit, Señor Jordan? I know your name already, you see!" The suave

at the ranch and frighten my sister into hysterics again I'll pretty near kill you. You can do as you like, I suppose, with any woman of your own kind who is fool enough to stay with you, but keep your dirty hands off white girls or you'll take an express trip to h—l!" He stopped, gulped once or twice, and turned away. "I guess that's all I've got to say this time. If there's any *next* time it isn't going to be talking, remember that!"

He marched out of the courtyard, climbed on his horse, and the drum of hoof-beats died away in the distance. Pedro Costello listened, the same sneering smile twisting his lips.

"Go, young fool!" he murmured. "Men have died for less than thy insults, but there is a prettier way than killing to punish thee!"

He clapped his hands and gave a peculiar call like the howl of a wild

they returned from their foray the next evening, a white-gowned figure, with arms bound with a crimson sash, seated on the saddle before one of them. Under the arches of the courtyard they rode, the shadows of their horses flung across the white-

EL JAGUAR TORE THE SILVER TOY FROM HER FINGERS



composure of the man suddenly made Philip feel boyish and awkward. He was angrily conscious that he was blushing, and his voice shook with young rage as he answered.

"I came over to tell you to quit fooling with my fences and taking my cattle." He went directly to the point without preamble. "And if you dare to show your yellow face

animal. Immediately three vaqueros stood before him.

"Tomorrow night, when the moon is high," El Jaguar directed them smoothly, "go to the gringo's house and fetch me the woman there. If it should happen that a raid were made on his cattle at the same hour it would make matters easier."

The three ragged scarecrows grinned knowingly. They worshiped their cruel master as unquestioningly as the child-hearted savage admires and propitiates his diabolical gods who have the power to do him harm.

A red moon glowered at its zenith when

washed walls.

As they lifted their captive to the pavement and untied her bonds, the mighty figure of their master rose from a low bench and came forward. The flaring torches of the men and the oil-lamps set in rude brackets about the walls lighted up his thick, working lips and bloodshot eyes, and the shifting shadows gave his face a curiously swollen, animal look, like one of the terrible grotesques of Dürer.

"So you have come to return my call!" He laughed very low and caught the white, still figure in his arms. Then, taken by surprise for once in his life, he stood dumbfounded, staring down at the face crushed against his breast. Dressed like a bride, white to the proudly set lips, the girl returned his gaze defiantly.

"Fools with the ears of an ass!" gritted Costello, whirling upon his abashed vaqueros, "I will have you flayed alive for this! You have brought me the wrong girl!"
'Impossible,

supine on the dirt floor of the ranch-house, gasping out answers to the frantic questions Philip flung at her.

"I—was riding," Nancy moaned; "I came back—and found Beth——"

"Beth!" Philip shouted. "You don't know what you're saying! Beth is in New Haven!"

"She came—to surprise you"—the thread of a voice was tangled in a flood of tears. "She had on—her wedding-dress. And we were planning—a wonderful surprise for you—when they came——"

"Who came?" the man groaned, white-lipped with dread. He forced himself to

Beth! My God! I may be too late now."

He stumbled thru the door and across the prairie with a dim idea of cutting off the distance by road. And so, staggering thru the sage-brush and scrub-growth of the great pasture, he did not meet El Jaguar's bullies on their second raid.

Distances are deceptive on the great plains, where the moon



NANCY IN THE CLAWS OF EL JAGUAR'S WHELPS

master," one of the men replied, doggedly. "The woman at the gringo's house, you said. She fought like a wildcat, but we brought her. There was no other there."

El Jaguar's baffled eyes rested on the girl again, took in the proud lift of the chin, slid like a sensual hand down the sweet curves of her body, and began to glow.

"I do not know who you are," he said to her in his fastidious English, "but you please me as well as the other. You have blood in your veins, not milk. Yes, you please me very well." He turned to his hirelings with a wave of his hand.

"Place this woman in one of the cells on the patio," he directed, "and then go back and bring the other one."

At this moment the "other one" lay

speaking calmly, realizing that the girl was very close to hysteria. "There, there, dear—take your time. But try to tell me where Beth is, so I can go and get her."

Nancy sat up and began to sway back and forth monotonously, a slim, boyish figure in her white riding-trim. "Ten of them on horseback. They beat on the door. Beth made me hide in the wood-closet. The door fell. I heard her scream. I fainted, and when I came back she was gone!"

She began to laugh, insanely pointing to the newspapers spread on the floor.

"We put them down so—her dress wouldn't get dirty," she shrieked. "That's funny, isn't it? Oh! Oh! Oh!"

Phil shook her thin shoulders roughly. "Stop that and get back into the closet!" he commanded. "I've got to go after

casts long shadows from tiny things and dazzles the eyes with her strange, copper glare. Philip had lost his way a dozen times before he staggered at last up the cactus-bordered driveway that wound to Pedro Costello's fortress-home. The flesh of his hands was laced with blood from cacti-spines; he was drenched with sweat,

and his breath beat his broad chest in heavy sobs. Yet he still had the strength to strike out savagely at the two brawny peons who sprang upon him out of the shadows and dragged him, in spite of his struggles, into the dim hall. The stone pavement and arches rang to the sound of the scuffle, and El Jaguar, sitting in his great, bare audience-room nearby, smiled gently.

"He will be more courteous, this gringo, when I am thru with him," he mused. He drained the last of the wine in

"Welcome, Señor Americano," he said softly. "Make yourself quite at home under my roof."

Philip flung back his head and folded his arms across his chest. "Dont play with me," he said in a low voice; "if you mean to kill me, do it at once. But before you use that wicked toy in your hands there, tell me one thing. What do you mean to do with the American girl you have stolen?"

"American girls," Costello corrected, gently. "There are two of them, Señor Gringo, if it interests you. One of them arrived a matter of an hour ago."

Philip flinched visibly under the blow of Costello's words. Nancy, too! He had played into this scoundrel's hands, and his

for money, nothing for a few lives. Go to your Government with your grievance—whine at its doors. Tell them Pedro Costello is a law to himself, and see what your Government will say. I will let you go tomorrow morning, señor."

Philip started, new hope flashing into his eyes; noting which, El Jaguar's smile grew. "And you shall take with you," he finished deliberately, "one of the women. The other I shall keep with me. Which shall it be?"



EL JAGUAR'S
HABIT OF
STEALING
BRIDES

his glass and sent it splintering over his shoulder against the wall. "It is going to be great sport, better than cock-fighting or even the bull-baiting, *por Dios!* Miguel—André, bring him in!"

He took a slim, silver-mounted pistol from his belt and seated himself insolently on the edge of the table, swinging one narrow, elegantly booted foot with a stealthy motion, like the silent lashing of the jaguar's tail before he springs. His cold eyes met Philip Jordan's wild gaze unwinkingly.

cards lay on the table, hopelessly outplayed. He remembered Jones' diffident warning, "Your women-folks would be as safe in a real jaguar's claws."

"What are you going to do with them?" He tried to speak authoritatively. "I suppose you know you will have to answer to my Government for this outrage."

El Jaguar laughed enjoyingly. "Your Government sleeps the fat sleep of a well-fed swine," he sneered. "It cares much

The room wavered before the young American's eyes as the full horror of this man's plan was revealed. He forced his stiff lips to frame the hoarse question:

"Which one?"

El Jaguar made a polite gesture with one smooth, lemon-tinted hand. "I am willing to be generous," he purred. "Either of the women pleases me. I leave the choice entirely to you."

In spite of the hands grasping his own,

"LET ME LOOSE AND
SETTLE WITH ME
IN A MAN'S
WAY"

then I shall have both of the women instead of one. Good-night, and sweet dreams, Señor Americano."

Thru the thick darkness of the hours of that terrible night Philip Jordan lived as many emotions as most men experience in their entire lives. Never afterward did little troubles have the power to stir him. He was as immune to them as a concentrated dose of deadly bacteria renders a man immune to the ravages of fever. Now he paced the cell, trying to clear his mind to make his ghastly decision; now he beat the bars of the door in a gust of hysteria, shrieking aloud; and now he flung himself on the floor and sobbed weakly, like a tired child. And always he seemed to see the two faces hovering just beyond his reach—Nancy's, quivering with terror, drawn and appealing, under her pale, golden hair; and Beth's—the face of his sweetheart as he had last seen it lifted to his kiss.

"Beth! I can't leave her to that brute. I'll choose her!" he would mumble, and then suddenly writhe to the memory of Nancy, his little sister, in pinafores, sharing a red-cheeked apple with him. "No, no—I've got to take care of little Sis Nancy! I promised mother I'd look after her. I'll have to choose Nancy. Beth! My sweetheart! Oh, my dear love——"
And so on in dreary round until the morning

"I CHOOSE
FOR HIM—
I WILL
STAY——"

Philip Jordan's rage almost freed him. He cried aloud in anguish when he found that he could not reach his torturer.

"You mongrel fiend!" he gasped. "A white man would be incapable of thinking up such a plot. Let me loose and I will fight you with no weapon but my hands. If you are a man, instead of a devil incarnate, let me loose and settle with me in a man's way."

El Jaguar yawned. "Put him in a cell next to the others," he directed. "Be ready with your choice tomorrow, my friend; if you prefer killing, I will gladly favor you, for

came palely between the bars of his prison-window and found him with his decision still unmade.

In his long audience-room El Jaguar sat over his wine, occupied with the congenial pastime
(Continued on page 67)



Photo by C. S. Gardner

A Heart-Smashing King o' Thrills

GEORGE LARKIN has been a heart-breaker almost as long as he has been before the public. He began his devil-may-care, bone-breaking, heart-smashing career in the sawdust ring. Here he frisked near the precipice of eternity, having a glorious time. He broke into the sacred circle of filmog-

raphy several years ago, but his first real heart-troubling career started with Cleo Madison, in "Trey o' Hearts." He is now flirting gayly with death as co-star with Ollie Kirkby in the new Kalem series, "Grant, Police Reporter," during the course of which he has performed many feats as exciting and daring as they

are novel. George is "Doug" Fairbanks' one best rival as a "stunter."

He swings thru the air on the frazzled end of a steamer-rope, and makes love with equal ease, seemingly enjoying the dangerous experiences equally. Of course, his work isn't confined to doing stunts—he can also *act!*

(Thirty-four)

Expression of the Emotions, Second Series—By ANITA STEWART

Photo by Floyd



DREAD

RESPONSE

COQUETRY

WONDER

Photo by White

WISTFUL-
NESS

Photo by Campbell

LURE O'
YOUTH

SWEET
MEM-
ORIES

TEMPTATION

Daughters of Eve

Transported from the Ancient Garden-of-Eden Paradise, 4000 B.C.,

By NINA



THE Three Graces—a Water-Witch Nymph, as supple as the sunny ripples behind her, balances like a sprite of the air and seems about to float upward, as lightly as a feather, from her companions:

Maid-of-the-Mist, whose downcast eyes gaze fascinatingly upon her sparkling beauty reflected in the mirrored surface

ancient Babylon. Yvette Mitchell, the alluring Lorelei, clad in airy sea-green drapery of silken seaweed streamers, has a vivid recollection of getting an accidental



"HER NATURE



of the deep pool; Laughing-Water, the graceful Naiad, poised in a flying pose, makes the gliding ducklings behind her appear almost water-shy. Their sister sirens, led by Queen Titania, emerging from the woods and glades and lagoons, greet Psyche at the brink, murmuring weird chants and incantations which only the elves and fairies can understand. They represent the personified spirits of Starlight and Moonlight, Sunset and Sunrise, and Dewdrops and Sea-foam. These entrancing goddesses appear in the most comical and unique and yet altogether artistic dance pageant ever filmed.

Permission was extended to the Keystone Company to stage the scenes of "Her Nature Dance" in these enchanted environs of the famous Busch Sunken Gardens, Pasadena, which were created at a cost of millions by the foremost landscape gardeners of the world. They present an exotic beauty rivaled only by the famous Hanging Gardens of

ducking while clad in dainty attire, when rehearsing in the Universal comedy, "Lord Helpus Investigates."

Shirley Mason, the little cave-woman, modishly attired in a fur bathing-suit, realizes the dream of the famous artist, Clarence Underwood, who has been searching for years for an ideal model, a type to represent America's best at sweet sixteen. Mr. Underwood, who is painting her portrait, says: "Miss Mason registers one hundred per cent. in coloring, beauty, figure and intelligence." As the star selected to play a star part



SHIRLEY MASON

(Thirty-six)

in Nature's Dance

to the Modern Sunken Gardens of Busch-Pasadena, 2000 A.D.

DOROTHY GREGORY



her sister to the ballet-school and there learnt by observation, and by the aid of teachers who frolicked

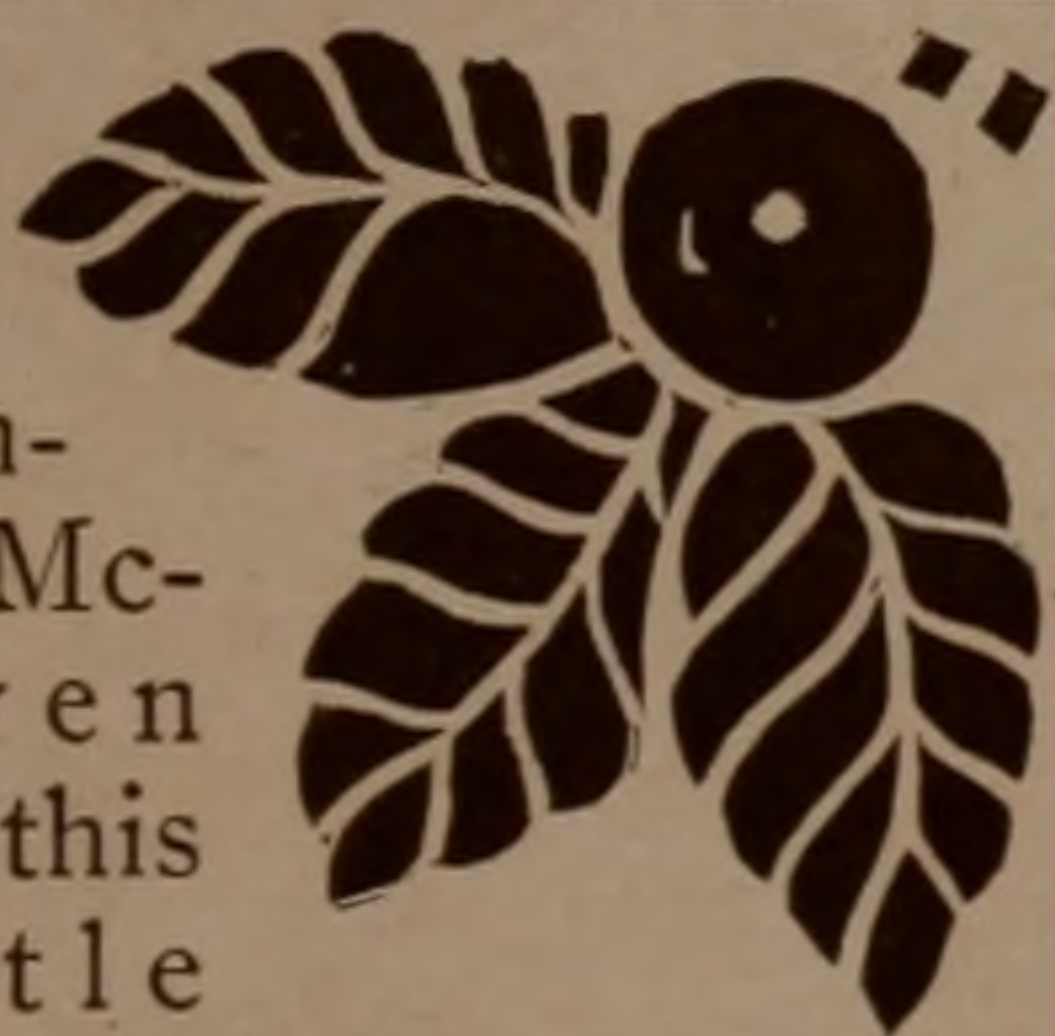


"CAVE-WOMAN" SHIRLEY

versham saw her and gave her the recommendation that obtained for her her first work on the stage, the part of Little Hal in "The Squaw Man."

Altho Shirley has concentrated upon Motion Picture acting, she has found time to keep up in her dancing. She loves to run wild in the woods, making up her dance to suit her mood, but she also gets as much joy as any healthy girl from dancing fox-trots and hesitations at every "off-scene" moment.

DANCE"



in the seven-starred serial, McClure's "Seven Deadly Sins," this wonderful little movie Venus has become world-renowned. The elaborate wardrobe provided for her appearance in this series of sinful temptations cost approximately about eight thousand five hundred dollars. She wore several exquisite dancing-frocks; but, in her "deerskin"—"Dear creature! you'd swear, when her delicate feet in the dance twinkle round, that her steps are of light, that her home is the air, and she only *par complaisance* touches the ground."

Shirley Mason has been dancing ever since she can remember. Her mother believed dancing to be excellent training for young girls, and the three sisters—Edna Flugrath, Viola Dana and Shirley Mason—learnt to dance almost as soon as they learnt to walk.

Edna Flugrath, the oldest of the trio, became so proficient that she studied for professional work and, after she was graduated from the Metropolitan Opera House ballet-school, appeared at the Metropolitan several times in solo dances.

Shirley, while a tiny girl, went with



YVETTE MITCHELL

with her between lessons, a great deal about dancing.

Before this, when she was only two and one-half years old, she showed such natural talent that she appeared in little dances at children's entertainments, and it was when she was dancing at such an affair that a friend of William Fa-



IMPROVISING THE DANCE OPENING

"The Spotted Lady"

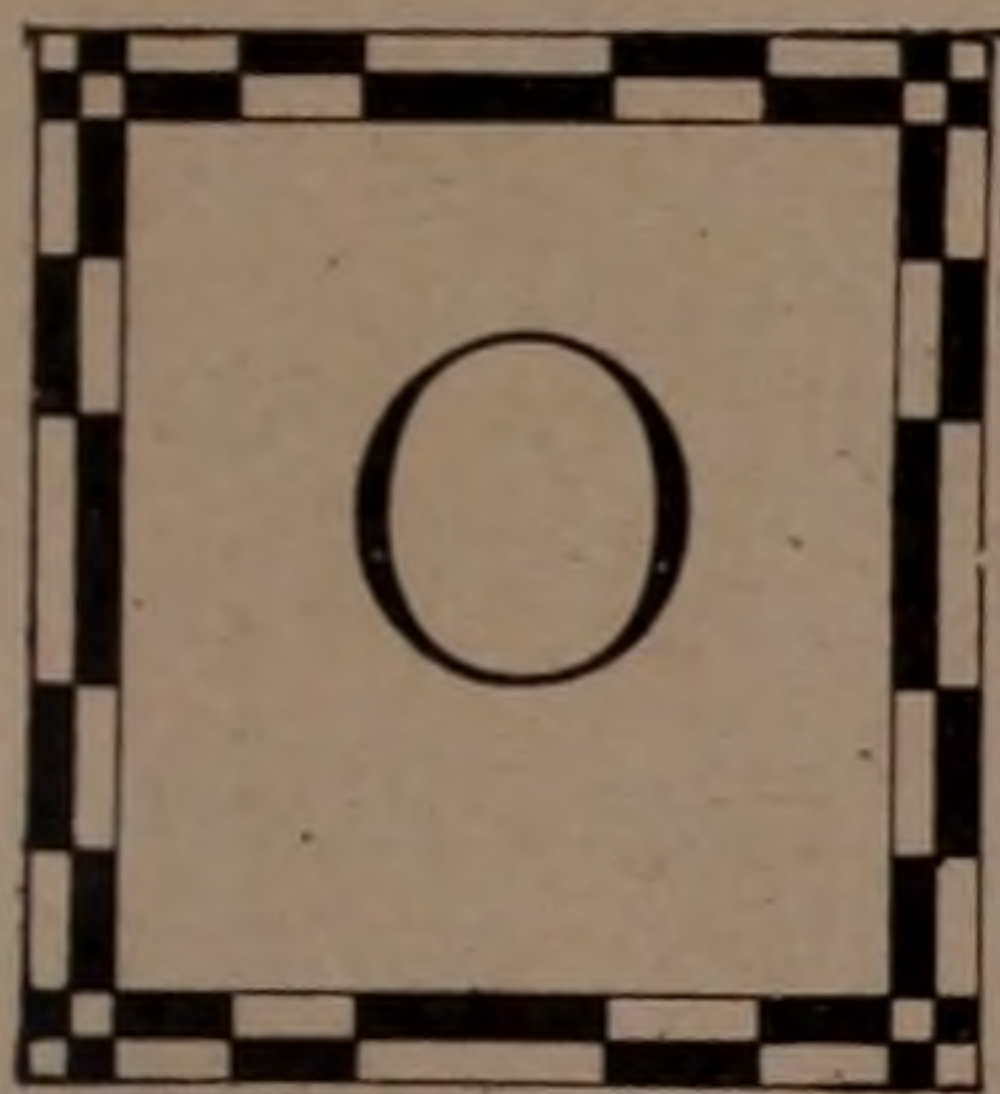
VALESKA SURATT
THE INCONSPICUOUS



Only one detail is lacking to complete harmoniously the unique decorative effect of Valeska's dressing-room—unfortunately, her tame leopard was indisposed the day she posed for this picture. The leopard considers that this startling background was specially designed for his lair. This magnified polka-dot costume is one of the bewildering array of gowns Miss Suratt wears in "The Slave." By way of subdued contrast she also appears in a gown trimmed with real lilies that will bring a thrill to every woman's heart. "The Slave" is a gripping drama of life of today. Many of the exterior scenes were filmed at Lakewood, N. J. The next Fox production in which "Valeska the Inconspicuous" stars is "The Siren."

Our Classic Extra Girl Plays at the Fox Studio

By Ethel Rosemon



ONE more star framed in my personal Hall of Fame; one more chance that I may or may not see myself flickering upon the screen; ten dollars added to the exchequer; one yard of silk maline of the approved Motion Picture hue eaten from the back of my favorite evening-frock, *mise en scène* with Theda, and there you have a ledger I defy even the State Board of Public Accountants to balance.

I neglected to mention that the heroine of this particular venture of Alice in Film-land is a vampire. The neglect was intentional. I know your conception of a vampire and I do not desire to have you think for even an instant that the lady in question made her noonday meal of my pet maline bow or that, jealous of the graceful folds into which my bows naturally fall—in print—she decided that mastication was the most effective, if not altogether the most sanitary, method of humiliating her rival.

Theda did not eat my bow. Betsy did. Betsy who? I don't know. You see, we were never properly introduced—no one ever is in a Moving Picture studio—but I could see from the very beginning that Betsy had conceived a sudden, deep affection for me. From the moment I entered the room she became my constant companion. (I wonder if by any chance she sensed my value as a press-agent.) Not intending to be



JACKIE VAUGHN AND THE CLASSIC'S EXTRA GIRL TAKING A GRADUATE COURSE IN MAKING UP FROM ANDY CULP, THE CAMERA-MAN ("QUIT YOUR KIDDING, ANDY; WE ALL CAN'T BE STARS!")



rude, she followed me into a corner which I had chosen as an ideal spot for a quiet chat with Jackie Vaughn, one of the girls working in the picture. I felt a tugging at the back of my gown. Shoulder-straps are always obtaining divorce decrees at

inopportune moments, so my hand flew back in horror—only to encounter the soft head of Betsy. Somewhere in Betsy's esophagus my maline bow was traveling its watery way, while Betsy's pleading eyes begged for just one yard more.

Betsy, I learnt, had established a residence at the studio ever since she had won Miss Bara's heart by her simple, unaffected acting in "The Darling of Paris." Altho Shakespeare neglected to mention the fact, every play must have a goat, human or otherwise. Sometimes it is the young country vine who is deceived by the city passion-flower; sometimes it is the young college student who finds his he—hades in the limpid eyes of a snaky-handed vampire; sometimes it is the poor old mother whose gambling son absconds with the mortgage interest the evening it is due; but there must always be a goat. This time it was Betsy.

However, I am not a nature-faker and this is not an animal story, so Betsy must "fade out." (I wish I could describe to you the exquisite joy of being able to use such a melodiously graphic expression and to

"HAVE A HEART, MIKE, AND TELL US WHEN WE EAT. I'M STARVING!"

—JACKIE VAUGHN

top it with the assurance that it is not slang but a technical term most highly approved in élite photodramatic circles. I have served my second term as an extra girl and I have collected a charming vocabulary which I bring forth with or without provocation. By the time I finish this series I expect to have revolutionized the entire language.)

The Vitagraph studio had made me camera-wise, and it was like a veteran returning to the firing line that I sought my second engagement, this time with the Fox Company. And here the chief lesson I learnt, the lesson I will probably continue to engrave upon my memory during my subsequent trips into Screenland, is that an extra girl's life is one wait after another. Her patience must be limitless, her shoes painless, for good footwork is one of the main assets on the road to movie fame.

The Fox Company has no yard such as the one I graced so frequently in my attempt to make my *début* on the Vitagraph screen. The studio is at Fort Lee. This means thirty cents a day carfare for the venturesome extra who goes over "on spec," as they say of a player who takes this chance of being engaged. Maybe it is to save the actor carfare, maybe it is to spare the director annoyance; anyway, a sign at the New Jersey studio notifies the applicant that all artists are engaged at the New York office on West Forty-sixth Street.

So day after day between the hours of four and six Betty Briggs, for that is the name after sleepless nights of indecision I chose for my second screen appearance—and, by the way, if some kind reader would like to save me other sleepless nights I wish he, she or the goat would send me some favorite names for future flickerings—might be seen wending her ambitious way to the Fox office and back. "At the time of going to press" I think I have a gazing acquaintance with every actor and actress who treads Broadway in the search of fame and food. I know they are all feeling sorry for me, at the same time admiring the courage with which I have been sticking to it. Forty-sixth Street has responded so often to the imprint of my heel that, could the pavements speak, I'm sure the burthen of their song would be, "We Miss You Since You Resumed Dishwashing, Mary Ann."

Semi-occasionally, Mr. Kingston, the casting-director, known to every man and woman who has ever tried to enter Paradise by the extra gate, would appear in the doorway of his little office on the sixth floor of the Leavitt Building—how often have I joined the elevator chorus, "Out, six!"—and with a characteristic shake of his handsome gray head, say, "Nothing tonight, ladies and gentlemen." More frequently Mr. Foley, his assistant, would answer the numerous inquirers with "So-and-So is just finishing his picture," "So-and-So is reading his scenario," or "Director Blank has left for Florida or the Klondike."

Then one day when my face had become as familiar as the cold-cream "ads." in the subway trains Mr. Foley told me to return at 6:30 to see a director who was engaging extras. He said it with such an air of kindness, of "Here is thy reward, good and faithful servant," that I blessed him for it. Not waiting for the final vote of Congress, I drafted all my make-up and prepared for the sea voyage to Fort Lee. On my return trip I found that I was not the only one who had been given the 6:30 call, for about ten familiar faces greeted me when I opened the door marked "Booking Office." There is still another door that leads to the inner sanctuary, closed except on special occasions to special people. But this was a special occasion and we were special people, so one by one we were permitted to pass thru the magic portal into the director's presence. The pretty applicant who entered before me returned with a happy smile which I caught as we passed in the doorway. But, alas, how short is the life of a smile!

"I've just engaged the last girl I need," the director announced as I stood before him.

"Sorry," Mr. Foley added. "I thought he needed more. Keep coming in. I'll probably have something else soon."

So I kept "coming in" and meeting some of the same girls day after day. They were typical New Yorkers—all well, many richly dressed. From their costly shoes to the latest creation of some smart milliner, they brought back the afternoon receptions that were the bane of my cub-reporter days.

"The girl in moderate circumstances has indeed a hard road to travel," I thought as I watched these pages from the fashion magazines.

Some of them, I learnt as my acquaintance grew, had just returned from the road; others had homes in New York and were following the work for a lark or for added pin-money. With many the lark didn't last long, and as I stood in the group one afternoon after another I saw new faces take the places of the old ones who had turned elsewhere for amusement.

At last Mr. Foley told me to report at Fort Lee at 9:30 the next morning as a shopper in a Paris establishment.

"Dress as you would if you were attending a reception at Lucile's," J. Gordon Edwards, the director, added.

To me Lucile is not a name to conjure with, and the feverish excitement with which I overhauled my wardrobe in a wild endeavor to look like Paris before the war was a fitting climax to my days of anxious waiting. Finally I collected an array of finery which I felt confident would make Lucile fear that a new fashion dictator was about to appear upon the horizon and started for Fort Lee at the appointed hour.

The boat that left the New York side at that hour of the morning carried a complete cargo of movie atmosphere.

Several of the large Eastern studios are located at Fort Lee, and the modest ferry-boat seemed to be converted into a private yacht for directors, camera-men and player folks of all degrees. Film-land talk was everywhere, as actors hailed friends and acquaintances in hearty camaraderie. Not the least interesting were the costly limousines of the stars, which the moment the gang-plank was in place whizzed past us and sped up the heights. The ordinary folks boarded the car that wound slowly up the hill, affording a wondrous view of the quiet Hudson and the busy metropolis beyond. For once I can truthfully say that I preferred the democratic mode of conveyance.

Arrived at the studio, I was directed to a tiny dressing-room which was occupied by two other players, one a concert singer who was breaking into pictures via the extra route, and the other a beautiful gray-haired lady who was playing a part. As we made up, the latter's gray hair became the subject of conversation.

"It literally turned white overnight," she told us. "I had a great sorrow—lost my husband suddenly—and it took all the life out of me."

We began to sympathize.

"But I had life enough left to get another soon after," she hastened to add as she put the finishing touches to her eyebrows.

So we turned to the consideration of happier subjects.

But I was keyed up for adventure. I was anxious to get "on the set" and, above all, to see Theda Bara at close range.

Who has not read about her and who has not wondered what sort of woman would be revealed if one could extricate her from beneath the press-agent's fluent writings? She was starting "Camille" that day as a manikin in a Paris shop.

Soon my impatience became too large for my third of the tiny dressing-room, so I went out into the sunlit studio, a huge conservatory entirely enclosed in glass. Nature's lighting did away with the terrible glare of the overhead lamps, the sidelights were being arranged judiciously here and there to heighten the artistic effect.

The call for luncheon interrupted my waiting and, tho I failed to obtain even a glimpse of "The Queen of the Vampires," I realized that in this case it was now or never, so I hastened to join the other extras at the Bungalow. Here, in exchange for the tickets supplied by Mike, a young man useful in general, and in this case in particular, around the studio, a substantial luncheon was served. It was 2 o'clock when we returned to the scene of our future flickerings.

In the meantime two professional models had arrived and had been assigned to my dressing-room. They had never been in pictures before and were at a loss how to make up. Glad of a chance to display my superior knowledge of the screen, I

proceeded to decorate them. As they were two of the most beautiful girls I have ever had the pleasure of meeting, I am sure I will be proud of my handiwork when it's screened.

Soon "On the set!" resounded thru the corridors. We all filed into the Paris fashion shop at Fort Lee, N. J., and the action began. Men and women were assigned their places in the general scheme of things, and I was stationed back in an alcove with three other women and one lone man. The director called the first manikin, and, amid admiring glances from the shoppers, the camera started to click its busy way.

Next Miss Bara appeared upon the scene, and there was no need of the warning, "All interested in the model!"

The costume the star was displaying for the customers of Madame Prudence was a black evening-dress, but one immediately became unconscious of the frock, of the whiteness of the wearer's skin, of the masses of dark hair simply arranged, as one gazed into the eyes of this woman who has done so many weird things—on the screen. One realized at a glance that her success was due to no trick of the camera, no guidance of a clever director, but to the intelligence and thought that shines from those deep gray eyes. They plainly said that Miss Bara does not take her art lightly, that she is ever reaching out for perfection. In short, the real woman behind the screen vampire has a mind that makes itself felt, that causes one to know intuitively that she would succeed in any line of work she undertook. Her voice as she talked to the director had that soft, low quality that made even the most loquacious extra stop to listen.

The fact that Mr. Edwards

I should picture her ranting up and down the studio and making things generally interesting. I will leave that to him and, tho not questioning his veracity or that of any man following the same calling, will simply state that I am pledged to tell the truth on the honor of an extra girl and that here you have a realistic picture of Miss Bara taken from the side-lines.



THEDA BARA'S PROGRESS FROM MODEL TO FORSAKEN MISTRESS IN "CAMILLE"

greeted all her suggestions with a hearty "Fine!" put the stamp of approval upon my first swift reading of Miss Bara. Evidently he knew from the past that his star had come on the set with a wealth of ideas gained from a careful study of the script, that would prove profitable to even his wide experience.

Perhaps the Fox press-agent will not thank me for presenting his star vampire in such an unvampirish light. Probably

But the director says "Back to the scene!" Miss Bara is parading up and down the fashion shop, for Mr. Edwards was not satisfied to have his Camille come "out of the nowhere into the here," as she does in some of the stage versions, so he gave her a definite past in an establishment catering to the fast life of Paris. Here the Duke de Meuriac, who has come to the shop with his sister, the beautiful white-haired lady with "life enough to get another," sees in the manikin a resemblance to his lost daughter and adopts her while we all look on in wonder.

Up to this time I had been far from the camera's unlying eye, but now the field of action changed and camera-man and machine came into close range. Had they been lured hither by the hope of a "find" in the Classic's extra girl? Not so. As I told you before, these are true stories.

But two of the girls who shared the alcove had confidentially remarked that they were not ordinary extras, but embryo stars there for a test. I could almost hear their hearts beating high

with thoughts of future fame as the tripod was set in place for a close-up. However, their hopes were not nourished by the lone man ensconced in the alcove. In a fatherly way, in spite of his youthful appearance, he pointed out the stony path up the Moving Picture hill and did all he could to change their rosy dream into a weird nightmare. He gazed at me as if he admired my good sense in not looking beyond the five dollars I was earning that afternoon, and I began to feel like a very superior person. I hope the camera will register that fact.

About 4 o'clock the sun began to forsake the studio and Mr. Edwards called "All thru!" There was to be a reception the next day at which the Duke would introduce his ward to his fashionable friends.

"Would I be invited?" that was the question.

Good luck! Mr. Edwards told me to report the next morning in evening dress.

This time eight other girls and I were assigned to a room in the Eclair studio about half a block away. At least, we started with eight. An hour later two more rushed in breathlessly.

"Oh, girls, we did such an awful thing!" one of them explained. "This is our first day in pictures. We got into the wrong studio. A dressing-room door was open. The place looked cozy, so we walked in. A few minutes later a maid appeared as if by magic.

"I guess we'll keep this dressing-room," I smiled. "Will you help us to make up?"

"I'd like to but I cant," she returned. "You see, Miss Suratt wouldn't like it."

"What has she got to say about it?" Ida inquired.

"Well, I'm her maid and this is her dressing-room and"—she hesitated—"she doesn't like extra girls to occupy it," she concluded, timidly.

"We took the hint and quickly viewed the room from the other side of the door. Sure enough, there in letters so large that only two blind pieces of atmosphere could have failed to see it was the star's name.

"We simply fell out of that studio and here we are. Wont some one please make us up—that is, of course, if Miss Suratt wont mind?"

Half-a-dozen rushed to the aid of the newcomers, for they are a happy, helpful lot, these extra girls.

"Dont forget to take your powder-puffs with you," admonished Jackie

Vaughn, who shared my popularity with Betsy and continued it all the way up the line to the directors. "You never can tell when you'll get a close-up. I had one a couple of weeks ago. My nose was greasy. If I never become a star I'll know that my shiny nose was my downfall."

"Wouldn't it be great to be a star and not have to arrive at the studio until you pleased?" a pretty blonde girl yawned. "My idea of heaven is to tumble from bed into a purple limousine and be whirled to Fort Lee."

"Wake up and run for the boat, Geraldine," her friend laughed as the girls filed out of the dressing-room and made their way down the country street to the studio.

Again we were sent to the Bungalow before the scene was taken.

"You cant put anything over on Miss Bara," one of the girls at my table remarked. "Just heard the property-man throwing a fit because he had to go 'way down into the heart of New Jersey to get camelias. She wouldn't wear fakes."

"She's right. Why should she?" another added.

But probably we had dawdled too long between eating and gossiping. Anyway, there was soon a frantic call for the extras to appear at the reception. Being rather uncertain about the quality, quantity and reality of the Duke's refreshments, we hated to leave the pie, so silence reigned while peach, apple and cocoanut disappeared.

This time the scene was one befitting the residence of nobility. Expectation filled the air, for the Duke's ward was to be introduced to society. How would she take it, and how would they take it? We would soon see.

An unconscious murmur of admiration went around the room. Miss Bara was descending the stairs. The reflection from a mirror held off scene in the direct rays of the sun shone on her hair and lit up her eyes, making her look like some beautiful portrait come to life. The old Duke tottered forward and proudly escorted her thru the throng. He was sure she would create a sensation. She did. As she passed, we shrugged our shoulders and turned our backs upon her.

"Breaking into society, indeed—a shop-girl!" we murmured.

How we hated to do it! But Mr. Edwards had ordered this for all—all but the men. True to the conception

prevalent among male humans, tom-cats are non-existent for this wise director.

One man was particularly fascinated by the beauty of the Duke's ward. This was Walter Law, who as Count de Varville afterwards becomes Camille's lover.

"I wonder where they'll find that cute little cottage in the country where Camille goes to live with Armand Duval after she gives up the Count and the gay life of Paris," remarked one girl who boasted that she knew the book "from cover to cover." "How do you think Miss Bara will get consumption?"

"Artistically," I answered.

"Yes, I suppose so," she assented. "Wouldn't you just love to play that part and have Albert Roscoe whisper in your ear, 'Courage, Camille; you will live till spring'?"

"Personally, I'd rather have Mr. Edwards shout, 'Cheer up, old girl; you'll have another day's work tomorrow,'" I answered materialistically, and with a withering smile my romantic friend turned her back upon me.

"Perhaps you will," volunteered Jackie Vaughn, who had taken me under her wing. "I hear there's another scene with extras. Ask Mr. Foley about it."

"Good; more copy," I registered mentally, when at the end of the day Mr. Foley promised he would engage me for the next scene.

"I cant tell what day it will be, tho. Keep coming in," was his parting instruction.

And then old Sol began to get disagreeable. Day after day Mr. Foley informed me that the scene had been postponed on account of the weather.

The weather is still with us. The Classic is going to press and still I "keep coming in."

At the Fox office this afternoon I heard some terrifying news.

"Did you know that Miss Bara had been thrown downstairs at the studio today?" the man who had been my companion at the Duke's reception inquired.

"Oh, what happened?" I gasped.

"Dont look so frightened," he said, soothingly. "The Count got peeved because Camille no longer loves him and took this gentle method of showing his feelings. But dont worry; Camille will live till spring."

So the ways of vampires are laid in bumpety places. Would I rather wait at the gate for a day's work as an extra or be thrown downstairs by a discarded lover? It depends upon the stairs.

HER M8 OF F8

By ALLEN F. BREWER

A country lass was little K8
When Motion Pictures turned her P8
And made her strive to EMUL8
The stars whose salaries are GR8.
She used her fairest smile as B8,
Until at last she signed a D8
To play in "Writing On the SL8,"
A story famed in every ST8.

And on the film she met her M8;
He spied her weeping by the G8,
A-registering love and H8,
Because the villain did BER8.
He rushed up at a mighty R8
And pushed said villain in his CR8.
Then lo! his love would ne'er AB8—
He wooed her early, wooed her L8.

For her at eve he'd often W8
To dine at seven bucks per PL8,
Till they were married; then he'd PR8
And scorn her as a mere INGR8.

That's why we're really glad to ST8
This painful tale of little K8
Is only just a film of F8.

"Here Comes the Bride!"

By H. H. VAN LOAN

It all started at Levy's. In fact, 'most everything that happens, in a social way, in the Moving Picture world in and around Los Angeles, gets its first chance in the immediate vicinity of this famous café, which is tucked away behind a lot of tall buildings on the third most important street in the town.

The big clock was just bringing its hands to eight as she entered, and everything was going fine, including cocktails, lobsters, steaks, and the orchestra which was playing a very catchy fox-trot as a score of couples traveled around the floor.

She had finished the twelfth episode of "The Purple Mask" late that afternoon, and, after laying aside her costume, had jumped into her



car and pointed its nose straight for Hollywood, Los Angeles and the café. She hadn't come to dance, drink or gossip with the large coterie of Moving Picture stars gathered at the various tables, who looked up as she passed thru the entrance. She was tired and hungry and had come here for the purpose of eating, after which she intended going straight home; for she had a lot of "exteriors" scheduled for the next day and wanted to get an early start.

There was only one vacant table, and it was right next to one which was surrounded by a merry little party consisting of Herbert Rawlinson, Harry Carey, Mary MacLaren, Lois Wilson, Claire McDowell and Ben Wilson. In fact, Universal City seemed to be pretty well represented on this particular evening.

"Why so exclusive?" inquired Carey as she sank into a seat. "I bought a new car yesterday and ran it for the first time today," she returned by way of explanation, as she smiled to the group. "I understand," added Ben Wilson. "I bought one myself about a month ago, and spent all my leisure hours in seclusion so that nobody could hear what I had to say about it." "What's the matter—doesn't it run well?" inquired Mary MacLaren. "Oh, it runs all right," replied the "Queen of Serials" as she moved over to the table with her friends. "But it seems to get inflated so with its own arrogance that it blows out all four tires simultaneously. My trip to the studio this morning cost me exactly two hundred dollars!"

"That's something to think about," remarked Carey, thoughtfully. "Yes, especially if you had just such a scene scheduled in your picture," she answered dejectedly.

"I should call that a rehearsal, then," said Rawlinson as he lighted a cigaret. "Too bad there were no camera-men

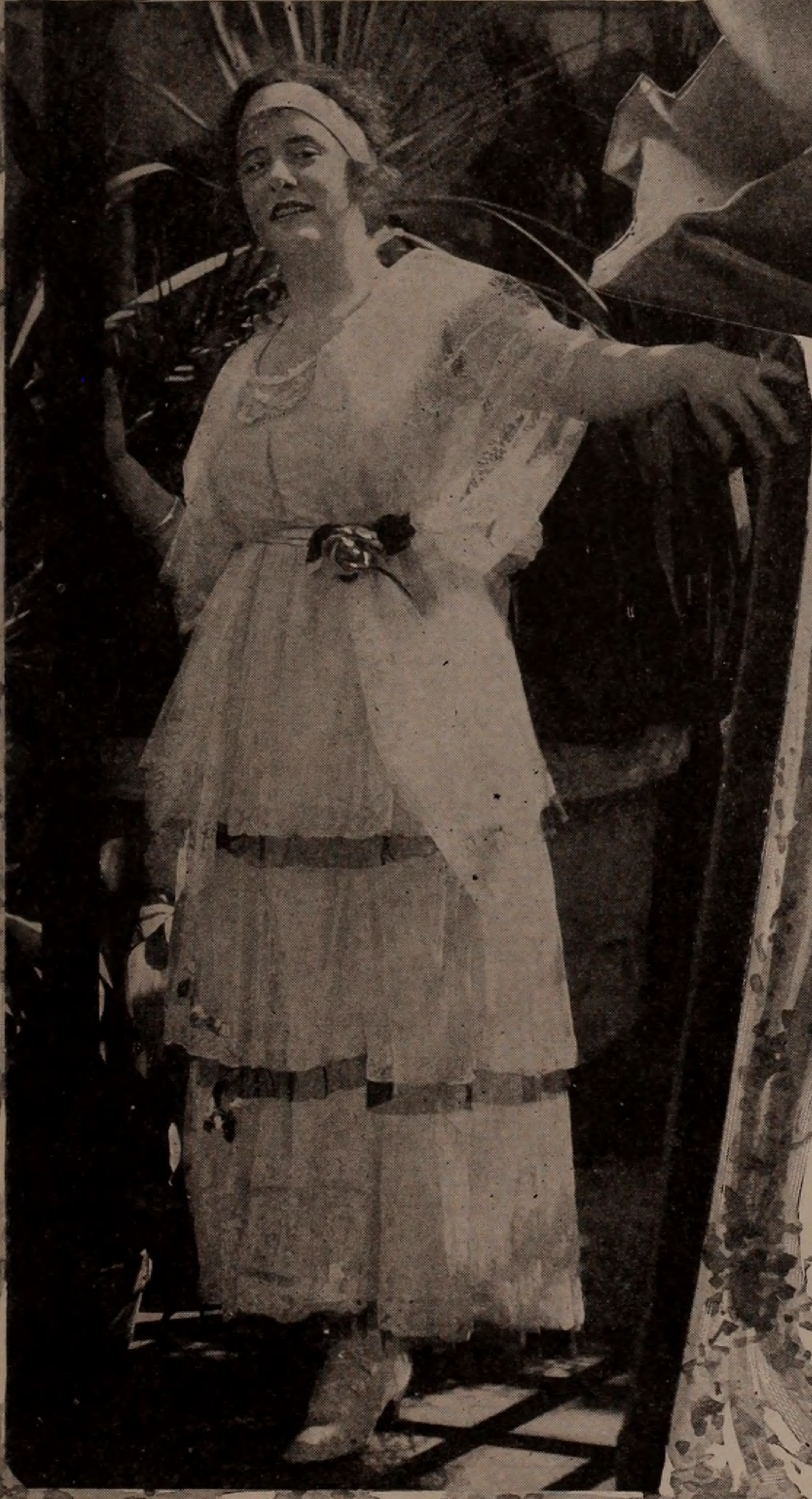


Photo by Witzel
(Forty-three)

around," sympathized Claire McDowell. "For that would have made an excellent fade-in."

"Please dont," pleaded the other. "It's too serious to joke about, for it put me back a day. I'm already a day late with the next release."

"Just think, and there are twenty million fans, with throbbing pulses, awaiting the outcome of 'Patricia Montez' and the mystery that surrounds her," said Wilson, as he shook his head sorrowfully. "Well, there

from serials," said the star. "However, I think I'll stop after I've finished this one."

"What are you going to do, get married or buy a dog?" asked Carey, who has always managed to escape matrimonial entanglements because he loves his horse.

"Maybe," she

is one thing about a Grace Cunard serial," remarked Lois Wilson, encouragingly, "they're full of punches and well worth waiting for."

"You are always so generous," smiled Grace as she patted the hand of her friend.

"Yes, I saw Francis Ford get a lot of them the other day in one episode," agreed Carey.

"Still," mused Grace thoughtfully, "if you dont put those in the public wont go to see them."

"Dont you ever get tired of writing serials?" asked Rawlinson.

"Do you ever get tired of making money?" she inquired of him.

"Yes, when it doesn't come fast enough," he replied.

"With the completion of 'The Purple Mask' I will have made approximately one hundred and fifty thousand dollars

calmly replied as she scanned the menu.

"Grace Cunard will never marry," declared Claire McDowell.

"How can any one, who is not even serving in the capacity of my personal representative, presume to make such a

decisive statement?" she inquired as she summoned a waiter and pointed to "filet mignon." "You'd want to scenarioize, direct, star and novelize the whole production," interjected Ben Wilson slyly. "It's because such a spectacle, no matter who's directing it, requires too many retakes," she smiled as she bowed to Chaplin, who was seated with Roscoe Arbuckle at an opposite table. "She never falls in love, except when the script requires it," said Carey.

"That's a bad synopsis you've got there," said Grace, with a little tone of rebuke in her voice.

"You've got to show me how you can improve on it," continued the screen cowboy.

"Everybody in Universal City has decided that you are going down to old age decrepit and alone," added Lois Wilson.

"I've got a hundred dollars to back that up," remarked Ben Wilson, with a certain amount of nonchalance.

"You cant afford to lose that, Ben," she reminded him. "You've got a wife and children—and a car, too."

"There's the yellow boys to prove that I can," insisted the hero of "The Voice on the Wire" as he drew ten crisp, new notes from his purse and threw them on the table.

"I'll add another hundred," said Carey as he threw a brand-new "century" on top of Wilson's money.

"You fellows must have been paid today," remarked Lois Wilson as she stared at the pile of notes.

"Then they must be working by the month," chimed in Rawlinson, playfully.

"It's my rent money," confessed Wilson, "and if I lose this

Not to be outdone, Lois Wilson offered to buy dinners for the entire group, provided the others lost their wagers, and Claire McDowell said she would send ten per cent of her salary to the Belgian Fund if Grace won.

By this time the waiter had arrived with the filet mignon and had deposited it before the beautiful star, who was the subject of such lengthy discussion at that moment. But she paid little attention to his service.

bored with her long, and knew her to be a girl so enwrapped in her work that she never gave a thought to the hundreds of endearing letters she received daily from admirers all over the country. Grace Cunard had always lived for her art, and tho she had received offers that would have made some hearts throb madly, to Grace they were little more than interesting. Had they not felt entirely secure there would have been little danger of their making such remarkable bets.

As they watched her they saw her lift her eyes and study the countenance of each one of them for an instant. Then, suddenly, her whole expression became resolute and her attitude that of one who has reached some important decision, and the next instant they received a thrill which made all their work in past productions seem like a regular meeting of



bet I'll have to move the family into a tent."

"You'll be fortunate if you have enough left to move them," ventured Claire McDowell.

"I'll bet her four brand-new tires for the car that you fellows win the bet," spoke up Mary MacLaren.

"Let me add to that a perfectly good grayhound pup, with a pedigree that would reach from here to the Grand Cañon and back," Rawlinson added. "I've had it only a month, and it's the biggest dog for its size I've ever seen."

She was thinking and thinking hard. Her gaze was centered on the white cloth before her, and occasionally she shifted it to the beautifully engraved notes which rested on the center of the table.

Those around her studied her with intense interest. Not one of them believed there was the faintest possibility of her accepting their wagers, for they had la-

some old ladies' sewing-circle. "I'll take your bet!" she quickly exclaimed as she turned to Ben Wilson, who leaned back in consternation. "And yours—and

yours—and yours!” she continued as she looked at each one of them. “Furthermore,” she continued, “I’ll bet you all an additional hundred dollars that I can be introduced, wooed and married within twenty-four hours!”

The little group shot questioning glances at one another as she spoke. They knew Grace Cunard well enough to appreciate that she meant what she said. She watched them in silence for a moment and then added:

“Is it a bet?” she continued.

“It is,” replied Carey.

“It is,” agreed Wilson, “and I can now give up the idea of living in a tent; for I’ll be rich as the dickens tomorrow this time.”

“And what am I to do with four tires?” asked Mary MacLaren, who plainly evidenced that she was worried.

“Here’s where I keep the pup,” added Rawlinson with an air of assurance, which caused the other to laugh heartily.

They refused to take her seriously, even tho there was a grim determination from which there seemed to be no appeal. The clock at that moment was three minutes this side of midnight, and, as they looked at the hands, they arose. And a few minutes later all had entered their cars and were speeding homeward, and each was thinking the same thoughts.

Grace lingered until after the others had left, and took a few bites of the filet mignon, which had now grown quite cold. She pushed it aside and had to be contented with a cup of coffee; for the waiters were clearing away the tables and preparing to close up the place for the night.

She left the place, alone, shortly after midnight and, stepping into her big, white car, started for Hollywood. And she wasn’t thinking of the wager she had made, either; she was thinking of those “exteriors” she had to make early that morning. When she arrived at her bungalow she drove her car into the spacious garage at the rear, and then returned to the house, where her maid was waiting for her with sleepy lids and a face full of yawns.

Five hours of sleep was all that Grace Cunard got that night, for at five-thirty she was up and, as the big cathedral-clock in the hall struck six, she was partaking of an orange and a cup of coffee. Fifteen minutes later she was seated behind the wheel of her car speeding along Lanker-shim Boulevard on her way to Universal City.

When she arrived Francis Ford and several other members of her company were already awaiting her. In addition there was a large group of extras on hand for a big mob-scene she was going to “shoot” that morning. Her assistant, the property-man and the camera-man were all ready, and, after placing one or two costumes in her car, Grace gave the signal to start for the rear of Universal City, where the “exteriors” were to be taken.

Everything went along fine that morning, and as noon approached, the author-

directress-star was highly pleased with the results she had obtained. She had one more scene to be taken outside, and she decided to take this before stopping for lunch, as the next stuff was all “sets” which would have to be taken on one of the big stages. These would have to be “shot” the next day, as it would require the entire afternoon, and most of the night, to get them ready.

Now it happened that this scene was to be the exterior of an automobile factory, and “Patricia Montez,” disguised as a boy, comes there to discover the plot which has been framed against the owner, who is a friend of hers. Among those in league with the plotters is the nephew of the owner, “Jack Elliott,” who made his first appearance in this production in this scene, in the rôle of the superintendent of the factory.

For this rôle the assistant-director had chosen a young man by the name of Harold Moore, who was almost unknown in the Moving Picture world, except for several minor parts he had played in various productions.

Just previous to the taking of the scene, the star was introduced to him, and, as they shook hands, each stared at the other in deep wonderment. She was impressed with the big, handsome features of the boy. There was something awfully nice about him, and she decided right there that he was just about the finest chap she had ever met, while he, on the other hand, felt that something had happened to his heart, and, almost unconsciously, he held onto her hand as he gazed down into the big, gray eyes which looked straight up into his.

After the scene was finished, Harold stepped over to where the star was standing, giving orders to her assistant for the studio “sets,” and when she had finished, he turned to her.

“Are we thru for the day?” he asked.

“Yes,” she replied softly.

“May I wait for you?” he ventured.

“If you care to,” she replied. Then she darted away and, jumping into her car, drove to her dressing-room.

When she appeared later Moore was standing outside waiting for her.

“Let me drive you downtown in my car,” he said as they started towards the big garage.

“Where are we going?” she inquired.

He paused a moment and looked into the questioning eyes. “Say, do you know, you’re just about the greatest girl in the world?” he said.

To spill any more of this story right here would have a tendency to spoil the plot.

But, late that afternoon, as Ben Wilson was rubbing the make-up from his face he received a telegram which stated that “Grace Moore, *née* Cunard,” would be pleased to see him and those who were members of the party the night before, at Levy’s that evening, when she would have the pleasure of introducing them to her husband!

“Egad!” exclaimed Wilson, as he ran

from his dressing-room down the hall to Harry Carey.

“What’s up?” inquired Carey.

“Read that,” said Wilson as he thrust the telegram into his hand.

“Well, she’s won,” said Carey as he finished reading it.

“Show that to Mary MacLaren, Lois Wilson, and the others,” added Wilson. “I’ve got to go home and get that hundred!” And with this he hurried back to his dressing-room.

It was a very unusual party that gathered at the famous café that night. Herbert Rawlinson had brought the grayhound pup; Mary MacLaren had four excellent “Never-Skid” tires, 34x4, in the bottom of her car outside; a very appetizing menu-card rested beside eight plates, and had been prepared by Lois Wilson; two envelopes were on one plate, at the end of the table, and on the outside of each were the figures “\$200.” Enclosed in another was a check which read, “To the Belgian Fund,” with the signature “Claire McDowell.”

As the clock approached eleven-thirty the little party took their places at the table and waited for the arrival of the girl who had so cleverly defeated them. They had not long to wait, and a few minutes later the bride, looking very attractive in a gray taffeta gown, and carrying a large bouquet of roses, entered on the arm of a very handsome chap immaculately dressed in a suit of blue serge.

She was escorted to her place at the head of the table by Ben Wilson, while Carey led her husband to a seat at the opposite end.

“Let me introduce to you my husband, Mr. Joseph Moore,” said the bride, as she looked proudly upon the smiling chap at the other end of the table.

“Wha-what?” ejaculated Ben Wilson in surprise.

“We thought it was Harold Moore,” explained Carey, equally at a loss to understand.

“No, he introduced us,” remarked Grace, who evidently enjoyed the astonishment of her friends. “I’m one of the tribe of Moores now—there’s Alice Joyce Moore and Mary Pickford Moore and Tom Moore, Owen Moore and Matt Moore. I don’t know,” she added, “whether I will be one of the happy family or not—it all depends on how well I behave.”

“Well, I’ll be——” started Carey.

“So will I,” interrupted Wilson.

Then they all looked at the clock. It was three minutes of twelve.

“Well, you’ve still got three minutes before the hour is up,” remarked Herbert Rawlinson; “isn’t there something else you can crowd in before midnight?”

“Yes, I’m going to outline a scenario from this,” she remarked as she started making notes on the menu-card beside her plate.

“Well, I never did like grayhound pups, anyhow,” said Rawlinson.

And they all laughed.

The Demoralization of Danville

By JOSEPH F. POLAND

"YOU say the place is really rustic?" queried the director, anxiously.

"It's just what you want, Bill," I told him. "An isolated little village in the wilds of New Jersey, nestling like a jewel in an emerald valley, with mountains on four sides, a shallow river where you can stage water stuff—"

"Enough," said Bill, tersely. "You arouse my enthusiasm. Let's jump in my car now and drive over there and give it the once-over."

He never asked if I had time to accompany him—directors always take such things for granted; themselves the busiest men in the world, they seem to think that every one else has plenty of spare time.

Bill was about to start production on a country-girl-who-goes-to-the-city story

that, he claimed, had a new twist, or, as he briskly put it, a "new kink in the venerable whiskers." He was looking for a rustic location in which to "shoot" his opening scenes and I had described to him the little Jersey town of Danville near which I spend my summers.

A couple of hours later, when his racer scorched into the small town, Bill raved about the place.

"A real Rubeville," he exulted. "I'll bet they still talk of the Deluge and haven't yet heard of the war in Europe!"

"Dont underestimate," I warned him. "The old-fashioned jays who live here make enough money on summer boarders to support two picture shows in the winter."

"Ah! that listens more up-to-date," returned Bill, with increased respect. "Who's that over there?"

"That," I responded, "is the police force. Come over and be introduced to him." Inside of an hour I had introduced Bill to every one of importance

whom I knew and he made himself known to the others. Bill, you must know, has a very genial, magnetic personality. A director *must* be a diplomat, Bill says, and adds that he must also combine the qualities of a general, a prize-fighter and a perfect gentleman. Bill does. Why, once, when he wanted to take some scenes on the estate of a grouchy, dyspeptic millionaire who had persistently refused to let any picture company camp on *his* land— But that's another Motion Picture story; I mustn't digress.

Suffice it to say, as an index to Bill's personality, that before we speeded back to New York, Bill had charmed the whole town and had been promised the key to the burg when he should arrive with his company. The president of the local bank had given Bill permission to take pictures in and around the bank; the town-hall had been placed at his disposal; every motor-boat in the town had been offered for his use, and twenty hospitable farmers' wives had begged him to put up, with his company, at *their* homes, instead of using the hotel. Bill had hypnotized Danville.

So enthusiastic was Bill over the little place that he decided to start work next day. We worked all that night and until three o'clock next morning to get the scenario in shape. That's Bill's

way—when he wants a thing he wants it right away. "No grass'll ever grow under my feet, unless I'm in an aeroplane," is Bill's motto.

Next day he entrained with his company, bound for a week's stay in the rustic community of Danville. I was called over to Fort Lee to work with a temperamental ingénue, so that was the last I saw or heard of Bill for over a month. Then, having occasion to go to Danville in order to dispose of some of my property there, I was staggered at the changed aspect of the town.

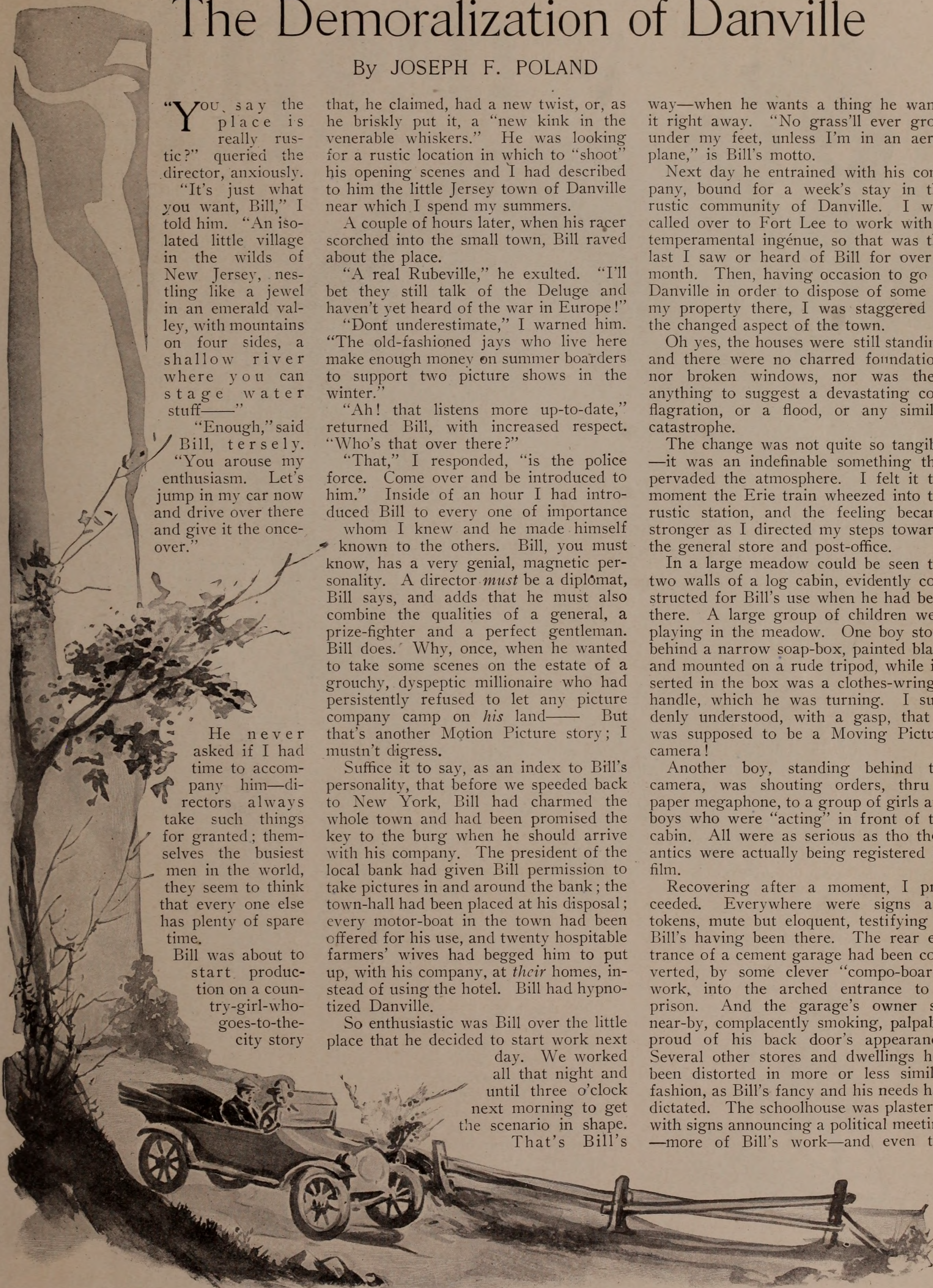
Oh yes, the houses were still standing, and there were no charred foundations nor broken windows, nor was there anything to suggest a devastating conflagration, or a flood, or any similar catastrophe.

The change was not quite so tangible—it was an indefinable something that pervaded the atmosphere. I felt it the moment the Erie train wheezed into the rustic station, and the feeling became stronger as I directed my steps towards the general store and post-office.

In a large meadow could be seen the two walls of a log cabin, evidently constructed for Bill's use when he had been there. A large group of children were playing in the meadow. One boy stood behind a narrow soap-box, painted black and mounted on a rude tripod, while inserted in the box was a clothes-wringer handle, which he was turning. I suddenly understood, with a gasp, that it was supposed to be a Moving Picture camera!

Another boy, standing behind the camera, was shouting orders, thru a paper megaphone, to a group of girls and boys who were "acting" in front of the cabin. All were as serious as tho their antics were actually being registered on film.

Recovering after a moment, I proceeded. Everywhere were signs and tokens, mute but eloquent, testifying to Bill's having been there. The rear entrance of a cement garage had been converted, by some clever "compo-board" work, into the arched entrance to a prison. And the garage's owner sat near-by, complacently smoking, palpably proud of his back door's appearance. Several other stores and dwellings had been distorted in more or less similar fashion, as Bill's fancy and his needs had dictated. The schoolhouse was plastered with signs announcing a political meeting—more of Bill's work—and even the





front of the bank, the town's pride, had been altered so as to conform with Bill's idea of what a small-town bank should look like.

"The place looks a little different," I remarked cheerfully to Hammond, the general storekeeper. He sat on the store veranda, smoking.

He snorted: "Should say it does." There was a look of settled gloom on his countenance; the gloom deepened as a group of children clattered by in pursuit of a youthful soldier, who turned now and then to snap an unloaded cap-pistol at his pursuers.

"Look at that!" said Hammond, with a groan. "Say, your friend the movie director just plain mesmerized this town. Did you see what he's done to the houses and the stores and—and—the *bank*?"

"Yes, I saw," I responded, and tried to look sympathetic.

"Well, they're all so proud of havin' had a movie company here that they wont let a thing that that movie director did be changed back again. But that aint the wust!"

His voice grew huskier as he continued. "You see how the kids is actin' up—why, you cant get a boy, for love nor money, to help on a farm, nohow. They're all rescuin' helpless damsels



from drownin', or from burnin' houses, or from deep-dyed scoundrels. Which makes the demand for helpless damsels so great that there aint any girls to help their maws with the dishes any more.

"I tell you," he continued, dismally, "that the entire social structure of this here town has been ruined! Why, there's the Hose Company—a finer, braver bunch of fellers couldn't be collected in New Jersey. Hi Nevis was chief, and, believe me, that feller was a wild-cat when it came to fightin' the flames. Then along comes your movie friend and turned the Hose Company into a parcel of prancin' fools. Hi's left town, and the fire-house is shet up for good."

The storekeeper sunk his teeth into his pipe-stem and blew clouds of wrathful smoke.

"But why should my friend break up the Hose Company?" I asked gently.

"'Cause why? Jest because he staged so many sulphur-pot fires down at the old stone distillery thet the boys turned up their noses at the real thing. Three dollars per to run the hose-cart down to the cross-roads—huh!"

"But what made the fire-chief leave town?" I persisted.

"There you come to the wimmen agin—every time. There was a tow-haired filly in the troupe thet was supposed to get kotched in the burnin' mill, and it was Hi's job to see that she didn't get her knees skinned when she jumped. Hi sent to Newark for a life-net, and each time the onjinoo came to the winder and screamed and the smoke-pots and fire started to curl around her, Hi stood alongside the life-net and told her to jump."

An ominous silence followed, broken only by the clutter of his pipe.

"When the movie troupe went back to the city, Hi trailed along. He had got so fond of savin' the onjinoo's life that he persuaded your friend to take him along—and I cal'late the onjinoo didn't mind the tender way he used to pick her up out of the life-net, either."

"You infer that he fell in love with her," I sympathized. "It would take a modern Saint Anthony to resist the temptations that ingénues put in the path of callow young men. She must have snared him in his own net."

"But that aint all, nuther. Some of the older girls an' wimmen folk acted in some scenes as 'extries,' an' consequently there is somethin' like thirty-seven buddin' Bernhardt's of the screen in this here town right now. Why, my daughter Jane refused two fine offers of marriage this week, an' she's a-studyin' elocution an' arm movements—plannin' a career!"

His distress was poignant. I tried to interrupt his gloomy remarks:

"The lure of the pictures is great, but the good they do more than counterbalances any harmful—"

He wasn't listening to me.

"But that aint all," he iterated. "Come round to the stable-yard."

In the yard he pointed out to me a fine-looking horse and a mild-eyed Guernsey cow.

"Do you see that horse? There warn't a better delivery-wagon animal in the county—until Percy Pembroke, the hero of the Movin' Pictor company, rode him to the rescue of the fair heroine. An' now, blast it! if he ain't movie-struck, too. Yessir, it's all your neck's worth to drive him in the traces; he gallops along madly, like he thinks he's carryin' the hero to the girl's aid."

He paused for breath only, then resumed:

"But that aint all. Look at that cow—look at her! There warn't a better milk-giver in twenty mile—before they put her in a scene where the on—on—onjinoo, you know, the heroine, skipped playfully round that ol' cow. An' now I cant get a quarter of the usual amount of milk from her. She's movie-mad, too, an' acts like she was an onjinoo cow. Watch!"

He stepped up to the cow, calling softly, "Co' boss! co' boss!"

The cow tossed her head skittishly and playfully skipped away, looking back over her shoulder in true ingénue style.

Hammond waved his hand with a despairing gesture and started to speak again: "But that aint all—"

It may not have been *all*, but it was quite enough for me. I hurried away, mumbling a hastily-thought-of excuse.

Looking back, I could still see the "onjinoo cow" skipping about and tossing her head with a little flirting

motion
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c o m -
p a n y !

The storekeeper was perfectly truthful—the village had gone movie mad!

The Moth

Selznick

By Gladys Hall

WHEN Lucy DeWitt married Valentine Spencer she had a shower of ingénue-ish curls upon her head and a general lack of anything substantial *within*. She had fallen deliriously in love with him, or, rather, with his smart clothes, bored manner, perfect bursts of passion and general air of a seasoned cosmopolite. Were the truth to be told, there was nothing else to Vallie Spencer to *love*, save a very damaged set of morals, which, incongruously, seem to be lovable.

Having a pair of otherwise engrossed, injudicious progenitors, she was permitted to marry him. This feat she accomplished with the assistance of a matron of honor who looked with jaundiced eye upon the marriage-rite, twelve jealous bridesmaids, a score of ushers, two score of debts, and a trousseau that filled ten innovation trunks to overflowing, after which followed a honeymoon spent at one of the smart springs—eugenically awful, and more or less supervised by Vallie's valet, Lucy's maid and politely curious acquaintances.

In due sequence came two infants, smashed ideals, the departure, bag and baggage, of love's fond dream, a mistress for Vallie, spare time, idle hands and the devil for Lucy. The devil wears many a guise for an unoccupied woman, a woman with futile hands and hollow heart. 'Most always he wears the guise of an equally unoccupied man.

Lucy Spencer's will-o'-the-wisp heart was hollow because the god she had worshiped proved to have feet—entire limbs, indeed—of very frail clay, which crumbled dismally when her fatuous, girlish hands became a woman's, needing It was empty because the child-love her babies might have inspired comes more with the caring than the bearing. However, one did not tend one's own children. It simply wasn't *done*. And—here is something *every* woman knows—of the Seven Deadly Sins, the deadliest is this: To Do the Thing That Simply Isn't Done! Therefore she hired enormously salaried, enormously mechanical and unmaternal trained infant nurses and governesses, and abdicated the high throne of her motherhood thankfully.

Having been given in marriage, conferred two entirely undesired offspring upon her lord and master, and achieved a

cer-
tain
status
along with her
twenty years, Lucy proceeded to enjoy life as she saw it, or as it presented itself to her hand. It is superfluous to state the many things she did; perhaps not so superfluous the many things she *didn't*. She bought bizarre animals and priceless cars—gave and was

of her body, a fetich; of her brain-space a vacuum. Also, she acquired world-knowledge of a sort, a very dreary sort: To distrust all women as felines; all men, as carnivorous beasts.

And just when she was about twenty-one, and sick to nausea of life and all that it held, the tiniest ghost of an ache began to throb in the place where her heart-throbs were, the wannest, palest shade of a pain, of a hunger, of a wish. It began to manifest itself by unprecedented night-excursions to the nurseries where lay Larry and Babs in rose-pink sleep—to lie wide-eyed, afterwards, thinking of their pursed, lush lips, the sweet calm of their shut lids; wondering whether, when they were twenty-one, they would have gourmandized on the rich sweets of life and be ready to vomit them forth.

There grew also a loathing of the garish Mrs. Marbridge in the garish mansion, with whom, in the most amicable understanding of her husband, Vallie lived in hectic and spontaneous fits and starts.

Cast of characters of this play as produced by the Norma Talmadge Company:

Lucy Spencer.....	Norma Talmadge
A. Valentine Spencer.....	Hassard Short
Captain Anchester.....	Eugene O'Brien
Nita Marbridge.....	Virginia Dare
Teddy Marbridge.....	Adolph Menjou
Ned Cunningham.....	Donald Hall
Mrs. Cunningham.....	Maude Allen
Laurence Gillam.....	Frank Kingdom
Tutor.....	Robert Vivian
Babs.....	Aida Armand
Larry.....	Kenneth Worm

entertained at grotesque, deliciously improper "parties"—made other wives unhappy, was correspondingly unhappy herself—made of her beauty a sacrament;

Mrs. Marbridge, before her marriage, had been the daughter of a notorious, none too pleasantly notorious, gambler. Upon her marriage to Marbridge, who had committed the sacrament for the sake of the gambler's opulent bank accounts rather than for his opulent daughter, she had aspired to society. Society had rejected her, flatly. She had retaliated by instituting and presiding over orgies beyond the most indiscreet imagination. To these orgies she lured the young blades and the married males of the society that had turned thumbs down.

The bright, particular luminary was Vallie Spencer. Him she chained by his seven jaded senses and danced about like a pet marmoset. She was a shade *more* voluptuous than all the voluptuaries on his previous records, so Vallie was content to dance. Teddy Marbridge was blandly acquiescent, considering no woman worth the jolly good-fellowship of a convivial man-friend, so the arrangement was of the serenest sort.

Lucy didn't count.

For a long time Lucy hadn't *cared*.

Then, all at once, with the beginning of that gnawing little pain, she began to care quite terribly, not because of Vallie Spencer. He had long since crumbled, along with his feet of clay, into an impersonal thing—sort of a sottish, disgusting thing—decidedly unpleasant to have about, the Marbridge woman being the most hideous part. Lucy had been fast and loose, but never vicious. She began to dread the twin sounds in her house: his hiccoughs, Larry's shrill, clean call; his stumblings after dark, the bare patter of the babies' good-night steps. Something was horridly all wrong.

Lucy didn't just know what, and wouldn't have known how to remedy things if she had. She'd been reared on scandal, cigarets and cocktails, and the staunch bark of the staff of life would have torn the soft flesh of her hands.

When things with Lucy became particularly muddled and perplexed, there were always two out of the phosphorescent tide of her acquaintances on whom she could count—two who stood staunch and sane, holding their lone heads high, reaching out warmly with understanding. These two were Edwin Cunningham, district attorney of Boston, and his wife, Margaret.

They loved Lucy for her hummingbird brilliance, the bright, swift whir of her wings, the tintinnabulation of her immature laughter. They loved her more for that which they knew lay deep within—deeper than Vallie Spencer or his set would ever reach—the deep something that cared so terribly about the Marbridge woman, that impelled her night-steps nurseryward, that sent her to them questing . . .

Margaret Cunningham had considerable to condone in Lucy. A lesser being would have fallen down flatly on the job. There was, in particular, the time Lucy called Edwin Cunningham from Boston by 'phone—a matter of the utmost im-

portance, she had told him. Upon his anxious arrival at the Shore she had greeted him alone, laughed at him, and begged his kiss. "I fairly *tantalized* for it," she told Margaret afterward, in her childishly contrite confession of her act, and Margaret, viewing the situation man-wise, and knowing how tantalizing Lucy could be, had said gravely, "Poor Edwin!"

"He told me I was not 'playing the game,'" Lucy had wept. "Oh, Margaret, where is my wild heart going?"

"Home, dear," Margaret had said, gravely sweet; "home, some time soon; home into a man's large love—a love that will be bread to it, wine, and blood."

As tho responding to a cue, a few days following there arrived upon the scene Captain Erik Anchester. Captain Erik entered Lucy's life in the extremely Samaritan-like, if frequently played, rôle of escorting her limply drunken husband home in the dark of night. Lucy was accustomed to unaccustomed gentlemen performing this rite for Vallie. Generally, they deposited their flabby burden in the apologetic arms of his valet, and bade a brief good-night to his coldly unapologetic wife.

Captain Erik Anchester deposited his flabby burden according to custom, but there he deviated. He bade a very prolonged good-night to the unapologetic, headily impertinent Lucy.

"There's *one* good point to Vallie's souses," she laughed up at him, impishly.

"And that is?" he had queried, looking down at her and marveling at a woman whose sense of humor mantled even her husband's grossest folly.

"And that is," she mimicked, "he always finds a gentleman to bring him home."

Somehow or other, in that detached manner in which momentous things happen, they sauntered off the veranda on to the moon-shod beach. And they talked fitfully—a bit deeply—a bit treacherously. And once in a while Lucy's tintinnabulating laughter would ring out, and once in a while there would be fraught silences. . . .

After that, Anchester came often. Many things made his visits easy, the chief thing being Vallie's open admiration of Anchester, whom he had sponsored in the clubs. Anchester had brought with him from England no credentials save the fact that he had fought big game in their native lairs, and won from them, bloodily, their priceless pelts and trophies; plundered manfully virgin remotenesses—and won no man's ill-will. There were also the incidental facts of Lucy's perpetual male-coterie, and the additional item of her husband's part-residence with Mrs. Marbridge. All told, it was a hugely satisfactory arrangement. It provided an escort for Lucy—one who did her honor. It thereby made considerably more leeway for Vallie and his amorosa.

It was satisfactory even to Larry and Babs, who fastened upon Anchester the proud title of "Daddy," and insisted upon

it vociferously, thereby awaking to lusty life that ghost of an ache in Lucy's breast; thereby instilling into Anchester's hitherto torpid brain the fact that it *was* pretty jolly to be "Daddied" by a lusty lad and a winsome lass, and that he was not getting any younger—the young, ripe years were fleeting, and Lucy— But here, being a self-dominant man, he stopped.

Justice and Margaret Cunningham alone were unapproving. "I dont like it, Margie," the district attorney confided to his wife. "Anchester as a man's man seems a pretty level sort, but with a woman . . . Well, Lucy has been playing with candle-glimmers up to now. This time she's playing with *flame*—blue-white flame—and I am afraid the lovely down of her wings will be burnt away."

Margaret maintained silence. She rather liked Anchester, credentials or no. But she perceived him to be a man of stormy deeps—a man in whom the fierce lusts of the jungles he had tracked raged rampant; and Lucy—child—woman—weak and strong—provocative—joyous—lovely—undeveloped. . . .

"Why dont you talk to Lucy about him, Edwin?" she asked. "If you get her right, Lucy will tell you the truth. Why not run down to Sealwarren tonight? It will do you good."

Cunningham acted upon the suggestion. He had a strong desire to see Lucy Spencer surpass herself and the stuff that she was made of, win past the unclean stuff of her environment to firm footing in her children's love—the children who loved tremendously Erik Anchester.

He found Lucy "not at home" when he arrived at Sealwarren. The butler, stifling a distasteful cough, mentioned the roadhouse where she was "dining out."

Cunningham, as he proceeded thence in his car, smiled at the characteristic transparency of Lucy. It was so like her to give out for publication the unsavory rendezvous they had chosen.

Lucy, in a private dining-room of the very remote and somewhat dubious tavern, was learning the first law of her nature. Clapsed in Erik Anchester's massive arms, she knew her girlish infatuation for Vallie Spencer to be a pale, a sickly thing. This, that she felt, was *real*—almost unbearably real. It made her want to tear off the trappings of the garish world she lived in, the Vallie-things, the hot, nauseous, shallow things that she had known. It made her long for unpeopled places, untrodden lands, forever forgotten isles. This was blood-stuff, soul-stuff, the torrid, lava-like stuff out of which "man and woman created He them."

"Dear, humorous, tragical sprite," he was whispering tensely; "will-o'-the-wisp, mother of sorrows—which?"

"A little of both," Lucy whispered back. "Oh, Erik, have pity! A hungry heart only now—hungering and thirsting—for love . . ."

Anchester released her, and something sacramental dawned in his eyes, called

there by her child's confession of her woman's frailty.

Upon Lucy, waiting for Anchester to summon the car, arrived Cunningham—a rather perilous-looking Lucy, disheveled, unduly flushed, quick-breathed—a defiant, unrepentant Lucy.

"You are coming home with me," Cunningham said to her, sharply, "at once!"

"I am not," retorted Lucy. "I—"

Cunningham took her severely by the arm.

"Mrs. Vanderkelt Channing is watching us with intense interest," he said, briefly. "As she is more notorious for her astonishingly proficient tongue than for her anciently moneyed lineage, I advise departure—with me."

Lucy acquiesced.

On the return ride Cunningham told her of his fears of the unheralded, unvouched-for Captain Anchester, and Lucy retaliated with a burning admission of their mutual love. "It is the only *real* thing I have ever had in my life," she finished, tensely. "What were my parents? Shams! What is Vallie? A filthy imitation of a man! What are my babies? Strangers who, thru the big, child-heart of Erik Anchester, are coming into mine. Now that it has come to me at last—big, and clean, and wonderful—you ask me to sweep it aside for the *truck* I would gain? What do I care for his credentials, O ye of little faith? What do I care *who* he is to others—to all mankind? I know what he is—to *me*, and that's all—that's all that counts—just as it is—just the same—as you—and Margaret—"

And all at once Lucy was sobbing—not the rainbow tears of the chimerical yesterday, but bitter tears, stern tears, and dreary.

Cunningham comforted her, and prayed heaven that Anchester was as much of a man as he had to admit he appeared to be, and, to relieve the stress of the situation, began to discourse on lesser, lighter things.

"Anchester had a big run-in with Marbridge, the other day," he said, lighting a cigaret for himself and one for Lucy, "at the Badminton."

"What about?" asked Lucy, incuriously. Marbridge had always struck her as a harmless, inefficient mortal—perhaps because of the notorious mismanagement of his home.

(Fifty-one)

"Bridge," said Cunningham, "and I must say that Anchester was right—dead right. They were playing partners, and Marbridge was beguiling his dummy-time with side-bets that Anchester would lose—"

"How *horrid!*" exclaimed Lucy.

"Poor, very poor," assented Cunningham. "Anchester objected, Marbridge sneered, and Anchester escorted Marbridge from the sacred precincts of the club rather unceremoniously. I'm afraid, tho, that the Captain

"Well, Cunningham, you old whited sepulcher, you! bringing Lucy home at 1 A. M.! And what would poor, devoted Margaret say to this—th—you old rake, you!"

Cunningham compressed his lips. He had a fleeting, pleasurable thought of how easy it would be to stifle the taunts out of that vitiated body! Lucy smiled contemptuously. Vallie caught the smile and felt the superiority of Cunningham's silence.

"Platonic friends!" he derided. "Some slur on old Plato! Say, that tale would make Noah yawn! No doubt those old sports, Adam and Eve, kidded themselves along with the same idea, but—"

"Really, Vallie," interposed Cunningham, coldly, consulting his watch, "I—"

"You're going home to the saintly, trustful Margaret, I suppose,"

rudely thrust in Vallie, who was in a state of frenzy, after an evening of wild scenes with Mrs. Marbridge, "and fill her full of a sanctimonious tale of being counselor to 'poor, dear Lucy,' who suffers so from her 'impossible husband.' Well, District Attorney Cunningham, don't be surprised to find yourself named as co-respondent in a divorce suit in the very near future. Good-night."

"Good-night, Lucy," Cunningham said, quietly. "Come to your senses, Vallie."

As the door closed on Cunningham, Vallie eyed the tired-eyed Lucy savagely. "Do you come across with that coin I asked you for this morning, or not?" he demanded.

"What for?" asked Lucy, insolently. "Some new whim of Nita Marbridge's?"

"That's none of your d—n business!" shrilled Vallie. "I—"

"Well, it's my 'd—n' money," replied Lucy, curtly, going toward the stairs, "and that ends it."

"Oh, no, my fine lady, that *doesn't* end it," snapped Vallie. "This ends it—a divorce suit, naming Cunningham as co-respondent, or—"

He paused, waiting for the first threat to sink in.

"Or what?" demanded Lucy, faintly.

"Or a money settlement, a fat one, and—one of the kids."

Vallie added the last as an afterthought—one of the most brilliant thoughts of any kind he'd ever had, he thought, as he saw the wound it made. He had not the remotest idea of wanting one or either of them. The fire of



A RATHER PERILOUS-LOOKING LUCY

has laid up for himself an unending enemy."

"Better an enemy than a friend in *that* case," scoffed Lucy, as her car drew up to the house. "The whole bunch of them are rotters. Better stay the night, Edwin, the roads are vile by night."

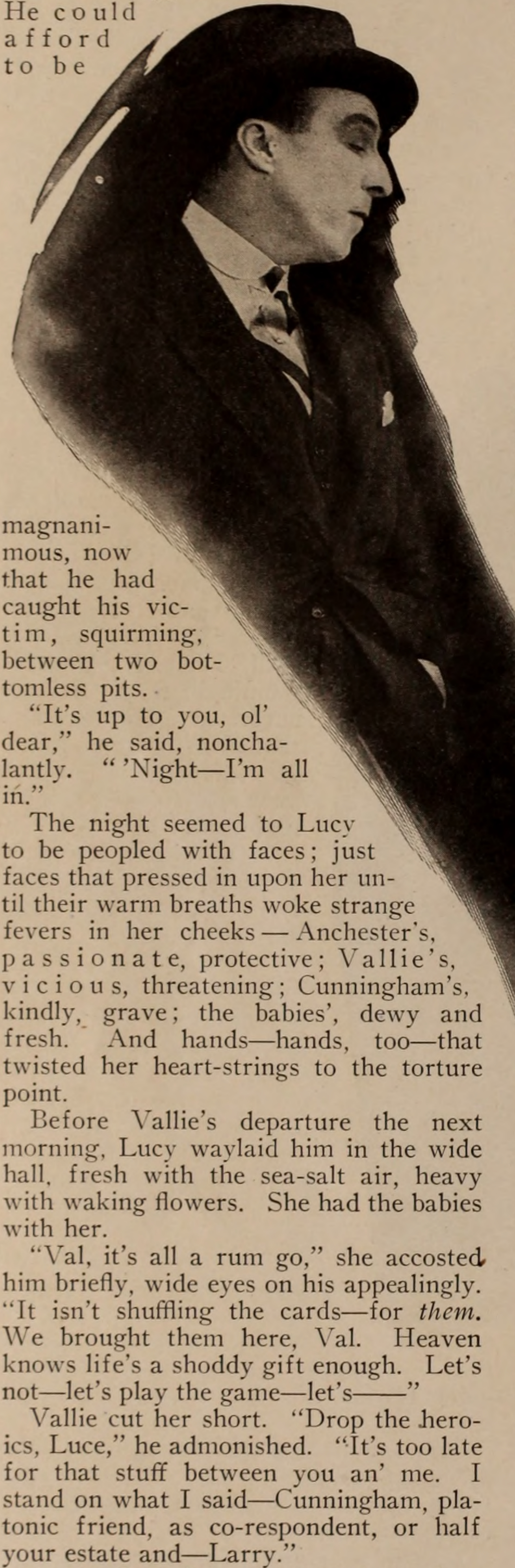
In the dim, wide hall Vallie stood, an incongruous picture of a watchful, injured husband. About him hung aggressively the patchouli-like fragrance peculiar to Mrs. Marbridge. He faced them aggressively.

paternity had never kindled in his narrow chest. But if paternity were to be a marketable commodity, then paternal he must be.

"Never — never — *never* that!" Lucy hissed at him over the stair-rails.

Vallie shrugged.

He could afford to be



magnanimous, now that he had caught his victim, squirming, between two bottomless pits.

"It's up to you, ol' dear," he said, nonchalantly. "'Night—I'm all in."

The night seemed to Lucy to be peopled with faces; just faces that pressed in upon her until their warm breaths woke strange fevers in her cheeks — Anchester's, passionate, protective; Vallie's, vicious, threatening; Cunningham's, kindly, grave; the babies', dewy and fresh. And hands—hands, too—that twisted her heart-strings to the torture point.

Before Vallie's departure the next morning, Lucy waylaid him in the wide hall, fresh with the sea-salt air, heavy with waking flowers. She had the babies with her.

"Val, it's all a rum go," she accosted him briefly, wide eyes on his appealingly. "It isn't shuffling the cards—for *them*. We brought them here, Val. Heaven knows life's a shoddy gift enough. Let's not—let's play the game—let's——"

Vallie cut her short. "Drop the heroics, Luce," he admonished. "It's too late for that stuff between you an' me. I stand on what I said—Cunningham, platonic friend, as co-respondent, or half your estate and—Larry."

At the Badminton Club, Erik Anchester was having a bad time on his own account. The little affair at the roadhouse the previous night had shown him where he stood in regard to Lucy. He had taken things pretty much as he had found them all along—thinking of women, with Nietzsche, as "the most dangerous diversion"—but he knew now that here was danger, and it was *not* diverting. It

looked like the waste places for him forevermore if Lucy Spencer danced her lightsome way out of his life, yet it seemed infinitely *more* dangerous and even *less* diverting to remain.

He had had another run-in with Marbridge at bridge that very morning. Marbridge had referred insolently to Lucy and their evident intimacy; Anchester had boiled over at the free badinage of her name in the club; there had been considerable calisthenics, and Marbridge had found himself uncomfortably ensconced on the door-step.

All this was not doing Lucy any good, nor those jolly kids who called him "Daddy."

Lucy needed a man's protection—all the way around. Vallie Spencer was not a man, but, in the absence of a better, he would have to do. Anchester supposed that if the Marbridge woman could be got to keep her hands and her demands off Vallie, things might come clean for Lucy and the kids. It was a bitter task—to smooth his own way out of her life. But men had done gallantly

"LET'S NOT—LET'S
PLAY THE GAME—
LET'S——"



bitterer things than that, that a woman's name might shine.

Anchester motored down to the Marbridge place and was admitted into the notorious presence.

The woman was befogged with drink, insolent with drugs. She heard Anchester's plea for the domestic solvency of the Spencers with a leer.

"The black cat comes to the black cat for help," she scoffed. "If I abandon the husband, my friend, will *you* abandon the wife?"

"I——" began Anchester, seriously.

The woman reared up on her couch. She raised her voice shrilly. "I—you—me—the other one," she yelled crazily; "for God's sake get out of my affairs—get!"

Anchester retreated. This was worse than the most formidable of the big game. To protest with a woman on her pet *liaison* is a luckless job at best; to protest with a woman in whose veins runs the poison of every deadliest vice is to commit fool's suicide.

At the door of the retreat Anchester encountered Vallie, looking haggard.

"I advise you, Spencer," the Captain said, "to stay away—at least temporarily. She's—she's decidedly overwrought and unbalanced at present."

Vallie laughed, with a sort of dreariness.

"She's always that," he said. "Let me by, Anchester."

Nita Marbridge glanced at Vallie as he entered. Upon his slanting shoulders she hurled the injury of Anchester's interference.

Vallie stood still. When she had finished, he said brusquely, "I'm quitting, ol' kid.

Wifie's out for a divorce, and if they get the goods on *us* it'll be nix on wifie's dough for little Vallie. I'm playin' for high stakes, lovey-dovey. After I get 'em, it's you and me for Europe and the long hike."

The crazed brain of Nita Marbridge absorbed, like a half-good sponge, only Vallie's announcement of a breach. In the sad, savage, cruel, hectic way of

a woman of her sort, she loved Vallie Spencer.

"You're quittin', are you?" she raged, rising up and falling

back on the couch like a dying pantheress. "You're quittin' me—*me!* After all that—after—God! my God! It's the 'long hike,' is it? Good enough! It's the long hike, ol' dear, and Nita's taking it—alone!"

A shot, a sob, a blood-spurt, a silence.

Vallie, collapsing, ran from the place and up the beach to his own home.

In the hallway he came upon Lucy bidding a white-lipped farewell to Erik Anchester. Tragedy stalked with him, and they demanded his trouble. Mute, palsied, he evaded them.

An hour later, Edwin Cunningham, peculiarly grim-looking, came down in his car and demanded an interview with Vallie.

"Nita Marbridge is dead. Marbridge just 'phoned me," he said. "We've got to find out how she died."

Vallie, defiant, wrenched open his door and faced Cunningham. He read accusation in the district attorney's eye, and his craven spirit wailed.

"It's a lie!" he yelled. "She shot herself!"

"Ah-h!" said Edwin Cunningham.

Vallie's yellow streak jaundiced his whole bearing. He fairly whined at Cunningham.

"You've trapped me," he wailed, miserably.

"You've caught me unawares and trapped me into admitting my presence there. But I'll call quits with you, Cunningham.

An eye for an eye—you shut your mouth and I'll shut mine on the co-respondent

nothing to lose; he came out as I went in—he'll take a chance on everything coming out all right. O' course everything's coming right, Luce—right as a fiddle; but the kids—my—er—connection with her—d—n her, anyway! Go on, Luce; you're strong on the sacrifice stunt. Pay his price; let him—you know——"

With every emotion wiped clean from her—like a hollow thing—Lucy sought Anchester in his bachelor quarters, and, with tongue that stumbled cruelly, made

munion, and in the sweat of morning you stood out good and clean—yes, adorable! Lucy, poor moth, I love you beyond the power of words!"

When Marbridge and Cunningham arrived, sent there by Vallie, they brought a man's glove found by Mrs. Marbridge's side.

Lucy silenced Anchester with a word.

"Try on the glove!" she commanded.

"Try it on, Captain Anchester!"

It fitted the big Captain's big fist as tho it were an infant's.



"IT'S A LIE—
SHE SHOT
HERSELF!"

scandal. Be a good sport, Cunningham; don't ditch us both to hell! I swear—I——"

Cunningham's face contracted. He admitted a temptation. For Margaret, he dreaded his political death—his social ruin. But Margaret, he knew, set higher values even than these.

"I am acting officially, Spencer," he said, incisively. "In this capacity I must tell what I know."

Lucy's entreaties were harder. She pleaded for the kiddies. "There is enough disgrace," she said. "Living things down is hard. I am——"

After Cunningham had gone, Spencer besought Lucy to go to Anchester—"for the kids," he bluffed, fear stamped on every feature. "He loves you—he has

Spencer's plea—offered herself, if the price were high enough—waited for his answer.

It came—slowly at first, then in a rush of broken words.

"I didn't know you at first, Lucy—your weakness or your strength, the dear woman part of you. I hated your husband for a cad and a coward, and I hated you because you had been touched—perhaps tainted—by him.

She took his accusations mutely, ready for his decision.

"I came," he went on, "out of the nowhere into a life of fever and fraud and I found your butterfly wings daubed in it." He seized her hands eagerly. "But there came a night of agony, of self-com-

"Oh, Lucy," he whispered, as Cunningham and Marbridge conferred together, the latter evidently enraged at the failure of this evidence—"Lucy, you have queered this, dear. You——"

"Hush, love; hush!" she whispered.

Cunningham was summoned to the 'phone in the next room. The three who waited listened tensely to the rapid fire of his voice. When he returned, his face looked as tho it were cleared of a storm.

"The coroner's verdict," he said, clearly: "Mrs. Marbridge came to her death by *her own hand*."

When Lucy, escorted by Anchester, arrived home, Vallie Spencer, fear-broken, had, as his pitiable note read, "skipped."

"Divorce me if you want to," he scrawled. "This is good-by."

"And for us?" questioned Anchester, tenderly, anxiously.

"Daddy, Daddykin!" came shrill, imperious voices.

Lucy laughed, with a touch of the old irresponsibility.

"'Out of the mouths of babes,'" she said.

At Home With Helen

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT



HELEN HOLMES



SUPPOSE all of you, who have enjoyed watching Helen Holmes' daredevil, death-defying feats—fifty thousand feet (count 'em, ladies and gentlemen, fifty thousand feet) above the—er—sea level, I think, would imagine that home, for Helen, means a bird-like perch far atop a telegraph pole, or at the very least a slipping, sliding, private car tacked onto the end of the New York Limited. You'd never imagine anything else possible, would you?

Of course not. But I'm going to burst that pleasant little bubble of your own imaginings and tell you what Helen really calls home—aside from the pretty, vine-covered bungalow just off the studio lot where Signal plays are produced. This is her real home—and it's a *farm!* On my word of honor! And what's more, it's a Western ranch-farm, some three or four hundred acres in the home-farm alone, not to mention the alfalfa ranch, the cattle-ranch and mere details of that sort. Her farm-home-ranch is on the Colorado River, twenty miles from the nearest town.

After "The Girl and the Game" had been finished, Mr. MacGowan, the director, also Miss Holmes' husband, decided that the pretty star needed a vacation, so he sent her home for a couple of weeks, little wotting what she would find to do on that same vacation. She was busier there than she had ever been at the studio, but it was such good fun, she says, that it wasn't work at all.

First, she decided that a new shed was needed for the proper housing and safeguarding of the sizable bunch of agricultural implements necessitated by the very up-to-date farming methods on Holmes Ranch. So, with her customary rapidity of action, she hired men, bought lumber, arranged for its being hauled from the somewhat primitive saw-mill, and, by noon of the same day, the first boards of the new shed, which was in reality a compact, serviceable house, were going up. Miss Holmes was everywhere at once, superintending, and the men soon came to realize that she knew what she was talking about and was thoroly conversant with their own line of work—overseeing, criticising and helping generally.

She also learnt to milk—and, later on, while filming "Judith of the Cumberlands," this knowledge proved more than handy—and took charge of the dairy herd at Holmes Ranch, installing some decidedly up-to-date and sanitary methods, much to the improvement, no doubt, of the milk sold from the ranch.

One day, when she had been at the ranch for a week, and time was hanging a little heavy on her hands, she received a telegram from Mr. MacGowan, announcing his impending arrival for a couple of days. Never was there such a bustling excitement at Holmes Ranch.

Not since the housekeeper had received a telegram from "Miss Helen" some five years ago, announcing her marriage, and the fact that she and the lucky man would spend a brief honeymoon of one week at Holmes Ranch.

Mr. MacGowan arrived, and was properly impressed with the amount of work his lovely, vigorous, happy little wife had done during her week's "vacation." He stayed only three days and carried her back with him—for they were to sail in two weeks for the Hawaiian Islands, for six weeks, during which a smashing five-reeler was to be filmed—which is the MacGowans' idea of a vacation.

That really is all there is to tell about Helen Holmes' vacation, for she never has any, except for brief days. But perhaps you'd like to know how she happened to acquire Holmes Ranch. And, as it is a most interesting story, and one that I like to tell, I'm nothing loath to set it down herewith.

It begins seven years ago in Chicago. Three people are seated about the cozy, comfortable little living-room. The first is a fine-looking man of middle age, whose kindly eyes show wrinkles of worry and carefully hidden pain and anxiety. The second is a boy of about nineteen or twenty, thin and weak-looking—his whole story told by his almost transparent skin and the little, racking cough which he tries so bravely to conceal. The third is a girl—and such a girl! Seventeen years old, dark-brown hair in cascading curls down her back, dark-brown eyes that seem made for laughter, but which are now filled with tears, she is leaning forward, watching brother and father, as she pleads earnestly.

Of course you have guessed that the girl is Helen Holmes, the boy and man are her brother and father. The boy had just received the doctor's verdict—tuberculosis. If he would leave at once for the West, immediately, and live there, he had a chance of recovery. The doctor was kindly, brutally frank, and the little family had gathered to discuss ways and means. Helen's mother had been dead for several years, and Helen had mothered her dad and brother since then.

"Dad, let me go West with brother," she pleaded impetuously. "It is impossible for him to go alone; he must have some one to look after him. You can't go, and that leaves only me."

And it was finally settled that way. Then came the brilliant idea. Since her brother's health demanded that he be out-of-doors a great deal, and since she herself loved the out-of-doors, why not file on Government land and establish a ranch? Thus the brother's health would be regained, Helen would get all of the out-of-doors she wanted, and they would, at the same time, acquire a fine ranch.

So the seventeen-year-old girl and her twenty-year-old brother went West and located their claim, attending to all the red tape by which a beneficent Government gives to its worthy citizens as much

land as they can carefully till, then turns them loose to get rich. Of course their father was the legal claimant of the land.

Then ensued fourteen months of the hardest work any girl is ever called upon to stand. The brother was too weak for very strenuous labor, of course. So Helen, with the aid of the few farm-hands she was able to employ, attended to all the necessary work—and there was a stupendous amount of it—in order to hold their claim. For fourteen months she never knew the feel of a petticoat or skirt. Overalls, flannel shirts and heavy, stout-laced boots, with a wide slouch hat, as a protection against the sun, formed her wearing apparel. During this time she never saw a hair-pin, for her hair was braided in two braids and tucked up out of the way, being tied with a string, or bailing wire, or anything else that came handy. The ranch improved and thrived under its careful tending.

But the brother did not, alas! His weakness refused to yield, and he grew steadily weaker and weaker. Many nights, returning to her own tent after her hard work, Helen lay awake, crying over her brother, until nearly dawn. But she refused obstinately to admit that he would not recover. With the steady faith of the sunny-natured, she believed that he would grow strong and healthy again. She had visions of a day when, the ranch their own, her brother would be strong and well again, and, with their father, they would again set up house-keeping, a loving, closely united little family.

And then, one morning, her brother died.

During the terrible days that followed, Helen went about her work, cold and quiet, almost stolid in the bitterness of her grief. Her father arrived from Chicago, and together they set about trying to piece together the broken strands of their happy life.

Quietly taking charge of things, Mr. Holmes sent his daughter out to Los Angeles, on a long visit to her old friend and chum, Mabel Normand.

Later on, the skies brightened for the brave, lovely girl who had dared the terrors of the wilderness—for such the ranch was at first—for the sake of her dearly loved brother. Her entry into the movies was as surprising as it was romantic. She had no intention of being an actress, but one day Mr. MacGowan wanted a leading-woman—and Helen Holmes applied half out of curiosity, and was engaged. Her marriage followed shortly afterward. The rest you know.

Such is the history of the Helen Holmes Ranch, near the boundary line of California and Nevada, where the Colorado River makes its snake-like curves, in pursuit of its unquenchable determination to empty into the Gulf of California—probably because, in so doing, it may curl lovingly around the ranch that means home to Helen Holmes!

The Kiddies' Frozen Echoes

By LILLIAN BLACKSTONE

Author and Inventor of "Frozen Echoes," "Pipe Fancies," etc.



BOBBY
CONNELLY

DID the kiddies think I had forgotten them and had remembered only the grown-ups? Impossible, especially when I know that they are like other healthy, care-free children and that they like ice-cream just as well as, if not better than, other thirsty kidlets. Wasn't it some little man of the pictures who wanted an everlasting ice-cream soda, and wasn't

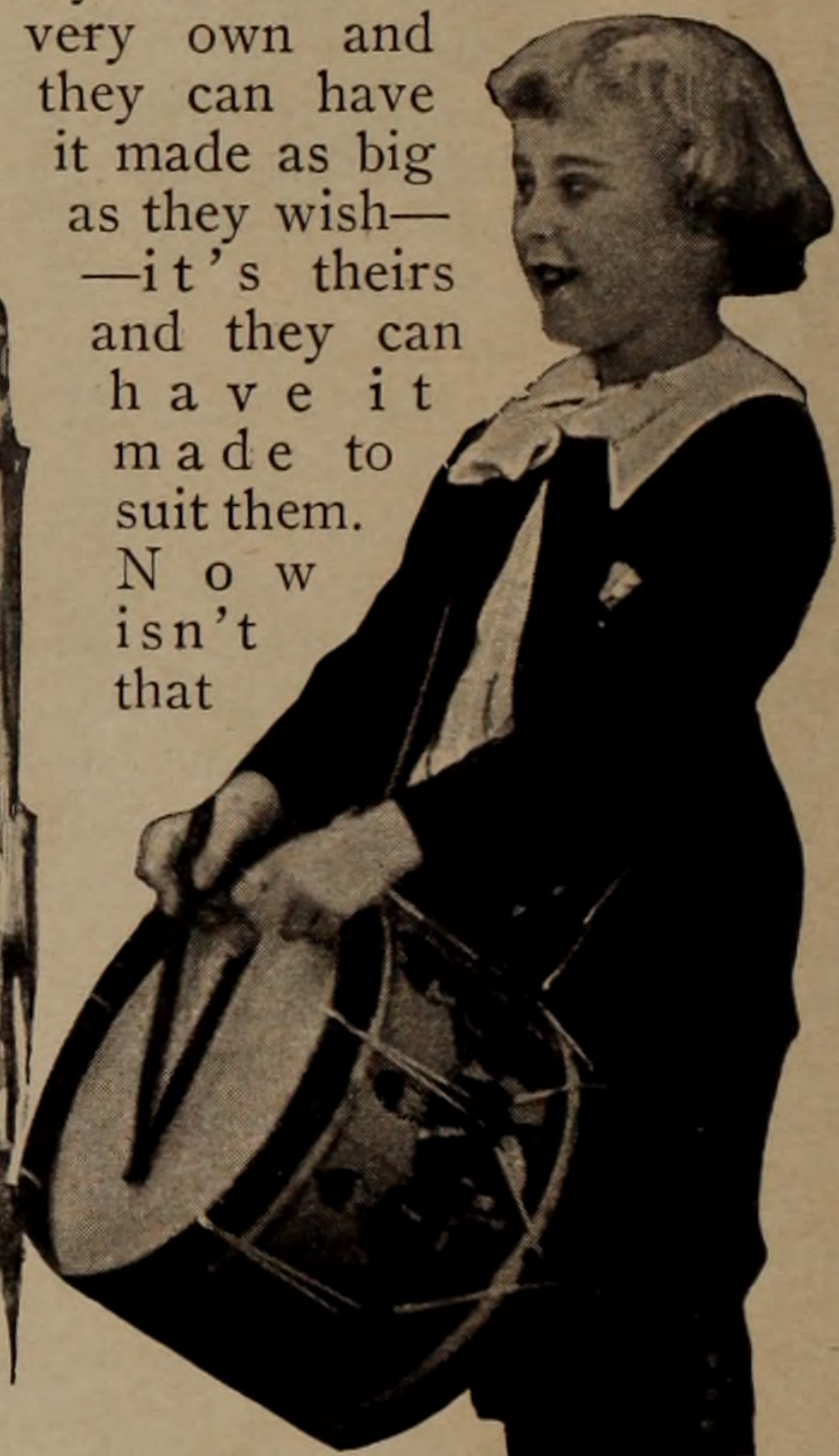
JANE
LEE



MARJORIE
DAW



it a little miss of seven—who, by the way, is quite well known—who wanted a candy cane as big as a telegraph-pole? Seems to me they did—anyway, if they didn't I know that's what they wish their pennies could buy in addition to the customary pony, goat and cart, and caliber rifle. And now some of them have an ice-cream dish they can call their



DODO
NEWTON

very own and they can have it made as big as they wish—it's theirs and they can have it made to suit them. Now isn't that

saying, that "patience is at last rewarded," fully justified?

Bobby Connelly War-Dish—Does little Bobby Connelly wish he were a soldier so he could march off with his gun and fight the Boches? We hope not, for we want him to stay right at Brooklyn and be in all the plays he can, 'cause we like him so. His expression, his clever ways, his cute little mannerisms—they all delight us. How could Vitagraph have all their plays and not have Bobby in at least one?—and he couldn't be in that one if he went over to France. It's all



FINE ARTS
KIDDIES

right for him to put on his war-paint and go whooping about as an Indian, and he can eat his war-dish till he can eat no more; we dont care what he does so he stays right home and minds the director and—his mother. This war-dish is very different from ice-cream sodas and lemonades—it's very sweet (just like Bobby), and it has the very peculiar effect of making you dream about great things—"Injuns," and all that. It's better to have it made in a brown dish—all the soldiers and Indians wear that color. In this dish you put some chocolate ice-cream and make it just like a fort—I mean have it in the center so the enemy (if there were any)

couldn't get to it from the outside of the dish. Around this put lots and lots of pecans and then comes the best part—the chocolate marshmallow poured over the

Marjorie Daw Vamp-a-cream—Wasn't it little Marjorie Daw who said she wanted to be a vamp? I know it was, so she ought to eat the vamp-a-cream with a relish. Marjorie just had a birthday and no doubt feels rather annoyed at being called a kiddie, but that's just what she is and that's what she will be for some time. We've missed her for a long time, but now that school is out we'll probably see her soon and maybe when she's older we can watch her on the screen as a vamp. Just at present we'd much rather see her as a sweet, unaffected



ZOE
DU RAE



KITTENS
REICHERT

nuts and ice-cream till it almost overflows. In this stick a little American flag, just the kind in miniature that Bobby would carry if he went to war. And once more we say, "Dont go."

little girl. This can be made in any kind of dish—the ingredients suit anywhere, just as Marjorie does. Somehow I cant think of her being out of place anywhere except at a very formal ball where only the grown-ups are. And very soon she can be there—too soon. In a dish put a slice of brick ice-cream—the kind with lots of flavors—and over this pour some thick strawberry syrup. With a big candied or preserved strawberry on top it makes such a dish that you'll fall in love

BILLY JACOBS

immediately with Marjorie and her vamp-a-cream.

Dodo Newton North Pole—This young star would find the North Pole if she wanted to go out hunting for it—determination and being a natural born leader seem to be two of her chief characteristics. However, so she can stay in sunny California and at the same time be in such fine plays as "Soul Mates," we have made a North Pole just for her—much better than the Cook variety. And when it gets too hot and Dodo gets warm she can go down to the corner drug-store and have the man make up her dish. And just think how her little friends will look at her—why, I can just picture them yearning for a dish of their own. Dodo, you will have to share up with those not as lucky as you.

In a glass—the kind sodas come in—put some caramel, strawberry and vanilla ice-cream and then pour in some chocolate syrup. Then comes the whipped cream and I think a flag should grace the top, for a discoverer never leaves a new place without leaving some mark—preferably an American flag. At least that's what they do at the North Pole. See if this dish isn't as delicious and nice as the little heroine of "Soul Mates."

Jane Lee Fairy Queen—Does little Jane wish she could see the fairies that dance around on the velvet carpet of the forest and that come and sit about her bed when she's in dreamland? Does she? Well, I can't make that wish come true, for I haven't a magic wishing-ring or wand. But I have made her a Fairy Queen dish that I want her to enjoy every bit as much as she delights in fairy stories and fairy dreams. Then when she's eating it the little fairies will sit by and watch her and smile at her as they continue to make lovely prophecies for her.

In the most delicate of glass dishes put some vanilla cream—the kind that is so rich that it is yellow. Over this pour a syrup made of pineapple and maraschino cherry, and in each side stick a lady-finger. Then serve it and see how lovely and fairy-like it is.

Fine Arts' Kids Special—This is for

those delightful children who appeared in "Going Straight"—George Stone and all of them. In the "pantry party" they enjoyed the cream-puffs so and it wasn't merely acting. Weren't they sweet-looking as they tore thru the hall in their nighties and pajamas! I could talk about them thru several pages, but this dish must be made—and it will have to be pretty good to suit so many kiddies.

In a dish put some vanilla ice-cream and over this some lemon ice. Around it place cherries and mix in some nuts. On top put chocolate cream and then try it and see if it doesn't just suit you. It's one of my favorites.

Kittens Reichert's Marjo Surprise—Kittens will no doubt be glad that I didn't forget her little chum—the one the big fat man almost scrunched to death. Be it known, however, that Marjo is different from most children—different in every way but feelings. Kittens informs us she is very sensitive, but I'd better tell what she is or people will blame the fat man. She's Kitten's imagination friend and the two are inseparable. Where one goes the other goes. I hope both of them enjoy the surprise I made for them.

In a dish you put some ice-cream—any flavor. And over this goes a fruit syrup made up of big fat strawberries, nice yellow peaches, juicy cherries, and every other kind of fruit you could think of. And don't forget to mix in some chopped nuts to make a nicer flavor. On top place either a cherry or strawberry and you will soon begin to think that Kittens and Marjo are the very nicest persons imaginable.

Zoe Du Rae Clavelitos Sundae—A typical American and bound to be successful from the way she works. I know, for she was in a dancing-class with me. She has big, blue eyes, thick golden curly hair, and when she dances she looks like a little fairy. No doubt she has danced in a picture you saw her in—this little genius of seven. Zoe is the kind of girl you have a bright-colored dish of cream named after—I hope it suits you.

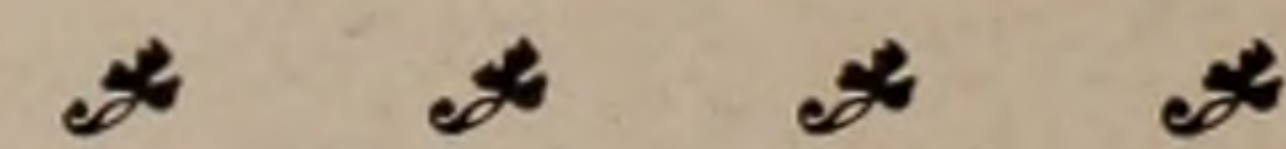
It is better to use vanilla ice-cream so as to make a contrast with the bright

cherry syrup that goes over it. In the syrup be sure there are a number of fat juicy cherries. With a few nuts mixed in and some pecans on top, it makes a typical clavelitos sundae—the former word, by the way, meaning carnations, the brightly colored pink ones. See if you don't start the clavelitos habit by either trying a sundae or wearing a carnation. Little Zoe will like it and you will like it; and Zoe and the public will have mutual admiration for each other.

Billy Jacobs Fun Dish—"Billy, now, tomorrow, forever" is what his friends and admirers must say as a slogan. Who can resist him? I'll bet he has a dozen or more sweethearts, and I'll wager that he's in love with the films, the public, and his mother. Isn't he the cleverest little youngster! How could any one sit thru one of his pictures and not love him? He's so tiny and clever and does everything so naturally and with such finished acting. It seems as if he must always work and never have fun. But I don't believe that, and on the days when he's so terribly busy he can call up the "soda fountain man" and have a "fun dish" brought over. Let's see what it is.

Over some caramel ice-cream put some marshmallow that has been flavored with caramel. Then pour a little caramel syrup and cover with pecans. See if it isn't good and think of Billy when you eat it—he put it in my thoughts and made me make it.

Kidlets, kiddies, children—how many there are! I only wish I could fix up something for each one of them, but I can't. The lucky ones will have to share up with their less fortunate sisters and brothers, and they in turn will have to work harder and in time get up to the point where they can't be missed when any more dishes are made. Every one of them is talented and they have a great many feet of interesting film made of them. They have their little parts and go thru them with the understanding of one three times their age. Surely these representatives of America deserve credit and praise. To each and every one of you I wish the greatest success and happiness.



Ye Movie Gossip

By MICHAEL GROSS

LAST NIGHT.
I WALKED past.
A MOVIE place.
ON OUR block.
THAT RARELY runs.
FEATURE FILMS.
OR FAMOUS stars.
BUT THIS time.
A BIG poster.
IN THE entrance.
SHOWED CHARLES Ray.
AND FRANK Keenan.
IN A Western drama.

AND ANOTHER.
ANNOUNCED MARY Pickford.
IN HER newest feature.
AND A poster.
OVER THE door.
HAD CHARLIE Chaplin.
IN HIS latest release.
IT LOOKED good.
FOR ONE jitney.
SO I went in.
WELL, THE first film.
WAS A poor one.
AND THE second.
WAS WORSE.

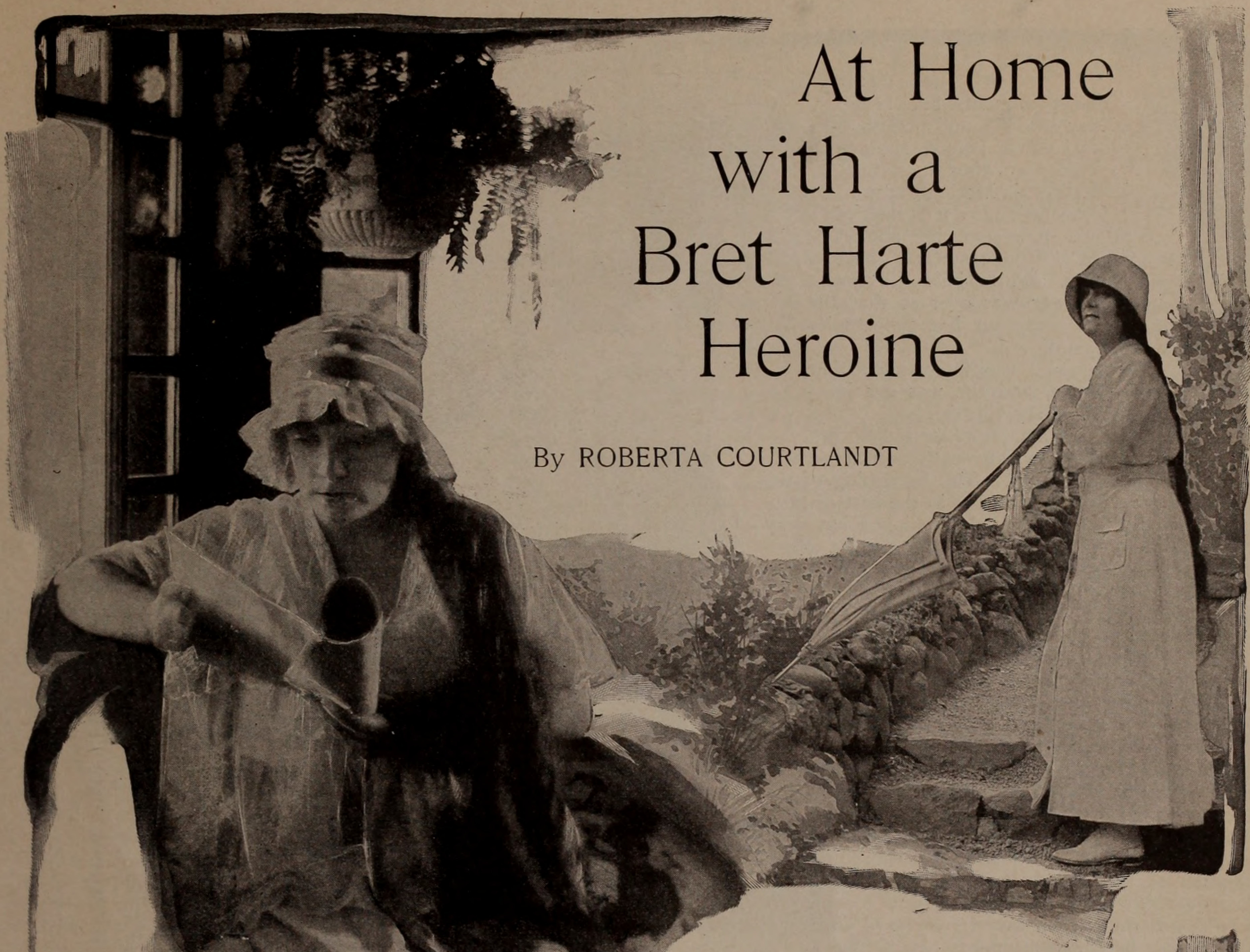
AND BY and by.
WHEN I had waited.
ABOUT AN hour.
AND WATCHED seven reels.
OF BUM stuff.
THE SHOW ended.
AND I hadn't seen.
ONE OF the films.
I THOUGHT I'd see.
AND I resolved.
TO GET my nickel's worth.
BY LOOKING.
AT THE posters.

SO WHEN I got out.
I LOOKED them over.
VERY CLOSELY.
AND ALL at once.
I SAW two words.
AT THE bottom of each.
THAT I hadn't noticed.
THE FIRST time.
THEY WERE so small.
BUT NOW I read.
THESE HOPEFUL words.
"COMING SOON."
I THANK YOU.

(Fifty-eight)

At Home with a Bret Harte Heroine

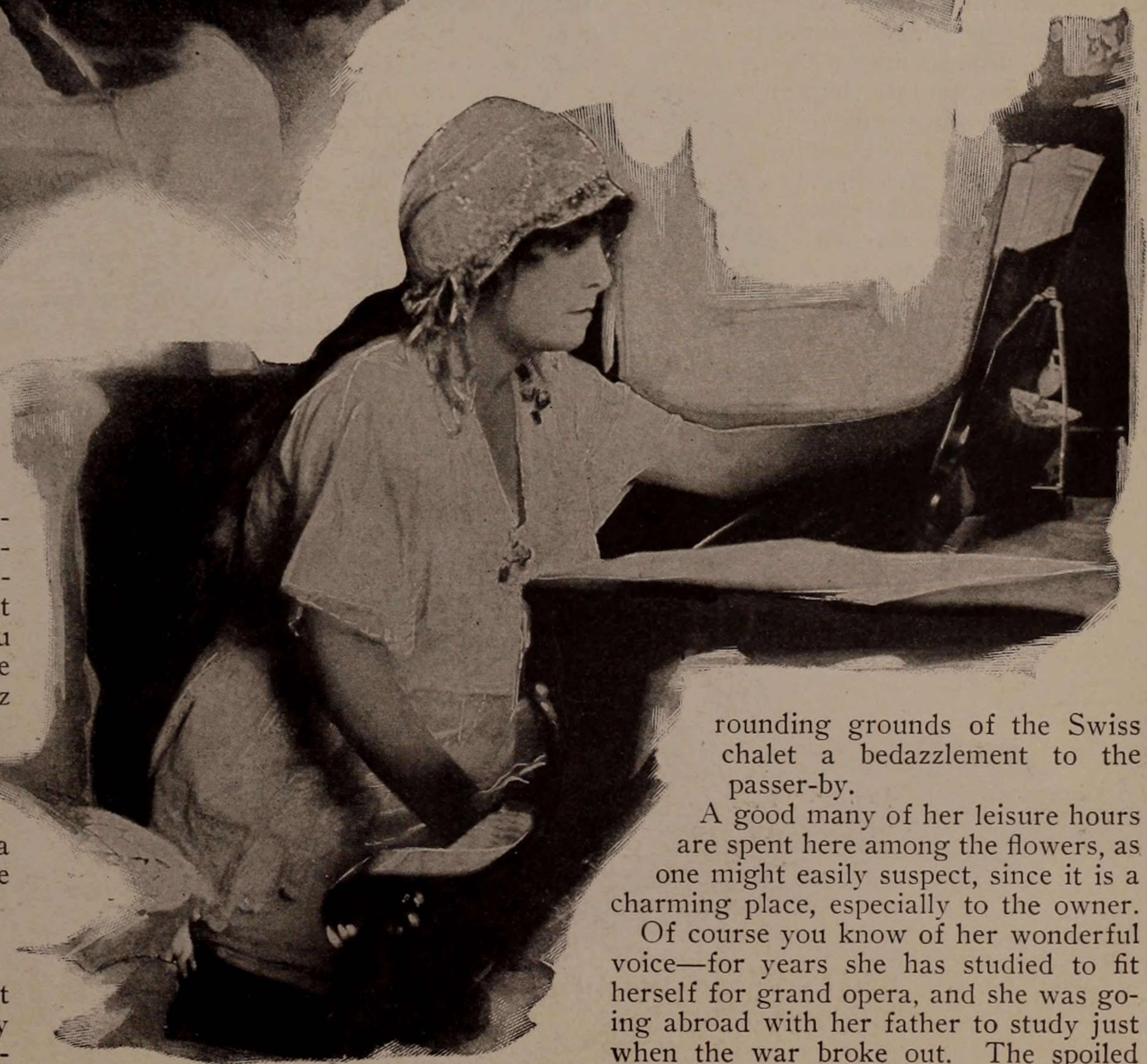
By ROBERTA COURTLANDT



BEATRIZ MICHELENA has played so many Bret Harte heroines that a number of people never think of her save as one of these characters. So it's about time Miss Michelena came from her hiding-place of characters and became the lovely, lovable woman her friends know her to be.

If you are interested in the "where-were-you-born — where-were-you-educated" sort of story, don't read any further, for this won't satisfy your longing at all. This isn't a story of the girl you know on the screen—it's the story of the girl very few people do know—Beatriz Michelena at home.

In the first place, "home" to her is a beautiful Swiss chalet perched high up in the hills that surround San Rafael, where the California Motion Picture studio is located. The grounds are somewhat perpendicular—meaning that, as they are on the mountainside, they are somewhat mountainous. They are laid out terrace-fashion, rock-bordered, and many flowers, shrubs and plants make the sur-



rounding grounds of the Swiss chalet a bedazzlement to the passer-by. A good many of her leisure hours are spent here among the flowers, as one might easily suspect, since it is a charming place, especially to the owner. Of course you know of her wonderful voice—for years she has studied to fit herself for grand opera, and she was going abroad with her father to study just when the war broke out. The spoiled

trip was a terrible disappointment, but being a very sensible and philosophical young person, she accepted an offer from the California Motion Picture Corporation, and settled down to resume her studies when her picture work didn't interfere, and to bide her time until the war was over so that she might be ready for her opportunity when it came.

Of course I was interested in her pretty home, and she was graciousness itself in showing it.

I believe, of all the house I liked best the music-room, which opens onto a broad, glass-enclosed porch. The furnishing of the dining-room is simple, but in the best of taste. The wainscoting, the old-fashioned but very decorative plate-rail, all make a most effective background for the pretty mistress.

Wide, white French doors lead to the glass-enclosed porch, where ferns and potted plants have been persuaded to make themselves at home and to grow for sheer joy of growing. Here hang two cages, each holding its pair of happily trilling little birds. Tables, chairs and books invite one to repose. I can imagine nothing more enjoyable than an afternoon spent here. From this porch, or sun-parlor, one has a magnificent view of rolling valley, mountains and water. No wonder she loves her home, I thought—no wonder she finds such inspiration in a quiet hour here.

On the wide, breeze-swept porch, comfortably fitted up with swinging seats, big, comfy-looking lounging chairs, wicker tables and the like, Miss Michelena loves to spend her leisure hours, planning her new costumes, studying the scripts for her next production—or just resting and inviting her soul in repose. "What is your highest ambition? I

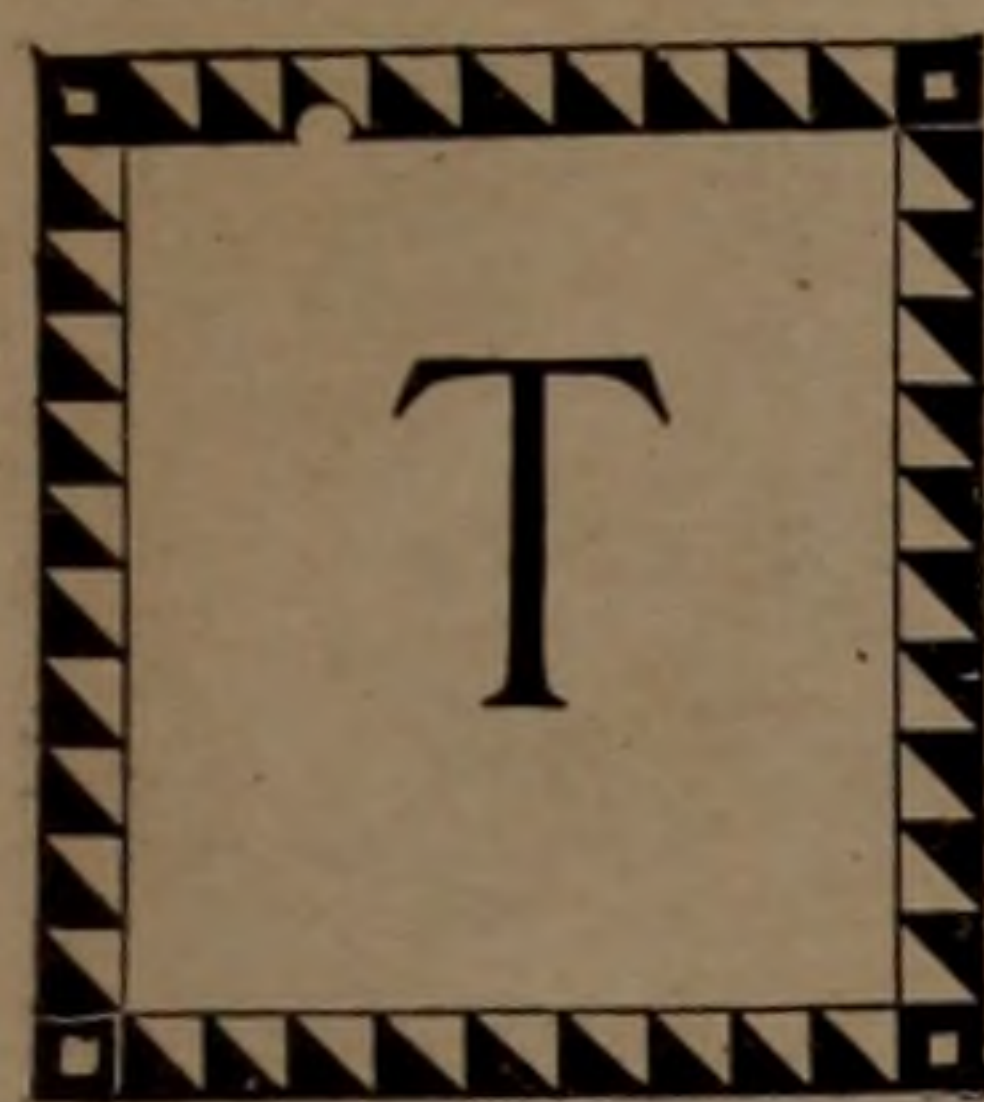


HER SIMPLE BREAKFASTS,
SET IN THE TONIC OF MOUNTAIN AIR,
ARE INVIGORATING

(Continued on page 73)

Kings and Queens of the Screen Contest in Full Swing

The Classic's Great Personality Test Is Starting a Country-wide Vote



THE CLASSIC promised its readers something startlingly new in the way of contests when it announced the Kings and Queens Contest in the June CLASSIC. From the responsive manner that votes are coming in from every section of the United States we now feel sure that our readers are heartily endorsing it. It is generally dangerous to disturb hide-bound traditions, and the traditions of popularity contests are as rigid as a hermit and as rigorous as his cell. "Who is the most popular film actress?" "Who is the most popular film actor?" These have been the perpetual questions of newspapers and magazines in their efforts to create popularity contests.

The CLASSIC ventures to break the rules of tradition in conducting the Kings and Queens Contest. Popularity means nothing without personality back of it. The medal and ribbon of the Legion of Honor means more than the man behind the guns—it's the recognition and reward of the *personality* of the man behind the guns. And it's the same with the great artists of the dramatic profession who are making the shadow-stage their life-work. Their mere popularity is nothing. What is back of it: Beauty, Charm, Ability? These things are what we eventually recognize and reward.

BE YOUR OWN JUDGE AND JURY

The CLASSIC asks its readers to join with it in selecting those three actresses and those three actors who best represent the following attributes:

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.

It is a common error to believe that the players themselves look for prize-money rewards from popularity contests. Their large salaries amply take care of their needs and their luxuries. Something finer is needed—an appreciation of themselves.

SIX PRIZES FOR EACH CONTESTANT

The CLASSIC has decided to break another tradition. In the Kings and Queens Contest no prizes shall go to the players. 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.

WHAT DOES A PLAYER MISS?

Ask this question of a hundred well-known screen actors and actresses and they will say: "Our audience." 'Twas ever thus. The giving of one's heart into the keeping of fine acting must have its reward, and the audience of the stage-players responds with hand-claps and applause that always bring curtain-calls from the players and often tears of gratitude. Fine art in any form is temperamental—and the actor or actress must have appreciation or his art starves.

Night after night, we have laughed or our eyes have misted thru being with the shadowed images of our favorites—yet we can't get our message of applause across to them. The souls of them are there on the screen—not the flesh. It is the purpose of the Kings and Queens Contest to make this silent message of yours speak—to have it tell your favorites your appreciation. That is their right; all they ask; and it is your duty and delight to give it in good measure.

On another page will be found a voting coupon, which entitles each contestant to cast ten votes for their six favorites. One player, if desired, may be selected for all three attributes. *In the September issue will be found a coupon good for twenty votes—a double coupon, so you won't fail to get in an extra boost for your favorites for the same money.*

THE FIRST COUNT OF THE BIG VOTE

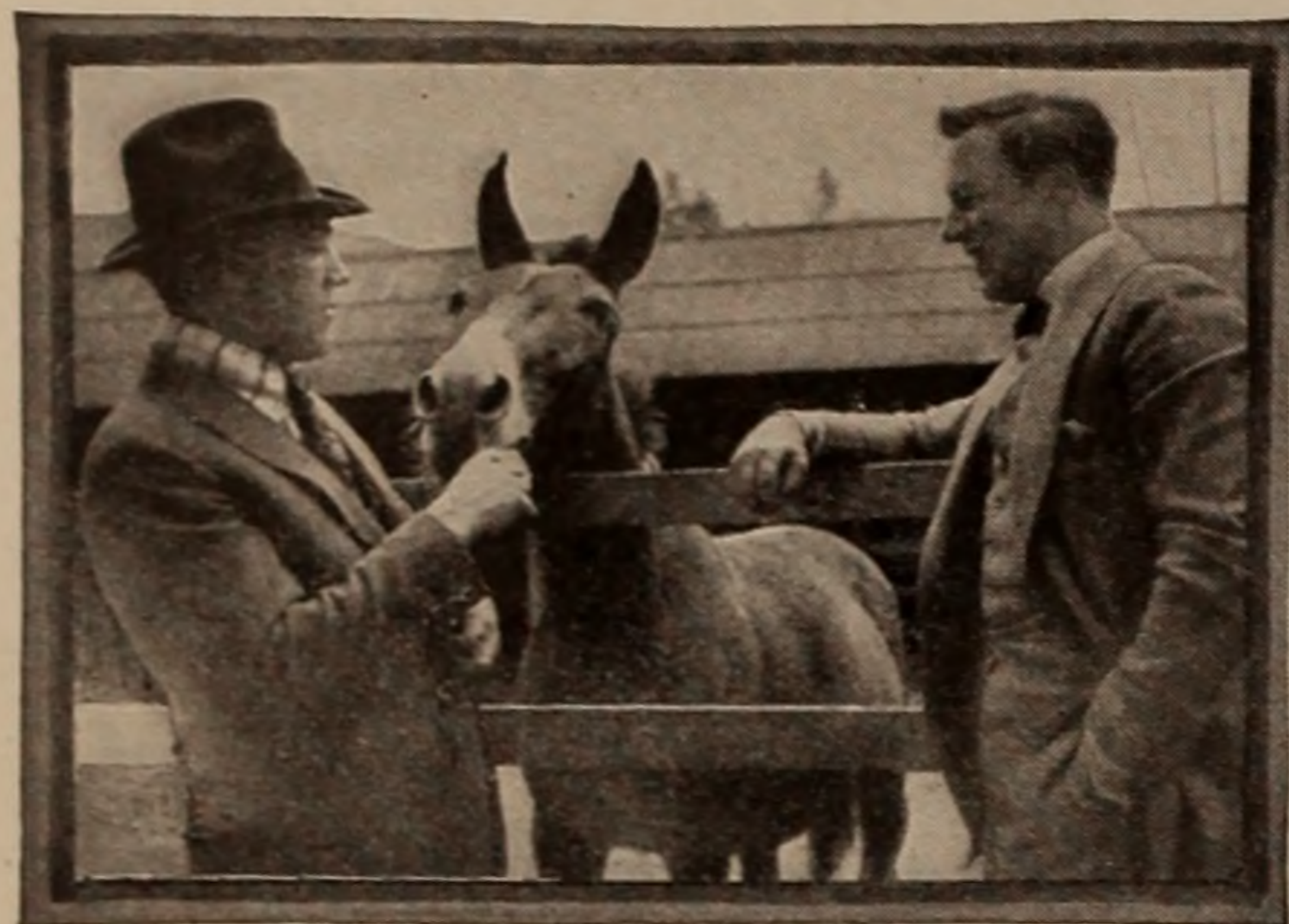
When this announcement was written, the Kings and Queens Contest had not quite a month's publicity. It is just beginning to be talked about—its original features, its fairness, its rewards—and each mail is piling up a heavier vote. We ask you to make this the most interesting, the most praiseworthy and the most influential contest that has ever been conducted in the interests of the players. Here are the results of the twenty leading Kings and Queens up to June 19th:

LEADING KINGS		LEADING QUEENS	
HANDSOMENESS	CHARM	CHARM	PORTRAYAL
Harold Lockwood... 1,830	Francis Bushman... 2,550	Mary Pickford... 2,290	Edith Storey... 1,560
Ralph Kellard... 1,610	Wallace Reid... 1,790	Mary Miles Minter... 1,560	Louise Glaum... 1,540
Wallace Reid... 1,130	Earle Williams... 1,690	Bessie Love... 1,500	Flora Finch... 1,510
Francis Bushman... 1,060	Harold Lockwood... 860	Marguerite Clark... 930	Mary Pickford... 1,020
Earle Williams... 820	Warren Kerrigan... 740	Pauline Frederick... 810	Pauline Frederick... 960
Warren Kerrigan... 640	Douglas Fairbanks... 630	Theda Bara... 700	Theda Bara... 810
Antonio Moreno... 500	William Farnum... 570	Anita Stewart... 620	Pearl White... 720
William Farnum... 430	Creighton Hale... 490	Pearl White... 570	Beverly Bayne... 640
Douglas Fairbanks... 390	William S. Hart... 390	Beverly Bayne... 470	Marguerite Clark... 510
Carlyle Blackwell... 260	Charles Ray... 290	Norma Talmadge... 380	Grace Cunard... 410
Crane Wilbur... 160	Tom Forman... 180	Clara K. Young... 290	Anita Stewart... 390
Creighton Hale... 160	Ralph Kellard... 170	May Allison... 180	Clara K. Young... 270
George Walsh... 150	Jack Pickford... 170	Grace Cunard... 180	Olga Petrova... 260
Dustin Farnum... 150	Crane Wilbur... 160	Olga Petrova... 170	Norma Talmadge... 200
William Hart... 150	Harry Hilliard... 160	Billie Burke... 160	Mary Miles Minter... 170
Charles Ray... 140	Carlyle Blackwell... 160	Mae Murray... 150	May Allison... 160
Jack Pickford... 130	Francis Ford... 150	June Caprice... 140	Mary Fuller... 160
Owen Moore... 130	George Walsh... 140	Viola Dana... 140	Mae Murray... 140
George Larkin... 130	Henry Walthall... 140	Mary Fuller... 140	Virginia Pearson... 140
House Peters... 120	Owen Moore... 140	Mary Fuller... 140	Kathlyn Williams... 140
		Alice Brady... 120	

Via Camera, Wire and Telephone

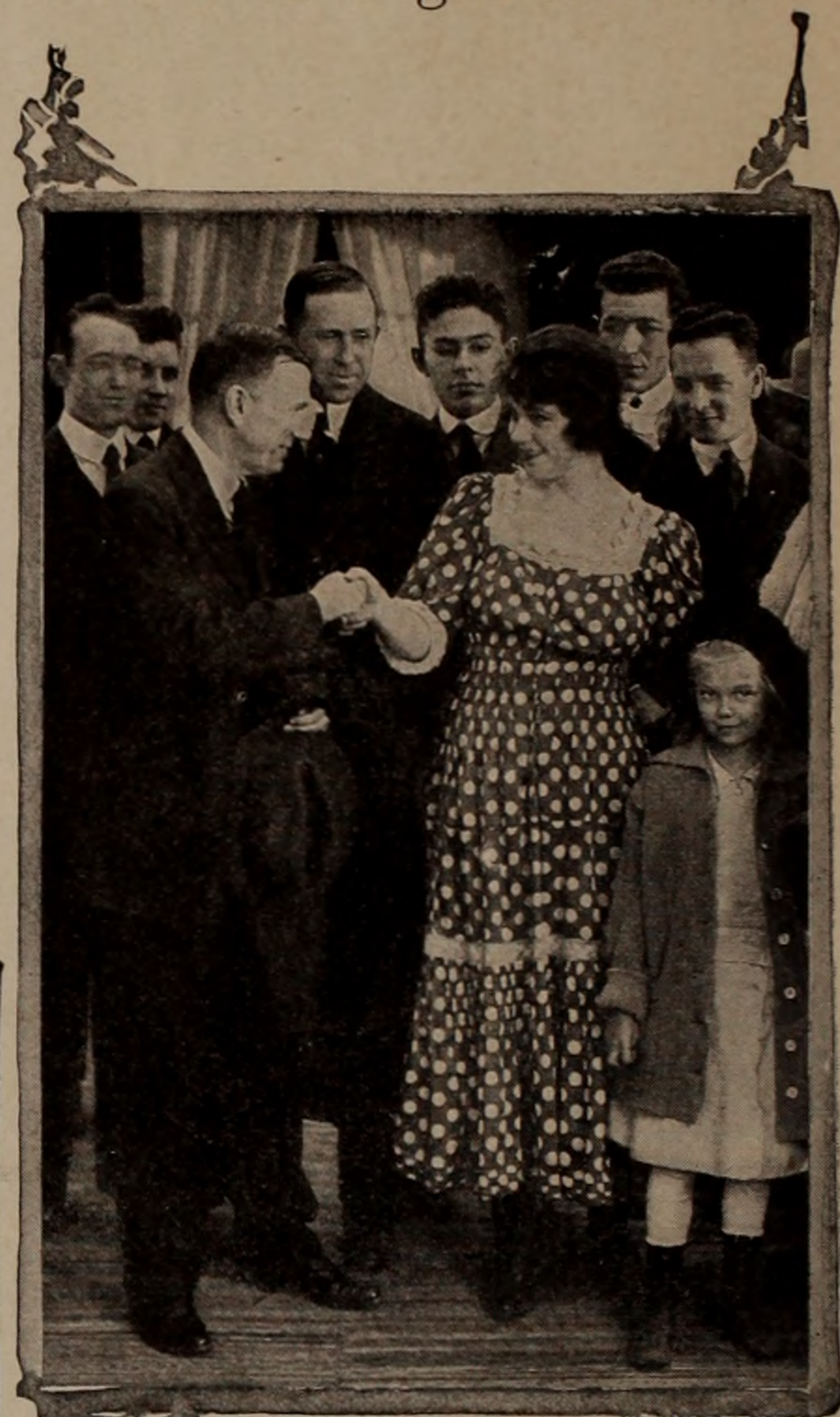
Illustrated News of the Players Told by the Lens, 'Phone and Night-Letter

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.



HAROLD LOCKWOOD AND THE "MOUNTAIN CANARY"

"THE HAUNTED PAJAMAS," Harold Lockwood's first comedy, led him a merry chase into the mountains of California in search of discreet locations in which to don his silken nighties. The abashed star told his director that he felt like a cross between a bally ass and a wood-nymph in his unseemly tho becoming costume. His director was obdurate, and we have the evidence herewith that Harold was wont to adjourn to the hotel corral to commiserate with the herd of commissary mules. The local breed are known as "mountain canaries."



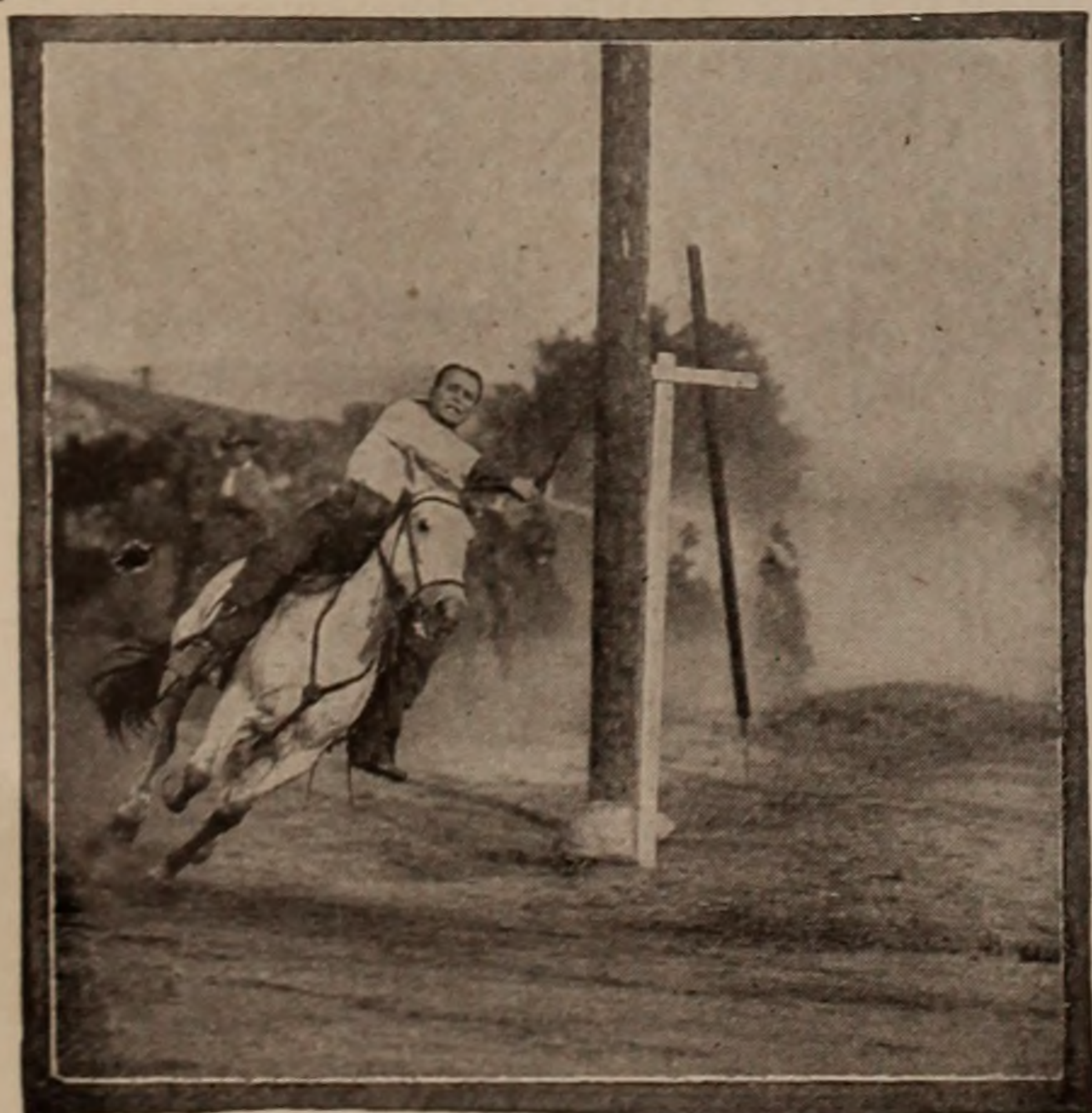
ALICE BRADY RECEIVING A DELEGATION OF COLLEGE BOYS WHO EXPECT TO BE SCENARIO-WRITERS, AT HER FORT LEE STUDIO FORTRESS



ADMIRAL MARJORIE RAMBEAU AND HER NAVY IN A FOREST RETREAT



BESSIE LOVE "BOUNCING THE DOG" BETWEEN SETS



"DOUG" FAIRBANKS ROUNDING A CORNER

While hunting atmosphere for "The Sawdust Ring" blithesome Bessie Love traveled from town to town in Northern California with a circus—that is the reason that "Ignatz" will never be fed to the lions. Be it known that "Ignatz" in his younger days was a creamy white, arch-necked saddle-horse, but the arch has long since departed from his neck and the saddle from his back. He followed the circus because it had been his life-long home. When the management announced that "Ignatz" was to be shot, Bessie Love promptly had a good cry, with the result that "Ignatz" became her property for the sum of \$22. He was shipped to Los Angeles—car-fare \$150. But Bessie didn't care. Lucky "Ignatz"! After a strenuous Broadway season in



GAIL KANE INITIATES DOUGLAS MCLEAN INTO THE MYSTERIES OF MAKE-UP

"Cheating Cheaters" and long studio hours during daylight, Marjorie Rambeau is taking a brief vacation. The woods and forest-belted streams have claimed her. Marjorie is paddling her own canoe with a double purpose. She is about to sever the matrimonial knot that bound her to husband Willard Mack.

Getting back to horsey chat, "Doug" Fairbanks has been having an awful lot of fun with his mounts in "Wild and Woolly." Citizens of Hollywood now know enough to take to the fences when "Doug" and his pack round a corner.

A movie star never knows what's coming next, and she's got to be posted on every conversational topic under the sun—and up among the stars as well. Recently Alice Brady was preparing to climb into acting harness at the Fort Lee studio, when a delegation of embryo scenario-writers walked in upon her. They were from a New York school of

journalism, and each future litterateur was bent upon securing enough information about the whys and wherefores of "continuity" and "cut-backs" to last him a young lifetime.

Speaking of good boosting—a friend in need—Gail Kane was there with the rescue stuff between scenes of "The Upper Crust." Douglas McLean is not on speaking terms with studio make-up as yet, so Gail took him in hand, mounted him on a handy sofa and added just the right touches to his complexion. Which proves that a star can be right handy in a pinch, and that if there's a lull after every storm there's a make-up following a Gail.

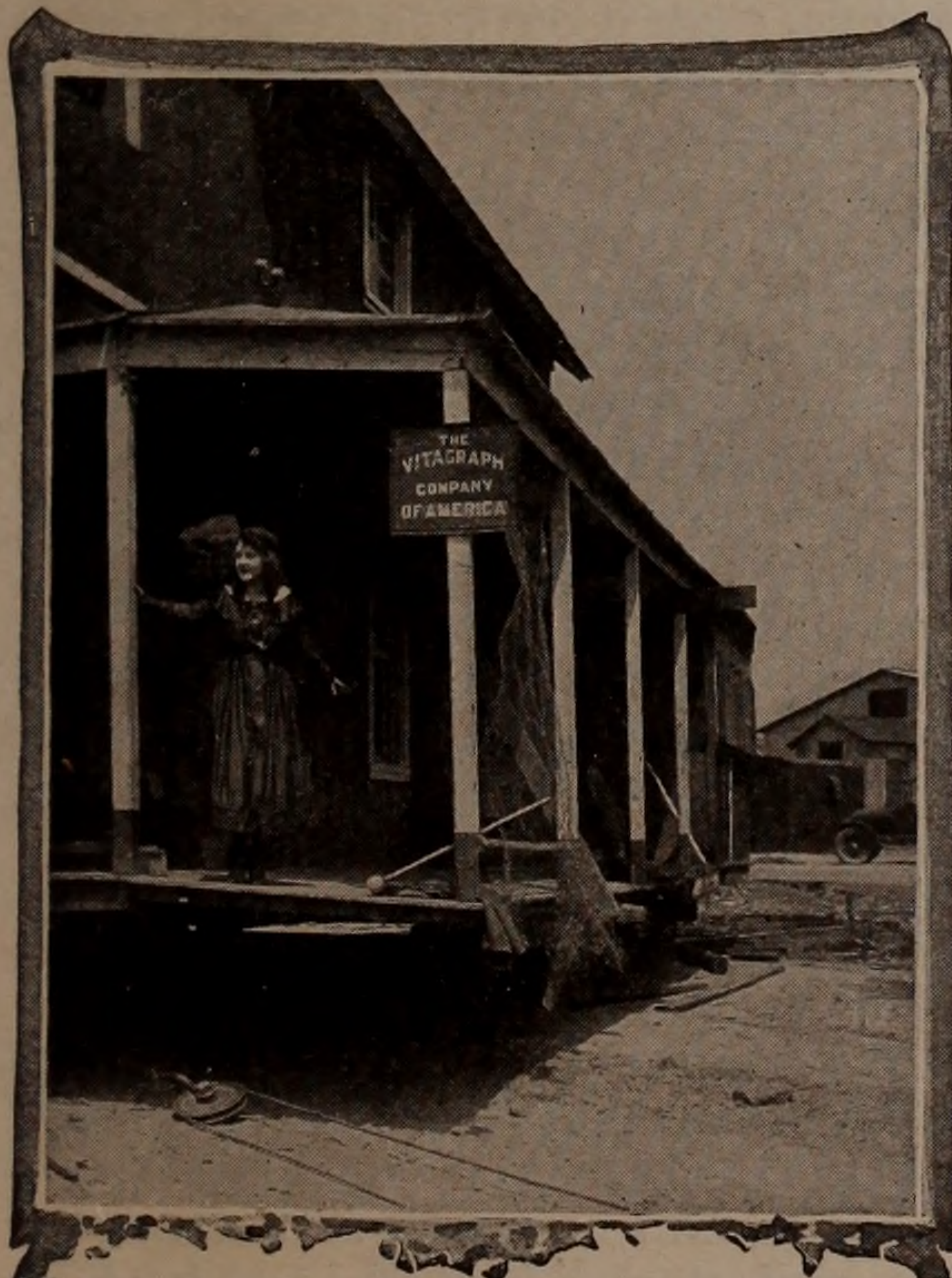
Vitagraph powers decided to move the "little red house," their office-building,



RUTH CLIFFORD FORDING A STREAM WITH THE AID OF HER KNEE-DIMPLES

and to replace it with a mission-style building. Mary Anderson was on the porch when the office started to come to life and slowly move off the lot. Like Casabianca, the little star decided to "stick by the ship," and we have her here, just a bit thrilled, as the "little red house" moved majestically off the lot.

The camera knows a pretty scene the moment it sees it and it didn't hesitate for the thousandth of a second in snapping Ruth Clifford as she crossed a brook "somewhere on location in California." She had been posing as a "Kentucky Cinderella," and the day was "dog" hot and her tootsies were pinched by their rustic shoes. So she took to the brook, and the naughty camera-man trailed behind her. Snap! and rosy Ruth was caught. No negative could refuse to become positive after such a charming exposure.



"MOVING DAY" FOR MARY ANDERSON AT THE WESTERN VITAGRAPH STUDIO

(Sixty-three)

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L. Case Russell

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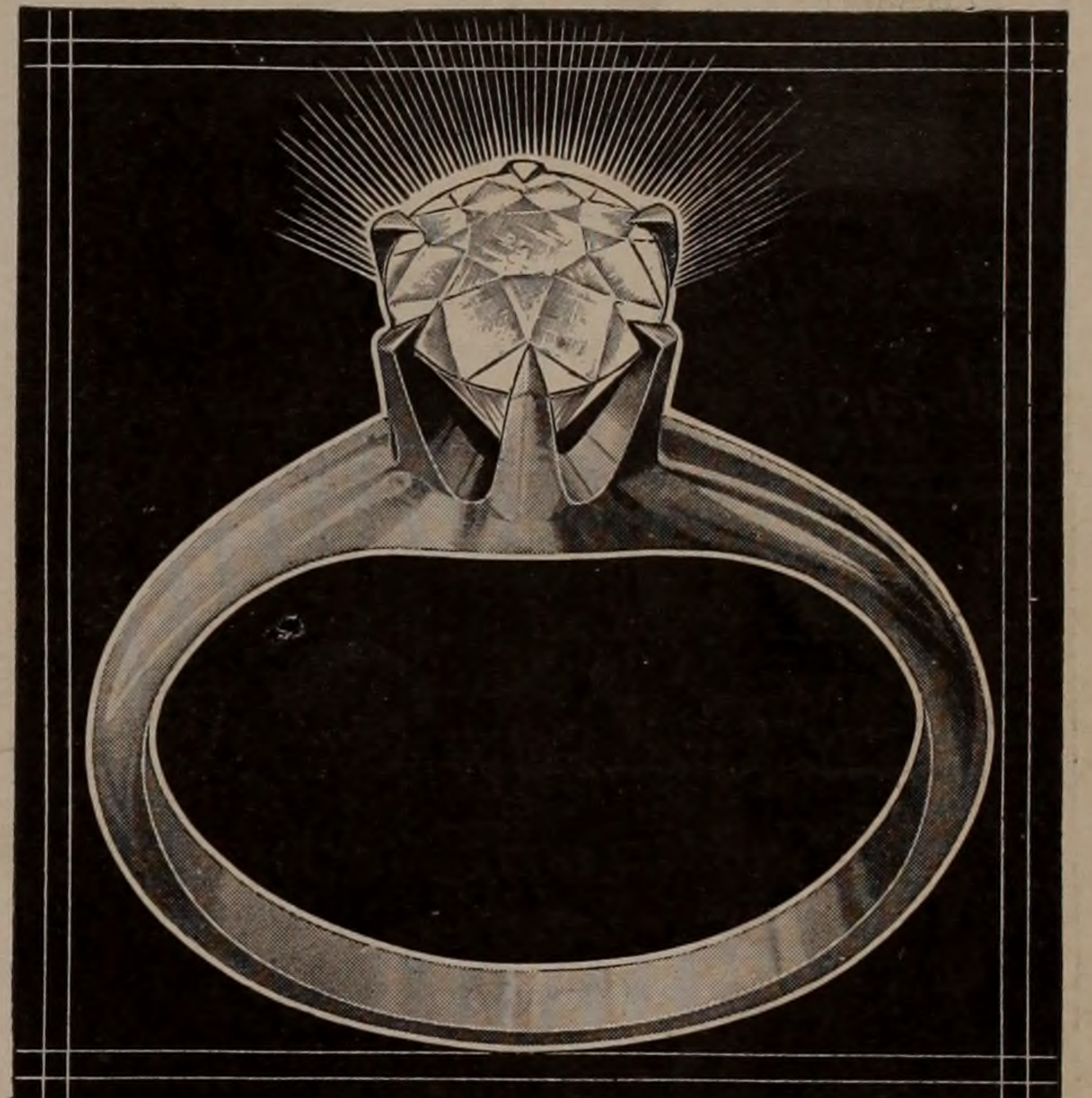
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T. Chatterton—Rancher

By ROBERTA COURTLANDT

(Illustrated on page 15)



DO you ever imagine that Tom Chatterton, the good-looking Lieutenant Hope, of American's "Secret of the Submarine," spent his leisure hours, and his money, in the

White Light district, buying wine and singing for lovely women? If you ever did, change your ideas instanter. Your ideas are miles from approaching the truth.

Dressed in very businesslike khaki riding-trousers, with leather puttees, a soft shirt open at the throat for comfort, and a disreputable piece of head-gear that was once a cap, Mr. Chatterton spends his leisure time on his ranch on the Sacramento River, one of the most fertile portions of the blossomy State of California. A little different from your preconceived notions of an actor's off-hours, eh?

This ranch is run on absolutely the most practical, up-to-date system you ever heard of. It measures, in area, some five hundred acres, two hundred and fifty of which are in cultivation, the remainder furnishing timber for the different outbuildings, pasturage for his hundred head of cattle, and that taken in by the home buildings. The two hundred and fifty acres are divided into sections, with a foreman for each section. Then there is a general overseer, or foreman, who is responsible to Mr. Chatterton for the entire ranch. Each foreman is responsible to the head-overseer for his particular section, and the head overseer is responsible to Mr. Chatterton. So, you see, there's no excuse for things not running smoothly. The main room of the home-building is turned into an office, with typewriter, filing cabinets, businesslike desks with roller-tops and important-looking drawers that lock. Then there is a good-sized, burglar-proof safe—all very, very modern and very, very practical.

Mr. L. M. Culver, who is Mr. Chatterton's partner and foreman, is a man who has studied "book-farming" from cover to cover. Then the two men together apply their knowledge, thus gained, to practical ends. And the results are readily seen. They have more than a hundred head of cattle and a large drove of fine hogs—blue-ribboners, every one of them. Lately, Mr. Chatterton has installed an up-to-date chicken plant, one of the most complete and interesting on the Coast. And it is running, according to the man whose duty it is to look after it, like clockwork, and has already practically paid for itself.

One of these pictures shows Mr. Chatterton and Mr. Culver in conversation with the "alfalfa foreman," as he is

called, deciding how best to clear a patch of timber in order to put it in cultivation. Mr. Chatterton insists that it be so cleared that, when cultivated, it will join two other fields separated by this same timber, making in all over forty acres in alfalfa. The "alfalfa foreman" showed undoubted admiration of the "big boss's" clean-cut judgment, while Mr. Culver admits his inferiority in the question of cleared fields and alfalfa.

Another of these pictures shows late evening on the ranch—milking-time. A choice herd of dairy cattle is being driven to the corral for milking. And Mr. Chatterton, almost literally lord of all he surveys, forgets that there was ever any such thing as movie cameras, secret submarines, lost papers and beautiful but much persecuted heroines.

The next picture shows what follows a subtitle—"An Hour Later." In discussing the dairy problems with the man who is responsible for their solutions, the foreman of this herd, Mr. Chatterton is deeply interested. The dairy herd is looked after on strictly scientific principles. The milking is done with gloved hands, and the milk from each cow kept separate and tested daily. When it is found that the milk from one particular cow is falling below standard, that cow is disposed of. So that the dairy herd is kept choice and the finest in that part of the State. (My conservative principles forbid my making that statement any more sweeping.)

On the ranch, a short time ago, a freak—albeit a somewhat pathetic little freak—was discovered, a calf with only two legs. It was found in the timber with its mother, walking upright on its two pitiful little legs. As it grew older and stronger, however, it ceased to be pathetic, since it seemed to travel as rapidly as its fellows and had just as much fun. Mr. Chatterton spends a good deal of his time at the ranch in teaching the little fellow tricks for the circus. It is a queer-looking little thing, with two extraordinarily strong legs, and, where its front legs should be, nothing but tiny tufts of hair. It's a red-and-white calf—was there ever a kiddie who didn't rave over "the li'l spotteddy ca'f, muvver; a white li'l ca'f wiv red spots"? If Mr. Chatterton succeeds in his endeavors—and it's quite likely he will, since Spot shows unusual intelligence in learning tricks—I foresee a bright and much-loved future for poor two-legged Spot. Why, it's easy to imagine a scenario for him now and to make him a sort of Milky Way star. He would fit in so nicely in an "Alice in Wonderland" or "Wizard of Oz" fantasy.

On the ranch is a beautiful natural lake, well stocked with fish, and where there is fine duck-hunting. Mr. Chatterton and Mr. Culver have agreed that

no clearing shall be done about this lake, leaving its natural beauty untouched, and, at the same time, leaving its wild denizens unalarmed and undisturbed. Deer often come down to the lake to drink; and if one will keep very, very quiet, hardly daring to breathe, why, in the late evening one may see them—shy, elusive, lovely things—stepping daintily down to the water, with seemingly never a touch of fear of man-made things. It was wise indeed of the joint owners to leave this lake as Nature finished it.

Mr. Chatterton, besides his half-interest in the beautiful Sacramento Valley ranch, owns a pretty bungalow in Santa Barbara, and when he can't get off long enough to go up to the ranch he potters around in his garden at home. He has, with rare wisdom, left the garden as much as possible in its native state—its beautiful shade-trees untouched, the underbrush cleared away, and vines and flowers planted about them. There is at one side of the house a cleared space in which many flowers bloom in riotous profusion. But the part of his garden that he likes best is the Nature part, where he may wander, lost in dreams, with only friend pipe as a companion.

You see, Mr. Chatterton was born in Geneva, N. Y., and early went on the stage, where for thirteen years he traveled over the country, getting glimpses of quiet, country homes and fine farms that made him heart-sick with envy and longing. It was during these thirteen years that he made up his mind to get into some work where he could have a home. The first step was Motion Pictures—N. Y. M. P. Co., then Universal, and finally a long-time contract with American. The first thing he bought was a bungalow, the second an automobile. Then he began to save in earnest. This movie business began four years ago; and today he has accomplished a good part of his highest ambition—to own a really big cattle-ranch all by himself and to run it in as modern and up-to-date manner as possible. And that naturally leads to the statement that his hobby is raising chickens, hogs, cattle, and acquiring a vast library of worthwhile books.

He likes his work, but his heart and soul are in farming. It won't be very long, if he continues at his present rate of speed, before his highest ambition will be realized, and he will acquire a wonderful ranch—while we, the picture public, will lose a much-loved and admired picture favorite. Still, he who works for the accomplishment of his dreams and ambitions as hard as Mr. Chatterton has worked, and is working, deserves the best his dreams can grant. And he will certainly get it, for such work and faith have never yet gone unrewarded.

The actor-farmer is setting an example to other "Adonises of the Arc-light"—the out-of-door life, the broad horizons, the greens and browns of nature have planted the brown in his cheeks and the clear flash in his eyes.

(Sixty-five)

Earle Williams—Revolutionist

(Continued from page 28)

compelled to lie still on the floor for quite a while—so long that he got completely chilled. He had to lie there holding the same pose until they had taken another scene. Now, a studio floor in March is only a faint bit warmer than a studio floor in January or February, and one can imagine how even a robust man like Williams couldn't heat a whole studio floor with his frame. And you should get out of the notion that a Motion Picture hero has all the soft part of the work.

The result of this tale should move the most hardened to tears. He contracted rheumatism, and the misery in his arm and shoulder made him wince and groan. If the next fair admirer who receives an autographed photo of Mr. Williams finds the handwriting painfully cramped, she can shed a few commiserating weeps thereupon.

In his latest play, "Lincoln-by-the-Nine," he is a wealthy man-about-town whose hobby is Secret Service work. A society moth on the surface, he proves to have the ability and purpose of a great detective. Politics, diplomacy, foreign intrigue against Washington, and all sorts of adventures figure in the story.

The versatility and spontaneous vigor with which Earle Williams has transferred his punch from the eloquent art of the dramatic stage to the action of the silent drama is characteristic of his intense power of application. He is a "good actor"—a fixed star who is now radiantly illuminating lighter rôles.



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The Perennial Fannie

(Continued from page 25)

met and married Mr. Joseph Lewis, the man who was called 'The South African Diamond King.' The marriage was not a happy one, and later I returned to America, as Rita Forrest in 'A Marriage of Reason,' and I secured a divorce from Mr. Lewis. From then on I played alternately in America and England, in such plays as 'In the Bishop's Carriage,' 'A Fool and a Girl,' 'The Marriage of William Ashe,' 'The Three of Us,' 'Fannie and the Servant Question,' 'The New Lady Bantock,' 'Madame la Presidente,' and so on. In 1911-1912 I played in vaudeville, in dramatic sketches.

"But of it all I liked pictures best, and now I'm here to stay. Jack and I have our home here and we are very happy. The pictures are lots of fun, they give one wider scope for work, and incidentally I have discovered that I am a dramatic actress. I never knew it until Mr. DeMille gave me the script for 'The Cheat,' and I was quite surprised to see that it was a very emotional, dramatic rôle that he wanted me to play.

"But, Mr. DeMille," I told him, "I am a comédienne—I have never played emotional rôles!"

"Which is exactly the reason I want you to play 'The Cheat,'" he laughed.

"Well, I did, and now I'm very glad that I did, for I like it better than anything I have ever done. I wept real tears, and did the best work that I am capable of in that play. And I loved every bit of it."

I said something nice and complimentary about the play—I had seen it four times, and every time I liked it better—and I told her so. I had by this time gained control over my unruly tongue.

"Have done a number of photoplays—but of them all, I liked 'The Cheat' and 'Tennessee's Pardner' best. I have given my reasons for liking the former; and the reason I liked the latter—I fell in love with Mr. Deane in that play. You see, I had to ride a big white horse. I told the director that I couldn't ride that horse, but he only grinned. I gritted my teeth, climbed aboard the horse and did my best. But he catapulted me off his back, right into Mr. Deane's arms, thus saving me from a nasty fall. Mr. Deane had probably saved my life—so what could I do but marry the man? And I did. I'm awfully glad I did, too," she added, her blue eyes tender and gentle.

"Since then we have played in ever so many photoplays together and, too, have played quite beautifully at being husband and wife—both have been a very real and charming life to us."

Mr. Deane strolled up the walk, his engagement apparently over.

I took my departure at this moment, feeling just a little more like a human being, after having been treated as such by a famous actress like Fannie Ward—and a charming woman like Mrs. Jack Deane.

Flickerings from Filmdom

By MARY BLANCHARD

IF you like a serial, it is moving and you know there will be more of it—if you don't like it, it is moving and will soon be over.

Broadway—the haven of those who can't get into the movies.

Some picture houses are so dark that the lighted screen looks like the way out of a tunnel.

The saving grace of many a slapstick comedy is a child's appreciation of the fool stuff.

Certain people are born rich—others have screen positions offered them.

A film star has bought a lavender automobile—perhaps to match his Bee Vee Deez.

If the picture houses had the pay-as-you-leave plan the housing problem of the unemployed would be solved.

A modern Job—a man who sits thru a fashion picture.

Nut—the man who is always telling us that the East Indian scenes were made in California and the Alaskan scenes—ditto.

One knows that some pictures are rancid as soon as one sees who goes to them.

The average vaudeville voice makes a film fan thankful that the movies are the silent drama.

Many a mother allows her children to see what they would not allow them to read.

It's a knowing scenario writer who recognizes his story on the screen.

A woman's idea of a poor picture—he was not good-looking and her dresses were too short for the prevailing mode.

Some cities have laws against Sunday movies—other cities employ traffic cops for movie corners.

A director who believes good acting will hide a poor story should be made to see a few pictures of this kind.

The last slapstick comedy we saw we thought was the worst ever, but the next one will prove to us that we were mistaken.

A vampire—the actress that all the bachelors go to see and at which all the married men laugh.

There are so many movie queens that people are wondering what has become of our republican nomenclature. Why not call the beauties movie mayors, or maovie? Well, we give it up.

A rare insect is the movie pest who keepeth to himself what he see-eth.

It is a successful actress indeed who tells her director of another's merit.

There are enough soldiers fighting in the pictures to whip the combined armies of Europe.

Some people clap at good acting—other people have an unpleasant habit of breathing their appreciation.

Highbrow—the person who says spectators instead of audience when thinking of those who go to the fil-ums.

Actors change directors so often that

(Continued on page 77)

The Jaguar's Claws

(Continued from page 33)

of rousing Marie's jealousy to white heat.

"You shall take care of my new beauty," he assured her. "Yes, I will make you her servant, and if so much as a scratch from your claws mars her white body I will have you nailed to a cross naked and set up in the field for the vultures. Do you hear what I say, Marie?"

"I hear you," said the woman, sullenly. Her hands went to her breasts, outlined under the thin crimson of her robe, and touched something hidden between them. Then, with a bend of her lithe body, she brought the poison flower of her full lips, the languorous glance of her heavy-lidded eyes, close to his face. "Oh, my lord," she whispered, wooingly, "look at me! Am I not more beautiful than those pale, cold, unwilling women, who know not how to please thee? We have been happy; we will be happier, I promise thee. Only send them away!"

Pedro Costello flung her aside with a curse and clapped his hands.

"Bring me the women," he directed his vaqueros, "and afterward bring the man. Him you must hold very carefully, for I think by this time he will surely be a little mad."

Silent, motionless, Marie stood by the side of her master and watched the women brought in. She saw their smooth skin, like the petals of the camelias, and their fair hair; she saw, too, the way Costello's eyes gloated and gleamed as he stared at them, and the black waters of bitter anger washed over her soul. This man was life to her, and his love the breath of life! To be cast aside was worse than death! Her fingers closed on the slender thing between her breasts till fingers and steel seemed welded into one. But still she waited, eyes on Philip Jordan, who had appeared in the doorway.

"Good-morrow, Señor Americano!" El Jaguar saluted him. "But you are a trifle pale. I hope nothing disturbed your rest?"

Philip did not glance at him. His haggard eyes rested on the faces of his sister and his sweetheart, both worn and white with the strain of the night's vigil, both smiling bravely, both infinitely dear.

"Beth!" he cried, hoarsely. "Nancy! Do you know what this fiend has told me to do?"

He saw in their stricken eyes that they did know, and clenched his impotent hands.

"Which shall go? Which shall stay?"

the level voice of El Jaguar sounded in his ears like the notes of doom. Again Philip glanced from one to the other hopelessly. He *could* leave neither—he *must* leave one. There was no solution—none.

Suddenly Beth turned upon the Mexican, holding out pleading hands.

"You did this to punish a young man's slighting tongue!" she cried. "Surely his punishment is enough. He has spent a night in hell. You are a great man—be a generous one. Your power is shown as clearly if you tell us to go freely, as it would be if you kept one of us here."

She was very beautiful as she stood there, all her pure heart in her eyes. Philip's soul sickened to see the approval in Costello's face. It was evident that he was going to refuse, and Nancy's frail hand crept to her heart. Beth looked from the fainting girl full into her lover's eyes—a tender look of farewell. Then she moved to the table and laid her hand quietly on Costello's.

"I choose for him," she said clearly. "I will stay with this man."

Philip cried out incoherently, but she did not glance in his direction for fear her resolution should falter. A palpitant silence hovered over the room. Blindly Philip Jordan held out his arms to his sister and she ran into them, shaken with soundless sobs. Then, in the silence, Pedro Costello laughed aloud.

The low, caressing sound penetrated Marie's frozen senses, rang along her veins like fire. So had he laughed, looking at *her* beauty, many a passionate midnight, many a scarlet noon. And now he would hold another in his great arms' caress! Never!

The Death beneath her flame-colored robe stirred, was withdrawn and glittered in the air above El Jaguar. Still warm from lying on her unhappy heart, the blade found his heart, and the tyrant fell forward on the passionate breasts where his head had so often lain.

"Go, gringos!" cried Marie, fiercely, even as Philip Jordan sprang to his sweetheart and caught her in his arms. "Go and leave my lord to me. For he is mine! Yea, Pedro, I am coming! Wait for me!"

With frenzied strength she drew the dagger from her lover's breast and fell forward upon it, red lips brushing his cheek in a last kiss.

Awed and shaken, the others stole away and left them so—El Jaguar and his mate together in a close embrace of Death!

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By HARRY J. SMALLEY

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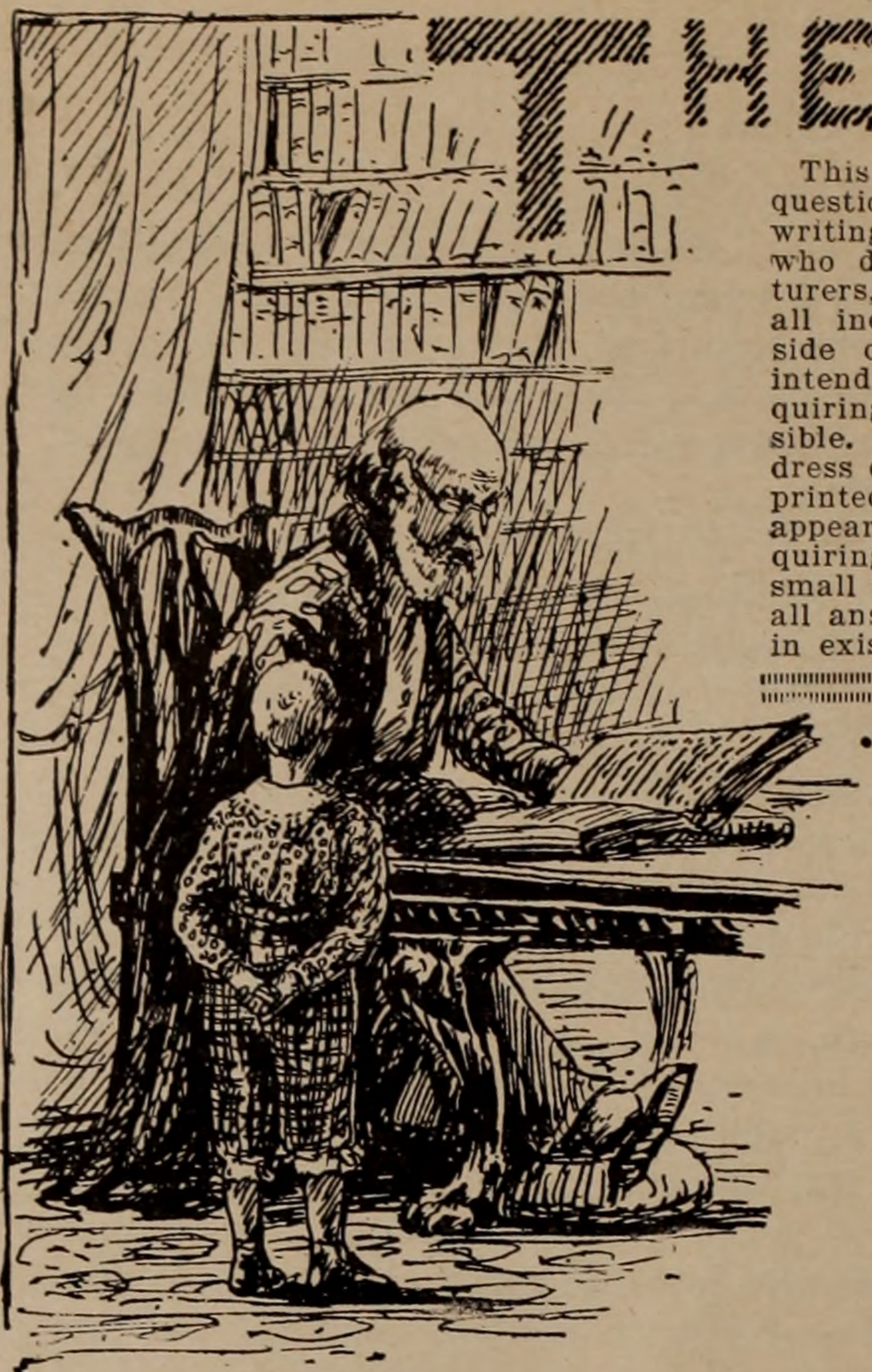
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here who wrote those titles, and consequently they were wrong. You are right. That blue hair was the fault of the color-man.

JULIUS T., BROCKPORT.—That's so; everybody discovers something somehow. Archimedes discovered the law of specific gravity while taking a bath. Thackeray discovered the title for "Vanity Fair" in a dream. Columbus discovered America by looking for India. Newton discovered the law of gravitation by watching an apple fall from a tree. Watt discovered the theory of steam by observing a tea-kettle lid rise and fall. You discovered the best magazine in the world by picking out the prettiest cover. Kathleen Kirkham was recently married.

LINDA W.—Peggy Hyland is playing in her own company now. Clara K. Young is still playing for Selznick under contract, but they have been fighting over it in the courts.

FLUFFY, 13.—You have torpedoed me with your sarcastic jest. Sorry you had the scarlet fever. That's something every child ought to have, like the mumps and measles, and have it over with. Helen Holmes was Helen, Leo Maloney was Wallace Burke, and William Brunton was Roy in "Railroad Raiders."

MARIE ANTOINETTE.—Yes; Richard Barthelmess opposite Marguerite Clark in "The Valentine Girl." He also was Louis in "The Soul of a Magdalene." Yes; Constance Talmadge is with Selznick.

FREITZI T., ROCHESTER.—Jackie Saunders says if she cannot get to war any other way she will dress in boy's clothes and trade on her name of Jackie. Charlie Chaplin's last play was "The Immigrant."

TIVER.—Why, Arnold Daly was playing in "The Minute Before" at the Belasco Theater. Shirley Mason is playing for McClure Pictures and Alan Forrest in "Periwinkle" (American). Ann Schaefer is now with Mary Miles Minter.

MARTIN T. P.—The ingénue is characterized by youth, simplicity, innocence and is generally romantic or sentimental. The work ranges from the strong demonstration of the emotional actress to the comedy lines of the soubrette. Her comedy is more of an elaboration of simplicity than the ingenious witticism of the soubrette. Carlyle Blackwell and June Elvidge in "The Price of Pride" (World). Evelyn Greeley was Kathleen.

EVELYN, NEVADA.—That's a good thought, but you must look upon an idea as a fact until you positively know that it isn't. Billy Quirk is making Black Diamond comedies for Paramount. Marie Walcamp is back with Universal.

RALPH T. Z., SAN FRANCISCO.—Yes, it must be delightful in California. I have never been there, but expect to when my ship comes in. Why, Miles Standish was the military leader of the Pilgrims. He was seventy-two years old when he died at Duxbury, Mass., Oct. 3, 1656.

SOCRATES.—Hughey Mack was an undertaker, but he isn't working at it now. The undertaker who joined a club and took his dues out in trade was no friend of the organization. No indeed! William Desmond was Ray and Clara Williams was Olga in "Paws of the Bear." Charles French was the general.

ETHEL C. B.—Marguerite Clayton and Jack Gardner in "The Night Workers." Vivian Reed was Nakhla and Charles LeMoyné was Ben Saada in "The Lad and the Lion."

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—Tom Reed once said that no gentleman ever weighed over 200 pounds. I am still within the limit. Why, that was Elmer Clifton in "The Little Schoolma'am" (Triangle). I should say about half of my readers write on the typewriter. Jane Novak isn't playing now.

E. K. F., FREDONIA.—Of course I am glad to hear from you. Julian Eltinge has joined Lasky. Yes; Eugene Pallette was leading-man for Triangle.

JOHN S.—No; I have never seen any of Cleo Madison's stationery. I can't tell you when the war will end. The belligerents have apparently stopped fighting and are waiting for each other to starve. Write again.

TONY, TOMMY.—Yes; Edward Hearn in "The American Girl." He played in "Idle Wives" also. So you don't care for the old Vitagraph and you say you would rather see Triangle films. Well, how about the new Vitagraph?

LILLIAN, LA.—Marie Osborne is now with Horsley. Enid Markey was in "Civilization." She played personally in the prolog when it was shown in the Criterion Theater, N. Y. Seena Owen is with Triangle. It hasn't been announced when the King and Queen Contest will close. No; I don't send out photos of the players. You should buy them from the manufacturers or players.

Z. Y. X., ZANESVILLE.—Ruth Allen, yes, Artcraft. As I have said before, we are born crying, live complaining, and die disappointed—but that does not excuse a chronic fault-finder.

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—We published a picture of Nell Shipman in July 1915 issue. Most of the World and Fox films are taken in Fort Lee, N. J. That is where their studios are. So you thought the Classic was really worth 20c. Glad you like the Farnum painting. I will let you know later about that Kalem.

MOVIE FAN, SANDUSKY.—Sorry you are ill. I wish I could make health contagious instead of disease. Yes; Helen Gibson has gone with Kalem. Why, Ruth Roland married Lionel Kent, of Los Angeles.

MARIETTA T. C.—You pay a high compliment to that company when you call it "small potatoes," because that word is now equivalent to "potentate." Yes; William Russell recently married Charlotte Burton.

RUTH R.—We had an inexperienced writer

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

TOTO.—I haven't heard at this writing whether Mae Murray and Marie Doro have re-signed their contracts with Lasky. They are all new players in "The Golden Lotus."

JUST ME.—Buttermilk is the best drink in the summertime. That's all right; you can't tell much about his voice. A Guy with a deep voice may have a mighty shallow mind. Wilfred Lucas was James, and Joseph Kilgour was the political boss in "Her Excellency the Governor" (Triangle).

LORD WILLIAMS.—Charmed indeed! This weather is so beastly hot. I manage to keep cool, tho, in my 2x4 hallroom, with the aid of a fan and an ice-box. Viola Dana was Patsy, Augustus Phillips was the genie Jehaumarara, and Edward Elkas was Luke in "Aladdin's Other Lamp."

RAOUL T., DETROIT.—Raymond Hitchcock in "The Ring-tailed Rhinoceros" deals with the adventures of a backsliding hero in the land of purple snakes. Hitchcock is rated as an A No. 1 screen actor because "his hair is human, his smile sublime." Stop in some time.

JEANNE.—I doubt whether they are sisters. You people seem to think that everybody is related. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers. Carl Stockdale is with Essanay. Look for him in "Land of Long Shadows."

MYRTLE S. T.—No, I never chew tobacco, so don't send me a cuspidor. Cuspidors were invented by Charles Dickens after his visit to the United States in 1841. Before that time Americans were skillful at avoiding them. Spottiswoode Aitken played in "Souls Triumphant" (Fine Arts). I haven't heard where Howard Messimer is at present.

LITTLE SILVER BELL.—At a conservative estimate \$300,000,000 is expended yearly in staging and advertising and selling and exhibiting photoplays. The population of the U. S. is over 100,000,000—about 8,000,000 of whom attend some show daily. Right! spread the gospel of kindness broadcast—it has converted more sinners than zeal, eloquence or learning. Arthur Ashley in "The Divorce Game." That's one game I have never played in, nor do I hope to.

LOUIS T., NEVADA.—Chester Barnett played in "The Submarine Eye." Yes, I agree with you that that is a pretty absurd title, "Fat and Foolish." Belle Bennett had the lead. That's so, try again.

MIDGET.—That was a mighty old Kalem. Tom Moore was the mountaineer and Irene Boyle was the sweetheart. Bluebeard's beard was really blue. It is the custom in parts of the Orient to stain the beard blue, green or any other shade suitable to the wearer's complexion. Honor bright!

KIMBALL T. C.—There were two plays, "Lily of the Valley." Vitagraph and Selig produced them. Of course you can manufac-

ture acetylene gas. It is composed of carbon and hydrogen and is used largely in search-lamps and automobiles.

CLARA B.—Leo Pierson was George Fuller in "The Font of Courage." He also played in "The Framed Miniature" with Virginia Kirtley. Yes, I rather like the large collars girls are wearing now—the girls are wearing a lot of this Kolinsky nowadays.

ROBERT T.—Nellie Grant is playing for Metro. Jack Devereaux was Monte, Walter Walker was Father Boggs, and Winifred Allen Hazel in "American—That's All."

HARRY T., SALAMANCA.—Congratulations. Don't wonder you got lost imitating Charlie Chaplin; trying to follow in his footsteps? Wouldn't you like to walk in his tracks breaking a path thru the deep snow? He's some pathfinder and pacemaker. I'd suggest you name the triplets in this way: write several names of your movie favorites on slips of paper—shake in a hat, draw one, two, three.

DONALD C.—Earle Williams was Robert, Billie Billings was Arline in "The Soul Master." Yes, I should imagine it would be a nice trip to Hawaii from where you are. The Hawaiian Islands have a total area of 6,740 square miles, and a population of about 160,000. The climate is semi-tropical, and pineapple-growing and sugar-making are the principal industries.

MARIE, SPENCERPORT.—So you didn't care for "The Jaguar's Claws." I didn't see it. It was at the Rialto for a week. You will find that our story differs considerably from the film, because they changed it from the original scenario.

JOHN T., BROOKLYN, N. Y.—June is the month of matrimony—also bugs, and I am glad it is over, for I don't care for either. A sweetheart is loved most, a wife best and a mother always. Mary Anderson was Jess in "The Magnificent Meddler."

DANNA L.—All right, come right along. Will be glad to see you. Of course I belong to all the clubs.

WILLIE DIDN'T.—Wallace Reid and Myrtle Stedman in "The World Apart." There is a Walt Whitman with Triangle, but he isn't the poet. How many times have I said "Hold your head high, for the world will take you at your own estimate!" You can do so without being vain.

MARION, LITTLE FALLS.—Grace Cunard was born in Paris, April 8, 1891, but is strictly American, having been brought up and educated in Ohio. Miss Cunard has big, expressive, blue eyes, a perfect figure and carriage, and a wonderful head of hair with a tint of gold in it. She is five feet six.

SIDNEY.—Dorothy Phillips, William Stowell and Lon Chaney in "The Doll's House." Miriam Cooper and Ralph Lewis as Lady Lou and as Hatfield in "The Silent Lie."

ANNOUNCEMENT OF CHARADE PRIZE-WINNERS

THE COLUMBUSES OF THE HIDDEN NAME VERSE-CHARADES

THE May Classic published twenty-four verses, each concealing the name of a well-known photo-star, and offered \$25 for the most accurate, neatest and most artistic solutions. The prizes were divided as follows: For the best solution, \$10; for the second best, \$5; for the third best, \$3; for the fourth best, \$2; for the fifth, sixth, seventh, eighth and ninth best, \$1 each.

The verses ran with a charming rhythm and jingle that evidently set the "contest blood" to coursing in the veins of thousands of Classic readers. Many unusually artistic solutions were received, including hand-painted books, calendars, drawings, silk-embroidered flags and countless other tokens of skill and ingenuity.

In closing the contest and awarding the prizes, the judges (the editors and staff of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC) used every care. Each correct solution was separately voted upon by each judge.

And now for the awards to the following charade contestants, to each of whom a check

(Sixty-nine)

has been sent: First prize, Katherine G. Grove, R. F. D. No. 2, Lancaster, Pa.; second prize, Mrs. G. C. Hampton, 1501 Washington St., Toledo, Ohio; third prize, Mrs. R. R. Dawson, 106 Pennsylvania Ave., Watsontown, Pa.; fourth prize, Margaret Toner, 533 E. 144th St., New York City; fifth prize, Vera L. Hassert, 314 Kensington Ave., Montreal, Can.; sixth prize, Mildred Waska, 1509 S. Avers Ave., Chicago, Ill.; seventh prize, Charlotte Singer, 356 Lincoln Ave., Rutherford, N. J.; eighth prize, Mrs. Louisa Kunath (no address given); ninth prize, Helen Bingel, 214 Marion St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The correct answers are: Marguerite Clark, William Farnum, Ruth Stonehouse, William S. Hart, Fannie Ward, King Baggot, Pearl White, Frank Keenan, Blanche Sweet, Edwin August, Theda Bara, Henry King, Enid Markey, Robert Warwick, Edna Goodrich, Carlyle Blackwell, Marguerite Snow, Charles Ray, Cleo Madison, Elizabeth Burbridge, Robert Mantell, Nell Shipman, Maurice Costello, and Conway Tearle.

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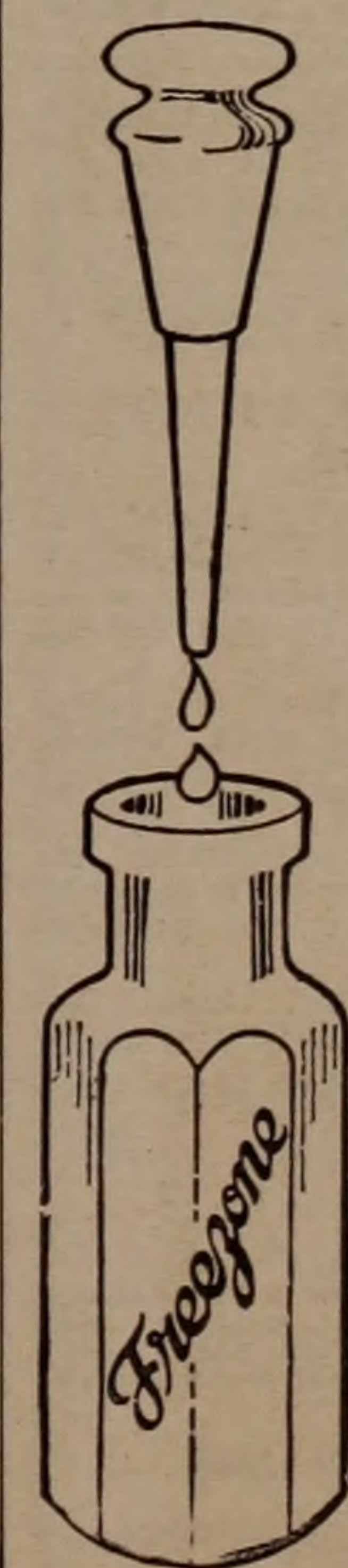
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THE STARS' BEST PICTURES

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| Mary Anderson | Geraldine Farrar | Ann Murdock |
| Mignon Anderson | Margarita Fischer | Mae Murray |
| The Three Andersons | Pauline Frederick | Mabel Normand |
| Helen Badgely | Mary Fuller | William Norris |
| King Baggot | Dorothy Gish | Muriel Ostriche |
| Theda Bara | Lillian Gish | Mme. Petrova |
| Beverly Bayne | Edna Goodrich | Mary Pickford |
| Ethel Barrymore | Ethel Grandin | Wallace Reid |
| Lionel Barrymore | Valentine Grant | Hamilton Revelle |
| George Beban | Dorothy Green | Cleo Ridsdaley |
| Carlyle Blackwell | Creighton Hale | Ruth Roland |
| Alice Brady | Ella Hall | Myrtle Stedman |
| Edmund Breese | Genevieve Hamper | Emily Stevens |
| Billie Burke | Wm. S. Hart | Anita Stewart |
| Francis X. Bushman | Helen Holmes | Marguerite Snow |
| June Caprice | Louise Huff | Edith Storey |
| Mary Charleson | Gladys Hulette | Blanche Sweet |
| Naomi Childers | Peggy Hyland | Mabel Taliaferro |
| Marguerite Clark | Arthur Johnson | Constance Talmadge |
| Marguerite Courtot | Alice Joyce | Norma Talmadge |
| Maurice Costello | Gail Kane | Rosemary Theby |
| Sally Cruise | Ralph Kellard | Fay Tincher |
| James Cruze | Dorothy Kelly | Ernest Truex |
| Grace Cunard | Jack W. Kerrigan | Lenore Ulrich |
| Viola Dana | Mollie King | Fannie Ward |
| Grace Darmond | Florence LaBadie | Lillian Walker |
| Hazel Dawn | Max Linder | Henry Walthall |
| Marie Doro | Harold Lockwood | Robert Warwick |
| Mrs. Sidney Drew | Lillian Lorraine | Bryant Washburn |
| Sidney Drew | Cleo Madison | Emmy Whelen |
| Edward Earle | Mae Marsh | Pearl White |
| Howard Estabrook | Vivian Martin | Crane Wilbur |
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Die, Thou Villain!

He had thought of being a great Indian Chief, or a soldier—but the biggest idea of all had come to him. He would be a Pirate!

Now his future lay plain before him. His name would fill the world and make people shudder. And, at the zenith of his fame, how he would suddenly appear at the old village and stalk into church, brown and weatherbeaten, in his black velvet doublet and trunks, his great jackboots, his crimson sash, his belt bristling with horse-pistols, his crime-rusted cutlass at his side, his slouch hat with waving plumes, his black flag unfurled, with the skull and crossbones on it! His career was determined.

Remember the days when you dreamt of being a Pirate?—When you thought you would be a black avenger of the Spanish Main?

Get back the glamour of that splendid joyousness of youth. Read once more of Tom Sawyer, the best loved boy in the world; of Huck, that precious little rascal; of all the small folks and the grown folks that make Mark Twain so dear to the hearts of men and women and boys and girls in every civilized country on the face of the globe.

MARK TWAIN

At first it seems a long way from the simple, human fun of Huckleberry Finn to the spiritual power of Joan of Arc, but look closer, and you will find beneath them both the same ideal, the same humanity, the same spirituality, that has been such a glorious answer to those who accuse this nation of being wrapped up in material things.

There seems to be no end of the things that Mark Twain could do well. When he wrote history, it was a kind of history unlike any other except in its accuracy. When he wrote books of travel, it was an event. He did many things—stories, novels, travels, history, essays, humor—but behind each was the force of the great, earnest, powerful personality that dominated his time, so that even then he was known all over the face of the globe. Simple, unassuming, democratic, he was welcomed by kings, he was loved by plain people.

If foreign nations love him, we in this country give him first place in our hearts. The home without Mark Twain is not an American home.

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DEAR SIR—The enclosed cartoon from the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE inspired this rhyme, which I am sending you and which I hope you may find of use for your magazine.

Yours very truly,
PATRICIA FOULDS.



Oh, Molly was a dainty maid of photoplay renown,
The sweetest bit of dimity that ever graced a town.
Now, facts about their favorites is the public's latest fad,
And Molly's popularity, it nearly drove her mad.
She couldn't get away from it, and even in her sleep
She dreamt of interviewers around her three rows deep,
Till at last she grew quite desperate and sent a little note
To all the movie magazines, and this is what she wrote:

"Now here is my biography for all the world to know,
And every one who wants to may believe that it is so:
My mother was an Eskimo from Greenland's icy cold,
My father was an Indian of the Mohawk tribe so bold,
And I was born in China, beside the Pyrenees,
On February twenty-ninth, in eighteen fifty-three.
In my previous position I was not a footlight queen,
But shone in quite a different sphere—in Childs' I reigned supreme.
And when I came upon the screen I changed my name, 'tis true,
But if you're labeled "Phæbe Hicks," now tell me, wouldn't you?
I'm fond of reading "Mother Goose," and classic things like that,
And always I'm accompanied by Lily, my pet bat.
My favorite fruit's a lemon, tiger-lilies I adore;
The coin that I get every year weighs half-a-ton or more.
I've buried seven husbands, living I have three,
And Colonel Heeza Liar hasn't got a thing on me!

It's mean to go away and leave
Me sitting on the floor,
Just 'cause I'm neither eight nor six,
Nor even half-past four.
What of it if I'm only two?
I'm not too small to go;
I like as well as any one
The Motion Picture show.



Dorothy Hughes

(Seventy)



THOMAS A. INCE is definitely out of the Triangle Company. He has also sold out all his stock for the pretty little sum of \$750,000. The great producer's future plans have not definitely shaped themselves, but he will undoubtedly continue as a Motion Picture impresario. Rumor has it that William S. Hart and Charles Ray are two of the stars whom Mr. Ince will use as a nucleus for his new company, but Triangle emphatically denies that these favorites are going over to him.

The Liberty Loan was ably abetted by the Motion Picture industry—over \$5,000,000 was subscribed by the various companies and the individual players. Among those who loosened their purse-strings most liberally were Marguerite Clark, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, Doris Kenyon, Roscoe Arbuckle, Maxine Elliott, Mabel Taliaferro, Earle Williams, Linda Griffith and William Farnum.

Constance Talmadge, the little sister of "Our Norma," who arose to stardom overnight in "Intolerance," has come back to Broadway and has joined the Selznick Company. Constance will be starred in her own name in friendly competition with Norma.

All the players in Los Angeles are registering under the state military law. As "actor" was not one of the classifications on the enrollment blank, several heated arguments occurred. Among the boys who have received their blue identification cards are Charlie Chaplin, Charlie Ray, Jack Pickford, Harold Lockwood, Herbert Rawlinson, Raoul Walsh, George Walsh and Marshall Neilan.

What went they be doing next? Ilidor, the mad monk of Russia, who was such an awful cut-up in the ex-Czar's court that he was given a free passage to America, is about to be featured in his own picture company—first release "The Fall of the Romanoffs." Among those who will support him are Nance O'Neil and Conway Tearle. And to go him one better, the Jotter has a copy of the original telegram which Edwin Thanouser sent to the premier of Russia as follows: "Could you spare Czar to do one feature picture? Salary \$5,000 per week, to be devoted to your cause. Four weeks guaranteed." How have the mighty fallen!

Robert Warwick, who also came across for \$10,000 worth of Liberty Bonds, is his own producer and capitalist of "Today." Mr. Warwick states that part of the profits from this picture will be devoted to an ambulance and its equipment for service in France.

Carlyle Blackwell has joined the ever increasing alimony club. Long known as the "Romeo of the Screen," he states in his action that Ruth H. Blackwell played a very indifferent Juliet. Nevertheless he has agreed to give her \$110 a week. Studio friends diagnose their failure to agree as "temperament."

Those desiring closely to follow the stars in their courses are advised that during July the following stars will reach the zenith of their ascendancy in new pictures as follows: Mary Miles Minter will display pathos and guilelessness in "The Rose of the Alley"; Harold Lockwood will intoxicate the senses in "The Secret Spring"; Mabel Taliaferro will delight her audience in "Peggy, the Will-o'-the-Wisp"; Allen Holubar and Louise Lovely will co-star in "The Reed Case"; Robert Leonard will thrill in "The Punishment"; Olga Petrova promises big

things in "The Law of the Land," and Jack Pickford and Louise Huff will continue their charming screen companionship in "What Money Cant Buy."

Pauline Frederick recently returned from Troy, N. Y., where she literally set the town ablaze. Many of the Trojan fire-laddies were called upon to assist the emotional Pauline in her coming release, "The Love That Lives."

There is a touch of patriotic sentiment connected with S. Rankin Drew's last production, "Who's Your Neighbor?" Sidney Drew, his father, sat in the audience during the picture's projection run, and vividly recalled the fact that Rankin was then serving with an American ambulance unit "somewhere in France."

Tom Mix, Harry Carey, Neil Hart and their bunch of range-riders recently held an indoor round-up at the Strand Café, Venice, Cal. Art Acord carried off the prize in the one-step contest; Hank Mann was the most artful dodger in the fox-trot contest, and Tom Mix ran away with the "bull-throwing" monolog.

Bill Hart has arrived back in Los Angeles after his big jaunt to and from New York. He was met at the train by the Inceville cowboys and their band. There were a parade and great doings at Clune's Auditorium, where Bill unlimbered a heart-felt speech.

Geraldine Farrar recently laid aside her film activity for a day and entertained her friends in the Hollywood picture colony with a pergola party at her home. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Cecil De Mille, Mr. and Mrs. William De Mille, Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Bosworth, Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Reid, Blanche Ring, Fannie Ward, Mr. and Mrs. Tully Marshall and Blanche Sweet.

Film fans who long to have intimate peeps at stars in their own homes will have a wished-for opportunity gratified when Norma Talmadge appears in "The Moth." A country estate was badly needed for a "location" and Miss Talmadge's director was sadly up a tree, but "Our Norma" saved the day by whisking her company out to her summer home at Beechhurst, Long Island, N. Y., where the garden scenes in her coming feature were taken.

Dorothy Dalton has returned to Culver City after a brief vacation spent with her parents in Chicago. She was entertained by the Exhibitors' League of Washington, in Seattle, while en route.

And now for a rush of midsummer changes and happenings: The irresponsible Billy Quirk has turned up again, this time making celluloid laughs in Black Diamond comedies; Marie Walcamp has made up with her first love, Universal, and has rejoined the Hollywood studio; the contracts of both Mae Murray and Marie Doro with Paramount are soon expiring and neither one of the charming misses (madames) will hazard a guess as to their future plans; Mary MacLaren has left Universal and has formed her own company to release thru Horsley; Francis Ford is back again with Universal and is directing Mae Gaston; Monroe Salisbury has been engaged to play opposite Theda Bara; Holbrook Blinn and Barry O'Neil have fled across the border to play with the Canadian Feature Company; and, lastly but not leastly, two old friends camp out together when E. K. Lincoln resigned from Mutual to star in the S. and M. Film Company, under the direction of Romaine Fielding.



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Speaking of another recent romance, Kathleen Kirkham, who was the leading-lady in Clune's "The Eye of the World," has recently decided to hereafter run in double harness. The fortunate benedict is a well-known broker of California.

Ruth Roland, who very recently changed her name to Mrs. Lionel Kent, sends the Jotter a charming little slice of her honeymoon in the form of a letter written while the bride is en route to Los Angeles. The blushing bride states that her trip West is a combination business-honeymoon affair (if such can be mixed) and that she will very shortly return to New York to resume her place as a princess of filmdom again.

An urgent telegram has just followed Gerda Holmes to Chicago, where she had gone for a sadly needed rest after the expiration of her contract with World. The telegram offered a new contract, which started her on her way East to begin a new picture in which she will co-star with Montagu Love.

Two more members of the famous Barrymore-Drew family have pooled their interests. Lionel Barrymore, the well-known actor, will be handed his first film experience as both a director and author when he will shortly begin to produce "The Whirlpool," starring his sister, Ethel Barrymore.

Patsey De Forrest has been obliged to give up her picture career for the time being. The popular little star is threatened with blindness from the glaring "over-heads," due to doing double service in two productions at the same time. Under the constant care of specialists it is hoped that she will soon recover.

"Little Mary" Pickford announces quite a bit of her season's production: following "The Little American," "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" will be filmed, and thereafter "The Little Princess," from Frances Hodgson Burnett's novel, will engage "Little Mary's" attention.

The one and only "Doug" Fairbanks says that following "Wild and Woolly" he will cut his original capers in a story by himself, the working title of which is "The Optimist." "Doug" is now enjoying a well-earned vacation and on his return Eileen Percy will continue to be his leading-woman.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate" was the talk of Broadway for two full seasons and now it is announced that George M. Cohan is about to adapt this "melodramatic farce" of his to the screen.

It is reported on good authority that the government, at the request of the Vitagraph Company, have arrested and imprisoned one George Hann, an operator at the Windameer Theater, East Cleveland, O. The story of his capture and arrest reads like a thrilling fiction romance. He is accused of being a German spy, and part of his plot consisted of an ingenious contrivance whereby films would explode and burn up when they came in contact with sulphur match-heads concealed in the film magazine. Many of these match-heads were found in the metal boxes containing prints of "Womanhood." It is supposed that the alleged spy aimed to destroy this Vitagraph super-feature on account of its patriotic appeal.

Bessie Barriscale, supported by her husband, Howard Hickman, is having her first experience in "going it alone" as a producer of screen dramatics. James Young, of Vitagraph-Lasky-Essanay fame, is directing the ambitious couple who propose to have their first play, "Rose o' Paradise," ready for exhibition in early August.

Lasting fame is crowning the Lee starlets early in life. Tiny Jane, five years old, and big sister Katherine, who confesses to seven years, are about to be starred all by their little lonesomes. Keenan Buel will direct their new film destinies, but the title of the "Baby Grands" starring vehicle has not yet been announced.

Julian Eltinge, the stunning female impersonator, who is about to appear in pictures under Lasky management, has selected

for his first screen medium a comedy of mystery and thrills, "Mrs. Raffles' Career," from the pens of Gelett Burgess and Carolyn Wells.

Viola Dana has just returned to New York from what started out to be a lazy vacation, but which became a series of overcrowded days. She tells us that she gained six pounds, caught sixty fish, made six public appearances in Boston, sold \$60,000 worth of Liberty Bonds, led a parade of six hundred people, watched sixteen flights of navy aeroplanes and has returned to work on her sixth Metro picture—all this in six days.

Followers of film favorites will find their coming productions of pictures herewith neatly set forth: Violet Mersereau cuts up circus-rider capers in "The Little Terror"; Dorothy Dalton blazes forth in "The Flame of the Yukon"; Bessie Barriscale is a cub reporter in "Hater of Men"; Bryant Washburn offers a patriotic appeal in "The Man Who Was Afraid"; Mildred Manning and Marc MacDermott will delightfully render "Mary Jane's Pa," and Dorothy Phillips will wear fifty gowns in "The Rescue."

Referring to "Smiling Doug's" vacation, we might add that, just before he left for a few days of concentrated fun, the cowboys in his support presented him with a complete ranger's outfit from saddle to boots, silver spurs and all.

Another pair of sweet bells jangled out of tune are Yancsi Dolly, film and stage dancer, and Harry Fox, vaudeville and revue headliner. Their matrimonial knot has been tied for only three years, but each has now decided to dance or sing on his or her separate way.

Here is a budget of brief news and rapid changes: Lois Meredith and Irving Cummings have decided to run their own picture shop—their new company is known as the Superlative Pictures Corporation; Mabel Ballin crosses the Brooklyn Bridge on her way from Famous Players to nest with Vitagraph; Leo Delaney retires from Art Dramas in favor of Metro; Lew Fields, the famous stage comedian and "gag" artist, has accepted an engagement with Selig; Harry Ham side-steps from Pathé to mix in with Christie; Edward Langford has forsaken Ethel Clayton as leading-man to don Uncle Sam's costume of army khaki; Milton Sills will take his place, and lastly, the news has just leaked out that Lillian Gish, Dorothy Gish and Robert Harron have arrived safely in England, where they have joined David W. Griffith.

Leon Bary, hero of Pathé's serial, "Mystery of the Double Cross," has taken unto himself a bride—Mlle. Marie F. Crousaz, of Paris, France. At the outbreak of the war, Mr. Bary bade his sweetheart good-by and hurried to the front. He was wounded, and thru the long months of convalescence Mlle. Crousaz was his constant nurse, and recently made the trip "across the pond" to become his wife.

With four dozen real cowboys before the camera, several thousand head of cattle in an annual round-up for atmosphere, and a chuck-wagon outfit as a base of supplies, the Harold Lockwood company has settled down on the largest cattle-ranch in Arizona for three weeks for the filming of "Under Handicap," the next Metro-Yorke production, from the novel by Jackson Gregory.

Jane Cowl, the distinguished stage star, who is about to make her debut on the screen in Goldwyn pictures, has gathered around her two of her former support on the stage. Orme Caldara played leading-man in "Lilac Time" and in "Common Clay," and Henry Stephenson had a prominent rôle in the former.

Francis X. Bushman and Beverly Bayne have just returned from their tour of the Southern States and are resting. As soon as the production in which they will co-star has been selected, these "twin stars" will commence work at the Quality studio under the direction of Edwin Carewe.

At Home with a Bret Harte Heroine

(Continued from page 60)

asked her, suddenly, when she seemed likely to be lost in reverie.

"To become a wonderful grand opera singer," she answered, with a trace of wistfulness in her rich voice. "It is the highest aim of my life. All that I am doing now is merely a preparation for what is to come. I spend hours over my music, studying the scores of famous operas, working and planning. I go into Los Angeles every time a worth-while singer is advertised. I never miss an opportunity to improve my voice. Oh, I do so want to sing!"

This last was a pathetic little wail, that, somehow, made me, an inoffensive reporter for the best Moving Picture publication in the business, sorry for this beautiful star of a big film company. Somehow, I felt that she had been cheated—that life had promised her something, and then had forgotten the promise.

"Dad promised to take me to Europe to complete my musical studies, and perhaps to make a debut abroad," the rich, full voice resumed, still with that little appealing note that was somehow so wistful and pathetic. "But just as we were ready to go, the war came—this horrible, horrible war. But we didn't think it would last long, and I still hoped. But now—there doesn't seem to be any end to it. But I am still hoping. Some day my opportunity will come, and then I shall prove what I have always wanted to do—to sing!"

And there was that in her voice which convinced me that she would succeed.

At this moment, a huge, silvery-white dog, more beautiful than I ever dreamed a dog could be—since I have a strong aversion to the canine family—moved majestically thru the hall to the porch and laid himself down at the feet of my beautiful hostess. She stopped and patted him affectionately.

"My pet hobby," she laughed, with no idea of a pun I'm sure—"Nicholas II, who has won more prizes than he has years—a champion wolfhound. Nicholas, say how do you do to the lady!"

Whereupon, Nicholas rose politely and offered an immaculate paw, which I accepted with like politeness. Then, having "made his manners," he resumed his place at Miss Michelena's feet with an air of having seen his duty and performed it in his best society manner.

The sinking sun, which alone was worth a trip to this lovely mountain home, threw its opalescent rays over the wide porch and reminded me that, if I expected to return to Los Angeles that night, it behooved me to hurry. I rose, made my adieux to my hostess and left. As the car rolled smoothly down the well-kept drive, I looked back to see Miss Michelena standing in the rosy glow of the setting sun, her magnificent white-clad figure standing out vividly against the woodwork of the Swiss chalet.

(Seventy-three)

Tasty Reading in Sweet Cider Time

September Motion Picture Magazine
Is a Vacation Week in Itself

News and Views of—

- Earle Williams
- Alice Joyce
- Mabel Taliaferro
- Mrs. Vernon Castle
- William Farnum
- William S. Hart



HAROLD LOCKWOOD

Views and News of—

- Harold Lockwood
- Viola Dana
- Theda Bara
- J. Warren Kerrigan
- Marguerite Clark
- Hundreds of Others

When the pages of the September Magazine flutter in the wind, something cooling and seasonable—outing clothes, frozen dainties, yachting and deep-sea pictures—reveals itself to the reader's eye on every page. It is just the sort of a summer pal to take out under the shade of the trees or stow away in the canoe. And to those stay-at-homes it brings the greens and sweet smells of the country right into your room. Here is a partial list of the gems that are scheduled for the next number:

Dame Fashion's Horoscope—A continuation of the dressy article in August issue. In the September Magazine screen favorites will be shown and described at length in sport clothes, outing toggery and beach and boating duds in the latest modes.

"Extra Ladies and Gentlemen"—leaves off in such an interesting place and is such a corking "inside" tale of life in and about the Los Angeles studios that every picture fan will want to read its conclusion. Illustrated with new photos of the "army of unknown actors."

All About the Submarines—Edwin M. La Roche takes his readers a-cruising on a deep-sea pirate, tells how they swim, dive, see and fight and gives some thrilling tales of how the submarine has played the heavy rôle in Motion Pictures.

"How I Got In"—A new department in which leading players tell of their beginnings in pictures and how they got their first start. In September are Harold Lockwood, Roscoe Arbuckle, Creighton Hale and Bryant Washburn.

Their Favorite Rôles—By Roberta Courtlandt, one of our favored and favorite authors, is with us again in a delightful summer chat in which Marguerite Clark, Bryant Washburn, Cleo Madison, Theda Bara, Dorothy Gish, Jack Kerrigan and several others tell about the parts they liked best to play and have contributed their favorite photographs to beautify the stories.

Fighting on the Screen—L. E. Eubanks, whose "Screen Venus" and "Screen Apollo" are still being talked about by Magazine and Classic readers, describes the famous fighters in Studio-land. A man's tale, with a punch and a strangle-hold, and finely illustrated with photos of Harold Lockwood, William Farnum, Jack Richardson, Jack Kerrigan and William S. Hart.

The Movie Gossip-Shop—A real "scoop," as newspapers say. Brand-new news about the stars—their intimate doings—illustrated with exclusive snapshots.

A Shower of Midsummer Chats—the cozy, homey, out-of-doors kind are coming in the September Magazine. Players' vacation days, their outdoor fun, their home life, will charm you and get you acquainted. And, too, all the regular features—pages of clever short stories, up-to-the-minute news, gossip and hundreds of outdoor pictures will flutter thru your fingers.

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MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

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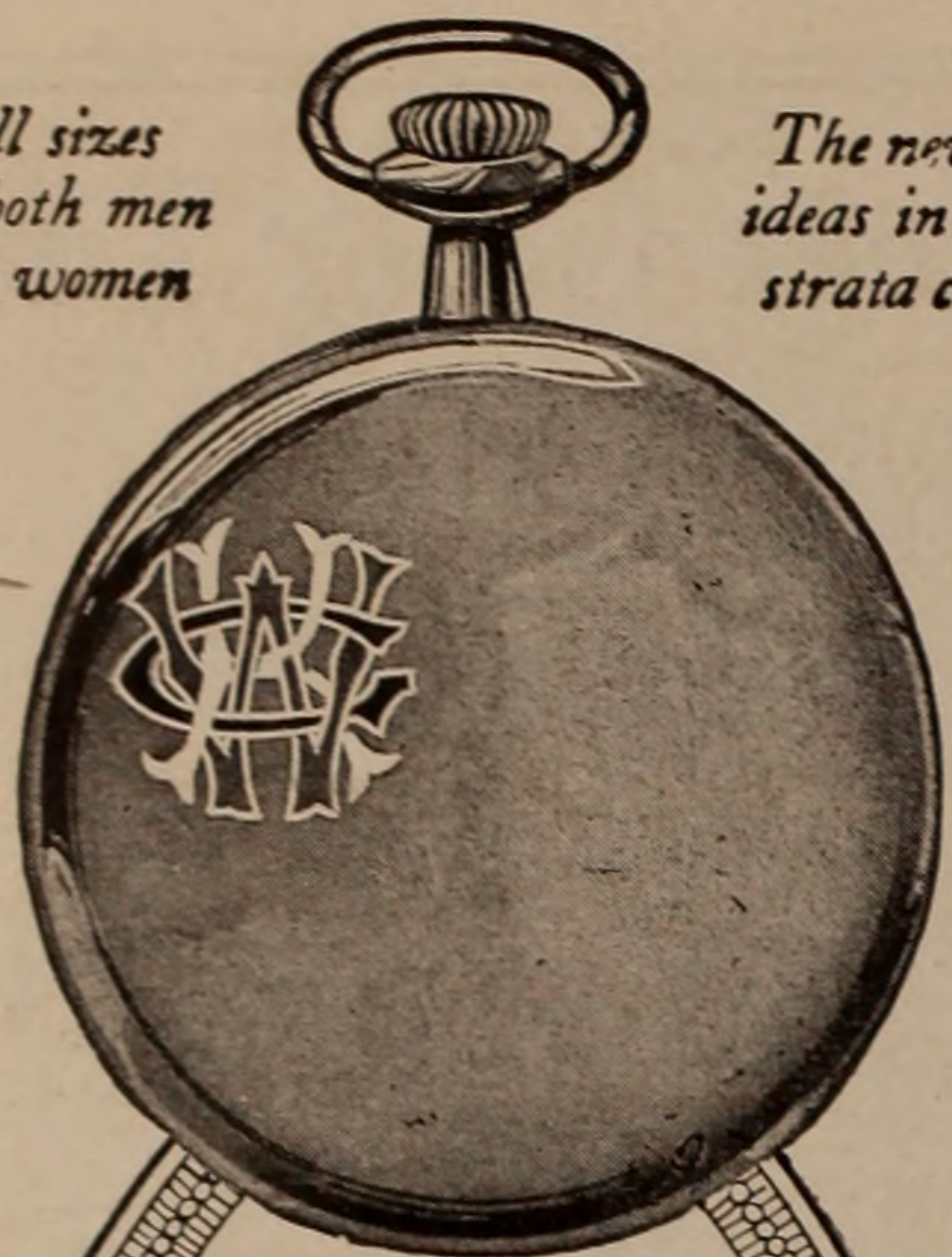
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THE PHOTODRAMA

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and Market Places

Conducted by 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.

VACATION—OR PREPARATION— TIME?

Close Views
and
Inserts

Summer is upon us and most of us have a feeling that our manuscripts will receive short shrift in the editorial offices. All Editors go on lengthy vacations and many Companies do little buying during the summer months.

In a great measure this is true. But fall and winter are coming, when the going is good.

In other words, don't stop writing just because the market is dull. Summer is working time for the author who expects to succeed. When the demand for the material comes there is no time then for getting into the flood-tide of the market.

Why not spend a few hours a day of your vacation-time to corral your plot material, or to develop any plot germs you may have, or to sketch out in full several complete plots for immediate future use?

You may as well know at once that this writing game is no pastime for the idler. There is no clock to punch for an eight-hour day—your working day is just as long as you stay awake. There are no holidays—for the time for noting down plot material is when it enters your mind and no other, which may be on a Sunday or a Fourth of July or Christmas.

And you get not a cent of guaranteed salary—no matter how much you think of your work, you'll get nothing for it if the producer finds it worthless to him.

Hard work, is this writing game. Yes, very.

Not worth while? Who says it isn't?

Do you know any work that pays as well when it pays? Do you know any work that gives you a finer feeling of gratification when it is sold and produced? Do you know of any other skilled craftsmanship that exacts less of its professed adepts? Do you know of any skilled profession that calls for so short an apprenticeship? Do you know of any Art where Success comes easy and to all?

If the winter is the time for sales, NOW is the time for preparing that which is to be bought.

Screenings
from
Current Plays

Some of you no doubt saw "Today," George Broadhurst's play, when it was produced on the stage year before last. If so, you will never forget the terrific punch the playwright got into his smashing last act. The hero strangles his wayward wife.

This climax was not pleasant, to be sure. "Today" is not a pleasant play, but it deals unflinchingly with a vital feature of loose living as we know it today. Yet no one will ever forget the dramatic power of the play.

Along comes a photodramatization of "Today," which almost scored the most thrilling photoplay that I have ever witnessed. In fact, the dramatic development up to the strangling of Lily by her husband was not a whit behind the stage play in its tense effect on the audience.

The next moment our artistic senses are dumbfounded by a disclosure that the whole dénouement was A DREAM!

Oh dear! Oh dear!

We suddenly find Lily's fickle and shallow character changed to one of sterling depth! We find that the author had fooled us into believing that here was a hopeless, soulless vampire who was beyond redemption. That was the only excuse for the play.

Was it the censors that the producers were afraid of? Or was it changed for the benefit of the tired business man who is eager to devour all the horrible facts of life in the yellow journals, but cannot bear to come face to face with an artistic presentment of the sterner fancies of an interpreter of life? Or was it the audiences who demand that the bad taste be taken out of their mouths if they must be made to witness a common problem of Today?

I have just seen two good Paramount Plays in a row!

(Seventy-four)

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EXACT SIZE OF BOTTLE

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

And one very, very poor one the next day.

"The Primrose Ring" is a sheer delight. This is a play for skeptics to see and learn some of the treasured depths of the Photodrama.

"The Primrose Ring" magically pictures some of the daintiest fancies of which the imagination is gifted. That is, it gives us the most real exposition of fancy that any art has yet been able to inter-convey.

Take that little touch of the Ogre Pain and the little crippled humans under his spell, and the White Knight of Healing, and all the rest of it—why, it is one of the most exquisite little chapters in fancy painting that man has been privileged to witness.

Mae Murray is at her best.

Next there was "The Lonesome Chap"—a play of repression.

Repression is the greater art.

I advise not only playwrights, but actors and directors as well, to see this pretty play and study it. Here you will see the two principal characters under perfect control and in perfect poise thruout five reels. You will see the power of the half-gesture, the pathos of the restrained action, the poetry of the hidden heart.

The very silence and moderation of this artistic restraint reverberates thru the spectator's heart like a roaring torrent of poetry, pathos and passion!

And now for the lemon—

"The Road to Love," with Lenore Ulrich as the star.

Miss Ulrich's specialty seems to be her resemblance to dark-hued beauties and a sidewise walk under the pressure of coquetry.

This play is lavishly staged, but the plot and story descend to the depths of the mellowest melodrama.

Miss Ulrich is first seen as the daughter of a Moslem potentate. But her ideas are up-to-date and she ignores all the laws of Mahomet in suffraget tendencies. A dashing American appears and forces his way into the very heart of the harem with the aid of a ludicrous disguise.

The American's audacity is fittingly punished when he is trapped and sold as a slave. The modest Ulrich-Moslem maid is captured by the same band.

The final piece of make-believe occurs when the erstwhile terrible father gives his daughter in marriage to the daredevil American.

The scenery was splendid—that's all.

Questions and Answers

A list of 12 elements NOT WANTED in plays by the Triangle Film Corporation will serve as a fair guide

to the *undesirable* qualities not wanted by most other Companies:

1. Plays with married leads.
2. Plays with old people leads.
3. Plays without young love.
4. Plays with clergymen and priests as leads.
5. Plays in which clergymen or priests fall—even temporarily.

(Seventy-five)

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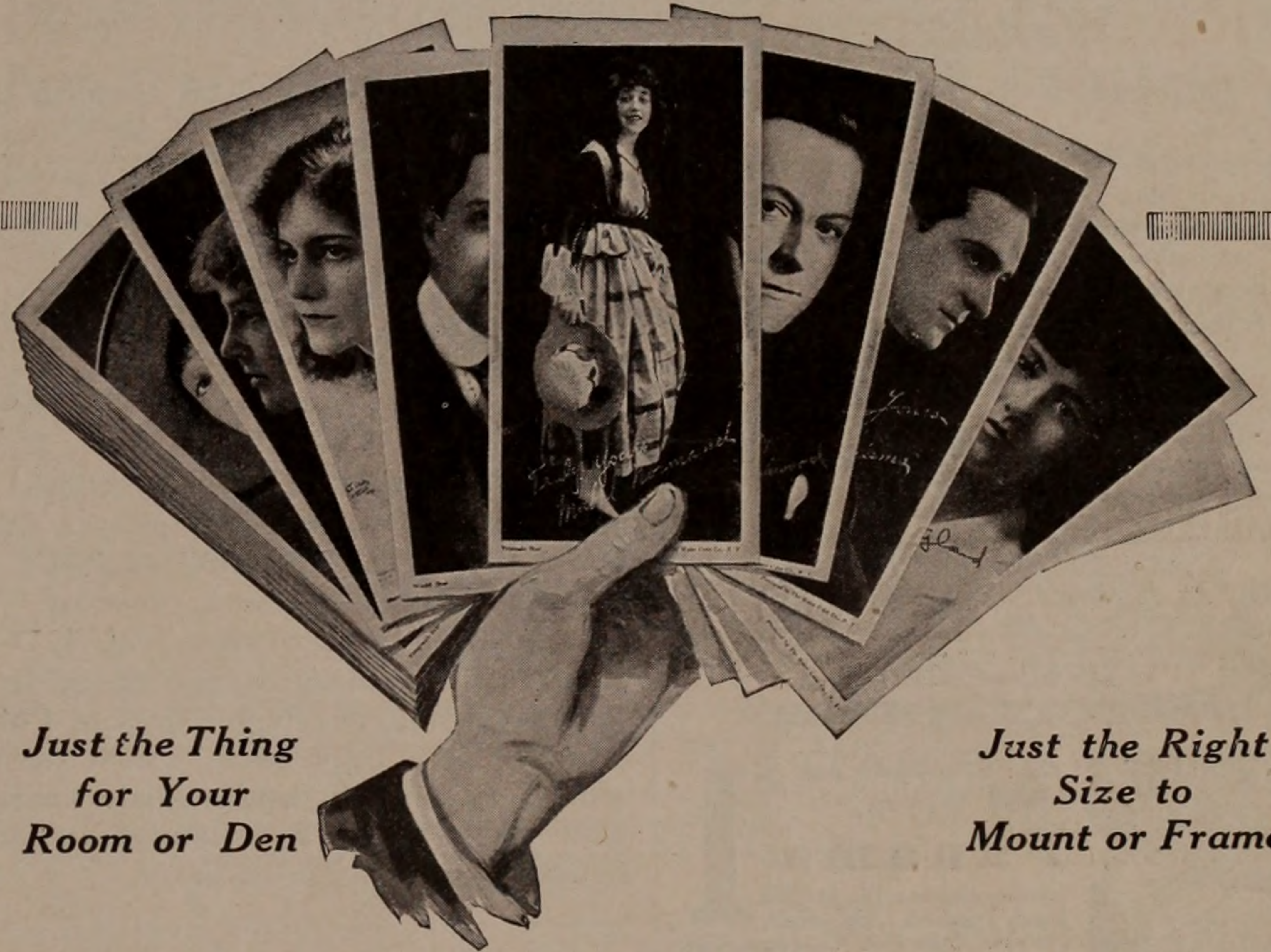
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| Charles Chaplin | Cleo Ridgely | Edna Mayo | Beverly Bayne | Fritz Brunette |
| Beatriz Michelena | Marle Doro | Helen Holmes | Francis X. Bushman | Mary Fuller |
| Earle Williams | Vivian Martin | Clara Kimball Young | Harold Lockwood | Mary Miles Minter |
| Frank Morgan | Dustin Farnum | Lillian Gish | Mme. Petrova | Pearl White |
| Huntley Gordon | Myrtle Stedman | Mabel Normand | Valli Valli | Ormi Hawley |
| Anita Stewart | Lenore Ulrich | Dorothy Gish | Mrs. Sidney Drew | Edwin August |
| Lillian Walker | Edna Goodrich | Bessie Barriscale | Sidney Drew | Kitty Gordon |
| Leah Baird | Mary Pickford | Norma Talmadge | Ethel Clayton | Mae Murray |
| Dorothy Kelly | Marguerite Clark | Douglas Fairbanks | Carlyle Blackwell | Blanche Sweet |
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- Plays in which emphasis is laid upon disease or death and having a fatal termination.

And now I'm going to answer in installments the question most put to me: What are the Companies in the market and what do they want?

- AMERICAN FILM COMPANY, Santa Barbara, Cal. (Serials; 5-reel Synopses, both male and female leads, ingénue, child or young woman leads.)
- ARROW FILM COMPANY, Times Building, New York City. (Out of the market.)
- ARTCRAFT, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York. (Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, George M. Cohan.)
- BLUEBIRD PHOTOPLAYS, 1600 Broadway, New York. (5-reel Synopses, male and female leads.)
- BRENON, HERBERT, 807 West 175th Street, New York. (Not in the open market now.)

(Continued in September MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE)

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.*

Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By RICHARD WILLIS

SOME of the most beautiful sets that have ever been seen in any film production have been erected for the Theda Bara picturization of "Cleopatra." Needless to say these are very busy days indeed for the extra folk, as J. Gordon Edwards is using hundreds of them daily.

Henry King has started on a new Gail Kane story called "The Unafraid," from the scenario of L. Case Russell. Henry is getting along splendidly at the American studios in Santa Barbara, and is doing the best work of his career.

Herbert Rawlinson is becoming a very enthusiastic fight fan, and always seems to be able to pick the winning corner. Herb always was a lucky guy.

Bessie Barriscale has started work for her own company, the Bessie Barriscale Feature Film Company, at the Clune studios. James Young is directing her.

Tyrone Power has joined the Marine Film Company, and will be co-starred with Frances Burnham in a spectacular sea-story on the order of "Undine." Henry Otto, who directed "Undine," has charge of the producing of the new feature.

Al Ray has shaved off his false mustache, and is juveniling once more in a brand-new Lehrman-Fox comedy under the direction of Henry Symonds. Al is supporting a couple of wild lions in this picture, and has doubled his life insurance.

Jay Morley has just started work on a new feature with Betty Brice for the Bernstein Film Productions. Jay is becoming a very popular little fellow, and has quite a following. He made quite a distinct hit in the first Bernstein feature, "Who Knows?"

Winifred Westover, late of the Fine Arts, has joined the Pathé Lehrman Company, and will be seen shortly in a comedy, in which she will support Pathé Lehrman and Billie Ritchie.

Things seem to be all tangled up out at the Culver City studios as far as rumors are concerned, but the plant is still operating in full blast, and turning them out in the same old way. Charles Ray, Bill Hart, Enid Bennett, William Desmond, Dorothy Dalton and Olive Thomas are all at work on stories.

Now that it has been authentically announced that Thomas H. Ince has sold out his interest in the Triangle, it is likely that Charles Ray, William S. Hart, Dorothy Dalton, Enid Bennett and C. Gardner Sullivan will go over to Ince, who is forming his own company. Their contracts became void with the retirement of Ince from the Triangle, as they all had a stipulated paragraph stating that they wanted to be under the guiding hand of Ince, and should he leave Triangle their contracts would be null and void.

Helen Holmes and the members of the Signal forces held a barbecue at the studios upon the completion of the last chapter in "The Railroad Raiders" serial. J. P. MacGowan will begin work right away on another serial with his star.

Carl Laemmle gave a big dance on the night of June thirteenth at Universal City for the members of the Motion Picture profession. It was quite a gala affair, and nearly all the stars attended. All kinds of nice refreshments were served after the dancing.

With the selling out of Thomas H. Ince, business manager E. H. Allen has resigned, and Patterson, formerly of the Universal, has succeeded him.

Lloyd Ingraham has hiked away to the American Film Company in Santa Barbara, where he will produce one picture for that concern before starting work with another concern.

Jay Morley was pinched the other day for speeding. It was his first arrest in two years, and he was hurrying to the Bernstein studios when it happened. Jay has resolved never to rush to work again.

Anna Luther has returned to the Pacific Slope after spending several weeks in the East on vacation. She looks none the worse for her trip.

All the film stars are going in heavily for the Liberty Bonds, in the Los Angeles film colony, and are doing a great deal towards bringing California's portion of the loan up to the amount required.

Bud Fisher as a Nature Faker

By ANNA SHEA

At a Moving Picture theater in Philadelphia, very recently, a cartoon by Bud Fisher called "The Sleuths" was shown on the screen. During the antics of Mutt and Jeff two rats were seen stealing bread, and to help matters along the rats began throwing it from one to the other in the manner of stevedores loading a ship. A woman seated back of the writer watched the antics of Bud Fisher's rats for some time; then she turned to her neighbor and said, "Oh, they're trained rats!" which remark ranks Fisher as "some" cartoonist and also classes him with the Nature fakers.

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.)

Gaiety.—"Turn to the Right." One of the best and most successful comedies of recent years. Full of laughs, with here and there a thrill and even a sob, but delightfully entertaining from start to finish.

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.

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.

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.

Shirley Describes Them Perfectly

Theodore Marston, director, was sending an order to the McClure casting-director for extras.

"Get me ten women," Mr. Marston wrote, "half of them types of the fine, home-loving, motherly kind, and the other half the hen-pecking, street-corner-wrangling type."

Shirley Mason looked over his shoulder. "You're wasting words," she said. "Why not just order 'ten women, five of each sex'?"

Flickerings from Filmdom

(Continued from page 66)

"Ungrateful" will be written on their headstones.

Why not have Congress protest against the pianist who repeats on the bass notes the groaning of the hero?

The crowd at the ten-cent movie is of a higher calibre than that attending vaudeville at twice the price.

Screen idols may not be long on brains, but their pay envelopes are heavier than those of college presidents.

All of us have to believe in something, even tho it be that the stars receive the salaries with which they are credited.

One may go to the pictures once and depart never to return, but go three times and the habit is formed.

Over-advertising is the attempt of the author of a poor film to draw a crowd.

We expect to see the Orient—by the Motion Picture Route.

Pagan seers, now long dust, dreamed dreams of horseless carriages and boats that went with neither sail nor oar, but the sight of a painted ship—not silent—but moving on a hand-painted ocean, was beyond their wildest dreaming.

(Seventy-seven)

A Roomful of Color A Bookful of News

The September Classic Features June Caprice in the Stunning Autumnal Colors of Red, Yellow and Gold

The Most Stunning
Portrait of a Star
Ever Reproduced
on Paper—Hun-
dreds of New Pic-
tures.



JUNE CAPRICE

Beautiful Brown
Gravure Gallery of
Players—Added
Features—Clever
Stories—Exclusive
News.

The charm o' youth has never been more glowingly portrayed than in the cover painting of June Caprice on the September Classic. It is by far our handsomest painting. Leo Sielke, Jr., made a personal study of the little wonder-girl, June Caprice, and has caught and imprisoned in warm pigment the blue, ivory and golden gleams of her eyes, skin and hair.

"Home Bayonet Practice"—The boys are marching to the front, and the stay-at-homes are defenseless. In a very instructive article, illustrated with poses by himself, William Desmond, Triangle's athletic star, tells all about self-defense with a bayonet or its handier substitutes, a heavy cane or umbrella.

"A Picture Kennel of Famous Actor-Dogs"—Lillian May has made the round of the studios and watched all the regular actor-dogs at work. In a sumptuously illustrated feature article she tells us all about them—their training and care—and their more fortunate masters and mistresses.

"Pauline Frederick"—A "close-up" Chat. Our readers are all interested in the emotional Bella Donna of the Screen and how she lives and acts when at home. Here is an intimate chat with her by Carl Seitz that tells a lot of new and interesting things about her.

"The Scenario Reader's Humoresque"—Norbert Lusk, formerly of the Lubin Company, has probably read as many scenarios as any living man. He is an original thinker and has absorbed many vivid impressions from his mile-high pile of authors' "brain-children." These he has set forth in a very amusing as well as thoughtful essay.

"Roping Douglas Fairbanks Into an Interview"—Frederick James Smith, former editor of the *Motion Picture Mail* and photoplay critic of the *New York Evening Mail*, is at his best in a heart-to-heart talk with the one and only "Doug," in which the "Electric Comedian" briefly expresses his radiant views of life—and himself.

"Tricks of the Screen"—Some of the studios did not want us to "expose" their trick photography, but as dramatic and comedy thrillers are resorting more and more to the tricks of the camera, Dorothy Dickinson has made a tour of personal inspection and bears witness in writing as to how the best known "screen magic" is posed and operated.

"The Sidney Drews"—To catch this busy pair en famille is like seeking the bee in clovertime, but they are still "honeymooning" and Lillian Montanye caught them at it. The Drews were so surprised that they handed over to the interviewer a list of their treasured cooking recipes. Illustrated with snapshots and exclusive pencil drawings by James Montgomery Flagg.

Among the News-Gatherers—It is too early to announce the work of many of our staff writers and reporters. "The Classic Extra Girl" has been in great demand, working in a Pearl White serial and in an Alice Brady feature. Her vivid studio adventures as an extra girl will probably be ready in time. "Via Camera, Wire and Telephone" has set all the studios to competing with each other and the last-minute illustrated news department will continue to click its typewriters and snap its camera-shutters up to the closing date. "Greenroom Jottings" and "Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific" promise a hundred items of news. Our reserve pages will be packed full of surprises, beautiful new pictures, short stories by noted authors, taken from the latest screen features, summer puzzles and novelties, costumes and "creations" galore.



Gymnastic Finger Training at Last Applied to Typewriting

How Stenographers Can Easily Acquire Musicians' Finger Speed

By FRANK J. SIMMONS

IF YOU have ever taken piano lessons, you know that in the beginning your fingers were stiff, stubborn, unwieldy. Perhaps you were "all thumbs." Each finger held itself in its *easiest* position, regardless of what the *correct* position was for piano playing.

Logically, therefore, your first work was confined to the simplest kind of finger exercises—to strengthen the proper muscles for rapid, certain, independent finger action.

Gymnastic Finger Training is a vital and regular part of every musician's work. Teachers in Europe and in America would no more expect pupils to become experts without scientific finger exercises than they would expect them to become experts without the ability to read notes.

No one questions the necessity of finger training in music. Yet isn't the need for rapid, certain, independent finger action equally essential in typewriting? Then why not a system of gymnastic finger training for stenographers?

The reason the average stenographer typewrites only 30 to 40 words a minute is simply because his or her fingers are not quick enough—are not flexible enough—are not independent enough. The expert strikes the keys with amazing rapidity—with perfect accuracy and with remarkable evenness of touch, typewriting at the phenomenal speed of 80 to 100 words a minute because his or her fingers are trained for quickness, sureness and accuracy!

The average stenographer earns but \$8 to \$15 per week. The expert earns \$25 to \$40 a week. And the difference in salaries is caused by the difference in the quantity and quality of finished typewritten work turned out.

While gymnastic finger exercises for the music pupil have been in existence for centuries, there has never, until recently, been a definite system of exercises designed and prepared specifically for stenographers. Music exercises are different, because they are intended to produce different results. More than this, they are too difficult—it takes too long to master them. What was necessary, obviously, was a system of gymnastic finger exercises prepared specifically to strengthen and limber up the muscles actually used in typewriting—a system which could be mastered quickly and easily and which would give to stenographers the finger control, finger nimbleness and finger independence that is so vital a factor in speedy, accurate typewriting.

It remained for Mr. R. E. Tulloss, perhaps the greatest typewriting authority in the country, to prepare just such a system of finger exercises. It is a noteworthy fact that these exercises are practiced entirely away from the machine—at home, in street cars, in spare moments anywhere, and they do not in the slightest degree interfere with your present work. Although new, this method has already enabled thousands of stenographers who never exceeded 30 to 40 words a minute to typewrite 80 to 100 words a minute with perfect accuracy, and with amazing ease. Countless business college graduates—thou-

sands of stenographers who have studied "touch" typewriting, and hundreds who studied special typewriting courses have, through these special gymnastic finger exercises, invariably doubled and trebled their speed in typewriting, and almost without exception has resulted in markedly increased salaries.

One case that comes to my mind is that of Mr. I. G. Hipsley, of 109 E. 42nd Street, Chicago, who always wrote at low speed, suffered constantly from headaches and eye-strain. Now he typewrites at the rate of 80 words per minute and the relief obtained from headaches which formerly followed a day's work has been of inestimable value to him. And he is now earning 25% more than he did before taking up the study of finger training.

Then there is the case of Miss Anna S. Cubbison, who is today filling the position of chief clerk to the Department of Parks in Harrisburg, Pa., and who says that her salary is exactly double what it was when she took up the study of the New Way in Typewriting.

Mr. L. L. Powell, of Chanute, Kansas, increased his speed to 90 words a minute and his work became absolutely accurate through the gymnastic finger training exercises prepared by Mr. Tulloss. Mr. Powell's salary was increased almost at once as the result of his increased ability and through it he was able to command positions and promotions so that now he is earning over \$2,000 a year.

Miss Carrie M. Brown, of Haughton, La., who had no previous knowledge of typewriting, practiced the finger exercises and was soon able to write at the rate of 80 words per minute on new matter and without a glance at the keyboard!

I could go on and give hundreds of other instances of the remarkable results achieved through the gymnastic finger training, but the School has prepared a remarkable book for free distribution which goes into detail and reproduces many other letters which bear out the claims made. This interesting book shows how the Gymnastic Finger Exercises will make your fingers strong and dextrous, bringing them under perfect control, making them extremely rapid in their movements—and how in a few short weeks you can transform your typewriting and make it easy, accurate and amazingly speedy.

This new method is bringing such marvelous results to others, is proving itself to be so sure a means of quickly increasing salaries, that in justice to yourself you cannot afford to miss the facts as given in the free book which will be sent on request to anyone who cares to have it. There is no charge. Merely mail a post-card or letter or the blank form herewith, to the Tulloss School, 1928 College Hill, Springfield, Ohio, and your copy will be sent to you by return mail without obligation. Do this now before you turn the page, or tear out the address now to remind you.

Gentlemen: Please send me your free book about the New Way in Typewriting. This incurs no obligation on my part.

Name.....
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Strengthening the finger muscles



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